

AGE OF PROGRESS

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

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Politics, Morals and Religion.

It is to England that the people of this country owe nearly or quite all their erroneous conceptions in relation to the incompatibility of these subjects of thought and action, as joint and correlative occupants of mind. The union of Church and State, in the government of England, is the consolidation of two powers, both radically corrupt and grinding, forming one irresistible and intolerable engine of oppression. The political department of the English governmental system, being principally hereditary, there is little for popular suffrage to do, and but little popular suffrage to do it with. There are, comparatively, but a handful who are entitled to the right of suffrage; and so little did even these few (at the time when American prejudices were formed in relation to the union of Church and State,) concern themselves about the affairs of government, that three-fourths of them valued the elective privilege only for what it would bring them in the shape of douceurs from candidates. And this system of bribing voters, has ever prevailed and still prevails there. Hence popular suffrage has never been any check upon corruption or oppression, in the English system of government.

The ecclesiastical moiety of the government, being also hereditary and independent of popular suffrage, they consider the product of the people's toil their own legitimate plunder, and are ever foremost in adding restriction to restriction, and piling tax upon tax, till the government gets all but the tithe, which they take as their own exclusive right, and leave nothing but the bran, the small potatoes and the buttermilk, for labor to subsist upon. Add to this, no common man must wear his hat, or stand erect, in presence of His Lordship, His Reverence or His Grace. Let it be understood that we speak of England as she was when our ancestors fled from her oppressions, and sought refuge in the wilderness of America. These two elements of governmental power, being combined to use the popular mass as one immense donkey, to be worked all day and half of the night, and then turned out to feed on thistles, there is no wonder that our English ancestors who fled from their oppression, should have imbibed an insuperable prejudice against every thing that savored of a union of Church and State. Could they have brought with them true philosophy, instead of that same religion which, then as now, was ever seeking for power; which readily united with a tyrannous monarchical government, because its own vital essence was tyranny, what a nation of liberty, light and love they would have founded, instead of the medley of political, moral and religious monstrosities which the institutions of the country now present.

What they had not, they could not bring with them. There was no such thing as true political, moral and religious philosophy, in the country whence they came, and they could not bring it with them. They had seen and felt the effects of the great politico-religious bohon-upas tree of Church and State, and hated it and made their escape from its pestiferous atmosphere; but, in their ignorance,

they brought with them the seed which, in the same soil and atmosphere, would have produced the same pestilential plant. The seed of the same tolerance-despising, liberty-hating, God-defaming, power-seeking religion, they brought with them, carefully done up in packages and marked: "Orthodoxy, to be cultivated in the new world." They brought with them the seed of that same English morality, by virtue of which the rich and lordly crushed the poor and humble—which starved those who toiled, and pampered the idle, vicious and worthless—which not only tolerated, but encouraged national robbery, by sea and by land; laying waste countries, sacking and burning cities, and murdering, by thousands and tens of thousands, those who attempted to defend them; and all this for plunder; and, at the same time, made robbery, on a small scale, a capital offence, punishable with death. They brought with them the seed of that same governmental polity, which so readily received into fellowship and partnership that ecclesiastical tyranny, which took the poor widow's last pig—the last hen and chickens, to add them to the immense income which supports a numerous, profligate, sensuous, gambling and infamously corrupt clergy, in ease and affluence—which constitutes, as the political and religious head of the nation, the first child born to a particularly designated family, in each successive generation, whether that child be male or female, symmetrical or deformed, sane or mad, sensible or idiotic—which constitutes successors to great estates, from generation to generation, members of the most august branch of the national legislature, without regard to their intellectual or moral qualifications—which restricts the right of suffrage to a small fraction of the people, and then allows them to sell it to the highest bidder, or barter it as they would any transferable commodity—which organizes one portion of the people into a standing army, armed, equipped, clothed, fed and paid by the labor and sweat of the other portion, to whose breasts they are required to keep their bayonets continually pointed, to prevent them from seeking redress for their political and religious grievances, in their own physical resources.

These seeds, like vegetable seeds, when imported into this country, and sown in this soil, produced as nearly the likeness of the original as circumstances would permit. The American theology, grown from the English seed, is just as intolerant, just as illiberal, just as bigoted, just as absurd, just as God-defaming and just as blood-thirsty, as that whence the seed was derived. All the difference is, that, inasmuch as the people of this country, who have not given in their adhesion to any system of religious faith, are much more numerous than those who have done so, and inasmuch as the people here, by the organization of the governments of states and nation, have much more to do with political affairs than they have where these seeds came from, they have forbidden the bans which would have added the power of the government to that of our Anglo-American theology, and it cannot thrive and luxuriate as it did where it was indigenous and met with no insuperable opposition.

The morals which are grown here, from the seed brought over by our ancestors, are of a baser quality, generally, than those whence the seed was derived. The soil, here, seems to possess the quality of multiplying varieties. If you sow, in this soil, the simple, unadulterated seed of avarice, which came over in a separate package, it will produce short yard-sticks, light weights, little quarts, misrepresentation of qualities, fraudulent tricks practised upon children, watered milk, cross-piled wood, petit larceny, grand larceny, bankruptcy of all kinds, burning of dwelling houses, stores and remnants of goods, to get the insurance, and every imaginable species of fraud. Pocket-picking and highway robbery do not seem to thrive here, as they do in their native soil.

Seed produced by the political system of England, will no more reproduce its like, here, than peach pits. It will not produce a king, a queen, a duke, a baron nor a lord. It will not produce hereditary legislators, nor any admixture of legitimate ecclesiasticism, with the governmental organization. But it has produced a greater variety of corruptions and modes of hoodwinking the people and getting fingers into the treasury, than any Englishman, at home, could ever have dreamed of, in his most visionary moments.

Now, if the established religion of England had been no other than the religion taught by Jesus, the Nazarene, and if English politics had been no other than such as was taught by another bright spirit, who went to heaven from Monticello, our ancestors never would have brought with them that horror for the union of Church and State, which marked the proceedings of those who shaped the constitution of the United States, and those who framed the organic laws of each particular State. Had such been the character of the politics and religion of England, they could not, by being united, have produced such a demon of corruption and oppression as that monster duality from which our ancestors fled.

The insuperable prejudice which has obtained, in this country, against the union of Church and State, or against the mingling of religion and politics, has reference to such Church and State—such religion and politics, as our ancestors run away from; not such religion as that of Jesus, nor such politics as those of Jefferson. Such religion as that of Jesus, and such politics as Jefferson taught, cannot be mingled too generally nor too intimately. The religion of Jesus embraced the purest moral precepts; and its founder embraced the purest moral practices. So the politics of Jefferson embraced the whole of human rights, individual, national and international; and Jefferson embraced the practice of what he taught, in all his intercourse with individual and collective humanity, as well in his official as in his private capacity. Can any rational mind object to the union of such religion and such politics? Nay—and we will affirm that the corrupt, corrupting, debauching and swindling politics of our country, will be what they now are, unless it is possible for them to become worse, until statesmen and politicians generally, become imbued with such religion as Jesus taught, or such as ministering spirits are now teaching, throughout the world.

Considering the quality of the religion which came over with our ancestors, from England, and considering that it imbibed additional impurities, from the atmosphere of this country, we cannot wonder that so many American citizens, constituting a large majority of the whole, have refused to be connected with any religious organization, and that many of the most intellectual, have even embraced the deism and atheism of France. Nor can we

wonder that they have constantly looked with a jealous eye, upon every attempt to mingle religion with the politics of the country. Nor can we wonder that the numerous sprinkling of honest and pure-minded members of the various religious sects—for we are rejoiced to know and gladly acknowledge that there are many thousands of such minds—deprecate any connection of religion with politics. They see and know that there is lamentable corruption and moral deformity in the churches, of which they are members; but they do not see that the religion itself, which they profess to believe in, encourages every species of immorality. They are led to believe that they have embraced the religion of Jesus. They love his character, and blindly receive the bogus which is handed them, in the place of the genuine. Such ones have not courage to look into the religion which they received at the hands of parents and the teaching clergy, to see what it is made of. They have imbibed the idea that whatever is called religion, is too sacred to be questioned, unless it differ materially from what they have been fed on from youth. In that case they deem it unworthy of investigation, and reject it as an offering of the devil. Such minds are as conservative of errors as they would be of truth, if they had it, and cannot be induced to look into the religion which they profess, to see if the immoralities which they witness continually in all the churches, may not proceed from radical and pernicious errors of faith. They can see that the politics of the country is corrupt throughout; and they conscientiously reject all connection of their religion therewith. Hence it is that the clergy are, very generally, required to abstain from meddling with politics, either in the desk or out of it. And politicians, being endowed with the same distant vision, can see the prevailing mammon-worship, licentiousness and moral corruption generally, in all the ramifications of fashionable religion. They see how greedily the clergy lay hold of power, in all the countries of Christendom; and they see them manifest the same disposition here. Hence they reject all alliance between politics and religion; as well they may, under the circumstances.

Between these two antagonistic powers—antagonistic, because a constitutional barrier, which forbids the establishment, by law, of any religious faith, and the mutual jealousy of which we have spoken, keep them from coalescing—what becomes of the public morality? How fares the morals of the nation? What is the effect of the two upon individual ethics, of which national morality is constituted? We see that religion not only sanctions, but encourages war, with its demoralization, devastation and carnage; and all for the sake of plunder—of robbery on a great scale. And if the church, as a whole, sanction and promote robbery on a great scale, will not its members sanction and promote robbery on a small scale? Yes, and they do, in all ways in which it can be done without bringing the perpetrator in open collision with the criminal code. Remember that, in this connection, we except all individuals who make themselves exceptions to the sanction of robbery on the great scale. We see religion searching the scriptures to find authority and sanction for establishing, sustaining and perpetuating the most atrocious moral evil that ever blasted the happiness of a people, or withered the fair face of nature. We see it looking through the Jewish code, to find authority for making one man the chattel property of another man—one woman the chattel property of another woman—one thousand men, women and children, the possessible, controllable, disposable, vendible chattel property of one man or woman. We see that it finds

that authority in the said Jewish code, and holds it up, exultingly, as authority for christian people, of the present day and generation, in this land of light and *liberty*, to do the same thing, and do it in a manner incomparably more offensive to justice and humanity. We see this same religion, through its individual representatives, enslaving millions and millions who are nominally free, by taking from them by craft and the power of money capital, all the fruits of their labor, excepting barely enough to keep their bodies and souls together, whilst they, the plunderers roll in wealth and revel in luxury. And at the same time that they practise these moral atrocities, they meet weekly, in their gothic structures, seat themselves in their richly trimmed and gorgeously decked pews, and listen to their clergy whilst they occupy the hour in eulogising the character of Jesus, attempting to prove that he was Almighty God himself, and insisting, in the spirit and tone of defiant dogmatism, that the salvation of souls from eternal burning, depends on faith in the truth of this God-insulting proposition.

