

skill and address, almost gained absolution for their rash paradox. And yet it moves. In that simple proposition, Astronomy gave the lie to the faith of all mankind, and to what was called the testimony of the senses. It de-throned from its central position the terrestrial globe, so firm and so solid under our feet, and hurled it into space with a velocity of eighteen miles a second. The sun which we see daily traversing the heavens it arrested in his course and established in the center of the ecliptic. And yet it moves!

Without pursuing this parallel between astronomy and philosophy farther, we find in it abundant reason to come to a decision on the religious question. As Copernicus admitted the hypothesis of the earth's movement, from which innumerable consequences are deduced even in our day, without stumbling upon any absurdity, or any contradiction, so we admit the hypothesis of the movement of mind, or of progressive thought, and are beginning to deduce its consequences. Let us accept this hypothesis as a point of departure, as a principle for the renovation of religion, and let us try to escape as quickly as possible from the theological slough in which the human mind has been so long floundering. It is not by negations that we would escape thence. Negation is not a positive force, and it would leave us exposed to all the dangers we dread.

For the Herald of Progress. Ancient Glimpses of the Spirit Land.

NUMBER FIFTY-SEVEN.

In the Biblical Mysteries the spiritually-possessed were deemed to be mad, to be charged with the fury of the Lord, to be subject to the outpouring of the Spirit—prophetic fount of oracles divine, the burden of the Lord, the hand of the Lord, and the Word of the Lord—Saul and Isaiah naked, and David, in a like possession, dancing before the Lord with all his might. The same overshadowings of the Holy Ghost were alike conspicuous among the Gentiles, and often as in the Hebrew extremes were the Bacchic and Corybantia, as also often in our modern revivals. This "rushing, mighty wind," swept alike the Chaldean, Egyptian, and Judean "soul-wings" to the various points of the religious compass, taking whosoever it listeth in its swoop, now in the whirlwind, to be succeeded by the calm, the still, small voice, with variety of names rung on all the changes—Lords, Gods, Angels, Devils, Witches.

Again we refer to Iamblichus, a clergyman in the Heathen Mysteries. He says: "But it is necessary to investigate the causes of Divine mania. And these are the illuminations proceeding from the Gods, the spirits imparted by them, and the all-perfect domination of the Divinity, which comprehends indeed everything in us, but exterminates entirely our own proper consciousness and motion. This Divine possession also emits words which are not understood by those that utter them; for they pronounce them, as it is said, with an insane mouth, and are wholly subservient and entirely yield themselves to the energy of the predominating God. The whole of enthusiasm is a thing of this kind, and is effected by these causes, though this must not be considered as asserted with consummate accuracy."

Thus we find the "insane mouth" equivalent to "the mouth of the Lord" in Hebrewdom. In the Mysteries and Mystic Sacrifices, music, on the plane of the occasion, added its potent influence to maintain the rhythmic harmony of upper and nether worlds, which thus kept step to the music of the union. The pipe, as well as timbrel, harp, and sabet, piped the spirits to quarters, and then, joined to mortal flesh after God's own heart, danced before the Lord with all their might. Doubtless there was not wanting in those days a representative of Mother Goose's "yesteries"—some "merrie old sou!" of a King Cole, to call for his trinity of pipers; because a merry heart doth good like a medicine, and very much enlarges the commonwealth of heaven within you. Ward Beecher is right in thus shining into

the old glooms, though "the darkness comprehendeth it not." The other world loves fun and music as well as this world; therefore let them thrive, even though orthodox mouths of the Lord never open above forty-five degrees from the pit, and even then are very grim. To shut mirthfulness out of the soul is to close the windows of heaven. Its organ on the front and flank of the soul shows its most appropriate implantation as a warder-off of the blacks, the grays, and the blues, while admitting the genial white sunlight to the kingdom of heaven within. Why, even old Jewry Sarah laughed in God's face when he told her she should bear a son after she was ninety years old.

On the musical phase of the Divinity, Iamblichus says: "We must, therefore, say that sounds and melodies are appropriately consecrated to the Gods. There is also an alliance in these sounds and melodies to the proper orders and powers of the several Gods, to the motions in the universe itself, and from the harmonious sounds which proceed from the motions. Conformably, therefore, to such like adaptations of melodies to the Gods, the Gods themselves become present." &c.

Of the Oracle in Colophon, according to Iamblichus, there was an appearance of inspiration through the medium of water. The Prophetess drank from a fountain of living water in a cave, as if the well were one springing up unto everlasting life. "For after many sacred rites have been performed, it appears as if a certain prophetic spirit pervaded through the water." * * * But the inspiration which the water affords is not the whole of that which proceeds from a Divine power, but the water itself, and purifies our luciform spirit or vestment, so that we may be able to receive the Divinity; while, in the meantime, there is a presence of Divinity prior to this, and illuminating from on high. And this, indeed, is not absent from any one, who, through aptitude, is capable of being united to it. But this Divine illumination is immediately present, and uses the Prophetess as an instrument—she neither being any longer mistress of herself, nor capable of attending to what she says, nor perceiving where she is. Hence after prediction she is scarcely able to recover herself. And before she drinks the water, she abstains from food for a whole day and night, and, retiring to certain sacred places, inaccessible to the multitude, begins to receive in them the enthusiastic energy. Through her departure, therefore, and separation from human concerns, she renders herself pure, and by this means adapted to the reception of Divinity; and hence she possesses the inspiration of the God—shining into the pure seat of her soul, becomes full of unrestrained afflatus, and receives the Divine presence in a perfect manner and without any impediment.

"But the Prophetess in Delphi, whether she gives oracles to mankind through an attenuated and fiery spirit, bursting from the mouth of the cavern, or whether, being seated in Adyton on a brazen tripod, or on a stool with four feet, she becomes sacred to the Gods—whosoever of these is the case, she entirely gives herself up to a Divine Spirit, and is illuminated with a ray of Divine fire. And when, indeed, fire, ascending from the mouth of the cavern circularly invests her in collected abundance, she becomes filled from it with a Divine splendor. But when she places herself on the seat of the God, she becomes adapted to his stable prophetic power; and from both these preparatory operations, she becomes wholly possessed by the God. And then, indeed, he is present with and illuminates her in a separate manner, and is different from the fire, the spirit, and the proper seat, and, in short, from all the visible apparatus of the place, whether physical or sacred."

Here we find the parallel of the burning bush, consuming fire, and other fires of the Lord in old Jewry; and in the next extract we shall find the like of the rod of God, which Moses used in the signs and wonders of Israel's God:

"The prophetic woman, too, in Branchide, whether she holds in her hand a Wand, which was at first received from some God, and becomes filled with a Divine splendor, or whether, seated on an axis, she predicts future events, or dips her feet, or the border of her garment, in the water, or receives the God by imbibing the vapor of the water—by all these she becomes adapted to partake of the illumination of the God."

Here we find the "shining face" of Moses in the "Divine splendor" of the Prophetess. Like Moses, too, the Scythian and Egyptian Magi, and also many of those in Europe, prophesied with Wands; and Eusebius observes "that there is a certain magic in Divine Wands," as in the Staffs of Elisha, Gideon, and others, whose divining Rods were sometimes the mediums of "God's Word."

Again, Iamblichus: "But the multitude of sacrifices, the sacred law of the whole sanctimony, and such other things as are performed in a Divine manner prior to the prophetic inspiration—viz.: the baths of the Prophetess, her fasting for three whole days, her retiring into the adyta, and there receiving a Divine light, and rejoicing for a considerable time—all these evince that the God is entreated by prayer to approach, that he becomes externally present, and that the Prophetess, before she comes to her accustomed place, is inspired in a wonderful manner; and that, in the spirit which rises from the fountain, another more ancient God, who is separate from the place, shines forth to the view, and who is also the cause of the place, of the country, and of the whole divination."

Here, too, we find, by the "Baths," that

cleanliness is akin to godliness; and here, too, we find the coming of the God, as of the Lord in revival meetings, in "Divine light," and in response to a properly constituted battery of prayer, intensified by the concentrating of the faithful around the altar, for

"All is vain unless the Spirit Of the Holy One come down— Brethren pray, and heavenly manna Shall be showered all around."

"That mitered sophist, Warburton," as Taylor calls him, though he endeavors to make out his case to the advantage of Jewish Mysteries, yet admits "that the wisest and best men in the Pagan world are unanimous in this—that the Mysteries were instituted pure, and proposed the noblest ends by the worthiest means;" yet the ancient Mysteries, as in the modern unfoldings, were sometimes disturbed by the spirits of the darker hue, as in old Jewry, "while patiently waiting for good, evil came down from the Lord." So in "the most holy of the Gentile Mysteries, prior to the manifest presence of the God, certain terrene Demons present themselves to the view, disturbing those who are initiated, divesting them from unadulterated good, and exciting them to matter. On this account the Gods in the Chaldean Oracles order us not to behold them till we are guarded by the powers imparted by the Mysteries," in purifications, &c.

Thus we see that the Heathens as well as the Christians had to wrestle with the Devil—that is, with spirits struggling to get free from the lower estate, and mistaking the proper way. Hence the disturbances, till they shall learn to comprehend the light that shines into them, and to choose the God-like instead of the Devilish life. We see the correspondent of all this with the spirits yet in the flesh. Jesus and the Apostles were often beset by the undeveloped order of the unflushed spirits, and were more severe against them than their counterpart in the flesh, not understanding in those days that the Devils were merely unflushed humanities; but Jesus, as soon as he learnt by becoming a spirit himself, sought to enlighten that class "in prison" whom he had denounced as Devils, by preaching to them, and by showing them a more excellent way.

Iamblichus continues, that, of the Mysteries "where the felicitous operations are perfect—sufficient to themselves—of these the Gods are the leaders. But where they are media, and in a small degree fall short of the extremes, they have Angels as the powers that perfect and unfold them into light. And it is the province of Demons to effect those operations which rank as the last," such as the moderns often find in their physical demonstrations, showing a oneness in all the grades of ancient and modern Spiritualism; one common Principle underlying them all—the universal God—of whom, in whom, and from whom all is wrought; in whom all live, move, and have their being; and thus Iamblichus says that "it is much more correct to say that God is all things, is able to do all things, and that he fills all things with himself, and is alone worthy of sedulous attention, esteem, the energy of reason, and felicitous honor."

Of those who sought to invest in Wood and Stone their spiritual life, as they saw them "formed by the accession of fumuligations from exhaling vapors," as the Lord in the incense of old Jewry, when his smoking glory filled the house, and the rose like an exhalation—of this kind, in Jewry and Gentile-dom, as invested in visible symbols or images of the apparitions, Iamblichus says: "I, indeed, do not think them to be of any value. For if the makers of these images know that the fictions about which they are busily employed are nothing more than the formations of passive matter, the evil arising from an attention to them will be simple. But in addition to this, these idol-makers are similar to the images in which they indulge. And if they pay attention to these idols as if they were Gods, the absurdity will be so great as neither to be effable by words nor to be endured in deeds. For a certain Divine splendor never illuminates a soul of this kind, because it is not adapted to be imparted to things which are entirely repugnant to it; neither have those things which are detained by dark phantasms a place for its reception. This delusive formation, therefore, of phantasms, will be conversant with shadows, which are very remote from the truth."

So we see that this teacher in the Heathen mysteries scouted idolatry as much as the more advanced Hebrew Mystics, and looked through the hierarchy of Gods, Angels, and Demons, to the one-embracing source of all. Indeed, our modern idolatries of Bibles, prayer-books, and other church symbols, do not at all transcend the plane of the old idolatries; hence, in the language of our author, "a certain divine splendor never illumines a soul of this kind." This Heathen clergyman was something in advance of his brethren of to-day, especially "the souls of this kind" who seek the bread of life from the flesh-pots of machine-prayers and liturgical exercitia.

