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Devoted to the Discovery and Application of Truth.

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TO WRITERS AND READERS.

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

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

Whisperings to Correspondents

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

J. L. H. BROOKLYN.—Your letter will not be published.

B. B. WESTFIELD, MASS.—No one in our office knows anything concerning such a person.

J. C. NEWARK.—The prescription was sent by Saturday's mail.

T. C. M.—You cannot enter without a ticket.

J. M. P., U. S. A., TENN.—We shall decline further communications on the "Resolutions."

"THOMAS," NEW YORK.—His circumstances do not demand your interposition.

G. F. SALEM, MASS.—We could reach the young person if the M. P. F. had a member in or near that city. We have full faith that the time is not far distant when in every American city there will be a "Moral Police Fraternity."

NEW YORK, Jan., 1864.

MR. DAVIS, DEAR SIR: Permit me to contribute the gold dollar, received from Mr. Patrick Welch, to the fund of the Children's Progressive Lyceum. GEORGE E. HARVEY, Member of "Grotto Group," No. 7.

Against Sadness.

Thou, thou who hast the gift of life to-day,
Thy Father's gift, to make thee free and glad,
The green earth round about thee, in array
Meet for her King to look upon, and say,
As in the old time, "It is very good!"
Thou, over whom doth brood
The blue serene by day, the starred firmament
By night—why should thy soul be sad?
Thou, unto whom is lent
A wondrous world for thy sojourning tent,
Before thou goest to thine inheritance,
Thy Father's blest abode,
Why shouldst thou, grieving, veil thy countenance
Upon the homeward road?

If it be thine own grief that bows thee down,
Thou hast been glad before, and thou shalt see,
Rejoice long, how this same sorrow proves a crown
To make thee glad hereafter; if it be
The anguish of another that doth move thee,
The heavy burden upon hearts that love thee,
Still plant sweet seeds of hope,
Which shall arise, and fill the valley's slope
With dew of fragrance; or if thy dear land—
That hath laid down her blitheness of youth,
Called, for the sake of Truth
And Right, to bide the fires of sacrifice—
Leave thee no rest, no slumber to thine eyes,
Hold fast to God's right hand.

Come, tell us, angels, ye who stand with calm,
Far-looking eyes, upon the heavenly light,
And where we see the grief, discern the balm
We cannot see—how well through infinite
Dark depths He guides His world; how surely
move,
Unweariedly, His kingly steps sublime,
In an eternal time
With the pulsations of His heart of love,
Come, Hope and Faith, that evermore behold
Another sunrise than the first, whose gold
Broke over Eden—when imbued
With love that fails not, the dear brotherhood
Of man shall see immortal day begun,
Sorrow and sighing done,
Come, heavenly joy, our souls were formed for
thee;
Drive whelming sadness far;
Through life, through death, through immor-
tality,
Be our unsetting star.

ALBANY.

E. S. O.

Ancient Relics.

Weapons of stone and bone found in caverns in the Department of the Gers, together with remains of deer and other animals, were recently presented to the Academy of Sciences by M. Quatrefages, in the name of MM. Filhol and Garrigou. It is the first time that monuments of the age of stone have been found in such great numbers in the south of France. The owners of these weapons, perhaps contemporaries of the builders of the lake habitations, appear to have made their homes in caverns. Siliceous seems to have been rare amongst them, since nearly all the weapons are made of a hard schist analogous to certain rolled flints.—*Boston Transcript.*

Childhood.

"Then later revelation! silver stream,
Breaking with laughter from the lake divine
Whence all things flow."

For the Herald of Progress.

The Mountain Teacher; OR, A RAINBOW LIFE.

BY SARA E. PAYSON.

(Continued.)

MABEL'S DREAM.

On their way to school Monday morning, Mabel told Margery about Snowball straying from the flock and spending the night with their new friend in his bough-house.

"He must be a good gentleman, you know, Margery, if Snowball liked him, for she is very shy of strangers," said Mabel.

"He must be very good, Mabel, to know so much about the angels; I think he is almost as good as a clergyman."

"Mother is going to send him some bread and new butter by Philip and me this afternoon. Would you like to go with us?"

"Oh, yes! indeed I would. I had rather go to see him than anywhere else, and I will ask my aunt if she will not send him something, too."

As it had been agreed, Mabel and Margery and Philip set forth in the afternoon, with their baskets well filled, for the stranger's retreat.

The branches of the trees, now almost bare, revealed the secret of many a bird which the summer leaves had kept sacred, and Philip, who, while the songsters occupied their nests, had respected their rights, was glad of the opportunity to add to what he called his "Natural History Store." This was a collection of various kinds of birds and animals, with eggs, which he found in those deserted nests, stuffed birds, and many other things. Philip could climb the highest of the forest trees and swing from their branches like a squirrel. Mabel and Margery gathered cones and coral moss with which to make baskets, running to every decayed stump which they saw, to find the fire-kind for decoration.

There were so many things to beguile the time that they were not yet half-way up the mountain when the shadows of the pines began to lengthen across the wide field at the base of the hill.

"We will take this rock for our store-house, and get our goods on our return," said Philip, joining Mabel and Margery with an armful of curiosities, "and that will save our carrying them up the mountain. See! I found a caterpillar's cocoon. It is almost as large as one of our bantle's eggs. I mean to take it to the gentleman, and ask him to guess what kind of a butterfly it will hatch. I wish I could find an eagle's nest with an eagle's egg in it. May be, Mabel, I shall be a great traveler when I grow up, and write books about the discoveries I make."

"I had rather travel to see different countries and the customs of the people," answered Mabel. "What do you want to travel for, Margery?"

"I don't know as I want to travel at all; but I do not want to be always drudging and cleaning, like my aunt. I like to think about what the gentleman said. It makes me feel so much more consequence. Hadn't you rather make your own fortune than have it made for you, Philip?"

"What if I had? A rich man might die and leave me all his money. Then my fortune would be made, for all what the stranger says."

"That is the way our fortunes are oftener made, Philip," answered the person of whom they were speaking, coming up behind them, with his rifle over his shoulder. "Are you on your way to my bough-house?" he inquired.

"We were going to take this basket to you from our mother," replied Philip, "but it is so late I think we will not go up if you had just as lief carry it."

"Perhaps I had best go home with you and carry my thanks to your mother with the basket. I expect to leave the mountain to-morrow."

"Do you?" asked Mabel, regretfully. "I hoped you'd stay always."

"So did I," said Margery.

"And so did I," added Philip.

"Then I shall want to come again another season. I am glad that I shall have three such friends to welcome me."

"We love you very much," said Mabel, "and Margery thinks you are almost as good as a clergyman."

The stranger laughed merrily at this. "What did you mean, sir, by saying that it unmade people's fortunes to have fortunes left to them?" asked Philip.

"I was thinking of myself. I was born to a fortune—of money, and squandered it. Then, when I had to begin life for myself, I was helpless; but, fortunately, I discovered, before long, a mine of inexhaustible value."

"Oh, that was better than inheriting a fortune. I had rather discover a rich mine, for that would be money and fame besides," said Philip.

"Should mine ever be that to me, the veins that have begun to yield so richly might give dress for gold?"

"It cannot be true, sir, that you own a gold mine and that you are not rich?"

Philip looked very doubtfully at the stranger as he said this.

"It is true, however, that I own a gold mine, and it is equally true that I am not rich—that is, you would not call me so."

"I have an uncle who owns a gold mine in California, and he has millions of money. But I have heard him say that it makes a great difference how a mine is worked. He did not do so well with his, at first, because he did not understand it."

"Neither did I. I had first to learn the use of my hands; then all the families of my mind, and then my moral nature—how to be generous, just, loving, true?"

"I don't think my uncle has learned that, for he lent my father some of his money and he has been very hard with him."

"No one thought my mine was worth much, and I did not; but as soon as I began to work it the right way, treasures inexhaustible began to appear, and although, I dare say, it would not sell as well as your uncle's, I should be loath to exchange with him. The chances of life may deprive him of life, while mine is secure forever."

Mabel had taken the stranger's hand, looking intently in his face as he spoke.

"I guess I understand about your mine, sir. Isn't it yourself?"

"Little girls are shrewd guessers. I guess that it is; and Philip has a mine worth as much, or more. It would yield him better ore than his uncle's, if he would work with half as much zeal for himself as he would search for gold."

"Philip means to be a great man, and make speeches. I dreamed that he made one from the top of one of those high trees, and the limb of the tree broke, letting him fall to the ground."

"That is always the fate of men who talk for the sake of being heard in the world; but if Philip loves truth and desires to teach it, his feet will be planted so firmly that he cannot fall."

Then Mabel recited her "very odd dream," which the stranger thus interpreted:

"The wide field of stubble and stone, interspersed with flowers, is very much like this world, and the walnut-gatherers like its dwellers. The baskets which they carried we will call the desire which is born in every person to find happiness. Those who are impatient to find it chase butterflies, and pluck flowers and fruit before their time—that is, before they have earned them. But others, who are wiser, toil patiently over the stubble and stones that lie in their way, and they seem very plodding; but when the butterflies have taken wing, when the flowers, plucked too soon, have faded, and no fruit is to be found—only empty baskets—then these have reached one of the summits of happiness, and, with baskets well filled look back for those who were the companions of their childhood. My little friend Mabel has an eye for beauty, and the world is so full of beautiful things she thinks she ought to have a share in them. Margery is merry-hearted, and she wants to run away from everything which seems dull and stupid; and Philip is ambitious—he desires to make a great name for himself. Now you may each have the wish of your heart, but to keep the spell, you must *forget* your wish. If Mabel thinks only of flowers, she will be sure to be pricked with thorns. If Margery wishes always to be as gay as a butterfly, she will become as dull as a moth; and if Philip desires a great name, he will never become great. You must write and let me hear what kind of colors you are putting in your rainbows."

They had reached the cottage where Philip and Mabel lived, whose parents were watching for them at the gate, and the stranger bade them all a farewell.

Voices from the People.

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

Fraternal Correspondence.

NEW YORK, NOV., 1863.

TO THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM OF STURGIS, MICHIGAN, THE NEW YORK LYCEUM SENDS GREETING:

We, the Officers, Leaders, and Members, through our committee, send you affectionate congratulations on your success and prosperity. We have read with deep interest and unalloyed pleasure the account of your excursion and picnic in September last, and rejoice in the evidences of progress which were given, in the systematic arrangement of your Groups, your music, your banners, with their beautiful and appropriate mottoes, the toasts which were offered at your cheerful collation, and the general kindness and truly fraternal good feeling which prevailed throughout your ranks on that happy festive day. How beautiful is the spirit which prevails in your community, inspiring both young and old to enter the path of true progress.

Instead of going with solemn face and sad heart to the churches and Sunday-schools where error is taught, Sunday after Sunday, you joyfully repair to the free church, and join the "Progressive Lyceum," where you can learn the truths of Nature, which are the truths of God. Thus your hearts are left free to indulge in their natural gladness instead of being saddened by unnatural and shocking and false views of life, death, and the hereafter. You find that you are in a universe of Good, and you have only to be good and do good, to be as happy as the children in the Summer-Land. With what joy we in New York and you in Sturgis can journey forward in the path of life, knowing that our Heavenly Father loveth each one of us, and that when we pass out of this rudimental sphere by the process called death, we shall enter a better and happier world, and meet with those whom we knew and loved on earth, but who passed on before us to that Beautiful Land. And they are the ones who will be our Guardian Angels while we live here, and help us to be good, so that we may be useful and happy. Truly we may say with the Hebrew poet, "The lines are fallen unto us in pleasant places; yea, we have a goodly heritage."

We hope these Lyceums will multiply until all the children of Progressives throughout the land will be gathered into them, and that gradually even the children of orthodox people will be attracted from their creed-bound, uninviting Sunday-schools, into these beautiful gatherings, so joyful, so radiant with the light of a true inspiration.

Our school now numbers about one hundred and eighty members, and we congregate every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock, in Dodworth's Hall. The Hall has movable settees, and these are arranged, just previous to the afternoon session, so that each Group has two settees, and these face each other. In this way the Leader, who sits in the midst of the Group, can address all the members at once, and gradually even the children of orthodox people will be attracted from their creed-bound, uninviting Sunday-schools, into these beautiful gatherings, so joyful, so radiant with the light of a true inspiration.

The rows of Groups extend the whole length of the Hall, and between these rows there are spaces like aisles, in which the Groups can form in line of march, and through which the long line is led back and forth by the Guardian of the Groups, to the sound of music and in military style, each member carrying a small-sized national flag, and each Leader one somewhat larger. Sometimes, while marching, all join in singing song No. 1, (see Lyceum Book) to the tune of "John Brown," or something else equally familiar. At the close of the march, and before being seated, we are brought, in body, "front face" to the rostrum, and the Musical Director leads in singing some of the Lyceum Songs, in which all the members, from the youngest to the oldest, join with great delight. We also take the "sing movements," and unite in "silver chain recitations," which you will find described in your Lyceum books.

