

# AGE OF PROGRESS

The development of Spiritual Truth is the achievement of human freedom.

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WHOLE No. 55

## What is Sin?

In its broad sense, sin is the transgression of law. The next inquiry of the mind is: What is law? To this, again, the general and comprehensive answer is: Law is a rule of action, adopted by recognized authority, by which it is the duty of all men to be governed. Conventional laws are those adopted by communities of men; violations of which are sinful, in so far as those laws are founded in justice, and in so far as they have equal bearing upon all members of the community. The law of nature, which is the law of God, is the most important of all laws; and, consequently, every transgression of that law, is a sin against nature and against God; the enormity of which is proportionate to the amount of injury resulting from the transgression, to the transgressor and his fellow men.

The vast orbs of conglomerate matter which continually roll through the boundless and trackless realms of immensity, ever greeting the external vision of man as with the placid light-smile of infinite love, are governed by laws of God's enactment. But, having no volition of their own, they cannot transgress those laws, and, therefore, cannot sin.—Hence they continue to revolve and shine, ever obeying the laws of motion and gravitation, attraction and repulsion, order and harmony, refinement and profligation, without collision or aberration. Such is the government and such the obedience of all non-sentient being.

Man, on the contrary, having within him the principles of eternal life and individuality, is endowed with volition, and is provided with discriminating knowledge, to distinguish between good and evil, right and wrong; and he is accountable for his acts. Hence, all his evil deeds, words and thoughts, are imputable to him as sin, when the first and second are intentional, and when the third are made welcome guests of the mind. Nor is there any possibility of escaping the punishment which the broken law inflicts upon the offender. Every sin has its appropriate penalty attached, by the law which is transgressed; and prayers will avail the transgressor nothing, so far as remission of punishment is concerned, for sins committed. That prayer is available to prevent the commission of sin, we have no doubt; for the soul that prays devoutly for power to withstand temptation to sin, is already repentant, and will receive from God and his ministering spirits, the influx of that grace to which he opens his soul, in the act of repentance and humiliation. But sins committed are punished by inevitable consequences, and not by special judgment and executive infliction.

By what law is a man punished who takes hold of a red-hot iron, with his naked hand? Is he accused, arraigned, tried, convicted and sentenced, in the court of heaven? If so, there might be some reason in his praying to God to stop the smart and cure the wound *instantly*. As it is, such prayer would be unavailing. A law of nature enacts that active and concentrated caloric will wound human flesh which comes in contact with it; and he who, either wilfully or carelessly, takes red-hot iron in his naked hand, without having it prepared by chemical appliances which will repel the heat and prevent its hurtful action, must suffer the natural penalty; and God himself cannot prevent it, without working a miracle, which would be an infraction of his own law, and ungodlike.

It may be asked, is an accident, by which a man receives personal injury, imputable to him as sin, worthy of punishment? We answer, emphatically, *yes*. To man is given capabilities to acquire knowledge of natural laws; to get wisdom by continual observation; and to so

ortify his mind with caution and discretion as to avoid coming in contact with any thing that is hurtful in its effect or tendency. The first lesson which an infant learns, from the teachings of nature, is to keep out of the fire. And this it learns not by precept, for it cannot appreciate or even comprehend parental warnings—but by feeling the heat increase as it approaches the harmful element, and by the relief it experiences in withdrawing from it. Hence, if a man suffer from acting incautiously or imprudently, he suffers for the sin of omitting to fortify his mind with necessary knowledge, or for acting rashly, without letting his mind go foremost.

If a man drink intoxicating beverage till he is drunk, he commits a sin against the law of his being. And if he should pray ever so devoutly, the next morning, it would neither free him from the pain in his head nor the nausea of his stomach, caused by the sinful debauch; nor will it restore his wasted money, bring back his lost time, or obliterate the stain upon his character. The penalty must be endured; it cannot be remitted. Nevertheless, if he pray repentantly, it will open his soul to the reception of a spiritual influence which will afford him essential aid in his endeavors to abstain from future repetitions of the odious and soul-debasing sin.

If a man eat gluttonously, he sins against nature; against his physical constitution; against the energising and elevating principles of his intellect; against the laws of spiritual progression, and against that heavenly charity which should have bestowed the surplus on which he surfeited, upon the suffering poor, who go to bed supperless, for want of wherewithal to satisfy the honest cravings of nature. This is a sin for which he must suffer, and from the penalties of which no prayer can save him, whilst he continues the practice. This sin does not produce such madness as results from intemperate drinking; and, therefore, it is less enormous, because its evil consequences do not so generally affect the community of which the glutton is a member. On him, however, they fall with crushing weight. The gormand suffers much more in his intellect than the drunkard who has sober intervals. Excessive eating makes the interior man an impersonation of dullness and imbecility; the external man, a swinish sluggard. Both of these excesses are sins against nature's laws, and cannot fail to punish those who are guilty; and the punishment is of a character the most fearful for an aspiring mind to contemplate. Not only are the physical man and the mind degraded and debased by them, to conditions which shame the human character, and sink the image of God below the grade of brutality, but the immortal soul is so dwarfed by them, that centuries may pass, after their transition, before they can be elevated to the condition which should, of right, be theirs, on their entrance upon the second state of existence.

Covetousness, or Avarice, is a sin to which unprogressed humanity is more or less prone, throughout the world; but it prevails, in this country, to a greater extent than in any other. It absorbs the whole mind of those who are deeply imbued with it; makes the man an idolator, a tyrant, a robber, a cheat, a swindler, an oppressor of the poor, and sinks him, morally and spiritually, even below the drunkard and the glutton. He clings to earth and its treasures with a tenaciousness which braves the grim messenger to the last moment, and curses God in his heart, for not making this life eternal. He is punished, through life, with continual fear of loss; with constantly increasing desire for more; with occasional accusations of conscience for the wrongs and oppressions which he commits; and with horrifying dread of the approach of

that hour when physical nature will have to relax its grasp, and he will be torn from the iron shrine which contains the object in which all the affections of his heart and soul are centered. With a soul thus cramped, distorted, stunted, soured and demonized, by a whole life devoted to avarice, how awful will be the condition of the disembodied spirit! What pangs of remorse will torture the soul, when awakened conscience comes to see the black catalogue which presents all the enormities of a life devoted to sinful practices! when accusing spirits, who, in this life, suffered wrong and oppression at his hands, cluster thickly around him, each directing his attention to the particular act by which it was rendered miserable on earth! But, God be praised, the spiritual gospel reveals a certainty of ultimate redemption, for souls thus suffering the penalties which nature's outraged laws inflict upon the guilty, after the transition.

Did time and space allow it, we might continue this enumeration of human transgressions, and these delineations of their consequences, here and hereafter, to an indefinite extent. We might show the fearful consequences, to the sinning man and woman, and to their posterity, of that unrestrained indulgence in sensual gratifications, which is destructive to the physical constitution, deteriorating to the intellectual energies, and essentially retarding to the unfolding and progress of the spirit. We might show the evil consequences of that spirit of detraction, which actuates so many bitter minds; which grudges to see others do well; which is pained to hear others spoken well of; which is envious of the good name earned by fair dealing, unswerving fidelity, propriety of deportment, and the exercise of kindly sympathies; and which seeks to bring those above, down to its degraded level, rather than labor to elevate itself to their moral plane.

We could show how husbands and wives prejudice their happiness, by speaking unkindly to each other; how they destroy their conjugal felicity, and make themselves miserable, by cultivating inharmonious feelings, and giving vent to the spleen thus engendered, in reciprocal criminations and recriminations, every word of which diminishes the love and respect which they once entertained for each other, and contributes to the aggregate of antagonism which must eventually end in hatred, if not in separation or homicide.

We could show the sinfulness of giving way to these evil propensities of the animal part of man's nature; their deleterious effect upon the interior duality, and the impossibility of escaping the punishment which the law of their being attaches to sin of every character. But we must conclude by assuring those who are guilty of trespassing against nature's laws, that all prayer, addressed to the Author of their existence, to remit the punishment which sin naturally brings upon the sinner, is mere waste of breath; for He cannot remit those penalties without interposing miraculously, between the offender and the law, which He never has done—never will do. Nevertheless, as we have before remarked, prayer is efficacious in the redemption of man from the thralldom of sin.

Let it be expressly understood, that what we have written on this subject, is, as far as it goes, a true transcript of our own individual sentiments, for which no one else is responsible, and to the reception or adoption of which, we hold no one bound, whether believer or unbeliever in the spiritual philosophy.

#### WINTER IS NEAR AT HAND!

Listen to his trumpeters, whose dissonant tones grate harshly upon the sensitive ear—whose chilly breath makes all animate nature shiver. See how his white-liveried heralds throng the air and light upon the ground. There is no mistaking these signs of his approach; nor need there be any mistake about the hostility of his purpose, for he has never failed to lay the weight of his cold crushing hand upon the poor, wherever he could find them; and the more they suffer from destitution, sickness and want of sympathy, the more highly gratified seems the hyperborean tyrant. Let sympathising humanity and well-stored munificence be prepared to meet the remorseless messenger of misery, and to comfort and make glad the hearts of his victims.

#### Lecture No. 2—By Frank A. Egerton.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

#### THE WORLD AS IT IS, AND THE WORLD AS IT SHOULD BE.

Throughout the stupendous fabric of nature, there naturally exists an analogy relating all the various departments of the universal material empire in unity. The world is as it should be, in the departments of unspoken nature; but when we behold the discrepancies of the mind and soul, that each brilliant attribute is crushed and smothered, by the ponderous influences emanating from surrounding circumstances and events, even the angels turn away with a deep sensation of disappointment.—When we behold the God-like nature deadened within, a thrill of regret it permeates our being, and we turn away, not with the billows of anger rolling over the silent waves of the interior being, but to devise other means whereby we may call out the better feelings of man. Indeed, the skeptic may well ask, what good will spiritualism be to the world ultimately, or even at the present hour.

Men who believe that angels hold converse with mortals, may rise before the public and give to the thousand thirsting minds the opinions of his mind, but if the soul is blackened and corroded by false pretensions, by the strong sensual nature, and by the events of life, his poetical or philosophical discourse, will fall like the stone, when thrown into a body of water; it will disturb its surface for a while, then return to its former peaceful repose. While beautiful thoughts fall upon the soul, its better nature is called into action; but when, beneath all this beauty, there lies concealed and blackened the noblest qualities of being, the world is never, in the end, benefitted by the once beautiful lesson. And is man made better because his soul has realized the facts and truths of the great indescribable God? Some there are, it is true, who seek the happiness of friends; but others there are who go still deeper into iniquity, and conceal their false hearted purposes beneath the bosom of spiritual facts; and the skeptic is compelled to ask: is this of God, or man? His thoughts revolt at the idea that the angels return to the earth and teach men to go on in corrupt deeds, and they shall gain an inheritance in heaven, by listening and adhering to their divine instructions. No, indeed—many minds who have received tangible evidence of an immortal existence, and who believe that their once loved friends of earth still hover around them, diffusing into the dark channels of the soul, illuminating brilliancy of eternity's higher inspirations, fail to realize the true design and justice of Almighty God, in sending his holy messengers to reveal the bright lesson of infinitude to a yearning humanity. Even those who believe all this, are no better within than their skeptical brother. The selfishness of the outer nature is as easily roused to action. The combative faculties are as easily called out; and they who believe that pure and holy beings throng their pathway, give vent to their outer feelings, and their words fall like hail-stones upon the human soul. And one would suppose that their hearts were closed and deadened to all warm impulses; and such is the world now, with spiritual truths spontaneously and constantly flowing in upon those who ask and seek for the cooling draughts of eternity's fount. And such minds even complain of the true and perfect beings of a progressive life eternal, when they instruct them, because their teachings are not exclusively adapted to their strong desires. And if they give not verbal utterances to their feelings, they are struggling within, and the angels can see them mirrored in the nobleness and intellectual dignity of their being. And if they receive not a gratification of each desire of their souls, they turn complainingly away, murmuring words of censure to their immortal instructors.

If a brother err, another brother will condemn him, and devise means to exclude him from his society; and this is exclusively adapted to those who believe in spiritualism. They are men still, and manifest as extensive animal propensities as those who oppose the idea of angels' holding individual converse with man. They, too, would as soon speak harshly and unkindly of an erring brother; they would as soon pass the pauper

by, and they would as soon scorn the intemperate man, whose inner self is smothered beneath the deadening influence of intoxication, as would the man of theory and religious speculation.

Such men, though they believe in the converse of individual minds of each world, are not true and faithful men. They are a mockery to themselves and a living lie to what is taught them by minds on high.—It is not expected that all the stubborn influences of the outer man shall be quelled in their fury at the will and kindly spoken words, even of the immortal soul; it is expected and demanded of them, that they shall reduce what they believe, to an hourly practical form, and not gather thoughts and keep them until their day of worship, and then give them to the world, beautifully clothed in human language. Such is not the teachings of the spirits. The beauty of this grand fact is the practical use of its truths, in every moment of man's life. He should not glean from nature its highest conceptions and place them away in the silent and undisturbed alcoves of his nature; but, as he finds them, point his yearning brother to the broad expanse of immutable truth, that he, too, may reap the benefits of an earthly experience. The animal self is, from nature, inclined to be the controlling power of human actions; but when man feels and knows that he possesses innate qualities of an eternal duration, he is responsible, himself, for all material deformations of the soul.

By divine power and infinite justice, the long hidden arteries of the future universe, have been unclosed, and the construction through which they extend, man may analyze, in all its arrangements; and he will ever find divine essences equally distributed through all its innumerable departments. Men can be no better, nor will they ever be better, until they practically conform to the forcible instructions of a higher power, and learn to subdue the uprising combative and complaining feelings of his nature. A man who believes in the celestial guidances, descending in one continued current, from the fountain of eternal life, and practices not his belief and imbibed teachings, is only an automaton a living man, still dead to all inherent actions.

The world, as it is, is full of selfishness in one sphere of development, with a few rays of benevolent light penetrating through the small apertures of the soul, giving it some reflections of the facts and unvarying truths of God and his numberless creations.

God is gazing with pity upon erring man; and how dare he mock and crush the nature of God in himself, by disowning and disobeying those silent whisperings which steal across the fearful soul, like the voice of the night wind, when the world is silent and unconscious of the approaching hour, what it may bring in each individual destiny, to gladden or sorrow the heart. How dare man censure the messengers of God? Do they not come with great hopes for the reformation of the world, by gradual spiritual enlightenment and unfoldment? Do they not come to teach you and call out those essential qualities of being, which have long been urging themselves up through the crushed surface of sensuality? And when you complain of them, do you suppose they heed not what you say? and do you suppose they have no tender feelings—no fine sensibilities? And do you think eternity has hardened their souls to the inharmonies incident to human life? Ah! no, mistaken man, every idle thought strikes louder than a thunder bolt of the conflicting clouds, upon their warm affectional and sensational being; and they turn away grieved to know that, after all their assiduous labor to elevate your soul, that harsh words and censuring emotions should be their only reward. But, though discord disturbs the harmony of their eternal melodies, they come. They are hourly repulsed; still they come; and thus is the world, though the grand and sublimely stupendous work of spiritual truth is swelling the world almost to bursting, by its unfailing influence.

Man is a compound being; and he should be vividly alive to the necessity of a new practice, to be obtained only from unfolding new conditions; by being inherently better himself. And when the man of distinction goes proudly by the hardy son of toil, let him stop and reflect; for within that roughly clad exterior, a Milton, Homer or Socrates may

dwell in the highest unrevealed beauties which adorned the intellect of these mighty and once mortal souls. When all the diffused elements of God, concealed in the material world, shall be collected and amplified to their fullest extent, and when the knowledge of every attainable law of the universe shall be developed, then will the human intellect expand, and the real man become exalted and refined.

Every interior corruscation which now lies latent in the infinite realms of abstruse philosophy, will successively and progressively augment the happiness of the human family. The world asked for harmony of the higher world, and its loud appeal has not failed to awaken the spirit land to its highest demands. The harmonies of Deity sweep the crystal depths of nature, and man, go where he will, gaze on what he chooses, forever sees himself reflected back from the mirror of nature. And if the heart be barren, there will sweep along the desolate waste, atoms of intelligence, like grains of sand which line the mighty deep; and man awakes to find himself, not an insignificant object, but a living type of the great Being who gave him animate life.

If man feel no harmony and no beauty within, there will be no harmonies or beauties around him, until the soul begins to act; and then he will feel that God is with him, and is forever everywhere. The stars in their glory, the archangel in its majesty, and the seraph in its loveliness, pours forth from the chords of nature, the anthems of the holiest, until heaven's breezes roll forth an ocean of deep harmony. Earth wheels on its course, and philosophy, in the quickening shade of its beautiful morn, makes existence filled with the love and glories of God, as the soul is homeward bound. Though the heart is marred in its native beauty and primal glory, by the bitter curse of sin, nature within, still whispers its magic voice, and is heard in its full and perfect harmony, when the soul leaps from the darkness of human change, to its immortality.

All nature utters music; and if, among its thousand chords, there is one unstrung, it is man who strikes the discordant note and mars its harmony. Every tone from the ocean's gush against the rocky shore, to the highest harmony of Deity, music steals along on electrical wing, from earth to heaven; and if one note jar the infinite melody, it is the changing nature of man, who touches the chord and brings forth discord in the anthem of nature.

The eternal power sets deep in the human mind; its mild vibrations soothe the seeking soul; and philosophy, that source of evidence and truth, unfolds the whole magnificence of heaven and earth, and every delicate beauty with livelier action, rouses the mind with mechanical force, to that world-producing essence which alone, by infinite power, possesses being. The invisible power of God, moves this inferior world along, and man is found the only animated intelligence on its bosom; and at the obedience or disobedience of his laws of being, he can calm or ruffle the surface of individualized being. And this is the world as it is; and how should it be?

The world should mirror forth the virtues of the mind, that the human understanding may be better qualified to appreciate the actual goodness of each and every soul. Man should join in the harmonies of nature, until every chord of creation should roll forth deep and profound harmonies, and not a note should be hushed by the imperfections of man. Kind words should move along the chain of existence, making it brighter and brighter, as generation succeeds generation. The thorn of the soul should give way to the rose, while nature should smile at the bright changes it has wrought. Censure should forget to exist. The fire of revenge and oppression should cease to burn, while the studendous body of nature should continue to improve, until every heart had learned its lesson well. Then would discord fade into the eternal past. Then would the heart cease to mourn o'er the changes of its destiny, and would look to nature and behold the smiling providence of God reflecting upon its many functions of eternal power, his ever kind and holy influences. Then would the world improve, and mind become elevated, when summoned to go to its home above. Earth would possess more of beauty, if the soul were more highly refined. The grave would be

but a resting place for the weary body, and man would wrap the shroud about him, to rest in the grave, as he would close the drapery around his couch of peaceful repose; for then he would know all is but change, from the lower world to the higher universe of immortal glory.

Truly,  
FRANK. A. EGERTON.

#### Private Correspondence.

In publishing the following letter, we take a liberty with the private correspondence of a much valued friend, which is not generally warranted, even by intimate friendship, but which, we think, is warranted by present circumstances.

Our object is to exhibit the writer to our readers, in his undress. No one can so well judge of the real qualities of a heart or mind, by reading that which is prepared for the press; the writer being on his guard, and aiming to make the best practicable outside appearance.

If one wish to know the real qualities of a woman, before forming a matrimonial alliance with her, he should endeavor to see her, without her knowledge, at home, in her every day apparel, and amidst her daily avocations. Then she will appear as she really is, and not as she may seem to be when dressed and decked for the reception of company, and guarded against all outbursts of feeling or ebullitions of temper.

In this short epistle, we see the writer in his native simplicity, and hear him speak the language of the closet, as it comes warm from the heart.

The commendations of our unpretending self, may be considered an incentive to its publication. We confess to a love of approbation, when our course of life and action merit it, and when we know it comes from sincerity of heart, as in the present case; but we feel conscious that we are not very sorely afflicted with vanity, or inordinate self esteem.

NEW YORK, October 17th, 1855.

MY DEAR SIR: I observe from the last number of your paper which I have received, that you are about entering upon your second volume. Allow me to congratulate you on your success, and to bid you "God speed" in your undertaking.

I have, from time to time, read your numbers with great and increasing interest; and knowing, as well as I did, your singleness of purpose and sincerity of heart, I beheld, as I expected, great good sense in the course you pursued; an entire absence of the fanaticism which unhappily afflicts too many of us, and a commendable fearlessness in advocating what you believe to be the truth. And I have rejoiced to see that believers have perceived and appreciated these qualities in your publication; and I am glad to learn that you have encouragement to persevere in the good work which you have begun.

There is much yet for us all to do. We have only begun the good work, and as fast as we become fitted for the task, will the magnitude of the revelations which are coming to us, be increased.

All around us, we behold a constant augmentation of the number of those who receive, as truth, the existence of an intercourse with the spirit world; but we have much yet to learn before we can fully understand how intimate is that intercourse, and how it may influence (for good or evil, as we deport ourselves) our every act and thought.

As we advance in our appreciation of it, day by day, we are to learn more of the future existence that is before us; and time, as it rolls on, will be constantly bringing to us more and more of the truths of that existence, which have hitherto been hidden from us, and will be continually completing the lessons which have, as yet, been only begun.

We have, then, I repeat, yet much to do in the great work that is before us—much for the regeneration of others, and much for our own redemption from the errors and perversions of the past.

We have much to do, even ourselves, to learn that our beautiful faith is not, on the one hand, an excuse for, or incentive to, the indulgence of our mortal propensities; nor is it, on the other, a mere holiday garment, to be put on for Sundays, or the closet only; but to be our daily ap-

parel, showing, in our every act and in the purity of our whole lives, our obedience to the law of loving God and one another.

In this work, knowing how earnestly you have already worked, I am conscious how much you are prepared to toil; and I, with all my heart, bid you, be of good cheer!

Yours ever,  
J. W. EDMONDS.

#### Spiritual Address.

THROUGH A LADY MEDIUM, IN SYRACUSE.

Guardians in Heaven would address the dwellers on earth. They would make an earnest appeal, and would ask: cannot the spirits of the two conditions, commingle? We, the spirits of Heaven, with you, the tenants of earth; and having one and the same origin, being also the children of one great Father, whose eye is ever directed towards us for our good, and whose regard for us surpasseth all understanding, we would ask, can we not hold converse? As we would do all that in our power lies, to make you better and wiser, so we would ask permission of you to receive our teachings; for in kindness and in love, do we desire to approach you, and to pour into your confiding hearts the lessons of truth which are given us.

We would endeavor to throw about you those holy and elevating influences which, though seeming to proceed from your guardians, do yet have their flow from the one great and inexhaustible Source. In soft cadences, and in tones harmonious, do these beautiful visitors approach us, and with much joy do we hail their coming, as harbingers of good, and do usher them along our ranks, with joyful greetings, and give them a passage to other spheres. Will ye consent to receive them, O! inhabitants of earth, and receive from them that light which will instill the true principles of knowledge in every human breast. Will ye give us your whole confidence and hesitate not with us, whose purpose is to ennoble you, and thereby cause your motives and your actions to be great and good? We would ask that ye will not repulse us, by cold looks, neither by harsh responses.

Trusting, then, that you may prove passive, we will put forth our efforts to aid you in the furtherance of your knowledge in our doctrines of heavenly love. We will labor unceasingly that you may be the gainers. The labor of love cannot prove arduous, for it is always attended by soothing, which bring with them quiet and repose; those never failing antidotes to the laborer. Will ye consent to go forth, when commanded, and serve with ability, the will of the great Master, and take each a portion of the great work which is allotted to all? Whatever gift, or capacity, whether it be of high or low degree, which is entrusted to the keeping of an individual, should be brought to some account. It must not be hidden, but brought out, to do service. If your talent may be, in the minutest manner, so applied as to prove conducive to the welfare of *one* of the human family, then may its possessor lose not a moment of time, in finding it employment, and thereby serve others for whose benefit (as well as his own) it was given. It may be an engine of much good; and alas! it might also prove an instrument of destruction, if placed under mercenary keeping. But this event may Heaven avert.