Iamblichus relates, besides his own experience, what he "once heard from the prophets of the Chaldeans": "Such Gods as are truly divinities, are alone the givers of good, alone associate with good men and with those that are purified by the sacerdotal art, and from these amputate all vice and every passion. When these also impart their light, that which is evil, and at the same time diabolical, vanishes from before more excellent natures in the same manner as darkness when light is present—nor is able to disturb theurgists in the smallest degree who receive from this light every virtue, obtain worthy manners, become orderly and elegant in their actions, are liberated from passions and purified from every disorderly motion and from athe-

istical and unholy conduct. But those who are themselves flagitious, and who leap, as it were, to things of a divine nature in an illegal and disorderly manner, these, through the imbecility of their proper energy or through indigence of inherent power, are not able to associate with the Gods. Because, likewise, they are excluded, through certain defilements, from an association with pure spirits—they become connected with evil spirits, are filled from them with the worst kind of inspiration, are rendered depraved and unholy, become replete with intemperate pleasures and every kind of vice, are emulous of manners foreign to the Gods, and, in short, become similar to the depraved demons with whom they are consanct. These, therefore, being full of passions and vice, attract to themselves, through alliance, depraved spirits, and are excited by them to every kind of iniquity. They are also increased in wickedness by each other, like a circle conjoining the beginning to the end, and similarly making an equal compensation. Hence, deeds, which are the nefarious offenses of impiety, which are introduced into sacred works in a disorderly manner, and which are also confusedly performed by those who betake themselves to such works, and at one time, as it seems, cause one divinity to be present instead of another, and again introduce depraved demons instead of Gods, whom they call equal to the Gods—such deeds as these you should never adduce in a discourse concerning sacerdotal divination," &c. Thus also "in things just and unjust, the beautiful and the just are to be alone ascribed to the Gods and good Demons; but such Demons as are naturally deprived perpetrate what is unjust and base."

Taylor supplies a note "from a very rare Greek manuscript of Paeſus, on the Demons according to the dogmas of the Greeks," which exhibits that phase of being along the boundaries of the phantom world, which later days denominated witchcraft—so analogous to the works of the juggler, or presidigitateur—the ancient magic—which has so much skirted all the religions of the past; hence magic was ever a part of the sacerdotal science.

Iamblichus proceeds to speak at large upon the sacrifices, but he excludes the blessed Gods from being partakers or defiled by the vapors thereof, and discusses the question as to how far the Demons are the initiators of the "blood theologues" which still embrace modern orthodoxy; still the higher would seem to be reached, because "divinity is the leader who is thus invoked by sacrifices, and who is surrounded by a numerous multitude of Gods and angels, the lower being the media for the higher, while "prayer is the seal of ineffable unions with the divinities, and no operation in sacred concerns can succeed without the intervention of prayer.

"The continual exercise of prayer nourishes the vigor of our intellect, and renders the receptacles of the soul far more capacious for the communications of the Gods. It is likewise the divine key which opens to man the penetralia of the Gods, accustoms us to the splendid rivers of supernal light, in a short time perfects our inmost recesses, and disposes them for the ineffable embrace and contact of the Gods, and does not desist till it raises us to the summit of all. It also gradually and silently draws upward the manners of our soul, by divesting them from everything foreign to a divine nature, and clothes us with the perfections of the Gods."

An ancient oracle runs on this wise: "The path by which to Deity we climb, Is arduous, rough, ineffable, sublime; And the strong, manly gates, through which we pass In our first course, are bound with chains of brass. Those men, the first, who, of Egyptian birth, Drank the fair water of Nilotic earth, Disclosed by actions infinite this road, And manna paths to God Phœnicians showed; This road the Assyrians pointed out to view, And this the Lydians and Chaldeans knew."

Our author is not very definite on the sacrifices, though he admits the Gods were propitiated and calamities averted by them. The Hebrew and the Heathen, however, were on a par in these religious rites. They simply mark the status of the old religions in all ages, the Lords or Gods not transcending the advance of the enfeshed humanities. Our "blood theologues" of present orthodoxy are but the embalmed remains of the offerings of old time, to which our churches cling as if salvation could come of such instead of the onward and upward unfoldings transcending the ancient planes. Dismissing the church fiction of the fall of man as unworthy a moment's notice of a soul wise unto salvation, we find earliest man in savage estate. All the early religions evolve from this estate. The old Jewry Word of God forms no exception. It everywhere shows the status of cotemporary civilization, carried along by surrounding evolutions. Its bestial sacrifices are but one remove from the human which preceded them, and which were not entirely superseded in the earlier Jewrydom as presented in the Bible.

Doubtless antecedent to that there was a status in cannibalism, and human beings religiously ate their human victims. There was progress then even to reach the status of the present "Word"—progress then even when all the first-born of Egypt were made a sacrificial offering to the old Jewry Lord—progress even when the Lord God of Israel commanded "every man to slay his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbor;" for we do not learn that these were put into the cauldron-pot, cooked and eaten, as might have been shown had there reached us the record of an earlier "Word." True, the progress seems slow, and we can only gauge it as we compare one thousand years with another. Do you fail to see the progress when

"Samuel hewed Agag to pieces before the Lord"? My dear sir, thank God and take courage that he did not make soup of him—according to the word of the Lord—at least there is no report in the "Word" that his *disjecta membra* were so disposed of. Coming to our own days, behold the progress—for though the churches lap the ancient blood in their theologues, and maintain the gallowa close by the altar—according to the Word of the old Lord, to appease the *Genius loci*, or Demon of the place—yet they do not lay such foundations in their first-born Abirams, nor set up the gates thereof in their younger Segubs, "according to the Word of the Lord." These were the immolations to the guardian demons of the old Jerichos. Christendom has sloughed these grosser manifestations of the Spirit, though she symbolizes the same as yet holy to the Lord.

Progress in the newer vision will yet slough even the symbolic excreta of the church. There is accelerating motion in the evolutions, placing each seeker on a higher mount of vision. All past religions are in line with the present, but by the very law of evolution the present must have a fullness that the past cannot contain—for the new wine bursts the old bottles. We cannot be confined within the dimensions of the old "Word," however well it may have sufficed for its day; nor is Jewrydom to be received as more elect than Gentiledom. The God of Israel progressed in the order of time with the development of the humanities. The later prophets present the "Word" with some amendments of the earlier utterances. Heathendom advanced and cast its tabernacles, which were made after the patterns in the earlier mounts of vision. How improper, then, that pulpit and Sunday-school should seek to dwarf us to the measure of the old Jewry pattern when even the more enlightened of the Jews themselves were ashamed of it two thousand years ago—as was Philo-Judean when he became acquainted with Grecian civilization. We have shown, too, and shall continue to show, that the Hebrew mysteries had no preeminence over the Heathen. Both were "blood theologues" in connection with their other mysteries. Whatever may have been the mesmeric relation between the Lord and blood, the priesthood greatly profited by it, as they were supplied with flesh, with "flour tempered with oil, and libations, also, of wine," while the blood with its life essence was sacred to the Lord.

The way to God in Jewrydom was essentially that of Heathendom in sacrifice, in therapy, and in prophecy. The hostility of Jew to Gentile arose from his intensely narrow fanaticism—that he alone dwelt in God's house—that he alone was admitted to the holy of holies. God did not love, but hated the Heathen, who must be utterly despoiled for the glory of Israel's God, whose priests were the only anointed and whose prophets should not be harmed. As in the sects of Christendom there was a continuous growth of Pharisaical hatred, which as constantly culminated in sanguinary fury. A broader civilization wiped out old Jewry. A broader civilization shall wipe out the narrow-wrought church of Christendom. The modern church is but a shell within the shell of the ancient. The greater fullness of life will burst it. God progresses in humanity to the extent of the opening vision, and is a God of the living, and not of the dead, save wherein this last is absorbent in the newer creation. In vain do the churches cling to "God's Word" of old time as infallible; for the present, virtue has gone out of it. Its sacrificial blood has become clotted. It no longer redeems by its life-giving qualities, but is a stench on the mounts of the newer unfoldings. The shroudings of the old "Word" are suffocations for the risen soul. Its "Lord theology" consecrates slavery, the sum of all villainies, as nine-tenths of the pulpit-mouths of the Lord have borne witness. It crowds, crumples, and crushes the moral and spiritual status into a Sabbatarian worship of loathsome rites and vain ceremonies. It clips the noble soul of its healthy expansion, and draggles it in slime and mire. It makes sin to consist not so much in departure from right and light, but in neglect of idolatrous forms in fashionable and heartless tomfooleries. The Bible, the Sunday, and the Church, are the Cerberus-headed trinity, and if you fail to sop it you will be hewed to pieces before the Lord as an infidel. You must not be wise above what was written by them of old time, though your own inspiration transcends by the fuller influx of the Almighty. You must remain in the old clouds for fear of the light of the new aurora—dwell in the old caves, instinct with mold and with death, rather than go forth into the freshness of progressive life and be kissed by the opening heavens—suffer the church to clip your soul-wings, so that you do but mope on earth and rise not to the skies. Sedah. C. B. P.

Apotheosis.

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

For the Herald of Progress. Departed: To spirit-life, on Friday, Feb. 6th, WILTON DENNETT SANDERSON, aged six years, three months, and thirteen days.

His sickness was but of a few hours' duration, and the exchange of spheres was without a struggle or even a sigh; and we know he is now happy in that Better Land where he has so often expressed a desire to go, to meet a darling little brother who often communicated from that sunny home.

Our darling little Willie has gone from our sight, but we know he has not left us, but is skipping around as joyous and happy as a

bird, and would not, if he could, return to his little form, which was strewn with flowers, but which we had to close from sight.

We mourn our loss, but not his; for the atmosphere of the Spirit-Land we know is more congenial to his sensitive nature than the air of this cold world—for he was a delicate little plant, and has but bidden in this mundane sphere, but will blossom in glorious beauty in the realms of light and love.

The address to the friends of the deceased was delivered by Prof. Jackson, of Philadelphia. MARIA J. DENNETT, M. D. New York, Feb. 20, 1868.

Instructive Miscellany.

The Tenant of the Lumber-Room.

I had made up my mind to take an old house at Brocklehurst, if it suited me on inspection, and I hired a boy to pilot me thither. "There," he said, as we came out of a thick fir plantation, and stood on the edge of a dreary broken bit of common covered with gorse and heath, "do you see the red brick house yonder by the gravel-pit?" I looked the way his finger pointed, and through the gathering twilight just discerned a long low building. "I'll tell you what, sir," he said, "in a low tone, and coming closer to my side, 'there's not a lad in all the village would venture round there after nightfall, for there was murder done at that house not two years ago.'"

"Murder!" I exclaimed. "Yes, and the cruellest murder it was too. An old gentleman used to live there—not so very old either, not much past sixty, I've heard say; but however that might be, he lived there quite alone, except for one young servant-woman, who kept his house. A pleasant-spoken lass Ann Forrest was, and many's the kind word she's said to me when she's been to mother's shop. She always seemed to take great care of her old master, and no wonder, for he was the best old man that ever lived, and a good master to her; but he had money laid by, and that must have tempted her, for one morning some laborers going past her from the front-door open, the house deserted, and the poor old gentleman lying covered with blood, and quite dead, at the bottom of the garden. They say he used to go down there to smoke his pipe at night, and she chose that time, when she knew he could lay hold of nothing to defend himself with. An old iron box, in which the old man kept his money, and which only she knew where to find, was lying turned bottom upmost and empty, in the passage; and there were clothes and many other things scattered about the floor of her room, and in one of her drawers they found a long knife that she had hidden there. But they never found her; and from that day to this no one has heard of her."