We have delineated only a part of the interesting proceedings which we all so much enjoy, and which no doubt you are becoming familiar with in your own blessed Lyceum. We have many spectators every Sunday—parents and relatives of the children, and others who take an interest in this beautiful movement. Once in three months we have a "Convention of the Groups," and then the Hall is crowded. On these occasions we suspend some of the regular exercises, and, after marching, the members who choose give recitations, declamations, and dialogues, sing ballads, or play pieces on the piano. At the last Convention, Nov. 1st, the report of your pleasant September excursion was read, and a committee was appointed to write you this letter, whose names you will find at the conclusion.

In you, our sister Lyceum, and the first that was formed outside of New York, we take a peculiar interest. We extend to you, across the intervening country, the right hand of fel-

lowship, and we shall ever rejoice in your prosperity and progress in every good word and work. We hope you will feel moved to respond to this fraternal greeting, and whatever you may tell us of the history of your movement, and of your present and future prospects, will be received with pleasure and read with interest by our "Children's Progressive Lyceum."

MRS. MARY F. DAVIS,
FRANK L. WADSWORTH,
MRS. ELIZA M. NEAL,
MRS. MARY A. WILLIAMS,
Committee.

THE ANSWER.

STURGIS, MICH., DEC., 1863.

To the greeting of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of New York, the Sturgis Lyceum returns heartfelt and glad response.

Those warm congratulations and encouraging words came to all our hearts—Officers, Leaders, and Members—like April showers to the springing grass.

A glow of enthusiasm ran through the assembled Groups as they listened to the reading, and found expression in grateful words from the lips of some, and in a vote of thanks from the whole.

Not for this alone, but for every token of regard, every suggestion which your forethought has dictated, and which, in our new field of labor, has been a priceless help, we give you most sincere and grateful thanks.

Thus encouraged, we turn to our labors with a holier zeal, a higher trust.

This society had long been feeling the need of an institution like this, but, scarcely daring to venture, stood waiting, as a young bird poised for flight—waiting till some bolder wing should cleave the pathless air before it. Then came tidings of the progressive movement in New York. For a while we watched its course, and soon our thoughts took form—impulse deepened into action.

The result is known to you. Our success has exceeded our expectations. Fresh hopes spring up before us like summer flowers. The best and wisest Christians of different faiths regard us with unvoiced respect and more friendly appreciation. Evidently more and better things are expected of us than of any other Sunday-school.

We feel it is no casting of "bread upon the waters," for the blessed fruits already begin to appear, and with you we "hope these Lyceums will multiply" until knowledge covers the earth as the waters cover the sea. In these days of revolution and social commotion, we can but observe—and with deep anxiety—numbers of dear youth entirely without a spiritual home, or any sort of resting-place for their tender, untutored feet!

Certainly the Father careth for them, and angels keep faithful watch; but earthly helps are also needful—strongholds and places of refuge when the hours of trial come, and the soul meets alone its "fasting and temptation." And the plan of these "Sunday Lyceums" appears to have been sent us from a high and holy source, to supply this very want.

In our newly-formed ranks we have somewhat of talent, taste, and perhaps genius; but better than all the sterling good qualities which make up the whole—a harmonious body. There has been no abatement of interest from the first, but rather an increase; and the cords of love that bind us grow brighter with each weekly session.

It would possibly become us here in a simple country village to assume in our school all the attractive style and form and ceremony which sits so gracefully on our city cotemporary.

We adopt every measure which we believe will conduce to the elevation of the affections, the unfolding of the mind. Among the younger members there is an insatiable desire for reading matter, and the library is soon to be enlarged.

Our school numbers about one hundred and twenty members. We assemble at a signal from the Conductor, soon after the close of the morning service.

The earnest faces of the Leaders, the speaking eyes and gentle tones of the young women grouped together where the elegantly-framed silken banners or targets mark the rallying-point, forms a picture very like that you have described in Dodworth's Hall. But the picture presents a finer flash to the eye of the seer. A halo of celestial light is sometimes seen arching high above, whence many shining faces look down upon the Groups, all unseen by them, so deeply absorbed in these sacred pleasures.

Can we ever grow weary when thus helped? Can our zeal abate when thus encouraged? Shall we ever forget when thus remembered? Oh ye who are asking for something to do, ye who would love God efficiently, ask at once for angel guidance, and go forth among the children and the youth: group them—instruct them, and you will be instructed—bless them, and you will be blessed—love them, and you will be loved of heaven.

Our hearts must ever turn to the Progressive Lyceum in New York, with the liveliest emotions of grateful joy, as having been the one to open up the shining way. And our wishes are intensified into prayers that angels may hold it in their wise keeping, giving to all—Officers, Leaders, and Members—the richest of blessings.

You are aware that the West, though young

and with but little culture or discipline, never does things by halves. Does she go to war—the whole earth is moved till justice triumphs. Does she choose to labor—the deserts and waste places blossom, bearing fruits and grains to feed the sister nations. Does she worship God—the holy angels stoop with gracious benedictions.

The children of the great West have much to learn; they look with confidence to the gifted ones of the great East for instruction. This little fragment composing the Stargis Lyceum, cherishes, with you, the hope, that, in concert with many others yet to be, a great good shall be wrought, an intellectual and spiritual force established among the young, that in years to come shall prove a light all-powerful in expelling spiritual night from the earth.

Most cordially we grasp the "right hand of fellowship," so kindly extended, and most devoutly trust we shall still receive a share of your sympathy and regard.

MRS. NELLIE M. SMITH,
MRS. ANN M. BAKER,
MRS. SARAH A. GRAY,
HORACE FAIRFIELD,
Committee.

For the Herald of Progress.

Something Worthy the Age. JUSTICE TO THE COLORED SOLDIER.

A contest has been going on in Massachusetts, which gives us a clear sight into the future, for all such contests are but prophecies that await fulfillment. Rev. Leonard A. Grimes, a colored minister, and for seventeen years pastor of a colored church in Boston, was set forth as a worthy candidate for the chairmanship of the Massachusetts Legislature. He has done his country most excellent service in the enlistment of colored soldiers, and a true but uncommon sense of justice led judges, merchants, bankers, retired gentlemen, numerous citizens, and very many of his brother clergymen to send a petition on his behalf. As we might expect of so noble a man, Gov. Andrew was among the most earnest and active supporters. He knew well the value of Mr. Grimes' service to the State, and those services were readily received, notwithstanding his color. Why should they not be as readily rewarded?

How did the legislature respond to this petition? Six members of the Senate, and afterwards eighteen in the House, voted for him. We wish we had their names to place on record, for by-and-by it will be glory enough to a man to have done this thing. The rest threw away the chance to become immortal, which very likely they will never have again, for we have faith enough in the people of Massachusetts to believe they will refuse to return to the Legislature those who fail to represent their principles.

One of the most eminent of Mr. Grimes' supporters said, "I wish Massachusetts to take the lead in giving the colored man his rightful position;" and the whole country would have gloried in the grand step taken that is to commence that social revolution which every prophetic eye beholds at our doors. We may even say that those twenty-four members have commenced the revolution, which will not stop until every colored man is allowed his rightful position as a citizen of the commonwealth. We have seen this week the photographs of three white slave children. As we looked on their fair faces and remembered what this war had done, if only for them, we gloried in its cruel progress, and found every drop of blood shed by it, to be a seed sown that shall spring up into eternal life in the heart of humanity, growing and blooming therein until it represents the divine love through its justice and mercy. Yet the one drop of colored blood coursing in the veins of these children, bars against them the rights and privileges of citizenship. God speed the time when a man's birthrights from the Infinite Father will be a sufficient guarantee that he shall receive his place as brother to every fellow being.

L. M. W.

Physiological Department.

For the Herald of Progress.

The Philosophy of Suicide.

BY W. BYRD POWELL, M. D.

MR. EDITOR: I think it to be probable that in the entire field of human inquiry there is not a subject less understood than that of self-murder, or suicide. To make it the subject of a contribution at this time was suggested to me by a paragraph in the Cincinnati Daily Times of the 26th ult., which is as follows:

"According to statistical returns just published, suicide has greatly increased in France within late years. The number of suicides, which amounted in the year 1827 to 1,542, rose in 1860 to 4,060. The difference of sex between the suicides was not noted until the year 1855; since then the crime has prevailed considerably more among men than among women. It has been observed, further, that the temptation to commit suicide increases with age up to the period of from forty to fifty. The study of suicide with regard to the seasons, likewise, is not without interest. The statistics obtained on this subject show that the crime increases from January to June, and then diminishes until December, in which month the fewest suicides were committed."

The preceding facts indicate that this subject merits the attention, not only of the physiologist, but also that of the legislator. I hold that death by suicide is just as normal or natural as death by phthisis or apoplexy. If this opinion be true, and I expect to show that it is, then to regard suicide as a crime is certainly a great error and a wrong to the character of many who possessed a highly moral nature, and manifested, through many years of active usefulness, a highly moral character. When people seek the cause of apoplexy in any given case, they learn that it was the eating of a hasty supper or the drinking of too much wine on the evening preceding the event. But physicians would regard the supper or the wine as being only the exciting cause, the remote and much more important cause being a constitutional diathesis, or peculiar organization of the individual. Suicide has striking similitudes with apoplexy. A man

commits suicide, and many inquire for the cause, and are informed that the suicide had failed in business, had lost a suit at law, that his wife had left him, or she told him he was homely. (I have the skull of an Indian who committed suicide because his wife told him he was ugly.) But such causes as the preceding are at most but exciting causes, the remote cause being a suicidal diathesis, or predisposing organization.

Early in my professional practice, some of my observations suggested to me the probability that the event denominated death is not so accidental as is generally supposed, but that the time of the event is at least approximated by a law of the organization. At this time (1826) I was to some extent acquainted with phrenology, and, from analogy, I deemed it to be probable that the human organization possessed an index of its own viability. Under this suggestion I continued my observations in this direction, and in the course of a year or so I had the conviction forced upon me that the breadth of the base of the brain indicated the energy of the constitution—the vital energy or vigor. But this was not what I was seeking. I desired to find an index of vital tenacity—longevity. About this time the condition of my health forced me to abandon medical practice, and with it I lost, of course, to a very great extent, my advantages for observation in this relation; but I still retained the hope of discovering the index of human longevity.

But twenty-five years elapsed before I succeeded; but in this time, being greatly interested with the subjects of phrenology and ethnology, I accumulated a cabinet of four hundred human crania. Upon one occasion I was in my cabinet when it became suggested to me that as the breadth of the brain's base indicated vigorous life, possibly the depth of it might indicate tenacious life. As soon as I had penetrated with this suggestion, I prepared myself with a bit of twine, and proceeded to ascertain how the fact might be. I selected from my cabinet the skull of a man, who, at the age of forty years, and in vigorous health, was executed for murder; also the skull of a man who, at about the same age, died of consumption. To the former I applied the line from the occipital protuberance of the occipital bone to the anterior, inferior lateral angle of the frontal bone, and found the line to pass one inch and three-sixteenths above the meatus auditorius externus. To the other skull I made the same application of the line, and found it to pass above the meatus auditorius only the sixteenth of an inch. These two crania were similar in size, and yet in the same measure the difference between them was an inch and one-eighth. The gallows had deprived the former of probably the half of the years allotted him by his organization, but the latter had lived out his time.

From this experiment I did not conclude that I had discovered the index of vital tenacity, or longevity, but simply that the great difference between the two indicated some important truth in anthropology, and I was resolved to discover what it was, if possible. Hence I continued the measurements of scrofulous subjects, and found the space between the line and the meatus to be uniformly small when compared with that of those who died by mechanical violence. Thus I was brought to the opinion that the depth of the brain's base was probably the index of vital tenacity, or longevity. I now sought confirmation among living subjects in society, and the result was the most satisfactory conviction that such is the fact.

When I began these measurements of crania, I had not learned to suppose that death by suicide was any less a violent death than death by the authority of the law; hence, in selecting the crania of those who had died by violence, I happened to include the skull of a suicide, and was surprised to find that it measured like a consumptive; hence I excluded it, with the resolution of making suicidal crania a third class, and did so, and discovered that this measurement with suicidal crania did not differ from that of scrofulous crania. I could not, by this measurement, distinguish the one from the other, and my subsequent observations upon those having a suicidal diathesis have left me unable to doubt that death by suicide is just as normal as death by consumption, or any other chronic form of disease. Suicide results from a slow and very gradual wearing out of the cerebral source of life.

Those who are sufficiently acquainted with the human head as to apply a line to it, as I have indicated, can, in a few hours, become satisfied that the depth of the brain's base is an index of vital tenacity, or longevity.

After having made this discovery, the question became suggested, does this index continue the same through life, or does it decrease as the close of life approaches? Three years after making this discovery, I was seized with hemiplegia of my left side, which, to a great extent, arrested my observations in this relation. At the time of making this discovery, my father was eighty years old, and his vital index was half an inch. Twelve years subsequently he died, and no index of life remained. He lived out the last minute provided for by his organization. To the extent of one case, therefore, this settles the question.

