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TO WRITERS AND READERS.

A letter X on the margin opposite this notice is made to indicate to the subscriber that his subscription will soon expire, and that he is invited promptly to renew it, to insure the uninterrupted making of the paper, and to exercise the right of renewal, which in all cases is dated and received from the expiring number. We trust that the interest of no person will expire with his subscription.

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

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

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

Physiological Department.

For the Herald of Progress.

The Asthma.

FRIEND DAVIS: I have been subject to the asthma from childhood up to now, except a few years, to be mentioned presently. I have learned something in regard to it which is of use to me, and thinking that the information may be of some good to a part of your readers, I here submit my conclusions in regard to that exceedingly disagreeable disease. As above mentioned, I was subject to the asthma at times when quite small; but at the age of ten, perhaps, or may be a little earlier or later, the disease left me. I will here mention that a brother, older than myself, was in his early life subject to the asthma, but when quite a boy he fell from a tree, which shocked his system considerably and injured him some for a time, and he was not troubled with the asthma after it.

But to go on with my own story. Up to the age of sixteen, after I got over the asthma, I was strong and healthy in constitution. At sixteen I took a heavy cold, and through negligence and ignorance, it resulted in inflammation of the lungs, which came near terminating my earthly career. A physician was called, however, who brought me through—so that I still remain on this side of "Jordan." He gave me a dose of calomel, however, which destroyed my teeth, and either the calomel or the disease (I hardly suspect the latter) nearly broke down my constitution. My right lung has been rather weak since the inflammation of it, and I have been "short-winded." I have not been able to endure my exertions since this, even in going up to the age of twenty-four, and poor health, frequent colds, and bad coughs attending them. During these last six years—from the age of sixteen to twenty-two—I got hold of Dr. Fitch's *Lectures on Consumption*, and I derived much useful information from the book. Instead of the "inhaling tube" therein described and recommended, I use a goose-quill, cut off so that I can blow through it, leaving a hole just large enough to permit the air to escape sufficiently rapid to not strain the lungs in blowing the breath through the quill, either by the hole being too large or too small—and I have found by actual trial that this simple thing, by thus exercising the lungs, will cure a cough caused by an irritation of the lungs, or the tubes leading to them, when all medicines that I and others could try failed. I believe the quill to be better than the "inhaling tube," because it permits you, without trouble, to inhale the air through its proper channel.

At the age of twenty-two I commenced teaching school. I boarded around in the district; I built my own fires at the school-house; and my employers did not always get breakfast as early as they ought to have done to enable me to get to the school-house in proper season to build a fire and get the house warm by school-time—nine o'clock A. M. The consequence was, that I used to get up from the breakfast-table and start immediately for the school-house on a run. One morning, while hurrying in this way, before I reached the school-house, I found myself afflicted with the tics (perhaps you would spell it *ptysis*, but I don't think it best.) From this time it increased on me. I knew what to do. Two or three times I had very severe attacks, which would last three or four days. During a part of the time it seemed almost impossible for me to live. I used to call on a physician, who gave me sometimes an emetic, and sometimes some blue pills (reader, don't you feel foolish as to take such "stuff?") and during the time I abstained from eating, except a little milk-porridge, perhaps; and after about a week, I was "around again." Finally, about nine years ago, I took a blue-pill when I had the asthma and I took a cold; my joints became sore and nearly useless for some days. For four or five years from this time, several times in the course of a year, my lameness in the joints returned; till by thorough sweating I am now nearly free from it. From the time at which I took the last blue-pill (about nine years ago) no more calomel, blue-pills, or doctors' medicine of any description has passed into my stomach; and I think that, while I keep my senses—such as they are—I have used my last. From the time of the taking of the last blue-pill to the present moment, I have made out my own diagnosis and prescribed for myself; and this exercise of my own judgment and observation has led me to the principal cause of the asthma in those constitutions subject to it, and it has taught me how to pre-

vent it from returning, and to cure it if it does return.

The primary cause of asthma, or why some constitutions are subject to it, and not others, I do not purpose speaking of. You, Friend Davis, say it is owing to a depression of the diaphragm—a thing by no means improbable. I shall only speak of the secondary cause of the asthma.

The secondary cause of the asthma, then, is owing to a derangement of the stomach. A person is always more or less "bilious" when he has the asthma. Indeed, the treatment of the physician, whenever I called on his assistance, was the same as he would recommend for a bilious state of the system. When I have the asthma, the bronchial tubes seem to be inflamed, which causes an amount of mucous to collect that prevents the air from passing into and out of the lungs readily. This inflammation to which I refer (the location of which, perhaps, I have not correctly indicated) is directly dependent—in my case, at least—on the state of the stomach. For instance, if I exercise violently for a short time just after eating, and especially at such times as I am more inclined to the asthma, it brings on the inflammation above referred to, and with it the asthma, which lasts perhaps for an hour, when I spit up a considerable amount of mucus, and I feel the asthma no longer at that time. The violent exertion disturbs the stomach, and this disturbance is transmitted at once—in some instances I have noticed and felt it within fifteen seconds—to those parts that become inflamed when a person has the asthma.

Colds that settle on and inflame the stomach will bring on the asthma, and at such times as I am more inclined to the asthma, it may be necessary to get loose, so that it can be discharged from the mouth.

After I had arrived at the above conclusion, I found—by paying particular attention to the condition of my stomach, taking my meals regularly, and nothing between—that I was free from the asthma. I have felt more of it this spring than I have before within some time.

If any one has the asthma, I would offer him the following remedy: Stop eating, and let your stomach seek its natural condition, and do not tax an organ with drugs that already has a heavier burden than it can bear. Take neither calomel nor blue-pills, nor pills of any other color. Let doctors alone, for they know nothing of the asthma, and can do you no good.

DAVID TROWBRIDGE.

Good Cooking not Inconsistent with Piety.

I've nothin' to say agin' her piety, my dear, but I know very well I shouldn't like her to cook my victuals. When a man comes in hungry an' tired, piety won't feed him, I reckon! I called in one day when she was dishin' up Mr. Truman's dinner, an' I could see the potatoes was as watery as water. It's right enough to be spiritual—I'm no enemy to that; but I like my potatoes meaty. Don't see as anybody'll go to heaven the sooner for not digestin' their dinner—providin' they don't die the sooner, as mayhap Mr. Truman will, poor dear man!—ADAM BENE.

A Physicing Prescription.

The following prescription was brought to one of our druggists, the other day. If the medicine wouldn't physic a man the prescription would:

"Take sceney enoug' to phisick yu put in about the same quantity of mancy and the same of caroliney pink steep them all to gether wone hower strain off ad new milk and molasses to yore tast take a wine glass full evry hower."

—Guttony kills hundreds where one dies of starvation. A single ounce more of food than we need for our proper nutrition, tasks the vital powers and weakens the system. Eating too fast and eating too much are our greatest vices; and these are caused in a great degree by an artificial cookery and the use of condiments and spices.

—In the great numbers of conversions, the stomach is the last member which is converted; and while the soul is wholly sanctified, the stomach often remains a heathen barbarian.

—How foolish for a man to sell his brains for the sake of pleasing a little place in the bottom of his mouth, not two inches square!

Childhood.

"Thou later revelation's silver stream,
Breaking with laughter from the lake divine
Whence all things flow."

Tom's Trial.

It was a pleasant day in that particularly pleasant part of summer time, which the boys call "vacation," when Tiger and Tom walked slowly down the street together. You may think it strange that I mention Tiger first, but assure you Tom would not have been in the least offended by the preference. Indeed, he would have assured you that Tiger was a most wonderful dog, and knew as much as any two boys, though this might be called rather extravagant.

Nearly a year ago, on Tom's birthday, Tiger arrived as a present from Tom's uncle, and as he leaped with a dignified bound from the wagon in which he made his journey, Tom looked for a moment into his great, wise eyes, and impudently threw his arms around his shaggy neck. Tiger, on his part, was pleased with Tom's bright face, and most affectionately licked his smooth cheeks. So the league of friendship was complete for an hour.

Tom had a pleasant, round face, and you might live with him a week, and think him one of the noblest, most generous boys you ever knew. But some day you would probably discover that he had a most violent temper.

You would be frightened to see his face crimson with rage, as he stamped his feet, shook his little sister, spoke impudently to his mother, and above all, dispeased his great Father in heaven.

Now I am going to tell you of one great trial on this account, which Tom never forgot to the end of his life. Tiger and Tom were walking down the street together, when they met Dick Casey, a school-fellow of Tom's.

"O Dick!" cried Tom, "I'm going to father's grain store a little while. Let's go up in the tofted bay."

"Dick and I are going to work in my mother's garden, and we are all ready for a little amusement. So the two went up together, and enjoyed themselves highly for a long time.

But at last arose one of those trifling disputes, which little boys are so apt to indulge in. Pretty soon there were angry words, then, (oh, how sorry I am to say it!) Tom's wicked passions got the mastery of him, and he beat little Dick severely. Tiger, who must have been ashamed of his master, pulled hard at his coat, and whined pitifully, but all in vain. At last Tom stopped, from mere exhaustion.

"There, now!" he cried, "which is right, you or I?"

"I am?" sobbed Dick, "and you tell a lie."

"Tom's face flushed crimson and darting upon Dick, he gave him a sudden push. Alas! he was too near the open door. Dick screamed, threw up his arms, and in a moment was gone. Tom's heart stood still, and an icy chill crept over him from head to foot. At first he could not stir; then—he never knew how he got there, but he found himself standing beside his little friend. Some men were raising him carefully from the hard sidewalk.

"Is he dead?" almost screamed Tom.

"No," replied one, "we hope not. How did he fall out?"

"He didn't fall," groaned Tom, who never could be so mean as to tell a lie, "I pushed him out!"

"You pushed him, you wicked boy," cried a rough voice.

"Do you know you ought to be sent to jail, and if he dies, may be you'll be hung?"

Tom grew as white as Dick, whom he had followed into the store, and he heard all that passed as if in a dream.

"Is he badly hurt?" cried some one.

"Only his hands," was the answer. "The rope saved him, he caught hold of the rope and slipped down; but his hands are dreadfully torn—he has fainted from pain."

Just then Tom's father came in, and soon understood the case. The look he gave at his unhappy son, so full of sorrow, but unmangled with pity, was too much for Tom, and he stood out, followed by the faithful Tiger. He wandered to the woods, and threw himself upon the ground. One hour ago he was a happy boy, and now what a terrible change! What had made the difference? Nothing but the indulgence of this wicked, violent temper. His mother had often warned him of the fearful consequences. She had told him that little boys who would not learn to govern themselves, grew up to be very wicked men, and often became murderers in some moment of passion. And now, Tom shuddered to think he was almost a murderer! Nothing but God's great mercy in putting that rope in Dick's way, had saved him from carrying that load of sorrow and guilt all the rest of his life. But poor Dick, he might die yet—how pale he looked!—how strange! Tom fell upon his knees, and prayed God to "spare Dick's life," and from that time forth, with God's help, he promised that he would strive to conquer this wicked passion.

Then, as he could no longer bear his terrible suspense, he started for widow Casey's cottage. As he appeared at the humble door, Mrs. Casey angrily ordered him away, saying, "You have made a poor woman trouble enough for one day!" But Dick's feeble voice entreated, "O mother, let him come in, I was just as bad as he."

Tom gave a cry of joy at hearing those well-

come tones, and sprang hastily in. There sat poor Dick with his hands bound up, looking very pale, but Tom thanked God that he was alive.

"I should like to know how I am to live now," sighed Mrs. Casey. "Who will weed the garden, and carry my vegetables to market? I am afraid we shall suffer for bread before the summer is over," and she put her apron to her eyes.

"Mrs. Casey," cried Tom, eagerly, "I will do everything that Dick did. I will sell the potatoes and beans, and will drive Mr. Brown's cows to pasture."

Mrs. Casey shook her head incredulously, but Tom bravely kept his word. For the next few weeks Tom was at his post bright and early, and the garden was never kept in better order. And every morning Tiger and Tom stood faithfully in the market-place with their baskets, and never gave up, no matter how warm the day, till the last vegetable was sold, and the money placed faithfully in Mrs. Casey's hand.

Tom's father often passed through the market, and gave his little son an encouraging smile, but he did not offer to help him out of his difficulty, for he knew if Tom struggled on alone, it would be a lesson he never would forget. Already he was becoming so gentle and patient, that every one noticed the change, and his mother rejoiced over the sweet fruits of his repentence and self-sacrifice.

After a few weeks the bandages were removed from Dick's hands, but they had been unskillfully treated, and were drawn up in very strange shapes. Mrs. Casey could not conceal her grief. "He will never be the help he was before," she said to Tom, "he will never be like other boys, and he wrote such a fine hand, now he can no more make a letter than that little chicken in the garden."

"If we only had a great city doctor," said a neighbor, "he might have been all right. Even now his fingers might be helped if you took him to New York."

"O, I am too poor to go," said she, and burst into tears.

