

# THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

LOVE. WISDOM. LIBERTY.

MRS. A. POST

Devoted to the Discovery and Application of Truth.

Vol. 4, No. 40.]

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

NEW YORK, WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 21, 1863.

[\$2 50 PER YEAR,  
In Advance.]

[Whole No. 196]

## TO WRITERS AND READERS.

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

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

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

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

## My Sister's Portrait.

BY BELLE BUSH.

"We have lived and loved together  
Through many changing years;  
We have shared each other's pleasures  
And wept each other's tears."

There's a charm in thy shadow, a spell and a power  
That calls back the sweetness of youth's withered flower;  
Though its leaves were all blighted and blasted by time,  
I behold them again in the hue of their prime;  
And I need but to look on thy image to see  
Life's sunshine and shadow reflected in thee—  
Its sunshine, the light from the fountain of youth  
That lived in thy smiles and thy lessons of truth;  
Its shadow, the feeling of sadness, the spell  
That came o'er my soul when I bade thee farewell.

Ah! dear are the pleasures thy presence imparts,  
As the wealth that is hid in the treasure of hearts;  
Then deem me not foolish when sorrows betide  
If I sing, I'm not fearful with God for my guide  
And a true-hearted sister to stand by my side.  
For I dream, as I gaze on thy shadowy form,  
That a sunbeam has looked through the gloom of the storm,  
And the visions of joy that are greeting me now  
Are bright with the rays that encircle thy brow.  
Oh! beat are the visions of youth that return  
With the flower that is blooming in Memory's urn;  
Though its leaves were all scattered, and broken the shrine,  
One charm could restore them, 'tis thine, it is thine!

Now I dream of the past, and with fancy retraced  
There is light in the desert, a bloom o'er its waste;  
And the iris is spanning with beauty the sky  
That bends o'er the isle where my treasures still lie.  
Bright isle of the past! thou wilt ne'er be forgot  
While the thoughts of a sister are linked to the spot;  
Far over the places once hallowed by love  
Brood the pinions of song, like the wings of a dove.

Then chide me not, sister, for loving to dwell  
On the scenes of my childhood; oh! break not the spell.  
That comes o'er my soul as a wave o'er the sea,  
With a musical power when I'm thinking of thee;  
And bound to my heart by the holiest tie  
Is every loved spot that e'er greeted thine eye.  
Though the star of my life rose in darkness and gloom,  
And sad was the message thrice borne from the tomb,  
Yet I knew that while living, though ill should betide,  
I'd a true-hearted sister to stand by my side.

With Right for her motto and God for her guide,  
Then think not, my sister, thy image can bring  
Aught else but delight, though a shadowy thing;  
For thine is the spirit, that, guiding me on,  
First touched the deep chords that awakened me to song.

And held o'er my being that gentle control  
Which waked the sweet fountains that sing in my soul.  
Now daily I bless thee in labor and song,  
I bless thee in words that are fervent and strong—  
I bless thee for counsel and love that once fell  
On the wastes of my heart with a life-giving spell—  
I bless thee for lessons of beauty and worth,  
For courage to meet every trial of earth,  
For the flowers that are wreathing my spirit with mirth,  
And the joy-light that gladdens our hearts and our hearth—  
I bless thee, my sister, and, near or afar,  
I turn to the fondly, as Love to its star—  
I bless thee for words that such hope could inspire  
As taught me to worship the harp and the lyre.

And I dream, as I gaze on thy shadowy form,  
That a sunbeam has burst through the gloom of the storm;  
And I know that while living, though ill may betide,  
I've a true-hearted sister to stand by my side,  
With Right for her motto and God for her guide.

ADELPHIAN INSTITUTE, NORRISTOWN, Pa.

## Third Monthly Meeting of the Moral Police Fraternity.

AT DODWORTH'S HALL, SUNDAY, A.M.,  
NOV. 1, 1863.

[This new movement was duly inaugurated at Dodworth's Hall, 86 Broadway, June 14th, 1862, in the presence of a large congregation. The chief officers nominated and duly elected were:]

ANDREW J. DAVIS, President,  
SARA E. PATSON, Secretary,  
PARKER E. FARNSWORTH, Treasurer.

If you wish to identify yourself with this Fraternity, address the President (A. J. Davis, Editor of the Herald of Progress, No. 274 Canal Street, New York) authorizing him to record under the Fraternity your whole name, your occupation, and your post-office address, giving County and State in full. The initiation fee has been fixed at one dollar, including the inclosure of two postage-stamps to prepay the "Constitution," the "Letter of Instruction," and the "Pledge," all which will be immediately forwarded to you on the above conditions. Unlike many self-protective societies, this Fraternity does not exclude women from any of its departments, privileges, or benefits.]

The meeting was opened with the following remarks from Mr. DAVIS: The first grand object of this Association is to "overcome evil with good." We meet this morning to lay out in a few words the work which is before us. Therefore let us consider that our subject this morning is decidedly one of practical import. To overcome evil with good was the burden of the efforts of the best of all ages, the good of all times and of all countries. Under the influence of that principle, it matters not whether a man is a Turk or Christian, whether he lives in New York or in Constantinople, he forgets country and creed, and becomes a friend of humanity.

The Moral Police Fraternity is a movement based solely upon that inspiration. We have just begun. We have already recorded something like one hundred and fifty names—many of them persons living hundreds and thousands of miles from this Hall, who would gladly be with us this day, to consider the very best means of doing the greatest amount of good to the greatest number of human beings; to consider how far we can make this movement practical. For instance, like the policy practiced by some associative bodies, should the Moral Police Fraternity insure a sick Brother or Sister? What shall it be the understanding among us that we shall do in case of sickness or misfortune of any one of this Fraternity?

I propose that we shall consider that question very briefly this morning. It is a practical one. You know that men get their houses and their furniture insured, and for that they pay money, and pay it cheerfully. Should this take anything the shape of the Odd-Fellows' or Free-Masons' Association, so far as appropriating a certain amount every week to a Brother or Sister in sickness is concerned, or is it best that a committee be appointed, when a person, a member of this Fraternity, is reported as sick, or disabled, or suffering under any misfortune whatever, in good report or evil report, to visit such person and ascertain the facts in the case; and having ascertained them, instead of any sum being fixed by the Association, to make such appropriations as in the opinion of the committee the case demands? In some cases only fifty cents would be needed; in some, nothing; in others it might be necessary to give a considerable sum.

Shall we have by-laws and rules regulating the amount of insurance, the amount of good, or the kind of assistance that we shall render, or shall we be regulated by that first and most important of all by-laws, viz.: a visitation and inquiry—an investigation into the actual circumstances of the person. Many are impostors. Many persons who are peculiarly wealthy, are, nevertheless, impostors, even in the matter of affection. They pretend to need sympathy. They are just as much humbugs as people who sometimes ask you to give them alms in the street. There are others too kind, and too generous, and too delicate, even to ask for sympathy, who are dying for it every day. They need the sympathy of such an inspiring Fraternity as this. They need something more about them; they need the influence of the Summer-World, of the spirits from on high, through such as can possibly shower it upon those who are not susceptible. Some are always indifferent as to themselves. They are careless and negligent at their homes. They are ignorant, and each one will destroy or waste more than six persons well-informed would consume or need. Now, the question is, whether, if such persons apply to the Moral Police Fraternity, they shall have assistance; whether it would not first be best to appoint a committee of investigation to find out their habits? Suppose a person says he needs assistance in the matter of food, cloth-

ing, or education; but friends say it is better, in the first place, to inquire whether he really needs food, clothing, etc., or has not some leaking-places in his habits. Some chew and smoke or drink their lives away; and instead of money, they need moral power to break the corroding and disgusting habit, and one which drains all their extra money, and keeps them poor and miserable. The grogshop is, as you know, the influence which gives more paupers to the country and to the world than all other influences combined. Now the Moral Police woman or man, or the committee visiting such a person, must find out whether it is possible to break the habit in that person by spiritual and moral encouragement and sustenance—as in the case of the Sons of Temperance—they have made many beautiful cures; or, if it is impossible to reach him in that way, whether the Inebriate Asylum is the place for him; and if so, whether it is the business of the Moral Police to know exactly all the conditions and circumstances under which he can be received in such an asylum. Then there are the wife and children of that drunkard to be put in comfortable circumstances.

These things can go on without taxing our daily employments and avocations. It is only system that is necessary. A visitation will require but little time. People who in cities go to scores of places for the purpose of amusement, can find a great deal more happiness in a three-quarters of an hour visitation, in connection with others, than they can in the way of squandering their time, money, and sympathies, for pleasure.

I have my own private opinion as to what is best to do under these circumstances. But here are other members of this Fraternity, and I would like to have them give their views on the subject, that we may act definitely, because the work is opening upon us from all parts of the country.

The meeting is now open. Let us have opinions on this subject. Many of you are members of other organizations, or have been. You know the practical value of such movements; I would like a free and deliberate statement of your convictions.

A member of Liberty Group then made the following remarks: My attention has been lately called somewhat to the question of organization for the relief of human suffering. I have felt the want of cooperation, of co-workers, but I have had to operate alone. Not that I charge a fault upon any person. But there seems to be a feeling like this: "I am under no particular obligations to operate with you all; I have my own way of doing business, and you can take yours." This naturally grows out of a want of organization. If we were bound together, an interest would be created that would bear equally on all, and when a case was presented to me, I should feel, and others would feel, under more obligations, perhaps, to aid a Brother or a Sister, than would otherwise be the case. I should not be prevented from acting as an individual with reference to suffering humanity, and I hope that all will act of themselves, and at the same time act in union. The case of an individual I have in mind convinced me of the necessity of united action. The excuse, I think, is not good, that the individual is imprudent; it will not hold good under all circumstances. It may be said that he is improvident, and does not make an appropriate use of his means; he chews or smokes tobacco, or drinks rum, and the money so spent operates injuriously upon himself. The case of the individual, if alone, would be bad, but when we see a wife absolutely trembling with cold for the want of clothing, the little children's feet red for want of shoes and stockings, and every appearance of a want of bread, though this had been brought about by the improvidence of the husband and father, it would not deter me from making the utmost exertions to meet the necessities of that family.

Mr. DAVIS said: The question, now, is in relation to this one point: We want to know what this organization shall do under given circumstances. I would like to get the sense of the members, or of persons interested in the great work of making men, women, and children better and happier, as to whether, if a person is sick, no matter whether rich or poor, he shall be entitled to a certain sum in consequence of this sickness, after the method of the Odd-Fellows, or we shall have a committee of visitation to investigate the case, and then decide the amount of appropriation.

A gentleman in the audience asked whether it was the design to confine the action of the Association to its own members or not.

Mr. DAVIS replied: This is designed to be wholly an inspiration of benevolence, to do

good wherever and whenever the opportunity offers, and not harm. But, at the same time, there is a Central Circle. You are not merely to do good wherever you find an opportunity, because the general commission is one which some persons will finally discover a method to entirely neglect. Charity begins at home, as is said. That is, they first furnish themselves with dry goods and groceries and a home. Now here is a Fraternity; it is a center of action. That center includes its members—that is the innermost circle. Just outside of that circle is the society of neighbors, and beyond that the business world of strangers. Suppose you are a member of this Fraternity. I hear to-morrow that you are imprudent; you need a friend. You know a member of the Moral Police; you get a note to that person, and he comes to me. Am I under any obligation to go and see you any more than if I were to take up the Tribune to-morrow morning and see that some body else was in trouble? I say, I am under obligation to attend first to the members of the family, and you being a member of the Moral Police, I should say would be a member of the family. That is the inner circle. It is beginning at the pivotal center of the movement. From that you can easily expand into the community. You can then affiliate, harmonize, with all the benevolent movements in the world. We do not wish to build a Children's Orphan Asylum, because there are such in existence. Our business is to know what they will do for orphans, and to avail ourselves of the privilege which society has already furnished for the welfare of these outcasts; to assist the benevolence of every denomination of Christians, and of those who are of no denomination; no matter who or where they are, we can avail ourselves of the knowledge of their movements and give them the right hand of fellowship, understand all the intricacies of their preparations, and avail ourselves of them for the good of others.

A lady, not a member of our Fraternity, understanding that a person was in need of assistance, mentioned the matter to me. Instead of taking the lady's word that the case was really urgent, I requested a physician to make an investigation of the case. He went, and donated his time and services, and made his prescription. Not only so, but he took some money from the Moral Police Fund to meet the necessities of the invalid, and the consequence was, that last Sunday she was able to be up and to attend the meeting, on which occasion she came and thanked me for sending her assistance.

Shall we have a by-law on our books to the effect that this shall be the method of operation?

A gentleman in the audience made the following remarks: I do not belong to this Fraternity, though I know no reason why I should not, for I never drink, nor chew tobacco. I have been one in spirit with you. Before I moved to New York I belonged to three or four organizations of the character to which you refer—the Sons of Temperance, the Masons, the Odd-Fellows, and the Rechabites,—and from the experience I have, my opinion is, that it would be better not to fix any sum, but let that be determined, according to the necessities of the case, by a visiting committee.

Dr. SCHULNER thus addressed the meeting: I second the idea of the gentleman, that a committee should be appointed to investigate the circumstances of persons who may be in need of aid. I am not in favor of appropriating a fixed sum for each case.

This is the third meeting of this Association, which is a central point of action, from whence it shall extend until it embraces the whole world, aiming as far as may be to benefit every human being on the face of the earth. But it requires time for it to germinate, and grow, and blossom, that its beauties and its fragrance may permeate and inspire the heart and soul of man. But we must not idly wait for time to do the work. It is our solemn duty, our sublime privilege, and, I hope, our greatest pleasure, to do, to prepare, to will, to act—in one word, to be. Therefore let us begin to day. Let us begin by contemplating what is the first necessity of an organization like this. The object has been explained by one word, viz., harmonious cooperation. But how is such cooperation to be instituted? By mutual acquaintance, just as the human body, considered as an organization, in its healthy condition, requires that every particular joint, member, or tissue, should fulfill its duty in reciprocal relation to the other, and know how much to take, how much to give. Hands would be superfluous if one did not know what use to make of them, what they are good for. So with this present organization,

which is destined to grow and flourish through all time. But it necessarily requires mutual acquaintance; we should know what each one of this Fraternity is able and willing to do, and when and where they can most conveniently be found. We should not be any longer strangers, but acquaintances and friends, and be practically initiated into our mutual capacities and powers. In unity is strength.

Mrs. DOUBLEDAY made the following remarks: Every person has faculties belonging to himself, and, as an organization, it would seem to me that our first work is to assist each and all to help themselves in their development. Of course, if we seek for that we must know the surroundings of the individual. I feel that we never can judge of circumstances until we have walked into the sphere of those circumstances. It would seem to me best to have a committee to visit—a committee that would go with their hearts in their hands, ready for their work—a committee that, as they sit down in this sphere of circumstances, can receive inspiration.

I should think it best for such a committee to look to the mental and the spiritual, and if they find bad habits there, not blame the person for the habits, but endeavor to find a way in which we can give them a light to help overcome these habits, and in that way harmonize their strength.

I believe there is no one that belongs to this body, but can find sympathy in the Fraternity; and if I feel that I need friends to take me by the hand and strengthen me—and we do need each other for any work—I can find them, and any other one of the Fraternity can find them among ourselves. I think if we had heart enough to work, we should find the opportunities for it.

Mr. DAVIS, in further explanation, said: That is the result of culture. We are in a crude state; we need to be cultured until we blossom into the spontaneous, ever-present benevolence. The fire department is a beautiful illustration. They know by the number of strokes of the ringing bells what Ward to go to. If the bells were not so arranged as to guide them, and the firemen went forth to the fire without system, they would go in every possible direction, there would be no concentration. But now, whenever the bells sound, they know what part of the city to aim at when they first start from their houses. The consequence is, all the machines roll to one center, everything is done that can be, a great fire is put out, and a large destruction of property prevented.

We can do the same thing by systematic plans of reform. When Mr. Pease visited the Five Points, he saw there a great corruption, a fire that was burning from the center of iniquity throughout the city. The bells of reform rang, and you know how many people have gone to put out that fire from all parts of the country, and how nearly they have accomplished it. Now if people had merely said, "It is certainly everybody's duty to be good and do all the good they can," such a mission would never have been accomplished. That is a practical illustration of what concentration can do under the benign influence of a light-toned method of organization consonant with the largest liberty.

