

AGE OF PROGRESS

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

VOL. II, No. 6.

BUFFALO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1855.

WHOLE No. 58.

The love of Spirit Friends.

The noblest emotion of the human soul, is love: Without love in the soul, the man or the woman is like the master beast of the forest, isolated, selfish, unsocial, repulsive, unmerciful and cruel. Love is the cement which binds soul to soul, in this life; and, during eternity, it constitutes the principal element of the ever progressing spirit. In all the tribes of the animal kingdom, we find that, wherever the love principle most prevails, there is the least ferociousness, and the nearest approximation of instinct to reason.

There is a passion, common to all animated nature, from the tortoise up to the most elevated specimens of humanity, which is very generally mistaken for love, because some of its interior sensations, and some of its outward manifestations, are similar to those which characterize love; and it requires no little philosophy and intellectual and spiritual refinement, to distinguish between the two, in all cases. Nor need there be any trouble taken to make the distinction, when the two are blended, as in properly mated husbands and wives. This passion, which is so generally the counterfeit of love, is an attribute or quality of the animal nature, implanted in it by the Creator, to secure reproduction and perpetuation of kind.

There is a natural affinity of feeling and sympathies, resulting from consanguinity, of which the genuine love principle is found to be the soul; and when no adventitious circumstance intervene, to quench this native spark of love, it will endure eternally, ever waxing more and more intense, and ever preferring its objects to all others of equal qualities and merits. But there is another kind of natural affinity, which is independent of consanguinity, and which, when left free to act, without restraint or intervention of impeding circumstances, will bring together and bind with indissoluble bonds, pairs of the opposite sexes. This is termed conjugal affinity; and philosophy affirms, and proves, that this principle of nature pervades all organic being. And when this law of nature is strictly obeyed in the formation of conjugal alliances, it produces the most happy results, physical, intellectual and spiritual. The union in the flesh, of two souls which nature fashions as counterparts for each other, is a union for eternity; and the love principle which binds them together, will forever become more and more ardent, as the united spirits become more and more capable of blissful enjoyment. And here we might go on to show how important it is, to human happiness, that conjugal alliances should be made in accordance with the law of natural affinity; but, as this was not designed to be the prominent feature of this article, we will leave it for another occasion.

There is another phase of the love principle, in human nature, which, in this sphere, we term philanthropy. This principle is universal in its operation, embracing, in the soul's affections, the whole human family. There are souls, here in this life, whose kindly sympathies go out to the ends of the earth, seeking to alleviate the sufferings and to improve the condition of the whole family of man. And although there are comparatively few who make themselves conspicuous, by laboring in the cause of general human advancement, the principle of philanthropy is at least latent in every human soul, not so depraved as to possess less than brutal affections. And here is the germ of that universal love, which so strikingly manifests itself in those millions of ministering spirits which are now laboring with the inhabitants of earth, to redeem them from the blindness of ignorance and the thralldom of sin.

There is not a man nor a woman—nay, nor a child, in the whole family of man, who has not one or more guardian spirits, constantly watching every step of his or her progress through life, and using every possible endeavor to impress the incarnate *protege* with pure principles and motives, and to influence them to eschew all evil, and pursue courses which will lead to happiness in this life and the life to come. The first and nearest of these ever watchful spirit-friends, is the counterpart, or conjugal duality, of which we have spoken, if that spirit be in the second state of existence. Next comes the nearest and most affectionate of those whom consanguinity, with its natural affinity, binds to the incarnate spirit. This is generally the mother, if she be in the spirit world; and if not, the next relative in degree of natural affection; and so on, through all degrees of consanguinity, and through all upon whom the friendships of the earth-life have exercised an affinizing influence. Hence, we may assure ourselves that we are never without the companionship of those spirits who love us most tenderly and ardently, and who watch over us with unsleeping vigilance and never relaxing solicitude. Thus it is that our Heavenly Father guards us continually, ever furnishing us with interior teachings and admonitions, whereby to shape our courses of life; but never compelling us to eschew the wrong and choose the right, which would deprive us of our volition and make us mere irresponsible automata.

Now let the thinking reader reflect how great must be the love of those guardian angels, who gladly consent to leave those realms of infinite bliss, where they bask in the love-light of their Heavenly Father's smiles, enjoying ever more happyfying beatitudes, and come back to this world of darkness, corruption, strife and sin, to pass another life-term, as guardians and teachers of frail, peccant, wilful and repulsing humanity. The truth that they do thus willingly and gratefully accept this seemingly uncongenial, irksome and thankless office, laboring in millions of instances, year after year, and decade after decade, without accomplishing any apparent betterment of the nature of which they have charge, surpasses all human comprehension. Yet they do thus come, thru labor, and thus strive, still hoping and loving, till the transition of the incarnate charge relieves them; when they again fly to their blest abodes, taking with them the souls for whose benefit they have so lovingly labored, and bearing them to the degree of elevation to which their earth-life has fitted them.

These important truths, it would seem, should furnish food for contemplation, sufficient to occupy a whole life-time. But, connected with them, there is another truth which seems to be of such importance as to be paramount to all other considerations, and to absorb all the faculties and active powers of the mind. This is the well established fact, that guardian spirits are cognizant of every act committed by those who are under their tutelary charge, and can and do plainly perceive and read every thought of the mind—every emotion of the soul. They see the thought which outward circumstances or interior propensities generate in the mind, and watch it in the whole process of its growth and maturity, till it arrives at the estate of a settled purpose; and they use all the influence in their power, either to discourage it, if it be evil, or to encourage and promote it, if it be good. Hence the suggestions of evil consequences, and the dissuasions of conscience, which we feel, when we are about to perpetrate an act of injustice to a fellow man, or to commit a breach of nature's laws pertaining to ourselves. And hence

the interior stimulus which we feel, when contemplating an act of justice, mercy or kindness, towards others, or resolving to resist some impulse to do wrong, either to others or to ourselves.

Is this, which we have asserted to be a truth, really such? Let every person look back along the path-way of life, and carefully examine, as well as recollection will admit, and see if his experience do not prove what we have said. Each one will call to mind those peculiar remonstrances of what we term conscience, when about to do wrong, and those interior encouragements and approvals, when about to do a good deed. These we are accustomed to designate as the admonitions and sanctions of conscience, without knowing or inquiring what conscience is.

Now if these things are so—if each one has guardian angels who watch over him and perceive all his actions, intentions and motives, how vastly important is the fact. And that it is true, there are now thousands who not only believe, but know. The writer, for one, not only knows that he has such guardians, but he knows that they are cognizant of his every act, thought and emotion. He knows that he has frequently been told, by a beloved guardian spirit, through mundane media, of thoughts and emotions of his own interior being of which no mortal, save himself, could possibly have been cognizant, and, of this fact, others can bear corroborating testimony.

Let these facts be as generally known as they are generally true, and what a change would there be in the moral character of man! Men and women do things, when concealed from the gaze of man, which they would not have their most esteemed friends to know for the treasure of a whole nation. They harbor thoughts, mature them into purposes, and set about carrying them into execution, which they would not, for the world, suffer any friend to know, much less those whom they love above all others, and whose good opinion they prize above all earthly treasures. Now let them be fully convinced that the beatified spirits of those whom they have loved more than all other human beings, and whose memory they continue to cherish, as the richest treasure of their hearts, do really see and know all their actions and purposes, and what a restraint would that knowledge impose upon their thoughts and actions! When they contemplate the commission of an unjust or immoral act, if they know that the best friend they ever had in the world, was perfectly cognizant of their intentions, would they not instantly banish the unworthy purpose from their minds? If the erring man knew that the spirit of his departed mother, father, sister or wife, was looking upon him and observing him, the same as if with him in the flesh, would he steal his neighbors goods? would he feloniously destroy his neighbors property? would he do ought which would sink him in the estimation of his moral and conscientious neighbor? Would he, if he knew that such a friend was cognizant of all the secrets of his soul, tell a deliberate falsehood, for the sake of a few dollars or shillings gain, or to injure the character of an innocent person, to gratify a vengeful disposition? No—none of these things could be done—none of these unholy purposes could be entertained, in such case, but by those who are so deeply depraved as to be impervious to the emotions of shame and remorse.

These are the divine teachings of the spiritual gospel; and its teachings are the truths of God. Let the truths to which we have here borne testimony and given utterance, though in illucidation of another subject, answer the oft propounded query of cavelling skeptics: "What good does spiritualism do?"

