

# AGE OF PROGRESS

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

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WHOLE No. 57

## A few words with our Spiritual Friends.

What we shall say to our spiritual friends, in this article, we know not; but, whatever it may be, we beg them to read it carefully and reflectingly, for we feel that, however plainly and unpoetically our ideas are clad, they will be, in themselves, highly worthy of consideration. Not only to spiritualists, will they be important, but also to all who have a desire to know the truth, and to embrace it, if they deem it worthy of their embracement.

We are now in the last month of autumn, and winter looms in the foreground of the prospect. There are many considerations which make the near approach of winter a subject of painful contemplation; but with these we shall have nothing to do in this article. To all who love to entertain the heralds of the spiritual gospel—to all who delight to listen to their heavenly messages—to all who seek happiness in obedience to their divine teachings—to all who so love their fellow men, that their hearts swell with gratitude to heaven, for the sure prospect of their redemption from ignorance and vice, through this last, best gift of our heavenly Father—to all who deem it more important to lay up genuine treasure, for a life which has no end, than to lay up spurious treasure, for a life which must terminate in a few short years, and may in a few hours or minutes—to all such, the approach of the coming winter, is a source of joyful anticipation.

Does the reader ask why the approach of winter should be hailed as the harbinger of a glorious season of spiritual intercourse, influx and advancement, more than the approach of summer? We answer: For several reasons. Whether the present condition of our social system be right or wrong, may be a subject for discussion between those who have leisure and dispositions to engage in it. For the present purpose, it is a matter of necessity to take things as they are, and make the best of existing circumstances. Full-fed persons can wait for delicacies to be dressed in epicurian style, and for tables to be set and decked alamode; but those who are hungry, can wait for no dispensable preparations, but are necessitated to sate their appetites with such nutriments as they can the most readily procure, without consulting gastronomic science. Our social system, as it is, will not allow people, who have to labor for the support of themselves and families, to devote much time, during the season of business, to preparations for the change from this life to the next. Nor will *Avarice*, that demoniac spirit, which so generally actuates the minds, and governs the actions of those who accumulate wealth by speculating in labor, allow them any larger latitude of religious liberty. This, to-be-sure, is all wrong: but the wrong is so chronic that it will take long, very long, to eradicate it and supply its place with a system of right. Hence it becomes necessary for spirits, out of the form and in, to so regulate their revolutionary operations as to take advantage of the most leisure of the greatest number.

Another cause of greater spiritual progress in the winter season, is the better adaptedness of that season to physical manifestations by spirits. A high temperature so weakens the forces with which they operate, that it is sometimes impracticable for them to produce any effect whatever. A damp atmosphere is also unsuited to their physical operations, the humid vapor with which the atmosphere is loaded, being an absorbent of the electrical forces.

To return to the prospect before us; we feel that we may promise our readers a richer reward, the coming winter, for their faithful labors,

for their pecuniary liberality, and for the sneers, scoffs and persecutions which they have to endure, than has ever yet fallen to the lot of mortals, providing that they do all in their power to prepare themselves to receive it. Thinner and thinner becomes the partition wall which separates mundane from celestial spirits, as the former become more and more elevated in their moral and spiritual natures. Those men and women who are most successful in divesting themselves of their grossness of materiality, their proneness to sensual indulgences, and the acerbities of their dispositions, are now drawing their spirit friends so near to them that they can hold sweet communion with them, without the intervention of media. This we are promised shall be the case more and more generally, as we become more and more prepared, by interior investigation and cultivation, for the reception of spiritual influx. How important—how vastly important, is it, then, to cultivate those qualities of the soul through which we shall be thus enabled to bring our departed friends back to our presence, to our social, fraternal, filial and parental embrace, and to our assistance in all cases in which the counsel of wisdom and the good offices of love, are necessary to us.

Now, to our brethren and sisters of the spiritual faith—by no means leaving the appealing mind out of the fraternity of minds appealed to—let us say: Let your minds be ever diligent in the all-important duty of self-examination. There is not a man or a woman in all Christendom, who cannot find something, by self-investigation, that may be so amended as to materially enhance the happiness of this life, and more materially affect the condition of the spirit, in the life to come. We may, all of us, or nearly all, by looking into our interior, find prejudices, jealousies, uncharitable feelings, and want of sympathy toward each other, which have no business there, and which, if we are to make ourselves sufficiently harmonious to be approachable by elevated spirits, must be eradicated.

In the organization of circles, great care should be taken to associate none together who are not on friendly terms, or who are not as equally developed, morally and spiritually, as is practicable. We have received a suggestion on this subject which we think well of. It is this: Let any two persons who wish to organize a circle, first ascertain whether they are harmonious in sentiment and feeling, themselves. If they are, let them agree upon a third one, between whom and both of them there is no inharmony. Then let the three agree upon a fourth, with whom they can all harmonize. Then let the four choose a fifth; the five a sixth, and so on, till the proposed number is obtained. This we conceive to be the most certain method of securing that harmony in a circle, without which they may sit as long as they please, and they will reap no essential benefit. When a mistake is made in the organization, and one is found not to be in harmony with the others, that one should withdraw. And we think the presiding spirit should promptly point out the person or persons who are not in harmony, and refuse to answer any questions as to the cause of the inharmony. One member may be out of harmony with the others, either because he is on a lower plane of elevation, or on a higher plane; and he should withdraw for either cause. Should the spirit tell the cause, the withdrawing member might feel injured by the decision of the spirit that he is on a lower plane of development; and the other members might feel aggrieved by his decision that they are lower than he. Let all submit cheerfully to the decision of the spirit, without inquiry, and all will go well.



After the organization of a circle has been completed, it is absolutely necessary that they should treat each other with the utmost kindness and respect. Any difference of sentiment which may be entertained, should be expressed in the most respectful and decorous language; and the rights of every individual should be regarded as sacred by all. If a member of a circle attempt to speak on any subject, when speaking is admissible, and when no one else is speaking, he should be listened to respectfully, though his sentiment be not in a high degree interesting. And every one should take especial care to be charitable towards all, and not suffer his feelings to be excited by mere *lapsus lingua*, or unintentional error of deportment. Cutting jokes, sharp repartee, and personal witticisms, will do very well on the stage, in drinking saloons, and at gambling tables; but they should never be indulged in where the messengers of God are expected. Every word which does not fall soothingly upon the ear and heart of all present, bears away a portion of that harmony which is the most friendly greeting to angels, and the only perfect cement to fraternized minds. Finally, whatever course of conduct will preserve harmony at the family fire-side will have the same effect in spiritual circles.

Are there to be jealousies and heart-burnings between the mediums and members of this circle, and the mediums and members of that circle? And are there to be tale-bearers and mischief-makers going between them? If so, we shall not realize the great benefits which are intended us, in the coming winter. Reliable spirits cannot abide discord. We may be discordant and at enmity among ourselves, and still have spiritual manifestations and communications; but they will come from spirits who left the form in a state of moral depravity and spiritual debasement; who have not been elevated to the plane of knowledge, truth, and harmony; and who cannot teach us the truths of the spiritual philosophy, because of their own ignorance. Such spirits are always ready to answer all questions put to them, and to assume the names of all spirits called for by circles; but their ignorance and want of veracity render them useless for anything but evidence of mere spiritual existence. With such spirits for teachers, there can be no true spiritual progress; and no other spirit-teachers can be had, where hatred, envy, and jealousy are allowed to rankle in the bosoms of investigators.

Have you heard a scandalous report of a medium? Remember that the outside world do not understand the relation existing between the incarnate medium and the communicating spirit. They do not understand that human media are mere trumpets through which spirits can speak to mortals, and without which they cannot speak to them. And they do not seem to understand that the material of which a trumpet is made, cannot possibly affect the truth or untruth of the language which is uttered through it; nor that it is immaterial to the person who speaks through it, whether the metal of which it is made, is base or pure.—The impression seems to have gone abroad that the trumpeter and the trumpet must be exactly similar in point of purity. Hence, those who desire to cast reproach upon spiritualism, and make it appear that spiritual communications proceed from "the devil," are ever willing to blast the reputation of spirit media; and lies are always ready to serve their purposes. Do not, therefore, listen for a moment to any evil reports against mediums, much less whisper them to others. And if a spirit medium, or a spiritualist, have been addicted to immoral practices, or have made missteps in their march of life, let no one cast stones at them but those who are without sin; and remember that there is a regenerating energy in genuine spiritualism, which cannot fail to achieve the moral redemption of all who embrace it with fidelity of purpose. If it be true that "no one liveth and sinneth not,"—and no rational mind can doubt the truth of the sacred allegation—then no one should be cast off and abandoned by kindred humanity, for having transgressed once, seven times, or seventy times seven. The world is full of ignorance and sin; and it is for this that millions of angels are now visiting the earth. Can we not exercise a little charity and sympathy, when they exercise so much? In the purification of ourselves, and in the ex-

ercise of sympathy and charity towards erring humanity, we shall prepare ourselves to receive those spiritual influxes which will bring heaven to us before we throw off our vestments of mortality.

### Republished Lectures.

#### CONCLUSION OF PROFESSOR DAYTON'S LECTURE ON PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL ANATOMY.

We have before said that God acted upon all creations anatomically and physiologically. We now add: God also acts upon nature chemically and magnetically. We have said that the planet Saturn surpassed the elevation and development of the Earth. We shall now speak more directly of its rings. The outer one we discover to be in a more crude condition than the inner ones. It presents to our perception a barren and unproductive state. It seems like a mass of heavy clouds. To the touch this ring appears much like touching a lifeless body. It is cold, yet possesses substantiality. This is lower or undeveloped matter. When Saturn's moons reflect their light upon this outer development, it presents unnumbered variations of colors, while the inner rings look dark and still less advanced in refinement. We cannot discover any thing of either the animal or vegetable kingdom upon this ring. Its surface is rather uneven, which is evidence to us that it is being acted upon geologically, and will produce, in coming ages, a brilliant world.

The next inner ring exceeds the outer one in development. Its appearance is dark and rugged. This ring is passing through a chemical process. We sometimes perceive a rumbling sound beneath its surface, which vibrates through the other rings, and the great center, or the planet Saturn. The sound produced is unlike that of an earthquake. We cannot long remain on this ring, because it is so heated by internal caloric. We also discover hard substances, which evidently are the formation of rocks. The first, or outer ring is acted upon physiologically. The next, or center ring is acted upon chemically and geologically. There are many long and deep ravines upon this second ring. What it may eventually produce, God, perhaps, only knows. It is acted upon differently from the others, and presents to the observer a dark and desolate development. Yet it is grand; and in its formation we behold the harmonious workings of immutable principles. I could, if permitted, forever make it my study to discover laws which must be long unknown to us, that govern this ring in its present state. We also hear a sound representing the rushing of many waters, or the fall of a ponderous weight of water over stupendous precipices; but we see no water. Its relation to the outer ring, is harmonious.

The light of Saturn's moons but rarely reach this second ring. The cause of this is that the surfaces of the outer and inner rings stand much above the second ring. Saturn itself stands above all, and receives the full light of each moon.

The innermost ring would appear to you as your moon appears to us; which is a world upon which are streams of water and trees and flowers, but which is not productive of animal life. There are no beings or animals upon this ring. Its surface is even and clothed in the habiliments of nature. This ring is called by the inhabitants of Saturn, or rather, I should say, by some, Heaven. The second ring, Hell. As Saturn and its out creations, or rings, advance in development, they are drawn nearer together. It is supposed that, eventually, they will be connected and form one grand and glorious universe. The law of attraction and gravitation, the centrifugal and centripetal forces, and the natural and chemical principles, established by a higher power, clearly elucidate to us that Saturn will be brought into connection with its out creations, and stand at the center of the planetary system.

There is still another peculiarity about this planet. One of its moons, in making its revolutions, passes under the outer ring and there remains for some weeks. It would seem as if, as the outer ring develops in diameter, and is brought nearer to the center ring, it might conceal this moon. But what the result will be, time will reveal. This moon, in making its way out, instead of passing under, passes over the ring. To



made this plainer: This moon, in making its revolutions, dips into the space between the outer and center rings, and then comes out and passes over the outer ring. In this planet we have a glorious specimen of the works of God. We see here His power. We see His magnificence exemplified, and the heart of every creation throbbing with life and intelligence.

The next in order is the planet Jupiter. This planet is beautiful. Its surface is very even, and is not mountainous. If we looked to beauty, we might truly say Jupiter exceeded all others. Saturn is sublime—Jupiter beautiful. This planet is now travelling on in progression. It is acted upon magnetically, and magnetism is harmony. The inhabitants of this bright world are not so perfect in symmetry. Their minds are not as spiritually sublimated as the inhabitants of Saturn. The law of order is not so strictly observed. Yet harmony pervades. The delights of the inhabitants tend more to materiality. They seek the joys derived from a material life. The cause of harmony is there are no creeds. They have but one religion, and that is: There is a God, and there is suffering if God's laws are violated.

