

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

LOVE. WISDOM. LIBERTY.

Devoted to the Discovery and Application of Truth.

Vol. 4, No. 2.

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

NEW YORK, WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 28, 1863.

\$2 50 PER YEAR,
In Advance.

[WHOLE No. 158]

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 expiration number. We trust that the interest of no person will expire with his subscription.
Non-official letters and unbusiness correspondence (which the writers design for only the editor's perusal) should be superscribed "private" or "confidential."
The real name of each contributor must be imparted to the Editor; though, of course, it will be withheld from the public, if desired.

Whisperings to Correspondents

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

The Editor's attention cannot be given to "Medical Whisperings" while engaged in delivering public discourses.

Those who address the Editor expecting replies per mail, will be disappointed. He has no spare hours for private correspondence.

C. B. P. NEWPORT.—No. 58 is received. It will be shortened to the chapters.

L. S. BROOKPORT, N. Y.—Why do you not make your inquiries of the person whose misrepresentations you seem to value?

S. K. T. HARDWICK.—No photographs good enough to send you. We thank you for the kindness and sincerity of your sisterly wishes in our behalf.

M. B. MARCELLON.—The five dollars have been handed to Mr. Oliver Johnson for transmission to Mrs. F. D. Gage, and will be well appropriated. We feel assured.

FRANK H. P. WAKEGAN, ILL.—Thank you for the cordial testimony of your unchanging friendship. May you enjoy the golden light of future days, and shed its rays upon all who dwell with you.

JAMES R. EAST HARTFORD, CONN.—Let your daughter gargle her throat every morning with fresh milk. Every night, and sometimes during the day, sniff weak brandy and water. Try these remedies for weeks.

E. G. M. CHICAGO, ILL.—The person you mention is taking the penalty of fear—and of doubt—concerning the triumph of Liberty over Slavery. "Green-backs" will be worth as much as gold to those who know how to invest them. We have no sympathy for the sickness of disloyalty.

CHARLES D. PITTEUS, ZEPPELEN, BELGIUM.—Your letters have been received and filed for attention. But new labors and imperative engagements have come up recently, which may postpone for a long period the considerations you request. Do not, therefore, make your work in any way dependent upon replies to your interesting questions. Time is not at our disposal.

J. N. G., EUGENE CITY, OREGON.—Mr. W. P. Anderson, now in this city, is the only Artist-Medium now before the public. We can commend his integrity, sincerity, and industry. Of his success in securing likenesses of the departed there are numerous witnesses, and we hope soon to publish new statements. You can send to care of this office, as we shall know Mr. Anderson's address, and hope you may obtain an image of your transplanted "rosebud." Mr. A. requires the payment of \$5 in advance, with age of the spirit, &c.

R. N. F., WILMINGTON, DEL.—"A Word More to Mr. Graves" appears this week. We begin to dread the ambition "to have the last word," which infirmity is too common with contestants, however kind they may have been at the beginning of a controversy. We think Mr. Foster will bear in memory that his articles have occupied a large share of our space, while those of his opponents have been comparatively brief. We shall for the present decline further articles on the subject. In so deciding, we necessarily preclude replies of our correspondent to the present rejoinder—believing that the theory does not require further attention.

D. L., JR., OF WASHINGTON, D. C., in a recent letter, says: "Brother Davis: Let me congratulate you on the happy 'deliverance,' as Sir Wm. Hamilton would call it, of your lecture on the 'Direct Route to the Kingdom of Heaven.' I read it with great pleasure, and have traveled several leagues in that direction since the perusal. It ought to do a great deal of good among the brethren at least. 'Heaven' is so entirely a subjective fiction in the view of the Church—that is, it is so completely fashioned from one stereotyped conception of extra-natural sanctity—that it is really a great delight to have it painted as something attainable by the exercise of ordinary faculties. The great difficulty is, as you have shown, that we cushion and carpet our heaven for too narrow a range of aspirations, and when we are ready to go to housekeeping, Nature takes especial care to fill our mansion with all sorts of annoyances. 'Out of that' she says; and so we pack for another establishment."

Voices from the People.

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

Spiritualism Going Down.

FRIEND DAVIS: Evidence accumulates from all quarters from day to day that Spiritualism is going down—down into the right place, where it belongs—down into the hearts of the people—to bless and comfort them as nothing else can. At least such is my conviction, founded on both observation and experience.

Corroborative of this statement is the enclosed gem, which I clip from the Springfield *Republician*. It is the production of the wife of an orthodox minister, who was reared in this beautiful valley, and is now a resident of New York. Her gifted pen has enriched the columns of the *Republican*, in the form of letters, from week to week, for several years, over the signature of "M. C. A." If your estimate of the practical utility and poetic beauty of the effusion in any degree corresponds with mine, you will give it an insertion in the HERALD OF PROGRESS, the weekly visits of which to my fireside are quite as welcome as those of any other periodical (which is saying a great deal) and for amusement, instruction, and comfort, is second to no paper I have ever seen. It must be a matter of satisfaction to all liberal and spiritually-minded men and women to know that it is constantly growing in public favor.

E. W. TWING,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Feb. 8, 1863.

Not Dead.

Thou art not dead, yet when I go to seek thee,
And find thee not, where thou wert wont to be—
And, listening, hear the cadenced melody
Of thy low voice—so marvellous to me—
No more! no more!
Shall I, too, call the dead? Oh, shall I cry
Through the void silence, as I roam for thee—
"Tell me, my beautiful, why didst thou die—
Why rise to regions where we cannot see
Who love thee—why?"
When next I stand in the familiar room,
And, half-expectant, by the vacant chair,
Lay back the curtains in their purple gloom,
To touch the golden shadow of thy hair,
Thou wilt be there.

Yet blind me not with thy seraphic face,
Nor seeking fingers thrill with spirit-touch—
For I am mortal, and thine angel grace
In its beatitude would be too much
To see and live!
Show me thy mortal face—the sweet, sweet face,
That I must love forever—strong to bless,
Drawing all souls towards thee with the power
Of its unfathomable tenderness—
Those eyes! those eyes!

Oh, when Marillo painted Mary's face,
Through her mysterious, Madonna eyes,
Her life outflowed in the transfiguring grace
Of love that in the soul of woman lies—
'Twas thee he saw!

The earth is fair, oh, lovelier, fairer far
To all-divining sight like thine, unsealed
To spiritual meanings, Yonder star,
Yon blade of grass, its mystery had revealed
To thee! to thee!

Thy soul was one with Nature's. Every vein
And, fed the pulses of her mighty heart
Flowed back to thine, with thrill of bliss or pain;
Her changing moods made smiles or tears to start
In thy dark eyes.

Now, when the days fade, when the mornings
dawn,
When the young springs their tender robes
shall make,
And murmurous waves moan of a dear voice
gone,
A sweeter meaning, for thy gentle sake,
The world will take.

Ah, now I mind me of a buried June,
When we above the sad, sonorous sea,
Sate side by side, and thy deep gaze drank in
A deeper life, from its infancy:
It spake with thee.

You murmured, gazing on the crowning woods:
"In such an air, and under such a sky,
Lulled by the rhythm of eternal floods,
'Twould beso holy and so sweet to die—
To die and live!"

I saw the luminous lifting of thine eyes,
And trembled lest upon the scented award,
Waiting to bear away my precious prize,
I stood the invisible angel of the Lord,
All vailed to me.

Now as I wander from my native North,
Thou to full liberty of life hast passed;
The Emancipating Hand hath led thee forth;
Enfranchised spirit, thou art free at last—
No longer bound!

Thou art not dead. Why should I go to seek
thee?
O presence and O power, I feel thee nigh!
Half-unaware, I turn as if to greet thee—
Ah, my own beautiful! thou canst not die:
I know thee nigh!

MARY CLEMMER AMES.

To the memory of Almira Cary Swift, who,
December 11th, 1862, departed into the Fullness of
Life.

Spiritualism in Western New York.

LETTER FROM MRS. F. O. HYZER.

MR. DAVIS: So frequently in your columns have the friends of Spiritualism reported my labors in Western New York, I have little testimony to add thereto, yet it gives me much pleasure to be able to say that, in my mission of pleasure to the seed of progressive thought, I have nowhere found a readier, richer soil than in that portion of the field in which I am at present laboring.

Long ere I came hither I had heard it remarked that Byron was the "stronghold" of the reformatory gospel of Spiritualism in Western New York, and in more than fifteen months of continual labor and association with the people of that place and its vicinity I have proved the truthfulness of the assertion. Here some of the earliest germs of modern Spiritualism burst forth to the light; here the Harmonical Philosophy found many of its earliest pupils and advocates; and here it wound its fibers into the intelligence and affection of so large and earnest a class of thinkers, that no blast of persecution has been able for a moment to suppress its healthy growth, or prevent it from bearing a golden harvest of such nutritious fruit of spiritual, moral, and social example, as proves to all who have eyes to see, that its seed, when falling into good soil, is not long in proving itself the Saviour of humanity—the Truth which maketh free from bondage to sin or inharmoniousness.

When my dear mother's illness called me from what I deemed the pathway of greater usefulness to humanity, I came to her bedside with my spirit saddened by this reflection, as well as with my intense sympathy for her suffering; but she has not only thus far been spared to our earthly sphere of heart-communion, but I feel that my public labors have never served Truth in a higher degree than since my feet have been called to tread the wine-press in this portion of our Father's vineyard.

Here the long-cherished desire of my soul, one of the earliest idealisms awakened by my inspirations—that of setting out a nursery of our precious germs of immortal life from which to build up society on the basis of the Spiritual Gospel—has found something of actualization.

Scarcely a Sunday of my seven years of public labor has passed, on which it has not been mine to behold Spiritualist parents preparing with grateful hearts and smiling faces to accompany me to the place where the blessing of liberal and liberalizing thought was to be poured upon their eager, demanding natures, exclaiming as they went forth: "Thank God, our chains are broken!—I can hold in its terrible grasp no longer!"—while the children of their most cherishing affection, objects of their most tender solicitude, germs of our future spiritual, intellectual, moral, and social prosperity, were allowed—nay, encouraged to glide away, theological text-book in hand, to the work-shop where chains are forged and riveted upon unfolding muscle; where expanding brains are stifled; throbbing, hopeful, trusting hearts chilled and saddened; and moral spines twisted to the curvature of the Mosaic model of a Christian.

Yet never, until my feet were led into this portion of the lecture-field, have the proprietors "pro tem." of the rich soil of childhood set off any portion thereof for a nursery of the kind to which I have so long directed my aspirations, and for an unwearied and practical labor, in the development of which I have so often appealed to them.

In Byron that appeal was warmly, fervently responded to; and so earnestly and energetically did the Liberalists of this place and its vicinity act upon the proposition, that, at this time, on every occasion of our regularly established reunions, our hearts are gladdened by the greetings of a joyous, bright-eyed little band of pupils, numbering from twenty to thirty, who look up to us for instruction in Nature's gospel.

Teachers are prompt and ready to serve them as best they can, and the only impediment we can now see which to any extent will possibly retard the constant and rapidly unfolding prosperity of this movement, lies in the prospect of a want of sufficiently instructive books for the use of our pupils. Those we have been able to obtain do very well as far as they go, but they go only a very little way in the direction of feeding the unfolding minds of immortals in the science of Nature's religion and the religion of Nature's sciences.

We want books by the aid of which our children can walk intelligently through Nature's temple to the right-hand channel of the inlets for the influx to mind of "Nature's Divine Revelations," as they come to us from the higher spheres of use and beauty through the best media of the age. It seems to me like a great mistake to suppose children can profitably be nursed on second-rate food. On the contrary, I think they should have the choicest, purest kind; adapted in proportion, it is true, to their powers of digestion, but not second-class in quality. Everywhere this want stands in the way of similar efforts for the good of humanity, to be outwrought through the proper education of children. Who shall give to the world these

books? Trusting some philanthropic brain and heart will ere long become the instrument of their production, we work on and hope on, endeavoring to do whatever our hands find to do with all our might.