Turning to politics, we see it acting as if there were no such thing as morality in the whole human economy. We see its representatives employing all available influences, and using every device of cunning chicanery, to elevate themselves to posts of power and emolument. We hear them, in their electioneering declamations, declaring, with left hand on heart, and right hand giving emphasis to the lie, that they would sooner suffer death than to compromise a single point of the sacred principles for which their party are contending; and we see them, as soon as they have gained the position sought, recklessly forfeiting the confidence placed in them by honest minds, and corruptly selling themselves into the service of those who are engaged in some grand project of monopoly, or of political achievement, or of circumvention of the popular will, to the favor of which they are endeavoring to prostitute the government. We see the party journals coming from the press fraught with slanderous calumnies, uttered by the friends of one candidate, against the character of the opposite candidate; and we hear partisans declare upon their sacred honors that they believe those slanders to be truths, when they know them to be villanous falsehoods. We see politicians, whenever they have an opportunity, dip into the public treasury with all the greediness of insatiable avarice, falsifying their oaths, betraying confidence and plundering the people. And those politicians who will not do this, are merely honorable exceptions; of whom, thank heaven, there are many. We see the generality of politicians acting as if, in their capacity of politicians, they were absolved from all the obligations which pertain to them as citizens and as men, holding truth, honor, honesty, candor, and all the moral virtues, as mere idealities, as applied to politics and politicians. And there are many individuals in whom the religion and the politics which we have described, are united; and it requires no superhuman discernment to tell what treatment morals will receive, at such hands.

Now, dear reader, behold those two important characters—the theology and the politics of America—the first, an Americanized shoot of corrupt and venal English orthodoxy; the second, a medley of contradictions, embracing all manner of opposites and incongruities. There are to be found, in the system, human liberty and human slavery, both contended for as rights divine of God-governed humanity. There are extreme economy and profuse prodigality, both practised and both defended, by the same hands and tongues. There are extreme moral fastidiousness, in the letter of the rules and regulations of the constituent elements of govern-

ment, and the most gross immorality in the practices under those regulations. Strict religious rites are observed, in the two houses of Congress; and the same houses are frequently made the scenes of personal collisions, which never disgraced the council fires of North American savages. These are two notorious American thieves; and behold American morals, *crucified between them*.

What good reason is there why genuine religion and politics should be kept asunder? If it be the object of religious teachings and the aim of religious teachers, to better the condition of humanity, in this state of existence, through which, alone, spirits can get into the second state, what better can they do than to direct their reformatory efforts against those evils which are common to a whole state or nation? What is religion good for, without morality? And where is morality more needed than in the councils of the nation? If selfishness, if intrigue, if corruption, if unfaithfulness to constituencies, if drunkenness, if licentiousness, if debauchery in general, be characteristics of those who compose the national councils, surely it cannot be incompatible with the duties of a philanthropic and truly christian clergy, to raise their voices against those besetting sins and in favor of morality, honesty and integrity, in every pulpit in the country. If war is a sin against the laws of nature, and a great curse to nations engaged in it should not the thousands and tens of thousands of religious teachers, who have access to the ears of the people, at least twice a week, cry aloud against it? If it be wrong for the representatives of the people, who are elected under a virtual pledge that they will oppose the extension of human slavery to free territory, to turn traitors to their constituents, for a consideration, as many have done, and act in opposition to their plighted faith, does it not fall within the province of religious teachers to denounce the wickedness and to warn the people against the craft which such false representatives will use, to secure their re-election? Is it not more appropriate for such teachers to give their attention to national, state and individual morals, which come within the scope of their knowledge, than it is to be continually harping on God and his government, which they know nothing about? Morality being the vitality of religion, and the only department thereof which the teaching clergy can understand, that should be their field of labor, instead of sightlessly soaring where the fog of ignorance totally disables their vision, making them, in the true sense of the term, "blind guides."

There are many—very many, of even the orthodox clergy, who, although they preach false theology, do it in their ignorance, honestly believing it to be true. Not knowing the true theology, they cannot preach it; and believing the false to be true, they are to blame for nothing but the ignorance of which they might divest themselves, if they would seek truth. If all such ones would labor in the field of morality, in which their own knowledge would guide them aright, they would be far more profitable to themselves, to their fellow men and to the cause of truth, than they are in laboring week after week and year after year, to establish the absurd and foolish dogma, that Jesus, the Jewish medium, was the Almighty God—the Creator and Ruler of the universe; and that, to deny or doubt this, is a sin, punishable with eternal misery.

The man who spends his life in this kind of preaching, throws it away, and leaves his own spirit in a low condition, whilst, if he had spent it in the inculcation of true morality, political, social and personal, he would have been serving God and elevating himself, in the only manner practicable to humanity—*by doing good to his fellow man*.

Lecture by E. C. Dayton.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

Over the broad immensities of creative intelligences and animate existences, we constantly behold evidences of decay; and every object animated into being, by the breath of immortality, has its seasons of seeming decay; and yet, in all the wide economy of life, nothing dies. Not a leaf trembles beneath the influence of the wind, nor becomes penciled o'er by the hand of autumn, but sends the cry to heaven, outwardly, I am dying; and it doth not die. Change is the great focus of the world's refinement, and has been the infinite power which has evidently revealed to man the myriad of existences now swimming the heaven's blue ocean, that o'erspans the earth with its mighty presence. Change from light to darkness, hath revealed the bright worlds now shining in their magnificence, from the sky, that ever look so calmly down upon humanity, as if to point the way to harmony and eternal joy.— And the same deific power brings man into finite being, bears him o'er the surging bosom of human life, and eventually, on its own golden bosom, bears his spirit to the realms of infinitude, where wisdom knows no limits, and where love hath no boundaries. And yet we count those gone from our gaze as dead; yet when reason sits enthroned on the altar of the soul, where the baptismal streams of thought go murmuring by, to respond to the concordant waves heard in eternity, we feel and know that, as beings, we are a part of God, and that if God cannot die, we cannot become as nothing in the constitution of his love; for we are parts that go to constitute his mighty existence, but must evidently return to "Him who gave." And yet we mourn and pine for the loved hearts that once beat so warmly in a finite form, because false education hath taught us that the soul can and may die. The same Eternal Source gave us all life, and by the goodness and power of his being, man became, on earth, a living representative of his Father; and yet some teach us that *wickedness* can annihilate one part of God, and goodness save another portion of his Infinite Soul. Then did God create a part evil and another part good, knowing that each, according to their standards of purity, would meet their immortal destiny accordingly? If so, God himself must possess attributes of evil; for did he not, he would not create an object possessing such extremes of sin as is alleged by the divines of to-day. Still we repudiate the idea that God is evil, or can possess one hue of sin or evil in the brilliancy of His Infinite nature, but that he created the soul by laws immutable and fixed, which, if violated, the one who violates must suffer the punishment attendant upon the violation. Also do we teach that there is no positive evil in the whole universe of life; for God is positive to all beneath him, and is the eternal fount of everlasting goodness; but the deformity of society, the inequality of finite advantages, and the broad convolution of circumstances, over which mind can hold no sway, have each a tendency to darken the spirit of man, and blind the vision of the soul by distrust and doubt, barring out all the brilliant inculcations of heaven, and blinding the immortality of the soul.

Each soul has powers of equal receptivity, susceptible to the influence of kind words, and equally as susceptible to the power of harsh words; while one will brighten and radiate the countenance and bring forth, in each feature, the long buried expression of the soul's goodness, the other will distort the countenance, and give forth, in every lineament of the face, the faculties of the soul's repulsion to all that is unkind. One reveals heaven, and the other

human nature; and the latter evidently displays the qualities of the animal, from which imperfection in man, by the laws of progressive creation, had its ultimate origin. While we may, by the influence of one, make, from the crudest soul, a bright and beautiful mind, we can, by the darkened power of the other, prostitute every emotion of virtue in the chaotic world of crime and wrong. Many ungentle words have forced pure unsullied hearts to do wrong; and when, perhaps, we ourselves have been the cause of so much suffering, we uncharitably look upon the infirmity of others, magnifying faults, and making the redeeming qualifications of goodness diminutive in the estimation of the soul.

By the infinite and fixed laws of attraction, are atoms of animate matter drawn together; and by the power of contraction and expansion, and by the specific power of gravitation, worlds are evolved and elaborated into majestic existences, simply by attraction: and as each world has its individualized centre, still revolving around the throbbing soul of Deity, so is the soul in its divinest relations to heaven, expanded into a higher being, by the laws of attraction. It ever must respond to immediate surroundings; and if those be pure and holy, so doth the purity and beauty of the mind correspondingly expand: but if circumstances be gross and unrefined, the human or finite part of man's constitution, becomes larger, and must necessarily expand. Then how very essential, not only for your happiness on earth, but for the brightness of your existence in heaven, that all should deal gently and even charitably with the infirmities of others, but forever repudiate evil and wrong, wherever found.