The law of order exists on this planet; and although its development is not as great as the development of Saturn, yet there is a free intercourse established between its inhabitants and the spirit world. Their mode of communication is similar to that of Earth. Sometimes they hear and receive messages from their spirit friends, given in an audible voice. The principal mode of communication is by clairvoyance, or the spiritual perception.

We discover the planet Herschel to be in a state of formation. Its appearance is rather dark, with now and then rays of light covering a portion of its surface. Its surface is very even. We have discovered water upon this planet, but nothing of the vegetable or animal kingdom is yet perceivable. It has a soil not unlike that of Earth, but appears in a frozen condition. Its atmosphere is cold and gloomy. By this planet's condition now, we should suppose not many centuries of development will be required before it will become inhabited, and rank among the first worlds of the planetary system.

The next planet which will receive our attention, is your Moon. Its development is peculiar. Its surface is mountainous and rocky. A large number of rivers, lakes and other large bodies of water exist upon this most beautiful planet. Its soil is dark and rich. It has upon it trees which have the appearance of having existed for many ages.—There are also flowers and shrubs of every kind. Still one peculiarity exists, and that is, it is productive of the vegetable, but not of the animal. We do not discover any species of the animal. Its atmosphere is fragrant and balmy. We have never discovered snow on this planet.

There are other planets to which I wish to draw attention. I shall now speak of the planet Mars: This world is inhabited by civilized and intellectual minds. Its development and refinement exceed those of the planet Earth. Its surface is rather uneven and watery. We discover vegetables upon this planet; but the advantages for their cultivation are very poor. There seems to be a large amount of frost existing here. The atmosphere is usually cold and sometimes snow falls; but this is of rare occurrence. The minds of the inhabitants are similar to the minds upon Earth. They have different classes of society, from the highest to the lowest. They have, also, different theological creeds, and, in consequence, the laws of God do not harmonize them. Its relation to the future world is not as intimate as that of the planet Earth. They seldom have the presence of departed spirits manifested. The progression of this planet seems slow; but it develops and unfolds its beauties and refinements from the same incomprehensible and immutable principles which develop every object in nature. Mind there, is yet more animal than spiritual. They have not that strength of intellect which characterizes the minds of all other planets. There is baffling and contention existing between minds there, and this retards the progress of spiritual refinement. But eternity is before them. The wisdom and grace of God dwells around them, and the laws He has established will ultimately govern their minds.

I will now speak of Venus, that beautiful queen of the starry host. It is your morning and evening star. It ranks, in sublimity and beauty, next to Saturn. Its surface is somewhat uneven, rocky and mountainous. It possesses a greater proportion of water than any other universe. The laws of order, wisdom and love, control the brilliant minds who are daily penetrating deeper and deeper into the inconceivable truths which descend from the God of love. Its connection with that higher and holier universe is harmonious and grand. The highly developed spirit who has gone from the mortal form, can return to this glorious world and teach the aspiring soul of the supremacy of the divine Giver, and inculcate into the incarnate mind the perfect and everlasting laws of a pure and holy guardian Power. No theological disseminations enslave the mind upon this planet. No mythological hypothesis holds the soul in bondage; but the spirits of men in this universe, go boldly forward to embrace the sacred realities made evident to their spiritual senses by the wisdom and perception of the ever soaring mind. The actions of men are based upon the knowledge of nature and God, proven to them by the demonstrations of intelligence manifested by wise and superior minds. The knowledge they receive from the spirit-land, is conveyed to their comprehension by the mental telegraphing of perceptive attraction. Such is the condition of this world, which appears to your physical perception but a bright star in the distant heaven.

The planets range thus in order and development: Saturn exceeds all others. Venus stands next. Then we have Jupiter, Mercury, Mars, your Moon, and then Herschel. The planet Mercury is now in a beautiful condition. We discover the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms existing here. Its soil is stony and sandy. Its surface is quite level, with the exception of here and there high mountain peaks, which resemble your volcanos. Sometimes there are eruptions in these mountainous heights, which cause the entire body of the planet to shake as if it would be hurled from its orbit. These mountains are so heated by internal caloric, that no living object can exist upon them. We discover dense forests which extend for many hundred miles. It has a greater proportion of vegetable life than any other planet. There is not much water existing here, but the soil is very damp. The atmosphere is somewhat impregnated with the electricity arising from the many mines of iron, coal and silver. In consequence of this, the inhabitants are seldom attacked by disease. They are very healthy and robust. The mind is very clear and spiritual. This planet is not as numerously peopled as most others are. Their chief attainments are derived from the studies of nature and the philosophies given them from the great Universe of immortal wisdom. Its connection with the spirit world is true and harmonious. They converse with immortal minds freely, and the truths proved to them by spirits, advance their development and progression rapidly. This is a harmonious and happy world. It is small, but contains much knowledge. It has many attractions, because the minds of its inhabitants are ever striving to promote the happiness of their brethren.

The next grand and glorious object of contemplation, is the spirit world. This unbounded Universe is filled with all the beauties and attractions which are, and have been, created by God. The laws of order, harmony, wisdom, perception, intelligence and love, are here established. Perception is the leading attribute of the immortal soul. Aspiration is the magnet of progression. Development is the unfolding of the faculties of the eternal mind. We behold here, all the elements of God, concentrated in one sublime and harmonious work; and that work, is to promote the happiness of those who devote themselves to it. We have here, beautiful streams of water, which roll majestically on, through the ages of progression. We have also, beautiful groves, trees and flowers. The beings existing here, associate themselves together and wander through these groves and forests. They sit themselves down on the banks of the transparent rivers and study the principles and elements of the spirit world, which, if observed, will draw them still higher and higher, to realize loftier conceptions of the great



Ruler. This world is designed for every soul. It is 'at every moment gathering its children together. It is hourly calling the human spirits home. Then, when time wafts your spirit to its position there, you will strive still more earnestly to behold the glories of your heavenly Father. Study well; be faithful, and purity and truth shall be the guiding power of your earthly mission.

EDGAR C. DAYTON.

At the close of this lecture, we asked the following questions and received the answers appended to them:

The first was: Has Saturn more than three rings? To which we added the remark, that the French Academy of Science had reported the existence of six.

He replied: I have only discovered five. The two of which I have not spoken, I have not examined sufficiently to speak of intelligently. The three of which I have spoken, are those which are familiarly known to human science. The other two are in a state of formation.

We asked: are Saturn's rings ellipses or circles?

He replied: They are circles.

We asked: Are they concentric?

He replied in the affirmative.

We asked: Have they a common central plane?

He replied: No, they are inclined.

We asked if the intelligent beings, or the highest order of the animal kingdom, in all inhabited planets, were of the human form?

He replied that they were, but that those of Saturn and Venus were much more beautiful than those of other planets.

We asked: Do the inhabitants of the several planets vary in stature in proportion to the various magnitudes of the worlds they inhabit?

He replied: Those of Saturn and Jupiter are very much larger than the men of the Earth: but I have not studied them with reference to the proportion of which you speak. I shall probably speak on that subject again, when I am better informed.

At the conclusion of this conversation, he said he had intended to extend this lecture, to embrace the subject of human anatomy, but had concluded to make that the subject of a distinct lecture.

### "Fred," the Spirit Musician.

Our readers will recognize the name of "FRED," which frequently occurs in our descriptions of musical manifestations at Brooks' Spirit Room. All that we know of him is from his own representation of himself, which is, that he was a Professor of music in France. All the name he has condescended to give us, is Fred, and so we call him. We have received many favors from his hands, in the way of musical soirees, to which he has now added a lecture, which follows:

### Lecture by Fred, the Spirit Musician.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

M A N.

What is he? Is he the ultimate of nothing—a simple toy of earth—a mere animal, governed by enslaving passions? Is he, interiorly, an airy nothing, blown by the breath of imagination into a substantial outward organization? Can he be an ultimate of matter, if his identity is not substantially based upon spirit, whose internal qualifications are manifested through the external senses? Can he be an ultimate or perfection of all material substances, if his absolute and definite individuality is not known and recognized? What is spirit? Is it an etherealized and vaporish nothing, which can be absorbed by the inhalations of the external world? What is matter? Is it a mere fabrication brought into existence from nothing, whose definite uses are applied exclusively to man, for his material benefit? Then nothing must be something; for do the external form and functions of man exist without a cause? If man is a mere construction of unsubstantial materials, to be absorbed by the elements of finite life or of nature, the question arises, what are these elements? Are they too definite nothings or absolute somethings, which inhale and absorb the life-giving principles of man into their own

existence? If so, is here not displayed effects, and are their causes nothing? What is nothing? It is an index of something; and thus might we go on, and, through all nature, find effects and their causes demonstrated externally, by a mighty positive cause. And why is this cause mighty and positive? Because it must be essentially the absolute cause of all causes, and nothing can be more positive; hence this positive cause must be the original source of all cause and effects, whether internal or external. And is this mighty positive cause an intelligence separate from the interior or spiritual constitution of man? No, for it is the cause of all causes—hence, from natural laws it must be in close relation to man, in all his changing modes of existence. Is it an intelligence of itself, capable of controlling and governing the atomic ascension of matter and spirit, through their progressive phases of development? It is an intelligence, and is positive to all things in existence; hence it must necessarily be the absolute center of all intelligence. And as it is positive to every thing beneath, it must be capable of controlling its immediate universes, as man is rendered capable to govern his possessions.—And who created this mighty cause? Was it created? Can anything exist without a cause, without a beginning principle? Can any effect be produced without a definite cause? And, if not, who and what is this cause. Is it an individuality, distinct from all else in its mechanical construction and positive intelligence? The positive is attraction to all subordinate or negative substances; consequently God may be or he may not be condensed outwardly into an individual construction; but his intelligence, influence and power are everywhere. But it is an absolute fact that he is attractive to all his subordinate creations, as he is positive to them. Man is, then an ultimate of the highest perfection of material substances, controlled and governed by a positive power.

It is a law of matter and mind to produce mind. Each kind must reproduce its like; and, as in flowers, the same species is perpetuated through millions of forms and modes of existence. And the same law controls man. Mind must reproduce its kind, and it may pass through millions of forms of existence without changing its individuality or losing any of its animus or spirit. Matter possesses, within itself, the positive and negative forces; and its elaborations into forms and objects are thus externally indicated or manifested by the life inherent in matter or spirit, acting upon matter. God is the great focus of all positive truth; and man is attracting from this focus all his radiations of the soul.

Whenever decomposition takes place, recomposition must surely follow; for the laws of matter are evidently performing their natural and ceaseless work, not only throughout the anatomical and material world, but in other worlds or spheres of intelligence. Is matter action? The stone has motion, though imperceptible to man; and the action is slow in comparison with the quick action in man. All matter is active, for there is a mutual affinity between matter and spirit. And there is a constant fluctuation of all forms to one another, and there are a ceaseless and endless chain of formations, reproductions and creations, hourly springing into physical or spiritual existence. And can nothing develop something out of nothing? There is no such thing as nothing in existence. Everything is something, and nothing does not nor cannot exist. What is nothing? If it is anything it must be something; hence the idea that man originated from nothing and returns to his like, is repulsed as truth, as the laws of matter have conclusively proved that man is something and could not have originated from nothing. Then, if he sprang from something, that something must be an active intelligent cause; as in all his forms of development, every united particle of matter and spirit has its definite use and appropriate end.

Time develops action in all things, and it disunites and dissolves material substances. The motional principle ascends to its like affinities; and each spiritual construction extracts from the other its atomic affinities, and becomes separated from all extraneous matter, and continually associates with its like affinities, through eternity.

Man combines the ultimate properties of all existing matter, and stands as a perfection and combination of all else existing anterior to



his creation and formation. There must be a beginning somewhere; and all nebulous matter or conglomeration of atoms, though crude, must of necessity have a cause. And we discover motion to exist in everything, and there are millions upon millions of created things in the universe of formation, which the human vision has never yet seen or discovered. Then if man is an absolute indestructible being, what are his designs and uses on earth and above? Was he placed in the world to sport like a bubble on the ocean of human life, and then sink beneath its waves forever? Is he a mere blank in existence, and should his spiritual being lie crushed, forsaken and down trodden by the outer passions? Is no nobler destiny his, than to grovel like a worm of the soil, midst all the corrupt and criminal scenes of human life? Has he no specific duties, no immortal qualities and attributes to unfold? Throughout every undefinable avenue of his being, there are feelings and qualities which must, in time, be evolved from the inherent powers of the spirit through the physical body or external senses. There are spontaneous developments in the soul which must be manifested externally. And the mighty substances and particles of his being, are destined to produce mightier spheres of beauty and perfection, which must be evident to him from the mutual adaptation of all things. He is surrounded by all the proper elements of life necessary to his existence. Effects constantly occur, and all things are established in nature by a concatenation of causes; and every effect is referable to some established principle of the mighty positive cause.