In thus reporting the advancement of free thought in Byron, I would not be thought unmindful of our noble coworkers, who, with equal energy and sincerity, are rallying around the standard of Truth, all through the "garden of the West," especially in Holly, Batavia, and LeRoy. Even the Buffalonians are beginning to awaken from their somewhat long night of transition, and propose re-association for a renewed labor in behalf of the Spiritual Philosophy. "Verily the world moves!"

Most fraternally thine,
F. O. HYZER,
BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan., 1863.

Letter from Selden J. Finney.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

DEAR READERS OF THE HERALD: I am inclined to give you a short sketch of my observations and experiences during a tour of two months in Indiana. I left Geneva, some blessed friends, and my own household, heart-held darlings, on the last day of the year; and as that year died away, a great burden went also from my body and soul—the dangerous illness of my patient, enduring, and gentle Mary.

On the last Sunday of 1862 I found myself in Dayton, welcomed to the hospitable home and the generous sympathies of one of earth's noblemen and true Reformers—Bro. George Kates—in whose parlor I addressed the friends of Harmonical Philosophy, as I did also in the parlor of another friend. The interest in the great movement of this century is, in Dayton, not wide-spread, but it is earnest, and deep, and permanent. True souls there are feeling and translating the eternal sunbeams that have fallen on their hearts. A divine earnest of the Infinite Love, Law, Light, Liberty, and Beauty, is arising from the great depths of souls here, as elsewhere in the great West.

From Dayton I went to Dublin, Ind., and on New Year's night delivered a public address to Freedom-lovers on "The Hour—its Lessons and Duties." The meeting was a spontaneous shout for Freedom, which the angels heard and rejoiced through the heavens. Brother Warren Harris and the Menager Family discoursed for hours, in various songs, the great battle-cry of Freedom. The people of Dublin are on the road to intellectual and spiritual freedom, as well as political. May the Gods quicken the pace of the laggard world in this direction!

Next I found myself in Greensboro, attending a three-days' meeting of Spiritual Reformers, and though the weather was bad, the audiences were good. I met here Miss Mary Thomas, who has done much effective work for the good cause in the West. But she works too hard, and is rapidly wearing out. May the angels sustain her and quicken her wisdom, until she shall rest calmly in the triumph of that great trust which carries God with it, and so have the great future in the bottom of her heart! Here, too, in Greensboro, the interest in Spirituality is quietly arising out of the Spiritualistic phase—from the wonder-loving to the wisdom-loving state. May the angels speed this progress also! The time has come to put off "emotion and snuff," and to don the armor of the Truth. Let us all stop chasing the shadows and seize the substance of life. Let us, friends in the West, harmonize our movements with the eternal currents of the Divine magnetism, and arising above the petty spasms of egotism, blend our consciousness with the Divine Providence, whose movements, through millenniums, are stern, and steady, and century-rhythmic, like the song of the morning stars.

My next engagement took me to Terre Haute, where I was heartily received by Brothers Hudson, Hook, and others, in the home of whom I found rest and care. Thanks, my friends, for the hospitalities of Terre Haute. I delivered eight lectures in that place, to fine audiences, on some of the great questions of the wonder-loving, becoming life, and conviction and regeneration, as well as sight and sensation. I had expected to return again to Terre Haute this winter, but a constant cough, failing strength, as well as my private business in Ohio, warn me to return to rest, where there only great rest can be found—at home. But will the people of Terre Haute excuse me if I promise to visit them again, when wisdom indicates the time to do so? I hope they will. Will they please say so to me?

I next visited Noblesville, and to large and increasing audiences gave six lectures, which were received with very evident satisfaction generally. Here I found a few free souls, who were just catching a flame from the central fires of the world, and who immediately, on taking fire themselves, insisted, as is the habit of inspired men, on setting everybody else aflame also, and so succeeded in scattering the light around. What a splendid provision of Pure Intelligence is that, which, the moment an idea—a great truth—takes possession of our own hearts, it instantly becomes so hot, it pent up, as to scorch us, and thus

compels its diffusion through neighboring hearts. Heated hearts, like hot cannon-balls, affect colder hearts by radiation, but unlike those balls, hearts do not lose any warmth themselves. "Your light is none the less for lighting that of your neighbors," so our hearts are not less warm for warming freezing hearts around us; for souls are fed from the central fires of the Cosmos. At Brother Moss's house, in Noblesville, I found a pleasant home and the kindest care from himself and his estimable wife. Again, in Kokomo, I met a cordial and blessed reception from Brother Reed and wife, whose faith in God has many roots that go down deep into the soul. They are both true, and growing up into the eternal light of Love. God bless them! for kinder hearts never warmed human bosoms. I spoke four times here, to good audiences, though not very large. Here, as elsewhere, spiritual life seems quickened, as if touched afresh by angel-fingers dipped in dewy life above the stars. "The tide is coming in." Our barges will soon float.

I stopped for a few days in Greenfield, with Brother J. W. Hall, and to deliver a discourse on the event of the ascent to the Spirit-Land of a beautiful little girl, daughter of Brother and Sister Hall; and then on to Dublin again, to attend the Quarterly Meeting of the Friends of Progress; and thence to Dayton, and thence home to rest, where the dearest treasures I have on earth are waiting for me. Only the wanderer can fully know the value of the blessedness of home, where the idols of one's very soul are longing to welcome him to their hearts. No matter how one may enjoy this great public work of teaching and inspiring the masses—no matter with what enthusiasm your words may be greeted by the public, and your best inspirations welcomed by the brains and hearts of others—it is only at home, beside your true mate, whose love is your life, that the body and soul can rest and be refreshed. It is here that we approach the divine "Paradise," and dip up the dewy waters of eternal life!

I delight in my great public work; I rejoice in that inspiration which makes me a melodious force in the world; but that world little knows the sacrifice my patient and enduring wife is making for its own gratification and instruction. She, too, has her claims to the justice as well as the generosity of the public. Let me then say to the friends of Reform: Don't forget my Mary.

In short, I am more than pleased with my visit to the West. It is a great field open for harvest, with free hearts ready to welcome the true Reformer to open homes and hearing. There is a frankness, a readiness, and an earnest desire to see, to hear, and to embody the truth in thought and life. I have found great examples of actual reforms in the real daily life of man. I have in my mind, now, splendid examples of the practical power of Harmonical Philosophy to elevate the views, to inspire the heart, and to purify both body and soul. My soul shouts Eureka! The work done bravely on.

But I must close. I shall be in Geneva by the 1st of March, and would like to make an early spring tour in the East. Any letters desiring services will reach me at Geneva, Ashtabula County, O.

I am, dear readers of the blessed HERALD,
Your Brother,
S. J. FINNEY.

Spiritual Progress in California.

NEVADA CITY, CAL., Jan. 13, 1863.
TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD OF PROGRESS, DEAR SIR: I write to let you know, and the traveling lecturers through your paper, that there are Spiritualists and practical laborers in the Harmonical Philosophy in the mining regions of California. We in Nevada have fitted up a Hall in the house of Z. P. Davis, Esq., and dedicated it to the "Discovery and Application of Truth." We there hold circles twice a week, and are there blest with the manifestations of spirits through two partially-developed media—Mrs. Z. P. Davis and Mr. A. M. Kilbury, who are clairvoyant and speaking mediums. There are also many Spiritualists in the City of Grass Valley, four miles distant, and in San Juan, nine miles distant, who hold weekly meetings, and yet others in the adjacent towns.

I write these remarks for the reason that media who have sought our shores, with one or two exceptions, have not been farther into the State than Sacramento. Those exceptions are, first, Miss M. Munson, from Boston, who, after trying for six months in the lower cities without any benefit to herself, came here, by our suggestion, and in a few months found she was much benefited peculiarly. The other was J. V. Mansfield, a writing test-medium. He, we understand, passed through our city to see the mines, and staid one night only, having been told that there were no Spiritualists in the mines. We were sorry for this mistake, as it would have given those who have less knowledge of the extent of phenomena a chance to investigate for themselves, and would finally have turned their attention to its higher teachings.

The mines of California are full of Infidels—men who, if they have not outgrown religious training, have worn it off, and are therefore, fit subjects for the teachings of Spiritu-

MRS. A. POST

alism and its superior concomitant, the Harmonial Philosophy. These minds want the right kind of talent, with character, to teach them the new truths.

We think that a good clairvoyant-physician and a speaker, having the good of mankind at heart, and possessed of those qualities which command our respect—frankness, justice, truth, and temperance, and not too avaricious—could do the cause much good here, and greatly benefit themselves, both spiritually and pecuniarily.

W. J. WRIGHT.

Letter from Vincentown, N. J.

VINCENTOWN, N. J., Jan. 1, 1863. FRIEND DAVIS: The good cause of Spiritualism is progressing in our midst, and the sure evidences of a more liberal thought and investigation into the beauties of our well-tried philosophy.

However, notwithstanding these influences brought to bear against us, they only tend to stimulate the thinking minds which dare to emancipate themselves from the clerical chains of priestcraft and mental bondage.

You will notice the contents of a pamphlet issued by Mrs. Alicia Wilhelm, who has been laboring here for the cause of Truth.

A Liberated Soul.

HILLSDALE, Mich., Jan. 27, 1863. FRIEND DAVIS: As I am one of the standard-bearers of Spiritualism, I wish the world of humanity to understand me.

Brother Davis, my loved ones return to me again, and they bid me look up from Mother Earth to Father God. They tell me they are happy.

Theology gave me no direct evidence of immortality. When in the church, all was vague and uncertain. Take out of the Bible its Spiritualism, and all is dark as midnight.

An Appeal from an Officer of the Army to the Country.

HEADQUARTERS, SECOND DIVISION, SECOND CORPS, NEAR FALMOUTH, VA., Jan. 4, '63. To the Editor of the New York Times: The critical state of our government, just at this juncture, has induced me to risk being misinterpreted, and set before you some of the feelings and thoughts of an officer in the field, who yearns for the welfare of his country.

Let the enemy come in like a whirlwind. Let the cities of Philadelphia and New York be turned over to pillage. Let the horrors of a desolating war sweep over the thickly populated districts of the Western and Middle States; then, perhaps, by-and-by, our good people will wake up to a sense of their sinful selfishness and folly.

quer it. We may change the theater of the war, but we can have no peace short of the destruction of the country.

God grant us the strength and stamina to meet the issue boldly! If we do not, He will bring us to it by chastening and scourging. This is a hard duty—a terrible, a solemn duty; but it is a duty.

Mr. Editor, you are a writer. This is your business. Work, work—destroy this fatal apathy—convince the faint-hearted of their hopeless folly, and root out the insidious, poisonous plants of disloyalty that are growing up in the shape of partisan opposition to the government.

Tidings from Germany.

DRESDEN, Dec. 19, 1862. EDITOR HERALD OF PROGRESS: This is a busy time in old Germany, and whoever is acquainted with the usually quiet and slow habits of the Germans is much astonished to see them stirring and bustling about in such a lively manner.

To this fair, parents like to take their children to see those outspread treasures, and to learn from the artless little ones which to select the most attractions, in order to surprise them with the realization of their wishes on Christmas eve.

The better and costlier fabrics and objects of art—silks, laces, works in ivory, amber, and mother-of-pearl, crystals, jewelry, etc.—are of course not represented in this fair, but you have to find them in the various stores.

In the homes the children are busy and full of secrets, preparing some little work of their hands for their dear parents and near relatives; but generally it is a very great trial for their discretion to keep it secret so long, and I know a sweet little one, nine years of age, whose heart was too full of pleasure to keep it to herself, so she told her mamma, "Mother dear, I will tell you what I am going to work for you for Christmas, but you must forget again."

The evening of the 24th December came, the family and their relatives assemble in the best room, around the Christmas tree, which is going to be lighted up, while you hear the restless children in the next room expecting to hear the tinkling of the bell to summon them.

But more or less you celebrate Christmas eve in the same manner in America, or at least the Germans do in whatever country they are. The lighting up of the fir tree is, as I was told, a heathenish custom of the tribes who inhabited Germany before they became Christianized.

