

# THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

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## TO WRITERS AND READERS.

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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?

## Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

A. B. WHITING, DETROIT, MICH.—Your report of the "Discussion" is received.

"SUSIE," NEW YORK.—Call on Wednesday, at 10 A. M., if you want to see "M. F. D."

G. W. C. SOMERVILLE, O.—Your letter is received, and may find place among the "Voices."

M. B. HINSDALE.—We shall not be able to use your lines for publication.

"CITY," N. Y.—There are no letters in this office for your friend.

E. A. C. NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Your poem, "The Boy and the Stars," gives promise that you may, by and by, write acceptably for the press.

"EARNEST," JERSEY CITY.—If you will call at his office Saturday morning, the bill will be ready for your investigation.

"HOWARD," UTICA.—The medicine is genuine. Be not too confiding when "quacks" send you their advertisements.

J. H. L. PHILADELPHIA.—The "ANNUAL" is just what you want. Give your friend a copy, for reference.

"JAMES," JANEVILLE, WIS.—Our judgment, not yours, is solicited. We thank you for your suggestions.

A. C. C. PLATTVILLE, N. Y.—The voice to the "Young" was sent you. It is our only prescription.

"GEORGE" will find in the "ANNUAL" all he wishes to know respecting the best catalogue of reform books.

G. W. K. CHICAGO, ILL.—We thank you, Brother. The article is received as a token of friendship. If it is not published, you will not regret it.

T. T. A. BOSTON, MASS.—The world is almost full of "fault-finders," and we hope that you will not multiply them. Let your thoughts turn toward the "discovery and application of Truth."

M. M. S., BROOKLYN, L. I.—Your communication, received three weeks ago, is too hurriedly written. We have no time to waste over unimportant manuscripts.

H. P. M., LEONARDSBURG, O.—Your manuscript was promptly mailed to your address. You will not regret our decision after you have given more reflection to the subject.

J. C., NEW YORK.—Your able answer to the question, "Are the Phenomena of Spiritualism Declining?" is received and marked for an early appearance.

"MYRELLA."—A part of your communication, kind friend, is beautiful, a part obscure. Let us hear from you, however, when the spirit saith "write."

M. T. NEWARK, N. J.—The Brother is really in need of "material aid." He is bowed down with years. Let your heart beat responsive to the promptings of benevolence.

O. H., GRANITE STATE.—We cannot at present give room to the discussion of the question you propose, owing to a multiplicity of other subjects. A direct correspondence with the former you mention, might lead to good results.

"GENERAL," WATERTOWN, N. Y.—After you have three times visited and expostulated with him, let the "guardian angel" take his thoughts on high. The world is the region of darkness and evil; light and good bloom in higher spheres.

J. M. M., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Look at your garden shrubbery. Away down is the earth; just above the ground are thorns; highest from the earth is the beauty of fruition. As you never look up for imperfection, nor look down for perfection, so you should never charge evil upon what is above you, and pity yourself as only a victim.

ELIJAH W., LESLIE, MICH.—You accuse us of illiberality and unfairness, because we have not admitted your articles on "Internal Sense of the Word," and on "Correspondences." You want us to tell why we do not publish your contributions. Our only reason is simply this: You do not write good enough for our columns. Well written and not too long articles on those subjects would be acceptable. We are conscious of no prejudice toward the "internal sense" of any external thing, book, inspiration, or principle.

## WILLIAM WALLACE LINCOLN.

DIED FEBRUARY 20, 1862.

He's gone to be an angel,  
And on his youthful brow  
A diadem of glory  
Is shining brightly now!  
And all the harps of heaven  
In myriad tones rejoice,  
For 'mong the angel singers  
There is another voice!

He's gone to be an angel,  
And we are left below!  
Our hearts are almost broken  
With bitterness and woe!  
What hopes were twined around him!  
What love watched o'er his life!  
But he hath gone forever  
From all its care and strife.

He's gone to be an angel—  
He's taken from our sight—  
Gone like a burst of music  
Heard on a summer night.  
A soul too early ripened—  
A star whose dawning ray  
Had scarce begun to glimmer,  
Lost in eternal day!

He's gone to be an angel!  
But ah, our home is sad!  
This is the greatest sorrow  
That we have ever had!  
His traces are around us  
Where'er we turn an eye;  
We can but bow in anguish,  
And weep that he should die!

Father in heaven! forgive us  
This wild and yearning grief;  
Our hearts are breaking for him—  
In pity send relief!  
Teach us to bow before thee,  
To say, "Thy will be done!"  
And to give up in meekness  
Our pride—our darling son!

He's gone to be an angel!  
'Twas hard to give him up;  
And we have drained, with writhing lips,  
This bitter, bitter cup.  
But we know he is an angel—  
We know he shineth bright,  
Where the day is ever radiant  
And never cometh night.

HOWARD GLYNDON.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 22, 1862.

## The Spirit's Mysteries.

"Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams."

[From the Atlantic Monthly for May.]

### Spirits.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

"Did you ever see a ghost?" said a gentleman to his friend.

"No, but I once came very nigh seeing one," was the facetious reply.

The writer of this article has had still better luck—having twice come very nigh seeing a ghost. In other words, two friends, in whose veracity and healthy clearness of vision I have perfect confidence, have assured me that they have distinctly seen a disembodied spirit.

If I had permission to do so, I would record the street in Boston, and the number of the house, where the first of these two apparitions were seen; but that would be unpleasant to parties concerned. Years ago, the lady who witnessed it told me the particulars, and I have recently heard her repeat them. A cousin, with whom her relations were as intimate as with a brother, was in the last stages of consumption. One morning, when she carried him her customary offering of fruit or flowers, she found him unusually bright, his cheeks flushed, his eyes brilliant, and his state of mind exceedingly cheerful. He talked of his recovery and future plans in life with hopefulness almost amounting to certainty. This made her somewhat sad, for she regarded it as a delusion of his flattering disease, a flaring-up of the life-candle before it sank in the socket. She thus reported the case when she returned home. In the afternoon she was sewing, as usual, surrounded by her mother and sisters, and listening to one who was reading aloud. While thus occupied, she chanced to raise her eyes from her work and glance to the opposite corner of the room. Her mother, seeing her give a sudden start, exclaimed:

"What is the matter?"

She pointed to the corner of the room, and replied:

"There is Cousin —!"

They all told her she had been dreaming, and was only half wakened. She assured them she had not even been drowsy; and she repeated with great earnestness: "There is Cousin —, just as I saw him this morning. Don't you see him?"

She could not measure the time that the vision remained; but it was long enough for several questions and answers to pass rapidly between herself and other members of the family. In reply to their persistent incredulity, she said:

"It is very strange that you don't see him; for I see him as plainly as I do any of you." She was so obviously awake and in her right mind, that the incident naturally made an impression on those who listened to her.

Her mother looked at her watch, and dispatched a messenger to inquire how Cousin — did. Word was soon brought that he died at the same moment he had appeared in the house of his relatives.

The lady who had this singular experience is too sensible and well-informed to be superstitious. She was not afflicted with any disorder of the nerves, and was in good health at the time.

To my other story I can give "a local habitation and a name" well known. When Harriet Hosmer, the sculptor, visited her native country a few years ago, I had an interview with her, during which our conversation happened to turn upon dreams and visions.

"I have had some experience in that way," said she. "Let me tell you a singular circumstance that happened to me in Rome. An Italian girl named Rosa was in my employ for a long time, but was finally obliged to return to her mother, on account of confirmed ill-health. We were mutually sorry to part, for we liked each other. When I took my customary exercise on horseback, I frequently called to see her. On one of these occasions I found her brighter than I had seen her for some time past. I had long relinquished hopes of her recovery, but there was nothing in her appearance that gave me the impression of immediate danger. I left her with the expectation of calling to see her again many times. During the remainder of the day I was busy in my studio, and I do not recollect that Rosa was in my thoughts after I parted from her. I retired to rest in good health and in a quiet frame of mind. But I woke from a sound sleep with an oppressive feeling that some one was in the room. I wondered at the sensation, for it was entirely new to me; but in vain I tried to dispel it. I peered beyond the curtain of my bed, but could distinguish no objects in the darkness. Trying to gather up my thoughts, I soon reflected that the door was locked, and that I had put the key under my bolster. I felt for it, and found it where I had placed it. I said to myself that I had probably had some ugly dream, and had waked with a vague impression of it still on my mind. Reasoning thus, I arranged myself comfortably for another nap.

"I am habitually a good sleeper, and a stranger to fear; but, do what I would, the idea still haunted me that some one was in the room. Finding it impossible to sleep, I longed for daylight to dawn, that I might rise and pursue my customary avocations. It was not long before I was able dimly to distinguish the furniture in my room, and soon after I heard, in the apartments below, familiar noises of servants opening windows and doors. An old clock, with ringing vibrations, proclaimed the hour. I counted one, two, three, four, five, and resolved to rise immediately. My bed was partially screened by a long curtain looped up at one side. As I raised my head from the pillow, Rosa looked inside the curtain, and smiled at me. The idea of anything supernatural did not occur to me. I was simply surprised, and exclaimed:

"Why, Rosa! how came you here when you are so ill?"

"In the old familiar tones to which I was so much accustomed, a voice replied: 'I am well now.'"

"With no other thought than that of greeting her joyfully, I sprang out of bed. There was no Rosa there! I moved the curtain, thinking she might perhaps have playfully hidden herself behind its folds. The same feeling induced me to look into the closet. The sight of her had come so suddenly, that, in the first moment of surprise and bewilderment, I did not reflect that the door was locked. When I became convinced there was no one in the room but myself, I recollected that fact, and thought I must have seen a vision.

"At the breakfast-table, I said to the old lady with whom I boarded:

"Rosa is dead."

"What do you mean by that?" she inquired; "you told me she seemed better than common when you called to see her yesterday."

"I related the occurrences of the morning, and told her I had a strong impression Rosa was dead. She laughed, and said I had dreamed it all. I assured her I was thoroughly awake, and in proof thereof told her I had heard all the customary household noises, and had counted the clock when it struck five. She replied:

"All that is very possible, my dear. The clock struck into your dream. Real sounds often mix with the illusions of sleep. I am surprised that a dream should make such an impression on a young lady so free from superstition as you are."

"She continued to jest on the subject, and slightly annoyed me by her persistence in believing it a dream, when I was perfectly sure of having been wide awake. To settle the question, I summoned a messenger and sent him to inquire how Rosa did. He returned with the answer that she died that morning at five o'clock."

I wrote the story as Miss Hosmer told it to me, and after I had shown it to her, I asked if she had any objection to its being published, without suppression of names. She replied:

"You have reported the story of Rosa correctly. Make what use you please of it. You cannot think it more interesting or unaccountable than I do myself."

A remarkable instance of communication between spirits at the moment of death is recorded in the life of Rev. Joseph S. Buckminster, written by his sister. When he was dying in Boston, his father was dying in Vermont, ignorant of his son's illness. Early in the morning he said to his wife: "My son Joseph is dead." She told him he had been dreaming. He calmly replied: "I have not

slept nor dreamed. He is dead." When letters arrived from Boston, they announced that the spirit of the son had departed from his body the same night that the father received an impression of it.

Such incidents suggest curious psychological inquiries, which I think have attracted less attention than they deserve. It is common to explain all such phenomena as optical illusions produced by "disordered nerves." But is that any explanation? How do certain states of the nerves produce visions as distinct as material forms? In the two cases I have mentioned, there was no disorder of the nerves, no derangement of health, no disquietude of mind. Similar accounts come to us from all nations, and from the remotest periods of time; and I doubt whether there ever was a universal superstition that had not some great, unchangeable truth for its basis. Some secret laws of our being are wrapped up in these occasional mysteries, and in the course of the world's progress we may, perhaps, become familiar with the explanation, and find genuine philosophy under the mask of superstition. When any well-authenticated incidents of this kind are related, it is a very common inquiry: "What are such visions sent for?" The question implies a supposition of miraculous power, exerted for a temporary and special purpose. But would it not be more rational to believe that all appearances, whether spiritual or material, are caused by the operation of universal laws, manifested under varying circumstances? In the infancy of the world, it was the general tendency of the human mind to consider all occasional phenomena as direct interventions of the gods, for some special purpose, at the time. Thus, the rainbow was supposed to be a celestial road, made to accommodate the swift messenger of the gods, when she was sent on an errand, and withdrawn as soon as she had done with it. We now know that the laws of the refraction and reflection of light produce the radiant iris, and that it will always appear whenever drops of water in the air present themselves to the sun's rays in a suitable position. Knowing this, we have ceased to ask what the rainbow appears for.

That a spiritual form is contained within the material body is a very ancient and almost universal belief. Hindoo books of the remotest antiquity describe man as a trine being, consisting of the soul, the spiritual body, and the material body. This form within the outer body was variously named by Grecian poets and philosophers. They called it "the soul's image," "the invisible body," "the aerial body," "the shade." Sometimes they called it "the sensuous soul," and described it as "all eye and all ear"—expressions which cannot fail to suggest the phenomena of clairvoyance. The "shade" of Hercules is described by poets as dwelling in the Elysian Fields, while his body was converted to ashes on the earth and his soul was dwelling on Olympus with the gods. Swedenborg speaks of himself as having been a visible form to angels in the spiritual world; and members of his household, observing him at such times, describe the eyes of his body on earth as having the expression of one walking in his sleep. He tells us that, when his thoughts turned toward earthly things, the angels would say to him: "Now we are losing sight of you;" and he himself felt that he was returning to his material body. For several years of his life he was in the habit of seeing and conversing familiarly with visitors unseen by those around him. The deceased brother of the Queen of Sweden repeated to him a secret conversation, known only to himself and his sister. The queen had asked for this, as a test of Swedenborg's veracity; and she became pale with astonishment when every minute particular of her interview with her brother was reported to her. Swedenborg was a sedate man, apparently devoid of any wish to excite a sensation, engrossed in scientific pursuits, and remarkable for the orderly habits of his mind. The intelligent and enlightened German, Nicolai, in the later years of his life, was accustomed to find himself in the midst of persons whom he knew perfectly well, but who were invisible to others. He reasoned very calmly about it, but arrived at no solution more satisfactory than the old one of "optical illusion," which is certainly a very inadequate explanation. Instances are recorded, and some of them apparently well authenticated, of persons still living in this world, and unconscious of disease, who have seen themselves in a distinct visible form, without the aid of a mirror. It would seem as if such experiences had not been confined to any particular part of the world; for they have given birth to a general superstition that such apparitions are a forerunner of death—or, in other words, of the complete separation of the spiritual body from the natural body. A friend related to me the particulars of a fainting-fit, during which her body remained senseless an unusually long time. When she was restored to consciousness, she told her attendant friends that she had been standing near the sofa all the time, watching her own lifeless body, and seeing what they did to resuscitate it. In proof thereof she correctly repeated to them all they had said and done while her body remained insensible. Those present at the time corroborated her statement, so far as her accurate knowledge of all their words, looks, and proceedings, was concerned.

