MRS. A. POST

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Devoted to the Discovery and Application of Truth.

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TO WRITERS AND READERS.

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

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

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

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

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

Whisperings to Correspondents

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

L. M., ADRIAN.—We can send "Healing of the Nations," postpaid, for $2.

W. R. P., FLUSHING.—Amount is received and account satisfactorily balanced. Thanks for the seeds. Another season we hope to see your gardens.

"JOSEPH," N. Y.—When your friend declared that he "was too full for utterance," you should not forget that it was just after his dinner at the St. Nicholas.

A. G. G., ZANESVILLE.—We cannot supply all the back numbers. The early numbers of 1862 are wanting. Bound volumes can always be procured. One year in each volume. Price, by express, $3.

J. M. H., SCHENECTADY.—Better sell the volume and order the one desired. "Marriage and Parentage" sells for $1, postage 18 cts. "Common Sense" is still procurable. Thanks for the names.

"INQUIRER," SYRACUSE, N. Y.—"What originated the plan of beginning the year on the 1st of January?" ANS.: The English altered the time of beginning the year from the 25th of December to 1st of January, when William the Conqueror was crowned, in order to mark the most remarkable period in their history.

R. N. F., OF DELAWARE, says: "The sermon from the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, in your issue No. 141, was a very excellent one. The 'Church' has misconceived the 'world,' and the world the Church long enough. The petition of the Lord Jesus, 'I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst *keep them from the evil*,' is a very perfect expression of their true relation."

(From the Evening Post.)

GENERAL MITCHEL.

"Hung be the heavens with black."

His mighty life was burned away
By Carolina's fiery sun;
The pestilence that walks by day
Smote him before his course seemed run.

The constellations of the sky,
The Pleiades, the Southern Cross,
Looked sadly down to see him die,
To see a nation weep his loss.

"Send him to us," the stars might cry—
"You do not feel his worth below;
Your petty great men do not try
The measure of his mind to know.

"Send him to us. This is his place,
Not 'mid your puny jealousies;
You sacrificed him in your race
Of envies, strifes, and policies.

"His eyes could pierce our vast expanse,
His ear could hear our morning songs,
His mind, amid our mystic dance,
Could follow all our myriad throngs.

"Send him to us! no martyr's soul,
No hero slain in righteous wars,
No raptured saint could c'er control
A holier welcome from the stars."

Take him, ye stars! take him on high,
To your vast realms of boundless space.
But once he turned from you to try
His name on martial scrolls to trace.

That once was when his country's call
Said danger to her flag was nigh,
And then her banner's stars dimmed all
The radiant lights which gemmed the sky.

Take him, loved orbs! His country's life,
Freedom for all—for these he wars;
For these he welcomed bloody strife,
And followed in the wake of Mars!

Perfect politeness may not be expected from persons of mediocre minds, though they may be well-meaning, kind, and even refined. People are not likely to be interested where they do not comprehend, and it is not possible to be polite and attentive where we are not interested.

Theological Investigation.

"Fair Truth! for thee alone we seek!
Friend to the wise, supporter to the weak,
From thee we learn whate'er is wise and just,
Creeds to reject, professions to distrust,
Forms to despise, pretensions to deride,
And, following thee, to follow naught beside."

The Foundation of the Bible Examined.

DR. COLENSO'S WORK ON THE PENTATEUCH.

THE MOSAIC RECORD UNINSPIRED.

"The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua Critically Examined, by the Right Rev. John William Colenso, D. D., Bishop of Natal," is the full title of the book just published in England which has created a greater excitement among the theologians than even the famous "Essays and Reviews." Dr. Colenso puts forth a new heresy, not only denying the divine inspiration of the Pentateuch, but roundly asserting that the statemen s made in the Mosaic record are not historically true.

Dr. Colenso is not a priest only, but a missionary bishop. He is a good Hebrew scholar, and a man of high intellectual attainments, with a taste for exact reasoning. Some fourteen years ago he wrote an elementary treatise on Algebra, which has gone through several editions; and he has since published a book of Arithmetic, which is now widely accepted in schools as the best of its kind extant. As Bishop of Natal, (says the London *Examiner*,) he has, devoting himself with the most practical zeal to his duty, studied the Zulu tongue, and published a Zulu Grammar and Dictionary, before proceeding by the aid of natives to translate the Scriptures. He has translated into Zulu the whole of the New Testament and several parts of the Old, including the Books of Genesis and Exodus; but while engaged upon that work, under interrogation from his native helpers, he was brought, he says, face to face with old difficulties, that in England might be felt, but tolerated.

In announcing the startling conclusions at which he has arrived, Dr. Colenso dwells upon his early doubts and shows how the questions of a barbarian puzzled him. He says:

"Engrossed with parochial and other work in England, I did what, probably, many other clergymen have done under similar circumstances—I contented myself with silencing, by means of the specious explanatons which are given in most commentaries, the ordinary objections against the historical character of the early portions of the Old Testament, and settled down into a willing acquiescence in the general truth of the narrative, whatever difficulties might still hang about particular parts of it. In short, the doctrinal and devotional portions of the Bible were what were needed most in parochial duty. And, if a passage of the Old Testament formed at any time the subject of a sermon, it was easy to draw from it practical lessons of daily life, without examining closely into the historical truth of the narrative. It is true there were one or two stories which presented great difficulties, too prominent not to be noticed, and which were brought every now and then before us in the Lessons of the Church, such *e. g.* as the account of the creation and the deluge. But, on the whole, I found so much of divine light and life in these and other parts of the sacred book, so much wherewith to feed my own soul and the souls of others, that I was content to take all this for granted, as being true in the main, however wonderful, and as being at least capable, in an extreme case, of some sufficient explanation.

"Here, however, as I have said, amidst my work in this land, I have been brought face to face with the very questions which I then put by. While translating the story of the flood, I have had a simple-minded but intelligent native—one with the docility of a child, but the reasoning power of mature age—look up and ask, 'Is all that true? Do you really believe that all this happened thus? that all the beasts, and birds, and creeping things upon the earth, large and small, from hot countries and cold, came thus by pairs, and entered into the ark with Noah? And did Noah gather food for them all, for the beasts and birds of prey as well as the rest?' My heart answered, in the words of the prophet, 'Shall a man speak lies in the name of the Lord?'—Zech. xiii: 3. I dared not do so. My own knowledge of some branches of science, of geology in particular, had much increased since I left England; and I now know for certain, on geological grounds, a fact of which I had only had misgivings before, viz.: that a universal deluge, such as the Bible manifestly speaks of, could not possibly have taken place in the way described in the Book of Genesis, not to mention other difficulties which the story contains."

THE PURPORT OF THE WORK.

The results of the doctor's investigations are succinctly stated in the following passage:

"The result of my inquiry is this, that I have arrived at the conviction—as painful to myself at first, as it may be to my reader, though painful now no longer under the clear shining of the light of truth—that the Pentateuch, as a whole, cannot possibly have been written by Moses, or by any one acquainted personally with the facts which it professes to describe; and, further, that the so-called Mosaic narrative, by whomsoever written, and though imparting to us, as I fully believe it does, revelations of the divine will and character, cannot be regarded as historically true.

"Let it be observed that I am not here speaking of a number of petty variations and contradictions, such as, on closer examination, are found to exist throughout the books, but which may be in many cases sufficiently explained by alleging our ignorance of all the circumstances of the case, or by supposing some misplacement, or loss, or corruption of the original manuscript, or by suggesting that a later writer has inserted his own gloss here and there, or even whole passages, which may contain facts or expressions at variance with the true Mosaic books, and throwing an unmerited suspicion upon them. However perplexing such contradictions are, when found in a book which is believed to be divinely infallible, yet a humble and pious faith will gladly welcome the aid of a friendly criticism, to relieve it in this way of its doubts. I can truly say that I would do so heartily myself. Nor are the difficulties to which I am now referring of the same kind as those which arise from considering the accounts of the creation and the deluge, (though these of themselves are very formidable,) or the stupendous character of certain miracles, as that of the sun and moon standing still, or the waters of the river Jordan standing in heaps as solid walls, while the stream, we must suppose, was still running—or the ass speaking with human voice—or the miracles wrought by the magicians of Egypt, such as the conversion of a rod into a snake, and the latter being endowed with life. They are not such, even, as are raised when we regard the trivial nature of a vast number of conversations and commands, ascribed directly to Jehovah, especially the multiplied ceremonial minutiæ laid down in the Levitical law. They are not such, even, as must be started at by the most pious minds, when such stories as these are read, professedly coming from the holy and blessed One, the Father and 'thy Creator' of all mankind: 'If the man smite his Hebrew servant] have given him [illegible] and she have borne him sons or daughters; the wife and her children shall be her master's, and he shall go out free by himself'—Exodus xxi: 4—the wife and children in such a case being placed under the protection of such other words as these: 'If a man smite his servant, or his maid, with a rod, and he die under his hand, he shall be surely punished. *Notwithstanding*, if he continue a day or two, he shall not be punished: for *he is his money*.'—Exodus xxi: 20, 21.

"I shall never forget the revulsion of feeling with which a very intelligent Christian native, with whose help I was translating these words into the Zulu tongue, first heard them as words said to be uttered by the same great and gracious Being whom I was teaching him to trust in and adore. His whole soul revolted against the notion that the great and blessed God, the merciful Father of all mankind, would speak of a servant or maid as mere 'money,' and allow a horrible crime to go unpunished, because the victim of the brutal usage had survived a few hours. My own heart and conscience at the time fully sympathized with his. But I then clung to the notion that the main substance of the narrative was historically true. And I relieved his difficulty and my own for the present by telling him that I supposed that such words as these were written down by Moses, and believed by him to have been divinely given to him, because the thought of them arose in his heart, as he conceived, by the inspiration of God, and that hence to all such laws he prefixed the formula, 'Jehovah said unto Moses,' without it being on that account necessary for us to suppose that they were actually spoken by the Almighty. This was, however, a very great strain upon the cord which bound me to the ordinary belief in the historical veracity of the Pentateuch; and since then that cord has snapped in twain altogether.

"But I wish to repeat here most distinctly that my reason for no longer receiving the Pentateuch as historically true is not that I find insuperable difficulties with regard to the miracles, or supernatural revelations of Almighty God, recorded in it, but solely that I cannot, as a true man, consent any longer to shut my eyes to the absolute, palpable self-contradictions of the narrative."

But what, he says, if he should by his argument shake belief in the Pentateuch? He replies:

"Our belief in the living God remains as sure as ever, though not the Pentateuch only, but the whole Bible, were removed. It is written on our hearts by God's own finger, as surely as by the hand of the apostle in the Bible, that '*God is*, and is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.' It is written there also, as plainly as in the Bible, that 'God is not mocked'—that 'whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap'—and that 'he that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption.'

"But there will be others of a different stamp, meek, lowly, loving souls—who are walking daily with God, and have been taught to consider a belief in the historical veracity of the story of the Exodus an essential part of their religion, upon which, indeed, as it seems to them, the whole fabric of their faith and hope in God is based. It is not really so: the Light of God's Love did not shine less truly on pious minds when Enoch 'walked with God' of old, though there was then no Bible in existence, than it does now. And it is, perhaps, God's will that we shall be taught in this our day, among other precious lessons, not to build up our faith upon a book, though it be the Bible itself, but to realize more truly the blessedness of knowing that he himself, the living God, our Father and Friend, is nearer and closer to us than any book can be—that his voice within the heart may be heard continually by the obedient child that listens for it, and *that* shall be our teacher and guide in the path of duty, which is the path of life, when all other helpers—even the words of the best of books—may fail us."

A series of arithmetical calculations is introduced, to show that the history of the children of Israel in the Mosaic narrative must have been written at a later period than the era of Moses, and that Moses himself could have had no hand in its preparation.

Without taking ground for or against the theory announced in the Doctor's work, we append a few additional passages to indicate the points which are made in the course of his argument.

A QUESTION OF NUMBERS.

"We cannot have recourse to the ordinary supposition that there may be something wrong in the Hebrew numerals. This suggestion will not avail here, however it might be applied in other cases to reduce to within the bounds of probability the extravagant statements of Hebrew writers—such as that in Ju. xii: 6, where we are told that the Gileadites under Jephthan slew of their brethren, the Ephraimites, 42,000 men; or that in Ju. xii, where, first, the Benjamites slay of the Israelites 40,000 men, v. 21, 25, and then the Israelites kill of the Benjamites 43,000, v. 35, 44, all these being 'men of valor,' that 'drew the sword'—or that in 1 S. iv: 10, where the Philistines slew of Israel 30,000 footmen, or in 1 S. xiii: 5, where the Philistines had 30,000 war-chariots, or in 2 S. x: 18, where David slew of the Syrians 40,000 horsemen, or in 2 Ch. xxviii: 6, 8, where Pekah, king of Israel, slew of Judah in one day 120,000 'sons of valor,' and carried away captive 200,000 'women, sons, and daughters,' or in 2 Ch. xiii: 3, where Abijah's force consisted of 400,000, and Jeroboam's of 800,000, and Judah slew Israel, v. 17, 'with a great slaughter; so there fell down slain of Israel 500,000 chosen men!'—it being remembered that at the battle of Waterloo there were killed of the Allies, 'British, Germans, Hanoverians, Brunswickers, men of Nassau, Belgians, and Prussians, altogether 4,172 men.' (*Alison's His. of Europe*, xix, p. 372.)

"But as regards the Pentateuch, not only is the number '600,000 on foot, besides women and children,' given distinctly in Ex. xii: 37, at the time of their leaving Egypt, but we have it recorded again, thrice over, in different forms, in Ex. xxxviii, 25–28, at the beginning of the forty years' wanderings, when the number of all that 'went to be numbered from twenty years old and upward,' is reckoned at 603,550; and this is repeated again in N. i: 46; and it is modified once more, at the end of the wanderings, to 601,730, N. xxvi, 51. Besides which, on each occasion of numbering, each separate tribe is numbered, and the sum of the separate results make up the whole.

"Thus this number is woven, as a kind of thread, into the whole story of the Exodus, and cannot be taken out without tearing the whole fabric to pieces. It affects directly the account of the construction of the Tabernacle, Ex. xxxviii: 25–28, and, therefore, also the reality of the institutions, whether of the priesthood or of sacrifice, connected with it. And the multiplied impossibilities introduced by this number alone, independent of all other considerations, are enough to throw discredit upon the historical character of the whole narrative."

UNINSPIRED CHARACTER OF THE PENTATEUCH.

And as he has by these reasonings absolutely convinced himself of the uninspired character of the Pentateuch, he now can write:

"But how thankful we must be that we are no longer obliged to believe, as a matter of fact, of vital consequence to our eternal hope, the story related in N. xxxi, where we are told 12,000 Israelites slew all the males of the Midianites, took captive all the females and children, seized all their cattle and flocks (72,000 oxen, 61,000 asses, 675,000 sheep,) and all their goods, and burnt all their cities, and all their goodly castles, without the loss of a single man; and then, by command of Moses, butchered in cold blood all the women and children, 'except all the women-children who have not known a man by lying with him.' These last the Israelites were 'to keep for themselves.' They amounted, we are told, to 32,000, v. 35, mostly, we must suppose, under the age of sixteen or eighteen. We may fairly reckon that there were as many more under the age of forty, and half as many more above forty, making altogether 80,000 females, of whom, according to the story, Moses ordered 48,000 to be killed, beside (say) 20,000 young boys. The tragedy of Cawnpore, where 300 were butchered, would sink into nothing compared with such a massacre, if, indeed, we were required to believe it. And these 48,000 females must have represented 48,000 men, all of whom, in that case, we must also believe to have been killed, their property pillaged, their castles demolished, and towns destroyed, by 12,000 Israelites, who, in addition, must have carried off 100,000 captives (more than eight persons to each man,) and driven before them 808,000 head of cattle (more than sixty-seven for each man,) and all without the loss of a single man! How is it possible to quote the Bible as in any way condemning slavery, when we read here, v. 40, of 'Jehovah's tribute of slaves, thirty-two persons'?

CRITICISING THE SCRIPTURE.

"In view of this change (in the manner of applying criticism to the letter of Scripture,) which, I believe, is near at hand, and in order to avert the shock which our children's faith must otherwise experience when they find, as they certainly will before long, that the Bible can no longer be regarded as infallibly true in matters of common history, as we value their reverence and love for the sacred book—let us teach them at once to know that they are not to look for the inspiration of the Holy One which breathes through its pages, in respect of any such matters as these, which the writers wrote as men, with the same liability to error from any cause as other men, and where they must be judged as men, as all other writers would be, by the just laws of criticism.

"Let us rather teach them to look for the sign of God's Spirit, speaking to them in the Bible, in that of which their own hearts alone can be the judges, of which the heart of the simple child can judge as well as—often, alas! better than—that of the self-willed philosopher, critic, or sage—in that which speaks to the witness for God within them, to which alone, under God himself, whose voice it utters in the secrets of his inner being, each man is ultimately responsible—to the reason and conscience. Let us bid them look for it in that within the Bible which tells them of what is pure and good, holy and loving, faithful and true; which speaks from God's Spirit directly to their spirits, though clothed with the outward form of a law, or parable, or proverb, or narrative—in that which they will feel and know in themselves to be righteous and excellent, however they may perversely choose the base and evil—in that which makes the living man leap up, as it were, in the force of sure conviction, which no arguments could bring, no dogmas of church or council enforce, saying, as the Scripture words are uttered, which answers to the voice of truth within: "These words are God's—not the flesh, the outward matter, the mere letter, but the inward core and meaning of them—for they are spirit, they are life.'"