The mere belief that God is love, doth not make man better. Unless every word, action, yes and every breath, doth not give evidence that goodness is derived from the teachings inculcated; as well might you pretend to be God himself, 'midst all your hypocrisy. If smiles beam not on the face when others *will* frown, you cannot be made better. One soul alone cannot reform the world; but all who believe they are children of a pure, holy, and Infinite Father, should not defame the majesty and grandeur of that Father, by falsely representing his goodness in words of ingratitude, and in actions of unkindness. Nor should man shadow the brow of Deity, by profaning his existence in his own soul; for though God be a source and not an individuality, separate from all else, yet he can *feel* and realize how nobly and truly we estimate his worth and power.

Affection cannot die. Love cannot die. Wisdom cannot die. The soul cannot die. Then let the melody of heaven ever find a pure response in the music of the human heart, that on each strain angels may float o'er the sea of finite love, and bear back to eternity the good which even they may have wrought in the deformed reality of humal life. Let the human soul ever aspire, but never condemn without knowledge. Let positive knowledge be the basis of all condemnation; for little, Oh, how little do we know what every heart feels within the depths of its own being. The world, in its misfortunes and hardships, hath forced it to act, perhaps, unwisely; its throbbings may be pitiful and sad; but pride will bury all; for how often do we feel the thought that the *world* shall not know how much we feel; and pride alone is the instigator of such thoughts.

There is no stupendous mountain of wrong but the heart, inspired by truth and justice, and having every emotion of wisdom in subordination, may surmount and declare its own pre-eminency of intrinsic worth and merit. Aspiration, the mainspring of human progress, humanizes and nobly defines every modification and

tendency of that interior Promethean fire that burns within the soul of man. The human soul must rise from the individual to the stupendous whole, and by individual reciprocation and ability define its happiness beyond the earth. To expose, analyze and interrogate, are faculties of the human mind; and the expanded and illuminated intellect finds nothing in the broad heavens or unfolded creations, too insignificant or minute, too incomprehensible or all-embracing, for the untrammelled mind to inquire into, not even its own subtle constitution. The mind aspires, because 'tis eternal and enduring of itself, and its affections must expand forth into the unbounded apartments of being, and rise to greet the dawning of truth. It must throw open all the accessible labyrinths which lead to God, and seek the living orbs that roll far, far away into the dreary wastes of infinitude; and where the most distant star reflects its brightness to earth, let the grateful heart breathe forth its every wish, pulsating with joy and pleasure, gratitude to a Loving Father. And as the soul meditates upon the wonders of God, it must behold itself immortal.

Then let each heart that kindly peruses these lines, live to be *worthy of heaven*, and not exist to please the deformed societies of the social world. But let each bitter experience be a living admonition in the path of life; and through the diversifications of hope and truth, there will be one glad response to every hopeful feeling of the soul, animated into new life by the bright enchantments of a coming eternity. Then with summer sweetness unfolding in affection's beauty, will every immortal feature of angels, through finite forms reveal their infinite glorification; and as God's pulses through their being play, inspiring love with his breath, so shall heart inspire heart, and the urn of infinite joy o'erflow with hope's pure dew; the streams of diamond brightness flow through the firmament with boundless light; every crystal vein of humanity pulsate with the wisdom of an infinite world, and each heart learn that it is better to be kind than deform its own divinity by the corroding influence of ingratitude and unkindness.

As ever,

E. C. DAYTON.

Future Increase of Knowledge.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

What are great and beneficial discoveries, in their origin? What is the process which has led to them? They are the work of rational man, operating upon the materials existing in nature, and observing the laws and properties of the physical world. The Creator of the universe has furnished us the material, it is all around us, above us, and beneath us; in the ground under our feet; the air we breathe; the waters of the ocean and the fountains of the earth; in the various subjects of the kingdoms of nature. We cannot open our eyes, nor stretch out our hands, nor take a step, but we see, and handle, and tread upon the things, from which the most wonderful and useful discoveries and inventions have been deduced. What is gunpowder, which has changed the character of modern warfare? It is the mechanical mixture of some of the most common and least costly substances. What is the art of printing? A contrivance less curious, as a piece of mechanism, than a musical box. What is the steam-engine? An apparatus for applying the vapor of boiling water. What is vaccination? A trifling ail, communicated by a scratch of the lancet, and capable of protecting human life against one of the most dreadful maladies to which it is exposed.

And are the properties of matter all discovered? its laws all found out; the uses to which they may be applied all detected? I cannot believe it. We cannot doubt, that truths now unknown are in reserve, to reward the patience and the labors of future lovers of truth, which

will go as far beyond the brilliant discoveries of the last generation, as these do beyond all that was known to the ancient world. The pages are infinite in that great volume, which was written by the hand divine, and they are to be gradually turned, perused, and announced, to benefited and grateful generations, by genius and patience; and especially by patience; by untiring, enthusiastic, self-devoting patience. The progress which has been made in art and science is indeed vast. We are ready to think a pause must follow: that the goal must be at hand. But there is no goal; and there can be no pause; for art and science are in themselves progressive. They are moving powers, animated principles; they are instinct with life; they are themselves the intellectual life of man. Nothing can arrest them, which does not plunge the entire order of society into barbarism. There is no end to truth, no bound to its discovery and application; and a man might as well think to build a tower, from the top of which he could grasp Sirius in his hand, as prescribe a limit to discovery and invention.

Never do we more evince our arrogant ignorance, than when we boast our knowledge. True Science is modest; for her keen, sagacious eye discerns that there are deep, undeveloped mysteries where the vain sciolist sees all plain. We call this an age of improvement, as it is. But the Italians, in the age of Leo X. and with great reason, said the same of their age; the Romans, in the time of Cicero, the same of theirs; the Greeks, in the time of Pericles, the same of theirs, and the Assyrians and Egyptians, in the flourishing periods of their ancient monarchies, the same of theirs. In passing from one of these periods to another, prodigious strides are often made; and the vanity of the present age is apt to flatter itself, that it has climbed to the very summit of invention and skill. A wiser posterity at length finds out, that the discovery of one truth, the investigation of one law of nature, the contrivance of one machine, the perfection of one art, instead of narrowing, has widened the field of knowledge still to be acquired, and given, to those who came after, an ampler space, more numerous data: better instruments, a higher point of observation, and the encouragement of living and acting in the presence of a more intelligent age. It is not a century since the number of fixed stars was estimated at about three thousand. Newton had counted no more. When Dr. Herschel had completed his great telescope, and turned it to the heavens, he calculated that two hundred and fifty thousand stars passed through its field in a quarter of an hour!

It may not irrelevantly be conjectured to be the harmonious plan of the universe, that its two grand elements of mind and matter should be accurately adjusted to each other; that there should be full occupation in the physical world, in its laws and properties, and in the moral and social relations connected with it, for the contemplative and active powers of every created intellect. The imperfection of human institutions has, as far as man is concerned, disturbed the pure harmony of this great system. On the one hand, much truth, discoverable even at the present stage of human improvement, as we have every reason to think, remains undiscovered. On the other hand, thousands and millions of rational minds, for want of education, opportunity and encouragement, have remained dormant and inactive, though surrounded on every side by those qualities of things, whose action and combination, no doubt, still conceal the sublimest and most beneficial mysteries.

But a portion of the intellect, which has been placed on this goodly theater, is wisely, intently, and successfully active; ripening, even on earth, into no mean similitude of higher natures. From time to time a chosen hand, sometimes directed by chance, but more commonly guided by reflection, experiment and research, touches, as it were a spring till then unperceived; and through what seemed a blank and impenetrable wall,—the barrier to all farther progress,—a door is thrown open into some before unexplored hall in the sacred temple of truth. The multitude rushes in, and wonders that the portals could have remained concealed so long. When a brilliant discovery or invention is proclaimed, men are astonished to think how long they had lived on its confines without penetrating its nature.

Cyphering.

We find the following copied into "*The Medium*." We know not to whom the credit is due. We find omissions in it which we supply according to the tenor:

A QUAIL STORY.

"And it came to pass that at even the quails came up and covered the camp." Exodus xvi: 33.

The writer of the above and the two succeeding verses, would lead us to believe that the children of Israel were miraculously fed with quails and manna. Although I disbelieve the whole story, I hope I shall not be tried by a Boston jury for my disbelief, yet for the sake of the argument I will admit it to be true. By the writers account, the Israelites gathered daily, a quantity sufficient for their daily consumption and no more, except on the sixth day when they gathered a double portion.

We will now turn to Numbers chapter xi: verses 4—6: "And the mixed multitude that was among them fell a lusting, and the children of Israel wept again, and said who shall give us flesh to eat?"

"We remember the flesh which we did eat in Egypt freely, the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions and the garlicks, but now our souls are dried away, there is nothing at all beside this manna before our eyes."

Nearly three years had elapsed, according to the sacred writers account, since the quails and manna had been sent for their sustenance, and no mention is made of either having ceased. But by reading the three verses above, one would suppose that they had been fed with nothing but manna since they left Egypt, for they say in verse 6: there is nothing at all besides this manna before our eyes.

Ye stiff-necked and rebellious people will ye dispute the word of the sacred writer? He tells us you had quails sent daily: you say you have nothing but manna. Which shall we believe? Numbers, vi: 31 32. "And there went forth a wind from the Lord and brought quails from the sea and let them fall by the camp, as it were a days journey on this side, and as it were a days journey on the other side round about the camp, and as it were two cubits high upon the face of the earth. And the people stood up all that night, and all the next day; and they gathered the quails; he that gathered least gathered ten homers, and they spread them all abroad for themselves around about the camp."

Now a homer in scripture is eight bushels, consequently, those that gathered least, gathered eighty bushels each. The Israelites capable of bearing arms, were numbered a short time before, and by their account they had 603,550 fighting men. Now if only the fighting men gathered the quails, the quantity they took would amount to 48,284,000 bushels. Allowing one quart of salt to the bushel, it would take 1,508,675 bushels of salt to cure them. If we estimate the salt to be worth 40 cents per bushel, the whole as above would amount to the sum of 633,550 dollars. Admitting the salt to weigh 56 pounds to the bushel, it would load 75 ships carrying 500 tons each.