We would say to those who are earthly parents and guardians, and to whom is entrusted the care of their tender offspring, see to it, that ye labor diligently for strength and support in a station so responsible. Consult your guardian spirits for aid, in rearing your tender trust, and we will enable you so to direct its steps and turn its feet aright, as that no harm may come. Train your children in love; direct them as ye would the tender shoot, and nurse their growing energies as ye would the first buddings of the spring blossom; act in harmony with the divine principles of justice and right, and you will prove yourself the polestar, by which the young mind shall be directed, and which, in turn, will entwine itself about you and will repay your endearments tenfold. Cherish it, then, O, parent! draw to your bosom this tender of your own creation; suffer its tiny limbs to enfold you; let it in bleat remembrance and instruction from your counsels, and prove to you that it is interwoven

with every fibre of your existence. He will prove a household ornament, and give you a child's blessing; for you have planted an affection in that young heart, which can never be effaced; and, as childhood shall be superseded by manhood, and his powers of mind shall be fully developed, he shall spring into usefulness, and, in his turn, he will become the guide and protector of youth and helpless infancy, and a staff on whom his aged parents may lean and find support.

We have done our bidding. These words are from many of your  
 GUARDIAN SPIRITS.

#### THE HUMAN CUT-WORM.

Writing for the *Independent*, Mrs. Stowe, contrasting the caterpillar, green bug and slug, which she says are "open, manifest, above-board, and generally reasonable, and amenable in calmer hours to expostulations of whale-oil soap, or tobacco-water," with the cut-worm, which she pronounces "mean, underhanded, without the first idea of what goes to make an honorable insect," thus moralizes:

"Methinks we have met some characters in life who answer to the parable of cut-worm. A neighborhood is sometimes infested by such an individual, male or female. You cannot catch them at their work. They are never seen doing it. All you know is, reputations are blasted, friendships withered, thrifty, promising schemes blighted, and nobody does it! It is only cut-worm who has been quietly at the root here and there, and you may catch him if you can."

#### The Tables Reversed.

Some "Layman," in a communication which appeared not long since in the Cincinnati *Daily Times*, quotes a brief paragraph which he ascribes to Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and thereupon proceeds to turn the tables against his Reverence. We extract a portion of the article:

#### SPIRITUALISM.

It is said that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher used the following language lately when speaking of modern Spiritualists:—

"Admitting they have truth on their side, (which I don't believe they have,) what pitiful, contemptible, time serving creatures they must be—I mean those we make Spiritual Manifestations their God, and devote all their time, energies and capabilities to them,—those who talk of nothing else, think of nothing else, and study nothing but interviews with spirits of mortals who once lived on this earth!"

Now, if the Rev. Gentlemen did use such language as this, would it not be proper to answer him by saying:

"What a pitiful, contemptible, time-serving creature he must be, spending all his time, energies and capabilities in talking of, thinking of, and studying Spiritual Manifestations made eighteen hundred years ago?"

Does he not devote his whole time, energies and capabilities to them? What does he do but talk of them—think of them—and study them? Is not that his entire business, and his God, too? For, what knowledge has he of God but what he gets from those reported Spiritual Manifestations which he studies in the shape of the Bible, and which is a written record of spiritual manifestations, said to have been made in those days, and so like the modern that any one who will investigate the subject with but a moderate share of common sense and a mind not too horribly warped by the prejudices of a sectarian education, will soon be convinced, are all of a piece with the modern—all spring from the same source—have the same laws, origin and authority, and are received in the same manner, with only this difference: his Mr. Beecher's, are all over 1800 years old, (for he won't receive as authority anything of a later date,) observed, too, in a low and rude state of society by fishermen, and such like illiterate characters, and by them written down from thirty to sixty years after the events recorded transpired, which said written record, before it came to Mr. Beecher, was in the keeping of the priesthood upwards of a thousand years; whereas the modern are now transpiring all over the world, in the presence of thousands of living witnesses of the most scientific, intelligent, enlight-

ened and reliable of this enlightened age;—nay, may be witnessed by all who will take the trouble to go and see; and I will assert it as my belief, without fear of successful contradiction, that modern Spiritualism, which Mr. Beecher treats with so much contempt, has done more, in the short space of ten years, to make converts from Infidelity to a belief in a future life, and the vital doctrines of Christianity, than all the clergy in the world have done in the last hundred years.

Again, Mr. Beecher compares Spiritualists holding converse with departed Spirits, to strangers at Court bowing to under-officers in livery—thereby inferring, I suppose, that he and his fellow-professors are so well acquainted in the courts of heaven, and so highly favored there, that they would feel degraded did they happen to bow to, or hold converse with, any being lower than God, or his Son Jesus Christ. They would not deign to stop and converse with a departed father, mother, brother, or child. Now, how came they so well acquainted there? seeing their creed does not admit of any knowledge of the Spirit-world—God, Heaven or Hell,—but what they get from the Bible; and how do we know, or how can we know, at this remote day, that the authors of the Bible had any more or better authority to write Inspiration and Revelation than the inspired writers (or writing mediums) of the present day have? The Prophets and inspired writers of old, were operated upon by spiritual influence (according to the account in Scripture), just and precisely as they are now. They were called prophets then, and mediums now; and I cannot see why their authority and reliability are not just as good now as they were then. If it be said, as an argument against mediums of the present day, that they sometimes lie, and contradict each other, I answer, so they did of old. (See Jonah's prediction of the destruction of Nineveh; the lying spirit in the mouth of the prophets enticing Ahab, King of Israel, to go to battle, for the express purpose, as is said, of getting him killed off; and many other similar passages of Scripture that might be quoted.) Is it not strange how prejudice warps the mind, and distorts the vision of those under its influence, to such a degree that they cannot discover any resemblance in things so very similar as are the manifestations of ancient and modern times? None but those who can get from under the psychological effect of the prejudice of education, can see things in their true light.

#### Republication.

The following is the only lecture we have been favored with, from the immortalized mind of GEORGE WASHINGTON. We cheerfully obey the requirement of spirits, to put it in a form for general preservation.

#### Lecture by George Washington

MISS BROOKS MEDIUM.

#### THE LIBERTY OF AMERICA.

The Goddess of liberty takes up her lute and gently touches its silvery chords, when its music steals softly over the nation. The banner of independence tells that once savage America is yet free. America is based upon a broader and more liberal foundation than any nation in the wide world. Its elder sons were intellectual and patriotic, and their moral freedom of spirit yearned for the freedom of the nation. American freedom is not the acme of independence, but it ranks supremely above any other national government. Your bold and resolute champions declared themselves free; and what was the expression of the conservatism of that age? It was that man was born to enjoy liberty, but that the concentrated power of despotism, should control the human race. But two generations of American experience and liberty, have proved all such prophecies to be chimerical, for the nation now is as firm in freedom of government as the adamantine rock.

It is not the startling voice of monarchical government that arouses the statesman to elaborate plans of safety, and schemes of reconciliation with foreign nations; there is too much intellectual and moral liberty in human nature; but it is the physical, intellectual and moral slavery that is influencing the heart of your nation. Man cannot paint the

features of anguish, nor the spirit of misery, upon the burnished plate, for moral slavery is too strongly delineated upon the human form and soul, to admit of this. But the proper investigation of the sublime development of mind which characterizes this age of the world's history, will enlighten American minds and logically produce, in the reason principles, a desire to have a freedom of morality and spirituality, as well as freedom of national government. When the patriots who fought for the freedom of your nation, found evidence in their internal convictions, that America could be free, they boldly proceeded with a determination and magnanimity of spirit, to struggle for freedom, and your nation now possesses that liberty which no other state, nation, or government enjoys.

The wisdom of minds in the primary liberties of America, extended farther than worldly embellishments; and the sciences investigated at that age, were the sciences of national government and moral and religious liberty. Look at the improvements of America. Look at the cultivation of the human mind, since my earthly career, and you will see the astronomer go into his chamber, and, at silent midnight, abandon his strong intellectual powers to the principles of nature, and soon present before the world a stupendous perception of the harmony of planetary worlds; and the principles of the astronomer are incorporated into the constant affairs of human life. The mechanic, in his perpetual desires and calculation, invented the steam engine, until, at last, it is the potential agent in conveying millions of forms over the bosom of earth. The statesman enters the halls of Congress, and there his voice is heard, by his kindred Statesmen, debating, perhaps, upon some of the laws of State. The Poet, too, comes forth from his retreat, and shows the world the powers of his mind. The artist paints landscapes from nature, and finally, portrays the human physiognomy upon canvas and proves his capacities and the peculiarities of his mental constitution. So we see the principles of mind incarnated into the physical structure. But ere mind can display its creative and disposing powers in the highest regions of thought, it requires a broad and expansive substratum of scientific information, as the foundation of a more exalted moral superstructure.

Science is the granite basis of all philosophical knowledge; and wisdom is the primary stratifications of moral worth. Freedom is a symbol of justice, and is the source of intellectual and physical science. Moral science leads to mental analysis, and by this, or from this, does mind derive a sublime philosophy of the natural qualities and powers of man's eternal spirit. Science leads to exalted knowledge, and lead man to a sympathy for his fellow men. It unfolds hours when every soul breathes a just appreciation of its own godlike attributes, and has a true perception of the interior beauty and power of intellect, that lies hidden in the unrefined empire of the soul. The boundaries of mortality cannot arrest nor limit the flight of the mind; for the immortal heavens are not too exalted for its grasp. Mind, every where, displays its transcendent power.

We say that America is free; but pause and reflect—is America truly free? As far as national glory is thought of, America is free and independent. As a nation, its laws are not rigid nor cruel. But is the moral growth of the nation pure and free? Is the mind free from mental and religious slavery? What dark spots are those that appear in the zenith of your nation's freedom, and blot out the brightest stars shining there? What lambent flame burns brightly from the rock of liberty? Those spots are moral depravity and mental slavery. That lurid flame is intemperance. Ah! no, America is not free. It is not free from the dark influences of intemperance. It is not free from sensuality. It is not free in religious opinion. It is not free in intellectual pursuits. It is not as free from iniquity as it was when I was one of its patriots of liberty. America free! Oh! man, delude not yourself. Let reason, the highest and noblest endowment of the human mind, arouse the beautiful germs of moral and religious truth which were deposited in the bosom of your nation, centuries ago. Reason constitutes the only true, reliable, standard of judgement, upon all subjects

whether spiritual or religious, moral or social; each may come within the scope of the investigations of the human-mind.

The national character, in some of its most important elements, has been elevated by the efforts of men well known in history. You need not refer to Marathon or the history of Greece, for examples of patriotic virtue; for upon every page of your country, the native eloquence of your mother tongue is hourly breathing forth the strains of proudest sentiment that ever fell upon the souls of men.

American glory exhibits to you the models of the character of ancient Greece. We feel a sentiment of admiration when we contemplate the heroism displayed at Marathon, by the patriots of invaded Greece. But these champions were slaves of men, whom they unchained to fight for their masters freedom. There has been, in all the foreign wars, a slavish principle manifested; and though the battle field bore the footsteps of many thousand champions, yet they were tyrants to their soldiers, and the soldiers were slaves to the tyrants. No, indeed, we need not refer to Greece or France, Italy or England, for true patriotism. My humblest efforts were to perpetuate the liberty and animate the patriotism of the people; to purify their morals and excite their true genius, that man might forever be free in the increasing population and the cultivation of American liberty. Now that I have once declared America free, as a nation, what now shall be my appeal and declarations? I am proud to see American civilization advance. I love her national liberty. But now that I have finished my earthly course and am moving onward in my spiritual progress, I shall appeal to you for moral, religious and social freedom.

Who shall be the individual to declare these elements of terrestrial society free and independent? The humblest mind bears within itself that tablet, on the lines of which the profoundest philosopher may have intensely studied. The heart of the most unlettered man, the understanding, the will, and every other function of the soul, are in constant operation. Each individual has within his own bosom a deep chamber of thought and feeling, and the affections are as warm and teeming in one soul as another. The meditative countenance bespeaks a play of hopes and fear, and interests within, in all its changing forms.

Without moral goodness, visible existence would be an idle waste; for what is beauty in any form, if not surrounded by true moral purity? O! man, as you reverence the name of one who suffered for your country's freedom, let your memories yet cluster around my spirit, and bear with me while I say, strive to become free in all your moral acts. I shall not treat this subject, which is of such immense magnitude, merely as a theme of conversation, but as a stupendous truth, applying with equal force to all immoral men.

Morality, philosophy and true religion, rest upon the everlasting foundation of the universe, and constitute man's nature. You must be purely moral and strictly spiritual, before you can enter upon a happy life in heaven. Man is the coronation of nature, and exists surrounded by many embodiments, or specific principles, tending towards his mentality. One mighty wave of Omnipotence rolls over another, through eternity, upon the same unchanging principles, and imparts to man the influences of God. Then live so that morality may bloom like the rose, and the lamb and lion of the soul may reside in peace eternally.

Yours

G. WASHINGTON.

*For the Age of Progress.*

#### The Harmonial Philosophy against Sensualism.

MR. EDITOR: I desire to call the attention of your readers to Vol. IV. of the Great Harmonia, by A. J. Davis. This book has just been published, and ought to be read and comprehended by all persons; but more especially will its teachings find a home in the minds of reformers and spiritualists. The materiality, as well as the immortality of the soul is becoming more generally conceded among men. Hence the necessity of having understood that the soul's purity and elevation depends very much upon its being moulded in a healthy body.

In all of this author's writings he deals with causes instead of effects, and particularly is this the case in this much needed volume.

He says that "Absolute Reform must begin with the formation of soul and body. A fine house can never be legitimately raised from an *infirm* basis. Parents must learn this greatest of all scientific truths. Not only should parents know them, but the newly married also, and all our youth, male and female. By neglecting these great laws of being, and through ignorance, perpetually disobeying them, you people the world with children bearing depraved organizations, moved by impure propensities, which propagate and re-produce themselves with the various diseases now so prevalent."

He makes the proposition (and I think establishes it) that what the church calls "total depravity," and the "sins and evils of the world," originate in the extreme or inverted action of self-love, conjugal love, parental love, paternal love, filial love, and universal love. This volume is mainly devoted to the consideration of the origin and manifestations of conjugal love.

It seems very opportune while we are contending about the rights of woman, of the slave, of the inebriate, and the policy of baby fairs, that before we exhaust all of our indignation and sympathies, the rights and wrongs of the *unborn* babe should be discussed.

Most truly he says "that children with constitutions compounded of tea, coffee, flesh, alcohol, and tobacco, cannot become as perfect men and women as those born with pure blood and no conjugal precocity to militate against their development. Little children are now manufactured out of all the condiments of *fashionable intemperance*. There is no escaping the fact that all conjugal misdirections not only produce unhappiness among the married, but bloom out like poisonous winds in the offspring."

Men who are engaged in raising horses, cattle, fruit, &c. &c. make themselves familiar with the laws of pro-creation. Large sums of money and a high order of talent are now devoted to investigating and demonstrating these laws. From all this, great and good results among the animal kingdom are just beginning to be witnessed. Never before in the earth's progress, were there to be seen such noble and perfect specimens of the brute creation as can now be found at our agricultural fairs. Splendid results of intelligence, operating upon instinct.

But as regards this intelligence itself, how often is it remarked that mankind are degenerating. Although such is not the case, it is very true, that physically, man is not keeping pace with the developments of the animal creation. Man is a work for eternity. His destiny is onward and upward, and a knowledge of physiological laws will very much hasten it. These laws must be as well known and observed by parents and children as they are by the scientific agriculturist. It is time that a false modesty on these subjects was put to flight, by the mental and physical deformity, and premature death of myriads of little children. It is pretty evident to thinking men that the entire efforts of all reformers will quite soon be directed to a dissemination of a knowledge of these laws, among the people, instead of looking to State Legislatures for prohibitory liquor laws, and the like, as preventatives to vice, crime and misery.

Mr. Davis has led off in the good work, and in the right direction.—Marriage, as the source of all proliferation, happiness and misery, is freely and fearlessly discussed, and in a manner that cannot offend the moralist or monogamist. He demonstrates most clearly that the marriage relation among the human family, is regulated by a law as scientific and invariable as any other relation in the universe.

Some of his conclusions are condensed in these resolutions, which it is proposed that the believers in the harmonial philosophy should adopt and enforce:

"1. Resolved, that the true marriage relation between the sexes, is not an arbitrary and merely civil contract, (although a social and civil recognition thereof is proper to regulate property, &c.) but is the most interior and the divinest relation possible among human kind; that the true marriage is essentially and inevitably monogomic—is suggested,

regulated, and solemnized by a universal law of justice; and that this true marriage may be entered upon with all the precision which characterizes any exact science, considering woman as a Messiah of Love to man, and man as a Messiah of Wisdom to the woman.

"2. Resolved, That conjugal love, or the element in both sexes which suggests and leads to marriage, is the grand basis on which we predicate a large proportion of our hopes of the progressive perfectibility of mankind; that the inheritance of a healthy body and a healthy soul is a priceless boon, the possession of which does away with the necessity of physicians for bodies and clergymen for souls; and therefore, we believe that the marriage of the right temperaments is more essential to human progression than any merely social improvements or political revolutions. Hence we consider the discovery of the true science of marriage (which we have recently made) as not only calculated to prevent the immense number of unhappy unions, and produce harmony where now discord reigns; but that such a science, in application to the regulation of marriage, would eventuate in better, happier, wiser generations of men and women.

"3. Resolved, That all—especially the married—should individually encourage such habits and such appetites as tend directly to cleanliness of body and perfection of soul; to the end that all may be healthy and happy, and that the children of the future may inherit only sweetness of person and harmony of spirit; therefore,

Resolved, That we will hence forward abandon the excessive use of animal food—especially reject swine's flesh, which is filthy and productive of scrofulous diseases; and, besides, that we drink tea, coffee, alcoholic mixtures, and use tobacco, only as remedial agents, not as beverages, or as the supposed promoter of corporeal happiness; that in all departments of the passional nature, to avoid both extremeism and inversionism, all excesses of every kind; and in all the local and general affairs of existence, that we preserve a rational and philanthropic spirit, always making it a sovereign rule of faith and practice, to DO GOOD TO SOME, AND HARM TO NONE."

The book is destined to be extensively read and to do a great amount of good.

It is for sale in this city, by Hawks, and by Wanzer, McKim & Co.

Yours, for truth,

C. O. P.

#### "MY MOTHER NEVER LIES."

A few ladies had met at the house of a friend, in the city of St. Louis, for an evening visit, when the following scene and conversation occurred:

The child of one of the ladies, about five years old, was guilty of rude, noisy conduct, very improper on all occasions, and particularly so at a strangers's house. The mother kindly reproved her.

"Sarah, you must not do so."

The child soon forgot the reproof, and became as noisy as ever. The mother firmly said.

"Sarah, if you do so again, I will punish you."

But not long after Sarah did so again, When the company were about to separate, the mother stepped into a neighbor's house, intending to return for her child. During the absence the thought of going home recalled to the mind of Sarah the punishment she might expect. The recollection turned her rudeness and thoughtlessness into sorrow. A young lady present observing it, and learning the cause, in order to pacify her, said:

"Never mind, I will ask your mother not to whip you"

"Oh," said Sarah, "that will do no good—*My mother never tells a lie.*"

The writer who communicated the above to the St. Louis Observer, says—"I learned a lesson from the reply of the child which I shall never forget. It is worth everything in the training of a child, to make it feel that its mother never tells a lie."

# AGE OF PROGRESS.

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum, payable invariably in advance. Single copies, five cents.

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## Prospectus.

The publishers of the *Age of Progress*, to its patrons and to the community at large, *greeting*.

The publication of the *Age of Progress*, from the commencement of the second volume, having devolved upon a company, organized under the Manufacturing Law of this State, and designated by the name of "THE BUFFALO HARMONIAL PRINGING ASSOCIATION," we, the undersigned, being an Executive Committee, appointed by the said Company, respectfully advertise the reading public, that the company have appropriated a sufficient fund to secure the publication of the paper continuously, and without limit of period. We promise, in the name of the company, that the present volume shall not suffer in comparison with the first volume, in point of interest to the reading community, nor fall farther short of any other similar publication than may be unavoidable for want of available ability.

We promise that it shall take no part in the political strifes of parties; but that it will speak its sentiments freely, on any subject of interest, whether political, moral, philosophical, or religious.

We promise that, in all its discussions, it will respect the sentiments of all who disagree with its positions on any subject, when such disagreement is manifested by rational and dignified argumentation.

We promise that it will favor all the legitimate efforts of philanthropists, to ameliorate the condition of the human family, and to elevate the standard of morals; first at home, and then throughout the world.

Above all, and as the great and paramount object of its publication, we promise that it shall continue its labors in THE PROMULGATION OF THE SPIRITUAL GOSPEL; and we have encouragement which warrants us in predicting, that its patrons will be favored with the perusal of many sublime emanations, from richly endowed and highly elevated minds, in the second state of human existence. In this characteristic, we think we may venture the assertion, that no similar publication in the world, has equalled the *Age of Progress*, during the past year. And, finally, we promise to be truly grateful to all friends who will kindly lend us their aid in our labors for the advancement of the hallowed cause in which we are engaged. Every subscriber obtained for this journal, will be an essential benefit to the cause of spiritual progress; and every friendly effort will be weighed and appreciated by all those loving friends who, unseen by mortal vision, are constantly laboring to redeem incarnate humanity from the reign of ignorance, the rule of error, and the blighting influence of sin.

STEPHEN ALBRO,  
GUY H. SALISBURY,  
J. J. FOLTS,  
WM. G. OLIVER,  
THOMAS LE CLEAR. Committee.

## Our City Schools.

Why is it that the Common Schools of the city of Buffalo enjoy the reputation of being inferior to none, if not superior to all others, in the State? It is our opinion that it is because political influence has not been allowed to blast them with its withering touch. For a long time, our Superintendents were chosen without reference to party politics. The man who was most efficient in organizing the Common School system, and who was supposed to understand it better than any one else, was chosen Superintendent repeatedly, sometimes by one party and sometimes by the other.

Teachers have always been appointed without reference to party politics, let the politics of the appointing office be what they might. Under the elective system, as regulated by the new charter, the people of the city have to choose the Superintendent of Schools. We have ever been in favor of allowing the people to choose their own officers; but we pray to heaven that we may never see school teachers thus chosen. We have some fears that making the Superintendent elective, will prove, by and by, to be tantamount to making School teachers similarly elective. Will not the successful party, before long, require of the Superintendent whom they elect, to reward their partisans by making them teachers, in preference to those who voted an opposition ticket? We fear they will; and if they do, farewell to the favorable distinction of Buffalo Common Schools. As soon as party politics get the control of the School system, so that incompetent persons will be employed as teachers, in consideration of party services, then we would like to see the public school houses sold and the free system abandoned. Quite as well for the community would it be, if religious creeds were adopted by municipal councils, and the clergy made elective by popular vote, as for school teachers to be thus chosen, either directly or indirectly.

We have now a very capable, faithful and industrious Superintendent of Schools, and we could wish that he should be continued. He has been successful in producing harmony amongst all the schools and all the departments, by showing that no element or agent of discord which should manifest itself, should escape his pruning knife. Without harmony throughout the system, little good can be expected from it; and the man who has proved himself capable of producing harmony and maintaining it, and who is otherwise adequately qualified, should not be cast away for party considerations. We know not what *staple* or *shell* characterises the politics of the present incumbent; but we do know that he has discharged the arduous and highly important duties of his office with ability and fidelity; and we fear to have him displaced. It is true that his election displaced one who had given general satisfaction; but his success furnishes no warrant that his successor will be equally successful. The office is a very important one, and we most heartily deprecate frequent changes in its administration.

## Let the interior vision examine the interior Man.

Man's visual duality is wisely adapted to his external and internal necessities. His external vision enables him to perceive, examine, and, if necessary avoid, external objects. Thus the mind is enlightened by examining the innumerable objects of outside nature, and observing the workings of the machinery of the physical universe; and, at the same time, caution receives instant notice, if danger threaten the external form. The external vision, or spiritual perception, is the lens through which the incarnate soul sees itself and all its qualities, passions and propensities; and he or she who makes the most frequent and thorough use of this instrument, will manifest most wisdom, live most rationally, progress in wisdom and goodness most rapidly, and be most ready, resigned and cheerful, when called to change garments at the threshold of immortality.