Spiritual Didactics.

The following friendly and beautiful epistle was recently addressed to the medium whose christian name is given, by a spirit who did not choose to give its own name. Although addressed to an individual, we publish it, deeming it highly worthy of consideration by all; and we hope it will be read reflectively, particularly by all spirit media:

MY DEAR CORA: From the bright realms of infinite space, where I wander forever, I come to you on the zephyrs of heavenly love, and would breathe into your listening ear a few words of divine truth, which I have plucked from the star gemmed canopy of heaven.

Oft as thy soul grows faint and sad, and as the dark wing of despair broods in lone solitude o'er thy aspiring soul, and when the wild storms of an inharmonious life toss, in silent agitation, thy heaving breast, and when the deep dread sorrows of thy sensitive nature, are crowded into the very sanctum sanctorum of thy inmost heart—when life seems to you but a blank, a worse than eternal Hades—when the thunderbolts of darkening madness threaten to break above thy head and fling thy soul into despair, I am drawn to thee by an irresistible current of magnetic thought, and send into thy saddened soul a ray of light, so bright, so pure and radiant, that thou dost think it but the lightnings of the pent up fire within thy soul. Yet when it sheds its effulgent light o'er thy heart, thou lookest with tearful eyes through the storm of war that surrounds thee, and smilest in the calm bliss of holy joy.

My Dear, I must tell thee to swerve not one step in the path thou hast commenced travelling. Shrink not, for it is the only course thou canst pursue. Look not in dread uncertainty at thy future course, but attend to the present; and as thy mission is unfolded, be ready to attend to its demands.

I must suggest to thee the propriety of adapting thyself to every influence which surrounds thee. Have a firm pedestal of truth and right, upon which to stand. Have ever in view those great and universal principles of divine harmony, which vibrate throughout the endless harp-strings of immensity. Do not strive to grasp the whole majesty of the universe, but unfold your own individual powers in harmony with those great laws.

Mind, being in itself an out-birth of Deity, is constantly struggling to comprehend its own divinity. Thought, the individualizing of mind, is constantly striving in its identity, to particularize and identify the universe. But each failing to accomplish its particular object, they are condensed, and blend harmoniously together, making of mind a God, of thought a whole mind, and of thought and mind, a universe.

Why do you gaze on the crowd which throng your earthly existence and sigh with an undefinable sadness? Why does your bosom heave like the ocean when you view the past, present and future? Why does your spirit swoon away into nothingness when you view the majesty of God's universe, spread out before you, as does the tree lull itself to sleep when the playing zephyrs wave its branches? Why does soul seek for a kindred soul, to respond to its every slightest emotion? Why does immortal man realize and aspire to his immortality? and why does the intellect fade away before the grandeur and sublime magnitude of Nature's intelligence? Why! Because every thought and emotion of the soul—every aspiration—every out-burst of brilliant wit or sarcasm—every display of talent and genius—every power which renders man noble or more lovely—each and all have their origin in the vast infinitude of eternal God, and are centered in the individuality of human intelligence, that each may be unfolded and stand in the immense canopy of heaven, a star whose effulgent radiance shall penetrate the deepest labyrinths of material existence.

In regard to those personal emotions which thrill your heart with intense doubt and anxiety, I would breathe into your soul a few words of encouragement, and, perhaps, intermingle a few words of tender chiding—not for any errors you have committed, nor any you propose to commit—but for a few vague doubts which I see fitting across your soul, like clouds in a summer day. I would unfold to your comprehension a few of your own powers. I would take your soul and place it before your vision, as a book I wish you to read, line after line, page and leaf, until you lose yourself in the great divinity of all created existences.

The inhabitants of earth are too little acquainted with their own individualities, except the identity which exists in the outward life. They have buried *themselves*, and are only personified by a few thousand grains of dust, which their outward nature has accumulated, and which they vainly imagine constitute and compose their God-like natures.— And those who have failed to bury themselves in the material life, are called enthusiasts, lunatics, idealists, or imaginers, whose lives are not

worth the cost of their daily bread, be that little or much, and whose existence will soon be numbered with the things that were; while they, who have immortalized themselves by amassing wealth, will long be held up as models for the world to pattern after, and their names will be written in shining letters on the surface of the earth. Poor deluded fools! Do they not know that, as soon as their eyes cease to glisten with the pleasure of material life—as soon as the last sod has been placed upon the new made grave, and all the pompous ceremony is concluded, his *immortal* name will be used in this manner: "Well, B—— is dead, poor devil—but we'll have his cash;" and soon the vast pyramid of glittering gold is scattered to the winds, and he——? In the grave. That is the material life of earth. But where is the poor enthusiast who has been struggling and battling with the fierce elements of outward life, whose soul has mounted the waves of material strife, and bared his noble breast to the fierce storms of humanity?—True, his soul may have consumed his physical frame, with the volcanic thoughts which rolled or tumbled within its caverns, and his grave may be silent and desolate, like some lone star in the heavens, whose light is hidden by vapors surrounding the earth; but if, in the long dark struggle of life, one ray of light has been ejected—if one spark of that burning ocean of fire has been cast upon the world, it never dies, but grows brighter and larger, until, at last, it expands into the effulgence of a mighty sun! Behold the contrast!

But to return to my subject,—Your mind is prone to wander in the mighty realms of ideality, while the more minute particles of nature's philosophy are overlooked. Strive to cultivate a disposition to trace analogies from small things. Your mind extends beyond its powers of analysis, thereby rendering life mysterious, the future uncertain, and the past painful. You are too little conscious of your own capacities: your mind loses itself in its own vastness. But when you descend to the every-day practical matter-of-fact life, your soul revolts at the thought of engaging in a dissection of the skeleton humanity, which stares you in the face and laughs in fiendish mockery at your horror. Fear not, for the majesty of the material world loses itself in the magnitude of the spiritual.

All the halls and palaces of art—all the treasuries of wit and genius—all the filed volumes of printed logic—all these fall before the mighty language of nature, which is read on every fluttering leaf—on every blooming flower—on every passing breeze—on every dancing streamlet, and is heard in the mighty thunder's deafening roar, as it rolls in vast majesty above your earth, and, grumbling, spends its pent-up fury, and dies in its own madness; or in the lightning's flash, which darts across the expansive heavens and illuminates the darkened sky with a wild and fearful glare. It is heard in the loud roar of the ocean wave, as it beats against the rock-bound shore, or dashes, in mad fury, the noble ship upon its surface to atoms. It is read in the thousand stars which pave the walks of Deity, and shine like sparkling diamonds on the brow of queenly night. Yes, there is, in all these, a language more mighty than every thought of humanity, were they all piled, one above the other, in majestic pyramids of human thoughts!

Search for truth among the scenes of nature. Study human nature, and build up, within your soul, a firm foundation of truth, which shall stand unflinching before the storms of crime and woe.

Now, My Dear, as I seek my home amid the stars—as I mount, soar, and battle with the elements of nature, thou wilt glide quietly and peacefully among thy kindred fellows, shedding thy rays of light, and developing thy inner soul to commune with God.

Ever Thine,

CARTEGENA.

NEW PHASES OF SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

We shall have some astonishing revelations to make, as soon as we are permitted to do so, by our principal guardian spirits. Secrecy, for a time, has been imposed upon us, no doubt for a wise purpose. When the injunction shall be removed, we shall not only tell, but *show*, how spiritual matters progress.

Lecture No. 3, by the Spirit of Miss A. F., late of this city.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

What notes of melody steal so softly over my soul, entrancing each celestial affection with those silent graspings of the human heart? And what power is that, with its silver dews, which seems to come, atom by atom, to urge my yearning spirit on to its higher missions of untold peace and joy? It is the voice of the Divine Oneness who hath unclosed his avenues of infinite purity, that his angel may be baptized with the transparent influences of eternity, and who may be free to move like the air, wherever the laws of mind and nature may attract them. My soul sinks within its own silent chambers; there, like a star, shining but dimly in the canopy of heaven, when compared with those mightier orbs of celestial intelligence, who fill the shining pathway of the Eternal One.

Every spring of my being is in action, and every affectional chord which bound me to the loved of my earthly home, is drawn still closer to my inner intelligence and love; and while, in moments of excitement, I only live in the vistas of the past, by my yet idolized earthly friends, I am moving on the white waves of the ocean of infinitude, and wave after wave, finds me still nearer all perfected angelic wisdom; yet I am no nearer to the Original Cause. Voices of affection well up from the past, with a greater force than the voice of the deep rolling thunder, as it echoes through the universal departments of nature; and the human heart trembles into unspoken contentment, while its aspiring chords reach out to link each inner thought with the unseen and eternal universe.