But alas! poor America—there will be no merry Christmas this year in many homes; Christmas will come, but many will never come back who were once the pride and joy of the festive board; many another noble son of America will be absent from home sleeping on the cold ground and fighting the battles of freedom.

Will there ever come a time when war will

be impossible—when humanity will be so good and enlightened that there will be no more oppressors and no more oppressed? Who can tell how long it will be before even Germany, which seems now so happy and contented, will be the theater of revolution and war?

The last number of your HERALD OF PROGRESS I received revived my drooping hope in regard to the future of America. I see the cloud, but I see the silver lining, too, and your efforts to sow the plowed-up and harrowed fields with good seeds of truth and progress, meets my heart's full sympathy.

A sketch of this truly spiritual painting your readers may see in New York, 534 Broadway, in the bookstore of L. W. Schmidt—at least he had it about a year ago.

I was interrupted and could not finish this letter on the 19th, so I will send it off now. I just came home from the vesper in the Roman Catholic church. It is strangely poetic to sit in a quiet corner, amidst the gathering shadows of twilight, and listen to the singing.

At midnight, on Christmas, there is divine service—the chant of the angels announcing the birth of Christ, the benediction is sung, and mass said on all the altars.

Although brought up as a Protestant, and fully aware that Protestantism has had its great uses in developing thought, I think at the present time there is more of the spiritual element in the Roman Catholic church—more connection with the world of spirits—were it only through their prayers to the saints; and their blind belief in miracles has more of a positive element than the critical negativism of so-called Rationalism.

Black Soldiers.

So far is it from being true that the blacks as material for soldiers are inferior to whites, that they are in some respects manifestly superior, especially for aptness for drill, because of their imitiveness and love of music, docility in discipline when their confidence is once acquired, and enthusiasm for the cause.

PRaise, when the reasons for it are given, is double praise; censure, without the reasons for it, is only half censure.

Brotherhood.

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

Visit to a Convict Cell.

PERU, Ill., Jan 2, 1863. A. J. DAVIS, FRIEND AND BROTHER: There are some among us who are loud in their denunciations of Spiritualism, and declare that the fruits thereof are nothing but evil.

Previous to the destruction of the Walnut Street Prison, Philadelphia, and before the convicts were removed to Moyamensing, a philanthropic gentleman of that city was permitted to visit the prison.

Beneath the eastern wing, projecting into the yard of the prison, is a long arched passage, dimly lighted with one or two lamps fastened to the masonry of the wall.

Strong, massive chains were fastened to the floor and the grating, and the thick, iron-studded doors—now thrown down—showed that an attempt at escape must have been futile.

The upper rooms on Walnut Street are, we believe, chiefly used for the sick, and so also with one or two in the rear. Beyond these, in the upper story, is a series of cells, wherein are confined several prisoners for crimes of various degrees of atrocity.

We paused at the grating of a cell, and the gentleman who accompanied us spoke to the inmate. The voice was that of kindness, and it was evident that the prisoner was used to that tone from the keeper.

The multitude in the yard and the workshops were busy; they seemed little different from the inmates of an almshouse; their number and movements prevented reflection—but here was food for thought.

Having answered the questions which he put to us on important subjects with what little ability we had, and added the advice which mankind are more ready to give than to receive or to follow, we prepared to depart.

PRaise, when the reasons for it are given, is double praise; censure, without the reasons for it, is only half censure.

and a warm touch of pity passes with electric swiftness to the heart. Tears from that fountain that had long been deemed dried up fell fast and heavy upon the dungeon-floor.

We replied: "The Scriptures say that there is joy in heaven over a sinner that repenteth on earth. It may, therefore, be true." "It may be," said the prisoner. "My poor, poor mother!"

We say to those who are ready to sneer and scoff at Spiritualism, that when we behold its benign influence—melting the heart of the hardened wretch and bowing his head in humility and in tears, after the stern religion of the sects has failed to reach him, we are willing to acknowledge its merits and hope for its advancement.

Philosophical Department.

Spectral Pictures not Super-Mundane.

BOSTON, Jan. 4, 1863. A. J. DAVIS, SIR: Photographers seem to think that evidence of the super-mundane origin of spectral pictures is obtained if they cannot detect fraud upon the part of the operator; but the most that can be said in such a case is, simply, that the investigator failed to detect fraud—merely this, and nothing more.

But there is a kind of evidence which may be furnished by those so-called "media" if they are really photographing "spirits," which will go far towards placing them in a much stronger position.

It is known that it is the element in light called "actinism" which produces the photographic image, and in the prismatic spectrum where the sun's ray is analyzed as perfectly as it has yet been possible to do, the highest power of actinic force is found where the violet and indigo rays mingle; thence, in both directions, it rapidly diminishes, until at the green upon the one hand and invisibility on the other, it entirely ceases, and by then passing the rays through the solutions, they may be deprived of all optical illumination, yet the chemical action will continue, so that to produce invisibility in actinic force, it is not only necessary to use the highest known power of refraction, but absorption also; reflection does not produce any separation in the elements of light.

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Having answered the questions which he put to us on important subjects with what little ability we had, and added the advice which mankind are more ready to give than to receive or to follow, we prepared to depart.

PRaise, when the reasons for it are given, is double praise; censure, without the reasons for it, is only half censure.

likeness of her uncle, who had been dead for six years. This will serve to show how mistakes of the heart occur.

In a former communication I was particular to use the expression, "style of work," because no two photographers can imitate each other, nor, in fact, can any photographer imitate himself; for, owing to conditions of organization, mechanics, and chemistry, he cannot make two pictures of the same person alike, at different sittings; therefore "style of work" only can be copied. The "spirit-pictures" now being made by photographers generally are as identical with Mr. Mumler's "spirit-pictures" as their plain photographs are with his; and not to perceive this is to be ignorant of photographic manipulation. But I have only asked for two very simple tests—first, that a "spirit" condescend to stand behind a chair while being photographed; second, that the "medium" make a few stereoscope-pictures, both of which together will not cost him twenty minutes' work; then, is not the refusal to comply tantamount to an acknowledgment of—? Besides, it does not involve the presence of lynx-eyed investigators, though injured innocence so bitterly complains of, though circumstances have shown that that class of annoyances can be summarily disposed of.

Upon reading the article in the Banner, by "Dr. Child, of Philadelphia," I could not feel for the good-hearted writer a sincere pity, and I beg to remind him and the spirits that abstract speculation is not philosophy, and it would be well to be sure that his premises are real before he proceeds to enlighten us as to how it is done. "Od force," "electricity," "magnetism," &c., look very learned upon paper, and the great unwashed may be awed into silence by their tinkle; but they are just as empty as any other empty sound when mixed with unmeaning verbiage. He betrays the fact that he is unacquainted with photographic chemistry, and therefore a good subject for practice, and his "marked glass" shows that he did not know where or how to look for the trick. How the highly spiritualized integrity of the "medium" must smile in its celestial sleeve over such allies! He thinks they are taken from models made by the "spirits"—well they do resemble plaster of paris—but while such whimsical stuff may provoke a smile, it cannot but make the earnest searcher after truth grieve.

And now, sir, let me assure you that I would not have intruded upon yourself or paper but that I hoped to reach through that means many who, more earnest than critical, are being made the victims of their own unsuspecting natures. And seeing mercenary speculators, regardless of all that is good and true, set their price on the most sacred feelings of the human heart, and in their merciless eagerness for money, desecrate, through the credulity of their victims, not merely the tomb, but the hopes that have followed the loved and lost to the shadowy realms of the unknown future, and being satisfied from my own investigations that whatever may be the wonders of natural science hitherto unrevealed, we are not yet photographing "spirits," therefore do I ask to drive back to its native infamy such a nameless evil. Yours, &c., C. B. BOYLE.

Laws and Customs.

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just— And he but naked, though locked up in steel, Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

For the Herald of Progress.

The Rebellion: ITS FEATURES AND RESULTS.

By H. B. VINCENT.

"Who make politics a trade, and struggle for the spoil, Had better take to spades and shuffle in the soil."

Demagogism and political huckstering have become, to an alarming extent, characteristic of the political institutions and movements in governmental affairs at the present era of time. In the early formation of this government, a wise discrimination in favor of the rights of man, and a nobler sacrifice of personal interest for the good of the whole than is witnessed at present, in the general sense, marked the life-line of statesmen and politicians. But the corruption in office at present, contrasted with the greater purity of earlier times, casts a dark gloom of despair over the nation.

The political science of the present time has become a mere scramble for office—a barter of principle for position, which, when obtained, is used for the promotion of personal interest and the privileges of party. Regardless of questions of moral purity and essential right, the demands of party have become the great voice of the American people; and so clamorous and arbitrary have these demands of party become, that they have plunged this nation into a civil war as disastrous as comprehension can view. It does not matter that the institutions of the two sections of the country have differed for long years—the demand of party feeling and prejudice have brought on the contest.

"Southern Rights," which had long been jealous of its negro and cotton aristocracy, belched forth its arrogant assumptions in the Charleston Convention, which tumbled on blindly, rapidly, until a million and a half of our loyal and patriotic sons have left peace for war, and pleasant homes for the battle-field. And yet the same great party interests that have heretofore existed are still howling about their rights and their privileges amid the shrieks of the dying and wounded from many a hardy-contested field and scores of hospitals.

We are in the midst of a political war. Politicians, upon both sides, have led the contest. Policy and expediency have been the watchwords that have turned our Border States into slaughter-pens for the butchery of God's children. No question of absolute right has entered into the political stock in trade of the parties on either side of this terrible and bloody contest. No broad principle of eternal righteousness has dictated the policy of the belligerents upon either side. Rushing on with military fury and vengeance, whatever has been done to unshackle the oppressed and let the bondman go free has been entered upon as a "military necessity"—a matter of "expediency" and "economy."

The present executive, standing out upon the doctrine of "conciliation as far as possible," has sought to save the Union with all the rubbish and misery of oppression and southern aristocracy. But the case is altogether too obstinate to be tinkered up with any such political patchwork. Therefore it has become a matter of necessity that means be employed, which, in their tendency, point toward the light of a brighter day. For this we cannot but be thankful; but the rightful recipients of our thanks are the necessities and conditions that have developed themselves from this bloody war between kindred and neighbors. To one who has not wholly bartered his sense of right and justice for the miserable subtlety of policy and expediency, the spectacle of the Chief Magistrate of the nation arguing so momentous a question as the liberty of four millions of our fellow men, merely upon grounds of economy, appears humiliating in the extreme.

Dare not our President stand with becoming dignity upon the enduring rock of absolute right—of eternal justice? But in so doing he would not be the representative of a party—would not be a politician—and this, of course, must remain and be continued as commenced—a political warfare. The political corruption which has been gathering, developing, and festering in the "body politic," since we have had an existence as a nationality, is now eking itself out with a tortuous and bloody vengeance.

The nation needed purifying. We were becoming purse-proud, arrogant, and aristocratic—elements wholly incompatible with true democracy—and a volcanic eruption, developed by the fires of eternal progress, is racking the nation to its most hidden depths, belching forth the accumulated filth of years, preparatory to a reign of greater righteousness in the "nearing future."

The existence in our nation of the institution of slavery, which has been so potent in corrupting the profession of office-seeking and the trade of politics, has developed political parties with their hatred and prejudices, which have quarreled themselves into a civil war of the most gigantic dimensions. And though this contest was inaugurated with no published purpose on the part of the belligerent parties of abolishing the institution of slavery or ameliorating the condition of the oppressed, it has necessarily developed questions of human rights which cannot be passed over as the struggle progresses.

In the present state of civilization, no great cleansing and purifying process can be accomplished on the part of a nation without a resort to the shedding of blood; and hence the struggle through which we are now passing, though so pregnant with human woe and suffering, is the effort of a great nation to unburden itself of political corruption and despotism, and rise into a higher condition, where greater political and religious freedom shall mark the dispensation of its rights and power.

But the effort of a people to purge themselves of their wickedness and corruption is a sure harbinger of a better time coming. And though the present struggle in this nation was not begun with the design of national purification or of improving and correcting the institutions of society, yet the tendencies of its progress are and will be to develop a higher condition of civilization, and remodel the social, commercial, and governmental institutions of the age.