The two visions should be mutually helpful. When the external vision detects deviations from justice and rectitude, in another, it should suggest an examination, by the internal vision, to discover if the same principle which manifested itself outwardly, in the case of the transgressing brother, be not latent in the heart of the observer, ready to be made active when excited by similar cause. If the external vision see a man staggering under the action of strong potations, it should notify the interior vision to examine and see if the beholder have not, within him, a proneness to intoxication, in some other shape, if not in the one which prompts to the use of intoxicating beverages. The search will probably develop a love of cruel sports, such as cock fighting, dog-fighting and human pugilism. We doubt not the reader has seen men who were generally sane, so intoxicated with excitement over a pair of fighting fowls, that their attention could not be withdrawn from the



scene by intelligence that their own houses were on fire. Men, supposed to be of sound mind, will leave home, family, business, and every thing which has a just claim upon their attention, and go hundreds of miles to see two men maul each other with their fists! And whilst the fight is progressing, they become drunk with the intoxicating effect of the excitement, so drunk, indeed, that they are deaf and blind to all surrounding things and circumstances. Even ladies are not all exempt from proneness to this kind of intoxication. We have seen, here in Buffalo, the tops of buildings thronged with both sexes, drawn thither by a morbid desire to witness the strangulation of a human brother, who, under some kind of intoxication, had committed homicide.

The external senses will detect, in a brother or a sister, the spirit of detraction, as manifested by censorious remarks upon the conduct and character of another. So displeased is the observer, at this manifestation, that he belches out against the offender, to the first person he meets. "What a wretch she must be," says he, "to speak thus harshly and censoriously of a brother or a sister!" Awake! now, thou interior watchman, and see if it is not the very same spirit which prompts the complainer. He manifests no more charity towards the one of whom he complains, than she did towards the object of her censure; nor is there any evidence that his cause of complaint is greater than hers was. Let him allow his interior vision to inspect closely, and he will find the propensity to detraction as large in himself as he conceived it to be in the offender of whom he complained.

The external vision of a merchant discovered a woman stealing a piece of muslin. It was wrong in the woman, needy though she was. She should have made known her necessities to the charitable, and they would have supplied her family with sheets and under garments. Then she would not have brought this guilt upon her family. Now see how enraged the merchant is. He has called a police officer and handed her over to the law for punishment. Poor creature, she had received punishment enough in advance; but the law and the inexorable merchant will not be satisfied till she is committed to the work house. But let the interior vision of the merchant consult the record made upon his memory, and see what is there. The muslin was part of a large bill purchased of a manufacturer, at the lowest rate. The merchant pretended to fail for want of means to pay, and had the account cancelled by the payment of twenty per cent. By the pretended failure, and by taking a false oath, he made a handsome fortune out of his creditors, when he had plenty to pay them all he owed. What does conscience say, when he sends the woman to the workhouse, after taking the muslin from her? Conscience may have been rendered insensible by a continued course of such violence; but truth answers the important question: "Where is Hell?" by pointing to this man's interior and exclaiming: "There it is!"

There is no man or woman who will not be essentially benefitted by turning the attention inward, when they are about to expose or censure the acts of others. Some portion of the vicious principle which produced the act about to be complained of, will be found in the interior of every man and woman. Are the outward senses contemplating murder, and is the whole man shocked at the deed? Look within and you will find the germ of that same principle of vengeance, which will manifest itself in a blow with the fist or cane, when provoked by an insulting tongue, or any personal assault. This act of retaliatory vengeance, is the infantile development of homicide; and its maturity is reached by encouragement and consequent growth of the vengeful passion. And if the murder be committed without provocation, for the sake of plunder, the beholder can generally find its germ, by looking in his own breast. It is the same avarice—in a matured state—which takes the house, the garden and the cow, from the impoverished family, not caring whether they starve or not.

Murder and robbery are presented in miniature, in the act of shooting one of nature's sweetest musicians, for the sake of the single ounce of flesh contained in its little carcass. It is true that the life of a bird is generally regarded as of little account, by selfish and vain glorious man.

Yet there is, probably, not a man or woman on earth that enjoys life with such gusto as that same little minstrel which has been wantonly murdered to gratify a "sportsman's" thirst for the blood of innocence. Let this murderer in embryo consider, if he have mind enough, that the soul of that music which led him to the bush on which his victim perched, was a spark of life which can never die. It will be coeternal with his own spirit, in some grade of being, and he may see it, presenting to him the mortal wound of that little body, as an accusation against him, when he has passed into the spheres of eternity. Could he now look into his own interior, with the vision of truth, he could perceive that his own life is as worthless, in the eyes of superior beings, as the life of the meanest bird can be in his sight. And it is generally the case that the life of such an one is truly worthless to every one—even to himself.

Nineteen in every twenty of those who are ever ready and anxious to send those who commit larceny, to the work house and the penitentiary, may find the germ of the crime, if not the matured plant, in their own bosoms. What better is he who saves an ounce of tea by scanting the weight, than he who steals the same quantity? The one withholds what he has been paid for, which is equivalent to stealing the money paid for it; yet he runs no hazard of being sent to the work house or the penitentiary. He is only a greater coward than the other, or he would not steal as he does. What better than a thief is the man who represents his goods to possess qualities which they do not possess, thereby inducing ignorant persons to pay twice the value of them?—Such men, if they dared to look within, would discover the principle of the liar and the thief both; and if they could despise any thing that is vicious and despicable they must despise themselves.

Let every one bear in mind the propriety of looking into his own interior, when about to bear witness against others for the commission of moral trespasses, to see if he is not guilty of the same thing, either in substance or essence. Nothing can be more profitable than continual, internal, self-surveillance. Nothing will so certainly make good men and good women.

#### Spiritual Necrology.

On the 19th instant, the spirit of STEPHEN R. S. SCOTT, youngest child of EDWIN G. SCOTT, was immortally born, and joyously ushered into its eternal existence.

Fair little one, though thy form is clothed in white, that solemn banner of the grave, thy spirit now roams o'er elysian fields of celestial joy, gathering from the amaranthine bowers of heaven, the bright and unfading flowers which bloom upon the margin of the eternal ocean.—And though thy unerring heart once glowed with life and emotion, change wrought upon thy spirit the finer work of heaven, until thy little soul yearned for its God. It could not long remain, 'midst the cold, yet beautiful world below; so, like the flower, thy outward form drooped and faded: but the flowers of thy soul were culled by immortal hands, until, with transporting joy, thou became a living tablet of eternity. Change succeeded change, until thou hast passed the storm-crested billows of human life, and have mounted on the beauties of thine own soul, to the calm and sweetly rolling waves which bear thee on to the central attraction of immortality. The once childish beaming eyes, and the little unspoken feelings of the true heart, have faded from the canvas of human existence, and thy outer expressive form is cold and marble-like. The activities of thy being, have returned to their primary home, and thou reignest above, as a little bright and glorious star, gazing down from the unseen bosom of heaven, giving hope and light to the loved ones who now weep at thy loss. And thou bloomest in heaven, a little flower, and many passers by stop to gaze upon thy infinite beauty and purity.

Thy soul is open to the influxes of thy God, and on, on, on, forever, wilt thou go, to learn and receive the glad tidings which fall upon all divine souls. The chords of thy little being are not yet broken from the affections implanted on earth; for along them vibrate far sweeter

tones than thy little burdened spirit could give vent to, while locked in the bosom of physical creation.

But one there is who moves around the family circle, and as she gazes upon some familiar object, a sigh swells her bosom, and her thoughts are drawn heavenward; for there the once loved one of her unbounded affections reigns, supremely rising higher to the spheres of infinite purity. Now and then a tear trickles down her cheeks, and a desolation seems dwelling within; for thou hast faded from her gaze; yet, with the dark disappointment which seems to cloud the horizon of her human destiny, she beholds some beams of hope gleaming from thy unseen home, and her heart become lighter, while peace and contentment, like the seraphs of angelic minstrelsy, tune the chords of her spirit to immortal anthems.

Mother, well may the tear-drop flood thine eye, and sorrow brood o'er thy soul, for nature has unclosed its long silent springs of unrevealed sympathy, and brings to light the inherent worth of thy impulsive being. If no tear came at the last farewell of the little one who was so closely bound to thy soul, thou wouldst smother thy actual feelings, and thy soul, in its inner workings, would fail to move the outer forms of being, into emotions manifesting regret. Let nature weep as it will: give vent to every uprising gush of feeling, and thou wilt be refined in thy spirit, and he whom thou loved as a tender offspring of thy being, will come to thee in the highest brightness of eternal purity; for he knew not sin. He will come with bright emanations of truth and Deity; for he knew no error. Then, though vacancy marks his upward flight, mourn him not, as gone from thy sight forever; but, as a little spirit glowing with heavenly love, returning to pour into his mother's earnest heart the sweet words: MOTHER, I LIVE AGAIN. He has only gone to gather the olive leaves of eternity, that thou mayest receive their fragrance into thy soul, and say with enraptured tenderness: Thy justice, thou infinite One, is everywhere manifested, and unto thy protection do I calmly and joyously commit the tender affections of my loved child. Let him repose on the bosom of eternity, and twine his inmost feelings and qualities of mind around the majesties of heaven until wisdom shall flow into his unerring spirit, and he shall become one of the noble representatives of divine truth and celestial glory.

And still another heart feels thy earthly loss. When his form, full of the elasticities of human life, comes home when night calls its weary ones to repose, thy little form will not be there to find a place on his knee; and while thy little brothers are clambering upon his lap, each to manifest its youthful affections, the vacancy thy departure makes, will attract his soul on high, where, in the realms of the future, he beholds his little boy, fairy-like in his movements, and spirit-like in his utterances, and he says within: heaven alone will give me back the ties and tender love of those who have gone to the progressive home of eternity.

Though on memory's page thy form and spirit are faithfully sketched, yet, from the spirit-land, there will come along the magnetical currents connecting heaven and earth, tones of melody from thy spirit; and thou, by divine perceptive intuition, can read the souls of thy friends, and administer to their wants, spiritually. And, father, though the shades of disappointment rest lightly on thy soul, raise thy thoughts above, for there, in the midst of unutterable joy, thou wilt behold two angel-spirits, roaming over the unbounded expanse of heaven, beaming with the radiance of God. They will come together, as twin-angels, to their earthly home, and whisper words of consolation to thee, until the flowers of thy being will begin to unfold, and error and prejudice will flee from thy interior gaze; and then, thou wilt find every change which brings disappointment, to be but an unfoldment of faculties which live within the divinity of thy nature. Then cast aside every expression of sorrow, and let the angel of contentment and peace, on bright wings, bear thy spirit to the utterances and sympathies of immortal friends, that thy face and features may be an exact type of the interior soul.

And, friends who doubt the returning of the friends whom you weep

as gone, gone to some unknown and unfathomable world, where all is perfect joy or misery, open the clogged recesses of your being, that the stream of truth may rush infinitely within, and demonstrate to your understanding, that time develops the child into manhood, and unfolds the soul to an archangel existence. Let the wheels of the mechanism of the soul revolve on their true axis, and whatever disappears will re-ascend, and you will find every change to be a working out of the justice and wisdom of God.

Why cause yourselves unnecessary grief? Is not human life full of bitterness, of which every soul tastes, if the character be not distinctly and independently individualized beneath the rough exterior? Then open your hearts to the truth. There is some benevolence in your soul; and the light of eternity cannot shine through the dark curtain of materialism, any more than the natural sun can penetrate the dungeon cell. You are passing from an infant state of development, to a superior life, and your refinement below will find its attraction above, when you are called to go hence in search of Immortality. Then throw away the feelings of ridicule and denunciation, and rise to the accumulation of spiritual knowledge, and the Great Creatting Power of the Universe, will send to your souls the tones of an eternal gladness, and a new life and hope will rush with sublime beauty, into your long darkened hearts, and harmony will pervade every alcove of human existence, and you will be won and changed by love, from the world below, to the wisdom and tenderness of heaven. Thou, too, feelest the pangs of sorrow rankling in thy heart, because another idol has been snatched from its home of love and hope; and canst thou feel that his little spirit is unworthy of a sweet and peaceful home with an eternal and just God? Ah! be thou warmed by his youthful departure, that thou, too, mayest outwardly fade away from the sight of earth, to hail the dawn of thy immortal life, where affection realizes its eternal union, and joy finds no sorrow.

Above, in the infinite world, live and move the loved ones of thy heart; and if thou wouldst know of them, thou must not cast their admonitions and instructions by, as some idle moaning of the passing breeze; but thou mayest clasp each thought to thy infinite being, and respond in anthemal melody, to every strain which rapturously pours from the souls of immortal messengers. Thou must receive them in their fullness, and then joyous triumphal truths shall bind the chords of all spiritual and material affections, and make the world a unity, and a world of justice.

Yours,

E. C. DAYTON.

#### Another Clergyman Convinced.

Rev. Mr. Cage, a Universalist Clergyman, lately connected with a society of that faith, in Louisville, Ky. writing from Alton, Ind., under date of August 23d, to the *Star of the West*, a Universalist paper published in Cincinnati, makes the following statements:

A word about Spiritualism. This region is somewhat notorious for the developments in this new ism. The people have full faith in the modern manifestations; and he who reject, Spiritualism in this region is regarded as an infidel.

I have spoken to the people several times, and attended their circles as often. They have writing, speaking, healing, prescribing, and other kinds of mediums. The night circles are for physical demonstrations, and are somewhat remarkable. The violin and tambourine are carried about the room with great rapidity and played; a bell is also carried about and rung in fine time with other instruments. At these meetings I have also felt the spirit hand. What is most remarkable here is, the medium, a Miss of about fourteen years of age, is taken up in her chair and carried rapidly around the room as high as the heads of the audience, and without the aid of human touch or contact.

Prescriptions have been written out by spirits, which have cured the sick and afflicted by scores. The blind have been made to see, the young and old have been aided by this invisible, and, to many, non-existent agency. And still the work goes on. That the people are in ear-

nest you will grant, when I tell you that an audience has more than once listened with almost breathless silence for two hours and a half to discourses on the subject of modern Spiritualism. Nor will you call them fanatics, when I tell you that they are old and well thought Universalists, and have a preacher engaged by the year, once a month.

The believers here embrace some of the best men and women in the country. The meetings are often held at the house of the wealthiest man in the country, and I dare say one of the best. So that the cry of "want of respectability" cannot avail against Spiritualists in this region.

And further, the pestilent heresy! is spreading rapidly in every direction. Orthodoxy is growing rapidly into disrepute, and is hardly respectable here. And what is the moral effect of this "new wine" upon those who partake? you may ask. I answer that it is good, for a more temperate, honest, peaceable, and friendly people I have never found.

From spirit advice, some have forever abjured tobacco and the cup.

If you repeat the question heretofore asked by you, "Wherein is Spiritualism superior to Universalism?" I will at present only answer, that whereas we have believed in immortality and the spirit world, now we know it.

I have not a single fearful looking forward in regard to this subject. If it is of man, it will come to naught; if of God, it will stand forever. May it stand!

#### A Spiritual Communication.

The following purports to be the language of the subscribing spirit, written by himself and brought to the circle of which Mrs. GAY is the medium:

Do you imagine that all are happy who have attained to those summits of distinction towards which your wishes aspire? Alas! how frequently has experience shown that, where roses were supposed to bloom, nothing but briars and thorns are found. Reputation, beauty, riches, grandeur, nay, royalty itself, many a time have been gladly exchanged by the possessor, for that more quiet and humble station with which you are now dissatisfied.

Oh! how many times, during my earthly career, would I gladly have exchanged places with the low-born peasant, or the humble mechanic; but it is all past—my ambitious dreams are over, and I am now trying the realities of eternity.

NAPOLEON.

#### DEMORALIZATION INSEPARABLE FROM WAR.

During one of the warm debates in the British Parliament on the abolition of the Slave Trade, some of its apologists, unable to deny its evils, proposed to retain the trade with regulations that would, in future, prevent all such evils, under the idea of their being only abuses; when Burk indignantly exclaimed, "Regulate robbery and murder by law! Not a few seem to have the same idea of war, and talk very much as if its evils spring from its abuse, and would be gradually removed by the work of Christian civilization, correcting its mistakes, refining its barbarities, and thus making the custom at length entirely consistent with the gospel.

There never was a more preposterous idea than that of supposing it possible to have war without its vices, crimes, and woes. These enter into its very elements; and no degree of civilization, or form of Christianity that tolerates the custom, can alter its essential character, or materially diminish its atrocities and horrors. Its very essence lies in retaliation and vengeance; it rests on the principle of returning evil for evil; and hence its grand aim and effort must always be to inflict the greatest possible amount of mischief and misery. You can no more change the nature of war by any conceivable amelioration, than you can refine theft into honesty, adultery into chastity, or idolatry into the worship of the true God. War must be a tissue of crimes; the commission by wholesale, of such deeds as cover the individuals with infamy, and send them for condign punishment to the prison and the gallows. We must either abolish the custom entirely, or retain it with essentially the same abominations and woes that have always characterized it.—

*Adv. of Peace.*

#### Melchisideck or Divinity in man.

And Melchisideck, King of Salem, brought forth bread and wine: and he was the Priest of the Most High God. And he blessed Abraham.—GENESIS, xiv: 18.

The Lord hath sworn and will not repent. Thou art a Priest forever, after the order of Melchisideck.—PSALMS, cx: 4.

Being by interpretation, King of Righteousness, and after that also, King of Salem, is King of Peace; without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days nor end of life; but made like unto the Son of God, abideth a priest forever.—HEBREWS, vii: 3.

Reader, we will not look into a commentary to seek out the many crude or erudite interpretations of this difficult Scripture; but we will at once express to you our opinion. You will readily see that the difficulty in the case turns not upon the brief historical reference to Melchisideck in Genesis, but in the use which the authors of the Psalm above referred to, and the epistle to the Hebrews, have made of him, and especially where the latter has said that he was "without father or mother, descent, beginning of days or end of life!" This could not be true literally of any one, not even Jesus of Nazareth, for he had a mother, to say the least, even in view of the miraculous conception!

But because it cannot be literally true, is there, therefore, no truth in the reference? Statements metaphorically or symbolically true, are always more real and forcible, when appreciated, than any literal or external truth can be. The literal is at last but the shadow of the real. It is as the body to spirit, more tangible, but not more a reality.

Melchisideck, separated from all historic association, became a name for what is now called Divinity in Man. Of this it can be said, it is without descent, without father or mother, beginning of days or end of life. It cannot be said of anything else. This is the offspring of God—His in-breathing, and when applied to any exemplification of power and love, as in the blessing of Abraham, the promise of David or the life of Jesus, it may be said, after Jewish usage, "he was made like unto the Son of God."

This use of an honorable name as a representative of the immortal nature we bear, is not confined to the Jews. We find among the more cultivated Greeks, the very same expression of the writer to the Hebrews. For example, *Euripides*, four hundred and eighty years before Christ, in his tragedy of "Ion," makes his Priest of the Temple of Phœbus give the following account of himself: "I was born motherless and fatherless, and will serve the temple of Apollo, which trained me up." The author of the epistle to the Hebrews uses the very words of *Euripides*: "amator, apator," without father or mother.

In the Jewish usage of language we may say, there dwells in every man a "Melchisideck," a "branch of the house of David," "without father or mother;" and all external governments and priesthoods, were intended to develop within and reveal to us, this God in man. Abraham found him in the gratitude he felt for his victory; Christ in "always doing the will of the Father;" and we may find him, whenever and wherever we are true to ourselves, and to the privileges this self-loyalty will ever open.

There is a divinity in man. An uncultivated mind or age or nation may have no other name for this inherent spirit of love and power, but the names of their great men,—priests, prophets, philosophers, kings—but, assuredly, our idolatry is greater than theirs if we confine it to the earthly triumph, speech or writing, that gave them eminence, and, with the superstitious, a sort of Godship.

God dwells in all things; but only the illuminated mind beholds and adores Him; and every mind is capable of an illumination that will ultimately free it from a servile idolatry to an external form, whether it be man or angel, heaven or earth. That freedom is the glory of humanity; our birth-right from God and measures alike time and eternity. Its externals, in man and government, may chain or help the soul; and according as it is chained or helped, it will feel or fear the pure, high and holy incentives that animate the breast of every true man, and lead to the honor and glory of all. While all silly theorems and rotten sophistries, that preclude or suppress thought, must give way, for God is stronger than man, and His divinity within him lives on and on forever, while the flesh and its environments return to their undistinguishable dust.

Reader, do you call this heresy? Then allow me, as a lover of man, to remind you, that the suppression of thought is the heresy of all time and the infidel of creation! Beware how thou regardest the Melchisideck within thee, for none other but what has a relentless father and an un-pitying mother! Truth is thy Christ, having neither father or mother!

"She opened with a prayer to the most high. In the course of her remarks, she denied boldly, the existence of a God, and wound up by a distinct repudiation of the Bible."

We clip the above from a communication in the Buffalo Express, purporting to give a description of a spiritual lecture delivered through Miss CORA SCOTT, on Sabbath evening last. It will be observed by all who were present on that occasion, that the writer does not hesitate to give utterance to unqualified falsehoods. That she "opened with a prayer to the Most High," is true; but that she "denied the existence of a God," is a falsehood, known to be such by the writer. The spirit asked: "What and where is God," and proceeded to show how utterly inadequate were all human conceptions, of His existence and whereabouts. Not only did the spirit not deny the existence of a God, but it expressly avowed its own conviction that there is such a Ruler of the Universe. The Bible was represented by the spirit as containing much valuable and beautiful truth, mingled with much of human error.

## Report of Dr. Kane.

The following is a copy of the official report of Dr. KANE, commanding second Grinnell expedition in search of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN, to the Secretary of the Navy:

"Our little party have returned in health and safety.

"We reached the Danish settlements of Upernivik on the 6th of August, after an exposing travel of thirteen hundred miles. During this journey which embraced alternate zones of ice and water, we transported our boats by sledges and sustained ourselves in animal food exclusively by our guns. We entered port after 84 days exposure in the open air.

"I have the honor to subjoin a hurried out-line of our operations and results, in advance of more detailed communications.

"My previous despatches make the department acquainted with our arrival at the northern settlements of Greenland. Thence I crossed Melville Bay without accident, and reached Smith's sound on the 5th of August, 1853. Finding Cape Hatherton the seat of my intended beacon, shut out from the sound by the more prominent headland of Littleton island, I selected this latter spot for my CABIN, erecting a flagstaff and depositing despatches.

"To the north the ice presented a drifting pack of the heaviest description, the action of hummocking having in some instances reared barricades of 60 feet in height. In my efforts to penetrate this drift, being driven back and nearly beset in the pack, I determined (as the only means of continuing the search) to attempt a passage along the land, where the rapid tides (here of twelve to sixteen feet rise and fall) had worn a precarious opening. Previous to this responsible step, a depot of provisions with a metallic life boat (Francis) was carefully concealed in a large inlet in latitude 78 deg 26 min.

"The extreme strength of the Advance enabled her to sustain this trying navigation. Although aground at the fall of the tides, and twice on her beam-ends from the pressure of external ice, she escaped any serious disaster. After a month of incessant labor, cheered, however, by a small daily progress, the new ice so closed around us as to make further penetration impossible. With difficulty we found a winter assylum at the bottom of a bay which opened from the coast in latitude 78 deg. 44 minutes. Into it we thankfully hauled our tattered little brig on the 10th of September, 1853. From this point, as a centre, issued the explorations of my party.

"The winter was of unrecorded severity. Whiskey froze as early as November, and mercury remained solid for nearly four months. The range of eleven spirit thermometers, selected as standards, gave temperatures (not yet reduced) of sixty to seventy-five degrees below zero, and the mean annual temperature was 5 deg. 2 min. Fahrenheit, the lowest ever registered.

"This extreme cold, combined with one hundred and twenty days of absence of sun, gave rise to an obscure, and fatal form of tetanus, (lockjaw.) The exertions of Dr. Hayes, the surgeon of the expedition, had readily subdued the scurvy, but those fearful tendencies to tonic spasm defied our united efforts. This disorder extended to our dogs, fifty seven of which perished, thus completely breaking up my sledge organization.

"The operations of search were carried on under circumstances of peculiar hardship. We worked at our sledges as late as the 24th November, and renewed our labor in March. Much of this travel was in darkness, and some at temperatures as low as 50 degrees. The earlier winter travel was undertaken by myself in person, with but the aid of a single team of dogs; and by the zealous co-operation of my officers, we were enabled to replace the parties as they became exhausted, and thus continue the search until the 12th of July.

"It is believed that no previous parties have been so long in the field. Messrs. Brooks, McGear, Bonsall, Hayes and Morton, successively contributed to the general result. The men worked with fidelity and endurance.