Echo after echo comes up through the labyrinths of the eternal past, rolling with infinite melody through the chambers of the human heart, unfolding to its conceptions the changing laws of mind, and opening the higher world to its highest understandings. With the grasp of friendship, angels move together in an immutable oneness, and God smiles upon them through every object breathed into eternal existence, by the sweet power of his own constitution. Welling forth from their hidden repose come knowledge and wisdom, in all their specific forms, and with their hopes and consolations, to urge the higher and undeveloped soul on to the brightest radiations of life eternal. No drooping of the heart is felt in heaven; but hope, like a white-robed seraph of eternal intelligence, guides and directs each struggling attribute to still sweeter and tenderer realizations of infinite affection and divine influxes.

The beams of heaven are seen afar, transcending all earthly gleams of brightness; and heaven owns the sway of the human mind; yet conflicting passion rules the earthly. We hear the exile's deep-drawn sigh. We see his silent tear, when no kindred voice, with rapture, hails him with fair affection's truth unknown; but he is unpitied and alone. But the silver ray of eternity shall unlock the deeper and milder treasures of his soul; and hope shall mantle over his heaving breast, while declining gently, the outward form shall fall like a fading flower; and thus sweetly drooping, outwardly dead, beauty shall still reign around him.

The duties of the soul are the internal virtues of heaven. The burning cheek may with tears be bedewed; yet the soul shall not be wanting there, to awaken the innate perceptions to those finer sounds of affection and love which flow spontaneously and perpetually from the founts of God.

The deities of human nature, pulsate through its every recess, filling each chaotic and undeveloped alcove of being with rays and reflections of that mightier universe, from whence all things come, and to which all things infinitely return.

Knowledge has broken the mystical chain of connection existing between the two worlds, the finite and infinite, and mind, external, may behold beauties of the spiritual.

Mystery is ignorance; and ignorance is the deepest hell into which the human heart may be plunged; while knowledge and truth are the highest heaven of the infinite soul. Hence, evil, or sin, incident to the

human soul, is not an absolute and definite or specific attribute of the human mind, but is a consequence of an imperfect constitution; but mortality, or finite life, according to the extent of its refining influence, is the only absolute sin, if there be any in the world. The soul, inherently is not evil; consequently, there can be no absolute evil. It is comparative, while the innate goodness of the human mind is absolute. Goodness is positive to evil, and is absolute to all comparative evil.— Goodness and evil are an index of imperfection in the material; while all evil tendencies or inclinations are indexes of innate virtue. Then there can be no absolute hell, if there is no absolute evil; and the only hell is comparative, and dwells only in the finite universe. The laws of God and mind are perfect in the next universe of life and existence; and though educational ideas may be carried with the soul to the eternal world, they are soon absorbed by the influxes and exhalations of those higher spheres, and become, with them, as one living unity, yet distinct forms of the life immortal.

A perfect heaven of the soul will never be known, except as a progressional refinement and unfoldment is a heaven to the soul; and beyond the rudimental finite world, there is no comparative evil: consequently there can be no positive or comparative hell. But unfoldment and progression are the ultimating tendencies of the up-rising soul.

From the loftiest summit of heavenly inspiration, there shine and glitter beneath the cheering and effulgent rays of the Eternal Sun, diamonds of truth, reflecting their prismatic colors and rain-bows over the finite universe, that the human vision may view their celestial beauty and supernal glory. No clouds of evil veil their sweetness and perpetual glory from the human mind; but all is free and beautiful. Truth wakes the dark echoes of mortality from their material rest, and wafts the mind to the scenes of universal nature, where its every kingdom is an index of something still higher, beyond and upwards, for the refined comprehension of the eternal spirit. Nature and God form the inward man, and the outward copies nature, or the inward; therefore the outer form is only the finite reflection of the inner form of being.

With native eloquence, truth soars aloft and rises from its home of song, to fall like the dew of morn upon the human world. It bids the beating heart with rapture bound; and from nature's sacred page, mind reads the laws of God, there forever inscribed. Soft as the gentle breathings of some well-strung harp, truth tempers the wild and trembling strains elicited from outer nature's lyre, to the exquisite choral anthems of heaven. Truth is attuned to love; and though the present may bring out pain, oh! may your bosoms ever learn to brook sorrow's heedless flow; for it cannot confine the current of the soul; as hope unseen in its recesses, swells the spirit with emotions of joy; and it rises to the recognition of its immortality.

Never forget another's wee, and feel for self alone; for heavenly consolation throws its mantle over the heart; and the rosy morn of immortality brings back the youthful elasticity and joys belonging to the long sorrowing soul. Wisdom beckons from its fairy realm with superior might, for mortals to welcome every bright idea gleaned from nature, to shun the earthly scholastic course, whose dusky records glow with worldly fame; and hope and truth, peace and intelligence, unlooked for and unsought, shall greet the rising thought in its upward course to heaven.

Memory's magic gaze may refer to the past; but there is a wide gulf between the past and present; and the heart, though oft convulsed by finite change, fails to find all its innate consolations satisfied with the events of oblivion, but is still looking for something in the future to grasp with all its infinite might. Time performs its mysterious round; and the wild majestic changes and beauties of nature, are unfolded, and all creation, revolving in majestic grandeur, around the Central Fount, throws off, in its vital revolutions, atoms of matter and intelligence which are elaborated into forms of finite life, and all glimmer through earth's twilight gloom, as living rays reflected from the Divine and Infinite Mind. 'Tis celestial impulse which lifts the soul from earth. It is the true source of all pure sentiment, and is feeling's eternal fountain.

Inspiration is a vision of heaven upon earth, making the human soul, when celestialized, a substance and divine. The human mind—the glorious orb of earth—the noblest representative of the Unknown, and the center star of intelligence, reconciles its every feeling to the destiny of the future eternal; and the inborn spirit has a faint conception of the responsibilities of development and refinement, devolving upon it from the elements and laws of God. Angels transmit truth unimpaired, to man; and though he cannot understand it in its infiniteness, yet it makes the soul lighter. It throws off that heavy load of doubt, which is like a chain entralling a slave, and bids it go seek for itself. It proclaims mankind and immortality as eternally one; and science wedded with religion will unfold the Great Creator's purpose in the formation and creation of man. The soul may be dark and deep within; but truth shall inspire its feeble voice to the utterances of affections not dead. The celestial spheres are filled with pure and fervent affections; and when human hearts mourn over the soul, as forever annihilated, it is treading over the fields of trackless beauty, winning from all surrounding spiritual glories, radiant effulgences and smiles of eternal tenderness.

The old grave-stone may mark the resting place of some faded flower; and as the clambering vine is twining its fragrant leaves around the tomb stone, so are the amethystine leaves of heaven twining and inter-twining around the gladsome soul, drawing it on, and still on to loftier scenes of angelic beauty.

Knowledge, being pure and true in eternity, begets affection; and thoughts constantly flowing out from their interiors, unite with this affection, and become a living attraction of all affection beneath it.— How pure and sweet are their aspirations! Thought is uncontrolled and unlimited. It will leave its material resting place and explore the worlds of science and philosophy, and familiarize itself with the universes of nature. It cannot be chained, and it must break its earthly chains, when change folds its mantle over the outer form, severing body and soul; one to be of the earth, earthly, and the other of heaven, heavenly.

Error, with a ruthless hand, has grasped the true mental associations of man, until the soul has no power to tell its darkened fate. It is natural for mind to seek associations, where it may inhale the atmosphere of liberty and freedom. Ignorance has wielded its tyrannical sceptre until the immutable laws of kindness and affection were crushed and forgotten. Still the instinctive principles of nature and heaven, gush forth, and man yet stands unmoved and unchanged. The sympathetic tear and gushing affections of mankind, have been repressed in the madness of fanatical excitement, and the moral and mental nature has long enough been prostrated and crushed.