Tom could not bear it, and again rushed into the woods to think what could be done, for he had already given them all his quarter's allowance. All at once a thought flashed into his head, and he started as if he had been shot. Then he cried in great distress:

"No, no, anything but that; I can't do that!"

Tiger gently licked his hands, and watched him with great concern. Now came a great struggle. Tom stroked backwards and forwards, and although he was a proud boy, he sobbed aloud. Tiger whined, licked his face, rushed off in dark corners, and barked savagely at some imaginary enemy, and then came back, and putting his paws on Tom's knees, wagged his tail in anxious sympathy. At last Tom took his hands from his pale, tear-stained face, and looking into the dog's great honest eyes, he cried with a queer shake in his voice:

"Tiger, old fellow! dear old dog, could you ever forgive me if I sold you?"

Then came another burst of sorrow, and Tom rose hastily, as if afraid to trust himself, and almost ran out of the woods. Over the fields he raced with Tiger close at his heels, nor rested a moment till he stood at Major White's door, nearly two miles away.

"Do you still want Tiger, sir?"

"Why yes," said the old man in great surprise, "but do you want to sell him?"

"Yes, please, gasped Tom, not daring to look at his old companion. The exchange was quickly made, and the ten dollars in Tom's hand. Tiger was begged into a barn, and the door hastily shut, and Tom was hurrying off, when he turned and cried in a choking voice—

"You will be kind to him, Major White, won't you? Don't whip him, I never did, and he's the best dog!"

"No, no, child," said Major White, kindly;

"I'll treat him like a prince, and if you ever want to buy him back, you shall have him."

Tom managed to falter "Thank you," and almost flew out of hearing of Tiger's eager scratching on the barn door.

I am making my story too long, and can only tell you in few words that Tom's sacrifice was accepted. A friend took little Dick to the city free of expense, and Tom's money paid for the necessary operation. The poor crooked fingers were very much improved, and were soon almost as good as ever. And the whole village loved Tom for his brave, self-sacrificing spirit, and the noble atonement he had made for his moment of passion.

A few days after Dick's return came Tom's birthday, but he did not feel in his usual spirits. In spite of his great delight in Dick's recovery, he had so mourned over the matter, and had taken Tiger's loss so much to heart, that he had grown quite pale and thin. So, as he was permitted to spend the day as he pleased, he took his book and went to his favorite haunt in the woods.

"How different from my last birthday," thought Tom. "Then Tiger had just come, and I was so happy, though I didn't like him half as well as I do now." Tom sighed heavily; then added more cheerfully, "Well I hope some things are better than they were last year. I hope I have begun to conquer myself, and with God's help I shall never give up trying while I live. Now if I could only earn money enough to buy back dear old Tiger."

But while Tom was thinking, and gazing up into the blue sky through the delicate green

Whisperings to Correspondents

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

C. B. P., NEWPORT, R. I.—No. 62 is received.

J. M. P., BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—The plan of "The Children's Progressive Lyceum" will be quite fully set forth in the small volume soon to be published.

W. H. J., DUBUQUE, IOWA.—Your letter is received. We rejoice to hear of the renewed interest of the Western towns in the subject of Spiritualism.

H. F. M. B., EVANVILLE, IND.—"Prissa a Slave" is on file for publication. We are glad you are moved to give voice to the unknown and down-trodden.

J. M., of CONNECTICUT, writes in a private letter the following beautiful and life-giving

verses:

"Respectfully am I interested in the description of Scenery in the Summer-Land, and of the Musical Societies. Oh, my friend, it ever my spirit thirsted for any good—it is to serve the poor and stricken, to be of service in a poorer and more harassing atmosphere, to be capable of fully expressing my ideas of the good, the true, the beautiful, the poetical, the truly devotional, in the language of music! And yet I have had gleams and intuitions of something even more expressive; eye, of that silence in the innermost chambers of our being, when the shadow of the Infinite is brooding there, and the rich, delicious thoughts could find no appropriate utterance save as a congenital thought rare spirit interpreted our feelings by responsive ones lingering in the heart. I have sat by the brook-side and heard its musical whispers, mingled with the murmurs of the breeze through the tree-tops, until my spirit seemed already to have found its home, and I took up, almost regretfully, again the burden, which Pilgrim

leaves, he heard a hasty familiar trot—there was a crashing among the bushes, and with a quick bark of joy Tiger himself, the brave old dog, sprang into Tom's arms.

"Tiger, old fellow," cried Tom, trying to look fierce, though he could scarcely keep down the tears, "how came you to run away, sir?"

Tiger responded by picking up a letter he had dropped in his first joy, and laying it in Tom's hand:

"MY DEAR CHILD:—Tiger is pinning, and I must give him change of air. I wish him to have a good master, and knowing that the best ones are those who have learned to govern themselves, I send him to you. Will you take care of him, and greatly oblige."

Your old friend, MAJOR WHITE."

And then Tom read through a mist of tears: "P. S. I know the whole story. Dear little friend, be not weary in well-doing."

Congregationalist.] M. L. P.

Rights of Human Nature

"Know thyself. 'Tis the sublime of man,
Our moon-tide majesty, to know ourselves
Parts and proportions of one wondrous whole;
This fraternizes man—this constitutes
His charities and his bearings."

The Universal Religion.

TRANSLATED FOR THE HERALD OF PROGRESS
FROM THE REVUE DE L'OUEST.

Manifestation—is this the universal relation—that which unites all beings with one another—that of which all other relations are only derivations. The manifestation of which I speak is that of Reason to Humanity. All possible manifestations are reducible to that Any being whatever which manifests itself to me is nothing but Reason individualized in an organism—that is to say, in a portion of Nature.

In every manifestation I recognize three distinct elements: The first emanates from pure or primordial Reason, and I call it Truth; the second, which springs from the being itself by means of which the manifestation is effected, is what I call Sentiment; the third, which I find in myself, and through which, in some sort, the manifestation terminates, takes the name of Power. Although these three elements are in reality inseparable, we can separate them by abstraction, to comprehend them more clearly.

I will say then that Truth is the relation or tie which unites Reason to my being. But in order that this relation may be complete, in order that this tie may connect me positively with Reason, I must respond to the initiative, to the call of this Reason; I must, in my turn, develop some action in respect to it; I must perceive and affirm the truth which it reveals to me. On the part of Reason, Truth; on my part, affirmation, or acceptance: these are the two terms, the combination of which is necessary to express the totality of the relation existing between Reason and myself. I shall therefore say that Sentiment is the relation which unites another individuality to mine; but this is but a semi-relation, so long as I do not in some manner respond to the sympathetic emotion produced in me by the being exterior to me; I respond to it by Love, and thenceforward there is a complete relation between this being and mine. Finally the third element of every manifestation, which is Power—that is, the liberty to accept or repel the manifestation, to give heed to it or to seek another—may be considered as the relation between my inmost being and myself—as the tie which unites the successive moments of my existence. To this element of Power it is due that I remain myself, and that I bear witness to the continuance of my individuality.

Such is the history of every manifestation; such is the signification of every relation; such, consequently, is the substance of the universal religion. I may analyze, may decompose to infinity the general notions which I have just expressed; but all I shall be able to discover, it will always be possible to reduce to these three things—Truth, Sentiment, Power. I comprehend these three things much better by considering them from my point of view, and I respond to all the aspirations of my being by calling them Science, Love, and Liberty.

But these relations are variable. There is nothing absolute in Science, Love, or Liberty. In order to a more clear idea of these relations, I should inquire what are its general modifications in the history of different beings. That which I conceive of the universal triad, Reason, Nature, Humanity, is represented to me in all phases of existence. Everywhere I find in the development of beings an image of the eternal and absolute type. In all groups of individualities, and even in individuality itself, I distinguish an active or initiative principle, which reminds me of Reason—the passive element which receives the action of the initiative, as Nature is subject to that of Reason—and lastly a product of this conjunction, or a progeny, which is the third term of the group, as Humanity is the third term of the supreme triad. Thus in universal Humanity the grand central being is the initiator, or the male. The countless multitude of the stars is the female Humanity, which the initiator eternally fecundates. Tertiary Humanity, that which flowers out on the surface of the planets, is the product of this fecundation. Such are the three orders of human beings, between which the primitive relation of manifestation ought evidently to assume several distinct characteristics. The perception of any being whatever reveals to me a truth; but when I consider the central being of the Universe, a more dazzling truth shines in upon the eyes of my intelligence; I receive a more imposing manifestation of Rea-

son than upon beholding any other individuality. The energy which it communicates to me appears immense, like the source whence it emanates. The relation thus characterized between this grand being and myself I call paternity, and I say that this being is the father of all that tertiary Humanity to which I belong. It is no longer difficult for me to indicate the distinctive characteristics of the relation which exists between planetary Humanity and that of which I make part. The light which reaches me through this relation is less vivid than that of which I have just spoken; but it is more mild and soothing. The love which it awakens in me takes more the character of confidence than veneration. The strength I draw from it is more at the service of my earthly inclinations than of my moral nature. To this relation I give the name of maternity, and I recognize planetary Humanity as our common mother. As to the relation between paternal and maternal Humanity, it is marriage, as I conceive it from the analogy which it bears to that existing between individuals of the tertiary order. Finally, the relation which unites the children of one father and one mother is fraternity, a tie from which no member of the great family can withdraw, and which subjects all men to the obligations of equality and reciprocity.

L. C.

Speech of Robert Purvis,

AT THE ANTI-SLAVERY ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: It is bad taste, I know, in a speaker to begin with an apology and to talk about himself. I shall ask, sir, to be excused if I offend in both particulars. I cannot speak as some people more happily constituted can. I cannot in cold blood arrange a speech beforehand; and yet I dare not trust the impulse of the moment. It is the misfortune of natures born near the sun that their blood will not obey the laws of their judgment. Hence it is that I am at a loss to know how my friends upon the Committee of Arrangements so persistently urge me to speak. I will correct myself, sir—I do know why. It is because I am identified with the confessedly oppressed race in this country. Mr. President, this is a proud day for the colored man. For the first time since this Society was organized, I stand before you a recognized citizen of the United States. [Applause.] And, for the first time, it is an honor to become a citizen of the United States. The old things are passing away; all things are become new. Now, the black man has rights which the white man here and everywhere is bound to respect. The damnable doctrine of the detestable Taney is no longer the doctrine of the country, the Slave Power no longer rules at Washington, the slaveholder and his miserable allies are biting the dust, and the Copperhead Democracy must share their fate. [Applause.] The black man who is a citizen! All honor to Secretary Bates who has so pronounced him. The black man can now take out a passport and travel to the uttermost parts of the earth protected by the broad wings of the Government. All honor to Secretary Seward, who was the first to recognize his right. The black man is a citizen, soldier standing on an equality in the ranks and file with the white soldier. All honor to Secretary Stanton and the rest of the Administration. I know, sir, that this Government is not yet what it ought to be. I know that Secretary Bates is not considered a progressive man; and that Secretary Seward has incurred the severe displeasure of the loyal Anti-Slavery people. But, sir, these gentlemen have in a signal manner recognized my rights, and the rights of my oppressed fellow-countrymen. They have officially invested us with the prerogatives of which we have been basely robbed. I should be false to my nature and my convictions, false to my best feelings, did I not publicly testify my sense of respect and heartfelt gratitude. Condemn as you may Mr. Seward and his shortcomings—I make no apology for either—sir, it must be owned, to his immortal honor, that, from the beginning he has been a fast friend of the colored man. From the time when, as Governor of this Empire State, he refused to deliver up to the Government of Virginia certain black refugees, to the day when, as lawyer, he defended the black idiotic culprit Freeman, he has been the unprejudiced respecting of the black man's equal rights. [Applause.] I repeat, that I am proud to be an American citizen. You know, sir, how I used to denounce the United States as the basest despotism the sun ever shone upon; and I take nothing back that I ever said. When this Government was as it used to be, a slaveholding oligarchy, when its power was used and abused by slaveholding, slave-trading traitors, such as your Jefferson Davis, Howell Cobb, and thief Floyd, idiotic Toucey, and the old wretch Taney sat unshorn of his power in its temple of justice, I then denounced it with all the bitterness of my indignant soul. [Applause.] I was the victim, stricken, degraded, injured, insulted in my person, my family, my friends; and I returned bitterer for bitterness, and scorn for scorn. I am the same man, though I forgot the past, and joy fills my soul at the prospect of the future. Some of my friends say, Do not rejoice too soon; do not be too sure of the future; wait and see. I answer, I will not wait; I cannot be mistaken. My instincts in this matter are unerring. The good time which has been so long coming is at hand; I feel it, I see it in the air, I read it in the signs of the times; I see it in the acts of Congress, abolishing Slavery in the District of Columbia; by its exclusion from the Territory; by the solemn treaties for the effectual suppression of the infernal slave-trade; by the acknowledgment of the black Republics of Hayti and Liberia; I see it in the 54th Regiment of Massachusetts and the black Regiment of South Carolina [great applause]; I see it in the orders of Adjutant General Thomas forming a black brigade at Memphis; I see it above all; and more than all, in the glorious and immortal Proclamation of Abraham Lincoln on the 1st of January. [Enthusiastic applause.] By that glorious and immortal instrument, 3,000,000 of slaves in the Rebel States are legally—the opinion of our friend Greeley of *The Tribune*—to the contrary notwithstanding—irreconcileably free [applause]; and that immortal document all the remaining slaves are in spirit and in purpose promised their freedom. Thanks to Almighty God, this no longer a slaveholding republic. [Applause.] The flat

has gone forth, which, when this Rebellion is crushed (and that it will be crushed as sure as there is a God in heaven), shall remove all burdens from off all backs, and every man shall be a free man. Mr. President: This is a glorious contest. It is not simply and solely a fight for the black man—it is not merely a war between the North and South, but it is a mighty, glorious conflict between freedom and despotism throughout the world. If the North had only the South to contend with, we should soon be done with this war. But it is the South, backed up by aristocratic Pro-Slavery England and the starry heavens the unfeasted souls winged with the aurora, and the Hesperian gloaming; while the Sun, in his excellency on the sky, was the symbol of the Great Spirit, or of light. The milky way flowed with milk and honey, and weary pilgrims were refreshed as they "came out of great tribulation" from the influence of St. John's "star, called Wormwood."