I want, for example, to be commissioned to 96 Bleeker St., or 220 Broadway—not that it is my duty to call at every number where there is a sick man; I cannot do that in a lifetime. But if I am informed that in a certain street or avenue a Brother or Sister is in need of a friend, I can go there, and perhaps do a hundred people good, indirectly, by that single concentration of my affection and benevolence. I can summon many others to the same fire and put it out. Or we can sweep away the rubbish and start a new and more beautiful fabric. Give us concentration. Let us know that there is something to be done in a given place that is worth doing, and we shall find men and women who love to do that work there to help us. That is the world's experience. We are all constituted in that way, and the divine order of the highest heaven is an expression of that beautiful system. I am in favor of an organization which shall be under the leadership of a vast and universal principle, viz.: To overcome evil with good; and that shall have in it a wise and beneficent system of operation. I can cooperate with my Brothers and Sisters in such a work as that. I cannot lead them, and I cannot be led by them, but I know that I can work to the last syllable of recorded time in a movement that has in it the intrinsic inspiration of a divine and eternal principle.

I know how good it is to preach the general inspiration. It is so pleasant; it makes us



warm and generous; but when it subsides it leaves us just where it found us, feeling generally very good, but practically doing nothing more than we did the week before. I want to be influenced by a principle which will make it definite that I should do something in a given place and in a certain manner; otherwise I shall not be able to act. And I know the good that is in me will many times fail because of not having a wise direction. Look at the musician, the chorister. Suppose he never should get his members together; suppose he did not direct their attention to certain ends, to certain songs—would you ever have music? There never would be such a thing as an orchestra or choir known. I say that benevolence may be a joy. It is a luxury that should be shared. One or two persons in a society, all benevolence, should not waste themselves and their substance, giving away their services and time in an isolated manner. I think that is coarse and crude, like all the other things we have been doing so clumsily. My thought is that we should by cooperation make our benevolent action the gladdest thing we do. I like the Fair down at 446 Broadway, which, by its beauty, attracts persons to see and to purchase, and gives its profits to the soldiers.

Some time ago there was somewhere in our metropolis what was called a "Calico Ball." It was gotten up among the aristocracy. It was silly, because it was nothing but a calico excitement, though it was called a dance for the benefit of the poor. Now we are going to have a Russian ball. You can easily see what it will cost the citizens of New York, not members of this organization. They will be members of your beautiful churches; proprietors of these palaces and splendid establishments. There is to be a great, beautiful archway between Music Hall and Irving Hall, and Irving Hall is to be filled with Delmonico's grand agencies of diet. Then Music Hall is to swell with an immense amount of fashion, display, taste, and elegance. Now right here in the great city of New York, and on the eve, perhaps, of one of the severest winters for the poor that we have had for a long time, we must protest positively and absolutely against such wicked expenditures. By so doing we are acting as a Moral Police Fraternity. By preventing a man, a single human being, from going to such a place, and inducing him to donate ten per cent. of what he might spend to this movement, enough might be saved to supply one poor woman, if not several families, with coal all winter. Here are things we must do. We must see how we can prevent evil; if we cannot prevent it, how we can get over it, or under it, or overcome it, and that with the strongest, most vigorous living goodness. I don't believe in the natty-patty kind of good feeling. I want a vigorous, stout, and determined goodness, that will make its protests felt in the vicinities of error and wrong. This Fraternity must amount to that. It will; and I know we have names of persons, who, when they are called upon to act in concert in different parts of this country, will. We have here men who could at any time give us information about persons in any part of California and in different parts of the West. They are persons who are in situations to get information of the most valuable and intimate kind. The merchants of New York have a mercantile agency by which they get at the exact amount of how much a man is worth in all parts of the country. They can go to the agency and see what a man's business is, what his property is, how much mortgage there is on it, who has the mortgage—and on that score the man is credited or discredited. We can do the same in this Moral Police work. We can prevent a vast amount of evil in this world. We have but to possess as much common sense as merchants, and lawyers, and men around us in society, in the direction of goodness, truth, justice, and humanity, and we shall accomplish vast and beautiful ends and always be filled with happiness. It is the wise direction of love that I advocate; that you want, that we are all seeking for; because wisdom is always the most beautiful expression of love. Shall we adopt something like this:

*Resolved*, That in instances of sickness or trouble of any nature among members of the Fraternity, a visiting committee of one or more be appointed by any one of the officers to investigate the actual circumstances of the cases reported.

The Resolution passed unanimously.

Mrs. DOUBLEDAY then said: Mr. President, I feel that you misunderstood me. I believe as much as any person that in union there is strength. At the same time I know there are times when we are called upon to act when there is not time for the appointment of a committee, and then, as I said, I felt that I could find assistance through another connected with this body. But, as a general thing, I believe in an investigation by a committee. I feel that only as we are in harmony will we do our work well. I know that we stand as a body, as a medium between heaven and earth, and that we can work, and I believe we will, as a body.

Mr. DAVIS, in reply, said: That is a correct position, and one that I do not misunderstand. I only ask that the individual commission shall also be exemplified in the working of the organization. Permit me now to read the following interesting statement of the work that a French Association has done for the poor of their own nationality:

"LA SOCIÉTÉ FRANÇAISE DE BIENFAISANCE.—The annual meeting of this excellent charitable Society, which is maintained by the French residents of New York, was held on Monday evening at Provot's Hotel, when the President, M. Reynal, presented a report, showing the prosperous condition of the Society. At the last annual meeting there was only a balance

of \$40.97 on hand, while this year the cash on hand amounts to \$839.48. During the year 133 families, representing a total of 279 persons, have been assisted with money and otherwise; 10 persons have been sent back to France; 33,146 pounds of bread, 48 tons of coal, and \$1,434 in cash, have been distributed. To this must be added the gratuitous visits of doctors, and medicines, by the Society. The meeting was the most enthusiastic held by the French residents of New York during the last ten years. The officers of the Society are: President, M. Reynal; First Vice-President, M. Pecalin; Second Vice-President, M. Broseard; Secretary, M. Paristot; Directors, MM. Provot, Huerstel, Marchand, Poissonnier, Ackermann, Elie Charlier, Larmande, Dartois, Mendes, Turgis, Fabrequette, and Girardin."

Here is also an appeal to the public from another Society, which, in its aims, is eminently deserving of aid and cooperation:

"There are many benevolent Associations in this city, which need at this time the especial support of the public. Among these is the Ladies' Christian Association.

"For more than three years this Association has been interested in assisting and encouraging young women who are struggling to support themselves—a class of persons, who, with unexampled energy and perseverance, press on in their efforts to maintain their independence, yet often needing a helping hand. They are those who in childhood had happy homes, and parents to supply all their wants, but who are now obliged to struggle for themselves, often without friends or influence. They need to be guarded from the temptations and impositions which surround them here, and to be encouraged and assisted in getting employment. In order to do this more effectually, the Ladies' Christian Association has established a boarding-house, which is located at No. 160 East Fourteenth street, where such young persons may feel that they are under the protection of Christian friends. Those who find their home there are worthy pupils in the School of Design for Women, teachers, and seamstresses, beside others who are seeking employment; for such the Managers of the Association would be glad to hear of situations.

"Hitherto the public has only been solicited for aid in paying the rent of the house, and in providing the necessary furniture, the daily expenses having been, for the most part, met from money received from boarders. Now, however, this is inadequate, owing to the great advance in the price of provisions and coal.

"The rate of board cannot be increased, because there has not been a proportionate advance in the price paid for women's labor. Seamstresses who work for large establishments in the city can only earn from three to four dollars per week, and many teachers receive very little more.

"The Ladies' Christian Association, therefore, take this method of appealing to the public to assist them in sustaining this enterprise.

"The experience of each year has proved the great need of such a home, and leads the Managers to desire that not merely one, but numbers of them may be established in this city. Donations may be sent to the Treasurer of the Ladies' Christian Association, Miss M. A. Hall, No. 18 West Forty-second street; or to either of the Directresses—Mrs. M. O. Roberts, No. 107 Fifth Avenue; Mrs. Rev. Dr. Dyer, No. 191 East Nineteenth street; Mrs. E. L. Hall, No. 18 West Forty-second street."

If they, as Philanthropists and Christian Associationists, do not see benevolence in us, we can recognize it in them. We can look from a high standpoint. If the people of Grace Church do not see that Love is the same Savior in our works as in theirs, it is because they are not large enough—they are not on an eminence. If our position in thought and in sentiment is sufficiently true and exalted, we shall be enabled to encircle in one beautiful, fraternal embrace, all the benevolent movements that are established in the country. But if, on investigation, we discover that a single movement that passes under the name benevolent is not benevolent, it is our business, as an Association, to expose it, no matter whether it is the Bible House, or the American Tract Society, or the Home or Foreign Mission enterprise—wherever we find that there is more expended for secondary movements than for humanity—we are to protest against it and expose the error, while we keep our own humanitarian movement free from the blemish of selfishness. We have a great deal of very active work before us. Among other things, we should know all about what such bodies as the American Tract Society are doing—what an enormous amount of money they are spending for no human good. We should see in what way we can prevent such absorption of people's money for the propagation of great and soul-harrowing errors. That is Moral Police work. Whenever we can block the wheels of any such juggernaut as that, we are commissioned to do it, and at the same time laboring for the positive up-building and renovation of society.

For the Herald of Progress.

### To the Moral Police Commissioners.

GENTLEMEN: Being a voluntary co-worker with you I hasten to forward you my preliminary report, as your special detective and reporter. In the pages of the HERALD OF PROGRESS, you already, in fact, have so well and so truly represented the importance, the nature, and the main objects of your newly established, though long contemplated Moral Police, that your detective and reporter needs to say, in this preliminary report, little beyond merely laying down the rules upon which he proposes to make his constant inspections and occasional reports, and suggesting to other detectives and reporters of the Moral Police, that, with such modifications as your or their better judgment may suggest, they will probably not find it disadvantageous to act upon his rules.

Each in his own or her sphere should constantly be on the alert not merely to observe

those greater infractions of morality, but also to reprove and check those wanton, often thoughtless, but also always mischievous breaches of the minor morals, which, in fact, are to the greater morals what the egg is to the bird.

To reprove to the effect of checking, we must reprove kindly. A homely but no less true proverb tells us that "an ounce of honey is worth a pound of vinegar." If kindly reproof and moral suasion had been used by a Moral Police in every nation of the world from its foundation as a nation, the jail, the gallows, and the whipping-post would have victimized fewer sons and daughters because previously victimized by the neglect or the evil example of parents.

I propose that in addition to individual exertion in his own sphere in private life, every member of your Moral Police shall, periodically or only occasionally, as you and he may determine, report to you his observations on the prevalent vices, faults, and short-comings among the people whom it is convenient to him to inspect, and to give his own ideas as to the root of the particular vice or folly, and as to the easiest and speediest means of destroying that vice or folly at its root. Hitherto the root has been left alone most severely in the home, and, apparently, undreamed of in the school-house.

Personalities, as a simple matter of consistency, must be excluded from our reports. But certain vices and follies may be, so to speak, incarnated in fictitious characters. Who among us can love the man or woman who sat to Theophrastus, to Addison, or to Steele? Yet who, having once read of Sir Roger DeCoverley and Captain Sentry, ever forgot either of them? Probably nineteen out of twenty, who, at the present day, and in this country, read Lord Chesterfield's exquisitely satirical and graphic sketch of an awkward and boorish man, are wholly unaware that the truly learned Dr. Johnson (Dictionary Johnson) sat for that sketch; yet who can read it without learning to avoid the boorishness and awkwardness which it so well portrays?

First, then, we will attend to the especial vice or folly, and then, as a companion-piece, sketch a fictitiously named but actually existing person or persons embodying the vice or the folly, and show its effects upon him or them, and those who come in contact with them. My report on "profane talk" shall reach your headquarters next week.

DETECTIVE AND REPORTER.

### The Teachings of Nature.

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

#### Little Things.

BY MRS. F. M. BROWN.

Systems and empires are founded on little things. The web and woof of human life are little things. Sands in the hour-glass tell the minutes, minutes make eternity. The tiny dew-drops, trembling in the morning sun, have a mighty mission—they drape the earth in beauty and grow bread for the nations. Aggregated drops of water float navies, turn ponderous wheels, set spindles and fingers in motion, and clothe the world.

Glory and greatness, degradation and happiness, have their origin in little things. A cold look has sent the life-blood freezing to your heart; a single unkind deed has doomed you to a life of wretchedness and dependence. Another, by a smile and a word of encouragement, has been rescued from adversity, and blessing-laden, sent forward. A few honest words cost the utterer a breath, but to a fainting heart they are priceless.

The destiny of Europe hung upon a single gray hair in the head of a fair young princess. An old sword, broken and blood-rusted, crowned Josephine; it gave her fame, Napoleon, France, and a broken heart. It was a worthless bit of steel, but wielded a mighty power. A little love-deed, planned and executed by a woman, opened a highway through the waste of waters, gave America to Spain, and peopled this continent, immortalized Columbus and Isabella.

Names upon parchment are little things, but they have builded scaffolds, demolished dungeons, kindled martyr-fires, given crowns and kingdoms to women, and freedom and manhood and jubilant hearts to millions of slaves.

A boy planted acorns by the wayside. It was a little deed; but he—an old man now—has seen the jaded beast and the battle-worn soldier resting in their shade, and heard his children and his children's children blessing him for the work his childish hands had wrought.

"Our Father which art in heaven," are a few simple words which fell from the lips of a Hebrew youth eighteen centuries ago; but time and distance have not dimmed or diminished the earnestness and holiness of that mountain-prayer. "Our Father in heaven" will vibrate through the current of sound eternally, calming and Sabbathizing the soul. The world-acursed culprit will hear them. They will fall like the sweet gospel of "peace" upon the stormy human tide. He will go up to the gate of heaven—go with the wrongs and stripes the world has bestowed—believing "Our Father" is the All-Merciful, and into His hands the wayward child need not fear to fall.

The lisping babe, with clasped hands and closed eyes, whispers, "Our Father which art in heaven." Listening angels catch the words and repeat them to the Divine Author.

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven," he replies.

A tall, awkward boy, handed me my lost glove. It was worn, and worthless but for the railroad tickets it contained; but the boy's honest face and earnest azure eyes put me on the best of terms with the world. I do not know the name of my benefactor—care not to know whether he is Jew, Pagan, or Christian. I only know he has a kindly soul, and that his likeness hangs in memory's picture-gallery—there it will hang forever a refutation of the total depravity dogma.

A letter, a bit of blotted paper, cost the proprietor an hour's work and three cents. Small items, to be sure; but they brought me a sleepless night, a cloudy day, a shower of tears, and a host of heart-aches.

A vase of flowers stands before me—a few roses, sweet-peas, daisies, and some forget-me-nots. They are all little things, but to me precious and voiceful. In their fragrant, living, and breathing beauty, I read a love-poem written by the Eternal. They speak soul to soul as human speech may not speak. Blessed little messengers! ye scatter the clouds, let in the sunlight, and bid all the streams of life break forth into singing.

A soft brown curl is a little thing; but has it not ornamented a loved brow? Is it not, then, precious as our mother's parting blessing? What if the brow it beautified be dead? The living, loving soul, is not encased. What if the heart be dead to you and the hand you fancied all your own another's? Must you forget the blessed past? ignore the good and the faith it brought? shut from your life the love-light, and dwell henceforth in darkness?

Haven't you put carefully away a pair of little half-worn shoes, that, perhaps, another would give to the first naked feet they fitted? They are little things, but to you—an angel's mother—they are very, very precious—a *memento mori*. They bring you memories sad and sweet! You seem to hear the patter of two little feet, and you listen for the joyous laugh, and half-unconsciously outreach your hands to welcome the darling to your arms. Then you remember the dear hands are folded over a pulseless heart; that a snow-white brow, sunny curls, and the dimpled cheek, are dust and ashes. A tiny coffin and a small heap of fresh mold are more than earth to you—they link you to the heavens. You turn thither to see the flowery fields and silvery streams, and listen to the enchanting music of your baby's voice. Another day of shine and shade, a river to cross, and the feet that so lately and so lightly pressed the earth, will make haste to give you a welcome home. Blessed and very beautiful are the teachings of little things.

### Voices from the People.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

#### Letter from Dr. A. G. Parker.

AT THE CONFESSORIAL.

MOST REVEREND FATHER: As my labors are confined to and occupied with what is termed the skeptical portion of mankind, where your paper is not circulated, I did not see the Bull of Excommunication issued on the 13th of September by the Rev. Bishops of Manchester, Ill., and published on the 10th of October, and sanctioned by your Holiness, till very recently, which, I hope, will be a sufficient apology for the delay of my non-appearance and apparent neglect to answer the charges therein contained.