The most numerous class of phenomena concerning the "spiritual body" relate to its visible appearance to others at the moment of dissolution. There is so much testimony on this subject, from widely separated witnesses, that an unprejudiced mind, equally removed from superstition and skepticism, inclines to believe that they must be manifestations of some hidden law of our mysterious being. Plato says that everything in this world is

merely the material form of some model previously existing in a higher world of ethereal spiritual forms; and Swedenborg's beautiful doctrine of Correspondences is a reappearance of the same idea. If their theory be true, may not the antecedent type of that strange force which in the material world we call electricity, be a spiritual magnetism? As yet we know extremely little of the laws of electricity, and we know nothing of those laws of spiritual attraction and repulsion which are, perhaps, the cause of electricity. There may be subtle and as yet unexplained causes, connected with the state of the nervous system, the state of the mind, the accord of two souls under peculiar circumstances, etc., which may sometimes enable a person who is in a material body to see another who is in a spiritual body. That such visions are not of daily occurrence may be owing to the fact that it requires an unusual combination of many favorable circumstances to produce them; and when they do occur, they seem to us miraculous simply because we are ignorant of the laws of which they are transient manifestations.

Lord Bacon says: "The relations touching the force of imagination and the secret instincts of Nature are so uncertain, as they require a great deal of examination ere we conclude upon them. I would have it first thoroughly inquired whether there be any secret passages of sympathy between persons of near blood—as parents, children, brothers, sisters, nurse-children, husbands, wives, etc. There be many reports in history, that, upon the death of persons of such nearness, men have had an inward feeling of it. I myself remember, that, being in Paris, and my father dying in London, two or three days before my father's death I had a dream, which I told to divers English gentlemen, that my father's house in the country was plastered all over with black mortar. Next to those that are near in blood, there may be the like passage and instincts of Nature between great friends and great enemies. Some trial also would be made whether pact or agreement do anything—as, if two friends should agree, that, such a day in every week, they, being in far distant places, should pray one for another, or should put on a ring or tablet one for another's sake, whether, if one of them should break their vow and promise, the other should have any feeling of it in absence."

This query of Lord Bacon, whether an agreement between two distant persons to think of each other at a particular time may not produce an actual nearness between their spirits, is suggestive. People partially drowned and resuscitated have often described their last moments of consciousness as flooded with memories, so that they seemed to be surrounded by the voices and countenances of those they loved.

If this is common when the soul and body are approaching dissolution, may not such concentration of loving thoughts produce an actual nearness, filling the person thought of with "a feeling as if somebody were in the room"? And if the feeling thus induced is very powerful, may not the presence thus felt become objective, or, in other words, a vision?

The feeling of the nearness of spirits when the thoughts are busily occupied with them, may have led to the almost universal belief among ancient nations that the souls of the dead came back on the anniversary of their death to the places where their bodies were deposited.

This belief invested their tombs with peculiar sacredness, and led the wealthy to great expense in their construction. Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, built them with upper apartments, more or less spacious. These chambers were adorned with vases, sculptures, and paintings on the walls, varying in costliness and style, according to the means or taste of the builder. The tomb of Cestius in Rome contained a chamber much ornamented with paintings. Ancient Egyptian tombs abound with sculptures and paintings, probably representative of the character of the deceased. Thus, on the walls of one a man is pictured throwing seed into the ground, followed by a troop of laborers; farther on, the same individual is represented as gathering in the harvest; then he is seen in procession with wife, children, friends, and followers, carrying sheaves to the temple, a thank-offering to the gods. This seems to be a painted epitaph, signifying that the deceased was industrious, prosperous, and pious. It was common to deposit in these tombs various articles of use or ornament, such as the departed ones had been familiar with and attached to while on earth. Many things in the ancient sculptures indicate that Egyptian women were very fond of flowers. It is a curious fact, that little China boxes with Chinese letters on them, like those in which the Chinese now sell flower-seeds, have been discovered in some of these tombs. Probably the ladies buried there were partial to exotics from China; and perhaps friends placed them there with the tender thought that the spirit of the deceased would be pleased to see them, when it came on its annual visit. Sometimes these paintings and sculptures embodied ideas reaching beyond the earthly existence, and "the aerial body" was represented floating among stars, escorted by what we should call angels, but which they named "spirits of the sun."

Families and friends visited these consecrated chambers on the anniversary of the death of those whose bodies were placed in the room below. They carried with them music and flowers, cakes and wine. Religious ceremonies were performed, with the idea that the "invisible body" was present with them, and took part in the prayers and offerings. The visitors talked together of past scenes, and doubtless their conversation abounded



with touching allusions to the character and habits of the unseen friend supposed to be listening. It was, in fact, an annual family gathering, scarcely sadder in its memories than is our Thanksgiving festival to those who have traveled far on the pilgrimage of life.

St. Paul teaches that "there is a natural body and there is a spiritual body." The early Christians had a very vivid faith; then, when the soul dropped its outer envelope of flesh, it continued to exist in a spiritual form. When any of their number died, they observed the anniversary of his departure by placing on the altar an offering to the church in his name. On such occasions they partook of the sacrament with the full belief that his unseen form was present with them, and shared in the sacred rite, as he had done while in the material body.

On the anniversary of the death of martyrs, there were such commemorations in all the churches; and that their spirits were believed to be present is evident from the fact that numerous petitions were addressed to them. In the Roman Catacombs, where many of the early Christians were buried, are apartments containing sculptures and paintings of apostles and martyrs. They are few and rude, because the Christians of that period were poor, and used such worldly goods as they had more for benevolence than for show.

But these memorials, in such a place, indicate the same feeling that adorned the magnificent tombs of Egypt, Greece, and Rome. These subterranean apartments were used for religious meetings in the first centuries of our era, and it is generally supposed that they were chosen as safe hiding-places from persecution. Very likely it was so; but it is not improbable that the spot had peculiar attractions to worshippers, from the feeling that they were in the midst of an unseen congregation, whose bodies were buried there. If it was so, it would be but one of many proofs that the early Christians mixed with their new religion many of the traditions and ceremonies of their forefathers, who had been educated in other forms of faith. Even in our own time, threads of these ancient traditions are more or less visible through the whole warp and woof of our literature and our customs.

Many of the tombs in the Cemetery of Père la Chaise have pretty upper apartments. On the anniversary of the death of those buried beneath, friends and relatives carry thither flowers and garlands. Women often spend the entire day there, and parties of friends assemble to partake of a picnic repast.

Most of the ancient nations annually observed a day in honor of the souls of ancestors. This naturally grew out of the custom of meeting in tombs to commemorate the death of relatives. As generations passed away, it was unavoidable that many of the very old sepulchers should be seldom or never visited. Still it was believed that the "shades" even of remote ancestors hovered about their descendants, and were cognizant of their doings. It was impossible to observe separately the anniversaries of departed millions, and therefore a day was set apart for religious ceremonies in honor of all ancestors. Hindoo and Chinese families have from time immemorial consecrated such days, and the Romans observed a similar anniversary under the name of Parentalia.

Christians retained this ancient custom, but it took a new coloring from their peculiar circumstances. The ties of the church were substituted for ties of kindred. Its members were considered spiritual fathers and brothers, and there was an annual festival in honor of spiritual ancestors. The forms greatly resembled those of the Roman Parentalia. The gathering-place was usually at the tomb of some celebrated martyr, or in some chapel consecrated to his memory. Crowds of people came from all quarters to implore the spirits of the martyrs to send them favorable seasons, good crops, healthy children, etc., just as the old Romans had been accustomed to invoke the names of their ancestors for similar blessings. Prayers were repeated, hymns sung, and offerings presented to the church, as a foretime to the gods. A great banquet was prepared, and wine was drunk to the souls of the martyrs so freely, that complete intoxication was common. In view of this and other excesses, the pious among the bishops exerted their influence to abolish the custom. But it was so intertwined with the traditional faith of the populace, and so gratifying to their social propensities, that it was a long time before it could be suppressed. A vestige of the old anniversaries in honor of the souls of ancestors remains in the Catholic Church under the name of All-souls' Day.

In France, the Parentalia of the ancient Romans is annually observed under the name of "Le Jour des Morts." All Paris flock to the cemeteries, bearing bouquets, crosses, and garlands, to decorate the tombs of departed ancestors, relatives, and friends. The gay population is, for that day, sobered by tender and solemn memories. Many a tear glistens on the wreaths, and the passing traveler notices many a one whose trembling lips and swollen eyelids indicate that the soul is immersed in recollections of departed loved ones. The "cities of the dead" bloom with fresh flowers, in multifarious forms of crosses, crowns, and hearts. From all the churches prayers ascend for those who have dropped their earthly garment of flesh, and who live henceforth in the "spiritual body," which becomes more and more beautiful with the progress of the soul—it being, as the ancients called it, "the soul's image."

### Good Temper is Gold.

If people generally knew what an advantage it was to them to be cheerful, there would be fewer sour faces in the world, and infinitely less ill temper. A man never gains anything by exhibiting his annoyance in his face, much less by bursting into a passion. As it is neither manly nor wise to yield, like a child, pettishly to every cross, so it is alike foolish and absurd to allow feelings of anger to deprive us of self-control. There never was a man in any controversy, who lost his temper, that did not come near losing his cause in consequence. If ever a person plays the game of his enemies, it is when he is in a passion. Acquaintances shun men of proverbially ill temper; friends drop away from them; even wives and children learn to fear them more than to love. Thousands of men owe their want of success in life to neglecting the control of their temper. Nor have they the excuse that it is an infirmity which cannot be restrained; for Washington, though naturally of a most passionate disposition, disciplined

himself until he passed for a person utterly impassive. No man who neglects his temper can be happy, any more than he can make those happy around him. Good temper is gold, is health, is everything. Bad temper is a curse to the possessor and to society.

### Philosophical Department.

—Let truth be more be gauged, nor conscience damaged, nor science be impeached of gaudiness.

### Philosophical Essays on Christianity.

Translated by Mrs. EDWIN JAMES from *Etudes Philosophiques sur le Christianisme*, par AUGUSTE NICHOLAS.

NUMBER XIX.

#### CONCLUSION.

Some final considerations we must add to the proofs contained in our preceding numbers.

1. The coming of Jesus Christ is not, then, as commonly judged, an isolated and accidental fact in the chronicles of our species. In him culminate all ancient times, from him originate all modern times. He is the infant promised to the virgin Jo; the Orus, son of Isis; the Mithra of the Persians; the Vishnu of the Indians; the Gentile of the Mexicans; the Thor, eldest born of Odin, of the Gauls; and still clearer, the "Logos" of Plato, the "Divine Teacher" of Socrates, the "Holy One" of Confucius, the "Universal Monarch" of the Sybils, the King dreaded by the Romans, the Governor expected by the whole East. He is the victim whose immolation was to put an end to all sacrifices, the Lamb of God, the true Mediator. The human species satisfied, no longer expect anything, and this circumstance alone is an argument that the promise has been fulfilled. Nor has the world ceased to believe in the efficacy of a mediator, but it feels that office has been filled.

2. "In the beginning was 'the Word.'" (John, chap. i.) Again, in the same chapter, "The Word was made flesh," &c. Now let us hear Cicero: There existed already a "Reason," which emanates from the Principle of things, which inclines toward good and turns from evil; this Reason is cotemporary with the Divine Intelligence—the law, therefore, is the actual Reason of God.\* Now this universal reason is called in theology, as also by Plato, ("Logos,") or "the Word." This "Word" has appeared in the world incarnate in the man Jesus Christ; these two points we shall endeavor to prove.

1. The Word is thus called, because that which essentially constitutes reason, or wisdom, is thought, and that which is inherent in thought is speech. Truth, eternally conceived by God, is, then, the Word of God—that Word of a Father which has always been spoken to all his children in the earths, the heavens, and the hells. The Word is called the son of God, because between the intelligence which conceives, and that which is conceived, there is a rapport of generation. We call our conceptions the children of our minds; but such conceptions pass, change, or die, while the divine reason, ever engendered by the Supreme Intelligence, is ever outgoing, but never detached; it is the effusion of the Eternal Light—God of God, Light of Light, consubstantial with the Father. Such is the Word—Son of God, Uncreated Wisdom, Eternal Truth.

2. We maintain that Christ was the Word, or Wisdom of God, "manifested in the flesh." In a Jewish book called Medrasch-Thankhuma—we have these words: "Know you what is that light that the people walking in the shadow of death shall see? 'Tis the light of the first day of creation, which God has since hidden from us till the coming of Messiah, who is the light himself." Jesus, also, says, "I am the truth and the life," "I am the light of the world;" "the son of the living God;" "before Abraham was, I am." And here we must make one observation, that since Jesus himself proclaimed he was God, and that he is still worshiped as such, if we consider this to be an imposture, we accuse God himself, who has permitted the propagation of Christianity, of being an accomplice in this imposture. We close this in the words of St. John: "We announce to you the Word of Life, who was from the beginning, whom we have heard, and seen with our eyes, and touched with our hands; the Life Eternal who was in the Father, and who has showed himself to us; whom also we have preached." (1 John, chap. i.)

But in conclusion: Why was the reason incarnated in order to communicate with us? We hear the incredulous say, A God-man! what absurdity! what a mystery! Absurdity! let them demonstrate this if they can; they will find it difficult. Mystery! granted—yet is not God a mystery? are not we ourselves a mystery? is not the union of intelligence with matter a mystery as great as the union of the Divine Intelligence with a human soul? for God did not become a body. He made himself Man. Let the mysteries by which we are surrounded make us modest in sounding those of theology.

