

The Vanguard

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SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

Some years ago, I became acquainted with a woman of about fifty years of age, her son—an old bachelor—and two daughters, one grown, the other nearly so. They all lived together, or rather, stayed; for they never lived, properly speaking.

Go in when you would, the old lady—Mrs. Norton—would have a pipe in her mouth, whiffing away, like a locomotive on a frosty morning.

Ask her in regard to health, and she would invariably take the pipe out of her mouth with one hand, place the other on her breast, and say: "I don't feel very well in my stomach; great burning, uneasiness, and frequent belchings of an acid nature; and then I've got the headache, feel weak, couldn't eat any breakfast, took a couple cups of coffee to strengthen me a little."

I ventured to ask her one day, if she was subject to these ailments. "O, yes; I have been troubled with dyspepsia for twenty-five years."

"Anna!" said she to her youngest daughter, "just bring me in the coffee-pot off the stove, will you?"

It was brought in, and Mrs. Norton put it to her mouth just as hot as it could be swallowed, and drank at least half a pint.—"There, that will do; it is nice and hot." Then turning to me she said, "I keep the coffee hot to drink through the day to keep me up. I cannot eat anything, hardly, and I must have something, you know." Filling her pipe and lighting it, she adjusted her spectacles, took up her knitting work, and then said:

"I forgot to ask you, if you smoke," at the same time handing me her pipe.

Of course, I declined, told her I never saw one of my family smoke, and never did it myself.

"Why, don't your father and mother smoke?" "No, they never either of them whiffed a pipe in their lives, drink neither tea nor coffee, nor do any of their children."

"La! me; how do you live?" asked the old lady, perfectly astonished. "I'm sure you look healthy; I wish I felt half as well well as you look. Do you really feel well?"

Perfectly well; not a dyspeptic in the family, said I; and as for drink, there is the water flowing and free for all—the only

drink that will quench the thirst of man—the drink that nature designed for us, and should not be drugged up with black, filthy coffee, to be drank hot, and thus inflame the stomach.

"But do you drink your water cold?" Certainly, I do; and that is not all; when I rise in the morning, I bathe my body in pure cold water, which opens the pores of the skin, and let the air act as a purifier.

"Laws sake! now I declare! wash all over every morning?—Why, I never did such a thing in my whole life. I really believe it would kill me!"

So we conversed some time, Mrs. Norton evidently regarding me as a curiosity, and said I must be an amphibious animal. At length, I rose to go. "There, now, you're not going one step till after tea; I want you to stay and get introduced to my son John." And taking my bonnet and hawl, she carried them into an adjoining room.

I accordingly stayed. The old lady—pipe in mouth—started out to help the girls get supper. They were neither of them well, had dyspepsia, though in a milder form than Mrs. Norton.

At the supper table, I was introduced to John—a lank, raw, broad "six-footer," with greasy looking skin, decayed teeth, and tobacco juice running down each side of his mouth.

Mrs. Norton observed: "John has the dyspepsia, too, with all the rest of us."

At the table, they all drank strong coffee, and instead of chewing their food until it was moistened with saliva, they took a bite of hot biscuit, then a sip of coffee to wash it down, a bite of fried ham, pickled cucumbers, and bread, then another sup of coffee to moisten it. So they ate.

And yet this family, who dared thus violate nature's laws, were so conscientious, that they could not eat without asking "God to bless a portion of the food before them, as a sustenance to their bodies, and another portion, to their spiritual growth."

Truly, "consistency is a jewel."

After supper, Mrs. Norton resumed her pipe; John smoked a cigar, then took some tobacco out of his pocket, put it in his mouth, and went out, saying as he did so, "my virtials hurt me; I feel as though I had a cannon ball in my stomach."

Mrs. Norton was a wealthy woman, yet was striving all the time to make a little more money, imagining that everybody was her enemy and was trying to cheat her, her disease had so afflicted her mind.

So matters had gone on worse and worse, till there is not one of the family that has energy enough to wait upon themselves.

Mrs. Norton will sigh for her young days, and tell her girls how she used to spin and weave, make cheese and butter, and how rosy her cheeks were, etc; but now she is pretty near her journey's end, she says.

Mrs. Norton's family is not the only one in Christendom that is in this worthless condition. I say worthless, because they are worth nothing to work, will not hire, keep all their money, and are grasping for every dollar they see. There is no enterprise nor energy, therefore they are worthless to society.

Would to heaven society were rid of their baneful influence!

And yet these persons stand out prominently in the dark shades of life, that show us the shoals and rocks on which we may be stranded, if we are not wary and watchful, lest we transgress nature's laws, beautiful and sublime.

LINNIE.

A CONTROVERSY.