Now Mr. sacred writer, please to inform us if you can, how the Israelites cured 48,284,000 bushels of quails. We have no account of their having a particle of salt; and the climate in those regions is not sufficiently salubrious to cure flesh without it; besides, where could they spread them when they were hemmed in with a mass of dead quails thirty-three miles in every direction, three feet seven inches deep. The advocates of the Bible will say the Lord was able to preserve them without salt.

I shall not dispute His power, but a fair inference can be drawn from the following account, in verse 33, that He did not exert it:—"And while the flesh was yet betwixt their teeth, ere it was chewed, the wrath of the Lord was kindled against the people, and the Lord smote them with a very great plague."

The mass of quails, as above, if laid in a straight line one mile wide and 3 feet 7 inches deep, would extend 3415 miles, or from Boston to London. Again should we reduce the width to $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile and retain

the depth of 3 ft. 7 in. they would reach round the globe. And if they were all to be removed and dumped into the Red Sea, they would load 2,975,248,000 carts containing 112 cubic feet of quails each. Admitting this globe to contain 1,000,000,000, of habitants, it would give them three such cart loads each.

Suppose the camp of Bonaparte, when he was in Egypt with the French army, had been surrounded with a mass of dead quails, breast high, and thirty-three miles in every direction, what would have been the command of that general? Instead of permitting his soldiers to gather 80 bushels of quails each, he would have commanded his pioneers to cut a road as quick as possible through which his army might escape to avoid being overtaken by the pestilence such a mass of putrid flesh would soon create.

Now, Mr. Editor, because I cannot swallow the 2,975,248,000 cart load of quails they call me

A. SKEPTIC.

Agree to Differ.

There seems to be a too prevalent feeling that spiritual fellowship and unity of heart must be preceded, or at least accompanied, by a unanimity of opinion in speculative matters.

The demand betrays a whole history of controversial bitterness, and is a sad commentary on the brotherhood of man, and the soul's deeper fraternity with all souls through the spiritual Father. One would suppose—if his simple heart had not this weight of remembrance to mar its faith—that the many shades of opinion in the minds of the many observers and thinkers would only make more interesting the fellowship of kindred natures. Especially would it seem so in the field of the supernatural, where everything is seen in a mellow light, if not in a positive mistiness of vague outline, which only here and there a keen seer can trace to its substantial proportions.

Every new expression of the great impalpable facts of that sphere should find us eager and glad to entertain it, and to seek by all possible tests whether it has not verily brought us a new truth, or given new clearness to an old truth. If the invisible world, as we must believe, is as vast and diversified in its facts as the natural world, there can be no danger in the utmost range of thought, that it should exhaust its infinite significance and beauty; but rather we should fear that, by restricting thought to a few isolated laws and principles, we shall voluntarily exclude from our souls the vastitude of undiscovered truth which must fill the infinity of the unseen world.

True, there are certain broad principles which underlie all facts in the physical world, and, beyond doubt, in the spiritual world as well. No man will look for a natural phenomenon in direct contravention of the law of gravitation; and he who asserts such a fact will meet with doubt and unbelief in proportion to the intelligence of his hearers—always excepting the highest, which is most ready to trust the anomalous and seemingly exceptional. Ask the ignorant man, positive in his knowledge of that single law only, to believe that cork in the middle of the sea will fall up to the surface; that smoke will rise when free, and a wooden table will sometimes leap to the ceiling at the request of a child. Two of these facts the stubborn ignorant will admit, though they seem point blank contradictions of his unyielding law, and the third he will deny because it apparently contradicts that law. But the wise man says, though they seem to oppose this truth, look at the matter nearer, and you will find that the cork leaps up by the working of that very law which makes everything fall; and therefore very likely smoke does the same thing. He looks further, and finds it does; that, by a less specific gravity than water and air respectively possess, cork and smoke are crowded up by the falling of the heavier bodies. Were he a wise man then if, after these examples, he denied the next apparent breach of the law of gravity, because it appeared so? No; he would trust his senses and the senses of competent witnesses, and wait for more facts to harmonize the seeming antagonisms.

Thus, in spiritual matters, one or two great principles will of necessity

ty enter into every creed; and into every creed will enter some well attested truth, clear to the disciples of that creed, which, to all others, denies the first great law; but a larger wisdom finds them harmonious—often dependent as cause and effect; and the largest wisdom is willing to wait if the solution comes not now, and instead of ruling out all anomalous ideas, it says, bring more and more facts, more and more ideas, and from the multitude of views taken from every possible standpoint, we may catch the true proportions and the very features of the great unknown—unknown no longer when thought is free. A brotherhood of spiritual fellowship should be based on unity of aim, to know and serve truth for the love of it, and not compel a unity of opinion where minds are diversified and the field infinite.—*Christian Spirituist*.

Celebrated Clocks.

1. Among clocks celebrated for their superior and wonderful mechanism is that of Strasburg. The following is a description of it:

"At Strasburg there is a clock of all others the most famous, invented by Conradus Dasepodius, in the year 1571. Before the clock, stands a globe on the ground, showing the motion of the heavens, stars and planets. The heavens are carried about by the first mover, in twenty-four hours. Saturn by his proper motion, is carried about in thirty years; Jupiter in twelve; Mars in two; and the moon in one month. In the clock itself there are two tables on the right and left hand, showing the eclipses of the sun and moon from the year 1573 to the year 1624. The third table in the middle, is divided into three parts. In the first part the statues of Apollo and Diana show the course of the year and the day thereof, being carried about in one year; the second part shows the year of our Lord, and the equinoctial days, the hours of each day and the minutes of each hour, Easter day and all other feasts and dominical letter. The third part has the geography of all Germany, and particularly of Strasburg, and the names of the inventor and all the workmen. In the middle frame of the clock is an astrolabe, showing the sign in which each planet is every day; and there are statues of the seven planets, upon a round piece of iron lying flat; so that every day the planet that rules the day comes forth, the rest being hid within the frames, till they come out by course in their day; as the sun upon Sunday, and so for all the week. There is also a terrestrial globe which shows the quarter, the half-hours and the minutes. There is also the skull of a dead man, and the statues of two boys whereof one turns the hour glass when the clock has struck, the other puts forth the rod in his hand at each stroke of the clock. Moreover there are the statues of spring, summer, autumn and winter, and many observations of the moon. In the upper part of the clock there are the statues of four old men, who strike the quarters of the hour; the statue of Death comes out each quarter to strike, but is driven back by the statue of Christ with a spear in his hand for three quarters, but in the fourth quarter that of Christ goes back, and that of Death strikes the hour with a bone in his hand, and then the chimes sound. On the top of the clock is an image of a cock which twice in the day crows aloud and claps his wings. Besides, this clock is decked with many rare pictures, and being on the inside of the church, carries another frame on the outside of the walls, wherein the hours of the sun, the courses of the moon, the length of the day, and such other things are set out with great art."

2. In the Cathedral of Lyons, in France, may be seen a very famous clock. It is placed in one of the aisles near the choir. On the top of the clock is a cock, which every three hours claps his wings and crows three times. At a certain time the Virgin Mary and the angel Gabriel issue out of the two doors, meet and salute each other. At the same time a dove representing the Holy Ghost, descends and rests upon the head of Mary. After these figures have retired, a venerable old man makes his appearance, lifting up his hands as in the act of pronouncing a blessing. This clock has probably suffered in some measure from the effects of time, yet by the care and attention of those under whose care it is, its movements are comparatively regular and perfect. Nicolas

Lipp, a native of Basil, Switzerland, was the inventor, and finished it in 1598, when he was about thirty years of age. He was engaged by the magistrates of Lyons, as a suitable compensation to reside in the city in order personally to repair and perfect his works.

3. In the cathedral of Lunden, Sweden, is a clock from which issues every hour, two horsemen who have a spirited encounter. At the same time a door opens and discovers the Virgin Mary sitting with the infant Jesus in her arms, and the wise men presenting their various gifts. Ave Maria is heard during the time of the procession. The month, day, and festival throughout the year are also shown.

4. Two wonderful clocks were made some years since in the form of chariots, by an English artist, and sent to the Emperor of China, by the East India Company as a present. The following is a description:

"The clocks are in the form of chariots, in which are placed in a fine attitude, a lady, leaning her right hand on a part of the chariot; under which is a clock of curious workmanship, a little larger than a shilling, that strikes and repeats and goes eight days. Upon her finger sits a bird finely modelled, and set with diamonds and rubies, with its wings expanded in a flying posture, and actually flutters for a considerable time, on touching a diamond button below it. The body of the bird (which contains part of the wheels that in a manner give life to it) is not the bigness of the sixteenth part of an inch. The lady holds in her left hand a gold tube, not much thicker than a large pin, on the top of which is a small round box, to which a circular ornament, set with diamonds not larger than a sixpence, is attached, which goes round near three hours in regular motion. Over the lady's head, supported by a small pillar, no bigger than a quill, are two umbrellas; under the largest of which a bell is fixed at a considerable distance from the clock and seeming to have no connection with it; but from which a communication is secretly conveyed to a hammer, that regularly strikes the hour, and repeats the same at pleasure by touching a diamond button fixed to the clock below. At the feet of the lady is a gold dog, before which, from the point of the chariot are two birds placed on spiral springs, the wings and feathers are of various colors, and appear as if flying away with the chariot, which is so contrived that by another secret motion it can be made to run in a strait, circular, or any other direction. A boy that lays hold of the chariot behind, seems to push it forward. Above the umbrellas are flowers and ornaments of precious stones, and it terminates with a flying dragon set in the same manner. The whole is of gold most curiously executed, and embellished with rubies and stones."

AFRAID TO LEARN.

It is related that Galileo, who invented the telescope, with which he observed the satellites of Jupiter, invited a man who was opposed to him, to look through it, that he might observe Jupiter's moons.—The man positively refused—saying, "If I should see them, how could I maintain my opinions, which I have advanced against your philosophy?" This is the case with many. They will not look at the truth—they will not hear it, for fear the arguments they have framed, will be destroyed, and they may be obliged to give up their vicious indulgences.