The incarnation of the Word was necessary for two reasons: 1. To eradicate the primitive cause of evil. 2. To substitute the life-giving principle of good.

To fulfill the first it was necessary that there should be expiation done by an innocent and voluntary victim, who should take upon himself our nature, and who should dwell among us, fulfilling the divine law. The second duty exacted that the divine Reason should adapt itself to the infirmity of our nature.

\* On Laws.

ture; that it should leave the invisible and the absolute, and appear to our eyes and senses in the exterior, and thus open to us a way to return to a state of virtue; here, then, does philosophy and theology come into rapport. Hear Malebranche, the Christian Platonist: "Purely intelligible reason, dwelling no more in corrupt man, who was no longer capable either of consulting or of following it—the line of communication between God and him was broken. We must, therefore, conform ourselves to the 'Word made flesh,' because divine Reason, 'not made flesh,' is now too abstract, too divine, too pure for us. Yet intelligence will succeed to faith, and the Word will one day enlighten us with a purely intelligible light." And Voltaire, with that rare justice of expression remarkable in his writings, says: "Natural religion is the commencement of Christianity, and Christianity is the natural law made perfect."†

Lastly: It is necessary to the heart of man to find a doctrine capable of answering all the questions which are to him of such deep interest—on God, on his destiny, on this life, and on the other. Philosophy alone is here at fault; we must therefore look to religion to solve our doubts. We have shown how the cry of creation was for a Mediator—now who and where is this Mediator, if not Christ? The ancients were Christians by anticipation, and we ourselves, without tradition, without hope, without faith, shall we, like the souls in Dante, "whirl and gyrate forever on the tornados of doubt, in those regions unvisited by light"? Not so; rather let those who are full of respect and veneration for the faultless humanity of Jesus press onward and know him—for the way toward virtue; the intelligible Light of the world; the Principle of all things; the Truth, Archetype of all other truths; from whom the greatest hearts, the richest intelligences, the most solid geniuses of our earth, have originated—whose words have become facts large as the world itself.

O, Great Master! in the silence of reasonings and the lull of the passions, show us, Thyself, the things that all, if they will hear, may understand, so that, like the disciples of Emmaus, our hearts may "burn within us" as we listen to Thy divine teachings.

For the Herald of Progress.

### The Demonstrably True in Religion and Morals.

NUMBER SEVENTEEN.

#### THE WAY OF LIFE.

Said a spirit man, the other day, to a little company of his relatives here upon the earth, "It is easier for us to do right than it is for you, because we perceive the law." It is precisely for this reason that I am urging the economy of our finding it if possible. The ancient proverb, believed in by nobody who first believes it to be the "word of God," states a substantial truth, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Who believes it? Every minister's child, par excellence, seems to refute it. With respect to that class of graduates, the modern travesty—train up a child, and away he goes—seems nearer the truth. But it is not. Mark the language, "train up a child," &c. That is to say, bring the "child" to perceive the right way—the laws by which to solve his life problems—and he will never choose the wrong way. The author of the proverb had seen enough of human instinct to perceive that this is a law of man. How is it with the right mechanical way, or the right mathematical way? When the child is trained up in either of these ways, he is not prone to wander from them, as we know.

Now, what is the ministerial method? It is to precept up a child in a way to go, it is not by any means training him up in the way he should go; that is to say, its ground plan is not to make a man of its pupil—a free man with large conceptions, unlimited aspiration and boundless hospitality for all that is good and true—it only proposes to itself a Presbyterian or a Quaker; and its procedure is by precept. Perhaps this truthful Bible proverb has occasioned as much, if not more esoteric infidelity with respect to the infallibility of the "word of God," than any other saying. But it is the word—the eternal truth of God, written upon human nature. He who first put it upon parchment, copied it out of the heart of man. It is deemed untrue, only because we set out to reach a false or imperfect end by means equally false. What healthy mind can accept John Calvin or George Fox in the raw, or as diluted through their living exponents, as an ultimatum? Is it matter of marvel that the child of a Presbyterian, drilling year after year at the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, and daily looking at the sour-visaged automaton in a white cravat which he calls father as a model for his ambition and the end to be reached by repeating words against sense, bolts the course, utterly repudiating both means and end? or that the Quaker, after listening for twenty years, eleven months and twenty-nine days to exactly the same texts of Scripture, dovetailed together in exactly the same wrong way, uttered precisely in the same nasal tones, with the high dried specimens of that sort of teaching constantly before him, (the head teacher resembling the half of a smoked shad, and all his faithful graduates the other half) should feel on the thirtieth day of the last month of the last year of his minority, like leaping the discipline for a run in the green fields of science and sense, where

\* Treaty on Morals, vol. ii, chap. 4.

† See Reason of Christianity—at the word "Aveux."

the birds sing, the flowers bloom, and thought is free?

Marvel, or not, they do it; and this disgust at the creed and its results is called rebellion against God, and is universally ascribed to the natural perversity of the human heart. It is the natural *avidity* of the human heart. Said Washington Irving, "I have not so sorry an opinion of human nature as some of my brother philosophers. I believe, left to itself, the world would quite as readily go right as wrong. It is this perpetually dawning into the archaic ears, 'Keep to the right as the law directs,' that makes him go exactly contrary, just to show that he is a lad of spirit and out of his leading strings."

In the race of life, set a man as the goal. Not a sectarian, a mere fraction of a man pinched and pared down to the dimensions of a creed too small for a living soul three hundred years ago; not that, but a man. Why, the present generation of Englishmen finds it cannot wear the armor of its forefathers; the skulls have outgrown the helmets. In the church, there stands their creed, and in castle hall there hangs their armor, the diameter of creed or helmet without the slightest increase, while to the brain of the race is the added growth of centuries. As well might you attempt to compress the living head into the rusty casque of the olden time as the living soul into its moldy creed.

I say, in the living race, set before the runner an ideal worthy of him; see that he is "trained up" in the way to win it, and you have Solomon's word for it, backed by authority of human nature, that "he will not depart from it." It is a necessity of his being that he should love the right way, because the right is life, and the wrong is death. The wrong comes from the fact that the earth-man does not, like the spirit man, "perceive the law." But his instincts are for the right way ever, and the noble end. The right in all directions is natural to man. He so takes it for granted as his due, it is so much a thing of course, that he does not think of it until he barks his shins against a wrong; and then, the very pow-wow he sets up proves his normal relation to the right.

For example: he loves the pure air and the pleasant sunshine. His love for these is so straight, so righteous, that he does not perceive it until the cloud comes or the miasma invests him; then, he "remembers Zion." Living in the light thereof, he forgets all about it. So with the lives of men (and in that of the farthest astray, the good and right far out-balance the wrong) the good is a matter of course; unthought of like the sunshine to which the world feels itself entitled. The thief, until he steals, makes no noise, excites no attention; nor the murderer, until he kills. In the life of the latter, there may have been forty years of days, full of goodness, all as unnoticed as the morning dew, because, like the dew, it is natural; while the *bad act* of the one day out of the entire series, shall hold the breath of the world suspended in horror! Can the world pay a higher compliment to virtue? Can we ask for higher testimony to its instinctive love of virtue, than this one pent up breath?

Alas! the creed is deaf, it never hears testimony; it is blind, it never sees a fact; it is dumb, it never gives a reason; it is demented, it never weighs evidence. And precepting a child in that way, is assumed to be, training him "in the way." So the life race is run without knowledge of the law of the course, and if the laurel is not won, the fault is not with human nature, but with its preceptors? Is God so unjust, or is Nature such a fool as to set a goal before an individual that he can never reach? By due training in milk and grass, calfhood reaches cowhood safely enough; by like attention to human needs, why may not a "babe of grace" be brought to, if not a little beyond, "the stature of a man in Christ Jesus"?

There is a profound truth in my text, which all who "perceive the law" in any case will recognize? Mark it well—"It is easier," says the spirit man, "for us to do right than it is for you, because we perceive the law." The earth man stumbles, because he has only heard the precept. There is abundance of command—keep to the right—but the law of the right, once perceived, is its own guaranty for obedience. Had this nation perceived the law, it had saved its blood and treasure, with a reasonable share of its self-respect. Missing it, its very life is trembling in the balance of eternal justice. Ah! with a state which has for ghostly council a church that has only seen a biography of other men's experience, which it reads in the light of "the dark ages," itself being so near-sighted that, in place of principle, it only sees a constitution through the golden spectacles of what it calls "political economy," the eternal verities are grappling in these spring days, with a force of pressure unsurpassed in the history of man. There remains for us but to "watch and pray" that its shame only, and not its life, may ooze out with its blood, and that its expended dollars shall purchase for it treasures of freedom which no Floyd can steal.

It is a distinguishing trait of the religion of Nature, as compared with the theologies, which are one and all at war with Nature, that it aims at broad manhood, while they propose simply to furnish forth a church-member. And the inducement in either case is also different. According to the latter, be a good church-member, and after the resurrection of your bones, whenever that may be, you will go to heaven, there to enjoy the bland and unlimited privilege of psalm-singing. The former says, be a man, and the kingdom of heaven has come to you, with free right to sit upon the throne thereof, with the kingdom of this world under your feet. And this is the

true order of Nature. Hence the prayer uttered by Jesus—"Thy kingdom come." We speak of "traveling Zionward," etc.; but progress as predicable of human nature is not forty miles an hour upon a railroad; heaven is not entered by means of an air-balloon; progress, as applicable to man, is growth and development. Wherever and whenever "the perfect stature" is reached, there is heaven in its divine potency. How to reach it, there is but one way; to that kingdom, as was said of old, there is but one door; that is, through growth; and spiritual growth is from the perception of the good in the truth of things. The rest, the peace of heaven is in the case of action flowing from knowledge of the law. Every law understood brings peace to the spirit and delight to the understanding. A knowledge of the law, a perception of the good in all the divine methods; let us exhaust the beatitudes of that resultant heaven, before we look into the clouds for a palace and a throne.

R. T. H.

### Voices from the People.

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

For the Herald of Progress.  
OUR PARTING BENEDICTION.  
ADDRESSED TO J. M. PEEBLES, ON LEAVING CALIFORNIA.

BY FANNY GREEN.

Brother, farewell! our love, our faith, our prayers,  
Like white-winged angels, shall go forth with thee;

And if there is a spell in human hearts  
That can control the elements, and bind  
Belligerent forces, thou shalt be preserved,  
And dangers that invade and trouble others  
Shall turn aside from thee.

Our blessing now,  
With lifted hearts and hands, we give to thee;  
For like an angel walking by our side,  
Near, yet exalted, thou hast ever been—  
So bold and earnest, yet so kind and truthful,  
That thy reproof more precious was than praise  
From spirits less sincere. A wondrous power  
Clothed all thy acts, and marked thy ministry.  
The sudden dogmatist and narrow bigot  
Shrunk out of sight and hid in their own darkness.

Half blinded by the spiritual light  
Thy presence pure evoked. And weary souls  
By thee have been led up unto the fountains  
Whence the deep tide of living water flows,  
And into that fair light of heavenly truth,  
Which, like a blessed rainbow, spans the future,  
And bridges all the dark abyss of death.

We would not keep thee, for the sweet home voices  
Are calling o'er the deep, and thou must go;

Then let our blessing speed thee on thy way;  
But do not, in thy happiness, forget  
Thy work is here unfinished. Day by day,  
Night after night, the weary darkness groans  
With all the wrong it covers. Yet there lies  
Beneath it all a germ of heavenly power,  
That only waits the magic touch of light  
To spring forth and assert its parentage.

Here, where the common earth is bountiful  
Beyond the bounty of all other lands,  
There must be spiritual life and thought  
As deep and as magnetic. And this age  
Will not have passed before there shall spring up,  
On the Pacific coast, a city fair,  
From God's divine ideal mapped and charted;  
And unto it shall flow in streams of power,  
And out from it shall issue tides of blessing,  
That shall surmount all obstacles, and draw  
All dark, diverging torrents, into one  
Deep infinite of Love, that shall enzone  
The warring, weeping earth, and warm away  
All cloud and coldness from the brightening air.

And thou shalt come—forget it not, I pray—  
With all thou lovest, to that city fair;  
And as the golden gates wide open swing,  
Angels shall chant thy welcome, and the band  
Of glorious workers, that are one with thee,  
Shall wait thy stroke upon the sounding anvil,  
Where, if we faint not, we shall even yet  
Unforge all human fetters, and transmute  
The hard, old iron, into golden links  
Of love and kindness, that shall bind together  
Master and slave, the oppressor and oppressed.  
The rich and poor, with such an equal power  
That none may richer, none may poorer be,  
And no one take beyond his proper share  
Of that divine and equal distribution  
Which Justice claims, and Mercy must accord.

For the Herald of Progress.

### A Clairvoyant Experience.

The sympathetic reader may perhaps derive some knowledge of the sensations of a clairvoyant when passing into the interior state, by perusing the following description, given while the process was taking place. It is similar to the daily experience of our Brother, Dr. L. L. Farnsworth, a superior clear-seer and medium, now residing in Boston, by whom it was given. Passing very quickly and quietly from the external sphere of sensation, he exclaims:

"Dark—dark—above, beyond, beneath—a yawning gulf of midnight blackness—an immensity of dreary space—a vault of impenetrable gloom. Now, slowly heaving, rolling in billowy masses before my sight, wreathes a flame-tinted vapor. Dense and more dense become its folds; brighter and brighter its hue, till the broad, vast space, seems filled and seething with its glory. Slowly, slowly, it winds along, gracefully curling and blending as it recedes in the distance.

"And now, before me, where long ago stretched a boundless waste, the waves of wreathing vapor divide, and a sweet path invites my feet to wander along its flowery way. A peacefulness—a soothing calm—a joyful rest, has come to me; and gliding on, while the golden mist on either hand fast melts away, I behold, first, sprays, and boughs, and tendrils; then many trees and flowering shrubs and vines, and tender moss, and bright-hued insects, and flitting birds; beautiful—



but of a loveliness such as was never beheld on earth.

"Afar, over the fair land, glimmering waters and vast mountains, encircled by forests, meet my gaze, and with all, a faint, sweet radiance is blended. But what is this approaching?—a lovely cloudlet, circling as it whirled by the breeze, is moving over the plain towards me. It passes and gradually assumes shape and consistency. Oppressed by a nameless awe, I tremble before this wonderful presence, now taking the form of a creature beautiful and bright indeed, beyond the power of mortal to express. Her garments, soft and changeable as the clouds of sunset, float gracefully about her lithe and shadowy form. Her tresses, rippling like streams of shining gold, half shroud the tender, loving countenance beneath them.

