

# AGE OF PROGRESS

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

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WHOLE No. 97.

## The Connubial State.

There is a great deal said, in these days, about the unions of sexes. There is a great deal wisely said, and there is much foolishly said. When true philosophy speaks on this subject, it speaks as it does on every other subject—wisely; but when pseudo-philosophy speaks, it must speak foolishly, be the subject what it may. There is a true philosophy of marriage, as there is of every thing else; and if our philosophers were less numerous and more genuine, the true philosophy might be more truly and generally developed.

There is a fine-spun philosophy which teaches that there is but one woman in the world fitted to become the connubial partner of each man; and that there is but one man in the world fitted to become such partner of each woman. And it teaches that it is a gross violation of the law of nature for these natural pairs to be mismatched. This looks to us very much like philosophy run mad. Only think what difficulties it involves. The Lapland male may have his congenial female in the Fejee islands; and how are they to get together? One of the pair may be so crippled by casualty as to render it impracticable for it to enter the connubial state. Or it may be removed by premature death. Then the surviving and hale member of the connubial duality, must be mismatched and miserable, or pass through life as joyless as an anchorite or an eunuch, and as useless as half a pair of scissors; and, at the close, be either excused or damned for not obeying the mandate: "Go forth, multiply and replenish the earth."

We anticipate the reply of the philosopher who insists that all matches are made in heaven by predestination. He says: Look at the economy of nature—see how each tree, shrub and plant is provided with its natural affinity of the opposite gender, standing in close contiguity, without which there could be no reproduction or fructification. This, he says, is arranged in the properties of the soil and atmosphere of each locality. So, he insists, nature arranges matters with regard to the animal kingdom generally, and man in particular, to whose happiness true affinity is so essential. The true mate, he affirms, is ever to be found in a proximate locality, and none need to be mismatched, who seek their natural affinities.

This philosophy might do for man, if he were a permanent vegetable, instead of a locomotive animal. But, as it is, he is sometimes on one side of the globe, and at other times, on the opposite side; and, in the periphrasies of the one mate, it does not always suit the other to keep track of him, and be ready, by his side, when it suits his convenience and his inclination to take to himself the other half of his connubial duality. Those artificial facilitators and accelerators of commerce and travel, steamships and railroads, would be the worst of moral pestilences, if the one-mate philosophy were true; for one half of the people would have to be mismatched, on account of them, or go unmatched, till after their transition.

Notwithstanding what we have said, we cannot doubt that there

is, for every individual man and woman, somewhere in the family of man, a mate who is, or would be, more congenial than any other. But, inasmuch as it is impracticable to bring them together in this life, nature has provided a remedy for the seeming evil.—This remedy is found in the flexibility and alterability of human constitutions, propensities and inclinations. We know that the physical constitution of man is not such a fixed fact that it may not be so changed as to be accommodated to surrounding circumstances; and these modifications are wrought by the circumstances themselves. Hence it is that the physical system, in cases of change of residence from a cold to a warm climate, or *vice versa*, becomes inured to the climate of the new locality, so that it suffers less and less on account of the change, till it is so acclimated that the surrounding conditions are necessary to its health and comfort.

So with the mind. The young man of eighteen, who has been brought up under the care and tutelage of moral parents, never having come in contact with vice and its allurements, could not abide the idea of practising those moral obliquities which he has been taught to eschew and loathe. But let him be removed from this wholesome influence and placed where he comes in frequent contact with the less atrocious vices, which are of an insinuating nature, and he will soon lose his loathing; then forget his repugnance to them; then participate occasionally; then indulge freely; then venture upon those of a more flagrant character; then go the whole length of the most depraved. Here is a total transformation of character; and the whole constitution of the man is changed in degree.

On the other hand, another young man of like age, who has been brought up in a school of immorality and vice, and has never associated with the better classes of humanity, if removed, permanently, from his vile associations, and placed where he comes in daily and hourly contact with virtue and moral refinement, will gradually lose his propensities to vicious practices, till they will no longer possess any charm for him; then he will contract a disrelish for them; then eschew them with loathing; and, finally, embrace virtue and refinement with unaffected gusto, and be a man. This is another radical transformation of character, and another change of nature, in degree; for we hold that inherent nature—not the laws of nature—can be changed for the better or for the worse, by good or bad influences and practices; so that posterity, proceeding from a virtuous root, may become naturally vicious; and the contrary.

These well known effects upon human character and human nature, are adduced to prove that men and women are not made of such stubborn stuff that they cannot accommodate themselves, or that they will not naturally and involuntarily accommodate themselves, to circumstances. Hence, though a matched pair may find themselves, at the expiration of the honey-moon, or season of blindness, not congenial in all respects, they not only can, but will naturally, accommodate themselves to each other, so that they can live comfortably and harmoniously, if they have ordinary good

sense, and there are no outside influences brought to bear upon them, to kindle to a flame the latent spark of dissatisfaction, and hold out the idea that bliss is to be found in unmatching themselves and rematching with others.

In the argument that nature provides the true conjugal affinity, in every locality, and which is attempted to be proved by vegetable witnesses, there is much more conclusive evidence that each individual of either gender, may be matched with numerous individuals of the opposite gender, with affinity sufficient for conjugal harmony and for all the necessities of physically healthful and spiritually harmonious propagation. Look at the forest, where, on a straight line, all the sylvan population has been swept off, on the one side; and, on the other, the towering giants and little people stand rank and file, compact and bold, up to the line. Still it will be seen that the whole front rank, though their conjugal affinities have fallen before the axe of the forester, are even more fruitful than any of the other trees of the forest. If each could have had but one congenial mate, they could not have been thus fructified.

There is, as yet, and will be for some ages yet to come, a very considerable difference between earth and heaven; and it is not well that men and women should:

"All leave their spheres and rush into the skies."

That male and female pairs will be united in heaven, we cannot possibly doubt; for Nature's own philosophy—God's own law, requires the two halves to complete one whole—the two individual sexes, to make one whole individual duality. And the fact that every man and woman in the world wishes it to be so, is sufficient evidence, without any other, that it is so and forever will be so. And there, where no obstacle or barrier can intervene, the most perfect affinities can and will come together, and no one can wish them sundered. The law, then, can and will have its full force and effect. Here, as the human family are constituted, and as circumstances and conditions are, it cannot have its full effect. Hence we have to take the second best course, because the first best is frequently beyond our reach; and it would not do to let the world be depopulated, because we cannot, on account of unfavorable and uncontrolable conditions, propagate in strict obedience to the best philosophy of nature.

Notwithstanding all that we have said in opposition to fine-drawn theories and word-woven impracticabilities, we bow in humble reverence to well established philosophical truth, and acknowledge that there is too little—all too little, attention paid to the subject of natural affinity, in the union of males and females, for conjugal happiness and propagation. And this subject should be the theme of a hundred tongues and pens for every one which now dwells upon it, and would be, but for the lamentable fact that notoriously dissolute characters have seized upon it and endeavored to make it the scape-goat for their licentious abominations. Thus the sacred truths of philosophy, which the angels teach, are perverted and used as apologies for indulgence in promiscuous intercourse, by mere human animals.

I am not congenially mated, says the mass of carnality, who has nothing of spiritual affinity in his composition; who has married a woman because he could not otherwise induce her to become the victim of his lustful propensity, and who has destroyed her physical constitution and her prospects of happiness in this life, by his brutal excesses and his worse than brutal reflections upon her, for the lack of that physical capability which he has destroyed. He talks of the evils resulting from want of conjugal affinity, with

much volubility, and prates of "free love" with eyes all aglow with lust. And those of this class who can write, inflict their moral pestilence upon the community, through such journals as they can procure as mediums of their communications, in the shape of dissertation in favor of breaking up old matrimonial connections, found to be uncongenial when lust is sated with indulgence, and forming new ones, to produce the permanent bliss which the old ones failed to produce. These can mix up the true philosophy of angelic teachers, with the out-gushings of their own base natures, and produce a nostrum which will be very acceptable to those who falsely profess to be Spiritualists, deeming such profession a license for indulgence in lasciviousness. It is the rifelessness of such immoral teachers and teachings, that prevents many well inclined and well qualified speakers and writers, from taking up, judiciously handling and laboring to propagate, the true angelic philosophy, in relation to conjugal affinity, spiritual marriages, and remedies for the evils of improper matrimonial alliances.

Whilst nothing in the whole human economy can be more important than the avoidance of improper marriages, and the union of congenial souls in pairs, for life and eternity, there is nothing, under present social organizations, that is less wisely managed, or regarded with less concern by communities. Children, especially of the female sex, are allowed to marry before nature has had time to mature their physical organizations, and before their intellects are sufficiently ripened to guide them in the choice they make of partners. In fact, there is, generally, no such thing as choice made with reference to fitness or congeniality. A pretty face may attract the male, and a gloved hand with a cane in it, a moustache, a gold chain and a few flippantly uttered but second-handed witticisms, may attract the female. Thus mutually attracted, they immediately set about deceiving each other in their dispositions and characters. The female endeavors to seem to be the most lovely of human beings. She practices the art of smiling, before her mirror, and labors with her voice till she is enabled to bring out its most harmonious sounds, in conversation. He takes lessons in the art of making himself immensely agreeable; takes care to mention, on every suitable occasion, that she is little, if any, inferior to the angels, in beauty, loveliness and purity; whilst here and there, between expressions, he inserts a long-drawn sigh. Thus they practise upon each other's credulity, till they actually believe the passion which they have mutually excited, to be love—genuine conjugal love—when, in reality, their hearts are total strangers to that most noble of all human or angelic emotions.