Those physicians and surgeons of my acquaintance who have availed themselves of this discovery, inform me that they have found it to be of great value in professional practice, but more particularly in relation to prognosis.

It has been frequently observed that strong and vigorous people die very suddenly, and not unfrequently by an inconsiderable cause; whilst others who are very feeble, always complaining and appearing to live in the con-

stant expectation of death, do, nevertheless, live through all epidemics, recover from all injuries, and finally live to wear out at the age of from four to seven scores of years. Those of the first class have a superficial base to the brain, and those of the second a deep one.

If my present object were the making known of this discovery, I would add some interesting illustrations of its verity; but my subject is suicide, and I must defer my conclusion to another opportunity.

Instructive Miscellany.

For the Herald of Progress.

The Suicide.

BY M. W. A.

High up in the hill country of the Empire State stands the hydropathic institution of which I write. The beautiful but weary days of summer and autumn had dropped, one by one, into the ocean of the past; and winter, cold, dismal, and drifted, blustered upon the scene.

Still an invalid, broken in body and in spirit, I remained at the "Cure." My dear baby, like a white lily, was drooping on my bosom, and with whatever of strength and endeavor I had I cared for her. Her angel purity, like the breath of flowers, was exhaled upon my spirit; and in the harmony of her loving presence were hallowed communings with the bright hand which overshadowed us.

Aunt Iver was there—so upright, so intelligent, and so much to be depended upon—and Mrs. Dr.—so kind, tender, and intuitive, and with so good a lap to lay one's head in and cry; and there were others who were pleasant and companionable.

One mail-day, just at night, when the drifts were piling higher, the doctor came wallowing through them, with a passenger by his side, and the news soon spread through the house that a new patient had come.

I saw him the next day, and on succeeding days, at table. He appeared about thirty-five, of nervous-sanguine temperament; was well-looking, but sad, pitiful, inharmonious, and yet without much outward sign of physical ill. His manner was timid, nervous, bashful—want of help, of some sort, was written all over him. Yet I never spoke to him nor caught his eye—never told him, then, that I had an interest and sympathy for him. Why did I not manage to offer him as much as that—to draw near and warm him, though ever so little? But I said to myself: "There are so many, they bewilder him; by-and-by will be my turn."

Aunt Iver told me that he would talk to her in the most touching, dependent way, asking: "Shall I ever get well? Do you think I can be saved? Am I not too far gone?"

"Encourage him—do!" I pleaded. "I do," she said; "but oh! it draws from the bottom of my heart to listen to him and try to help him up, he is so far down in despair at times. He talks a great deal about the rattling and moaning of the wind. He cannot sleep, and up where he rooms it is cold and bleak—the shutters are slamming, the doors and windows creaking and clattering. He repeatedly asks me if it howls and shrieks so where I sleep. His nervous system is a wreck, I fear."

We hoped, when accustomed to the change from opiates and to the new diet, that somewhat of peace would come to him, and the light of hope shine again upon his darkened way.

Great is the suffering of that spirit to which the body is attached by quivering shreds of nerve! How they wrench, and distort, and agonize it! Well might it be said: "Fear not that which can kill the body, but rather that which can enter the soul!"—so much greater is nervous than physical pain.

On the third day of his stay with us, which was Saturday, several ladies were in the bath-room, and I in bath, when I heard a sound which thrilled down my nerves, and left them dead calm at the lowest gange. I knew too well that deep, guttural, unutterable expression of despair. It was repeated, and drew nearer. How still I felt, and how I wished that man could die! "Could he not? God is good! Must this spirit stay in the body?"

I could almost have helped him open the door myself. But patience—he is immortal, and in the hands of the Eternal.

The others heard him. "What was it?" who was it?

"It was the new patient; he was coming here—into the bath-room. He had a halter, and was looking for a place to hang himself! They would hold the door!"

Poor man! he wanted to harm no one. He tried the door and passed on, still trying to give utterance to the unutterable.

The Doctor met him in the hall, conducted him into the sitting-room, and seating him, said, sternly: "Behave yourself!"

The spasmodic, mental agony, fell calm under the iron will of the strong man. After the Doctor went out, he said, pitifully, to Aunt Iver, in a subdued pathos of despair: "Am I a maniac?"

The packing-room was next door to mine. Hearing the Doctor making a fire, I suspected they were going to pack this man. He knew nothing of water-treatment, and had never been packed. Without counting the consequences, I stepped to the door, and said:

"Doctor, you will not surely pack that man now?"

"But I surely shall. Packing is a soothing application."

I still proffered my advice: "But you know the terrible shock to the brain of a nerv-

ous person in getting into a pack, and then the exhausting reaction of that shock. I could not bear it, you know?"

"Oh! you are a baby. My wife let you off. If I had had my way, you would have borne it. You need what I call thrashing—having the conceit taken out of you—being made to feel your true position. I have done it for a great many, and thought it my duty to. I would do it for you, but you would not bear it."

So I needed breaking, did I? I had thought I had experienced enough of that; that all resentment, and anger, and repinings, were hushed forever in my bosom. But he knew me better than I knew myself. At this speech of his, a something within me rose up and lashed my bosom like a demon. The animal in me had scented the reptile in him—the fiery spirit would spring even upon the fangs of a cobra.

I heard the man packed in the next room—heard his shuddering, his pleadings; heard the Doctor's stern "Lie down! Put down your arms!" and knew that he was as effectually silenced as if knocked on the head with a stone.

Through the next hour of mental agony there was no sound in the pack-room. I sat and thought, with a quivering anguish in my heart. My confidence had been hurt, stunned. This Pharisee, this self-constituted thrashing-machine, I had thought reliable, trustworthy. Hydropathy had possessed my utmost confidence and warmest admiration; and this "Home" for the afflicted I had considered a very haven of rest. Should Reason ever hide her face from me, or from those who were near and cherished, here should the unfortunate one be tended and treated, according to the dictates of compassion and common sense, and never be given over to the tender mercies of a lunatic asylum. All this was slipping away—vanishing. Helpless and weary, homesick and homeless, my spirit scanned the earthly waste.

The snow was still coming, and cold and blustering as ever was the outward prospect. How forlorn and cheerless was that wintry scene! Was there ever before such a drear, dread winter! Dear baby lay in my lap, with her patient, suffering face, and gazed at me with her tender eyes, as if "to suffer and be still" was the order of the day in that new world into which she had come. I kissed her soft cheek with a rising swell of affection and tenderness; and she answered me such a look of love and grateful gladness, that the whole drear scene was suffused with a golden radiance.

I did not see the new patient again that night, but Aunt Iver told me that he appeared like one dazed—looked straight before him, taking not much notice of anything. In the night-time, when old Boreas assailed the place with broadside after broadside, which shook the building to its base, my every thought and tenderest pity were for the lone watcher in his cheerless room—alone, with his terrible thoughts.

At breakfast I missed him from his accustomed place, and inquired of the Doctor how he was.

He replied: "He is no worse than he was." Very soon after breakfast Aunt Iver came to my room. "Did they blind you?" said she. "I saw through it all the while, and they have just told me."

"How—what?" She drew her finger across her throat. I do not know how it was my duty to feel; but my first sensation was relief, as though a taut cord had been loosened; the next, and it leaped to my tongue in the exclamation: "I am glad! Now they will take care of him! he will be warmed, and cheered, and encouraged! that help which he so much needed will be free to him!"

Auntie did not look as though she thought me a lunatic at all. Then this side of the picture caught my eye, and I burst out: "Oh! but to think what a wild, terrible night it was, and how despairing and desperate he must have felt, with no answer to his anguish but the howling, mocking wind! I do feel as though it was too bad that he was there alone!"

Auntie sat silent, looking into the stove, while an expression of intense pain was working her fine, firm face. Auntie belonged to the Church of the Apostolic Succession, and I was not quite sure where the trouble lay, and proceeded to comfort her in this wise:

"Neither you nor I would judge that man responsible for what he did last night; and his Judge is far better than we. Then, in how much better condition is he already. Even as we sit and mourn, bright ministers of good are enlivening his poor, benighted, bewildered spirit."

"Yes, yes—that is all so (Auntie had good, strong sense for a church-woman); "but my trouble lies just where yours does."

During the night we had been drifted in, and the storm still continued. A messenger on horseback made his way out, but no sleigh could reach us that day, and night drew around us, up in that bleak place, with the corpse still undisturbed. I refused to look upon it with my eyes, or my thoughts—keeping my mental vision directed towards him in that bright land to which he had gone. How much more pleasant was the thought of him that night than the preceding one. Now the wind might batter, and sigh, and roar, but it could not disturb him; and I scarcely heeded it.

The next day, just at night, they came for the body, and departed with it on the succeeding morning. Thenceforward what questions resolved themselves in my thought, as I walked the dreary halls, or sat pondering in my room by day, or tossing upon my bed in the night-watches—morbidity, maybe, some of them, but still they chased each other up and down the chambers of my soul.

Correspondence.

For the Herald of Progress.

California Sketches.

BY EMMA HARDING.

NUMBER FIVE.

JANUARY 24, 1864.

Yesterday the colored people of San Francisco, with representatives from all the comestible towns in the interior, met in Platt's Hall, to hold a festive celebration of the famous Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln, promulgated January 1st, 1863. This day (yesterday) was the first anniversary of this remarkable event, and what better illustration can I send the HERALD OF PROGRESS of its ever nobly suggestive title than an account of such a meeting?—itself the witness that the poor African, the slave alike of ignorance, barbarism, and his fellow-man, one century ago, has now progressed into the educated, civilized, and free citizen of the United States, and that the American who wrote, little less than one century ago, "that ALL MEN were born free and equal before their Maker," has waked, upon the first of January, 1863, to the consciousness that "all men" meant black as well as white, and that what was written one century ago, might as well be put in action one century later. And though the progression in the civilization of the African, and the sense of justice in the American, comes somewhat late in the age of "universal civilization," and somewhat strangely in the land of "universal freedom," nevertheless it does come at last; and though but very few white Californians seemed to think the occasion worth remark, and their organ, the Press, generally treated the matter with indifference, and in some instances with marked disrespect, what matters it? Can whites or blacks, press or pulpit, arrest the tides of progress, the influx of light, or the ebb and flow of ocean-waves? Just about as well the one as the other, and so the colored people held their celebration—their jubilation of gratitude to God and Abraham Lincoln—and devoted the proceeds of their gathering to the Sanitary Fund, in token of sympathy with the brave defenders of their country and Liberty; and that the reproach of the absence of white people on the occasion might, in part, be swept away, behold your correspondent, Friend HARDING, representing the English, and Mr. Wentworth, a faithful and well-tried Californian Republican, embodying American sympathy with this glorious and deeply interesting occasion.

True it is I had the gratification of listening to the usual tirade of popular dislike and abuse, poured out with the usual lavish force, against my own country—England—for nothing in particular that I could discover, except for fear of what she might do if she only "dared," and though I am pretty well used by this time to expect the great point in every public meeting will consist in shaking the fist at England across the convenient waters of the Atlantic, it was a little funny to hear the black man echoing the parrot-cry of Mr. George Francis Train: "Down with England!"—that land, by-the-by, which was the first of earth's nations to break the black man's chains, and in which their own intelligent countryman, Frederick Douglass, once, in my hearing, declared he forgot his color, and only returned to America, the land of equality, to be reminded of it by insult. However, it pleased the popular ear, and gratified the popular taste, to gnash the tooth at England; so even such grateful and generous allusions to England as, "Come on if you dare," &c., &c., went down with all the more relish that England has, of late, done nothing particular which to twist into offense. All this apart, the oratory, sentiments, and display of ability in every department of the meeting, was such as to reflect the highest credit on any assembly. I send you herewith a copy of the poem delivered on the occasion, some passages of which, spoken in admirable style by its author, stirred the hearts of all present to their very depths. Not less touching and creditable was the oration, by Mr. William Hall, and the declaration of sentiments, by Mr. P. Anderson, the worthy editor of a very neat and spirited little paper, published here as the organ of the colored people, called the Pacific Appeal.

The honest and well-beloved faces of Abraham Lincoln and Wm. Lloyd Garrison adorned either end of the Hall, and any allusion to them—especially to the former, who may emphatically be denominated the Moses of this long-oppressed and down-trodden Israel—was received with all those demonstrations of passionate love and gratitude which no temperament short of the African can fully embody. Not less honored were the names of Garrison, Phillips, and other friends to the cause of Liberty, as they fell from the lips of the several orators.