When man learns to brook the changes incident to his existence, and to overlook the imperfections of his brother man, then will be the true millennium. The earth then will be a harmonious world, a true eden of existence, standing perfect in all its departments, without a withered bough or decayed leaf. All of its parts will be joined in a harmonious whole. Truth is positive and error negative. One is founded on the unchangeableness of the universe and all organic life; while the other originates from a perverted understanding. Men laugh and scoff at the demonstrating beauties of the earth, when they possess not the capacity to comprehend the minutest component parts of one atom which goes to assist in his own indestructible inward nature. Such minds are not inherently evil; but their understandings and comprehensions are sadly perverted. Truth is lifting its head, with exalted dignity, above the lower sphere of unrefined nature, where ignorance lives in dark abodes, and is demonstrating to mind the elements of human nature and the life which follows. All forces expand from the center to the circumference; and when the mind becomes free from the outer organization, and is safely conveyed from its indurated state, to a new sphere of existence, its mode and form of being is changed. It associates with the spheres, and mingles with those beings who are eternally surrounded by a universal diffusion of knowledge, and, expands from its eternal individualized center, to a large and beautiful circumference. The unshackled

spirit, with one sympathetic chain encircling its spiritual existence, receives impressions from the ever living smiles of Deity, beaming upon the radiant countenances of nature's offsprings. The body always represents the interior. Hence, nature, the body, represents God. The body of man represents his inner soul, which is deific in principle and origin. And as this, so let man clothe himself in all his beautiful outward attributes, that his mental qualifications may be stupendously stamped in grandeur and sublimity, upon the body. Let him truly represent his interior, by outward acts of benevolent and uniform justice; and universal happiness of the outer empire of nature, will represent the harmony and majesty of the Divine Creator.

Yours, A. F.

Republication of Lectures.

The following is the lecture on Human Anatomy, promised at the conclusion of the lecture republished last week, from Professor DAYTON through Miss, BROOKS.

HUMAN ANATOMY.

Human Anatomy is a science philosophically understood by many wise and logical minds. The brain is regarded, by scientific men, as the organ or medium of the mind, and is charged with specific functions; and these functions are the noblest and highest of the human organization. The intimate relation between the mental capacities and the developments of the brain, clearly proves the origin of different dispositions, and show that the moral, intellectual and spiritual faculties can only be developed by the laws of its organization, and by the associating of every faculty, the organs of which become refined as they progress. The brain is the life, or concentration of thought, and has its important relation to all organs and functions of the physical structure. The different organs of the human body, are dependent on the brain and spinal column, for their functional action. The brain has its proneness to morbid action; and this is the cause of nervous and mental disease. But if the brain has its proper stimulus of oxygenated blood—if it has its natural strength of arterial blood—then the mental and physical functions of the mind and form are filled with their natural life, action, motion and power. The brain, and the organs and functions of the body, are among the most profound works of a divine Creator.

We now call your attention to the membranes which protect the brain. The *Dura Mater* is the lining of the interior portion of the skull and spinal cord. It is a firm and fibrous membrane, and shields the brain. It is one of the master pieces of workmanship wrought by the hand of God, and performs its office in accordance with His laws.

The *Arachnoid* is a fine, serous membrane, which envelops the organs, and is reflected upon the inner surface of the *Dura Mater*.

The *Pia Mater* is a vascular membrane, composed of unnumbered vessels. It invests the whole surface of the brain. It is nutrient and dips into the convolutions of the brain. These membranes work harmoniously from the natural principles and elements of the human body, and protect the medium of thought from internal injury, unless their vital actions are increased by intense calorification, beyond their natural state, and the force of the circulation of the blood becomes feeble, by the violation of the laws of anatomy and physiology.

The brain has its sympathetic relation with the functions of the heart and lungs, and with the digestive and other functions of the system. The true source of calorification, or animal heat, in the human body, is, by very many, but imperfectly understood. And it may be that the operations of vital chemistry may never be truly understood by men. Carbon escapes the system, and oxygen is received, when the body is heated by caloric, beyond its natural condition.

In nutrition, fluids are changed into solids, compounds decompose, and the physical sustenance is digested and changed into fluid chyle; and during these processes of modification and digestion, caloric is generated.

When the absorbents are removing inanimate atoms of matter from the organization, the capillaries are supplying their places by new deposits of still higher refined matter; and the brain, being composed of the superior matter of the human system, it attracts atoms of developed matter, as the inanimate matter is removed and the animate supplied. Thus the vital manifestations of the brain are changed from the lower to the higher; meantime unfolding the attributes and faculties of the mind, making the perception and intellect of man still more powerful as he enters into the study of science and philosophy. It opens the labyrinths of his mind, removes material obstacles from his spiritual perception, and gives force and penetration to his faculties of intellect, in his discovery of new and mysterious principles of nature.

Secretion is one of the noblest, yet most mysterious functions of the body. It is a vital process. It anatomically holds its relation to the functions of the body, and physiologically blends with the workings of the laws that control the system, unless disease has clogged the wheels of this noble specimen of natural human machinery. Carbon is changed into carbonic acid gas, by the uniting of oxygen with it, and by inhaled air, which is inspired by vital substances. Oxygen separates from nitrogen, uniting itself with the blood, and by the blood in its circulation, a chemical connection between carbon and oxygen is effected, and the carbonic acid gas is eliminated from the system through the lungs. Every fibre, muscle and tissue is connected with the brain, and the brain is the great luminary of the human organization, and the medium through which human intelligence is conveyed.

The human organization, through its processes of development, and by its variations of vital forces, proves its constant relation to the laws of its being. We have said, by the uniting of oxygen and carbon, that the carbonic acid gas is eliminated from the system, through the lungs; that when the physical structure is in a state of respiration, carbon escapes from the body, and oxygen supplies its place. There is a chemical action in the different functions of the organization, produced by electrical forces. There are, in the body, species of electricity, from the lowest to the highest. The most refined electrical combinations, are contained in the brain. The brain is the medium of thought, will, and force of intellect. The lower association of particles of unrefined matter, is concentrated in or through the system. The mind is the spiritual part, and the form is the animal portion of man. The brain, in its vital action, is, if the region of perception is well developed, the propelling power of human thought.

The same principles that govern the material form, govern the spiritual structure; but instead of the spirit hearing or seeing, through organs, it hears and sees by an interior perception. The spiritual form has functions through which its life, action and vitality are manifested. The human form also has its functions, through which are developed its vital actions and electrical forces. But the functions of the spiritual form are only concentrated in the mind or spirit. The motion of the external body is produced by the power and refined development of the mind. The elements of the spiritual organization, are only the association of sublimated matter with electricity, or the highest degree of magnetism. The elements of the human form, are caloric, or animal heat, undeveloped matter, and gross electricity.

The functions of the human form, are located throughout the entire organization, and, by the natural laws of anatomy and physiology, are brought into connection, and harmoniously blend together, each performing its natural work.

The organs of the human mind, are observable in the cranium, by man; and he can, through his logical and perceptive faculties, mark out the character, disposition and aspirations of men. The intellectual and moral attainments, the profound researches of philosophy and science, the spiritual perceptions by man, are calculated by the developments of his brain. The logic and perception, the instructive knowledge of the immortal spirit, is known by its manifestations of a desire for still deeper truths, or its position of development in the spirit world.

Every human organization or creation, is among the noblest works of God. The human form, its functions and mysterious workings, range among the first beauties of nature. Human nature has its discrepancies and imperfections; but when we study deeply into its origin—when we trace every membrane, tissue, muscle and fibre of the form—when we are conscious of the harmonious principles which unite these by natural relations, we cannot but admire this piece of workmanship, created by the Supreme Being.

The progression of the physical body is perfecting itself by the study of the scientific principles of nature, and the profound elements that it lives in, and from which it derives its life and intelligence. The works of a higher Power are now being distinctly regarded by men as sciences and philosophy. Science can now be applied to God and His powers, without disrobing Him of His magnificence and sublimity. Philosophy can be applied to the spirit world and its inhabitants, without dethroning the strength and glory of the laws established by the great living and Divine Mind.

I am yours,

EDGAR C DAYTON.

Lecture by Clara, the Spirit Vocalist.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

[The history of this spirit, as far as we have learned it, is this: She was affianced to "FRED," the spirit pianist, who conducts the musical manifestations at Brooks' Spirit Room. The hand of mortal disease fell upon the affianced bride; and, two weeks before the day appointed for the consummation of their union, she left the earthly form, and became a minstrel in heaven. It is she who sings through Miss Brooks, at our spirit concerts, whilst FRED plays the piano.]