Erroneously believing the superficial fondness for each other's society, and the sly promptings of the animal nature, to be love, they marry, promising "before God and these witnesses," that which they cannot fulfill; which is to live together and love each other during life. Marriage necessarily unveils their true characters to each other, and exposes their mutual deceptions. He finds that she is not the angel which he took her for. She can now scowl with that pretty countenance, as well as she could smile with it before marriage; and when she does so, which is repeated more and more frequently, her loveliness disappears, like that of Cynthia, when her bright face is covered with a mirky cloud. Those harmonious sounds which her voice practised, in the season of courtship, are heard no more, unless it may be for the entertainment of agreeable company, or in making her company agreeable to those upon whom she bestows it. In place of those harmonious notes, she gives forth whines and snarls, according to her interior condition, whether only peevish or positively angry.

He also throws off his disguises, and shows, in their true characters, the qualities of his mind and soul. His eyes, which bogus love looked languishingly through, can now look reproaches, scorn and daggers. His breath, which had borne to her greedy ear the unction of flattery and the love-sick sigh, is now issued, laden with coarse invective, occasionally spiced with curses. If abused nature yield them offspring, they will inherit, perhaps in various combinations, the inharmonious elements of the mismatched pair; and they will bring with them, into society, unsound physical systems; minds of small calibre; dispositions tinctured with peevishness, bitterness and misanthropy; propensities tending to animal indulgences and materialism; and souls distorted, dwarfed and groveling.

Other incongruous pairs are brought together by parental influence. The mother, whose soul was never attuned to love, rings in her daughters ears, that miserable old saw: "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window;" whilst the father of the opposite party, preaches to his son the necessity of marrying acres, houses, money and chattels, instead of harmony, purity, wisdom and goodness. Thus material thrift is held up as the only one thing needful to earthly happiness; the falsity of which proposition will be made manifest by lives of strife and wretchedness, and not improbably by that fatal effect of inherited avarice, a son spending the flower of his manhood at hard labor, in the penitentiary.

Want of penetration—want of philosophical discrimination—want of knowledge of human nature and of discernment where the best interest of the soul lies—these wants constitute the principal causes of the mismatching of the sexes, from which all conjugal infelicity, and nearly all inherited maladies of body, mind and spirit, are derived.

Now comes the question: What is the remedy for these evils? The free luster, who miscalls himself free-lover, replies: "Let all who do not live harmoniously together, separate and choose partners again." Yes, let them separate, throw the charge and support of their offspring upon their friends, or the public, and give free indulgence to their disposition to make new conquests, have new honeymoons, and new animal gratifications, make new victims and produce new heirs of human brutality and misery. No—this is not the remedy; although it is always advisable for wedded couples to separate, as soon as it is evident that they cannot live together without manifestations of hatred. Nor should the fact that they have children hold them together in continual hostility. Indeed, we hold that such ones should be compelled to separate, and to provide for the maintenance and education of their children—if no other way, by compulsory labor, in some institution prepared for the purpose.

There is, in nine cases in every ten of conjugal inharmony, a better remedy than separation and rematching. That remedy is to be found in the flexibility and alterability of the human character and nature, the constitutional existence of which we have proved, in a foregoing paragraph of this article. Where there is not conjugal affinity, but where there is good common sense, and such knowledge of human nature as that intellectual qualification can, and in most cases, will, obtain, it is entirely practicable to become harmonious, by giving and taking a little; by each one yielding as much on the one hand as they require to be yielded on the other. It is known to every such pair, that it is practicable for them to abstain from manifestations of ill temper and from harshness of speech and invective; for they know that they did so ab-

stain when they were wheedling each other into the noose matrimonial, and during the honeymoon. If they will make half of the effort to be agreeable to each other, after they have entered into the connubial state, that they did before that consummation, they will not only avoid all inharmony, but will actually produce a degree of conjugal affinity, which they will rarely, if ever, find in any second union, after they have dissolved the first. It is true that, in cases in which one or the other of the parties falls into vicious habits which defy all effort at reclamation, or in which one or the other proves incontinent, it is good cause for separation; nor should public sentiment forbid the innocent one to seek conjugal happiness in a reunion. But we hold it to be positively wrong for the individuals of a pair who have dissolved their connection on account of continual quarrelling and collisions, with little or no difference in their manifestations of hostility and hatred, to form matrimonial connections with other persons. And those other persons with whom they should form such connections, would be most likely to suffer what they would merit—the miserable life of conjugal inharmony.

There is an aphorism which proves true in all cases. It teaches that "Preventives are always better than cures." The way to prevent the evils resultant from inharmonious marriages, is to have no such marriages. We are aware of the great difficulty of choosing with a view to conjugal affinity, by minds which are not developed above the animal and material plane; but much can be effected in that direction, by the aid of those minds that are thus developed; and as the Spiritual philosophy becomes more and more unfolded to the the general understanding, the difficulty of properly mating males and females, will become more and more easily superable. And we look forward with confident and gratifying anticipation, to the day when angelic wisdom shall govern men and women in the choice they shall make of conjugal partners, and when, in consequence thereof, conjugal inharmony, with its train of hereditary curses, shall no longer exist on earth. Confidently do we look forward to the time, and that not very far distant, when elevated spirits, in love for humanity, and in pity for the suffering endured by men and women for want of philosophical knowledge, will lend their clear perceptions to those who ask them, to discover who are and who are not constituted congenially to each other, physiologically, intellectually and spiritually. Then, and not till then, may we look for general felicity in married life; and then, and not till then, may we look for a rapid improvement in the human race, in all their constituent elements and attributes.

#### A FRAGMENT.

Beside the dying embers of a scanty fire in a dilapidated cottage, sat the wife and mother bending over her toil, which when finished, is to bring the scanty pittance which may enable her to provide a few morsels to satisfy the mad cravings of hunger, which now, like a deadly chill has erept into the bosom of her family.

Why is it so? Why ever and anon, does her bosom heave with grief and sorrow?—why cast her tearful eyes to Heaven, as if seeking protection there? And why, that bitter exclamation of sorrow and that sob, expressive of heart breaking anguish?

Why does each sigh as it escapes her bloodless lips, seem to have its existence at the very fount of life? 'Tis, that she is the wretched wife of a *drunkard*. Yes! he who swore before high Heaven, to "love cherish and protect her in sickness and health"—he to whom her woman heart looked for protection, has deserted and left her amid the horrors of starvation, to minister to his own beastly passions. Would you know the conclusion of the story?—the jail—the scaffold alone can tell.

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Notwithstanding all that we have said in opposition to fine-drawn theories and word-woven impracticabilities, we bow in humble reverence to well established philosophical truth, and acknowledge that there is too little—all too little, attention paid to the subject of natural affinity, in the union of males and females, for conjugal happiness and propagation. And this subject should be the theme of a hundred tongues and pens for every one which now dwells upon it, and would be, but for the lamentable fact that notoriously dissolute characters have seized upon it and endeavored to make it the scape-goat for their licentious abominations. Thus the sacred truths of philosophy, which the angels teach, are perverted and used as apologies for indulgence in promiscuous intercourse, by mere human animals.

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#### A FRAGMENT.

Beside the dying embers of a scanty fire in a dilapidated cottage, sat the wife and mother bending over her toil, which when finished, is to bring the scanty pittance which may enable her to provide a few morsels to satisfy the mad cravings of hunger, which now, like a deadly chill has crept into the bosom of her family.

Why is it so? Why ever and anon, does her bosom heave with grief and sorrow?—why cast her tearful eyes to Heaven, as if seeking protection there? And why, that bitter exclamation of sorrow and that sob, expressive of heart breaking anguish?

Why does each sigh as it escapes her bloodless lips, seem to have its existence at the very fount of life? 'Tis, that she is the wretched wife of a *drunkard*. Yes! he who swore before high Heaven, to "love cherish and protect her in sickness and health"—he to whom her woman heart looked for protection, has deserted and left her amid the horrors of starvation, to minister to his own beastly passions. Would you know the conclusion of the story?—the jail—the scaffold alone can tell.

## Note from a Listener.

MR. ALBRO:—What do you think of the philosophy of some of our Buffalo orthodox divines? An old acquaintance of mine, who was a member of one of the Methodist organizations in this city, having passed out of the physical form, I went to the church to hear the discourse delivered by his pastor, on the occasion of the interment of his mortal remains. I do not now call to mind the text of scripture from which he spoke; but some of his philosophy struck me so forcibly that I have retained the spirit of it, if not the precise language. He said:

"There are many things in the world which we cannot reconcile with the universal love of God. Death is one of these. Death did not enter into the conception of the Creator. It is an unnatural state. For proof of this, look at the ghastly features of the dying man; also the unpleasant sensations and emotions of those who witness a death scene. Nothing that produces pain or unpleasant sensations, is natural; for surviving friends need comfort, but must seek it from a supernatural source.

Yours, &amp;c.

LAPIS.

## REMARKS EDITORIAL.

We reply to our friend that this is good orthodox christian philosophy; nor can we see how a Methodist divine, who believes in his creed, can escape the conclusions to which this one has arrived. According to the history of creation and the fall of man, as recorded in the Bible, and as understood and explained by divines and commentators, for many centuries, God did not design that man should die what we call a natural death. He placed Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, where he intended they and their posterity forever, should remain and multiply. But the snake, who confabulated in those days, tempted Eve to eat of the fruit of a certain tree which God had forbidden them to eat of, on pain of death. This snake told Eve that what God said about dying, on the day in which they should eat of that forbidden fruit, was false, and assured her that they should not die, but should become wise as Gods. Eve was seduced and partook of the fruit; and gave some to Adam, telling him what the snake said, and Adam partook likewise. As the snake predicted, Adam and Eve did not die, on the day in which they ate of the forbidden fruit; and the story must have passed for fable, but for the ingenious turn given to it by commentators and the clergy generally; which was that by this transgression, the sentence of death passed upon, not only the two original transgressors, who did really die, in the ripeness of time—or at the close of *their day*—but also their whole posterity forever. Hence death was introduced into the world, contrary to the will of God, by the disobedience of his gardeners.