As the Rev. Bishops failed to define what they meant by Free-Love, it is rendered impossible to answer directly in the negative or affirmative without being misunderstood; for upon this, as well as upon nearly every other subject of religion and reform, there are as many different conceptions and varied definitions of what constitutes Free-Love as there are individual minds interested in the question.

As the conventionists of Manchester adopted and carried out in part, they should have been consistent, and completed the sectarian programme, and imitated the religious bigots and theological tyrants of the civilized world, and define their meaning of dignity, propriety, morality, etc. for it is natural, sir, that we should honestly differ about the methods to be pursued and the means to be made use of in the practical application of those fundamental principles upon which, in the abstract, we all agree. What is religion and morality to one nation, tribe, or class, is sacrilege and immorality to those of another. The religion and morality of the Universalists are the reverse to the minds and feelings of the Methodists. What is proper and dignified with a conservative Spiritualist in his method of spiritual communion and worship is improper and unbecoming to the sedate mind of the Presbyterian. More than once in my travels I have heard A. J. Davis condemned as immoral and irreligious by the rigid moralist and self-righteous church-member.

According to my understanding of Free-Love, I am a Free-Lover; but if your remarks accompanying the Resolutions are to be taken as an index of your definition of Free-Love, I am most certainly not one. And the insidious declarations on your part, in the connection in which they were made, that there were those who entered homes under the white flag of Spiritualism for the purpose of "breaking domestic ties" and destroying the happiness of families, I consider neither just, generous nor sensible, and beneath the dignity of a man to make or a philosopher to notice. I want an open declaration of facts, and a fearless exposition of individual sentiments and position, and not slurs and insinuations—the method of procedure adopted by moral cowards, who skulk behind and in the crumbling walls of popularity and dark shades of respectability, of which there is much among reformers relative to the social question.

I have understood and taught, for the last fifteen years, that marriage did not consist in

the ceremony said by the priest or performed by the magistrate, but that mutual affection was and is the only bond of union, and when that exists between one man and one woman, that is true marriage; when it does not, there is adultery.

As love, to be pure, must be free, and these three qualities must necessarily constitute happiness, so long as the man and woman can and do live happy together, so long are they obligated to perform the duties devolving upon man and wife. But when experience teaches that they do not contribute to the happiness of each other, then the marriage contract is at an end, and to continue in it is not only an evil to themselves and society, but a curse to unborn generations. That woman has the full and complete control over the maternal functions of her nature, and, consequently, the right to determine when and who shall perpetrate the race and be the father of her offspring; and, "sink or swim, survive or perish," I consecrate myself anew, and with untiring energies shall wage an unrelenting war upon the present adulterous relations of the social compact, preparatory to the inauguration of the true marriage, wherein cometh the new heaven and the new earth, as the realization of the brightest hopes and divinest ideals and highest aspirations of the past and present generations of men and women. As the inevitable tendency of Protestantism was and is to the freedom of the intellect, and consequent infidelity to the religious dogmas of the Catholic Church, so the progressive tendency of Spiritualism is to the freedom of the affections and a disregard of and infidelity to the customs and usages of ceremonial marriage.

Socialism and Spiritualism are inseparably connected, and the progress of one is the advancement of the other; and what in the constitution and nature of things are joined together, none can put asunder. And this haste and anxiety to rescue Spiritualism from popular odium, to convert that which is spiritual to that which is popular, and thereby compromise with the demands of fogism in denouncing Free-Love and excommunicating its advocates, is, of itself, no evidence of the possession of special virtues or superior morality; for every libertine in the land, every fogy in the Church and tyrant in the State, and woman-stealer and baby-whipper within the dominions of the Southern Confederacy, are bitter opposers and denouncers of Free-Love and Free-Lovers.

It is a fact in the history of the race that that which is of the greatest importance receives the least attention by the majority of mankind, and those who advocate the central facts around which the sacred interests of humanity cluster and revolve, and the larger truth which underlies human destinies, have been classed with the worst of men and crucified with thieves. The multitude are ready to applaud a popular right and denounce an unpopular evil. The minority are the standard-bearers of new ideas and the friends of the oppressed and the enemies of popular wrongs. The evils of which the Manchester conventionists complain become terrible and dangerous when popular and sanctioned by the strong arm of the law. Every thinker and reformer knows that the great majority of what is termed marriages are nothing more nor less than legalized adulteries—no bond of union other than that of passion leagued with selfishness—physiologically incompatible, in violation of Nature and of Nature's God, as evidenced in penitentiaries and insane asylums, distilleries, standing armies, and navies. Against those fashionable and popularized wrongs, sanctioned and supported by the rich and powerful of the earth, would it not have been wiser and better for the synod of Manchester, and the Editor, to have directed their influence and hurled their anathemas? It may be possible, sir, that these very men who have attempted to erect standards by which to test the morality of others are themselves rioting in the licentiousness of adulterous marriages, and if measured by the moral standard of some tall angel from the mountain-blights of the Morning-Land, they might find and feel themselves unworthy and a disgrace to the cause which they have and do profess to espouse. This may appear too personal and severe; but, sir, I claim the right, and the demand is reasonable, to know something of the character of the witnesses by whose testimony I am to be condemned—the judge, the law, and the jury by whom I am to be tried.

I never accepted the teachings of mythology—that there were many good gods and many bad ones; nor that of theology—that there was one good God and one bad one; and, of logical necessity, received the teachings of Nature and of Nature's God—that "whatever is, is right"—with this modification, that some things are wrong, and it is right that they should be.

That this doctrine underlies all the "mischiefs in the world," and especially that of Free-Love, is a mistake; for there is not a rebel or a criminal within the limits of the United States or civilized world but who repudiates the doctrine of "whatever is, is right." And are you, sir, that it is a "blasphemous" and "contemptible" doctrine? for as good men as you or I by nature, and perhaps far better by education and practice, have and do believe it to be true.

To conclude: To quiet the fears and to insure the safety of the "cause," the security of Spiritual platforms, and the "sanctity of progressive rostrums," under the supervision of associations and committees, I have never advocated but one "ism," and that is PARKERISM; and one philosophy and one religion, and that is and was Parker's philosophy and religion, for which no one is responsible but myself; and for the privilege and opportunity of propagating that "ism" and teaching that philosophy I am not beholden to or dependent upon any association or organization, and they who take passage in the ship of "progressive Christianity," or in the Manchester ship, or as anybody else's ship that sails upon the ocean of spirit-life, deserves to be hoisted overboard, and, like Jonah, be swallowed by the whale of popularity. I have built and sailed my own ship, and am captain, pilot, and crew.

Nature's pupil is free, God's house is always open, the peopled earth always gives audience—and here it is I preach the gospel of deliverance, in a church with no creed but love and justice, no discipline but wisdom and experience, no God to serve and worship but man and his counterpart; the universe with the stars for a sounding-board, the music of the Pacific and Atlantic waves the choir. I can always be found on Liberty St., fade-



pendent Block, No. 1, opposite to the *Herald* office.  
A. G. PARKER, M. D.  
BUCYRUS, Crawford Co., O.

### Library-Room Impressions and Descriptions.

BY J. M. PEEBLES.

If the eminent Lavater was not the author, he certainly was the individual that gave prominence to the science of physiognomy in Europe. Though hardly acknowledged as such in America, nevertheless physiognomy is a science having a basic formation in the human constitution; and every man, though nominally denying it, to some extent, a practitioner thereof, judging of earth, sea, sky, rocks, grasses, grains, as well as faces, from external appearances. Every imprint, furrow, angle, curve, or line upon a mortal's countenance, symbolizes some trait or quality of soul. Accordingly the practiced anthropologist prefers reading men from their facial angles rather than the brain organs. Not that I undervalue phrenology; it is the twin-brother of physiognomy, and they are mutual helps in the practical solution of the Greek inscription, "Know thyself."

ORATORY.

Multiform and many-phased as are the gifts of the Infinite, singled by itself the orator's gift excels all others. His voice at times deep and grand as thunder, then gentle as a lute, then again soft and silvery as the æolian harp, yet sweeping across human heart-strings, thrilling and moving them as Asiatic winds bend and bow Lebanon's cedars. It is said of Pericles that "the goddess of persuasion dwelt on his lips." When the French Mission entered the pulpit, not the pious and the serious, merely, but the votaries of pleasure and business thronged the church. The theater was forsaken, the court amusements forgotten, and even Louis the XIV descended from his throne to hear the illustrious speaker, and trembled, too, while he spoke. Consider Whitfield, with twenty thousand auditors hanging on his lips, every ear open, every eye fixed, every bosom swelling with tender emotion or throbbing with deepest anguish. What an irresistible power he wielded, altering, rousing, arousing, alarming, agitating, and inspiring the soul!

We need such eloquence to-day in the reform field—men who can and will speak with tongues of fire. Oh, I sometimes sigh for the language of the fields, the flowers, the stars that nightly burn, yea, the language of angels, that I may portray the truth and grandeur of those immortal principles that underlie the temple of the Harmonious Philosophy.

As for the above, I am reminded of the speakers at the Belvidere Convention. Some of them being strangers, I studied them earnestly while listening to their well-timed and soul-stirring words. My impressions relative to them, aided by memory, flow thusward:

PROF. D. T. KILGORE

drew his first vital breath among the hills and granite mountains of New Hampshire, traveled as Methodist clergyman four years in the New England Conference, was superintendent in the public schools of Madison, Wis., seven years, principal of the Evansville Seminary the last three years, is an avowed *Spiritualist*, brave in the declaration of his principles, and has recently been appointed assistant quartermaster in the army. In general contour he is tall, well-built, commanding, and of gentlemanly bearing. Formerly a zealous soldier of the cross in the army of the Church militant, he can but make a faithful officer in our armies now battling for freedom and the eternal principles of justice and equality. He has tact and talent competent for a general, and ought to-day to be at the head of a division. Tennessee under the individualized inspiration of "By the Eternal!" Under his fine external are hidden the lion and the lamb—Adam and Christ—both necessities in life's thorny pilgrimage. No nature would be balanced without them; a good purpose were next to useless without the force organs to compel accomplishment. "Hell is paved?" somebody has said, "with good intentions." Discipline and the disappointments of maturer years help the Christ within to gain the mastery preparatory to the soul's flight up the steep of the endless ages. Bro. Kilgore is scholarly, enthusiastic in his delivery, firm in his positions, and makes a splendid presiding officer at conventions.

MRS. H. F. M. BROWN

stepped forward upon the rostrum calm and queenly. She evidently had something to say, and felt conscious of her ability to say it; and she did say radical things with such provoking coolness that the most obdurate, fossiliferous specimen of conservatism soon laughed at his prejudices away and felt

"To rebuke the bachelor Paul"

for saying,

"Let the women keep silence all."

Her personal appearance is dignified, sphere ennobling, face full of character, forehead high, eyes large, liquid, and piercing; every facial lineament bespeaking a soul that scorps fetters and trammels; and because standing intellectually and spiritually above she is reckless of a hollow-hearted world's praise or blame. In her St. Charles jottings she compared me, because slim and tall, to a "May-pole." It would be indecorous to retort, hence I will simply say she is my Sister *lengthwise*—half-hinting, also, that such umbrellas as would serve her in *showers* must sail high. She is frequently invited to preach in my parish, which is no "pent-up Ulica" affair, but extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and, furthermore, daringly came a few weeks since near Rockford and married a couple! Oh these degenerate times—placing masculines (ministerially educated) on a level with women! Who will be the first to suggest a *Man's Rights Convention*? But, seriously, her mission is beautiful and she is nobly performing it, inspired by angels. She lectures extemporaneously, so mingling the practical with the theoretical that her audiences are not only charmed and edified, but richly instructed.

MISS BELLE SCOTTGALL

"Who is that with rosy cheeks and shiny face just risen to address the multitude?" asks some stranger. "Belle Scottgall, of Rockford." "Well, the countenance bears an index to character, she is a good, noble

soul," is the spontaneous rejoinder. Yea, she is one of our best and most substantial speakers, having gifts that universities cannot bestow and coins that cannot be counterfeited—a living, ever-present inspiration. She so kindled and aroused the emotional natures at Belvidere that two-thirds of the assembly were at one time bathed in tears. She goes not to the lamps of olden schools to light her torch, but touches it to the gleaming fire-streamlets fresh from the heavenly fountains of to-day—the great secret of her power lying in her deep soul-earnestness.

Her forehead is wide and full; eye, blue and spiritual; nose, Grecian; mouth, finely chiselled; face, fair as Scotland's skies and all aglow with mingled candor and good nature. When not absent on lecturing tours she takes an active part in the "Ladies' Benevolent Association," "Sunday-school," "Choir," and "Conference." In a word, she is a *worker*. My selfishness would keep her in this city, where she is known only to be esteemed and loved; but my benevolence would bid her go forth, and preach the gospel of the New Dispensation; even the "hub of the Universe" would revolve with increased rapidity after listening to her sound, logical lectures, clothed in fine imagery and distinctly enunciated, dead to self yet alive to the good of Humanity.

MRS. E. E. HOBART,

a native of New England, is tall in person, yet stands erect, the very symbol of her intensity and womanly independence. She has a large forehead, full, clear expression of the eyes, and pale, careworn countenance. Yet she speaks forcibly, rapidly, emphatically, indulging by turns in humor, pathos and irony; and frequently driving home practical truths, clinches them with scriptural quotations. The Bible is as familiar to her as is philosophy to Emerson.

DR. J. MORRISON

is of the H. W. Beecher build, yet more calm in temperament and ratiocinative in reaching his conclusions. He strikes you at once as a good candid man and sound thinker. He is intuitive, has fine mediastine powers, practices medicine by spirit impression, is modest in deportment, and, as a prophet, has honor in his own country. His discourses interested the Convention deeply, being cogent and logical, happy in illustration, spiced with enthusiasm, and full of the divine baptism of benevolence. May Heaven's blessings drop like distilled dew along his pathway!

DR. E. C. DUNN

has the Herschell cast of brain—a high, square forehead, and a quick, wiry, active temperament. He is clairvoyant and clairaudient—has or has had nearly every variety of mediumship; but excels now in the gift of healing, answering sealed letters, and giving business consultations. To whatever calling he ultimately turns his mind, he is destined to shine, making his mark in the world, and leaving behind a name as imperishable as the tongue of time. A bright, angelic hand, attends him, and will till he treads the sunny lands and shining strands of immortality.

E. DAYTON,

formerly a Universalist clergyman of twelve years' standing, spoke in the Conference with earnestness and marked effect. He is a close thinker, and his whole soul glows with love, charity, and sympathy. His interior nature, becoming too free and expansive for any set a few years since, he burst the shell and now basks in the noontide radiance of those principles that gladden the songs of angels. He is a true and good man.

I might have faulted the above-named speakers (as they might me) in style, delivery, and logical acumen. Blame is fashionable and criticism cheap. I choose to gather flowers by the roadside; let those pluck and embosom thorns that have use for them.

H. C. WRIGHT

has just visited Rockford, speaking to very great acceptance upon the national topics of the day. Listening, I felt to say, "He is the noblest Roman of us all."

Several years since, when beginning to undergo the fiery process of spiritual incubation, he frightened me, talking so strangely of God, the Bible, and Christ's blood. I thought it there was no devil there ought to be one, to catch just such fellows. Aye, a little theological knowledge of the soul's capacities, present inspirations, and Nature's divine revelations, like a "little learning," is a dangerous thing. Deeper draughts have sufficiently sobered me to see in Henry C. Wright such breadth of thought, manliness of soul, and fixedness to principle that I love him as a brother and a father. His great, warm, throbbing, loving nature acts as a magnet to my very inmost being. I have not had time to peruse his recently published work, "The Self-Abnegation," but opening it cursorily, my eye fell upon the following glittering gems: "My own soul is the only manner in which my Savior can be born." "I starve my soul by keeping it to myself." "Pure, unselfish love, is the very essence of God's nature."

The human soul is the temple of the living God, Reason its preacher, Love its Savior, and before its sacred altar angels ever delight to minister, aiding it in ascending the rose-wreathed infinitudes of the Infinite.

ROCKFORD, Ill., Nov. 3, 1863.

For the Herald of Progress.

### Beauty.

BY NOTATION L. TRYON.

Beauty is not a mystery, but is comparatively indefinable. It is not confined to time, place, color or form, but is ever present, pervading all things. We see it in all creation; in the shadow as well as in the substance. The earth and its surroundings is a vast field of beauty.