(The following able article is taken from the Grand River Times, a well-conducted and influential journal published at Eastmanville, Mich. The appearance of such an article in a local paper is one among many cheering symptoms of the extent to which the popular press is gradually freeing itself from orthodox domination. At this rate the press will soon be "free indeed.")

It seems that there is, somewhere within the limits of the State of Michigan, United States of America a certain organization of society or churches, or both, known by the name of the "Grand River Association." It also satisfactorily appeareth that said body lately met in convention, at or near Boston, state aforementioned; at which time they passed a series of resolutions, commencing in this wise:

"nances of the country and the universal distress in our monetary affairs, indicate that God has a controversy with this nation, and it becomes the church especially to inquire what is the cause of that controversy, and what should be done to remove it.

Now, we respectfully submit that the above resolution covers much ground, and presents the monetary condition of our country in a light quite different from that in which it is generally viewed. Wherefore it plainly "becomes" not only "the church," but every American to enquire the cause of so lamentable a "controversy."

The second and third resolutions of the same series indicate the why and wherefore, as understood by the "Grand River Association." The "evil of slavery" is the imputed cause.

Well, it may be so. But is the evil of slavery a sin especially of the north, or the south? Where lies the blame, with the nominally free states of the north, or with the southern states? Who is responsible? It is generally believed that the south is accountable for the existence of slavery. They alone openly practice, admire and defend the institution. They should be charged with the "evil," if evil it is. They will not shrink from the accusation.

It would seem (to extend our remarks in a different direction,) that the most modern and generally approved method of carrying on a "controversy" is to make war upon the parties most intimately concerned. The south, then, being, by their own willingly-made admissions, responsible for the existence of slavery, is the party with whom the controversy, should be had. Consequently, "monetary affairs" and "universal distress" should be made particularly grievous and local with them. But is it so? On the contrary, the northern states are much more heavily afflicted.

We would like to ask the Grand River Association, how it is that monetary affairs are much better at the south than at the north? How is it that Louisiana (whose people

are most active in practising and defending slavery) is the only state in the union whose banks are sound and good?

Can not God bring his controversy to bear a little more particularly on the south? Or must the innocent north suffer for the sins of the guilty south? Again, how happens it that there is much less distress at the south than at the north.

Seriously, we think that God has had nothing to do in bringing about this universal distress. The south, in our opinion, may practice slavery if they choose, but as long as they look well to their financial resources, so long will their monetary system be comparatively sound. The north may rush heedlessly into speculation, and abort any quantity of paper-money without proper securities, but if, after a time, their 'monetary affairs' come up squally, and 'UNIVERSAL distress' with them becomes particularly LOCAL, they would do well to look at home for the cause.

It certainly does not seem in very good taste for a professedly religious body to take the matter in hand, and, with their accustomed cart-before-the-horse operation, charge the calamity to a "Godly controversy."

All right, brother! The theory of the panic you so neatly satirize, is a legitimate outgrowth of the doctrine of Vicarious Atonement. If it is right that an innocent being should suffer for the guilty on one occasion, it is right on all; and for the north to suffer for the sins of the South, while the latter escapes almost unscathed, is in strict accordance with the orthodox idea of retributive JUSTICE!!

A. C.

TO THE FRIENDS OF PROGRESSIVE LITERATURE.

For nine months, we have taxed to the utmost our physical and mental powers, in order to sustain this paper. Could we have devoted ALL our energies to the paper itself, instead of being harrassed by constant pecuniary anxieties, its literary character would have been superior to what it now is; and, but for the financial crisis, our list by this time would have been sufficiently increased to pay at least running expenses; but it will now require some extra effort on the part of our friends to effect this desirable result. The excessive toil we can sustain, although few know how exhausting that is, when to the ordinary editorial duties are added nearly an average week's work on each issue in the mechanical department, amounting in the aggregate, to eight or nine day's work weekly. But when to this is added an amount of pecuniary anxiety and physical privation sufficient of itself to break down ordinary constitutions, it may easily be conceived that even a strong constitution cannot long sustain such excessive wear and tear.

We mention these things because we believe that were those friends of progressive literature who know the character and objects of the paper, equally well acquainted with the amount of labor we perform, the anxieties we sustain, and the privations we endure, sufficient exertion would be put forth to render the paper self-supporting, and not compel us to be without the means of procuring NECESSARY articles of subsistence, in order to pay the expenses of the paper. We think that the only weekly paper in the West mainly devoted to practical reforms, and the only Spiritual paper within several hundred miles, might be sustained without necessitating the daily martyrdom of two. All the pecuniary responsibility is sustained by the undersigned. A little effort on the part of the friends of progress in the West would secure in our midst a permanent and efficient advocate of progressive movements. Its circulation can thus be trebled, and its influence increased a hundred-fold.