For the Herald of Progress.

The Necessity of Christianity.

LETTERS FROM A MINISTER TO A. J. DAVIS,

ON THE DIVINE INCARNATION.

NUMBER THREE.

DEAR SIR: In the preceding letters I adopted the method of reasoning from below upwards—commencing with the dissevered and fragmentary man as he appears, dimly but well-defined, in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms; and stepping easily to the complete man as he is upon the earths, the complex, end, and archetype of these kingdoms, including all their substances, forms, and life, all their passions and laws, within himself. From the complete earthly man the transition to the spiritual was both easy and natural; from the spiritual to the celestial (or, if preferred, some other nomenclature may be adopted, provided it conveys the truth of the human ascending,) was equally necessary; and we confessed our own logical inability to stop short of the Divine Man himself, as the Great Originator, Archetype, and Includer, of all beneath him.

Before entering upon another phase of my subject, I would again call attention to this *ascending and descending Humanity*, which alone constitutes the chain of life universal. I would beg that it be deeply reflected upon—that it be viewed from both standpoints—from above and from below.

Standing below, we see, as the very groundwork and basis of creation, a shadowy form of man. We see it passing by imperceptible gradations steadily upward, upward, through all kingdoms, through all substances, through all forms; struggling bravely against all opposition; never wavering in its advance; never resting, until it has defined itself perfectly in the complete physical man. But now, although it never indicates a change of form in the least degree, yet it commences to unfold powers and beauties from the old one in unlimited measure. The spiritual human emerges from the comparative chaos of the natural, and without an effort speaks a representative language—the universal speech of souls; thinks thoughts that nothing but a representative will contain for very vastness; and *lives* himself out perpetually in a grand

system of representatives, that accompany him wherever he goes, and are wholly subject to the intense sphere of life exhaling from him. Drawing nearer to God as he is, he begins to exhibit the divine beauty of his image more fully, and appears a miniature creator, exhaling little Paradises from the life of his own spirit. We follow the form upward, upward still, through all its transfigurations, until it terminates, legitimately enough, we find, in the Apocalyptic visions of Daniel and of John.

The human form that we have followed so assiduously becomes at last the divine; the body "like the veryl," so pure its substance; the face "as the appearance of lightning" with the intensity of its love; the Infinite Wisdom lighting up the "eyes as lamps of fire;" the arms and feet themselves glowing with the glow of Goodness self-personified; and the multitudinous wisdom of all mankind uttering itself in the sound of its voice: "I am Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the Ending, saith the LORD, WHO IS, and WHO *was*, and WHO *is to come*, THE ALMIGHTY."

To such divine perfection does the human form attain, as it is followed upward by the ever-opening sight of man. Yea, and universal man attests its truth, so far as his *affirmative* experience goes—*negative* experience proves nothing.

Open the interior sight of any living man, and he is at once in the spirit-world, gazing upon spirit-substance, and surrounded by spiritual human forms. Open his sight still more interiorly, and he enters a still sublimer region, where the human is spiritually more perfect, almost beyond comparison; but still he may not worship; they are but brethren—these angel-men; and the language of each one to the awed and trembling neophyte is: "See thou do it not; I am of thy fellow-servants, the prophets, and of them who keep the sayings of this book. *Worship* GOD." But now we cannot rest here. Eternal order forbids it. One more degree of the soul's deepening vision is to be opened; the *inmost* is to be unlocked; and lo! there is *but* ONE BEING visible, before whose divinely human majesty the overpowered spirit falls as one dead; the soul is brought consciously into the very presence of Him who alone can say: "I AM THE FIRST AND THE LAST."

In lower spheres the human hath companions, but in this, it stands alone; yet "not alone," for the eternal divinity of the "Father is with" it. Just as we firmly believe and know that men, in all ages and of all climes, by the opening of the interior sight, have been brought into the society of the inhabitants of the spiritual world—some reporting what they see from one condition, some what they see from another, some truly, some falsely, according to their own true or false condition, yet all agreeing to one great testimony which grasps both false and true—just so firmly do we believe, and just as truly do we know, that the opening of the *inmost* sight will bring all men, in all ages, or would, or could do so, into the presence of the Inmost Divine Humanity, and demonstrate the Inmost Life, the Divine Man, to them all. And all would fall prostrate at his divine feet to worship him, *and hear no command to "do it not!"*

I know, also, that the divine appearance would vary, necessarily, according to the state of the seers; but in essentials their testimony is uniform, and they return with no truth on their tongues but one—the divine Humanity. This is the affirmative testimony throughout, and we believe it because it harmonizes with all order, and receives nought but confirmation in all spheres. And again we say, negative testimony proves nothing whatever. A man whose spirit-eye has never opened from its fleshly dream may deny all spirit with perfect ease. What matters it? Does his ignorance avail one iota against the positive knowledge of one who testifies simply to what he hath seen and heard? The same argument is, of course, applicable to men whose inmost sight and perception have never stirred. They may have ranged the spirit-world far and near, and may return like La Place from surveying the outward universe with his telescope, to say that they have found no God therein. But from them we appeal to the *positive* testimony, and from this to Reason, and from this to Nature, and from all to the Word, to obtain the ready seal of each, affirming that the Divine Humanity is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life." This is the glorious order of the heavens and the earth, as they apper to man, looking upon them from his naturally inferior position. Being below, he of course does not see the true order *directly*, but sees the *obverse* image thereof. This is an important point, and if clearly seen, explains many otherwise insuperable difficulties.

To state the whole difficulty in few words, man being near the last of creation, looking upwards to the first, and seeing his own form steadily advancing to perfection through it all, insanely concludes that he himself is God, or growing up to be a god; in a word, creates God in his own image. But this is a fallacy, arising solely from our inferior position; and as man advances to more interior, and, therefore, truer states of perception and thought, the fallacy disappears before a mighty truth. He soon learns that he actually is seeing things in *inverted order*, and must so precisely *invert* them all. He sees things *beginning* their course below, and will perhaps inform you that the mollusc is an incipient ape, and the ape an incipient man! Now this is simply an optical illusion, such as men experience when being on a vessel which is quietly leaving its moorings; the other vessels, and the wharves, and the city itself *seemed to be moving* from them. They are not wholly deceived. They simply have the truth *inverted*. They are moving from the city, but so quietly, that they feel no motion, and so the eye accepts the appearance uncorrected, as the valid truth. The men in the city are not so easily deceived.

There are two modes of correcting this freak of our spiritual optics: one is to commence where creation and its divine order commence; to trace this order down to ultimates and back again to the supreme. We will then see life and its human form in their *descending* manifestation, instead of the *ascending*. We witness the same order precisely, but it is no longer inverted in our vision; we commence where it commences, proceed as it proceeds, end where it ends, and return as it returns. We behold as "the first" of all things a Divine Humanity, infilled with infinite life and wisdom, and exhaling from itself, with divine ardor, this life, this wisdom, and this form, and filling the universe therewith from its highest to its lowest spheres. We see this Divine Humanity everywhere *reproducing itself*, and so fulfilling the law, that "like begets like." We behold this one majestic form casting its shadow upon all the universe, and causing every great and every little thing to be a mirror thereof. We behold this one Infinite Wisdom pouring its benign illumination into all minds, crowding every mental cranny with its rays, and filling to overflowing even the meaner receptacles it has formed. We behold this Infinite Divine Love pouring its energetic life—*for love is life*—into all hearts, and impregnating all substances with its qualities and powers. And of this inward truth and law, the outward forms of all things are the necessary confirmation. For whence have we our forms but from the love and wisdom that dwell in us, animate us, and create us momentarily? And whence have this love and wisdom their tendency to this form but from their mighty original?

Overshadowed by such a presence continually, drinking in with our inmost hearts the pure tide of love as it outflows from him, filled with the illumination that saith, "I am the light of the world," and so by all its indwelling powers made human in body and in soul and in all things pertaining thereto, what can we do but cast our crowns at His feet, and cry to the Divine Humanity, "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honor, and power; for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created."

The other mode of correcting our tendency to *invert* the order of things is by considering that life, like water, cannot rise above the level of its source, and that, therefore, the higher permanently includes in itself the lower in all things. Thus man includes all the kingdoms of Nature; the spirit includes the essence, the purer substance of man, and so of Nature, too; and the Divine Man includes them all in infinite perfection.

The origin of that most hideous and powerful fallacy—the "Development Theory"—which has seized upon some of the best scientific minds of the present day, lies in this optical delusion of the spirit, of which we have spoken. And the origin of the repulsive shudder with which our human nature meets that apelike semblance of the truth is found in the dim perception that man has of the *real* order of creation as having man at the head and a Divine Man as its center and soul.

From what has been said it will be seen that the animal kingdom resembles man merely because the human form is the universal form, and nothing can be created that will not partake of it, and the highest things will partake of it most. The animal kingdom resembles man, not because he has grown from it, but because he was its model; and in the great preparation that was made for his coming, all things were made like him—in other words, for this truth cannot be pressed too frequently, the Divine Man *could not* but reveal his own form in *some* measure, even in the lowest things, and in the earliest stages of his preparation for the fuller revealment in man himself. Meanwhile, that the subject may not lack internal consistency, we may state in few words that this truth of man being the "image" and "likeness" of God obtains not only in his form, but more interiorly, yea, to the profoundest depths of his being. The deeper we go, the clearer does it become. God, we have said, is life. But what is life? Define it, that we may in some way perceive its quality and nature. The definition has already been given. LOVE IS LIFE. Let the eternal and living Magnet (God) attract to himself again all the loves that animate his creation, and in one moment it would be a vast corpse! *Love is Life*. There is no other. And that "God is love" is a profound and philosophical truth. But God is love and wisdom also. Herein again we bear his image. We are so likewise. Desire and Instinct are again their semblance in the brute. Attraction and shape is all that is left them in the mineral. But the image is nowhere wholly lost; the universe will nowhere give up the truth of the Divine Humanity.

In my next letter I shall endeavor to show that in the descent of that Humanity, so that it may appear among men, the laws of order necessitate its conception and birth by a virgin woman, its growth as a human body, and, finally, its death and resurrection.

Yours, truly, R. NORMAN FOSTER,
(*A Minister of the New Christian Church.*)

ACCIDENT does very little toward the production of any great result in life. Though sometimes what is called a "happy hit" may be made by a bold venture, the old and common highway of steady industry and application is the only safe road to travel.

MODESTY is the flower of honor—a badge not always recognized or respected outside of its own order, where it is ever a young person's best certificate of merit.

Sight and Insight.

For the Herald of Progress.

Ancient Glimpses of the Spirit Land.

NUMBER FIFTY-TWO.

(*Continued from* HERALD *No.* 137.)

We have seen that the initiation to the Mysteries of the "rod of God" which Moses carried in his hand, was permitted to slide in the more open vision of the reforming puppets whose radicalism laid the ax to the root of the "grounded staff," which budded, bloomed, and bore almonds under the engineering of Aaron and the Lord. The Lord, by the medium Ezekiel, as by Isaiah and Jeremiah, declares the "rod of God," as per Jacob, Moses, and Gideon, "after the manner of Egypt," to "have been a Staff of reed to the house of Israel," though it was "the portion of Jacob, the rod of inheritance, and the Staff of accomplishment."

We have seen how Hosea let fly at the divining Staff as a way of the Lord. But Zechariah appears to have divined by it for the purpose of getting at the word of the Lord—"And I took my Staff, even Beauty, and cut it asunder that I might break my covenant which I had made with all the people. And it was broken in that day; and so the poor of the flock that waited upon me, knew that it was the word of the Lord." The prophet also had another Staff named "Bands." By this, too, the Lord manifested, and doubtless "the poor of the flock knew it was the word of the Lord."

Of Rhabdomancy, or divination by the "rod of God," the authors of the "Occult Sciences" cite Thophylact as saying: "They set up two Staffs, and having whispered some verses and incantations the Staffs fell by the operations of demons. Then they considered which way each of them fell, forward or backward, to the right hand or left hand, and agreeably gave responses, having made use of the fall of their Staffs for their signs." Thus the two Staffs of Zechariah, *Beauty* and *Band*, whose responses "the poor of his flock knew to be the Word of the Lord."

SORTILEGE, or divination by lot, was also a way of the Lord in old Jewry as among the Gentiles—"Aaron shall cast lots upon the two goats; one lot for the Lord and the other for the scapegoat." So, too, the land which the Israelites fillibustered from their neighbors was apportioned by the divination of casting lots, which, according to the Word unto Moses, "This is the land which ye shall inherit by lot." In the lottery "the Lord's portion is his people, Jacob, the lot of his inheritance," including the Bethel and the Staff which carried the patriarch over the Jordan, as per affidavit.

Joshua also divided the spoils by the lottery of the Lord—the divination by casting lots; and when Achan sought to poach upon the Lord by getting a[illegible] "wedge of gold and a goodly Babylo[illegible] garment," he "sinned against the Lord God of Israel," who came through the "lot" in a thousand of brick, or rather "stones," to the discomfiture of Achan. It appears that Achan had not been initiated into the mysteries of "the lot," nor had visions in his head as to how the Lord should manifest by the mysteries of the little joker; therefore, oh Achan, "the Lord shall trouble thee this day."

So, too, the children of Israel "asked council of God" by lot as to who should go up to fight against Gibeah. So did the children do according to the Word by lot. The lottery was drawn in the ark where "the children of Israel inquired of the Lord, for the ark of the covenant of God was there in those days." So, too, "Saul said unto the Lord God of Israel: Give a perfect lot." And Jonathan was sentenced to death by this perfect word of the Lord. But the people, rather bravely, considering their aptitude to hearken unto the Word, however equivocally manifested, put a veto on the sentence of the Lord, declaring, "As the Lord liveth, there shall not one hair of his head fall to the ground." But what if the people had vetoed the Word of the Lord in Achan's case? Would the Lord have put his fierce anger in pickle and awaited a more convenient season? *Quien sabe?* Who knows?

Joseph when in Egypt divined by the "cup, whereby indeed he divineth"—and "wot ye not that such a man as I can certainly divine?" So, too, the Psalmist supposes the Lord to manifest by the *cup* and by the *lot*. "The Lord is the portion of my inheritance and of my *cup*; thou maintainest my *lot*. The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage." Here we find the divination by cup and lot, and the "lines" falling favorably, like Staffs "Beauty" and "Bands," supposed to have been engineered by the Lord or by Dæmons. So, too, Solomon, who had taken the highest degrees of initiation, and was therefore chief magician, or wisest of men, says: "The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord." Being thus "God's Word," "the lot causeth contentions to cease and parteth between the mighty." Even Isaiah admits the Word of the Lord in the casting of lots when he says, "Seek ye out of the book of the Lord and read; none of these shall fail. * * * * And he hath cast the lot for them, and his hand hath divided it unto them by line."

Jeremiah presents the "lot" as "the portion of thy measures from me, saith the Lord." And Ezekiel—"Let no lot fall upon it;" for if the "lot" did so fall, it would be a test that it was the Word of the Lord God. So, too, Daniel—"Thou shalt rest and stand in thy lot at the end of the days." And Micah threatens some for not doing justly that they should no longer receive the Word by lot—"Therefore thou shalt have none that shall cast a cord *by lot* in the congregation of the Lord." This "cast of a cord *by lot*" is equivalent to the divination by "lines," as when the Lord inclines to David, and he says, "The *lines* are fallen unto me;" and Luke informs us that it was the priest's office *by lot* to burn incense in the temple of the Lord. It was the divination by lot that the Lord manifested to supply the place of Judas, when "the lot fell upon Mathias," and Barsabus was permitted to slide.

In all these divinations of the Bible, wherein we behold the Word of the Lord, we must bear in mind that there was no difference in the mode of the manifestation of the Word as compared with that of the come-outers, or of the people at large, or of rival nations or sects, who, as heretics, would necessarily be denounced as diviners, sorcerers, and idolators, though all were intent in finding and using the Lord.

We see the same in our day, as in Romanism, Protestantism, and throughout all the variety of sects. It is fortunate in our day that we have found modern keys quite fitting to the ancient locks; for the many phases of modern Spiritualism certainly do cover all the Biblical ground, all its supposed miracles in signs and wonders, all its trance and inspirational burdens of the Lord, and finds the boundaries of the mundane and transmundane worlds so closely akin that it is often difficult to say where ends the one or where begins the other.

From the high seraph reaching down to embrace the flesh-imprisoned soul, to bear it upward to the better life, to those less exalted in the scale of being, who find the Lord close by the "lines" of the "prestidigitateur," there yet remains an interlinked causation with indefinable boundaries; nor can it ever be said, Lo, here is the Lord! lo, there is the Lord! when all manifestations of the spirit mark only the degrees on the same scale of eternal causation, taking the various hues from mediumistic surroundings, according to the status of humanity.