Says Dunlap: "The ancient Chinese religion was that of all the earlier forms—the worship of the visible powers of Nature, or of the stars"—as "when the morning stars sang together," in Job, when singing praises to the highest in the alphabet of the angels, or, as translated in the Biblical Septuagint, "When the stars were brought forth, they approved me—all my angels with a loud voice." These were the sons of God, the host of heaven, the multitude of the heavenly host praising God. They were the "brilliant Lords, stars conspicuous in the ether"—of the Grecian bards. Sometimes Kronos was the beaming sun, and sometimes the planetary Saturn. Amon and Amun was God of light and fire, as Abraham came out of Uz, or the fire of the Chaldees.

In the sanguinary mysteries, or "blood theology" of the Mexicans, the person initiated was to be regenerated, or born again. "This regeneration," says Mackay, "or raising from death to a second life, constituted the great end of all the pagan rites;" and when thus fully initiated, they were the same as those in the Biblical initiations over whom "the second death hath no power." In the Mexican holy of holies was the ark of the covenant, called the throne of God, while the Lord, or hierophant, "held in his hand a rod formed like a serpent"—thus showing that Egyptian, Hebrew, and Mexican mysteries, were one in origin, or that a common status of civilization presents a common status of religion. On the wise, the ancient free masonry is one with the ancient religions, having a like investiture in symbols and parabolical language; for the besotted people would only hear the milk for babes, and thus the philosophers and priests used the strong meat for themselves. "They therefore," says Mackay, "taught in secret what they were afraid to inculcate in public, and established for this purpose the ancient Mysteries, those truly masonic institutions, which, by a series of solemn and imposing ceremonies, prepared the mind of the initiate for the reception of those unpopular dogmas; while, by the caution exercised in the selection of candidates, and the obligations of secrecy imposed upon them, the teachers were secured from all danger of popular bigotry and fanaticism. A full description of these Mysteries will be found in this work, under the appropriate title. Their members went through a secret ceremony of initiation, by which they became entitled to a full participation in the esoteric knowledge of the order, and were in possession of certain modes of recognition known only to themselves. In all of them there was, in addition to the instructions in relation to the existence of a Supreme Deity, a legend, in which, by the dramatic representation of the violent death and subsequent restoration to life of some distinguished personage, the doctrines of the resurrection and the soul's immortality were emblematically illustrated."

It is on this basis that Gen. Hitchcock has reared his "Christ, the Spirit;" and the impersonated Jesus, as the Essene ideal man, whose death and resurrection, though within the range of possible history, is yet of the same pattern of all the mysteries for a thousand years before—"that the Gospels and Epistles of the New Testament were the secret books of the Essenes, and that the carpenter's son had a predecessor in Hiram, the builder of a house not made with hands."

This house not made with hands, if in astronomical parlance, would be the heaven, as somewhat set forth in order by the Revelator John—if the parabolic or many-sided Word were physiological, it would have reference to the human body, the temple of the Holy Ghost, as built by Christ, the in-dwelling spirit, or principle of life; hence the Stone which the builders, according to the letter, rejected, became the head of the corner: on the same wise as in other carpentry and masonry of the Word—neither hammer nor ax is heard, as per templewise of Solomon, where all things had been previously fashioned according to the pattern on the Mount.

On this wise we may also readily see how easy it is to turn water into wine—the water being the symbolic name of the letter, as wine of the spirit, not forgetting that if this way of "putting wisdom into the inward parts," like the course of true love, does not always run smooth, "some of this difficulty may be due to the ignorance of the Gospel writers themselves, who may, may, must have shared to some extent the ignorance of their age."

Again: "We shall never make any real progress in understanding the Scriptures until we advance so far as to recognize principles in the persons represented. The seeming historical persons must be regarded as shadows passing before us, to draw our attention to the spiritual truths or principles by which they were, or rather by which they are perpetually cast; for if there is anything in Scripture which is not true to us and to our time, it can have no importance to us. The value of the Scriptures lies in their application to life; but no application is possible except a perverted one, when the truth is not recognized; and to recognize the truth, the Scriptures require to be interpreted, yet not as history, but as parables."

Sometimes the lesser order of angels were

Hence St. Paul, though himself wrote under a vail, and in "dark sayings," according to the scope of his initiation, yet sees the vail over the face of the Jews when Moses is read to them. Moses was transmuted through the seven-prism beam—this was the beam in his eye which vailed the Word from those not admitted into the more interior congregation of the Lord. Paul had become initiated into the later degree of the mote, so as to see the more clearly the beam that was in the eye of Moses and the vail upon the heart of those who heard Moses read—Moses being the mythical personage in the name of the Lord as a leader up out of Egypt in the "sign from heaven" of the Bull or the Ram, either of which was potent to take away the sins of the world—hence the blood of bullocks and the fat of rams as a propitiation for the sins of the world, while our modern churches, with the vail still upon their heart, have transmuted old Asia into the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world.

We do not know whether the mighty question of baptism by sprinkling or immersion is yet settled in the churches. But if we take the Word according to the letter, there is ancient authority in favor of immersion—authority by way of a dream—and dreams were equally a way of life in old Jewry. Herodotus relates the Word of the Gentile dream, which is concisely set forth by Sir Hugh Dr Bras:

"The king of Media dreamed his daughter
Baptised all Asia under water."

Now, if under the ancient "vail" water means the letter of the Word, let us see how the Word of the Lord appears in a dream with the vail lifted: "And the Lord came down in the pillar of the cloud, and stood in the door of the tabernacle, and called Aaron and Miriam, and they both came forth. And he said, Hear now my words: if there be a prophet among you, I, the Lord, will make myself known unto him in a vision, will speak unto him in a dream; but not so to my servant Moses. With him will I speak mouth to mouth, and not in dark speeches, and the similitude of the Lord shall be beholden." This image of the Lord, in the Douay translation, says that he would speak to Moses "plainly, and not in riddles and figures." In this Mosaic work the riddles and figures stood for the various degrees of initiation, as in the Pythagorean mysteries; and the one who had passed them all would arrive to the topmost round of the ladder, so as to speak to God face to face, even as a man speaketh with his friend—hence there would be no need to manifest by dream, by Teraphim and Cherubim.

It was only to the "without," or initiates of the first degrees, to whom it was necessary to speak in "riddles and in figures," with the thumb to the nose describing certain gyrations of the Word. The Mosaic gyroscope, like the Indian praying-machine, brought the Word in mystical figures face to face. In Sephardic correspondences, as in the Pythagorean system of numbers; and if Swedenborg presents us only with "masonic reveries," as Dr. Mackay and Gen. Hitchcock declare, the charge may as certainly be made out against God's Word of old time.

It was a remarkable process that initiated to the ancient mysteries—a running of the gauntlet through the severest terrors of the Lord. The book of Job, which is an evident setting forth of a pilgrimage through these terrors in a way analogous to the terrible ordeal of the Gentile mysteries, affords us a glimpse of the way of "putting wisdom into the inward parts" as far as it was safe to do so, for a Gentile poet came near losing his life for skirting in his poem to nearly the boundaries of the holy of holies. Job can only touch the matter afar off when he descends into hell and exclaims, "Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night when it was said, There is a man child conceived. Let that day be darkness—let not God regard it from above, neither let the light shine upon it. Let darkness and the shadow of death stain it—let a cloud dwell upon it—let the blackness of the day terrify it. Let darkness seize upon that night, let it not be joined unto the days of the year, let it not come into the number of the months. Let that night be solitary, let no joyful voice come therein. Let them curse it that curse the day, who are ready to raise up their mourning. Let the stars of the twilight thereof be dark, let it look for light but have none; neither let it see the dawning of the day," &c.

The whole book of Job appears to have been wrought from the mysteries of initiation couched in such language as the elect would understand. So, too, of the Psalms, and so, too, of almost every part of the Bible. It is said of Virgil that he has sometimes exhibited the inner sense of the mysteries; but it is to be recollected that the transmundane world stood in very close relation to all the ancient mysteries. Angels, Spirits, or Gods, were often manifested, and so were Gorgons, Hydras, and chimeras dire. Job encountered such when a spirit passed before his face, and the hair of his flesh stood up; and though it stood still and an image was before his eyes, he could not discern the form thereof; for the Lords, or Spirits, are rather expert in transformations. And though Job heard a voice, it would seem, from St. Paul, that it might have been a device of Satan, who came up among the Sons of God "to present himself before the Lord;" or it might have been St. John's great dragon, "that old serpent called the Devil and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world"—the same who transformed himself into the Rod of Moses, causing him to flee from the wrath to come. St. Paul speaks of these "devices of Satan transforming himself into an angel of light," as when he ob-

sessed the Rod of Moses—a Rod mighty in miracles, of which Milton so sublimely sings:

"As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Waved round the coast, upcal'd a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darkened all the land of Nile."

So, too, John in the Spirit, while passing through the initiations on the Lord's day, when the Lord spoke in "riddles and figures," saw the same flight of locusts "come out of the smoke," and "warping on the eastern wind," as engined in some of the degrees to the sound of the sixth angel, or hierophant, who sounded the trumpet to "loose the four angels which are bound in the great river Euphrates."

John, like Job, heard a voice having reference to the price current of wheat and barley, with a cautionary Word upon the oil and wine.

Mr. De Quincy finds the first Christians identical with the masonic fraternity, or secret society of the Essenes, but that the Essenes were not before the Jesusian era, as received by modern Christendom. Mr. De Quincy had not traced the Chaldean-Pythagoreanism through the secret societies of a thousand years before our era, embracing the Hebrew Reformers, or Come-outs, in the Free Masonry of the Essenes, from which emerged radical Christianity in the change of name.

He makes the culmination of a thousand or two thousand years the beginning of a new revelation. Had he looked beyond Josephus and Philo, he might have traced much farther the mystic thread through all the mysteries connecting with Christianity's original. Even as it is, he finds it necessary to kill off Josephus, and to shy Philo, or the Essene Free Masonry, or Brotherhood, will absorb the Christian Mysteries; for the Essenes had all that the Christians taught, and he frankly admits the force of the non-exclusive believer in a distinct Christianity—"everything spiritual in your ethics has been anticipated by the Essenes." These were known as the *Brethren, the Faithful*, and were the same as were "called faithful and true" by the initiated John. They worshiped towards the sun's rising, and under the symbol of the X. They gathered for worship while it was yet dark—"as it began to dawn"—and "very early in the morning, at the rising of the Sun," and "when it was yet dark." Thus we have the symbolic rising of the Sun as set forth by the Evangelists—the same as the earlier "Sun of righteousness," to "arise with healing in his wings," as per Malachi. Hence, too, his worshipers were the *Therapeutes*, or the Healers, as per Philo. Thus the Son of God was the visible Sun, the symbol of God as known to the initiates of the inner mysteries, passed through the significant seven degrees by the flaming symbols of the Cherubim; hence the various probation before reaching the inmost of the Esseneian Eden, or Free Mason society of the faithful and true. Thus through great tribulations and crucifixions was the kingdom of God wrought on earth as it is in heaven, and blessed and holy was he who had part in this first resurrection. On such the second death had no power, for God had wiped away all tears from their eyes, and there should be no more death. Thus was Christianity a culmination from all the preceding astro-spiritual symbolisms, blend with moral and physiological researches for those who should be born from the first degree, or entered apprentice of the letter, through all the stages to the spirit in the septenary crown of the royal arch.

The Spirit's Mysteries.

"And the angel said unto them: 'Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.'"

From the Spiritual Magazine.

Letter from Judge Edmonds.

THE PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS—

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

NEW YORK, March, 1863.

The time has somewhat gone by with us for accounts of mere physical phenomena; ten or twelve years ago we had very many. They did their work. Since then we have had so many mediums, and hundreds of thousands of our people have had the opportunity of witnessing such manifestations, that they have become an old story. Hence there is not now one hundredth part of the desire to witness the phenomena that there was ten or twelve years ago, and there is still less desire to read of them.