She speaks! the whispering of the night breeze is not softer than her voice, nor the melody of forest birds more sweet:

"Mortal, at the bidding of one dearly loved on earth I come to thee. Fear not! thou art in a land of peace, and thine errand is one of love. Bear to the ones who so deeply mourn my absence from their sight this message: O faithful, loving friends! O cherished relatives! grieve not for me. Hush the vain regret; repress the rising sigh; trust in my blissful existence; believe in my power to guide and protect you, and look forward to our meeting beyond the dark abyss, when the short space of earth life is passed, and when earth's joys and griefs are exchanged for a new world—a new existence. You earnestly seek for truth—for a knowledge of the right; and in this being permitted to give the information you desire, I experience a happiness which many are denied. Day by day, as your spiritual natures become unfolded, you will receive that for which you now so ardently wish—the knowledge of my presence among you. And not only this, but the power to seek from great and noble beings wise counsel and protection in time of tribulation, sorrow, and peril."

This message came to a friend in waiting, whose own spirit seemed lifted up and borne upon the waves of that sea of spiritual life on which the dearly loved friend of other days had returned to mortal shores to meet him. Something more than the voice of the medium reached the spiritual consciousness of the visitor—his own spirit bore witness to the identity of the angel friend, and he needed no external proof that she was to him a ministering spirit. In compliance with his desire that the message should be published, and because I think it may help some persons to understand the method in which spirits sometimes communicate with their friends, I furnish it for publication. Fraternally,

H. B. STORER.

For the Herald of Progress.

## The World's Saviors Saved.

### ORIGIN OF THE STORY OF HEROD KILLING THE HEBREW CHILDREN.

BROTHER DAVIS: One of your correspondents asks whether there is any history that speaks of Herod's killing the Hebrew children, except that of the New Testament. You have answered the question, and I propose to indicate the origin of the story. This will be done in part by showing that the same story, substantially, had long been in vogue in other countries as pertaining to the Saviors of other nations or religions. Of course, such an extraordinary circumstance as the birth and ingress into the world of a God must be marked with more than usual incidents. This was first exhibited by angels, devotees, prophets, magi, or "wise men," flocking around their cradles—a chapter which I shall omit any notice of at present. In the second place we observe an unusual display of divine power and providential care on the part of the great Father God or Gods who were still left in heaven to save the young Saviors through their infancy. It is certainly a remarkable circumstance that so many of the infant Saviors should have been threatened with the most imminent danger of destruction, and yet were in every case miraculously preserved—and thus were the Saviors saved. A jealousy seems to have existed in several instances in the mind of the incumbent king or ruler of the country that the young Saviors or prospective spiritual rulers (who were mostly of royal descent) would ultimately acquire such favor with the people, by the display of superior power and greatness, as to endanger his retaining peaceable possession of the secular throne. To express it in brief, he feared the young God would prove a rival king; and hence took measures to destroy him.

In the case of the Christian Savior, we are told that an angel, or "the angel," warned Joseph (the ostensible father) to take the young Savior (Jesus) and flee with him into Egypt, because "Herod, the king, sought to destroy the young child's life," and had, in order to effect this end, decreed the destruction of all the children under two years old. And Joseph heeded the divine warning and fled as directed. An angel and a dream then, it will be observed, were the instrumentalities used to save the young Judean Savior from massacre. And strange as it may seem, we find the same agencies had been previously employed to effect the rescue of other Saviors likewise and similarly threatened.

In the case of Christnu, of India, in particular, the similitude is very striking in nearly every feature of the whole story.

In the first place there is the angel warning. In the Christian story we are not specifically informed how the tyrant Herod first became apprised of the birth of the Judean Savior. The Hindoo story is fuller, and indicates that the angel was not only sufficiently thoughtful to warn the parents to flee from a danger which threatened to dispossess them of a divine child and the world of a Savior, but was condescending enough to apprise the tyrant ruler (Cansa) of his danger likewise—as we are told he heard an angel voice announcing that a rival ruler was born in his kingdom. And hence, like Herod, he set about concocting or concerting measures to destroy him without a direct attack. Why either of them should have taken such a circuitous or roundabout way of killing an infant, when the life of the strongest man and every man in their kingdoms was at their instant disposal, "divine inspiration" does not inform us. But so it was. And we must not seek to become wise above what is written in their Bibles. Herod's decree required the destruction of all infants under two

years of age (see Matthew 2: 16)—first ordering, however, "Go and search diligently for the young child (Matthew 2: 8.) Cansa's decree ran thus: "Let active search be made for whatever young children there may be upon earth, and let every boy in whom there may be found signs of unusual greatness, be slain without remorse."

Now let it be specially noticed that there is to this day in the cave temple at Elephanta, in Judea, the sculptured likeness of a king represented with a drawn sword and surrounded with slaughtered infants—admitted by all writers, I believe, to be much older than Christianity. Mr. Forbes, in his Oriental Memoirs, 3d. vol. p. 447, says: "The figures of the slaughtered infants in the cave at Elephanta represent them as being all boys, and are surrounded by groups of figures of men and women in the act, apparently, of supplicating for those children." And Mr. Higgins testifies relative to the case that "Christnu was carried away by night and concealed in a region remote from his natal place, for fear of a tyrant whose destroyer it had been foretold he would become, who, for that reason, had ordered all the male children born at that period to be slain. Sculptures in Elephanta attest the story where the tyrant is represented as destroying the children. The date of this sculpture is of the most remote antiquity." "He who bath ears to hear, let him hear," and deduct the pregnant inference. Joseph and Mary fled with the young Judean God into Egypt—Christnu's parents, Naveda and Uria, fled with the young Hindoo or Indian Savior to Gokul.

Now let us observe for a moment the chain or category of resemblances:

1. There was an angel warning in each case, relative to the impending danger.
2. The governor or ruler was hostile in each case to the mission of the young Savior.
3. A bloody decree is issued in both cases, having for its object the destruction of these infant Messiahs.
4. The flight of the parents takes place in each case.
5. And it may be remarked further that "the gospel of the infancy of Jesus," once believed by the Christian world to be "inspired," and which for hundreds of years passed current as divine authority, relates that Christ and his parents sojourned for a time at a place called Matarea (or Mathura, as Sir Wm. Jones spells it); and the learned Christian traveler, Mr. Ditson, tells us there were two places by this name—"the Matarea of India—the fabled birthplace of Christnu—and the Matarea of Egypt, where Christ reposed in his flight." Reader, please treasure up these facts and read on.

It is further related in the case of Christnu, that as he and his parents approached the river Jumna in their flight, the waters "parted hither and thither," so that, like Moses and the Israelites in crossing the Red Sea, they passed over "dry shod." And here let it be noted that the representation of this flight, which is said to have occurred at midnight, is like that of the massacre perpetuated and attested by imperishable monuments of stone, bearing evidence of being now several thousand years old.

And several authors of Egyptian history refer to a similar story perpetuated in the Egyptian legends concerning the god Osiris, who was threatened with destruction by the tyrant Amulius, to save whom his parents fled and concealed him in an arm of the river Nile, as Christ was concealed in the same country, and, for aught that appears to the contrary, in the same locality. The mother of another and older Savior of Egypt, fed by a timely warning to Epidamis before the birth of the divine child, and was there delivered of "our Lord and Savior," Horus. And the earthly or adopted father of the Grecian Savior, or God, Alcides, had to flee with him and his mother to Galem, for protection from threatening danger. In the ninth and tenth volume of the Asiatic Researches, we have related the story of the "only begotten," or "first begotten son of God," Salavahana, of Cape Cormoran, son of a virgin mother, (as were all the other Saviors to whom we have referred,) and a carpenter by the name of Taishuca. (It will be remembered that Joseph, foster-father of Jesus, was a carpenter.) The story of this "Son of God" presents several features very similar to that relating to Jesus. In this case the tyrant's fears were more than realized, for the infant Savior he so much feared afterward destroyed him. Sir Wm. Jones, Col. Wilford, and the Rev. Mr. Maurice, all confess to the antiquity of this story as originating beyond the birth of Christ.

Speaking of Zoroaster, of Persia, (another case,) 600 B. C., an author remarks: "Tradition reports that his mother had alarming dreams of evil spirits seeking to destroy the child to whom she was about to give birth. But a good spirit came to rescue him, and consoled her by saying, 'Fear not, god Ormuzd will protect the infant, who has sent him as a prophet to the people and the world who are waiting for him.'"

China, too, presents us with a case of the threatened destruction of a Savior in infancy, evidently recorded more than 2,500 years ago. It is the case of the god Yu, who was concealed in a manner similar to that of Moses—a commemoration or remembrance of the story of which has been perpetuated in part by an image or picture of a virgin mother, represented with a babe upon her knee—sometimes in her arms. Now let it be noted that none of these virgin-born gods, who, we are told, came to "save the world," could save themselves, but had to be protected and saved by other gods.

Without pursuing the subject further in detail, we may mention, by way of recapitulation, that Christnu, Osiris, Alcides, Zoroaster, Salavahana, Yu, and Christ, to which list we may add Bacchus, Augustus, Romulus, Moses, and Cyrus, were all, according to their reputed histories, threatened with death and destruction, but were all providentially and miraculously preserved. The case of Augustus is related by Sentionius; that of Romulus, by Livy; and that of Cyrus, by Herodotus. It will be recollected that Pharaoh, like Herod, in order to reach the infant Moses, ordered the massacre of all the male infants, (Herod making no distinction of sex, however,) in order that he might, by this singular and circuitous method, reach the object of his jealousy and malignity without passing a direct sentence of death upon him.

The whole story of Herod's slaughter edict, with the history of its execution, like nearly every other miraculous incident related in "the Holy Scriptures," which detail their

histories, are traceable to the skies. Herod, we are told, literally means "hero of the skin"—a term applied also to Hercules, a personification of the sun—because the sun, on entering the constellation of the lion of the zodiac in July, was supposed or fancied to invest himself with the skin of the lion, and thus become "the hero of the skin," or a hero with a new skin. Now this solar Herod, passing through the astronomical twin, or young infants of May, was said to destroy them, though the word destroy is in the Greek *anatrein*, which any one, turning to his Greek lexicon, will observe means also to take away, pass through, or withdraw from; so that Pharaoh more properly passed through or took the infants, than destroyed them.

The text, "In Rama there was a voice heard—Rachel weeping for her children," &c., is quoted by a writer (Strauss) as referring to the children slaughtered by Pharaoh. Now, let two things be noticed here: 1. Rama is the Indian and Phœnician name for the zodiac. 2. Rachel had but two children to die. 3. Joseph and Benjamin—just the number found in the fifth sign, or May sign of the zodiac. And Venus, among the ancient Assyrians and Phœnicians, was in tears when the sun, in his annual course through the heavens, passed through or over the astronomical twins, (Gemini,) doubtless fearfully apprehending their destruction. But I have already pursued the subject further than I intended. I have presented the case of the massacre merely as an illustration or example of the manner in which all the miraculous stories related in the Christian Scriptures, as having been practically exemplified in the life of Jesus Christ, are traceable to older sources, frequently landing or terminating among the stars.

There is lying at my elbow nearly a thousand pages of manuscript, in which every marvelous legend detailed or found in the Christian Bible, from Genesis to Revelations, besides every doctrine, principle, and precept, are shown, as in the story of the massacre by Herod, to be merely a revamp of older systems, and that many of them primarily "descended from above," from the starry heavens.

HARVEYSBURG, O.

P. S.—Here I wish to say, in answer to numerous inquiries, that owing to the inauspicious state of the times in our country, the publication of "The World's Crucified Saviors" will be delayed at least till autumn—and that before it makes its appearance it will be duly advertised in the HERALD.

K. G.

For the Herald of Progress.

## Going to Church.

### RELIGIOUS WORLD BETWEEN SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS—ORTHODOXY DECEAYED—SPIRITUALISM INACTIVE.

It has long been a practice among certain tribes of Hindoostan, to exemplify their religious faith by "hook-swinging;" i. e., the devotee was hoisted up on a crane and swung over a fire, the hook sustaining his weight being caught through the skin on the small of the back. Whether the etiquette of those countries in regard to religious rites, resembles that of our own—in inviting strangers to participate, we are not advised; if so, then a Presbyterian visitant in that country who would decline the civility of imitating the standing mode of worship, would be regarded, doubtless, as much of a heathen as is one here who declines the invitation of attending church. There is certainly a difference, it must be confessed, between the two, which rather gives the preference in our favor; for, while the moral sensibilities of an adaphorist would alone be shocked by listening to the monstrosities of an orthodox doctrinal discourse, he would not in the other case; not to say, that he might not, in addition to the corporeal part of the performance, be treated to something in the ethical rite, analogous to the beauties of Calvinism.

To-day we attended Church, (oh! that such penance were to lay up treasures in heaven—we should have spiritual wealth there, then, piled to Alpine heights,) and were banqueted to a "true blue" orthodox ovation. We will endeavor to recall the picture that was projected there upon the sectarian canvass. In substance here it is: In depicting candidacy for the denominational and exclusive heaven of the church militant of which the speaker was the head; he said: "Sinner! the only spiritual state of the heart which involves the possibility of true regeneration, is, that you feel yourself *sin-deserving, hell-deserving, by nature and by practice*; that there is *nothing* which you can do of yourself to merit salvation, that even though you give your substance to feed the poor and clothe the naked, it will avail nothing; that Christ *alone* is your sole dependence, and that for his sake and honor you would be willing to suffer eternal torments."