It was equally strange and touching to see these people, against whom education, association, and every ordinary avenue of progress and improvement, has been so long and studiously closed, gravitating, at once naturally and gently, to the place of citizenship the logic of events has assigned them; and the very moment the occasion calls for the display of literary, historical, or political ability, filling their places as gracefully (aye, gracefully, for I am writing of an assemblage of persons who had the dress, manners, speech, and action of ladies and gentlemen, though their faces were a few shades darker than the *crème de la crème* congregations of Grace Church and Trinity on Sabbath-days, where passports of entrance into the kingdom of heaven are granted by color)—filling their places as gracefully,

I repeat, and with as much ability, as any assemblage of an equal number of white persons that it has ever been my fortune to witness or listen to. The "dada" at England have become, as I before suggested, *American institutions*, and are, therefore, just as much to be expected from dusky as from pale-skinned citizens; the fact that they were made in the presence of one (my humble self) whom my worthy friends honored with the most unparaphing tributes of appreciation, merely showed that they fully estimated the cosmopolitan character of my life and actions, which I earnestly strive to base upon the motto of my countryman, Paine, in the realization of that noblest of his sentiments: "The world is my country—to do good my religion." And since I have entered upon the sphere of autobiography, permit me to add a word in regard to the influences of a spiritual character which affected me in this meeting.

As you may perceive by the inclosed programme, I was announced to speak the "Concluding Address"—a somewhat ungrateful task being assigned me, namely, to wake up into enthusiasm an audience that had been generating and giving off, in no measured proportions, political steam, from twelve o'clock till four.

I had no anticipation of receiving or producing much of effect, therefore, on this occasion, but simply prepared to take the part I had accepted as the duty of the hour. Never, perhaps, were moderate expectations fulfilled in more bountiful realization. The magnetism of the people around me, in whom excitement had not produced weariness, stirred my heart to its deepest core. The sublimity of the occasion, and the strong susceptibility of a spirit-medium to human no less than spiritual magnetisms, all combined to produce on me an effect which I shall ever gratefully remember, for it was one little short of ecstasy; and though the address which my ever kind and strong spirit-friends inspired me to make was a very short one, myself and my audience were fairly worked up to a pitch of "glorification generally" that was far more acceptable, I doubt not, to their enthusiastic ears, than it would be in synopsis to your coldly reasoning readers. As far as I can remember, the culminating point of the day was the mention of the "brave old martyr of Harper's Ferry," and when the speech wound up with a short paraphrase of the popular John Brown poem, I believe the whole of the vast building awoke, no less with enthusiastic throbings of the heels and hands than of the beating hearts of my excited auditory. With a few words from the only other white orator on the occasion, Mr. Wentworth—the Indian Agent and warm advocate of Republicanism above alluded to—a benediction from one of the colored pastors, and a supplementary exercise of three cheers for Abraham Lincoln, three ditto for the dawning day of Emancipation, and three final and very hearty doses of the same for "Emma Hardinge," this meeting, creditable alike to the talent and grateful feeling of the colored population of California, broke up about five o'clock in the afternoon, to reassemble again in the evening, to take part in the enlivening exercises of a promenade concert by a fine San Francisco band.

I trust you may find space in your columns, Mr. Editor, for a few quotations from the poem that accompanies this, some passages of which, as marked by me, you will find worthy of the attention of your readers.

The sun shines upon 1864 out here in the far West as your Eastern eyes never beheld it on the 1st of January—it shines on roses and myrtles, on the large lotus-lily blooming in pure white luster from hundreds of radiant gardens; on the crests of the tall hills that stand sentinels around the thronging streets of San Francisco, and far out on the rugged peaks of the beautiful Golden Gate, which Nature opened with keys of fire and shocks of earthquake, to admit the great leviathans of the deep into her lovely home-bays. The sun shone, on this bright anniversary of Freedom's birthday, even on the poor "Aquila" with her entombed monitor, as her deck peered sadly out of her watery shroud, to look upwards to the tall masts and star-spangled flags that floated in gay profusion far over the glittering bay. Every one seemed happy yesterday; music was resounding from point to point; pleasant faces crowded the side-walks; my own door (closed till the evening, when many a kind face beamed around my *unnecessary fire-side*) gave token, by the multiplicity of cards thrust under it, that the poor stranger was not forgotten.

San Francisco, with its pulse beating faster than any other city, I should think, in the world, its golden stores, marts of gold, speech of gold, faces of gold, stones all glittering with ore of gold, and these last few days, skies of gold—its very, very beautiful, full of hope and promise; and great will be her day of fullness.

I cannot conclude without adding that there is one exception to the universally golden aspect of this city in 1864, and this is Emma Hardinge's meetings at Platt's Hall; there the principal amount of golden coin current is in the opinion of many of my kind friends and supporters, and the prospective bank-book which my spirit-friends assure me they keep so faithfully for me in the Summer-Land.

In other respects, though my meetings were finely attended, and the lack of gold is due to my own arrangements, silver is far more plenty than the richer coin; but this comes, I am grateful to own, in sufficient proportion to satisfy my wants and meet my expenses; hence I have not even the grumbler's excuse to withhold my heartfelt benediction on the New Year, and my fervent prayer that it may dawn upon all my ever-remembered Eastern friends as brightly and hopefully as it has upon their still faithful co-worker,

EMMA HARDINGE.

Theological Investigation.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Can a Man Bind Himself to a Church?

[The correspondence referred to in the following article was copied into our paper from a pamphlet printed for private circulation, and a statement of that fact was inadvertently omitted when it was published in the *HERALD*.—Ed.]

Can a person to-day give his promise to a body of religionists, that, for the remainder of his life, he will continue to believe only as he and they now believe, and as he and they may in future agree to believe? That, so long as he may live, he will hold special religious communion and fellowship with them, and with such as they, and with none others? That, without their consent, he will never seek to see, nor suffer himself to see, any error or falsehood in his and their present belief? That, without their consent, he will never seek to see, nor suffer himself to see, any truth, in the whole wide world, that may conflict with his and their present opinions? And is such a promise, if once given, morally and religiously binding upon his conscience? What absurdity to ask such questions! And yet such is the theory of the churches as to the obligations of membership assumed by their communicants. They ignore the facts, and require their members to ignore the facts, that man comes into this world ignorant of himself and of all about him; that he has everything to learn; that he continues to learn during life; that it is his duty to be constantly learning; that the facts of Nature and of life are continually forcing new ideas upon his mind, whether he will or no; that these new ideas must, perforce, modify his old ones; that he will, therefore, necessarily be wiser to-morrow than he is to-day; and that it is his most obvious and imperative duty to be governed at all times by the highest wisdom he has at such time acquired.

What excuse have religionists for exacting such promises from the young, the ignorant, the confiding, the impressionable, and the terrified? And what excuse have they afterwards for telling their dupes and victims that these promises are morally and religiously binding upon their consciences? That a breach of them is a breach of faith and duty towards their associates and a sin against God?

It is astonishing that such tyranny and imposture can be practiced among us. They ought to excite universal indignation and disgust. Do we still live in the "dark ages"—the dark ages of tyranny as well as of superstition? Certainly we do, else such things would be impossible.

What greater crime against conscience, reason, and truth can be committed, than the crime of obtaining, either by persuasion or terror, these absurd and abominable promises from the young, the timid, and the inexperienced—and then telling them they are of solemn religious obligation, which can be thrown off only on peril of the loss of all future happiness?

Do Protestant religionists, who inculcate the duty of assuming and adhering to these promises, hold the same ideas as to the duty of all other religionists? Do they, for example, hold it to be the duty of Catholics to take upon themselves the ascetic vows of priests, and monks, and nuns, and to adhere to them through life? Do they approve the rows of fanatics, that they will make pilgrimages to Mecca and Jerusalem? Not at all. They look upon such vows as the offspring of superstition and ignorance on the part of those who take them, and as the instruments employed by the artful and tyrannical to enslave and degrade the simple.

Or do the men who inculcate religious promises at home live up to the same principle when they go abroad to convert the so-called heathen? Do they tell these heathen: "The vows you have given to your gods and your priests are binding upon your consciences, and must all be sacredly fulfilled"? Nothing of the kind. They can then see, as clearly as any one, that the promises men make to shut out light and knowledge from their minds, either in relation to religion or anything else, are all morally and religiously wrong; that they have no manner of obligation, and ought to be utterly repudiated. They can then see, as clearly as any one else, that men's mental faculties, no less than their physical ones, were given them for use, for acquisition; and that to shut up the former in darkness and ignorance, is as erroneous as to tie up the latter in inaction? Why, then, will they not be consistent with themselves, and ask nothing for their own religion which they will not grant in favor of every other? Why seek to protect their own religion from the effect of unfettered investigation? Is it because they fear or know that it cannot survive such a test? What other motive can induce them to screen it from examination? Why demand pledges against inquiry and scrutiny? They do not demand of their children, at six, eight, or ten years of age, solemn promises to God and man that they will forever after believe that two and two are four, or that five and five are ten. They are willing to leave these truths to stand now and forever on their own merits, to be accepted or rejected according as their evidences may chance to impress the human mind. They know that all truths that are clear enough to command the free assent of the human mind, will do so without the aid of such promises; and that all other truths, no matter how important, ought

to be left free for unprejudiced investigation.

Certainly our obligation to know and obey the truth is not increased by any promise we may make to know and obey it. Neither is our obligation to know and avoid error at all diminished by any promise we may have made to adhere to it. What reason, then, is there in giving such promises? Or what justification have religionists for inculcating such promises?

The truth probably is, that, in no conceivable case whatever, can a man make an absolute and unqualified promise to-day that he will or will not do thus or so to-morrow. He will be bound to do his duty to-morrow according as he then shall see it, whether it be in accordance with, or in opposition to, his promise of to-day. And he cannot know to-day what his views of duty may be to-morrow. All promises, therefore, if made at all, should be made and understood subject to the qualification that we shall see no wrong in finally fulfilling them. Otherwise a man barter away his moral and intellectual liberty, and repudiates his ever-present obligation to be governed, under all circumstances, by his convictions of duty at the time.

We have been led into these remarks by the correspondence (published in the *HERALD OF PROGRESS* of January 2, 1864,) in which Mr. Giles withdraws himself from the Rowe Street Baptist Church, of Boston. Although this was done in the most sincerely kind and delicate manner, yet priestly arrogance and assumption very naturally took fire at it. In the eyes of that church—which appears to hold that a lamb, once in the fold, is always in the fold, unless excluded by the shepherd or the flock itself—this act of Mr. Giles was a very audacious and irregular proceeding. The church evidently thought that he ought, in all humility, to have informed it of his unworthiness to be any longer a member of so pious a body, and then waited patiently for the church to purge itself by his expulsion. That would have saved the dignity, the pretensions, and the "I am holier than thou" feelings of the church; and would have been all regular, and satisfactory, and conformable to church precedents. It would not in any very alarming degree have endangered the authority of shepherds or flocks over individual lambs. But when a supposed lamb breaks open the door of the fold in broad daylight, and walks off in sight of the whole body without so much as asking leave of either shepherd or flock, the authority of the two latter is most unceremoniously disposed of. No doubt they were confounded that he should have conceived that excommunication was a game that two could play at, and that he should have so got the start of them in it. If such things can be done, what are church discipline and church authority good for, or what do they amount to? Certainly they must be at a very great discount.

We advise the shepherd and the remaining sheep of the Rowe Street Baptist Church—as the best thing possible for them under the circumstances—to throw wide open the doors of the fold, and say to themselves and to the world: "Mankind are not sheep, but thinking, reasoning beings, whose souls are their own, and not ours, and whom we have no right to imprison or enslave; and who are, therefore, free to go wherever their individual judgments and consciences shall direct."

And we offer the same advice to all other churches. If, however, they should not accept this sincere and friendly suggestion, we then cannot do otherwise than cordially recommend the example of Mr. Giles to all those church-members who may chance to outgrow the narrow creeds into which they have been baptized.

The Bigotry of Science.

BY HORACE GREENLEY.

I do not partake of the spirit wherein most criticisms on M. Renan's "Life of Jesus" seem to have been conceived. I think that work calculated to quicken the zeal and confirm the faith of intelligent Christians. That the author's character of Jesus is an impossible one—that such a person as he presumes Jesus to have been is a solecism—a point-blank contradiction—that Jesus must either have been "a teacher sent from God," or a designing impostor—I think will be more manifest and certain to the readers of Renan than it ever was before. If there ever was a case of "definition by exclusion," I think it is demonstrated that Jesus could never have been the person whom Renan in general declares and proves him, unless he had been specially enlightened and guided from on high. And I think there are many Christians who will study their Bibles more, and with a livelier interest, a newer affection, for having read his book.