All worlds are formed by accumulation and agglomeration of particles of matter, thrown from the spiritual spheres; and their igneous constructions contain like elements of nature. They have atmospheric emanations from the world above; and their powers, chemically and mechanically are controlled and generalized by the same mutual laws of God which control the true or spiritual mechanisms of man. And yet some minds, surrounded as they are by all the accumulations, formations and perfections of nature, fail to discover that the soul of man is absolutely and infinitely based upon the indestructibility of matter and Spirit. The idea that man will be absorbed by the elements of outward nature—that his life actuating principles will be lost in the vortex of outward creation, is not only feeble but unsubstantial; and in the argument the antagonistic mind must demonstrate to the understanding of other minds what those elements are what becomes of them in the end, what caused them and so on; and he will find himself a believer in the human soul's immortality, by thus following up all the circles of progression.

And what is the soul? It is the interior essence and attributes of intelligence, emanating from God, developed into man through the millions of kingdoms beneath him. Minds cannot comprehend God, either in heaven or on earth; nor can it conceive of the immeasurable magnitude of his constitution. The immortal soul knows not God. We never saw him, save as we see him in the existence and operations of everything, every where. We only have advantages over the incarnate soul, from our being divested of the immortal vail. And what do the spirits know of God? They never saw him, nor do they suppose they will ever see him, more than in surrounding objects and things of creation. Whether this is so or not, is not for me to speculate upon. Time may develop higher comprehensions, and I may know him better than I do now.

Some minds ask why do not spirits reveal murders and other crimes, which darken the face of the earth. Simply because theirs is a nobler destiny than to return to earth to cause pain instead of pleasure, to dwell in the human heart. Indeed, if such were their missions, would they be angels? Yes, but fallen ones, and they would fail to manifest the perfections and beauties belonging to the spirit world. Again it is asked why do they not tell of the future—its foreboding evils and better events. Simply because they are not God and consequently do not know, even of the approaching hour, what it may bring, in their destiny. They do not love to behold pain, and would not come

back to their earthly homes to create discord among the family group; but they would awaken their spirits to the divine impressions and expressions of nature. They would not bring them together in fanatical hostility, but open their thoughts to the influxes of truth, peace, faith and hope, while charity should be the soul's brightest guardian angel. It is expected that the chaotic mind will mar the brightness of truth, by its uncongenial influences; still the uniformity of its beauties moves on in transparent glory and perfection, and it becomes the true ultimatum of all things.

When the Grecian philosopher said the world revolved, men believed it to be entirely motionless; but did their belief prove that the world did not move? Time has unfolded this to be an eternal and immutable fact; and men, to-day, are as ready to denounce all advanced facts; but they can not stop the waves of time in their perpetual flow; and all truth will, by its vitalizing power, become properly unfolded.

Again, man asks, why do the sinning and erring ones imbibe the spiritual faith? Why are spiritualists the dregs of refined society? Let us refer to the ancient medium, Jesus, and ask why he was born in a stable and cradled in a manger, and why did he go out among the fishermen and ignorant of his age, and enlighten their thirsting souls of the true unfoldment of the soul; and why did the refined portion of society cause him so much anguish; and why did they scoff and scorn him as some unworthy object of human commiseration? Simply because his truths were not their theories; and thus his age crucified him. Since that time, if God sent angels to influence the human spirit to the true course of religious unfoldment, he knew that crucifixions of every form would be heaped upon them; and God never causes pain nor suffering. Indeed, spiritualism would gather in the erring, and develop the archangels within them. They would be Christ-like in *action*, and not, like men, Christ-like in *profession*. But all who imbibe the faith and truth of spiritual commerce, are not the unrefined substantials of humanity. Though they may not display so much external stubborn will and passion, yet the finer feelings are as pure, when called out, as the ministerial dignity of men, when they stand at the altar pouring out ancient and rusted uncertainties, chronicled in book form. And again, the angels would go into the lowest depths of infamy, and bring up the archangel to the brilliant illuminations of Almighty God. They would go amidst the darkest scenes of human passion, and bring forth the angelic soul, so long buried in the depths of human misery. They would bring the erring soul to the admonitions of the angels. Indeed, what would be the result of this noble cause, if it dare not enter the lowest dens of infamy, the darkest scenes of human misery, and reveal to the world the divine principles of harmony and the united affinities and affections of all things?

Christ taught the same lessons of God; but how did the world receive him? With scoffs, inflicting upon him pain and suffering, and your souls almost curse those who caused him so much anguish; and yet you are only repeating their efforts, by cursing and denouncing the unfoldments of your age. Do you cause no one pain? Do you follow the footsteps of Jesus? Do you enter the scenes of iniquity? Or do you crush the soul still deeper into misery, when misfortune overtakes it? Truth, alone and of itself, illuminates the features of nature, with undying beauty; and, man, scoff, scorn, deride, cause pain, anguish and sorrow, as you will; for the divinity of the soul will rise from its present sphere, and every stream will become eloquent and every flower inviting, while this beautiful cause will disseminate through every artery of creation, the principles of unity and reciprocation.

Fraternally,

FRED.

#### For the Age of Progress.

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



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

I remain, very truly yours,

BUFFALO, 27th Oct. 1855.

J. J. FOLTS.

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

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

The natural world is exclusively adapted to the support and cultivation of physical things; or, in other words, it is definitely designed for the development of the spiritual qualities and essences which are embodied in, and surrounded by, the human organization. It is in all its grades of refinement, ever urging the God-like and spiritual principle up through the crusted surface of materiality, to the still higher spheres of individualized development. It is a stepping stone upon which the human spirit eventually stands, in searching for the causes of those undefinable sensational qualities which lie deep in the mysterious caverns of the human animated soul. It is a medium through which the odors of heaven are first passed, before the soul, with all its distinct functions and separate senses, can realize their perfect, present and infinite influences. It is a simple flower, blooming upon its mother stem—Immortality. Its ten thousand petals open beneath the spiritual and central Sun; and its millions of leaves play at the will of the dancing breeze. And while its many tender branches mature and fall to the earth, others come in their native beauty and primal glory, to supply their places; and you still behold the flower as perfect as ever, except that the new created flowers send forth a diviner aroma, to tranquilize and subdue the grosser senses of man.

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

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

and tangible existence. The negative needle is the stupendous body of nature; and the positive, is the soul of this body—or, in other terms, one is outward, and the other is inward nature; and the magnet of human attraction, is the soul of man.

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

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

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

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

From the amethystine bowers of the human heart, there are little branches extending far away into eternity—there taking root and producing the Amethyst\* of heaven, the Amaranth of eternity, and the Rose of immortality; and they grow in harmony together, though differently constituted, and are three, yet an unity. And so should it be with man; he should not hang like a sickly flower upon its natural stem, fading and drooping, before matured by the uncongenial influences of the world in which he resides; but he should be like the three flowers—beautiful, and separate individualities, but one in universal unity and harmony.

Why should not the immortal mind heed the earnest and sincere pleadings of the immortal heart, when its life-blood is nearly exhausted by the wounds received by an erring and misguided brother? Indeed, the spirit-world would possess but feeble attractions, if, along the chords of creation, there vibrated no silvery accents of celestial friendship. It would be like a foreign stranger—unknown and not appreciated ac-

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



cording to its value. The outer world is a telescope, through which the facts of God and eternity are viewed. The soul is a double lens, which does not untruthfully magnify the infiniteness and immutability of God and his immediate creation. The outer world holds the same relation to the spiritual world, as does the human soul to the Eternal Spirit.

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

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

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

Physical anatomy and planetary anatomy are combined, and constitute one distinct law, though their appropriate uses in the world of creation produce constitutions unlike. Motion, or spirit inherent in matter, is controlled and governed by this anatomical law; and the motional law develops the object, according to the degree of refined development it manifests, while in the condition of created formations. This process of anatomical development, may find its definite affinity of peculiarity in the unfolding powers of an animated human organization; and if so, the motional law will elaborate the definite constitution into its proper form; and thus will it continue to operate, until it has exhausted the vital anatomical forces of the physical form. Then it passes on into a higher organization, while the old body of inanimate matter dissolves itself into the primary elements of its finite existence, and goes out to assist in the constructions of new physical organizations. It may, again, find its point of gravitation and concentrated attraction, in the ultimating processes of the planetary, geological, vegetable, and chemical world. And, if so, it will develop forms exclusively adapted to those realms of created existence, constantly throwing off undeveloped and unrefined matter, and supplying its once appropriate place, with higher forms of superlatively refined matter. And thus these vital laws

of nature's economy, carry all existence forward to the higher actions of Deity; and the vacuum is supplied by other forms of nature, springing into physical existence. And we may commence, from the minutest undeveloped atom, swimming in the ocean of immensity, and trace to the next higher, until we have travelled through all the darkened and brighter vistas of existence, until we reach the highest essences of Deity; and we would forever find the anatomical physiological, functional, motional, sensational, and affectional laws of nature, working their way through the arteries of each atom of constitutional matter; and constantly throwing off, in their mighty and specific revolutions, new forms of complicated being; and still passing on, from the physical world, to the world of immortality; and still elaborating their spirit into nobler forms of constitutional creation.

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

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

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

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

The deformities of the outer form, can only be attributed to the disobedience of the natural law of physical anatomy. The soul cannot be deformed; but its faculties may be crushed by the withering influence of the human destiny; and when it passes on to the world of superior life and intelligence, it bursts forth in all its splendor, and begins to realize that the flowers, minerals, and vegetables are the true chapters and sentences which prove the infiniteness and glory of the Supernal Author. And who can destroy these living emblems of eternity? The gross nature may crush the outer form beneath the soil in which it is nourished; but where has the inherent life of these natural beauties gone? Is it forever annihilated, because man has thus decreed that annihilation shall be its destiny? What whisperings are those, oh! mortal, which come from the inmost soul, when you have crushed or injured a living object of nature? What power melts your stubborn nature into tenderness, when you have wronged a human heart? Is the echo of human passion, ringing through the outer chambers of your nature? or is it an angel-voice of one who, though not seen by the external vision, hovers around you when your mind is excited by pas-sional emotions, saying, in soft and sweet accents, "subdue your sensual nature, and learn to live to do good, and you will worship the Infinite One"? Why do those well-springs of your eternal nature gush forth, and spontaneously harmonize with the out-gushings and in-gush-



ings which come forth in boundless volumes from the fountain-head of all Deific joy? Why do the outer forms of your complicated being, play in unison with the immortal life-springs within, and give verbal and visible utterances of the true qualifications of the human spirit? Are not all these combined elements a speaking forth of the living facts of Omnipotence, and which give eternal expressions of the spirit-land? Are they not the living actions and harmonies, which move along the chords of being, whispering in their melody, of the friends who sit upon the shores of Immortality, chanting their evangel anthems to the yearning hearts of those who are fast following them to their unerring and never ending destiny? Are the Affectional springs of their spirits closed to the heart-felt appeals of their earthly friends; or are they unlocked, to send forth their divine influence to cheer and sustain the pilgrims of materiality?

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

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

#### Philosophical Speculations.

Under the head "Laws of Nature," in the *Spiritual Telegraph*, we find the following thoughts on the philosophy of vegetable and animal productions, by W. S. ANDREWS. We copy it with a view of eliciting expression of sentiment on the subject, by such of our readers as have a taste and a talent for philosophical disquisition:

All the phenomena in the physical world have been referred to what are called the Laws of Nature, and the operation of these laws is said to account for them. By the laws of nature is commonly meant an energy or power imparted to matter, which enables it, of itself, to produce all the effects that take place where matter is concerned, without the agency of any power whatsoever, foreign to itself, for this purpose. As for instance, in the production and growth of a plant, it is maintained that there is in the seed and the plant itself, the power of converting all the elementary and chemical particles of which it is composed into the materials of its production and growth, without the application of any power exerted from any external source for this purpose. It is generally admitted that Deity himself, in the first instance, imparted this self-acting energy to the plant, but that there his actions in regard to it ceased. And that afterward all its operations proceeded from this self-acting energy, without his agency being employed in any way to produce these operations.