The Rev. gentleman alluded to by our friend, would be untrue to his creed if he did not hold that God was defeated in his purpose to sustain the animal life of man eternally, by the machination of the reptile. For the bad philosophy involved in that faith, he is not answerable, beyond whatever of dereliction of natural duty to himself, which he may be guilty of, in not stepping up to it boldly and examining its claim to his faith through his reasoning faculties. The philosophy, *per se*, "shocks all common sense." The idea that God intended to pile up all the generations of man in a garden—no matter about the size—is an absurdity too stultifying for the most blind and greedy credulity.

We have intimated that it would be disrespectful to the Rev. gentleman's creed to question these dogmas, absurd as they are. But how shall we account for his affirmation that the death of man's physical body, is unnatural? We cannot divine how he

came by this idea. It must be his own. Paul declared that it was appointed unto man once to die. Who made this appointment, if death of the human body be unnatural? Was this unnatural death inflicted upon the whole animal kingdom, merely because Eve purloined an apple, contrary to orders? They are all produced, grow to maturity, propagate, grow old and infirm and die. Is this unnatural? and is it all contrary to God's original plan? The whole vegetable kingdom do likewise. Production, growth, maturity, reproduction, decay and death, occur to every individual plant, from the giant oak to the finest moss.—And is this unnatural? If the death of the beast and the vegetable be not unnatural, why the death of the human body, without which the ever-living soul could not get out of it? True philosophy regards the dissolution of the human body the most natural, the most beautiful, and the most glorious of all the phenomena of the human economy. But this Rev. philosopher thinks man, at least, would have retained his physical life forever, if God had not been thwarted in his purpose. The God of Judaism and orthodox christianity, is certainly an object of deep commiseration, for the crosses and disappointments which he has suffered, since he first said to nobody, "Let us make man," if their account of his doings, his failures, and his undoings, may be relied on as correct.

The evidence which this divine adduces to prove that the demise of the human body is unnatural, and contrary to the purpose of the Creator, are somewhat amusing. The effects of violated law, are sickness, pain and premature death, whether it be of the human body or of the brute. If man should live from infancy to his change, in strict obedience to the laws of nature, his physical system would wear out with age, and drop off without pain. But avarice and pride and passional promptings conspire to make the man violate the laws of his being; and disease steps in and racks his system with pain, which results, but too generally, in premature death. Such deaths may well be said to be unnatural, for they are superinduced by the violations of nature's laws.

Another of his evidences that God did not intend that the spirit of man should ever burst its earthly calyx and bloom for eternity, is the sad countenances and tears of friends, who witness the pains and struggles of the dying man. For the cause of those sad countenances and those tears, let the Rev. gentleman look into the orthodox creeds and doctrines, where he will find the assurance that those who do not live in obedience to the teachings of those creeds, and those who do not believe in them, shall be damned; and he that is guilty of a single violation, is guilty of violating the whole creed and whole code; and they fear, and verily believe, that there are few—very few, who can escape eternal burning. This is certainly enough to occasion sadness and tears. But, independently of these considerations, friends manifest sadness, and shed tears, from sympathy for pain, and sorrow for bereavement, though they believe nothing of the damnation doctrine. This last evidence would go to show that it is unnatural for men and women ever to remove from one country to another, or from one locality to another, in the same country, and that God never intended that they should thus migrate from locality to locality. Mothers and fathers, and sisters and brothers, and wives and husbands, are wont to look sad and weep, when friends are on the eve of those changes of locality, but for which neither America nor any other uninhabited country would ever have been peopled. Here we have an evidence, if this orthodox divine be correct in his logic, that the earth was not designed to

be peopled. Well, even this is not so very strange, after all; seeing he is in favor of having infinite millions of generations stacked up on the little spot called the Garden of Eden. A little spot, indeed, even if the whole earth were included.

#### Correspondence.

POUGHKEEPSIE, August 4th, 1856.

STEPHEN ALBRO, Esq.—

Dear Friend: Enclosed with this, you have a copy of a vision which was given through me, a short time since. I am instructed, by the circle of spirits that showed me the vision, to send it to you, with a request that you should publish it in your paper, and, the farther request that other Spiritual papers in the West should copy it. They also request that you and other Spiritual journalists should copy, from the *Christian Spiritualist*, other visions which they wish to give through the same channel.

These visions are given to the public *verbatim* as they are given to me. Consequently you must put your own construction on them.

Your's with sincere regard,

ALIO MORRELL.

#### REMARKABLE VISION.

The following communication has been sent us for publication. In addition to the parties referred to in the communication, all of whom are respectable citizens of Poughkeepsie and influential Spiritualists, we are requested to add that Mrs. Morrell is a native of Lowell, Mass., and is well and favorably known to the Spiritualists in that and the towns adjacent. We deem it proper to say so much in order that its claims, as being of spiritual origin, may be more fully established in the minds of our readers.—*Christian Spiritualist*.

POUGHKEEPSIE, July 21, 1856.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Sixteen years ago, when I was a small child, I had a wonderful and instructive vision which lasted three days, all of which time I lay in a trance. Since that time I have seen many wonderful things in the spirit world.

I have often been urged by my friends to have them published, but have refrained.

I am now instructed by my spirit friends to send you the following vision, with a request that you should publish it in the *Christian Spiritualist*.

I was strictly raised in the Congregational Church, and have been a scholar and teacher in the Sabbath School from my earliest recollections.

About seven years since I was baptized, and joined the Methodist Church.

I avoided all connection with the spiritual movement until about three years since, when, contrary to my wishes, I was made a speaking medium. Such was the spirit's control over me that I was entranced and made to say things entirely contrary to my religious views, which at first gave me much grief and sorrow.

I was reconciled by a vision in which all these things were shown me in a heavenly light.

I will refer you to S. S. Walker, S. M. Arnold, and Robert Slee, of this place. If that should be unsatisfactory, I can give you the names of a hundred persons that have known me from my birth.

Fraternally yours,

ALIO MORRELL.

#### THE VISION.

I saw many persons, both male and female, both in the form and out of the form, some of whom appeared much excited; and with a perfect concert of action, and with one voice, both mortals and spirits proclaimed "War! war! war! Woe to those that bear the mark of the beast, the cup of your corruption is full; and God is about to judge the people in righteousness."

Some listened with attention, and prepared themselves for the terrible calamity that impended over them. But much the larger portion

of the people appeared to entirely disregard the warnings as the ravings of madmen or the chimeras of hallucinated brains. But still the voice, like the constant moan of the ocean's waves, continually saluted the ear of the rich and poor—"Woe! woe! woe to those that have not the wedding garment!"

Soon I saw on the sea a great Armada approaching our coast with great rapidity. Several battles took place with a portion of the fleet, but their progress did not appear to be checked. They came up the Delaware and Hudson rivers, and landed two vast armies, when many terrific battles took place. Merchants, bankers, lawyers and mechanics rushed out and joined the army, and fought with desperation.

Scores of thousands were slain on both sides; the earth, as far as I could see, was covered with dead men, dead horses, and the implements of war.

New York and Philadelphia were *burned*; a few houses on the outskirts were left standing.

At the same time I saw a great fleet go up the St. Lawrence, and spread out over the lakes, and many battles were fought in that direction, and several cities and towns on the lake shores were destroyed.

Much the largest army operated in the vicinity of New York and Philadelphia; and such was the carnage that the air became so infected with stench that the gas from the decaying bodies looked like a dense cloud of malaria.

The armies and all the people were compelled to flee back into the country. A dreadful drought caused great distress both to the people and the armies; the ground was dry and parched; many small streams and all the wells were drank dry by the armies; thousands of men and horses perished for want of food and water.

The armies moved northward, when all at once, as if by magic power, there appeared a small army, every member of which was dressed in white. They had a small white satin banner, trimmed and lettered with gold, bearing this motto:

"ONE GREAT HIVE AND NO DRONES."

And I heard a voice saying:

"THIS IS THE POWER OF OMNIPOTENCE."

Soon I saw many who had the Star in the forehead, the mark of the Lamb, flock to the standard; I noticed that each group as they came in had a banner with a motto such as—

"Make straight a highway for our God."

"The Lion of the tribe of Judah stands on Mount Zion."

"The Bridegroom has come"—"Truth"—"Love"—"Righteousness"—"Equality"—"Wisdom"—"Justice"—"Progression"—"Science"—"Faith"—"Hope"—"Charity," &c., &c.

They immediately prepared to attack the vast army of the invaders; and every man appeared to have superhuman strength, and dealt death at every blow. They fought hand to hand until the army of the invaders were all killed.

Such was the quickness and power of the little army in white that the artillery of the invaders was rendered entirely useless.

Soon another mighty army, all having the mark of the Beast, mostly foreigners, came up to the little army in white. At the same time the army in white was reinforced by a vast army from the far west; they came in a solid body, joined as a phalanx. In the army from the far west I noticed a vast number of beautiful, sprightly females, who fought side by side with the men, with terrible energy and power. A great portion of the army from the far west were mounted on splendid, fierce-looking horses, who appeared to share in the excitement of the battle, and would strike down the foe with their feet with amazing adroitness.

When the army from the far west came in, the two leaders met; and the leader of the western army laid his banner, which was green, at the feet of the leader of the army in white, and took up the white banner; when, quick as thought, the entire army from the far west laid down their green banners and took up the white banners, and the two armies mingled into one. Two mighty armies of spirits, that overshadowed the two armies, also mingled into one, and shed a mighty influence on the army in white. (Now all had adopted the white costume.) A

series of terrible battles took place. A dogged stubbornness seemed to pervade the army with the mark of the Beast; and a holy faith and confidence appeared to clothe the army in white, and all acted with one mind: their movements were regular, firm, but quick as thought and terribly effective. I saw them fight until the last man in the army with the mark of the Beast was slain.

I heard a voice saying: "This is the commencement of the second great Passover, the opening of the Seventh Seal."