We are in a singular state of mind in this country just now. It will not be until we have further passed through the ordeal than we have yet, and endured far more than we have yet of the suffering which it is to entail upon us, that the bulk of our people will be prepared to turn their attention to spiritual matters; and then it will not be to the mere fact of spiritual intercourse, and the evidence to prove it, but to the great truths which that intercourse will teach.

We have had in this country an overflowing abundance of proof, and the demand when it comes will be for the great truths of the spirit life beyond the grave. Even now inquiries seek for instruction on those truths, far more than they do for the proof of the reality of the intercourse, and this desire is all the more on the increase. I pray you understand me. I do not mean to convey the idea that there is less interest in the subject among us than there was ten or twelve years ago. It is quite otherwise. The interest is abiding and increasing among our people, and particularly among the better educated and more intelligent classes. New mediums are all the time being developed, and through their means whole families are brought into the faith, and we see its influence all around us—in art, science, literature, theology, politics, &c., &c., and growing in strength daily. But that in-

terest is not so much in the physical manifestations as it was—the great body of our people have got past that—they are ready to receive the intercourse as a fact, and I am asking—What then?

When in 1853 I avowed myself a believer and published my experience, the effect even then was not so much to cause people to believe because of my testimony, as to send them by scores to see for themselves, and nothing that I could write now could produce that effect, because that which it was then desirable to prove is now received as an established fact.

Ten years ago when it was announced that Judge Edmunds was a Spiritualist, men held up their hands in astonishment, and his impeachment because of his insanity was seriously considered. Now it is announced that President Lincoln is a Spiritualist, and it scarcely excites a remark. The thing is so common that it no longer awakens surprise. But in that universality is found the strong evidence of the continued spread of our faith, and among the more intelligent classes, and mainly by the humble and unobtrusive instrumentality of our countless private circles, at which they get glimpses here and there of the higher truths to which the "intercourse" is but the ministering servant.

I have received the *Magazine* for March, and in reading it, I was sorry to see the attempted explanation of the spirit photographs, in these words—"The believers in Spiritualism explain the matter thus; spirits themselves cannot impress their own image on a sensitive plate, but they can mold into form some of those higher principles of matter, and this matter, though invisible to naked eyes, can reflect the chemical rays of light and thus impress the plate."

Now in these remarks, there are in my view, several objectionable features. 1. "The believers in Spiritualism do not explain the matter thus." Some of them may, but there is nothing in my knowledge that warrants the imputation upon us all. Yet the language is "The believers," as if we all agreed in the explanation. 2. The explanation displays great ignorance of the phenomena of spirit-seeing, and to those who are familiar with that phenomena it is simply ridiculous. 3. It is in a great degree unintelligible, and so far as it is understandable it makes a greater draft on our credibility than do the photographs. And here arises a great difficulty, that we have had to encounter from the beginning. We blame such men as Faraday and Brewster, and *id est* *esse genus*, for the absurdity of their solutions of the phenomena, and for the amount of credulity which their solutions demand. Yet we are all the time doing the same thing. We complain that they jump to conclusions without taking pains to become acquainted with all the facts; like Faraday's explanation of the table-tipping, as produced by the action of the super-imposed hand, and which was utterly refuted by the fact that the table tipped without mortal contact; and yet the advocates of our belief are all the time doing the same thing, and hurting the cause by explanations, which even my limited knowledge of science at once disposes of. I asked myself then, and I still ask, why cannot you content to state the fact of which from knowledge you can speak, and confess that you do not know the cause of the fact, what you do not know about it? Now, we know that the rappings are real, and not either collusion or delusion; but we do not know the *causa causans* or even the *causa sine qua non*. So as to the spirit photographs, we have reason to believe that pictures have been and can be taken of persons who are dead, and of whom there is no likeness on earth, but we do not know how this is done, and it is not wise to assert that "the believers in Spiritualism" assume that they do know. It is far more discreet and certainly more honest, to confess our ignorance frankly, and not to fetter truth in her progress with unnecessary absurdities.

The believers in "Spiritualism" do not know the causes of the raps, or of the table-tippings or the spirit photographs, but they are taught and believe that they are in accordance with laws that may yet be discovered by us, and that they will be discovered as soon as facts enough are gathered to enable a sound opinion to be formed by instructed and scientific minds. But facts enough are not yet gathered for that purpose, and it is far more becoming for us to pause before we hazard what at best must be mere conjecture.

The conjecture of your correspondent, and which he announces as the explanation of the believers' is as easily refuted as Faraday's solution of the table-tipping was; and we would know that if he had any intimate knowledge of spirit seeing. Ordinarily, spirits are not seen by the external visual organs, for they can be as well seen in the dark or with eyes shut as in the broad daylight and with the eyes open. I have tried this often; but this is not always so. They are sometimes seen by the usual organs of vision, as we see a horse or a house—just as tables are moved without mortal contact as well as with it. Now I desire to know why, under such circumstances, any one will venture to say that "spirits cannot impress their own image on a sensitive plate," and what authority we have for saying that that which can be made visible to us in either of the modes of seeing that I mentioned cannot be thus impressed on the camera.

In modern times we know a good deal more of light than they did in days of yore; but there is a vast deal yet to learn, and until more is learned we cannot venture on these explanations without real danger. See how many questions are yet to be answered before we can thus venture. For instance: By what light is it that the spirits see when they revisit the earth? It is not by the light of our sun, our gas, our fires, or our lamps. We know that that light embarrasses rather than aids them. I have tried many experiments on that subject, and once ascertained that of two pictures hanging side by side on my wall, the spirit saw one and not the other. Of course I asked why this was so, when my gas was throwing its light equally upon both. So I have ascertained that at times the spirit com-

munes with me has seen nothing at all, though my room was, at the time, well lighted. So I have known them not to see the spirit standing at their side at the time of talking with me, and who was yet visible to me. So when, as we are told, they at times go to an immeasurable distance from us, far beyond the reach of our sun or our fabricated light, by what light do they see?

Are our sun and our fires the only source of light in the vastitude of creation? And, if such is the only source, do we yet know what the power of that light is? These are questions of most profound interest, and it is necessary that we should have an answer to them before we can pretend to explain the facts we witness. They have occupied my attention a good while, and I have collected many facts bearing upon their solution. I have never given these facts to the world, because my knowledge of science was so scanty. But I have earnestly desired to enlist men of science in the investigation. I have, therefore, often in my publications urged—but in vain—upon scientific men that they should investigate. And it has been to me one of the strangest features of this whole matter that men who claim to lead in matters of science, like your Faraday and Brewster, and our professors of the Buffalo College and the Harvard University, should refuse to investigate, and yet venture to condemn without investigation. It seems to be as true now as it was of old, that it is out of the mouths of children that we are to receive wisdom, and not from the great or the learned of the earth.

This subject of spirit likenesses is not a novelty with us, though now for the first time attracting public attention. Three or four years ago I received from the vicinity of the Mississippi several daguerreotypes purporting to be spirit likenesses. They were very crude, and anything but attractive; but they were interesting as a beginning. The parties who took them were directed to send them to me, and I was told by the spirits that they were first efforts of the spirits at a result which they were confident they would be able to attain. I waited with patience for that result, and it seems to have come. If it has in reality come—and I see no cause for our being in a hurry to say that it has—then it is of vast importance. For if we can thus take the likeness of him who has passed through death, it is stronger evidence that we do indeed live beyond the grave than all the reasoning ever presented to man. You may ask why such a course would be far more worthy of them than to which they are so wedded, of rashly indulging in speculations, at which even the children among us in their superior

knowledge of the facts, smile in derision. What we want most now, and have all along craved, is an investigation by instructed and scientific men; and it seems to me that such a course would be far more worthy of them than to which they are so wedded, of rashly indulging in speculations, at which even the children among us in their superior knowledge of the facts, smile in derision.

There is another topic connected with Spiritualism, on which also, we require the aid of scientific investigation. I allude to what may be termed a spiritual telegraph, whereby I can sit in a room in New York and converse with people in Boston; or whereby I can receive news of a shipwreck at sea several days ahead of the ordinary means of communication; or whereby sitting in my room here I can receive information of events occurring at Sebastopol, which thirty-five days afterwards the usual channel of news confirmed to have been correct.

These things have occurred, and that within my own knowledge, and they show that it is possible to have such a mode of intercommunication. It is not more extraordinary than the magnetic telegraph, and all that is wanting is that mode of intercourse obtained, namely, a wise and considerate examination of the facts and of their consequences. This cannot be accomplished by any one mind. It requires the aid of many, and to have very many observations recorded. How many interesting discoveries have been made in astronomy within the last hundred years by this very mode of directing many minds to the subject? In the meantime, let those of us who have knowledge enough upon this subject to believe that these things are possible, be content with and faithful to our part of the work—that is, to observe cautiously what occurs, and to record fearlessly what we behold, and leave the result to time, without retarding that result by speculations, which at most but display our ignorance and deter others from joining in the pursuit of knowledge. I say these things to you, because your column impute to "the believers in Spiritualism" a notion on this subject, which I, for one, do not entertain, and which seems to my knowledge of the subject to be very absurd, and cannot be injuries. We have this far got along very well with the assaults of unbelievers. Let us now beware lest we get wounded in the house of friends.

When the subject of spirit photographs was first spoken of here, an article appeared in one of our most influential journals professing to solve the mystery. I showed that the solution did not touch the mystery; and I stated what the true question was, and asked a solution of that. I never received a word of answer. I then went to the artist who professed to have hit upon that solution, and asked him, as I have asked several others engaged in the same business, two questions, which, in my view, are very pertinent. First, the spirit image in these pictures always appears to be transparent. We see material objects through the image. Material objects which are behind what professes to be the spirit are impressed upon the picture as well as the spirit is. It is this that spirits always appear when seen by us. They are transparent, and we see material objects through them. Now my first question to the artist has been, "Have you ever done that?" "No," is the answer. "Can you do it?" They have answered me that they thought they could. I have learned from some of them that they have tried to do it, but I have never yet been able to hear of an instance in which the thing has been done, except in the genuine article.

This explanation is not ours, but from a part of the letter from the American correspondent of the British Journal of Photography.—*Ed. Spiritual Mag.*

My second question has been, "Can you produce the picture of a person who is dead and of whom there is no picture on earth?" This is what this spirit photography professes to do. That is the real marvel of this whole matter. And I have never yet met an artist of whom I have asked the question, "Can you do that?" that has not answered, "No, nor can any one else." Thus the whole thing is resolved into a question of fact, in respect to which every one will form his own opinion upon the evidence before him. If guided by prepossession of any kind, a man will not look at the evidence, his opinion is not worth much to himself or any one else. If he cannot receive the evidence, he is to be pitied, for he is verging on insanity—and the strongest evidence of the presence of that mental malady is always the inability to receive and to weigh evidence. If the evidence comes too imperfectly to be able to work conviction, we have but to wait till more arrive, and it will be most assuredly arrive in due time if it be a truth. And it becomes us all to beware how we jump too hastily to a conclusion, and how we indulge in explanations which cannot bear the test of the closest scrutiny. There is one thing that is as true of Spiritualism now as it has been from the time of its first advent among us, and that is, that it demands and deserves the utmost scrutiny to which the human intellect can subject it.

J. W. EDMONDS.

These are the most prominent passages which refer to this subject, and though there are some others which contain the same ideas much less distinctly expressed, they are sufficient for our purpose.

In examining this, the most common opinion among the ancients, we are naturally led to consider the effect of such a belief as this upon the human mind, which practically teaches that there is but one life, and that the pleasures pertaining to such existence are all that are in store for us, and to contrast it in its results with one which tells us of a future state, in which the mind, unshackled by the body, may participate in a continued moral and intellectual improvement.

For the Herald of Progress.
Letters on Jurisprudence.

NUMBER FOUR.

Original Sin has long been a theme of profound speculation; and the disputes and quarrels among the Christian clergy with regard to its nature and effects, have never served to lessen, but rather to increase the evil. Those of the Calvinistic creed trace it to eating an apple—a small affair, truly, but large trees are the product of small seeds. However, we do not concede the exclusive privilege to the clergy to speculate on so grave a subject in which we are all equally involved; therefore we undertake to speculate on our own account, and advise everybody to do their part in a business that concerns the whole, and not trust to the clergy to do all the thinking in such matters.