Now it seems to me that this is an entirely erroneous view to take of the subject, and that the true explanation of these physical phenomena is, that they are produced by the immediate and direct agency of God himself, or of other intelligent beings whom he has endowed with the powers, and made his instruments for this purpose; and this can be made clearly to appear, I think, from an examination of the following considerations:

All organizations, whether animal or vegetable, are composed of the elementary and chemical particles which enter into their constitution in a certain combination, and in certain proportions. And these organizations may, by a chemical process, all be resolved back again into these elementary particles. Thus the gases, as oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and the alkalies and carbon, and other chemical substances, go to compose all vegetable and animal organizations, mixed in certain proportions and in certain combinations. Now these chemical substances,

before they enter into the composition of the animal or the vegetable, are diffused through the atmosphere, the earth, and the water, and they must be brought together just at the right time and in the right place—in the right combination and the right proportions, to form the plant or the animal. The same chemical properties which go to form the potatoe, will not go to form the apple; and the same ones that go to form the fish will not go to form the bird. But there must be different ones and in different proportions.

Now these chemical substances are altogether devoid of intelligence, of design, of adaptation, and of contrivance. They do not know in what combinations and in what proportions they must mix together in order to form the potatoe, the apple, the fish, and the bird. How then can they bring themselves together for this purpose? It may be said, perhaps, by an attractive power of affinity with which they are endued for the purpose. But there can not be an attractive power or affinity between these particles that shall draw them to each other, just at the right time and place to form these substances. There can not be an attraction between certain particles of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon and other chemical substances diffused everywhere, that shall act upon just such particles as are necessary to form a potatoe or an apple, a fish or a bird, and bring just such particles together and no other, at the right time and in the right place. How, then, can they be brought together? Plainly in no other way than by the action of some intelligent being who understands exactly what particular chemical substances are required to form the potatoe, the apple, the fish and the bird, and in what proportions and combinations they must be mixed, and who exercises his intelligence and power for this purpose. Blind, senseless, unintelligent, and undiscerning matter, can not do this. It can only be done by an intelligent, discerning, contriving and powerful being. And this being is God himself. He is the immediate and direct agent in the production of all organized matter, whether animal or vegetable, by making use of the chemical properties existing in matter, and necessary for this purpose.

It follows from these considerations, then, that what are called the laws of nature do not exist in any other sense than this, that they are certain rules of operation that God has prescribed to himself, and not to matter, according to which all the operations in the material world proceed in a uniform and invariable manner, by his immediate and constant agency.

So also in regard to the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. These must be caused by the direct and constant action of God himself by impelling them in the orbits in which they move. An intermediate physical agency may be employed by him for this purpose, as electricity and some other imponderable force to act upon these heavenly bodies, but these not as self-acting, but as used by him for the purpose, at the time their revolutions are going on.

These revolutions have been ascribed to the centrifugal and centripetal forces, the former acting by impulse, and the latter by attraction. But the impulse can continue only so long as the impelling force is applied; and the attraction is something that can not exist, for it is impossible that an attractive power should operate through mere empty space at such an immense distance as the planets are from the sun.—There is plainly needed some impelling force, employed by some intelligent being, constantly in operation to account for these revolutions, and this being is God, who, by a direct and immediate agency, produces this effect.

#### POLITICAL.

"The Democracy" of this city—it is said county too—have achieved a "great victory" over their opponents, the Whigs. Here the important question arises: Who are the Democracy, and who are the Whigs? We confess that we are in nearly the same category that Sambo was in, when his wife had twins. Looking first at one and then at the other, he exclaimed in his bewilderment: "One looks so much like bofe, I can't tell which from tudder."



# AGE OF PROGRESS.

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR.

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## The Buffalo Spiritual Conference.

Last Sabbath was a very interesting day at our hall. We had a totally uneducated fisherman, from the Connecticut shore of Long Island Sound, to speak in the abnormal state. His name is BARNES. The spirits that spoke through him represented him to be uneducated; and the language which they were enabled to get through him, corroborated their report. Nevertheless, the sentiments and teachings which they gave, were good and true; and the most ultra skeptic could not fail to perceive that what his organs uttered, was not his own. They say the predictions which they give through him, may be relied on in all cases, as no untruthful spirit can get control of him. How this is we know not; but we do know that his controlling spirits speak so flatteringly of him, and so much of his qualities as a medium, that skeptics who cannot appreciate the absence or blankness of his own mind, suppose him to be extremely egotistical. Perhaps spirits do not deem it necessary to consult expediency. If they did, they might find it necessary to suppress the truth, sometimes, when no good can result from its utterance. We have frequently forbore to tell all the truth of spiritual manifestations, which we have witnessed, because we thought them too marvellous to be credited by the reading public. Small quantities of food are more easily digested than large quantities; and a grist-mill will grind grain beautifully, when it is fed slowly and regularly; but if you let the whole grist in at once, it will choke it and stop it. We throw out these hints for the benefit of spiritualists; and if spirits can find an acceptable suggestion in them, they will profit by it. The spirit of ADIN BALLOU, gave us some beautiful sentiments, through Miss SCOTT; and we had some recitations of spirit poetry and a short lecture, by Mr. OWEN, of New York.

The evening entertainment was made peculiarly interesting by several spirits, speaking through different media. Among the rest was one who controlled Miss H. I. JUDAH, and spoke through her in a manner which we never heard, excelled, either in language, sentiment or elocution. We think there was sufficient evidence in that short address, to convince any one that Miss JUDAH can, if she will, be the most interesting speaking medium in the United States. It was a gem too rich and beautiful to be lost; and we most sincerely regret that we had no stenographer to commit it to paper for publication.

### Lecture by the Spirit of Nell F.—

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

[This Spirit, when in the flesh, was an intimate friend of the medium.]

### MY SPIRIT HOME.

The human spirit is wending its way on to the home of eternity, where it is rain-bowed and clothed with the resplendent brightness of its supercelestial nature. Gentle as the unsophisticated dove, it sends forth a welcome to every new-born thought. The founts of heavenly wisdom are constantly springing up and flowing over all their subordinates in creation. Thought expands to its utmost tension, and searches deep into the interiors of all constructions, and shows forth its own purity, and utters its own celestial language, in accordance with the Divine will. The brightness and beauty of the Spirit Land is filled with motion and sensation; and the energetic movements of the soul

are ushering it on to the higher wisdoms of a harmonious whole. Affections and intelligences are voiced according to the spirit's development. A holy quietness pervades the spirit world. Harmonious music floats along the strata of the atmosphere, and is wafted into the bright avenues of the soul, as the aroma of the flower falls upon the external senses.

There is a transparent beauty quickening the soul into supernatural activities, unfolding new sentiments in the interior departments of the celestial spirit, which the spirit home alone can appreciate. Every avenue of the spirit home is penetrated by the vibrations and silent echoings of heavenly harmony. Every thought which lies concealed in the soul, is quickened and vivified by the music principle of heaven, which sends forth its harmonious melodies from every infinite chord of creation. There is a precision in every flower and leaf of the spirit home; and even every particle of matter has a peculiar spherical development, by which it is known and designated. The streams, forests, ravines and flowers of the external world, are but the reflections of the luxuriant and immense creations of the spirit home. There is a halo of purity surrounding the spirits of heaven; and there is an electric fire instantaneously darting from one mind to another; and the soul perceives by its immortal intuitive powers, the inherent affections and desires of the countless number of souls who dwell in the same sphere of beauty and inexpressible attraction.

There is a divine aroma or fragrance arising from the beautiful floral departments of the immortal world, which makes glad every spirit in heaven. The fountains of living waters seem to play and sport with the brilliant atmosphere, as if every drop were in mutual and ineffable sympathy with every animated beauty of the Infinite Mind. The soul can never appreciate the unbounded spiritual glories which exist in expanding brilliancy, through all the elements of the Positive Mind. All things in the paradise of God, have exhalations in exact indication of the purity of their intentions; and they have a spherical emanation that tells the beauty of the interior.

Truth is the foundation of the universe of intelligence, whose aspiring emanations are lost in the depths of immensity. The wave-like variations of melody which fills the spirit land, transcend all conceptions of the grand and beautiful, while every thrilling strain is as penetrating as the electrical vibrations of creation; yet as gentle as the mountain air.

The soul in immortality does not make speech the medium of communicating thought; but by action is every innate quality known and recognised. An expressive silence breathes forth from every conceivable perfection of the flowers, rivers and mountains which repose in the spirit world; and the sublimation of all things above is moved on in its uniform unfoldings, while the spirit seems lost in the bright alcoves of immensity, when contemplating the glorifications of its own sphere. The vast plains which span the expanse of heaven, are as undulating as the waves of the ocean, and give forth radiations more brilliant than the morning sun. There are, in the edens of celestial purity, diversified creations, and there are seraphs proclaiming immortal truths in the fields of paradise and the sanctuary of God.

The soul perceives by its expanded powers; and thus all the effulgent glories and brilliant beauties of the spirit home, are recognised by the soul, by perception, or the intuitive vision. It is enchanting to behold a group of celestial beings glowing in sweetest effulgence, from whose brilliant minds ten thousand radiations of supreme intelligence beam, as they move amidst the natural and spiritual glorifications of heaven, while the atmosphere surrounding each spiritual constitution, seems to be filled with their songs of thanksgiving unto the Great and Living God; and they receive in return, the smiles and approbations of God.

All thought is but an atom, when compared with the immense and unceasing wisdom which is constantly descending from the highest departments of the Supreme Mind. Yet every thing is a living thought, and every thought, feeling and element is an infinite representative of Supernal Wisdom. The trees, rivers, mountains, valleys and ravines



are leading chapters in the unbounded volume of creation, and many happy groups of harmonizing spirits, steal quietly away and seat themselves on the margin of some lonely river, whose very eloquence seems to sport with the breezes of heaven; and they open their inmost souls to each other, each advancing its idea of the creation and origin of the living waters which flow in perfect beauty before their intuitive gaze, commingling their sweetest murmurings with other glories of God.—Thus each soul is like a treasury, whose contents are depositions for one another, who extract from its depths beautiful truths which usher the still unsatisfied soul on, on to the higher habitations of the supercelestial soul.

There is a grandeur and a beauty in the super-spiritual universe, which are designed for the gratification of the thirsting desires of the highly elevated soul, and which are the central attractions of the undeveloped angels; while love is the all-animating and life-giving element of every immortalized soul. As the butterfly throws off the rudimental form or organization, and wafts itself to the sunny flower and realizes a new existence; as the drop of water that reposes on the flower, is rendered invisible by the absorbing radiations of the sun, and rises to associate with its kindred vapor, in the atmosphere; as the flower unfolds from the interior by the laws of its own nature, and is variegated and becomes a living representative of life and beauty, while its fragrance ascends and pervades the various forms of creation; so it is with the soul. The form dies, or changes its mode of existence, in the outer world, and the spirit ascends to higher forms of existence, adapted to its inner requirements. One faculty after another departs from the body, and their energy and brilliancy outwardly decline, while its sensations are attracted and absorbed by the soaring spirit, and it becomes a resident of the spirit home. And there are in its nature, continually aspiring affections which rise from the infant immortal intellect, to higher and superior wisdoms. They blend their thoughts into one another by giving the countenance the living expression of each God-like thought. And every thing relating to death, or change, is surpassingly beautiful; for there still exists those continual emotions of love and wisdom, which characterize every individual mind, displaying a brilliancy of illumination which is inconceivable.

Every thing in creation is an expression of divine action; and there is a beauty in the external of every created thing, of itself an open reflected expression of divine love and wisdom. As the essences of the flower pervade and perpetuate the species of the plant, so do higher societies of the spirit home pervade the lower, and thus all go onward to holier spheres of spiritual elevation. All the leaves of all the plants are as voices proclaiming the beauty of interior perfection, which also generates amity and affinity. The harmonious whole of heaven is pervaded by an incessant aroma which is wafted from the floral avenues of heaven by the waves of the atmosphere, to higher and lower spheres, and it is inhaled by the immortal soul, as the breath of love, and exhaled as the thoughts of infinite knowledge. As the beauty of one flower is imparted to another, so is every beauty of the soul immersed into each other, and are thus brought together in one actual existence, and are instructed in the same ways of goodness and wisdom. The spiritual possessions, whether high or low, developed or undeveloped, are enchanting, for the soul may gaze upon millions of beauties, which never before delighted its vision, while its affectional being is brought into divine action, and expands and waves throughout each of its progressive spheres, until the waves are almost lost in the radiations and aromas of the Spirit Land. And as the ocean rolls gently against the shore, so does the affection of the soul flow forth and unfold itself, until it merges into wisdom and becomes inconceivably glorious.

There are, filling heaven, trees, flowers, forests, groves, plains, valleys, ravines, rivers, and mountains, and they extend as far as the enraptured intuitive vision can reach; and the whole presents an enchanting representation of life and wisdom, beauty and glory. What beauty would heaven possess, if nature did not form its more glorious out-creations? The soul must have something tangible, something substantial, upon

which to base the indestructibility of its spiritual nature, and, instead of heaven being a mass of etherealized nothing, or a mass of clouds, with the angels moving by the power of wings, as so many birds of the air, it is not unlike the external world, except that its natural spiritual glorifications and beauties are the essences of all things which belong to the rudimental world.