A great portion of the people did not take any part in these transactions, but appeared much frightened, and were loth to give up the power into the hands of Christ—and especially the rich and opulent, who seemed to be aware that a day of universal righteousness was near at hand.

The scene changed, and I saw a magnificent temple of prodigious size and height. Such was its vast dimensions that I could scarcely see its extent on the earth; and its seventh story, or temple, or sphere, as they were called, glistened in the sun's rays, and appeared at an immense height like a high *mountain*.

The structure was so constructed that *seven* distinct temples, of enormous size and indescribable beauty, were in one—one on the top of the other, somewhat like the layers or stratum of a pyramid, the second smaller than the first, the third smaller than the second, and so on to the seventh. The mode of ascension was by a spiral pathway on the outside of the building.

The first temple or sphere which represented the earth, or undeveloped sphere, was built with great skill, of rough granite, and formed the foundation of all the rest, and was the temple or school where the people came to worship and receive instruction that corresponds to the first sphere of physical development.

The second temple or sphere was built of a dark marble, and represented terrestrial light, or the second sphere of man's reason.

The third temple or sphere was built of much finer marble, and represented terrestrial wisdom, or the *intellectual class*.

The fourth temple or sphere was built of pure white marble, and represented terrestrial *Love*. The class that were permitted to ascend to this temple had all the intellect, wisdom and knowledge of those of the third temple or sphere, with the addition of a full development of the love principle, which rendered them obedient to the will and control of the higher spheres, by which they could receive the celestial attributes.

The fifth temple or sphere was built of a material that was almost transparent, very beautiful, and represented celestial *Wisdom*.

The sixth temple or sphere was built of a material still more transparent and beautiful, and represented celestial *Love*.

The seventh temple or sphere, high in the heavens, and although small in comparison to the first, was a structure of immense size and dazzling beauty; the walls were of solid silver, the interior of fine gold, studded with precious gems. In the center was the throne of Christ, which was of pure gold, studded with diamonds of the most resplendent beauty.

In this temple, during the sessions of Christ and his angels, the spiritual ether entirely shut out the earth's atmosphere, and the glistenings of the gold and the gems loomed up and mingled with the soft bright atmosphere in such a manner that the entire temple was one wave or sea of harmonious flashes of the most resplendent but *purified* colors; and such was the regularity of the emanations that they silently breathed a fervent song of praise.

The mediums that occupied the sixth temple were purified from the sins and lusts of earth, and declared worthy to receive the laws of Christ, which are the laws of God.

During the sessions of Christ and his angels, waves of inspiration emanated from the heavenly court, and entirely enveloped the mediums of the sixth sphere; and they became, as it were, the tablets on which are written the laws of Christ, and they shed an influence on all below; but I perceive that it was more readily received by the mediums of the fifth sphere, many of whom were developing in celestial Love.

I saw people from *every nation* on the earth in the different temples or spheres, one great brotherhood, but strictly regulated according to merit and development, and all were happy and anxious to ascend; but no one was permitted to ascend to a higher sphere, even to look upon the interior of a higher temple, until they were found worthy; hence many passed into the spirit world from the lower spheres, and I saw their spirits still working in the same spheres in which they died, until by the laws of progress they were permitted to ascend to a higher sphere.

I saw that Progression was the all-absorbing theme of all, and formed a mighty incentive for merit and righteous action.

An old man approached me, leaning on a long staff; his beard was very long, and white as snow; his face shone like the sun, and said, (with a sweet, benevolent smile that thrilled my very innermost soul,) "Daughter of Earth, the sphere of my early labors, go tell our brother man what thou hast seen, and I will be with thee and sustain thee.

"Tell the children of earth this is the Temple of Love, Wisdom, Knowledge and Science.

"This is the mountain of the Lord's House.

"This is the Zion of God spoken of by Isaiah the Prophet; it is a reality, and this generation shall behold its beauty."

The scene changed, and the entire earth seemed condensed into one immense and almost boundless savannah; the eye could at one sweep comprehend the condition of the people that lived on the earth.

I saw a white cloud very near the earth; it was very beautiful, and attracted my attention. I felt an intense desire to approach it, when, on a close inspection, I perceived it to be a beautiful throne, on which sat the Messiah, surrounded with millions of angels and ministering spirits. In the rear was an innumerable multitude of people of all classes and conditions; some could discern the cloud, but could not see the spirits on the outside *circles*; some could see the cloud, and could see the spirits on the outside *circles*, but could not see the angels that surrounded the throne; a small number could see the cloud distinctly, and could see spirits in the outside circles, and could see the angels around the throne, but could not see the throne or the Messiah. A very small number could see the spirits, the angels, and the Messiah on the throne, and could comprehend its mighty meaning, and hailed the sight with songs of immortal joy. By far the greater portion of the people could not even discern the cloud; but they were not left without a witness. I saw millions of spirits, each with an olive branch in his hand, go forth and touch the spirit of every individual on the earth, and tried to point them to the cloud. Some listened, and I saw their spirits grow and brighten until they could distinctly see the cloud and the spirits, and some developed rapidly and soon could see the throne.

I could see, when the mortal listened to the spirit, the spirit left the olive branch in his hand, which acted as a talisman in after life, and he was also marked in the forehead with a star.

The number of spirits that were sent out corresponded to the number of mortals. There was no confusion. Each spirit was commissioned to a certain mortal. Many, very many refused to hear the spirits, and turned away and became entirely absorbed in the pursuit of pleasure and wealth. I could see their spirits, black and heavy with the lust of mammon. From all such the spirits turned away, and brought the olive branch and laid it at the foot of the throne, and all that refused the olive branch were marked and sealed for destruction.

America was the chosen land of light, and the cloud moved in the direction of the temple. Meantime an immense procession was formed; the entire family of earth appeared to be looking with intense anxiety for safety; every condition of society was in the most terrible war and commotion. Many who called themselves Christians could not show the star and the olive branch, and were thrust out of the procession. I saw many who worshiped by other *rituals*, who could distinctly see the throne.

I saw waves of spiritual ether continually flow from the throne, and

as the procession passed on the people became whiter and whiter, until some in the front ranks were white as snow and perfectly transparent.

The old man, with the long white beard, came with the same sweet smile, and said: "This is the Stone that was described by the Prophet Daniel; it is TRUTH, and shall fill the whole earth."

VISION NO. II.

There are times when the mortal coldness of the inner life almost wrecks the physical system; when the fire of the soul is turned into dead and cold ashes; when the darkness and solitude of the tomb would be a relief—a refreshing shade.

I am instructed by spirits that these conditions of terrible depression are necessary to conquer the beast or animal power in man, and to give the spiritual or divine principle the predominance.

They call this a spiritual crucifixion, and say that these scathings are more necessary for those that have strong wills.

It was at such a time when the earth appeared to be shrouded with a pall of living death, I was weary and sorrowful. All around was dark and dreary.

The sun's rays, as they in gentleness kissed the petal of the wild flower, sent another arrow of grief to my heart; even the opening of the smiling summer-rose seemed to mock me as I looked upon them.

The weight of the world's sins, like a crushing avalanche, weighed on my spirit, and with an agony only known to those whose souls have passed through the fires of spiritual purification. I prayed, I knew not for what; I prayed, but I prayed for relief.

Immediately I felt a hand gently laid on my head, and I heard a voice sweet and musical, in the Hebrew tongue, say, "Arise daughter of earth, and I will show thee the condition of the race, and the great cypress archway, which is the gateway to the realms of eternal day."

The great curtain that hides the spirit world from mortal's vision, like a fleecy cloud withdrew, and the great ethereal world, like an ocean of matchless light, opened to my enraptured vision. He touched me with a sceptre which he held in his hand, when every part of my form quickened into life and light. I experienced the power of spiritual or ethereal clairvoyance. I could see from where I stood, and comprehend the condition of every mortal on the earth.

My guide pointed to the archway. "This," said he, "is the gate of DEATH, and has ever been the greatest terror to thy race. We have suffered many of thy earth companions to look through this great archway and see the beauties of the celestial Eden. My message to thee, child of earth, is to show thee that although ALL must pass through this bourne, yet there is a marked difference in the spirits as they enter the realms of spirit life.

My guide pointed to a star of the most resplendent beauty and ethereal brightness. "That," said he, is the star of Bethlehem, the bright and morning star of your world. Jehovah, in his love and wisdom, has provided a head, a centre for every globe in the vast universe, and Jesus the Nazarine, is your great and glorious HEAD, and his star ever shineth over the gateway of death, and ere long the pure spirit of humanity shall prevail and penetrate the entire earth, and earth's misguided and sorrowing children shall have spiritual strength and light to comprehend these mighty TRUTHS."

My guide said, "I will show thee the journey of the race of man." I looked, and saw that every mortal on the broad earth was traveling towards the great archway. "This," said he, "is according to the inevitable laws of nature. One condition eternally gives birth to another, from the lowest condition of your earth to the highest state in the spirit world."

I felt an irresistible desire to ask why man was enjoined to obey external laws on pain of punishment in a future state. My guide saw the desire, and said, "Man's will is FREE. If he acts in the will of GOD, he will always be found in harmony with the laws of nature, and in harmony with those that are progressing towards the great centre, or the INFINITY OF DIVINITY.

"In your world, those wise and harmonious laws which thou seest, in the breathing melodies of the celestial spheres have been sadly neglected. The race have run into great extremes after the mammon of unrighteousness, in consequence of which, the oppressed and the oppressor, as thou seest, are stupified and dwarfed, and many spirits are spotted with sin."

I saw kings, nobles, and the rich men of the earth, in company with the poor and sorrow-stricken, come up to the entrance of the archway, and all were stripped. The king was stripped of his crown and imperial purple, and the poor man was stripped of his rags. "These crowns, imperial purple and filthy rags," said my guide, "represent the different conditions of the race. The angels that eternally stand at the gateway, JUDGE the spirits as they approach. And thou seest many whose garments are bright and beautiful, and all are assigned their place in the realms of their spirit home. I saw many who bore great worldly honours. When they were stripped, they were small children.