Beauty is the God-principle peeping out of all the works of Nature. The pure in heart *shall see it* as a *vision* of Deity, and the wise *shall see it* as *two pearls without price*. It is the artist's inspiration. He who is blind to beauty is not in keeping with God or with Nature; and he who but half appreciates it needs a physician. He who distorts it is a blasphemous, and he who perverts it is an enemy to mankind.

The perception of beauty harmonizes man

with God, and leads the erring back to innocence. Go study the daisy with all thy heart, for in its frail shadow is wisdom and beauty combined. It is a volume of beauty in the library of Nature, and is more valuable than the Bible; it reveals the true God and the correct ways of life.

But I would not have you go far to study the beautiful. It is everywhere present, supplying your attention, demanding your adoration. It comes to you in myriad forms. It floats on the air, it lies in the sunlight and in the shade. It reclines upon the still waters, it dances upon the plashing waves, it rises upon the heaving billows and glitens in the dashing spray. The clouds shower it down upon the earth, and the sunlight fixes it in the falling rain. The flowers reveal it as they tint the pure dew-drops in the morning light, and breathe out their fragrant life with every puff of air. It is waited to your senses in the musical voices of Nature, borne on the wavelets of the pliant atmosphere. It is wherever God is.

One never tires of its study, because it is ever varied; and the more you find to study, the larger your capacity grows, until your feelings overflow with ecstatic delight in rapturous devotion to the Creator. Who, then, shall say that beauty is not holiness, and an outward glimpse of the temple of God, presented to our view to entice us on to the abodes of wisdom, peace, and happiness beyond.

### Instructive Miscellany.

#### The Last Days of Copernicus.

A TRUTHFUL AND INSTRUCTIVE HISTORY.

It was a still, clear night in the month of May, 1543; the stars shone brightly in the heavens, and all the good people were asleep in the little town of Wernica, a canonry of Prussian Poland—all save one man, who watched alone in a solitary chamber, at the summit of a lofty tower. The only furniture of this apartment consisted of a table, a few books, and an iron lamp. Its occupant was an old man of about seventy, bowed down by years and toil, and his brow furrowed by anxious thoughts; but his eye kindled with the fire of genius, and his noble countenance was expressive of gentle kindness, and of a calm, contemplative disposition. His white hair, parted on his forehead, fell in waving locks over his shoulders. He wore the ecclesiastical costume of the age and country in which he lived: the long, straight robe, with a fur collar and double sleeves, which were also lined with fur as far as the elbow.

This old man was the great astronomer, *Nicholas Copernicus*, doctor of philosophy, divinity, and medicine, titular canon of Wernica, and honorary professor of Bologna, Rome, &c. Copernicus had just completed his work "On the Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies." In the midst of poverty, ridicule, and persecution, without any other support than that of his own modest genius, or any instrument save a triangle of wood, he had unveiled heaven to earth, and was now approaching the term of his career, just as he had established on a firm basis those discoveries which were destined to change the whole face of astronomical science.

On that very day the canon of Wernica had received the last proof-sheets of his book, which his disciple, Rheticus, was getting printed at Nuremberg; and, before sending back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fit for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a







man. And here are our poor, down-trodden

wretched, outcast Sisters, walking the streets at night, selling all that makes woman womanly, selling the soul, just outside the gates of hell, for bread. This is in your Christian city. Isn't it time for you to begin to talk about the need of religion in good earnest? Isn't it time that something was done that has not yet been done to save your city from the

not yet been done, to save your city from the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah? I have great respect for those who profess to be religious men and women. No doubt they believe that. If they pray one day in seven, the good God will allow them to go on Monday morning to their places of business, forgetful of Christ's teachings the other six. But that is not the kind of religion the world needs to-day. We are sick of it. The asking soul ignores the idea of fashionable religion. You want not only a police force and a Moral Police, but devout Christian ministers—men and women who will go into the highways and byways, into palaces and hovels, into the dens and into the churches of your city, and preach not Jesus Christ crucified, but our humanity crucified between two thieves, viz., unrighteous laws and sham Christianity. We want not a religion that will send the soul to hell—is there already—but we want a religion that will lift the soul from perdition and bring it up to the level of humanity, or what humanity ought to be.

Some ladies will be shocked at the idea of going into a cellar or into a miserable garret. They would fear for their morals, fear their good names would be stigmatized. Try the experiment, and if you do not come out whole-hearted, you are not strong enough to stand where your Brother falls, not brave enough to go where your Sister has need of your blessed ministrations. But if there is a heart strong enough and brave enough to go down to the very depths of perdition, where there are men and women pledging anew their lives to sin, go there; go with the gospel of peace and good will, with bread and sympathy. If men go to drinking saloons and gambling-hells, why may their wives not go there as blessed missionaries? And wherever woman is crushed beneath the iron heel of public opinion, where civilization, so-called, has put its iron heel upon her heart, there should her Sister also be, a ministering angel. I have tried the experiment, and I know positively that woman may go to the vilest houses in the city, into the very dens of vice and crime, and if she goes strong in hope, strong in love, goes there an angel of mercy, she will be respected as such. I was for years a member of an Infidel Society. My mission was to go among the outcast, regardless of sex. I have seen humanity in its lowest forms, seen it in its darkest dye, and have never yet received an unkind word or a single rebuke—never heard a profane word, never heard anything that would shock my sense of delicacy, from the inmates of these social hells. I was once told, by a gentleman I met in one of these places, that I had mistaken the house, for a respectable lady never entered these abodes of sin. I replied, "There is one respectable woman here, I know, and just so long as such men as you are here, it is the place for me, the place for your wife and your daughters. While my Sister is here, I shall be here to protect her, as I would protect the lamb from the lion." The gentleman, who was a very pious man, has never recognized me since. And I do not wonder.

We want a religion that will go into the bar-rooms, shops, offices; into the churches, into the kitchens—everywhere where there is a human soul. And we want a religion, too, that will go out among the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air; a religion that will teach the hunter and the horse-driver something like human love and human sympathy. I was very glad when I saw among the articles of faith in the Moral Police Fraternity one article inculcating kindness to beasts, especially to horses, and I immediately elected myself an officer of that Police Fraternity, and I made it my business, wherever I could, to rebuke every man who swears at or abuses his horses. I make it a point never to ride with a man who misuses his beasts. The other day, at Niagara Falls, I refused to ride with a hack-driver because his horses did not look sufficiently strong to draw me; and I began to think I should have to walk or ride with a very poor horse.

I hope, even true Christianity, true religion, finds a home in our hearts, we shall not only be kind to the outcast, but shall ever be ready to defend the brute creation—the poor, patient beast.

We want not only health and religion, but we want homes. Humanity is homeless; humanity is asking for something beside four bare walls; for something beside bread and butter. We want homes of beauty, homes of comfort, homes of love. How many in this beautiful land have them? How many loving homes, how many loving hearts, how many beautiful, dutiful children, have you? How many are there in all the land? I know that you have homes, so-called. I know you have something to eat and drink. But are they indeed *homes*? If they are, why do so many of your children wish to go anywhere to get away from home? Why are there so many persons rushing to watering-places—so many to drinking-saloons—so many going, everywhere, from home? Simply because there are so few *homes*—*heart-homes, love-homes*; so little that tends to elevate, and purify, and beautify, in places we call home. There are good homes, but they are very rare. You have fine houses, a few parks, a few playgrounds, a few watering-places. But these things, it is said, cost too much money for the common laborer to enjoy. I know it is often so. But don't you spend money for foolish and useless things? Why not put it into

But there are some other facts I wish were not facts, but since they are, let me tell them to you. Dr. Sanger has told the public that your houses of infamy, which have been built by church-members and patronized by men of distinction, cost \$8,500,000. This is not all. You have twenty-five drinking saloons to one church, fifteen gambling saloons to a school-house, and ten drunkards to one religious

**STATEMENT No. 1.—** Brother Ambler, the minister, is not like Ambler, once the inspirational speaker. His sermons must now be prepared to suit his audience, and he will be kept free of all that smacks of out and out Spiritualism. Alas! how are the mighty fallen! Brother Ambler, one of the twelve apostles selected by A. J. Davis for the regeneration of this generation. Like most of the other members of the twelve, he started out with large expectations of some matchless mission, and was undoubtedly disappointed in not witnessing the glorious outpouring of all old "principles and powers," and the glorified exaltation and triumph of the new-fledged heroes of modern Spiritualism. Not many months elapsed before Brothers Ambler, Harris, and others of the pioneer twelve, began to find the world in which they were so long toiled, soiled and over-toured; and now I do not know that a single one of all the original twelve is found active in the field of Spiritual progress.

[See Banner, Oct. 3.]

man, and never went into the "Harmonial Philosophy" beyond the first stage of curiosity; and concerning the other two witnesses I have heard nothing for years.

[See *Banner*, Nov. 14.]

In the first statement "Itinerant" says positively, without a single word of qualification, that "Brother Ambler was originally one of the twelve apostles selected by A. J. Davis for the regeneration of this generation." He did not say that he was gossiping—publishing as a fact the tattle and twaddle of enemies—but, himself untrue, asserted absolutely the popular falsehood that Mr. Ambler "was originally one of the twelve apostles selected by A. J. Davis."

In the second statement "Itinerant" says that no "intelligent reader of the *Banner* would understand him to mean that A. J. Davis originally sat himself up as a second Messiah." Every intelligent reader of the *Banner* was logically obliged to understand him to mean just *that*, and nothing else; and "Itinerant" evidently designed that they should so understand him, else why did he so unqualifiedly propagate the parallelism that Davis originally "selected twelve apostles," &c.? He knew that every reader's inference would be that Davis thought himself a Messiah, for the simple reason that no other inference was logically possible from his statement.

"Itinerant" now says that he alluded to Mr. Ambler "as one of the nucleus" who were "regarded by all outsiders as sort of apostles." Here, then, is the example of a professed friend itinerating the land giving out on the 31 of October, in the *Banner*, for positive truth, what he acknowledges on the 14th of November, only five weeks subsequently, to be but an echo of what was years ago "regarded by all outsiders!" And now, under the swing of the "sword of truth," he openly confesses that, "whether there was a literal twelve or not, I do not pretend say; nor whether Davis called them his apostles, or not." To intimate that he does not *know* whether Davis called them his "apostles," or not, is evidently false, since he pretends to have read the "Magic Staff," in which the facts are undeniably given to mankind.

## AIR-LINE DISPATCHES

TO THE  
Herald of Progress.

Coming Events.

Gen. Banks, looking directly to the White House, will not see the splendid chance that now awaits him; and unless he turns his eye to the South-West immediately, he will be like a broken column.

There is a counter-movement going on in Eastern Tennessee to all the efforts of Grant and that movement is *among* the Union Generals. The game is not for principles, but for power.

Within three months the deicient regulations in the colored corps will be remedied and not till then will the God of battles—Justice—take command of the Union armies. The secret and silent workings of Divine Justice are stronger than all intrigue. Therefore the hero of the age is to be masked in a sableskin, and the sublimest monument that the ages will build will be the one that shall declare a man's man for a' his race. The hero

[Here, from some unexplained cause, the dispatch was broken off.]

[Banner of Light, Nov. 14.]

### REMARKS.

Under the title of "Itinerant Etchings," a correspondent of the *Banner* publishes the foregoing misrepresentation.

We have erected no standard of "censorship;" we do not exercise a "denunciatory judgment;" we have never "ignored the name of Spiritualism;" neither has the Editor proposed to take Spiritualists under his wing until they would "use him as the grand central medium of the century."

It would be difficult to find in an orthodox journal of the bitterest spirit four statements containing a heavier load of intentional misrepresentation. We do not attach any blame to friend Colby, inasmuch as he does not profess to examine everything sent for publication by his correspondents. Therefore we charge the misrepresentations to the moral account of the correspondent.

1. It is true that we repudiate *free-passionists*, whether they be among "Spiritualist laborers," or among people of any other persuasion. Our authority for such "repudiation" we find in the eternal principle of true monogamic marriage, which teaches purity and liberty between two souls who love and live as ONE.

2. It is true that we regard Spiritualism as bringing life and immortality to man's intellectual faculties through its *facts*; but we do not suppose that "life and immortality" are the only subjects worthy of man's investigating powers. Our authority for this position we find in Nature, Reason, and Intuition.

3. It is true that we believe in Progress as "the grand central medium of the century." Our authority for this belief we find in the blessed knowledge that the central law of mind and matter is PROGRESS. For this reason we advocate progression even in the facts of Spiritualism, although "Inherent," and such as he, seem to see nothing superior to what they now know or believe on the subjects. We hope and expect to behold higher phases of truth, not only in Spiritualism, but also in every other department of thought and inspiration; and we believe that mankind will become more harmonious in their philosophy and lives when they abandon error and misrepresentation, and advocate truth and purity—free from selfishness.

Women's Medical College.

On Monday evening next (the 24th inst.) Mr. Oscanian gives his lecture on the "Women of Turkey," at the Cooper Institute, in behalf of the New York Medical College for Women. Many of our city readers will be glad of an opportunity to aid this new college, and they will find the occasion of Mr. Oscanian's lecture one peculiarly favorable to this object, as the lecture itself will repay the cost of attendance. Tickets fifty cents; for sale at this office. Reserved seats one dollar.

Victory for One.

A soldier in the Army of the Mississippi, ordering books and papers, writes :

"The inclosed money would have been more than thrown away in the purchase of segars, but four days ago I resolved to quit the habit of smoking, and to devote the money the tobacco would cost me to the purchase of books and papers. I inclose the first proceeds."

Suppose a like resolution were formed by every tobacco-chewer and smoker in the country—what millions of wealth would at once be diverted into channels of literature and education! How speedily the intelligence of our people would be improved! Will not others follow this good example?

Brief Items.

—A rebel plot to release the prisoners on Johnson's Island, Lake Erie, has been discovered and frustrated.

—Gov. Sprague and Miss Chase were married at Washington on the 12th inst. by Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island.

—The Rochester *Express* mentions a case of the recovery of ten thousand dollars stolen by means of information given by a clairvoyant.

—One of the feuilletonists of Paris announces that among the fashions to be adopted by the fair sex in Paris during the coming ses-

—Miss Charlotte Cushman has presented the Sanitary Committee \$8,267, the proceeds of her benefits in five cities. Dr. Bellows acknowledges the gift in an elegant card.

—Mr. Beecher has returned, and will be with his own congregation on Sunday. His absence and efforts in England have endeared him to many who were not friendly before he left.

—Gov. Seymour has issued a proclamation for a thanksgiving on the same day appointed by the President, but without referring to the national day in his document.

You all know that, after a revival, when you meet an old acquaintance or friend, you hardly know, if he has attended this revival-meeting, whether he is bilious, or pious, or intends to cut your acquaintance.

Physical health is the parent of age. Nature designed that man and woman should die as dies the shock of corn when it is full ripe. But what are the facts? I believe the average of human life is thirty-three years; and nearly one-half of the deaths are among children under the age of five years. And I have been shocked, I have been made sorrowful, when I have read the reports of the deaths in your own beautiful city, to find that three-fourths of the deaths are of children under the age of three years. Nature's laws have been outraged. The parents may be pious, but they certainly are not religious. I know that ignorance is their sin. With all these deaths, you certainly have physicians enough. You have two drug-stores to a church, and you

certainly ought not to be sick, unless it is the medicine that kills you and your children. For, as our Brother said, there is no misfortune greater than for a child to die. The earth is the place where the little immortal bud should bloom into beauty. The earth is the place where every human soul should learn its first lesson. It is just as important that the lesson should be learned here as it is that the child shall learn the alphabet before it learns algebra; just as important as it is that the tree should be rooted in its native soil to bear fruit. Children are falling one by one into their graves, and the Rachels all over the land are weeping because they are not. Where lies the fault? and where is the remedy for this great and crying evil? Ignorance is the mother of the social leprosy and spiritual imbecility that has filled our jails, houses of refuge, and every other public institution of

the land. I suppose it is well known that in-harmony is the parent of disease—disease is the mother of death. Your little children do not die always because of the food you give them—do not always die because of the bad air they breathe. They die because they are not love-children, because they are not children of harmony—die because their mothers and their fathers were diseased, and bequeathed to them a weak constitution, bequeathed to them their own disease, their own inharmony. The little child comes into the world, lives a few years, then pales and dies, and you send for a clergyman for consolation.

Very true, is a beautiful thought that there is in the wide world some one who can come to us in the hour of sorrow, come to us in the trying hour of death, with words of hope, and love, and consolation. But very frequently these good ministers, in the honesty and goodness of their hearts, tell the parents that God took the child because he loved them and wished to bring them nearer him, wished to save their souls at last, and so, to accomplish this grand object, he has taken from them their darling child. It were a thousand-fold better to tell the parents the honest truth, that the child has inherited their disease and was slain by the hand of ignorance.