We believe original sin may be traced more directly to the first practical cheat—individually or collectively. It may be somewhat difficult to ascertain the origin of a motive in one man to cheat another, when truth, honesty, and fair dealing is the plain path of life, requiring no other light than Nature holds to the face of every man to show him the way. Fair dealing needs no study, no quibbling, no equivocation; whereas cheating and deception must take some time in cogitating schemes, stratagems, arts, and trickery—fearful of retaliation should the trick be discovered—and to prevent a discovery is the master-art of all deceptions. By all the information we can gather from ancient history, we find no cause to believe that individual cheating was practiced till after the formation of some sort of governments, and it is our opinion that a plan was contrived and blended in the system of those governments for the purpose of cheating the people and raising funds for the aggrandizement of the rulers. No people would voluntarily consent to become subjected to any form of government unless they expected a benefit from it. No man, or combination of men, would associate with a compact where the explicit articles of agreement subjected them to inconveniences, not to say slavery. But the few who are employed to digest a plan whereby the whole are to be governed, calculating themselves to be the directors, managers, and administrators of the laws and ordinances, contrive to foist a proximity of ambiguous nonsense into the system by which they intend to govern, that the people may not know where to seek for a remedy when they discover a cheat. The people perceive that their rulers are living in splendor and enriching themselves at the expense of labor, while the laboring poor are in a worse condition than they were before they became members of the compact. The government has not come up to its promises. The people discover the cheat, but are not able to obtain satisfaction from those that cheated them—therefore they seek their remedy in cheating each other. The people will follow the example of their rulers in all countries and nations; they never copy from their inferiors or equals, but always endeavor to imitate those they esteem superiors—those in authority—and governments being established upon a system of cheating, all become cheats.

There can be no doubt in a sound reflecting mind, that governments ought to be established upon the fact of unity, and for the purpose of drawing human nature to a more firm and social compact. But instead of this important principle, the corporate authorities reversed Nature by dividing society into multitudes of classes and gradations, which Nature forbids. Nature will not sanction gradations which she has not herself made, nor permit the transgression of her laws with impunity. Every violation of Nature's laws will be met by a chastisement adequate to the transgression; and the punishment she has adjudged to this violation is a suspension of happiness to all—to those that projected the act and the mass that conceded to the offense—and so long as this offense is persisted in, so long will happiness be suspended, and the knowledge of the way and means of acquiring it. "There is not anything in this world, perhaps, that is more talked of and less understood than the business of a happy life." (SENECA). The business of happiness never can be understood while we are following a course contrary to Nature. We must return to her standard, obey her dictation, and frame our institutions of government upon the plan she points out—then the business of happiness may be clearly understood. "It is a melancholy consideration that the human mind is so slow to take hold of the most obvious truths." This slowness of apprehension is the consequence of the inversion of true principles. We have abandoned our honest and faithful guide, and are trusting false leaders, who have no knowledge of what constitutes human happiness, and, calculating to establish their own upon the ruins of others, have destroyed the whole—completely failing in the object aimed at. If we were asked, Who are the happiest—the rulers or the ruled, the richest or the poorest?—we

make life happy.

Finally, in the 14th Ode of the same Book, Deline, repeats the same fearful representations, as an admonition to enjoy the pleasures of life while they last, and be happy while he can, by reminding him that death will unavoidably and surely come, to consign him to eternal exile, and remove him from all that makes life happy.

Again, in death paraded before us as the terrible and most certain destroyer of all happiness. All the most depressing and saddening circumstances which accompany him are pictured in the gloomiest colors; nor is there a single ray of light to illuminate the darkness.

MAY 30, 1863

should say, it is a difficult question to answer. The rulers, having cheated the people and established a system of oppression, are in constant fear of the multitude, lest they discover the cheat and resort to physical force in redress of their grievances; and to prevent the fearful consequences to themselves of a retaliation, they are obliged to confine their thoughts to the invention of schemes and projects to amuse the people and continue the fraud. This study is exactly opposed to that which is required to understand happiness, for it engages the thoughts in contriving schemes to prevent the universal diffusion of knowledge—chaining reason to dogmas—limiting progression. Reason should have perfect freedom to act upon the mind; and we ought to give particular heed to cause and effect, of what we think, or of what we do, that we may learn thereby whatever has a tendency to tranquilize or disturb the mind. The only course of wisdom is the pursuit of happiness. It is not only the proper course, but the duty of every one to make themselves as happy as possible. Nature requires it as our first duty; she has done her part—we must do ours; and there would be no difficulty in acquiring the full amount of what we are capable of enjoying, if we gave particular attention to our internal sensations. All the enjoyments of a rational being that are worth seeking are of the mind and in the mind; and happy are they, and none but they, that cultivate the mind to a good purpose. A diligent attention to the mind is indispensable to happiness. That which gives a flash of exquisite delight, passing away in a moment and leaving a lasting regret, should be avoided as you would the plague. Happiness is found in all such cases in resisting the gratification. Human happiness is only to be found in pleasing, durable, mental sensations, and the business of a happy life is in attending to such acts as are productive of those sensations. Is happiness found in hoarding property? Never! Is it in magnificence, in external distinction, in show and splendor? Never! What is a stately palace to the owner? It soon becomes familiar to him, and he is no longer content with it. Happiness is not found here. Why not? what is the cause? Man certainly is capable of happiness and should at this age of the world understand something about it. It has been the study, or, rather, the bustling effort of all ages to obtain it, and yet we approach no nearer the object. Has the cause been traced to its origin? It may have been by a few individuals, and we think it might be seen by everybody if they would devote their attention to the subject. Human nature is a unity—the most important thing to be thought of—and very few think of it at all. This unity has been broken by a multitude of artificial distinctions, and until these unnatural distinctions are done away, and unity restored to its original principles, happiness will never be available to mankind. Now, where is the difficulty in tracing the origin of those distinctions? Are they not as conspicuous as the light of day—interwoven in all our institutions of government?

When a free, independent people, enter voluntarily into agreement and form a compact government, they most certainly, as a body, expect equal rights and privileges, but the framers of the system deceive them, and contrive to appropriate special privileges to the constituted authorities. No pecuniary privilege should be attached to any office whatever, as evil is sure to grow from it, and produce distinctions that cannot fail to interrupt harmony.

OLD SCHOOL.

For the Herald of Progress.

Beggs.

BY D. HELEN INGHAM.

When I look at the buds of Spring, all bursting into bloom, And sending forth like a blessing their wealth of rich perfume, I think of a little human bud, a thousand times more bright, Gone like a beautiful dream away from our mortal sight. Since first she crossed my path she has seemed like a blossom rare—I loved her glorious eyes and the gleam of her sunny hair. When I hear the children playing, her clear, sweet voice I miss—I miss her smile of welcome, and her little parting kiss; And to those whose love has blessed her since her brief morning's dawn, This world must seem less fair since the light of her life has gone. But oh! the sin and darkness that blend in our earthly life. Make what should be a Paradise seem like a field of strife; And those who leave us early from that wasting blight are free, And guarded by spirits purer than ours on earth can be. Could we live by Nature's laws, it were better far to stay Till ripe for a higher sphere ere we pass from earth away; But when I think how far from right are our toilsome lives at best— How many bitter, nameless pangs, into their measure press, It seems that sadder thoughts should come, more pitying tears be shed Over the wasted years of life than over the early dead. I look at Memory's picture of that little radiant child, And think of her beautiful spirit—from evil un-defiled— How its glad, wondering thoughts from day to day expand, As she roves among the flowers of that glorious Summer-land. Oh Matie! darling Matie! how the words she used to say Like sweet strains of far-off music come back to me to-day. I feel that she is happy in that higher, holier sphere, Yet sigh amid Spring's blossoms that her place is vacant here. DES MONES, May 17th.



ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 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.

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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 must 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.

BROTHER WILLIS'S ABLE DISCOURSE, delivered last Sunday morning, will be published week after next.

JUDGE EDMOND'S LECTURE, promised in our last to appear this week, will be reported in full in our next issue. This delay was unavoidable.

REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM'S RECENT DISCOURSE, on "The Second Coming of Christ," is only to be found in pleasing, durable, mental sensations, and the business of a happy life is in attending to such acts as are productive of those sensations. Is happiness found in hoarding property? Never! Is it in magnificence, in external distinction, in show and splendor? Never!

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We call particular attention to the quotations from the Springfield Republican, in this number. The influential branch of the press cannot let the subject of Spiritualism alone, simply because all intelligent men know that it is expanding more and more every hour.

ANOTHER PACKAGE OF BOOKS, for the Children's Lyceum, was presented last Sunday.

When the Guardian of the Groups announced the gift, the whole Lyceum broke forth with grateful applause. The giver is a young soldier in the Army of the Potomac. He is a true, brave patriot. These books for the children indicate his love of true education.

Lectures Next Sunday.

The Editor will address the Friends of Progress next Sunday morning and evening at Dodworth's Hall, 806 Broadway. Subjects: "The Moral Police," and "Life as Manifested in the Summer-Land."

Important for Children.

We are now preparing a book of Lessons adapted to the wants of the children of Progress. Guided by the principles and suggestions which will be set forth in this little book, friends of the young can organize "Children's Progressive Lyceums" in all parts of civilization. This valuable volume will be ready about the 1st of July.

"Air-Line"

No special details of intelligence come for the public this week. The marshaling of celestial powers is not yet consummated. The Army of Slavery is not yet vanquished, but Freedom is steadily and triumphantly marching on, and the end of the present combat is not far off. Let no man permit a cloud of doubt to shadow his path.

An Outpouring of the Spirit.

Dodworth's Hall is each succeeding Sunday becoming more attractive to those who sincerely seek for divine love and wisdom. The Spiritual ministrations, through Brother Willis, have touched deep chords in the hearts of hundreds. He departs from us with the blessings and best wishes of all who heard him. We earnestly hope that the Friends of Progress will secure to themselves the benefit of his services.

A Gift to the European Fund.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS FOR SALE.

To the Committee of the European Publishing Fund:

GENTLEMEN—I owe a large debt of gratitude, and request you to accept merely a small part of the interest.

This debt is the happiness and lasting spiritual good I have received from Brother A. J. Davis's works. You propose to publish these in German, and thus give that nation the first glimpses of this glorious Spiritual belief. It is a good work, from which seeds of beauty and signs of progress must follow.

Would that I could contribute the whole sum. Alas! my dollars, not my spirit's "God speed," fall.

And now to make the most of my small gift, I propose to contribute ten illuminated photographic albums, for twenty-five pictures each, (which I can procure at manufacturer's cost) provided the readers of the HERALD will purchase them at \$2. The retail price is \$2.50.

Yours, fraternally, S. LYON.

P. S.—These will be sent from the HERALD or PROGRESS office, and can be seen there. If sent by mail, twenty-five cents additional will cover the postage.

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Qui Bono?

The Springfield Republican has a notice of "Incidents of my Life," by D. D. Home, sandwiched between notices of the publications of the American Tract Society. The review, which we transfer to our columns, is in the main candid and impartial. The closing paragraph invites repetition:

"His book presents no explanation of their source, nor does it answer the "qui bono?" that must arise in every thoughtful mind. Spiritualism presents a series of unaccountable, undeniable facts, shorn of their interest by their utter impotence to produce large or important results. The collective wisdom imparted by our so-called spirit-visitors during fifteen years, only serves to remind us of the words of Shakespeare: 'There needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us that.'"

The critic forgets that from the very title of Mr. Home's book, we are to expect in it no solution of the great question of use. To look for it there is simply demanding in the book what is to be found alone in the reader. Every believer in Spiritualism is to answer for himself what good it does.

The editor of the Republican admits freely that "Spiritualism presents a series of unaccountable, undeniable facts," adding that they are "shorn of their interest by their utter impotence to produce large or important results."

"How long since, we would ask, has the editor of the Republican admitted that there is a single "undeniable, unaccountable fact" in Spiritualism? Of the few short years since the first faint rap was heard in Western New York, more than half failed to bring the editor up to this point. It is very lately that he has reached this conclusion. So long, therefore, as we find him progressing, we need cite no further proof of the power in Spiritualism to produce important results. Not that we conceive the credence of the Springfield editor to be a result either large or important in itself, but within the sphere of his own cognition, it is obviously sufficient to demonstrate more than "utter impotence" on the part of Spiritualism.

As to the collective wisdom imparted by "so-called spirit-visitors," our own opinion may not be vastly above that of the scholarly editor of the Republican. But does it follow because the writer's child away at school may not be able to write like a college professor, that, therefore, he will not value more a little badly-written, mis-spelled letter, traced by the hand of the dearly-loved one, than he would the most scholarly essay from a stranger pen?

The plea of a concealed intellectualist, that because, forsaken, the communications from departed spirits do not rival the wisdom of Locke, Bacon, Milton, or Shakespeare, therefore the fact is shorn of its interest, is as shallow as is that urged quite as frequently and with equal pertinacity by the selfish man of the world—because no mine of gold is uncovered, no easy road to wealth revealed, therefore Spiritualism is "impotent to produce large or important results."

And again, Mrs. —, the mother with her prattling babe lying helpless in her lap is asked whether all her sufferings, trials, and perils, have not failed to produce "large and important results?" Her answer would doubtless be, that even now she is more than repaid for all. Yet how justly might she reply:

"Wait and see!"

The Spiritualist, though equally ready to claim for the first fruits a verdict of approval, may properly ask a suspension of judgment. Wait through the years of infancy and youth. Christianity brought no fruits but blood and trial for centuries. It has now a history of eighteen hundred years, in which have been recorded all the large and important results from a movement quite as insignificant at the beginning as this. Will not the editor of the Republican wait a few hundred years?

Weighty Topics.