It was a horrible story to listen to, with the black darkness closing round us, and the lonely house close by. We hastened on in silence across the common, down a dark steep road, and through some meadows, until we reached the house.

The clang of the bell echoed through the stillness within; then silence settled down once more. I waited long, then rang again, and at length there was a sound of rattle and voices; at first far away, then nearer. A key rattled in the rusty locks, and the door was partly opened by an old man, whose short thick-set figure at once filled up the way, as though to prevent a hasty entrance. Behind him stood a woman somewhat bent by age, and holding in her hand a lantern. Both stared at me in silent wonderment, as addressing myself to the old man, I told my errand.

I said that I had meant to arrive sooner, but need give little trouble, as some bread and cheese and a bed for the night were all I should require. The man stood doubtful, as though half inclined to shut the door in my face; then his mind changed, and without a word he took the lantern from his wife's hand, and, signing me to follow, led the way across a bare and lofty hall, and along two stone passages, to a large kitchen, where a fire was blazing. Setting down the lantern on the table he turned round and said: "You'll maybe see that this is the kitchen. If you're too proud to sit here there are other rooms in plenty, but you'll find no fires or candles; and without waiting for a reply he walked away. I turned to the woman who had followed us, and now stood by the fire, and asked some questions; but she answered me briefly, with a hurried glance at her husband; and, weary of attempting to conciliate, I said abruptly, as my time was short I would see the house at once.

"There's very little you'll be able to see at this time of night," old Pearce said, gruffly, from the window where he stood. "At least," I answered, "I can go through the rooms and get some notion of their size; and I made a move.

For a moment it seemed as though they meant to let me go alone; then Pearce stepped suddenly forward, and harshly calling to his wife to bring the keys, caught up the light. Preceded by my unwilling guides I traversed long passages—our footsteps sounding hollow on the stone floors—mounted staircases, and crossed landings. We stopped from time to time while the woman unlocked the doors of empty and unshuttered rooms, where dust lay thick, and the feeble glimmer of the lantern only served to make the gloom and desolation more apparent. We went on in silence until we reached the foot of a narrow winding staircase. My conductors had begun to mount it, when I touched a door upon my right and said: "Surely we have not been in here?" The man half-way up, stopped and looked down at me. "No," he said; "it's only a lumber-room; the key has been lost this long while; if you wish to get in, you must have a fresh key made before you come again," and he went on. It was a large rambling house, where you came suddenly upon cupboards and corners, and bits of winding stairs, or a step up here and down there, and passages with such queer turns and twists that one wondered whether they would lead; still there was something quaint about it that took my fancy greatly. When at last we got back to the kitchen a man sat by the fire unloading his boots, and with his back toward the door. He turned as I entered, and displayed a muscular form and a heavy face, like enough to old Pearce's to mark him as his son. He returned my greeting with a silent stare, resumed his seat, and pulling at his father's sleeve, muttered angrily:

"And who on earth may he be?" I did not catch the answer, but the gruff snort that followed was sufficiently expressive.

The woman sat about preparing supper, and presently a repast of bacon, eggs, and beer was put before me, and while I was engaged upon it, she and her husband went away together. The son sat watching her awhile, then followed them, leaving me alone for the first time since I had come into the house. He and his father soon came back, but a change had come upon them; their sullenness was gone, and they seemed so eager to hear my intentions about the place. It was evident how much they feared that I might take it, and so deprive them of their home; and in this fear they caught at every doubt of mine, and tried to foster it. From their account, the place was hot in summer, cold in winter; it was even tumbling to pieces; and it almost touched me, when, turning to the son, I said: "And yet you seem to like it?" To hear his curt answer: "I've been bred here, and that makes a deal of difference." When the woman at last returned I saw that she had been crying very bitterly, and with a half-remorseful feeling I took a candle from her trembling hand and followed her up stairs. They had chosen for me one of the old state-bedrooms, on the first floor, and a long way from the kitchen and the hall, at the end of a wide gallery. She paused at the door to say that she hoped I might find all I wanted; but that if not, there was a bell, and giving me no time to answer, hurried off. I sat long, noting down in my pocket-book all I had observed, and pondering on various things, until the dull tones of the far-off stable-clock striking twelve aroused me, and I began to prepare for bed. Before lying down I went instinctively to the room to secure the door, and found, to my surprise, that I was without the means of doing so, for there was no bolt, and the key was not in the lock. For a moment I was startled; then I remembered that the keys of all the rooms had been on one large bunch, and no doubt the woman had forgotten to take this one off. Should I ring for it? I paused undecided; but the hour was late, the people must long since have been in bed, and I was strangely unwilling to encounter those surly looks again to-night. After all, it mattered little, trifling as I did without luggage or money, and in simple, almost shabby dress, I had nothing to lose, and with health and strength in my favor, none would choose lightly to encounter me; and so, without disquietude, I blew out my light and lay down in bed. Still I was not in darkness, for the moon shone full into my room, only obscured from time to time as a heavy cloud swept across, and passing, seemed to leave it more clear and beautiful than ever. Gradually my thoughts turned into dreamy fancies, my fancies faded, and I slept soundly—for how long, whether for minutes or hours, I cannot tell, but I woke in an instant, and what a sudden start and thrill! All was quiet—a cloud had veiled the moon, and the room was dark and still as death. No, not so still; what was that which, as I held my breath, came faintly on my ear? A rustling—so slight that I could scarcely catch it, yet surely a rustling in the far corner of the room. I was a man of strong nerves. In my youth I had been in perils both by sea and land, and I had ever kept my courage and composure. I did not lose them now. These men below might, despite the risk, be purposing to rob me; they might even, in their anger and revenge at my mission here, meditate worse things; but if the absence of the key had been no accident, and they were now in my room, they should find harder work than they had looked for. I had no fire-arms; but a loaded stick, which went with me in all my journeys, as by my bed's head now. Slowly and cautiously my hand stole out in the darkness and grasped it tight. Then I waited. For a while there was perfect silence; then the sound began afresh, and there—there by the door, I could just see a moving form! On it came, then stopped, as though listening and hearing nothing but my steady breathing, came on again, nearer and nearer, until, as it reached the foot of my bed, I sprang up. My stick was raised, was ready to descend when the moon shone out again, and my hand dropped to my side, for a woman stood before me—not the old woman I had seen, but one many years younger, clad in dark garments, with pale, haggard face, and wild eyes. What was it? As that last thought came into my mind I summoned breath to ask: "Who, in Heaven's name, are you?"

"O hush, hush!" moaned out a voice feeble and piteous as a crying child's. "Don't speak! don't let them hear!"

"They! Who are they, and who are you?" I will tell—I came to tell," and with sudden vehemence the figure seized my arm in a convulsive grasp. "I am a poor creature, whom, for eighteen months, those wretches have kept imprisoned in this house, away from all who might have given me help. You are the first living soul who has been here; and I vowed to myself that if I died for it I would come to pray you to protect me; and oh, dear sir, kind sir, have pity on me!"

As she gasped out those words with passionate earnestness, yet in faint faltering tones, something seemed to tell me that this was no insane delusion, and no concerted scheme. "My poor woman," I said soothingly in a whisper low as her own, "I will help if I can, but you must show me how. What is your name, and why are you here?"

"They brought me—I had seen them do it—no one else, and they dare not leave me behind to tell; so, when they had murdered him, they brought me here and shut me into this dreadful room up stairs. I am Ann Forrest." The boy's tale, the Pearce's reluctance to let the house be seen, the closed lumber-room—those few words threw light upon it all, and in my horror I could not speak at first, I could hardly even think. At last I asked how she had freed herself.

"There were three rusty broken keys—I and them one day under some rubbish in an old chest up there, and I tried them all, and one fitted; but I dared not use it while they were always down stairs, and so I hid it again. They would have killed me long ago, but she—the woman—is kinder than the others, and would never let them, and to-night she talked and cried about you being here, and her husband's anger, little dreaming how I heeded here, for they think me almost silly now. But I did heed; and I thought that you would help me perhaps; and so, when I knew that they must all be in bed, I brought out my key and it unlocked the door; and then I listened outside every room until I found you by your breathing." She stopped at that last word, and looked at me with a wistful, searching

glance. "I found you," she repeated; "and now, oh sir, you will not forsake me?"

"I will not," I answered; but when I paused to think, a sense of our danger rushed upon me. Alone in this house, more than a mile from any human aid, how could I defend her or myself from men desperate, as these would be, if they only guessed that I knew their terrible secret? I, with a wife and children looking to me, had no right uselessly to peril my life. I must be cautious; and if it came to the worst, then I could but try what one strong arm in a good cause could do against two villains. So I spoke gently to the woman, holding her hand as she stood beside me, and trying to quiet her agony of terror and despair, while I said that I would save her, but to do it at this moment would not be possible. "Only wait till morning. Go back now to your prison, and trust to me." She started and shuddered.

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"Listen!" I whispered. "There is no sign that they have heard us yet. Go back and try—with all your strength to loosen the key, and lock yourself in again; then you need fear nothing, for they can not guess. I will watch—if you need me, cry out, and I will come—if not, wait and hope for the morning that will bring you safely and release; only go now, before they find us together."

She seemed to understand, and moved toward the door submissively, then stopped. "You would not deceive me?" she said. The look and tone were so imploring, so inexpressibly mournful, that my heart smote me for letting her go, for remembering nothing but her misery. She gazed into my face. "I know you would not," she said, in quite another voice, and again turned away, I following her. Her fingers softly turned the handle; she crept in to the passage, and I watched the tall dark form flitting along the gallery, her bare feet moving noiselessly upon the boards. I listened breathlessly, but there was neither sound nor movement in the house. The old couple slept at the foot of the back staircase, and near the kitchen the son in a small room close to the hall, never dreaming that the prisoner they had kept secretly all those months would find means to force her prison on this very night—only the woman even knowing that she had heard of my presence in the house. If any chance noise awoke those sleepers, if any chance suspicion had turned them into watchers, then it might be a struggle of life and death. No; all was still as yet. The moonlight flooded the room, as, closing the door, I softly crossed to the window-seat, and sat down there to listen and to think. Think—think of what? A horrible crime, a secret prison-house not twenty miles from London, the work that must be done to-morrow; all these things seemed crowded together wildly in my brain. By degrees I grew calmer. I must release her, but how? Many ways flashed across me, and were cast aside again; so I sat motionless, gazing into the sky, my ear strained for any cry, until the first faint streak of dawn came into the east. No sound had broken the dead silence of the house, and now at last my plan was made, and might be tried. I dressed quietly, then waited for awhile, and as the red rim of the rising sun showed through the trees, I stepped noiselessly down stairs. I meant that they should hear and see me, but no one appeared, so crossing to the kitchen, I looked in. The old man was there cutting up wood, he did not bear my step until I was close to him, then turned sharply round. "You rise early," he said, in the old surly tone.

With all the blood in my veins curdling in sight of that wicked, murderous face I forced my lips to speak naturally. "Why, yes," I said: "I want to see something of the ground before I breakfast. Can you tell me the best way to take?"

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The precious minutes were slipping fast away, and yet I dared not seem in haste. The old man had returned to his chopping, and the monotonous thud of the hatchet alone sounded through the room. Presently I said, carelessly: "Stay!" I exclaimed to the old man in the wood now, and presently I shall get you to go round with me."