What, then, you ask, shall we do to be saved? Educate the mothers, educate your children—teach them first of all natural law. I wish that it was against the law for any woman to go to the altar and take upon herself the holy name of wife until she understood the laws that govern her own being. I wish it was against the law for any woman to take upon herself the sacred functions of maternity until she knows how to take care of her own darling children. I do not blame the mothers because of this misfortune; I do not censure them because their children die; ig-



home-amusements? Have a gymnasium, a bathing-room, a flower-garden—something to give your children life, elasticity, and spirit. The money you now put into costly furniture would purchase and ornament a little patch of ground. Vines and trees render home attractive and beautiful. Every person who plants a tree by the way-side is a public benefactor; every soul that trains a simple vine is a missionary, and the world owes that individual everlasting thanks, because the world is thereby being beautified. Your homes are more attractive because of these vines and these trees. The poet has very truly said:

"Scatter the gems of the beautiful!  
By the wayside let them fall,  
That the rose may spring up by the cottage  
gate,  
And the vine by the garden wall;  
Cover the rough and rude of earth  
With a veil of leaves and flowers,  
And mark with the opening bud and cup,  
The march of the summer hours.

"Scatter the gems of the beautiful  
In the holy shrine of home;  
Let the pure, and the fair, and the graceful  
there  
In the loveliest luster come.  
Leave not a place of deformity  
In the temples of the heart,  
But gather about its earth the gems  
Of Nature and of Art."

It costs but little to make a home cozy; costs little to beautify your sleeping-rooms, to ornament your kitchens; very little to make home for your children and yourself the most attractive place out of heaven. It costs very little to build a love-altar where your children and friends may go and feel that it is good to be there. It costs nothing for a wife to be a high-priestess at the home-altar. A few smiles and loving words will bring her husband from the bar-room and drinking-saloon; and it costs him but little to make home attractive and dear to his wife. Yet how few think of the little things which help to make life happy, help to ornament the picture-gallery of the soul!

I read once of a man who was sentenced to state-prison for a term of years. A friend went to visit him after he had been two or three years in prison, and he found his walls completely covered with chalk-marks. There was a picture of his wife and two cherub-children in chalk, and a picture of a sainted angel with its wings spread for heaven. In the cell-window grew a cucumber-vine. That poor outcast had twined this beautiful vine up the iron grating; there were the flowers, there the green leaves, there the fruit. The friend said to him: "Why did you draw this picture, and that?" Said he: "Those pictures are my saviors; there is my wife, with her sweet smile, looking out from this dark stone; there my angel-children; here my living ones. They seem to speak hopeful words to me from the wall. I am striving to be good and true, that I may go back to them worthy, in some measure, of the name of husband and father. This little cucumber-vine whispers to me, as nothing else does, of beauty. In this vine I see the great world without."

If so slight things could elevate and spiritualize that poor darkened soul, how much may we do by planting a vine and hanging upon our walls a few simple pictures? Everything the eye looks upon is dignified and ennobled; and every scene and sight lives forever. And as we see beautiful things about us, so we have beautiful things in our souls. Whether there is sunshine, or bleak sky, and storms and tempests without, within is love-shine and a world of beauty.

We want, beside homes, health, and religion, strong men and strong, earnest-hearted women—those who have strong hearts, and clear heads, and strong hands. We want men strong enough to speak words of truth; men strong and great enough to unmask cowed demagogues and call a whited sepulcher by its name—men who have the moral courage to go out before the world and speak the truth for truth's own sake. In times like these, when the nation is struggling with life and death; when our statute laws are all blighted with tears and blood; when the green graves of our loved ones are scattered all over the land; the human heart sends up to the great God a prayer for men strong and earnest-hearted, who will go forth and fight the battles of the country because they love the nation and hate oppression. We have too many cowards—about as many cowards as we have traitors. Now and then you find a man who has the moral courage to come out and say to the nation, "Your doom is sealed unless you write upon your banner unconditional, and universal, and immediate emancipation." You have a few who are strong enough and brave enough to say to the nation: "Thy doom is sealed; God hath counted thy days, and finished thy kingdom, unless thou striketh at the root of the tree of Slavery. Destroy it, root and branch, and then plant on its ashes the tree of Liberty."

I heard a minister not long ago say that Horace Greeley was the bravest man in all the nation. "Only think," he said, "Horace Greeley had the moral courage to come out and demand of Abraham Lincoln that he issue a Proclamation of Emancipation! For a moment I was about glorifying Horace Greeley, and I said to my soul he ought to be as immortal as the sun. But, then, I remembered that he did not speak until he was himself declared, twenty millions of people demanded utterance through his pen. He claimed no virtue for his speaking. The people made the demand, and he dared not be silent. Although thanking God for the words he spoke, he did not speak so much from courage as from cowardice.

We have too many hypocrites, too many

traitors beneath the stars and stripes. We have in our midst Judases, who, for thirty pieces of silver, would sell their country. They have out-Judased Judas, but they have not, like him, repented and hanged themselves. It would be a blessing to the world if they did!

And we want brave, honest women—women who will cease to listen to the demands of fashion and custom, when from field and hospital there is a demand for her loving hand and healing words of love. Here are women ready to go, but where is their education? Are they fitted for camp life? Have they the strength of body and strength of nerve to go forth and bind up the soldier's wounds? Have they medical skill sufficient? No—but they ought to have. I hope this war will prompt the people to educate women for physicians, and for surgeons as well. In the early part of the spring I visited twelve or fourteen hospitals. There were our soldiers dying for lack of assistance. There were young men who had given their bravest blood to save the country, dying, without proper nursing or good physicians. I asked the reason why women were not employed as nurses. The answer was, they did not know enough, if they could be found. But clumsy, awkward men were there, who knew just as little about binding up a wound as I know. They were ministering to the discomforts of those sick and dying soldiers. I saw imprisoned secessionists. One of them was telling me how prosperous they were—how we had been defeated in battle. I asked him the reason. He said, although they had nothing like our numbers or means—though they were not so well-outfitted, yet they had *union*, which, he said, is "strength." He said: "You have more traitors at the North than there are rebels at the South. Another cause is, the women are enlisted in the cause with heart and soul. There is not a woman in all the South but would give her last garment to the soldier. They have taken up their carpets, given their silver, jewelry, bedclothes; and they have even given their tea-bells, to be cast, with church-bells, into cannon. Now," said he, "when you have a strong *union* at the North, when you have as earnest women as we have, then, and not till then, may you hope to conquer."

I am sorry to say I felt that there was something like truth in his remarks. I fear there is more spirit, more energy, among the women of the South than we have at the North. With disunion at the North and union at the South; with the weakness of our women and the treason of some of our men, our condition sometimes seems to be dark indeed. If we did not know that God was indeed the storm, and that Justice will eventually prevail, we should become disheartened. But knowing that the losses on our side are but the voice of God crying aloud, "Let my people go!" we take heart and accept the chastening from the hands of the Eternal.

When we are strong in body and strong in mind; when we learn and live the truth; when we cease to be cowards, knaves, and traitors; when men and women join hand to hand, and heart to heart, and go up together to the throne of God, they will bring down the kingdom of heaven and establish it upon the earth. Then, then we will join the angels' song of good news and glad tidings, for man is redeemed!

#### Miscellaneous.

### CLEANLINESS PROMOTES HEALTH.

REASONS WHY ALL PERSONS SHOULD USE

### STEARNS & CO'S GLYCERINE FAMILY AND TOILET SOAP.

BECAUSE with it a large washing can be done quicker and better than with any other Soap, Washing Fluid, or other Compound.

BECAUSE it does not produce irritation of the skin, or make the hands red and hard, but soft, smooth white, and healthy.

BECAUSE it does not in any way injure Linen, Cotton, or Woolen Goods, nor turn them yellow, but imparts a transparent clearness.

BECAUSE for softening and cleansing Flannels it has no equal, and does not shrink them.

BECAUSE it will remove Grease, Tar, Pitch, and Paint, from Silk, Woolen, and Cotton Goods, and all fruit stains from Table Linen and Napkins.

BECAUSE it will wash in hard, salt, and lime water, and is equally suited to all nice Toilet purposes as well as rough household work and cleaning paint.

BECAUSE its chemical properties being curative, it will afford relief and effect a CURE of SALT RHEUM and all Cutaneous Diseases.

BECAUSE it is recommended by Chemists, Hotel Keepers, Steamboat Captains, Laundry Proprietors, and by all who have used it and given it a fair trial, as the best, cheapest, purest, and most efficacious of all Soaps in use for all washing purposes and gives full satisfaction wherever it has been generally used.

BECAUSE the money will be refunded if it does not prove itself fully satisfactory to all who buy it.

FOR FAMILIES, in boxes of 70 and 35 pounds each, and Toilet, in boxes of four dozen each.

N. E.—The Soap manufactured by STEARNS & CO. is the ONLY PURE GLYCERINE SOAP made in the United States.

THE TOILET SOAP is put up in white, unperfumed cakes, stamped with Stearns & Co.'s name. ALL OTHERS ARE IMPURE.

Sold by Druggists, Fancy Goods Stores, and Grocers, everywhere.

C. H. & P. S. SWAIN, Sole Agents,  
No. 20 Old Slip, New York.

#### Our Book List.

#### PROGRESSIVE PUBLICATIONS.

The Publishers of the HERALD OF PROGRESS keep constantly on hand, at their office, No. 274 Canal St., New York, the latest and best Progressive Works, comprising all the standard publications on Spiritualism, Progressive Philosophy, and Reform.

They are also able to supply on short notice, at publishers' prices, all late publications, standard and miscellaneous works of all descriptions.

Orders from the readers of the HERALD OF PROGRESS are solicited, not only for our own books, and works especially devoted to Spiritualism and Reform, but for progressive publications of every character.

All such orders will be promptly attended to. Agents purchasing our own books for sale will be supplied with works from other publishers at the lowest possible rates.

The following list comprises a portion of those books we deem among the most valuable in the several departments to which they belong:

#### Works on the Harmonial Philosophy.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

The Principles of Nature: Her Divine Revelations, and a Voice to Mankind. 1 vol. 8vo, 800 pages. \$2.50, postage 50.

THE GREAT HARMONIA: Being a Philosophical Revelation of the Natural, Spiritual, and Celestial Universe. In five distinct volumes, 12mo, as follows:

Vol. I.—THE PHYSICIAN. \$1; postage 20 cts.

Vol. II.—THE TEACHER. \$1; postage 20 cts.

Vol. III.—THE SEER. \$1; postage 20 cts.

Vol. IV.—THE REFORMER. \$1; postage 20 cts.

Vol. V.—THE THINKER. \$1; postage 20 cts.

California or Oregon, 20 cents additional postage.

The Penetrals: Being Harmonial Answers to Important Questions. \$1; postage 22 cts.

The History and Philosophy of Evil. With suggestions for more Ennobling Institutions and Systems of Education. Cloth, 50 cents; postage 10; paper, 30; postage 6.

The Harmonial Man; or, Thoughts for the Age. Paper, 30 cents; postage 6.

The Philosophy of Special Providences. A Vision. Paper, 15 cents; postage 3.

The Harbinger of Health. Containing 300 Medical Prescriptions for Body and Mind. 420 pages. 12mo. \$1; postage 20 cts.

Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions from the People. A sequel to the "Penetrals." 420 pages. 12mo, cloth. (Just published.) \$1; postage 10 cts.

#### Rational and Philosophical.

The Arena of Nature. By Hudson Tuttle. Price \$1; postage 20 cts.

The Philosophy of Creation. By Thomas Paine through Horace G. Wood, Medium. Cloth, 40 cents; paper, 25; postage 5.

Physico-Philosophical Researches. By Baron Charles Von Reichenbach. \$1; postage 20.

The Macrocosm; or, The Universe Without. By Wm. Fishbaugh. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75; postage 12.

The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte. Translated by Harriet Martineau. Royal octavo, with portrait, 828 pages. \$3; postage 50 cents.

Christ the Spirit. An Attempt to state the Primitive view of Christianity. By Gen. E. A. Hitchcock. 2 vols. Each \$1; postage 20 cts.

#### Works on Spiritualism.

The Philosophy of Spirit Intercourse. An Exposition of Modern Mysteries. By Andrew Jackson Davis. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50; postage 10.

The Present Age and Inner Life. A sequel to "Spiritual Intercourse." 75 cents; postage 10.

Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World. By Robert Dale Owen. \$1.25; postage 25 cents.

Spirit Manifestations. An Exposition of Views respecting the principal Facts, Causes, and Peculiarities Involved. By Adin Ballou. Paper, 5 cents; cloth, 75; postage 12.

Woodman's Three Lectures on Spiritualism. In reply to William T. Dwight, D. D. 20 cents; postage 5.

The "Ministry of Angels" Realized. A Letter to the Edwards' Congregational Church, Boston. By A. E. Newton. 15 cents; postage 2.

A Letter to the Chestnut Street Congregational Church, Chelsea, Mass., in reply to its charge of having become a reproach to the cause of truth, in consequence of a change of religious belief. By John S. Adams. 15 cents; postage 2.

New Testament Miracles and Modern Miracles. The Comparative Amount of Evidence for Each. An Essay read before the Divinity School, Cambridge, by J. H. Fowler. 30 cents; postage 3.

Answer to Charges of Belief in Modern Revelations, &c. By Mr. A. E. Newton. 10 cts.

My Experience; or, Footprints of a Presbyterian to Spiritualism. By Francis H. Smith. 50 cents; postage 10.

Progressive Life of Spirits after Death. As given by Spiritual Communications to and with Introduction and Notes by A. B. Child, M. D. 15 cents.

Spirit Works Real, but not Miraculous. A Lecture, by Allen Putnam. 25 cents; postage 3.

Scenes in the Spirit World; or, Life in the Spheres. By Hudson Tuttle, Medium. Paper, 25 cents; postage 7.

The Road to Spiritualism. A series of four Lectures delivered by A. B. Child, M. D. 15 cts.; paper, 10; cloth, 24 pages. 6 cents.

The Worker and His Work. A Discourse by Dr. R. T. Hallock. 24 pages. 6 cents.

Twelve Messages from the Spirit of John Quincy Adams. Through Joseph D. Stiles, Medium, to Josiah Brigham. \$1.50; postage 30.

The Healing of the Nations. Given through Charles Linton. With an Introduction and Appendix by Gov. Talmadge. 550 pages. \$1.50; paper, 30; cloth, 75; postage 15.

Tracts by A. E. Newton.—No. 1, Spiritualism Defined; and No. 2, What does Spiritualism Teach? 4 pages each. 6 cents per dozen and 25 cents per hundred. Single, 1 cent; postage 1.

No. 3, Spiritual Progression. 8 pages. 12 cents per dozen; 75 cents per hundred. Single, 2 cents; postage 1.

No. 4, Evil: Its Source and Remedy. 24 pages. 50 cents per dozen. Single, 5 cents; postage 1.

#### Miscellaneous.

The American Crisis; or, The Trial and Triumph of Democracy. By Warren Chase. 18 cts.; paper, 30; cloth, 75; postage 15.

Discourses on Religion, Faith, and Priestcraft. By C. Buchmiller. 10 cents.

Legalized Prostitution. By Charles S. Woodruff. M. P. 75 cts.; postage 15.

True Civilization. An Immediate Necessity and the Last Ground of Hope for Mankind. Cloth 75; paper 50; postage 10.

Orders from California and Oregon should provide for double postage; and on all works advertised as prepaid, single postage, at the rate of 18 per cent.

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

General Agent for England, JAMES BURNS, Progressive Library, Camberville, London E.

#### Contributed for the Benefit OF THE EUROPEAN PUBLISHING FUND.

Messrs. A. J. DAVIS & Co. offer for sale, copies of the following valuable work, contributed by the author to the European Harmonial Publishing Fund.

#### The Fountain of Health;

A System of Specific Cures and Remedies, by which Diseases may be Prevented and Cured by All;

TOGETHER WITH  
A lucid description of the Functions of the Human Organism and the Laws of Health;

Also, valuable instructions in regard to Pregnancy, Parturition, Nursing, the care of Children, the use of Magnetism, and the employment of Hygienic Gymnastics and other auxiliary Remedies.

BY DR. WIESECKE,

Practicing Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucher,  
No. 15 Bond Street, New York.

Translated from the German by  
Prof. D. LYMAN, Jr.