I did not affirm, audibly, but did mentally—"I shall never ride into heaven on any one's back, but shall walk in on my own merits, and if I cannot get there on these terms, I shall take a poor outside." There is not such assinine idiocy in the whole range of human imbecility as is displayed in the tenets of the orthodox faith. A lunatic does not know that he is crazy, nor can sectarians see their spiritual monomania; but if they could it would be just as much an act of social propriety for them to congregate and employ some one to abuse, vilify, scandalize and calumniate them, and *sugar* at them, in the bargain, as to pay a man for doing the same thing *spiritually*. It is amazing that such libels upon the divine character could ever have crept into the conceptions of even the most undeveloped, primitive grades of the human race; and that they can be listened to and tolerated at this day of advancement and civilization, is a still greater marvel. And this state of benightedness will not give place to more rational views of truth of its own tendencies. If Spiritualists and reformers do not interpose, the same moral pall will still continue to envelop the earth. These people are not going to hunt up other standards by which to institute a comparison with their own faith; nor will many make an intelligent comparison, even if the spiritual philosophy is presented them. The weapon to kill orthodox error with, has got to be made out of orthodox steel. If works like "Self-Contradictions of the Bible" and the Tract—"The Ground of my Faith" could be thrown broadcast through the land, they would do

more in six months towards overturning the temples of error, than all the presentations of the Spiritual Philosophy by five hundred of the ablest lecturers in twenty years. Let me entreat Spiritualists to send to the HERALD or Paoonass office a list of fifty names, of persons whom they would like to have read such an "eye-opener," as the last of the above named works, with one dollar accompanying, and the publishers will send (post-paid) a copy of the Tract to each name sent. "Self-Contradictions" are ten cents each for ten, and "The Ground of my Faith" one cent by the hundred, or two cents when sent out—post-paid by the publisher—in single envelopes.

Since last November, we have taken and circulated thirty of "Self-Contradictions," and five hundred of the tract—"The Ground of my Faith," and, as Governor Andrews, of Massachusetts, said to the Governor of Indiana, in stating the number of troops Massachusetts had sent into the field to aid in suppressing the rebellion, "We (I) intend to rise in our (my) efforts until the work is accomplished."

Spiritualism, at the present time, is making no progress; it is in the same category of the army of the Potomac while encamped at Washington. We have got to "make an advance;" the enemy (error) will not come to us to be vanquished, we have got to go to it. It is senseless for us to remain in *status quo* and incur the *onus* of infidelity, without rebutting the charge, by giving in return that which alone will silence it. If we are to have the "name," let us have the "game," too, in being branded as Infidels. Let us have the satisfaction of knowing that we are steadily advancing the siege against the citadel of Error. Let it be known of a person that he is a Spiritualist, and then, from policy, let that person—Peter-like—deny his faith by maintaining a craven silence, and the effect is a thousand-fold more disastrous to him than to manfully vindicate his faith at all proper times. The reason is obvious—the orthodox community fear the inroads of the Spiritual Philosophy; and they will fear the person who vindicates it, at the same time will respect him for his sincerity and independence in doing so, and will despise him when he simply avows himself a Spiritualist, and from fear withholds his advocacy of it. Said an Indian to his captive once, in the early history of the country, when raising his tomahawk over his head to extort an expression of fear, "I would have struck you dead if you had winked at my threats." There is just one secret, which is the key that unlocks the motive that disposes an individual to put aside an opinion or creed—dissatisfy him with it. Iron-clad war-vessels can only be matched by iron-clad war-vessels. The errors of the orthodox religion can only be reached by reaching the source from whence that religion is derived; and the reformers of the world have had experience enough to know that to oust the errors of the Bible, the Bible itself, set against the Bible, can alone accomplish this.

Spiritualists, from the first, have acted the part of an individual attempting to build a house on a site preoccupied by a dilapidated one, without attempting to remove the old structure before building the new. Or they have assumed, that, to present the consistent, simple principles of the Spiritual Philosophy, the multitude of themselves, would weigh the new against the old, and deduce correct premises; nothing could be more fallacious; a few of the more enlightened and liberal minds will do it, while, of the great majority, some will not and others cannot.

Show them from THE BOOK that that is discrepant and vulnerable, and the whole superstructure falls to the ground. Reader, think over in your own mind, a list of persons whom you would like to reach by an infallible one-hundred pound rifle-shot, and then send to the HERALD, at the rate of two cents for each copy of the tract, "The Ground of my Faith," which you would like sent from the HERALD office to those persons, or fifteen cents single, or one dollar for ten of the "Self-Contradictions," you would desire thus to send missionary to your misdirected neighbors and friends. If Spiritualists are not going to be as liberal and pains-taking in disseminating their faith as are the orthodox world, then, if according to St. James, a faith is vindicated only by works, our works are a comment upon our faith, but little commendatory of it.

EASTPORT, March 24, 1862. FLOW.

## Brotherhood.

"Let no man call God his Father  
Who calls not man his brother."

For the Herald of Progress.

## Conference Meeting in a School-House.

### PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

GAGE'S LAKE, March 28, 1862.

FRIEND DAVIS: How I do wish I had the pen of a Hallock, to give you the proceedings of our conference meetings at the little school-house which was always packed so full of upturned, eager faces, whenever the Gospel according to St. Andrew was preached there. At our last meeting but one, there were matters of so general interest transacted, that I will endeavor to give you a synopsis of it.

Our good friend and relative, and your occasional correspondent from Pokagon, Mich., O. P. Drury, has left that place and taken up his abode amongst us. He attended a crowded meeting in our small school-house, and being oppressed for fresh air he lowered one of the windows, which gave relief to the lungs and spirits of some pure air lovers, but the great cry was close the window, which finally prevailed, and we were obliged to breathe the air over and over for the rest of the evening; there were many young men whose time is mostly spent out doors, who were calling loudly for having the windows closed. Before the meeting broke up, Mr. Drury gave notice that he would speak at that place the next Sunday on the value of pure air.

Sunday came, and the people, but very few of those who needed to hear his remarks most.

I will not attempt to give his discourse, for I could not do it justice. He showed how fast the vitality of the air is destroyed by the action

of the lungs and skin, and then gave many well authenticated accounts of disasters, disease, and death, occurring from badly ventilated rooms.

John Gage read some extracts from Helper's Impending Crisis. He says (in answer to the oft repeated saying that it is too hot in the South, and too unhealthy there—white men can't stand it) that white men do stand it; that the great majority of the whites are not slaveholders, and they do work out in the sun, through the hottest of the season; and notwithstanding this exposure, they have no intelligence of a single case of *coup de soleil*; and not only men, but white women work in the harvest field, doing a man's work, year after year, without any ill effects, and instead of its being too hot in the South for white men, it is too cold for negroes.

He then compares the prices of land from the Comptroller's reports in 1856, in New York and North Carolina: showing the average value per acre in New York to be \$36 97, and in North Carolina only \$3 06, or \$33 91 per acre more than North Carolina lands; and as North Carolina has 32,450,560 acres, could it be brought up to the value of New York land it would be worth \$1,100,398,489 more than at present, and he asserts that in soil, climate, minerals, and water power, North Carolina has the advantage of New York; and that slavery is the only cause why the lands are not at least as valuable as in New York.

He then shows that slave labor is more expensive than free in the Southern States, and cites from the statement of a British West India Planter, Charles Petty, of the Island of Barbadoes, showing that after emancipation the same black men produced more, and much cheaper than when in slavery.

Mr. Gage then said he had long had a desire to live in the Southern States, but it was highly important that a colony should go from the North together, whose manners, customs, and institutions should be similar; he very much desired to live in a warmer climate, where there was less bodily suffering from freezing and cold, where it need not take a family one fourth of the year to procure fuel to keep comfortable, where the grazier would have but little feed to procure and feed out to stock in the winter; and more especially where the most luscious fruits grow with slight cultivation, and without expensive glass houses, where every variety of melon was at home, where the peach, apricot, and nectarine grew almost spontaneously, where the delicious Antwerp raspberries, and the sparkling grapes of the finest variety could be raised with little labor, besides about all the other fruits that can be raised at the North, with many beautiful flowering plants and shrubs which can be raised at the North only under glass.

He proposed getting up a colony of from one to five hundred families, of good, intelligent, industrious citizens, all of whom, except young children and invalids, were able and willing to support themselves, both men and women; that all trades and occupations, as far as possible, be represented—the farmer, gardener, and horticulturist, the different kinds of mechanics and manufacturers, merchants, and teachers—every one except priests, lawyers, and doctors, and as few of them as possible; that when the company should be organized, and the time arrive for a commencement, the stock should be paid in, and commissioners appointed to go and select and purchase a large tract of land in a healthy location, with fertile soil, on railroads and navigable waters, with water power, and as many other natural advantages, such as stone, minerals, &c., as possible; then remove on to it, and encourage as many good citizens as possible to go with them and buy or lease of their domain, or buy in their neighborhood, believing that within three years' time the stockholders might be fully refunded their original outlay on stock; and still the company's stock would be worth five times the original amount, and this should remain as a permanent fund, dedicated to the use of the society for charitable purposes, to support the poor, sustain schools and lectures, experimental farming and amusements, pay taxes, &c.; that the society would endeavor to unite the unitary system of labor and home with the private family as far as expedient, so that those who chose to work and live together could do so, or they could live entirely isolated in family and interest, or own both the private and unitary interest and home. As the society sold their lands the avails should be invested in school-houses, mills, manufactories, workshops, &c.; and they should strive to have scholars over fifteen years of age support themselves as far as possible, by labor in the shops or on the farms, according to what occupation they intend to follow, laboring and studying alternately every day. He then presented the following paper:

"The undersigned agree to pay to the Directors of the Southern Industrial Community, for the number of shares of stock set opposite our names, for the purchase of lands for the use and benefit of said community. One hundred dollars to constitute a share, and no one person to be allowed over ten shares; said lands to be located in some healthy, fertile, pleasant district, near some large thoroughfare, when the present war and slavery are terminated."

He then proposed making an effort to have every subscriber take ten shares, when four persons immediately subscribed ten shares each, and this was a majority of the men-heads of families present.

J. G.

At best life is not very long. A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasures, much pain, sunshine, and song, clouds and darkness, hasty greetings, abrupt farewells—then our little play will close, and injured and injurer will pass away. Is it worth while to hate each other?



## Poetry.

"The truly beautiful ever leaves a long echo of harmony in the soul."

For the Herald of Progress,  
SOMETHING DEAR.

BY MAE VIOLET.

Out in the pillow rain,  
Out where the wild winds blow,  
Where they sigh and sob like a grieving child  
Amid the falling snow.

There stands the faithful oak,  
Up by the hillside near,  
With an opening small in the ground below,  
For something very dear.

For something slight and fair  
That lay in a casket neat,  
All still and cold in a silken robe,  
With pale buds kissing the feet.

Like a dream of heaven it lay,  
Enwreathed with a smile so bright,  
Even Death looked and as he took from my hand  
The gem that had given me light.

That night, when the lamps were lit,  
When the fire blazed bright on the hearth,  
We waited in vain for the little feet  
And the voice of musical mirth.

No dear form is now at my knee,  
In a long, loose dress of white,  
With hands clasped close and meek eyes raised  
In the shadowy vesper light.

No sweet lips tinging "mamma,"  
While bright eyes are softening in rest;  
No silken head in my bosom lies  
Like a birdling in its nest.

The robes lying still in the drawer,  
The ringlet within my hand,  
The empty couch and the empty chair,  
All speak of the Silent Land.

When the early violets bloom,  
And the lilac purples the air,  
You may go to the hill and the little grave,  
But my darling is not there!

In the bowers of shadowless light  
She has folded her weary wing,  
And the blossoms that bind her sunny curls  
By the living waters spring.

For the Herald of Progress.

## REVOLUTION.

BY C. N. KENTON.

"In God is our trust."

The winds in gentle whispers came,  
A soft, light, sighing breeze,  
That dallied with the breath of flowers,  
And murmured 'mong the trees.

Anon it swelled into a gale—  
Dark storm-clouds everywhere;  
Dust, rain, and hail, and thunderbolts,  
Terrible, rent the air.

Pierce lightnings sent their fiery darts  
To many a happy home—  
Death-stricken fell the bravest ones,  
Leaving their loved alone.

And still the treacherous gale swept on,  
While ruin filled its path;  
Then a deep hush—a whispered sound,  
Like the first hiss of wrath.

Then came a fierce north-western blast,  
Swift, terrible, and strong;  
Back rolled the storm-clouds whence they came,  
The thunder boomed along.

"Blessed are they that mourn," thrice blest  
Are they that mourn the dead,  
For by the hand of holy love  
"They shall be comforted."

The sun of peace will smile again,  
Love's rainbow span the sky;  
From these fierce discords we shall find  
Rich compensation nigh.

God's love and wisdom never fail—  
He guides our destiny,  
He holds the balance ever true  
For all Humanity.

For the Herald of Progress.

## CHARITY.

BY A-B-D.

Often when forth I stroll,  
Where mankind suffer, hope, and fear,  
Love kindles in my soul,  
And all seem brothers dear.

The loving sun shines down,  
The hope-bright heavens o'er all expand,  
They bless the cowl and crown,  
The beggar and brigand.

To hovels of the poor,  
To mansions of the man of wealth,  
They lend their garniture,  
They give their hope and health.

Thus musing on these things,  
A free, all blessing charity  
Springs in my heart, and sings,  
"Man hath a friend in me."

O Man! how'er thou art—  
Proud, gloating o'er ill-gotten gains—  
There is within this heart  
Full pity for thy pains!

Or ye who are the foes  
Of that sweet peace ye have not known,  
The powers which ye oppose  
Will pride and hate dethrone;

For Love is Wisdom's charm;  
She stoops to conquer, she alone  
Escapes all mortal harm,  
And reigns o'er wrong o'erthrown.

Joy is but a sunny level,  
Bliss a flowery plain;  
Sorrow is a rugged summit,  
Scaled with tears and pain.

To the flowery meads and valleys  
Balm and peace are given,  
Yet the rugged mountain summit  
Lieth nearer Heaven!

[E. AMANDA SIMONTON.]

## HERALD OF PROGRESS.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

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WOMAN AND MARRIAGE.—Excellent thoughts on these and relative subjects will appear next week.

QUESTIONS OF CORRESPONDENTS are answered in this issue. We have a fine list of subjects for future treatment.

THE RECENT DISCUSSION AT BATTLE CREEK.—In our next will appear the first half of the late debate between Mr. Wadsworth, Spiritualist, and Rev. Moses Hull, Adventist.

"ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT LAND," No. 41, by C. B. P., appears this week, being the first of the series to be published in our columns alternately with the *Banner of Light*. This number is eminently worthy perusal and preservation, containing as it does rich gems from the Pythagorean oracles. Many of the select sentences closely resemble the choicest sayings of Jesus, which they antedate by so many years.