Friends, you can do this at little cost of time or money; will you?

THE TEMPERANCE MEETING.

on Wednesday evening, in the English Lutheran church, was densely crowded. It is proposed to distribute tracts on Temperance printed in German among the Teutons of Richmond, and also endeavor to enlighten other portions of the foreign population on that topic. We think the circulation of small pamphlets on physiology and dietetics would be a very efficient method of diminishing the evil.

LETTER FROM TEXAS.

Eds. Vanguard:—I have been a reader and admirer of your paper from its commencement to the present. But while I admire the freedom of the paper and its contributors, I often see things in it that I cannot admire, because they exhibit the ignorance of writers, on one subject that they undertake to treat, but upon one on which they throw out ideas, when writing upon something else. I allude to what is technically called "American Slavery," although much less deserving the name than some other "institutions" I could mention. I do not wonder at your thus feeling and writing; for having lived among you, with only the meagre and discolored light on the subject that you have, I felt and talked so too; but after residing and travelling much of my time for some years past, among Southern plantations, I have seen (as all will see, who will try the experiment,) that the only way to know anything of Southern society, is to come and see it.

How near a correct idea would you expect to form of Northern "social conditions," by living, or travelling, or reading papers at the South, and especially in the state of feeling that has existed for the last twenty years? And I can assure you that there is far more ignorance and misrepresentation of the South at the North, than of the North at the South, one reason of which is, that Southerners travel North much more than Northerners do South. I have never yet seen a Southern negro, who was as really a slave, that is, who was worked as hard, and whose movements were as much confined and controlled by another's will, as many sons and daughters of well-to-do farmers at the North that I wot of, to say nothing of poor, dependent laborers, the slaves of wealthy aristocrats, who instead of having an interest of from \$1000 to \$1500 invested in their welfare, have only to get the most labor for the least money.

If yourselves, the Y. S. Milkman, and others who write nobly on subjects with which you are acquainted, could make thorough personal observation of this you would think and write very differently. But enough; a word to the wise is sufficient.

Notwithstanding the unfortunate droughts of the past two years, nearly all have made enough to be comfortable, and the cotton crop has been fair. We have an excellent and a beautiful country, and one in which good farming will bring crops in any season. There are already quite a number of practical reformers hereabouts; and friends from Ceresco and other parts of the North, are looking this way with the expectation of making some movement within a few months. Then, we hope to see realized, probably in a reform neighborhood, the best social condition, which we think Texas better adapted to develop than any other region yet tried.

Truly yours,

T. J. Gor.

REMARKS.

All our friend says as to the comparative MATERIAL comforts of Southern slaves as compared with Northern laborers may be true; but Northern slavery, bad as it is, can scarcely be as soul-crushing as Southern. Golden fetters are yet fetters, and the well-fed slave is still but a slave. The effect of chattel slavery on the white population of the South (especially on the poorer class,) is palpably demoralizing in the extreme. By making labor degrading, it gives a premium to ignorance, laziness and vice; consequently to various forms of superstition.

How is it that the worst forms of orthodoxy, measurably exploded in many parts of the North, still flourish at the South in almost undiminished force? Do not all progressive movements centre mostly at the North, where intelligence and new ideas are so much more widely diffused? Where do we find most business and intellectual energy?

Where the most stolid ignorance? Where is free discussion on ALL subjects least tolerated?

True answers to these questions will exhibit the blasting influence of chattel slavery more clearly than volumes of abstract dissertation or vague denunciation. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

On the other hand, the advantages of Northern Society over Southern have been much over-estimated. Southern legislation is, in many cases, in advance of that of the North; woman's rights are, in some states, better secured than in most northern; land-monopoly is less rampant, and the currency better regulated; the people are less extortionate and more hospitable. In short, the advocate of society AS IT IS at the North cannot consistently denounce the "peculiar institution" of the South; it would be the "crock calling the kettle smutty." But the Social Reformer can with propriety criticize both, either comparing their relative merits and demerits, or summarily condemning both on the Christian principle of "letting the dead bury their dead." Let dead social systems—dead, because founded on theologies which are rapidly perishing—quarrel with each other to their mutual extinction; but let us endeavor to inaugurate a "new heaven, (improved spiritual conditions,) and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness," (correspondingly advanced material facilities and distributive justice,) by hastening the downfall of land-monopoly and bank-swindling on the one hand, and the monopoly of the land of Canaan and heavenly bank notes on the other. A. C.