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weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we never see a man receive a flagrant insult, and only grow a little pale, and then reply quietly? That is a man spiritually strong. Or did we never see a man in anguish stand, as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent and never tell the world what cankered his home peace? That is strength. He who, with strong passions, remained chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with manly powers of indignation in him, can be mostly provoked and yet restrain himself and forgive—these are the strong men, the spiritual heroes.—REV. F. W. ROBERTSON.

The Infant's Death.

"There is another little hand To Heaven's sweet harp-strings given; Another gentle seraph's voice, Another star in heaven." Tread lightly, gentle reader, for we are in the chamber of death, in the presence of mourning, sorrowing parents, whom death has robbed of every earthly treasure. Yes, death has entered that family circle, and has borne away the youngest and loveliest. The parents are bowed down with grief, for the little one who cheered them with his lovely, endearing smiles through the day, and at eve would sink so sweetly to rest in their arms, is gone.

Oh, could they but believe that the lovely child thus suddenly torn from their embrace, is not dead, but has thrown off its old garment, and clothed in white, has entered a higher sphere of happiness; that she is not far away, but is ever near to soothe and comfort them, then they could place their sweet one in her little grave, and rejoice in its removal from a world of sin and suffering, to the brighter, happier home of spirits.

Dry your tears, mourning parents, for even now, while you are gazing on that little form so stiff and cold in death, its happy spirit is hovering over you, endeavoring to impress upon your minds the truth, that it is not dead, but gone before. Weep not so wildly over its clay.

"'Tis but the casket lieth there.— The gem that filled it sparkles yet."

Oh, is it not a beautiful belief that the spirits of our dear departed friends watch over us, leading us in the flowery paths of peace and love? That we are ever surrounded by angels who ever whisper sweet words of hope to our sorrowing hearts?

Would that all could enjoy this belief—that different views would they entertain of death! There is no death. 'Tis but a change, a removal from this sphere, to the gloriously happy home not far away, but near, and around us, where dwell the pure spirits of those we have mourned as lost. Though invisible to us, they hover around to soothe and bless us when we are oppressed with grief, and our hearts are heavy with mourning. Weary indeed would be this life, were it not for those sweet angel voices that are ever breathing messages of love to my soul; those little rays of sunshine steal into the garden of my heart, and the sweet flowers of hope and happiness spring up in the place that has been overgrown with the weeds of doubt and fear.

The mother feels that her child is gone forever; her desolate heart tells her that she is childless. The cradle, where its little eyes used to close so sweetly in gentle slumber, the toys in which it took so much delight, all tend to bring up in her mind fresh recollections of her loved one; and, as she tries to check the rising emotion, tears will burst afresh from the fountains in which they have been locked up, in unutterable grief.

Weeping mother, your child is with you still. She is your guardian spirit now continually hovering over you, sowing flowers of hope in the path way of life, and shielding the glorious light of spiritual love in your soul. She still lives, and when you have fulfilled your mission on earth, her spirit will wait you to your heavenly home, where sorrow and death cannot enter in.



ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAR. 7, 1863

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

TWO DOLLARS FIFTY A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. ONE DOLLAR TWENTY-FIVE FOR SIX MONTHS. Single Copies, 5 cents. Money sent at our risk. For all large sums, drafts on New York should be procured, if possible. Canada subscriptions 25 cents additional for postage. Foreign subscriptions one dollar extra. Single copies of the HERALD OF PROGRESS may be obtained of all the News Dealers throughout the country. Sample copies mailed from this office on application. A limited number of advertisements will be received at the rate of ten cents a line for the first insertion, and eight cents for each subsequent insertion. All notices, advertisements, or communications, intended for publication, should be sent in the week preceding the date of publication. The earlier the better. All letters to be addressed to A. J. DAVIS & CO., PUBLISHERS, 274 Canal Street, New York. Office Hours, 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Publication Office located a few doors east of No. 416 Broadway.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.—"Tract?" No! I is now ready. See terms in the advertising column.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM is flourishing like a "green bay tree," under the beautiful influences of Music and harmonious teachings. The storms of the last two Sundays did not keep the little ones out of their Groups. Great interest is manifested by both participants and spectators.

Next Sunday at Dodworth's Hall.

The Editor's subject next Sunday morning will be: "THE HUMAN SPIRIT AND ITS CULTURE." In the evening he will continue the description of "Scenes in the Summer-land."

Air-Line Dispatches.

News this week is not important, with one exception—that the attacks on Charleston and Vicksburg are about to commence, on an entirely new plan. Vicksburg will be taken by the "Father of Waters," and Charleston by the so-called Confederates themselves—a mutiny being in process of development. The Free-Labor movement, both in South Carolina and in Florida, is progressing.

Certificates for Sale at this Office.

The citizens of New York and vicinity who wish to establish and attend free Meetings at Dodworth's Hall, can purchase "Certificates" thereof at the office of this Journal. These Certificates, costing three dollars each, entitle holders to seats twice every Sunday for the whole year, being only three cents per Lecture! (See remarks in another column.)

Children's Lyceum.

The excellence of this new organization for children is best seen by contrasting its aims and objects with the avowed purpose of the sectarian Sunday-schools. The Zion Herald thus defines the prime, paramount, and particular object of the Sunday-school: "To promote a familiar acquaintance with the Word of God, and a thorough understanding of it." The study of the Bible—a book concerning which learned men cannot agree, and with which children should have nothing to do—is the avowed work of the Sunday-school.

The Children's Lyceum proposes different work, as will be seen by consulting the plan of organization. Let parents judge which is the better for their children.

Our Dividend.

Very hearty and encouraging responses have been given to our announcement of the fifty-cent dividend, declared on the present volume. So ready are many of the friends of a Progressive Journal to accept such a dividend, that they persist in regarding it as applicable to the past as well as the coming year. Such persons send in accordance with this construction. A few even are led to suppose that any irregularity in the reception of their paper is attributable to their failure to respond.

Let it be well understood that in all cases we send the paper to the full value of the money received. It would be as absurd as unjust to stop sending a paper because only two dollars instead of two and a half are sent. No advance is expected on subscriptions sent prior to our announcement of the increase, and to all who send us two dollars we shall mail forty-two numbers of the HERALD OF PROGRESS; for one dollar, twenty-one.

It is a noticeable fact that as yet we have received but two letters expressive of regret for the advance in price, and very many say they particularly desire that a living price shall be charged, even though it should be five dollars per year.

These and similar assurances, which are the burden of hundreds of letters now coming to this office, mean more to us than a simple earnest of pecuniary support. They indicate that our subscribers begin to understand and reciprocate the feeling we have constantly expressed, that the HERALD OF PROGRESS is not a private concern—that it belongs to the world—that you, reader, as well as we, have a proprietorship in it, and can no better than we afford to see the freest Journal in the world suffer for want of support. We are learning daily that a large class of people in this country begin to know what it means to have a Journal

"devoted to the discovery and application of Truth, pledged to no sect, belonging to no party, not given to one idea." Such an independent, free paper, is now a fixed fact. It has passed through its period of infancy, endured the vicissitudes of financial crises and civil war, and stands more firmly as the months pass. Reader, the HERALD OF PROGRESS will continue. It rests with you to say how many shall read its pages.

A Plan to Make all Spiritual Meetings Free.

REMARKS BY THE EDITOR.

[At the conclusion of his Lecture last Sunday morning, A. J. Davis made the following remarks]:

I wish to make a few remarks in relation to the conduct and organization of these Progressive Meetings. You who are present this morning, are probably well aware that these Sunday gatherings were suspended for a considerable time after Mrs. Cora Hatch departed for the West. Several attempts from time to time were made to recommence and support them. To this end a Committee were appointed, and suitable officers were elected. But they did not perfectly agree among themselves upon the question of paid or volunteer speakers. I was elected Chairman of the Lecturing Committee, and have acted in accordance with the views of nearly all, and there has thus far been no conflict between the prime movers and our large audiences.

Last Tuesday week, however, a plan occurred to me—bolted into my mind—by which we can dispense with the disagreeable feature of a fee at the door, and make this emphatically a "free meeting" of the FRIENDS OF PROGRESS. On every hand I hear the advocates of Spiritual Freedom praying for the complete organization and perpetuation of these profitable gatherings every Sunday. And now, if it be still agreeable to you, I will resign the position of President of the Lecturing Committee, and accept that of Treasurer of the "Society of the Friends of Progress." The duties of these two positions cannot be easily performed by one person. If, then, it be acceptable that Mrs. Davis shall act in the capacity of President of the Lecturing Department, whose duty it shall be to obtain speakers for the desk every Sunday the year round, I will feel at liberty to take charge more particularly and successfully of the finances. The President can be her own Secretary, and the Treasurer his own Secretary, and thus put everything straight in accordance with a simple common-sense business arrangement, by which it will be easy to organize and carry forward meetings of Progressives in the City of New York, and the like arrangements would operate as perfectly throughout the country.

It has been long repugnant to my own feelings to have a money-stax at the door that opens upon these Spiritual principles, but there was no other alternative. Either take a fee from every one who came, or else have no meetings at all. I saw no wealthy individual or combination of persons ready to advance the requisite amount of means. These meetings should be kept in operation without talking about money; it is a repulsive feature in all religious gatherings, and, as you all know, it invariably exerts a very bad influence upon both friends and strangers.

Look at the different plans of supporting free Progressive Meetings. One is to pay for the hall-rent by private subscription, and then pay speakers by contributions. Persons on this plan, must be appointed to collect money for the speakers directly from the audience. This plan has succeeded partially, but invariably with dissatisfaction somewhere. At the end of the year a few persons friendly to the cause would be called upon to supply the large deficiency. These persons would thus assume to bear far more than their share of the burden. Of course they rapidly grow "lukewarm," and say: "We have done more than our parts; now let others come up and take their share of the responsibility and expense."

I do not blame them. They have a right to "back out," and to become indifferent. They have justice with them. They have paid much, while others, equally able, have done little or nothing.

Again, suppose a collection be taken after the Lecture to pay the speaker. Perhaps the lecturer will have come from a considerable distance, but the contributions taken up would not be enough to pay the little bill at the hotel and the fare as far as Springfield. The effect of this is to drive all the best Speakers out of the field. It is unworthy of people who believe in justice and progression, and it is particularly unworthy of the citizens of New York who assemble at Dodworth's Hall.

Now I have a plan in my mind, which will, I think, solve this "vexed question," not only for the Progressive Meetings of this city, but for all similar meetings within civilization.

It seems to me that only two Heads and two Departments are necessary for the organization and regulation of these gatherings—a Treasurer, who should be his own Secretary, and a President, who should see that the room-trunk is all the time supplied with talented speakers, either normal or inspirational. The efforts of the President will be directed to making the meetings regular, practicable, and spiritualizing. The plan, furthermore, is, to ascertain how many spaces there are in the Lecture-room for the accommodation of individuals. By surveying the floor of this Hall, we find that there are 650 spaces. Therefore 650 persons can be comfortably accommodated with seats during the delivery of a Lecture. Now, suppose we dispose of 500 seats, leaving 150

places to be occupied by persons who do not yet choose to cooperate with us, or who may not be able to pay anything. Spiritualists do not own their Lecture-rooms, and have not the control of public Halls; of course they cannot rent pews, nor benches, nor number the chairs and sell them to the highest bidders. I am glad that Spiritualists cannot do these things. Friends of Progress throughout the country avail themselves of public Halls, and for pews, take the seats provided for them by the proprietors of those Halls. We do not want any exclusiveness, but we all want a place where we can feel free to sit and listen to what we believe is good to promote the physical advancement and spiritual perfection of the human race. There need be no distinctions between rich and poor. Let us all over the country make our Meetings strictly democratic, and consistent with the principles of Progress. The congregations should always vote for the election of their President and Treasurer. Of course a Committee may start the wheels. When appointments or elections of officers are to be made—who should continue in duty for six months or a year—they should be made by the congregation who have cooperated on the plan herein suggested.