The authors—Smedley, Taylor, Thompson and Rich—in the "Occult Sciences," say that "The TERAPHIM mentioned in the story of Jacob and Rachel are understood to have been used as oracles or means of divination. * * * Spencer in his '*De Legibus Hebræorum*' maintains that these oracles were essentially the same as the '*Urim*' of the Mosaic ritual. * * * This view is confirmed by the allusion in Hosea, iii: 4, where it is impossible the word Teraphim can mean idols; compare with this Judges xviii: 17–18. Whether it resemble the Urim in construction or not, the Teraphims were in all probability a means of obtaining divine responses."

As the symbol and its manifestation were alike called the Lord or *God*, so were the Urim, Thummim and Teraphim alike idolized or worshiped; for in such images more or less by all the earlier people, God, in part, was supposed to live, move, and have his being in like manner as the images of the Virgin, Jesus, the Saints, &c. are consecrated to be as God, in part, by the less advanced minds of the present day; not so much as Media as essentially Gods, ever so deemed by the undeveloped mind as transubstantial God in the wafer, and the mysterious habitation of God in the rod of Moses. Thus Laban to Jacob: "Wherefore hast thou stolen my Gods?" These were the Teraphims by whom the Lord manifested, as when Leah said, "Surely the Lord hath looked upon my affliction. * * * And she conceived again and bare a son; and she said now will I praise the Lord. Therefore she called his name Judah, and left bearing." But this abstinence from "bearing" was not long; for Mandrake root or Lucina cordial came to the help of the Teraphim. "And God hearkened unto Leah," to the addition of several more children. "And Leah said God hath endowed me with a good dowry." By the use of the Mandrakes, "God remembered Rachel," and she also appears to have thought that the Lord God of Israel in the Teraphim would produce her as good a dowry as to Leah; so she stole her father's Teraphim Gods, that she might thus secure the presence of the Lord. So too Micah, when he had a Teraphim Lord in his house, and a Levite to divine and expound the way of the Lord, said, "Now I know the Lord will do me good, seeing I have a Levite to priest." This priest sought the Lord for Micah for "ten shekels of silver by the year, a suit of apparel, and thy victuals"—about the same as in the covenant of Jacob with the Stone of Bethel. Some spies passing by the house of Micah, seeing that the Man of God resided there, besought him to "ask council of God, that we may know whether our way which we shall go shall be prosperous." The response of the divine oracle was, "Go in peace; before the Lord is your way wherein you go." This way of the Lord was that when the six hundred fillibusters on the report of the spies went not, they pounced upon Micah, robbed him of all his Gods, Ephod, Teraphim and Thummim, and pressed the priest into their service to expound the ways of the Lord. The priest—like his counterpart in all ages—was quite eager to go with the Lord over to the fillibusters in the louder call and expectancy of larger spoils and rations than the house of Micah afforded in the ten shekels and cold pieces. "And the priest's heart was glad, and he took the Ephod, and the Teraphim, and the graven image, and went in the midst of the people." Poor Micah, in loud lamentation, followed the army crying for his lost Gods, "Ye have taken away my Gods and priest, and what have I more?" Alas poor Micah! like "Rachel weeping for her children because they were not," till she took the Mandrake cordial, "and God hearkened to her." But not so sad for Micah weeping in the wake of the army who had taken his Lord as the "way wherein to go," as for Psaltiel, weeping for his stolen wife as clutched by David, the "man after God's own heart."

Micah may have roared you as loudly as the bellowing bulls of Basham, or as loudly as recorded in the Book of Jasher, of Judah, that when he "shrieked," on one occasion, "all the women of Egypt miscarried;" yet there remained sufficiency of holy Stones in Jewry through which Micah could seek the Lord, and thence find the rock of his salvation. The Lord that manifested by the Teraphim in Micah's house, had directed the fillibusters "unto a people that were quiet and secure, and they smote them with the edge of the sword, and burnt the city with fire." Micah may well dry his tears for the loss of such a God, who smites innocent people with the sword and burns their cities with fire.

When the way of the Hebrew Lord was by physical manifestations, whether by Urim, Thummim, Teraphim, or like the ruder Stone of Bethel, the Medium was called "God's house," so too these fillibusters unto Laish, "all the time that the house of God was in Shiloh," went "before the Lord as the way wherein ye go."

Among the ancients there was also divination by the Word—"a written or spoken formula of words, supposed to be capable of producing magical effects." Solomon was supposed to have been greatly gifted in this wise. But in this, as in the other modes of ancient divination, we cannot undertake to give the utmost scope of the Word. Enough if we have so gauged the foundation with square, rule, plummet, and level, that each one can go forward with the structure, and rear the Word in line with them of old time. We must leave the task of the more occult minutiæ of the Word with the etymologists. It may be they can trace the oneness of the *Terapin* with the *Teraphim*. If so, then has modern Yankeedom been making soup of one of the Hebrew Gods, and Agassiz has proved his wondrous ability in making mince-meat of the same. Mr. Dunlap, of the "Vestiges," and of the "Mysteries," might be able to discover that God's house in the Teraphim was equivalent to a domiciliary visit within the "hard shells" of trusteedom; as the Romanist eats his God in a mystery which is no more difficult to swallow than Jonah's whale, which Protestants do swallow and numerous other whales, with the Trinity, as well as the Catholic, why may not an alderman eat the Terraphim God in the mystery of Terapin soup, transubstantiated from calf's head? According to Hosea, the deprivation of Israel was to be without Teraphim. So too would an alderman consider it to be equally a deprivation to be without Terapin, and might pathetically exclaim with Micah, "Ye have taken away my God, and what have I more?"

There was divination by "Verses from the Word among Christians, especially from the Gospel of St. John, and from the Koran among the Mahommedans. Such are the amulets or charms called *grigris* by the African priests;" probably on the same wise as the scapulary is worn by the Catholics. "The name given to them by the negroes is *Saphy*, perhaps from the Arabic *Safi*, pure, select, excellent." A mighty amulet of the Christians was the *Agnus Dei* or lamb of God. More anciently the Egyptians, Hebrews, and adjacent nations had their many talismans or amulets, sometimes symbolizing God, and sometimes God himself as "the Savior and healer of all." Among the magical names in the mysteries of the old Hebrew hocus-pocus, was that of *Yah, Jah*, or *Yahouh*, modernized Jehovah. Hence whoever should question the presence of God in that name, or that the manifestations therefrom were anything but the true Word, should be stoned, "as the Lord commanded Moses."

Another name of the God of Israel was "Jealous," and was doubtless very potent as an amulet in the horoscope of sacred names. The famous *Ahacadaha* was a triangular, or somewhat trinitarian cast of Deity, worshiped in Syria, "and received as a magical symbol by the Jews." The *Pentangle* or *Pentegram* was also "a famous talisman," and this with the Ahacadaha formed a very extensive field for the manifestation of the Lord. But "Precious Stones were always preferred as talismans and amulets, and modern science has demonstrated their electricity. Haüg was the first to call attention to this subject, as a part of experimental philosophy, and Amoutti has established the existence of electric poles in these beautiful objects. The researches of Reichenbach may also be mentioned; but his results, and the effects generally observed in precious stones by Somnambules, belong to the magical evidences, and are of the same nature as the facts which originated the ancient faith in these things." Our authors have found one hundred and twenty-five of these Sacred Stones of the old theologies, not including those of coarser make, of Bethel, Ebenezer, &c., but those wrought into the tabernacle of the Lord, were all God-Stones, being akin to the Lord by their magnetic or electrical virtues. The twelve Stones of the old Jewry breast-plate were supereminent in their affinities for the Lord. They represented the twelve Signs of the Zodiac, the twelve tribes of Israel, and included the famous Urim and Thummim by which the high priest more exclusively divined. On this wise the Hebrew Lord manifested and sometimes to the showing of himself and talking familiarly with Moses, while the people were kept at the foot of the hill, "lest they break through unto the Lord to gaze, and many of

them perish." Besides the divining Stones, Urim, Thummim, and Teraphim among the Hebrews, there were others in the regions round about. The *Anachitis* "was used in divination, to call up spirits from water; another Stone called *Synochitis*, obliges them to remain while they were interrogated. Leonardus describes the *Anancithidus* as a 'a necromantic Stone whose virtue is to call up evil spirits and ghosts.' * * The *Chirsoletus*, if bound round with gold and carried in the left hand, drives away night-hags and preserves from melancholy, illusions and witches. Its virtue is greater if a hole be made in it and the hairs of an ass be passed through."

"*Crystal* prevails against unpleasant dreams, dissolves enchantments, and is a medium for magical visions. Being bruised with honey it fills the breasts with milk. Leonardus appears to have indulged in a little spite against this beautiful mineral. 'The principal use of crystal,' he says, 'is for making cups rather than anything else it is good for.'" Probably it was this kind of cup that Joseph divined with in Egypt, and to which David alludes when he finds the Lord in his cup as an inheritance, thus sealing him as a "man after God's own heart."

"*Diadochus.*—According to Marbodæus, this gem resembles the *beryl* in its properties, and was most valuable in divination. It served for the invocation of spirits, and oracular responses could be discovered in it. The words of Leonardus are too curious to omit: 'It disturbs devils beyond all other stones; for if it be thrown in water, with the words of its charm sung, it shows various images of devils, and gives answers to those that question it. Being held in the mouth, a man may call any devil out of hell and receive satisfaction to such questions as he may ask.'

"*Galactides, or Galacides.*—Perhaps a species of emerald. It is greatly valued by magicians, its property being to make magical writings heard, and ghosts appear to return answers. It promotes love and friendship.

"*Eumetis.*—Yields oracular dreams.

"*Kinocetus.*—Said to be good in casting out devils.

"*Lodestone.*—'With this stone,' says Orpheus, 'you can hear the voices of the Gods and learn many wonderful things. If you suffer from sickness, take it in your hands and shake it well. Then take courage and ask it concerning the future—everything will be unfolded truthfully before you; and if you hold it nearer to your eyes, it will inspire you with a divine spirit. It is a glorious remedy against wounds, and makes the deaf to hear. . . . . Armed with the lodestone, you may pass on among reptiles, even if they meet you in legions accompanied by black death.'"

Onyx.—Many in modern times are acquainted with the manifestations of the Lord in the eye-stone. "Its properties resemble those of jasper, besides which it increases the saliva in boys, and is said to bring terrible shapes to the dreamer. If applied to the eye, it acts as if it were alive by creeping about and removing anything noxious.

"*Pontica.*—A blue stone, with red stars, or drops, and lines like blood. It compels the devil to answer questions, and puts him to flight.

"*Quirinus*, or *Quinus*, is described as 'a juggling stone, found in the nest of the hoopoop.' It will be agreed that it is one of the most precious in our catalogue, for if laid on the breast of one sleeping it forces him to discover his rogueries." It is to be regretted that it was not included in the old Jewry breast-plate of God-stones, to expose whatever of roguery there may have been by the priesthood, or Lord's anointed, in the practice of Urim, Thummim, and Teraphim.

"*Sapphire.*—It is understood to make the melancholy cheerful, and maintain the power or manly vigor of the body. The high priest of Egypt wore a sapphire upon his shoulder, and Ælian says it was called Truth. The Buddhists still ascribe a sacred magical power to it, and hold that it reconciles man to God. It is a good amulet against fear, promotes the flow of the animal spirits, hindereth the ague and gout, promotes chastity, and prevents the eyes from being affected by the small-pox.

"*Sardius.*—This gem resembles the cornelian, and is an antidote to the *onyx*. It prevents unpleasant dreams, makes its possessor wealthy, and sharpens his wit.

"*Sardonyx.*—It helps women in childbirth, and for this purpose is to be laid between the breasts. It possesses the additional virtue of making men merry and agreeable, and prevents lasciviousness."

Pliny describes a marvelous way of the Lord in the *Anguinum Ocum*, or *Serpent's Egg*. A genuine test of the presence of the Lord was, that when "enchased in gold" it was thrown into a river, "and if genuine it would swim against the stream." This was equal to the smimming of the ax in the Word of old Jewry. Jewrywise, the man of God "cut down a stick and cast it into the water, and the iron did swim."

The mistletoe was the "rod of God," or "Staff of accomplishment," among the Druids. Hence our authors say: "The Druids of England and Gaul, it must be remembered, were acquainted with the states of ecstasy and the symbolic language of the clairvoyant. The mistletoe, cut with a golden knife, was the charm which, perhaps, produced the magnetic sleep, as well as the amuletic medicine which cured disease."

Our few specimens of the more eminent God-stones must suffice for the present. The ancient divination by rings belongs to the same category of the precious stones, rods of God, &c. Besides the covering of the tabernacle of the Lord with ram's skins, there was a multiplicty of rings in reciprocal relation with the stones, and the magnetic or galvanic rings of our own day would appear to manifest the presence of the Lord, so analogous to the ancient divinations. Our authors say that "the signet-ring of Solomon is one of the most famous in antiquity. It had the mystic word *Schemham-phorasch* engraven upon it, and it gave him the command of spirits, and procured for him the wonderful *Shamir*, which enabled him to build the temple," &c., &c.

In mystical relations with all these ways of finding the Lord, there were also the sun, moon, and stars, pavilioned in thick clouds of darkness, yet embosomed in the light, whose wings were the blue ether, and whose voice was in the zephyr and in the whirlwind—whose signs were as the movement of the heavens; and the horoscopist was the prophet to divine by them, and to show them synchronous with the manifestations of Thummim and Teraphim, Trance and Holy Ghost; hence Solomon was as wise in astrological divination as in engineering spirits by the ineffable name *Jah*, or *Schemham-phorasch*. Hence, too, Solomon, fully initiated to the top of "Jacob's Ladder," would be understood to-day by the fully developed mystical and astronomical "Free Mason," for the Masonic mysteries open somewhat into the Holy of Holies of all the ancient religions, whether of Chaldea, Egypt, or Jewry. The high priesthoods and the philosophers were as one in regard to the higher mysteries as connected with the visible heavens, while the Mesmero-spiritual mysteries were among the people as engineered by the lesser priesthoods and prophets. These were often denounced by the more exclusively initiated as witches, wizards, sorcerers, or false prophets—as the wizards whom Saul put out of the land were the same whom he slew as the "Lord's priests" at Nob. Much of the language in the "sacred Scriptures" is involved in double relation with reference to the Mesmero-spiritual and astronomical in personated aspects. The moral and spiritual move consonant with the astreal—repeat and vary each other in mystical allegory. To run the gauntlet between the two planes in echo and in chorus, was to keep step to the music of the spheres, to know the Word, "to understand a proverb and the interpretation, and the words of the wise and their dark sayings."

There is much singularly beautiful, weird, and poetic, in the "stub and twist" of God's Word," as said by them of old time. Hence we agree with Solomon, that "the wise will hear and will increase learning, and a man of understanding shall attain unto wise councils." By searching the Scriptures in their spiritual and astronomical aspects, the "man of understanding" may find that though the letter be dead, there is life in the allegory. With "the key of David," he will "open sesame" to the mysteries when *Mum* was the "Word" to the uninitiated. He will incline his ear to a parable, and trace the dark saying on the harp which included in its sweep the movements of the starry hosts and the evil spirit from God upon Saul, seeking the Word from the charmer as he opened his mouth in the dark saying, in like manner as when a minstrel played for Elisha, "the hand of the Lord came upon him." Thus stones, stars, rods, and prophets, were the mediums of the indwelling God. C. B. P.

The Present and the Future.

It is strange that the experience of so many ages should not make us judge more solidly of the present and of the future, so as to take proper measures in the one for the other. We dote upon this world as if it were never to have an end, and we neglect the next as if it were never to have a beginning.

Instructive Miscellany.

The Passionate Father.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

"Why, Robert, how came you to do so?" said Mrs. Carter, in her soft and gentle voice.

"I'm real sorry, mother," returned Robert. "But, you see, Hen Smith and I were having a game at ball, and mine fell over into the garden. There can't be much of any harm done, for I didn't take but a few steps."

"Perhaps not. But you know your father is very particular about his garden, and I fear that he will be very much displeased."

And Mrs. Carter's usually placid face assumed an anxious and troubled look.

Robert began to look sober; he had not thought of that.

"Need father know that I did it?" he said, in a low, hesitating voice.

Mrs. Carter was silent. Very strongly did her mother's heart yearn to shield the thoughtless but well-meaning boy from a punishment that she had good cause to fear would be unreasonably severe; but, above all things, she desired to have her children grow up truthful and conscientious. So she said:

"It would not be right for you to deceive your father, Robert. Perhaps he will not say anything about; but if he should, you will feel a great deal better to tell him just as it is."

"Well, I don't think it's wrong to deceive father, then!" upspoke his twin-brother Richard. "If he was anything like other people, it would be different; but he gets so mad at the least thing, that you almost have to."