It is one of Jonathan's multitudinous boasts that he will buy or sell any article under the sun. There is, however, one article of commerce in the Celestial Empire, known, as such, in Dollardom. "The first time I caught sight of milk in a Chinese street," says Milne, "it was in the hands of a female carrying a cup of what I thought to be the genuine unchalked article. 'Excuse me, but what is it?' said I. 'It is milk,' he replied. 'What milk? cow's or goat's?' 'Women's milk, sir.' 'Woman's milk! for what use?' 'It has been bought for an aged neighbor.' Subsequently, I discovered that it was not unusual for nursing women to sell their own milk for motherless babes or octogenarians in second babyhood, the nurses drawing their own milk to sell it at 2d. or 3d. a cup." Solomon confesses on second thought, that he has done injustice to the model republicans. Jonathan may not retail the lacteal fluid in cups, but he vends it wholesale—nurse and all! —STREETSVILLE (C. W.) REVIEW.

However pettifogging and tyrannical may be the conduct of President Buchanan in Kansas matters, he has, in other respects, shown a determination, in the teeth of considerable opposition from the rich and powerful, to protect white working men from unprincipled speculators. In his last message, he is decidedly down on shin-plasters and land-monopoly. This is by no means the first time he has condemned both these fertile breeders of misery. Many Republicans would do well to imitate him in this respect, and not, while hypocritically bawling for "Freedom, free labor and FREE SOIL," make the laborer pay for occupying HIS OWN LAND to drones who have no right to a subsistence, while honest workers and those dependent on them starve in the midst of abundance.

NOT VERY BAD.—A little urchin in the Sabbath school at N— was asked, a few Sundays ago, "what our Savior said when he knew that Judas had betrayed him!" The urchin scratched his head a few moments and gravely answered, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty!" The teacher smiled.

The Vanguard.

RADICAL, BUT RATIONAL.

—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1857—

TERMS.—One copy one year, \$1, in advance. 5 copies to one P. O., \$4; for three months, 25 cts; 10 copies to one P. O., \$2 Postage stamps received in payment. Address, Richmond, Ind

WOMAN'S RIGHTS DISCUSSION IN THE RANDOLPH JOURNAL.

A discussion on this subject is going on in the Randolph Journal. One disputant maintains that this movement is not infidel in its character; her opponent replies (conclusively, we think,) by quoting Paul to the contrary, and remarking that Christ says nothing on the subject. They are both right and both wrong; the general tendency of Christ's teachings, (the 'golden rule' in particular,) is clearly in favor of justice to all; and so far as women are wronged, so far the teachings of Christ are favorable to their rights. Paul's precepts probably had more reference to temporary expediency than to fixed principles, inasmuch as he says, "In Christ there is neither Jew nor Greek, MALE or FEMALE, bond or free." That is, the tendency of Christianity is to obliterate all artificial distinctions, whether of sex, condition or nationality; and natural ones will take care of themselves, without legislative (or any other) tinkering.

That the movement was mainly originated, and, to a great extent, is still sustained by those who are 'infidels' true; but this only proves how utterly useless—aye, worse than useless—are church organizations. They are the putrescent corpses of the Past tied to the vigorous living body of the Present, which is throwing them off one by one, as it nears the goal of Universal Harmony in the stainless Future, whose white robes and shining garments cannot be polluted by creeds red with the blood of martyrs.

Not twenty years since, the Temperance and Anti-Slavery movements were denounced as 'infidel;' but so far as these movements gained strength and popularity, the church influence turned on the winning side; in the the South, however, and in some parts of the North, the orthodox churches are still the main bulwarks of chattel slavery, as of other forms of social wrong elsewhere; moreover, distilling deacons and preachers more SPIRIT-ed than spiritual are by no means to be classed among extinct species.

In short, the orthodox churches have ever been the most unscrupulous advocates of all wrong as long as it remains popular, and the most vindictive opponents of all improvements and ameliorations as long as they are unpopular. We can well recollect when, in the incipency of the Temperance movement it was denounced as 'infidel,' and 'pious' tracts, brimful of scripture texts, freely distributed, maintaining that total-abstinence societies were designed to supersede churches, by inducing people to rely on their own merits rather than those of Christ—on works rather than faith. But as Temperance became popular, "a change came o'er the spirit of their dream,"

temperance meetings are NOW commonly held in orthodox churches, while their ministers are among the most conspicuous advocates of the cause.

Parallel to this has been the history of the anti-slavery movement, and will be, in a short time, that for woman's elevation. Even now, the scale is turning; and ere long the church will side with the latter movement, that thro' female influence they may retain for a short season, that power which is so rapidly on the wane. It is evident that the Woman's Rights movement, in numerous localities, is now in a transition state: it is getting popular to talk about it; and church members may now handle it without burning their fingers much. But the main work will still be done, and pecuniary losses sustained in endeavoring to make it a PRACTICAL thing, by the despised 'Infidels,' while the church members will rally at the eleventh hour, so as to be in time to claim the honors of victory.

But no matter, so that victory is won.