Why do the flowers go through the same transitional process that the soul does; when passing from earth to heaven, if their spiritual parts, or qualities, by the same laws of God, are not wafted to a future eternal habitation? It is an immutable fact, and the idea, or mis-conceived idea, of heaven, by man, is fading from the canvas of intellectual intelligence, while truth and science are demonstrating to mind the facts of an eternity for all animate existing things.

All spirits above are joined in unity by the quality of the spiritual constitution; and their attachments are determined by the purity and refinement of the soul. Their affections assimilate, and all affectional attachments are modified and refined by wisdom. Thus the movements going on in vital creation, imperceptibly to mind, are alone comprehended by the Mighty Divine Mind. There is an equal reflux of wisdom and love in each sphere; incessant transitions are taking place from one sphere to another; and the spirit ascends and becomes enlightened by demonstrating principles of heaven and God. The soul realizes that pain is an index of pleasure, and that it is negative to pleasure. Love is an index of wisdom, while wisdom, love, intelligence, and immortal glory, are indexes of a first cause, or beginning principle, somewhere in the univercœlum of creation. The spirits above are not compelled to act by spiritual force, but possess and manifest voluntary submission to the teachings of surrounding nature.

The spheres of eternity are exquisitely beautiful throughout their varied departments, and are of incomprehensible magnitude. All the perfections which have been uniformly unfolding through the stages of an eternal progression, are becoming the ultimates of all beauty and supercelestial loveliness. The universe presents an indestructible basis of hope and faith, while every object teaches harmony and universal reciprocity, by an unfailing attraction of corresponding atom to atom, and essence to essence. There is nothing imperfect in the construction of eternal creations. There is no confusion or disunity in heaven; for beauty blooms with an immortal fragrance, while throughout the depths of the supernatural universe, it casts a refreshing shade over each mind and each sphere. All is beautiful from the embryo of creation, to the highest intelligence of the soul. There is no death here; nothing is lost. Every aroma of earth realizes its like in heaven; for of itself is the spiritualized life of the flower. Nature, man, and heaven are indissolubly connected. They are as one body, whose soul is a living principle of God, incarnated within a physical form to constitute separate and definite individualities in the three, yet in unity to make one. Then let the human heart leap with joy. Let it bound lightly o'er the scenes of its human destiny, while the fragrant emanations of truth shall fill its every avenue with in-flowings and out-flowings of love and wisdom.

If you be down-trodden and unappreciated, wretched and repulsed, droop not, but prepare for heaven; and while earth is your home, live to be happy and to do good. Think not that earth is your eternal home, though your soul has long been cradled in the physical form; but rise to the higher glorifications of your own being, and infinitely span, with your intuitive vision, the scenes and landscapes of external nature; and you will find your soul to be an actor upon the stage of natural being. Then act well your part in the dramas of human life, and, in heaven, a tranquility of soul, a fragrance of transcendent beauty, and a sublime radiation and exhalation of the spheres will flow in upon you. As you wend your way on high, forever and ever, your soul will leap with infinite joy when another scene has been enacted upon the stage of being, while you are becoming a perfected player, as time glides gently into the past.

Every affection of your being is like the bud, and their expressions



like the rose. Then cultivate them, that their infinite aroma may ever ascend in pure exhalations, through each successive sphere of super-celestial elevation.

Affectionately yours,

NELL F——.

### One day in Pompeii.

CONTINUED.

"Eureka!" The dead city flashed on my mind. I have it! To Pompeii, then, I would go, and commune with the past; not gregariously, with smirking misses, yawning dandies, or importunate women, with heads too full of the living to give place, even for a brief moment, to thoughts of the dead, but alone, without companion or guide, and there, in the reaction of thought and silence, refresh my mind from the vacuous tension of the capital of fooldom.

No sooner thought than executed. A few minutes found me, with railroad speed—no great matter in this kingdom, where iron is spared and flesh only is driven—rumbling along the shores of the bay, now almost plowing up its quiet surges, then bounding high over roofs and houses, the present generations strangely mingling and overtopping the past, Resina upon Herculaneum, a gulf of two thousand years dividing the interval between them, while Grecian sepulchres, Roman tombs, mediæval lava streams, modern vineyards, deserted houses, broken walls, and towns, like ant-hills, bursting with life, were mingled at my side in strange confusion. No other railroad possesses an interest like this. Sepulchral cities lie beneath and along its track. The waters of Naples splash its seaward embankments. On the other side lives a population as dense as that of China, and more picturesque in garb and manners than that of India. They dwell in habitations built upon the graves of their ancestors, the very earth they cultivate being the ashes of their forefathers, whom war and volcano have alternately stricken down and buried in one wide devastation, but to be quickened again into being by a vigorous nature that knows no exhaustion. Life and Death here meet in ceaseless strife. Each boasts its trophies, and each in turn triumphs. If the former exultingly displays Portici, Castellamare, Torre del Greco, and the many towns and villages that so lovingly nestle amidst the vineyards of sunny Vesuvius, all teeming with joyous existence, forgetting that they are undermined by eternal fires, the latter sternly reminds you that beneath them, imprisoned in her fatal embraces, lie Herculaneum, Stabiae, and Pompeii, once the homes of a population more numerous, more happy, and more prosperous than those which have succeeded to their dubious heritage, while above them all the treacherous volcano lifts its head, ready at Nature's signal to do again the bidding of Death. It seemed to me a moral defiance of Fate, an insult to the avenging Nemesis, thus so rudely bind together her domains with bars of iron, and to let loose the shrieking fire-horse to scatter about the cinders of dead cities in the very shadow of the fierce old crater itself. While I was speculating whether Vesuvius was a stock "bull" or "bear", and what influence it might possess at the brokers' board, the locomotive's whistle announced our arrival at the pretty little station-house of Pompeii. This is but a short distance from the disintegrated town, of which nothing can be seen while without, owing to the vast mounds of ashes piled outside, forming a dike sufficiently high and strong to turn aside any ordinary lavacurrent.

The first object that attracted my attention was the "Diomedes Hotel," a snug little restaurant at the outer base of the dike of cinders. Shade of Lucullus, to what a base use had the old patrician gourmand's name descended! It had the merit, however, of being appropriate, if one can judge of the character of the owner by the traces of good living he left behind him. Diomedes's name has now become as widely known as Cato's. Death in the fiery shower was to him fame. Had he been gathered to his fathers in the ordinary way, we should never have heard of him; but now his wine-cellar, his kitchen, his bathing-rooms, garden, and all the appurtenances of a fine old Roman gentleman's mansion are better known and as much visited as the palace of all the Cæsars. As his name has occurred first, I will briefly say what I saw worth mentioning about his premises, which are at the other end of the city, just outside the Herculaneum Gate; and then return and enter the town in accordance with my actual route.

Diomedes's villa was three stories high. The upper one is chiefly demolished, but the lower two are quite perfect. You enter from the Via Domitiana by a doorway under a ruined portico with a very modern look and find yourself bewildered amidst a series of small but prettily-situated rooms, displaying even now the traces of that hospitable luxury which once distinguished its proprietor. The dining-room, or, as some think it, the best bed-chamber, looks out upon the garden and over the sea, which then came almost to the garden wall, although now nearly two miles distant. It had a bow front, or rather back, and fine large windows. Some of the windows of this house were glazed with a coarse, semi-opaque glass not uncommon in Pompeii, and still manufactured abundantly in Italy. The cook, or rather his skeleton, was found at his place in the kitchen, near the stove, on which still remained a bronze "casserole," or covered skillet, and other traces of a coming meal. He evidently thought the eruption would not prove to be much of a shower, or else Roman cooks-like Roman sentinels, were required to die at their posts.

The area of the garden remains very much as it was left, with its porticoes still standing, the ruins of a fountain, fish reservoir, and the usual contrivance of columns to sustain vines, with seats, table, etc., answering to our summer-house. Just outside the seaward gate were found two skeletons, with keys, coins, and other articles of value. Conjecture, which of course has endless room for play amidst the unclaimed property, and nameless skeletons of this buried city, ascribes to one of these human

relics the name of Diomedes, who perished while selfishly deserting his family. In this, however, we may do him injustice, though circumstantial evidence is strongly against him. But the wine-cellar, still perfect, and lighted by the same narrow loop-holes, looking into the garden, which let in the fatal shower and gases, is the most interesting spot, from the fact that here were found the remains of twenty persons, including a child and baby, who had here taken refuge, with sufficient provision, as they supposed, to weather the strange storm. They were, however, speedily suffocated by the mephitic vapors while making a vain effort to escape from their fatal refuge, the falling stones and lava having closed the door upon them for eternity. The fine ashes and hot water, penetrating by the windows, formed a paste around their bodies, preserving the impressions of form, and even clothing, as perfectly as a sculptor's mould. Even the texture of the fine linen worn by the women was imprinted on this lava paste, as well as their jewels. The saddest relic of all was a portion of the blonde hair of the mother, still retaining its color and shape. In the Museo Borbonico al Naples, where all removable articles of value are carried as soon as discovered, we see the impression in lava of a female breast, matronly full and fair, and an entire female head, formed of a fine crust, so delicate that it seems as if a breath might disturb it, yet every feature is as perfect as in life, exhibiting a portrait of rare beauty and regularity. No sculptor could have taken his mould with more precision. The utmost care is taken of it, so that it will probably endure through all time as the sole artificial bust of Nature's moulding, a priceless and unique specimen of geological portraiture. Whether these remains were found or not in Diomedes's cellar, I do not know.

The wine-jars of Diomedes remain leaning in rows against the walls, as when he last took account of stock. They are filled with ashes. Beneath there is a dried substance, which connoisseurs pretend to say still retains a portion of the rich aroma of the wines that for thousands of years have given to Vesuvius its most cherished celebrity.

Diomedes, pagan though he was, must have had a more cheerful idea of death than most Christians. He built his sepulchre, still inscribed with his name, right over against his chamber windows, and scarcely two rods off, so that he never could cross his own threshold without having his grave to stare him in the face.

Near the villa of Diomedes there was another, supposed to have belonged to Cicero, and mentioned in his letters to Atticus. In it were found some fine paintings. On one of the lower stories was the following inscription: "Sea and fresh water baths of Marcus Crassus Frugi." Mr. Frugi would have to go a long way for his salt water now!

I entered Pompeii from the Salerno road, opposite the railroad station. The usual array of guides and ciceroni lay in waiting to intercept visitors. They are a nuisance under almost any circumstances, and, being already as familiar with the localities of Pompeii as of New York, I determined, despite the rule which affixes one, like a shadow, to every visitor or party, from fear of the effects of antiquarian covetousness, to wander unattended and unharangued where I pleased—"up stairs, down stairs, and in the ladies' chamber," after the fashion of "Le diable boiteux," on a voyage of discovery into the morals and customs of the deceased Pompeians. To effect this solitude required no little skill. I hung back until the parties preceding me were supplied, and then loitered on, straggler fashion, as if belonging to one in advance. The few remaining ciceroni eyed me suspiciously; some, spider-like, dashed toward me, but I dodged them, or bluntly told them to be off. A few rods having brought me to an unfrequented part of the town, in the rear of the Basilica, I slipped aside, and, privateerlike, gained a good offing, with a clear antiquarian horizon.

There was a luxury of sentiment in being alone in Pompeii—of having, as it were, an entire city to one's self in the broad day, that had a peculiar charm to me. I dived into cellars, I ascended dilapidated staircases, I pried into ladies' boudoirs, nay, even into their bed-chambers, stood before family altars, criticised the cook's department—in fine, explored with unblushing effrontery the domestic secrets of every household, rich or poor, plebeian or patrician, which attracted me, without a human voice to break the spell. Pompeii is not, as some term it, simply "a city of the dead." The soul is there, though the animal existence is departed. It is the ghost of past life, clear and firm in its outlines, and spirit-like in its talk—a veritable medium through which the classical ages can rap out their ideas to ours. There is, too, enough of reality and completeness of pre-ervation in many localities to make one step lightly, for fear he might intrude. This gives a lively delicacy of feeling to exploration totally inconsistent with the bat-filled towers and mouldy ruins of ordinary antiquity, with their break-neck gaps and tottering walls. Here every thing has the freshness of yesterday; all is firm and clean, though incomplete. By some strange sorcery, an entire city has been unroofed; doors and windows left invitingly upon; every mystery bared to strong sunlight; and the population, as it were, extinguished, like the snuffing out of a candle, leaving behind them the familiar tokens of warm hearts and a busy life, so like our own that we are ready at once to extend to them the fraternal grasp of human brotherhood.