"SPIRITS," the very interesting article written by Mrs. Child for the *Atlantic Monthly*, and republished on our first page, will be read with satisfaction by the friends of truth. The fact that one of the literati has had the sincerity to write such an article, and a leading periodical of American literature the courage to print it, speaks well for the progress of spiritual science. Mrs. Child treats the subject candidly, and with the delicacy and grace which mark her writings and give her peculiar adaptiveness to inquiries concerning the sacred mysteries of the soul.

## Questions and Answers.

"The power to put a question presupposes and guarantees the power to answer it."

## Brief Answers to our Correspondents.

BY THE EDITOR.

## The Work of a Demon.

HENRY J. M., ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY, N. Y.—"MR. EDITOR: Do you believe in *obsession*, or 'evil spirits'? Many persons appear to be greatly troubled on this subject. What is the best plan to avoid such troubles?"

ANSWER: We are a firm believer in "evil spirits"—i. e., in discords and misery-promoting habits and practices—which break up personal happiness and destroy many beautiful families. A friendly hand has written our opinion concerning one of the worst demons. It is an evil spirit infesting some of the best-hearted persons in modern communities:

"The insidious attacks upon mankind by the demon of strong drink are wonderful in their effect upon happiness and life. Not less wonderful is the general apathy of the public to the work of destruction ever going on, singling its victims from rich and poor, learned and ignorant, noble and the obscure. One day a governor may be justly beaten in a drunken frolic. Another an orator and statesman, endowed with richest intellect, imbrues his hands in his brother's blood. The next, Paddy the drayman, incited by the same spirit, seizes a billet of wood and beats out Biddy's brains. With the exception of a momentary feeling of horror, or a single exclamation of disgust, the world rushes on, heedless of the sacrifices daily extorted from it. Within a few days, two men, of strong culture, and promising at one time to stand at the head of their profession, have fallen at the hands of this cruel demon, who invites confidence that he may more effectually destroy. Yet the community is very respectful to the demon. If a South Carolina regiment should appear in our streets and shoot down two promising men, there would be a terrible excitement, the military would be called out, and the invaders sorely chastised. But the demon kills them in cold blood, and some pity, while others condemn."

"If two were all, it would not be so bad, but there are more than two, comrades of the dead, following in their footsteps. While spared the last stroke, they are practically dead—dead to honor, self-respect, and worthy ambition. Poor men! Pity them; for a strong man armed has taken possession of them, and they cannot thrust him out. But the victims of the demon may be counted by dozens in every community. Hunger and nakedness come at his beck, and the world abandons the poor sufferers to their wretchedness. Christian men and women, this demon is plotting for the destruction of the youth of the land—may already be weaving a net in which to ensnare your boys, or lay desolate the homes of your girls! He does not come with grim visage and the symbol of death to make his first attack; but with the wiles of pleasure and in the name of friendship, or good fellow-

ship, he invites all to be glad. Spurn him at all times and in all places! Teach your children to spurn him from them; for however pleasant and harmless he may appear in his first approaches, his latent strength to work ill is only concealed, and will appear when a slight foothold is obtained. There can be no compromise with intemperance. If parents would shield their children from destruction such as is daily befalling dozens, they must implant a principle of resistance to the temptations of the bowl under all circumstances. Where one touches and escapes, ten are ensnared and dishonored. Unless greater attention is paid to the matter by parents, the work of the demon will continue to go on; honored men will gradually slip from their eminences, and passing through the quick gradations of poverty and wretchedness, will land in a drunkard's grave."

## The First Indubitable Certainty.

D. C. C., ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.—"MR. DAVIS: Debating lately with a friend on the prevalent systems of metaphysics, I had occasion to refer to the celebrated saying 'I think, therefore I am,' but could not recall the name of the Greek philosopher who uttered it. . . . Will you please give the author's name, and your impression of the doctrine of the saying?"

ANSWER: The famous utterance—"I think, therefore I am"—was made by a French philosopher, DESCARTES. He ascended to the Summer Land more than two hundred years ago. His was a mathematical mind; lucid in its logic; skeptical to the verge of a demonstration. The sum total of all his thinking and reasoning on the existence of God and of immortality—was *cogito, ergo sum*, or "I think, therefore I am." This climax of metaphysical investigation is substantially the "know thyself" of Plato, Thales, and Socrates. But Descartes, not a Greek, but a Frenchman, gave the master stroke to the statement.

Our impression of the doctrine is, that *Consciousness is the only indubitable fact*. All else is relative and questionable. Self-existence is the primary demonstration of existence. Mind is known to itself by and through its consciousness. Your only perfectly clear idea is that of your existence. You can mistrust every fact but the fact of yourself. Consciousness is irresistible, absolute, irreversible, and beyond controversy. It is that which you accept without question. You live in it because it is yourself. Descartes gave the world the true method of all interior philosophical reasoning. He showed conclusively, that it is vain to ask for a proof of that which is self-evident. This statement is the basis of all spiritual philosophy. "The consciousness of my existence is to me the assurance of my existence." All else is secondary, relative, and may be doubted. "I know I exist, because I feel that I exist." This makes consciousness the basis of all truth. [See "Central Ideas" in *Harmonia*, vol. 5.]

## Materialism of Chemistry.

S. L. E., COOPERSTOWN, N. Y.—"MR. EDITOR: I have read somewhere, in one of your volumes, a statement to the effect that Chemistry does not, and cannot, in its present state, detect the real changes that occur in man's physical organism. What do you mean by this?"

ANSWER: We mean that chemical knowledge at this day is too material, or, rather, it is not enough spiritual at the verge of its limitations, to reveal the relations subsisting between soul and the corporeal parts.

Theoretical chemistry establishes as truth what practical chemistry proves to be erroneous. No modern chemist pretends to tell why ten men, with varied temperaments and different dispositions, can feed and maintain their physical individuality and opposite traits of character on precisely the same articles of food and drink. Theoretical chemistry proves that there is enough poison in every pint of French coffee to kill an individual. But practical chemistry establishes the fact that coffee-drinkers do not terminate their earthly existence by such poison. Theoretical chemistry proves that the foul air of a small, unventilated bedroom, is sufficient to extinguish life; but practically no individual was ever known to lose his life solely from the exhalations of his own lungs, no matter how confined his apartment. Chemistry can see no difference between certain substances and compounds, which produce very unlike effects when consigned to man's system or fed to animals. Oxygen in water is chemically the same as oxygen in atmospheric air, but practically the oxygen in the air is capable of firing man's nerves and brain, while the oxygen of water can only cool his fluids and tranquilize his mental structure. Opium is a deadly poison in theoretical chemistry, but in practice twenty times the "deadly" portion can be taken without producing even sleep. The active principle of tobacco is a perfect poison, yet in practical life the individual can chew and smoke, and exist for half a century. The acid of the common rhubarb plant is chemically known as "oxalic"—the active property of which is enough poisonous to destroy the consumer—but practical chemistry establishes the fact that the plant is good both as a food and as a medicine.

We are not by these remarks saying anything derogatory to Science, nor in favor of using the poisons named, but we wish simply to impress the reader that chemistry, in its present status, is preeminently material and short-sighted. It is becoming conventional, inexact, and atheistic. Because it cannot detect by its tests and retorts the presence of a "spirit," it is inclined to repudiate its existence. It is skeptical on Spiritualism because it cannot detect and analyze the electricity by which a spirit is said to lift a table from the floor.

We hold chemistry in high esteem, as the great pioneer science of all the modern sciences, but it is not clairvoyant in realms where matter is lost in ether and spirit. There is a limit to the investigation of matter. The science of the schools stops just where life is conjoined with matter in the organic sphere. Until chemistry is capable of revealing the causes why the same articles of food will feed, and preserve, and perpetuate black men as well as white men—or sustain and reproduce a good-spirited man the same as the discordant and vicious—it had better walk humbly along the paths of human experience, and pretend to know only what is material. Our best practical agriculturists are better chemists than those who live in the laboratory and plod over records in the studio. The true science of chemistry is yet to be discovered. It will come down out of mind, not up out of matter; and yet finer links in truth will shine effulgently.

## Herod and the Innocents again.

WHAT ARE THE FACTS?

The slaying of the children in Bethlehem, I must again assert to be without historical evidence adequate to support it, at least as related in Matthew (ii. 16.) A statement from Macrobius is referred to by D. J. Mandell in the *Herald* (No. 114.) As a general thing, I should consider Macrobius no very good authority for a fact of this nature; for living in the fourth century, he may have derived his opinion from some Christian writer who quoted from Matthew.

Certainly, the passage which I quoted from that author in a previous number of the *Herald* is no authority whatever for the fact as related by Matthew, because a gray-headed son of Herod was among the *pueri* alluded to by Macrobius. How, then, can it reasonably be alleged in proof of the slaying of children in Bethlehem and its vicinity merely "of two years old and under."

But my chief ground for discrediting the statement of Matthew is, that writers like Josephus, who had every reason not to overlook such a deed of Herod, and that the Rabbinists nearest the time of that king, who hated him bitterly, could find no occasion to mention it. The silence of such writers seems to me decisive on the question of a fact of such a nature. If we come down to Rabbinists of the third or fourth century, we get among a class of Jews who would not hesitate to quote from Christians. How are we to know that the statement alleged to have been seen in the Rabbinical work, "Toldoth Jesu," did not come through a long line of Christian writers from Matthew himself?

But we must not "invalidate the Biblical records" forsooth! Very well. Did Luke, then, believe in this story of the slaying of the children in Bethlehem? Let us see.

"And when the eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the child, his name was called Jesus, which was so named of the Angel before he was conceived in the womb. And when the days of her purification, according to the Law of Moses, were accomplished, they brought him to Jerusalem, to present him to the Lord." (ii. 21, 22.)

"And when they had performed all things according to the law of the Lord, they returned into Galilee, to their own city, Nazareth." (ii. 30.)

According to Matthew, the parents of Jesus flee in all haste to Egypt to save the child from the murderous ire of Herod. According to Luke, they are not warned in a dream to do anything of the kind; instead, they take the child directly up to Jerusalem, under the very nose of Herod, to have him circumcised, and he never went into Egypt at all! Furthermore, the home of his parents is not Bethlehem, but Nazareth.

Brother Luke, Josephus, the older Rabbinists, the enemies of Herod, and I, discline to believe the story of the slaying of the Innocents. Brother Matthew, on the strength of the misapplication of a passage from an old Hebrew prophet, which speaks in the vaguest possible manner of Rachel weeping for her children, and Brother Mandell bolstering up Matthew with a quotation from Macrobius, which the latter writer probably owes to the author of the first Gospel, seem inclined to believe the children were slain. It is well; let every one be persuaded according to the weight of evidence on his own mind. Ordinary sinners, it is true, are not to be allowed to "invalidate the Biblical records," and when they palpably invalidate themselves, his duty is "not to see it," in order not to "take a one-sided view of modern and ancient facts and testimonies." In the same way, it is proper for an ostrich to run his head into sand, with full confidence that his tail feathers will be concealed by the operation. When we read the Biblical records, we must follow the injunction of Meg Merrilies to Dominie Sampson: "Gape, sinner, and swallow!"

In the same number of the *HERALD*, M. A. J., in corroboration of the fact as stated by Matthew, adduces a passage from Suetonius' life of Augustus Caesar, namely, that there was a prediction (current in his day, I suppose,) that "Nature was in travail of a person who would become King of the Romans, and that, in consequence of this, the Senate ordered that no male child of that year should be reared."

In order that this quotation may sustain the fact in proof of which it is adduced, we must know first whether this decree of the Senate was ever executed; secondly, that the Roman Senate restricted their own order—which, according to its tenor, extended either to the whole empire or to an entire province—by directing Herod to slay the children in Bethlehem and its vicinity only. But who ever heard that so atrocious a mandate of the Roman Senate was ever carried into effect?

I have no copy of Suetonius' *Lives of the Caesars* within reach; but I think somewhere in it there might be found some hint of the suppression of this mandate, or of its non-execution; or, perhaps, the Latin original may be susceptible fairly of a translation, that might put a different face upon the matter.

On the whole, whatever Matthew, or Suetonius, or Macrobius, may seem to say of the slaying of children, I am still inclined to believe that the babies of Bethlehem were not killed "very dead" by Herod. As to the disposition of the Evangelists to make facts out of imaginary predictions of the Old Testament, I shall have a word to say hereafter. And now, may the babes of Bethlehem "lie still and slumber."

D. L.

The tenth Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends is announced to convene at Longwood, Chester Co., Pa., on Thursday, June 5, 1862. We understand that Wm. Lloyd Garrison is expected to be present.

## McClellan's Dream.

A friendly and most appreciative correspondent offers a suggestion or two respecting our strictures upon General McClellan, one of which refers to the "current report" that Gen. McClellan has been supernaturally "warned in a dream," as to the "way of salvation" for the country. It is also inquired why this dream has not been published in the *Herald of Progress*.

To this inquiry we can reply decidedly—if not "authoritatively"—first, that the dream is not worthy of publication, and second, that Gen. McClellan never dreamed it! Not only is "testimony" wanting, but "internal evidences" of genuineness also. The production has not even the air of probability, and is unworthy of a moment's thought save as a clever, though mischievous fiction. The fact that Spiritualists have largely accepted it as real and veritable, because published unaccompanied by editorial protest, in a Spiritualist paper, without stopping to require either external evidence of its origin or internal evidence of its truth, must be humiliating to all who feel at all responsible for human credulity.

The habit of swallowing whole every ghost, specter, vision, or dream, turned out by lively imaginations or clever strategists, will surely destroy the mental digestion of Spiritualists, if long continued. Such overdoes of crude, unmastered, unripe material, insure debility and disease.

Severe and harsh as our judgment of the late Commander-in-Chief may appear to his admirers, we are by no means guilty of charging upon him this latest folly of dreaming a dream—and such a dream—and then retelling it for publication!

We think the General too sensible a man and too wise a "strategist" to do any such thing. And further, if Gen. McClellan knew—as Washington certainly did—that only 40,000 men at Manassas and wooden guns at Centerville stood opposed to the mighty army of the Potomac, he was either an imbecile or a traitor, that he did not act upon the knowledge.

We feel friendly enough to believe that he was ignorant of the enemy's strength, and in his utter incapacity, greatly magnified the obstacles in his way.