"For ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done,"

in the unfoldings of a brighter future. A C. A D C.

NOTES FROM THE LECTURING FIELD.

Near Mendon, Mercer Co., I had three or four days discussion with a Methodist preacher of the name of McPherson. His scientific knowledge was very limited and his historical not much better; but a large development of Self-Esteem made up considerably what was lacking in this respect. He was a more manly opponent than Franklin, with whom I discussed in Indiana; but very far from being a true man. He took the ground that the Bible account of creation is literally true, the world being made in six days about 6,000 years ago, and stated that many geologists took the same ground, but failed to give us their names! Before the discussion was closed, he became quite angry, and wished to run off before my last in reply to his, but was eventually induced to remain. The friends of progress in this neighborhood are doing well, increasing in numbers, knowledge and strength. They are readers and free-thinkers, and are certain to grow. They are not all Spiritualists, but only lack evidence to give them the assurance of immortality. A good, honest test medium would do well to pay them a visit.

After spending a few days at home, I received an invitation to visit Buffalo. Found our old friend, Albro, at his post, battling against the hosts of error and superstition; and a bolder soldier and nobler general we have not in our ranks. The "Age of Progress" is all that its title indicates, and deserves the support of every untrammelled thinker.—Lectured for two Sundays in St James' Hall, but not to as large audiences as last winter. To pay for the Hall, a charge of ten cents was made at the door; and, in these hard times, it has a sensible effect upon the number attending.

I spent a few days at East Hamburg, where live some fine, intelligent people, and lectured in the Free Church. Would that every town and village was blest with such a one, where the gospel of glad tidings to ALL people could be freely made known!

Friend Hamilton and I spent a pleasant day at the Falls of Smoke's Creek, obtaining relics of the old "world beyond the flood." It is the best place for procuring Silurian fossils that I have seen.

From Buffalo I passed by the thundering Niagara over the Lake, and landed in Toronto. How strange it seemed to hear the accents of the old land!

I found a hearty welcome at the house of John Swain, whose wife is one of the best, if not the best test medium I ever saw. Some accounts of the manifestations through her will be given as some future time. I lectured three times in Toronto; pleased some and offended others; and, after lecturing again in Buffalo, am now on my way to Middlefield.

W. D.

"INFIDEL!"

What is that? Who are Infidels?

The true meaning of the word is—NOT FAITHFUL TO—HAVING NO FAITH IN. Conventionally, it is applied to such as have NO FAITH (from IN, not—FIDES, faith,) in the popular religions of their time and country. A Presbyterian would be an Infidel in Turkey, while the most orthodox follower of the Prophet becomes entitled to the same epithet by a removal from the land of mosques and minarets to that of high steeples and cushioned pews.

In all ages and countries some have more or less faith in an immortal and (to most persons,) invisible being or beings, spirit or spirits, God or gods. This faith lies at the basis of all religions; and just so far and so fast as it becomes merely nominal and traditional, the vitality of that church, sect or faith wanes to extinction. The members of such organizations in general, ceasing to have faith in the inner—the unseen, as distinguished from lifeless forms and unmeaning ceremonies, become, in a spiritual or religious sense, INFIDELS.

This is precisely the condition of our orthodox churches. Their members are INFIDELS in the worst sense; they have NO FAITH or hope in humanity, and expect to restrain from sin only by the fear of prisons in this world and hell in the future. They are INFIDEL to every movement calculated for human redemption from REAL evils, while fertile in propounding schemes for redemption from imaginary ones. They are INFIDEL to a belief in Spiritual realities, instead of unmeaning forms; INFIDEL to that principle—varied in form, but one and the same in ESSENCE—which has inspired the souls of poets, prophets and philanthropists in all ages and countries.

Even those who, for want of (to them) sufficient evidence, have no faith in a future life or inner spirit, apart from external and visible organization, are not infidels in the same sense as the generality of our orthodox brethren. They have faith in something besides unmeaning parade and vain repetitions, dollars, high steeples and cushioned pews. They have faith in man's redemption from grosser evils, at least—faith that man may lead a higher and purer life on earth; and though destitute of the "hope that is within us," arising from a KNOWLEDGE of an existence in a brighter land beyond the grave, they are not "infidels," except in a conventional sense.

But the TRUE Spiritualist, who is so not only from witnessing external manifestations, but from a faith in his own spiritual nature, and culture of his inner life—he only has risen entirely above that sea of REAL infidelity in which the churches are so deeply sunk. He alone has a LIVING faith in the soul's indestructible vitality, apart from all creeds, forms, ceremonies, encasements and conventionalities of every description.

A. C.

ABOUT LOCATIONS.