—There is something inexpressibly sweet about little girls.—Lovely, pure, innocent, ingenuous, unsuspecting, full of kindness to brothers, babies and everything. They are sweet little human flowers, diamond dew drops in the breath of morn. What a pity they should ever become women, flirts and heartless coquettes!

THE MEMORY.

Like every other faculty of the mind or body, the memory may be strengthened or weakened by habit. A good memory may be spoiled by being over-burdened with reading, as well as the digestive faculties by loading the stomach with food, and one which is naturally weak may be made strong with proper care and discipline. Temperance of all things, and in all things, is essential to a good memory.

AGE OF PROGRESS.

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THOMAS GALES FORSTER,

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Spiritualist Grove Meeting.

A meeting of all the Spiritualists who will attend, will be held on Saturday and Sunday, the 23d and 24th of August, instant, in a grove near the village of Byron, in this State. The Committee of arrangements extend a cordial invitation to all who thirst for the waters of truth and life, to come and partake freely.

Buffalo Harmonial Conference.

On Sunday last, according to announcement, we had Brother S. J. FINNEY, with us; and with him came Brother W. HUME, of Wilbraham, Massachusetts. [This is not the HUME who was *in-humed* in Roman Catholicism, in Popedom.]

In the afternoon, Mr. H. was entranced by the spirit of GEORGE WYTHE, whose name will be found among that glorious constellation of immortals, who signed the Declaration of American Independence. This spirit spoke some ten minutes, with great eloquence and effect. The moment when he had concluded, the medium was taken possession of by the spirit of JOHN RANDOLPH, who spoke in poetic rhyme and measure, and with his own shrill tone of voice. Nor did he forget to spice his masterly effort, where it was appropriate, with some of his characteristic satire. As RANDOLPH finished, the spirit of Lord BYRON took possession of the medium's organism, and poured forth a flood of classical poetry, much in his own style, and all original.

This medium is a blacksmith by trade, and was, much against his own inclination, taken from the anvil and sent to preach the gospel of spiritual truth. He is without school education, excepting what he received when quite a boy, by attending school occasionally in the winter. He is, certainly, one of the best evidences of the truth of spiritual manifestations that we have ever seen or heard.

In the evening Brother FINNEY spoke for about one hour and a quarter. His subject was, "The approaching crisis." We need not tell those who have heard him, *how* he spoke. He speaks under spiritual influence, but not in the trance state. His style of oratory is bold, lofty, and powerful. He is fearless himself, and attracts to his aid spirits of similar character. No truth which comes through him is crippled for want of explicitness of expression. He stands in the foremost rank of spiritual lecturers, and is doing great good in the discharge of the duties of his mission.

It is worthy of note that, whilst we were writing the above notice of what was done through Brother HUME, two of the spirits—WYTHE and BYRON—as we spoke of them respectively, took possession of the medium, who was sitting in our office, and responded most feelingly and eloquently, to our remarks. He, the medium, knowing nothing of what we had written.

Brother FORSTER, having reached home in the morning, was present during the day, but was not used by his controlling spirits, excepting that, at the close of Brother FINNEY's lecture, Professor DAYTON spoke through him, announcing to the audience that he had brought their friend back to them *well and sound*, and that the rostrum will no more be left without either him or some one equal or superior, to occupy it on Sundays, and to speak to them the words of spiritual truth and love.

A Spiritual Phenomenon.

We have already notified those of our readers who do not know us personally—no others require such notification—that we have no party political bias or feeling, more than we had in the days of our infancy. Nor have we any personal choice between the three candidates for the Presidency, whose names are prominent before the people. We shall give our vote according as our best judgment and impressions direct us, with a view to the most important interests of the nation. We are admonished that the corruptions which have long characterized our national government, and which, from it, have radiated in every direction, and permeated the entire political system of the country, are now reaching their culminating point, and that a crisis is at hand. Hence we regard what follows as prophetic and highly worthy of regard.

On Sunday, a young lady of our intimate acquaintance, who is a member of an Episcopal church, who has seen very little of the Spiritual phenomena, and who has, hitherto, given the subject of Spiritualism very little attention, went to the hall, in the afternoon, to hear what would be said through the strangers who were announced to be spoken through. When the spirit of GEORGE WYTHE concluded his remarks through brother HUME, she felt an impression that she must get up and speak; which, she said, she would not have done for any amount of money. When the second spirit commenced speaking through him, she sat quietly; but as soon as he concluded, the impression returned with still more urgency; and a spasmodic jerking, in her physical system, commenced. This alarmed her, and she asked a relative of hers, who sat near her, to accompany her out of the hall. He did so; and when out, the impression seemed to leave her, and he returned to the hall. She then attempted to go into St. John's (Episcopal) church; but she was immediately seized with the jerking, and turned away. Again the influence left her, and she started on her way to her boarding house. Again she was seized with jerking, and she turned to go to our residence. She then became quiet and remained so till she arrived at our house and retired to an upper chamber. There, again, a spirit endeavored to control

her and speak through her; and it continued its efforts for near an hour, in which time she suffered exceedingly, all the time endeavoring to give utterance to something which was forcibly impressed upon her mind. At length she spoke the name of the spirit who was endeavoring to use her organs; which was MARTIN LUTHER. The spirit then wrote with her hand, that we should send for Mr. FORSTER, who came and endeavored to relieve her, but could not. The spirit of Professor DAYTON took possession of him, and directed us to send for Dr. BROOKIE, who, he said, had great magnetic power. This was done; the Dr. came, and he so far relieved her that she was enabled, by uttering a word at a time, to say what the spirit seemed determined that she should say, which, as nearly as we can give it, was as follows:

"We wish you to publish, in your paper, that Bishop HUGHES has sold the Catholic vote of this State, to the American party, for the purpose of securing the election of Mr. BUCHANAN to the Presidency; and Mr. BUCHANAN, by his influential friends, has pledged his influence, as Chief Magistrate of the nation, if elected, to aid the Pope of Rome, in the accomplishment of all his purposes and designs, with regard to this government and nation." And the spirit added: "BUCHANAN must not be elected to the office of President: if he is, blood will be caused to flow more profusely than it was caused to flow by the reformation."

When this communication was finished, the lady became easy. Then Dr. BROOKIE was taken possession of by the spirit of Gen. WASHINGTON, who told us that, besides himself, MARTIN LUTHER, FRANKLIN, JEFFERSON, CLAY, J. Q. ADAMS, SMITH and DAYTON, were present. He said they had brought us together to hear the announcement made through the lady; that her organism was chosen on account of her non-connection with the Spiritual fraternity, and because she was, as it were, an infant in relation to both Spiritualism and politics. And he confirmed the announcement as true in every respect.

When WASHINGTON had finished, Professor DAYTON took possession of brother FORSTER, and confirmed all that was said by WASHINGTON.

Thus we put this communication on record, as a Spiritual prophecy. We can well imagine how rabid politicians will scoff at it; but time will show how true or how false it is.

A few words in behalf of Doctor John Brookie.

Our much loved spirit friend, Professor E. C. Dayton, has desired us to make favorable mention of Doctor BROOKIE, to the readers of this paper, spiritualists and others, and to the people of Buffalo generally. He desires us to say, from him, that he and Mr. SMITH have brought the Doctor to Buffalo, as they did T. G. FORSTER, for the benefit of the people. They have seen that in a city of eighty thousand inhabitants, there is but one public healing medium; and they have seen that such a healing medium as Dr. BROOKIE, is greatly needed here. He has received a regular medical education, and has practised many years, according to the teachings of the schools. Having made physiology, anatomy and obstetrics his constant study for many years, and having, in later years, been developed as a healing medium of great magnetic power, he is better qualified to do battle against the enemies of human life, than those who possess but one of those advantages. Since his development as a healing medium, Dr. B. has never met with a single case of obstetrics which has given him any trouble. His efforts to aid na-

ture, in all those cases, have been so directed by Spiritual knowledge and power, that he has been enabled to mitigate the pains of travail, and render parturition comparatively easy.

Another department of the Doctor's mission, is to teach the philosophy of healing, to those media who are about being developed for that purpose; to which teaching he is peculiarly adapted.

The Professor wishes us farther to say to his Buffalo friends, that he desires them to aid this worthy brother in making his usefulness available to those who need his services, and to himself; he having impoverished himself by yielding obedience to the requirements of superior intelligences, and by practising the charities which they inculcate.

On our own account, we will say of the Doctor, that he is so far from being an avaricious money-grabber, that he is hardly incapacitated to see himself righted, where people are disposed to withhold from him what is justly his due.

NOTE.—Dr. BROOKIE can always be found by enquiring at this office.

Spiritual Obituary.

A tribute to the memory of our noble and venerable friend, Mr. STEPHEN DUDLEY, whose soul departed the scenes of human life, to bask in the sun-light of heaven, on Monday, August 11.

By E. C. DAYTON.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

At last he hath gone, to revel 'mid the untold glories of his eternal home, where the furrowed brow, the heart of suffering, and the living soul have become young again; and, in gladness, forever will he roam with the archangels of eternity, the vast immensities of God's love, where every atom speaks forth its divinity and beauty, as on it moves and becomes a world of itself, an eternity in a moment, by the infinite majesty of God. There sweet happiness and heart-blossoms of love dwell on his immortal bosom. As every beating of the outward pulse grew fainter and weaker, giving evidence that animal life was expiring, so doth each glad immortal pulsation of his soul, speak forth an unending eternity, where he but smiles in gratitude to his God, as he feels the reality of heaven out-rolling in space and time, where causation itself worketh out creation, and wisdom finds all secrets there revealed. He hath gone where harmony in perpetual ecstasy animates and quickens the pulses of his eternal soul. The dear arms of angels have borne him up to the undimmed paradise for which he longed, where pearls of goodness pave the path-way to higher joys, and diamonds of love illumine the avenues of his immortal being. Love now thrills on his lips and stirs his angel bosom with new-born beauties, and his heart vibrates, chording with the strings of heaven's sweet lyre, that is ever and ever endued with immortality, and from which the slightest angel touch may chant an ocean of melody.