Mrs. Carter shook her head reprovingly at these words; but as the children turned away, a sigh which came from a heavy heart, burst from her lips. Where would all this end? The unwise treatment they were receiving, was fast ruining the disposition of both. With Robert, who was bold and high-spirited, quick-tempered, but ingenuous and kind-hearted, it strengthened the inherent self-will and impetuosity of his character, bringing out all the evil impulses of his nature. While with Richard, whose disposition was naturally more timid and less frank and open, it was fast developing a spirit of artfulness and deception.

With the happy versatility of his age, Robert had forgotten all about the occurrence of the morning, and was enjoying a game of romps with his baby sister, who was crowing and clapping her hands in high glee, when it was suddenly recalled to his mind by the heavy sound of approaching footsteps.

A moment later the door was thrown violently open, and Mr. Carter stalked in, looking the very personification of wrath.

"Wife," he exclaimed, "who has been in the garden, trampling over those beds?"

Robert's heart gave a great leap; for he knew from his father's look and tone that he was very angry. But with a moral heroism worthy of far different treatment, he mustered courage to say:

"It was I, father. I was playing ball——"

"It was you, was it?" interrupted Mr. Carter, walking across the room. How dared you disobey me? Haven't I told you not to stir your foot into the garden?"

"Yes, sir; but I forgot all about it."

"Then take that, and that, to strengthen your memory!" retorted the angry man, dealing him a blow on each side of his head. "And now march directly to your room! You'll have no supper to-night."

During this scene Mrs. Carter did not dare to raise her eyes from her work, lest they should betray something of the indignation that filled her heart. This then was her reward for teaching her child to be truthful and conscientious. So strong was this feeling that it overpowered her habitual fear of her husband's anger, and the first time they were alone she ventured to say:

"My dear, I can't help thinking that you were too severe with poor Robert. It was only an act of thoughtlessness at the most, for which he was very sorry."

Now Mr. Carter was one of those persons who cannot bear the least contradiction, or the slightest imputation that they could possibly be in the wrong; so he received this gentle expostulation as though it was the greatest insult that could be offered him.

"I tell you once for all, Mrs. Carter," he retorted, "that I won't be interfered with in the management of my children. Robert has got so that he don't mind a word I say to him; and you are at the bottom of the whole of it, encouraging him as you do by excusing his willful disobedience."

Mrs. Carter made no reply to this, knowing, as she did, that it would only make matters worse.

Presently the tea-bell rang. How cheerful and pleasant that well-lighted room looked as they opened the door Fragrant tea, that was still bubbling in the hissing urn, sent forth an aroma so grateful and exhilarating to exhausted nature, while the snowy damask glittered with costly service of silver and sevres. Nothing seemed to be wanting to make peaceful and happy the hearts of those who gathered around it but the spirit of love, and that the demon of anger had driven away. Even the children, as they looked from the angry face of one parent to the sad countenance of the other, caught the infection, and the baby ceased from its joyous prattle, and the elder children looked constrained and uncomfortable.

Already Mr. Carter began to upbraid him for his carelessness and injustice. He knew that he was in the wrong; but this very consciousness served only to increase his irritation. So he swallowed in sullen silence his tea and toast, and after glancing over the evening paper, left the house, manifestly to the great relief of every one in it.

As Robert heard, in the gloom and darkness of his chamber, the sounds of supper below, his heart swelled with a sense of wrong and injustice. What a contrast he presented to the merry, gentle-hearted boy of an hour before! The fair brow was darkened with a scowl of hate, and the small hands clenched with impotent rage, more fierce and bitter because of its very impotence.

What an impetus this treatment had given to the evil passions of his nature, leaving a darkening impress upon the soul that no after kindness could efface.

As he sat there by the window, looking out into the darkness, his mind full of angry thoughts, he heard the door open, and the sound of a gentle footstep. He well knew who it was, but in his present mood he felt bitter toward everybody, even the mother, whose heart was so full of sympathy for him.

"I have brought you some supper, my son," she said, in a pleasant voice.

"I don't want any supper," returned the boy, sullenly, pushing away the tray that she placed before him.

Mrs. Carter laid her hand soothingly upon his head.

"I would not mind it, Robert," she said. "Father did not mean to be severe. He is tired and out of sorts to-night, and it vexed him to have you so careless. He will forget all about it in the morning."

"But I shan't, then!" said Robert, raising his head as he spoke. "I shall remember it as long as I live! I hate father, I do. He has beaten me like a dog, and all for nothing. I only wish I was a man!"

There was something so vehement and unchildlike in this anger that Mrs. Carter was startled and shocked.

"My dear child," she said, falteringly, "if you only knew how much you distressed me!"

"I hate to feel so," said Robert, in a softer voice, for he loved his mother, and was sorry to grieve her, "but I can't help it. Father treats me so that it makes me ugly when I don't want to be. I *was* sorry to think I injured the garden; but I'm not sorry *now*, I'm glad!"

Mrs. Carter saw that this was no time for reproof, so she forbore to make any comments upon language which filled her heart with sad forebodings, but endeavored to allay his irritations of mind by direting his thoughts to other and more pleasant topics, in which she partially succeeded.

Was Mr. Carter a domestic tyrant? Not at all. He was, when himself, kind and indulgent, almost to a fault. No father could be more devotedly attached to his children. Were they sick, his tenderest sympathies were aroused for them. He promptly and cheefully supplied their every want, and was untiring in his efforts to secure for them all the comforts and advantages of life. But like a great many fathers, aye, and mothers, too, he was kind and pleasant, *when he felt like it;* but if his children irritated him, or crossed his wishes, even though it might be more the result of thoughtlessness than evil design, it was but a word and a blow with him, and most generally the blow came first. He was subject to sudden bursts of passion, which, for the time being, seemed to deprive him of every feeling of humanity and justice.

Some one has called anger "a voluntary madness." And, in fact, it differs little from a paroxysm of maniacal violence, with the exception that it is voluntary and of brief duration. But, ah, brief as it is, it has often blighted, during its blind frenzy, the happiness of a lifetime!

Mr. Carter was aware of this failing, and often, after the fury of his passion had abated, felt ashamed and self-condemned. But if it was directed toward his children, he generally consoled himself by giving them some unusual indulgence, often as unwise as the violence whose memory it was designed to efface.

He was fond of all his children, but Robert was more the object of his pride than either of the others. He was so handsome and intelligent, and had such a frank, engaging manner, that even the hearts of strangers were drawn toward him, and his father cherished many a fond hope of his eminence and usefulness in after life. Yet, thoughtless and impulsive, his very frankness and scorn of deception caused him to suffer the most frequently from his father's violent temper. The alternate harshness and indulgence with which he was treated had the worst possible effect upon him. Sensitive and excitable, he needed the guidance of a steady and gentle hand.

Robert had little respect for his father—children never respect those who are so destitute of self-control as to give way to unreasonable anger—and respect was the only means by which such a high spirit could be brought into subjection. He was tenderly attached to his mother, who was one of the gentlest and most patient of women, and her influence over him was very salutary. But ill health, and the fear of displeasing her husband, enabled her to do but little toward bringing about a better state of feeling between the father and son, except by endeavoring to allay the growing irritability of the latter, which at times threatened to break out into open defiance.

Thus matters continued until the twin brothers reached the age of fourteen, Robert growing daily more self-willed and impatient of contradiction, and Richard becoming more crushed in spirit and disheartened.

* * * * *

"Thomas, you may harness Fleetfoot, and bring him to the door," said Mr. Carter to his groom, the next morning after his return from an absence of some days.

"I am very sorry, sir," returned Thomas, after a moment's hesitation, "but Fleetfoot is lame."

"Lame?" repeated Mr. Carter, "how in the name of wonder did that happen?"

"Well, sir, it's my opinion that Master Robert drove him too hard the other day. He's a young horse yet, and can't bear it. Leastways, he has been lame ever since."

"When did he have him?"

"Last Saturday."

With a heavy cloud upon his brow, Mr. Carter proceeded to the stable.

Fleetfoot was a beautiful young bay that he prized very highly. He found him quite lame in his right foot, beside bearing other marks of hard usage.

As he was returing to the house, boiling with rage at this discovery, he chanced to meet Robert.

"Look here, young man!" he exclaimed, confronting him with flashing eyes, "what do you mean by taking Fleetfoot from the stable and using him as you have? The horse is ruined! I wouldn't have taken five thousand dollars for him a week ago, and now he isn't worth five!"

"I'm sure I'm as sorry as you can be about it," returned Robert, half defiantly, for his father's look and tone irritated him; "but I don't see as it can be helped now. Beside, he isn't lamed so but what he will get over it. Squire Giles saw him yesterday, and said that in a few weeks he would be as well as ever."

"I dont care what Squire Giles or any other fool says! He will never be the same horse that he was—never! How far did you drive him?"

"To P—— and back."

"Who went with you?"

Now his brother Richard went with him, but the poor boy stood in such terrible fear of his father's anger, that, when he discovered the mischief that had been done, he besought his brother not to disclose the fact that he had anything to do with it, to which Robert very readily consented, as he felt that he had been most to blame.

So, after a moment's thought, the generous-hearted boy replied:

"Father, I not only planned the whole affair, but took Fleetfoot from the stable, harnessed and drove him; so there is no one to blame but myself."

"That isn't answering my question!" thundered his father. "Who went with you?"

Robert turned slightly pale around the mouth, but he said resolutely:

"That I can't tell you."

"Insolent boy!" exclaimed Mr. Carter, raising the whip threateningly that he held in his hand as he spoke. "How dare you answer me in that manner?"

At the sight of the whip Robert started like a mettled steed. Turning upon his father a look as dark and threatening as his own, he said:

"You shall not strike me, father! I will not take a blow from you again!"

Robert had scarcely ceased speaking, when he felt the sting of the lash upon his neck. With flushed face and blazing eyes, he sprang forward and endeavored to wrest the whip from his father's hand.

Mr. Carter grew white with rage. After a brief but violent struggle, he succeeded in regaining possession of the whip, and raising the handle, gave his son a violent blow with it upon the side of his head. Heavily loaded, it fell with fatal effect upon the left temple, and without a word or moan the unfortunate boy fell instantly to the ground.

For a moment the horror-struck man, suddenly aroused from his brief delirium, looked down bewildered upon the white face that was stretched at his feet, and then his wild cries for help alarmed the household.

With an agony of suspense, which no pen can describe, did the unhappy father watch beside the bed of his son, never leaving him night nor day.

For hours Robert lay perfectly motionless, and apparently unconscious of all around him. It seemed like a drawn battle between two opposing forces, and for some time it was doubtful as to whether life or death would win him. But at last the former triumphed. Robert slowly unclosed his eyes and fixed them upon his father, who was bending anxiously over him. But, oh, the darkness of the grave could not have been so terrible as the sudden suspicion that was forced upon him. That vacant look and unmeaning smile told that the light of reason had fled forever!

"The *mind* had passed away,
And who could call its wing from out the sky

Actuated by the hope of his ultimate recovery, Mr. Carter carried his son from place to place, and from one eminent physician to another. But without avail; his head had received some internal injury which rendered his case a hopeless one.

For some months he spent most of his time with Robert, whose mental condition was such as to require incessant care and watchfulness, and often, as he looked upon him, and contrasted him with what he once was, his agony of mind was almost insupportable. At these times his friends would urge upon him the necessity of a separation, almost fearing for his reason. But to all their entreaties he would shake his head sadly, saying: "It is my punishment!"

But at last the conviction that his child's good demanded it, induced him to relinquish him to other and wiser guardianship. In one of those calm retreats for the darkened mind, with which our land is so highly favored, did this once intelligent and promising boy spend the remainder of his life. He had seasons of gloom and mental suffering, but for most part of the time he appeared to be calm and happy, childish in all his tastes and feelings, and pleased with childish things. Yet far better thus than the wayward, headstrong youth that the treatment he was receiving was fast making him.

Three or four times in the course of the year his father visited him; but he manifested neither joy at his arrival nor sorrow at his departure, though he took eagerly the toys and sweetmeats that he always brought him, of which he was very fond.

This terrible lesson sank deep into the heart of Mr. Carter, and seemed to effect an entire change in his character. Few would recognize in the grave, dignified man, whose countenance, though it bore the impress of a deeply rooted sorrow, was always tranquil, the husband and father whose choleric temper had made him a terror to those dearest to him.

While reading a paper, a short time since, my attention was arrested by these words: "Died, in the asylum for the insane, in ——, of softening of the brain, Robert Carter, aged nineteen." And then I knew, and rejoiced to know, that this victim to a father's anger had gone to his rest; that upon his darkened mind had burst the light of unclouded reason.

The foregoing story, with the exception of the names of the characters, is strictly true. Cases are rare where the result is as fatal as this; yet an eminent physician tells me that he has known several instances of convulsions, deafness, and partial idiocy, to be caused by that most barbarous method of correcting children, by boxing of the ears, blows upon the head, &c., even when not characterized by unusual severity, or followed by any immediate result, given, as they always are, when the delicate vessels of the head are distended with blood, and the whole nervous system is in a state of strong excitement.

Said a teacher to me once, whose school I was visiting, "That boy is the most stupid, obstinate pupil I have." And when I learned the treatment he had received, I did not wonder. Indeed, the involuntary ducking of the head, as the teacher pointed to him, a motion which we often observe in a dog, but never in a child that has been properly treated, gave me an inkling of it then.

Some parents seem to imagine the heads of their children to be composed of different materials from their own. A friend complained to me once of the unpleasant feelings occasioned by an accidental blow upon the forehead; yet, though otherwise a kind mother, I have seen her bestow upon the tender head of her child blows which, by her own account, occasioned in herself pain and dizziness of some hours duration, without any thought of the evil result that might follow.

The bones that compose the head, though like the rest of the frame, less liable to fracture, are, in a child, more susceptible to injury from any sudden jar or violence than an adult's. It conveys outward impressions to the brain much more rapidly, and it is some years before its parts become firmly knit together. It is the casket that contains the brain, upon whose healthful development so much depends, and it is sad to see so often a life-long disease occasioned by rude and careless treatment.

Voices from the People.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Interesting Letter.

PERRY CITY, N. Y., 1862.

FRIEND DAVIS: The accompanying document was prepared some years ago under the following circumstances: Several of us attended the *select school* of Prof. Gillet, in Peach Orchard, Schuyler Co., N. Y., some ten years ago, and as he is one of the best teachers in the State, and perhaps second to few scholars in the country, and as he takes much interest in the progress and welfare of his pupils, we thought it proper and right to make the man we so much esteemed a small present of books, an article with which he is somewhat familiar. He is a graduate of Union College, N. Y., and was there at the same time Wm. H. Seward attended college. Prof. Gillet is now about sixty-four years old, but is still obliged to continue his school in Peach Orchard. I may here add that the Professor is a Spiritualist. The writer of the following article, or letter of presentation, had most decidedly the best ability, and we therefore chose him to prepare what he thought proper. He was born in Connecticut, but at present, I believe, resides in New York city. He studied law with Judge Edmonds, and is now "practicing"

I suppose. His politics are of the Dr. Cheever stamp—a firm abolitionist. He is a man of large ability. His age is about thirty, and his name is Edward Gilbert. It seems to me that what follows is not unworthy of the HERALD OF PROGRESS:

THE LETTER.

PROF. JOHN A. GILLET, DEAR SIR, A feeling of gratitude to a benefactor is one of the immediate promptings of a healthy nature. No action of the exterior world upon the interior man can make a correct and beneficial impression unless the inward soul be enlivened by that spirit which glows with such sublime intensity throughout the realms of universal Nature. And even the crimson life-current, which threads its meandering course from one extremity of the human system to the other, on its errand of love, recoils at the icy threshold of the heart, unwarmed by grateful emotions for favors received, retires therefrom and colors the cheek as conscience commenced her silent though lashing appeals to reason for an acknowledgment of just obligations.

This feeling, so natural to the human heart, must have emanation: the circuit must be completed or the equilibrium cannot be restored. It is this feeling, dear sir, that prompts us to address you at this time. Our obligations to you are of a peculiar nature. We have not generally been dependent upon you; you have not, perhaps, saved us from "grievous accidents of flood and fire;" but while debased society was proffering its tempting bait to allure the young mind to paths of ignorance and infamy, you were using your best endeavors to lead us into the flowery fields and academic groves of approved literature. And when a corrupt nature might have led us to content ourselves with the groveling things of earth, you pointed us to the heavens, and from the mystic symbols engraved on the azure bosom of night, interpreted to us the high destiny of immortal man. Attuned by you, our ears first caught the music of the spheres, low, indeed, at first, like the soft whisperings of autumnal twilight zephyrs, but constantly increasing in power and melody. Taught by you, we were enabled to see in every star that cheers the vault of night, a star of Bethlehem—a herald of good news to man. And this influence exerted by you is eternal in its nature. It will tell in far distant ages when hosts of spirit "*savans*" shall penetrate heaven's unexplored depths "in search of new and wonderful." It will tell on the enrolled list of archangels, and at the great council-fire of heavens elect, convened to deliberate new plans for the promotion of lofty enterprise. It is with this view of our obligations to you that we make the present manifestation of our regard and esteem for you. The books were selected according to our best judgment, and we present them, hoping that they may prove a valuable addition to that library which was always open to every eager student, and do much to cheer the leisure hours of him who has lived for humanity.