Sweetly doth the æolian harp send forth its thrilling music to the harmonious play of the breeze upon its melodious chords. Sweetly doth the dew drops descend from the cloud, to soothe the parching thirst of the flowers who have nearly drooped beneath the rays of the burning sun. Brightly do the little stars and mightier orbs of night shine in their twilight glory, to illumine the limited expanse of the outer universe. Gaily doth the meandering stream flow on, in its infant beauty, to commingle and blend its own crystal waters with the central body or the capacious ocean. Harmoniously doth the little birdling of the forest shade send forth its feeble utterances of inner life, while its sweetest tones wave upon the atmosphere, until the echo is lost in eternity. Beautifully doth the tree change, in order and arrangement, with nature, and give full expression and impression of the highest and noblest infinite powers, which move along the untarnished chain of progression, and faileth not to reach all of natures lowest and highest objects.

As all of these so sweetly move on, in harmonious beauty, doth not that little throbbing heart which is the mainspring of human existence, send forth its highest exhalations, to mingle its voiceless utterances with the surrounding musical anthems, chanted by nature's inner soul? Do not its many throbings at the light touch of joy, or withering influence of sorrow, show a deep mechanical working power, which calls out the deepest and purest sentiments of joy and sympathy? Why doth it leap with joy? Because it is glad. Why doth it sink back within its own silent cell, yearning to be forgotten by everything? Because sorrow hath entered its happy sphere, and made it droop by its ungentle visit.

How grandly doth you rolling moon scroll o'er oceans onward flow its majestic beauty. And all demonstrates a perfect harmony, from the volcano's fearful rumbling in its own chaotic bed, to the highest and loftiest thing in creation, and to Deity himself. How forcibly doth the silent stone, or mighty rock, give expression of a motion of beauty and upward progression, until, in its mighty atomic ascension, it shall become mentality, or an intelligence.

The leaves drop from the tree; the petals fall from the flower; and they become scattered by the winds of the external world, over their

immediate spheres, while their decaying appearance indicates that the life within has flown to the original home of all infinite life. There are, in the universe, volumes in a word, an eternity in a smile, and an archangel in a kindly uttered word. The leaves of affection, like those of the flower, fall, one by one, and sink in the shadowy past, where the image, or object, of love is forever mirrored in the memory of the living soul. Reeds of friendship are broken, while the bleeding heart drinks, from sorrow's cup, its bitterest drops; and no one goes to quiet the lovely and lost heart with emotions of deep affection; but they only stay in the world: what it is to live, they will only realize beyond their rudimental existence.

From the lowest scale of being to the utmost grasp of the souls highest conceptions of its future destiny, there are sweet aspirations rising up within the mind, as they are wafted to many triumphant realizations. Though the surge of human passion may sweep o'er the world, yet the soul's investigating attributes, as they probe deep into hidden knowledge, shall beam with bright intelligence, power and joy. The soul is made intimate with eternity, while the hues of immortality, carnationed like a slumbering infant's cheek, with the sun-bowed beauties of the spirit's existence, mark the noblest position of an immortal mind.

When summers twilight leaves fall at the slight touch of the passing breeze, or tremble like the aspen, when fanned by the zephyrs of night-fall, it proves the abode of angels and God, somewhere in the boundless existence of infinitude. It shows itself of immortality, and a beautiful world, visible to man in its external expressions. Immortal minds are, to the external mind, viewless spirits of lonely sounds, and a living voice of breathing harmony. Still rolling on with innate force, the soul rises from subtle essences, to higher and the more superlatively refined elements of immensity; while the sensations and powers of the mind become expanded beyond mortality. When twilight clothes the world with its soothing power and influence, 'tis then that the heart beats with unearthly joy, while each fluttering leaf, dancing in harmony with the winds, is whispering of those who now sit in celestial bowers, waiting your nearer approach to their quiet and peaceful homes in heaven.

'Tis true that tears must flow when heart is separated from heart; but why droop beneath the soul's sympathy, when the loved form is externally dead? for, when it decomposes, a recomposition takes place above, where each true faculty becomes formed in a perfected spiritual form—a beautiful image of the once external. It is natural for the heart to sink within, in its own solitude, when misfortune eclipses its bright horizon; yet why mourn over events of the past.

The soul trembles in silence when the over-powering conceptions of the future life crowd themselves upon the mind; but within, in its center, an eternal world, unseen, comes forth in responsive swell, from its mortality to the high-born, yet deep and tender melody, which flows down from the fountains of the invisible universe. Change in its onward sweep wakes and wafts the odours of eternity, to blend in harmony with exhalations, while, in the softest incense heaven returns a fragrant response to the urgings and graspings of all earthly things, after that which is still beyond. As the wildly dimpling brooklet reflects each tint of many beautiful things of earth, so does the warm blushing countenance of nature reflect the beauties of immortal life. When the heart is seemingly cold and unfriendly, remember the soul is wanting there, in true unfoldment. Think not that heart has no sweet feelings of affection, for it may have long poured over the grief of years, while its memory rolls over the bosom of the past, dwelling upon each past sorrow, until it has become deadened to the congenialities and attractions of its own existence. Ah! no—where a soul seems crushed and withered, do not condemn the few remaining mortal feelings, but grasp the radiant expressions of the innate self, and direct each long buried thought to the melting tone of beauty's song, where, around the verge of heaven, the angels stand echoing and re-echoing the sweetest sounds of immortal hope, emanating from the human heart. As the lightnings hold

communion with the clouds, and the voice of the thunder agitates their material comminglings, so do men hold communion with the immortals, while the breath of mortality agitates their sweetest blendings of harmony and inward joy.

Behold those sublime and eternal truths crushed and entombed in the dark mass of ignorance, while hour after hour the human form fades away, and in time is forgotten. There is an inconceivable agitation and a mighty conflict of those internal elements of the mind, while imperceptibly the noblest faculties are coming forth in all their indescribable beauty and magnificence, to adorn and improve the earth. The philosophic mind has long been striving to be unchained, that it might pass off in sublime peregrinations, into the fields of nature, and cherish the incessant and spontaneous inflowings of thought relating to the natural universe.

The mental constitution of man, is symbolical of those higher spheres of purity and refinement. And he is stamped upon every particle of his constitution, with an infinite justice and an eternal design. Throughout all the diversified recesses and avenues of the world, the principles of nature flow as only breathings and emanations of a primitive essence. Ignorance and imbecility are to the sweeping intellect repulsive, while its enlarged understanding is a standard of human perfection. The gigantic mind, to the ignorant, is uncongenial, and is an absolute evidence of man's progression. All things, or all existences, hold strong mutual affections, and are indexes of higher and more perfect realms of intelligence.

As the dew-drop glistens on the flower, so does divine intelligence shine in immortal beauty, within the human casket; and, though surrounded by crude materiality, the man will speak and give utterance to the holiest thoughts and aspirations of his seeking mind, and, like a lost mariner, gazing through his telescope, to discover the long sought shore, man looks through the telescope of the external senses, to discover eternity. Then why and how can mind reason itself out of the existence of its spiritual powers? The once brilliant eye may be closed in a deathless slumber; the form may decay, but there will be a living soul mounting on its own pinions, to the recognition and realization of of its own immortality.

Crushed feelings and worldly embarrassments sink the soul in the depths of passion's intoxication; and how few freely and profoundly sympathize with the mentally debilitated spirit, or soul. Such a soul seeks refuge from the world's scoffs and scorns, in vice and misery. All the finer sensibilities sink into discord and individual interest. Every innate energy is crushed by human social laws; and every pure aspiration and inspiration, is pressed back upon the soul, and is not surrounded by an atmosphere of liberty and freedom. The light of genius, loses its poetic power, while the philosophic angel clasps its own heart to the bosom of nature; for sympathy and its every innate quality are arrested in their cultivation, because humanity does not smile upon its soul-felt tenderness. Every thing around wears no cheerful smile, and the human soul cannot bud and blossom when surrounded by such an uncongenial atmosphere. No pure inhalations or exhalations can be received from the beauties of life; but all is barren as a desert, where the simoons of oppression blind the inner vision, and dim the external sight.