The great crisis upon which we are entering, and through which we must pass, is effecting individuality as well as nationality. Thousands, who, a few years ago, wore their religious and political swaddling-bands with ease, are now chafing from their pressure and irritation. The political warfare which has inaugurated the great revolution of the American people is fast enough revealing the inward filth of political parties, which will necessarily lead to efficient reforms in matters of government; and as political tyranny and hunker theology are very ardent friends, the same combination of circumstances and conditions will lay them both upon the shelf with the dusty records of the past.

The grand questions of human rights, which are developing themselves everywhere around us, are compelling the American people to think, whether they will or not. Some one has very truly said the "agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom," and hence we may reasonably anticipate that in the "nearing future" greater wisdom will rule in the councils of state, in the religious assembly, and in the sacred relations of the home-circle. Whatever tends to develop thought upon the grand problems of individual and national progress, will, if necessary, inaugurate institutions whose fundamental principles will accord more nearly with the just requirements of Nature and Science.

It cannot but be the earnest hope of every lover of human kind, that the South may come forth from this war financially annihilated and the North politically revolutionized; for the South have studied politics to promote the

growing interests of their real estate and "chattels personal," and the North that they might truckle more expediently to southern influence and thus secure position and the spoils of office. So that when we see in "the signs of the times" the glimmering, grayish dawn of the brighter day in the coming future, we may cheer our desponding souls and "learn to labor and to wait."

The necessities of the time are absolutely imperative. Our men in high official positions, sluggish in performance of the right, but very "conservative" to the wrongs of the past and present, crowded slowly but steadily onward in their official acts by the underlying elements of human progress, and doing as a "military necessity" and as a matter of "policy" what they ought to do from an innate sense of justice and humanity, are developing the sure destiny of the American people, and helping to work the nation up to a higher condition of civilization.

As a people, we are made up of all nations; as a body of pilgrims along the highway of eternal progress, we embody all the elements of reform the world ever knew; and though the action of these elements among this diversity of nationality may drench the earth with human gore and rend the air with shrieks of torture, yet methinks the time will surely arrive when a civilization based upon the rock of justice, and a humanity loving and truthful, will overshadow the American nation with happy homes, intelligent assemblies, and a government securing to all the right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

CHAGRIN FALLS, O., Dec., 1862.

Apotheosis.

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

Departed: From Eugene City, Oregon, on Saturday, December 27th, 1862, EMMA ROSS, eldest daughter of J. N. and Elizabeth M. Gale, aged 2 years, 7 months, and 5 days.

Departed: From Greensboro, Ind., on Tuesday morning, January 20th, after a long and severe illness, EMMA DALE, infant daughter of Dr. J. A. and M. J. Hall, aged 2 years, 10 months, and 2 days.

For the Herald of Progress.

Departed: From Geneseo, Ill., Feb. 7, 1863, THOMAS M. FISH, a true man and for many years a firm believer in Spiritualism. Nearly two years ago Mr. Fish, with his eldest son, joined the Union Army. His son, Adison Fish, was killed at Shiloh, April 7. Mr. Fish contracted the camp diarrhoea, from which he never recovered, and after many months of great prostration, he at last departed, as above, much beloved by all who had formed his acquaintance.

L. B. L.

Theological Investigation.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

A Word More to Mr. Graves, ON THE CHRISTIAN INCARNATION.

By E. N. FOSTER.

Before my answers to Mr. Graves' ten questions had appeared in print, we were presented with another collection, no less than fifty-two in number, addressed to "M. A. James, Mr. Foster, and other believers in the Christian Incarnation."

From some remarks made by M. A. James in a former number of this paper, I infer that the truth of the divine humanity of Christ is visible to her mind, and that, therefore, there is some show of reason for connecting her name with mine in another series of "questions." But the "other believers"—what am I to do with them? They are, according to Mr. Graves, divided into no less than 150 "editions," each of which might with propriety be called upon to answer separately for itself; but why Mr. Graves, in pursuit of definite information, should adopt the expedient of mixing me up with these numerous types, so that I cannot tell what he means for me, and what for them, I am wholly at a loss to divine. Was it that Mr. Graves found his usual stock of questions unavailing, or curiously inapplicable, when he came in contact with my letters, and so had to step out into a foreign field in order to make a fair show of strength? Was it impossible for him to find a few straightforward, definite, and important questions to ask concerning those letters, that he had to connect me with another range of subjects before he could find an opening for his ancient artillery? I stood alone; in an open field; in a well-defined position; and was therefore easy of direct access. Mr. Graves' true course, then, is clear: he ought to advance right upon my position, leaving the "other believers" to themselves until I am demolished. But as it now is, I find myself dragged in among 150 "other believers" in order to combat Mr. Graves. He appears in fifty-two places; that is bad, but not the worst. I try to reach him, but find a few of the "other believers" intervening. The public may wish to see how he meets me, and there are those "other believers" again, obstructing the view. Nor is this all. The questions are of a peculiar character—they obviously belong to the "yellow-covered literature" of religion, which, like the same goodly stuff in any other field, is not a good

thing for one to be familiar with. Then, again, many of the questions are personal, and many are intended to appear funny. It is truth I am in pursuit of, not fun, not personal information regarding the comparative caliber of Mr. Graves' mind and my own, and who is the most "philosophically-expanded." (See questions 16 and 31 especially.) I am willing to admit without controversy that Mr. Graves' mind is far more lustrous than mine; but I do not see what that has to do with the question before us, nor do I think it will go far towards convincing anybody in either way. Finally, many of these questions are not courteous, to say the least of it. I refer especially to questions 16, 31, and 52. Now, Truth is always self-possessed, calm, and courteous; because Truth can afford to be so. If Mr. Graves sees my errors, and possesses Truth, he can enlighten me without extraneous aid. I do not wish to prolong this controversy. Let what I have said pass for what it is worth. But if it is thought that further good may come out of Mr. Graves' questions and my replies, I am willing to answer, if I can, whatever questions he asks me, upon the following conditions:

- 1st. Let the questions be courteous.
- 2d. Let them be free from personalities.
- 3d. Let them not be funny.
- 4th. Do not mix me up with any "other believers," &c.

5. Let the questions be essential ones—they are but few—let them be main trunks, and when answered in general, do not bring forward the small branches of those same trunks again, inasmuch as they are also answered in the large ones.

6th. Do not ask questions that are already answered in my "Letters," or in my subsequent "Answers."

7th. Let the questions be such as legitimately grow out of the subject I have treated, and the principles upon which I have based my treatment, and the mode in which those principles are applied. For example, do not question about a "tri-personal God," or of the "Holy Spirit" as a person, when I have clearly defined the Trinity otherwise in my "Letters." (See questions 5, 6, 7, 8, and 10.)

Lastly, Condense the difficulties into the few radical errors which I have made—they must all be referable to some grand root—and ask their explanation. This will spare time for all, and space for the editor.

Upon these conditions I shall endeavor to do justice to Mr. Graves' objections. Any departure from the first three requirements will insure silence on my part, and a bloodless victory for Mr. Graves.

There is one matter referred to in these fifty-two questions which does connect itself with my subject, and which also connects itself so closely with Mr. Graves' misapprehension of that subject, and indeed of all spiritual things, that I shall make a few observations upon it. It is the question of the Infinite. Upon this point Mr. Graves has fallen into one fatal error, so radical as to vitiate everything that may connect itself therewith. His error is in misconceiving the very nature of the Infinite. In fact, he conceives of it a very big finite, which results from his absolute non-apprehension of the Internal. Thus in question 18: "Is it possible for a being limited to any form, shape, or size, to be either omnipresent or infinite?" And again, in question 20: "Could we not as easily conceive of the Universe being crowded into a thimble, as God being compressed to or into the human form?" And in 21: "Would not a human-formed or personal God have to be as large as the universe—his body and limbs expanded to infinitude—in order to be infinite and omnipresent?" And in 23: "Would not an infinite spirit fill a human body an infinite number of times?" And 24 is a variation of the same remark. Now, let any one look over these questions carefully, and judge if Mr. Graves' idea of the Infinite is not that of something very large, and so requiring a great deal of space to move about in. Infinite to his mind obviously means external immensity—brute-bulk indeed! So he is forever troubled with the difficulty of getting so large a substance into so small a compass as that of the human form. And in question 21, haunted by this idea, he calls the external universe infinite (!!) for he says, God must be "expanded to infinitude" to fill it. Now this is too bad. The external universe infinite indeed! Is not everything external finite? Is not the grain of sand finite? Is not the mountain finite? Is not the globe finite? Is not any given globe finite? Will any number of finite globes make an infinite? Does the increase of finite things, however great, approximate one hair towards infinity? Or does not the common algebra affirm that between the finite and the infinite there is no ratio whatever? Yet here is Mr. Graves' idea—only add together the finites, and they make an infinite! Any one may see in a moment that all external things are subject to measure, division, &c., and so are necessarily finite. Therefore infinity can be predicated of no external thing—not even of the external appearance of the Divine, for that appearance is made to finite senses, and must be finite therefore. And by the same logic, anything that can, in part or in whole, appear to the senses, must be finite.

Turn it as you please, the external cannot be infinite, and the infinite cannot be external. Therefore, the external appearance of the infinite is always finite. But now turn the mind inwardly, whither all these outward appearances come, and consider the Infinite. God is infinite. Here we agree. He is not infinite bulk, however, nor infinite space, since, as we have seen, such things are finite by Nature. But he is Infinite Love united to Infinite Wisdom—for love and wisdom are not two in God, but one—and these (the Divine Substance) occupy no space, but their true appear-

ance is always the human form. That love and wisdom are interior, and so not in time or space, sound reason at once recognizes. They are internal things, and that is enough to settle that point.

Now the form that is most especially the form of love and wisdom is that which comes necessarily from this Infinite Love and Wisdom, and that form is the human, and in that form the Infinite Love and Wisdom must appear when ultimated, and that appearance must be finite; but the internal, which is not in space, is infinite.

I have shown that the human form is the form of the universe; and if any man will open his eyes a little wider than is usual for ordinary purposes, he will see that in the highest and best sense the human form is the largest thing in the universe—for it contains the most internal mystery, is capable of containing the most internal life and truth, is the highest and most perfect; nay, more—I insist upon it until refuted—the only ultimate of the Infinite. And, moreover, though not correct to say literally that the human form contains the greatest quantity (for my friend Graves would think I meant bulk) of love and wisdom, but I say it is the form itself of love and wisdom, and is the dwelling-place of the Divine, and in perpetual conjunction with the Infinite.

The Divine is MAN—not in bulk, but in Infinite Love and Wisdom, which affect the internal state of a subject, but not the external size. These two primal spiritual substances, Love and Wisdom, are forever internal in all worlds, within the form of the Divine appearance also—Infinite therefore in a deeper sense than any man can grasp while his head is stored with the notion of a huge external finite. And considering the fact that these things are internal, how can a man talk of their infinite bulk? How can he think of love and wisdom occupying a great deal of space? Let wisdom be infinite, does that increase its size? Or love either—does it take up more room? And must they not always appear in their own form? and by the very fact of their appearing to finite beings, must not their appearance, being external, be finite? And must not their internal quality remain ever the same—infinite—and incapable of appearing outwardly to any creature, yet logically necessary to the mind by negative argument? And if there is a grain of truth in these remarks about the infinite, what is the value of those questions of Mr. Graves which I have quoted? And if he has so fatally fallen at the very outset of his spiritual queries, what are we to expect from the rest? And now admitting this internal center and source of love and wisdom, where is the difficulty in the matter of their omnipresence? Are not love and wisdom internally radiated from their centers, as fires radiate their heat and light? And as the sun is present throughout his planetary system and beyond it by and in his rays, so can the infinite life of God radiate its qualities throughout the whole internal universe, and through the internal be present in the external also. It is this proceeding divine sphere which affects angels and men internally with its power, and draws them toward God in spirit, which we call the "Holy Spirit." It was that proceeding sphere which made Christ's humanity divine. The infantile condition of that humanity does not affect the correctness of this statement, though at first sight it seems to do so.