The other suggestion is this: "It is generally thought that officer (McClellan) stands high in the estimation of President Lincoln." Granted. So, too, it was "generally thought" that Gen. McClellan was the wisest military chieftain since Napoleon, if not since David, and the conviction is deepening every day that the "general thought" magnified the Commander's merits as greatly as he did the enemy's numbers!

The case may be fairly stated thus: An army officer never took high position with a clearer sky and fairer prospects, with more confiding, enthusiastic friends, and fewer enemies, than had Gen. McClellan when he was given chief command of the army of the Union. Phenologists, physiognomists, and other readers of character, held their peace, or waived all critical analysis, and the nation waited for demonstrable evidences of greatness. Every radical press and writer that has, within the past six months, criticised his course, would certainly, and most would gladly, have announced one single achievement of his entitling him to the high position he occupied. The nation's disappointment has passed into history, and with it an example of unparalleled forbearance, charity, and enduring confidence.

The President has shown his "high estimation" by reducing the extent of McClellan's command, till he now ranks only with, if not below, two or three others in the field.

C. M. P.

## New Orleans Ours!

Little doubt remains of the favorable result of the movements of the naval force in the Gulf. Fort Jackson, commanding the approach to New Orleans, was, after a probably severe struggle, captured, when the rebels evacuated the city, burning cotton, steamboats, and supplies, as far as possible, to prevent them falling into Union hands.

Abroad, this last achievement of the national arms will be viewed as the most important event of the war, since it opens the chief port for cotton exportation to foreign trade. Already vessels are clearing from Boston for New Orleans, and soon there will doubtless be a heavy trade in that direction.

At the time of writing, no particulars of the evacuation of the city, or of the capture of the fort, have reached us. It is clearly a fact, however, that very soon Gen. Halleck will have a force ascending the Mississippi to co-operate with him against the main rebel army at the West. The siege of Yorktown continues, and a battle at Corinth or Memphis is daily expected. Before another week passes, most important results may be attained.

## Religious Liberty in Austria.

Entire religious liberty is to be secured by law in Austria, excepting that up to eighteen, children must follow the creed preferred by their parents. The enjoyment of civil and political rights is not to depend on religious confession, nor to be subjected to any restriction on that account. Difference of religion will not form a civil obstacle to marriage. Professors of all beliefs are equally admissible by law, to all dignities, functions and public employments. Every church or religious society has the right publicly to carry out its worship, with a reserve as to measures necessary to secure public order. The law grants to all churches and religious societies this legal right. There is to be no state-privileged religion.







"The Ancients, continues Strabo, "regarded and respected divine in preference to human law; in those times, therefore, the number of persons was very great who consulted oracles, and, being desirous of obtaining the advice of Jupiter, hurried to Dodona, to hear the answer of Jove from the lofty oak. The parent went to Delphi, anxious to learn whether the child which had been exposed was still living; while the child itself was gone to the temple of Apollo, with the hope of discovering its parents. And Minoas among the Cretans, the king, who, in the ninth year, enjoyed converse with great Jupiter—every nine years, as Plato says, ascended to the cave of Jupiter, received ordinances from him, and conveyed them to men. Lycurgus, his imitator, acted in a similar manner, for he was often accustomed as it seemed, to leave his own country to inquire of the Pythian Goddess what ordinances he was to promulgate to the Lacedaemonians."

Again says Strabo, "Promising to the people to deliver such a kind of worship and religion as should not burden those who adopted it with great expense, nor molest them with divine possessions, nor other absurd practices, Moses thus obtained their good opinion and established an ordinary kind of government." Our author then lumps Gentile and Jewish Spiritualism together, and says, "What truth there may be in these things I cannot say; they have at least been regarded and believed as true by mankind. Hence prophets received so much honor as to be thought worthy even of thrones, because they were supposed to communicate ordinances and precepts from the gods, both during their lifetime and after their death, as for example, Tiresias, Amphidamas, Zoroaster, a Pythagorean, who was accounted a god among the Getae, and in our time, Decaneus, the diviner of Byrebitas. Among the Bosphorians, there was Achaicus; among the Indians were the Gymnosophists; among the Persians, the Magi; among the Assyrians were the Chaldeans; and among the Romans, the Tyrrhenian diviners in dreams. Such was Moses and his successors; their beginning was good but they degenerated."

The God of Israel had his personal residence in later days in the temple at Jerusalem or on the holy mountain, and sometimes making a slide to Mount Garizim, according to the claim of the Samaritans. Sinai and Carmel were also holy mountains, oracular from the Lord; and as the crow was purveyor to Elijah, so was Alexander on his way to the oracles of Ammon, under the "guidance of two crows which directed his course," though Strabo rather doubts the crow story, while it would be heretical in our day to doubt the crow of Elijah.

However, the belief was almost unanimous among the ancients that from the transmundane world there was "a great communion and physical sympathy with the human race," as per Thomas Taylor, a diligent inquirer in that direction, and translator of many of the ancient works. Pythagoras, some seven centuries before Jesus, was supposed to be "the Son of God by his natural deform appearance," as begotten by immaculate conception—very analogous to that of the Nazarene by the angel Gabriel—and on similar wise it was predicted by the Gentile oracle that the mother of Pythagoras, "now pregnant, would bring forth a son surpassing in beauty and wisdom all that ever lived, and who would be of the greatest advantage to the human race in everything pertaining to the life of man. Taylor's lamblichus says that Pythagoras also journeyed for a while upon Mount Carmel, the prophetic fount of oracles divine to Elijah. The followers of the Samian Sage, like the early Christians, had "an amicable division of the goods of life in common, . . . receiving laws and mandates from Pythagoras as so many divine precepts, dwelt together with the greatest general concord. Such also was their reverence for Pythagoras, that they numbered him with the gods, as a certain beneficent and most philanthropic demon"—this latter term being applied to the good as to the evil in those days. What he taught "was similar to the persuasive oracle of a god that we should avoid disease from the body, ignorance from the soul, and luxury from the belly." His adorations were at bloodless altars, unlike the bloody sacrifices which so pleased the Lord of old Jewry. As Jesus clairvoyantly saw where the fishermen might find fish, so too had Pythagoras, hundreds of years before, "told the exact number of the fish in the nets of some fishermen who were then drawing them heavily laden from the deep." He taught that "language should be worthy of belief without oaths;" that we "should so associate with a wife, the companion of life, as to be mindful that other compacts are engraved in tubes and pillars, but those with wives are inserted in children; that we should neither revile nor take vengeance on those that reviled."

He also appears to have been conversant with the mesmeric or magnetic uses in calming and healing by gently stroking, or the laying on of hands, and also a most beautiful proficient in music, by which he divinely wrought to direct the soul. "In short, he was the cause to his disciples of the most appropriate converse with the gods. . . . By all these inventions he divinely healed and purified the soul, reascended and saved its divine part, and conducted to the intelligible its divine eye." It was then that Pythagoras himself was seen "within the veil." And "since God is the Lord of all things, it is universally acknowledged that good is to be requested of him." But, like Jesus and other God-men of antiquity, Pythagoras was by some deemed to be God himself, so common in the anthropologic hero worship for the due development of soul and body, was not neglected in the Pytha-

gorean school. Abstinence from wine and gluttonous living was also a part of the hygiene to a prosperous health. "Nor to sacrifice animals to the gods, nor by any means to injure animals, but to preserve most solicitously justice toward them." That to the heart the gods looked, and not to the multitude of the sacrifices. Even the winds and waves are said to have obeyed Pythagoras. "He was also accustomed to pour forth sentences resembling oracles to his familiars, in a symbolical manner"—the same as Jesus in parables. "They (the Pythagoreans) were of opinion that great providential attention should be paid by those who beget children to the future progeny. The first, therefore, and the greatest care which should be taken by him who applies to the procreation of children is, that he lives temperately and healthfully, that he neither fill himself with food unseasonably nor use such aliments as may render the habits of the body worse than they were, and, above all things, that he avoid intoxication. For they thought that depraved seed was produced from a bad, discordant, and turbid temperament, and universally they were of opinion that none but an indolent and inconsiderate person would attempt to produce an animal and lead it into existence without providing with all possible diligence that its egress into being and life might be most elegant and pleasing." &c., &c.; "that the seeds of intemperance produce the calamities of the body." "His disciples, also, chose to die rather than transgress his mandates; and when they were involved in ten thousand calamities, they never deviated from his precepts."

Fragmental scriptures of the Pythagorean apostles have come down to us replete with the most exalted teachings, and in the gospel according to Archytas he concludes that "the knowledge of things divine and most honorable is the principal cause and rule of human blessedness. . . . Having likewise entered this most ample road, being impelled in a right direction by intellect, and having arrived at the end of his course, he will have conjoined beginnings with ends, and will know that God is the principle, middle, and end of all things, which are accomplished by justice and right reason."

For these holy scriptures more at large, see life of Pythagoras, by Iamblichus, translated by Thomas Taylor—from which work we also present a few pearls of "Pythagoric ethical sentences from Stobaeus," as follows:

Do not even think of doing what ought not to be done. Choose rather to be strong in soul than in body.

Be persuaded that things of a laborious nature contribute more than pleasures to virtue.

It is requisite to choose the most excellent life; for custom will make it pleasant. Wealth is an infirm anchor, glory is still more infirm; and in similar manner the body, dominion, and honor; for all these are imbecile and powerless. What, then, are powerful anchors? Prudence, magnanimity, fortitude. These no tempest can shake. This is the law of God, that virtue is the only thing that is strong, and that everything else is a trifle.

All the parts of human life, in the same manner as those of a statue, ought to be beautiful.

Neither will the horse be judged to be generous that is sumptuously adorned, but the horse whose nature is illustrious; nor is the man worthy who possesses great wealth, but he whose soul is generous.

When the wise man opens his mouth, the beauties of his soul present themselves to the view, like the statues in a temple.

Remind yourself that all men assert that wisdom is the greatest good, but that there are few who strenuously endeavor to retain this greatest good.

It is better to live lying on the grass, confiding in divinity and yourself, than to lie on a golden bed with perturbation.

You will not be in want of anything which it is in the power of Fortune to give and take away.

Despise all those things, which, when liberated from the body, you will not want, and exercising yourself in those things of which, when liberated from the body, you will be in want, invoke the gods to become your helpers.

Neither is it possible to conceal fire in a garment, nor a base deviation from rectitude in time.

Wind, indeed, increases fire; but custom, love.

Those alone are dear to Divinity who are hostile to injustice.

Endeavor not to conceal your errors by words, but to remedy them by reproofs.

The grace of freedom of speech, like beauty in season, is productive of greater delight.

It is not proper to have either a blunt sword or to use freedom of speech ineffectually.

Neither is the sun to be taken from the world, nor freedom of speech from condition.

Be rather delighted with those that reprove than with those that flatter you; but avoid flatterers as worse than enemies.

The life of the avaricious resembles a funeral banquet; for though it has all things, yet no one present rejoices.

Acquire continence as the greatest strength and wealth.

It is impossible that he can be free who is a slave to his passions.

Intoxication is the meditation of insanity. Being asked how a lover of wine might be cured of intoxication, answered, If he frequently surveys what his actions were when he was intoxicated.

It is either requisite to be silent, or to say something better than silence.

Let it be more eligible to you to throw a stone in vain than to utter an idle word.

Do not say a few things in many words, but much in a few words.

Genius is to men either a good or an evil demon.

Traveling teaches a man frugality, and the way in which he may be sufficient to himself.

For bread made of milk and flour, and a bed of grass, are the sweetest remedies of hunger and labor.

To the wise man, every land is eligible as a

place of residence—for the whole world is the country of the worthy soul.

Luxury enters cities in the first place, afterwards satiety, then lascivious insolence, and, after all these, destruction.

That city is best which contains worthy men.

Do those things which you judge to be beautiful, though in doing them you should be without renown.

It is the same thing to think greatly of yourself in prosperity, as to contend in a race on a slippery road.

There is not any gate of wealth so secure, which the opportunity of fortune may not open.

Old age is not to be considered as an egress from the present life, but to the beginning of a blessed life.

The soul is buried in this body as in a sepulcher.

SELECT SENTENCES OF SEXTUS THE PYTHAGOREAN.

The wise man and the despiser of wealth resembles God—[equivalent to the great gulf between riches and the kingdom of heaven as set forth by Jesus, and to the serving of God and mammon.]

You have in yourself something similar to God, and therefore use yourself as the temple of God, on account of that which in you resembles God—[antedating St. Paul's temple of the Holy Ghost.]

Honor God above all things that he may rule over you.

Whatever you honor above all things, that which you so honor will have dominion over you. But if you give yourself to the domination of God, you will thus have dominion over all things.

The greatest honor which can be paid to God is to know and imitate him—[equivalent to "be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect."]

God, indeed, is not in want of anything, but the wise man is in want of God alone. He, therefore, who is in want but of few things, and those necessary, emulates him who is in want of nothing—[equivalent to taking no thought of what you shall eat, drink, or where withal you shall be clothed, for so little are these in the way of healthy needs that you may be like the lilies of the field in abundance.]

The wise man whose estimation with men was small while he was living will be renowned when he is dead.

Consider all the time to be lost to you in which you do not think of divinity.

A good intellect is the choir of divinity. A bad intellect is the choir of evil demons.

Honor that which is just on this very account, that it is just.

You will not be concealed from divinity when you act unjustly, nor even when you think of acting so.

Such as you wish your neighbors to be to you, such also be to your neighbors—[equivalent to doing as you would be done unto, and of loving your neighbor as yourself.]

That which God gives you no one can take away.

Do not even think of that which you are not willing God should know.

Before you do anything think of God, that his light may precede your energies.

The soul is illuminated by the recollection of deity.

The use of all animals as food is indifferent, but it is more rational to abstain from them.

God is not the author of any evil.

You should not possess more than the use of the body requires.

Ask those things of God which it is worthy of God to bestow.

The reason which is in you is the light of your life.

Wish that those things which labor ought to precede, may be possessed by you after labor.

Be not anxious to please the multitude.

It is not proper to despise those things of which we shall be in want after the dissolution of the body.

Accustom your soul, after divinity, to conceive something great of itself.

Everything which is more than necessary to man, is hostile to him.