He who tills the soil should be hailed with shouts of joy, as a living, moving object, breathed into material existence by the breath of Deity. But if the poor man is scoffed at by the world, for his menial labor, to such would I say: be hopeful—let this be your consolation, that the tide of supreme intelligence is rising and flowing as an immense ocean of truth, and is flowing sweetly on to its destined universality. Sympathy descends from the bosom of the inner world, and will ultimately remove the corroding influence of sorrow. Then check the rising tear; let the flowers of immortality bloom in the soul; and your supplications to God will be answered in the falling of the leaf, the fading of the flower, and in all the dagnerreotyped expressions of Deity in nature. Let your face wear a smile for all. Let the angel of the human heart

speak forth its burning thoughts, fraught as they are with living fire; and the religious devotion of the soul shall be unfolded by the influence of God, through his ministering spirits and angelic messengers.

Mind is a nursling of Deity, and should inwardly subsist upon nature, or the expansion of its highest qualities. Order and arrangement will unite all souls, whether human or spiritual, in natural harmony; and they will receive from one another, reciprocal affections and sympathies, in accordance with divine wisdom. Let not the past scenes embitter the present. You may all taste the sweets and bitters of human life. The celestial bow which arches over immortality, tells that the heavens of future joy and peace are moistened with the falling dews of affection.

The friendships of human life are sweet, and in heaven are not broken. All the sweet-toned words are not yet spoken; and when you pillow the lowering brow upon the soft and verdant sod, feel that the soul is moving over the shining paths of eternity, gathering from the paradise of heaven its brightest flowers, to weave a chaplet of unfading beauty to deck the immortal brow. Oh! then, learn to love one another; for it is not long that you may all remain below; for change, with its vital influence, may pluck the interior flower from the physical being, and bear it away to regions of eternity's day.

CLARA.

Spirit Correspondence.

We have received the following introductory letter, and the appended communication, to which it refers, through the mediumship of Miss Brooks. Professor DAYTON, our spirit correspondent, is no stranger to our readers:

SPIRIT LAND.

MR. STEPHEN ALBRO, PLANET EARTH: MY FRIEND:—Allow me to make a few brief remarks with regard to the following message from our gentle spirit friend. The skeptic may discover points uncovered in the message, from the fact that it is not adapted to the laws of the nation, and to the rules of private society, because it is inclined to view self destruction with favor, under such aggrayating circumstances. I would say: God nor his angels do not advocate murder, in any form, either of self or any other individual; but such murder, to a refined and sensitive spirit, is preferable to the murder of every innate and fragrant feeling of the soul, chained like a slave to the selfishness of one individual, for the destiny of human life. The spirit from whom originated the following lecture, or message, feels as justifiable in the act as she would have done, had she confined herself to the prison cells of ignorance and selfishness, crushing every out-gushing emotion of her inner self, because human pride forbid her expressing her true and ardent feelings.

These are her own words, as her spirit friends clustered around her, casting dark shadows of censure, or chiding her by gentle reprimands, for committing such an act, so strongly opposed to the eternal laws of God and mind. Thus she replied:

"Sooner would I have laid my agonized head on the lifeless sod, and sooner would I have pillowed my throbbing brow on the bosom of the earth, and there have wept my life away, and made the cold sepulchre of death my bridal home, than have crushed my every affection by the uncongenial influence of an earthly pride. If I have erred, may God forgive me, for oh! I could not die a double death, and become the slave of passion, instead of the bride of true affection."

And thus I will leave you to judge of her purity, by the following lecture and the above response to her angelic friends.

Yours, E. C. DAYTON.

Not dead, like a withered leaf, or a decayed branch of some beautiful tree; but a soul, living above, fixed in its own eternity.

When sorrow, with its dusky shadow, clouded my brow, and filled mine eyes, and thoughts unseen, struggled deep within, my inward strength gave way, and a silent voice answered those deep echoings of

my soul, thus: "Die externally, rather than crush thy spirit beneath the influence of a human soul, wrapped in its own selfishness. Confine not those brilliant radiations of Deity, within the silent cells of material passions; but let the pure exhalations of thy mind, be wafted on the strata of the atmosphere, to heaven; there to be clad in the bridal effulgence of its glory." And when I closed my eyes in marble slumber, by my own weak nature, I thought my soul would be engulfed in the miseries of an eternally darkened universe. But something pure and holy, seemed to assure me that the outward form of being would go back to its original elements, while my spirit, thus freed from such agony—worse to me than ten thousand deaths—would be forgotten in the interior illuminations of my own heart.

Affections heart-drops gushed o'er my almost broken heart, while those nearer parental cords of affection, seemed to draw me closer and still closer to my radiant spirit home. I, with a serenity and calmness of mind, bid the now happy messenger of change to my lonely heart, while my own external powers unclosed the arteries of my physical being, and let the messenger sever every tie of human existence; when I hoped to be forgotten and forgiven, as the bride of death, whose chamber of happiness and joy, might be the undisturbed repose of the grave.

Like the little star, with its twilight beams, I longed to hide myself behind a cloud, rather than mirror the brightness of my soul in the dark sea of external joy or sorrow, whose long-swept waves dash wildly against the rocky shores of material change. Like a light and senseless thing, I thought I would smile with all, and weep with none; until change should eclipse my struggling soul, and it should mount to the horizon of heaven. But oh! how could I smother every innate affection of my inner-self, for the gratification of an idle pride? How could I mock those infant voices of Deity, which enraptured my spirit with blissful ideas of the living bands of angelic souls, who throng the realms of the infinite universe, chanting anthem after anthem, until all heaven seemed to swell into an unbounded ocean of melody? How could I neglect those flowers which bloomed in the garden of my heart, to be deprived of their sweetest beauty, by the rude and undeveloped gardener of selfishness? How could I, though surrounded by bright earthly prospects, mock my God, and turn from him, as a broken harp, from which I could elicit no sweet strains of infinite music? Alas! I could not forget the wealth of my own interior being; and thus the genius of grief and repentance broke the threads of my external heart, until now its warm throbings have ceased, and every pulsation is motionless.

My soul, thus unembodied, mingles with the scenes of higher spheres of intellectual beauty, and my spirit is not the bride of one single individuality; but I behold ten thousand—yea, millions of attractions in the countless Edens and empires of the higher universe. Love is the bride of immortality, while its bridegrooms are the higher wisdoms which flow, like an infant sea, from the boundless waters of the infinite ocean. The face of immortality is unveiled, and those soothing strains of softest notes, repeat the wisdoms of my soul, lulling each chord in mild vibrations, to spiritual rest.

We have parted from each other, and like wave chasing wave, in its onward roll, so art thou—like those waves—following me to the celestial realms of divine perfection. It is well that we were severed, while selfishness was thy heaven, and sorrow my hell. Well is it that I should sever my soul from thine forever, rather than let the wild influence of the passional nature crush and deaden the true bride or bridegroom of the soul. Now, from the silvery heights of heaven, I can gaze down upon you, as the stars of night adorn the canopy which shields your world from the gaze of still other worlds, which revolve around the central attractions of immortality. Like the zephyr of the air, I can, with pure radiations of my spirit-home, soothe your every care.

Parents and friends: I come arrayed in the bridal garments of immortality; but my brow is not decked with fading orange flowers; but

it is robed in the amaranthine beauties of heaven, and baptised in the light of eternity. Fair and beautiful, pure and holy, as an angel of Paradise, do I come to you, when your erring hearts weep, because another star has been plucked from the firmament of the outer universe. That little star yet emits its rays to your hearts, and mirrors its beauties in those higher illuminations of the inner soul. A voice comes from the spirit-land, filled with the sweet tones of Deity, and they are wafted by you on the silent winds, which move those æolian tones of your spirit into infinite action; while the bridal accents of a yet-affectionate soul, blend their melodies in divinest harmony, breathing forth from the undefinable recesses of the immortalized spirit—"a corpse in the external—a living bride of the spiritual."

Dead externally and living spiritually, only a dropping off of the outward, to give full and perfect beauty to the inward. Not dead to the voice of affection or the brightened links of friendship, but living in perfect realization of the higher destiny which is now mine, and which forever awaits me, in the future. My human heart was in its spring, and friendship's beams and virtues increased with my years, until dark disappointment spread its brooding wings over my heart; and this was the cause of its throbings to cease. I have sought another home, where affection and wisdom are doubly dear. Cold and sickening feelings filled my heart, when I thought of eternity, yet its hopes softened sorrows gush, and there was something indefinable which drew my thoughts nearer home, until I was not afraid to die. I hated no one in my sadness, though dear and tender friends trifled with my trusting heart. And now I bow before the spheres of the Almighty, and, in trembling prayer, ask him to forgive my imperfect acts, and make me worthy of an honorable place, in heaven. Filial affection yet thrills my bosoms chords: and those warmer ties which bid life's pulse beat, have gone with me to eternity.