The criticism I would make on M. Renan concerns rather his philosophy than his theology, or rather, his Christology. I wish to submit a few observations on his sweeping denial of Miracles—or rather, his vigorous discrediting of whatever is loosely termed "the supernatural." He boldly and bluntly says:

"None of the miracles with which ancient historians are filled occurred under scientific conditions. Observation, never once contradicted, teaches us that miracles occur only in periods and countries in which they are believed in, and before persons disposed to believe in them. No miracle was ever performed before an assembly capable of establishing the miraculous character of the act. Neither men of the people nor men of the world were ever competent for that," etc., etc. * * * "It is not, therefore, in the name of this or that philosophy, but in the name of constant experience, that we banish miracle from history. We do not say, 'Miracle is impossible,' we say, 'There has been hitherto no miracle proved.' * * * Till we have new light, we shall maintain, therefore, this principle of historical criticism, that a supernatural relation cannot be accepted as such; that it always implies incredulity or imposture; that the duty of the historian is to interpret it, and to seek [determine] what portion of truth and what portion of error it may contain."

I do not doubt that many persons concur in this logic; but it seems to be scarcely caricatured in the theorist's reply to the objection: "The facts are adverse to your theory." "So much the worse for the facts." Observation, experience, testimony, are to be discredited, if they point to conclusions which the theorist has pre-determined cannot be sound. Surely, if this is philosophy, then Bacon was no philosopher.

The limits of a newspaper article forbid incidental disquisitions on the nature and essence of Miracle, and the real, necessary import of the term Supernatural. I do not think the latter word happily or wisely chosen to characterize occurrences like the healing of the blind or even the resurrection of Jesus. How do I know that either of these is any less natural than the birth of a child to human parents, neither of whom had any conscious existence twenty-five years ago? Birth is common; resurrection is, within my experience, uncommon; but what of that? If there was error in the philosophy of the African chief who rejected with indignation the traveler's tale that in Europe rivers at times became so hard, that armies traversed their surface dry-shod, with all their cannon and baggage, who can safely indorse that of M. Renan? The latter prescribes the circumstances under which a miracle should be performed to render it convincing; adds that "an experiment ought always to be susceptible of being repeated," decides off-hand that miracles have never withstood this test, and thereupon kicks them aside as antiquated rubbish. But suppose the African chief aforesaid had said: "What is true in Europe ought to be equally true in Africa; now make the Niger or the Blue Nile so hard this instant that I can march my army over it, or I will cut your head off!"—where would his philosophy have differed essentially from M. Renan's?

If any man knows all of Nature and her laws, he might decide that an alleged occurrence was truly supernatural. How he can so decide in the absence of such knowledge, I do not understand.

Premising only that my conception of a miracle makes it an occurrence whereby God's direct and palpable interposition in mundane affairs is indicated, I proceed briefly to recall an incident, within the experience of millions now living, which seems to me clearly of that nature.

The Declaration of American Independence was signed, as is well known, on the 4th of July, 1776. The two men most prominent and influential in framing that Declaration and procuring its adoption, were John Adams, of Massachusetts, and Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia—men having certain points of similarity, but many more of marked, emphatic contrast—both then in the prime of life, one of them some four years older than the other. Each of these men lived to represent their country at a leading European court; to be for twelve years either President or Vice-President of the country they so powerfully aided to call into being; and they both died on the same day, and that the fiftieth anniversary of the great event which has rendered their names immortal. And finally, the messengers bearing North and South the tidings of their respective deaths, met in that city of Philadelphia, where the Declaration aforesaid had been signed half a century before!

Of course, M. Renan could not deny these facts, the evidence being too fresh, too varied, too ample, too certain. More than a million persons now living can testify that the deaths occurred substantially as I have stated. Ask the mathematician to compute for you the chance that this might have occurred in a godless universe, and he will tell you that there is more probability that a bushel of type thrown out of a printing-house window should chance to arrange themselves on alighting, so as to present on their faces a sermon of Chrysostom or of Spurgeon.

Now, if these two simultaneous deaths of two great men, whose threads of life had so eventually crossed each other, had taken place two thousand years ago, would not every Strauss or Renan of later ages have said: "The legend is utterly incredible; the coincidence is readily and credulity and superstition of their countrymen, led them first to hope, at length confidently to expect, that their two illustrious patriarchs would be taken away just fifty years after the most memorable act of their lives; and, as they both did happen to die about this time, the story was started that they had each died on the 4th of July, 1826; and, since it was generally regretted that they did not die as was expected, the priests, editors, and office-seeking demagogues, at length concocted the story that they had died as was fondly anticipated; and, it being every one's interest and desire that this story should prove true, they by the help of a few judicious forgeries and several suppressions of documents, contrived at length to engrain the pleasing falsehood on the stock of our national history. But sensible persons smile at this legend, and employ it as an illustration of the pleasant fables which bespangle ancient chronology."

Why would not this be as rational and philosophic as M. Renan's repudiation of miracles?—*Independent.*

Rights of Human Nature.

"Know thyself. 'Tis the sublime of man,
Our noon-tide majesty, to know ourselves
Parts and proportions of one wondrous whole!
This fraternalism—this constitutes

Education for Women.

We make the following extracts from an exceedingly able and liberal article on the subject of "Female Education for the Better Classes," in the *N. Y. Daily Times*:

"There is no question that women's faculties, if turned in their appropriate direction, and well educated, are as useful to the world, and, in some instances, as 'remarkable,' as the masculine. So far as they are trained together, a girl is quite as ready in mathematics or languages, as orderly, as punctual, as quick-witted, and retentive in memory, as a boy. There is no earthly reason why she should not make an equally good book-keeper, or accountant, or clerk, or translator, or superintendent of details in business, when she grows up. There are plenty of pursuits open to woman now, if she only had the training and education suitable.

But the truth is, the young lady of the middle and higher class is not usually educated so as to be of much value, in a pecuniary

sense, to the persons bidding for labor. How seldom can she cast up a long column of figures correctly, or write a good mercantile hand, or a clear, pure English style, or translate idiomatically, or make abstracts intelligently, or keep books, or clear up accounts. Yet all these things are (or should be) the rudiments of a masculine education, and they all command a definite value in the market. How many branches of literature might be profitably worked by women; how many departments of science and of practical charity, of artistic manufacture, of medical practice, and help of the sick, if they had only had the training and experience necessary.

"Education could fit women for all these things; but it must be thorough, persistent, practical education. The higher and more perfect the training for women, the more likely they are to be able to turn their minds to any branch which shall open itself, and especially to reap profits and honors in the higher fields."

What more can the most ardent advocate of Woman's Rights claim than the following?

"We believe that every woman should be prepared for a profession. It is true that her highest destiny is marriage, but the position of waiting for that will be far more dignified, and her circumstances in it far more comfortable, if she has been thoroughly educated for a special branch. No sensible man would be any less likely to marry a woman for knowing that she was clever and trained in some favorite pursuit. And, indeed, every one must see that a thoroughly educated lady, even in an intellectual direction, is generally a better housekeeper and manager (other things being equal) than one untrained. Education gives self-control, exactitude, order, quickness of faculty, and the power of planning and combining; and these are indispensable housekeeping qualities. Moreover, it seems perfectly rational and desirable that the woman should, if possible, contribute to the income of the household by her own labor, and in some more profitable way than sewing or sweeping. When we consider that the great part of the time of most ladies of small means is spent on labor which could be purchased for seventy-five cents a day, we shall see that there is not a very high pecuniary result of our system of female education."

"No employment in which a woman can, according to her nature, successfully compete with man, should for a moment be closed to her. But the greatest help to woman, as we have often repeated, will be a more complete school education. We have great doubts whether the system of female education, as a whole, in New York, both private and public, is either thorough or practical. There is certainly a vast deal of cramming, and high-pressure teaching, and display of accomplishments; but of a sound, complete, intellectual education, we fear there is far too little. We sincerely wish some University-examinations could be established here, to test the training of our common schools and ladies' seminaries."

Pulpit and Rostrum.

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

Reported for the Herald of Progress.

Voices from the Pulpits of New York.

NUMBER TEN.

ABSTRACT OF A SERMON DELIVERED BY REV. MR. JEFFRIES, OF PHILADELPHIA, IN THE BAPTIST CHURCH, 23d ST. JAN. 31, 1864.

TEXT: LUKE XV. 7-10. I say unto you that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance. There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

In these two passages heaven and the presence of God are synonymous: they refer to the dwelling-place of God. The mere announcement that there is joy in that dwelling-place is nothing striking; for where God is there must be continual joy; but you will perceive that it is declared that there is joy among the angels of God on account of an event connected with the history of our world.

That there is such sympathy between the angelic company and our earth is indeed wonderful: we should suppose that the angels would be so absorbed in contemplating the glory of God, as it flashes forth from his presence, that they would heed nothing else; but we are told that they are interested in the earth; we should suppose that they would find some more glorious occupation, and yet we are told that they bend their thoughts to that which is connected with the history of our little world.

This earth has been made the scene of divine interposition. Had it been forever blotted out from the midst of the revolving worlds, it would no more have changed the order of the universe than the falling of a leaf in the forest; yet, small as it is, it claims the regard of divine love.

No doubt the angelic host was filled with divine joy when it first felt the creative power of God and this world took its place among the stars; and yet greater must have been the joy when God himself came down from the ineffable glory through all the ranks and principalities of heaven to this, his lowest footstool. No wonder that the angels forgot their regard for other planets and fixed it on this earth; no wonder that on his departure a celestial convoy came down to shed a radiance upon the earth, and declare his power and majesty.

Yet all this does not explain the mystery of the text; it is an event that pertains to the history of our race that is declared to claim the angelic regard, and includes each individual of our race. When news of peace shall be heralded through our land, there will be joy in every loyal heart, and as the regiments

shall return through our streets, worn and weary with the toils of war and the camp, every eye will be turned upon them from the crowds who shall welcome them back. There will be here and there a General who will receive special honor, but individuals will be lost sight of in the great joy that fills all hearts; but our text declares that no such general interest do the angels feel in our race, but over each individual the angelic hosts hold their jubilee. It is not such an event as we should have expected would have claimed their joy: for we should have supposed they would have reserved it, waiting for the redemption of the sons of God.

But it is not that grand event that claims their regard; it is each individual. There is such a line of telegraphic sympathy between heaven and earth, that while the glory of the celestial heavens is claiming their joy, yet the angelic hosts turn from all the glory, and rejoice over every fresh proof of divine love in the redemption of the world, and scarcely do the notes of joy die away, than they are called to strike their harps again, and send forth new thrills of gladness through their ranks.

What is that scene that absorbs them? It is not the march of empires, not the triumphs of armies. No: it is the repentance of the sinner. Whether in the palace or the hall, whether amid the gaze of the populace or in the seclusion of the closet, there lies man in contrition, the agony of sin rending his heart; when the sword of justice is uplifted, it is at that hour, when in utter abjection he cries to God:

"Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repentant rebel live."

that the angelic hosts are stirred with a fresh hope; for the lost is found, a sinner has repented and believes in Jesus Christ.

You ask, What is there in this event, more than in any other? First, it is the repentance of the sinner that affords a new illustration of the efficacy of God's plan for the redemption of the world. There are some inventions that affect all conditions, but most inventions are adapted to special cases. Now it is true that God has devised a plan for the redemption of men. What if there were cases which the grace of God and the blood of Christ could not affect! The illustration of divine love in the scheme of redemption harmonizes free agency and God's will.

The human race is alike in general characteristics, yet there is something in each individual that makes him differ from all others. Just as the human countenance has the same features, yet seek in all races and climes, and you will not find two exactly alike, so it is in the Christian experience: there are points that assimilate in all, bringing all together; yet let them all tell the story of redeeming grace, and each will bear his part in the perfect whole; there will be a personality in each, that will show an individual experience, that will mark each one in that blood-washed throng. You and I, and the poorest Hottentot, Luther, Melancthon, Wesley, Bunyan, have each an individual experience, and yet each bears a part in the grand whole; each is an illustration that is required to show the wonder of redemptive power; the angels of God know this as they behold each one brought under the influence of divine grace.

You may enter a building beautiful in architectural grace; you look at the whole and admire its perfection, but the architect looks at each part and knows how each, perfect in itself, creates the perfect whole. In the Crystal Palace each compartment was devoted to some special branch of industry: as you gaze upon each you find some new feature for admiration; so the Lord is filling up the palace of God; when it shall be filled all his elect shall gaze in through the gates of the palace, and as they listen to the story of the redeemed, they shall learn from each of the love and glory of Christ, and they will crown him who is Lord of all.

Repentance is the crisis in the eternal history. Is there a mother who has hung over her child when prostrated by disease, and has been watching for the crisis that is to restore to health or destroy her hope of life, that does not know what that crisis means? Tell her the crisis is passed—that her child lives—and she will not wait till the bloom of health is on his cheek to rejoice; it is enough for her to know that her child lives and has passed the crisis of his malady. Have you never thought of a ship sinking at sea? You felt no joy until all were safe; you watched with intense interest until there was some connecting link with the land. So it is with repentance. Until the movement comes man is in the gall of bitterness; and ah! mark the conflict of that soul. The angels watch: not last the cross is reached, and he lays his guilty head on the cross; the blood of Jesus falls on his guilty soul. This is the crisis; they wait not the resurrection morn to rejoice: they stand as the sinners come up to the cross, while the recording angel stands with his pen to record the words of penitence. Well, the angels know that the purposes of God are pledged for the guidance of that soul. They wait not to see if he will hold out; they know he will be kept.