The meetings of Reformers have often been severely criticised because of the trivial character of their deliberations. In view of our shortcomings in this respect, it is refreshing to observe the immensely important and vital nature of the topics considered at the Friends' Yearly Meeting in this city. We quote from the report in a city daily:

"A discussion of some length then took place on the subject of grave stones in Friends' cemeteries. Until within a very few years, these were rigidly excluded from the various burying-grounds of Friends, but finally the discipline was so far relaxed as to permit stones of certain prescribed form and very limited dimensions, without epitaph or any inscription, save that of the name and age of the deceased, to be used to designate the graves. And the yearly meeting is now asked to enlarge this privilege so as to permit stones of greater dimensions to be used when more than one body is laid in the same grave. The matter is not regarded as a light one by the leading Friends. The testimony against monuments was originally one of the strongest of the secondary testimonies maintained by the society, and was abandoned with great reluctance on the part of many. The matter was finally left discretionary with the New York monthly meeting."

Doubtless any consideration of the question, What are the present relations and employments of the spirits lately tenanting the bodies deposited in the cemeteries? would be quite out of order. The subject of grave stones, however, enlivens the weighty attention of this grave assembly of nineteen-century fossils.

THE HESPERIAN.—This monthly visitor from the Pacific appears in a new dress, greatly improved, and with new evidences of prosperity. As a representative of the literature of California, this magazine is most creditable. It is now edited by Rev. J. D. Strong and Mrs. M. D. Strong.

Advertised "Wants."

A CAUTION.

We believe it is in Taylor's comedy entitled "Babes in the Woods," that Frank and Blanche Rosthon, having become penniless, go out to answer advertisements. Lady Blanche found that "young ladies of limited means and personal advantages" were "wanted" to sit as models in groups for stereoscopic pictures! Her husband found some equally promising opening to a large income.

It is not upon the stage alone that bitter disappointments are met with in this hopeless avenue to relief from desperate circumstances.

There are men in this city who obtain a support from the last dollars of despairing young men and hopeless young women seeking genteel means of subsistence. We have "spotted" one of these swindlers, and desire to caution our readers against being defrauded by him. He advertises in the Tribune, a paper which ought, and we trust will, deny him a place in their columns. The following is a specimen of the decoy used for taking in unsuspecting young men:

"WANTED—A young man to go as valet with a merchant to Australia. Apply to Mr. Spink, No. 7 Chatham Square."

This advertisement will stand for a few days, till it has brought in a score or more of applicants, when it is withdrawn. After a week's interval, another, precisely similar, appears, with this change only—the merchant so in need of a valet is going to California, instead of Australia; or he lays aside his mercantile dress, becomes a simple gentleman, and proposes to visit Europe.

Young men wanting to cross the ocean, to go to California, or to obtain a respectable "gentlemanly" and easy position, do not always reflect that merchants seldom require valets now-a-days.

In their anxiety for so promising a situation, they fail to observe that a Chatham Square intelligence-office is not the place a respectable merchant or traveling gentleman would be likely to visit, if wishing an employee; or, perhaps, they are simple-minded strangers, or desperate from the nature of their circumstances, and grasping at anything. From one or all of these reasons, Mr. Spink, doubtless, has not less than a score of applicants, all of whom pay him at least one dollar, or two, with a promise of the place, or "something else."

Let us follow one of these anxious young men in pursuit of employment by way of Chatham Square. He calls, leaves his address and his money, and is told to call again in three days, when the gentleman will be in town. Three days pass, and the man so much in need of a valet is still in Montreal, or some other remote city, but will surely be in town the day before the steamer sails. Every day's delay serves to diminish the number of applicants, since all may not be able to wait an indefinite period for the shadow of a chance or a ghost of a valetship.

At last the applicant is informed that a letter has been received, the gentleman is detained, and cannot be here under a week. Meantime Mr. Spink very considerately offers a conductorship on a street railroad, which is really the only veritable place at his disposal. Possibly an accomplice is needed to give the more persevering and importunate ones an "interview," when, of course, the "merchant" is able to suit himself better, and ends thus the affair.

It will be observed that the valetship is perpetually vacant. So also is the position of "governess," and the clerkship of that "new steamboat," notwithstanding in each the salary is liberal," and they have been advertised at intervals for the past year. The mythical persons requiring a valet, governess, and clerk, are vastly important to Mr. Spink. Without them he would not be able to continue his business. And you, reader, need not expect he will permit you, for a patry two dollars, to secure a vacancy which is worth to him many hundreds every year. So avoid Mr. Spink and No. 7 Chatham Square.

C. M. P.

A Pleasant Occasion.

A MARRIAGE AT DODWORTH'S HALL.

Mr. Willis's Sunday evening discourse on the development of love in the human soul was happily appropriate to the interesting ceremony at the close. The couple whose marriage was consummated at that time will enjoy the best wishes of a large audience, who will long remember the occasion. It certainly has never been our privilege to witness—as a mere spectator—a more interesting celebration of the marriage sacrament.

With the addition of the excellent music furnished by Miss Turner and Mr. Gross, the evening proved singularly replete with good things. The following is a report of the ceremony: Mr. Willis said:

"I welcome you, my Brother and Sister, to the threshold of a new and beautiful life. I believe that the divinest and most beautiful of all laws are enacted within the human spirit. The flow of life from heart to heart, the earnest call of affection, the tender touch of sympathy, the gentle, tender touch of admiration—these are the external signs of interior life, which began when the human spirit first began to be conscious of itself. And from the beginning of life we know of the beginning of love."

"The truest expression of true life—true love—is found in true marriage. This is no external institution or ceremony, it is interior, and exists only by the interior laws of divine sympathy. It is not necessary for men to join in earnest persuasions or protestations that the laws of true marriage be kept sacred—they are forever sacred in the souls that feel them."

"Nor is it for me, my Brother and Sister, to extort from you any promises or lay upon you any obligations. You have plighted your

vows to each other in the sacredness of your own souls, covenanting together at the holy shrine of affection. My part is simply to pronounce those words which shall unite you in that external relation recognizable in the eye of the law as marriage."

"But did I not, through my intuitions, perceive this union to be founded on mutual adaptation of character and in harmony with the divine law of sympathetic attraction, I should not dare to take upon myself the responsibility of pronouncing the words that are to bind you in the external relations of marriage."

"As it is, I willingly and cheerfully comply with your request."

"Will you join your right hands?"

"In the presence of the ministering Angels of Heaven, and these witnessing friends of earth, I do, by virtue of the authority vested in me by the laws of the land, pronounce you, Edgar, and you, Emma, husband and wife; and what has been thus solemnly joined together, both by the internal and the external law, no man can ever put asunder."

"And now, my Brother and Sister, may Heaven's choicest blessings cluster richly around your pathway. I could wish that no trials might ever overshadow you; but if trials come, if shadows darken around you, may they serve to draw you nearer unto each other, and to the heaven of Truth and Holiness whose portals are within the soul."

The Union Tulip.

A very singular card photograph, styled "Union Tulip," has

**Proceedings of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists,
AT GREENSBORO', HENRY CO., IND.**

A three days' quarterly meeting was held in Seth Hinshaw's free Hall, Greensboro', on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd days of May.

The proceedings commenced on Friday, 7 o'clock P. M., Dr. Hill, of Knightstown, President, Mary Thomas, of Cincinnati, Secretary.

Lecture by Mary Thomas. "The Ideas and Words of one Generation are embodied in the acts and events of the next."

Saturday morning lecture, by Laura Cuppy. "The Promised Land." To do justice to this lecture the whole should be given. The old Biblical allegory was run parallel with progressive experience. Many questions were asked by the audience and answered by the controlling spirit.

Saturday afternoon conference, the following resolutions, offered by Dr. Hill, were taken up and discussed:

Resolved, that salaries in Government, and the general unequal distribution of wealth, tend to produce an aristocracy, instead of promoting the good of the promoters of wealth.

Resolved, therefore, That it is the duty of Reformers to show the world the best means by which the producer himself may be benefited by the use and product of his or her own labor.

Dr. Mason, of Connersville, Mr. Pratt, and Mrs. Cuppy, spoke on this subject. An Indian influence, operating through Miss Thomas, spoke concerning things wherein he thought civilization was behind *his time* and people.

Saturday evening lecture—"Man and his Teachers."

The Sunday morning lecture was given by Mrs. Laura Cuppy. "To be carnally minded, is death." The speaker touched lightly on the orthodox idea of indwelling sin—denying it. Sin is an agent in your development—you have to contend with an imperfect organization. Sin is imperfection. The Bible is full of allegories. The first man of the earth, earthly; the second, the Lord from heaven, is one. Man lives too much in the *back of his head*. He goes up stairs sometimes into the spiritual upper brain, but down he comes again into the lower.

In answer to questions asked by the audience, the controlling spirit said: "The only hell is sin in ourselves. Let the divine within you assert itself. Work out your own salvation." The spirit further remarked: "Some of you say, 'Why don't spirits come to the wise and high in churches?' Was Jesus high? No, he was opposed to the orthodoxy of that day, and yet he came from God."

The question was asked: "Do spirits see God in spirit-life?" The answer was: "Spirits see God in each other. Man is the highest representative of God on earth. Spirit in the highest in heaven."

Something was said of the absurdities of Spiritualism, in answer to which the spirit speaking through Mrs. Cuppy said: "Bring up our absurdity of Spiritualism, and we will produce you two from the Church and the Bible, and we hereby throw down the glove! Is not the Bible narrative of Jacob's wrestling with an angel, and going lame all the rest of his life, an absurd an ascription as can be found in Spiritualism? A great deal of sport has been made of Judge Edmonds, because he said he saw buttermilk in the spirit-world. But I, you not remember the name of *Poet*, where he says a sheet was let down from heaven, in which were all kind of beasts, and it was taken up again, beasts and all? Perhaps it was from one of those cows the Judge got the buttermilk!"

Sunday afternoon a lecture was delivered by Mary Thomas, "The sting of death is sin?" "Love is the fulfilling of the Law."

Those who have heard the clear and concise manner in which questions are answered through Mrs. Cuppy must agree with us that it is in this part of her mediumship that she most excels.

Mary Thomas made an appeal in behalf of the "Western Freedmen," tracing the great wrong that had been done them and their forefathers, and earnestly begging the audience to remember these poor brothers and sisters of a common humanity.

The meeting adjourned to 7 o'clock in the evening, when they met for conference. The following resolutions were offered by Dr. Hill and others:

Resolved, That aristocracy must be put down.

Resolved, Further, to inquire, What is aristocracy?

Resolved, That health reform underlies all others.

Resolved, That the only true method for the reform of "outcast females" (so called) is not to exclude them from the world in houses of "refuge" or "reform," but to place them on an equality with their seducers of the opposite sex, extending to each equal opportunities for regaining their lost estate, equal sympathy as well as equal condemnation.

These resolutions were discussed with great interest, especially the third. Mrs. Cuppy spoke warmly and to the point. Why should the sin, which is at least equal in both sexes, be so unequally visited? Mary Thomas remarked that, if the world did its duty, there would be no outcasts. She said: "I feel as deeply as any one can the importance of the work undertaken by Emma Hardinge; but her work will be endless, unless the causes of the evil be removed. I propose that this master receive serious consideration; that the frowns and penalties of society be equally divided and apportioned. Let the seducer and the seduced—the lewd man and the fallen woman—be treated alike, and then, perhaps, we shall see a better state of morality."

All the resolutions (the one discussed in the Saturday conference included) were adopted.

A vote was taken to publish the proceedings, and the meeting adjourned.

SETH HINSHAW, SR.
GREENSBORO, Henry Co., Ind., May 13, 1863.

Annual Festival.

The fourth annual Festival of the Religious-Philosophical Society will be held at the Universalist meeting-house in St. Charles, Kane Co., Ill., commencing on Friday, July 3, and continuing Saturday and Sunday. The 4th will be devoted to addresses and other festivities suited to the day. The usual broad and free platform will be maintained, thus affording an opportunity for the friends of Progress of all shades of faith to participate in

the exercises, subject to the usual rules of decorum. A free table of substantial refreshments will be spread throughout the meeting, for all who may attend. The friends in St. Charles and adjoining towns are requested to bring in such delicacies and supplies for the table as their liberality shall dictate. The best speakers (normal and trance) of the Northwest, as heretofore, will be present, among whom Brother J. M. Peebles, of Battle Creek, Mich., who was present at the inauguration of these annual Festivals of the Religious-Philosophical Society, has already signified his intention to be present. Almost every lecturer who was present at the last annual Festival signified their intention of being present this year. The Davenports are also expected to be present. A general invitation is given to all speakers and hearers to come up to the "feast of reason and flow of soul." By order of the Religious-Philosophical Society.

S. S. Jones, President.
ST. CHARLES, May 18, 1863.

**Correspondence of the Herald of Progress.
Letter from Switzerland.**

BERNE, SWITZERLAND, May 6, 1863.