The first thought that struck me was one of compliment to the departed city fathers. Their streets were narrow, it is true—no great harm in a hot climate—but well paved with flat lava, and raised crossing, for foot-passengers. They possessed numerous fountains, and, above all, side-walks, a convenience which Paris did not know before this century and Naples is still without. They were well supplied with sewers beneath the pavement, leading to the sea. From these evidences of their superior civilization, and their love of fresh water, manifested not only by public baths, but in every private house of any pretensions, in beautiful marble fish-basins, fountains, cisterns, hot and cold baths, accompanied with Oriental-like tokens of luxurious ablutions, I concluded that the filthy habits and indecent exposures which the refined Florentines



gaze upon with such indifference, even under the very windows of their stately palaces, to which are hourly wafted perfumes not of Araby the blessed, were forbidden by statute at Pompeii. If so, the modern Italians have sadly degenerated from their ancestral cleanliness. The aqueducts supplied Pompeii with delicious water, as I verified by taste. Wells are rare, and the water not so good. There is one, still in use, one hundred and twenty feet deep.

The names and occupations, generally in red paint, accompanied often with hieroglyphical signs announced the proprietors or occupants of the houses, which were numbered, and their trades. Indeed, a very respectable directory of Pompeii might be compiled to-day from its walls. There are also on them many advertisements of gladiatorial shows, festivals and specimens of street wit or drawing, from which might be got up an Illustrated Pompeian News of the year 79, which would prove vastly entertaining.

These ideas suggested another. Streets, aqueducts, fountains public buildings, and private houses—in short, all the essentials of a habitable town, are here, ready for use, and requiring not an extraordinary degree of repair. The spirit of Yankeeism moved within me. Would it not be a "good operation" to buy up Pompeii, reserve the corner lots, sell the intervening, and appropriate the temples to public schools? It is true that the "court-house" would require roofing, and the jail enlarging, but the amphitheatre would be a capital spot for caucuses the public baths could be altered at slight expence into a meeting-house, with ample vestry accommodation, and the Pantheon would make a capital hotel. The scream of the locomotive hourly startles the ears of the modern guests of Sallust's house by abruptly recalling them from their classical trance to the materialism of the nineteenth century, so that a railroad is not wanting, and gas might be let on cheap from Vesuvius. Would his Majesty of Naples become a partner in the speculation? Knowing his predilection for antiquities rather than improvements, I rather guessed not, and concluded to keep the notion to myself until a more enterprising ruler should arise in his place.

The present king, is however, doing something in the way of re-peopling the city, for he allows a few soldiers to select their residences, from the hundreds at their choice, in the different quarters of the town. A trifling outlay gives them a very comfortable mansion. They, in general, content themselves, like hermit-crabs, in taking possession of the dead shells of the plebeian sort, when they might help themselves to palaces. It looked odd to see, every now and then, the solitude of this disintegrated city broken by a female face, gazing hopelessly into the deserted streets watching for something living to go by. Luckily I had with me no guide or he would have been sure to have protested that these inhabitants, like the water in the wells, were not ancient, and thus dispel an illusion I had created out of them. Why could they not have been the families, nay, the very soldiers themselves, who perished, rather than desert their posts, on the morning of the twenty-fourth of August, A.D. 79? The sentinel was found, eighteen centuries later, still at his post at the Herculaneum Gate, while in their barlocks in the Forum Nundinarium more than three score of their number perished, victims to their military discipline. Such fidelity deserves perpetual recompense, and my fancy invested them in the shape of the present legionaries of Naples with the freedom of the city. It is true that the merit of four of these sufferers was involuntary. They were not only locked up in the guard-house; but fastened by their ankles into iron stocks, which were partially melted by the heat that slowly killed them. These stocks are now in the Museum, as well as beautiful specimens of armor, including several bronze helmets, one of which is richly ornamented in bas-relief with the story of the destruction of Troy. There is, however a very curious specimen of genuine ancient water inclosed in a huge bronze cock of a reservoir to be seen in the Museum. Time has hermetically sealed the parts, but, upon shaking the cock, the splashing of the imprisoned liquid, now having been nearly two thousand years in solitary confinement, is clearly heard.

If I skip oddly about, the reader, curious in these matters, must have patience with me. It is a fac-simile of the manner I spent this day—my pleasantest day of travel in Europe—darting from one point to another as fancy or curiosity dictated. I had no rule. I knew by heart the treasures in the Museo Borbonico which had been rifled hence, and could by the wand of memory, restore them to their proper localities; consequently, every site of interest became to me at once the familiar object of the century that saw our Saviour. Then, too, I busied myself in conjecturing, from the hints in domestic life the Pompeians had left behind them, how they did this thing—how they did that; whether we were wiser and more refined than they; were we even more comfortable, with all our boasted civilization; If reader mine, you have patience to follow me through all my eccentric investigations on this holiday, you will at least know something of how the home-life of the old conquerors of the world went on twenty centuries ago.

Their houses were not large, in the palatial sense of modern times. Unlike ours, too, their plain side was toward the street, and their decorations reserved for within. Doors which opened outward, and thereby endangered the faces of the passers-by, unless they heard the warning cry, were the fashion. The street windows were mere port-holes and closed with wooden shutters, so that street effect, so far as domestic architecture was concerned, must have been meagre indeed. Art was lavish in decoration of the interior. The colors employed in painting were peculiarly bright, retaining even now a brilliancy that is astonishing. The taste was in general for strong colors and contrasts but some were employed with a delicacy of tint and truthfulness of design that still continue to be the admiration and study of modern artists. A few of these paintings were in frames, and hung upon the walls, but in general they were painted upon the wall, after the manner of modern frescoes, and with so durable

an art as to resist until now the fire and damp to which they have been exposed. Their secret of thus petrifying colors, as it were, is lost.

Among the finest of their paintings, classed by some even with the labors of Raphael, is the Parting Scene between Achilles and Briseis, which is of itself sufficient to exalt the feeling of the ancients for art to a high standard. The head of Achilles is a master-piece of expression. There are other evidences, however, of their faithful delineation of sentiment and passion, accompanied by a correctness of drawing, which proves much close study, and, with other branches of art which this insignificant town of the Roman Empire has disclosed, shows equally how little we have gained upon them and how great must have been the intervening darkness, to make modern success appear so wonderful. Landscape painting was, however, much after the character of the Chinese, capricious, gaudy, and utterly regardless of the rules of perspective, though there are evidences that this branch of art was not wholly misunderstood. The specimens we now see upon the walls, however, were probably cheap efforts, to take the place of modern paper, and not intended for any higher purpose. But what they chiefly excelled in was grotesque and arabesque ornaments, in both of which they display a pleasing delicacy and invention, that we may copy, but not excel. Indeed, Raphael was indebted for the designs of his ornamental paintings in the Loggie of the Vatican to the Baths of Titus.

In the kitchen of the house of the Edile Pansa there still remain some droll pictures, coarsely executed, intended, no doubt, to refresh the memory of the cook with the tid-bits his master loved, and perhaps as a warning, also, in case of a failure of skill. We have a ham, bacon, head of a wild boar, a stately hog with a belt around his body, and the cook sacrificing eatables upon an altar, with the guardian serpents beneath. Besides these there is a murena fastened upon a spit. This delicate fish was said to be a venomous cross between the land and sea viper. It was, however, particularly prized by Roman epicures—we can forgive classical gourmands every thing after seasoning their dishes with asafetida—and was kept in brackish water, and sometimes fed with refractory slaves, to give it bulk and flavor. There was, then, an unmistakable moral to Pansa's cook in this picture.

The lower floor of Pansa's house, upon the street, was divided into shops, one of which served him for the disposal of his own superfluous harvests. Some of these lordly mansions boasted an immense number of shops. One owned by a Signora Julia Felix, had upon the outside a notice stating that it was to let—I presume at auction—between the coming sixth and eighth of August, together with nine hundred shops, with their terraces and upper stories. This amount of real estate in a little city like this looks startling; but, judging from the shops already exposed, the whole might be included within the capacity of Stewart's marble building on Broadway. The ancient aristocracy peddled out their merchandise from their own houses, as still continue to do the present grand signori of Italy, who, while affecting to despise commerce as ignoble, daily vend wine and oil, by the bottle or penny's worth, to every customer, from the basements of their palaces. The alms they bestow at one door are often returned to them at another, through the sales of their produce. I have my milk and butter of a marquis, who if I sold cotton by the cargo, would consider me as unworthy of his noble society, but who, if I do nothing and patronize his dairy, considers me good enough "to go to court". This is a queer distinction for the descendants of merchants to make, but it is universal. Even an artist is considered in some degree to have the mechanical taint of the artisan, an aristocratic prejudice which even the genius of our Greenough, though on familiar terms with a Capponi, could not altogether overcome.

The interior view of the Pompeian houses from the street must have been very pretty. Unlike the modern arrangement, the ground floor was the principal part, for the ancient Campanians appear to have had a luxurious horror of staircases. Hence those that we see in private houses are contracted and look as if intended only for slaves, on whom devolved the labor of ascending and descending. The porter's lodge was, where it is now in fashionable mansions, just inside the street-door. This looked into an open court, in the centre of which is always to be found an "impluvium," or large, open, shallow cistern of marble to hold rain-water—an exceedingly ingenious contrivance, one would suppose, for the generation of mosquitoes. Many houses had also large subterranean reservoirs.

This outer court was surrounded with numerous small chambers, appropriated to purposes of hospitality, besides the larger reception-room, or atrium, answering to modern Italian ante-chambers, where callers were obliged to await the pleasure of the master of the house.

Beyond this court is to be seen another, surrounded in general by colonnades, and appropriated to the more private purposes of the family. Here we find all the domestic compartments which we usually divide over several floors. The ladies had their boudoirs and the gentlemen their libraries. There are, too, saloons of different degrees of elegance, and dining-rooms, shady and very inviting in such a climate, looking out as they did upon mosaic-paved court-yards, cooled by fountains, and the murmuring of flowing waters playing among marble statues and flower-beds, with gold-fishes darting about in their artificial ponds. When space permitted there was always a garden, shaded by vine-covered trellises supported on beautiful columns, under which the family assembled, perhaps to eat "ices"—at all events, to drink iced wine. Here, also, were the cold baths. These were taken in the open air, with a somewhat nonchalant disregard of exposure universal in warm countries. Some of the bath-tubs, of the purest white marble, are of magnificent proportions, and look as invitingly under the warm sky of to-day as when Grecian belles were wont to bathe their fair limbs therein. The hot baths were, from necessity, more retired. The farther end of the garden was frequently painted in fresco landscape, so that the passer-by in the street beheld a beautiful perspective of Corinthian columns, fountains, statues, and mosaic-paved court-yards, terminating with flowers and shrubbery, and apparently betraying a vista far beyond the reality. The effect of such a scene, combined with the graceful flow-



ing robes of the ancients, and their careless out-door domesticity, generated by a climate which invites freedom, must have been charmingly picturesque.

The chambers were in general mere closets, altogether too small for modern bedsteads, and lighted only by doors. In fact, the bedstead was seldom other than a raised portion of the floor, though they possessed others somewhat after the modern French pattern, as may be seen pictured on the walls. No doubt, inspired by the genial warmth of their climate, the Pompeians spread their mattresses, as they did their tables, as fancy dictated. It was an easy matter with them to take up their beds and walk. The women's apartments were separated from the men's, though the division does not appear to have been very close. Every house had its family altar or chapel, not unlike in arrangement to the domestic shrines of Romanism, substituting an idol for a crucifix or Madonna. They burned lamps just as the Catholics do candles, as a religious sacrifice, and offered fruits and flowers or more valuable gifts, as vows or piety dictated.

Some of the better houses had their kitchens and their offices underground, but in general, they were put aside where most convenient, approachable by a lane or back passage. They were all small compared with our ideas of culinary accommodation, but almost precisely like the modern Italian in their arrangements. The fire-places are precisely the same. But when we come to kitchen utensils, we perceive a degeneracy, not only in material and form but in utility, compared with those in common use among the Pompeians, that is truly marvelous. Bronze, lined with silver, was not uncommon. I saw at the Museum pots with malleable bronze handles, which could be put in or taken out at pleasure. This art is lost. Their earthen jars have the ring of real metal, hard and sonorous, and so strong as to be proof against ordinary carelessness. Their potter is grace itself, and some of the ornamental vases of antiquity are valued as high as ten thousand dollars apiece. The elegance of form and beauty of color of their glass—I refer to the finest specimens—astonished me. Modern art has never equaled the Portland vase, or rivaled the finest specimens of Naples, which seem more like engraved gems than glass. Their common is like our greenish bottle-glass. They do not seem to have possessed the art of cutting, though we find pretty specimens of pressed glass, such as vases, drinking-vessels, etc.