This new work, by a distinguished German Physician, is not simply a presentation of a system of Specific Homoeopathic Remedies, but is a valuable

Handbook of Hygiene,  
Embracing important physiological teachings, a thorough course of

CURATIVE GYMNASTICS,  
and special directions for the application of Magnetic Manipulations, and instructions and advice concerning Acute Diseases, Accidents, Poisons, &c., &c.

Some estimate of the value of the FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH can be gleaned by the following extracts, (embracing only a small portion,) from the table of

CONTENTS.

Reasons why the specific internal remedies are enveloped in a curative tablet of crystallized sugar.

Reasons why their names are not given.

Exposition of the system of Specific Remedies. Primary and Secondary Effects of the Causes of Disease and of Remedial Agents.

Morbid Substances may become Healing Agents, and Healing Agents may also become causes of Disease. Proof that Allopathists unconsciously adopt the principle that "Evils are cured by Likes," which the Homoeopaths claim as their own, and which has been combated 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 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 superfluities of the system.

Proof that the remedial agent should be diluted and renewed as volatile as possible, and that a dose of it should be administered to the patient, not greater than the quantity of the morbid 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. Healthy Nutrition of Food, Drink, and Air, (corresponding ingestion and excretion.)

The proper tempering of the body to natural influences, (climate, development of the power of withstanding external influences.)

Appropriate Exercise of the Organs which minister to the external (or practical) life: the Muscles, Brain, Senses, (involving a corresponding waste of substance.)

The spiritual faculties exercised by the brain. The proper exercise of the Organs of Sense.

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.

Prescriptions of combined movements to affect special cases.

Prescription for the relief of undue congestion of blood to the head and breast, and of chronic pains in those parts.

Prescription for promoting full and regular breathing, and as a remedy for narrowness of the chest, indolent consumption, asthma, etc.

Prescription for torpidity and obstruction of the functions of the abdomen in general, and for the numerous complaints arising therefrom.

Prescription for the development of the physical powers of children in both sexes.

Spiritual and Magnetic Power of Man. Theoretic Exposition of its Hygienic effects.

Special prescriptions for the application of the Magnetic Manipulations.

Practical application of the specific laws of Health and of Specific Remedies.

External Remedies.

Perpiration: Sweating in woolen blankets; Perpiration produced by wet sheets.

Ammoniated Salt Water: Mode of preparation and external application.

Camphorated Salve: Mode of preparation and external application, and theoretical explanation of its curative effects.

Instructions and advice in regard to Burns and Scalds.

Poisons and Antidotes.

Poisoning by arsenic and mercurial preparations. Poisoning by opium, iuscar, caustic, zinc, tin, bismuth, tartar emetic, phosphorus, iodine corrosive acids, corrosive alkalies.

Poisoning by lead.

Poisoning by vegetable and animal poisons, opium, etc.

Pregnancy and Parturition.

One volume 12mo 372 pages. Price \$1.25. Sent postage paid on receipt of price. The entire proceeds to accrue to the benefit of the European Publishing Fund.

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

#### LIBERAL BOOKS.

We have made arrangements with J. P. MENDEN, Boston, Publisher of Liberal Books, to keep a full supply of all Publications in that line.

PAINE'S WORKS.

ATKINSON AND MARTINEAU'S LETTERS.

VOLTAIRE'S DICTIONARY, &c., &c.

Orders will be promptly attended to. Address  
A. J. DAVIS & CO., 274 Canal St., New York.

#### 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 Lecturers Committees, it is desirable that all traveling Lecturers on Spiritualism and Reform keep us 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. Amanda M. Spence will lecture at Portland, Me., first two Sundays of Dec.

Esie M. Johnson lectures in Lowell, Mass., November 15th; in Springfield, Mass., November 22d and 29th.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy will speak in Dedworth's Hall, New York, Nov. 22 and 29; in Philadelphia, through February.

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

Seiden J. Finney will speak in Portland, Me., during November; Providence, R. I., December. Address care A. J. Davis & Co., 274 Canal St., N. Y.

Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook lectures in Buffalo, N. Y., December; Bridgeport, Conn., January and February.

Miss Martha Lewis Beckwith lectures in Philadelphia, Pa., in November; Lowell, Mass., in December; Springfield, Mass., January; Stafford, Conn., February.

Dr. James Cooper, of Bellefleur, Ohio, will speak at Dayton, O., Nov. 15; Chesterfield, Ind., 25 and 29; Anderson, 20; Mechanicsburg, Dec. 1 and 2; Cadiz, 3 and 4; Greenburg, 5 and 6; New Madison, O., 8 and 9. Books for sale, and subscriptions taken for HERALD OF PROGRESS.

Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon will lecture in Springfield, Mass., Sunday, November 15; Taunton, Mass., November 22d and 29th; Bangor, Me., during December; Bradley and Old Town, Me., January and February. Address as above, or at Providence, R. I., in care of Captain Charles H. Gordon.

Miss Emma Houston lectures in Willimantic, Conn., during the month of November; in Taunton, Mass., December 6th and 13th; in Summerville, Conn., 20th and 27th; in Stafford, January 3d and 10th; in Worcester, Mass., 17th, 24th, and 31st; in Bangor, Me., from February 7th to July 31st. Address either of the above places, or East Stoughton, Mass.

#### ADDRESSES.

Mrs. Sarah Helen Matthews will lecture in any section where she may be desired. Letters may be addressed to her or to L. W. Matthews, East Westmoreland, N. H.



JUST PUBLISHED.  
THE  
**EMPIRE OF THE MOTHER**  
OVER  
THE CHARACTER AND DESTINY OF  
THE RACE.

BY HENRY C. WRIGHT.

"The Health of Women the Hope of the World."

Pamphlet; 132 pages. 35 cents. Postage 4 cents.  
A. J. DAVIS & CO., 274 Canal St., N. Y.

**INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE.**

Just published from the advance English sheets, by special arrangement with the author.

**A Remarkable Book.**

PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF D. D. HOME, THE CELEBRATED SPIRIT-MEDIUM.

ENTITLED,  
**INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE,**  
WITH INTRODUCTION BY JUDGE EDMONDS

Elegantly printed and cloth bound, 12mo., \$1.25.

The extraordinary Life and History of Daniel Home (or Hume, as he is sometimes called), the Spirit-Medium, from his humble birth through a series of associations with persons distinguished in scientific and literary circles throughout Europe—to even a familiarity with crowned heads—has surrounded him with an interest of the most powerful character. The publication of these Memoirs will probably excite as much comment in this country as they have in Europe, and will not only be eagerly hailed by every one interested in Spiritualism, but the volume will prove a valuable work for circulation among the uninterested and indifferent.

All orders from dealers and others will be promptly filled at Publishers' prices. Single copies \$1.25. Sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of the price.  
Address, A. J. DAVIS & CO.,  
274 Canal Street, N. Y.

**LIFE IN THE SPHERES;**

OR,  
**SCENES IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD.**

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The pamphlet edition of this work being exhausted, we have been able to procure a limited supply of an early edition bound in muslin, which will be sent postpaid for 40 cents. Address  
A. J. DAVIS & CO., 274 Canal St., New York.

The Spiritual Magazine.  
PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY F. PITMAN, 20 FATER  
NOSTER ROW, LONDON.

For Sale at the Herald of Progress Office  
Price 25 cents. Postage 2 cents.

**THE FUGITIVE WIFE.**  
A CRITICISM ON MARRIAGE, ADULTERY, AND  
DIVORCE. By Warren Chase, author of "The Life  
Line of the Lone Ones." Just published and for sale  
at this office, and also by BELL & MARR, No. 14 Broad  
field street, Boston.

**NOW READY.**  
**THE SECOND VOLUME**

OF THE  
**ARCANA OF NATURE;**

OR THE  
Philosophy of Spiritual Existence,

AND OF  
**THE SPIRIT WORLD.**

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

HEAVEN, THE HOME OF THE IMMORTAL SPIRIT, IS ORIGINATED AND SUSTAINED BY NATURAL LAWS.

The publishers of this interesting and valuable work take pleasure in announcing to their friends and patrons and the world that the second volume is now ready for delivery.

Price \$1; postage 20 cents. For sale at this office.  
Address, A. J. DAVIS & CO.,  
274 Canal Street, N. Y.

**The Apocryphal New Testament.**  
(NEW EDITION.)

Being all the Gospels, Epistles, and other pieces now extant, attributed in the first four centuries to Jesus Christ, his Apostles, and their companions, and not included in the New Testament by its compilers. Translated, and now first collected into one volume, with Preface and Tables, and various Notes and References. 12mo, 252 pages. Price 75 cents. Postage 20 cts.

**EXTRACT FROM THE PREFACE.**  
"The Council of Nice is one of the most famous and interesting events presented to us in ecclesiastical history; and yet no authentic acts of its famous sentence have been committed to writing; or, at least, none have been transmitted to our age. Although it is uncertain whether the books of the New Testament were declared canonical by the Nicene Council or by some other, it is certain they were considered genuine and authentic by the most early Christian writers; and that they were selected from various other Gospels and Epistles, the titles of which are mentioned in the works of the early historians of the Church. The books that exist, of those not included in the canon, are carefully brought together in the present volume. They naturally assume the title of the APOCRYPHAL NEW TESTAMENT. The lover of old literature will here find the obscure, but unquestionable origin of several remarkable relations in the Golden Legend, the Lives of the Saints, and similar productions concerning the birth of the Virgin, her marriage with Joseph at the carpenter's trade, the actions of his followers, and his descent into hell. Several of the Papal legends for the popular and the Monkish mysteries, performed as dramas, are almost verbatim representations of these stories. The legends are considerably connected with this mythology are considerably connected with this volume. Many of the acts and miracles ascribed to the Indian God, Creshna, during his incarnation, are precisely the same as those ascribed to Christ in his infancy by the Apocryphal Gospels."

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

**BOUND VOLUMES**  
OF THE  
**HERALD OF PROGRESS,**  
VOLS. I AND II.

Now ready. Sent by express for \$3.25 per volume.

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

Second American Edition, from the English  
Stereotype Plates.

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

BY AND THROUGH  
**ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.**

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

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

One large volume, octavo, 800 pages. Price \$2.50, postage 50 cts.

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

**PROGRESSIVE TRACTS.**  
NUMBER ONE:  
**DEFEATS AND VICTORIES,**  
Their Benefits and Penalties.

NUMBER TWO:  
**THE WORLD'S TRUE REDEEMER.**

NUMBER THREE:  
**DEATH AND THE AFTER-LIFE.**

NUMBER FOUR:  
**APPETITES AND PASSIONS,**  
Their Origin, and How to Cast Them Out.

LECTURES,  
BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

These most important Discourses, recently delivered at Davenport's Hall, are now issued in convenient tract form, for wide circulation. They will be found most valuable publications for gratuitous distribution.

Number Three, "DEATH AND THE AFTER-LIFE," is the first of the series of Lectures on the Summer-land, and has never before been published.

Each Tract comprises 24 pages, 12mo, and will be furnished at the following rates:

By mail, postpaid, single copies 5 cents. 12 copies 50 cents. 25 copies \$1.

By express, 12 copies 40 cents; or to Dealers, 100 copies \$2.50.

**CHILDREN'S  
PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.**

A REPORT  
Of its Origin, Rise, Proceedings, Conduct, Lessons, Recitations, and Songs.

**CONTENTS.**  
Origin of the Children's Progressive Lyceum.  
Proceedings of the First Quarterly Meeting.  
Arrangement and Conduct of the Groups.  
Order of Exercises.  
Public Festive Occasions.  
Department of Lessons for the Groups.  
Repository of Brief Utterances for Lessons.  
Questions and Answers.  
Silver Chain Recitations.  
Correspondence.  
Hymns.  
Catalogue of Books in the Library.

A neat 15mo, 144 pages, bound in cloth. Price, postpaid, 30 cents. By express, \$2.00 per 100.

**Psychometrical.**  
**SOUL READING;**  
OR,  
**PSYCHOMETRICAL DELINEATION  
OF CHARACTER.**

MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that for those who will visit her in person, or send their photograph or lock of hair, she will give an accurate description of leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition; marked changes in past and future life; physical disease, with prescription therefor; what business they are best adapted to pursue in order to be successful; the physical and mental adaptation of those intending marriage; and hints to the inharmoniously married, whereby they can restore and perpetuate their former love.

She will give instructions for self-improvement, by telling what faculties should be restrained and what cultivated.

Seven years' experience warrants Mrs. S. in saying that she can do what she advertises without fail, as hundreds are willing to testify. Skeptics are particularly invited to investigate.

Everything of a private nature kept strictly as such. For written delineations of character, \$1; verbal, 50 cents.

Address MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE,  
Whitewater, Walworth Co., Wis.

**KNOW THYSELF.**  
**Psychometrical Delineations**  
Of the Physical, Mental, and Spiritual Faculties.

Terms \$1. Address  
H. P. WILSON,  
Station D, New York City.

For full description of the seven temperaments terms, \$2.

**Clothing.**  
**CLOTHING.**  
**CLOTHING.**  
**CLOTHING.**

**MEN'S, BOYS', AND CHILDREN'S  
MEN'S, BOYS', AND CHILDREN'S  
MEN'S, BOYS', AND CHILDREN'S**

**FALL STYLES.**  
**FALL STYLES.**  
**FALL STYLES.**  
**FALL STYLES.**

**CLARK'S,** 398, 400, and 402  
**CLARK'S,** 398, 400, and 402  
**CLARK'S,** 398, 400, and 402  
**CLARK'S,** 398, 400, and 402

**BOWERY, N. Y.**  
**BOWERY, N. Y.**  
**BOWERY, N. Y.**  
**BOWERY, N. Y.**

Opposite the Seventh Regiment Armory.  
Opposite the Seventh Regiment Armory.  
Opposite the Seventh Regiment Armory.  
Opposite the Seventh Regiment Armory.

**THE LARGEST,**  
**THE CHEAPEST,**  
**THE BEST SELECTED**

**STOCK EVER OFFERED IN THE CITY.**  
**PRICES REDUCED**  
**PRICES REDUCED**  
**PRICES REDUCED**

**20 PER CENT. BELOW BROADWAY RATES.**  
**20 PER CENT. BELOW BROADWAY RATES.**  
**20 PER CENT. BELOW BROADWAY RATES.**  
**20 PER CENT. BELOW BROADWAY RATES.**

**190-202.**

**Travelers' Guide.**

TO ALBANY, by Hudson River Railroad, 68 Warren Street, 7 and 10 A. M. and 3 1/2, 5, and 10 1/2 P. M. Sunday, 5 P. M.

TO ALBANY, by Harlem Railroad, Twenty-sixth Street and Fourth Avenue, 10 1/2 A. M.

TO BOSTON, by New Haven Railroad, via Springfield, Twenty-seventh Street and Fourth Avenue, 12 1/2 and 8 P. M. Sunday, 5 P. M.

TO BOSTON, by New Haven Railroad, via Springfield, Twenty-seventh Street and Fourth Avenue, 12 1/2 and 8 P. M. Sunday, 5 P. M.

TO PHILADELPHIA, by New Jersey Railroad, foot of Courtlandt Street, 7 1/2 and 12 A. M.; 4, 6, 7 1/2, and 11 1/2 P. M. Sunday, 6 and 7 1/2 P. M.

TO PHILADELPHIA, by Camden and Amboy Railroad, Pier 38 North River, foot of Barclay Street, 6 A. M. and 2 P. M.

TO THE WEST, by Central Railroad of New Jersey, foot of Courtlandt Street, 6 and 8 A. M., 12 M., and 7 P. M.

STONINGTON LINE FOR BOSTON, via Groton, New London, Stonington, Providence, Newport, Taunton, and New Bedford.—The splendid steamers "COMMONWEALTH" and "PLYMOUTH ROCK" will leave Pier No. 15 North River, foot of Courtlandt Street, daily (except Sunday) at 4 P. M.

Freight taken as low as by any other line. Office of Company, No. 115 West Street, corner of Courtlandt Street.

FOR BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE, via Newport and Fall River.—The splendid and superior steamer "METROPOLIS," Captain Brown, leaves New York every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 4 o'clock P. M., and the "EMPIRE STATE," Captain Brayton, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 4 o'clock P. M., from Pier No. 3 North River.

Hereafter no rooms will be regarded as secured to any applicant until the same shall have been paid for. Freight to Boston is forwarded through with great dispatch by an Express Freight Train.