Signed: Edward Gilbert, John Strowbridge, Luzerne A. Owen, Franklin Miller, Asher B. Evans, David Trowbridge.

The same individual justified himself for taking up the study of the *law* by the following considerations: "I have had the matter under consideration for more than a year, and justify myself in this way: 1st, We ought to live for humanity, ourselves included among the number. Now, what is the cause of humanity? Down-trodden and oppressed, even in this free country—this glorious land of liberty—even here man tyrannizes over man and subjects him to involuntary bondage. The culprit is hanged for crimes committed while acting according to the dictates of his own development. The day-laborer drags out a weary life in unrequited toil, and dies a charity subject, whilst the unproducing speculator luxuriates upon the products of his extorted labor. The philosopher, it is true, unravels the mysteries of Nature, discovers new truths, and thus enlarges the golden network by which man catches hold on the infinite; yet humanity must be humanized, or the broils and turmoils of conflicting individuals, communities, and states, will tear out the enameled border of that network and leave mankind in darkness. 2d, Reformers of the present day are generally men of superficial attainments, and advance principles wholly unfounded either in Nature or custom. The public mind is only distorted by such sentiments, and there is at present great need of scientific, practical reform jurists. I will not say that I shall ever make one, but simply make it an excuse for taking up the profession."

May he who holds and tries to carry out such sentiments succeed in life. Mr. Gilbert is not a Spiritualist in the ordinary sense of the term. In one of his letters to me the following fine passage occurs: "When the dawning light of the millennial morn shall burst with cheering significance upon this world of darkness and error, it will be something far different from the ethereal radiance of which poets dream as emanating from the coronals of 'blest spirits.' The glad tidings of salvation must reach us from some other parts than the dusky confines of the spirit land. *The elements of our redemption are within us.* Everything in Nature, from the life-giving orb of day, sweeping majestically through the skies, to the 'spangled dew-drop on the thorn, distilling sweet odor in the morning sun,' announces the all-embracing fact that the Creator is wise, powerful, and merciful. Will the spirits lead us to an appreciation of the works of the Creator? Nature informs us that the cultivation of our own God-given faculties can alone insure such an object. To the philosopher everything appears beautiful. In the vegetable world, he sees, in every form of vegetable life, from the towering oak to the most abject bit of moss, the same sublime combination of material constituents and electric forces. There is to me no small source of comfort in the reflection that my weak spirit, when divested of 'this mortal coil,' will take almost rapturous pleasure in floating around in the ever eddying current of the universe, and investigating the action and nature of that secret influence by which remote material existences are bound together."

D. T.

Herald of Progress

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

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WE devote much of our inside space this week to the evidence respecting the Spirit Photographs. The intense interest felt upon this question will make this large appropriation of space not unacceptable to our readers, notwithstanding our news items are curtailed thereby.

To Agents and Clubs.

On and after December 1st, our subscription price will be uniformly two dollars a year—one dollar for six months. No discount to clubs or agents.

We make this change only in obedience to an imperative necessity, in consequence of the greater cost of material and increased expense of publication. We can give no assurance of permanent adherence even to these rates, if the price of paper continues to advance.

To Purchasers and Dealers.

In view of the increased price of paper, we find that every copy of the HERALD OF PROGRESS sold to periodical dealers is sold at a loss to us. Paper has advanced fully *fifty per cent*, while as yet our prices have remained unchanged.

On and after the first of December we shall advance one cent in the retail price of the HERALD, fixing it at *five cents* per copy. This increase is by no means equal in proportion to the greater cost, but we *hope*, by an increased effort on the part of our readers, to be able to furnish our paper permanently at this rate.

The President's Proclamation.

In the November *Atlantic*, Mr. Emerson said of Mr. Lincoln's Proclamation of the 22d September: "It was well to delay the steamers at the wharves, until this edict could be put on board. It will be an insurance to the ship as it goes plunging through the sea with glad tidings to all people. Happy are the young who find the pestilence cleansed out of the earth, leaving open to them an honest career. Happy the old, who see Nature purified before they depart. Do not let the dying die: hold them back to this world, until you have charged their ear and heart with this message to other spiritual societies, announcing the amelioration of our planet.

"'Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.'

"Meantime that ill-fated, much-injured race, which the Proclamation respects, will lose somewhat of the dejection sculptured for ages in their bronzed countenance, uttered in the wailing of their plaintive music—a race naturally benevolent, joyous, docile, industrious, and whose very misery sprang from their great talent for usefulness, which in a more moral age will not only defend their independence, but will give them a rank among nations."

Lectures to Women.

We are glad to learn that Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham is soon to give free lectures to women on the Laws of Health and Human Development, at the Cooper Institute. The first lecture will be given in the large music room on the fourth floor, Wednesday, Dec. 3, 1862, at 2 P. M. Those of our readers who can possibly avail themselves of Mrs. Farnham's course may be assured they will be well repaid.

A Question Answered.

The *Principia* gives the following in answer to the question—"*How are the slaves to know anything about the Proclamation?*"

"A citizen of Kentucky, writing from McCory's station, Indiana, to a friend in this city, says: 'I have recently been to Helena, Ark.; I found a slave, twenty miles below Memphis, who could *repeat* the President's Proclamation nine days after it was issued.'"

THE ATLANTIC for December needs but one recommendation—a reference to "My Hunt after 'the Captain,'" an intensely interesting sketch, by Oliver Wendell Holmes. It alone is worth the price of the magazine.

MR. MASON JONES, an eloquent Irish Orator, is addressing large houses in this city. His bold defense of the principles of freedom, and broad application of them to all races, have subjected him to the abuse of the *New York Herald*, and attempts at riots at his lectures. The better class of citizens will sustain him in his noble utterances.

AIR LINE DISPATCHES

TO THE

Herald of Progress.

NEW LESSONS FOR AMERICA.

Opening Prison Doors.

EUROPEAN MONARCHS NOT JEALOUS OF AMERICA.

Feeling in the Rebel Capital.

DECLINE OF MORAL POWER IN PUBLIC MEN.

Rebels still Plotting to get between our Army and Washington.

Self-Conceit of Americans.

MORE OPERATIONS IN THE VICINITY OF GEN. BUTLER.

NEW LESSONS FOR AMERICA.

This war will not close until eternal Justice has impressed deep lessons of humility upon American citizens. The pride of politicians is nothing compared with their practical cupidity. The determination of the rebels is deep and lasting. Nothing short of reducing the South to a world of Free Labor and Free Speech can lift this struggle out of politics and above the low cunning of place-seekers. Great changes in our financial system must occur. Revolution in the administration of Government must also occur before this war can be terminated. There is hope in the distance, but first a great struggle and a great war. Let us be prepared to meet the ensuing two years.

ACTING FROM IMPULSE.

The President recently remarked to the Secretary of War that actions popularly ascribed to "impulse" are regarded as the best if successful, and the *worst* if unsuccessful. He wanted calculation and the principle of obedience to prevail, but he was of opinion that more dashing "impulse" in the army would be attended with greater Union victories. The Secretary was exceedingly delighted with the remark, and replied that no army in the civilized world was more enthusiastic or braver than ours, and he had received assurances that the present campaign would develop the real strength and fearlessness of our volunteers. Five out of seven in the Cabinet feel more hopeful and confident since the retirement of McClellan.

MORE DEFEATS FOR OUR TROOPS.

The weather, and not our generals, will now preside over future events. Providence, however, does not respect one party more than the other. The rebels are more religious, and therefore receive more spiritual encouragement from their spirit friends; yet they do not feel assured of God's particular favor. It is written in fate that the army of Liberty will ultimately be victorious, only after it has been duly chastened by suffering and the country humbled by unexpected and unnecessary defeats. The northern people have not yet realized the magnitude of this "civil war." Speculation and prosperity will go before humiliation and despair. Looking ahead, however, the sun of Freedom is rising over all.

OPENING THE PRISON DOORS.

The recent order releasing from imprisonment those who had violated the laws of good government, is merely a sign of what will happen when the secession war ends. The Government will be compelled to open its heart to thousands of stupendous criminals. All the leaders of the rebellion will have to be provided with high political stations, their crimes all freely pardoned, their defections and abominations forgotten, and everybody invited to dinner on the return of the prodigal son. The negroes will also be "forgiven" for having been born, and "abolitionists" pardoned for their ferocious crimes. Factions will be excused on moral principle, and "moral principle" will be attributed to factions. The war for the Union will be entombed in forgetfulness.

JEALOUSY OF EUROPEAN MONARCHS.

It is idle conceit in Americans to suppose that the social, commercial, and political prosperity of this country is a source of unrest to the monarchs of Europe. They have no faith in the permanency of a political system which is controlled by ballot-box tricksters and professional demagogues. Monarchs all believe that the fabric of ballot-box government is destined soon to crumble into nothingness. This explains their disposition to look with considerable favor upon the effort of the rebels. France is anxious to open the ball of "Mediation" through some other power. It is fortunate for the North that Napoleon has been so completely "blocked" in his military invasion of Mexico.

END OF THE FIRST THREE MONTH'S CAMPAIGN.

President Lincoln's first call for seventy-five thousand troops to put down a combination too powerful to be suppressed by ordinary methods, was ridiculed by the rebels, because they had measured their strength and knew our weakness. It is remembered that the termination of that three months' campaign was a Bull Run. This happened more than fourteen months ago, and the rebel power is still unsubdued. In no country are men more loyal to their Government, no country can boast of an army of braver men, and still the rebels are not crushed. The cause is this: We have weakened our efforts by over-estimating our strength, while the rebels have strengthened themselves by properly estimating their weakness.

CONSTERNATION IN THE REBEL CAPITAL.

"The bloody hand" that was seen by the rebel courier stretched over Richmond, is almost *literally* visible to the President and associates, who are now actually trembling lest it will be found necessary to remove the government from Virginia by the first of January. Jeff. Davis does not fear capture nor assassination, but it is hardly true to say the same of Mr. Lincoln. His advisers have enveloped his person in perils, and insist upon protecting him from certain rebels who seek his life. The day for such fear and such precautions has not yet come, but it surely will before the close of Congress. At this moment Jeff. Davis is in real trepidation.

CHARACTER OF OUR PUBLIC MEN.

Our national prosperity, our expanded commerce, our free institutions, do not compensate for the decline in the character of our public men. This deterioration in the political departments admits of but one explanation. It is owing wholly to the unphilosophical and absurd system of political administration. There is no harmony between moral integrity and the duties of a government officer. Our political system ejects a man from his place the moment the opposing party gets into power. Personal merit, his efficiency in the discharge of his duties, his loyalty and patriotism, count nothing with the incoming administration. He is removed solely on political grounds. This system of official revolution is wrong, and before the present struggle ends it will be greatly modified, if not wholly overthrown. The next Congress will approach it.

OPPOSING ARMIES AT FREDERICKSBURG.

It is not the intention of the rebel Generals to hold out long at Fredericksburg. The object is to check the advance of our army until their fortifications several miles back are completed. The position of Sigel is very important. The government should give him more troops, for the rebels are excessively busy in maturing their long-contemplated flank and rear movement. Gen. Longstreet thinks he can effectually check the Union army at Fredericksburg. Now is the time for the gunboat expedition to make itself felt. Richmond is defended by two rams of great power in the James River, and the rams are protected by Fort Darling and a new line of defenses nearer the city. Richmond will be hard to take just now.

THE VOICE OF SELF-CONCEIT.

The preposterous self-importance of the American people has received humiliating lessons since the war commenced. We have counted our vast resources and paraded our national strength; but the rebels, although limited in every essential, have repelled us and crippled our advance from the first. Our self-conceit has been the lurking evil in all national operations. We prided ourselves as *white* men, on making this "a white man's war." We scorned the idea that negroes were to be employed on our side of the struggle. No! Our ability to put down the rebellion, and at the same time leave the blacks to aid their masters, was stupendous. From President down to the meanest official, this self-conceit was popular. Another conviction has at last dawned upon the minds of the people. We are not now too proud to accept the negroes.

THE VICINITY OF NEW ORLEANS.

Some weeks ago I telegraphed to your HERALD the designs of rebels in and about New Orleans. The plans were delayed by unfavorable reports from the rebel Commissioner in France. Now, however, the Gulf is to be visited by French steamers of war merely "on a visit of the most friendly (?) character," and the rebels feel strong in their ability to execute long-cherished plans against New Orleans and Gen. Butler. Happily, however, they will not succeed in reaching the city. An attack upon it is nearly impossible. But Gen. Butler cannot be too cautious nor too rapid in preparing his loyal blacks for military service.

IRREVERENCE AND INSUBORDINATION.

The American mind, like the aboriginal inhabitants of this continent, are deficient in reverence for individuals. This trait in the Northern army, especially among officers, is a great obstacle to our military success. In the kingdom of Jeff. Davis the case is different. Insubordination is not tolerated in his Confederacy. Military organization and discipline, and a marked reverence for appointed leaders, are prominent features in the Confederate army and navy. The South is military and vindictive; the North is individualized and indifferent. The South is clannish; the North is full of "persons." The first is united; the latter is separated. The South makes *slaves* of all; the North gives *freedom* and personal independence.

Spiritual Photography.

To the Editors of the Evening Post:

Your article of yesterday in regard to Spiritual Photography professes to solve the mystery, and announces that Appleton's artist can do the same thing, wherever there is a photograph of the dead person.

That is not the mystery of this thing. But it is to take a picture containing a likeness of a person who is dead, and of whom there is no photograph or likeness in existence!

This is what the Boston operator professes to do, and the question is, Is that so?

J. W. EDMONDS.

A Word with the Dailies.

For several weeks we have published statements respecting the "spirit photographs" alleged to have been taken in Boston. Our articles have embodied well-authenticated testimony respecting actual occurrences.

During the same length of time we have had on exhibition at this office, free to public inspection, specimens of these "spirit photographs"—specimens that awaken interest if not credence in every honest observer.

Of neither statement or exhibition have the daily papers been conscious. *Not one line* has been published respecting this most wonderful—if true—of spirit manifestations! Enterprise and industry that serve to discover and record every drunken brawl in Worth street, every petty fire up town, and plenty, if not all, of the current bits of domestic scandal, have failed to find even an item in this most startling demonstration of the future existence and living presence of our loved departed. Conscious as every editor or penny-a-liner must be that the only real interests of life are the eternal, while the fights, and broils, and riots, are but unimportant incidents, they still persist in ignoring the one while multiplying words and manufacturing interest respecting the other. This beautiful, inviting, almost transporting fact (or alleged fact,) is not even discussed, while all the dark, foul, and loathsome scenes and events of life are fully portrayed. As if the office of a newspaper were to mirror life's saddest incidents and record men's darkest deeds, while the brighter scenes and purer actions are suffered to pass unnoticed.

Such was the condition of things up to a few days since. But we record a change. A member of an enterprising publishing and photographing house, alive to the sound of something new in art, calls at our office and inspects the photographs. He calls again with the artist of the establishment, who is freely permitted to examine the pictures and is candidly asked if he could produce anything like them. In equal candor he replies: "*Aside from all question of recognition*" (which, by the way, is the very question,) "I can." We cordially invite him to do so, and express the hope that he can make some as good.

Two or three days pass, and lo! the entire daily press of New York is suddenly awakened to attention to this subject. The army of reporters, whose omnipresence discovers every bar-room brawl, if not every domestic broil, yet who have failed to trace the existence of the most intensely interesting phenomena of the age—a development that promises to rival in importance the most prominent events of history, are galvanized by—what? Why, by a counterfeit! Two weeks' existence of the genuine they failed to know. Yet not two days elapse after the imitation is attempted before they are on the scent! What a commentary upon the mission of the New York dailies! What an evidence of the capital detective qualities of New York reporters! Let Superintendent Kennedy make a note of this.

Within two days the following stereotyped sensation item is adopted, approved, and published by most of the dailies:

"THE MYSTERY OF SPIRITUAL PHOTOGRAPHY SOLVED.—Certain magnates skilled in Spiritualism have recently started a new 'sensation,' in the shape of photographs of persons who have 'shuffled off the mortal coil,' representing them as they appear now to their relatives. The story runs thus: A photographer of Boston made a picture of himself, and on developing the plate he discovered a shadowy outline of his wife. Many other pictures have been produced, some representing husbands, others daughters, who have in each case been dead some years. It is said, also, that the operator cannot take more than five pictures a day without becoming exhausted in the effort.

"A. H. Turner, photographer for the house of D. Appleton & Co., has shown us several pictures presenting the same effects, which are produced without any spiritual agency whatever. Mr. Turner did not become exhausted by the effort, but would in all probability be able to produce the departed spirit of any one whose photograph may be in existence. The photographs may be seen at Appleton's book-store"

One paper, the *World*, adds the information that the other pictures (the genuine,) "may be seen at Andrew Jackson Davis's concern in Canal street."

Mark the position of the "respectable" dailies of New York—including, we are sorry to say, the *Tribune* and *Evening Post*, from which papers we had reason to expect greater integrity. By the publication of this paragraph a paper becomes party to a fraud, the defender of a *counterfeit*, and advertiser of a counterfeiting establishment, just as clearly as if Messrs. Appleton & Co. had issued imitation postal currency and the city press had recommended the stuff to the public—the issuers resorting to the scheme as an advertising dodge to extend their legitimate business.