He has gone to the starry heaven of pure impassioned feeling, where his spirit is limitless and more refined; where the out-breathing waves of heaven's minstrelsy leap into space from a thousand archangel choirs, and there, like a star on the brow of heaven, exists our noble hearted friend, to shine 'mid the corruscations of the skies, a living entity. His affections twine around the harmonies of nature, where its star-lit frescoes glimmer from its eternal heights, and bear his soul onward to God, where creations new and fair, shine from amid the skies, to make his home bright and beautiful, as unconfined by selfish fetters, his heart-music shakes the chords of heaven, as its sweet strains re-echo to earth, unmingled with discord and untouched by care. Like diamonds on the ocean foam doth each thought gleam from his freed soul, as o'er the tide it is borne to still sweeter joys of interior worth.

The winds of life had swept o'er his finite form, and left its traces of care on his brow; and like Arabian sands on its own desert, had each

change counted his existence on the dial of outward destiny, till the winds of outward life scattered the sands of finite being to their final home, and the soul winged its flight to the hearts of those who welcomed him home, 'mid the shouts of angel happiness; and as they bathed his brow in the waters of infinite life, he raised his eyes toward his God and exclaimed: "Thank God! thank God! I am at last at home." And the tears of the angels fell like immortal rain upon his soul, and the dewy fragrance of their love exhaled in divine sweetness, through each chamber of his being, where the out-gushing fount of tenderness and love bowed forth, to commingle with the ocean of infinite joy and wisdom.

Wild flowers may spring around his tomb, where cold and silent the outer form lies enshrined; yet his noble presence to those he loves, shall be like music to the harp; and the deep confiding sympathies of his soul will draw him back to earth, where, on the shrine of immortal truth, he must yield the essence of his being up, to gladden the loved of earth, and radiate his own eternal form with the brilliancy and beauty of his celestial home.

He hath gone; yet let no tear leave its trace of regret on the human heart, because he hath gone home; but let smiles of gladness mount to brighten heaven, and lend a united brilliancy to the spirit, now freely and joyously chanting with angels the glories of the skies, and drinking from the sparkling fountains of wisdom the drops of love and purity. And back from heaven comes the response: "I still live!" From the bright galaxy of individual thought, shines his noble spirit; and the grateful incense of his being has gone up from its altar to heaven, and his unpractised hand must now learn to sweep the chords of heaven, and inscribe indelibly on his soul the characters of unfading affection, only to be read by the light of eternity.

And now his spirit, like a dove, broods o'er the hearts that feel his departure; and the rich accents of his voice come sweet and clear, like the far off hymning of angels, to tell the rapture of its home, and breathe, in whispers sweet and low, of that snow-white paradise, where the death-damp never shades the brow—where the folded hands, cold in the embrace of change, never rest on the marble heart, but where new pulsations ever animate the soul, and where fond aspirations glide on over the tides of heaven, where no dark billows shroud eternity in darkness, but where heaven is one glad day of sunshine.

Yes, he hath gone, no more will the voice of charity that swelled his heart with its noble accents, gladden our hearts as before, but from his unsullied home in the skies, there! there may we hear sweeter accents stealing from the inmost depths of his being, and gliding along on the varied beauties of the atmosphere, reaching the earth, and there they reverberate through the chambers of each heart, awakening emotions that draw the soul of humanity to the kindly influence of heaven.

Thus one we loved, has outwardly perished. One by one the leaves of human nature faded, while the life and the love of his being are transplanted in the genial atmosphere of eternity. And as we loved and revered the noble qualities of his soul on earth, so must we now love him as one free from the hardships of an outer life, kindly and tenderly gazing down from his home above, upon those whom he hath left behind. There the white locks will never mark his outward decay, nor the furrowed brow give evidence of his transition; but gladness will ever urge his spirit on, to the nobler and richer strains of deific melody; and his immortal fingers will sweep the chords of love; and as they vibrate, each echo will bear his spirit still on, into higher avenues of wisdom; and as his white robed form soars amid the brilliancies and beauties of immensity, we shall ever hear the same accents of charity that characterized his pathway to heaven; and forever will the hymning of the seraphs bring back to us the brightness of his onward destiny, and diffuse through each recess of feeling the fragrance of his love, the sweetness of his teachings.

He hath gone hence, to point the way to those who yet linger below; and as each heart who knew his virtues, beat, in the warmth of affection, toward him, so may their expiring earthly hours be as were

his—joyous in the hope of heaven. His heart throbbled faintly, as if yearning for the morn when the last thread of life should be broken; he mourned not his fate, but rejoiced that he should so soon find rest at home. And *now—now* he is free, and must ever mount higher, like the bird as it bathes its bright plumage in the atmosphere, to learn the wisdom of heaven and the love of God. And we can but say: rest on the bosom of heaven, bright spirit—drink the dew of love from the fount of thy God—inhal the fragrance of truth, that thine own soul may be purer, and chant, with the seraphs of the skies, the ever continued melodies which vibrate from the heart-strings of Deity, along the chain of existence, making each soul above responsive to each infinite strain of undying music.

Noble spirit, our hearts rejoice now that thy sufferings are o'er, and mayest thou, from thy infinite home, smile gently upon us; and when the dews of our being return to heaven, Oh! there, in the brightness of eternity, may we meet our now joyously free immortal friend.

Truly, E. C. DAYTON.

From the *Alta Californian*, of July 21st.

Summary of a Fortnight's News.

THE STATE.

California is still convulsed by an active, peculiar, and powerful public opinion. About the middle of May, the panorama of our troubles began to unroll, and expose the startling scenes of our present history; and though the belief is to be indulged that all which is dark and alarming has passed from view, entire peace, entire quietness, and permanent removal of difficulties, have not been reached.

Since the sailing of the first July steamer there has been greater calmness in public feeling than heretofore since hostilities were commenced between acknowledged right and evident wrong. This is, without doubt, the consequence of a cessation of violent criminal acts.

The people throughout the State have fully discussed, inquired into, and maturely decided upon, the manifestations of the wishes of the Pacific metropolis, and have extended their sympathy and endorsed the proceedings.

All accounts from the mines are as favorable as ever, and the continued prosperity of these regions need not hereafter be questioned.

There has been little or no rain, but the supply of water has not been considerably diminished in any of the mining localities.

The grain crops are everywhere abundant—far beyond expectation.

Fruits and vegetables promise to overwhelm all precedent, and are falling in price.

The inhabitants of inland towns, in constructing improvements, are more seriously considering the advantage of large brick and stone fire-proof buildings, and architectural taste is permitted a loftier exercise.

On the 5th of July, a most lamentable misfortune befel the town of Placerville. A fire broke out, and destroyed one hundred and eighty-six buildings, which, together with other property, were valued at about \$600,000. The town was nearly all burned, and Mr. Benham perished in the flames, while several others were injured. Collections for the sufferers are being taken in various places.

On the 8th, the village of Georgetown, Placer county, was consumed by fire, and the loss is estimated at \$100,000. Seventy buildings were destroyed.

On the 12th, the town of Fair Play, El Dorado county, was burned, involving a loss of about \$70,000.

On the 10th, a disastrous fire took place at Marysville, and consumed a large number of buildings, valued at \$160,000.

On Sunday, the 5th, the town of Santa Barbara became greatly excited in consequence of the appearance, in the place and vicinity, of Edward McGowan, the bad character indicted as an accomplice of Casey in the murder of Mr. King, and who had eluded the Vigilance Police. Upon being recognized, he fled to a swamp, from which the citizens attempted to burn him; but they failed, and he escaped. Yet we expect every day to hear of his arrival in San Francisco.

Excitement prevails now at Yreka, Siskiyou county, bordering on Oregon, in regard to the shooting of a miner, named J. Blunt, by Deputy Sheriff Millhouse, who was attempting to arrest him for creating disturbance on the Fourth of July. The friends of Blunt threatened to tar and feather Mr. Geo. Freamer, editor of the *Yreka Union*, unless he retracted the statement that Blunt was the aggressor, and to burn the town unless Mr. Millhouse was given up to them by the Sheriff and his posse.

On the 16th, James Downing, a tailor, of Nevada, was shot by his brother-in-law, James Walsh, and it is thought his wound is fatal. A family difficulty caused the homicide.

On the same day, and at the same place, an affray occurred between a party of miners. Several shots were fired, and E. A. Head, and a man named Walker, were badly wounded.

A controversy is now taking place between certain parties and the Governor, relative to an arrangement with the Committee of Vigilance, that they may deliver up Judge Terry, and cease to exercise authority. Nothing has been done to this effect.

The reception of the late Presidential nominations has not been particularly enthusiastic. A few ratification meetings have been held inland, and most of the journals have chosen their positions for the canvass, and a few leaders are trying to form campaign clubs. But while the respective parties are quite unanimous in endorsing their nominees, there is still hesitancy, inactivity, doubt and fear.

THE CITY.

David S. Terry, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court, is yet in confinement in the rooms of the Committee of Vigilance.

What is to be the fate of the imprisoned Judge, all are trying to conjecture.

"Chris. Lilly," the ex-New York pugilist, and against whom there is an indictment for murder in New York State, was arrested on the 8th, and admitted to bail, that he might settle his business previous to going into exile.

The exportation of offensive persons attracts great crowds to the dock on steamer days.

James McDonald, Captain of Police, and very much respected, died suddenly on the morning of the 5th. He was born at Cincinnati, and had been in this city since 1849.

On the night of the 5th, two Chinamen were brutally murdered at the Lagoon, near the city.

Chas. E. Rand was arrested on the 7th, charged with piracy, in assisting John L. Durkee and others, to disarm a party carrying off State arms down the Bay. He gave \$25,000 bail, the same amount required of Durkee, arrested previous to the departure of the last steamer.

The report that McGowan, accessory to the murder of Mr. King, had been seen, created much sensation throughout the city, and a vessel was manned and started for Santo Barbara to bring him, if captured.

Mortimer Fulton, chief engineer of the steamship *Golden Age*, was instantly killed by the machinery on her upward trip. He was a native of Louisiana, has a wife and two children at Benicia, in this State, and was a graduate of the celebrated "Novelty Engine works."