The angels of God rejoice because they have a sympathetic appreciation of the glory to which the sinner is to be introduced; they know not the ecstasy that we shall feel, but they do know what we do not, for they have urged their flight along the outermost edge of hell.

There is one point in the text that we do not consider it necessary to dwell upon, viz: that there is more joy over the one than over the ninety and nine that need no repentance. It designates a class that are not particularly in danger; the impenitent sinner is in danger. As the shepherd forgets the ninety and nine of his flock to seek for the one, so it is with

the angels. God so loved this little world that he gave his only son in ransom.

The poor boy that has wandered from his father's home and returns is met afar off. The mother in the cot by the sea forgets her sleeping children, to watch for the one who is on the stormy waters. The lightnings flash; the thunders roll. She gazes, forgetful of the little one at home, for she would save the little one who is in peril; and as the door opens, and the manly form of her returned sailor-boy appears before her, and he grasps her in his arms, she shrieks, she falls, she faints for joy. So is it in the outgoings of the Savior's love.

What do you say, you infidels, you atheists, if any hear me? Can you present a scene that touches your grandest conceptions of the divine, as this of the love of God? Oh, transcendent glory! the son of man came to seek and to save that which is lost.

As I have walked on Broadway within a few days, I have said to myself, as I found myself a stranger in the midst of the crowd, what if I should fall? Who would shed a tear? Who, in all the bustle, would care? But ah, the angels would see that event. Is there one impenitent here who says no one cares for his soul? yet there are angels that care for it; there is a Savior, a Father, and they all are bidding you come, come.

The Red River Voyageur.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Out and in, the river is winding
The links of its long red chain,
Through belts of dusky pine-land
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only at times a smoke-wreath
With the drifting cloud-rock joins—
The smoke of the hunting-lodges
Of the wild Assiniboins!

Dreamily blows the north-wind
From the land of ice and snow;
The eyes that look are weary,
And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,
And one foot on the shore,
The angel of shadow gives warning
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild-geese?
Is it the Indian's yell,
That lends to the voice of the north-wind
The tone of a far-off bell?

The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace;
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman mission,
That call from their turret train,
To the boatman on the river,
To the hunter on the plain.

Ever so in our mortal journey
The bitter north-winds blow,
And thus upon life's Red River
Our hearts as oarsmen row.

And when the angel of shadow
Rests his feet on wave and shore,
And our eyes grow dim with watching,
And our hearts faint at the oar,

Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release
In the bells of the Holy City—
The chimes of eternal peace!

Praying for Rain.

We heard a dozen men complain.
When, Wednesday, it began to rain;
Just as before, when it was dry,
They mourned a drouth with many a sigh,
And seemed most strangely to forget
That water generally is wet!
If all men's prayers were heard together
The world would have the queerest weather.

"My mill stands still!—O Lord, give rain!"
"My grain is down—O Lord, refrain!"
"My corn is parched!"—"Ah, Susan's bonnet—
Don't let a drop of water on it!"
"Oh, not to-day, our washing's out!"
"Roll up, ye clouds, I go for trout."
"The hen's come off—the brood is drowned!"
"Ah, let it pour! my boat's aground!"

So, 'mid the murmurs of the world,
The clouds like banners are unfurled;
The rains descend, the bow is bent,
The sky smiles clear—God's azure tent;
Sweet springs and robins sing together,
And rain or shine, 'tis pleasant weather;
The sower's hopeful seed is flung,
And harvest songs are always sung.

The Wind as a Musician.

The wind is a musician by birth. We extend a silken thread in the crevices of a window, and the wind sings over it, goes up and down the scale upon it, and poor Paganini must go somewhere else for honor, for lo! the wind is performing on a single string. It tries almost anything on earth to see if there is music in it; it persuades a tone out of the great bell in the tower, when the sexton is at home and asleep; it makes a mournful harp of the giant pines, and does not disdain to try what sort of a whistle can be made of the humblest chimney in the world. How it will play upon a great tree till every leaf thrills with the note in it, and the wind up the river that runs at its base is a sort of murmuring accompaniment! And what a melody it sings when it gives a concert with a full choir of waves of the sea, and performs an anthem between the two worlds, that goes up, perhaps, to the stars, which love music the most and sing it the first. Then how fondly it haunts the old house—mourning under the eaves, singing in the halls, opening the old doors without fingers, and singing a measure of some sad old song around the fireless and deserted hearth!



ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY FEB. 13, 1864

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Lectures Next Sunday.

Mrs. A. A. Currier, who lectured so acceptably at Dodworth's Hall last Sunday evening, will speak at the same place next Sunday morning, on "Glimpses of a Higher Life," and again in the evening, on "The Great Civil War in America." She is truly talented and spiritually inspired, and the people are strongly attracted by her high and graceful style.

Spirit Likenesses.

A specimen of penciling by the spirit-artist, Mr. Anderson, is now in our office, so that the public can have an opportunity to examine this curious and beautiful illustration of spirit-control. The picture is the property of Dr. Schulhof, of this city, who says that the likeness of a departed one is correct.

The Scheme of Salvation.

According to old theology the universe is a stupendous failure, and spite of the continued efforts of the Almighty, it only half succeeds in preserving itself from spiritual destruction. For this purpose a scheme is in operation, devised in the counsels of heaven and executed on the earth. This scheme seems to be very difficult in its elaboration, and to require constant interference. Well does the clergyman, reported in this week's paper, liken it to an invention. It is an invention that requires new patents and constant adjustments: some cog-wheel is continually out of order. The eagerness with which intelligent men and women listen to the unfolding of this plan of God, for the salvation of the world, is a sufficient evidence of the stultification that religious teaching can produce, of the intellect active in other directions.

This scheme, as unfolded from the various pulpits of New York, seems to be this: An Almighty God created man perfect—in his own image, a little lower than the angels; and yet he compelled his fall through Adam, who ate the forbidden fruit. Consequently an almighty power of evil entered the world, and in the expulsion from Paradise, all men became forever totally depraved, without power of good. In this condition they remained until God saw that he should have no power, and he devised a scheme, or "plan of salvation," that should restore a "few" of his subjects to allegiance. His kingdom is a kingdom with principalities and powers, in which he reigns as king. All the children of the earth are born rebels to this king, and have no power to become obedient subjects.

The plan devised by this king, is to send his son, who is himself, to earth, to show how these rebels may become loyal subjects. He descends, and takes upon himself humanity; he, the everlasting God, the Almighty King. In doing this he makes it possible for mankind to be saved by believing that he did thus descend: none can believe but such as he compels to believe, and none can be saved but those who do believe, and all are commanded to believe.

This scheme included the death of the son, who is God himself, upon the cross, and by the blood of the innocent the guilty are cleansed. Christ Jesus, the Almighty God, thus became a redeemer, by taking upon himself the sins of the world, and suffering an infinite suffering.

Just on the outskirts of the kingdom of God is the kingdom of the devil, where the tortures of sinners attract the attention of the hosts of heaven. From these tortures there is no escape, but eternally the smoke of the torment ascends as a testimony of the grandeur of the scheme of salvation.

Much more might be said of this scheme, but those who have read its unfolding as given through the ministers that occupy the orthodox pulpits of New York, can readily fill out the plan. It requires much intellectual invention to make all parts of the machine work together; but with some enlightenment here, and shadows there, it seems altogether plausible to the many who listen to the tale of its wonderful workings.

Such is theology! such the God it presents, and such its universe! Failure is stamped on all that it includes. An inadequate Government, a weak but tyrannical governor, and a universe altogether at variance with law and order. Is there not need of "missionaries" in this center of western civilization?

Anniversary Entertainment.

Dodworth's Hall was thronged last Monday evening, on the occasion of the closing of the First Anniversary of the Children's "Progressive Lyceum." Gifts were distributed to the children during the day, and refreshments served; and in the evening an entertainment, given principally by the children themselves, the proceeds of which were for the benefit of the Lyceum. The exercises consisted of singing, tableaux, and recitations, and were principally under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Jackson Davis, the father and mother of the institution. The performance of the various scenes, dialogues, etc., did great credit to the children, and also to the managers. One little fellow, Charlie Winch, displayed genuine dramatic ability; and a lady, Mrs. Adams, had a fine and powerful voice in "I'm a Merry Zingara," and other songs. A little daughter of this lady also distinguished herself. The tableaux were beautiful, and some of them very elaborate. The "Welcome of a Child to the Summer-Land" was charmingly conceived. We congratulate the Lyceum on its prosperity and prospects.

[Illustrated News.]

Lady Composer Wanted.

An intelligent, progressive, and industrious lady, who has had some experience in setting type, can secure a desirable situation in a reform office in this city, by applying in person, or addressing this office, soon.

Gift of the Prince of Wales to Harvard College Library.

The Prince of Wales has made a valuable present to Harvard College, accompanied by the following letter:

SANDRINGHAM, NOV. 5, 1863.

Sir: I am desired by the Prince of Wales to say, in answer to your letter of the 22d ult., that it will give him very great pleasure to present to the Library of Cambridge University a copy of the photographs of the Samaritan Pentateuch, taken during the visit of His Royal Highness to Nablos.

The Prince of Wales desires me to add that he will be always glad of any opportunity which may enable him to evince, in however slight a manner, the lively sense which he entertains of the kindness and hospitality which he received during his visit to the United States; and that with these recollections he cannot fail cordially to reciprocate the wish to which you have given expression, that nothing may occur to interrupt the friendship which ought ever to subsist between the old country and the new.

I have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient servant,
HERBERT FISHER,
Private Secretary.

The above note is in answer to the request of a clergyman in Cambridge for a photograph of what claims to be the oldest MS. in the world, for Harvard College Library. The Samaritans profess that it is more than three thousand years old, and that it was written by the grandson of Aaron.

The Spirit-Brother.

In a family which has lost a little son, a very curious phenomenon is sometimes noticed. A little daughter, of about four years, will play for an hour together, as if she was playing with her brother; she will call him by name, speak of his playthings and her own as distinct, and occasionally request some member of the family not to sit down on that chair, because "brother" is sitting there. Not long ago her mother entered the room suddenly, and reproved her sharply for some trifling omission. The little girl said: "Don't, mother, he is going away, and he looks so sad." "Who?" said the mother. "Why, brother," replied the child, in a surprised tone; he has been playing with me and looking in my books."

This incident is strictly true, and suggested the thought, that, perhaps, the little ones who have left the world are permitted to return to receive here some of the lessons which should have been taught them by an earthly life and human experience. They may be sent to their old homes as to school, and especially would this be the case if an atmosphere of love always surrounded them. Oh! mothers, control your impatience and your anger! your lost little one may be near to you, and prevented from coming nearer by that cloud on your brow, that violence in your manner, that querulousness in your tone.

Children who leave this world must need care, tuition, and love. Did it not add a sharp pang to your grief to think that some other one would apply the mother-nature to your darling, and take your place in his affection? Well, it need not be; death cannot wholly separate the mother from her child, for they are bound together by the law of life, which is stronger than that of death, and it depends much upon herself how far she may still supply to him the needs that his moral and spiritual nature requires.

O mother of a dead child! you cannot choose but be wise, and careful, and loving, and patient, for the baby you have lost needs these qualities in his teacher, and he cannot come to you, nor receive lessons and instructions in earth-life at your hands, if you are yourself a child in petulance and self-will, and have failed to cultivate the womanly and enabling qualities which are capable of rendering you a very little lower than the angels.

[JENNIE JUNE.]

Pictures.

A room with pictures in it and a room without pictures, differ about as much as a room with windows and a room without windows. Nothing is more melancholy, particularly to a person who has to pass much time in his room, than bleak walls with nothing on them; for pictures are the loop-holes of escape to the soul, leading to other scenes and other spheres. It is such an inexpressible relief to a person engaged in writing, or even reading, on looking up, not to have his line of vision cropped off by an odious white wall, but find his soul escaping as it were, through the frame of an exquisite picture, to other beautiful and perhaps heavenly scenes, where the fancy for a moment may revolve refreshed and delighted. Thus pictures are consolers of loneliness.

Strauss's Conversion.

What this precisely amounts to has not yet definitely transpired. For some months past the rumor has been reaching us that this infidel biographer of Jesus had changed his views, and was writing on the other side of his former positions. What he may be writing cannot have much value as sacred criticism, learned as he may be; for converted skeptics like him make poor religious guides, though their testimony to the folly and fruitlessness of unbelief has some use as a warning to others. Persons so blown about by every wind of doctrine are extremely apt to think that their shifting positions are quite indispensable to the world's education, which is far from being the fact. It is said that the recantation of this leader of neology in religion is making a great sensation in Germany and Europe generally. We wait to know what is his present faith. His "Life of Jesus" has been one of the most mischievous publications of the last quarter-century. Renan's recent book on the same subject has but a small part of its anti-Christian force. Strauss will be able to counteract but a little of the damage he has done, by whatsoever opposite views he may now have embraced. It is better not to unchain the tiger, as Franklin said to Tom Paine, when asked to patronize his "Age of Reason." It is easier to pull out the keystone of an arch than to reset it again. One who has done so much to unsettle the trust of the world in the only Redeemer, must not wonder if Christian believers are not over-hasty in giving him their confidence as a convert to the old and true faith of the gospel, if this should prove to be his present profession.