"I briefly detail the explorations of our party:

"Smith's Sound has been followed and surveyed throughout its entire extent. It terminates to the north east in a gulf 110 miles in its long diameter.

"Greenland has been traced to its northern face, the coast tending nearly due east and west, (E. 17 deg. N.) Its further penetration towards the Atlantic was arrested by a glacier, which offers an impassable barrier to future exploration. This stupendous mass of ice issues in 60 deg. west longitude. It is coincident with the axis of the peninsula, and is probably the only obstacle to the insularity of Greenland. It rises 300 feet in perpendicular face, and has been followed along its base for 80 miles in one unbroken escarpment. The glacier runs nearly due north, and cements together by an icy union the continental masses of Greenland and America.

It explains the broken and permanently frozen character of Upper Smith's Sound; its abundant icebergs, and, to a certain extent, its rigorous climate. As a spectacle, it was one of the highest sublimity.

"The northern land into which this glacier merges has been named WASHINGTON, and the bay which interposes between it and Greenland I have named After Mr. PEABODY.

Peabody bay gives exit at its western curve (latitude 80 deg. 12 min.) to a large channel, which forms the most interesting geographical feature of our travel. This channel expands to the northward into an open and iceless area, abounding in animal life, and presenting every character of an open Polar Sea. Surface of 3000 square miles was seen at various elevations free from ice, with a northern horizon equally free. A north wind, fifty two hours in duration failed to bring any drift into this area.

"It is with pain I mention to the department my inability to navigate these waters. One hundred and twenty-five miles of solid ice, so rough as to be impassable to boats, separated them from the nearest south-

ern lead. My personal efforts in April and May failed to convey one of the smallest Indian rubber boats to within 90 miles of the channel.

"My party, including myself, were completely broken; four of them had undergone amputation of toes for frost bite; nearly all were suffering from scurvy, and the season had so far advanced as to render another journey impossible. To the north of latitude 81 deg. 17 min. the shores of the channel became precipitous, and destitute even of passage to the sledge. Wm. Morton, who, with one Esquimaux and a small team of dogs, had reached this spot pushed forward on foot until a mural cap, lashed by a heavy surf, absolutely checked his progress.

"It was on the western coasts of this sea that I had hoped to find traces of the gallant martyrs whose search instigated this expedition. The splendid efforts of Dr. Ray—now first known to me—would have given such a travel a merely geographical value. Reviewing conscientiously the condition of my party, it is perhaps providential that we failed in the embarkation.

"The land washed by the sea to the northward and westward, has been charted as high as latitude 82 deg. 30 min. and longitude 76 deg. This forms the nearest land to the pole yet discovered. It bears the honored name of Mr. Grinnell.

"As the season advanced it became evident that our brig would not be liberated. Our immediate harbor gave few signs of breaking up, and one unbroken ice surface extended to the sound. It was now too late to attempt an escape by boat; our fuel was deficient, and our provisions, although abundant, were in no wise calculated to resist scurvy. At this juncture I started with five volunteers on an attempt to reach the mouth of Lancaster Sound, where I hoped to meet the English expeditions, and afford relief to my associates. During this journey we crossed the northernmost track of William Baffin, in—, but finding a solid pack extending from Jones's Sound to Hakluyt island with difficulty regained the brig.

"The second winter was one of extreme trial. We were obliged, as a measure of policy, to live the lives of the Esquimaux, enveloped in walls of mass, burning lamps, and eating the raw meats of the walrus and bear. At one time every member of our party, with the exception of Mr. Bonsall and myself, was prostrate with scurvy and unable to leave his bunk. Nothing saved us but a rigorous-organized diet, and the aid of dogs, in procuring walrus from the Esquimaux, the nearest settlement of which people was 70 miles distant from our harbor.

"With these Esquimaux—a race of the highest interest—we formed a valuable alliance, sharing our resources, and mutually depending upon each other. They were never thoroughly to be trusted, but, by a mixed course of intimidation and kindness, became of essential service.

"I have to report the loss of three of my comrades—brave men who perished in the direct discharge of their duty. Two of these—acting carpenter Christian Ohlsen and Jefferson Baker—died of lockjaw; the third, Peter Shubert, of abscess following amputation of the foot. He acted in command of the brig during my absence upon the sledge journeys.

"Knowing that a third winter would be fatal and that we were too much invested by ice for an expedition from the Sound to liberate us in time for the present season, I abandoned the Advance on the 17th of May, and commenced a travel to the south. The sick, four in number, were conveyed by our dog sledge. I had to sacrifice my collection of natural history, but saved the documents of the expedition.

"The organization of this journey was carefully matured to meet the alternating contingencies of ice and water. It consisted of boats cradled upon wooden runners, with lesser sledges for the occasional relief of cargo. With the exception of reduced allowances of powdered breadstuf and tallow we depended upon our guns for food; but a small reserve of Bordeaux meat biscuit was kept unused for emergencies. Our clothing was rigorously limited to our furs. We walked in carpet moccasins.

"Our greatest difficulty was the passage of an extensive zone of ice which intervened between the brig and the nearest southern water. Although this belt was but eighty one miles in linear extent, such was the heavy nature of the ice and our difficulties of transportation, that its transit cost us 31 days of labor, and an actual travel of three hundred and sixteen miles.

"From Cape Alexander we advanced by boats with only occasional ice passage at the base of glaciers. At Cape York I directed a cairn and pennant with despatches for the information of vessels crossing Melville Bay and then after cutting up my spare boat for fuel, embarked for the North Greenland settlement.

"We arrived at Upernivik (as before stated) on the 6th of August, without disaster, and in excellent health and spirits. Throughout this long journey my companions behaved with admirable fortitude. I should do them an injustice if I omitted to acknowledge their fidelity to myself and gallant bearing in times of privation and danger.

"From Upernivik I took passage for England, in the Danish brig Larianne; but, most fortunately, touching at Godhavn, (Disco,) we were met by our gallant countrymen under Capt. Hartstein. They had found the ice of Smith's Sound still unbroken, but, having met the Esquimaux near Cape Alexander, had heard of our departure, and retraced their steps. They arrived at Disco but twenty-four hours before our intended departure for England. Under these circumstances I considered it obligatory upon me to withdraw my contract for passage in the Marianne, and return with the Re-lease and Arctic.

"The present season is regarded as nearly equal in severity to its predecessors. The ice to the north is fearfully extended, and the escape of the searching squadron from besetment is most providential. The rapid advance of winter had already closed around them the young ice, and but for the power of the steamer and the extraordinary exertions of Capt. Hartstein, an imprisonment would have been inevitable. Not only Smith, but Jones and Lancaster Sounds were closed with an impenetrable pack; but, in spite of these difficulties, they achieved the entire circumnavigation of Baffin bay; and reached the Danish settlements by forcing the middle ice."

From Sacred Circle for October.

### Home of the unhappy Spirits.

GIVEN THROUGH MRS. SWEET.

In the silent watches of the night, when slumber had overpowered the external senses, and the spirit and the body seemed more distinct than in their waking state, the desire to know more of the unseen and unknown things of eternity sprung up strong and powerful within me, when lo! a voice beside me said, "Come with me; leave thy body for awhile, and I will show thee what manner of place and what kind of companions many of earth's children are hastening to dwell in and mingle with." I gladly took my conductor's hand, and wandered far from earth. We did not ascend; our pathway seemed to be more on the descending scale than otherwise, and as we left earth's atmosphere we entered another kind of breathing element. It was not darker nor denser than that which we had left, and yet it oppressed me. My companion said, "Hasten thee along until we reach the place which we are seeking." A sad, dull feeling now took possession of me, and I walked with unwilling steps, reluctant to proceed, and yet unable to return. There was no feeling of joy at my heart—no anxious hope, but a dull heavy sensation pervaded my entire brain, and I said to my guide, "Let us return; these regions are not the abode of the happy spirits, because, instead of warming or exhilarating my frame by their near approach, they chill and subdue me." My guide said, "Nay, thou didst wish to look into things pertaining to the eternal welfare and destiny of man. Why, then, art thou unwilling to look upon the dark side, because there thou mayest learn as much of wisdom for thy spirit's strength, as thou couldst gain by gazing upon the holy beauty which thou art not yet prepared to enter; for verily, the sons and daughters of earth must work their way up, through great sacrifices and great afflictions, for the purification of their spirits?"

And we entered a city, and indeed it seemed of this world, and yet not of it. It was vast and great in all its proportions of strength and magnitude. It was inhabited by many people of all nations and tongues. It was a busy scene of confusion. I turned and gazed about me; and upon all sides—upon every countenance which I met, was written the words, too plainly to be misunderstood, unhappiness and discontent. No pleasant smile greeted our approach, but sullen looks, regretful faces, and murmuring voices and sorrowing countenances met us on every side. I looked long and sadly for some countenance lighted by hope—some brow upon which was written "innocence and love" dwelling within; but I found them not. The air was chilly, because love wafted no pleasant gales to warm up that place of sorrow and regret. The spirit who led me said, "Mortal, observe one thing—thou dost not behold here one infant form, one childlike face, wearing the looks of defaced divinity." My heart swelled up within me, and a deep prayer struggled for utterance to my Father, that the innocence of childhood knew not the blight of sin—of impurity—that it dwelt not in this atmosphere of mental depression.

My guide said, "Accost some of the dwellers of this city, mayhap they will tell thee the cause of their unhappiness." I paused, and shrunk back from the unpleasant task. My guide whispered *Duty*, and then I was ready to do as I was bid. There was approaching me an aged man—a spirit rather, who had brought the decrepitude of age and suffering with him to his spirit-home. I said, "Why do you thus groan under your infirmities? Why do you walk as though you were still an inhabitant of earth? Have you not left it? and could you not leave behind you its affections, inherent only, as I thought, to the flesh?" He said to me, "Who are you who presume thus to question me? I lived out a lifetime of labor and care that I might be able to enjoy luxury and ease. When age came upon me, I had no time to think of death. What was death to me? I was working hard that I might enjoy on earth the fruits of my labor; but suddenly I am called away. I became powerless at once to retain my body and spirit together. I am compelled to leave all behind that made up the sum and substance of my life's long labor! Why, said he, "should I be forced thus to part with what I loved so dearly—what I labored so hard to obtain? But," said he, and a stern and savage look overspread his countenance, I will not part with it! I did not want to come here. I will yet labor still, and carry out my darling project. I would not be other than I am. I would be what I was. Do not talk to me of death and of happiness beyond the grave, for all happiness fled from my grasp when I was summoned away so suddenly to this accursed place. My guide said, God aid thee, poor soul, to look up to the help which is ready to come to thee when thou canst give up thine earthly desires; then also shall thy earthly infirmities leave the free to labor for its happiness." And he tottered away, leaning on his staff, only intent on grasping the fleeting phantom of happiness; but alas! in the wrong direction, and never to be realized by him until, in the bitterness of his spirit, he prays for help and for light from above.

We passed on; and next we met a young girl. She had been fair and beautiful, were it not for the impress of sin and suffering upon her still youthful countenance. She met us with a defiant glance, as though questioning our presence there. She seemed to know that we did not belong to the place, and she strove to hide her shame beneath an air of bold recklessness and effrontery. My guide gently laid his hand upon her shoulder and said, stay, child, we would speak with thee. She paused, unwillingly, and I said, "Tell me why you like to stay in this gloomy place when there are so many inviting paths all about you wherein you might walk pleasantly and profitably? Why do you mingle with the evil and the gross? why do you drink of the cup of sorrow and eat of the bread of bitterness and strife, when you know that there is rest and peace for the repentant and earnest spirit?" She looked upon me with fiercely angry looks. "Do you come to taunt me with my shame," said she—"with my fallen condition, you who know that I was once pure and loving

—beautiful, and proud of the world's approving voice?" "Nay," said the spirit, "we did not come to taunt thee, but to save thee—to teach thee of thy Maker!" "Away," said she, I will learn naught of good; I will hear no words of love, or faith, or hope, or charity, or joy; they are idle sounds to me, fitting only for pining children. I died with a curse upon my lips, and a murderer's knife in my hand; shame, black and deep written upon my dishonored brow! I ask no mercy; I desire no heaven. I hate the good and the pure, and I love the dark and defiled wretches, because I am like them—because I will excel them in wickedness and crime if I may;" and she gave a demoniac laugh, whose echoes were sad, and hopeless as they fell upon the ear. The spirit-guide now said, "It is written that he who repenteth of his sins and returneth to his Father's house, shall be received with joy and gladness; and I leave with thee a message from thy Father, inviting thee to put aside the dark raiment of sin and all base passions, and listen to the soft and soothing voice of mercy, which will murmur peace, peace to thy troubled soul."

We passed on, and left her with a prayer in our hearts that she might receive the heaven-sent message in her darkened home. And we saw in our journey weeping women—O how repulsive in their aspect—how different from all that they should be, by the perversion of their high instincts, which had been trampled upon and turned to base and unholy uses by the grievous wrongs of society and circumstance—by the laws of man, not of God, for they are just and equal!

And next we spoke to a man who looked as if God had gifted him with a bright intellect and expansive genius, whose range might encompass many of the great things of earth; but his brow was clouded with care, his eye was sunken, its expression hopeless; his motions were nervous and his head hung down, bowed toward earth, in craven and abject shame. When I spoke, he started. "Why do you stop me?" said he; "am I not free here to do as I please; or, does my old foe still pursue me even beyond the bounds of time—of earthly space? Leave me, or give me drink, more strong drink." Verily the wine-cup had maddened to destroy the towering intellect which could soar as an eagle above the common herd, and sway men by its power and might; it had been conquered and laid low by the red wine-cup. Death had lurked within it. It had sparkled but to deceive, and blindly lead to destruction the brave and expanding soul while yet in manhood's prime. And sin and misery had marked his downward path, and disease had laid his body in the grave; but the unquenchable desire had arisen with his spirit, and now it was his ghastly, his daily companion, driving him to madness and despair, because his strong desire was unquenched. And he wanders up and down, ever desiring but never receiving wherewith to satiate his undying thirst. And thus he will be until his torment becomes so great that he will be fain to look for help—for life—for anything to save him from the death which he is momentarily dying. And then, when the first prayer is uttered from the quivering, despairing depths of his agony, his repentance will have begun. Then will some kind angel draw near and beckon him from the place of his captivity; and then will he pray to be delivered from out of the dark valley of the shadow of death, whose pestilence is ever destroying but never dying—whose anguish is ever wearing deeper, by the food upon which it lives, into the heart's core of its wretched inhabitants. O it is a sad sight, one at which angels weep, but they can not help until the heart first asks and attracts them to it, because hope and faith are twin sisters; their birth-place was heaven, but they descended to earth, and a portion of them dwell in every germ of implanted intelligence. Therefore hope may be buried deep in the most abject soul, but it will spring forth to meet the kind invitation which angels give. And dark and dreary as the home of the dark spirits may be, yet hope is not dead, but only buried within each bosom. And when all other props, all other barriers are broken away, then will hope spring forth and buoy up the sinking soul, and point it upward to its birth-place in the city of light and holiness.

Poor spirits! in their darkness they are far removed from the Father from whence they came; but they will revolve around and around in their dark orbits until they are washed of their sins, and at last approach their birth-place.

He has left us, unheeding of our words; he will verily travel in the path of his iniquity until it becomes too great a burden to be borne, and then he will cry aloud to his Father, and his Father in heaven is ever ready to forgive.

We met another. It is an aged female, and still she would fain deck herself out in trinkets and gew-gaws. She is anxious that we should note the rustling of her silks, and make note of the brilliancy of her ornaments. Ah! what sad lines of care and earthly passion are marked on her countenance. She would fain tread erect and stately, but the spirit says, "Take heed where thou art going, and what thou art doing; thou art still walking in the old pathway which caused the ruin of thy happiness on earth and the ruin of many others—which brought thy children down with thee to inhabit this place of contention and sorrow. Thy heart is yet cold and callous; the external is all thy spirit craves."

"And who are you who would bar my progress," said she—who would keep me back from doing what I wish to? Have I not riches, and wealth, and power? Should not all beneath me bend the knee and do me homage? What care I for the poor and the lowly? I spurn the beggar! yes, I would tread upon the reptile and crush it, if it should cross my path. And, my children, they should be as their mother, not vile worms of earth, but proud, haughty and powerful, crushing beneath them every obstacle which would bar their entrance to honor and power—to wealth and position. Ye talk of the heart; it has nothing to do but please itself as it may in the enjoyment of this world's pleasures! Talk not to me of a hereafter; it is a myth—a shadow—a dim thing, I care not for any hereafter. Give me that power which I desire, now."

Poor spirit, she verily thought she was upon earth's surface, striving

and wrestling with its vanities. She had crushed within her own soul and that of her offspring every kind impulse. She had sown the wind, and she was reaping the tempest. She had arrayed herself even in silks and fine linen to satisfy the cravings of her soul for the applause of the world. She had trampled upon every gentle affection, to be gazed at by men and women as a rare piece of Nature's workmanship improved by art, and she lives on in her empty, delusive life, knowing all its hollowness and unhappiness, looking daily upon the wreck of all that her heart should have held dearest. A mother's love has been crushed within her; and she feels the want and the anguish. Ah! many, many years must pass away before she will begin to give up with tears of contrition the vanities of her earth-life!

And now here comes a poor, ragged, meager, hungry-looking object, murmuring aloud. He curses his Maker because he was born. He was ever unhappy, and rebelled in all things and at all times, because of what had been made and given from his Father. His physical development was all inharmonious. God's earth was not beautiful in his eyes, and his children were all enemies to him, because of the bitter waters which filled his own heart. No love nor kindness had found an out-gushing channel; they had been suppressed and pent up under the fires of passion, and revenge, and discontent, and nursed, and nurtured, and fed until everything had assumed an unloving and repulsive appearance. In his eyes the grass looked not beautiful, neither did the flowers smell sweet. The sun's rays were not bright; the moon's light was not chaste; the blue canopy was as a dark and forbidding mantle. All things were without beauty—without joy, because the God-given faculties were buried in the physical inharmoniousness of his animal structure. He walked through life dark and gloomy, as a foreboding cloud of evil. He darkened men's paths by his presence, and when he left, no gentle deeds, no loving remembrance hallowed his memory; but he descended to the grave as a clod of the earth, and his spirit went to mingle its discordance with elements of a like nature. But the animal and the evil shall not always bury the immortal germ of truth and human love. The dark spirit will be redeemed and beautified in coming time. The love of the Father and of angels shall touch his heart as with an electric gleam, and light up its dark, cold cells, and he shall yet become a ministering spirit in the mission of the mercy of the Father to the imperfections of man. His soul had nearly lost its portion of divine love in the wreck and ruin by which physical causes surrounded it; but it will come out hereafter bright and genial, bathed in the sunlight of the smile of Jehovah.

Ah! he passes away. He heard not the destiny far on his path before him but, step by step he will work it out; because mountains are formed from grains of sand; even so can the spirit, which sprang from God, (however dark in its after course), still be purified and stripped of all its earthly trammels, and gain wisdom, step by step, until it attains the height and size of developed manhood.

"Many, many are the busy, blinded, discontented spirits around us here; but even in the midst of this place of sadness, and sorrow, and strife, and regret, I will erect an altar," said the spirit, "and from it my prayers shall ascend to God, because he hath promised to redeem every child who shall return to him; and I know that from out of this conglomerate mass of discordance there shall arise hereafter, in the progressive march of endless time, a harmonious family, who shall call God their Father, and whose songs of praise shall ascend to him for ever and ever."

\* \* \* \* \*

My guide hath returned with me, and I again enter the slumbering form. He says, "Profit by the lesson, O mortal, and repeat it to earth's children; mayhap thereby one soul may be saved." G. S.

#### WHO WAS CAINE'S WIFE?

How often has this inquiry been made! To a certain class of minds such a question possesses more importance than the gravest investigations in theology. Br. Weaver of St. Louis, in answer to a correspondent, thus responds, through the *Herald and Era*, to the inquiry, "Who was Cain's Wife?"

A subscriber asks this singular question. We answer she was Cain's wife. That's all we know about her. That is all the account say of her, save that she was the mother of Enoch. It is said that Cain went into the land of Nod; and we suppose that he took his wife with him as any good husband would. In the land of Nod they had Enoch, and probably other children not a few, and grand-children; for they built a city there. The city probably was not so large as St. Louis, but very likely was a large household, of which Cain was patriarch. It might have been his own and the families of his children, living in separate dwellings.

What Cain's wife's name was, and who her parents were, we are not certified. She might have been the daughter of Adam and Eve, or of some of their children. She was probably closely related to Cain, a sister, or niece, or something nearer than cousin. Cousins marry in our days when the world is full of strangers. It wouldn't have been so great a wonder for Cain to marry his sister, when there were no other girls in the world, and no laws of marriage, and nobody else to claim her affections. The command was to marry and multiply and replenish the earth.

And we presume it was pretty well obeyed, for it seems pretty well replenished now, and likely to be. We know nothing about the number of children and grand-children the first pair had. No doubt it was a goodly number, both of male and female; else who inhabited Cain's city; and who were the wives of Enoch, Irad, Mehujael, Methusael, and Lamech the bigamist? We haven't got the whole story of those days; only a drop in the bucket, as it were. We have the descending line of generations from Adam downward, and but little more.

#### A CITY ITEM.

At the present writing it is the 25th day of October, and it is snowing all over the city. We are not certain, however, that this may not be a country item too. Well, it will be news somewhere, if not in this vicinity.

Say, you who know, are we to take the pleasant weather which we have had for the last week or ten days, for Indian Summer? or are we to have that aboriginal season in November, as we used to have it? Nothing is more promotive of comfort to the fingers, than Indian Summer, when it comes in the season of husking corn and digging winter potatoes. We go for having it in November, even if it have to be repeated.

#### A TRUTH WORTH KNOWING.

It is much easier for a man to be what he would seem to be, than to seem to be what he is not.

#### ANOTHER.

It is much easier to speak the truth than it is to conceal a falsehood. An asserted truth rarely requires the adducement of confirmatory evidence; but a lie requires many more to make it pass for truth; and then it will ultimately be detected.

#### ARE WE NOT CORRECT IN THIS POSITION?

We affirm that it is the height of folly, in a liar, to misrepresent a fact which was witnessed by hundreds of others. Practical liars soon become known as such; and they should be cautious how they speak of facts and circumstances known to persons of veracity.

#### SLEEP.

Professor Hufland says that, so far as external life is concerned, sleep is no less necessary for its duration than its health. Without the proper amount of sleep, our vital energy is dried up and withered and we waste away, as a tree would, deprived of the sap that nourishes it. The physical effects of sleep are, that it retards all the vital movements, collects the vital power, and restores what has been lost in the course of the day, and separates from us what is useless and pernicious. It is, as it were, a daily crisis, during which all secretions are reformed in the greatest tranquillity.

#### BRIDAL OF DEATH.

MISS CLARA HASKINS was found dead in her bridal dress and chamber near Natchez, Mississippi, on the 2d inst. After being dressed by her bridesmaids, she requested them to retire for a short time, and when they returned they found her lying lifeless upon her couch, with an empty vial which had contained prussic acid still clasped in her hand. She had adopted the desperate alternative of self-destruction rather than marry a man she could not love in obedience to parental authority.

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Nov. 1855.

# AGE OF PROGRESS

The development of Spiritual Truth is the achievement of human freedom.

Vol. II, No. 4.

BUFFALO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1855.

WHOLE No. 56

## Spiritualists have enough to do without Proselyting.

Yes, reader, if you are a spiritualist, you have enough to do to regulate your own life, in accordance with the teachings of Spiritualism, without volunteering to convince others that their religious faith is wrong and yours is right. It is, nevertheless, right and expedient for you to use all rational and proper arguments to prove the truth of your religious faith, when it is arraigned by others who condemn it ignorantly, not having made themselves acquainted with the evidences by which its truth is sustained. It is right and expedient to give to sincere inquirers all the light you are possessed of, that they may be enabled to judge whether it is or is not advisable for them to seek the truth by investigation. It is also proper for those who possess competent qualifications, to lecture on the subject, to those who desire to be instructed in its philosophy. And, in view of the powerful array of opposition which is brought to bear against the advance of the spiritual philosophy and faith, it is necessary that believers should be provided with engines of defence, to meet the assailants and parry their blows. Not only are such engines necessary for the defence and comfort of spiritualists, but they are necessary to the whole reading and thinking public, to preserve their minds from being prejudiced by false representations, that they may be left free to receive or reject the evidences, by the unbiassed action of their own appreciating faculties. A fair field and no false representations, are all that spiritualists require of their opposers.