And this plan is, as above intimated, to sell seats or spaces for 500 persons, leaving 150 extra places for the public.

Under the present arrangement, if you should attend here only every Sunday evening through the year and pay ten cents admission at the door, your individual expense would be five dollars. If you wish to come also in the morning, and pay but five cents admission at the door—which plan does not pay our expenses—then the Lectures will cost you seven dollars and fifty cents per annum. Then there is the disagreeable fact of having a gentleman stationed at the entrance taking taxes from all who wish to investigate. Hundreds of good people come to hear these truths, who honestly feel that they ought not to be taxed in that showman-like manner. This universal repugnance to paying money at the door of a Spiritual Lecture-room is a compliment to human nature. Some say it is all a money-making matter. Let them say it. It is a flippant remark, made without consideration. Others say: "We will not pay an admission-fee; we ought to have free meetings." And yet many of these men are wealthy. It is, in my opinion, a compliment to the finer sentiments of the mind. This showman-like commerce at the door, taken in connection with the ideas which you are invited to listen to, is really discordant, and the two cannot be harmonized with each other. The taking up of "collections" has also always been repugnant. Both plans have always been impediments to the progress of ideas and the expansion of spiritual Education on the platform.

Now, as a system of abolishing these disagreeable means of defraying expenses, suppose an arrangement be made by which you each pay three dollars for a Certificate, which will entitle the holder to one seat every Sunday morning and evening through the whole year. If you should change your residence, you can either sell the Certificate to some person who would gladly take it, or else receive the amount due on it, from the time of presentation, at the office of the Treasurer. If we can dispose of 500 of them at three dollars a piece, these Meetings can and will go on successfully. We can obtain and reward good Talent, and obtain as fine Music as can be heard in the city. And no talk about money from one year's end to another! Persons deeply interested in, and who are able to indorse the cause of Progress, may, perhaps, be inclined to take more than one seat. Such holders of Certificates can dispose of them later in the year to persons who may have become interested in our principles.

On concluding these remarks, the Certificates were offered to the congregation, and a large number of them were immediately taken. The plan met with very general approval, and the prospect is fair for permanent free Meetings in New York.—[Rep.]

"Spirit Photographs."

The letters of Dr. Gardner and John Latham, published in the Banner of Light, and alluded to last week, express in distinct terms the conviction of these two parties that at least two of the alleged spirit-pictures were produced by deceptive means. The proof is found in the exact resemblance of two alleged spirit-forms to the likeness of a living person whose photograph was taken at Mrs. Stuart's rooms some months since.

We have seen the two "spirit"-pictures, but not the original. We would not hesitate to declare the two to be likenesses of one person.

Our position in respect to these pictures is the same as it has been. We believe spirit-photographs to be possible. The claim of Mr. Mumler's pictures to be accepted as such rests on testimony in each and every case. We have only declared upon some of this testimony, which has been clear and indisputable.

The fact that a "spirit"-form is the likeness of a living person, though affording strong presumptive proof of deception, is not absolutely conclusive, especially when the conditions essential to a fraud appear to be wanting, since, if it is possible to produce a spirit-image at all, it is equally possible for a spirit to reflect an image of a mortal, though extremely unlikely to be done.

The repeated calls for decisive statements from us, as to these pictures, have not yet and will not betray us into any pre-judgment or hasty decision. We have not hesitated to declare upon the plain and reliable statements of trustworthy persons. Such testimony applies only to certain pictures. As to others—unattested—we have nothing to say; nor is

there aught discouraging to us in the fact that this, with other manifestations, has to be settled to each investigator by evidence conclusive to him, and often to him alone. Fortunately there is no court of inquiry whose report on these pictures is "final."

With respect to Mr. Burr's explanation on our first page, it seems to us that the most probable theory as to the mode by which a genuine spirit-picture is produced fully accords with the positions he has taken. It is quite as possible to interpose a spirit-image in the air as a deceptive image on glass.

Mr. Burr's position with respect to recognition is clearly well taken. Let it be remembered that this applies also to the question of resemblance, on which the sole proof of fraud thus far rests. For simple justice to Mr. Mumler, either as an honest medium or most expert trickster, requires us to admit that no single person has alleged the existence of even the slightest appearance of deception in his arrangements or operations. Those who have enjoyed the freedom of his rooms for days and weeks, fail to discover a single suspicious indication. So far as known, his methods do not differ from those of other photographers.

C. M. P.

Since the above was written, we have received this week's Banner of Light, in which appears the following card, to which, we trust, Mr. Mumler will promptly respond, and afford every desired facility.

A CARD.

I propose to go Mr. Mumler's rooms with a committee of disinterested men and an honest reporter, and I will then and there, in presence of that committee and reporter, discover and exhibit the trick of spiritual-photography as done by said Mumler, if he, Mumler, will grant said committee, reporter, and myself, the same privileges that I have heard he has given to Mr. Guay, who has written favorably of his (Mumler's) operations in regard to spirit-photography. CHAS. B. BOYLE.

Mr. Waters, whose readings and recitations have been well received in private circles in this city, will give an entertainment at Dodworth's Hall on Friday evening, March 6, at 8 o'clock. Among his best recitations is one of Poe's inspirations through Miss Duten.

REVUE SPIRITUALISTE—Ire Livraison, 1863.

Paris: Rue du Bouloi 21. CONTENTS: 1. New Examination of the Doctrine of Re-incarnations. 2. Photography of Spirits—Recent Facts. 3. Extract from a Letter relative to "the Medium, Foster, addressed to Baron Reichenbach. 4. Tasso a Medium—His Familiar Spirits—His Confessions and Reasonings upon the Subject. 5. Remarkable Facts of Recent Occurrence in Switzerland and at Paris. 6. Bibliography: "The Plurality of Inhabited Worlds," by M. Camille Flammarion. Subscription price of this French Monthly is 14 francs.

Brief Items.

Gen. Fremont received a most enthusiastic greeting at the President's levee on Monday evening last.

It is announced that General Sigel has resigned his command in the Army, owing to irreconcilable differences with the Commander-in-Chief.

The New York Board of Aldermen passed a resolution tendering a public reception to Fitz John Porter, and condemning his dismissal. Mayor Opdyke promptly vetoed the unreasonable resolutions.

Jeff. Davis has issued a proclamation calling for a day of fasting and prayer on the 27th of March. The rebels are to pray that "Almighty God will scatter their enemies." How embarrassing such petitions must be to the One to whom they are directed!

Gen. Banks has issued another proclamation, in which he again ignores the individual rights of the blacks. He recognizes only the Government and the planters, and disposes of the blacks arbitrarily, directing that they shall work without pay, &c. His operations will please the rebels.

N. Frank White has again withdrawn from the Lecture-field, having accepted an appointment on the Staff of Col. D. M. Fox, of the Twenty-seventh Michigan Regiment, and will at once proceed to the seat of war in the West.

William Wells Brown, Dr. Smith, and Charles Lenox Remond, all colored, have been appointed recruiting agents for the 54th Mass. regiment. The camp was opened at Readville on Saturday last, with thirty recruits.

A proposition is now before the Rebel Congress to sell into perpetual slavery every negro captured from the Union armies. This is an improvement; the practice has been to shoot all such prisoners.

The Traveller wittily says—"When Gen. McClellan visited Sharp's factory in Hartford, they gave him a handsome rifle. It is safe to say the weapon will never hurt anybody."

The appraisers of the slave property of the late Charles Carroll of Maryland, have made their returns to the Orphans' Court, assessing the value of 130 slaves at an average of only \$5 a piece.

Gen. R. H. Milroy, of Indiana, in writing of the northern traitors, says: "I join with my fellow soldiers of the Union everywhere in warning these traitors at home, that when we have crushed armed treason at the South and restored the sovereignty of our Government over these misguided States, (which, under God we surely will do) we will, upon our return, while our hands are in, also exterminate the treason at the North, by arms, if need be, and seal, by the blood of traitors, wherever found, the permanent peace of our country and the perpetuity of free government to all future generations."

Mr. Mason has been afforded a public reception in London, the Lord Mayor presiding.

The Polish insurrection continues to spread.

A somewhat stormy meeting had been held upon the slavery question at Everton. Resolutions sympathizing with the North and Emancipation were finally passed by a vote of two to one.

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 Harmonical Philosophy of Creation.

ABSTRACT OF A LECTURE BY A. J. DAVIS.

[NOTE.—The following Lecture is deemed necessary to complete the thoughts started in last week's discourse on “The End of the World.” Another Lecture by the Editor will appear in our next issue.—R.E.F.]

The great original, ever-existing, omniscient, omnipotent, and omnipresent productive power—the Soul of all existences—is thronged in a central sphere, the circumference of which is the boundless universe, and around which solar, sidereal, and stellar systems revolve, in silent, majestic sublimity and harmony!

The first goings forth or out-births from this great celestial Center, are spiritual or vital suns. These, after due elaboration or gestation, give birth to natural suns—those that become cognizable to the outward or natural senses of man. These again become centers, or mothers, from which earths are born, with all the elements of matter, and each minutest particle infused with the vivifying, vitalizing spirit of the parent Formator.

The PROGRESS OF CREATION is from the lower to the higher, from the crude to the refined, from the simple to the complicated, from the imperfect to the perfect—but in distinct degrees or congeries. That is, the lower must first be developed, to elaborate the materials, and prepare the way for the higher.

As one forcible evidence of the fact of vegetables first originating from the elements of the rock on which they germinate, and from the heat, light, atmosphere, and moisture, it is that each rock of different chemical composition, when exposed to these influences, will produce a moss peculiar to itself, and the same rock, in any latitude where it can grow, will always produce a plant of the same species.

The first forms of vegetation were brought into being, and perfected in their kind—elaborating from their own substance a germ or nucleus of vitality with the impress of its own individuality, enclosed within a receptacle capable of preserving and sustaining it, till the favorable action of the elements (in heat, light, moisture, and the soil) could bring forth from each germ or seed “an image and likeness” of its parent—the organized substance or body of the original plant, having performed the ultimate object of its existence, dies, and the elements of which it is composed mingle with the thin soil on the surface of the rocks, adding to its substance, increasing its complexity, and refining its particles; so that, with the return of the vernal equinox, and the genial rays of the sun, not only the seeds of the old lichen unfold and expand into the same species, but a new and more complicated plant, with distinct and marked differences (perhaps a fern) makes its appearance, and rears its graceful stem and spreads its glossy foliage above the lowly moss.

Thus the ever-present and ever-active principle of vitality and creative Energy, acting and reacting upon the materials of our globe, started the kingdoms of Nature, which have and will ever continue to progress—from the simple to the more complicated vegetable forms: animalcule, infusoria, radiata, mollusca, vertebrata, and Man as the Ultimate. The lowest and imperfect first, and the more complex and perfect after, in regular progression, but in distinct degrees. Each new type being dependent upon all that preceded it for its existence, but yet distinct and different from its predecessors.