My guide said, "Those that have been reduced from false greatness to their real condition, which thou seest in mere infancy, will now advance in the will of GOD, but it will be a long time ere they attain to the exalted condition of those that have obeyed the laws of harmony and justice."

I noticed a group who had generally lived a harmonious life, and had tried to obey the behests of Moses and Christ, and had done many good and charitable acts. Their spirits were far advanced, and appeared like full grown and intelligent men. Their robes were ornamented with leaves of everlasting green, and bedecked with gems of the most resplendent beauty. "Thou seest," said my guide, "that developement is the only standard of greatness in these pure realms."

I felt a desire to know more of the star over the great cypress archway. Whereupon my guide said, "Thou shalt see." I looked up and beheld high on the celestial heavens the throne of Christ. And from the throne flowed out millions of rays.

My vision was then turned to the earth, and I saw many in the attitude of prayer, which was indicated by a condition of the spirit—a yielding of the will to the WILL of GOD, and a sincere desire to receive help from Him. When this condition obtained in the earth—child, invariably one of the telegraph rays, entered his innermost soul, and I could see the spiritual light loom up and fill the entire form, and the mortal's face was radiant with celestial holiness.

"This," said my guide, "is the gift of the HOLY SPIRIT. And as thou seest the star—the morning star—is ever over the cypress archway of death, to cheer and comfort all who are inclined to look to the SAVIOR; for he is the redeemer and father of your world, and soon the nations of earth shall fully realize this mighty TRUTH.

Sleep.

Observation and scientific experiment constantly confirm the fact that the brain is nourished, repaired, during sleep. If then, we have not sleep enough, the brain is not nourished, and like everything else, when deprived of sufficient nourishment, withers and wastes away, until the power of sleep is lost, and the whole man dwindles to skin and bone, or dies a maniac!

By all means sleep enough, give all who are under you sleep enough, by requiring them to go to bed at some regular hour, and to get up the moment of spontaneous waking in the morning. Never waken up any one, especially children, from a sound sleep, unless there is urgent necessity to do so; it is cruel to do so; to prove this, we have only to notice how fretful and unhappy a child is, when waked up before the nap is out. If the brain is nourished during sleep, it must have most vigor in the morning, hence the morning is the best time for study; then the brain has most strength, most activity, and works most clearly. It is the midnight lamp which floods the world with sickly sentimentalists, false morals, rickety theology, and all those harum scarum dreams of human elevation, which abnegate rational teachings.—*Dr. Hall's Monthly.*

# AGE OF PROGRESS.

STEPHEN ALBRO . . . . EDITOR.  
THOMAS GALES FORSTER,

Corresponding Editor and Agent.

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## NOTICE.

To all whom it may concern. Be it known, that we hereby revoke the authority which we gave to WILLIAM C. HUSSEY, to receive subscription fees for the *Age of Progress*, and to give receipts therefor, in the name of our firm.

MURRAY & BAKER.

## “Languished into Life.”

Monday, August 11, 1856—6¼ o'clock, P. M. At this moment the spirit of our much esteemed old friend, STEPHEN DUDLEY, of the firm of S. DUDLEY & Sons, of this city, passed out of the physical form, of which it had been a tenant for fifty-eight years and fifteen days. The disease which produced this change of life was chronic dropsy. The last struggle between the disease and its physical victim, has been of some four or five weeks continuance. The struggle is over and he is at rest.

Mr. DUDLEY was brought up to the Baptist faith; and up to his conversion to the spiritual religion, which was some seven years ago, and, indeed for several years thereafter, he was a liberal supporter of the Free Baptist Church in this city. We do not know, however, that he was ever a communicant of any church. Our impression is that he was not. For at least six years past, he has been an undoubting believer in the spiritualistic philosophy. In his own language, he was not a believer, but a *knower*, that the spirits of the departed from earth, do return and hold communion with their surviving friends. And from them he learned and fully believed the doctrines of immortality and eternal progression, as they have been wont to teach through the columns of this journal.

Mr. DUDLEY was a man of a sound and capable mind; always free from warping prejudices, and open to conviction. Hence his

ready reception of the spiritualistic philosophy, when its truths were demonstrated to his physical senses and his interior perceptions.

Independently of his religious faith, Mr. DUDLEY has been a practical good man. He has earned the name of a punctiliously honest man, in all his intercourse with men. And when affliction needed kindly sympathy and friendly aid, he never turned away, nor found any difficulty to loosen his purse-strings. He was, indeed, not only liberal, but munificent, in the bestowment of substantial charity, when his feelings and his judgment bore testimony that the object was worthy as well as needy.

Being on very intimate terms with our departed brother, and perceiving that his days were nearly numbered, we visited him very frequently, during the last week of his stay with us. We did so, not only in discharge of a fraternal duty, but with the purpose of seeing how a confirmed Spiritualist would encounter what has been emphatically termed “The grim messenger,” knowing that there could be no reprieve—no respite—no postponement. At every visit we made him, up to the last, which was six hours before his departure, we always found him ready to converse on the subject of his approaching change; and never had to introduce the subject ourself. He was ever calm, cheerful, resigned and desirous to be set free. And he was in full possession of rationality, up to our last interview.

It was on the forenoon of yesterday that we had the last conversation on that subject. His breath becoming short and his vocal organs feeble, he conversed with difficulty; but his mental faculties were not in the least impaired. He said to us, with as much emphasis as his weakness would allow: “O, what misery should I have been in, if this had come upon me ten years ago, when this glorious Spiritual gospel was unknown to me. I can now hardly bear to think of the horrors which would have filled my soul, if death had then stared me in the face, as it does now. Of all creatures, I should then have been the most miserable. Now I feel as I would if I were just getting ready to return to my home, after a long absence.”

Thus has the spirit of STEPHEN DUDLEY passed from the scenes of earth, to commence the onward and upward march of eternal progression. And thus does the Harmonial Philosophy—the Spiritual Religion, bring its faithful devotees up to the gate which opens into eternity, without fear, trembling or doubt, to step upon the shore of immortality.

## Buffalo Harmonial Conference.

On Sunday last, we had G. B. STEBBINS, Esq., from Rochester, to lecture to us, afternoon and evening. This is the same gentleman of whom we spoke in last week's paper. And, on this occasion, he fully sustained the estimate we then made and expressed, of his abilities as a lecturer.

It is to be regretted that so few people were aware that he would be here. His telegram, announcing his acceptance of the invitation of our Executive Committee, did not arrive till it was too late to have it noticed in the Saturday evening papers. Hence the attendance at the hall was smaller than usual; no lecturer being expected.

We will now notify our readers that Mr. STEBBINS is expected to be with us again next Sunday; which we hope they will bear in mind.

At the close of Mr. STEBBINS's discourse, Miss HAGAR I. JUDAH,

who was present, was entranced, and spoke for some ten or fifteen minutes. Her lecture, though brief, was said, by those who heard it, to be brilliantly beautiful. We cannot speak of it from our own knowledge, as we could not understand more than one-fourth of the language. Her vocal organs were weak from long sickness; and our two listeners have been rendered insensible to weak utterances, by the agency of the Jesuits, whose pharmaceutic genius brought *quinine* to light.

#### Who brought the Intelligence?

The following paragraph appeared, editorially, in the *Detroit Advertiser* of the 2nd inst:

"SINGULAR PRESENTIMENT.—Mr. J. C. Rogers, a young man engaged upon this paper as a compositor, came to the office yesterday morning, and told the hands that he was unfit for work. Being asked what ailed him, he said that he dreamed during the night that he saw his mother in her coffin, and that the dream was so vivid and had affected him so deeply, that he could not work. He remained about the office all day, much depressed in spirits, until four o'clock in the afternoon, when he received a telegraphic despatch, announcing to him that his mother was dead. The lady had enjoyed perfect health to within a few hours of her death, and no communication whatever had been received warning him of her illness. We have examined into these facts carefully, and can vouch for them.—The communication of the circumstances of the terrible dream was made seven or eight hours before the telegraphic despatch was sent. Publicity would not be given to this singular occurrence if there existed a shadow of doubt as to the entire truth of the main facts. The death took place on the morning of yesterday at Niagara, C. W., 228 miles from Detroit."

We find this account copied into the *Buffalo Express*, whose editors have let no opportunity slip to ridicule, sneer at and denounce the Spiritual philosophy. It seems they do not dare to denounce the editor of the *Advertiser* as a liar, a maniac or a fool. What do they think of the phenomenon? How came the intelligence of the mother's death to be communicated to the son, in a manner so impressive that he could not work during the day? Did od force see her death and bear the painful intelligence to her son. Or did electricity volunteer to be the bearer of it, without human aid?

It is plain to us that the spirit of the mother, either after or before its separation from the physical form, went to the bed chamber of her son, and gave him the vision, whereby his mind was prepared to receive the painful intelligence of her death. It is well known to those who have made the Spiritual philosophy their study, that the spirit of the sick person can go abroad, whithersoever it is attracted, as well before its connection with the body is severed, as afterward. Another spirit, however, may have been the acting agent who produced the vision.

#### Wise Economy.

Doing without the necessaries of life, to save money for hoarding, is not wise economy.

Turning away those who ask alms, with a flout and a hint that there are means provided at the public expense for such persons, is not wise economy. It is better economy to give a dime or a half dime, silently, than to wound the sensibilities and incur the prejudiced sentiments of the supplicant.

It is not wise economy, in those who live by the labor of horses, to sell the oats and supply the deficiency of provender by the more free use of the whip. The flesh, strength, and value of the

animals will depart from you, and their labor will not be worth the time you spend with them. Nor is it wise economy to spend your time in whipping and cursing the animals because you have cheated them out of the strength which they require, to draw the load out of the mud-hole. If the stripes and curses rightfully belong anywhere, they belong to your own back and foolish conduct.