To return from this explanatory digression, we repeat: Spiritualists have enough to do without proselyting. Each one has as much as he can attend to, to look all through and all over himself, and see if he is any better than the Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopalian, or whatever, whom he would bring over to the spiritual faith. If, in this examination, he do not find better principles internally, and better fruits from them externally, then one of these two propositions must be true: Either he is a worse man than the one he is endeavoring to convert, or the faith which he would bring him over to, is no better than the one he possesses. No man should dare to ask another to take his religious faith in place of his own, who does not prove his better faith by his better life. Let this be the rule of action among all religious persuasions, and the business of proselyting would soon be abandoned; persecutions for conscience sake, would cease; every one would be and feel at liberty to serve God according to his own conscience, and three-fourths of the antagonism and hatred which now rankle in men's souls, would be annihilated.

Have you a Presbyterian neighbor whom you would wish to convert to the spiritual faith? Do not attempt it by argument. He can find as many words to say against your faith as you can against his; and, as yet, he has the popular side of the question. Be silent on the subject, and show him your better faith by being a better neighbor. Utter not one word against his religious faith. Be it what it may, there is something good in it; and nothing should be despised in which there are good properties.

There is another consideration why we should not spend our time and energies in endeavors to convince skeptics of the truth of the spiritual philosophy. This is the important fact, that converts are coming in fast enough without such labor. They are coming as fast as they can be digested; and faster than this, would be too fast. If mere conviction that spirits do really hold intercourse with mortals, were all that is necessary to constitute a man a spiritualist, then any steam process or

clap-trap, by which such conviction can be produced, might rattle away, the faster the better, provided converts would be made any better by their conversion. But mere belief in the truth of spiritual manifestations, is scarcely the first step towards becoming a spiritualist. Belief in the fact that spirits communicate with mortals, and the reception and faithful observance of spiritual teachings, are two things entirely.—Faith does but add to the convert's condemnation, if, after being convinced of his own immortality, and of the continual efforts of spirit friends to redeem him from the thralldom of vice, he make it a mere matter of amusement or speculation, and fail to profit interiorly by their teachings.

Supposing that spiritualism could be made, in a single month—nay, in a single year, the most popular of all the religions of the age, what would be the consequence? Even now, unpopular as it is, we have many—alas! too many, who regard it in the light of mere amusement, and attend circles nightly, to gratify a morbid appetite for excitement. And all spiritualists who know anything of the spiritual philosophy, are aware that there are thousands and millions of undeveloped spirits, who are attracted to such persons by moral affinity, and who are ready at all times to gratify them with such manifestations as suit their vicious propensities. We see, already, that men professing to be spiritualists, are getting up spiritual shows, like bear-garden exhibitions, for the nightly entertainment of all who can pay an admittance fee, without regard to moral elevation or debasement. If such be the case now, what would be the state of things, if spiritualism were sufficiently popular to bring in the whole body of morally undeveloped humanity? We think we have need rather to pray that believers may be multiplied only as fast as they can become true spiritualists, rather than to have them come like an avalanche, in all the crudeness and inharmony of uncultivated minds.

There was a time when a now very numerous sect of christians held meetings in the woods, continuing through a whole week. They had preaching meetings, exhorting meetings, and prayer meetings, and frequently there would be from half a dozen to a dozen, down in a little area which was called the altar, praying and screeching all at once; and this was the process of what they called "getting religion." Although they were made the subjects of ridicule and reproach, we have no doubt that those who thus exhibited themselves, were, in most cases, truly under spirit influence. But, supposing they had turned these religious meetings into scenes for public entertainment, and charged two or four shillings a head for admittance, what would have been the consequence to them? It would have been general and well merited denunciation and scorn. But they never were thus guilty, however fanatical they were.

Spiritualists have no necessity to use extra exertions to make converts to their religious faith. As they do not propose to erect costly edifices, with spires piercing the heavens, and with interior finishings and garniture of the most costly materials and workmanship, they do not require numerous and wealthy congregations. Hence no allurements addressed to the pleasure-seeking propensities, are necessary, to produce converts on the hot-bed principle, as fruits are produced out of season.

We see no objection to media having rooms for the accommodation of investigating visitors, nor any impropriety in their receiving such gratuities as visitors are disposed to bestow, or even a stipulated compensation for their time and room rent. But we do object to, and protest against, making a public exhibition of the manifestations of spirit

presence, for pecuniary speculation. We consider it a prostitution of spirit mediumship, and a desecration of a sacred thing.

There need be no doubt that our spirit friends will proceed fast enough with the great work which they have so gloriously commenced. Let them have their own way and take their own course, and every thing will work well and harmoniously. They will carry conviction to every human habitation, as fast as it is healthful to the cause.

Home circles, with accessions of neighboring friends, are the most profitable to the propagation of spiritual truth. Nor should these be allowed to interfere with the necessary avocations and duties of life. There is always leisure enough to attend to spiritual matters, in the intervals of necessary attention to business. Let every thing be done rationally, and we shall progress the faster, and have nothing to regret or be ashamed of.

#### For the Age of Progress.

FRIEND ALBRO: I recently intimated to you that I might soon offer you, for insertion in your columns another lecture, by the spirit-author of several contributions which have already appeared in your paper. I now place at your service the promised lecture, which I received in the usual mode, through the mediumship of Miss Brooks, in the presence of her father.

After the conclusion of the lecture, we were requested to place a pencil and some paper beneath the table, and remove the light from the room; which having been complied with, we were directed to assume certain positions around the table and await the result. Soon we heard sounds under the table, as of writing somewhat rapidly—then the rustling of paper—and afterwards the falling upon the floor, under the table, of some object of moderate weight. It was then spelled out, by means of the alphabet, that, in a book, under the table, was a private communication for me. This book proved to be the object whose fall we had heard, and, within it, I found a neatly folded note, superscribed with my name, and marked "Private." It proved to be a strictly private communication, written in pencil, upon one of the sheets which had been placed under the table; with the, to me, well known name of the spirit lecturer appended, and dated in the Spirit Land. Other communications of intense interest to me, were also made, and other matters of deep significance occurred; but I defer their publication, for the present. You may expect farther contributions from time to time, by the author of the following lecture.

I remain, very truly yours,

BUFFALO, 27th Oct. 1855.

J. J. FOLTS.

#### The Natural Universe and its relation to the Spiritual Universe.

The Natural Universe signifies an anatomical construction whose foundation is based upon the Divine Formative Principle, through its indescribable and innumerable departments. There are established arteries of natural physiological creation, through which flow the life element and all-pervading essences, which cause it to pulsate with the distinct and separate actions which are constitutional in all created animate existences.

The natural world is exclusively adapted to the support and cultivation of physical things; or, in other words, it is definitely designed for the development of the spiritual qualities and essences which are embodied in, and surrounded by, the human organization. It is in all its grades of refinement, ever urging the God-like and spiritual principle up through the crusted surface of materiality, to the still higher spheres of individualized development. It is a stepping stone upon which the human spirit eventually stands, in searching for the causes of those undefinable sensational qualities which lie deep in the mysterious caverns of the human animated soul. It is a medium through which the odors of heaven are first passed, before the soul, with all its distinct functions and separate senses, can realize their perfect, present and infinite influences. It is a simple flower, blooming upon its mother stem—Immor-

tality. Its ten thousand petals open beneath the spiritual and central Sun; and its millions of leaves play at the will of the dancing breeze. And while its many tender branches mature and fall to the earth, others come in their native beauty and primal glory, to supply their places; and you still behold the flower as perfect as ever, except that the new created flowers send forth a diviner aroma, to tranquilize and subdue the grosser senses of man.

And who can analyze this flower and prove its constituents? It is a compound in its immortal departments, complicated and immutable. The Great Indescribable Botanist demands not of you the analysis of all its vast floral departments; but he gives you a single leaf to analyze—and that is, *know thyself*.

The natural world is also like the needles of the magnet, whose polarities are regulated by the superior and stronger attraction of the Vast Magnet of all causation; or, in a more definite and comprehensible expression, God. And the world is like the needles of the magnet, one being positive and the other negative. These needles of themselves possess millions of other needles, which move at the profound utterances of universal nature. These smaller needles turn gradually towards the Divine Magnet of attraction, and they signify man. These larger needles are the positive and negative forces, emanating from God, and are diffused throughout, and incarnated into the vast empire of visible and tangible existence. The negative needle is the stupendous body of nature; and the positive, is the soul of this body—or, in other terms, one is outward, and the other is inward nature; and the magnet of human attraction, is the soul of man.

The world, again, is like a vast and mighty rock, resting in the midst of the ocean of immensity. It first was a single grain of sand, which floated along the boundaries of infinitude, until other little grains joined with it; and thus they travelled on together, until others were brought in connection with them, and the final *ultimatum* of all, was the mighty mechanism of man, surrounded by a world glowing with the radiance of the First Positive Cause. And the inherent voice of nature, commands you not, alone and instantaneously, to tell what made the massive rock; but it calls, with its silent voice, upon man to first learn what produced the original little grain of sand; and, from thence, by strict analogy, he can tell what made the mighty rock, upon which his physical being is based. The Mighty Geologist urges not upon you the solution of the problem of nature, nor even the analysis of the entire rock; but he speaks in tones louder than the thunderbolt which rives the heavens, saying: "Know what made the simple grains which form its grand construction, and you will know the compound being of man."

The life elements of nature, are embosomed far into the unfathomable avenues of the human soul; they usher each essence of being into its proper channel; and they unfold from the gentle offspring the mighty arch-angel.

The external universe is like a vast wheel, whose axis is nature, and whose mechanical powers are the mighty forces of Deity. And within the vast mechanism of human nature, there are an innumerable number of minute wheels which, when the main one is set in motion, revolve upon the axis of immortality, which continually throws off the gross emanations of the material world; and the immense workmanship is more complete. Their velocity of progression is regulated by the mechanical and anatomical principle of God; and their movements are strictly governed by the onward development of the soul.

The soul is a wheel which revolves around the mighty fabric of nature, hourly increasing in spiritual velocity. The human mind is a network filled with eternal fibers, tissues, and functions, each function performs its respective office; and nature changes its form of refinement by the higher powers which actuate atoms of inanimate matter into immortal, eternal, and immutable life. From the deep mysterious caverns of the universe of the soul, there are, rolling in profound mutterings, inherent intelligences which long to bask in the sunlight eternity's bright morn.



The deformities of the outer form, can only be attributed to the disobedience of the natural laws of physical anatomy. The soul cannot be deformed; but its faculties may be crushed by the withering influence of the human destiny; and when it passes on, to the world of superior life and intelligence, it bursts forth in all its splendor, and begins to realize that the flowers, minerals, and vegetables are the true chapters and sentences which prove the infiniteness and glory of the Supernal Author. And who can destroy these living emblems of eternity? The gross nature may crush the outer form beneath the soil in which it is nourished; but where has the inherent life of these natural beauties gone? Is it forever annihilated, because man has thus decreed that annihilation shall be its destiny? What whisperings are those, oh! mortal, which come from the inmost soul, when you have crushed or injured a living object of nature? What power melts your stubborn nature into tenderness, when you have wronged a human heart? Is it the echo of human passion, ringing through the outer chambers of your nature? or is it an angel-voice of one who, though not seen by the external vision, hovers around you when your mind is excited by passion emotions, saying, in soft and sweet accents, "subdue your sensual nature, and learn to live to do good, and you will worship the Infinite One"? Why do those well-springs of your eternal nature gush forth, and spontaneously harmonize with the out-gushings and ingushings which come forth in boundless volumes from the fountain-head of all Deific joy? Why do the outer founts of your complicated being, play in unison with the innumerable life-springs within, and give verbal and visible utterances of the true qualifications of the human spirit? Are not all these combined elements a speaking forth of the living facts of Omnipotence, and which give eternal expressions of the spirit-land? Are they not the living actions and harmonies, which move along the chords of being, whispering in their melody, of the friends who sit upon the shores of Immortality, chanting their evangel anthems to the yearning hearts of those who are fast following them to their unerring and never ending destiny? Are the affectional springs of their spirits closed to the heartfelt appeals of their earthly friends; or are they unlocked, to send forth their divine influence to cheer and sustain the pilgrims of materiality?

Their souls are lingering around the pauper's lowly hut, and the monarch's costly palace. They are wherever duty calls them; and through divine instructions, are striving to cast from the earth all wrong social and intellectual laws; to establish the strong foundation upon which may be based the social happiness of every human spirit. Their relations to you are still firm as the laws of God are immutable. The relation of the natural universe to the spiritual universe—the relation of the human spirit to the immortal soul—to God—to every empire of anatomical creation, and uncreated matter, are all firmly linked together, by the motional and physiological principles which ultimate all things into their definite forms and proper uses.

M\*\*\* F\*\*\*\*

*For the Age of Progress.*

MR. EDITOR: I was in conversation, the other day, with an intimate friend, whom I consider as honest and upright as any man of my acquaintance. He has received a collegiate education, and is naturally of a sound and strong mind. He, however, gave me to understand that if he was as sure of future happiness as he was that God changed His purposes, in answer to the fervent prayer of a righteous man or woman, he would be perfectly satisfied, as to futurity! To this proposition I am inclined to submit a few remarks, which I have written on the subject.

The Bible tells us that God is without variableness or shadow of turning; which I believe is as true as that there is a God in heaven; yet I believe in the progression of nature, and that God is nature, according to the Bible: for that book says that God is all in all, and above all. Now I ask, (if you believe the Bible to be true, as I am sure you do,) if you will have the goodness to point out to me anything

in nature that is not a part of God; for God is declared to be all in all, that does exist. Yet God is without variableness or shadow of turning.

I am told that God answers prayer. I am told that God does alter or change his purposes, on account of the fervent and effectual prayer of the righteous man or woman. Now, I ask, is there no mistake in this idea? Is there not some misunderstanding of men, through their ignorance of the perfect laws of nature? To be sure, in some instances, we feel blessed with a perfect answer to our devout prayers. God has done for me what I anxiously desired Him to do for me, and I am exceedingly thankful and happy in the result.

Now, according to my spiritual understanding, we are led much by impressions, given us by our friends that have left the body, and gone into another sphere of existence. So, in order to illustrate my ideas, I must refer again to the laws of nature, in which I perceive progression, but no change. God has so wisely arranged all things that all nature goes on according to His eternal law of cause and effect; so it is impossible for man to counteract the law of God, and sin against him.—Man, in all respects, goes according to the laws of nature. So, if he sin, he sins against himself alone; not against God. He offends not God, for God is love and cannot be offended by man. If a man should take a hammer and smash his finger, he would suffer the consequences: God would not suffer, or be offended, for it would be in perfect accordance with his eternal law, that if a man does wrong he shall suffer for so doing. Man in such case, runs counter to the law, which was intended for his benefit, and yields obedience to another law, which produces pain. One of nature's laws is as immutable as another. His vicious nature is the cause of his transgression, and the pain he endures is the effect. Has not some undeveloped spirit, who has not entirely forgotten his mischievous propensities, influenced him to do that foolish or wicked act?

Again, when you pray to God to prosper you in something that your heart very much desires, is it not possible that your guardian angel, knowing what you need, impresses it upon your mind to ask God for the very thing he intended, by the arrangement of his eternal purposes or laws, should take place at that particular time and place? We are inclined to think (and I believe the Bible so decides) that God knows, from the beginning, the time and nature of all coming events. So, what change has he made in his laws, by answering your prayer, according to your request at that particular time? This view of things leads me to think that many prayers are satisfactorily answered without the least change of God's laws; and thus all nature progresses without variableness or shadow of turning.

The Bible says, God repented that he made man; and again, it says God is not man, that he should lie, or the son of man, that he should repent. Now, if we take these, with many other similar passages, in a literal sense, we shall find many contradictions and apparent changes in God's laws and purposes. So, if we are to understand these things literally, what a confused world would it make of this. God must change his purposes one way for one man, and the opposite way for another man; because they are both righteous and pray fervently in direct opposition to each other.

God's laws for good and evil, for pain and pleasure, are, in this life, like two parallel lines. If we follow the one that leads to good, it creates a heaven in us that will endure forever; and if we take the one that leads us to evil, it creates a hell in us that will torment us daily, and will continue with us in another sphere, until, by the redeeming principle of repentance and aspiration, we are divested of our evil propensities, and set upon the beautiful highway of upward and onward progression.

Yours, truly,

SETH WHITMORE.

Lockport, October 25, 1855.

#### Physical, Spiritual and Human Anatomy.

We received from the spirit of Professor E. C. DAYTON, through the mediumship of Miss. BROOKS, a series of lectures on physical, spiritual

From the amethystine bowers of the human heart, there are little branches extending far away into eternity—there taking root and producing the Amethyst\* of heaven, the Amaranth of eternity, and the Rose

Why should not the immortal mind heed the earnest and sincere pleadings of the immortal heart, when its life-blood is nearly exhausted by the wounds received by an erring and misguided brother? Indeed, the spirit-world would possess but feeble attractions, if, along the chords of creation, there vibrated no silvery accents of celestial friendship. It would be like a foreign stranger—unknown and not appreciated according to its value. The outer world is a telescope, through which the facts of God and eternity are viewed. The soul is a double lens, which does not untruthfully magnify the infiniteness and immutability of God and his immediate creation. The outer world holds the same relation to the spiritual world, as does the human soul to the Eternal Spirit.

The spiritual empire of being is changeable from the established truth and law of an eternal progression. Progression unfolds development; development brings forth spiritual refinement; and, again, we have three distinct powers, yet one in unity and harmony. And thus might we trace, from the minutest particle which floats in the ocean of uncreated matter, to the stupendous vortex of sensation, and find millions and millions of individualities, yet one in harmony of principles; and why? because there is an eternal chain connecting these individualities, whose links are the atoms of intelligence, and the particles of unformed creation. Thus every substance of nature is a stepping-stone to development and eternity; and the mighty mechanism of God moves each world in its methodical and indestructible movement, and is the divine, impulsive heart, which pulsates every creation with life and motion, immutable and everlasting.

The spiritual universe is one unto which all the objects of divine creation are tending. It draws towards its mighty Center all the refined elements and individualized essences and qualities of man. It is the immutable magnet of infinite attraction, whose gravitations and polarities are the reflected rays of supreme development, which spontaneously radiate from the Original Vortex of all tangible and unknown causes. The anatomical laws and formative principles amplify and ultimate the powers of the soul, to their proper and natural uses. The functional law adapts the powers of the inner self to the outer form, and thus the physical and spiritual man are made to harmonize, by the inherent forces established throughout the vast empire of physical and spiritual constructions.

Spirit acts upon matter, and unfolds constructions of nature, according to their definite uses. The planetary world was constructed upon the anatomical, physiological and functional laws of constituted and animated matter. This is the planetary anatomy of the solar system; and the natural sun, as it from these laws originated, reflects its bright rays through the crystal drops which fill the clouds and produce prismatic colors, and a rainbow spans the distant heavens, all in harmony with the infinite order and arrangement of the vital laws of created constitutions. The natural laws of anatomy and physiology, form the vital powers of the human construction, through their appropriate chan-

\*On suggesting to the spirit-lecturer that the name here applied to a member of the Floral family, might induce criticism, inasmuch as, with us, it pertained exclusively to a subject of the mineral kingdom—it was answered: "We have a flower, which we distinguish from all other flowers, by calling it the *amethyst*; and it is the most beautiful flower of Eternity, from the fact that it contains every hue and shade of color, and glows with the most beautiful and delicate tints imaginable."

of immortality; and they grow in harmony together, though differently constituted, and are three, yet a unity. And so should it be with man; he should not hang like a sickly flower upon its natural stem, fading and drooping, before matured by the uncongenial influences of the world in which he resides; but he should be like the three flowers—beautiful, and separate individualities, but one in universal unity and harmony.

nels, and the inherent law of motion intensifies and ramifies every artery of the constitutional natures of man, and the constitutional natures of the physical world.

Physical anatomy and planetary anatomy are combined, and constitute one distinct law, though their appropriate uses in the world of creation produce constitutions unlike. Motion, or spirit inherent in matter, is controlled and governed by this anatomical law; and the motional law develops the object, according to the degree of refined development it manifests, while in the condition of created formations. This process of anatomical development, may find its definite affinity of polarity in the unfolding powers of an animated human organization; and if so, the motional law will elaborate the definite constitution into its proper form; and thus will it continue to operate, until it has exhausted the vital anatomical forces of the physical form. Then it passes on into a higher organization, while the old body of inanimate matter dissolves itself into the primary elements of its finite existence, and goes out to assist in the constructions of new physical organizations. It may, again, find its point of gravitation and concentrated attraction, in the ultimating processes of the planetary, geological, vegetable, and chemical world. And, if so, it will develop forms exclusively adapted to those realms of created existence, constantly throwing off undeveloped and unrefined matter, and supplying its once appropriate place, with higher forms of superlatively refined matter. And thus these vital laws of nature's economy, carry all existence forward to the higher actions of Deity; and the vacuum is supplied by other forms of nature, springing into physical existence. And we may commence, from the minutest undeveloped atom, swimming in the ocean of immensity, and trace to the next higher, until we have travelled through all the darkened and brighter vistas of existence, until we reach the highest essences of Deity; and we would forever find the anatomical physiological, functional, motional, sensational, and affectional laws of nature, working their way through the arteries of each atom of constitutional matter; and constantly throwing off, in their mighty and specific revolutions, new forms of complicated being; and still passing on, from the physical world, to the world of immortality; and still elaborating their spirit into nobler forms of constitutional creation.

And these laws of the wondrous and incomprehensible connecting, forces of the outer universe, with the inner world of infinite intelligence, connect man with the worlds which move in order and arrangement and with Deific principles, which move in the vast realms of infinite construction. They connect his nature with the geological, chemical, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, which surround him; and he realizes, with his external senses, the fact, that his inmost nature cannot be confined and exclusively adapted to these various animated kingdoms of nature; but that there are God-like principles in the soul, which seek for their like attraction and development; and when they have attained a still higher point of refinement, they still seek their higher affinities.

Then, is it not clearly elucidated, that the two worlds of being—one spiritual and the other physical—are held in eternal relation, by the infinite laws inherent in constitutional matter, or nature? Every principle and element of being has its adapted and appropriate uses; and every thing in the physical world, has a definite and specific relation to the spiritual world. They are all gravitating to the same concentrated point of existence, and cannot be thrown off from their true progressive course, by the velocities of material transgression.

The planetary worlds hold a specific relation to the soul of man; and their finite powers are connected with the infinite powers of the soul; and thus there is established a harmonious connection forever, which time can never rend asunder, for they are cemented together by the infinite order of divine justice.

Physical anatomy is exclusively adapted to the constitution of matter which is ultimated into human organizations, by the voluntary and involuntary forces of spirit, or the Deific principles acting upon these human forms; and when nature has its true course, all physical organizations are physically perfect, and they draw from the Universal Heart of Creation, the life-elements of their existence.

and human anatomy, which we published in the first volume of the *Age of Progress*, and which we are requested to republish in the present volume. Let men of science read them and consider them critically, and then tell from what source an unlearned girl receives them, when she is alone in her room, pointing to the alphabet and writing down the letters indicated by raps on the table. The intelligence from which these lectures come, claims to be the spirit of one who, in his earth life, was a Professor of anatomy. Is this not true? Or will the reader rather believe that they come from the mind of the girl, who does not understand even the terms of the sciences, used by the lecturer? Let reason exercise its legitimate function, and we shall have no fear for the result.

There are two worlds: one is the material world, through which pervades undeveloped and spiritual matter. The other is a universe which is capable of sustaining the highest degree of spiritually refined mind and matter. There are also two forms which the spirit inhabits. One is the physical or original organization, the other is the spiritual form. These forms are not unlike. The spiritual form contains the highest sublimation of matter. There are laws equally magnanimous governing both of these forms. Each has an anatomy of itself. There are various functions in the human organization, performing its material work, developing and sustaining the beauty of human life. The brain is the seat of the mind; the heart the main-spring of life. In the spiritual form mind and eternalized matter are the propelling forces of spiritual life.—The mind is the heart, or the centre of life, in the eternal organization. Matter is a power that gives action and force to the mind. It is constantly being thrown from higher spheres or loftier minds, developing and unfolding the faculties of the spirit. The spirit, when born into the new life, has its form created as the child has when it enters the earthly life. The only dissimilarity existing between the two, is this: the spiritual organization is much more sublimated and perfect. It is composed of the refined matter emanating from an immortal world. The human form partakes of undeveloped matter of an unrefined sphere, or from the animal kingdom.