The fruit-trees are already beginning to cast their blossoms; the first crop of hay, principally composed of flowers, is being mown; and strawberries, grown wild upon the hill-sides sloping southward, are just beginning to appear upon the market. If we may judge of the fruit-crop by the amount of blossoms, it must certainly be enormous this year, for the trees have been completely buried in flowers, and the peasants confidently predict an unusual harvest. The grain—what there is of it throughout Switzerland—is looking extremely well, and nothing has yet happened to prevent the grape-yield from being as good as usual. It is now too late for frost, and nothing save continued wet weather, which is not anticipated, would be apt to injure the vines sufficiently to make us tremble for fear of "sour grapes."

The name of the god we worship is "Bacchus."

I speak "as a Switzer," and with authority; for such is the undeniable fact; and the prospect of a failure in the vine-crop would strike a terror to the nation's vitals which no other good fortune could alleviate. The silk crop may fail, and the grain—all things—but not the grape!

Swiss wine is invariably sour, but to the Switzer it is sweeter than honey and the honeycomb.

We are revelling just now in the days of "Mairunk." It is not a purely temperance beverage, but was invented by the gods—so say the Germans—for poets; and I am not sure that Mr. Davis has not frequently sipped it (in vision) judging from the outbursts of soulful poesy sparkling at all times in the columns of the HERALD, as though inspired by the spirit of flowers in the "May-bowl."

The "May-bowl" is composed of Rhine wine, filled with the most delicate leaves and flowers of *waldmeister*, apple blossoms, violets, a sprinkling of daisies and clover-blossoms, with plenty of sugar, and a good share of water; at least I can answer for the last ingredient in the case of our own "May-bowls." But their reign, always short, is almost over, and the little "*waldmeister*" will soon be allowed to bloom on undisturbed until the coming of another May. The Germans say that the inspiration of the "May-bowl" is just as needful for the poets as the fragrance of the rose is for the nightingale. And this may be. I am not prepared to deny it.

Mr. Davis will please to be oblivious to what I am about to say; for I am a real old-fashioned individual, and do not like to say nice things of folks, and then have them hear about it, or read it. It won't do. If I was intending to say something disagreeable, it would be another matter; but having no such intention, I politely request the Editor-in-chief to shut his editorial ears and eyes, and let me talk a little while to the readers of the HERALD OF PROGRESS just exactly as I please. People who advocate free speech must quietly allow folks to say things, especially when they can't help it; and I can't now, for the life of me.

In reading the reports of Mr. Davis's "Scenes and Intuitions of the Summer-Land" from week to week, I am always wondering what sort of poesy he has left untouched—what yet remains unwritten, and what unmurmured music we are yet to hear. Why, the living music runs rippling out of his soul as unconsciously and melodiously as the gurgling brooklets come singing down from the Alps, and I do not suppose he can help it any more than the brooks can. I am glad his bright course is not impeded by all the dams (excuse the sounding profanity of the word,) with which they would stop his free path. The lark goes into the heaven and sings, and the archer cannot follow it there, and one must needs stand very near heaven's portal in order to push him away who goes in to look. Therefore I think the lark may sing on in safety, and

I may not scorn the spirit's rights.

For I have seen it rise.

All written o'er with thought, thought, thought,

As with a thousand eyes!"

I am gratified to learn that Mr. Davis's works have been translated into German, and that means are being taken for their publication.

Publishing is not an easy matter in Germany, and the translator will have trouble enough with all the pecuniary aid kind friends may render him. But thus you can assist him very materially, and I rejoice that you are going to do so with a will. Mr. Wittig has undertaken a Herculean task, how great only a German author can conceive.

Our resident minister, the Hon. George G. Fogg, left here yesterday for a two weeks' sojourn in Paris, on special business, the nature of which I am uninformed.

Yours, as ever, MAY MORNING.

**For the Herald of Progress.
Miss Anna E. Dickinson in Brooklyn.**

Miss Dickinson spoke at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn on Friday evening, the 22d inst., her subject being "How Providence is Teaching this Nation?" The assemblage was large and enthusiastic. The lady appeared at 8 o'clock, and spoke for an hour, having been introduced to the audience by Theodore Tilton. Her discourse was a purely political one, and was received with frequent demonstrations of applause. As a speaker her power consists not so much in a display of oratory or finely-rounded periods, as in her *earnestness*—the secret of all true oratory—an earnestness which springs evidently from her thoroughly believing what she says. Something is due undoubtedly to the novelty of her position as a political lecturer—a field which one of her sex has rarely or never ventured to enter—but her success, for the most part, owing to other causes.

In listening to her, one loses sight for the moment of the speaker in contemplating the thought which she presents. In her oration she recognized fully the progressive tendencies of humanity. "We see that the world's benefactors have been its martyrs," she said. "And yet how it has come with mingled weeping and joy to build their monuments. How the ground has been crimsoned with the best blood of the land, that it might bring forth its harvest of liberty. How the air has hung heavy with the whispers of dying men for the cause, dying, that the great hearts and strong souls which followed might hear and cry aloud. Step by step the world has advanced, century after century has waded through seas of blood, to come up with garments washed of manifold stains and slowly approaching whiteness."

"And in this our age, good men and true—reading the record of the past right, with the execrations of public opinion lashing them, with the storm of obloquy, reproach, and shame beating upon them, faltering not in their good work, preaching redemption to the nation and salvation to its oppressed children—knew that somehow, and sometime the end would be, and repeated in their hearts the words of the wise man, 'Go not to the world, for it thou standest still long enough, the world will come round to thee.' And it has come, slowly, staggering under its weary weight of woes and suffering: the mists washed from its eyes by tears; the obstacles swept away in seas of blood. Thank God it has come! The people, our people, this people, have learned that we are fighting for liberty, and an union which shall mean consolidated liberty; nor for the union of Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan, of mob-laws and lynch violence. Such is God's lesson."

Miss Dickinson prescribes not conciliation for traitors, but the sword, the bayonet, and the cannon. Her denunciations of those who foment treason in the *East* of, and of "conservative" and imbecile officials, as Seward, McClellan, and Halleck, were full of fire. Her mien at such times was that of indignation and defiance, showing that she *felt* the full force of every word of invective which she uttered. Her analysis of Northern sentiment regarding the war was clear and correct. Our position is a merely negative one, she said, while that of our enemies is positive. They fight to succeed, we simply to prevent their succeeding. She based her plea upon the broad ground of justice and the rights of man, coming tally up to the demands of the hour, and endeavoring to raise the people to her standpoint by a practical eloquence and directness of appeal which held her hearers spell-bound. Her watchword was "God and Liberty."

The negro, she said, must be permitted to assist in fighting for his liberty and ours. The parallel which, in commenting upon the effects of the war here in the North, she drew between the fathers, mothers, and sons of the North who have lost their sons and husbands in battle, and the slave-fathers, wives, and mothers whose hearts have been lacerated for years and centuries by separations far more cruel and aggravating than any which we have undergone, while we have looked on with indifference or approval, was graphic and truthful. We have come through anguish and suffering unutterable to the standpoint of justice, she exclaimed. Not until we had suffered, did we feel, or begin to feel, how they have suffered. Now we grasp their hands and mingle our tears with theirs.

Her final enigma upon the brave who have faithfully fought—Hoover, Burnside, and others—and upon those who have fallen—Winthrop and Ellsworth and Lyon and Baker and Mansfield and Mitchell and two hundred thousand more—the tribute as it was of a gifted woman to noble and gifted men—was peculiarly opportune. "Men of the North," she said, in closing, "your weak regret for their loss is waste of years. Arise and pay to freedom and to them the debt by following where they led the way."

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Our resident minister, the Hon. George G. Fogg, left here yesterday for a two weeks' sojourn in Paris, on special business, the nature of which I am uninformed.

Yours, as ever, MAY MORNING.

done to woman, as well as to the negro? How long before our laws and constitutions shall be amended so as to extend equal rights to all human beings by virtue of their humanity, instead of being confined to that fraction described as "white male citizens"? How long before this intelligence, this culture, this insight which Miss Dickinson possesses, and which are, in a greater or less degree, common to her sex, shall be allowed a representation in the government—shall be allowed a voice in making and administering the laws to which they are subject, and in shaping the national policy? How long before man and woman shall form an unity in all the relations of life? May we not hope and labor that such will be the case in the reconstruction which is to follow the present disintegrated and perturbed state of our national affairs?—Let the friends of justice and equal rights (not in name merely, but in fact) hasten to prepare themselves and the people for the events which are soon to culminate. Let reformers be everywhere active. Now is the seed-time. As we sow, thus shall we reap.

O. J. R.

(From the Springfield Republican.)

Faith and Prospects of Spiritualism.

A LETTER BY TIMOTHY TITCOMBE TO SALATHIEL FOGG JONES, SPIRITUALIST.

You happen to be one of the men ordained from the foundation of the world to be a Spiritualist. There are many unlike you who are not. You have all that natural love of what is novel and marvelous, and that peculiar mixture of credulity and skepticism, and that perverse disposition to run against the feelings and prejudices of people, which would lead you to embrace Spiritualism. Whenever I find a man who possesses your peculiar nature and character, I always find a Spiritualist; for if Spiritualism does not come to him, he goes to it. You were a Fourierite when I first knew you, and you rode the hobby of Fourierism until you rode it to death. Every "ism" that has been started during the last twenty years has numbered you among its champions. You were a zealous abolitionist until abolitionism became popular, and then, without turning against it, you seemed to lose your interest in it. When Spiritualism made its appearance, I knew that you would be a Spiritualist as well as I knew that "fire, ascending, seeks the sun." It was the natural thing for you.

I was not at all surprised, therefore, when you caught me by the button-hole one day, at the corner of a street, and announced to me the conviction that you could demonstrate the immortality of the human soul. You may, perhaps, remember the smile which your announcement excited. I confess that it amused me. You seemed as interested and pleased about the matter as if you had never heard of such a thing as immortality before.

A book had been in your hands ever since you could read that told you all about it. A belief in this immortality had incorporated itself into the consciousness and possessions of all the powerful nations of the world; had molded civilization—nay, had created civilization out of the poor stuff of barbarism; had introduced into society its highest motives and most purifying elements; had sustained its courage and inspired the hope of multitudes of dying saints and martyrs through all ages; had surrounded you all your life with the evidences of its vitality, and yet you had just satisfied yourself on the question by means of unaccountable raps on a table, in the dark, which, through a little assistance of your own, had spelled out, in bad orthography and worse syntax, an insignificant sentence!

Here was a moral force that had moved the world, yet it had not moved you! You—wiser, more acute, less credulous, less superstitious—had waited to see a table dance before you could believe in that realm of spiritual things which had hung above and embraced you since you were born, and which has always had a representative in your own bosom!

This has been one of the marvels of these latter-day developments in Spiritualism: that men who have been skeptical on all cognate subjects, and have resisted all the moral and spiritual evidences of immortality—resisted all the evidences germane to the subject—have bowed like bulrushes before the proofs that come to them from a mysteriously-played banjo, or a common-place message rapped out by a friend on the other side of the river. It took Materialism to prove Spiritualism to these very acute men; and they thought that because they had seen matter moved by spirit, or what they supposed to be spirit, they had made a prodigious advance, forgetting that all the spiritual manifestations recorded in the Bible were addressed to the lowest life and the most stolid apprehension, and that the miracles of Christ were wrought to convince men who were below the reach of higher evidence. They have been foisted by proofs that do not add a hair's weight to the faith of any genuine Christian in the world. They think that they have a discovery, and that Christians are afraid of it, when the truth is that they have made no discovery whatever, and that Christians are above it. The proofs of spirituality and of immortality to be found in what is called Spiritualism, are the grossest that can possibly be produced, supposing them to be genuine. They are proofs that deal with matter exclusively, and appeal to the commonest and lowest order of minds. It is you, my friend, who are behind the age, and not the Christians at whose faith you scoff, simply because you are not up to it, and cannot appreciate it. You receive a little thing because you are not sufficient to receive a large one.

I do not intend, in the few paragraphs which I propose to write to you, to undertake the overthrow of your proofs of Spiritualism. I am willing, indeed, to confess that I have witnessed, among much that was undoubtedly the result of deception and jugglery, phenomena which I could not rationally account for by any other theory than that which assigns to them a spiritual origin. But those phenomena have never contributed anything to my conviction that I am immortal, and that there is a realm of spiritual existence which holds the product of unnumbered worlds and

history of an eternity. They have never made so much as a ripple on the surface of my faith. (3)

Their apparent aim has been so limited, many of them have been so low and frivolous, some of them have been so vicious, and all have had so much more to do with matter than with spirit, or with spiritual truth, that they have never seemed worthy for an instant to have any consideration as parts of any religious system or as opponents of any religious system. It is an insult to common sense, no less than an offense to decency, to compare the conglomerate trash which has been issued as the teachings of the spirits with Christianity, as a system of religion, and it is a simple impossibility for a true and hearty Christian to accept in the place of his faith the peepings and the mutterings of a pack of lying demons, whose deceptions and tricks are acknowledged by their best friends.