Thus it requires certain conditions, proportions, and combinations of elementary inorganic substances to produce a vegetable—and vegetable growth is dependent entirely upon elementary regimen—while animals cannot be produced or sustained in their existence by inorganic or elementary matter. The organic compounds of the blood, muscular fiber, gelatin, skin, hair, nails, or horns, &c., are all formed in exact constituents or proportions from the elementary particles that enter into their composition by the vegetable. The vegetable kingdom must, therefore, have existed before the animal—the vegetable realm being the stepping-stone, or connecting-link, between the elementary or mineral kingdom and the animal. Hence, if the vegetable kingdom should by any cause be blotted out from the face of the earth, the animal would soon be annihilated.

Each type of the endless variety of inorganic and organized substances, are but links in the great chain of cause and effect, and each type or species is so marked and distinct as easily to be distinguished, and each variety and unity of the human species is so indelibly stamped with its own perfected individuality, as to be recognized from the myriads of the same species.

Thus, fixed, unvarying, and universal laws of the Father govern and regulate all his works. From the first fiat that was sent forth throughout all the ramifications of the Universe, spiritual, physical, and celestial, eternal unity, order, and harmony reigns—conception, development, progression, and perfection, mark all his work, and all point with irresistible force of reason and demonstration to the immortality of the Soul.

in the proper proportions to form the atmosphere; oxygen and hydrogen have combined to form water; oxygen and silicon have entered into an adamantine embrace to form quartz rock; oxygen and carbon have formed a tripartite union with calcium, producing immense beds of carboniferous lime-stone. Numerous other combinations of oxygen with gases, metals, and other elements—and these again combining with other simple or compound substances—have brought out of this vast amorphous mass of elementary materials, as they existed in an intensely heated and rarefied state, when first thrown off from the sun, new, and more solid, and more permanent forms.

In all this beautiful, harmonious, and ever-progressive play of productive affinities, oxygen plays a very conspicuous part, as a positive, energizing, vitalizing principle—electricity, galvanism, and magnetism, being different developments of the same principle. It appears to have grasped, and to have held fast within its embrace the very germs of vitality. Phosphorus is another form of its tangible development, not yet understood by chemists or physiologists. No living plant or animal can exist without it. It is always found in the seeds and germinal principles, and in the substances of the brain and nerves, but in no other part of vegetables or animals, as entering into an organic compound.

In the course of time, when “the waters had subsided,” the heat and light emanating continually from the sun—upon the waters of the seas, and in rain, and mist, and dew—acted upon the surfaces of the granite and other rocks, abrading, decomposing, and uniting with their elements to produce other new compounds of a more refined and perfect nature. Thus, large beds of gelatinous matter were formed in shallow pools beneath the water-level, and a slimy coating upon the surfaces of the rocks above the water. (See Great Harmony, vol. 5.) Thus soil was first formed—a preparation, elaboration, and combination of material, susceptible of developing vegetable life, marine and terrestrial. The first vegetable forms springing from these slimy rocks, were simple and not defined in their structure, being lichens, or cryptogamous plants, about seventy per cent. of whose substance is gelatin.

As one forcible evidence of the fact of vegetables first originating from the elements of the rock on which they germinate, and from the heat, light, atmosphere, and moisture, it is that each rock of different chemical composition, when exposed to these influences, will produce a moss peculiar to itself, and the same rock, in any latitude where it can grow, will always produce a plant of the same species, and each plant in its turn, of the thousands of classes, orders, genera, species, and varieties now in existence, will invariably produce an animalcule, or insect, peculiar to itself. These are facts that have been abundantly substantiated by the most scientific naturalists of the age.

The first forms of vegetation were brought into being, and perfected in their kind—elaborating from their own substance a germ or nucleus of vitality with the impress of its own individuality, enclosed within a receptacle capable of preserving and sustaining it, till the favorable action of the elements (in heat, light, moisture, and the soil) could bring forth from each germ or seed “an image and likeness” of its parent—the organized substance or body of the original plant, having performed the ultimate object of its existence, dies, and the elements of which it is composed mingle with the thin soil on the surface of the rocks, adding to its substance, increasing its complexity, and refining its particles; so that, with the return of the vernal equinox, and the genial rays of the sun, not only the seeds of the old lichen unfold and expand into the same species, but a new and more complicated plant, with distinct and marked differences (perhaps a fern) makes its appearance, and rears its graceful stem and spreads its glossy foliage above the lowly moss.

Thus the ever-present and ever-active principle of vitality and creative Energy, acting and reacting upon the materials of our globe, started the kingdoms of Nature, which have and will ever continue to progress—from the simple to the more complicated vegetable forms: animalcule, infusoria, radiata, mollusca, vertebrata, and Man as the Ultimate. The lowest and imperfect first, and the more complex and perfect after, in regular progression, but in distinct degrees. Each new type being dependent upon all that preceded it for its existence, but yet distinct and different from its predecessors.

Thus it requires certain conditions, proportions, and combinations of elementary inorganic substances to produce a vegetable—and vegetable growth is dependent entirely upon elementary regimen—while animals cannot be produced or sustained in their existence by inorganic or elementary matter. The organic compounds of the blood, muscular fiber, gelatin, skin, hair, nails, or horns, &c., are all formed in exact constituents or proportions from the elementary particles that enter into their composition by the vegetable. The vegetable kingdom must, therefore, have existed before the animal—the vegetable realm being the stepping-stone, or connecting-link, between the elementary or mineral kingdom and the animal. Hence, if the vegetable kingdom should by any cause be blotted out from the face of the earth, the animal would soon be annihilated.

Each type of the endless variety of inorganic and organized substances, are but links in the great chain of cause and effect, and each type or species is so marked and distinct as easily to be distinguished, and each variety and unity of the human species is so indelibly stamped with its own perfected individuality, as to be recognized from the myriads of the same species.

Thus, fixed, unvarying, and universal laws of the Father govern and regulate all his works. From the first fiat that was sent forth throughout all the ramifications of the Universe, spiritual, physical, and celestial, eternal unity, order, and harmony reigns—conception, development, progression, and perfection, mark all his work, and all point with irresistible force of reason and demonstration to the immortality of the Soul.

Mother conjugated and displayed! And how real, conclusive, and overwhelming the evidence—appealing directly to the senses, the intellect, and the affections—of the self-conscious, immortal existence and progressive happiness of the “spirit” that is within us! The human species being the last and highest Type upon our earth, and the only one possessing reason and intelligence that examines and investigates all that is beneath and around itself, and that has a consciousness of the future—endeavoring to raise or draw aside the thin, semi-transparent veil that hangs suspended between the physical and spiritual existence—analogous “reasoning from what we know,” points directly not only to the probability, but to the absolute certainty and necessity of a future existence—to the Summer-Land!

All organic forms below man not only produce their like, but the substances of their material forms mingle with previously-formed compounds, to produce a new and distinct type superior to itself. But the human type has no superior development, and there is no retrogression in the works of Nature. Each new unfolding is superior to the preceding. Man, then, is destined for other and higher Spheres. In those Spheres, or new states of existence, man's spirit must present not only an “image and likeness” of Nature and God, but a consciousness of identity and individual selfhood. Feeling and knowing this, he should so live while in this rudimentary and preparatory state of existence, that all his physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual structure, formation, growth, and maturity, be fully developed, cultivated, and perfected, so that when the “mortal puts on immortality,” and seeks “a home in the heavens,” it can expand into a celestial being without spot or blemish to mar its beauty, or impede its progress in bliss and glory.

Society in Switzerland.

LETTER FROM HERMANN STUDDOR.

EDITOR OF THE HERALD, DEAR SIR: According to the promise I made on leaving America, to write from Switzerland for the HERALD, I at last make up my mind to make the effort. It is true I have delayed so long that I almost feel ashamed to appear before the editor; but better late than never; and I trust you won't be hard on a repentant sinner. Moreover, I can trump up some good excuses for having been silent so long. Immediately after my arrival here, I would not write, because I was not willing to give first impressions for realities; and then my duties as a teacher summoned up all my energies for a good while, to work myself up again to the high standard of qualification they have here for this profession, especially for teachers of higher public schools; for it has again fallen to my lot to become one of this order. Now, lately, you, Switzerland correspondent, “May Morning,” has threatened me with a denunciation of my beloved bride as the cause of my obstinate silence; so I must, “bon gré, mal gré,” take up my pen, and, as a valiant knight, stand before the dame of my heart to ward off such an accusation from her.

I hope you will excuse me if you find my writings somewhat incoherent, for I have not one half-day left myself, lessons at the public school that are entrusted to me and private lessons alternating continually, so as to leave me but very little holiday-time, and even this I must, till now, for the greater part, employ in preparing myself for the lessons, or in looking over the scholars' compositions. A teacher here, even of an elementary public school, is something very different from what this class of people are made to be in America—at least in the West.

But what shall I write about? I guess there are a good many things that will interest your progressive readers, so I won't be anxious, but will pick out that which lies nearest to me. That cannot be anything else but educational topics. These must one day become of decided interest to America, too, and then she can nowhere find a better teacher and model than the progressive Cantons of Switzerland, especially “Arktos,” and my own native State—the Massachusetts of the Alpine Republic. And perhaps you have not many a one among your correspondents who is better situated to give you communications about our institutions, since the talented and ever progressively-active “Arktos” has passed to the Better Land.

Our Cantonal or State Constitution requires that there be a public school kept in every township or school section, summer and winter, and the parents are responsible for sending their children to it. From seven to thirteen years is the age of obligatory school-time for all the children of our people, with no exception. Rich and poor go alike, and if some families of the higher classes wish to educate theirs in aristocratic seclusion, which very seldom occurs, they can only do so by sending them to some private educational institution—all of which are under the supervision of our Board of Public Education—or by engaging family-teachers, who must have passed satisfactory State-examinations. To get them is a pretty difficult task; to keep them still more so, because almost every one prefers a public situation to a private one.

But, as I have remarked, such aristocratic seclusion but very rarely occurs, because nearly every one perceives and admits that education in a good public school is infinitely superior to that of almost any private institution. The better ones, too, never can keep talented teachers for a long period, the situation as a teacher of a public school being much more safe, influential, and independent, and therefore desirable. And we are so shortsighted here as to believe that a teacher's work in any community cannot be attended with remarkable success unless he remain in his position for some years. The Cantonal

Constitution forbids every school-district to remain longer than two years without electing definitely a teacher. Such an one cannot be sent away again by his district, unless he has done some criminal offense which unfits him totally for an educational profession, or if it be clearly proven that he does not fill all the position in his trust. That's a point concerning which our people did not go to school with the Americans, and never will, because they know that, in order to have good, trustworthy servants, the people must offer them something good in return, and not make them the prey of every public caprice. So much, for once, about the teacher's position. That of other public officers is analogous to his.

Now some may be surprised at my allusion to the parents being legally obliged to send their children to the public schools or to give the authorities satisfactory evidence that they give them an education not inferior to that. It savors strongly of coercion. But our people and lawmakers argue as follows: Children are the State's greatest treasures if they are well educated; but if misdirected, they may also become a curse to society, and in this case the whole people have to suffer the consequences; hence results the right of society to interfere with the parents' sovereignty by enforcing upon them the duty to give their children such an education as society, represented through its authorities, sees fit to institute as a standard. We have not yet so far advanced in individual development as to be spiritually ripened for the acceptance of the maxim: Help yourself! On the contrary, it is a generally-admitted truth that every human being has a right to a good education, and that it is a momentary duty of the State to provide every one with the means to obtain it. And should parents, unhappily, be so heartless and unconscientious as to deny this prerogative to their offspring, we vindicate to the State the right to hinder them in this uncharitable beginning. To American eyes this may seem an insupportable tutorage, and when, about thirty years ago, these laws were passed in our Legislature, there was many a one dissatisfied with the measure; but now every one is so well accustomed to the new order of things, that they would not give their jewel of public education for anything you might offer them.