Francisco Perez has been arrested, charged with heavy robberies, and is the same who strangled a Mexican woman about three years ago.

It has been reported to us that Gen. Wool, now at Nappa springs, is dangerously ill.

A Democratic ratification meeting was held on the evening of the 16th, and a Republican ratification meeting will be held to-night, Saturday the 19th.

Our city and county officers have been of late in a twisted and indefinable condition, owing to the new bonds required under the Consolidation Bill, and the pressure against inefficiency and official error.

Several of the incumbents could not obtain bonds. The Board of Supervisors and Court of Sessions selected others in their places, but they refuse to vacate.

Petitions were put in circulation near two weeks since, requesting the county and city officers to resign. The petitions were signed by about six thousand citizens of all parties.

On the evening of the 12th, an immense concourse assembled, speeches were made, the petitions sanctioned, and a committee instructed to formally invite the resignation of all the officers.

On the 15th, another great meeting was held, at which the committee appointed at the previous meeting reported that the officers had determined not to surrender their places. A few had agreed to do so, providing their "companions in misery" would do likewise.

At this meeting considerable disturbance was created, and thirteen noisy fellows were arrested by the Vigilance police. Some of them were afterwards discharged, but others were reserved for exportation on old charges.

The various regiments of the Committee of Vigilance are frequently out on parade, and are the recipients of beautiful flags and banners from the sisterhood of the city.

The regiments are formidable and well disciplined, and their uniform consists of plain black pants, frock coat and flat glazed caps. A black belt, with a narrow red stripe on each edge, encircles the waist, and the officers carry heavy sharp cavalry swords.

Many of the companies are officered by graduates of West Point Academy.

The city is quiet and healthy. Business is moderately good. There is a fair interior trade and the supply is ample.

Three theatres are doing better than for many months past, and an unsurpassed minstrel troupe are amassing money.

The public schools are flourishing.

Society is cheerful, and fashion gaily displays its gorgeous robes.

Many have gone to drink pleasure and sulphur water at Nappa, the finest watering place in the world.

The weather is beautiful of mornings, ugly toward evening, and cool all night.

The streets are lively, and there is a great deal of talk on the corners—some of it is sensible and some of it is not.

DEATH BY LIGHTNING—SINGULAR PRESENTIMENT.

A married lady, Mrs. Bartlett, was instantly killed by lightning, in Essex, Mass. She had a presentiment of her own death, and felt terrified at the approach of every cloud that indicated a thunder shower. She remarked, some weeks previous to her death, that she thought she would not live long, for she felt in a hurry to finish her work for her husband and children, which she was preparing for them as though she was to leave.

On the day when the sad catastrophe happened, she sent for her husband to come and be present, for she was very much depressed, in view of the clouds which were approaching. While the storm was raging, herself and husband occupied the front room, and her children an adjoining bed-room, where a window was open. Her husband sat at the window, watching the clouds and the lightning. She, like many others, supposing that there is more danger of being struck by lightning near a window, than in any other part of the house, entreated him to sit in some other place. Then leaving him to look for her children in the bed-room, she reached the place at the instant of time when the electric fluid darted down the wall and through the floor, killing her before she fell. A very short distance from that fatal spot she would have been saved.—*Newburyport Herald*.

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.

The Quakeress Bride.

O! not in the halls of the noble and proud,
Where fassion assembles her glittering crowd;
Where all is in beauty and splendour arrayed,
Were the nuptials performed of the meek Quaker maid.

Nor yet in the temple those rites which she took,
By the altar the mitre crowned bishop and book;
Where, oft in her jewels doth stand the fair bride,
To whisper those vows which through life shall abide.

The building was humble, yet sacred to Him,
Before whom the pomp of religion is dim;
Whose presence is not to the temple confined,
But dwells with the contrite and lowly of mind.

'Twas there, all unveiled, save by modesty, stood
The Quakeress bride, in her pure satin hood;
Her charms unadorned by the garland or gem,
Yet fair as the lilly just plucked from its stem.

A tear glistened bright in her dark shaded eye,
And her bosom had uttered a tremulous sigh,
As the hand she had pledged was confidingly given,
And the low murmured accents recorded in heaven.

I've been at the bridal where wealth spreads the board,
Where the sparkling red wine in rich goblets was poured;
Where the priest in his surplice from ritual read,
And the solemn response was impressively said.

I've seen the fond sire, in his thin locks of gray,
Give the pride of his heart to the bridegroom away;
While he brushed the big tear from his deep furrowed cheek,
And bowed the assent which his lips might not speak.

But in all the array of the costlier scene,
Nought seemed to my eye so sincere in its mien,
No language so fully the heart to resign,
As the Quakeress bride's—"Until death I am thine,"

Hours of Joy.

FROM THE GREEK OF ARISTOPHANES.

At even tide, when the beautiful sound,
Sings on the wind from the olive ground,
And the nightengale's breath is stirring the vine,
And the sun is passing from every shrine;
And the cheek of the cottage child gleams with a smile,
And the eyes of the mother grow brighter the while,—
Child of gladness, how joyous then
The light of thy path 'mid the haunts of men.

When the little one lifts its voice of glee,
And a chequer of light is under the tree,
And flowers are scattered over the floor,
And the young men lean at the cottage door,
And the aged and young come gathering round thee,
And the heart of the widow laughs when she hath found thee—
Child of gladness, how frank and free,
The merry sound of thy step shall be!

In the shade of the elm when the day-dreams depart,
The plane-leaves shall murmur peace to thy heart,
The boughs of the poplar shall shadow thy seat,
And the children in joyfulness play round thy feet,
The light of the bosom shall not burn dim,
Time shall not wither heart or limb—
Child of gladness how joyous then
The light of thy path 'mid the haunts of men.

— There are persons not merely indifferent to knowledge, but who positively dislike it, because it puts them out in the rotary repetition of their ignorance.

A Spiritual Test Medium.

Mr. G. A. REDMAN, from Boston, Mass. is now in this city, and has taken the same rooms which were occupied by Mr. CONKLIN, when last here—3d floor, No. 200 Main street.

Mr. R. will hold public circles every week-day evening, from 8 to 10 o'clock. Admittance 50 cts. Private circles, \$1,00 per half hour for one person. For each additional person, 50 cts. Private parties can be accommodated at their residences, by special arrangement. Hours of private circles, from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M.

We would notify those who wish to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism, that they will not have a better opportunity than is here offered, as Mr. REDMAN is acknowledged to be the best test medium in the country. He will remain for one week only.

Mr. G. C. Eaton, the Healing Medium.

All persons who require the services of this gentleman, will please leave their addresses with the editor of this paper, at 200 Main street, where he will call every day. *

TRANSLATIONS OF THE BIBLE.

We give below specimens from the six English translations of the Bible, to show the change which our language has undergone in the last five centuries.

Wiclif's Translations. 1330.

But feith is the substance of thingis that ben to be hopid, and an argument of thingis not aperynge, and in this feith eeld men han getun witnessinge.

Tyndale. 1534.

Fayth is a sure confydence of thynges which are hoped for, and a certayntie of thynges which are not sene. By it the elders were well reported of.

Cranmer. 1539.

Fayth is a sure confydence of thynges which are hoped for, and a certayntie of thynges which are not seen. For by it the elders obtayned a good report.

Geneva.. 1555.

Fayth is that which causeth those things to appeare indeed which were hoped for, and sheweth evidently the things which are not sene. For by it our elders were wel reported of.

Rheims. 1582.

And fayth is the substance of things to be hoped for, the argument of things not appearing. For in this the old men obtained testimonie.

King James. 1611.

Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. For by it the elders obtained a good report.

A Mormon minister preached a sermon in Nauvoo. In supplicating grace, he said—"Lord have mercy upon *all* fools and idiots, and particularly upon the members of the town council of Nauvoo!"—*Scissors*.

— In view of the late arraignment of the Mayor of this city, by the Council, for his free expression of political sentiment, it would seem that Nauvoo piety might not be inappropriate.

— There is nothing purer than honesty—nothing sweeter than charity—nothing warmer than love—nothing richer than wisdom—nothing brighter than virtue—and nothing more steadfast than faith. These united in one mind, form the purest—the sweetest—the richest—the brightest, and the most steadfast happiness.

FACT IN PHILOSOPHY.

Dr. Johnson, or some other great man says, he never knew a man to get into a passion with a perfectly clean shirt on, which is urged as a very strong inducement to individuals to keep their linnen unsoiled. Cleanliness purifies and adorns the mind as much as it does the body.

The Umbrella Girl.

Isaac T. Hopper, the well known Quaker philanthropist, was emphatically the friend of the friendless, and sedulously devoted his long life to deeds of benevolence. Untold numbers of persons have been rescued from misery, degradation and ruin, by his kind assistance, support and counsel, and now live to bless their benefactor. The following interesting tale of truth shows how tenderly he wooed a wanderer back to virtue's path and how tenderly he rebuked those, who meditated the destruction of the poor and lowly.

A young girl, the only daughter of a poor widow, removed from the country to Philadelphia, to earn her living by covering umbrellas.—She was very handsome; with glossy black hair, large beaming eyes, and "lips like wet coral." She was just at that acceptable age when youth is ripening into womanhood; when the soul begins to be pervaded by that restless principle, which impels poor humanity to seek perfection in union.

At a hotel near the store for which she worked, an English traveller, called Lord Henry Stuart, had taken lodgings. He was a strikingly handsome man, and of princely carriage. As this distinguished stranger passed to and from his hotel, he encountered the umbrella girl, and was attracted by her uncommon beauty. He easily traced her to the store, where he soon afterwards went to purchase an umbrella. This was followed up by presents of flowers, chats by the way side, and invitations to walk or ride; all of which were gratefully accepted by the unsuspecting rustic; for she was ignorant of the danger of a city as were the squirrels of her native fields. He was merely playing a game for temporary excitement. She with a head full of romance, and a heart melting under the influence of love, unconsciously endangering the happiness of her whole life.