Mine was a true separation from earth. It is a test of affection's tear. The pang was severe; yet the relief was, to my soul, ten thousand times dearer; and well could I meet death and its attendant sufferings, rather than live a life of human misery, with no human heart to know my sorrow, but to suffer alone with none to pity. Life was to me indeed a desert of human woe. Tears were unavailing; and sympathy, I knew it not. It was a stranger to my wounded heart. And in heaven alone did I feel that I would find the rest from care which my thirsting soul grasped after, but never reached.

While on earth, many said "why that pensive brow," and "why that discontented air." Alas! the heart realized its own bitterness; and every laugh which echoed so musically through halls of pleasure, was a pang to my soul, and a mockery to my holier affections. Words of consolation, from friendly bosoms, thrilled my lone heart like echoes from the dead, while the quivering beams of hope had nearly expired. Feeling alone in the cold world, heedless of parental advice, when my soul recoiled from it, I, in despair's reckless hour, broke the reeds of mortality, and rose to welcome the home of my immortality. The world may censure and the world may pity, yet such a violation of the laws of nature and of God, is no worse than ten thousand, yea, millions of violations of these laws, less worthy of the notice of the world. I would have expired, leaving behind me no occasion for the world's idle speculation; but the occurrence was uncommon. Hence, an unfeeling community will seize upon it as a theme, to gratify their idle and worthless speculations upon one who fain would have gone to the higher universe of purity and justice, uncared for by all.

I would rather have been the bride of eternal death, where the sable mantle might have been my only bridal robe, than to have become a bridal slave of passional selfishness. Yes, I would rather that my heart should have become corroded by sorrow, than live in worldly splendor, a living automaton to all inward realizations of affection, one single hour. I craved not wealth. I asked but for pure and unsullied affection, moral and intellectual beauty; and to have lived for self alone, I should have soon dropped away, unconsciously to the gazer on, and sought a more congenial home.

None can fathom my feelings: none can realize my interior emotions: yet conscience does not work at my soul materially; for though the course I adopted to enter the spirit land, was indirect opposition to the laws of the universe, yet I am free. No punishment, except thoughtful emotions, which roll through the chambers of my soul, when memory reflects the scenes of earth back upon the firmament of my mind. But my spirit has fled, like the flower from the external world; and I am now prepared to move on in my holy mission of truth and mercy, to show others a brighter path to heaven than I travelled, when incarnated in an imperfect form. Sweetly can I rise to the fulfilment of my destiny, in harmony and perfection, with the celestial principles which control my being, in an unchanging universe of beauty and infinite justice. I can with joy unspeakable, move on, attaining to still higher perfections of Deity, until my soul shall become radiantly beautiful. I will seek the wealth of knowledge and the sublimity of truth, as they flow in expanded Edens, over the bosom of immensity. The tender vines and branches of love shall extend throughout the avenues of my nature; and they shall unfold the buds of beauty and innocence, which will breathe forth a fragrance of wisdom and purity, which shall ascend to the highest point of superlative perfection. And nature, by its immortal energies, shall unfold all natural and divine principles.

When distributive justice pervades the social world, and when virtue and morality bloom with immortal beauty, then shall every particle, leaf and flower, arch the heavens with celestial glory. God speaks from all things. His beauty is reflected in everything; and that which becomes dead to the external, becomes living to the spiritual. And thus my outward is a corpse to the outward; and my soul is a living and moving bride of the Great Living Soul, joined in affection and beauty to all of its correspondential attractions.

Disquietude, I know it not now. Sorrow, to me, is a corpse. Tears no longer flood my eyes. Care no longer broods o'er my soul; but I am an angelic bride, arrayed in the spotless purities of eternity.

Affectionately, CLARA H * * * * *

AGE OF PROGRESS.

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR.

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

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—For one square of ten lines, one insertion, \$1. For each additional insertion, 25 cents. For one year, \$10.

THE AGE OF PROGRESS IS
Printed every Saturday, by Murray & Baker, No. 200 Main St., Buffalo,
OVER STEPHENSON'S JEWELRY STORE, SECOND STORY.

A LECTURER FOR NEXT SABBATH.

At the opening of Townsend Hall, as a place of worship for the Spiritualists of this city and vicinity, we shall have Rev. T. J. SMITH to address us.

Buffalo Conference.

Our meetings, last Sabbath, were held in the building formerly occupied by the Methodists, at the corner of Michigan and Swans sts. This building and lot were purchased by gentlemen connected with the spiritual fraternity, for the use of the Harmonial Association, and spiritualists generally. This step became absolutely necessary, as the continually increasing attendance at our meetings, filled the hall which we occupied, and filled it so densely that it was uncomfortable and unhealthy to be there. To our astonishment, we found, at our first meeting in the new location, that the room was still inadequate to the increased attendance.

The exercises of the day presented nothing remarkable, till evening, when we had a very interesting time. Among other things, the spirit of A. BALLOU, gave us a dedicatory address, which was beautiful and highly interesting. Then MARTIN LUTHER, through the mediumship of

Miss H. I. JUDAH, gave us a brief address, full of sparkling gems of thought, clothed in language the most elevated, and uttered in a style of rhetoric which is rarely equalled, anywhere. We have obtained, through spiritual aid, some extracts from this address, which we give below:

"We protest against all extremes—take the center path, in this age of reforms. From pulpit and rostrum, platform and stage, men and women hurl anathemas at the past, crying: 'Look not back on the past—the dead past!' Why, the past is our mother! Bury her form; but forget not her virtues. All that is grand and beautiful of to-day, hath been hers. Spirit-hands have rent in twain the dark curtain of the future. They are fashioning it into a shroud for the mere body of the past; but her great and heroic soul shall live for aye.

"Man is a book. Strive to read him. Do not judge by the binding—the outward—or with a glance at the title-page, pass on. Remember who is the Author—God! Open your spiritual eyes. Con well each chapter, and you will find you are only another edition of the same volume.

* * * * *

"The spiritual doctrine is too simple; its truths too plain. Men start in search of religion, like the knights of old; prepared to encounter Fiends—Giants of terror—Gorgon-headed evils: prepared too, to gaze down on a burning, seething hell! But, tied by the little threads of Creed, they have no fear of falling in.

* * * * *

"And now the goal rises clear before my spirit-eyes. All men eat of the tree of wisdom, with its purple leaves and silver fruit, and drink of the stream of love, whose waters are as molten diamonds, rippling over sands of gold.

"You are always crying out for 'new truths,' where shall we find them? All truth was coeval with God! He is older than time."

Since the above was in type, we have been informed that the Methodist Society, from whom the above named property was purchased, have, through their Trustees, repudiated the contract, rescinded the resolution of sale, as it stood on the record of their organization, and put a padlock on the out-side of the door; they having put it into our possession, by delivering us the key, and we having taken possession and held three meetings in the house.

We shall, in our next issue, give a full history of this transaction.

In consequence of this unwarrantable act, on the part of the said Methodist society, we have procured the use of Townsend Hall, in which we shall hold our meetings, till other provisions are made.

TO OUR PATRONS.

It is highly important to us, that our friends should be prompt in sending us the advance fee for our second volume. We are now under a much heavier weekly expense than formerly, and funds are indispensable.

Latest from Dr. Dods.

The *Spiritual Telegraph* has the following letter from Dr. John Bovee Dods, author of what is termed the "Involuntary Back-Brain Theory," for accounting for the spirit-manifestations:

FRRIEND BRITAIN:

It is a settled rule of mine never to answer any anonymous article or letter addressed to me, however well written or even pertinent it may be to the point. An editorial article appeared in one of the Rochester papers, purporting to be a report of one or more lectures I delivered at the Corinthian Hall in that city, on the subject of the spirit manifestations. This article, with some variations, was inserted in the *Spiritual Telegraph* the 20th of last January. Under these circumstances I do not consider it anonymous, and will give it a passing notice. The reason I did not do this at the time of its appearance is because I was not till lately made acquainted with the fact. I travel considerably, and though I make New-York my home, yet I was at the time of its insertion, in North Carolina.