This reminds me of the circumstance that I am writing these lines at a moment when I ought to be assembled with the Progressive of the town to celebrate the Anniversary of the Uster-tag (Mass-meeting at Uster), the day when, in the year 1830, a mass-meeting of the people of the Canton of Zurich gave the first impulse to the development especially of our educational institutions. There were other innovations demanded from the aristocratic rulers of the country, but their importance is dimmed by that of the one stated: “We want a new and radical system of a thorough public education as the main pillar of our liberties and welfare,” was the rallying-cry of all the people. “The people's education is their liberation,” was the motto on the banners of the Progressive Party, to which the best and most numerous part of the people joyfully and enthusiastically responded. From that day dates a period of most successful and unparalleled progress in our community, and therefore it is celebrated throughout the Canton somewhat like your Fourth of July.

As already remarked, of all the innovations then given impulse to, none is in such lively remembrance as the creation of our system of public education. This has become the people's eye-ball, and they have guarded it with the most vigilant jealousy in a time when it was endangered by the united efforts of aristocrats and priests. Now this vigilance is no more needed, the emmity to the institution having almost totally died out; even the clergy had no other chance than to reconcile themselves to it; there are some among them who even work for its cause with a commendable zeal.

The general standard of schools can nowhere be elevated without procuring to the teachers a better social and economical position. This truth has been understood by our people and their representatives; for, as to the first, the teacher has not much more to wish for; his vocation is looked on as one of the most important of the community. In speaking of the economical point, I must confess that nobody will get rich by teaching, it is very true; but if once chosen teacher of a school, a man is sure of his position, is independent, has a fixed home—in the country not alone in an abstract sense—the country school-houses always containing good dwellings for the teachers' family.

My eye has just been caught by an article in the HERALD about the Emancipation of Woman, so I'll stop my talk about educational and school-masterly matters to say a word in respect to that topic. In the first place, let it be remarked here for the Emancipationists' notice, that I beg them, for their own sake, not to send any apostles here, for we are not yet spiritually ripe for the decision of such momentous questions as whether woman be only equal or superior to man. Both sexes have grown up, have gone to school together, and learnt there, along with many other things, to esteem one another. Boys might see that the girls are, in many respects, their superiors, and vice versa. Just now they are, in a small Canton or State of our Confederacy, at work to revise their Constitution, and beside many other desiderata offered for consideration, some women drew up a petition, asking for themselves and their Sisters the right to vote. The fact was spread in our newspapers as a curiosity, but if anybody should think that those women were scoffed and sneered at, he would be guessing in the wrong direction.

If they insist *en masse* upon their petition, I am sure they will succeed. But since the rumor of that petition, some two months have passed by, and already the thing is forgotten. Most women of Baselland, I presume, have found it a little out of their place to meddle with State affairs. We do not at all pretend here that woman is inferior to man, but we believe that a naturally and healthily developed woman will care more about household and family affairs than about what lies farther off. Are they, perhaps, of less importance? When, lately, I read in the HERALD that Mrs. Farnham had given a lecture at Cooper Institute to prove the equality—nay, even the superiority—of woman to man, I involuntarily muttered: “Nonsense!” Of course, your Emancipationists won't care much about the notions of a dull European. This we knew long ago—that the two sexes are both superior to one another, but in different respects.

But it seems to me that this Emancipation-fever has in America the same kind of work to do that the romantic age—the time of the Troubadours, the Minnesingers—has completed in old, petrified Europe. We have had our age of romantic poetry, and even of late we have had, especially in Germany, a revival and flourishing of that nonsense—that losing oneself, with all his reasoning faculties, in a maze of dim, unsettled feeling. And as this romantic school had made it chiefly their task to revive the by-gone romantic age—the eccentric spirit of the middle ages in religion and love—woman has been deified by them in a degree, that, now, after the lapse of about forty years, and in an age of sober reflection, we hardly can conceive. But all that has secured to the cultured German woman a regard and a social standing that won't be very far remote from what Nature intended for her in the present general state of mankind.

After having decanted so much about Emancipation of Woman, I'll have to show that I am not at all so hard on the reformatory efforts of American women. In the first place, let me remark that I believe it to be no very unreasonable hypothesis to conjecture that very likely they would have managed things not in the least in a worse way than the lords of creation have done, and do yet. Here my country must come in, to make my title good as a friend of woman. The following is a brief notice clipped from a newspaper: “Postmaster of Tagerweilen has been appointed: Miss Mary Riedemann, daughter of the deceased Postmaster.” That's one instance from among dozens of them. Here are, too, scores of women who carry on their own business—the husband has no right to his wife's dowry without her consent. That's practical Emancipation, with neither superiority nor inferiority on either side. So there is little hope to convert the people of the Old World to the notions of Mrs. Farnham, and she would not go into a very brilliant business if she should attempt to prove to our ladies their superiority over their brothers and husbands. They would not like to revel in a high-toned self-consciousness if it should be paid with their esteem for their fathers. And the same reasoning holds good with the stronger sex. We find it to be a thing of course, that each sex looks to its counterpart as the embodiment of beauty, goodness, and truth, and there is something wrong in Denmark if either one begins to belittle the other. But for once I'll stop with that; maybe I'll return to it another time, if some new digression in the HERALD again rooses my wrath.

Now some gleamings from my “Note-book” —for you must know that I have been collecting notes all the time, though I deferred writing so long. Here's one: “They all look contented and happy.” That leads me back to a delightful Monday morning of last summer. I was on a boat, steaming up the beautiful Lake of Zurich—that gem amid a landscape well worth being compared to a gold ring—and had entered into conversation with some English tourists, who were admiring the enchanting shores and the majestic Alpine pyramids before us. We spoke of the country, the people, and the institutions of the State. “The country must be well governed,” one of the tourists said; “there seem to be comfort and welfare everywhere; and as to the people, they all look contented and happy.” If this circumstance already strikes an Englishman, how much more must it be the case with one who directly comes back from America, that country of hurry and restlessness, where every one seems to be running a race to perfection. Here at least the faces appear to indicate that their owners, at times, live for something better.

I quite deliberately wrote “at times,” for here, too, the materialistic interests are but too much in the foreground; but the State takes hold of the ideal interests of society, especially of the religious and educational institutions, so that there is (or at least ought to be) always a fraction, not unimportant at all, of citizens who do not exclusively devote themselves to money-making. America has, so far as I know, no such class of people; she has no legally-protected situations to offer them. Americans may talk as much as they please about freedom for every religious denomination. This is all well in theory, but in practice you will find that without State-church and State-schools, this freedom is but too apt to lead to a mercenary preaching and teaching. The bearers of these institutions cannot develop independently; they must covet popularity, and thereby lose their own individuality. Here and there, it is true, the American system may point to a prominent champion of free thought who has been or is being backed by a free-minded community, but the main mass of teachers and preachers will always conform to the views and wishes of their congregations, and beware not to hurt their feelings.

and prejudices. How differently where they are, if once elected, independent of the caprices of even a majority of their communities! Here they can progress, go in advance of their congregations, and clear the way. They may prove drawbacks to the wheels of the chariot of Progress, too; but if the people—even only a minority—are progressive, those "servants" will be carried forward by the overwhelming current of public opinion, or they are absorbed—morally forced to abandon their places—for "Truth is mighty, and will prevail." Should there be an incompetent in some place, he only will and must rouse his congregation, by his presence, to resist his influence; they must combat it; while in such a loose coherence (or none at all) as that of the American people, no one cares about the other. Just give America our religious and educational institutions, and you will see the number of active Reformers increase amazingly.

But just mark how that simple note, "They all look contented and happy," has carried me off, even to churches and the clergy! Dear reader, do not blame me for this running away with my subject. I shall and will reform in due time. For now I have the arrogance to believe that, scribble whatever I may, something new and profitable, little though it be, must come out for somebody on the other side of the creek.

"Temperance versus Sauser!" That was written last fall, when vintage was over. The grape-juice, when it is warm with fermentation, is called Sauser, and our people like it then as a very agreeable, healthful beverage. And, indeed, such it is. If you drink it, the carbonic acid developed by fermentation will descend again through your nose, and you pretty soon will feel the intoxicating effects of the draught. So it is no rare occurrence in Sauser-time to see otherwise worthy and sober persons "sailing a little before the wind." But just let them keep quiet, forbear quarreling, and nobody will think any harm about it. It is true, an American rowdy, even in a fashionable dress-coat, would not fight—in *vino veritas*; not so here; quarrels and fights got up by intoxicated persons are pretty rare occurrences, and so are families ruined through drunkenness of their heads. So I hope you won't fly into a moral indignation if I tell you that our people make merry over the occasional unsteadiness of some in that time. Whenever the vineyards look well and promising, you may hear the hope inspired thereby expressed in the following words: "This fall, the guard-stones of the streets and the corners of houses ought to be bolstered up again," and even a preacher or teacher would be excused, if it should ooze out that he had been in a somewhat suspicious plight.

"It is a pity that the morals of the people are so corrupted," you probably think, and our doctors agree with you, though not for the same reasons. They generally complain in that Sauser-season that they have almost nothing to do, because every body prefers curing himself with Sauser rather than to take their nauseous stuff. Many a man and woman with weak stomachs and bowel complaints look to that beverage as a panacea, and in most cases not in vain. Conscientious doctors themselves recommend its use rather than their medicines, and *probatum est!* So take care where you are running to with your temperance fever. Parker has already told you that in Continental Europe, with all her vineyards, orchards, and breweries, there is ten times less drunkenness than in temperance-land America. Did Cervantes have a prae-teric glimpse of the T. T.'s of our days, when he wrote his hero's adventure with the wind-mills?

In one of the Cantons of our Confederacy—that of Berne—they complain very much of the habit of the people to drink "schnapps," and in truth it is a lamentable fact that the habitual use of this poison is debilitating more and more a part of that robust population. There are villages where you can read on the faces of youth already the effects of this pernicious habit; in some districts they send children to school in the morning without anything for breakfast but schnapps and some bread. The evil has become so glaring as to attract the attention of the "General Swiss Society for Promoting the Common Welfare." And how do they try to remedy the evil? Not by Maine Liquor Laws! They offer premiums for the encouragement of the culture of cider-apples and pears, because they know that people will certainly let alone the bad stuff if they offer them something better, and just as cheap.

I must close this letter; the paper is giving out. In my next I shall probably give a report of those Stanz mysteries. By them the Rochester knockings, the Stratford mysteries, and I believe, all the American manifestations, are surpassed—completely outdone. They happened principally last fall. Voices were even heard speaking—airs sung. Similar manifestations must have happened in numerous other places, for Mr. Joller, the martyr of those Stanz mysteries, has received a host of letters from different quarters reporting similar occurrences. But here the manifestations seemed to attach to the locality, for since the family removed to Zurich, they are at rest. They were quite at a loss what to think of the matter, until, lately, I brought them some light into the affair. Now they regret not to have communicated with the hidden intelligences.

I close my epistle with my best wishes for the *HERALD* and its contributors. Let them give their whole heart to the noble task of rendering America again the hope of the nations. Fraternal, yours, HERMANN STUDOR. WADENSWIL, Switzerland, Nov. 30, 1862.

The Christ Question.

A CONVERSATION. BY I. REHN.

Well, Friend Smith, I see you have been considering the Christ Question, and I should like to learn your views upon the same.