The Ozark mountains doubtless contain beautiful scenery, and occasional visits to their neighborhood to feast the soul, would be delightful; but those who go there, shutting themselves out from society and communication with the outer world, surrounded as they will be by ignorant, besotted, and pro-slavery neighbors, will find themselves most miserably disappointed.

There are I learn in Kansas, 100,000 claims not yet taken up. Nothing can make it a Slave State, for the people, who must eventually rule, are more opposed to slavery than the people of any Northern State. The climate, soil, salubrity, and readiness of access of this territory, are all favorable, and taken altogether, cannot, in my opinion, be surpassed, and I have travelled over thousands of miles of territory, looking for a suitable location for a reform neighborhood. From St. Louis to Kansas City, you can travel in two days at an expense of \$12, or to Delaware or Leavenworth City, for \$13. Parties of ten or fifteen are taken at reduced rates. From Delaware City to Lawrence, is 35 miles. Stage runs every day.

When the Kansas river is high, boats can pass directly to Lawrence from St. Louis, and those who have much baggage with them, would do well to take this course. From Lawrence to Twin Mound, is 17 miles. Stage leaves Lawrence for there on Thursday, I believe. At any rate, there would be no difficulty about getting there, as wagons are in from that neighborhood every day.

I shall be in St. Louis in March, on my way there, and should like to meet at that place those who wish to go up and see the good land. There are now on the spot some 25 persons. A school-house is in course of erection; a mutual improvement society has been organized, and all is going on well for making one of the most agreeable reform neighborhoods in the world. I have heard from several who intend to join us, and should like to hear from all others who desire to become independent landholders in a healthy, beautiful, and fertile country, where they will have intelligent, free-thinking neighbors. Land can be had for two, three, or four dollars an acre, but those who wish to get it at that price, must be in a hurry.

Direct to W. DENTON, Middlefield, Geauga co., O.

A further perusal of the "History of Slavery," more than confirms our first favorable impressions. We will try to find room for an extract next week.

Wash Wood, of this city is agent. As the work is sold only by subscription, travelling book agents should give him a call.

SCATTERING THOUGHTS.

BY A MECHANIC.

The great Pendulum swings—Oh yes, does it not swing back as well forth?

Men will learn better; hydrophobia will not always continue, neither will corns, cancer, or toothache; neither will Rail-roads, Telegraphs, Steam-boats, Reaping machines, Colt's revolvers. But in the revolution of ages, will they not return? What were men about ten thousand years ago? aye, ten times ten Millions?

The Children of NATURE will yet walk the Earth again; They will live and flourish in all their majesty and purity. Are there not now those in whose souls these thoughts are too big for utterance? Are there not those who live before, as well as behind the age?

The world can't hear me; I am but a son of hard-handed toil. But you, brother Beecher, are a drone: you, ti will both hear and heed; (some and others hate,) speak for me.

Who instruct the shepherds? do not the Prophets? and who are the Prophets? In all ages of the world, has not their lot been a seemingly hard one?

Heaven is not reached by the rail; neither is hell escaped by respectability or a Salamander safe.

Poetry.

AN ODE FOR THE TIMES.

BY I. G. BLANCHARD.

New times—new needs;
 New men—new deeds!
 The past—lay by its forms and creeds—
 The clothes we have outgrown.
 The present is our lot and dower;
 The inspirations of the hour
 Our creed alone.
 To crown the May
 We do not bring
 The withered blossoms of last spring;
 But fragrant flowers that bloom to-day.

Like May's bright morn,
 The age is born
 Of earnest thought; the night of scorn
 For Truth's apostles, past;
 The earth is nearer heaven—our ears
 To greetings from the better spheres.
 Attend at last;
 While, everywhere,
 Earth's field around,
 Soul-blooms are opening—all the ground
 Electric with the new life there.

The False no more
 Shall men adore,
 Nor crowns, nor triumphs, as of yore,
 Heroic hearts inspire;
 No more the sword with murder dyed,
 Be sign of power, or badge of pride;
 No more the lyre
 Love tragic theme,
 But turn to find
 Where peaceful life's sweet waters wind,
 And pour its song along the stream.

Warm heart of youth!
 Espouse the Truth.
 Your sire, did nobly live, forsooth;
 Do ye live nobly too!
 Beem not the days of glory past;
 Fame yet may blow a louder blast
 Than old time knew.
 Bestir ye, then!
 The spheres abound
 For noble lives, and all around
 The world is waiting for its Max!

Ye sons of fire
 Who so aspire
 To deeds which make the world admire—
 Ye gifted ones, attend!
 The world's great work is man's reclaim:
 Who lives for this, shall live for fame
 That will not end.
 O, raise the poor,
 The bond, the bad—
 In all the Master's meekness clad,
 Show the sick world how love can cure!