[Boston Recorder.]

A Colored Soldier Guarding His Former Master.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, with the army of the Cumberland, narrates the following incident:

A certain wealthy old planter, who used to govern a precinct in Alabama, in a recent skirmish was taken prisoner, and at a late hour brought into camp, where a guard was placed over him. The aristocratic rebel, supposing everything to be all right—that he was secure enough anyway as a prisoner of war—as a committee of the whole resolved himself into "sleep's dead slumber." Awakening about midnight, to find the moon shining full into his face, he chanced to "inspect his guard," when, horror of horrors, that soldier was a negro! And, worse than all, he recognized in that towering form, slowly and steadily walking a beat, one of his own slaves!

Human nature could not stand that; the prisoner was enraged, furious, and swore he would not. Addressing the guard, through clenched teeth, foaming at the mouth, he yelled out:

"Sambo!"

"Well, massa,"

"Send for the colonel to come here immediately. My own slave can never stand guard over me; it's a d—d outrage; no gentleman would submit to it."

Laughing in his sleeve, the dark-faced soldier called out, corp'd de guard!"

That dignity appeared, and presently the colonel followed.

After listening to the Southerner's impassioned harangue, which was full of invectives, the colonel turned to the negro with,

"Sam!"

"Yes, Colonel!"

"You know this gentleman, do you?"

"Oh course; he's Massa B—, and has big plantation in Alabama."

"Well, Sam, just take care of him to-night!" and the officer walked away.

As the sentinel again paced his beat, the gentleman from Alabama appealed to him in an argument.

"Listen, Sambo!"

"You hush, dar; I's done gone talkin' to you now. Hush, rebel!" was the negro's emphatic command, bringing down his musket to a charge bayonet position, by way of enforcing silence.

The nabob was now a slave—his once valued negro master; and think you, as he sank back upon a blanket, in horror and shame that night, that he believed human bondage was a divine institution, ordained of God?

Animal Reproduction.

In experiments upon the lower animals, such as the polype, to which I have referred, it is most extraordinary that, although cut up into various pieces, each particular piece will grow up into the form of the primitive stock; the head, if separated, will reproduce the body and the tail; and if you cut off the tail, you will find that will reproduce the body and all the members, without in any way deviating from the plan of the organism from which these portions have been detached. And so far does this go, that some experimentalists have carefully examined the lower orders of animals—among them the Abbe Spallanzani, who made a number of experiments on snails and salamanders—and have found that they might mutilate them to an incredible extent; that you might cut off the jaw or the greater part of the head, or the leg or the tail, and repeat the experiment several times, perhaps, cutting off the same members again; and yet each of those types would be reproduced according to the primitive type—Nature making no mistake, never putting on a fresh kind of leg, or head, or tail, but always tending to repeat and to return to the primitive type.

[Prof. Huxley's Lectures to Workingmen.]

Personal Items.

—F. L. WADSWORTH will lecture in Oswego, N. Y., Feb. 21st and 23rd.

—REV. N. A. STAPLES, pastor of the Second Unitarian Society in Brooklyn, (Clinton St.) died Friday morning last, in the thirty-fourth year of his age. Mr. Staples two years since succeeded Rev. Mr. Longfellow in his pulpit in Brooklyn. He was formerly settled at Milwaukee, and at the beginning of the war was appointed chaplain to one of the Wisconsin regiments, resigning his pastorate to accept the post. While on duty he contracted the disease which resulted in his death. He has been a constant friend of the soldiers, and has severely tried his strength in working for them.

—MISS ANNA E. DICKINSON spoke to an audience of at least 3,000 persons at Cooper Institute, hundreds being unable to gain admission. What a compliment to a speaker!

Notices of New Books.

"Talent alone cannot make a writer; there must be a whole mind behind the book."

EVIDENCE AS TO MAN'S PLACE IN NATURE.
By THOMAS H. HUXLEY, F. R. S., F. L. S.,
D. Appleton & Co.: New York.

The agitation of the questions that relate to the origin of the human species is bringing before the world much interesting matter in relation to the animal kingdom. The controversy between scientific men have resulted not merely in establishing theories, but in developing facts. The author of this work adopts the hypothesis of the celebrated Darwin, who is opposed by Prof. Agassiz.

Whether we ever know how man became an intelligent being seems of little real importance in itself; but in revealing the progressive laws of Nature, and establishing the perfect order and harmony of a universe of causes, the starting-point of that intelligence seems of great moment. We are none of us greatly flattered by discovering our similitude to apes and monkeys, but if we look at the races of men that now exist in some portions of the globe, we find ourselves as far removed from them as they are from the higher order of animals. But whatever our comparisons may do for us, we must be thankful for every earnest look into the laws of development and progress.

Traditions have always existed concerning wild men, satyrs, and centaurs—creatures approaching men in appearance, and yet thoroughly brutal. These traditions probably started from some vague rumors concerning the appearance of what are termed "man-like apes." But the first authentic description of these creatures is in the year 1598; a Portuguese sailor having then given some account of the kingdom of Congo, which was published with drawings, one of which, given in this book, is ridiculously human in its representation. It is probably imaginative as an illustration; but the accounts in the curious old book represent the "pongo," or ape, much as he is described by modern travelers. "Hee differeth not from a man but in his legs, for they have no calves. He goeth alwaies upon his legs, and carrieth his hands clasped in the nape of his necke when he goeth upon the ground. They cannot speake, and have no understanding more than a beast. The people of the countrie, when they travaile in the woods, make fires where they sleepe in the night; and in the morning, when they are gone, the pongoes will come and sit about the fire till it goeth out; for they have no understanding to lay the wood together."

In the meantime other travelers were finding the existence of similar animals, called sometimes, pygmie, orang-outang, homo-sylvestris. Linnaeus knew nothing from his own observation of these animals, but a pupil of his wrote a work, illustrated with plates, which, like the former one, is ridiculously human in its representation.

Buffon, however, had an opportunity to examine a young chimpanzee, which he describes. Other naturalists, Dutch and German, became greatly interested in these wonderful animals. The later researches of Messrs. Savage and Wyman, the American missionary and anatomist, were of much importance. Prof. Owen also gave a valuable account of the muscular system of the gorilla. It took nearly two centuries and a half to classify these animals and resolve them into four distinct kinds of anthropoids: two belonging to Eastern Asia—the gibbons and the orangs; and two to Western Africa—the chimpanzees and the gorilla.

"The gibbons are the smallest, slenderest, and longest limbed. The orangs have arms which reach to the ankles, and are covered with reddish-brown hair. The chimpanzees have arms which reach below the knees, large thumbs, and their hair is black. The gorilla has arms that reach to the middle of the leg, feet longer than the hands, and dark gray hair." For an interesting and reliable account of the habits of these species, we refer to the book of Professor Huxley.

The result of his careful examination of these species leads him to assert, that whatever systems of organs be studied—whether the brain, the feet, the teeth, or the skull—the comparison of their modifications in the ape series leads to one and the same result, viz.: That the structural differences which separate man from the gorilla and the chimpanzee are not so great as those which separate the gorilla from the lower apes. Yet that there are great structural differences he does not deny, and that, as yet, in the present creation, no intermediate link bridges over the chasm.

Linnaeus classed man in the same order with the species of apes and lemurs, but used the term "primates" to designate each species. "But if man be separated by no greater structural barrier from the brutes than they are from one another, then it seems to follow that, if any process of physical causation can be discovered by which the genera and families of ordinary animals have been produced, that process of causation is amply sufficient to account for the origin of man."

The third part of this volume is devoted to an examination of the fossil remains of man. The fragmentary human skulls found in the caves of Engis, Belgium, were contemporaneous with the mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros. But, unfortunately, their partial decomposition prevents their exact classification. "The cranium is of unusual size; the forehead is narrow and low, though the middle and hinder portions of the cranial arch are well developed."

There is but little doubt but it belongs to a barbarous and savage race, and yet Professor Huxley does not consider that it can fill up the

gap between the anthropoids and the human races as now existent. We find, however, much to interest us in these investigations, and recommend the perusal of this small volume as one of the quickeners of thought and way-marks through the fields of science, which, it is to be hoped, all liberal minds intend some time to search through in their investigations into the causes of all things.

The New York Conference Question.

(Continued.)

"Do, or do not the experience and testimony of mediums prove that we carry our evil passions or inclinations with us into the other life?"

The story of demoniac possession, as related by the biographers of Jesus, shows that the popular opinion of the time respecting evil spirits, considered them, not as do the modern adherents of that doctrine, their departed brethren and sisters of the human family, but the veritable offspring of the universal father of evil. No one dreamed of ascribing malice so infernal as was supposed to be manifest in the misery wrought, to a human being. Their instincts did them more honor than their philosophy. They had no psychological or physiological science that could explain the cause of the phenomena they witnessed; their instincts forbade the idea that departed human beings would thus maliciously afflict those whom they had left behind, and so they naturally saddled the whole mischief upon the imps of Beelzebub.

Our modern demonologists simply ascribe to human beings what the ancients universally referred to the troops of the evil one. This mere "change of base," on the part of the moderns, is not complimentary to human nature, nor does it enhance my respect for our knowledge of it. It seems to me, that we should have understood it better. As I look upon it, one of the shortest lived of all the passions is malice, or the desire for revenge. In at least nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, it does not live beyond the day of its provocation. The calmness of night cools the blood, and during the sleep of the body the soul asserts her supremacy. May not, then, the death-sleep of the body be rationally supposed to do as much for evil passions as a single night's sleep? Man in this life is naturally better, wiser and stronger in the morning after the body's brief entrancement; What then should be inferred from a sleep which holds the body in abeyance forever?

But it is irrational, we are told, that a bad man in this life should wake up a good one in the other. Grant it: But have we clearly ascertained how bad or how good men are in this life? Some of my readers will recollect that I have considered this question in another place; but the statement will bear repetition. The popular judgment of a man, where it condemns him, is formed, in many instances, from a single act of his life, and in most, from a very few of them. The one, or many croppings out in public, fixes his moral status. A man, for example, who, at forty, commits a murder, has his character for goodness fixed at zero on the moral scale. The thermometer hangs in front of every pulpit and on the walls of all our institutions for the training of the young, with the index-finger of popular opinion pointing to the one horrid symbol of the man's utter depravity; completely oblivious that in every day of that man's life, from the dawn of his intellect to the hour of his deed of blood, there must have been innumerable acts of true human kindness springing from a natural goodness of heart.

Popular opinion never reflects that men do not commit murder every day of their lives, that robbery does not occupy all their time, and that drunkenness seldom lasts from one year's end to another. Nature has so arranged with respect to man, that his very necessities must be seasoned by a host of gentle, unrecorded, unnoticed virtues. Profanity does not assist digestion. The bad man knows instinctively, as well as "the wise man," that a "dinner of herbs where love is, is better than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." His instincts bind him daily to a thousand emotions and acts full of sympathy and love—emotions into which no evil enters, and acts which relate only to the good of others.

Popular opinion does not read the book of the life that it passes judgment upon. Its criticism is based upon the closing chapter only. The stupidest of theologians and moralists, could they but pause long enough to reflect how impossible it must be to record the goodness inevitably manifest in a human life of ordinary duration, might get an inkling of the monstrous injustice they have done to human nature and the false estimate they have placed upon human character.

Dull disciples of Jesus are our modern Christians, and their natural offspring, the "Christian Spiritualists," in this matter of estimating character. He asked the Divine compassion for those who were murdering him, on the ground of its being an act of sheer ignorance—a total misconception of the whole matter—a deed they would be ashamed of the moment they came to their senses. He represents them, as future history will represent our brethren at the South; as men condemned to fury by their great mistake. Theology represents them as loving murder as though it were mother's milk; while, to cap the climax of blunders, the Spiritualist believes in the supernatural existence of evil passions, represents that type of humanity as still delighting in persecution and murder, after

all natural object for the perpetration of such deeds has ceased by their removal from the earth.

And yet, these same Spiritualists profess to deny the doctrine of natural depravity. They accept the better idea of human nature outlined by Jesus; but deny, or utterly forget its inevitable deductions. As he stated only in brief the reason on which he rested the claim of his enemies to the Divine forgiveness, our Spiritualists who persist in looking backward fail to perceive it. One thing, it seems to me, they might see, to wit: the thorough inconsistency of the prayer, if these men, as they teach, were to enter the other life, to become, from sheer love of depravity, the inspiring source of like cruelties in the world they had left behind. What could Jesus want of the thief in Paradise, if his soul was to remain as in this life, in a state of daily covetousness for his neighbors' forks?