The intellect of the wise man is always with divinity.

God dwells in the intellect of the wise man. The knowledge and imitation of divinity are alone sufficient to beatitude.

Avoid lying as poison.

Nothing is so peculiar to wisdom as truth.

When you preside over men, remember that divinity also presides over you.

Depraved affections are the beginnings of sorrows.

Use all men in such a way as if you were the common curator after God.

He who uses mankind badly, uses himself badly.

Wish that you may be able to benefit your enemies—[equivalent to love your enemies, and Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.]

Be true in all things, in order that you may live conformably to God.

By honoring a wise man you will honor yourself.

In all your actions place God before your eyes.

You are permitted to refuse matrimony, in order that you may live incessantly adhering to God. If, however, as one knowing the battle, you are willing to fight, take a wife and beget children.

Every cup should be sweet to you which extinguishes thirst.

Fly from intoxication as you would from insanity.

No good originates from the body—[in other words, to be carnally minded is death.]

Assert that which possesses wisdom in you to be the true man.

That which is not noxious to the soul is not noxious to man.

He who unjustly expels a wise man from the body, confers a benefit on him by his iniquity. For he thus becomes liberated as it were from bonds.

The fear of death renders a man sad through the ignorance of his soul.

Think that your body is the garment of your soul; and therefore preserve it pure.

Impure demons vindicate to themselves the impure soul.

It is better to have nothing than abundance, and to impart it to no one.

If you injure no one you will fear no one. It is not death but a bad life that destroys the soul.

It is not possible for a man to live conformable to divinity unless he acts modestly, well, and justly—[equivalent to "do justly, love mercy and walk humbly" of the Hebrew wise man.]

Divine wisdom is true science.

The wise man follows God, and God follows the soul of the wise man.

The man who possesses a knowledge of God will not be very ambitious.

The erudite, chaste, and wise soul, is the prophet of the truth of God.

A wise intellect is the mirror of God.

We should confide in virtue as in a chaste wife; but trust to fortune as to an inconstant mistress, &c. &c.

Now, we submit to the open vision whether the old heathen is not as worthy to lift up his head in our Sunday-schools as Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Does he not walk a much higher plane than the dark sinuities of the Judean fathers? Why, then, should God's highest Word to the heathen be proscribed, while we receive his Word as infallible through the shades of old Jewry? Why continues the human mind in this ignoble bondage? Why fear we to come out of our graves and rend away the veil? Why, but for our ignorance, and our minds as twigs educationally bent to a bibliolatrious prostration. Why, but for a sheer subservience to a priest-hood and church whose vision is narrowed to the Hebrew dark valley and shadow of death.

God's Word to old Jewry took shape and life according to the status of mediumistic and priestly surroundings, and so to every other people. God's Word is enlarged by every accession to civilization—by all the outgrowths in progression. How barren is the field of old Jewry for present needs! The Hebrew Lord taught nothing beyond the scope of the ancient vision, and hence, as Mr. Buckle has shown, all the religions have grown towards the broader church only as they follow a more widely unfolding mentality—the intellectual embrace of the sciences.

Reluctantly does the religious sentiment, molded by the old theologies, go forward. Almost ever it is conservative of hoary errors, and the name of the Lord to old Jewry suffices to close the mind for to-day. But, except in the way of historical notes, and as marking the status of the Hebrew nation, what is of worth in the old Word that is not self-evident without it? The Hebrew Lord taught nothing of the sciences which so enlarge modern civilization. He taught nothing of chemistry, physiology, geology, nor any other of the progressive phases of modern life; but his Christian Church of to-day have used the old Word to their utmost to represent them as heretical and infidel, while human magnetism, seen with old Jewry spectacles, is an abomination, witchcraft, and diabolism—yet we are required to school ourselves to this early status as the fullest compass of the Lord for all succeeding outgrowth—to school ourselves to be wise only within the most infantile plane of a barbarous civilization, and if we put new wine into old bottles, we shall invoke the name of the Lord to prevent them from bursting.

Modern Spiritualism has been reproached because its unfleshed spirits have not transcended in Word the mundane sciences of practical earth-life. But if we are abreast of our time in these respects, we must cut a very much wider swath than they of the Jewry.

They simply had a very narrow theocratic government in the name of the Lord, with but very little vision of a future spirit land. Now, we only claim that this land has been revealed to us in larger measure than to the ancients; that the lords and gods of the ancients were never above the sources of our unfleshed humanities, and that we were unwise in our idolatrous worship of the Hebrew tutelary God; that the revelation of this spirit world, correspondent to this identity of being, was the solace to our souls, the pearl of great price, ever, though it dealt not in mammon, or the sciences of earth life. We do not fear that our Word shall be undermined by the freest inquiry of all the sciences; for the Word of our Lord embraces the utmost stretch of scientific law and conditions. We receive Moses for what he is worth in the progressive price current of to-day. So, too, Pythagoras. Both were instructed in the Egyptian schools. We think Pythagoras the more beautifully spiritual of the twain. Moses sought the Lord through bloody sacrifices—Pythagoras through fruits and flowers; yet our Christian Church remains so carnally-minded towards the flesh-pots of old Jewry, that it would swear by Israel's Lord, even though his incense arose from assafetida, skunk cabbage, and coluquintida. But while so "potent in potting" with old Jewry, as our pulpits exhibit itself, let us behold Pythagoras, seven centuries before the Christian era, teaching above the Biblical plane, when he laid his foundations in antenatal causation for the begetting of healthy and proper children. In this, he surpasses even Jesus, who laid no basis on this wise for the redemption of humanity; yet it were of highest wisdom and use to teach from ante-conceptual beginnings the fit rearing of temples for the Holy Ghost. Though lacking in this and other things as he is reported to us, yet do we confess that Jesus, for the most part, is our hero of antiquity—the fullest fount of love and sympathy for all the deeps of humanity—the fullest upwelling of the heart for the weary and the heavy-laden—who could not forbear the indignant outburst on those who bound others with burdens grievous to be borne. He cast out the sentimental piety of Phariseism with its cry of Lord! Lord! and the wrong-doing to the least was as if done to himself—could from the higher law of the

heart release the woman, when the lower law would have stoned her—could pour out the most exquisite spirit in the parable of the Prodigal Son—could live as well as preach the Sermon on the Mount, and when adjudged to death by the chief priests, could exclaim: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" C. B. P.

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Prepared expressly for this Journal.

Those who visit the metropolis during the pleasant season are often at a loss how or where to obtain information which will guide them to the various points of attraction found in and near so large and wealthy a city. It is to meet this demand that we have expended the labor necessary to gather and condense the information here appended, and which we trust may prove a valuable "guide-board" to those of our readers who visit the city, and useful also to citizens for reference.

Any of our friends in possession of useful data not here given will confer a favor by supplying it.

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Battery, with Castle Garden, lower end of Broadway. Bowling Green, entrance of Broadway, near Battery. The Park, opposite Broadway from Nos. 229 to 271. St. John's Park, bet. Light, Varick and Hudson Sts. Washington Sq. west of Broadway, bet. 4th & 5th Sts. Union Square, Broadway, from No. 560 to 17th Street. Gramercy Park, bet. 20th & 21st Sts. and 3d & 4th Aves. Straymont Park, 2d Av. bet. 15th and 17th Sts. Tompkins Sq. bet. Ave. A and B and 7th and 10th Sts. Madison Sq. junction Broadway & 5th Av. and 23d St. Central Park, 3d to 8th Ave., and 59th to 110th Sts. Reached by 34th, 6th, or 8th Av. horse cars—most conveniently by the 6th and 8th, which leave head of Canal St., cor. Broadway, and also head of Barclay St., cor. Broadway, adjoining Astor House, every 3 minutes; fare 5 cents.

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Dr. Osgood's, 728 Broadway—Unitarian.  
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### A Pirate's Cave Discovered in Massachusetts.

[We have not received any direct authentic information concerning the following interesting statement. If the story is all true, as the Boston press report, we shall soon be apprised of it.—Ed.]

If the Boston Post may be believed, the Spiritualists of "Boston" and vicinity have a "big thing" on the unbelievers. It seems that the existence and filling up by an earthquake of a cave has been a matter of tradition. Mr. Hiram Marble, of Lynn, being a believer in modern "Spiritualism," was told by the "mediums" that there was such a cave under Dungeness Rock, and that if he would dig and blast, he would find it. In full faith that the prediction would prove true, he went to work in 1853, and has been at it ever since, amid the jeers of the unbelievers; and now, as the story goes, he is rewarded by the astounding discovery—and yet not so astounding after all, if tradition had indicated the existence of the cave and probability of its locality. The story in the Post is as follows:

Following implicitly the directions of the Spiritualists, he went to Lynn, purchased the land upon which the rock is situated, and began the slow work of blasting. He entered at the eastern side of the rock, near the top, proceeding in a horizontal direction about fifteen feet, then descending about twenty feet, then forward about thirty feet. This much was accomplished in the first three or four years. Then the excavation was turned off to the right, curving around like the letter S, and proceeded until the distance from the point of commencement is about one hundred feet. All this round-about progress has been accomplished by a reliance upon the direction of the "spirits," they indicating the places where to drill the holes for blasting.

On Monday morning, a deep hole, which had been drilled on the previous Saturday, was filled with powder, and the slow-fuse being lighted, the men withdrew. In about ten minutes, the explosion was heard, and they returned to see the result. The last blast had forced a mass of rock upward, and the cave was found! They had gone so low that the blast was underneath the cave.

In breathless suspense, all the workmen, who were summoned by the news of the discovery, stood anxiously waiting for Mr. Marble, who was in his dwelling-house near by. He came, and was assisted up into the aperture above him. It must have been a thrilling moment to him. The success of ten years' patient and persevering labor was at last suddenly attained.

We have space, to-day, for only a brief mention of this wonderful discovery. The natural entrance of the cave was toward the north, and nearly opposite the hole made by blasting. The earthquake had settled the mouth of the cave, leaving the interior uninjured. No human remains were found, and it is supposed that the pirate, frightened by the earthquake, either escaped alive, or was crushed while going out. There was abundant evidence, however, of his recent occupation of the place when the catastrophe occurred.

An antiquated sea-chest, containing a large amount of silver money of French and Spanish coinage, stood in a corner of the cave; and near it hung a sailor's pea-jacket (which crumbled in pieces on being exposed to the air) and a tarpaulin hat.

Here was a bundle of dried fish, and there a pile of native walnuts. A hammock was slung in another corner of the cave, and near it, on a shelving rock, were swords, cutlasses, and other weapons, revealing the truth of the tradition concerning the habits of the occupant of the cave.

The amount of the treasure was much less than was probably anticipated by Mr. Marble. But there is enough to repay his outlay of expense; while the wonder of the newly discovered cave—the "pirate's den," which the spirits promised that he should find—will be such a place of resort, that a very small admission-fee from the thousands of visitors will make him in a short time a rich man.

The excitement in Lynn was very great. Hundreds rushed to view the premises; and especially the believers in Spiritualism, who regard this event as proof sufficient of the truth of their theory.—N. Y. Sunday Mercury.

### A Strong Reason.

The Chicago Journal records the attempt of Clara alias Harry Fitz Allen, a female soldier, to commit suicide. She considers her life of very little importance unless permitted to personate the sterner sex, and says she will put an end to her existence unless permitted to follow her own inclinations in regard to dress.

We do not remember ever to have heard of a man who threatened suicide because not permitted to wear female attire. This certainly argues well for the superiority of the masculine costume, and perhaps there have been martyrs to less important convictions than this persuasion of Clara Allen.

### The Deadliest Foe.

It would seem that if our government is ever destroyed, it will more likely be by "robbers" than by "traitors." Certainly a new army and a new system of tactics is needed to rid the nation of the vampires who prey on its life-treasures. The last exhibition of what seems almost infernal, blood-thirsty, piratical theft, is the following:

"A wholesale theft of government stores has been detected in Cincinnati. Supplies sent to our wounded soldiers by the Ladies' Aid Society and the Sanitary Commission have been stolen on their way to Tennessee, by an organized gang of plunderers. Two men, named Daniels and Hinds, are under arrest. The Cincinnati papers state that so extensive have been these thefts, that at Lima, Ohio, the officers have secured *tens* of hospital and army stores, upon which there are railroad charges of five hundred dollars."

### Rebel Barbarities.

The report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War contains a most sickening exhibit of the fiendish atrocities committed by the rebels upon the dead and wounded Union soldiers who fell into their hands. The chapter

is too painful for republication. Will not such facts at length teach the people just what is the moral effect upon the slaveholder of a system which gives him unlimited power over another. That the worst human passions have been cultivated, and are now fearfully exhibited, these terrible records fully show. This is not a war of brethren, but of civilization against barbarism.

For the Herald of Progress.

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### 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: From Newark, N. J., on the evening of March 23, 1862, Lizzie, only daughter of Martin and Charlotte Ryerson, aged 5 years and 13 days.

This gentle, sweet spirited child of Nature, possessed an organization so refined, and a higher nature so finely and fully developed, that she seemed tarrying with us for a brief season, to seek her spiritual and eternal home, for which she was so well prepared. Her symmetry of body, mind, and spirit, won for her the admiration of all who knew her. Her parents are among our most intelligent and steadfast Spiritualists, and, with their knowledge of the beautiful truths of spirit intercourse, they are prepared to hold sweet communion with this lovely daughter of affection, who will joyfully receive them in the land of light and love.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson delivered a very touching and appropriate discourse on the occasion of her funeral. A friend adds the following exceedingly beautiful lines.

M. Fold away the dainty garments,  
Fashioned by a mother's hand,  
Thinking how the angels robe her  
In the bright, immortal land.

Put aside the useless playthings  
She has loved—they're sacred now;  
Lay with them the severed ringlet  
That once waved o'er her fair brow.

Plant a white rose—fitting emblem—  
Where her little form is laid,  
While the angels crown your darling  
With sweet flowers that never fade.

Think of her as safely dwelling  
In a happier world than this,  
Cared for by the friends you've cherished,  
Who have gone to dwell in bliss.

When at last your breath is failing,  
And your heart beats faint and slow,  
She will wait to guide you heavenward—  
Shall you fear with her to go?

Joy be thine, oh! happy parents!  
In the home we all must share,  
Where some go poor, timid strangers,  
You will have your angel there!

E. D. M.

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