It is not wise economy to exchange the friendship of your friends for the gratification of belching out upon them with harsh, discourteous and angry-toned language, when you happen not to feel internally harmonious. Friendship has a value in it, which renders it worthy of better economy. It will serve a man in some cases, in which money will not serve him. If you lose it by your own bad economy, get it back again by due concession; and then learn to take better care of it.

Useless expenditure of breath is not wise economy. A redundancy of words is positive prodigality. Language is always pleasing or offensive, beneficial or prejudicial; never neutral unless a fool utters it.

#### Married,

On Thursday, the 7th inst., at Attica, N. Y., by ——— BENEDICT, Esq., B. F. HATCH, M. D., of New York city, and Miss CORA L. V. SCOTT, of this city.

Miss SCOTT is pretty extensively known as a spiritual speaking medium, through whose organism well developed spirits are enabled to speak to mortals with great fluency and beauty of oratory. She possesses a loving heart, and a disposition seemingly angelic; and we shall be deeply grieved if it do not prove—and we have no reason to fear that it will not—that her tutelary spirits have guided her right in this, as yet, the most important step in the journey of life, for her happiness and usefulness whilst here, and her preparation to set out on the journey of eternity; the commencement of which, we are impressed to believe, is not far in the future. We ardently wish them well, and hope they will have wisdom to gather the felicities which lie along their path of conjugal life. If they do not, they must suffer and we must sympathize.

#### Decisive Test Facts.

Mr. W. B. GRAYSON, of Franklin Parish, La., called at our office a few days ago, and after conversing a while, his hand became sensibly acted upon as by a spirit who desired to write a message. It was an influence similar to what he had experienced before, but not within the last six months. In obedience to the impulse he sat up to the desk, and taking a pencil, his hand was involuntarily moved and a few lines were written, expressing delight that he had come to the city, and requesting him to go to a medium. Mr. G. accordingly sought the presence of several mediums in this city, through each of whom interesting developments were made, and among the rest the following, through Catherine Fox:

Mr. G. took some ten or twelve slips of paper, all of the same size, and wrote on each the name of some particular deceased friend or relative. He then rolled the papers up separately, and mixing them together so as to be indistinguishable, picked them up one by one, asking, as he picked up each one, whether it contained the name of the spirit who would communicate with him. When an affirmative rap was given, he opened the paper held in his hand, and found it to contain the name of his deceased wife. He then wrote the names of some ten or twelve places on as many separate slips of paper, and rolled them up and mixed them in the same manner, and from the number the spirit selected, by the rappings, one which contained the name of the residence of his deceased wife. From ten or twelve rolled up and mixed

slips of paper, she in like manner selected one which contained the name of the disease with which she died. This tripple test, necessarily independent of Mr. Grayson's and the medium's minds, was given promptly and without a failure, notwithstanding the many thousand chances to one of a failure occurring *somewhere*, if the experiment had been attempted by *guessing*. On the supposition that the spirit was that of his deceased wife, Mr. G. then wrote under the table, and where the medium could neither see nor hear the movement of his pencil, "Tell me where our daughter Catherine is?" Immediately a signal was heard for the call of the alphabet, and the spirit spelled, "Dear husband, our daughter is with me," meaning that she is in the spirit world, which is the fact. Not a word had been spoken or any other clue been given by which the medium could have inferred the nature of this written question.

At another time, Mr. Grayson, while a spirit purporting to be his sister was communicating with him, secretly wrote, in like manner, the question, "Is there any redemption for those who die in their sins?" The alphabet was immediately called, and the spirit spelled, "Their progression is very slow."

The appropriateness of the answer given in each of these cases, shows that the intelligence responding, perfectly understood the silent questioner; and we have little hesitation in saying that it would be impossible for a skeptic to account for all these facts, without admitting the existence of a certain something beyond the medium and the questioner, which answers to our idea of spirit agency.—*Spiritual Tel.*

From the New-England Spiritualist.

### Inspiration.

BY R. P. AMBLER.

The principle of inspiration lies at the very gateway of spiritual truth. It refers not only to the divine powers that reside in man, but also to the connection which those powers maintain with a superior sphere of existence. In the light of this principle the dark earth is illumined and hallowed with a celestial radiance. It was the inspirations of gifted minds which in the more remote periods of human history, prevented the powers of materiality from attaining a universal supremacy; and now, as the race approaches its state of manhood—as it grows more strong and rich in its experiences, and is surrounded by new and more beautiful evidences of a higher life, it is the same spiritual power which continues to form the centre and basis of the religious sentiment.

The fact cannot be concealed, however, that the true nature of inspiration has been imperfectly comprehended. To be inspired has conveyed the idea of a special interposition of divine power; it has implied the bestowal of some miraculous and supernatural gift, which would almost entitle the recipient to the tribute of worship. This at least has been accepted as the theological significance of the term in question. The religious world has taken it for granted that inspiration is an endowment to be bestowed only on the special favorites of the Deity; that it is a gift to be possessed exclusively by certain chosen individuals, on whom at a time far distant fell the mantle of divine authority, and whose sayings are to be accepted now as the only sufficient, and infallible word of God. On the basis of this narrow view of inspiration has been reared one of the chief pillars of the theological temple.

But what is the natural tendency of such a view of this subject? In the first place it perverts and degrades our conceptions of the divine nature. Deity pervades every portion of the illimitable universe—the atom and the world alike—his spirit is diffused throughout all matter as the eternal essence of being. If, therefore, we conceive of Deity as talking face to face with man—as narrowing himself down to the outlines of a human personality, and so withdrawing his presence from the universal whole to concentrate it all in a selected locality, for the purpose of imparting a special and miraculous inspiration, do we not in our conceptions lower Deity?—do we not mentally contract his being?

and while thus attributing to him the performance of a personal and partial act, do we not place him almost on a level with humanity itself? This is evidently the natural effect of such a conception. Whenever we contemplate Deity as bounded by the narrow outlines of the human form, and, with the wayward impulses of man, selecting certain persons, places, and times to which his inspirations are to be confined, then he is no longer an object of the soul's highest reverence—He is no longer the Universal Spirit, whose smile illumines the distant regions of space, but is rendered comparatively weak, and finite, and human, by being brought within the scope of earthly limitations.

Then again, the popular view of inspiration is detrimental to the highest interest of man. We may see its effect in a blind dependence on the powers and gifts of others, and a consequent indifference to the responsibility of personal development. Men have almost lost sight of their own individuality; they have failed to recognize the dignity of their own natures; they have been unmindful of the divine powers which are latent in every mind, and have indolently leaned on others for that bread of life which should come to themselves alone. And why is this? It is because the sentiment has prevailed that the truth of God can be directly imparted only to a few, that inspiration is a gift which cannot be entrusted to the masses—the common people—and which the individual himself has no privilege to seek, but that it was designed only for the selected dignitaries of the past, whose names are whispered in reverence and whose words are read with prayer.

Leaving, then, the perverted ideas of theological teachers, let us endeavor to conceive the true nature of inspiration. This term, derived from the Latin *inspiro*, signifies merely the *act of breathing in*. It indicates therefore a process which is entirely simple and natural in its character. In a comprehensive sense it may be said that creation itself is inspired. The universe could not exist without the constant breathings of the Divine Soul. Were it deprived of these, the beautiful forms of Nature would be resolved to dust, and Chaos would reign where order and harmony now prevail. Matter is inspired when every pore is filled with the divine essence; the plant is inspired when the breathings of the invisible Life are thrilling all its fibres; the flower is inspired when the Spirit of Beauty clothes its petals with a mantling blush; and vast worlds are inspired when they glow in the intensity of the light that is breathed of God. So in the same general sense, it may be said that every human soul is inspired. Is not this the child of the Divinity, sustained by his constant influence?—does it not feed and live on the very breath of God?—and are not all its thoughts and loves the emanations that proceed primarily from the spirit to which it owes its birth? If so, then, while material things are quickened with the pervading Life, the soul, above all things else, must feel the inspiring presence.

From these remarks it may be seen that inspiration exists as a necessary and universal principle. This principle is based on the relations which man sustains to the spiritual sphere. The interior being of man is allied to a corresponding interior world, in which thought, truth and wisdom are pervading elements, and that world represents a positive sphere to which man on earth stands in a negative relation. Hence it follows that the human spirit must receive the breathings of inspiration from the celestial heavens, as naturally as the earth receives its dews from the weeping skies. Indeed, the law of gravitation is not more fully established or more precise in its action, than the principle which is here involved. It is true that inspiration, in its action on different minds, is manifested in various degrees. All are not inspired with the same kind or measure of truth. The degree of inspiration will always depend on the inherent capacity and development of the soul germ.—So far as the inmost of man is unfolded and brought into connection with the primal Soul of being—so far as he sends forth his aspirations and enlarges the capacity of his divine nature, to precisely that extent will he be inspired. If David, Isaiah, or Paul possessed a larger measure of inspiration than others in their time, it was because they were lifted up towards the Divinity, and not because God came down to

them. The same is true also of men in every age. The operation of the inspiring power is modified by the condition of the individual, and hence will be manifested in different degrees of spiritual influx. We should not lose sight of the fact, however, that inspiration is in itself a universal principle, a principle which is as deeply fixed in the methods of the Divine Mind as any other law of Nature. Light, sweet light of truth—is ever flowing down from the Spiritual Sun; and soft, gentle breathings—breathings of angel-minds—are always descending from the celestial sky. Then we have only to look up to see the light; we have only to become unfolded to be inspired.

### Cultivation and Progress.

#### ARTICLE II.

H. B. STORER, OF NEW HAVEN, MEDIUM.

Perfection is not to be sought for, ere the decision of the mind can place the seal of wisdom upon the works of the Creator. The tendency of the character—the manifest design of the thing constructed—are to be observed, and will decide the question of wisdom and goodness pertaining to them. In no manifestation of the Creator's power, need we fail to perceive indications of his *wisdom* and his *love*—for all things have a purpose to subserve higher than themselves, even the infinite will of Him who brought them into being.