Let it be distinctly understood that, so far from objecting to the production of these imitations, we have from the first invited them. In our first article upon the subject we distinctly said:

"Similar results to those mentioned above can perhaps be produced by any skillful photographer, by introducing forms during a portion of the time a plate is exposed, or reflecting an image upon the sensitive surface in the dark room. We trust scientific and truth-loving photographers will experiment, that, if possible, the fraud or accident, if either exist, may be exposed, or the means made use of by spirits to project an image upon the air exposed to the line of vision of the camera be discovered.

* * * * * * *

"While we have the fullest confidence in the truth of the circumstantial account given above, the very interesting and even startling character of the alleged phenomena, and the

intense desire that will be largely felt for its truth, leads us to withhold for the present anything like entire credence, and to invite the strictest investigation it is possible for incredulity to institute."

The burden of our criticism lies just here. There is a palpable want of honest endeavor to arrive at the truth. The "investigation" and "experiment" we challenged have not been attempted. A simple *counterfeit* is produced, bearing no likeness to the thing counterfeited, which is palmed off upon the public as a "solution of the mystery," and "presenting the same effects" as the genuine; while it is asserted that Mr. Turner "would in all probability be able to produce the departed spirit of any one whose photograph may be in existence." This, by the way, as set forth in a note to the *Post* from Judge Edmonds, is *not* the thing claimed, which is to produce a picture *where no likeness exists*.

But to state our points definitely.

1st. Any artist—indeed, any person with eyes—can readily discover a radical difference in the pictures. The very points peculiarly distinguishing the genuine are singularly wanting in the imitations, which do not sufficiently resemble the genuine to be worthy of comparison. Yet even the *Evening Post*, usually so careful in all statements, avers that they "present the same effects."

Let us ask one question right here. Had the writer—no, we will not say the writer of the paragraph, for that bears the unmistakable trade-mark of Messrs. Appleton & Co.—had the editor who indorsed the statement of the writer seen both genuine and counterfeit pictures when the article was published? We venture to assert that neither the editors of the *Post* or *Tribune* had seen the Boston pictures at all.

2d. Not only are the "effects" different, but the method also. The New York counterfeiter requires certain conditions in the process, none of which are demanded or sought by the Boston operator. In the one a picture is needed, in the other, *nothing*. It will be seen from the statement in another column that the process by which the "spirit photograph" is taken in Boston *differs in no respect from the usual method*. Messrs. Appleton & Co. do not deny that they adopt a very different method.

3d. In the genuine, the "shade" or alleged spirit-picture, *appears in the negative*. In the counterfeit, it appears only in the positive photograph, or second picture.

4th. In the counterfeit no resemblance is claimed to a departed spirit, unless indeed a picture of the departed one be presented.

In the genuine no call for a likeness is made; indeed, none need exist anywhere, and the resemblance to some departed spirit is the very distinguishing characteristic of the picture.

We could increase the number of points of difference, and enlarge upon the diverse character of the pictures, but enough has been said. We refer to another article, for additional and by far the strongest testimony yet adduced. One word in conclusion, especially for the two papers we have named.

The course pursued by the New York papers in this matter, betokens either the most culpable carelessness as to what averments they make, or a most deplorable and rotten moral code. The press a champion of fraud! defenders of a counterfeit! What sincere and candid person could respect a sheet so slow to offer a word, not of credence, but to invite investigation respecting a development more startling than the invention of the magnetic telegraph—a development which appeals with peculiar and irresistible power to every human being not utterly dead to the love of friends: a press at the same time so ready to trifle with all these interests, to shock human confidence, and stagger faith, by becoming parties to a counterfeit, not in commerce, whereby men lose mere dollars or dimes, but a counterfeit in the sphere of the affections, in the highest and holiest realm—a cheat where to deceive is to mock the tenderest sentiments and do the foulest wrong.

We would have no one accept too hastily so grand and profound a verity. Our own credence has been slowly developed under the powerful action of cumulative testimony, and no inconsiderable part of this is the utter failure thus far of any artist to decently counterfeit the spirit pictures. It would have been easy for the honest editor, before indorsing a fraud, to have withheld the offered notice—even from so good customers as the Appletons—until they could *compare* the pictures and be qualified to assert that they "presented the same effects."

Mr. Turner may not have "become exhausted" by his effort, but it is a pity that Messrs. Appleton did not, before putting in circulation so contemptible a cheat. How long will it be before the same "enterprising house" will seek to engage an artist-medium, for the purpose of producing pictures destined—if successfully made—to be a thousand-fold more in demand than the now almost universal *carte de visites*? And how long will it be before a genuine spirit picture will be permitted to be made where counterfeiting is so readily and unscrupulously entered upon?

C. M. P.

For the Herald of Progress.

The Public Teaching of Dr. R. D. Pease.

At a meeting held at Manchester, Boone County, Ill., September 21st, 1862, the undersigned committee was appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the views of the meeting respecting the public teaching of Dr. R. D. Pease, Benjamin Ellis, Esq., having been called to the chair; which committee, at a subsequent meeting, October 20th, A. H. Cady acting as Secretary, reported the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It is notorious that sundry acts of intolerance have been publicly manifested towards Dr. Pease by so-called "Spiritualists," and, *whereas*, it seems due both to our own self-respect and the moral sense of the community to protest against such doctrines as those of anti-war, anti-government, and free-love, which, whether so designed or not, appear to us adapted to destroy good fellowships and unsettle the very foundations of society, therefore,

Resolved, That we hereby congratulate Dr. Pease upon this proof of his faithfulness in inculcating the healthy, conservative, and truly reformatory ideas of a God, faith, retribution, responsibility, &c., which, without any form of sectarianism, have constantly formed the basis of his lecturing in this vicinity.

Resolved, That the efforts and arguments of Dr. Pease in behalf of the war, in this time of our country's greatest danger, are worthy of special remembrance and commendation.

Resolved, That we hereby tender to Dr. Pease our hearty thanks for the pleasure and profit derived from his lectures, which in this vicinity have been characterized by a manner at once firm, uncompromising, and respectful.

BENJ. ELLIS, *Chairman*.

H. CADY, *Secretary*.

A. H. Manly, F. R. Cady, Alvah Cady, J. A. Cornell, M. C. Manly, J. S. Linderman,

Committee.

Brief Items.

ROBERT DALE OWEN has written a letter to Secretary Chase on the "Cost and Conditions of Lasting Peace." It presents a masterly argument for emancipation.

DR. DAVIS and Professor LEITER were to have a discussion upon Spiritualism, at Richmond, Ind., the 15th inst.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE has suffered a relapse, and but little hope is now entertained of her recovery. She is able to remove from one place of residence to another—a very few miles—once a year, but she is scarcely able to leave her bed in the intervals.

Dr. MARY F. THOMAS, of Richmond, Ind., was elected G. W. V. T. at the late session of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars held at Peru.

ELIHU BURRITT intends to visit England in the course of a few weeks, to remain, perhaps, a twelvemonth.

THEODORE WINTHROP'S fourth book "The Canoe and the Saddle," is just issued, and said to be one of his most interesting works.

The latest advices from Europe are, that England and Russia decline, at least for the present, the French proposal for mediation in American affairs.

A weekly paper in Paris, the *Revu pour Tous*, has received permission to publish a parody on Victor Hugo's "Misérables." No serious discussion of the book is allowed throughout France.

For the Herald of Progress.

"Religio-Chemici" Again.

FRIEND DAVIS: The vision of the *Christian Inquirer* is so broad, compared with my "narrowness," that he has looked wide of the point it was desired that he should see; so wide in fact, as to suggest the possibility of a cast in his eye—a serious drawback as you know to the convenience of looking straight forward. Our Brother of that kindly condescending sheet saw everything but the object placed directly before him. This induces me to make a second effort. I would not have him lead his readers against a shadow, and you know, by authority of Scripture, that when a blind man leads those who don't see, if there be a ditch at all handy, both the leader and the led are sure to find the bottom of it.

Now, it was not a point, as the *Inquirer* represents it, that "physical science" is all-embracing; the point is, the absurdity of maintaining that "physical science" can show a state of things in flat contradiction to what the *Inquirer* calls "spiritual science." Its "Fairfield Correspondent" commits precisely that folly. His mourning over a mud-hole is a direct impeachment of the divine wisdom in the creation of a bull-frog. As he is a divinity doctor, I wished him to see the folly of it and be ashamed; the impiety of it and repent. This was the point, and I am not disposed to let his apologist direct his gaze "'round the corner."

The man who accepts the first chapter of Genesis as the foundation of his "spiritual science," and then lauds the scientific verification of evil in Nature, proves one of two things, namely, either that God is wanting in wisdom, or that *he* is. For myself, from what few results of physical science have fallen within my own observation, I am of the present opinion that the folly is wholly with the *Inquirer's* "Fairfield Correspondent;" and I would respectfully suggest, that, on his return to his rural retreat next summer, he take with him the said first leaf of the Protestant Bible, with a view to a prayerful comparison of its statements with the doctrine of his review of "Religio-Chemici." To pick flaws in Nature, having first conceded that God made it, is an outrage upon logical decency. The divinity doctor who does it is either bullied by his liver or by his ambition. He has a weak head, or a poor digestion.

That the effete systems of European Theology should blurt such nonsense in the face of the nineteenth century may not be surprising; but that a disciple of our American Channing should publicly put himself on that side of the fence is more than a hint that he is quite willing to sell Boston to Rome, provided he can get certain of its "solid ones" to back the transfer. Why not?

The Unitarian Church having, some years since, successfully taken the initiatory step backward, why pause on that sublime march? The Democrats are kindly disposed to put our American politics under the keeping of Jeff. Davis—why should not the Unitarians at the same time put our religion under the surveillance of the Pope? Let us advance backward in solid column, and be done with it. Let us roll the century back; let us bury it by torch-light in the pit of the middle ages and set a Roman candle at the head and foot of it. According to popular theology, human liberty is a dream; Nature is a quagmire; equality of rights is "equality of duty to obey the will of God" as by a priest interpreted. Religion means Liturgy; worship is an evening entertainment, presided over by a gentleman in a black gown. Its incense is best sent up to God through the throat of an organ and the lips of an opera singer.

This is what Dr. Bellows meant by his "Broad Church." This is what Dr. Osgood means by his "Vespers" and his indorsement of Scotch Presbyterianism. And the *Christian Inquirer* if it would be true to its title, true to the age, had better look the fact in the face at once. To a man who can see straight ahead, the purpose of these gentlemen is scarcely veiled. Their efforts for the last few years as ill become the great idea which took the name of Unitarianism as does the term, *Democracy*, the party that has polluted it.

Let the *Christian Inquirer* see to it. It need waste no space in apologetic patronage of the HERALD OF PROGRESS and the Spiritualists; its two pet apostles seem to have lost the power to say a manly thing. Just now when the world so much needs men, they are only anxious to be priests. "Religio-Chemici," in plain English, means, *Magnify the priestly office*. To this end, the genuine priest, when he writes of Nature, dips his pen in gall. He urges the natural depravity of human nature simply as an introduction to his advertisement that he holds the key to "the plan of salvation." Men who live in books, men with their faces backward, what help is in them? What guidance for the people amid the realities of the time?

Depend upon it, the generation now entering upon life will demand a broader basis for its "spiritual science" than the stringing together of Scripture texts by its priesthood, or it will insist that the priesthood ungown itself. The test of principles is their natural operation. They are made known by the "things which do appear." Through the visible, the invisible comes to light. Truth is in universal accord. All truth is not in a rock; it requires the universe to express the truth of the universe; but could science find in the rock a truth *contradictory* of any other in all God's kingdom, science knows very well that the result would be chaos.

Concede that the physical universe is the product of Divine love and wisdom, and it inevitably follows, that, by as much evil as science can demonstrate in nature, there is imperfection in God. Now, how does that look? And yet the *Inquirer's* Fairfield correspondent says "Amen" to this dying effort of ancient theology to bend science to its creed.

But science will not [illegible]. Were it not that the gist of the "[illegible]" is an endeavor for the "flesh-pots" of an Unitarian priesthood—"Liberal Christianity" with a priest at the head of it!—it would be well to show that any honest fault-finding, with the operations of the physical laws, or with natural phenomena, comes from sheer ignorance, or mental laziness. When, for example, the science of electricity was unknown and its atmospheric manifestation was assumed to indicate God's displeasure, there was some ground of apology for the doctrine of evil in Nature, because of the profound ignorance of Nature. But will that apology answer for to-day?

Not for the *Christian Inquirer*, not for its Fairfield correspondent. He knows full well that, for example, he is indebted to the volcanic action of Nature, which he impeaches, for the very granite which composes his temple for what is called worship; for the gold which constitutes his salary. He knows that scientific research is in constant conversion of what was once supposed to be the evils and useless things of Nature, into permanent goods and uses. That it is bringing to light, ever more clearly, the Divine plan and the Divine presence in Nature. But he knows too, that these sublime revelations of science are to make an end of Ecclesiastical dogmatism and an end of priestly rule.

Here is where the shoe pinches. It is for the poor purpose of perpetuating the rule and maintaining the dignity of the priestly office, that our latter-day Unitarian aspirants, together with its myriad superannuated incumbents, insult the dignity of Nature. It is a forlorn hope on the part of these withered boughs from the tree of Channing. The rod of the priestly office will never bud in their hands. What the world needs, and must ever need, is teachers. It has nearly outgrown its priests. Once there was hope from Unitarians. Thoughtful men, who mourned that the truths of Jesus had been swamped in the dead sea of scholastic jargon, that religion had dwindled to a ceremony and worship had become mere wind, rejoiced in the early promise of Unitarianism that reason was about to be wedded to faith; that science natural and science spiritual were soon to appear in their true relation of sisterhood; that the nightmare of medieval creeds which had pressed upon the bosom of the race for some twenty generations was about to depart forever.

The hope has not been realized at their hands. The scepter has departed from that Judah, "and the lawgiver from between his feet." Its apostles stand before the century proclaiming the barren unity of God, denying the while the unity of his works and ways. As a doctrine, Unitarianism has retrograded; as a sect, it does not increase. Why should it? How can it? It stepped boldly out of the mist and fog of scholasticim—the ancient Sodom of theology—just far enough to insist upon the divine right of reason to temper faith, took fright at its own freedom, looked back, like the Patriarch's wife, and became a monument.

R. T. H.

Spirit Photographs.

NEW AND STRONG TESTIMONY.

The following circumstantial letter from Mr. Wm. Guay, an experienced photographer, recently from New Orleans, and one in whose statements we place the utmost confidence, furnishes indubitable proof of at least one point of the claim for the Boston pictures, viz.: *that a second form does appear on the negative* without a visible object to produce it:

BOSTON, Nov. 16, 1852.

MESSRS. A. J. DAVIS & CO., GENTS: According to promise, Thursday, Nov. 13th, I paid a visit to Mr. Mumler at Mrs. Stuart's Photographic Gallery, No. 258 Washington Street. I there found a large number of people, which caused me to fear that it was not altogether the time to make known my business. On looking around the reception-room, my attention was attracted to a frame containing about a dozen of the so-called spirit photographs. Making my way through the crowd to the frame, I sought to give the pictures a close examination, believing that was all I could expect that day.

At length, seeing a lady behind the counter at leisure, I inquired if I could see Mr. Mumler. She replied that I could not, as he was too exhausted to make any more pictures that day. Telling her I did not want any picture, but simply desired to speak to him, she went up stairs, and returning, bade me walk up and I would see him.

On entering the operating rooms, Mr. Mumler was sitting on the sofa, apparently resting himself, as he looked rather haggard. Inviting me to sit down, I presented my letter. [A letter of introduction which we gave Mr. Guay.—EDS.] Having read it, he politely expressed his gratification on making my acquaintance, and said that he felt rather exhausted at the moment, having had so many to satisfy, who, like myself, desired to investigate the matter. But as I came from Messrs. Davis & Co., he would do all he could, and hoped he would give me entire satisfaction, as he had done to more than twenty before.

Feeling impressed, however, at the moment, that he might not be or feel in the condition to give that satisfaction I had calculated to demand of him, I remarked that I would come back some other time, not wishing then to tax him too much, and give him as fair a chance as I expected myself. He however seemed willing, and bade me make myself perfectly at home. As a brother photographer, he would take much pleasure in allowing me to investigate the matter, and he hoped that I might succeed in helping him to explain the strange and beautiful phenomena.

I then asked him if he would let me see some of the negatives he had already taken, to which he readily acceded, and showed me over a dozen. I examined them in every way I knew how, and had to "knock under" even before getting through with all of them, keeping, however, to myself my astonishment, and endeavoring to appear perfectly *sang froid*.

Mr. Mumler asked if I would not like to try a sitting. I accepted on condition that I be allowed to see the whole of the manipulation and examine the process as I felt disposed. To this he most cordially consented, and, moreover, said he: "Inasmuch as you understand the photographic business, you can do all the manipulation yourself." I then, of course, made up my mind that no spiritual form could come on the negative unless I pretty nearly could make up my mind how it did come, or how it was made if deceptively put on.