And, Woman, thou
 Art called now—
 A wreath is woven for thy brow;
 Secure the graceful meed;
 By thy devoted brother stand.
 Inspire his heart and help his hand.
 In each good deed;
 Go forth—his seer
 And pilot be,
 To realms unfound yet, wanting thee,
 O, bearer of God's gifts, most dear!

The heroes old
 Are shortly told,
 But they who come, are manifold;
 Humanity their cause,

God's love, the weapon that they wield,
 And every heart a battle-field!
 The conflict draws
 The angels near;
 Their triumph strain
 Thrills heaven as Self and Wrong are slain,
 And Caste dethroned with cheer on cheer!

Lo! in the earth
 A signal birth—
 A new nobility of worth!
 Their steps in light we trace;
 No menial before them cowers,
 Whom noblest use of noblest powers
 Gives grace and place,
 No proud reserve,
 Nor vain pretence—
 Who much receive, should much dispense—
 "Who would be greatest, let him serve."

With bodies sound,
 With minds profound,
 Hearts that with human love abound,
 Hands not ashamed to toil—
 God's perfect work—this noble race
 With princely and fraternal grace,
 Shall tread the soil.
 Who then their need
 Shall disallow?
 Their badge upon the cheek and brow!
 Their title on the heart and deed!

(East Boston Ledger.)

"OVER THE RIVER."

Over the river they beckon to me—
 Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side;
 The gleam of their snowy robe I see,
 But their voices are drowned by the washing tide.
 There, one with the ringlets of sunny gold,
 And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
 He crossed in the twilight, grey and cold,
 And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
 We saw not the angels that met him there:
 The gate of the city we could not see;—
 Over the river, over the river,
 My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river the boatman pale
 Carried another—the household pet;
 Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
 Darling Minnie! I see her yet!
 She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
 And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
 We watched it glide from the silver sands,
 And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
 We know she is safe on the further side,
 Where all the ransomed and angels be;
 Over the river, the mystic river,
 My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
 Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,
 I shall one day stand by the water cold,
 And list for the sound of the boatman's oar.
 I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
 I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
 I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
 To the better shore of the spirit land,
 I shall know the loved who have gone before,
 And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
 When over the river, the peaceful river,
 The Angel of Death shall carry me.

PRACTICAL SOCIALISM.—In Paris a man may dine for two pence. In the neighborhood of the Marches des Innocents, there is a certain enterprising Madame Robert, who daily feeds some six thousand workmen, in the open air, yet sheltered from the weather. Her daily bill of fare is cabbage soup, a slice of beef, a piece of bread, and a glass of wine.—[Ex.

ANN DENTON CRIDGE is prepared to lecture during the month of December. Those requiring her services will please write and state what can be done towards remuneration for her labor in that capacity, etc.

ANOTHER WASHING MACHINE!

Richmond is prolific in inventions. Three washing machines are among its peaceful trophies. We have tried two.

"Comparisons," it is said, "are odious;" neither have we, at present, the data from which to make a fair estimate of their comparative merits; but are satisfied that both are efficient, and that either will save at least two-thirds of the labor of washing. As near as we can judge, the time taken by both machines is about equal. Mr. Swaney's machine washed 104 pieces (including four large quilts and six sheets,) in 3¼ hours. This estimate includes the time occupied in boiling, wringing by hand, etc.—the machine not having been actually at work more than an hour and a quarter. It works horizontally and very easily; a delicate woman could sit and work it.

Dugdale's patent, owned by Mr. Francis, of this place, works much like a pump. It has not yet had a fair trial with us; but we know that it works quite as fast and as well as the other.—Having obtained both machines, we shall give both of them alternately fair trials, and publish the results. A. D. C.

ONCE MORE—ALMOST THE LAST CHANCE FOR WOMEN.—An intelligent, active and industrious female, who can read and spell well, but does not wear hoops more than a yard in diameter, would probably have an opportunity to learn type-setting, by applying without loss of time at this office.

N. B.—If no applications are received, a suitable person of the male sex will be engaged; this, to any unbiassed mind, will clearly prove that women have only THEMSELVES to blame for their exclusion from various industrial avocations. A. C.

Our agricultural friends who wish to prevent their produce from spoiling, are hereby informed that they can attain that laudable object by sending them to this office, to which are attached several highly-efficient PRESERVATORIES.

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LADIES' CHOICE

PREMIUM WASHING MACHINES.

PATENT SECURED.

CHARLES SWANEY, confident of the superiority of this over all other labor saving machines of the kind, offers them for sale to the public with entire confidence. The distinguishing features of this over all other Machines, are first: its great simplicity; second, its durability; third, the ease with which it can be operated; fourth, no slop either in washing or wringing the clothes, as the cup attached to the wringer conveys the water into the tub.