The rule which the author of Christianity announced, and which the common judgment of the world has endorsed, that a tree is known by its fruits, is one which

we can only form, through guess and conjecture, the faintest idea. I say that this is the least that can be assumed by the Spiritualist. It is the least that is assumed by you, or any one of your associates, concerning the utterances of your best spiritual correspondents; yet I defy you to point to a single oration originating in your circles that can compare with those of Webster, or Burke, or Everett, a single philosophical discourse that betrays the brains of a Bacon, a single revelation of the unseen world that can compare with that of John, or a single poem that is not surpassed many times by many poems from the pen of the lamented Mrs. Browning. You are lame in every field in which, in accordance with your theories, you should walk with kingly strides. You cannot hold in contempt the literary judgments of the world; and the literary judgments of the world are against you. It is the decided opinion of those whose opinion you are bound to respect that your theories of intellectual and spiritual progress beyond the grave are shockingly disproved by the products of the minds which pretend to address us from it. There is nothing in the literature of Spiritualism which, in power and beauty, and practical adaptation to the wants of men, and skillful use of language, can compare with the literature written before Spiritualism made its first rap. Do you doubt it? Look at the alcoves of the scholars and poets of the world, and mark the shelves which your classics occupy. They are not there at all, and their absence is owing to the simple fact that they are not worthy to be there. Literature is catholic. Literary men are not particular as to the source from which great thoughts come, and they will gather where they find them. They have not found them in the literature of Spiritualism. I state this as a fact, which you cannot deny; and I appeal to the literary men of the world as my witnesses.

In the degree by which Spiritualism has failed to produce a worthy literature of its own, has it failed to incorporate itself as a vital force into any literature. In a few English novels we have seen evidences of its presence, but even then it has furnished only machinery for mysteries and not ideas for life. No poet of power has gone to it for his inspirations.

While many literati have been attracted to its marvels, and not a small number of them have acknowledged their faith in the genuineness of its "manifestations," it finds no record in the characteristic products of their pens.

And now, in view of all these facts, I declare my full conviction that Spiritualism, notwithstanding all its high pretensions and its ambitious efforts, has imported no new intellectual food into the world, and brought no increment to its intellectual life. Has heaven been opened, my friend, to scatter crumbs and broken victuals to children already fed with bread from the tree of a nobler life? Have the dead come back to prove to you and me that they have only made progress to, or into, imbecility and idiocy? Have the angels of God forgotten to be wise, and the saints of God learned to be silly? Is it a religion, or a system of philosophy, or a revelation of whatever character, good for anything, or worthy of a moment's consideration, which gives us nothing greater and more abounding in vitality than what we had before—nothing great and vital enough to create a literature of its own, which will command the respect of the world, and find its way through various channels of life into all literature? You have common sense—or used to have. Answer the question.

I remember very well the boast that you and your friends made, a few years ago, that the world was about to witness a new dispensation through the ministry and revelations of Spiritualism. We had outgrown Christianity, as the world once outgrew Judaism, you declared, and so, burning up our soiled and worn-out creeds, and casting off the clothing of the Christian church, which had grown too strait for us, we were to emerge into a brighter light and a nobler life. Well—have your boasts proved to be well grounded? You must not complain that I ask you this question, and say that I do not give you time enough, and refer me to the difficulty of the early steps of Christianity. Spiritualism was born into a very different age from that which witnessed the advent of Christianity. There was no steamboat, no railroad, no telegraph, no universal newspaper, no printing-press, to wait upon the early steps of Christianity. The first wail in the little village of Bethlehem, that gave notice of the advent of the Redeemer, did not reach outside of the walls of the stable where he lay; but through the ministry of the Christian church, which had grown too strait for us, we were to emerge into a brighter light and a nobler life. Well—have your boasts proved to be well grounded?

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But Timothy Titcomb fails as yet to comprehend the Spiritual Philosopher, though he may fathom the mere Spiritualist. One who recognizes the progressive order of the universe, views Christian miracles and Spiritual facts as alike insignificant in comparison with the great principles which underlie and govern both. Such an one is above narrow conclusions and bigoted criticisms, and it matters little to him whether he is called Christian or Spiritualist.

(3) Possibly one so immovably anchored on the Christian rock is not altogether competent to judge of the experiences of the faithless, skeptical, and unbelieving thousands to whom even the trifling manifestations of modern Spiritualism afford the only tangible proof of immortality. Thanks to our large organs of hope, neither of us may need these feeble proofs. Let us not forget many differently constituted.

(4) No matter how captious the spirit with which these questions were propounded, they are important for self-examination. It is well for all, whether Christian or Spiritualist, frequently to undergo this personal analysis, and to learn whether the fault, if any, belongs to the system of faith or within our own spirits.

(5) Mr. Holland has been most unfortunate in the kind of Spiritualists he has met. We hope in his associations with other classes in society he has found better representatives of the faith peculiar to each. For any of whom his statement is correct, the criticism is just and merited. We endorse it most cordially.

(6) For this honest declaration of a simple truth we would thank the author, did we not know that it had been forced from him by a progressed public sentiment. How long is it since the *Republican* charged all Spiritualists with being tree-lovers? The increased respect manifested in this criticism demonstrates more forcibly than words the progress true Spiritualism is making.

(7) We have long believed that too frequent or habitual attendance upon circles proves "rather dissipating than edifying" to most persons, hence have neither practiced nor recommended it. Has Spiritualism nothing more in it than this?

(8) The Spiritual Philosophy made its mark on literature long before it cropped out and appealed to the senses. This is more than can be said of Christianity, whose literature has been compelled to draw on the Spiritual idea for its choicest conceptions. Tim-

othy Titcomb knows as well as we do, what has given the real life, soul, and vital power to the literature of the world. He may call it Christianity. We have the same right to style it Spiritualism. Here, as elsewhere, the writer confounds theological Christianity—a religious system—with vital Christianity—the progressive energy of the divine within the human spirit. This true spiritual idea, inborn in every human breast, is above all systems, all phenomena, and has and will modify all literature, all science and art. No thanks to the Christian scheme of salvation, or to the spirit raps of the nineteenth century. These are but external manifestations—outward signs—of an interior truth. The internal and spiritual is the real, the external but the imperfect image.

To return to the question of literature:

Whatever may be said of the Bible itself,

Bible literature falls far behind the progressive inspirations outside its narrow field.

It is neither just nor logical to judge of the merit of the Spiritual Philosophy by the literary merits of its primary productions. But

even applying the test here, we are not without a good degree of strength. There are works on science—the productions of minds unshoaled by the world's processes—which challenge the respect of the ablest scientists of this country and Europe. We need only mention here the first volume of Hudson Tuttle's "Arcana," which has been translated into German and accepted by able German thinkers, with whom, not ourselves, must Mr. Holland argue this question.

There are works of other authors which

just as truly belong to the literature of Spiritualism. The writer alludes to Mrs. Browning.

Is he aware that she lived and died a Spiritualist? Are the literary efforts of Sir Bulwer Lytton, Dr. J. Garth Wilkinson, Wm. Howitt, Robert Dale Owen, T. W. Higginson, Mrs. E. W. Farnham, and many other and perhaps abler writers, at all dimmed by their having embraced Spiritualism?

(9.) Prisons and scaffolds may not have threatened the adherents of Spiritualism, but

they have been placed under the ban of public opinion involving equal martyrdom. Be it

remembered that the martyr spirit did not

necessarily disappear when the last faggot crumpled to ashes. And it is well for the critic to

remember that since "the blood of martyrs is

the seed of the church," this very early physi-

cal persecution, now happily outgrown, may

explain the rapid growth of Christianity.

Has Spiritualism "been brought fairly be-

fore the world"? How cool and unblushing the assumption! Whom have we to thank?

Ministers of Christianity and editors of news-

papers? With what cordial fraternity they

have extended the hand of fellowship! "Fairly

before the world," indeed! It has not been

denied a single unprincipled channel for a fair

representation of its merits; and yet, after the

lapse of but fifteen years, must bitter in

denying it a fair hearing demand that it be put

on trial for *frauds*!

The injustice of such a demand strikes Tim-

othy Titcomb so forcibly he acknowledges the

necessity for argument to prove that fifteen

years now, with railroads and telegraphs, is

equal to eighteen hundred years running back

to Bethlehem. It is a flattering concession to

thus assume that the striping of fifteen is

competent to meet in equal combat the veter-

an of eighteen centuries. But the critic calls

to too hasty a verdict. By his leave we will

let the youth grow awhile.

We do not doubt the ability of this young

David to cope with the sturdy Goliah. But

as Christianity—as a system—grows daily wiser, and the Spiritual Philosophy each

day stronger, we stand upon the justice of

more than fifteen years for sowing, ripening,

and harvesting. Now is the seed-time. The fruit

has yet to appear.

(10.) This modest assumption is not new.

The greater includes the less. If Christianity

recognizes and embraces the truth of pro-

gressive spiritual existence, the immortality of

the affections, and all the glorious, beautiful,

and cheering truths, which illuminate the

Spiritual Philosophy, we will not quarrel with

the name. As for ourselves, we hesitate not

to recognize the golden rule as part of our

faith—and what has Christianity above that?

The plan of salvation by atonement, as part

of Christianity, is as false and pernicious as

the mere phenomena of Spiritualism is unin-

portant and insignificant. To that doctrine—

all Spirituality is opposed. We are glad

Timothy Titcomb at last so clearly recognizes

this distinction.

(11.) Not least (in the eyes of the provident

worldling,) is Timothy Titcomb's last argu-

ment: "All the good fellows are going my way." This call has led many to join the

popular throng. Yet how very shallow the

pretext which such an invitation exposes.

Is Timothy Titcomb not aware that this is

not a matter of choice? We cannot obey the

will, but must rather be obedient to the

voice of conscience. If that say nay, though

all the world trod the path, we could not walk

therein. Would the attractive company of

any number of "good fellows" atom for a vi-

olation of right? Shall we believe a lie and de-

ny a truth?

We need have no fears lest we perish on

husks, or cherish a dying delusion in which

is "no more food, nor aspiration, nor light,

nor life, nor blessing?" What a mistake our

friend makes. If God be for us, who shall

be against us? With truth and right on our

side, we cannot suffer want. There are no

"fellow" so good company as an enlightened

and approving conscience. With these to travel with us, we are not sad

to part company with Timothy Titcomb and his good fellows.

C. M. P.

Public Speakers.

(For the completeness and correctness of the following lists of speakers' appointments and addresses, we must rely upon the prompt and constant attention of those whom we thus gratuitously advertise. For the convenience of Lecture Committees, it is desirable that in traveling Lecturers on Spiritualism and Reform keep us constantly supplied with their engagements and permanent post-office address.)

APPOINTMENTS.

S. J. Finney will speak in Lowell, Mass., during June and July. Address care George Walker.

J. M. Peebles, Battle Creek, Mich., last two Sundays in each month.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend will speak in Philadelphia during May.

Mrs. Augusta A. Currier will lecture in Troy, N. Y., Sundays of May. Address Lowell, Mass. 815.

E. Whipple will lecture in South-west Michigan during the summer and fall. Address Mattawan, Van Buren Co., Mich.

Mrs. Mary Wood will speak June 7 and 14 at Springfield, Mass. July 5 and 12, Quincy, Mass.; June 6 and 13, Stamford, Conn.

Miss Mary Thomas will speak at Rural, O., May 24 to June 8; Greensburg, July 5; Anderson, Ind., July 11 and 12; Pendleton, 13; Huntsville, 15 and 16. Address Greensburg, Ind.

Miss Emma Hardinge lectures in Portland, Me., in June; Bangor, Me., in July; Quincy, Mass., the first of August; in the West in the fall and winter. Address Rose-Cross, Dolanco P. O., Burlington, Conn. N. J.

Mrs. Martha Lewis Beckwith, Trance Speaker, lectures in Taunton, Mass., during May. Address Lowell, Mass. 815.

Dr. James Cooper will speak at Muncie, Ind., Friday, May 29; Chesterfield, 30 and 31; Anderson, June 1; Mechanicsburg, Henry Co., 2 and 3; Cadiz, 4 and 5; Greensboro, 6 and 7. Subscriptions taken for Ladies and Parousias, and books for sale.

H. A. Price, Trance Speaking, Healing, and Development, Middletown, New York, will speak in Plymouth, May 31 and June 21 and 22. He will answer calls to lecture two first Sundays of June and four Sundays of July. Address care Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield St., Boston.

F. L. Wadsworth, care A. J. Davis & Co., 274 Canal Street, Boston.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe, Milwaukee, Wis., care of T. J. Freeman, Esq.

J. S. Loveland, care Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton, Northampton, Mass., care W. H. Felton.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, 87 Spring St., E. Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson, Hammonia Atlantic Co., N. J.

Laura Cuppy will attend funerals and answer calls to lecture. Address Dayton, O.

Mrs. and Mrs. H. M. McElroy, Elmira, N. Y., care of Wm. B. Hatch, or Ridgebury, Brad. Co., Pa.

John McQueen, Ellendale, Mich.

Mrs. E. W. Warner, Box 14, Berlin, Wis.

Mrs. E. U. Martin, 250 Broadway.

Mrs. O. H. Hyzer, Box 166, Buffalo, N. Y.

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