The ultimate manifestation of the Divine was a progressive work in the external world, and in perfect accordance with the laws of divine order as shown in all men. The infant Jesus was not God. Nor was the work complete until the whole of the body derived from the external (the mother) was put off, nor yet until the whole of the human consciousness of Christ was forever obliterated by the indwelling Infinite—the same infinite life that is inmost in all men, and through men in all things, but which does not draw all men alike near to itself, nor any so near as the humanity of Christ—I mean near in quality, of course, not in space.

Yet while this ultimate body is being prepared as a mediator between the divine and the human in a new outward mode which the state of the race required, the Infinite Love and Wisdom remained unaltered, for God is immutable. It was that body derived from the mother that in its preparation changed and grew to be more and more the express image of that divinity, and finally to be its best possible ultimate embodiment. The outward Christ grew to be more and more one with the Infinite Father who dwells within all, but the Father changed not. When I say that the Lord Jesus Christ is God, therefore, I do not mean that God has changed since Christ's coming, in any way: I mean that Christ was changed by the Divine sphere internally received, until he put off successively what he received from external sources, and put on instead what he received from the Divine Inmost, until at last the original humanity was all rejected, and a humanity from an internal origin and of wholly different nature was assumed. But so soon as this was done Christ was no longer visible to the natural eyes of men in this world, nor even of angels, unless he chose to become so. I think any sane mind can form an idea of a man's receiving, internally, wisdom from God, and of increasing in that wisdom, until, in some small sense, the man's wisdom is God's wisdom, and God's wisdom is in the man as his own. So also can we conceive of similar interchange of will or love between God and man. Now all I affirm is that that process, which really does take place in every unperverted man to a greater or less extent, shall be carried to the last possible strain in the humanity of Christ, and the logical conclusion is a Divine Humanity, in

which dwells Infinite Divinity, and the two are one.

But I know this subject requires much and careful elucidation. I can only now say to Mr. Graves that his impressions with regard to the philosophical and demonstrable basis upon which the whole thing rests are founded upon the idea that it cannot be seen, felt, and thoroughly understood, as a grand and necessary truth, which idea is wholly erroneous, though it requires a certain amount of culture in internal knowledge to enable the mind to grasp the subject with order and clearness.

WILMINGTON, Del.

Men of Intellect.

EDITORS OF THE HERALD: In the HERALD of the 14th inst. there is an article from "C. N. K." entitled "The Woman of Intellect." I think the sentiment contained in the article will meet with very general approval.

A man of intellect—one whose intellect is dominant—is rather to be dreaded. Take, for instance, such men as Phillips, Emerson, Beecher, and Noah Webster—they are simply human monstrosities. Who ever heard of their rocking cradles, repeating nursery-tales, or even of saying sentimental things to ladies?

A man "cannot have too broad or too brilliant an intellect, if it does not engross the life of his affections. When that is the case, he is unmanly and unlovely—a something between man and woman, without the charm of either."

What an Angel Said.

I dreamed of love; I thought the air was glowing with the smile of God— An angel told me all the sod Was beauteous with answered prayer— I looked, and lo! the flowers were there.

The Voice of Childhood.

A liquid note upon the air is ringing, Like that of lark at early dawn upspring; My heart detects it—'tis the VOICE OF CHILDHOOD, With glee outgushing from the verdant wild-wood.



ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEB. 28, 1863

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: Two Dollars FIFTY a year, payable in advance. One Dollar TWENTY-FIVE for six months. Single Copies, 5 cents.

BROTHER FINNEY'S LETTER will be read with pleasure by his numerous friends. He has done fine work recently in the lecturing field.

DODWORTH'S HALL MEETINGS.—Notwithstanding the furious storm of last Sunday, the attendance at Dodworth's was excellent both morning and evening, and at the "Lyceum" the Leaders and Groups were nearly all represented.

Editor's Lectures Next Sunday. "POVERTY AND RICHES MATERIALLY AND SPIRITUALLY CONSIDERED" is the subject for 10 1/2 o'clock; in the evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock, continuation of the revelational discourses on "SCENES IN THE SUMMER-LAND."

Progressive Tracts.

The first of our new Tract Series will be ready soon after the issue of this paper. It comprises 24 closely-printed, 12mo pages, and contains the Lecture by the Editor at Dodworth's Hall, entitled "DEFEATS AND VICTORIES: THEIR BENEFITS AND PENALTIES."

Reading for the Army. The American Tract Society has established a branch in Washington city for the special purpose, at present, of prosecuting with system and efficiency the work of supplying the Army of the Potomac with religious reading.

"No Special Interest." The Society of Inquiry of Andover Theological Seminary has published a report of the religious condition of our colleges, which embodies some interesting details.

Campaign Papers. "PROGRESSIVE TRACTS" will be issued every other week from this office. Now let the friends unite in "pulpitizing creeds" and in preparing the people for nobler ideas of God, Nature, and Humanity.

AIR-LINE DISPATCHES TO THE Herald of Progress.

INCREASING PATRIOTISM.

Rosencrans' Operations and Bragg's Condition.

DESIGNS OF GENERALS IN THE WEST.

Southern Army Augmented.

SHORT BATTLES & LONG VICTORIES.

Gen. Hunter and Admiral Dupont.

THE LOYAL. Excessive taxation does not afflict loyal Northerners. True patriots do not ask Congress to spare the country in the matter of money; they stand ready to be more taxed, if thereby the boon of Freedom shall be secured.

COMING EVENTS. Charlestonians will have a short, memorable struggle to record within a few days—while Richmond rebels will for the first time contemplate their prospective isolation, thus sealing up the rebel government as the Arabian genius was corked in the jug.

A MIS-STEP. Rosencrans has made an injudicious movement, in consequence of the impression that he was to meet an enemy of greatly superior force. The forces of Gen. Bragg are not in their usual spirit for a battle. Hence, notwithstanding Rosencrans' mis-movement, the Union Army is even now on the edge of victory, and thus, inspired and enthusiastic, they will render the rebel fortifications at Tallahoma worthless to Slavedom.

DESIGNS OF OUR GENERALS. Popular depression at the North, which has been undigested for weeks, will depart as soon as good news is received from Mobile and Charleston. Gen. Grant's bombardment of Vicksburg is designed to secure two results—to cover important movements by Banks, Farragut, and Rosencrans, and to give the Army soldierly work, by which they will be rescued from bodily sufferings and epidemical sickness.

SOUTHERN ARMY INCREASING. An oppressive conscription is in full operation throughout the South. When our nine months' men are relieved from service the rebel army will be greatly strengthened in numbers and discipline.

THE FOLLY OF TRAITORS. With unparalleled perfidy the rebels in Northern cities circulate falsehoods in Europe derogatory to the President, the members of his cabinet, and the feeling among the people toward France and England.

SHORT WORK. Decisive battles would have been fought by Admiral Dupont ten days ago had General Hunter been "impressible" to the manifest opportunities in his department.

GEN. NETER'S OPINIONS. With merciless indignation General Hunter repels the charge that he goes South to liberate the slaves. He is friendly to Abolition Commanders, and thinks their enthusiasm commendable, but he does not put faith in the loyalty of the blacks.

VICKSBURG AND VICINITY. According to special dispatches from Memphis, the siege of Vicksburg commenced on the 18th inst.—the same day on which the Air-Line Telegraph, in the last HERALD, made the positive assertion, in present tense, that "the roar of cannon is heard on two sides of the first-named city."

THE BANNER OF LIGHT this week publishes a statement by John Latham, indorsed by Dr. Gardner, to the effect that two pictures had been taken by Mr. Mumler, in which the alleged spirit portrait was a plain and unmistakable likeness of a living person, whose picture was in Mrs. Stuart's possession.

Hunting Hymns in Prayer Time. The abundant troubles of those given to much praying, that their prayers may be heard of men, must excite the commiseration of all who have escaped the bondage of oral prayers and prosy psalms.

THE STANDARD PHONOGRAPHIC DICTIONARY. For nearly three years we have occupied an office adjoining that of Mr. Andrew J. Graham, the author and publisher of the Standard Phonographic Series of Text-Books, of which this Dictionary is the last.

Wendell Phillips at Boston. We make the following quotations from Wendell Phillips' speech at the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society: THE PROCLAMATION.

A man born and brought up in Kentucky, whose later years have been spent in striking an average between the Republicanism of North Illinois and the border-ruffian Democracy of its South—"Egypt," as we call it—it is not, of course, to be expected of him, that he shall be a ripened statesman, with broad culture and an entire appreciation of the events amid which God has placed him.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH.—The February number of this monthly, by Dr. Trall, is before us. Whatever may be said of the bran-bread theories and anti-salt prejudices of this Journal, it is doing a good work in its war upon drugs and druggopathy.

THE ATLANTIC FOR MARCH is an unusually valuable number. All lovers of progressive literature should have this Magazine on their tables.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH.—The February number of this monthly, by Dr. Trall, is before us. Whatever may be said of the bran-bread theories and anti-salt prejudices of this Journal, it is doing a good work in its war upon drugs and druggopathy.

But God has lifted him to the height of that proclamation. I do not believe that it is in his nature willingly to go back one inch from the position he took on the 1st day of January, 1863. * * * I believe that God never lifted the nation to the sublime height of that proclamation only to dash it down again to pieces!

HONESTY NOT SUFFICIENT.

But the success of the proclamation does not lie in his willingness. It is not a man's motives that we have to discuss. It does not matter whether George B. McClellan was an intentional traitor or not. If he had set out, with double the intellect God ever gave him, to serve Jeff. Davis, he could not have served him better than he did. What need now to go behind the results of his conduct for the sake of finding out his actual motive? So with Mr. Lincoln. Whether he is honest or whether he is dishonest is a matter of very secondary importance to us. When the patient lies at the point of death, a mistake in the medicine is, about equal to poison. If a Cunarder were in Boston harbor to-night, with a gale such as sometimes blows there, and the captain heard the ship's keel touch first a rock to the right, and then another to the left, would he be much comforted if Robert B. Forbes stepped up to him and said, "That man knows nothing about the channel, but he is the honestest man in Boston"? Of course not. So the mere honest design of the individual actor is a matter of very secondary consideration in a time like this. It is intellect as well as honesty we need.

SECRETARY SEWARD.

The Springfield Republican said, a day or two ago, in anticipation of a lecture from me, that I had charged Mr. Seward with certain offenses which his friends denied, and that it would take three men like me to make anybody believe the story. * * * I said he crushed an emancipation proclamation designedly, and boasted that he crushed it; and now, when the statement has been bruited, by private lips, half over the continent, he only condescends to say, not that he did not crush it, which his friends undertook to say at first but that he crushed it because it was not good enough; whereas, those who have seen that first proclamation, very excellent Republicans, allege that although it was not quite up in some respects to the proclamation of September 22d, yet in some respects it was far beyond it, and, on the whole, good enough for them. All I contended was that the man whose boast was that he strangled the policy which the President declares is necessary to save the Union, ought not, on the principles of parliamentary government, to claim the right to execute a measure, the necessity for which he had always denied; that common sense required, when the ship passed into a new channel, it should have a new pilot—one who well understood the quicksands and the rocks, and whose whole heart was hot to save the ship. Is that unreasonable? Parliamentary life in English history has always acknowledged this rule. I think that the man who honestly and sincerely, from the nature of his mind, believes that the way to conquer the South is to coax it—to send begging messengers to Richmond—that the way to end this war is to go down on your knees at the feet of your enemy and try to conciliate him—is not the man for the place. Professor Carey (rightly) his horse first, and then soothes him. Our Secretary of State would soothe him first, and promise never to frighten him. It is the dictate of common sense, that when, after two years' groping, the national hand fastens itself upon the hilt of the weapon, it should have a leader in that straggler who believes, in his heart, both in the goodness of his cause and the necessity of this method. You and I will never, unless with great labor and after many months, attain that consummation; but it is in the power of the men whom we have sent to create public opinion at Washington, to place such facts on record that Mr. Lincoln shall soon be surrounded by men who will uphold and not oppose him. Why, you can trace Wm. H. Seward in every one of his appointments—in England, Portugal, North Carolina, California. In no one instance has he appointed a man who does not, to-day, stand blocking the way of the President, unless Charles Francis Adams be an exception, and he gained his office by promising to support such a policy, and saved what honor he has left by refusing to keep the pledge.