K. LITTLEFIELD, Agent,  
No. 72 Broadway.

**STRANGERS'  
N. Y. CITY DIRECTORY**

**SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.**  
DODWORTH'S HALL, 506 Broadway, Sunday, 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M.

**CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM,** Dodworth's Hall, Sunday, 2 1/2 P. M.

**PUBLIC MEDIUMS.**

Mrs. W. R. Hayden, 44 West 28th St.

Mrs. A. C. Doubleday, Clairvoyant and Impressionist Medium, 66 W. Fourteenth St., west cor. Sixth Av.

Mrs. R. A. Beck, Test, Clairvoyant, and Remedial Medium, 307 1/2 St. and 34 Av. over the Bank, opp. Cooper Institute. Entrance 7th St. 9 A. M.—10 P. M.

Mrs. Abbott, Developing Medium, 3 West 41st street, near 6th av.

Miss Irish, 300 Fourth Street.

Mrs. M. L. Van Haughton, Test and Medical, 333 33th St., between 8th and 9th av. All hours.

Mrs. E. C. Morris, 120 Houston street, bet. Thompson and Sullivan. Hours 12 to 2 to 5 and 7 to 9.

Mrs. H. S. Seymour, Psychometrist and Impressionist Medium, 92 W. Houston St. Circle every Thursday evening.

H. C. Gordon, 211 6th av.

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

**MAGNETIC & ELECTRIC PHYSICIANS.**

Dr. P. Schallhof, Magnetic and Psychometric Physician, may be addressed at this office, or seen daily from 11 to 12 M. Residence 91 Chrystie St.

James A. Neal, 34 West Fifteenth St. Hours, 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., and 7 to 9 P. M.

Mrs. P. A. Ferguson Tower, 152 East 33d Street.

Dr. Clark, Electric, Magnetic, and Homeopathic Physician, 84 West 26th St.

Dr. B. B. Newton, 54 Great Jones Street.

Mrs. Alma D. Giddings, 100 West 27th St.

Mrs. Lawrence, 64 Stanton street.

Isaac H. Gibbs, 206 Delancey St.

Mrs. M. C. Gregor, Healing Medium, 35 Bond St.

Dr. A. C. Cornell, Medical Clairvoyant and Electro-Magnetic Physician, 98 W. Houston St.

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

Mrs. M. C. Scott, 23 Fifth Street. Patients accommodated with rooms.

Mrs. Cooke, Magnetic Physician, 118 Broadway.

Mrs. Sarah E. Wilcox, Magnetic Physician and Test Medium, 80 W. 33d St.

Mrs. M. Towne, 15 Houston St., bet. Broadway and Crosby.

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

Mrs. Hilbert, Magnetic Physician, 117 High Street, Brooklyn.

**Educational.**

**ADELPHIAN INSTITUTE.**

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies, located in Norristown, Montgomery Co., Pa., will commence its Winter Term on Tuesday, Oct. 27th, continuing five months. The terms are reasonable, the location beautiful and healthy, the mode of instruction thorough, comprising all the studies usually taught in our first-class schools.

For circulars, giving terms, &c., address  
MISSES BUSH, Principals, Norristown, Pa.

**MRS. HALLOCK'S SCHOOL.**

Mrs. HALLOCK will re-open her Family and Day School for Young Ladies and Children at No. 79 East Fifth Street, on Wednesday, Sept. 16th.

The Juvenile Department will be conducted as heretofore, on the Kindergarten system. Mrs. H. is happy to state that she has enlarged and re-arranged her house in such a manner as to afford more abundant facilities for physical and mental improvement than formerly. A competent corps of teachers is also engaged, and a German and French governess will reside in the family. Terms made known on application at the school.

**Medical.**

(SEVENTH EDITION NOW READY.)  
**A Book for every Household.**

**THE  
HARBINGER OF HEALTH.**

CONTAINING  
**Medical Prescriptions.**  
FOR THE  
**HUMAN BODY AND MIND.**

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.  
Formerly known as "THE POUGHKEEPSIE CLAIRVOYANT AND SEER."

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

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

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

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

**SELF HEALING ENERGIES,** which are better than medicine.

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

Sent by Mail for One Dollar.

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

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

When sent by mail, 20 cents extra for postage. Ten cents additional required, if sent to California and Oregon.

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

**SMITH'S MAGNETIC SALVE.**  
**SMITH'S MAGNETIC SALVE.**  
**SMITH'S MAGNETIC SALVE.**

THE ONLY GENUINE MAGNETIC SALVE IN THE MARKET.

Take note without my Signature affixed to each Box.

Price 25 Cents a Box.

TRY IT! TRY IT!

Manufactured and sold by Mrs. Dr. S. B. SMITH, No. 330 CANAL STREET, New York.

Enclose stamp for Circular.

**DR. R. T. HALLOCK,**  
**Eclectic and Homeopathic Physician,**  
79 East Fifteenth Street, New York.

Magnetism and Electricity used when indicated, and Clairvoyant examinations, either personal or by letter, made when desired.

**MR. AND MRS. DORMAN,** Clairvoyant Physicians, Newark, N. J. Mrs. C. E. DORMAN may be consulted daily, on reasonable terms, at her residence, 8 New street, near Broad, opposite the Park.

A small number of patients will be accommodated with board, on reasonable terms.

**DR. N. PALMER, MAGNETIC AND ELECTRIC PHYSICIAN,** has returned to this city, and taken rooms at No. 89 Fourth Avenue, near Tenth Street, and is prepared to treat both Acute and Chronic Diseases. Lung, Liver, and Heart Disease, Spinal Affection, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Fits, and all internal weakness yield to this treatment. 99-103

**DR. J. A. NEAL** is now prepared to receive patients as boarders at his new and commodious residence, No. 34 West Fifteenth Street.

**DR. S. B. SMITH'S  
ELECTRO-MAGNETIC MACHINES**

"The arrangement of the Direct Current in Smith's apparatus gives a much stronger physiological effect than I have seen from any other apparatus. The Induced Current is extremely intense."—B. SILLIMAN, Jr., Professor of General and Applied Chemistry, Yale College, 6th July, 1865.

Price \$15 and \$17. Address Dr. S. B. SMITH, 429 Broadway, New York.

**DR. R. B. NEWTON.**  
The successful and well-known Magnetic Physician, who cures all kinds of disease, chronic or acute, by his Magnetic power, manifest through the hand, and by his Indian Magnetic Remedies, may be found at his office, 54 Great Jones street, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.

This is not J. R. Newton.

**Groceries, &c.**

**CHOICE TEA FOR THE TRADE**

**ROWLAND JOHNSON,**  
Commission Merchant and Broker for the sale of Japanese, Chinese, and East India Goods,  
54 Beaver Street, New York,  
119 Market Street, Philadelphia.

Is prepared to supply the trade with different varieties of choice Teas, of direct importation.

**PINE ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEAS, SUPERIOR OOLONGS.** A new article of pure leaf, uncolored. Japan, Young Hyson, and Oolong—a much better Tea, and costing less than ordinary Young Hyson. Also low-priced Teas by the chest, half-chest, or pound.

A superior article of

**DANDELION COFFEE,** prepared from the fresh roots, by a new chemical process. This preparation will be found much superior to the best Java Coffee, both in taste and flavor, to say nothing of its great medicinal benefits.

Put up in half-pound and pound tin-foil packages and pound canisters, and in boxes of twelve pounds each. Retail at 30 cents per pound.

Every variety of Japanese and Chinese Fancy and Staple Goods.

**ROWLAND JOHNSON,**  
Commission Merchant and Broker,  
Box 2427, P. O., 54 Beaver Street, New York.  
Box 1,039, P. O., 119 Market Street, Philadelphia.

**Real Estate.**

**LLEWELLYN PARK**

Is a tract of 500 acres of land, beautifully situated on the eastern slope of Eagle Ridge, (Orange Mountain,) with a surface finely diversified, embracing deep ravines, bold rocky cliffs, brooks of the purest spring water, picturesque old oaks, beeches, and tulips, and a noble forest of the various native evergreen and deciduous trees.

It is laid out and embellished with drives, walks, &c. In the modern natural style of landscape gardening, and fifty acres, known as the "Ramble," have been deeded in trust for the exclusive use and enjoyment of the purchasers of land lying within the Park. The rest of this tract of land, containing about

**500 ACRES,**

has been divided into villa sites of from



## A Southern Voice against Jefferson Davis.

FREEDOM AND PEACE ADVOCATED INSIDE THE REBEL LINES.

The Hon. E. W. Gantt, of Arkansas, a well-known citizen of that State, who has served in the Rebel army, and twice been taken prisoner by our forces, has issued a long address to the people of Arkansas. Much of the address is taken up with a review of the management of the war in the South-West, and is in the main criticisms of the policy of Davis and the character of individual Generals. The essential substance of these is given in the following extract relating specially and personally to Davis; these, with the other extracts, are the pith of the whole document, which is put in circulation throughout Arkansas.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

This gentleman has proven himself totally unsuited to the emergency. With the whole cotton crop and wealth of the South at his disposal, and the friendship of many European powers, he has accomplished nothing abroad. His foreign policy has been a stupid failure. He has permitted himself to be overreached and outmaneuvered in everything. His policy at home, while proving him to be strong in some respects, has shown him to be weak, mean, and malignant in others. He is cold, selfish, and supremely ambitious; and, under the cover of outward sanctity and patriotism, flows concealed the strongest vein of hypocrisy and demagoguery.

He has never been up to the magnitude of the undertaking. He refused troops for the war in May, A. D. 1861, because he did not "know that they would be needed." His idea, at first, seems to have been that hostilities would soon cease, and he bent his energies for a cheap war. His preparations and outfit were, accordingly, contracted and parsimonious. Awakened to a sense of his error, his next seems to have been to conquer his foes, and put down every man that had crossed his pathway in life. Instances of this are numerous, but that of Senator Brown—the peer of Mr. Davis in everything, his superior in many, and his rival and successful competitor for the United States Senate—is pointed. He joined a company in Davis's army, and was elected captain. He had capacity for any position. Yet, Mr. Davis, not looking to the public interest, but to the gratification of his own private feelings, sees this opportunity to strike an old rival, and embraces it. He refused him all promotion, and left him the alternative of wearing himself out as captain of a company, or seeking position elsewhere. Mr. Brown's election to the Confederate Senate terminated the matter. He drove Gen. Gustavus W. Smith from the army. He was once ready to remove Stonewall Jackson, and by the success of the latter, backed by a powerful and excited party, prevented it. He overlaughed and oppressed Beauregard, because he let the people know that he desired to move on Washington at once, after the first Manassas fight, and was prevented by Davis. He drove Gen. Walker, of Georgia, out of the service. He retained Hindman in Arkansas, with a positive knowledge of his outrages. He removed him but to endorse his acts. He retains Holmes here to gratify the Johnsons at the ruin of our people. He has pursued and oppressed Gen. Price, because, I suppose, the latter was made a Brigadier in Mexico, and Davis was not. He retained Pemberton in command, against the wishes of the army and the country; and, to add insult to it all, sends him to Mobile to take command, where he is execrated by every man, woman, and child. By a trick and a swindle, he got Gen. J. E. Johnson away from command in Virginia, and gave him no other definite position until there was a pressing emergency and a chance to damage him, thereby showing both his confidence in him and his malignity toward him. He drove Gen. Pike out of the army to gratify Hindman and the Johnsons, and thereby lost to us the whole of the Indian country, and, if the war continues, will place the tomahawk and scalping-knife at the throats of our women and children. He retains a weak and inefficient Cabinet, and never calls them in council, that he may reign as sole despot over our people. He has had at his disposal physical force enough to carry out acts the most arbitrary and oppressive. He has used that force. He has shown his selfishness and disregard for the interest of the people, by the appointment of Heath, Van Dorn, Dick Taylor, Davis, and Mansfield Lovell, all relatives, and all alike incompetent. He has alienated the people of Georgia, so much so, that were the Confederacy acknowledged to-day, Georgia would not remain two years under him. I heard a Confederate General of great prominence, who understands the feeling in that State, so declare. And as significant of this, Governor Brown, of Georgia, gave to Gen. G. W. Smith, meanly and spitefully driven out of the army by Davis, the Presidency of the Etowah Iron Works, with a salary larger than that of his salary as Lieutenant General. He falsified all his promises to Kentucky, and took General Humphrey Marshall's command away from him, turning it over to his old political rival, Gen. Preston, to gratify the partisan requirements of Kentucky citizens, who had suddenly risen from the obscure position of pork-packer to that of Senators and Representatives in that political Sodam. In a word, he has enriched and honored his friends, ruined and impoverished his enemies; has given over the people, those of Arkansas especially, to plunder and oppression by his favorites, and in no instance punished the offender.

I admit that in some things he looms above other men; but he has so many defects and weaknesses beneath others, that it reduces him to a very poor second-rate character, and you can never change him. His life has been warped by political intrigue. His prejudices have been narrowed and his hates embittered by years of partisan strife. And you had as well take the oak which has been bent while a twig and beat upon by the storms of centuries, when its boughs are falling off, and its trunk decaying, and attempt to straighten it up toward heaven, as to attempt the straightening of a character so warped and bent by years of political storm and intrigue.

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

This question naturally comes up, after all that has preceded. If Mr. Davis, when he held

the lives and fortunes of many millions in his hands, so blundered as to lose his opportunity, what can we hope from him, now that a scene of blackness, of anguish and desolation reigns where wealth, happiness, and plenty smiled. If he would not protect Arkansas when he could, but, instead, gave it over to plunder and oppression by his pets, what have we to hope now that he trembles in Richmond for his own safety, and wakes up at last to the terrible reality of his weakness, folly, and indiscretion? If we were not protected when we could have been, and if we cannot now be protected, what can we do? Some say continue the struggle—let the last man die, &c.

I think differently. We ought to end the struggle and submit. But you say it is humiliating. No more than to surrender when whipped. We have done that often—always when we could do no better. I have tried the experiment twice and found it by no means foolish. Submission is but surrender. We are fairly beaten in the whole result and should at once surrender the point.

If we don't get the happiness we enjoyed in the old Government, we can get no more misery than we have felt under Jefferson Davis. But I look for peace there. We had it many years. Even while we were arrayed against it, I find that hostile forces in our midst give more protection to citizens than they had when Holmes and Hindman were here. It is true the Johnsons tell you that Gen. Steele has imprisoned and oppressed people here. Not a word of truth in it. And they know it is all false. In a few months, when no more Confederate money can be invested, and nothing more can be done, they will sneak back and claim his protection.

But we are whipped—fairly beaten. Our armies are melting and ruin approaches us. Will continuing this struggle help us? Every battle we might gain ought to wring tears from the hearts of Southern men! We are just that much weaker, that much nearer our final ruin. Anguish and sorrow and desolation meet us wherever we turn. The longer the struggle the more of it.

Don't let yourselves be deceived with the hope that the United States will abandon the struggle. They can never do it. They have toiled and spent too much to see the solution of the problem, and not foot up the figures. They scarcely feel the war at home. Their cities are more populous and thrifty than ever. For every man that dies or gets killed in battle, two emigrate to the country. Their villages and towns, their fields and country, flourish as fresh as ever. They could sink their armies to-day, and raise new levies to crush us, and not feel it.

How is it with us? The last man is in the field, half our territory overrun, our cities gone to wreck—peopled alone by the aged, the lame and halt, and women and children, while deserted towns, and smoking ruins, and plantations abandoned and laid waste, meet us on all sides, and anarchy and disappointment and discontent, lower over all the land.

DISSENSIONS IN THE NORTH.

Have no hopes from a divided North. It is on the surface—scarcely goes to the bottom of their politics, much less shaking the great masses of their determined people. Remember, too, that much of the South is with them. There is no division as far as fighting is concerned. The mildest of them simply propose peace by reconstruction. That rejected, they are to press us with redoubled energy. Let us not, after all our misfortunes and blunders, construe the struggle between politicians for place into sympathy for ourselves. But how could they propose peace? Who would bring the message? To whom would it be delivered? And should the proposition be made and rejected, we are that much worse off for it. We must propose peace, for we ought to know when we have got enough of the thing.

NEGRO SLAVERY.

I am asked if Mr. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation will stand. If you continue the struggle, certainly. He has the physical force at his disposal to carry it out. If you cease now, you may save all in your hands, or compromise on gradual emancipation. But let, I beseech you, the negro no longer stand in the way of the happiness and safety of friends and kindred.