Conditions and circumstances are of His ordering, and without Him is not anything done that is done. "He rules in the armies of Heaven"—the contending forces which evolve purity and light—"and among the inhabitants of the lower world,"—in their various orders and degrees. In the forms of matter, gross and ponderous, he worketh constant changes, by chemically changing affinities. In the higher manifestations of His all-pervading spirit, developing itself in successive orders and countless varieties of vegetable existences, He showeth His perpetual care and creative energy. In animal forms, that reveal more distinctly consciousness of existence, and the exercise of instinct, (which is the result of ever pressing necessities uttering their prayer in consonance with the Divine Order, and thus leading the spirit of the animal to the source of its supply) he giveth clearer evidence of his presence, and of his will to bestow happiness upon his creatures.

But in the race of MAN, his crowning work upon the earth—the Infinite Soul propagates itself in undying entities—brings into existence beings that change and circumstance can ne'er destroy. In man is revealed God's will to derive companionship from his works—to bestow in finite degree, the essential attributes of his being. His spirit forever operates unspent in all forms of life, but in MAN is clearly revealed, in finite degree, its harmonious character, which, through attributes that hold relationship to all things that exist, is capable of governing all things, and of bringing into subjection to its own will, and into harmony each with the other, all principles, elements and forces.

Man is an epitome of nature, and a representative of God. His character of sovereignty exists in his wondrous capacities. Over the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, the inhabitants of the sea—and not less over the elements of material and spiritual nature, God hath given him supremacy. And though it doth not yet appear what man shall be, when through progress he hath entered into his kingdom, and hath ascended his throne, yet we know that the potential forces exist within him that shall bring him to this throne, and that his God-like nature shall yet demonstrate its origin, and its authority as the offspring and image of God.

To fit him for the complete and perfect exercise of this supremacy, God hath placed him on the battle-field of earth. Foes assail him on his entrance to the field, and they give him battle through all his weary life. But thereby his courage grows upon him, he is nerved for the conflict, he becomes skilled in the strategy of life, and cautious of ambush and attack. He grows in heroic fortitude, and is developed as a conqueror. God places man upon a steep ascent, and reveals glorious temples on the distant mountain summits—he bids him climb, scale the mountains,

and enter these temples of wisdom and beauty. But along his path he hath thrown huge rocks, that in surmounting these obstacles he may develop his sinews, and grow strong in the ascent. Thus are his capacities increased and developed, and when the temples are reached, he finds not only immortal wisdom his possession, and the beauty of an infinite landscape stretching out before him, but repose, rendered a blessing by the toil which he hath exerted.

To fit man for the exercise of this supremacy, God hath placed him in a material, decaying form, taken from the dust, to return to dust again. His spirit, consociated with the elements of matter—himself a brother of the clod—renders him a partaker of the nature of earthly existences. Their elements exist in him, and render constant sustenance to him; but through the nature of the spirit he is enabled to hold subjection over them. In his lowest and most imperfect development, the nature of animals and material elements hold him in temporary bondage—he feels their galling yoke upon him—he feels the body of death weighing him down, often causing him to stumble and fall beneath its weight. Its power over him is immense, and the struggle of his spirit with his form, the nature of angels and the nature of beasts is a struggle that often renders life wearisome and death a glad release.

But it is through these struggles that the soul gains strength—that its capacities are developed, that its nature becomes known, that it is clothed with the dignity of the ruler, and becomes competent to sit upon the throne of supremacy.

It is desirable, however, that we trace *more minutely* the progress of the spirit through the developing passage of its earthly life, and material companionship. It is here where the purpose of God to lead the soul into perfect blessedness, is least apparent to the outward sense and superficial thought, that we desire to be most particular and minute.

### Voices of Nature.

There is a voice in every breath and pulse of nature, audible to the ear of attention, and speaking a sweet and various strain of harmony. Every part, however minute, of the visible world, has a language of its own, with which to convey some pleasing truth, or impart some useful lesson; and there is not a plant so lowly, or a pebble so poor, but it has a tongue to express the mute yet eloquent teaching of its humble lot. Life in all its forms of animate and inanimate being, has the gift of speech, and is never at a loss to address itself to the listening heart. Nor is there a single object in the universe of matter and motion, that is denied the gift of language.

Think you the stars are dumb? Then you have never held high converse with them, and gathered from their eternal tones the lofty lore of their deathless and dread estate. Is the moon silent when you gaze up at her ample disc, or silver horn, and note her august march through the azure watches of the night? Has the sea no voice when you stand upon the sounding shore, and listen to the lashings of its fearful fury? or the lake when you pace along its rippled marge and see the world of beauty pictured in its serene depths?

Do not the leaves whisper as we pass through their forest home? and the trees, looking proudly down from their dizzy tops, have they no voice of greeting? The flowers discourse to us of beauty, and grace, and fragrance. The plants tell us pretty stories of humble life, and hold up their fresh green leaves that we may read the annals of their race. Every blade of grass has some little tale to tell,—there is a language in every leaf.

And birds, and beasts, and insects,—the humblest worm that crawls, has something to say, and something too that is worthy of attention. The air is full of glad voices, the feathered and insect tribes send up their mellow notes, and the peal of their tiny trumpets, hymning their songs of joy, and shouting their short-lived raptures. Earth, too, has her myriad tongues, for not a sand is silent; and man, if he will but hear and heed, may gather delight and wisdom from all the voices of nature.

### The Blessed Science.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

To give or to receive, which is the most blessed?  
Make trial, Friend, if thou dost doubt his word  
Who spoke as man ne'er spoke.

Begin to-day.

Look round. Does any hunger? Break thy bread  
Freely. Who thirsts? Bring forth the water-cup.  
Who quakes with cold? Send fuel to his hut.  
Disperse thy garments, ere the moth invade.  
Be tender to the sick. Unfold the page  
Of knowledge to the uninstructed mind.  
Enter the prison, with a voice of cheer;  
Lend the poor fallen one thy helping hand,  
And spare the frown.

Lead the sad wanderer back;

Seat the long exile at thy cheerful board:

Be courteous to thy foe; embrace thy friend;  
In thine own home speak the sweet words of love;  
Make the poor house-dog happy; let the fly  
And every harmless insect pass unscathed,  
In their Great Makers's name; with no barbed hook  
Distress the finny people of the flood;  
Nor for thy sport the callow nest bereave,  
Stifling the song in blood; draw back the hand  
That shakes the sharp lash o'er the laboring beast;  
Remove the stone that bars the traveler's way:  
Make the bare desert blossom; in each nook  
Of vacant ground, plant the fruit-bearing tree:  
Dost ask for whom?—No matter—God doth know.

Learn the first lesson of humanity,  
Daily and well, and thou perchance may'st scorn  
All study of the second, for thou'lt know  
The science of our pilgrim happiness  
On earth. The unexacting sympathy,  
That like rain of Heaven, falls sweet on all,  
Doth feed the flowers of immortality.

HARTFORD, CONN., June 15th, 1856.

### CASUALTY.

About half of the first form of this edition was worked off, before it was discovered that the roller had pulled out three words of the first line of the leading editorial, excepting the first and the last letters of the three words. Those words were: "union of the." It will be seen that the u, of the first word, and the e, of the last, remain.

### Irreligion of the Great Men of France.

I know not when, but certain it is that the nation has an immense progress to make in serious thought, if she wishes to remain free. If we look at the characters compared, as regards religious sentiment, of the great nations of Europe and America, and even Asia, the advantage is not for us. The great men of other countries live and die on the scene of history, looking up to heaven; our great men appear to live and die, forgetting completely the only idea for which it is worth living and dying—they live and die looking at the spectator, or at most at posterity.

Open the history of America, the history of England, and the history of France, read the great lives, the great deaths, the great martyrdoms, the great words at the hour when the ruling thought of life reveals itself in the last words of the dying. But cross the Atlantic, traverse the channel, come to our times, open our annals and listen to the last words of the great political actors of the drama of our liberty.

One would think God was eclipsed from the south, that his name

was unknown in the language. History will have the air of an atheist, when it recounts to posterity these annihilations, rather than deaths, of celebrated men in the greatest year of France.

Look at Mirabeau on the bed of death. "Crown me with flowers," said he; "intoxicate me with perfumes. Let me die to the sound of delicious music."

Not a word of God or of his soul. Sensual philosopher! he desired only supreme sensualism, a last voluptuousness in his agony. Contemplate Madame Roland, the strong-hearted woman of the Revolution, on the car that conveyed her to death. She looked contemptuously on the besotted people who killed their prophets and sibyls. Not a glance toward heaven. Only one word for the earth she was quitting—"Oh, Liberty!"

Approach the dungeon door of the Girondins. Their last night is a banquet; the only hymn, the Marseillaise! Follow Camille Desmoulins to his execution. A cool and indecent pleaantry at the trial, and a long imprecation on the road to the guillotine, were the two last dying thoughts of this dying man on his way to his last tribunal.

Hear Danton on the platform of the scaffold, at the distance of a line from God and eternity. "I have had a good time of it; let me go to sleep." Then to the executioner—"You will show my head to the people; it is worthy the trouble!"

His faith, annihilation; his last sign, vanity. Behold the Frenchman of this latter age!

What must one think of the religious sentiment of a free people, whose great figures seem thus to march in procession to annihilation, and to whom that terrible minister, death itself, recalls neither the threatenings nor promises of God!