It seems to me we have great reasons for encouragement. The President cannot stop. He is on the edge of Niagara. Seward is a chip, and if the President tries to hold by him, they will go over together.

GENERAL TYNDALE.

Three years ago you and I sat in this hall, remembering, with sad hearts, the fate of John Brown and his associates. We had just come home from laying his body among the rocks he loved. A private merchant of Philadelphia, who went to claim his body of Gov. Wise, walked through insults and threats to Harper's Ferry, and staid there, holding his life in his hand, for two days, amid the anger of the populace of that little town. To-day a Brigadier-General of the United States, that man holds, and has held for many a month, the control of that district; and with infinite joy he found devoted upon him, by the necessity of the hour and the orders of his superiors, the duty of burning that part of the town, and that right hand which lifted the coffin of John Brown to its place at the station, by the orders of his Government put the first torch to the hotel in which he was insulted! And the conflagration was not stopped until, with poetic justice, he commanded his brigade to spare the engine-house, the Gibraltar from which the brave old man fired his first gun at Virginia slavery. That place stands to-day under the military orders of the friend of John Brown; and every roof that he looked upon with disgust when he went there to claim the old man's body, has vanished, except the one which Brown himself made historical and immortal—the engine-house which he defended for twenty-four hours. [Voices.—"Tell us his name."] Heaton Tyndale—first a Colonel, now a Brigadier in the Volunteer Army; the man who went with and brought it to Philadelphia, guarding it against the mob, and giving it into the hands of other friends, I think when Providence gives us, in three short years, so poetic a retribution, we may hope that the ideas the martyr loved will one day put the torch to everything in the Confederate States which he hated, and save only that which he loved.

Pulpit and Rostrum.

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

The End of the World.

LECTURE BY A. J. DAVIS, AT DODD-WORTH'S HALL, SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 1st, 1863.

PHONOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY ROBERT S. MOORE.

The cheerful, yet solemn subject, announced for this morning, should have attracted the editorial staff of "The World," but it is more remarkable that there are no present editors of other and more loyal sheets who take an interest in the end of the "world."

My subject is the great question that frequently agitates thousands of honest religionists. In treating upon this subject I remark:— 1st, That the human mind naturally begins to reason by taking a literal view of everything, whether spiritual or material. The first apprehensions of the human mind are strictly confined to the apparent—to what appears—to the seeming. Wisdom penetrates to that which lives within. This state of mind judges "not from appearances, but with a righteous judgment"—that is, from the core outwardly, and not from the mere husk, burr, clothing, protection, or representation; thus wisdom renders an infallible verdict concerning that which is interior, spiritual, and eternal. To think or reason sensuously, is an error—a mistake—which is scarcely reprehensible, hardly blameworthy, because it is the inevitable primary step of the human mind when beginning its progress in experience, thought, wisdom, and intuition.

Hence there prevails a universal externalism among crude religionists with regard to the end of the world. There are scores of persons, who, judging from the Bible sentences, fancy they read the doom of the physical universe. All who live, and move, and have a being, within the world, save "God and his holy angels," are marked down for a resurged destruction. "His holy angels," according to the theory, will be manufactured out of those religionists, as their eternal reward for having believed the detectable creed in advance of their skeptical neighbors, even though the latter class may be respectable members of popular churches. The holy and sacred class are called "Second Adventists"—very pugnacious, warm-headed, discussionary characters, energetic and truth-loving, over-fond of debate—especially from a literal apprehension of the teachings of the Old and New Testaments. Taking the sensuous interpretation as the basis of all their reasoning, they have erected a system of theologic thought based wholly upon literal apprehensions, which they imagine logically leads them—mathematically, prophetically, and figuratively, according to the biblical almanac—directly to a tragical and chemical termination of the physical world in which we sinners now live. They fancy that they recognize the prophecy straight from God—of course through the mediation of the old prophets—and they think that Christ announced the same awful fact whenever he spoke of the "end of the world." Beholding this unbroken chain of announcement, this concatenation of prophecies, this unmistakable literalization of the promises of God, the "Adventists" naturally work themselves up to believe that, in a very short time, the dissolution of the globe and the end of all physical things will surely come to pass. All this religious imagination is based on the fact that the mind first takes a literal view of the Bible. It is the mind's first step in theology, in spirituality, as in every other question it encounters on the road of progressive thought, experience, and wisdom.

The next step the mind takes as it expands a little from intuition, is a figurative view of the Bible language. Minds in this state apprehend that the old prophets and the new apostles spoke in metaphors, wrote emblematically and pictorially, with great opulence used figurative expressions. Bible-believers, thus thinking, throw off the literal letter and the materialistic conception, and swim out into the open sea of pictorial and figurative interpretation. They now seek for examples, correspondences, contrasts, and analogies. Swedenborg, for illustration, being both a scientific thinker and a philosophical religionist, started more systematically to give to all figurative, emblematic, metaphoric, and symbolic expressions, the basis and dignity of Science—reducing, in his own opinion, all scriptural externalisms to an intelligible spiritual science. His principle of translation is something more than analogy, something more than mere comparison, something different from the purely figurative, something different from the symbol—it is what he calls the "Science of Correspondence"—meaning that the interior of an object, person, thought, affection, subject, or thing, is always represented in its externals, and vice versa; that while a sheep will represent nothing but a sheep to the external eye looking over the fence into the field, at the same time to the eye of the spiritually minded the sheep will represent and really seem to be nothing but the sentiment or principle of innocence. De Guay, in his "Letters [No. XII] to a Man of the World," gives the following familiar examples: "The earth in general corresponds to man; its different productions, which serve for the nourishment of men, correspond to different kinds of goods and truths—the solid aliments to various kinds of goods, and the liquid to various kinds of truths. A house corresponds to the will and the understanding, which constitute the human mind;

by house we here understand all that serves for lodging or retreat, the palace as well as the hut. Garments correspond to truths or fables, according to the substance, color, and form, which they present. Animals correspond to the affections; those which are useful and gentle to good affections, those which are hurtful and bad to evil affections; gentle and beautiful birds to intellectual truths, those which are ferocious and ugly to false; the scientific which derive their origin from things sensual; reptiles to corporeal and sensual pleasures; and noxious insects to falsities which proceed from the senses. Trees and shrubs correspond to different kinds of knowledges; and herbs and grass correspond to various kinds of scientific truths. Gold corresponds to celestial good, silver to spiritual truth, brass to natural good, iron to natural truth, stones to sensual truths, precious stones to spiritual truths."

So Swedenborg goes through the mystic sphere of psycho-scientific research, and succeeds in reducing the whole Bible, or at least so much of it as, in his superior illumination, he deems correspondentially written, to a correspondential system of interior interpretation. Therefore the Swedish Seer ever and anon struck the core of Divine fruit on the biblical trees; almost every other step he planted his foot on the basis of everlasting truth. If he had struck solid ground every time, the world would be sufficiently fortunate to find in him an infallible teacher. Unfortunately for him, perhaps, but unquestionably fortunate for the human millions, Swedenborg trod spiritual truth just infrequently enough to convince many persons who read him that he was not infallible. Those who look at this question independently, see that, although it is very easy to think and say that a duck corresponds to a doctor of medicine and a goose to a doctor of divinity, still the analogy is obviously arbitrary, and may not be true universally. For your spiritually-minded brother in Scotland, looking at the duck, may not think of seeing therein represented "a doctor of medicine," and not always in the goose a "doctor of divinity"; on the contrary, these twaddling birds or gawky tows may represent very different affections, thoughts, persons, or professions, and may continue through all time to suggest something different from Swedenborg's meanings. And yet I hesitate not to say that the "Science of Correspondence" is the closest approach to a great discovery in the substantial sense of spiritual communications recorded in the Old and New Testaments.

But there have been, and are, persons who have conceived that, inasmuch as there was a spiritual sense tucked away in the literal Word, so it would be unfair if there could not be found a celestial sense, or more concealed within the spirit. These ambitious souls also think that it would be unfair for a hundred years to pass away without producing some "celestial seer" who could out-Swedenborgianize the Word. Among Spiritualists there is a person who thinks and professes to believe that he has seen a fair sense in the Bible than Swedenborg saw, ripping all the way through from Genesis to Revelation. His first installment—"The Arcana of Christianity"—has been published.

On the same ambitious principle, by parity of reasoning, you may apprehend that some particular person will, by and by, arrogate the discovery of a "heavenly sense" as superior to the celestial; and yet another who would say that there was a "deific sense" superior to the heavenly, and so the absurdity might flow on ad infinitum. The reasoning is deceptive and sophistical. Thus: Since the literal sense of your Bible is extinguished, since the celestial sense is not sufficient, and since the deific sense is already exhausted, to cap it all with the climacteric discovery of God's own mind? I believe that no such religious ambition as this will ever grow out of a healthy human mind. Such an ambition would be nothing less than a parasitical development on the healthy branches of human reason. Let Spiritualists hope and pray that such religious monstrosities will never appear in the course of their spiritual development and philosophic growth.

Let me now ask your attention to the universal fact that the interior and the external of all things are married, and do literally correspond to and represent each other; that what is true in the external, in anything, anywhere, is equally true of the interior in the same thing and place. Hence there cannot be such a thing as a religious truth which is incompatible or inconsistent with a scientific or a philosophic discovery in a corresponding department. There can be no incompatibility, no antagonism, between what religionists call a "revealed and natural religion." Paul has fully shown this; others have demonstrated it; and no man can escape the laws and logic of reason. The changeless God who "built the palace of the sky," and talks to men through various mediators, could do no incohesive deed, could speak no inconsistent word; but, when understood, both the Deed and the Word would harmonize as do fellow-notes when speaking in the highest music.

This statement is the internal conviction of the world; the intuition of all peoples, both Heathen and Christian. If the people of Christendom would take those documents, which, bound together are called the "Old and New Testaments," as simply and only a portion of the spiritually-written word of God, and hospitably accept the scriptures of all heathen nations with just as much reverence, and see that God spoke through them all, even as he speaks through the organization and

habits of the meanest worm that ever crawled in mud, as through the beauty and perfections of the highest seraph that ever sang under the sun of Deity, then indeed would the earth rejoice in gladness; for all religionists and spiritualists would be enlarged and ennobled by the presence and influence of perpetual and universal inspirations.

But, on the other hand, confine inspirations to a miserable stereotyped volume, excluding all God's words to the Chaldeans, Arabians, Chinese, and the other nations who in past times have received truths from the same inexhaustible Divine source—do this, as Christians do, and you exclude the golden sunlight, and pure air, and blissful health, and impartial wisdom, from you; and, in consequence, you become miserable automatons of a fashionable, popular, and outrageously expensive religion, full of dried creeds and dead men's bones.

The application of the principle announced would be this: Just what is true in the world of science, we shall find equally true in the social world; what is true in the social world, we shall find equally true in the world of politics; what is true in the world of politics, we shall find equally true in the world's laws and governments; what is true in outward governments, will be found equally true in the internal history of particular races; and what is true in all these, will be found equally true in the geology of the globe and the destiny of the human family; what is true in geology and the destiny of the aggregation of persons, you will find equally, intimately, delicately, eternally true in every single component part of your mental existence!

Geology, a scientific knowledge of the earth, has been practically born within the last quarter of the present century. It has already arisen to the commanding position of the wisest commentary that was ever written on book religion. It is this day the profoundest exponder and pounder of Genesis; for the authority of the book and the source of the authority have dropped out long ago to those who have had the industry, independence, and talent to investigate.