Lord Henry invited her to visit the public gardens on the Fourth of July. In the simplicity of her heart, she believed all his flattering professions, and considered herself his bride elect; she therefore accepted the invitation with innocent frankness. But she had no dress fit to appear in on such a public occasion, with a gentleman of high rank whom she believed to be her future husband. While these thoughts revolved in her mind, her eyes were unfortunately attracted by a beautiful piece of silk belonging to her employer. Could she not take it without being seen, and pay for it secretly, when she had earned enough money? The temptation conquered her in a moment of weakness. She concealed the silk and carried it to her lodgings. It was the first thing she had ever stolen, and her remorse was painful. She would have carried it back, but she dreaded discovery. She was not sure that repentance would be met by a spirit of forgiveness.

On the eventful Fourth of July, she came out in her dress. Lord Henry complimented her upon her elegant appearance, but she was not happy. On their way he talked to her in a manner she did not comprehend. Perceiving this he spoke more explicitly. The guiltless young creature stopped and looked into his face with a mournful reproach, and burst into tears. The nobleman took her hand kindly and said, "My dear, are you an innocent girl?"

"I am, I am," she replied with convulsive sobs. "Oh, what have I ever done or said that you should ask me such a question?"

The evident sincerity of her words stirred the deep fountain of his better nature. "If you are innocent," said he, "God forbid that I should make you otherwise—but you accepted my invitations and presents so readily that I supposed you understood me."

"What could I understand," said she, "except that you intended to make me your wife?"

Though reared amid the proudest distinctions of rank he felt no inclination to smile. He blushed and was silent. The heartless conventionalities of the world stood rebuked in the presence of affectionate simplicity. He conveyed her to her humble home, and bade her farewell, with a thankful consciousness that he had done no irretrievable injury to her future prospects. The remembrance of her to him would be as the recollection of the past year's butterflies. With her the

wound was deep. In the solitude of her chamber she wept in bitterness of heart over ruined air castles. And the dress she had stolen to make an appearance befitting his bride! Oh, would not the heart of the poor widowed mother break, if she should ever know that her child was a thief?

Alas, her wretched forebodings proved too true. The silk was traced to her; she was arrested while on her way to the store and dragged to prison. There she wept incessantly. On the fourth day the keeper called upon Isaac T. Hopper, and informed him that there was a girl in prison who appeared to be utterly friendless and determined to die by starvation. The kind hearted friend immediately went to her assistance. He found her lying on the floor of the cell, with her face buried in her hands, sobbing as if her heart would break. He tried to comfort her, but could obtain no answer.

"Leave us alone," said he to the keeper, "perhaps she will speak to me if there is no one to hear." When they were alone together, he put back the hair from her temples, laid his hand kindly on her beautiful head, and said in soothing tones, "My child, consider me as thy father. Tell me all thou hast done. If thou hast taken the silk, tell me all about it; I will do for thee as I would for my own daughter; and I do not think that I can help thee out of this difficulty."

After a long time spent in affectionate entreaty, she leaned her young head on his friendly shoulder, and sobbed out, "Oh, I wish I was dead, what will my poor mother say when she knows of my disgrace?"

"Perhaps we can manage that she never shall know it," replied he. Alluring her by this hope, he gradually obtained from her the story of her acquaintance with the nobleman. He bade her be comforted and take nourishment, for he would see that the silk was paid for, and the prosecution withdrawn.

He immediately went to her employer and told him the story. "This is her first offence," said he. "The girl is young, and she is the child of a poor widow. Give her a chance to retrieve this one false step, and she may be restored to society, a useful and honored woman. I will see that thou art paid for the silk." The man readily agreed to withdraw the prosecution, said he would have dealt otherwise by the girl, if he had known all the circumstances. "Thou should'st have inquired into the merits of the case," replied Friend Hopper. "By this kind of thoughtlessness many a young creature is driven into the downward path, who might easily have been saved."

The kind hearted man next proceeded to the hotel, and with Quaker simplicity of speech inquired for Henry Stuart. The servant said his lordship had not yet risen. "Tell him my business is of importance," said Friend Hopper. The servant soon returned, and conducted him to the chamber. The nobleman appeared surprised that a stranger, in the Quaker costume, should thus intrude upon his luxurious privacy. When he heard of his errand, he blushed deeply, and frankly admitted the truth of the girl's statement. His benevolent visitor took the opportunity to "bear a testimony" against the sin of profligacy. He did it in such a kind and fatherly manner, that the young man's heart was touched. He excused himself by saying that he would not have tampered with the girl if he had known her to be virtuous. "I have done many wrong things," said he, "but, thank God, no betrayal of confiding innocence weighs on my conscience. I have always esteemed it the basest act of which a man is capable." The imprisonment of the poor girl and the forlorn situation in which she had been found distressed him greatly. When Friend Hopper represented that the silk had been stolen for *his* sake, that the girl had thereby lost profitable employment, and was obliged to return to her distant home, to avoid the danger of exposure, he took out a fifty dollar note and offered it to pay her expenses. "Nay," said Isaac. "Thou art a very rich man, I presume. I see in thy hand a large roll of such notes. She is the daughter of a poor widow, and thou hast been the means of doing her great injury. Give me another."

Lord Henry handed him another fifty dollar note, and smiled as he said, "you understand your business well. But you have acted nobly, and I reverence you for it. If you ever visit England, come and see

me. I will give you a cordial welcome and treat you as a nobleman."

"Farewell, friend," replied the Quaker,—“though much to blame in this affair, thou hast behaved nobly. May'st thou be blessed in domestic life, and trifle no more with the feelings of poor girls; not even with those whom others have betrayed and deserted."

When the girl was arrested, she had sufficient presence of mind to assume a false name, and by that means her true one was kept out of the newspapers. "I did this," said she, for my poor mother's sake.—With the money given by Lord Stuart, the silk was paid for, and she was sent home to her mother, well provided with clothing. Her name and place of residence forever remained a secret in the breast of her benefactor.

Years after these events transpired, a lady called at Friend Hopper's house, and asked to see him. When he entered the room he found a handsomely dressed young matron and a blooming boy of five or six years old. She rose quickly to meet him, and her voice choked as she said, "Friend Hopper, do you know me?" He replied that he did not. She fixed her tearful eyes earnestly upon him, and said, "You once helped me when in great distress." But the good missionary had helped too many in distress to be able to recollect her without more precise information. With a tremulous voice she bade her son go into the next room for a few minutes; then dropping on her knees, she hid her face in his lap and sobbed out, "I am the girl who stole the silk. Oh, where should I now be if it had not been for you."

When her emotion was somewhat calmed, she told him that she had married a highly respectable man, a Senator of his native State. Being on a visit in Friend Hopper's vicinity, she had again and again passed his dwelling, looking wistfully at the windows to catch a sight of him: but when she attempted to enter, her courage failed.

"But I must return home to-morrow," said she, "and I could not go away without once more seeking and thanking him who saved me from ruin." She recalled her little boy and said to him, "Look at him, and remember him well; for he was the best friend your mother ever had." With an earnest invitation to visit her happy home and a fervent God bless you, she bade her benefactor farewell.—*Frankfort Herald.*

Music.

All things which have become national, have much more to do with the nature, than, perhaps, strikes the general eye. Music and musical instruments, certainly seem to have a remarkable connection with the climate and conceptions of a people. Among the nations of antiquity, the people of Judea were, perhaps, the greatest cultivators of music.—Their temple-worship was on the largest scale of musical magnificence; and for that worship, they had, especially, the two most magnificent instruments known to antiquity, the trumpet and harp. In latter times, the horn is the principal instrument of the Swiss and Tyrolean mountaineer. Its long and wide modulations, its powerful tones, and its sweet and melancholy simplicity, make it the congenial instrument of loftiness, solitude, and the life of shepherds. The guitar is the natural instrument of a people like those of the Peninsula. Its lightness, yet tenderness; its depth of harmony, yet elegance of touch, its delicacy of tone, yet power of expression, adapt it to a race of men who love pleasure, yet hate to toil in its pursuit; whose profoundest emotions are singularly mingled with frivolity, and whose spirits constantly hover between romance and caricature. The rich genius of Ireland has transmitted to us some of the noblest strains in the world; but they are essentially strains of the harp: the modulations of a hand, straying, at will, among a rich profusion of sounds, and inspiring them with taste, feeling and beauty. The violin is Italian in its birth, its powers, and its style—subtle, sweet, and brilliant—more immediately dependant on the mind than any other instrument; inferior to the voice in vividness, and superior to all else in tone, flexibility and grace. The violin, in the hands of a great performer, is the finest of human inventions, for it is the most expressive. The violin has a soul, and that soul is Italian.

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.

Their object is not to build up a sect endowed with authority to define the boundaries of thought, and restrain the freedom of speech, but to associate in the spirit of love, persons of every shade of theological opinion, for the investigation of those questions of individual and social duty to which the present degree of civilization has brought us, and to give their combined testimony against the various forms of popular wickedness now known as human slavery, intemperance, political oppression, bigoted exclusiveness, &c., &c.

All those desirous of co-operating in such a movement are respectfully invited to meet at the time and place above named.

L. H. PITCHER, NANCY PITCHER, GEO. W. TAYLOR, ROSETTA H. KEER, WM. H. HOISINGTON, RACHEL HOISINGTON, CHARLES C. KERBY, DAVID R. AVERY,	}	Committee.
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The following are a Committee of Arrangements for the entertainment of strangers:

HUMPHREY SMITH, Shirley, (North Collins);
WALTER WOOD, Kerr's Corners;
HORACE GOODRICH, Brant;
GEO. LAWTON, Eighteen Mile Creek Station, (North Evans.)
North Collins, July 8. 1856.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

TWELFTH YEAR.—ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS—CASH PRIZES.—The Twelfth Annual Volume of this useful publication commences on the 13th day of September next.

The Scientific American is an Illustrated Periodical, devoted chiefly to the promulgation of information relating to the various Mechanic and Chemic Arts, Industrial Manufactures, Agriculture, Patents, Inventions, Engineering, Millwork, and all the interests which the light of Practical Science is calculated to advance.

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