Yes, Brother Brown, I have, and would be happy to reciprocate with you upon that point.

SMITH. With all my heart. And, as we are both Spiritualists, we should accord full liberty of thought and speech, that being one of the fundamentals in our philosophy.

BROWN. Exactly so. And that "liberty" means, in my ethics, a liberty having no restraint save that which true politeness imposes.

S. Yes. That true Christian liberty "where-with Christ hath made us free," and which is shedding its benign influence over the world. It pains me sometimes to hear our Spiritual friends speak so lightly of Christ, and paying so little regard to the authority of his teachings.

B. Have you ever examined into the source of your "pain" on such occasions—to ascertain whether it is greater than would result from like remarks upon any other person, and in regard to any similar "teachings" from another person?

S. I perceive your question presumes a doubt of the Divine character of Christ and his mission; and whilst I do not believe him to be "very God," as the creeds affirm, yet, as he was the best being who ever lived, his precepts and doctrines ought to be regarded, and his mission respected. And hence my pain arises from this fact.

B. I have no doubt but what Christ, if he ever lived, was divine—just as divine as any one else, and no more; and as to his mission and doctrine, I can see nothing in either which claims my veneration more than the missions and doctrines of other equally good men, of whom there, I presume, have been a host. Why you should proclaim him the *best being* who ever lived is a little strange, unless your educational bias be the explanation.

S. Do you, then, deny his having existed? and also doubt his excellence of character? One would think the exalted purity of his doctrine and life sufficient to establish the claim. His ministrations of good to all who were suffering and in want, his continued devotion to the propagation of the gospel of Love, and, more than all, his prayer for his enemies, even at the hour of his crucifixion!

B. I do not deny his having lived, but, as there is no contemporaneous evidence of the fact, and as the only record we have was compiled from tradition, and has passed through very suspicious hands, and been used for very questionable purposes, I should hesitate to receive it as an established thing. Would you receive such testimony as conclusive with regard to the existence of Buddha or Mahomet? As to the works of Christ proving him the best being who ever lived, there may also be some doubt. His active life, according to the account, was but about three years, and though good it may have been, yet history abounds with the examples of martyrs, philanthropists, and good men, giving their lives to their race; and there is scarcely a malefactor who does not before his execution pray for the forgiveness of accuser, judge, jury, and even the hangman.

S. But you should remember that these prayers for the forgiveness of enemies, as made by the malefactors you speak of, are but the results of the indoctrination of love and forgiveness as taught by Christ himself; and so far from being proof of the equality of virtue in this respect and goodness of character, only prove the value of Christ's precepts and example by their becoming the *repeaters* of his exalted words and deeds.

B. I know of no precept uttered by Christ which may not be found in the Decalogue, the writings of Confucius and Plato—many of them almost verbally identical. If, therefore, the prayers, forgiveness, and utterances of malefactors are *repetitions* of Christ, Christ also is a repetition of the Decalogue, Confucius, and Plato. They then stand on equal ground in this regard. If divinity consists only in originality, neither the malefactors nor Christ have much to boast of. As to martyrs, their bones whiten the earth; but martyrdom proves only the zeal of the martyr, and not the truth of his belief.

S. It is not so much the *fact* of the personal existence of Christ I regard, as the spirit of his doctrines, and the "Christ-principle" that I venerate. And though I might not receive such evidence as you name as proof of the existence of Buddha and Mahomet, still I feel the divine mission of Christ to be a truth, and that it is the duty of all to receive him.

B. But what is this "Christ-principle" more than the Confucius-principle, the Plato-principle, or the Howard-principle, or the Jones- or Smith-principle? Are we to understand that the Christ-principle differs from other human principles? and if so, how is it applicable to our human needs? But you "feel the divine mission of Christ!" Do you feel it differently from what the Mussulman feels the divine mission of Mahomet? And will you accept his belief because he feels the truth of Mahomet's mission? Or is Christian feeling truer and diviner than Mohammedan feeling?

from us. Spiritualism will never prosper while so many of its adherents disregard all that is held sacred by the religious world. Our meetings, for the most part, have no semblance of devotion—no unanimity of sentiment. One turns up his nose at Christ, another at Paul, another at the Church, and many even ignore all authority. What can we expect but that infinite variety of sentiment which always attends those who have no standard of faith—no Christ to lead them? B. It is a hopeful sign when we see mankind refuse longer to be led by the nose by an educational Christ, waste their time in giving counsel to Infinite Wisdom, or be warped in their judgments by Bibles. All the faith we place in institutions—whether they be Churches or Churches—to do for us what we should do for ourselves, is at the expense of faith in our own integrity and the divine origin of our own nature; which loss of faith fits us for the performance of unworthy deeds, and lessens our sense of personal responsibility. As to the "Cause," that need give us no concern; if we are true to our nature, we shall advance a cause of more importance than any other. No cause is commensurate in value with mental and spiritual liberty—and if I have learned anything of the Spiritual Philosophy, that is the true spiritual cause. The diversity of sentiment you speak of will hurt no one who is free enough to tolerate it. The particular use of the Christians' Christ, or the Christian Spiritualists' Christ, doth not appear, therefore. For my own part, my life has been short enough, and I can afford to lose none of its experiences, though some of them I would not care to repeat. It would not be well that these experiences be wiped out by atonement any more than it would be well to wipe out our rudimentary literary education. The Christians' Christ would, hence, do us an injury, by depriving us of the profits of our experience, and those consequences which a good God, through his providence, has appended to every act. The Christians tried to put their Christ to some use, though they made a great mistake in the application. But the Christ of the Christian Spiritualist is a pure idol. Shorn of his office of atonement, he is only to be set up and worshipped.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 17, 1863.

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J. M. Peckles, Battle Creek, Mich., last two Sundays in each month.
Miss Lizzie Doten will speak in Lowell, Mass., March 8.
Mrs. M. S. Townsend will speak in Marblehead, Mass., March 8; Providence during April; Philadelphia during May.
Mrs. Augusta A. Currier will lecture in Providence during March. Address Lowell, Mass., box 813.

Dr. James Cooper will speak at Anderson, Ind., March 9th and 10th; Chesterfield, Madison Co., Va. 14 and 15; Morrilton, Randolph Co., 16 and 17.
Mrs. S. E. Warner is engaged to lecture two Sundays in each month in Berlin, and Omro, Wis. Will answer calls to go elsewhere the remainder of the time. Post Office address, box 14, Berlin, Wis.

John McQueen will speak at Bronson, Mich., March 8; Paw Paw, Mich., March 15; Orland, Ind., March 22; Bethel, Mich., April 5. Address Hillsdale, Mich.
Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook will lecture at Bridgeport, Conn., during March; Lowell, Mass., two first Sundays in April; Portland, Me., last two Sundays of April and first two of May. Address box 422, Bridgeport, Conn.

Mrs. L. E. A. DeForce Gordon will lecture in Boston, Mass., March 1 and 8; Chippewa, 15, 22, and 29. Those desirous of securing her services along the route of the Great Western Railroad, C. W., for two first weeks of April will address as above, immediately.

Mrs. Martha Lewis Beckwith, Trance-Speaker, will lecture in Chicago, Mass., March 1 and 8; Somers, Conn., 22d and 29th; Stafford, Conn., April 5th and 12th. Address New Haven, Conn., care of George Beckwith. Reference, H. B. Storer, Boston, Mass.

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"Come in, doctor," said he; "you'll find your god-daughter within, and your brother is not far off."

"My good friend," said the traveler, "there is surely some mistake. My god-daughter—" "Look you there now," interrupted the man, shaking his pine-stick the while to enable him to distinguish the stranger.

"What do you know?" naturally asked the professor. "Nothing!" was the reply; and it caused the doctor to look at his strange visitor most curiously, but with a respectful, an admiring curiosity.

"I will answer them," said Marie. "God willing, I think I have discovered the position in which He is pleased that I shall be placed."

Marie not only answered, she exceeded the expectations of her godfather. And yet she was not a quick girl. She was much better than that merely. She had intellect, and there with she had the most abundant patience, the most unflinching perseverance.

"Well," said she half aloud, as she stood on the little "esplanade" of the village one Sunday evening, looking at the dancers, but thinking of more serious matters—"well, there is something wrong here. It cannot be God's fault. It must, then, be my fault. I will go to monsieur le cure; he of course will put me right."

"Monsieur le cure, however, could not do what was expected of him. A gentle shower of ordinary and well-intentioned platitudes failed to refresh her."

"My child," said the good old man, "it is your duty to be content with the lot which God has assigned to you."

"Monsieur le cure," asked Marie Lucille, "does God always, as you say, fit the back to the burden?"

"Then, said Marie, without the least awe at finding herself about to bestir her arguments—"then I am not in the position assigned to me. The burden I carry is intolerable, not because of its weight, but because it does not fit my back. I would labor twice as long as I do, if the work were different from that to which I am now improperly condemned."

"The cure looked at her with the aspect of a pope on the point of excommunicating a rebel prince who had defied pontifical teaching. She stood the look firmly; not audaciously, but with the strength born of the conviction that she was right, that she knew more about the matter than the priest, and that Heaven would help her if she only strove to help herself."

self shall not be lost for it will (as he believed) appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by the Author."

The Minnesota Indians. Mrs. Jane G. Swishelm, in her lecture on Saturday, demanded of Mr. Lincoln's Administration that it cease to treat the Minnesota Indian assassins as prisoners of war; that it cease to recognize the right of any portion of the people under its jurisdiction to make war on any other portion. She demanded, in the name of Minnesota, the repeal of all laws recognizing or establishing foreign Governments in her midst.

How a Man Feels in Battle. There can be nothing more puzzling than the analysis of one's feelings on a battle-field. You cannot describe them satisfactorily to yourself or others. To march steadily up to the muzzles of a hundred cannon, while they pour out fire and smoke and shot and shell in a storm that mows the men like grass, is horrible beyond description—appalling. It is absurd to say a man can do it without fear.

What ever may be said about "getting used to it," old soldiers secretly dread a battle equally with new ones. But the most difficult thing to stand up under is the suspense while waiting, as we waited in Fredericksburg, drawn up in line of battle, on the edge of the field, watching the columns file past us and disappearing in a cloud of smoke, where horses and men and colors go down in confusion, where all sounds are lost in the screaming of shells, the cracking of musketry, the thunder of artillery, and knowing that our own turn comes next, expecting each moment the word "Forward."

Few perhaps have been in the Isle de Paris without having had their attention directed to the fine old cloister-looking mansion in which she whom I called Marie Lucille labored to admirably effect for rather more than twenty years. In 1855 she withdrew from its superintendence with a fortune which she has right nobly earned; but not until she had provided a successor whose qualifications gave warrant that the establishment and its objects should not suffer.

"I hope," said the prelate, with his joyous laugh, "that you are not alluding to me."

"I fancy," remarked an octogenarian gentleman, who had been a lecturer on therapeutics in his day, "that our friend was thinking of a cure in the Upper Loire."

"I was thinking of a poor girl there who once gathered stones in the field for her daily bread, and who has to-day been associated with duchesses in collecting thank-offerings for victory. The place God expressly intended for her was the one she occupied between those two extremes."

Nature Speaks of Immortality. All the processes of Nature are as God's stereotype-plates—renewed incessantly, varied continually, possessing an inherent life; self-setting types, self-casting plates, by impermanent law, the law of the Spirit of Life, acting in all Nature. It is the spirit of divine intelligence, the spirit of living wisdom, creative wisdom, speaking to faith in forms of life—silent, it may be, to the ear, yet voiceful to the soul and full of meaning.

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