It took the first premium at the recent Wayne co. Fair, over five others in competition, and every one, after a trial, cannot fail in coming to the same conclusion. CHAS. SWANEY.

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The Magic Staff; being the Auto-biography of A. J. Davis.—

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The Reformer; by A. J. Davis. \$1.00 " 16 cents.

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Life-Line of the Lone One, by Warren Chase. \$1—postage, 20c. an interesting autobiography of one of our most able spiritual lecturers.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

IT IS WELL KNOWN THAT THERE HAS BEEN ALMOST A UNIVERSAL DEMAND FOR A GOOD

LABOR-SAVING WASHING MACHINE.

And knowing, as I do, that T. A. Dugdale's Patent is the one that has been so long desired, I have been induced to manufacture them, and sell State and County Rights to Mechanics who wish to manufacture them, so that the public can get a Washing Machine for Twelve Dollars, which is positively worth Fifty dollars to any family who has washing to do; and I invite particular attention to the following fact:

Since I received the Machine from the Patentee, I have improved it at least 100 per cent, by enlarging the size; it will now wash double the quantity of clothes in the same time and with less than one half the labor, as I have attached a weight to balance the lever, so that it works almost as easy as a Scale Beam on a balance, and Boys or Girls ten or twelve years of age can work it.

When a Washing Machine is offered to the public, the questions almost invariably asked, are, Will it wash clean? Will it wash the collars and wristbands of shirts? I say positively, it will. In a word, it will do all that any person can ask of a hand Washing Machine to do, and it is the only hand Washing Machine in the United States that I know of, that will do the whole work, and dispense with the use of hand wash boards. It is on the wash board principle—the nearest the hand rubbing of any other Washing Machine that I know of. The pressure of rubbing is produced by the water in which the washing is done, and the Machine is not liable to get out of order. It is almost as durable as the Tub and Washboard, and is warranted not to injure the clothes, nor tear off buttons. Persons who have used the Machine, say that clothes will wear much longer than when washed by hand on the common wash board. One lady sent me word by her husband, that she could not express her satisfaction with the Machine, since I had added the improvement. She said it was good before, but is far better now, and for the truth of which, I refer you to T. N. Young, Grocery-keeper.

I am well aware that there is a large amount of prejudice to overcome in introducing a Washing Machine, but I am satisfied that it only requires a few trials to convince the most sceptical, that the Machine is right. Every one I am selling is clearing the way for others. I feel confident that its simplicity of construction, its durability, and ability to do the work, cannot fail to bring it into general use.

I know I have the Machine that will substantiate every word I have said, and if there is another hand Washing Machine in the United States that is better, or even as good, as T. A. Dugdale's Patent, I would like to know it and ascertain the fact. I challenge all the Patentees of hand Washing Machines and their Agents to a trial. I offer the following names for reference:

EDWARD FRANCIS.

We the undersigned, do hereby certify that we have T. A. Dugdale's Patent Washing Machine now in use, and can with confidence recommend it to the Public as decidedly the best Washing Machine we know of, and consider the price a mere trifle compared with the benefits to be derived from the use of such an invaluable Labor-Saving, Time-Saving, Health-Saving Machine.

Wm. Thistlewaite,	Mrs. J. E. Blanchard,	Joseph White,
Samuel C. Hill,	John P. Smith,	Alice White,
Mary E. Hill,	Mary Smith,	Thos. Birdsall,
Harmon Hill,	W. Thistlewaite, Jr.,	Mary Birdsall,
Mary Hill,	E. Thistlewaite,	Richard Binns,
	Gulielma Binns.	

CONVENTIONS: LECTURING NOTICES.

The Progressive Friends of Jay county, Indiana, will hold their quarterly meeting at West Grove meeting house, four miles north-east of Camden, commencing on New Year's day, at 10 A. M. J. H. MENENHALL and others.

Dr. Anderson will lecture in Warner Hall on Sunday next, at the usual hours—10, 2 and 6. He spoke at Neel's Station on Sunday last.

Mr. J. M. Barnes is lecturing this week at Lewisburg, Ind.—He lectured last week at Franklin, Marion co., Ind., and intends to lecture next week in Somerville, O., which, through the exertions of Dr. Alexander and a few others, is becoming quite a focus of free thought.

A. J. and Mary Davis were still, at the last accounts, in N. Ill., where their lectures seem to excite a deep interest. Many local papers in that section seem to be quite liberal—a most hopeful sign.

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She will visit the afflicted at a distance when not professionally engaged in her own vicinity. Reasonable charges will be made for my services. Residence, New Paris, Preble co., O.
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THREE TO ONE!!

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I have an excellent situation at present in a Southern State, but wish to reside with Reformers—would probably prefer Richmond, or somewhere in Middle or Southern Indiana or Illinois. But I will not quit one situation before securing another.

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