The changes of sentiment upon this question in the South have been curious. Not many years since, it was by no means unusual for the press and public men, as well as for the people generally, in the South, to concede that Slavery was an evil and regret that it should ever have existed, expressing, however, no disposition or desire to be rid of it. Yet, a few years more—the demand for cotton having increased, the price of negroes having advanced, and the agitation of the Slavery question having increased in virulence—finds us defending Slavery as a divine institution. *DeBout's Review*, and other Southern papers and periodicals, with Senator Hammond, of South Carolina, were prominent in this defense. Their object was to educate the Southern mind to this belief. Such a course has been vital to the existence of Slavery; because to concede that negro Slavery was morally wrong, was virtually to concede the whole argument to the Abolitionists. As the controversy warmed, we became sensitive. And so morbidly so that the North might have threatened with impunity to deprive us of horses, or other property; yet the whole South would be ablaze if some fanatic took one negro. Such was public sentiment South, at the commencement of this most unfortunate and bloody struggle. But revolutions shake up men's thoughts, and put them in different channels. I have recently talked with Southern slaveholders from every State. They are tired of negro Slavery, and I believe they could make more clear money, and live more peaceably, without than with it. As for the non-slaveholder of the South, I honestly thought the struggle was for him more than for his wealthy neighbor—that to free the negro would reduce to comparative Slavery the poor white man. I now regret, that instead of a war to sustain Slavery, it had not been a struggle to the ballot-box to colonize it. This will clearly be the next struggle.

I am of the opinion that, whether it is a divine institution or not, negro Slavery has accomplished its mission here. A great mission it had. A new and fertile country had been discovered, and must be made useful. The necessities of mankind pressed for its speedy development. Negro Slavery was the instrument to effect this. It alone could open up the fertile and miasmatic regions of the South, solving the problem of their utility,

which no theorist could have reached. It was the magic wand, which suddenly revolutionized the commerce of the world by the solution of this problem. It peopled and made opulent the barren hills of New England, and threw its powerful influence across the great North-West. Standing as a wall between the two sections, it caught and rolled northward the wealth and population of the old world; and held in their places the restless adventurers of New England, or turned them along the great prairies and valleys of the West. Thus New-England reached its climax, and the North-West was overgrown of its age, while the South, with its negro laborers, was scarcely settled, and comparatively poor. Thus Slavery had done its utmost for New England and the North-West, and was a weight upon the South. If, at this point, its disappearance could have clearly commenced, what untold suffering and sorrow might have been avoided!

Its existence had become incompatible with the existence of the Government. For, while it had stood as a wall, damming up the current and holding back the people and laborers of the North, it had, by thus precluding free intercourse between the sections, produced a marked change in their manners, customs, and sentiments. And the two sections were growing more divergent every day. This wall or the Government one must give way. The shock came which was to settle the question. I thought the Government was divided, and negro Slavery established forever. I erred. The Government was stronger than Slavery. As I have said, the mission of the latter is accomplished. And, as his happiness must always be subordinate to that of the white man, he must, ere long, depart on the footprints of the red man, whose mission he accomplished, is fast fading from our midst.

While I think the mission of the negro is accomplished here, I am clearly of the opinion that the time will come when civilization and learning shall light up the dark abodes of the four hundred million people in India, and when their wants and necessities will put the patient and hardy negro to toiling and opening up the great valley of the fertile but miasmatic Amazon. But such speculations are out of place here.

Let us, fellow-citizens, endeavor to be calm. Let us look these new ideas, and our novel position, squarely in the face. We fought for negro Slavery. We have lost. We may have to do without it. The inconvenience will be great for a while; the loss heavy. This, however, is already well nigh accomplished.

Yet, behind this dark cloud is a silver lining—if not for us, at least for our children. In the place of these bondsmen will come an immense influx of people from all parts of the world, bringing with them their wealth, arts, and improvements, and leading their talents and sinews to increase our aggregate wealth. Thrift and trade, and a common destiny, will bind us together. Machinery in the hills of Arkansas will reverberate to the music of machinery in New England, and the whirl of Georgia spindles will meet a responsive echo on the slopes of the far-off Pacific. Protective tariffs if needed, will stretch in their influence from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from ocean to ocean, bearing alike, at last, equally upon Arkansas and Vermont, and upon Georgian and Californian. Difference of section and local sentiment will wear away and be forgotten, and the next generation be more homogeneous and united than any since the days of the Revolution. And the descendants of these bloody times will read, with as much pride and as little jealousy, of these battles of their fathers, as the English and Scotch descendants of the heroes of Flodden-field read of their ancestral achievements in the glowing lines of Scott, or as the descendants of highland and lowland chiefs, allusions to their fathers' conflicts in the simple strains of the rustic Burns.

Let us live in hope, my grief-stricken brother, that the day is not far distant when Arkansas will rise from the ashes of her desolation to start on a path of higher destiny than with negro Slavery she ever could have reached; while the reunited Government, freed from this cankerous sore, will be more vigorous and powerful, and more thrifty, opulent, and happy, than though the scourge of war had never desolated her fields or made sorrowful her heartstones!

The sooner we lay down our arms and quit this hopeless struggle, the sooner our days of prosperity will return.

WHY I HESITATED—THE SITUATION—THE REMEDY.

I hesitated long, my fellow-citizens, before I determined to issue this address. I dislike to be abused and slandered. But, more than all, dislike to live under a cloud with those friends who have not yet reached my standpoint. And, besides, all I possess is in the Confederate lines. Their leaders will deprive my family of slaves, home, property—debt due me—in a word, reduce them from competence and ease to penury. Aside from what I have inside the Confederate lines, I could not pay for the paper this address is written upon. But it may all go. Did I desire future promotion, and could bring my conscience to it, I would do like the Johnsons, sail from bullets and hardships themselves; they assist in holding you on to this hopeless and ruinous struggle, and at the end of the conflict, will come back and say, "I stand with you to the last! Honor me and mine!" God deliver me from such traitors to humanity, and to the interests of our bleeding people! To me the path of duty is plain. It is to lend my feeble aid to stop the needless effusion of blood. And, though it beggar my family, and leave me no ray of hope for the future, I shall follow it.

I have witnessed the desolation of the Southern States from one end to the other. This hopeless struggle but widens it. Each day makes new graves, new orphans, and new mourners! Each hour flings into this dreadful whirlpool more of wrecked hopes, broken fortunes, and anguished hearts! The rich have mostly fallen. The poor have drunk deep of the cup of sorrow, while surely, and not slowly, the tide of ruin, in its relentless surge, sweeps toward the middle classes! A few more campaigns, and they will form a part of the general wreck! Each grave and each tear, each wasted fortune and broken heart, puts us that much further off from the object of the struggle, and that much further off from peace and happiness!

Viewing it thus, the terrible question was presented to me, as to whether I should continue my lot in an enterprise so fruitless, and so full of woe, and help hold the masses of the

people on to this terrible despotism of Davis, where only ruin awaits them, or whether I should be a quiet observer of it all, or, lastly, whether I should assist in saving the remnant of you from the wreck.

I have chosen the latter. I shall send this address to every hill and corner of the State, to the citizen and soldier, at home or in prison, and shall send with it my prayers to Almighty God to arrest them in their pathway of blood and ruin. Why trust Davis longer? Had he twice our resources he would still fail. With success he would be a despot. But the whole thing is tumbling to pieces. Soldiers are leaving disgusted and disheartened, and whole States have gone back to their home in the National galaxy. Maryland and Delaware will never again be shaken. Kentucky has intrenched herself in the Union, behind a wall of bayonets in the hands of her own sturdy sons. Missouri is as firmly set in the National galaxy as Massachusetts, Tennessee, tempest-tossed and bolt-riven under the guide of her great pilot, steers for her mooring, and will be safely anchored before the leaves fall! While the rays of light from the old North Star, flashing out fitfully from her darkness across the troubled waves, shows that she stirs, is not lost, but is struggling to join her sisters. None of these States will ever join the South again. Then, with crippled armies—with devastated fields—with desolate cities—with disheartened soldiers, and worse than all, with weak and corrupt leaders, what hope is left to the few remaining States, but especially to poor oppressed and down-trodden Arkansas? None! Better get our brothers home while they are left to us. Open the way for the return of husbands, fathers, and sons, and bind up the broken links of the old Union. The people must act to do this. I tell you now, in grief and pain, that the leaders don't care for your blood. Your sufferings more than not. The tears and wails of your anguished and bereaved ones fall on hearts of flint! While they can make a dollar or wear an epaulette, they are content. Finally, with a grief-stricken and sorrowful heart, I implore mothers, sisters, wives, and daughters to assist, by all their arts, in saving their loved ones from this terrible scourge, ere ruin overtake you and them irretrievably! While God gives me strength, daunted by no peril and averted by no consideration of self, I shall give you my feeble aid!

## Apotheosis.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Departed: To the Spirit-Life, from Fort Albany, Va., October 13, 1863, the immortal part of JOHN H. MELVIN, of Co. K, First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, aged twenty-three years.

He was kind and generous to a fault, obliging to his comrades, of fine social qualities, an affectionate son and brother, and a good soldier.

## Special Notices.

CLAIRVOYANCE AND PREVISION.

MRS. ANNA BALDWIN, from Syracuse, a very superior Clairvoyant and Previsionist, will be at Dr. Hayden's, 44 West 28th street, for two weeks, commencing on Monday, November 16th, and may be consulted daily after nine o'clock A. M.

WANTED—An energetic man in every town to sell goods that pay a living profit. Requires but small capital—no risk; every family would buy them. For further information address (with stamps for return answer,) A. S. HAYWARD, New York City. 93-6.

A BOOKKEEPER WANTED—For a whole sale fancy goods and hosiery house; one who has some knowledge of business, and at moderate salary. Address WILLIAMSON, Box 3,188 N. Y. P. O., stating terms and reference.

WANTED—A friend who is collecting the Spirit-Poems of Edgar A. Poe, desires us to say that he will consider it a great favor if any one, having any unpublished poem, will forward a copy to this office. 93-96.

House and Lot for Sale at Orange, N. J.

A plain, comfortable house, two stories and a half high, with a basement; good water in abundance, and convenient; a small garden-plot, containing fruit trees and grape-vines, situated at a convenient distance from the Brick Church Depot, is offered for sale at a low price being valued at \$2,000. Terms of payment easy; possession given two months after purchase. For particulars, inquire of the Editor of this Journal, or at the store of S. W. YANNAKEN, No. 105 Main street, Orange, N. J.

MRS. A. HULL IN NEW YORK.

Mrs. Hull, a successful Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, has just taken rooms at the Westchester House—entrance on Broome Street, No. 341—and will be happy to receive patients and visitors. She retains her office in Philadelphia, and will divide her time equally between the two cities, or four weeks in each city.

## TESTIMONIAL.

MR. ELLIOT: Permit me to offer my testimony in favor of Mrs. A. Hull, the Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, who now resides at the Westchester House, No. 341 Broome Street, New York. Having been afflicted by a chronic disease, without deriving essential relief from medical or magnetic treatment, I was led to place myself with Mrs. Hull, at a time when suffering most severely. It gives me pleasure to say that I am now in a fair way of recovery, feeling confident that I shall eventually be cured. Yours for the truth, H. C. CHASE.

DYSPEPSIA AND FITS.

A SURE CURE FOR

These distressing complaints are now made known in a "TREATISE ON FOREIGN AND NATIVE HERBAL PREPARATIONS," published by DR. O. PHELPS BROWN. The prescription, furnished him by a young clairvoyant girl, while in a state of trance, has cured everybody who has taken it, never having failed in a single case. It is equally sure in cases of Fits and Dyspepsia, and the ingredients may be found in any drug-store. Sent free to all on receipt of one stamp to prepay postage. This work, of 48 octavo pages, also treats on

CONSUMPTION,

Bronchitis, Asthma, General Debility, and gives the best known Herbal Remedies for their positive and permanent cure. Address DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 19 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J. 19-96.

## REALLY WONDERFUL CURES.

DR. BEERS, CLAIRVOYANT AND PRACTICAL PHYSICIAN, NO. 31 ESSEX ST., BOSTON.

The spirit world has given Dr. B. a Radical Cure for Intemperance. More than a thousand Drunkards have been made Temperate men within the last two years by its use. A Boston paper says—"A cure for Drunkenness can be procured of Dr. Beers.—THREE is so NUMEROUS about this." If you wish to know what it has done for others, send for a circular enclosing a letter-stamp.

N. B.—It can be given without the knowledge of the patient. Clairvoyant examinations, by sending hair or hand writing of the person, for one dollar. 94-7.

## Sewing Machines.

GROVER & BAKER'S CELEBRATED PREMIUM SEWING MACHINES.

THESE MACHINES WERE AWARDED The Highest Premiums over all Competitors,

AT THE FOLLOWING STATE FAIRS OF 1863, For the best Family Sewing Machines, the best Manufacturing Machines, and the best Machine Work.

New York State Fair.

First Premium for Family Machine, First Premium for Double Thread Machine, First Premium for Machine Work.

Indiana State Fair.

First Premium for Machine for all purposes, First Premium for Machine Work.

Vermont State Fair.

First Premium for Family Machine, First Premium for Manufacturing Machine, First Premium for Machine Work.

Illinois State Fair.

First Premium for Machine for all purposes, First Premium for Machine Work.

Iowa State Fair.

First Premium for Family Machine, First Premium for Manufacturing Machine, First Premium for Machine Work.

Kentucky State Fair.

First Premium for Machine for all purposes, First Premium for Machine Work.

Michigan State Fair.

First Premium for Family Machine, First Premium for Manufacturing Machine, First Premium for Machine Work.

Pennsylvania State Fair.

First Premium for Manufacturing Machine, First Premium for beautiful Machine Work.

Ohio State Fair.

First Premium for Machine Work.

AND AT THE FOLLOWING COUNTY FAIRS.

Chittenden Co. (Vt.) Agricultural Soc.

First Premium for Family Machine, First Premium for Manufacturing Machine, First Premium for Machine Work.

Franklin Co. (N. Y.) Fair.

First Premium for Family Machine, First Premium for Manufacturing Machine.

Champlain Valley (Vt.) Agricultural Soc.

First Premium for Family Machine, First Premium for Manufacturing Machine, First Premium for Machine Work.

Hampden Co. (Mass.) Agricultural Soc.

Diploma for Family Machine, Diploma for Machine Work.

Queen's Co. (N. Y.) Agricultural Soc.

First Premium for Family Machine.

Washington Co. (N. Y.) Fair.

First Premium for Family Machine.

Saratoga Co. (N. Y.) Fair.

First Premium for Family Machine.

Mechanics' Institute (Pa.) Fair.

First Premium for Machine for all Purposes, First Premium for Machine Work.

437 The above comprises all the Fairs at which the GROVER & BAKER MACHINES were exhibited this year.

SALEROOMS, 495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, 102.

## General Publications.

A RARE BOOK.

AN EYE-OPENER;

OR, CATHOLICISM UNMASKED.

BY A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

Containing "Doubts of Infidels," embodying thirty important Questions to the Clergy; also, forty Close Questions to the Doctors of Divinity, by ZARA, a curious and interesting work, entitled, *Le Doute*, and much other matter, both amusing and instructive. Price 40 cents, postpaid. The trade furnished on liberal terms. Address

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

## THE PRINCIPIA

Is a Weekly Newspaper, published at 104 William Street, New York, for the

PRINCIPIA ASSOCIATION.

This Association is composed of gentlemen of wealth and influence, in the principal States of the Union, and is organized according to law.

The paper is owned by the Association, and under the entire control of the Trustees named in the Act of Incorporation, viz:

JOSEPH W. ALDEN, REV. WM. GOODSELL, REV. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D. D.

It is edited by REV. WM. GOODSELL and REV. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, and published by JOSEPH W. ALDEN for the corporation.

Its columns will be enriched by able correspondents, and occasional writers, all of whom will be guided by the way-marks in the following

## PROSPECTUS.

Our object, by this publication, is to promote pure religion, sound morals, Christian reform; the abolition of slaveholding, caste, the run-traffic, and kindred crimes—the application of Christian principles to all the relations, duties, business arrangements, and aims of life—to the Individual, the Family, the Church, the State, the Nation—to the work of converting the world to God, restoring the common brotherhood of man, and rendering Society the type of heaven. Our text-book is the Bible; our standard, the Divine law; our expediency, obedience; our plan, the Gospel; our trust, the divine promises; our panoply, the whole armor of God.

THE PRINCIPIA seeks the suppression of the rebellion by the removal of Slavery, and the restoration of the Union by securing the blessings of liberty to ALL the people of the United States and their posterity, in accordance with the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence, the Word of God, and the principles of civil and religious freedom. Address

J. W. ALDEN, Box 4381, New York.