### Divine Sovereignty and Human Agency.

#### A HARMONY OF CONTRASTS.

BY REV. J. B. FERGUSON.

It is deeply to be regretted that the fierce and selfish controversies of ambitious Religionists, have given such general distaste to the very name of some of the most important questions that ever agitated or can ever interest the human understanding. They have served to obscure truth oftener than to hold it forth in its beautiful and attractive proportions, or they have presented it in such fragmentary and deformed aspects, as to make its very name a reproach or a signal for fruitless and disgusting strife over its torn limbs, and mangled body. Thus the human organism may be brutal or skillful hands, be so severed, limb from limb, flesh from bone, and head from trunk, that we can scarcely recognize its once commanding harmonic beauty and power, and the observing mind be turned away from the disintegrated mass, more in disgust than discriminating reverence. And yet there is a human body beautiful and harmonious.

It is greatly thus with the subject we discuss this morning. From the earliest records of the development of human knowledge, it has involved questions of vital interest to the hierarchy of thought; while there is scarcely a rational being who has not, in some stage of his progress, felt its difficulties or its solution as the greatest problem of human inquiry.

Let us, if we can, seek a just and consistent view of the subject, without reference to any sectional creed or separating philosophy. The difficulty, like all difficulties in imperfect ratiocination, arises from exhausting our attention upon single views or fragmentary aspects of this truth.

In a universe of positive and negative principles, Truth is ever a harmony of contrasts. The positive and negative principles are found everywhere and in every thing, giving the utility of change and the beauty of transformation to every aspect of the universe. What is positive to one state, is negative to another, or a higher state of the same object; and according as the attention is riveted upon the one or the other conditions of the same object, will be the conclusion arrived at by the observing mind. We may illustrate our meaning thus:

If we look at a newly-born infant, as such, we may affirm, truthfully, that it is helpless; and while the mind is absorbed in the observation of that condition, it may forget, if it do not deny, the mother provided to care for it; the earth and the heavens to nourish it. If we observe it again when a child, we see it not so helpless, but while greatly dependent, still able to put forth more or less of defensive power. When it arrives at vigorous and healthy manhood, again the same narrowness of vision may forget its past and its approaching infancy, and assert its independence. In neither case is the observation just or truthful, and because it sees only one condition, and forgets or overlooks another. The infant is dependent, but not utterly helpless, for it breathes, and breathes a love that awakens powers around it for its nurture and defence. The man is man, that is, in some sort sovereign of a few conditions, but still is he not independent—his sovereignty is not absolute.

Or we may appreciate the mistakes that involve confused thought upon this subject thus: When, in our descriptions of his appetites, passions, gross and fleshly propensities, we affirm of man's body what would present him as an animal, we may affirm no falsehood, and momentarily yield to the thought that he is a subject of materialistic annihilation—an absurdity. Again, we may be so captivated by his grasp of thought, depth

of love, and infinitude of hope, as to describe him as an angel or a God, and yield to the conclusion that he is perfect and wholly spiritual. But, in neither case have we appreciated man as he is. At best we have but a fragmentary view. We may have spoken truthfully in our every allusion in either case; but our descriptions are partial, and truth would be the harmony of the contrasted views. Man is an animal, and he is more. Man is an angel, but he is also less. As a creature of flesh, he is confined to its necessary and unavoidable conditions, while as a recipient of Spirit-life, he ascends above his fleshly condition, and feels the instincts and enjoys the communion of immortality.

Or perhaps we can appreciate what we aim at better by a view of morals. Then, we need only appeal to every man's experience before me, to clearly reveal what we mean by a harmony of contrasts, or a recognition of positive and negative principles in all things. Thus: A man may be so candid as to become uncharitable in feeling. No one of us could call him a perfect character. Again, he may be so charitable as to tell falsehoods; and we find, then, as a great defect on the other side. But making him candid and charitable; make him to love truth and love man, and love him only the more, as he needs his kindly consideration and offices, and you have the perfect moral man, at least in ideal appreciation—the harmony of contrasted, but not contradicting virtues.

The universe, physical and moral, is full of these contrasts—nay, it is a universe of harmonious contrasts, change being its law, progress its pathway, harmony its end. So with the subject before us. We may so speak of the absolute power and government of God as to regard man as a mere machine, and cursed and doomed at that; a creature of sin and depravity, not his own, and made liable to endless wrong and suffering. While again, we may so regard the capacity and achievements of man, as to make him appear independent of the powers that controlled his origin; guide the consequences of his actions, and provide for his responsibility and destiny. The former is a God without man; the latter, man without God. The truth is not found in either view. The truth is a harmony of divine power, making its throne in human hearts, to lead them from nothing to the infinitude of life, light and joy. God is sovereign, but man is free. Man is free, not as an angel, delivered from fleshly environments, but more free than the horse he rides, the ship he guides, or the perversions of his nature his vices engender. He is free in a circle; free to widen that circle by measured steps; but not free to control the consequences of any single action, or of all his actions combined.

God governs in and by all things. He governs, therefore, in and by man, and his government by man is more than a government by brute force or mechanical law; it embraces his developing intellect, moral tastes, and angelic aspirations. Man is relatively free; but the measure of his freedom increases as he ascends above the brute and the mechanical plane upon which he finds his being begun; more free, as he becomes more angelic, more Christ-like, more Godlike. Man lives in the world whose laws are divine, and divinely secure the ends Divine Wisdom contemplated, which ends culminate in his progress and by his progress, lead to a freedom that measures time in eternity, man in God, the beginning, middle, and end of destiny. If he degenerate, if he fall, he must share the results of the condition to which he falls, but his descent meets the barriers over which he cannot pass, and where, amid severe buffetings, he finds God still seeking his elevation, and by ties of sympathy, provided in eternal relationship to spirits, bone of his bone and spirit of his spirit, he starts again in the upward way.

The freedom of man, then, is a freedom of degree, and its degree ascends as he ascends in purity, in wisdom, in love—in a word, in spirituality. As he thus ascends, he rejoices in death, so called, as well as in life: for he finds the life of God filling all things, and revealing itself more and more as he learns to live amid the myriad changes of his condition, and the transformations of his endlessly improvable nature. He is poor, almost to bankruptcy, without a filial trust in God; he is rich, to inexhaustible treasures, when he finds a God in all and above all. Here, and in this thought only, can he find his measure of peace and progress, and he is never satisfied with the measure he gains; for it brings the desire, however he may smother it, for a larger, and that larger measure is ever before him in the unnumbered perfections and unmeasured care of his God.

Now, it does appear to me, that this view of God in man, and man in God, and yet God over all, relieves the subject of the difficulties of a fatalistic philosophy on the one hand, and a presumptive man-worship on the other. And all nature experiences a providence, which is but nature working, speaking its confirmation. From the light of the glow-worm, gilding the flower on the road side, to the flaming meteor of day, rolling its worlds of light through immensity, no separate entity exists—and all seem to say, "my origin and my purpose is beyond myself." Along the infinite line of cause and effect, we see the unmeasured Cause in which, in some state, all principles, elements and essences have their existence, proclaiming an infinite whole, which regulates their motions, presides over and guides their apparent collisions, preserves them from destruction, so that nothing is lost, and by which there is no disturbance that can pass a certain limit. We see provision is made for all necessary restoration, and we are enabled to behold.

"The stars preserved from wrong,

And the most ancient heavens made fresh and strong."

True, the subject is incomprehensible, but so is every other when pressed toward the Infinite, which all things proclaim, and which none can fully reveal. But we may apprehend what we cannot comprehend. We see every principle we discover in the universe of mind or matter, in incessant action. A quietude in one aspect is activity in another. Effects become causes, and causes effects, till we bow down in adoration to rise up in activity and hope before Him who fills immensity; and instead of perplexing our minds by the question what, or where is God, we are content to ask, what and where is he not?



Man lives: The principle that gives him life is seen wherever he ascends in thought and experience to combine and inhere in the elements of universal nature. From lower elements to higher organizations, he advances by the beautiful law of change, which his brutal nature calls death and destruction. When the ultimate of any form is gained, it decays, that a higher production may be set free, and find its attraction to a higher existence. Thus his freedom increases with his dissolutions, and is only temporarily measured by any condition in which he is found. Is he found an idolatrous heathen, he must yet see in the flesh, or after he has cast it off, that his idol is nothing, whether it be books, men, or a shining jewel. Is he found a slave to forms, Jewish, Roman, Christian, or Philosophic, so to speak; he will yet arise above their shadow, and find a freedom of love and progress that individualizes his spiritual nature, and makes him to know himself at once a son of God and a brother of man. "For if any man love God, the same is known of Him."

The practical duty to which this view of our theme leads imperatively, however procastinated, is that man's highest welfare consists in consulting the highest wants of his nature, for which he finds an inexhaustible store-house of divine munificence, ready for the supply. He bows not beneath the weight that crushes him, but gathers strength to place his feet upon it, and makes it a stepping stone, high and strong in proportion to its weight, in his upward way. He complains not of agencies he has neither the power to make nor the wisdom to control, but adapts himself to them, and thus finds the harmony of all things. Truth is his standard, and he measures himself and all things by its ever elevating balances. Truth is his Christ, under whose anointing he finds good beyond his domicile, he would neither yard off nor contract. From the narrow conventionalisms of his God—not the God universal—he steps forth as from a dungeon's gloom to behold as he may, upon this fair day, the rich promises that spontaneously arise to welcome a common humanity; and the emblems of purity and freshness in the vernal mantle now covering hill and valley, give him a thought beyond the evidence of his own power, and he learns that his hope is my hope; his life is my life; his child my child; his end my end, in the exact proportion in which he and I do and suffer; and thus we may see God in man, and man in unity with God.

This harmony of contrasts, this recognition of the positive and negative in all things, this God-view and man-view blended, is the law of God and our neighbor; the fulfillment of all law; the end of all observation; the essence of religion of all forms and above all forms, and the marriage of Divine Sovereignty and human agency; the loving embrace of justice and mercy; and it discloses the links of that mighty chain, that binds in kindred influences the whole family of man, whether on earth external, or in Heaven Spiritual. God is seen to be equally dependent on the whole; and what is the patrimony of a common humanity is mine and yours, and every man should add his mite to the store-house eternal.

The appeal upon this subject is very justly made to consciousness. But our consciousness bears its testimony alike to our limited freedom and to the divine government that creates and enlarges its spheres. Every man is called upon to arraign himself, in some silent chamber of his heart, where the gentle rays of pure judgment and reason mingle in unmistakable decisions. There he may learn how to bend beneath the storm of unyielding necessity that sweeps by, and there, when it is passed, he will see how to lift his head serenely above the weakness he surrenders to the Almightiness everywhere enthroned. There, amid fierce conflicts he cannot control, he beholds the empire of right, and seeks the high ends of his being far beyond the impotent reach of misguided misanthropy. The scorpion fangs of polluted fear are extracted, when he sees himself the arbiter of his own fate and destiny; and he never feels himself a toy or a bauble, save when bereft of the undying influences that reveal a God in him, as in all around him.

His consciousness will reveal the recognition of a moral and right-ous and, therefore, eternal government. But the same consciousness discloses a life-giving principle within, that may move amid the contritions and misdirection of a great humanity, as the source of redeeming action.

If, therefore, I have a heart to feel, a mind to act, and a sympathy of soul, let its reckonings be with the source from whence they are derived. My greatest danger is ever with myself. Here, in the breast, is the altar of God, and each is called to its defence.

Do we boast of freedom and of rights? There are but two rights in the entire universe—properly speaking, but one. We denominate them as two, the right of God and the right of man. As one, the right of God in man. This bequeathes and distributes upon all alike. All seek the level of divine harmony; all must ultimately find it, when the distinctions of capacity, circumstances of cultivation and intellect, have made and finished their severances. Hence we are called to kindness and love, to a heart overflowing with gratitude, for it is only such a heart that can meet with becoming dignity, the apparently confused and contradictory manifestations from our fellows, that time, in her successions, develops. Every consolation, every comfort, every prospect of good, is ever beaming with all its undimmed radiance; but we see not nor enjoy the gladdening beams, save as we ascend in moral purpose and action, and all things around and within us, either by deprivation or inspiration, move forward to reveal the sight. The powers that exist, exist but for a time, while the power of God in our progressive nature, is eternal.

We are conscious, therefore, that we are bound, and we are conscious that we are free; but our grateful acceptance of our bonds breaks them, when our sphere of freedom stretches toward the infinite. I find it difficult to reach forward toward the ideal of right God inspires within me; but it is impossible to stand still. God is harmony, for he is absolute; but man is progressive, for he is limited. God in man, is a harmony of contrasts, whose apparent conflicts find their calm, and every calm is stirred to reveal a higher ascension. If we seek within our hearts, we will find a consummation there that speaks the man and not the machine. The principle of

growth is there, and under its influence we find a life and vigor that grieves not at the mistaken realizations of time. It imparts no thought but hope, and feels no joy that gives wrong to the soul.