But there is another fact in human nature which one would think should be patent to all Spiritualists—the fact demonstrated both by Spiritualism and by mesmerism—that man has two sets of senses, the one, spiritual, and the other, animal; two memories; two distinct planes, or states of consciousness—in fact, that he is dual. That is to say, he is, during the life of the body, at once an animal and a super-animal; a spirit man and an animal man. Now, the passions of men have their origin in this animal, or outer plane which man has in common with the animals. A bull can get mad as well as a man, and at times nearly as trivial, and can behave almost as foolishly during his paroxysm of passion. A tiger is about as cruel and mean as any slaveholder; and a crow is as expert in thievery as the most adroit pickpocket about town. In short, animals manifest all the passions or animal propensities that men do. They have memory; they can dream. There is abundant proof that all the animal powers belonging to man are manifest by the animals below him.

The origin of these passions, or animal loves, moreover, is manifest from their use. Their office is related to the production and welfare of a bodily structure whose existence terminates at death. Now, although effects may extend far beyond their causes, causes do not live beyond their uses. For example: the effect of the maternal relation between a hen and her brood extends through the lives of her offspring; but the cause—that is, the maternal feeling—dies with the necessity that called it into life. So with man, (if analogy be worth anything,) while the misuse of his animal powers, passions and appetites, may mar his spirit forever, the powers or loves themselves reach the terminus of their uses at the dissolution of the body, and die with it. In fact, such perfect time do these passions or loves keep with their natural uses, that some of them are often seen to die before the body; such only remaining active as are absolutely essential to its bare continuance in life.

What, then, of this life, do we carry with us into the next? Not the loves essential to the existence and nutrition of the body; for as the animal with his loves dies, even so do the animal loves in man die. He does not carry his animal body with him, certainly; and the economy of Nature demands that the loves which are strictly related to the body should not survive to the detriment of the spirit. Otherwise, Nature would be inconsistent with herself; for, to be consistent, Nature, if she transfers the animal loves to the other life, should send the animal body, which is their natural object and receptacle, along with them. But it is we who are inconsistent, not Nature. She manifests her consistency in retaining both the body and the loves which relate to it, upon the earth. Their uses are here, and their reward and punishment. Nature can make no such blunder as to transfer animal passions from the animal to the spiritual plane and leave the animal behind. Under her beneficent supervision, the greatest misfortune that can occur, is to him whose animal nature has so dominated his spiritual, so retarded his growth, so prostrated his manhood, as to cast him upon the shore of the other life, like a shipwrecked mariner; bruised, broken, and helpless, with no power but to cry for aid and no emotion but that of thankfulness for those who bring it.

R. T. H.

For the Herald of Progress.

One Thing the War has Done for Us.

Many things are being accomplished by our War, but one especially should be noted by those who would read its deepest signs. This is the growth of the people in power. For many years it has been an anxiety to thoughtful Americans that we had no longer men among us who exhibited the capacity of leaders; and the inquiry has often arisen among such, within the last ten years, if a crisis comes upon the country, where is its leader to be found? Persons answered this question according to their faith. Some thought he would appear from the ranks of humble life—from the workshop or the field—some from among the politicians—some from among the elegant classes; but all agreed that he must appear. We never believed in a great hour without the one great man who could meet it. Because it was not in the experience of nations. But behold the hour is upon us, and the man is not here, nor anywhere indicated on our horizon. More than this, the work of the hour is being nobly done without him. The nation's agonized prayer for a leader is being answered in its own noble efforts, and it no longer asks to be led.

History, in treating of the great work of this decade, will celebrate not man, but a nation of men, therefore. It is not Lincoln, or Butler, or Grant, or Burnside, or Banks,

or Hooker; it is not Seward, or Sumner, or Chase, but the American people, who are conducting the nation through her hour of trial. For the first time in the world's history, a people proves sufficient for the heaviest emergency that ever pressed upon a nation. It is the sublimest spectacle of the ages. A people pledged to prosperity, to material development, to commercial greatness; skilled only in the arts of peace; barely arrived at adolescence; theoretically shrinking from war, as strange to its tastes, habits, and methods; as wasteful, destructive, and abhorrent to its conscience, yet, summoned by an absolute call, pours out of its work-shops, counting-rooms, factories, and forests; leaves its farms and its commerce—takes the field, and employs, one after another, its capable and its incapable men, for organizing and working its armies; appoints and dismisses and re-appoints those who can serve it, but has no hero; worships no man; acknowledges no leader; and thus slowly grows into the consciousness of its own power to walk the road to victory alone. Thank God for the trial and its success. Thank God for the poverty which two years ago seemed ominous of failure. If we find no true leader, they said, what ruin can overtake us? Wanting him, whither can we go, but to destruction? We have wanted him all this time—he is not visible to-day; and yet ruin is not in the scale which fortune holds for us, and our feet are treading the road to victory.

This attitude of the American people is a source of infinite strength and confidence to the older peoples. We are engaged, not alone in a war for Freedom and national existence, but in the demonstration of a problem unsolved in all the preceding ages, of which the proof, in our ultimate success, will be the corner-stone of Liberty to all the nations. Never, in any half-century of the world's history, has the cause of popular freedom made such advances as in the three years of this present decade. Sixty millions of serfs in Russia made men and women, by a few strokes of one man's pen; constitutional monarchies proposed in the two most absolute governments of Europe, by the governing, not as heretofore, by the governed; our own government emancipating the millions, in bondage here, and our public men, whether heretofore advocates of Freedom or not, no longer venturing to open their mouths in public, but in her behalf—these are some of the more obvious proofs of the great work so nobly begun in our day, and destined to go forward from it till the rugged, torn, dumb old earth is glorified by the presence of an emancipated, ennobled, self-governed humanity.

E. W. F.

For the Herald of Progress.

Homes vs. Houses.

In the February number of the *Atlantic*, Mrs. Stowe has an admirable article under the title, "House and Home Papers." I presume there is no one but has before his mind a counterpart of her representations, a house fitted up in elegance and luxury, but in no respect a home. The parlor, with its satin brocade, its damask and its velvet, made dark as midnight because the carpets would fade; the silver-ware locked in a safe because thieves would steal it; the piano closed because dust would collect in it; the pictures covered because flies would trespass on them; in fact, a whole house made desolate because some articles of furniture would be injured. In the meantime the children, losing the light, fade, instead of the carpets; losing the music, their spirits miss the cultivation of its harmonizing power; losing the constant influence of refined objects, they become able only to look upon things externally, as mere insignia of position, and not as means of development. Thus whole families are sacrificed to furniture and carpets, and the beautiful graces and amenities of home are destroyed for the fear of a little dust, or wear and tear.

We have in mind such a dwelling, where the parlors, kept under lock and key, remain in stately elegance, and a family of girls are driven to a dark basement, where not a ray of sunshine penetrates, except when some guests call, when the costly mirrors, the velvet carpets, and the covered couches are exhibited, and give a position to the family among the genteel and fashionable. No furniture, be it ever so costly, no carpets or hangings, be they ever so elegant, ever made a home. That must grow from the heart, and within must live and thrive all the social virtues that are to be the inhabitants of it; so many strong chords binding them forever to a life of purity and usefulness. What are the brilliant colors of a carpet compared to the fresh bloom on a child's cheek? What are a few mugs on a piece of furniture compared to a child's ripe estimate of the value of things? Compare a house full of furniture with a child's gentle, truthful, loving nature, developed without worry or petulance, and receiving beauty and grace naturally as its body receives food.

How many a mother torments herself continually about a little dust, or some trivial matter of housekeeping, and thus wholly unfit herself to be the calm, self-poised support of the home circle. Neatness is a virtue next to goodness, but we could never conceive how darkening a house and preventing any possibility of detecting blemishes, could be accounted proof of good housekeeping. We must say we are always suspicious of dark houses, and have far more confidence in the housewife who throws herself open to criticism and observation by admitting God's sunshine into her rooms, as she admits it into her heart.

We again commend Mrs. Stowe's words, and look with interest to her next paper, "What is a Home? and how to keep it."

Miracles Performed in 1864!

WONDERFUL MANIFESTATIONS OF SPIRIT POWER.

WATER CHANGED TO WINE.

DISTANT CHURCH BELLS SOUNDED.

BUFFALO, JANUARY 23, 1864.

FRIEND DAVIS: The most extraordinary manifestations of spirit power of the present age, took place at very recent sittings of the "Buffalo Excelsior Circle," (so named by our spirit friends) held at my residence on Wednesday evening, January 13th, 1864, C. H. Reed, medium. That your readers may have the facts as they transpired, I furnish the following brief account of what did take place in the presence of twelve persons, whose testimony would be as reliable as any dozen citizens that might be got together on any occasion.

The circle was in order at 7 o'clock, all complying with a rule that each one must hold the hand of his neighbors, seated on either side, and not to let go without permission. The gas-light was turned down, and our spirit friends gave evidence of their presence by bidding us welcome and by playing on several instruments, the piano facing the wall. The controlling spirit, Samson, addressed the chairman, who, as is usual, introduced all who had not before met with us. Samson cordially repeated the name of each, saying, "How are you, sir? I am glad to meet you."

The chairman reminded Samson of his promise to strike the Park bell, in front of the Shearman House, in Chicago, last evening; (Tuesday, Jan. 12) at 11 o'clock. "Yes, sir, I struck it at the very minute I said I would." [This has been confirmed by letters received from gentlemen of respectability, and who heard it. They are ready to verify its truth.] You also promised to strike the bell of the Washington street Baptist Church in this city, at 9 1/2 o'clock this evening. "Yes, sir, I shall do it." I also remind you of your engagement to change water into wine. "Yes, I am now ready to do it." In the light, a tumbler of water drawn from the water filterer was placed on the table, and light turned down. Dr. H. here made a request for the privilege of placing one finger on the tumbler while the spirit was making the change. In a prompt voice, Samson replied, "If you want me to perform this, I must do it in my own way." In less than two minutes, the spirit said, "Give your light." The light revealed the tumbler on the table, partly filled with a red liquid, in place of the water. Tasting proved it to be wine, like Malaga, or wines sometimes used in the sacrament. The wine will be preserved for the inspection of the curious.

Many other manifestations were given, and conversation had, relating to the moral condition of the spirit world. How crime was regarded there. The spirit claimed that "truth and justice were never lost sight of. The affectional natures are complete, and I find the same difference in thought here as upon earth. We are all happy, and forget and forgive injuries done to us in earth life, although a review of that life may give pain and sorrow. In nations where a parent takes the life of his child, that parent is justified by a religious custom of his people; so he is looked upon in the spirit world. All acts declared by the laws of your nation as criminal, must be so regarded here in spirit life."

The hour of sounding the bell being near at hand, the spirit, Samson, remarked, "I want the sexton of the church here—must have him, if I delay a little in time." A query was raised as to how he could be got there, the time having expired when he was invited to attend. Samson replied, "I will bring him by willing him to come—wait and keep quiet." The door-bell soon gave notice of his arrival. Samson, in a hurried voice, said, "Go quick to the door—why don't you hurry?" The door was opened and the sexton admitted to the circle. In less than three minutes after this the bell gave forth a loud and distinct peal, heard by those of the circle, although shut up in a close room, and over five hundred yards distant from the bell. Many persons in the street heard the sound and had their attention drawn to the fact. The sexton brought his keys with him and laid them on the table. He stated that he locked the doors leading to the belfry, ten minutes before his arrival at the dwelling of Mr. M., and left no one able to reach the bell without the keys he had with him, and verifies the truth more completely than I have here written.

At another sitting, had on Wednesday evening, January 20th, there were present several skeptics. One, the presiding spirit, Samson, recognized. Deeming what followed, satisfactory tests, I will relate here what Samson says: "I know you, Mr. S., (a lawyer.) You tried a suit for me—don't you remember we beat him?"

Mr. S. What is your name? I may recollect you.

SAMSON. Why the suit was with M. A. That man A. was so mean on earth that we don't speak to him here.

Mr. S. Is Mr. A. dead, and how long since? SAMSON. Yes, he has been here about three months.

The spirit further added to these tests by asking Mr. S. if he knew T., and if he remembered J. O. B.?

Mr. S. replied in the affirmative, and asked the spirit how long J. O. B. had been in the spirit life?

SAMSON. About twenty-five years.

Mr. S. Where was his body buried? SAMSON. In Mount Auburn, Rochester.

Mr. S. That is all true. Without request from any one, the spirit a

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A. HOLLAND,
Author and Publisher Laundry Manual.

We, the undersigned, having thoroughly tested "Doty's New York Clothes-Washer," fully endorse the above recommendation by Mr. A. Holland.

SOLON ROBINSON,
Agricultural Editor N. Y. Tribune.

JAMES BROWN,
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WM. V. V. MABON,
Minister of R. D. C. of New Durham, New York, Dec. 3, 1863.

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