The substance of which the human constitution partakes and requires, is analyzed and appropriated by the digestive functions and gastric fluid, and goes to create new muscles, nerves and arteries. The sublimated portion goes to constitute the spiritual principle, which gives action, motion and illumination to the entire organization of the mind and body. The lungs and heart are the centre of human life. The brain is a medium through which life and intellect are manifested. There is an eternal harmony wrought by the hand of God, existing throughout the physical structure. Every artery and function of the human body blends and performs its natural work from harmonious principles, unless the great physiological law of nature has been violated. If that eternal principle which governs the physical structure and adds beauty to human life, has been violated, then the constitutional susceptibility creates within itself a nervousness and impatience, disturbing the elements of the spiritual principle, and thus the hand of disease crushes the natural powers of intellect, preventing the development of wisdom; and the passion forces flow through whatever channel surrounding influences may attract them to. This is the great obstruction to the pure and thorough refinement of the human spirit.

The inexhaustible material composing the spiritual organization, is matter. The all-sustaining principle of the spiritual form, is nature.—There is a law, universal and eternal, governing, unchangeably, both mind and body. The mind is the centre of spiritual life. Its all-absorbing principle is the natural workings of harmony, created by a divine mind. Every atom which goes to constitute the spiritual form, is drawn together by nature; and the spirit, after leaving the material form, never disorganizes nor changes into another; for nature never changes its laws. Thus it is that, in heaven, the mind can range through the universe of God, and eternally retain its beauty and glory.

Does the spirit undergo a change analogous to its transition from the physical structure? All forms were created from anatom-

ical and physiological laws. Every structure is composed of matter, and matter is substance. Now, when the spirit leaves the human form, it is, by an anatomical process, separated entirely from the form. It, the spirit, separates itself from the earthly sphere. After the spirit is freed from its gross materiality, it inhabits another structure analagous to the human body. The matter constituting the spiritual form, has the same degree of development corresponding with the mind. And now, instead of the spirit separating itself from this physiological body, in order to dwell in the next sphere higher, the body throws off the undeveloped matter, which is inanimate to the condition of that development which the mind aspires to.

As the mind progresses in sublimation and development, so does the body. As the mind throws off its undeveloped matter, as it becomes more sublimated, so does the spiritual structure which mind inhabits, throw off, by anatomical principles, the inanimate matter pervading it. Now, this is a change analagous to the change of the mind from the physical or human system. The difference existing between the two changes or separations, is this: The spirit, by physiological principles, established by God, separates itself from the human form. After the spirit takes up its abode in a spiritual structure, instead of the mind separating from that form, the undeveloped matter is disorganized from both body and mind, and goes to constitute other physical structures.

Upon the same method of organization, creations originate from anatomical laws; and as they progress in refinement, the undeveloped matter thrown off in their progression, goes to form minerals; and by geological process, these minerals also become more and more sublimated.—Every thing in creation has an anatomy. The mind has an anatomy. The body has an anatomy. Nature has an anatomy. The spiritual structure has a cerebral organization analagous to the human brain. When mortals hear, their hearing is produced through an organ of hearing. So with tasting and seeing. Now, the mind, after becoming immortalized, hears from an immutable law of perception; and this law, being characterized by harmony, action and perception feeling, seeing and tasting are produced by the same universal principle.

The spirit, though its form is analagous to the human form, does not hear by an organ through which hearing is produced; but when it hears by perception. Nor does the spiritual form, or the spirit, require such sustenance to impart strength and vitality, as the mind in the human body requires. Wisdom and purity are the sustaining principles of the immortal mind. Hearing, seeing, tasting and feeling, are produced by the law of perception. When a spirit of a higher sphere wishes to speak with one of a lower sphere, it is not necessary for the one spirit to find the other and talk face to face; but by the law of perceptive attraction—by natural intuition, the higher spirit can attract the mind of the lower; and by a mental telegraph, can gain the information required. And in this manner, or by this method, thoughts are conveyed from God to the next development, and so on, until they are carried to their destined objects. This is what we term mental telegraphing, by perceptive attraction.

In tracing the planetary system, we find one planet that holds intercourse with immortal minds, by the telegraphing of mentality. This planet is Saturn. The organization of this planet, is much more harmonious and beautiful than your planet, Earth. The law of harmony exists there; and the minds dwelling in that universe being much more sublimated than earthly minds, they have observed the laws of nature and God; and they seek for wisdom and find it. Hence, the law of wisdom governs their actions. The inhabitants occupying this world, have passed the meridian of iniquity. They are much more perfect in form than the inhabitants of any other planet. On this planet, mind blends with nature, and nature responds to every wish, and awakens still greater desires for wisdom and knowledge. Hence, it earnestly endeavors to discern the rich mines of wisdom that lie buried in the immeasurable depths of eternity.

We also find a connective attraction existing between all planets,

each having its corresponding attraction to the spirit world. And now, however strange it may appear to you, there will be, as mind develops, a communication established between the minds of Earth and the minds of other planets. Before a free and undisturbed intelligence is communicated from the departed spirit to the earthly spirit, there must be a free intercourse existing between Earth and those planets farther advanced in development. Minds inhabiting the planet Saturn, know, from intuitive perception, the condition of other planets. The spirit land and every out-creation, or planet, must be governed by the grand laws of order, wisdom and harmony, before a true and definite knowledge of the human spirit's future destiny shall be clearly understood.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Lecture No. 2, by Lovisa Buck.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

#### THE HUMAN AFFECTIONS.

The brook in its crystal bed doth leap to praise its Originator, by moving on in the scale of material being. The flower doth burst forth from its mother earth, and open its long closed petals, to the rays of the natural sun, and to receive the dew-drops from above, and it goes on in its primal beauty, until nature has its true course, and the outward flower fades from the external gaze. All is out-spoken and out-gushing praise of the infiniteness and eternal wisdom of God.

The little stars and worlds of being which form a part in the constitution of immutable things, work in the ways of wisdom, and their stupendous mechanism in all its mysterious and undefinable revolutions and movements, is but a wondrously manifested praise of the ever living Cause and Center of all things.

The little stone which slumbers in repose at the bottom of the stream, as it ultimately becomes a rock in all its multifarious arrangements, doth but utter the praise of the Supernal Oneness.

The animal has instinctive attractions for some especial kingdom on earth, where to live. Some gravitate towards the forest; some to the desert, and some to the verdant hills and valleys which spread far and wide over earth's limited expanse. And all of these various mechanisms of creation are constitutionally united. They are governed by the same inherent and eternal laws and deific principles; and all objects of material birth, in all their progressive movements, are but scientific utterances of those divinities inherent in matter, which originally came from God; and the human soul has its ten-thousand affinities for the various kingdoms of infinite science, and its faculties reach out to probe far into the never ending future.

The soul is a substance of itself; its structure is based upon indestructible and eternal matter, and it is moved by the mechanical powers and forces which are forever established in it, from its eternal birth to its eternal life, or destiny. It has its multitudinous imperfections, as well as its various qualities of inherent worth; and it is only attracted to material things by the external senses. The inner senses are magnets of inner attraction; and while they repulse all physical sin, the external senses are needles which point and attract the soul to external observances and circumstances.

The legitimate offices and dignified understanding of the human spirit, may be more definitely analyzed by the external senses, in cooperation with the inner intuition. Reflection is a deific attribute, and is but feebly exercised by the human will. Impulse of the heart prompts minds to act, while intuitive reflection lies latent in its region of development, yet waiting to be evolved by the will-force of nature's onward course. And through all these departments of nature, there are affinities springing from the interior bosom of every animated thing relating all things in unity, by the powers of God.

And what is affinity? Its component parts are affection, attraction, wisdom, and immortal understanding. True affinity, of itself, is eternalized affection, possessing dignified and specific understandings; and the soul above is controlled and developed by its inherent affinities.

Then it is conclusive that every object of outer nature, possesses affections. The human soul loves the stars, the trees and flowers; and why? Because the soul's affinities are drawn towards these departments of nature; and as well might you strive to throw earth off of its true axis, as to break asunder those strong affinityized attractions of the human mind.

Passion is a separate faculty from affinity, and likewise has its outer attractions. It may be easily roused to action by some attractive object; but this is of only momentary duration, while the soul's affinity goes out among the unfathomable departments and hidden recesses of created nature, to revel in the enjoyments of pure spiritual affection, and is forever indestructible.

Mind inherits inclinations from its birth. Some inclinations are originated by constitutional tendency, from earthly parental sources, while others are received from its heavenly Father, and are eternal. In selecting associates, instead of the true inherent affinity, or affection of the soul, being the centre of attraction, the love and enjoyment of the human spirit is often based upon human passion, or human events. The soul, it is true, is not ushered into the world a passive creature, with no springs of action, no powers of attraction or repulsion, and with no understandings or trance-like perceptions, into which may flow, at the exercise of the human will, good or evil. It is not a vessel of emptiness, which may be filled with joy or sorrow, or good or evil. Nor is it a mechanism upon which the human mind may play at its will; but to-day demonstrates that mind is an individualized organization of itself, an ultimate development of universal matter and universal spirit, and the most perfect embodiment of matter and spirit in the immeasurable universe, except Deity. And if it be conceded—and science compels this concession—that man is the highest intelligence of organized matter in the stupendous system of nature, he cannot be a passive being at his birth, destitute of impulsive attraction. His affectional affinities are manifested in infant tenderness and childish simplicity; and it draws from its mother's bosom a corresponding affectional affinity. The child, or babe, has understanding; for it perceives, from its instinctive being, that its parent is offended or pleased. And this understanding is based upon the affectional powers or qualities of its soul. Affection, or true affinity, drew together the constituents of its compound being; affection first diffused through its system the elements of finite existence, and nature gave it birth while the affectionate tenderness of its pure little soul were manifested. Love, or affection, stole from its little being, and entered the hearts of those surrounding friends. True affinity then actuated its being, but social conservatism, at a riper age, controls the affection, and the soul dare not be governed exclusively by its own true affections.

But let not the soul shrink from the legitimate conclusions to which truth conducts it. Under the powerful and constant direction of divine laws, we perceive the unbroken and perpetual tendency of all essences and substances towards unity and perfection. Outer nature points the soul up to the eternal Mind, who instituted laws that manifest themselves through its unfoldings, and urge us to consider and re-consider the mysterious mechanism reaching from invisible and inanimate matter to the eternal Center.

The entire foundation of nature, or creation, is based upon the absolute indestructibility of matter, giving man a tangible individuality which constitutes the external duality of the Positive Mind. From the eternal gravitating point and fertile womb of each planet, rudimentary particles ascend, and they accumulate, condense, refine, purify, and form new worlds in the planetary kingdom of life and existence. They undergo anatomical processes, and become actuated into life, by the mechanical powers of constituted nature. And why were these particles evolved from a conglomerated mass, originally, and why are they now large and expanded universes, capable of sustaining human life? By the law of affinityized attraction, were they unfolded, and now, stand in the stellar system, glorious worlds of infinite duration. Attraction, or affinity, still draws them on to something higher, and to nobler realms of divine refinement.

The affections are complicated; and according to the spirit's onward development, are their affinities measured. Nature individualizes the man, and the man individualizes the spirit; hence spirit can exist independent of the physical body; for the same unchangeable and eternal laws operate uniformly everywhere, and at all times. Affection, once wisely and spiritually connecting souls together, such affection exists through all time and space.

Motion is the first manifestation of mind, while sensation is the first manifestation of life. Nature is finite and passive, while God is infinite and active. The infinite elements are the flowers of all development, and the outer organization of nature is the dormitory of all that exists unfolded in the great sensorium. God is intimately related to everything—material or spiritual, perfect or imperfect—that exists in the boundless empire of his own existence; nor can there exist any positive antagonism to the mighty whole; for all things are in connection with God, and cannot be severed from Him. From the vortical sensorium of all intelligence, there come innumerable fountains of causation and mighty beginning principles; and all these divine elements are filled with powerful affinities and affections.

Some minds are attracted towards the architectural grandeur and magnificence of the sidereal heavens; and while lost in the interminable labyrinths of planetary grandeur and formation, the soul will raise its tiny voice and earnestly interrogate: Who made the whole superstructure of nature so ineffably harmonious? And this interrogation flies on trembling wing, from orb to orb; and a voice from the invisible world responds, that order, form, and harmony, are the divine expressions and impressions of Infinite Wisdom. And these numberless firmaments of the stellar departments of creation, are held immutably together, by celestial or true affinity. Inherent affection brings them together in unity and divine perfection. Some affections of the soul are stronger in some minds than in others. There are those who may stand in the presence of some glorious scene, upon which are portrayed the glories of ten thousand worlds, which reflect their magnificence upon their souls perpetually; and yet they would not perceive one single thing that moves continually around them; nor can they read one single expression of the divinity of God, in the scene. Passion, in such instances, actuates the being, instead of true spiritual affinity; it being the governing element of the mind.

All anatomical developments are incontestible demonstrations that spirit, or the formative deific principle, existed prior to their external constitutions. Oriental teachings, or the theological biblical theories, are, or were, but an incarnation of the religious sentiment, as the idols of the pagan, in unmechanical ages, were the first grand architectural principles immanent in man. And through all the infinite fields of knowledge and wisdom, we find attraction or affinity to be a vital element, or law, in all demonstrated nature. Echo cries out from its cavern of reverberated sound; the solemn forest lifts its head; and the brooklet leaps from its transparent depths, to prove that there is a God; and that everything in the departments of nature, are connected and drawn together by inherent affection, or true celestial affinity.

As the silvery grains of sand unite, and as the blinding sand sweeps around over the desert's barren waste, in everything man beholds his own image reflected back. As the breeze sweeps the crystal depths of outer nature, and as passion meets in human fight, all is evidence of a power which lies back of all outward demonstrations, and proclaims there is a God. Time is pregnant with the archangel's smile and with eternity. The mournful cadence of sin and sorrow, like the wind-harp's touching wail, sweeps over the earth as troubled visions sweep over the human breast. Affection seeks its like affinity, and the world at large scorns that which is spiritual; and the shouts of oppressed misery ascend to where the songs of heavenly joy are forever heard.

The bird of the proud Andes, that can soar to the thunder's home, and through heaven's unfathomable depths, has no chains to bind its rushing pinions; but the human soul, in its proudest aspirings, is held back and retarded by material bondage. Its holiest affections are

deadened by human conservatism, and its real worth and virtue are never appreciated on this side of the infinite world.

The meager chronicles of ancient times, are filled with bloody battles; and at the present—though civilization has set its seal upon the national glory of America and other lands, yet to-day will chronicle still greater battles, and these are the revolutions of truth, and their battles with human error. The germ of intellectual resurrection is deeply planted in the soul, to explore truth through its material and mental labyrinths.

Yours,

LOVISA BUCK.

#### For the Age of Progress.

MR. ALBRO:—Allow me to say, through your columns, that there are some men who occasionally attend our Sabbath meetings, evidently for the purpose of disturbing them. I saw three men on Sabbath evening, in the ante-room of the hall, deporting themselves in a very ungentlemanly manner; talking with loud voices, using profane language, and striding from side to side of the room, making their boot-heels sound on the floor as much horse-like as possible. One of them, you will perceive, is an officer of the corporation. Another has held a position in the city which none but an orderly man and a gentleman should hold; and the third either now holds, or has held, the same position.

There was another similar set, standing within the hall door, who talked and laughed aloud and continually, during the service; and though respectfully requested to behave in an orderly manner, or leave the hall, they persisted defiantly, and refused to depart peaceably. One of these was addressed by name, and told that he must desist or be forcibly ejected from the hall. He left the hall; and, instantly, on his departure, the gas was turned off, leaving the whole congregation in the dark. The gentleman who had spoken to him, stepped nimbly to the angle of the ante-room, where the meter stands, and caught him there. I give you all the names of these men, with full liberty to make them public if you choose to do so, and call on me for evidence of the truth of what I allege.

Respectfully Yours,

A MEMBER OF THE HARMONIAL ASSOCIATION.

#### REMARKS.

We thank our correspondent for the information he has communicated, and shall use the discretion he gives us in making names public. It is now on the eve of our city election; and, should we make these names public now, those of them—or the one of them—who will run in the race for office, would be glad to attribute the exposition to a political motive. We shall therefore suppress the names for the present; but shall retain them, together with the names of necessary witnesses, to be forth-coming to the public on a future occasion. Their conduct will doubtless be repeated; for men who have no more goodness, honor, or sense, than to thus disturb a religious meeting, will not be wise enough to take warning by these hints.

As respects the man who turned the gas off, leaving the congregation in the dark, his case will be made public by legal procedure. There are two others who have done the same thing, on previous occasions; and—though they may flatter themselves that the Association are drowsy on the subject—they have been identified, and will be attended to.

Let those men who should be gentlemen, beware how they again deport themselves, in that hall, as they did on Sabbath evening last. They know the person who conducts this journal too well to flatter themselves that their names will be withheld from the public, if they repeat the ungentlemanly conduct of which they were guilty. That hall, on the Sabbath, is occupied by a religious society, in the service of Almighty God, according to the dictates of their consciences; and they believe,—nay, they *know*,—that they are joined in their devotional exercises by the spirits of friends who have preceded them to the second state of existence. Men and women, thus believing, thus knowing,

and thus devotional, are not inclined to use physical force to defend themselves and their rights, against incendiary acts or intentional disturbances. They are citizens of a free country, whose laws, organic and statutory, guarantee to them the right to serve God according to their own convictions of duty; and to those laws they intend to appeal for protection.

We have no desire to make public the names which have been given us, in connection with the disturbances complained of. Some of them we have long known; and, in charity, plead for them, that they must have been under the influence of strong potations, or they could not have so conducted.

Far be it from us to charge this base conduct to the direct influence of the denouncing clergy of this city. We do not believe that one of them would desire their adherents to thus disgrace themselves and the community of which they are members. But we will suggest to them the propriety of looking into the case, when they are alone to their own reflections, to ascertain how much of this spirit of incendiarism has been the indirect consequence of their bitter, unmerited, and unchristian denunciations. They understand their own influence upon the immoral portion of their congregations. They know that the belligerent feeling which they manifest, in their pulpit tirades against spiritualists, reach the ears and stimulate the incendiary spirits, of their rum-imbibing and law-defying supporters, through more cautious and discreet media, if not directly. When these hear a society of people denounced as worthy only of scorn and execration, and that by one who stands in "the holy sanctuary," clad in the "livery of heaven," and claiming to be the representative of God, through Jesus Christ, they feel authorized to mete out to them the indignities which seem to be indicated in the denunciations.

Let those sanctimonious maligners of spiritualists, take heed how they excite the spirit of incendiarism in the lawless mob. Spiritualists may be disturbed in their devotional exercises; but they have nothing tangible for the mob spirit to exercise its destructive prowess upon. When this spirit is aroused, nothing short of destruction will suffice to allay it; and nothing is more easy than for the excited demon to find some pretext for turning its violence against the approachable glass houses of the excitors.

## AGE OF PROGRESS.

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR.

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### The progress of manifesting Spirits.

Spiritual manifestations are as much the result of science as is the elimination of the gases or the measurement of the heavenly bodies. The spirit who most thoroughly understands the science, and who is best provided with exarnate batteries and incarnate media, can make the most remarkable, satisfactory and convincing manifestations of spirit power, to the human senses. And continual observation, for the last five or six years, has proved to us that manifesting spirits progress from perfection to perfection, in the science of manifestation, continually.

One year ago, in Brooks' spirit room, with a mixed circle of believers and skeptics, numbering one dozen persons, it would require very favorable conditions to enable the spirits to produce even a few discordant sounds on the piano. Six months ago, nothing worthy of being called music, could be produced there, by the spirit of one who was an artist of great powers in his earth life, when there was a large circle of conflicting minds present, even though other conditions were favorable.

How is it now? Last Saturday evening, we made one of a circle of some twenty-five; many of whom never attended a spiritual circle before, and had no faith in the proposition that the phenomena of which they had heard and read so much, were produced by disembodied spirits. Besides this unfavorable circumstance, the room had been overheated during the afternoon and the fore part of the evening; and other conditions were unfavorable. Notwithstanding these difficulties, we had, in the latter part of the evening, one of the most beautiful concerts of music that mortal ear ever listened to, both instrumental and vocal.

In the fore part of the evening, the conditions not being such as to render it practicable for the spirit musician to perform on the instrument, we were treated to what the performers term the clock scene and the wreck scene. In the first of these performances, the clock is made to strike from two hundred to five hundred times; sometimes allowing the bell to give out its natural sound; and sometimes stopping the ring entirely, so that the strokes sounded as if they were made on a non-resonant substance. Sometimes the clock would be allowed to run, and then again it would be stopped. And it would stop and start at the bidding of any one present.

The wreck scene, is that of a steamship cast upon rocks and stove to pieces. The piano, in this scene, is made to give forth all the sounds of a gale of wind, the working of the steam engine, the rattling of the rigging, the crash of the vessel upon the rocks, and the breaking up of the hull. This scene is as terrible as the clock scene is amusing. Few ladies who never witnessed spiritual manifestations, have nerve enough to stand the terrific crashing of the scene.

After going through these preliminary performances, on the occasion above referred to, the large and heterogeneous circle became so harmonized in feeling, and the temperature of the room became so reduced, that the master musician gave notice, through the raps, that he would attempt to give us music. This announcement was received with much pleasure by the circle; and they promptly responded to the call of the spirit for singing; which he always requires as introductory to his more interesting performances. After playing a number of accompaniments to the pieces sung by the circle, he commenced a piece of his own composition; and, simultaneously, the spirit who had control of Miss Brooks, the medium, gave, through her organs, strains of melody which few vocalists in the flesh can equal, either in sweetness of tone, power of utterance, or precision of artistic execution. Though the instrumental part of this performance, would seem more astonishing to those who view spiritual manifestations as miraculous, it is no more wonderful than the vocal part, to those who are intimately acquainted with the medium, and know that she has never learned the first lesson in the science of music.

### THE SAINTED DEAD.

They are our treasures—changeless and shining treasures. Let us look hopefully. Not lost, but gone before.

Lost only like the stars of the morning, that have faded into the light of a brighter Heaven. Lost to Earth but not to us. When the Earth is dark, then the Heaven is bright; when objects around become indistinct and invisible in the shades of night, then objects above us are clearly seen. So is the night of sorrow and mourning; it settles down upon us like a lonely twilight at the grave of our friends, but then already they shine on high. While we weep, they sing. While they are with us upon earth, they lie upon our hearts refreshingly, like the dew upon the flowers; when they disappear, it is by a power from above that has drawn them upwards; and though lost on earth, they still float in the skies. Like the dew absorbed from the flowers, they will not return to us; but, like the flowers themselves, we will die, yet only to bloom again in the Eden above. Then those whom the Heavens have absorbed and removed from us, by the sweet attraction of their love, made holier and lovelier in light, will draw towards us again by holier affinity, and rest on our hearts as before. They are our treasures—loving treasures—the sainted dead.

### Belligerence of the Clergy.

We hear weekly accounts from the numerous pulpits of this city, of labored lampoonings uttered against spiritualists, by the clergy of the various religious sects. Those teachers of the religion of Christ, seem to have very little of the nature of him whom they profess to represent. He taught charity towards all mankind, and exhorted all to love one another. Those his professed representatives, seem to be full of wrath, which they are constantly discharging at a class of people, in denunciations, on account of their religious faith, of which the denouncers know nothing. They divide the labor of denouncing and anathematizing spiritualists among themselves, that all the congregations may hear their violent denunciations, and fear to go where spirits manifest their presence.

What is the cause of all this hostility to spiritualism and spiritualists? Why do the clergy of those religious sects manifest such bitterness of feeling towards spiritualists? Are they worse neighbors, worse citizens, worse men and women, than they were before they received the philosophy of spiritual intercourse with mortals, as an established truth? On the contrary, are they not better men and women than they were before they were thus convinced? Let these indignant gentlemen of the cloth go among spiritualists who are really spiritualists, and see what their morals are. Let them see if they can find drunkards, gamblers, profane and obscene brawlers, or any other than orderly and well-deported persons among them. Let them visit those who, up to the time when they were convinced of the reality of spiritual intercourse, were dissolute in their habits of life, and see whether their conviction has produced any change for the better in their course of life. This, it seems to us, would be better than to shun them in the street, barely leering at them with one corner of the eye, and gathering wrath during the week, to be dealt out in tirades against them on Sunday.