The Republic of these men without a God has quickly been stranded. The liberty, won by so much heroism, and by so much genius, has not found in France a conscience to shelter it, a God to avenge it, a people to defend it against that atheism which has been called glory.—All ended in a soldier, and some apostate republicans cannot be heroic. When you terrify it, it bends; when you would buy it, it sells itself. It would be very foolish to immolate itself. Who would take any heed? the people ungrateful, and God non-existent! So finished atheist revolutions.—*Lamartine.*

### ANCIENT REMAINS IN CALIFORNIA.

A gentleman writes from Santa Clara, California, to the editor of the *Scientific American*, and gives the following account of some old ruins, recently discovered in that vicinity: "I recently had the opportunity of examining some ancient ruins, lately discovered about six miles east of Santa Cruz. They were nearly buried up in a sand-hill. I found twenty three chimneys with their tops peering above ground. These chimneys are round, and vary in diameter from four to twelve inches. They are made of sandstone, and were filled up with loose, red sand. The stones of which they are built are cut circular, and cemented together. I stamped on the hill, and it emitted a hollow sound, indicating vaulted chambers below. A tunnel is now being run in under the hill; at first it was attempted to sink a deep shaft, but the sand came in too fast upon the miners. Who built these structures no one can imagine. They appear to be thousands of years old. A large yellow pine-tree was growing on the top of the hill. The period required for the sand to cover up these houses and form the hill, before the seed of this large tree germinated, could not be less than two thousand years."

### MAKING IT PLEASANT.

A writer in the *Christian Register* expresses the opinion that "another generation will look upon our custom of holding church at the hottest hours of the day in summer as no less absurd than we consider our grandparents worshipping during winter in churches entirely unwarmed." This writer, like a sensible man, wishes to make the journey to heaven as pleasant as possible, probably because when made so, it will prove twice as attractive to mankind. There is double philanthropy, therefore, in his suggestion.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

## Resurrection and Judgment.

## LESSON XIII.

And I heard a voice saying write; for the words following, which I shall say unto you, are true and faithful.

Put thy trust in him who is able to do thee good, and let not thy heart fret because the ignorance of man has despised the saying of the wise. True piety is true love. Turn thy thoughts inward, for the outward man must perish, and the inner man rise—forever rise in the resurrection. There is a resurrection which hath no end, and this resurrection hath already commenced. Believest thou this? Yea, ye who receive the living light from the spheres, and the imperishable food of angels, shall not see death, I repeat, *shall not see death*. But they who dwell in the dark night of superstition shall see it, and dread it. Think ye this is philosophy? Go into your own experience, ponder over the unfoldings of the spirit world, and the marvelous manifestations which you have witnessed, and, behold, in them is no death. Death is not seen for man by any mind enlightened in the philosophy of nature and of God. Passing away is not death; going out of the form is not death; for this is as going out of a room into the pure sky, and all that ever lived in the form survives the change of position out of it. The form moves by the power of a living spirit, and so doth the clothing protecting the form. Without a living spirit, neither moves. As the garment is thrown off when it is inconvenient, so the body returns to its original elements when it is no longer useful to its possessor. The body has no consciousness, no reason, no judgment, no power of understanding; all these are properties of the spirit, which associates with an earthly form in its rudamental state, as a temporary residence in which to dwell. But the spirit, being immortal as God himself, in you, can never perish—God manifest in you can never die. How then can it be raised *from* the dead? It can be raised *from* the dead, as it is raised *from* inanimate matter—the body which is dead without the living spirit. It can be raised from all dead things—all lifeless forms—into a sphere of light and life. This is a literal resurrection.

To be raised is to be elevated above all dead materials—above all inanimate forms—into the sweet sphere of perfect love, which casteth out all fear. I see an endless resurrection. It is an endless elevation of mind in love and wisdom, world without end, Amen. It is forever advancing toward the perfection of the great central sun of the universe expanding at each successive step in the journey of eternal progress.—And as the spirit progresses, expands and refines in wisdom, so, metaphorically speaking, it recedes from earth—from dead, inanimate, lifeless matter.

Pilgrims, contemplate thy destiny! Look upward, that your minds may be attracted by the sweet angelic song of unity and peace. This is the resurrection, begun already in the progressing mind. Is there no other? What other can there be? Suppose that the old dissolved tabernacle should be reconstructed, and the spirit should reunite with and again inhabit it. See ye not that such a process would be no resurrection; but would be a retrogression—a going down in opposition to being raised up—a return to the nursery of life—a philosophy which inevitably foretells annihilation of human consciousness, as all retrograde movements must end where they commenced to advance, and when that point is reached, the next step is nothing.

With such a philosophy, spirits have no fellowship. It is antagonistic to the resurrection from the dead. It is at war with all the teachings of spirits of every age and clime.

Now, let us consider the judgment. There is a *general* judgment. The wise Creator of the universe is no respecter of persons, and he will judge every man according to his infinite wisdom, and as his work shall be. He does not judge one and excuse another. There is no partial judgment in his government: it is general or universal. He sees the condition of every mind, and knows the position of all created things. He judges righteously. There can be no error in his judgment, and his judgment is irrevocable and continual. Ever present in all things, he requires no witness to communicate facts, and you need

not be shocked with the annunciation, that all his judgments are just and right.

I will endeavor to specify how he judges. Are you right, He sees the right and judges the right as right. Are you wrong, He judges that the false position should be rectified, and the victim of error and evil should be relieved; and myriads of spirits perceive the judgment just, and acquiesce in its execution. He judges the infidel; and to this end has sent agents to banish the doubt and darkness of skepticism from the mind. This is a just judgment; follow it. He sees and judges the poor, and *pleads*, (a metaphor,) for the necessitous. How? By inspiring the minds through agencies to render succor. He judges righteously and truthfully, in a way to advance, improve, and elevate the mind. Go ye, and do likewise.

All over this beautiful world, I see streams of love and mercy falling down upon humanity. So shall the judgment of the Supreme roll down from sphere to sphere to harmonize and bless the recipient of un-failing joys. Oh, what shall I render to my God for all his judgments. Inverted humanity looks backward, and judges an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a hand for a hand, and life for life. It looks backward, to see what has been done, to determine an equivalent of evil; but truthful humanity looks forward to see what good can be done to rescue the mind and abate the evil of suffering man. But, oh, revenge, what hast thou done? Oh, cruelty, what are thy doings? Back, back, thy voice proclaims, you have injured me, therefore I will injure you? Oh, what a contrast to the smiling rays of that sun of righteousness which illumed the hills and valleys of Judea. How sensual, how earthly, is that feeling which punishes man only to make man worse. How vindictive and untrue to man is that cruelty, which degrades and tantalizes the erring without rescuing him from the vortex of shame and vice. Friends of the pure and just judgments of God, rise above it and see how the spirits of justice and truth are moved to come and judge of the doings of weak and erring humanity. We come and are scorned and yet we come again. We speak as we are able, and endeavor to demonstrate as we can, the immortality of the soul, and the endless resurrection of the spirit, and yet man saith, in his ignorance, "the devil hath possession of the medium." We appeal again, approach again and again, and again and again are we rebuked. Still, onward is our watchword—never backward, and, wherever we can work, there we do work, to make known a philosophy, a religion, a government, that shall cover the whole earth as the waters do the deep, and unite man to man on earth by ties of affinity which can not be dissolved.

The day will come when there shall be no other government on earth, than that which links in one family the entire race of humanity in the form, and each member of the family will do his or her duty cheerfully, because he or she will feel it to be a privilege instinctively to do right. Thus, there shall be no war, no contention, no evil speaking, no fraud, no violence; but love shall cement all hearts into one grand and beautiful temple of the Lord. And they shall feast upon the bread of angels, and they shall drink of the wine of the kingdom, and rejoice continually. They shall see no death, yet their spirits shall put off the form, and pass into the Jerusalem that is above and mother of all.

I have now declared unto you the object of our endeavor, which is a permanent and everlasting destruction of all ignorance, idolatry, vice, wrong, crime, tyranny, and every evil work now practiced on earth.—Having declared our intention, I will now introduce a constitution, not written on parchment or printed on paper; but standing out in beauty and perfection in an innumerable number of sections, scattered over the face of all the earth. These sections are the human spirits, who inhabit the form, and the spirits who have passed out of the form, which, taken together, form a Constitution perfect and complete. These sections, when cultivated and properly fitted for their true position relatively to each other, will form a beautiful temple in which God will be pleased to dwell, and harmony, order, and beauty excite the admiration of even the inhabitants of other planets. We are for the Constitution, all of it, every section of it; and, being for it, we shall not oppose it,

but endeavor to harmonize the section, and unite them in order and love one with another, so that God may be glorified, and man universally judged to be right.

The Moss-Rose.

The angel of the flowers, one day,  
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay—  
That spirit to whom charge is given  
To bathe young buds in dews of heaven.  
Awaking from his light repose,  
The angel whispered to the Rose,  
"O, fondest object of my care,  
Still fairest found, where all are fair,  
For the sweet shade thou givst to me,  
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee."  
"Then," said the Rose, with deepened glow,  
"On me another grace bestow."  
The spirit paused in silent thought—  
What grace was there that flower had not?  
'Twas but a moment—o'er the rose  
A veil of moss the angel throws,  
And robed in nature's simplest weed,  
Could there a flower that Rose exceed?

KNOWLEDGE.

Knowledge of all kinds may be like the fabled cup, whose influence depended entirely upon those who drank from it—to some it was death, to others immortal life; wisdom to some and foolishness to others. And thus I should think a great acquaintance with any art, in some instances, when the taste was good and the mind was strong, would refine the taste and give humility to the mind, by showing what an unfathomable mine of undiscovered things every study presents; while in other cases, where the taste was dull and the mind weak, the result would be vanity of ill-digested knowledge, and an idle gabble of unmeaning terms.

Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress.

It devolves upon the undersigned to invite the friends of Truth, Purity and Progress, without distinction of sect or name, to attend the Second Annual Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress, to be held at Kerr's Corners, in North Collins, Erie Co., N. Y., at the Presbyterian church, on the 29th, 30, and 31st days of August, 1856, commencing on Friday, at 10 o'clock A. M.

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