Now Geology teaches, among her first lessons, the rise, perfection, blossoming, decay, and disappearance of various classes of vegetation. She teaches that the simplest forms—gelatinous fibers oozing out from the lonely margins of early seas—crept over the rocks, gave out their effluence, laid the foundation for something better, gathered the electricities of the air, absorbed carbon, became hard; then the rains washed them down into deep declivities and spacious valleys, and carefully packed them away for the people to dig out in the form of "coal" four hundred centuries afterwards! Those primeval mosses and early vegetations—the original plants and early trees, once the only glory of the physical world—are all gone into dense blackness, fit only for the stove, the grate, and the igneous stomachs of Monitors, iron-clads, ocean steamers, and locomotives. Then the earth brought forth higher orders—grand, large, immensely high trees, which packed away in their capacious trunks centuries upon centuries of growth and chemistry. Regularly these trees flourished. But at length, gathering their forces more closely within—deeper, with greater concentration—took fire and burned themselves to death! Soon out of sight, they became a portion of the floral history of that epoch.

Then in the depths of the many warm seas gelatinous compounds were being developed up into points of "life." The early minute fishes flourished in myriads throughout the seas, and also through inferior organizations, propagating incomprehensible harvests of finer organizations, and then decomposing, becoming in hundreds of centuries simply oil for the machinery of the world—filling all the little crevices of rocks and valleys below the earth's surface, wherever they existed, and died in large abundance in the era of their greatest glory—now only oil, to-day being pumped up and burned in our most fashionable parlors. So the early points of life died, and though they were honored with no tombstones to mark their graves, they have arisen from the rocks and live in the world's best uses.

Let us go on through the animal kingdom, where, yet more distinctly, the same lesson is taught. The first animals were huge in physical organization—ponderous in their weights—slow in their motions; they were filled with indolence—mere gastric receptacles or stomachs for the digestion of dense forms of vegetable matter—built for the impartation of the finest particles of that which they ate to form the basis of something better. These primeval animals served for steps in a flight of stairs—for laws and materials to walk upward to the plane of finer organizations. You remember what Geology teaches with reference to the megatheriums, the mammoths, and the ponderous saurians that once roamed over the earth—the vast elephantine animals that were once so numerous and powerful that nothing short of an earthquake could extinguish them—now all gone, save those vestiges and remains of nobility which continue in the modern elephant, the camel, and in those little snarling vipers in the fields of civilization and far off on mountain-sides, each declaring itself to be nothing more than the relic of vast vipers and animal populations long extinct.

These great lessons come from Nature's and God's word. Say not, therefore, when you go home from this Lecture, that you have been where infidelity was taught; but when asked: "Where have you been this Sunday morning?" you should reply: "I have been to hear lessons from the word of God." These truths are words of Deity, because they are written on the everlasting rocks and upon the beautiful hills, which show their secret instructions to those who will read and have "a heart to

understand" God's infallible words in the wondrous volume of Nature's writing. Always the wisest mind is the best reader and the fastest learner.

It will be observed that the higher grades of animals—those which exist on the earth to-day—are not the everlasting companions of the world. You know that it is now difficult to keep certain animals in the world. Already science is concerning itself with the propagation of particular fishes. These animals and fishes are growing fewer, not simply because mankind feed upon them with such unbridled rapacity, but because, although they show the usual large preparations for future progeny, yet only a small percentage of their young are matured. Certain species of fish are, for this cause, almost utterly extinct. Certain birds, too, are growing "beautifully less" and less numerous, showing that their type is slowly becoming extinct.

On this island of Manhattan, on which we exist to-day, the time was when wild beasts—more wild than the worst people in their passions—roamed through thickets and dank swamps; the red man was lord of all; and fishes worked through the murky waters, and loathsome worms wriggled their happy lives away in the dirt and slime beneath. Behold, now it is a resurrected Isle! Like the new "Atlantis" prophesied in early Platonic history, bounded by the sea on all sides, opulent with science, and art, and happy homes, adorned by beautiful persons, filled with wisdom and affection, and bound together by united interests. These things for New York are prophesied on the basis of what now exists, because the departure of the wildness from the lower parts of Nature in the Island is a promise, in an internal sense, of the advent of that which is better, higher, grander, in whatsoever is human—in society and in government.

Many vipers that once lived and propagated in fearful abundance can now scarcely be found. Civilization marches onward and exterminates them. What is civilization? Is it the especial intention of the pioneer who goes to the far West, to destroy poisonous serpents or to kill wild animals? No. Civilization does not come of intention: it is the impulse of the great law of Progress which gives to the simple instinct two expressions: one to kill for purposes of hunger, and the other to kill to gratify the desire to overcome—to give the pleasure of extermination. Nothing so much as man is endowed with this double-motive to kill. The animals beneath man kill only to satisfy the demands of hunger. But man kills by the force of a higher propulsion—to destroy whatever is inimical to his highest material interests, dangerous to the children that play at the door, and baneful to the progeny that will come after them. A man is not made to stop and think, when he is called upon to kill a bear or a lion, whether it would be likely to destroy a human being, or not, if left with life. It is the inevitable voice of conquest that cries within him—the irresistible, sturdy impulse, to convince his own faculties—to show by skillful marksmanship that he can destroy the enemy or animal before him. I say all this is testimony that the law of Progress—welling up through the human faculties and blundering through the stupid head yet clear eye of the marksman—is exterminating all serpents and animals which are incompatible with the coming grand future of this planet.

Time is a fine-comb, and Progress is the strong iron hand that grasps it—drawing it through all parts of the head of humanity; and it will comb it clean! All ferocious and venomous animals, all poisonous plants, all meddlesome bugs, all summer flies, all wasps that sting—everything that comes out of filth and opposes refinement—everything that shocks civilization, that comes as an insult and slight to the mind's higher sentiments—is destined, like these elder animals, and fishes, and primordial trees, and early submarine vegetations, to go down and die out of existence!

You cannot escape the conclusion that the human race is destined to pass through a similar experience. The theologic, or intuitive dream of the "End of the World," is based in a fact as well as upon a figure of speech; it is the upshot of a principle as well as a conception of its open manifestation.

When the early vegetations died out, to them it was the end of the world. When the early saurians withdrew, when the vast birds died, when the old dragons and mammoth-bats which once roamed and flew through the world became extinct, to them it was the end of the world. When these modern various serpents, these ferocious animals, these poisonous plants, become extinct, to them it will be the end of the world.

Races and nations rise up; they flourish, grow opulent; they reach the maximum of material happiness; they slide down a rough declivity toward the sunset of history; and where another and a new nation is born, there those once great nations are sepulchered. To the dying nations it is the end of the world. The early Aztecs thought that once the world was literally destroyed by a mighty Whirlwind. The Chaldeans, the Chinese, and others, have a myth that the world was once destroyed by a general Flood. (I believe there is a very similar myth recorded in the Old Testament.) The earliest Greeks taught that the globe was once destroyed by a Fire. Perhaps it will help the myth by saying that the Greeks were chemists and believed much in fire! Famine was the means which hungry races supposed the gods used to destroy the world. A few tribes of Indians in North America believed in the destruction of the world by famine. There are, in fact, some twenty-five to thirty different doctrines in the

world with regard to the means by which the physical world was once destroyed. Christians take one plan of destroying the world—that of *corruption*. By the amount of population—that of *water*. By the amount of imperfection and corruption that remaining, imperfection would be withdrawn several centuries too soon. It seems to have left the creed-portion of the world *sturdier* than it was before. World-makers and world-destroyers should not undertake to kill a population by water unless they can do the work universally and thoroughly. The world was not yet quite finished when that great Flood swept over the mountains and destroyed all; and yet the drowning was not quite thorough enough; it did not destroy the evil seeds which caused the American rebellion! There was left in human nature a whole nest of evil eggs, which, when incubated by the law of Progress, will bring out, in the future of this country, the enactment of another Rebellion like this thing which is today starting and upturning all the nations of the world. And why? Because no literal Flood, however universal, however high over the peaks of the Andes it might have been, or may be, could not and could not quite kill out all human imperfection. "Perfection out of imperfection comes" as flowers bloom out of the dark, dreary, and unresponsive earth. That is the reason why the end of the world does not come in haste. It is the infinite method of doing finite things—the perpetual going over dreary wastes and imperfect conditions—up to that which is blooming, beautiful, and perfect.

Now the physical globe is to follow this progressive law. If a nation rises and matures, if it gathers around itself all the arts, and sciences, and splendors, and finally decays and dies; so mankind may surely expect that the globe itself, after its mission is all accomplished, will mature, decay, die, and disappear from space! Astronomy, geology, chemistry, and all the sciences, show that this earth *begins*; they demonstrate, with equal certainty, that it will also grow old and be dissolved. Its chemical affinities, in a few hundred thousand years, will become antipathies. Its atoms will rush to the embrace of thousands of other bodies.

The human race is scarcely forty thousand years old. How old that is to a planet's population, you can judge by the aspect of the planet itself. What means it in this Temperate Zone, right between two great extremes, that we have these *changeable seasons*—these excessively various exhibitions of climate and of temperature? Because, I reply, the earth itself is yet *new*—is not yet out of its teens! In its waters, in its mountains and valleys, in its chemistry, the globe is yet all undeveloped. Its treasures are yet locked up in trunks of trees and fastened in recesses far down beneath the soil. The atmosphere, even in the temperate belt, is yet rampant with a thousandfold eccentricities; it is daily giving grotesque expressions of its innate, uncouth barbarisms; is not yet civilized enough to keep out of your doors even when you have locked them; is not decent enough to cease blowing you up when you seek to comfortably and peaceably walk through the streets or open fields. Why, our uncivilized atmosphere is producing terrible havoc with navigation—is interfering every day with the commerce of the world—just like any boy not yet wise enough to follow the ways of wisdom. Thus the globe is a wild boy. He tumbles down stairs when he should be walking, and falls through the ice while skating, when he ought to be self-poised and too wise for accidents. The atmosphere is like a powerful wild horse not perfectly trained. Ever and anon it gathers up its black powers, stands before a chasm with accumulated vigor and tremendous energy, and bounds to the opposite side with all the madness of unemployed power. A wild horse sweeping over the prairies: that is the earth's atmosphere. This all explains why the atmosphere plays mankind such pranks, unroofing houses, tumbling over chimneys, and paying no more respect to a church-steeple than to the pole of a hay-stack!

When Benjamin Franklin sent up his card, he simply obtained a slight indication that Mr. Lightning would, one of these days, be so visible and come to tea. He did get some of the fearful fluid bottled up; just enough to talk with it—noting more. Now Mr. Lightning is social and chatty. He tells all the truth and nearly all the lies about the present war. "Electricity," *alias* "Lightning," cuts awful pranks with people in cholera times, and causes all kinds of unutterable mischief, according to recent discoveries, in the diseases of animals throughout the country. All because the fluid is not tame—it is wild, barbarous; it has not come into best society; and it does not know how to behave among folks.

All this is equally true of the globe. The earth is eccentric; it is sidewise in its orbit; it does not yet know enough to get down and lie straight in its bed. Now it rolls in its path almost wrong end foremost. When the poles of the planet shall come into harmony with the plane of its orbit, then how beautifully the sun will cause all parts of it to bloom! The globe is not yet good enough to be so blessed. It will not be so blessed while this orbital inequality continues to exist.

Mankind must not soon expect our oceans to be calm, nor our lightning to save the churches, nor hurricanes to respect haystacks, or people, or cattle, nor that the atmosphere will soon be civilized enough to favor men in their Arctic explorations or coast-line navigations.

Men sneer at the fanatic who thinks we can ride in the air. Are you quite sure that the man is a fool who thinks that one of these days we will rise up in the air and be as safe, more certain, and far quicker, in our voyage, than when shipping for Europe on the best steamer? Men laugh at those who dare suggest its scientific practicality. Most people belong to the race who have the power, and the propensity to laugh at fanatics, until their children adopt the inventions of those fanatics, and until mankind enjoys all the luxuries which such improvements diffuse throughout the world. Now, I say, mankind are not yet old enough on this planet, nor is the atmosphere old enough, nor is electricity tame enough, and the mental world itself is not large and good enough, to realize aerial navigation. Therefore it will not come right away. But just as sure as I am now speaking—as certain as birds fly—so certain will safe, swift, and delightful air navigation be man's achievement. The earth is yet very young. It is not only a few millions of years old—in its early teens—has not been in existence long enough to

prepare the human race for a higher degree of civilization. Only a few years ago, across the Atlantic, in France, a man, although starving to death, gave to the world systematic intimations and lofty demonstrations to the effect that a higher social order would inevitably come. Of course it is popular to slander him, and to blacken his character out of sight; but the

"Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again."