This may all be genuine christian religion of the present age. We are aware that there has been a wonderful change in that article, since it was denounced by the priesthood of Judea, as spiritualism is now denounced by the priesthood of this country; but we had not calculated on such deterioration as is here presented. Why, the spirit which actuates these "Ministers of Christ," is identical with that which cried, in the court of Pontius Pilate: Away with him! Away with him! Crucify him! It is identical with that which compelled the condemned Jesus to carry the cross, on which he was to suffer a most horrible death, up the hill of Calvary, to the place of execution. It is identical with that which, when the expiring Saviour cried: "I thirst," presented him vinegar mingled with gall, instead of water. It is the same spirit which stoned Stephen, killed the prophets, imprisoned and beat the preaching Apostles, burnt John Rogers, strangled the Quakers in Rhode Island, and hung and drowned innocent women and young girls, at Salem. It is the same spirit of persecution which was rebuked by Gamaliel, when he warned the Jews to beware lest they should be found fighting against God.

But who shall presume to say that this is not all right? Indeed, we are almost persuaded to agree with POPE, that "Whatever is, is right." Whatever the principle may be which actuates these bitter-souled denouncers and traducers of spiritualists, their course will ultimate in good. They are necessary to hold back one class of persons, and to stimulate another class to investigation. Those who are governed by their dicta, are such ones as have no intellectual capacities to judge for themselves, to investigate dispassionately, or to guard them against the extreme of fanatical credulousness, which would take for indisputable truth all that would be told them by undeveloped spirits, who are as fond of falsehood and deception as they were when in the flesh. And their stormy denunciations and evident deep concern, for fear individuals of their flocks will stray away and get into the fold of spiritualism, operate upon capable and independent minds as stimuli to investigation. They see at once that the primary cause of these hostile manifestations, is the jeopardy in which their salaries are placed, by the prevalence of the spiritual gospel; and they farther see that the em-

phatic commands which they receive to stay away from the spiritual manifestations, are induced by apprehension that they will be convinced of their reality, and lose their taste for the eternal burning in hell fire which has so long been served up to them as Sabbath-day repasts. Such minds naturally desire to learn, by personal observation, what the peculiar flavor of the fruit is, the mere tasting of which is so imperatively interdicted; and they will be the more earnest and the more certain to investigate, the more emphatic and imperious the charge is to keep aloof. And these are the ones that elevated spirits desire to make instruments of, to aid them in the performance of their heavenly mission. They require independent minds as helpers. Slavery is not to their liking; especially that slavery of the soul which takes from the man the right of thinking for himself.

In this view of the case, we have no right to blame these persecutors for the course they pursue. They are, in all probability, one of the great variety of instruments which superior intelligences, under the guidance of Omniscience, require to carry out the great plan of human redemption. That part of the harness of a draught-horse which is termed the breeching, is as necessary as any other part, in a hilly country; although one who never considered the dangers of go-ahead impetuosity, may not appreciate it. These denouncing clergy and their emulating adherents, may be considered the breeching which holds back the car of spiritualism, to save it from the dangers attending the impetus which it might otherwise gather. We can but hope they are constructed of material sufficiently tough to withstand the pressure, till the plane of sober discretion is reached. Then they may be deposited among the old broken gears in the carriage-house loft.

### The Harmonial Hall.

On Sunday afternoon, the exercises at our Hall were of an interesting character. A highly scientific gentleman, from one of the eastern States, happening to be in the city, and feeling a profound interest in the investigation of the Spiritual phenomena, in their various phases, attended our Circle Meeting in the morning. Just at the close of the meeting a letter from the spirit of A. A. BALLOU—written through the hand of Miss CORA L. V. SCOTT—was presented to him, wherein he was invited to address the Association, in the afternoon, on the subject of the Spiritual Philosophy. To this the gentleman acceded, provided Mr. BALLOU would—speaking through Miss SCOTT—give a prelude to the address which he was to thus make, in compliance with such an unexpected request.

Accordingly, in the afternoon, on the commencement of our usual religious exercises, the medium was controlled by Mr. BALLOU, who gave a masterly and beautiful exposition of the natural principles which underlie the Spiritual Philosophy. The gentleman then followed with a scientific examination of the actual and phenomenal, in the existent relations of spirit and matter, which was deeply interesting. But the remarkable admission was made by the learned gentleman at the outset of his remarks, that he felt absolutely unable to shed any light upon the subject, after the clear and cogent illustration which had been given through the medium.

In the evening, a lecture on the "Instincts of Progress," was read by a member of the Association, when Miss SCOTT followed, in the abnormal state, with an amusing personation of a class of minds who pass their puny judgments upon the totality of Spiritualism, when in pitiable ignorance of the entire subject; at the conclusion of which, Mr. BALLOU offered through the same medium, a fervent and elevated prayer, of that remarkable beauty of style and lofty utterances which characterizes his sublime ascriptions to the Heavenly Father, followed by an address of great acumen and appropriateness to the class of individuals to whom it was directed.

BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.—Men's feelings are always purest and most glowing in the hour of meeting and farewell; like the glaciers, which are transparent and rosy-hued only at sunrise and sunset, but throughout the day, grey and cold, [*Jean Paul.*]

## For the Age of Progress.

FRIEND ALBRO: Dear Sir: While the spirits are giving indubitable evidences, in your prosperous city, and elsewhere, of their identity and presence, they are not altogether unmindful of even Batavians, for we, now and then, have a stirring test, in that line. I might recount many very convincing incidental demonstrations of spirit power, spirit wisdom, and the demonstrations that go most directly to convince the world of the utility and good spiritualism is designed to do. But I hardly think, considering the proverbial ultraism of the scribe, it would pay. Hence, I forego the task of multiplying evidences, and simply rehearse one of recent occurrence, in which I am particularly interested, myself, and have so attested. There is no escaping from the conclusion, that THE SPIRITS CARRIED MY LETTER TO NEW YORK!

The circumstances are these: My wife went to N. Y. city, Oct. 1st, somewhat deficient of the necessary finances, to transact all the business it was necessary for her to transact, pay her board, and get home.—Hence, it was arranged before her departure, that I was to collect \$200, buy a draft and send her, which I must do in time for her to get it by Friday noon. Being unwell on Wednesday, and the weather foul and raining, I, of course, collected no money. But Thursday, the weather being fairer, and I being considerable better in health, I made an urgent effort to get it, but got disappointed for the day, but was well assured I could have it on Friday morning. This made it necessary for me to write my wife a letter, to be received Friday noon, which I did Thursday at 12 o'clock precisely. Now, I am in the habit of taking with the spirits in manner as follows: I lay my head and arm, passively, in my lap, or upon the table, and ask my questions negatively or affirmatively, to which they respond (as I suppose, or am pleased to believe) by shaking my arm. On this occasion, after enclosing and directing my letter, I asked this question: Will the spirits please see my wife has this letter in time? I had an unusually hearty answer, in the affirmative, and felt very much pleased. But at this juncture my dinner bell rang, and our girls and myself were summoned to dinner, leaving the letter on my table, sealed and directed to my wife in N. Y., intending to put it in the Post Office, as soon as I had dined. But having a patient in Pembroke, who expected to have a visit from me the day before, I had an excessive desire to be on my way thither, which seemed to increase as I was eating. Consequently I rose from dinner, harnessed my horse, and left, forgetting the letter, and took no thought of it till 12 o'clock at night, while I was sitting up with my patient, in company with her husband, to whom I mentioned the circumstance, and told him what the spirit said, and, jokingly, remarked: "I guess they will have a good time getting it there."

I arrived home again about 9 o'clock, Friday morning, whereupon I met several decided reprimands for my forgetfulness in not mailing the letter before I went off, assuring me she (my wife) could not possibly get it now, under the circumstances, till Saturday noon. Where is the letter? I inquired! I was informed it was not discovered by any in the house till about 9 o'clock Thursday evening, too late an hour for any of our ladies to enter the streets; and, of course, it was left till Friday morning before it was mailed or carried to the Post Office, which I was informed at the moment, was done by a young man, a relative, in company with another young man about 8 o'clock. They were boarding at our house, and attending the Teachers Institute then being held here.

These are the facts concerning the letter this side of its reception in New York. There are five unimpeachable witnesses, three in my house, and two in the town of Bethany, who will make affidavit under oath, that the letter in question did not go till Friday morning as above stated, whenever called on to do so. And my wife affirms, knowingly she received it on Friday before dinner, which, if she did, and it went by mail, it must have gone in two hours and forty minutes, from Batavia to New York, which, of course no one believes. That she did receive it, and on Friday, I have abundance of proof. 1st. Her own testimony, which is just as good as gold, in this village. 2nd. The gentleman's written

testimony, to whose care it was directed. 3rd. I only wrote two letters and mailed one, myself, and she received both, and no more, and rehearses what I wrote exactly, without any prompting from me; and before she opened it.

Now, I want to ask our Bible friends, the christian world, this question: If they believe so devoutly, the angel did come down and roll away the stone from the sepulchre of Jesus, and Mary saw Him, why they can't believe the angel also carried my letter to N. Y., within thirty minutes, as they respond to me, seeing I have 7 living witnesses, who will attest the facts making out the case.

Yours very Truly,

Batavia Oct. 29th, 1855.

JEREMIAH DENSLOW.

## VALUE OF POETS, ARTISTS, AND THINKERS.

"It is a blessing for a people to have among them great men, especially thinkers, poets, and artists, who enlarge the scope of thought, gratefully and cultivate higher tastes, and stimulate to generous efforts by a glorious example. It is a happiness to have something of our own to admire and revere, something to inspire us with noble and disinterested emotion. A nation without intellectual guides and superiors, composed of mere workers in physical things for physical good—a people given up to ignorance, selfishness, and sensuality, with none among them to point the way to loftier objects—were a sorry sight. Foreign supply of thought is not enough. It is the home manufacture which arouses effort, and gives animation to industry. We cannot have the healthy influences of work, unless we work. The sweat of labor is wholesome, and honor is with those who fight the battle, not with those who idly enjoy the fruits of victory. Our race has added many names to the company of gifted spirits who have taught and delighted mankind, and doubtless, in these vast fields of promise to which it has been transplanted, the descendants of those among whom Shakspeare and Bacon lived and moved will prove their nobility of birth. Amid the dead materialism, the narrow-minded and ignoble devotion to coarse utility, the common-place and barren thought and talk, and the moral depravity of the day, indications are not wanting of a better and higher future. A national literature is springing up in the track of our prosperous industry, as the crowning harvest rises after the plough and the manure-cart—as the tasteful villa succeeds the log-cabin of the forest farmer. Men of genius are appearing among us—poets and philosophers who are slowly winning the ear of our own people, and who command the admiration of the fit audiences of Europe. Let us cherish them; for they are needed. They make the country healthy and habitable. They will do more for us in all true progress than farmers and engineers, than business men and practised men, than politicians and attorneys at law. They will yield nobler profits than railroads and telegraphs, and weave finer fabrics than the Lowell factories can turn out. A volume of history by Prescott, a novel by Hawthorne, a poem by Longfellow or Byrant, is of higher worth than a cotton or corn crop; and ingots of thought from Emerson's intellect are more precious than the gold of California."—*North American Review*.

## ESCAPED THROUGH SPIRITUAL INTERPOSITION.

We are indebted to Bro. T. L. Harris for the following fact, who vouches for its entire accuracy as here related: The wife of a gentleman of eminence and respectability in New Orleans, walked out one morning to make some purchases for the use of her family. As she was passing along a street where some workmen were engaged in the removal of the walls of a building, and when directly in front of a wall that was still standing, she suddenly felt a strange hand grasp her by the shoulder, and vigorously pull her back some ten feet. She looked around to see who it could be who had presumed to treat her with such rudeness. She saw no one near; but on turning her eye upward, she saw the heavy brick wall falling directly before her. It fell with a tremendous crash, and had it not been for the interposition of this unseen hand, she would certainly have been covered up beneath its ruins.—*Spiritual Telegraph*.



### Popular Estimate of Pres. Mahan's Book.

Those of our readers who have thought us under the influences of prejudice in our estimate of Pres. Mahan's work, and unjustifiably severe in our dealings with its author—if any such remain at the present writing—will find, by the perusal of the following extracts, that we stand not alone. These reviews, as will be seen, are all from the opponents of Spiritualism. The first appeared in *Putnam's Monthly*, for October, and the others are from prominent journals in New England—*New England Spiritualist*.

#### MODERN MYSTERIES EXPLAINED AND EXPOSED.

Dr. Mahan of Ohio, has undertaken to give the finishing blow to the theories of the Spiritualists, as those people call themselves who ascribe the curious phenomena of rappings, etc., to an ultra-mundane origin. He requires nearly five hundred closely printed pages to do it in, but when the reader gets to the end of them, he feels that some light has been thrown upon the subject, or upon particular branches of it, but that, as a whole, the matter remains quite as involved as it was before. It should be stated however, that a great deal of the book has only a secondary connection with the principal theme, the first part, for instance, being taken up with a refutation of the rhapsodies of A. J. Davis, another with a proof of the divine origin of Christianity, and a third with a criticism of the claims of Swedenborg. What is said of Davis is superfluous; the argument in defence of the Scriptures has been a thousand times more ably given elsewhere; and the remarks on Swedenborg betray such an utter want of knowledge of the character of the man and his thought, that they are almost worthless. We must express some surprise, therefore that a writer of President Mahan's pretensions should, in the first place, waste his time and the reader's, in an exposure of Davis's absurdities which are certainly not of a nature to mislead anybody with a grain of mental sanity left, and in the second place, that he should, when he comes to grapple with a really formidable topic, like the system of the Scandinavian seer, be satisfied with so exceedingly superficial a view of it, discovering an ignorance of its first principles, and repeating, without inquiry, the statements of others no better qualified to speak than himself. What would be thought of a philosopher who, in attempting to estimate the schemes of Plato, Hegel, Coleridge, Comte, or any other great thinker, should first assume their mental hallucination, and then argue the case from that assumption? But such a proceeding is no fairer in the case of Swedenborg than it would be in that of any other speculator. He might be mistaken in his claims to a divine illumination, and yet be fundamentally correct in his theories or principles. We do not say that he was correct (for we are not able to decide so large a question), but we do say that his philosophy is a consistent whole, as much so as Plato's pagan philosophy, or Comte's positive philosophy, and ought to be judged of on its own merits, and not from our opinion of the author's psychological state. It is true he himself asserts a special authority for what he says, but an enlightened criticism ought to put that aside, and decide the value of the message by its contents. Had this been done we conceive that we might have had a much more impartial and satisfactory estimate of this wonderful mystic than any that has yet been written. Emerson, in his *Representative Men*, has characterized him from the Emersonian stand-point, and has, consequently, given us an instructive essay—far more interesting than any written from the extreme stand-points of those who accept him either as an infallible teacher, or as an unmitigated humbug.

As to Spiritualism itself, which is the proper subject of Dr. Mahan's book, he does not deny the facts of the case, but he endeavors to show, first, that similar or analogous facts arise from known mundane causes; second, that the so-called spirit-manifestations occur in circumstances in which such causes are known to act; and third, that such manifestations proceed from such causes, and not from the agency of disembodied spirits. These positions he illustrates with great ingenuity and force of reasoning, but assuming, as he does, the existence of Reichenbach's Odylic Force, which has not yet been admitted by science, and neglecting certain alleged phenomena which cannot be accounted for on mesmeric grounds, his conclusions are not always convincing. To explain Spiritualism by mesmerism, clairvoyance, the odylic force, etc., is to illustrate one dark subject by another quite as dark. Still, we think all these different manifestations throw light upon each other, and will, by and by, when the matter is taken up by a really scientific, and not a metaphysical mind, lead to a philosophical solution. The truth is, that at present there is too great a want of well-authenticated facts to warrant a safe generalization. The Spiritualists themselves are too credulous and excited, and too much taken up with their foregone hypotheses to be good reporters of facts, and the scientific men proper ignore the subject, just as they did or do phrenology, mesmerism, etc. In the mean time, this part of Dr. Mahan's book, or the much abler book of Dr. Rogers, on the same subject, may be read with profit by earnest and truth-seeking inquirers.

MAHAN AND THE "PHILOSOPHY OF MYSTERIOUS AGENTS."—"What's in a name?" Shakspeare's Juliet asks. Enough to make the public mind insensible to great wrongs, if not an active abettor of them. As one instance;

Here comes Prof. Mahan, of Ohio, before the world with an explanation of the so-called "Spiritual Phenomena" of the present day. His explanation was accepted with acclamation by a large number who turned coldly and skeptically away from Rogers, "Philosophy of Mysterious Agents," which appeared nearly three years prior to this latter work, and which forms the entire basis of all that is valuable in Mahan's compilation.

Now, to the writer of this brief article, it is not of the least personal importance which reaps the honor and enolument—it is not a question of preference, but of absolute and indisputable Right. The future, that great adjuster of all mal-arrangements, will no doubt place the crown upon the brow of the rightful heir; but when a man has devoted himself for years

to a course of unprecedented labor and research—when he has sat down in poverty and obscurity to drain out his life-blood over the midnight lamp that the world may be wiser and he earn a noble fame, it is hard to see another, even in the present, revelling in the rewards which should have been munificently bestowed on the real worker.

We trust the public mind will ere long awaken from its delusion, and do justice, on the one hand to pompous pretension, on the other to rare intellectual merit.—*Veritas*.—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

That Spiritualism is becoming a power in the religious world, is evident from the production of this formidable volume against it—formidable, at least, in size—But in its tendency and effects it is a perfect godsend to Spiritualists. President Mahan admits the facts that occur in what is called spiritual intercourse, and attributes them, not to satanic agency, but to a polar or odylic force, a certain mysterious something, not in the smallest degree made appreciable by any number of Greek names that may be given to it. The same unknown force he considers the source of clairvoyance premonition, witchcraft, and other like unsolved riddles of human experience. President Mahan has discussed the subject with great clearness and power, but leaves the reader just where he found him, so far as any explanation of the subject is concerned. He has certainly brought a stubborn array of facts going to show that ideas are communicated from mind to mind, under certain conditions, not only without word or sign, but without any act of the will, and irrespective of distance. So far as this may be true, it renders the theory of intercourse with spirits highly probable. The really weighty objection urged by him against Spiritualism, lies in the falsehood, trivialty and uselessness of the mass of the supposed spiritual communications, the genuineness of which we cannot admit without conceding that the future life is one of retrogression, instead of progress, of folly and disorder, instead of wisdom and harmony.—*Springfield, Mass., Republican*.

MODERN MYSTERIES EXPLAINED AND EXPOSED.—Such is the attractive title of a 466 page book, by Rev. A. Mahan, President of the Cleveland University, that has been presented to us for a notice. Who has it for sale in this section we can't say; but if anybody sells it for what the paper was worth before printed, they will wrong the purchaser. We have scarcely met with a more superficial, irrational and baseless production in our wanderings among printed documents.

We have no love for what they call Spiritualism. It is a phenomenon that has always been known in some degree, but more especially shows itself now, from causes that we do not care to "explain or expose." If the revelations can be connected with spirits, they might serve the purpose of convincing infidels of spiritual existences separate from physical matter, but what they say or do, if they be spirits, is not of great importance beyond, since their revelations are often false, come from what source they may, and hence from no basis for faith or action. If we were left to judge of their being produced by spirits from the volume before us, we should certainly conclude that they were. He admits as facts all that believers claim—that substances can be moved without direct visible contact—that raps may be had, distinct and audible; and that intelligent answers may be obtained to verbal or mental questions. The whole ground assumed he yields, and then attempts an explanation. What is that?

To a great extent President Mahan here repeats what has been as well stated a hundred times before; and finally he comes to the grand secret of the matter—it is all caused by the "Odylic force," which he says is a well-known cause that may produce all these effects.—Now certainly all ought to be satisfied; the mystery is exposed; it is the Odylic force! But bark you; what is this Odylic force? To get rid of one mystery we have another; we have thrown in as a positive entity, what philosophers have not acknowledged to exist. If five years ago they had asserted that tables were tipping, and chairs dancing, and people reading the thoughts we had never uttered, by an Odylic force, President Mahan would have laughed at it, as most people will now.—This explanation doubly confounds us. But suppose we admit the existence of this Odylic force, and admit the phenomena, and attribute it to that force; what do we then but acknowledge that by it, while in the body, one man's spirit can communicate with another, independent of all physical organizations? That is what President Mahan says. But if that be the case, why can't they just as well communicate together out of the body by this same force? And what have you then but what is claimed by these Spiritualists, who sit and talk with the dead by the hour? We repeat, then, that Mr. Mahan, in this very work, has admitted all that his opponents could ask; and if this theory spreads and obtains converts, and his orthodox ideas come into bad repute, he may thank himself, and when the church wants to try anybody for treason to their creed, they may put him into the prisoner's box, and his own writings will be evidence against him.—*Newburyport Herald*.

#### RELIGIOUS SERVICE IN A BUDDHIST MONASTERY.

We skirted the Indus for about eight miles, crossing it once. The village is just opposite to Ladak. We had passed by the latter place on our return from Heme, as it is at least four miles out of our way. There is a monastery here, and we arrived at the village, and climbed the hill on which it is built, just in time to see the monks at their service. When we entered the temple there were nineteen of them in it, seated on the long-cushioned benches which occupied the space between the door and the place where the idols were. The chief monk sat on a rais-

ed seat next to the idols, and opposite to him sat the man who led the service. It seems that the custom with these monks is to join refreshments for the body together with performance of their religious duties; for, just as we arrived, we found them each with a cup in his hand for the tea which a servitor was pouring out for them all from a large copper vessel. They seem also to have a little bag of meal beneath their seats. As soon as the tea was sufficiently cool they drank it, and then proceeded with their service. The leader commenced, and the rest followed in a kind of chant, which lasted for about ten minutes; the voices were not altogether quite harmonious, or in tune, but they knew the words well by heart, and so went on without the slightest hesitation to the end, at a rate which would have made it difficult for the clearest intellect to think much of the sense of what they were saying. They profess to pray five times a day, but no one but the lamas attend the services.—Rev. R. Olark's Missionary Tour.

**"We are Wiser than we know."**

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

The Author is indebted for this phrase, and to the train of thought which suggested the following Poem, to one of the noble Essays of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Thou, who in the midnight silence  
Lookest to the orbs on high,  
Feeling humbled, yet elated,  
In the presence of the sky;  
Thou, who minglest With thy sadness  
Pride ecstatic, awe divine,  
That ev'n thou canst trace their progress  
And the law by which they shine—  
Intuition shall uphold thee,  
Even though reason drag thee low;  
Lean on faith, look up rejoicing,  
*We are wiser than we know.*

Thou, who hearest plaintive music,  
Or sweet songs of other days;  
Heaven-revealing organs pealing,  
Or clear voices hymning praise,  
And wouldst weep, thou know'st not wherefore,  
Though thy soul is steep'd in joy;  
And the world looks kindly on thee,  
And thy bliss hath no alloy—  
Weep, nor seek for consolation,  
Let the heaven-sent droplets flow,  
They are hints of mighty secrets,  
*We are wiser than we know.*

Thou, who in the noon-time brightness  
Seest a shadow undefined;  
Hear'st a voice that indistinctly  
Whispers caution to thy mind;  
Thou, who hast a vague foreboding  
That a peril may be near,  
Even when Nature smiles around thee,  
And thy conscience holds thee clear—  
Trust the warning—look before thee—  
Angels may the mirror show,  
Dimly still, but sent to guide thee,  
*We are wiser than we know.*

Countless chords of heavenly music,  
Struck ere earthly time began,  
Vibrate in immortal concord  
To the answering soul of man;  
Countless rays of heavenly glory  
Shine through spirit pent in clay,  
On the wise men at their labors,  
On the children at their play.  
Man has gazed on heavenly secrets  
Sunned himself in heavenly glow,  
Seen the glory, heard the music,  
*We are wiser than we know.*

**ANOTHER RESCUE BY SPIRITUAL INTERPOSITION.**

The case related in the preceding paragraph reminds us of one almost entirely similar to it, which happened to Capt. G., an intimate friend of the writer. Standing one time by a pile of bricks, with other persons near him, he was suddenly seized with the strong impression that the bricks were about to fall. He sprang from the place, crying out to the other persons, to beware; and in a second or two afterwards the whole pile tumbled to the ground. Had it not been for this timely in-

terior warning, he, and perhaps one or two of his companions, would have inevitably been crushed beneath the falling mass.—*Spiritual Tel.*

**Self Knowledge the Knowledge of Spiritual Communion.**

BY REV. J. B. FERGUSON.