Well, then he passed me into the workshop, I closely examining everything around, and trying to detect some kind of double combined arrangements, but seeing nothing more than ordinary partitions, and thin and simple background. He desired me to select my glass out of a large number that stood on the table, or work bench. I picked one up from the lot, examined it, rubbed it, threw my breath on it, and finding it to be nothing more than a piece of ordinary glass, to all appearance new.

He insisted on my going through the operation of coating, silvering, &c., which I did as follows: Having the glass in my hand, I coated it with the collodion and placed it in the bath, previously examining the inside, or at least looking into the bath by the light of the lamp. While the plate was in the bath, I examined the plate-holder, which stood beside the bath.

When the plate was done, I took it out, placed it in the plate-holder, and carried it to the camera-stand, under the sky-light. Keeping my eye constantly on it, being at my feet, resting on the camera-stand, I examined the tube and camera-box. Finding everything all right, I desired him to call forward a young man (help) he has, making sure everything was all right.

I took my seat in such a position as to see everything going on. Being seated profile, I could, by turning my eyes around, see pretty well the background and also the camera-box, Mr. Mumler by it, and the young man off in the corner, having previously made sure that there was nobody else about beside us three.

The focus being adjusted, I resolve and hope that the picture of my departed wife may come on the negative standing in front and by me. The cloth being removed, I fancied feeling rather queer during the operation. The sitting over, I immediately passed to the camera-box, took out the plate-holder, and passed off to the dark room, followed by Mr. Mumler. I must here mention that while I was preparing the glass and going through the operation, I pretty nearly made up my mind that nothing but my own picture would come on; and even when about to develop the same I little believed I should get anything more. Having thrown on the developing solution, I closely watched what was coming. Well, then, to my utmost, almost trembling astonishment, there I was seeing *two pictures come out!*

I clasped the glass tightly, you may rest assured. Having got through, I washed it off, and put it into the fixing solution, watching it closely all the while. When done I took it out, and there I stood and *precisely what I had desired*. You may better conceive my feelings than I can even now explain to you. Not knowing what to think or believe, I dropped down and endeavored to collect myself, resolving to think over it and study about it.

The negative having dried, I varnished it and placed it on the shelf, desiring Mr. Mumler to be careful of it. I then prepared to adjourn, telling Mr. M. that I would come back the next day and tell him what I thought of it. He desired me to sit down a moment, which I did, and we soon entered into conversation on chemistry, photographic operations, &c. Finding his knowledge of both very limited, I ventured to explain to him various things concerning each, at which he seemed extremely pleased, expressing very great desire that I should come back again and help him along, which I promised to do. He expressed the hope that with my help he could succeed in bringing out better and clearer pictures. I left, promising to see him the next day.

You need not ask me what I thought or how I felt while there or on going home. I cannot even now tell. Suffice it to say I resolved to think it over reasonably, and to try it again. I will here mention that during the whole of the operation, that is, from the time I took hold of the glass until I placed it on the shelf, Mr. M. stood by me seemingly perfectly calm and speechless, remarking only when nearly done, that he doubted very much when I began, whether he would succeed in bringing out the spirit form.

The next day I went again, and found a large crowd in waiting. Found he had not been able to print any from my regative, on account of the rain, and previous promises. Finding him busy, I left.

To-day I went again, and to make this day's detail short, we went to work, he allowing me to do just as I pleased. I then desired that the spirit form of my father should appear, and to make a long story short, I have had to know under just the same circumstances as before, having to all my heart's content all I desired. Here I rest contented till I have perfected myself more in this beautiful process.

Mr. Mumler has expressed the wish to secure my services, and I have volunteered to do all I can for him at my leisure moments. I will keep you posted. Hoping to hear from you soon on this subject, now more than ever interesting to me,

I am, yours, &c. WM. GUAY.

This letter we introduce for its very clear testimony of the appearance without deceptive agency of a second picture on the negative. The question of recognition we hope to have further demonstrated when the pictures are printed.

For proof on this point, we offer the following extract from a letter from a Boston gentleman—very well known—whose picture we have seen, beside which stands, or rather floats a beautiful full length female figure, the folds of the curtain back-ground plainly visible through the entire figure. The writer says:

"I do not recognize or identify the spirit likeness myself, but on showing it to my brother Elisha, he at once recognized it as a likeness of a daughter who died some fifteen or twenty years ago. He took it home, and most—if not all of his family—(although opposed to spiritualism) on comparing it with a painting of the child, acknowledged it a likeness. Two artists also examined the photograph with the painting, through magnifying glasses, &c., and they both pronounced it a true likeness."

We have since heard from Boston that Mr. Guay is superintending improvements in the operating-room of Mrs. Stuart, whereby it is hoped better pictures will be secured. This will necessitate some delay, after which we shall look for other and more distinct proofs of this blessed reality.

Information has come to us also, through a private channel, of another artist who is compelled *against his will* to take spirit pictures. The spirit forms come uninvited, and will not away at his bidding. At present the operator is unwilling to have his name or location known, or to follow the business. This is, we trust, but a temporary timidity. Not even the bonds of a sectarian church should for a moment confine so glorious a truth. C. M. P.

FINAL AND CONCLUSIVE.

Since the above was put in type, we have received thy following additional letter from Mr. Guay, which supplies the desired want of evidence upon the point of resemblance, or recognition:

BOSTON, Nov. 20, 1862.

EDITORS HERALD PROGRESS, DEAR SIRS: Yours of the 19th is at hand, and I hasten to answer. Your proposition in regard to getting a glass plate outside, shall be executed, together with the other tests, most of which I have already applied.

The weather has been too unfavorable since last Saturday, to print from the negatives made of me, *on one of which I perfectly recognized the likeness of my father*. This was made last Saturday under more favorable circumstances than that of my wife, taken on Friday, when I was laboring under a strong feeling of doubt. The picture of my wife is very faint, but sufficiently out, however, for me to recognize the features, as far as I can tell by looking at the negative, which is semi positive any way.

Since that time, Mr. Mumler having resolved to make some alterations and improvements in his working and sitting department, has been unable to make any negatives. He will be ready to resume on Monday next. I have paid him a visit every day since my last letter, and had much conversation with him. I cannot detect a single syllable that goes to prove any fraud. He expresses a desire that I should be with him all the time, so that I may see how the work is done, having great confidence in my skill as a photographer.

It is impossible for Mr. Mumler to have procured any pictures of my wife or father. *The likeness of my father is clear and perfect*; that of my wife is not. I shall try again, however, and hope to send you proofs in my next.

I have seen several letters from parties who have gone through as I have, and received satisfaction, certifying their failure to detect any possible deception. I will send you the names and address of some of these persons, that you may inquire of them for yourselves.

Your friend, WM. GUAY.

Progressive Literature.

"All things are engaged in writing their history—The air is full of sounds; the sky of tokens; the ground is all memoranda and signatures; and every object covered with hints, which speak to the intelligent."

For the Herald of Progress.

Miscellaneous Writings.

BY J. LEANDER STARR.

NUMBER TWO.

THE ANALOGY BETWEEN A WOMAN AND A FLOWER.

This title will, no doubt, strike my readers as very romantic and poetic. But I trust that in the progress of this paper I will be able to show that it is not inaptly chosen, and that its consideration develops much of every-day prose life, and that mere fancy has little to do with the subject I have selected as the second of my new series.

Beauty, delicacy, frailty, are attributes of the flower—and they are those of woman. In the one case, as in the other, care, attention, persistent kindness, and shelter, guard and protect their native loveliness; while neglect, exposure, and coarse treatment, first destroy the lovely hues, dry up the life-giving *capillaris* by which they are sustained, and then they wither and die.

As the leaves of flowers are said to absorb all noxious qualities of the air, and breathe forth a purer atmosphere, so it seems to me that pure, delicate-minded woman, draws from us all sordid and angry passions, and breathes forth peace and philanthropy. She steals upon our affections like a summer wind, breathing softly over sleeping valleys.

There is something in the native organization of woman which is peculiarly delicate and sensitive, in both her physical and mental construction. Woman, viewed in her normal condition, is timid and shrinking. She looks to the sterner and more robust sex with faith and confidence—as the ivy entwines itself around the stately oak, at once its constituent and its ornament.

Every florist is living in sight of the works of a divine Artist; and how much would his existence be elevated could he see the glory which shines forth in their forms, hues, proportions, and moral expression. And every pure-minded observer of woman has forced on his mind an elevated sense of the beauty, purity, and moral grandeur of her descendants, who bloomed in Eden as the fairest flower of God's creation.

The blissful bower of EVE is thus described by the magic pen of Milton:

"The roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf: on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous, bushy shrub,
Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
Iris, all hues, roses and jessamine,
Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought
Mosaic; underfoot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
'Broidered the ground, more colored than with stone
Of costliest emblem."

I will endeavor more to fully illustrate my views by sketching, as completely as the brief space I am allowed will permit, the career of two women of equal charms, education, and position in society, one of whom was through life, happily, cared for with all the tenderness of a delicate flower, and her beauty of person and mind long outlived her youth and was transmitted to her daughter. The other was early assailed by coldness and neglect, and long before she had reached the prime of life all her personal charms had vanished, the "joy of life" was fled forever from her existence, and she went early to her grave—a withered flower.

Fanny Marshall was the only daughter of a respectable clergyman at ———, in the State of New York. She had been educated with all the devotion of a father and mother's care and sound judgment. She had never been allowed to enter a boarding-school, where usually a girl gains but a showy and superficial education, and when "finished" is more an *actress* in the great drama of human life than a sound-minded, sensible woman. Her elementary education was taught her chiefly by masters whom Dr. Marshall employed to give her lessons at his house at stated hours, always in the presence of her mother, while that more essential education—too much, alas! neglected, especially in the children of persons who pride themselves on being leaders in the world of fashion—the education of manners and principles, to direct which really good and judicious parents are ever the best, as well as the most faithful guides—was afforded by the constant instruction of her parents, as well by their advice as by their example. She was lovely in form and face, and as lovely in her character. Intelligent, observant, and attentive to all the moral and social duties of life, she grew up, the pride and hope of her fond parents.

When Fanny had attained the age of twenty, the Rev. Dr. Marshall received a call as pastor to one of the most flourishing congregations in New York, which he accepted; and some few months after they were settled in their new parsonage, and had received the visits of the principal members of the congregation—many of whom were wealthy—it was observable that Miss Marshall's graceful and winning manners, (wholly unaffected and free from coquetry,) had attracted the marked attentions, and more than ordinary admiration, of Mr. Smythe, a gentleman of thirty, a lawyer by profession, and rich from the wealth he had inherited.

He was a man of accomplished manners, and was a devoted and successful member of the learned profession. Mr. Smythe was a man esteemed in the community as an honorable and talented lawyer, and "none named him but to praise." A few months later he formally proposed to the parents of Fanny for the hand of their daughter, and all Mr. Marshall could learn of Mr. Smythe, and his own impressions of his character and amiable disposition, were so favorable that he and Mrs. Marshall gave their consent for him to offer his hand to their daughter.

When he proposed the alliance to Fanny, there was no mawkish, theatrical start, no affectation of surprise. She had noticed the favorable impression which had been created in his esteem, and did not hesitate to avow it to him, in a manner at once frank and at the same time perfectly consistent with *true* maiden modesty. She went farther. She acknowledged her attachment to him, and their betrothal thus took place with the fullest assent of her own parents and those of Mr. Smythe, who were then living, and who were estimable people, and held in high respect.

On the day after this felicitous betrothal, all these persons, so deeply interested in the event, together with a younger brother and sister of Mr. Smythe, dined at the house of the father of the destined bridegroom; and it was a happy reunion—

"A feast of reason and a flow of soul."

As I am not writing their history, but only a limited sketch, let me pass over the intervening few months and announce their plain, unostentatious, but most happy marriage; and now Fanny entered upon her new duties as the wife of a man she both loved and respected.

She was determined to illustrate the picture of a "wife" so beautifully drawn by the gifted pen of Washington Irving:

"As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils and bind up its shattered boughs, so it is beautifully ordered by Providence that woman, who is the dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart."

Mr Smythe had been early influenced by the virtuous example of a beloved mother; by the modesty and refinement of a cherished sister. His innate dignity and love of purity forbade his mingling with "women of the world," who made a mockery of virtue—ever assailing it under the charge of prudery—and he entered upon his new career, as a married man, deeply impressed with the invaluable worth of the beautiful flower he had plucked from its parent stem, and resolved that he would do all in his power to protect the delicacy of the beauteous rose which was now his own. How sweet and refined was all their intercourse! He paid homage to her delicacy and sensitiveness, by rendering to her, in all his intercourse, the homage of refined and delicate attention. As *respect* was the basis on which his affection was founded, he had no fear that their mutual love would grow cold by lapsing years. He knew that she was, in her heart, meaning to be right, and that if any little outbreak of impatience should arise on her part, it was more an error of the head than the heart, and he passed over such in unobservant silence. He remembered, too, that he was not himself perfect, and must demand from his wife the same modicum of indulgence which he exercised towards her. There was no strife of mastery; no assumption of authority on his part. The principle of "bear and forbear," was happily illustrated in their lives. Thus, in calm contentment and uninvaded bliss their lives flowed on, and in the meantime a beautiful little flowret, in the shape of a daughter, was added to their circle.

The uniform display on the part of Mr. Smythe and his wife of an amiable temper, the happy smile with which he always entered into her presence, after the day's absence, which his professional duties demanded, and the winning kiss which she greeted him with, were silent evidences of their perfect bliss and mutual confidence. Thus this lovely flower bloomed in Nature's garden, and yearly expanded into new and richer beauties. The evidences were silent, but they were not unobserved. Little Clara—their sweet rose-bud—even from infancy, noticed this ceaseless bliss of both her parents, and her highest desire was to emulate the loveliness of that matchless flower from which she had derived her existence, and from such examples of loveliness and purity her character was formed, and she grew up to be the counterpart of her idolized mother.

This *home* was the home of contentment and happiness. It was, too, the home of beauty: for as in the summer-garden and the winter green-house, the florist's care preserves the hues and fragrance of the loveliest flowers under his care, so in this happy mansion the same attentions preserved the beauty and the charm of the matured rose and its offspring, the beautiful rose-bud.

But now my pen must, reluctantly, trace the brief career of another flower, born as beautiful as the rose I have just sketched, and of one who entered upon life with all the moral, social and domestic advantages which were possessed by Fanny Marshall.

Ellen Morris was first cousin to Fanny. She was the daughter of an affluent merchant of New York, and had always resided in that city. At the early age of sixteen she was married to Mr. Jones, of the rich firm of Jones & Co., of the same city. There had long been an intimacy between the fathers of the two young people, and as fortune was equal on both sides, there was no objection on their part to the match—even as a mercantile speculation—a thing ever uppermost in the minds of the old fathers.

The nature of Ellen was soft and refined. She was the most gentle creature I ever met with. She had been petted and caressed by her parents ever since her birth, and she seemed to me like a lovely shrinking plant which the first cold blast would wither. Had she fallen to the lot of such a man as Charles Smythe, she would have been happy; but, alas! Mr. Jones, albeit a good sort of a man in his way, had, at heart, a debased estimate of *female character* in general; was a noisy, conceited politician; eschewed all distinctions of rank in society; talked of every other man with a malignant sneer; had immense ideas of his own intellect, and the importance of his wealth, and was quite satisfied in knowing he was a good merchant, and looked up to "on 'change." He married because it was the fashion to do so, and because he would like to show off his wife's beauty and high order of education at watering-places in summer, and in the Fifth Avenue circles in winter; and he chose Ellen not for any love he had for her, but because she was "respectable," and her father rich.

On her part, Ellen was wholly inexperienced. She had seen but little of Mr. Jones before her marriage, and yielded rather to the representations and wishes of her parents than to any predilection of her own to become the wife of this man.

He in no way appreciated the delicacy and refinement of his gentle wife. Indeed the honey moon was scarce ended when he even reproached her for her refinement, which he designated as "airs," and vehemently declared that he would not permit any such "nonsense." His coarseness soon became apparent in many nameless ways, so that her delicacy was shocked; but in answer to her modest and winning entreaties, he only mocked her and redoubled his coarseness. Alas! alas! when with such a woman, so refined, so delicate, so intelligent, who entered on life's pathway as his wife, with at least a deep respect and an earnest *desire* to do all in her power for his happiness, and to make his home cheerful, he could have had so blissful an existence! Why then should he, with coarseness of manner and language, with constant reiterations of the "authority of a husband," with mockery of a delicacy he should respect and admire, crush that beautiful flower, banish its hues, and render sterile its stem.

How could she be happy amid all the appliances of wealth, with the great hope of her life prostrated? Nothing can compensate for the wrecked hopes of domestic life!

"It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art;
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart.
But oh! it does, who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!"