Let the span of man, then, be the free evidence of the God he bears, and the bounteous repasts of Time shall join anthems of undying love to the memory of his achievements, whose sweet strains of heavenly symphony shall still every note of discord in EVERLASTING HARMONY.

### The Child and the Mourners.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A LITTLE child, beneath a tree  
Sat and chanted cheerily  
A little song, a pleasant song,  
Which was—she sang it all day long—  
'When the wind blows the blossoms fall;  
But a good God reigns over all.'

There passed a lady by the way,  
Moaning in the face of day;  
There were tears upon her cheek,  
Grief in her heart too great to speak;  
Her husband died but yester-morn,  
And left her in the world forlorn.

She stopped and listened to the child  
That looked to heaven, and singing, smiled;  
And saw not for her own despair,  
Another lady, young and fair.  
Who also passing, stopped to hear  
The infant's anthem ringing clear.

For she but few sad days before  
Had lost the little babe she bore;  
And grief was heavy at her soul,  
As that sweet memory o'er her stole,  
And showed how bright had been the Past,  
The Present drear and overcast.

And as they stood beneath the tree  
Listening, soothed and placidly,  
A youth came by, whose sunken eyes  
Spoke of a load of miseries;  
And he, arrested like the twain,  
Stopped to listen to the strain.

Death had bowed the youthful head  
Of his bride beloved, his bride unwed:  
Her marriage robes were fitted on,  
Her fair young face with blushes shone,  
When the destroyer smote her low,  
And changed the lover's bliss to woe.

And those three listened to the song,  
Silver-toned, and sweet and strong,  
Which that child, the livelong day,  
Chanted to itself in play:  
'When the wind blows the blossoms fall,  
But a good God reigns over all.'

The widow's lips impulsive moved;  
The mother's grief, tho' unreprieved,  
Softened, as her trembling tongue  
Repeated what the infant sung;  
And the sad lover, with a start,  
Conned it over to his heart.

And though the child—if child it were,  
And not a seraph sitting there—  
Was seen no more, the sorrowing three  
Went on their way resignedly,  
The song still ringing in their ears—  
Was it music of the spheres?

Who shall tell? They did not know.  
But in the midst of deepest woe  
The strain recurred when sorrow grew,  
To warn them, and console them too:  
'When the wind blows the blossoms fall,  
But a good God reigns over all.'

### Speech of Gov. Reeder.

On the 8th of October, the free state men of Lawrence, Kansas Territory, assembled in the largest room of the Free State Hotel, to discuss the propriety of completing a state organization at the approaching constitutional convention, and to discuss about "Reeder and Freedom," to use their vernacular, and the independent territorial elections which were to be held next day. Upwards of five hundred persons were present, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. G. W. Smith, a prominent citizen, was called to the chair, and opened the meeting with a few appropriate remarks, and concluded by calling upon Gov. A. H. Reeder to address the meeting. As soon as his name was uttered the most vociferous applause ensued, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs and the gentlemen applauding. The ex-Governor appeared to be deeply flattered by the ardent enthusiasm dis-



played in his behalf. It was several minutes before he could obtain silence, in order to begin his speech. At last the applause ceased, and he began:

Ladies and gentlemen—I thank you with a full heart for these repeated evidences of your confidence and partiality. I should be wanting in the finer emotions of true manhood if such flattering demonstrations did not touch me, and I should be unworthy of them if they did not bind me to you—your interests to my interests—with hooks of steel. In the retrospection of my whole life, in the recollection of past contests and victories, in the varied light and shade of many friendships, and some enmities, many successes and some failures, many joys and some sorrows, I find none of the past years to compare in interest or importance with the twelve months spent among the people of Kansas, who, by their unfaltering faith and generous confidence, have so bound me to them, that to any call or demand of theirs I shall ever hold myself in duty compelled to respond, as I have this night to yours.

Upon a former occasion I called attention to the unprecedented character of our position, and the unprecedented importance of our actions. The results which shall finally grow out of the present confusion will be not for to-day, nor for the present age only, but for all time. The full grandeur and magnificence of this enterprise is not for our eyes—we stand too near to see it all;—to the large and enlightened vision of posterity—through the medium of purified experience and from the stand point of future years alone will it bloom up with all its true portions apparent. And when the last sound of the hammer shall have been heard and a beautiful edifice, with dome, and cornice, and architrave, stands forth complete, it will be a proud boast to say I was a laborer here; and, when we, in our turn, are gathered to the grave, in the accomplishment of nature's great plan of change and reproduction, the eye that kindles in admiration at our work will turn to shed a tear of pious reverence upon the narrower house that gives eternal shelter to the builders. Never so small a stone laid here might be a proud man's monument. (Great applause.)

Since, then, our actions are likely to undergo the inspection not only of contemporaries but posterity—have we thus far formed our course so as to deserve approval? For one, I believe we have.

I am proud at this moment of the free state party, and of the principles of action which it has thus promulgated. It stands in the position of rendering good for evil. It says "we were born free white men, and claim the privileges arising from that condition—the first of these is the unmolested regulations of our institutions—upon our territory we want not the blighting curse of slavery—we do not dispute, nor do we in any way wish to interfere with it elsewhere—we stand upon the platform of justice and equal rights, and within the compacts of the constitution, and the safeguards of law. We ask that popular sovereignty become the practice as well as the theory of republicanism—we ask in our platform, perhaps, for less than our whole rights, and concede, for the time, as a matter of courtesy and fairness, everything but the essential principle of the political existence of our party. Opposed to this manly and generous attitude, what is that of our adversaries?"

Missouri, in violation of every right instinct, by brute force robs us of the only right which distinguishes freemen from slaves—not only us, her partners and equals in a great enterprise, but the sons of her own soil—not only does she seek to disfranchise and enslave the children of the Keystone State, the descendants of the pilgrims, the sons of the Empire State, the men who learn their lessons of freedom amid the hallowed spots of Bunker Hill and Saratoga, and Trenton, and Princeton, and German-town—not only the brave and hardy pioneers of the west who have ever been in the front rank of progress on its way to the Pacific, and thus opened up the road through which Missouri herself has been founded and built up; but worse than this, like an unnatural mother, she robs her own sons, many of whom I see around me, who have come forth from her own bosom, of the rights she gave them at their birth, and would enslave them also.

We proclaim by our platform of principles that we demand the right of free speech, free suffrage and free government—that we desire to build up here another great republic, by free white labor, and to exclude, as we have the right to do, the institution of slavery, which we believe would blight our progress and our prosperity. We say to our brethren of the Union, who differ from us, that, although we might deny their right to hold slaves in the territory, yet in the spirit of liberality, we will find no fault that they bring their slaves along, when they come to enter into a fraternal contest at the ballot box for determining the character of our institutions, and will recommend that their slaves be in the meantime unmolested; and we declare that when free institutions shall be established, the right of property which they claim in the slave within our bounds shall be treated with that moderation and charity which should exist between brethren of a great republic who differ in opinion. (Applause.)

This is our position, and now let us contrast it with the opposition we have to meet, as exhibited in the pro-slavery legislation of the territory.—That legislature represents our opponents, but I will not libel the pro-slavery men of this territory by saying that it represents them. It represents only those of our Missouri neighbors who elected them and who must be regarded as our principal, almost our only opponents.

This legislature have essayed to perpetuate the power they have usurped—have refused us the privilege of electing even our most inferior officers: have taken away from us the ballot box, or surrounded it with odious qualifications and restrictions; have brought officers from a foreign state to govern us; and in the omnipotence of their self-esteem, have repealed the pre-emption laws, the naturalization laws, the Kansas-Nebraska bill, and have ended by invading the constitution of the United States.

But I need not enumerate to you the series of deep and bitter wrongs that burned into the very soul of every man who has a head to think and a heart to feel, or who is qualified to live under the banner of the Union or the Declaration of Independence. I need say nothing to rouse you to a sense of the barbarian oppression which has far outstripped all the deeds

that have ever tended to disgrace our nation and its parts, or to tarnish the escutcheon of Republicanism. As I have said, you have returned good for evil, liberality for oppression, and have shown that your principles are unchanged, and that you are determined to have all the wrong upon the one side—all the right upon the other. But how mistaken the man that shall deduce from this a disposition to tamely wear the yoke of slavery.—You have sounded the first note of resistance, by a bold and serene defiance of the tyranny of the Kansas Missouri Legislature, and you now await in calm deliberation the issue of congressional action, to learn if peaceful remedies are to be had; and when all these fail and our ballot box is again opened for the choice of another legislature, with no protection but our own arms—with what bitter scorn would you curse the man that would not rather coolly spill his heart's best blood by its side than see it again in the hands of armed invaders!

We are told that no peaceful remedy awaits us; that the Congress of this great nation will coolly pass us over, and that disunion must follow any measure of relief for us. This cry of "disunion" has become stale and disgusting; the wish is always father to the thought; and I have always observed that whenever it comes, whether from the fanatic of the north or the nullifier of the south, it is accompanied by a blow at the constitution from those whose bad hearts prompt its utterance. It is a vain and empty threat by men who, judging perhaps from the idiosyncrasy of their own organization, believe in the efficacy of threats as a means of moving men. Our union has been too strong for northern fanaticism, or southern nullification; for the filibustering after Cuba, as well as Canada; and too strong to be injured even when the weakness and the wickedness of a pusillanimous and faithless chief magistrate may misdirect its energies and pervert and debase its uses, and my word for it, it will be too strong for the assailants of the ballot box. But if it is not—if it cannot secure to the citizens of the union self-government, free speech, and free suffrage—if it has become so hoary in corruption and decay that it can no longer subserve the eminent and essential purpose for which the sages of the revolution erected it, no threat of its dissolution from the men who would enslave us, should compel us to bow our necks to the yoke and give our limbs to the shackles. (Loud and prolonged applause.)

But this is rather a congratulatory meeting than otherwise, and, as the sure reward of honest and earnest effort is success, and the degree of success, is always graduated to the character of the effort, I am happy to congratulate you that yours must be entirely complete.

To-morrow night the first act of the drama will have closed—when again the curtain rises it will be upon other scenes. Thus far our prospects have at every step improved. We know that our numbers have increased—our organization has grown in strength and efficiency—and our friends in all parts of the territory have emerged from a state of distrust and silent apprehension to the bold outspoken cheerfulness and willing united effort of sanguine and determined men. Enemies have become friends, friends have become more united, cordial and efficient. It needed the outside pressure we have received to complete our organization and develop our strength. That we are in a most decided preponderance of numbers over our opponents, no opponent who resides in the territory, and values his reputation, will pretend to deny. All about us in every portion of the territory, as you well know from the report of the canvassing committees, our friends are fervent in the cause, and those who, a few short months ago, were pro-slavery men, and some of whom are slave-holders, yet convinced by the contrast presented in the creed and conduct of the two parties and awakened to a sense of their own disfranchisement, are rallying in numbers to our flag and identify themselves permanently with our party.

The proslavery men around you who still adhere to their opinions, to a large extent, as you know, concur with us in repudiating the acts of the legislature, and avow their determination to fight on the side of Kansas, and stake their lives beside the ballot box whenever another invasion shall make it necessary. These are cheering signs, indeed, and give us high assurance that Providence in its wisdom has decided the fate of Kansas; that our institutions are fixed far beyond the power of small demagogues and their misguided followers to change or effect, and that, in due time, instead of congratulating each other on our prospects and our hopes, we shall be rejoicing over the consummation; and instead of my assurance to the few hundred persons within these walls, the shout of thousands shall boom along our lovely plains and the blazing bonfire from every hill shall announce that our work is done, and that KANSAS IS FREE! (Prolonged cheering.)

#### A MODEST VISITOR.

A gentleman called at our sanctum, one morning this week; said a few words to us on common-place matters; and, rising to go away, threw down a very pretty purse on our table, remarking, as he withdrew, "That belongs to you." We had not time to say we had not lost a purse, till he was gone. On opening it, we found it to contain a slip of paper, on which were written the following words:

"Tribute of respect to STEPHEN ALBRO, Esq., late proprietor of the *Age of Progress*." Following this was a number of names, whom we have been taught to hold in high respect, no less by their elevated moral bearing, than by the friendly disposition which they have ever manifested towards us. The other end of the purse contained pieces of gold coin to the amount of fifty-five dollars.

However much we may have needed this very opportune "material aid," we did not need this substantial evidence to convince us of the friendly feeling of the donors, or to enable us to appreciate the liberality of their dispositions. We are truly grateful to them for the gift itself; but tenfold more so for the spirit which prompted it.



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