We are constrained, this morning, to ask what is man, that he can never be satisfied with anything short of God? No evidence of hope in his prospects, nor of joy in his soul reigns triumphant over the memory of the evil of his diversified fortune, save the hope of a knowledge of God as his infinite Father, in whom alone the instincts of his being can breathe an assured and joyous existence. This knowledge is the life of his soul, and is called by Jesus the "Eternal Life," more with respect to its quality and blissful influences, than its duration. In the possession of a soul, he has the assurance of endless being, and in the knowledge of its capacity for external advancement in wisdom and purity, he gains such experience of his life in God, as makes his heaven of ever increasing beauty and joy. Without this knowledge, his humanity lies as a lifeless corpse, filling a much deeper and darker grave than that which receives the cast-off tabernacle of fleshly mortality. He exists without a recognized purpose; without an end, and if he profess a hope, it is a vain one, that disappears with every reverse of fortune, and chills the vitality of his soul.

Self-knowledge, then, is the knowledge of God in us, and whatever leads to that knowledge, is a religious ministrations, whether sanctioned by the pulpit or denounced by the Elders. The Prodigal, in the parable, felt not the protection and help of his Father's house till he "came to himself." Coming to himself brought him to his father and the joyous greeting of his house. So self-knowledge reveals the fatherhood of God in us; and the home of spiritual welcome, every-where around us, ready to greet every penitent feeling and hopeful desire, and expand them in the love and power of heavenly strength. Self-government leads to self-knowledge; self-knowledge leads to the knowledge of God in and around us, and the knowledge of God reveals the brotherhood of all intelligences throughout an illimitable universe, whose sweet strains of earthly and celestial music make the harmony of eternal praise.

The tainted atmosphere of earth and earthly desire is impregnated with divine impulses, and hence man is constantly visited with a better hope and a livelier anticipation of good for himself and for those most dear.—And as he drops his desire to sustain and support some peculiar view of an infinite subject, he comes to cherish the blissful evidence of connection with the encircling band of a suffering but hopeful humanity. He draws, then, from an inexhaustible store-house of immortal planting in memory and thought, and feels the links that bind him to God and the great family of man. These links he measures according to the capacity given, and that capacity, moral and intellectual, expands as he cherishes his love of truth, and kindles the flame of celestial fire that consumes all fear, measures all time, and reveals eternity.

It is given to every heart to obtain its God. But the possession bequeathes no exclusive privileges, for it reveals divine evidences, scattered by a universal hand, broad cast over every nation and in every creature. Man's free-born thoughts charm and elevate, and their light penetrates every angry cloud that may arise over the horizon of his hope from his own dark deeds of ignorance and shame. He ceases to nurse the deadly viper of hate and malice, lest the poison should still the chorus of his soul, and impregnate it with a loathsome stench, that corrupts the sweet odors of peace to the memory and hope to the aspirations. He comes to be a thinking and a rational being; and, as such, finds himself pursuing the same journey and desiring the same end with the most elevated of his kind; and the dark robe of the memory of misspent hours, with all its grotesque and detestable figures of superstition and worldly idolatry, falls down in tatters and rottenness, to be gathered up no more as the clothing of an immortal nature.

Ah! how few of us know ourselves! How impossible without this knowledge, to know our God, and to know the sublime purposes and ends of that God in us and in all! What evidence of a future hope, of a blissful immortality, do we bear? We, who were created by God, and bear his infinite impress upon our spiritual nature, live in his perfect and unbounded universe, and live on amid its wonderful and beautiful changes, connected by indissoluble ties to those who have cast off the form of fleshly imprisonment, and bound by fear and hope to thousands yet to come?—What miserable Pyrrhonism do we cherish, to cloud our vision to all that could instill a thought of a blissful end? What welcome do we give to doubt, the mighty messenger of the soul, to distrust the messages of peace, that with relentless hands it may snatch from our dying grasp, all that could reveal our entrance upon scenes of light and hope immortal? Our God is end and destiny, and hence our God is our all. As we are, so is he to us, in all stages of an eternal progress. He blesses us with the gentle zephyrs of a morning promise, or withers every thought that is false to our nature, that its dead or poisonous leaves may be scattered, never to be gathered again.

We cannot grasp eternity in one short hour. How vain, then, to refuse to learn, where all are divine teachers! When we learn how to live, we are prepared to die. When sincerity of purpose becomes the beacon-star to guide us, we can safely pass over every troubled sea, and our hopes are ever buoyant, because they ever look to God. Purity of heart and sincerity of purpose, make the band with which he holds us to the past, present, and future: to eternity! Anything less can only hold us to some perishing form that changes while we grasp it, and leaves its deadly sting behind, to force us away from it and its loathsome decay. The prophetic visions of the sainted fathers of every tribe and every religion, become

clear to such a purpose; and the bright evidences of present disclosures lose their meagerness and ambiguity, when they disclose our varying destiny as humanity varies in its faithfulness—faithfulness to itself and the God it bears and worships.

Come, then, my brothers all, let us treat each other kindly, for we have much to bear in our mortal struggles. And as we advance in wisdom and devotion, our reputation and feelings are huckstered to every credulous populace which has not become manly enough to know its brotherhood. We are bone of the same bone, and flesh of the same flesh, and must become spirit of the same spirit. We are subject to the same imperfections, and equally susceptible to the same false or faithful evidences of hope. We need to be brought to the consciousness of our being in God, as we now have our consciousness of being in the external and changing departments of his creation. The idle illusions of the passing rabble may engulf the purest strains of spiritual melody that are sent to consecrate our earthly hearth-stones. Shall we prove false to the divine communion for which provision is made in every human heart? Or shall we circumscribe our actions and conduct within the pale of humanity, that its anthems may find a daily response in our bosoms? That response shall be of God, and will mingle and commingle with all the vicissitudes through which he calleth every mortal to a knowledge of his immortality.

One more question, and I am done. I speak not to amaze you, nor in accordance with my views of what a discourse should be. I speak because my spirit nature is impressed to speak. And I ask, shall the heathen, in every age, boast of the living evidence of his hope, while we, in our anxiety to enlighten his dark mind, can only bear to him an evidence that at best is but a memory?—a memory, it may be, of privileges granted to men more true, but not more favored. Shall five thousand years of boasted revelations, as claimed in your Bibles, only serve to render man unfit to commune with God, and the angel forms through whom He gave us life on earth, and would now give us hope immortal? Shall our idolatrous reverence of its pages drive glad tidings of immortal friendship from our own firesides? Shall it still the accents of prattling innocence and hoary age, as they speak of immortal purity and hope? O! fables twice told, when will you cease to make dumb the reason, and paralyze the conscience of these boasted heirs of freedom, only to assure them of the fallacious boon that speaks a changeless God, more uncertain now than when appealed to in the brutal ages that are passed?

#### A Day at Pompeii.

From Haper's Magazine for November.

What traveler fails to associate with Naples a laughing sky, a bounteous soil, a smiling sea—in short, that happy combination of elements which, making up our idea of a terrestrial paradise, ever beckons us to approach and pluck its fruits of enjoyment? The ancients sought to secure this coveted happiness by the discovery of the "Fortunate Islands." Their descendants, still more eager and worldly, not contented with the prodigality of Nature in a climate more favored than Plato ever imagined, have worried science and research in the futile effort to detect the elixir of life, or discover the fountain of youth, that they might drink of the one or bathe in the other, and live forever on the earth. But there are certain secrets that Nature seems determined to keep, although constantly flattering us that she is upon the point of disclosing the coveted mysteries. Among them is the common delusion of a "good climate"—a natsospherical Eden, which is neither too hot nor too cold, too damp nor too dry, and, opening every pore to sensuous delight, we would be content to pronounce it "just right." Having tried a greater variety of climates than is the usual lot of man, I am satisfied that while all have their good points, there is none perfect. The only sure rule of enjoyment is "to make hay while the sun shines," and not to believe that because Dame Nature smiles to-day she will to-morrow. She is a coquette from principle, and often fascinates, but the more speedily to disappoint.

She smiles so sweetly, however, upon Naples, when she does smile, that one is, as it were, subdued into enjoyment, in spite of human nature and its thousand ills and wayward humors. Her fine days are absolutely borrowed from Paradise. The atmosphere absolutely becomes an elixir of health and fountain of happiness. The soul is not beguiled into that dreamy languor, so fatal to exertion in the tropics, but it nerves the body to active pleasure and grateful emotions. Like the lark, one longs to soar and sing in the sparkling sunlight, receiving health and bliss on each expansion of wing. The ripe fruit, however, does not drop into the lap, but it must be plucked. Hence, in a temperature like that of Naples, arises that superior happiness which results from the equal stimulus and employment of both mind and body, under circumstances the most favorable, so far as God's works are concerned, for the perfect development of life—life in the sense of blissful existence, where every breath is pleasure, and every pulsation joy.

Yet Naples is sadly capricious, notwithstanding her largess of delights. She gives, but she exacts also. The scorching sirocco shrinks the pores and strangles the mind. It is a fiery furnace, in which every previous atmospherical sense of enjoyment is consumed by slow torture. The reaction in the nervous system is terrible. Africa by one blast of her breath, revenges a thousand wrongs. I know nothing in the whole range of winds more soul-subduing, body-famishing, than the sirocco. It wilts, it shrinks, it parches, it enfeebles; it irritates, it pinches, it pricks, it tickles; it is an amalgam of melancholy and imbecility, the subtlest medium for low spirits ever let loose upon egotistical man, and yields to no exorcism save that of a shift of the weather-cock.

The eccentricities of weather tend, I believe, to make Naples what it really is, a city of paradoxes. Its subtle influences affect the national character, and give it a composite element of seeming eccentricities. One

is equally eager to arrive and to leave; both emotions have their pleasurable associations. Naples, after Rome, is like a resurrection from the grave to the world. Here we find life in its active sense, London life is a dull, plodding, staid, wearisome life; forms and shams—much eating and loud speaking are its elements. New York life is a commercial whirlpool; to get is written on every man's brow; the weak are swallowed up, while the strong splash, and toss, and foam upon the broad current of Mammon. Paris life is a refined, sensuous emotion, selfish but courteous—a graceful flowing of the stream of pleasure toward the precipice of death. Naples life is devilry itself. It is at once the busiest and idlest city of them all, overflowing with merriment while steeped in misery; with the most glitter, it exhibits the most rags; and from beauty to ugliness there is but one step, which forms the bridge of contrast, and these external contrasts, joined to virtues and vices of equally opposite degrees, are in general concentrated in every individual inhabitant. Electricity these extremes by the active affinities of life, quickened into intensity by a climate which gives, as it were, an additional sense of pleasure or pain to every passion or emotion, and we have the veritable Neapolitan, the real child of the Sun—at once the most indolent and most active, the most vivacious and the most taciturn, the best humored and most revengeful, the most cunning and the most frank, the greatest vagabond and the best fellow—all things to all men; quick-witted, sagacious, begging, specious, hypocritical, superstitious, lying, droll, amiable, talking with double-tongue power, and gesticulating specimen of humanity extant. To complete the paradox, because Nature has been to them overbountiful, they want but little besides her sunshine.

Naples is frightfully busy; the stir in the streets is most extraordinary. Even the fleas must be endowed with extra hopping powers to get a bite, so quick and restless is this population, unless they see fit to slumber, when they betake themselves to the apathy of death. A stranger is tempted to ask, What the deuce is all this noise and shouting about? The very dust seems endued with a portion of this mercurial activity. There are no commerce, war, elections, or protracted meetings—in fact, it seems as if there were nothing to do, and yet a more vigorous doing-nothing no population can display. One would suppose that the city was each day either upon the point of being taken by storm, or had laid siege to itself. The clang of the trumpet, the rub-a-dub of the drum, and the tramp of uniformed men, regiment after regiment, are heard at every corner, while batteries of grim guns point through the squares, and rake the principal streets. Above them, below them, and around them, the Neapolitans are girt with volcanic fires, and a cordon of gunpowder and steel. Daily, in their midst, do they see the tender mercies of their government displayed by troops of their fellow-citizens, clad in galley costume, and heavily chained together in couples by their arms and legs, followed by hiring soldiers, as they are driven like cattle to their repulsive labors. These are simply criminals in law—criminals in politics are withdrawn from even the semblance of human sympathy, and in irons, starvation, and solitude, banished to unwholesome dungeons, to expiate, in protracted torture of mind and body, the crime of patriotism. From prisons blackened with the misery of ages and battered by time, through strong and thick-set iron bars, despite the terrors of a tyrant-drilled soldiery, famishing, hardened wretches stretch their gaunt arms, and, with mingled ribaldry and blasphemy, demand charity, or mock the freedom of their former associates, who, with strange fascination, sun themselves beside the walls of these sepulchres of human virtue and liberty. Elsewhere the apparatus of tyranny is masked, but in Naples it stands forth as prominent as Vesuvius, bristling with horrors like an infernal machine. Yet the Neapolitans laugh and sing, work or doze, as the impulse seizes them, as reckless of these evidences of their degradation as if they were intended solely for the inhabitants of another sphere, and not for themselves, their wives, and their little ones. Their climate is to them meat and drink, raiment and liberty. At once the results and supports of a political tyranny and religious despotism that recalls the darkest ages, they will continue to bask contentedly in the mire of ignorance and slavery until some new Massaniello fires their passions, or education awakens in them the loftier hopes and desires of humanity.

To enjoy Naples, one should not think. Its mocking joy and stores of fune come really home only in the perfect abandon of its life. To float on its current, and not to dive, is the rule for enjoyment. Yet the hour of satiety, even of pleasure, is not slow to come. A perpetual grin is fatiguing, dust is choking, and noise is stunning. Disgust is apt to poke its sardonic face through the mask of novelty, so that what one not to the manor bred and born at first found amusing, begins at last to be wearisome. Now, as in the days of the Pharaohs, the skeleton will appear unbidden at the feast. Besides, there are some ingredients in a Neapolitan crowd rather unprofitable than otherwise both to purse and morals. Pimps impertune with a pertinacity peculiarly Neapolitan, reciting a tariff for every feminine charm and masculine vice; beggars whine, extort, and turn the public walks into pathological museums for the exhibition of sores and deformity. But the most amusing and successful of the street leeches are the pickpockets. A thief in Naples is a hero. The public make way for him to escape, and close up against his pursuer. I had my pocket picked almost as soon as I entered the street—an event which, in fifteen years' travel, had happened but once before. A friend of mine rarely was able to keep a handkerchief through a promenade. In self-defense, he took to the cheapest cotton. As he was stepping into his carriage, he missed, as usual, the article. At the same moment, he saw it thrown contemptuously toward him by one of the street gentry, who, amidst the jeers of the crowd, vented his disappointment by crying out, "Who would have thought a gentleman like him would have carried a pocket-handkerchief like that!"

Then too, one tires of seeing surfeited urchins swallow macaroni by the unbroken fathom at the rate of a copper a dish, for the amusement of

the "forestieri," who marvel at such gastronomic dexterity. Turning their heads, they can see lazzaroni family groups amicably engaged in furnishing each member with food from their superfluous craniologic stock—a process unfortunately common, and by no means a whet to a fastidious appetite. But the cruelest sight of all is the amount of work exacted from one little horse. An Italian nowhere is by any means sensitive in his treatment of these animals. The whip is made to supply the deficiency of spirit even among gentlemen's studs. But Naples is the true purgatory of horseflesh. The horses here must possess some vital tenacity unknown elsewhere. The Neapolitans, too, contrive to infuse some of their own devil-may-care hilarity even into their beasts, dressing them up with flowers, feathers, bells, and gay trappings, so that what with the shouting, laughter, jokes, and flogging of the party he draws, the poor brute seems really to be enjoying his holiday instead of doing the labor of four horses. A Neapolitan cabriolet is a sight of itself. Look, dear reader! This is no rare show. A medley of priest and woman, thief and peasant, beggar and bride, characteristic Neapolitans every soul of them with a baby screaming for joy in the basket under the axle, twenty-one in all, over head and ears in frolic, with but one half-starved horse to shake them to their journey's end. They manage, too, to get a speed out of these quadruped victims that is really astonishing to pedestrians, and often puts them in no little danger of their limbs. I can compare one of these parties in full chorus only to a jovial war-whoop—one's hair stands on end as they dash by, and one laughs as if it were his last chance.

On an unimpeachable morning toward the end of April, when the weather was literally faultless, the air the breath of heaven itself, not a cloud to dim the lustre of a sky whose lucidity seemed to realize infinity, while the "Bay" slept tranquil under the balmiest of zephyrs, and the distant islands and headlands lay robed in translucency as if defying criticism—on such a day I awoke in Naples, satisfied, nay, disgusted with its chaos of sights and sounds, and cast about me for some quiet retreat where I might, if but for a few short hours, become oblivious to its soulless turmoil.

TO BE CONTINUED.

#### The Last of the Randolphs.

A Southern correspondent sends us the following interesting sketch: "During the summer of 1854 I had some business transactions which called me to the county of Charlotte, in lower Virginia. A mild and lovely Sabbath morning found me seated in one of the comfortably cushioned pews of the village church, at the Court-House. As it wanted a few minutes to the hour of service, wandered over the large and respectful looking audience assembled, and finally attracted by a very eccentric individual, who was last entering—a rather aged man, tall, of dark complexion, long white hair waving plentifully over his shoulders, and an equally venerable beard flowing on his breast. His step was active and graceful, his form erect and manly. But his peculiar actions were in striking contrast to his dignified appearance. At first, I thought him only eccentric, but a few moments of farther observation proved to me that he was insane. Immediately on entering his pew he knelt towards the wall, crossed himself, and, apparently, repeated a prayer. He then sat down, drew out a white cambric, delicately perumed, wiped his brow, removed his gloves, stroked his hair and beard, took up his Bible, kissed it and read, examined his cane, used his handkerchief again—and all the time keeping himself in constant motion. I say all the time, but, occasionally, he was passive for a few minutes—his attention, apparently roused by some truths from the minister; but these times were rare. His countenance assumed all kinds of expressions. Contempt, alarm, pleasure, earnestness, sorrow, anger, flitted across it in rapid succession. It reminded me more of what children call, "making faces," than anything else.

"After the services were over, I ascertained that this gentleman was no other than the nephew of John Randolph, of Roanoke. He calls himself Sir John St. George Randolph, and is sole heir to his celebrated uncle. Randolph, himself remarked with bitterness, during his last days, that their blood flowed in the veins of but one single scion and he was deaf, dumb, and insane. So much for human greatness. The subject of this sketch—although physically, and now, mentally defective—had a mind cultivated in the highest degree. In his youth, he was sent to Paris, where, under the protection of a celebrated abbe, he received a thorough education. Having the capacity to receive, and the wealth to command, no pains were spared in the improvement of his intellectual faculties. But it was labor lost; for, on returning to his home in Virginia, he met with, and loved, a young lady, whom he ad-

ressed, but was refused, on account of his physical defects. On becoming aware of the truth, he was plunged in the most profound grief, from which he was at last aroused, but insane.

"He has considerable wealth, which is managed by his friends; and being harmless, he comes and goes as he pleases, and is gratified in all his whims. Wrecked, as his mind is, he still commands respect; and his peculiar manners do not attract the attention of his acquaintances, or excite merriment, as one would suppose."—*Home Journal*.

#### The Widow and Orphan.

A worthy lady of this city, who has been an orphan, and is now a widow, with two small children dependant upon her unaided exertions for sustenance and education, was left, on the death of her husband, a little cottage to shelter herself and her little ones.

This humble home is now advertised to be sold for improvements made by order of the city authorities; and she has no means to prevent its being sacrificed; her utmost exertions being barely sufficient to support herself and children. An effort is being made, to raise one hundred dollars; the sum necessary to prevent its being sold. An earnest appeal is being made to the benevolent, for aid in this laudable object. Contributions will be gratefully received by WM. G. OLIVER, at his office, 263 Main Street, and by HENRY LAMB, at his store in Lloyd-st.

#### REMARKABLE IMPRESSION OF A DEATH.

A gentleman, known to one of the proprietors of this paper, but who modestly rather than commendably (we think) shrinks from the publicity of his name in this connection, states to us that as he was traveling across the western prairies on his return from Oregon, some years since, and when he was fifteen hundred miles from home, and at least one thousand miles from any civilized human habitation, he was suddenly seized with the vivid impression that his father had just at that moment died. He took out his watch and made a memorandum of the hour and minute of this occurrence; and when he arrived home he found that his father had actually died at precisely that hour and minute.—How absurd to suppose that he could have thus accurately guessed at this, and how equally absurd to suppose that he could have received the impression in any other way than by the action of some ultra-mundane intelligence upon the interior faculties of his own spirit!—*Spiritual Tel.*

#### THE CELESTIAL POEM.

The order of the universe is a celestial poem, whose beauty is from all eternity, and must not be marred by human interpolations. Things proceed as they were ordered, in their nice and well adjusted and perfect harmony—so that, as the hand of the skilful artist gathers music from the harp-strings, history gathers it from the well-tuned chords of time. Not that this harmony can be heard while events are passing. Philosophy comes after events, and gives the reason of them, and describes the nature of their results. The great mind of collective man may one day arrive at self-consciousness, so as to interpret the present, and foretell the future; but as yet the sum of present actions, though we ourselves take part in them, seems shapeless and unintelligible. But all is one whole—men, systems, nations, the race, all march in accord with the Divine will; and when any part of the destiny of humanity is fulfilled, we see the ways of Providence vindicated.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.—Our solar system occupies a spot or situation near the centre of the vast bed of stars, called the Milky Way, and is performing a revolution around the star Alcyone, one of the brightest in the Pleiades, the single journey occupying 18,200,000 years, moving at the amazing velocity of 400,000 miles a day. The bulk or magnitude of that sun around which it revolves is no less than 117,400,000 times that of our sun. There are stars, in all probability, of that amazing magnitude, that if any one of them were placed where our sun is, it would not only fill out the entire planetary system,—the whole orbit of Neptune—but extend far beyond! Light passing from Alcyone to the earth occupies 537 years, traveling 200,000 miles in a second; there-

fore, this star cannot be at a less distance than 3,389,286, 240,000 of miles from our earth. A cannon ball traveling at the rate of 500 miles an hour, would consume or require 773,380 of years in passing from it to us. Lord Ross' gigantic telescope has revealed stars to us so distant that the light passing from them to us would consume not less than 30,000,000 of years—traveling at the rapid rate already mentioned. These stars cannot be at a less distance than 189,345,600,000,000,000 of miles from us. A cannon ball moving at the aforesaid velocity, would consume 43,200,000,000,000 of years in traveling from them to us. Wonderful and astonishing as the magnitudes and distances are, they are but mere insignificant points or atoms in comparison with the whole boundless universe, which can call into requisition all the energies of a Newton or a Herschel, and which the Great Sovereign of the whole controls with perfect ease.

LOCKPORT October 22d 1855.

Dear Friend Albro: I have been reading the two numbers of the second volume of the Age of Progress, and am much pleased with their contents. I am fully of opinion that, should the paper hold out one year as it has commenced, it will be instrumental in producing happy results in the propagation of the spiritual faith, which is the only religion that presents a God worthy of adoration. I am so well pleased with your paper, that I wish all who are able to read, could have it laid before them, and those who cannot read, might have it read to them, that they may realize that their invisible friends are not forever lost from them, but that they are continually using their influence to induce them to live virtuous lives, that they may be prepared for a new birth into a sphere more glorious.

I am so pleased with the paper, that I wish all my children to read it. Consequently I wish you to direct a copy, commencing with the first number of this volume, to my son, SETH H. WHITMORE, Franklin Grove, Lee county, Illinois. Please call on my friend, T.—R.—who will hand you the fee. Yours for progress.

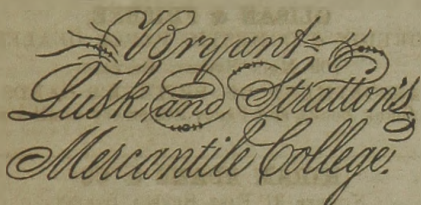
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