To his scoffs and habitual coarseness, Mr. Jones now added neglect, almost amounting to scorn. Scarce an evening did he now spend in her society. The atmosphere of his home was too pure and refined for his debauched taste, and when—so rarely—he passed an evening with her, he was usually intemperate, stupid, and surly. He seemed not to notice that this once lovely flower was now of "faded hue." The rich color of health and happiness, no longer nourished with care, had been succeeded by the "sickly hues" of a wasting decline, and the once happy, cheerful smile no longer illuminated her countenance. Two years had now passed since this ill-fated marriage, and at the close of autumn—it was on the 16th, a bleak day in November—Mr. Jones was summoned to the death-bed of his once beautiful wife—now a withered flower.

"And thus I think of one who in
Her youthful beauty died;
The fair meek blossom that grew up
And faded by my side.
In the cold moist earth we laid her,
When the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely
Should have a life so brief.
Yet not unmeet it was that one
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers."

[W. C. BRYANT.

An English Woman's Story.

"My father was a merchant and owned many ships. He sent them to the West Indies, the East Indies, and sometimes to China. I loved the sea and the ships. My father used to allow me to go on board with him when they were about to sail or had come in from long voyages. I sometimes took such little presents on board as sailors like, and they said I would give them a lucky voyage. They did not forget me, and brought me many a nice present from beyond the seas.

"One day we visited a new ship, and found a new captain, whom I had never seen before. I thought him very handsome, but young for such a trust; but I found that he was good and honorable. He had been in the royal navy. A great misfortune to his family had made it necessary for him to leave the service and accept the higher pay of a merchantman. After one or two voyages we became acquainted, and he came to love me better than all the world.

"But my father did not love him so well as another person did—at least, he did not wish me to love him. It was only in the intervals of long voyages that I saw him, and when the time for his arrival drew near, and the ship, for me so richly freighted, was due, I spent many hours in the observatory on the top of our house, sweeping the line of the horizon with a long spy-glass, and watching for the little signal-flag that I alone knew of, and that would tell me HE was coming.

"One day this brave, good captain, who had won my heart, asked my father for my hand. He could have nothing against him. There could not be a better or braver man. He was nobility itself; but I was my father's pet and pride, and he was ambitious. I think nothing less than a lord would then have satisfied him for a son-in-law.

"Captain Walter came and told me, with some bitterness, the result of his interview with my father. I knew that he was poor, but I knew that this was the only reasonable objection that could be made to him, and I laid my hand in his—a strong, manly hand—strong and true, and said:

"'Be patient: I am yours, and I will never be any one's but yours while this world stands.'

"He went away upon a long voyage, and a very important one, for my father liked him as a captain of his ship, and knew well that he could trust him to the last drop of his blood to protect ship and cargo.

"When he came home next time I had reflected much, and determined upon what I ought to do. I did not wait for him to come and see me. I did not wait for him to ask me to do anything. I knew that he could not while he was my father's captain. So I went to the ship and said:

"'Captain Walter, will you leave this all to me, to do as I think right?'

"He only held me to his big heart a moment, but he looked a thousand yeses out of his handsome, loving eyes.

"The day his ship was to sail on her next voyage I sent my trunks on board the ship. Then I found my captain and said:

"'Come with me and redeem your promise, and I will keep mine.'

"We went to a church, a license was ready, and we were married. The ship was ready to sail, and I knew that my father was on board to give his last directions and see her off. I went on board with my husband, and my father was not surprised, for I had often sailed out with him and returned in the pilot-boat.

"When the ship had got a good offing, and the pilot was ready to take us back, my father said his last words to the captain, and shook hands, wishing him a good voyage.

"'Come, darling,' said he to me, "say good-by to Captain Walter, for we must go now.'

"'Dear father,' said I, 'forgive your darling; I cannot go with you now. I must sail this voyage with MY HUSBAND, Captain Walter!'

"He looked from one to the other to see if this were jest or earnest.

"'Father dear,' said I, 'you could never have found me so good a husband. So I took him this morning, and made him marry me, and here is the certificate that I am his wife.'

"Poor father! He turned very pale, but he loved me, and there was no help. He held me in his arms and kissed me, while his tears ran over my cheeks. At last he held out his hand to my brave captain in token of forgiveness. He went home alone in the pilot-boat.

"The shores of England faded from our sight, and we were on the open sea. We had fair winds and foul, stiff gales and gentle breezes, and I became a sailor. We crossed the line, doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and sailed on weeks and weeks through the Indian seas to Batavia, and then to Canton. When our cargo was completed we sailed homeward again.

"One day, as we were reaching our northern latitudes, my captain came hastily into the cabin to get his spy-glass, and I followed him on deck. There was a vessel in sight bearing down directly for us. She had changed her course since we first saw her, and it was evident she meant to come near us.

"My captain took a long look at her.

"'Well?' said I, standing at his elbow, and taking the glass from his hand.

"'You have good eyes, darling,' said he, 'see what you can make of her.'

"I adjusted the glass to my eye and looked intently.

"'It is an armed vessel,' said I. 'I see ports and a large gun amidships.'

"'You are quite correct—as usual,' said my captain.

"'But she does not look like a man-of-war,' said I, 'and I do not think she is English.'

"'No more is she,' said he. 'Either war has been declared, and she is a privateer, or she is a cursed pirate.'

"I was never a coward. I held the glass steadily in my hands, and watched the brig as she bore down with all sail set, and it was evident that she was a good sailer. There had been talk of war before we left England, but my father did not believe in it. I shuddered at the idea of its being a pirate.

"'Whatever she may be,' said my captain, 'she has no business with us. I shall give her a try, at all events.'

So we tacked ship, and stood off in the contrary direction from that in which we had been sailing. The stranger had tacked also before we were well on our course. In half an hour she had gained perceptibly.

"'She can beat us on a wind,' said my captain, looking very serious. 'There is nothing for us but to show the cleanest pair of heels we can.'

"Round we went to our best point of sailing; out went the studding sails, the cargo was shifted to give our ship the best possible trim, the sails were wet; but it was soon apparent that, after all we had done, the brig was gaining on us—slowly, indeed, but certainly gaining.

"'A stern chase is a long chase, Calista, darling, said my captain, cheerily; but I could see that he was not at all satisfied with the aspect of affairs.

"'You know that I am not a coward,' said I; 'tell me just how it is.'

"'I know your soul is bigger than your body, my darling,' said he. 'This rascally brig gains on us. If we can have foul weather to-night, we may change our course and lose sight of her. I see no other hope. We are not strong enough to fight her.'

"'There are muskets and pistols in the cabin,' said I, 'and we have two cannons on deck.'

"'Well enough to frighten savages or beat off the Malay pirates; but that brig is well armed, and must have plenty of men, by the way they handle her. If she is a privateer, we must surrender. If a pirate, we must fight. Her 'Long Tom will make oven-wood of us, but we must take our chance.'

"We held on, praying for night, and storm, and darkness. The full moon rode high in the heavens, and silvered the waves through which our good ship plowed gallantly.—Nearer and nearer came our pursuer. Once the wind freshened, and we seemed to gain a slight advantage, but it soon fell off again, and the brig crept nearer and nearer. Few slept. By the full morning light there lay the handsome brig, full over our taffrail, bounding along with a bone in her mouth. My brave husband walked the deck in sore trouble. He had made the best possible preparations for defense, the crew were ready to obey his orders, but the case was hopeless.

"As the light increased, I watched the brig closely through the glass, trying to ascertain the character of our pursuer. A flag of stars and stripes went up to her mast-head, and the smoke of a cannon curled up from her deck. It was the first signal. The commander of the brig was in the field of my glass, and my worst fears were dispelled.

"'Look!' said I to my husband, giving him the glass; 'that man is not a pirate.'

"I could not be mistaken. He was a fine-looking man of thirty-five or forty, in an undress naval uniform. His bearing was manly, and his face, when I got a look at it, was clear and open. My captain took the glass and gave an anxious look.

"'I believe you are right, my darling,' said he. 'The man is no pirate. Then it is war, and we shall soon be his prisoners. It is a hard case, but there is no help for it.'

"'Do not be cast down, my brave captain,' said I; 'father has more ships, and he can deduct this one from my portion.'

"Just then another shot from the long gun came alongside, and showed that we were within point-blank range. The order was given to take in sail, and we waited for the brig to come up. As she came on, dashing gallantly through the waves, my captain took his trumpet and hailed her. The hail was courteously responded to. It was a Yankee privateer demanding our surrender.

"'Oh for a tier of guns, and half a chance at him!' exclaimed my captain; but the disparity of force was too overwhelming.

"In answer to the question, he gave the name of our good ship and his own.

"Then I, who was watching the deck of the enemy through the glass, though we were now so near, saw a strange movement. The captain of the brig suddenly put up his glass, which he had turned on my husband. Then he appeared to give some order to his lieutenant, who was proparing to board us, and soon sprang into the boat himself, and came on board of us.

"He was received with a not very cheerful politeness, but his manner, as he stepped upon our deck, justified the opinion I had formed of him. He raised his hat to me with a graceful bow, and my husband invited him to enter our cabin, which he did with every courtesy. Wine and other refreshments were brought out in plenty, and the stranger told us of the outbreak of the war with America, and also of other events which were news to us at that time.

"Were we prisoners? Was this our captor, quiety conversing with us, and courteously drinking to our prosperity? He looked at me attentively when my eyes were turned away, and I thought I saw a strange smile upon his face.

"My husband opened a locker, and taking out the ship's papers, laid them on the table with a heavy heart; but he would not show it, and said, with an air of assumed cheerfulness:

"'It is the fortune of war. My ship is your prize, captain, and since I must surrender her, I am glad it is to a gentleman. Where do you propose to send us?'

"The stranger moved into the light, brushed back the curls of his dark hair, and, turning to my husband, said:

"'Is it possible, Captain Walter, that you do not know me? Have you forgotten a man whose life you saved, and who owes *you* so much?'

"My husband looked earnestly at him a moment, then grasped his hand, and said:

"'Hardy! Frank Hardy! is it really you?'

"'Yes, old fellow,' said he, 'it is really me,' with a better memory than you have, who saved my life at the risk of your own. And this is your wife? I congratulate you—I congratulate you both with all my heart. Madam, he took me off a wreck, where every man but me had perished. Thank God, I can show that I am not ungrateful! I shall appoint you prize-master, and you shall take your ship, please God, into her own harbor!'

"'But can you do this safely, Frank?' asked my captain.

"'Safely!' His lip curled. 'I would like to see the danger I would not confront for you, old fellow! If I were a naval officer, it would be a different matter, but a privateer has some discretion. My pretty brig is my own. The war is an ugly business, but you know me of old—we are "enemies in war, in peace, friends"—all but you, old fellow—I am your friend always, as you know.'

"'And how will your crew stand the loss of their share of prize-money?' asked my captain.

"'They are pretty likely to stand what I require them to,' said the Yankee, proudly. 'But I can make it all right for them. Prizes are not very scarce articles. Here, give me the papers! Who is your owner?'

"'My father,' said I.

"'All right, madam,' said he, bowing; 'I wish to make you a small present.'

"'If you wish to do me a favor,' said I, 'make your present to my husband.'

"He smiled, as he looked from one to the other, and seemed to understand the state of the case in an instant.

"'You are quite right, madam,' said he; 'it shall be as you desire.'

"Then he indorsed the ship's manifest with the fact of her capture, and made over ship and cargo to Captain Walter. It was not a legal document, of course, but it had its weight with my father.

"Our captor took his leave with such stores as we could get him to accept. His boat's crew looked at them wonderingly as they were passed over the side to them, and even still more wonderingly at the manner in which their captain took his leave of us.

"In a week more we were safe in an English harbor and on English ground. The war lasted two or three years, and many prizes were taken on both sides, and some hard battles fought by land and sea, but I never heard that any ship ever escaped as we did."

TO LIVE with true economy is to live wisely. The man who lives otherwise has no prudent regard for his own happiness. But there is no worse folly than false economy.

Of Writers and Speakers.

"Our Philosphy is affirmative, and readily accepts of testimony of negative facts, as every shadow points to the sun. . . . . No man need be deceived. . . . . When a man speaks the truth in the spirit of truth, his eye is as clear as the heavens."

H. B. Storer may be addressed Boston, Mass.

F. L. Wadsworth's address is care of A. J. Davis & Co, 274 Canal Street, New York.

Mrs. M. B. Kenney will make engagements for lecturing. Address Lawrence, Mass.

W. F. Jamieson, Trance Speaker, Paw Paw, Mich.

Mrs. M. J. Kutz may be addressed, Laphamville, Mich.

J. M. Peebles is located at Battle Creek, Mich., speaking there the last two Sundays in each month.

J. H. Randall will speak on Sundays. Address Scitico, Conn.

Dr. H. F. Gardner may be addressed, 55 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Rev. H. S. Marble will answer invitations to lecture, addressed Iowa City, Iowa.

John Brookie, M. D., may be addressed No. 58 Collins street, St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe may be addressed till farther notice, care of T. J. Freman, Esq., Milwaukie, Wis.

John McQueen, Trance and Inspirational Speaker, will speak on reform, attend funerals, &c. Address Hillsdale, Mich.

Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury will speak in Somers, Conn., the first four Sundays in November; in Providence, R. I., during December.

Herman Snow, formerly Unitarian minister, will address Spiritualists and friends of Progress not too remote from his residence, Rockford, Ill.

William Bailey Potter, M. D., will lecture on Scientific Spiritualism in New York and New England. Address care of C. S. Hoag, Medina, N. Y.

Mrs. A. F. Patterson, (formerly A. F. Pease,) will respond to calls to lecture. Residence, Springfield, Ill.

M. Taylor speaks every other Sunday at Stockton, Me., and for other engagements may be addressed at Stockton or Bradford, Me.

Rev. J. D. Lawyer will attend to any invitations to deliver six or more lectures on Doctrinal Christianity, directed to Coxsackie, N. Y.

E. Whipple is lecturing on Geology and general Reform. Address for fall and winter, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Mrs. S. E. Warner is engaged to lecture two Sundays in each month in Berlin, and Omro, Wis. Will answer calls to go elsewhere the remainder of the time. Post Office address, box 14, Berlin, Wis.

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in Philadelphia during November. Address care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass., from whence letters will be forwarded.

Miss Martha L. Beckwith, trance speaker, will lecture in Somers, Conn., Dec. 21 and 28; in Stafford, Conn., Jan 4 and 11. Will answer calls to lecture during the winter. Address, New Haven, Conn., care of George Beckwith.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Miller, of Ohio, will answer calls to lecture on the Principles of General Reform, anywhere in Pennsylvania and New York. Also, to attend funerals, and make clairvoyant examinations of and prescriptions for the sick.

N. Frank White will lecture in Springfield, Mass., the five Sundays of November; Marblehead, Mass., Dec. 7 and 14; Quincy, Mass., Dec. 21 and 28; Taunton, Mass., Jan. 4 and 11; Putnam, Conn., through February; Philadelphia, Pa., through March.

Mrs. L. E. A. DeForce Gordon will lecture in Portland, Me., during November and December. Address care of box 403. At Lowell, Mass., Jan. 4 and 11; at Providence, R. I., during February. Address as above.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson will labor in Central and Southern New Jersey and Pennsylvania during the fall and winter. Friends in Monmouth, Burlington, and Camden Counties, N. J., please address till farther notice in care of Dr. A. C. Stiles, Hammonton, Atlantic Co., N. J.

Dr. James Cooper, of Bellefontaine, O., will speak at Chesterfield, Ohio, November 29 and 30; Anderson, December 1; Mechanicsburg, 2 and 3; Cadiz, 4 and 5; Greensboro, 6 and 7. Subscriptions taken for the Herald of Progress, and books for sale.

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Departed: From Boston, on Tuesday, the 18th inst., of typhus fever, GERTRUDE, only daughter and child of Mrs. Lucy N. Colman, of Rochester, N. Y., aged 17 years.

In this sudden and sorrowful dispensation, the before widowed, but now desolated mother, shares deeply in the sympathy of a wide circle of friends. May he who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, shed aroung her, in this dark hour, the sunshine of his tenderest love!

The deceased had just commenced the study of medicine, and was uncommonly intelligent, mature, and promising for her years.

"Where is thy home, thou angel bright?
Oh tell us from thy rest
What beauteous visions fill thy sight?
What loves delight thy breast?
What glories light thy home above,
To outer sense unknown?
And, oh! what faithful bosoms move
In union with thine own?"

[*Liberator.*

Miscellaneous Items.

—Broadway is a "broad road leading to destruction" to the omnibus-horses which are driven over its smooth pavement. We vote for a Broadway railroad on the simple ground of humanity.

—It is related of old Dr. Burnet that he had a horse which he wished to sell, and when exhibiting it to an expected purchaser, mounted and rode the horse gallantly, but did not succeed in hiding his defect. "My good Doctor," said the trader, "when you want to take me in, you should mount a pulpit—not a horse."

—How beautiful is woman when adversity frowns upon her sister! It is touching to behold the resignation with which woman sees her best friend compelled, by circumstances, to put down the carriage and suppress her lady's maid.

—A mass of copper weighing 23 tons 1,923 pounds has been unearthed at the Mesnard mines, Lake Superior. The average dimensions are: Length, 15 feet 7 inches; width, 8 feet 7 inches; thickness, 1 foot 6 inches—giving 87,135 cubic feet.

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