Not all that Fourier or Swedenborg said is true; not all that I say is true. True men make their words as near truth as possible. Mankind must be more catholic and all-embracing; instead of excluding all the conflicting creeds, better take them all in and pulverize them.

When you go upon the mountain heights, and with your vision sweep the plain, and the whole horizon of thought, can you not take the pictures home with you, and tell your wife and children what you have seen and enjoyed on the summit? Perhaps your wife and little ones live in the valley of thought, they may look out only through the open door, or through some panes of broken glass, and see only a few pigs or the dirty fowls that are squawking for something to eat, and crying children that need bread to keep them still; this, perhaps, is what the valley-minded woman sees in her lowly estate. Or, perhaps the wife is the progressive member of the house. If the better-minded woman goes, I pray that she will try to attract upwards with her that ponderous being called "a husband." Go on together, if it be possible; sweep the horizon of Progression, take in the thoughtful scene; then, on returning, tell your listening neighbors, who have not yet gone up, of the rivers and mountains, plains, farm-houses, and beautiful trees—all the picturesque departments of a vast vision of higher forms of truth.

The mental world, I repeat, is young. The physical globe, too, is so young that it cannot be speedily called to order. The tempests of the physical world are only what we see mentally breaking out in the galleries of political conventions. Hurricanes are but parts of what occurs in the State Legislatures. Where political heathenism exists, there will be tornados and hurricanes! It is natural for people to be dirty until they are washed. People will be covered with political, social, and religious vermin, until they are perfectly cleansed and civilized, purely clothed, and thoroughly combed. All this is applicable to the physical world.

What of the races? The nations and peoples are not prepared for a higher order of society. They have not lived up to their present knowledge, and of course they are not ready for a grander social or political development. Best minds are ready only to say and believe that something better is possible, and that is all.

The great world is grand and sublime, because it sweeps progressively away toward the coming centuries! The human race, only 40,000 years old, has but reached its thirtieth year in true civilization. In its politics, in its republicanism, in its democracy, in its poetry, in its music, and in its spirituality, the race is yet very young. Much will happen when 100,000 more of these rolling years shall have passed away! The notes of music which come through spiritual communications—from the lofty summits of heavenly inspiration—enable us to catch but imperfect glimpses of "the good time" when the earth shall ripen and blossom as the rose. All this shows what the world is fast coming to see.

When mankind shall have grown spiritually larger and fierer in body, they will have fewer and fewer children. Down in the lower strata of society behold how populous! Take the early races; they propagated rapidly. Earth's mothers have been broken down by their exceedingly numerous progeny. Rise higher in the scale, and the married have fewer children and less frequently. Rise still higher and higher in the mental scale, and you can easily believe the time will come when reproduction will cease. There will then be fathers and mothers with their descendants; and the progeny will become as the angels—neither marrying nor giving in marriage—having arisen above the mission of propagation—all ready for the mission of apotheosis which will close the scene of the human race.

In the vast future (I wish I had another hour, so that I could speak to you of what will happen between this and that time), when the race itself has grown to the highest point of maturity—behold at last a family group ascends from the "perfect sleep" into the Upper Life! They close the terrestrial drama, and the curtain falls. The great bell of chemistry is now struck, and, instead of a conflagration, as the "Adventists" believe, slow decomposition—dying like a puff-bill—decaying and dropping under like the stump of a tree without vitality—then spreading its atoms over millions of solar bodies that are ready to grasp these chemical opportunities—thus the planet will cease, and its population, all in the Summer-Land, looking down upon the closing of this sublime tragical drama!

The cerebellum, I again remark, will one of these days cease to have any function with reference to reproduction. The finest, most poetic, and spiritual mind, gathers nearly all its offspring and powers add essences into the front-brain and top-facilities. Such persons have few children. Men who are yet full of the world's blood, and women who are full of similar vitalities, still believe that many children, better propagated, would be great blessings to the world. Only friends of Progress dare to speak the whole truth on this subject. Not a church-minister in the city, with the vast organization of moneyed matter, to support the pulpit, dares to speak the truth which lies at the basis of the happiness of mankind.

But friends of Progress are free to speak. We sing new songs. We have new wings of great principles just starting. We are ready to soar wherever the truth shall attract. We have free feet ready to scale the highest mountains. We are a glad and cheerful people, with unbounded hope. To our eyes the heavens are open, and our souls are filled with the attractive inspiration of the future. All this brings us joy and peace in the midst of carnage and confusion in the physical world. The true harmonious progressive Woman and Man stand unruined and unchanged. They know that, in the far-off future time, the better will dominate what is merely good; that the best will dominate the better; that fruits and that, from out of the earth's dark places; the white lilies of peace shall bloom with an immortal beauty.

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Leo Miller will speak in Lyceum Hall, Boston, last two Sundays in February. Mr. M. will make engagements for March in New England. Address as above.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

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Errors and Evils, Scars of, Effects of Promiscuous Conjugal Relations, Extinction of Red and Black Men, Frances Wright, The Spirit of, Flowers in Wisdom's Garden, Faith and Knowledge, Relation of, Family Worship, The Uses of, Fast Days and Acts of Humiliation, Funeral Occasions, Ceremony for, Freedom of Truth, What is the? Free Convention, How to secure a, Friendship and Love, Difference between, Free-loveism and Spiritualism, Filibustering, Origin of, Free Speech in Times of War, Geologic Developments, Explanation of, Guardian Angels Universal, God-Life in Scientific Laws, Hand-Communication from Spirit World, History versus the Mosaic Account, Heart, What is the? Hell, The Probable Extinction of, How to Live in this World, How to become an Author, How to Get Practical Knowledge, Is the Universe Overflowing? Inspiration, The Light of, Interior Light of Shakespeare, Inspiration and Revelation, Individuality of Character, Illustrations of Spirit-Attraction, Intervention of a Celestial Personage, Moral, but not Religious, Knowledge or Faith, Which is Highest? Looking to God for Everything, Love to Man, Origin of the Idea of, Law of Spirit-Gravitation, Law of True Mating, Liberty, Humanity, Hypocrisy, and Hate, Light from the World of Causes, Labor a Savior of the World, Mind, Reason, Spirit, Soul, Materialism of Chemical Science, Mysteries of Memory, Mathematical Problems, Solution of, Man's Progress toward Deity, Manuscripts, Sacred, The New, Motive-Power of the Sects, Man and the Earth, Progress of, Man's Three-fold Character, Major and Minor Principles in Man's Spirit, Method of Spirit Culture, Marriage, A Child's Question on, Marriage, An Uncongenial, Married, Truly and Eternally, Marriage Ceremony, Value of the, Monogamic Marriage, Divine Law of, Missionaries in the Summer-Land, Natural Principles and Deductions, Nature, No Accidents in, Nature and Nature's God, Nature of True Repentance, The, National Thunder and Lightning, Objectivity and Subjectivity, Optimism, Organized and Associative Effort, Origin of the Male and Female, Origin and Causes of Civilization, Plants and Trees, Growth of, Physical Organs and Spirit Life, Providential Interpositions, Pantheism, Is it a Natural Belief? Prophecies in the Book of Daniel, Passion and Individuality After Death, Punishment, The Nature and Purpose of, Parental Obligations and Duties, Pride of Intellect, Polygamy, A Divine Law Against, Psychometrical Sketch of Abraham Lincoln, Reproduction in the Spirit-Land, Religious Councils Uncertain, Religion of Nature, The, Religious Temples, Why the Universality of, Religion and Reason, Right Eye and Right Hand, Rights of Races, Rules for a Free Convention, Rules for the Summer-Land, Spiritualist, Mission of the True, Sun Rays and the Earth, Stones and Minerals, Development of, Storms, The Philosophy of, Superior Condition, The, Soul as Distinguished from Spirit, Spirit-Land, Nearness of the, Spirit World, Definition of, Summer Land, The, Spiritual Habitations After Death, Spirit Body, Weight of the, Spiritualist, The, Striking the Spirit Body, Speech of the Soul, The, Spirit Facts versus Philosophy, Spirit's Recuperation, The, Spring of Human Conduct, The Seeing and Doing Right, Swedenborg's Dietetic Habits, Secret Spiritual Societies, Spiritualists in the Army and Navy, Thought, Origin and Mission of, Thoughts, Control of, Theology of Religion, Morality, Truth, The Final Triumph of, True Glory of Man, The, Training and Riding Horses, Theocratic and Religious Associations, Temperaments and Human Offspring, Tale of the Betrayed and Broken-Hearted, Universe, Center of the, Unthought and Unlooked for Phenomena, Urin and Thumbing, Uses of the, Vocal Converse After Death, Veneration, Sincere Expressions of, Value of Just Criticism, Wind, Cause of the, Why do Spirits appear in Earthly Dress? Writing, The History of, Words about the Devil, Which—Revenge or Forgiveness? Which is Best—Constitution or Revolution? Young Writers of Poetry.

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My lips could not breathe the rich tones of my heart... Or interpret its musical thrill... With a tide of strange thought, I but struggled in vain...

Down deep in the cells where the pearl-lights are hid... That sparkle and flash into song... Like wood-birds imprisoned their flutter and sing...

'Tis the loveliest gem that the heart ever kept— Of a kind that to mortal is rare— And I prize it the more that its radiance broke o'er my soul in a season of care...

Wouldst thou learn the sweet name of that beautiful gem? I will sing it—my harp-strings are free— 'Tis GRATITUDE—love's gem of the soul— Lo! it sparkles and flashes for thee.

Giving Away the Baby.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

"It was the third day after my husband's funeral," said the widow, "and I was so stunned by his sudden death that I could do nothing but sit and think over it, and try to realize how it could be so... Only the Sunday before he had been sitting with me, watching the baby, as he sat in the sunshine, laughing and clapping his little hands, as the shadows of the trees were flung across the bare floor, and moved by the passing breeze...

"When I had laid him in bed, not fast asleep, but still sobbing, and reaching out his little hands to feel if I was there, I said: 'God helping me, come what will, I will never part with one of my living children again!' And I never did... 'I need not tell you how wild with joy the rest of the children were when they found the baby in bed next morning; they almost fought over the little fellow; and from that day forth it was their greatest pleasure to amuse Charlie and have him with them...'

"I need not tell you how wild with joy the rest of the children were when they found the baby in bed next morning; they almost fought over the little fellow; and from that day forth it was their greatest pleasure to amuse Charlie and have him with them...'

him, and made every dear curl over and over before I could get it to please me; and I kissed the little white shoulders until they were all rosy... 'Well, my boy, what are the books which were forgotten?' 'Tacitus and Latin Dictionary.'

'I wrote you at the time how we got to Alexandria that night and next morning... 'Mother, it's Charlie you are crying for, isn't it?' 'Yes,' I answered, 'I know it's for the best; but oh! it's so hard to give him up...'

'I need not tell you how wild with joy the rest of the children were when they found the baby in bed next morning; they almost fought over the little fellow; and from that day forth it was their greatest pleasure to amuse Charlie and have him with them...'

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The Angel of the Battle-Field.

"We are permitted to take the following interesting extract from a private letter from Brigade-Surgeon James L. Dunn, written to his family in this place...'

"I will tell you of one of these women, a Miss Barton, the daughter of Judge Barton, of Boston, Mass...'

"The moon was shining so brightly that it was almost as light as day, and presently Willie said: 'Mother, it's only half a mile across the fields, and they won't go to bed for a long time at Mr. Lorrimer's—let us go and get Charlie...'

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"Where do you reside?" "In the town of Linwood, about fifty miles from this city."

"Well, my boy, what are the books which were forgotten?" "Tacitus and Latin Dictionary."

"Let me see the bill, Hal," signed A. C. Morley. I will see to that. Here, Mr. Morley! called Mr. Harris; but that functionary was busily engaged in waiting on a customer at the opposite side of the store...

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