I candidly admit the article is in substance correct in the facts it de-

tails. I admit that, when I lived in the town of Levant and State of Maine, there were in the winter of 1824 (now about thirty-two years ago) serious and unaccountable disturbances at my house, and continued almost nightly till the following March. I admit that the house was jarred, and at times shaken to its foundation, attended by a singular sound or noise, that continued sometimes all night at short intervals. These were witnessed by many persons, who in the course of the winter came out of curiosity, and remained all night. The whole country, far and near, was thrown into excitement, and while some believed the house was haunted, others believed and reported that I made the whole by some underground, or concealed machinery!

I also admit, that I saw what appeared to me to be the spirits of the departed, and heard them speak, and even held familiar converse with them. Indeed, I have done this from the time I was fourteen years of age, at which time my father first appeared to me, and told me, that the Christian community had very erroneous ideas of the spirit-world—that I would live to see great changes in this respect, and continue in health till I was eighty-four years of age. I am now sixty, and have ever retained perfect health. All these things are correctly stated.

I further admit, that the lady who committed suicide by drowning, and whom I supposed to be in hell, appeared to me in four different forms. First, as a corpse floating on the stream; Second, in her sister's house, as a standing corpse, with the water dripping from her hair. (This was several weeks after her first appearance;) Third, she appeared in my house in Levant, in her natural earthly form, as alive, and was seen by me and my wife! The room was filled with a yellowish blue light. She disappeared, and soon after this, the disturbance and phenomena commenced at my house, and continued till March. Fourth, she appeared in a brilliant, angelic form of indescribable splendor. She was moving with infinite grace and ease in the air, but just over my head; I saw no wings. She said, "It is I myself. You see me now in my resurrection state and glory. I am clothed in my electrical and immortal body! I am born again—begotten from the dead in this last day, which is the Gospel day of Christ—even as the first day into which all are born: in a mortal body of flesh and blood, is the law-day of Adam." I was overwhelmed and lost in this scene surpassing all human description. My tongue seemed paralyzed, and utterance failed me! It was mid-day, and the heavens were serene and cloudless. I stood in the open field, overwhelmed with awe and transfixed to the spot! As if aware of my condition, she breathed, in language that seemed living melody, "Fear not. I am not so far removed from earth as you contemplate me, for in such a case I should not sympathize with you and my race. See, I can yet handle dead matter, for the immortal form I wear is made out of original eternal matter, which is the body of God!" So saying, she took my hat from my head or rather it seemed to mount up by attraction to her hand. She exclaimed, "Be uncovered and let your forehead meet the sun, and your head be naked to Nature and her unfoldings." She passed over my house, over the house of her sister near by, formed a circle in the air, replaced my hat on my head, and said, "You will see me no more till we meet in the spheres."

I moreover admit what the lady, in the article referred to, has stated is in substance correct. I did tell her that her husband would die in about six years. I grant that this did prove true as to time. But I did not say that her second husband would be killed on a railroad in ten years, but I said that in about ten years she would again be a widow. It was, however, eleven years when he was killed on the railroad cars, and Andrew Jackson Davis pronounced his funeral address at Corinthian Hall, in Rochester. Now, while candidly admit all these things, in substance, as stated in the article, yet you will permit me to say, that the reporter omitted one important point in my lecture. I particularly stated to my audience, in answer to those who made an attack on me about those old affairs in the State of Maine, that the most of these things, if not all, could be accounted for, on electro-psychological principles.

I am, sir, in the electro-psychological state. I am naturally in it—I was born into existence in it. I require no extraneous aid from other persons to put me in it. Indeed, it requires no process on my own part except a mere mental abstraction. Under certain circumstances of mental excitement I am more brilliant and clear, and can see things more distinctly than at other times. All my writings are performed in this state; and at times I have the power of involuntary writing. All my best ideas were drawn,

as I once supposed, by a direct communication from spirits, whom I saw and with whom I conversed.

This singular gift of psychological perception I constantly employ and have done so for years, in the examination and treatment of diseases. Thousands in this city and in the United States know that I can accurately tell the disease of any person, without asking any questions; and knowing the diagnosis of disease has been the whole secret of my success. Now, whether all this is done by spirits or by electro-psychology, is a question of momentous import; but, as the intelligence from either of those two sources is involuntarily forced on the mind, so it must be communicated through the medium of the cerebellum, or back brain, because that is the organ of involuntary motion and organic life. As the mind is double (for everything in the human being is double) so the back brain contains all that is instinctive in our being; and the instincts in man are to a greater or less degree, in communication with all nature.

Candor, however, compels me to grant, that spirits may act through the same medium, (the back brain) rouse the instincts of man into action, and move him involuntarily to perceive and disclose those hidden things that his reason cannot grasp. That this has been done in the days of prophets and apostles, who breathed throughout the sacred page the hollowed inspiration of heaven-born truth, is unquestionable. The condition of the moral world required it, as the food of the soul, and the requirement was met, till the cup of moral truth, which through successive ages was gradually filling up, received its full and perfect measure from the Son of God, in the revelation of the paternal character of the Creator to his creatures. I say the condition of the moral world required it; and should a similar state of things arise, or should our present revelation of moral truth be struck out of existence, the condition of the world would again require it, and the same revelation of moral truth from God, through the same involuntary medium, would be again made to our world. But does any such condition of necessity now exist? I can not see it.

Hence, I have come to the conclusion, that I have never conversed with, nor seen the spirits of my sainted father and mother, and am very doubtful whether I shall live to eighty-four years of age. I have come to the conclusion that I have never seen the departed spirits of any of my race, nor received any communications from them. I consider the whole as a mere electro-psychological impression. I once fully believed that the lady above noticed revealed to me, that the resurrection of the dead was the new birth, and that John and Paul confirmed it to me in 1827, and clearly showed me that it was as successive as the deaths of the human race. I preached it several years, and in 1832 I published it fully in a volume, and held public controversies, written and oral, upon the subject. Still, I must confess, that it is almost impossible to shake off the impression, that I shall live to see eighty-four years, and I am fully satisfied that my views of the new birth are scripturally true, immaterial from what source the impression came. And it is a singular coincidence, that all Spiritualists get the same communication from the spirits, that the resurrection of the dead is the new birth, and takes place immediately after death. Hence, in their obituary notices they say, "Born into the spirit-world," &c.

In conclusion, there is one thing I would state; when I have a brilliant vision of what appears to be departed immortals, it always comes entirely involuntary on my part, and such visions are few and far between. I have always believed, and do still believe, in invisible guardian angels over individuals and cities. I am therefore a sincere and Scriptural believer in spirit manifestations as taught by Christ and his Apostles, and always have been. I have also, friend Brittan, full confidence in your sincerity and honor, and in the sincerity of Spiritualists; and admire the ability, talents and force you exert against those who unreasonably, bitterly and ignorantly assail you.

Yours truly,

JOHN BOYER DODS.

Extracts from "A Defence of Spiritual Manifestations, by the Rev. C. H. Harvey, Pastor of the M. E. Church of Kingston, Pennsylvania."

It is undoubtedly very sincerely believed by many that the Bible is strong in its condemnation of these things. They understand Duet. xviii. 10, 11 as prohibiting all intercourse with the dead. At least, I have seen it in the public prints so quoted; and I am willing to grant all that can be legitimately claimed for it, viz., that it did forbid the Jews from "seeking unto those that have familiar spirits or unto the dead," and what then?

Will it follow that it is wrong for us to receive communications from glorified spirits if God pleases to grant them? "But God would not grant what he has forbidden, and therefore these things can not be a grant from Heaven; if there is any thing superhuman in them, they must be from the evil one." This is sound logic, and I think the following equally sound: if God has permitted glorified spirits to communicate with their friends on earth, he has not forbidden it, and those who apply this passage to these things misapprehended its original design. This throws us upon a *posteriori* proof; we must, notwithstanding this passage, examine these things and test their character and origin before we are prepared to judge. But let us look a little more closely into the bearing of this passage upon Spiritual Manifestations. The question is not, Did it forbid the Jews from seeking unto the dead; but does it forbid us from receiving communications from disembodied spirits? I am not one of those who suppose, simply because a precept was given to the Jews, that therefore it is not binding upon us, for that would do away with the greater part of the Old Testament. Nor do I believe because a precept is found in their law, that therefore it is binding upon us; for then I should not dare to eat swine's flesh, nor leavened bread on certain days, nor to do many other things which I, in common with all Christians, am in the daily habit of doing. We are to look into the moral reasons of those laws, and if they are now the same as then, they are binding upon us; if not, they have passed away as "contrary to us," and are of no more force. The bulk of the Jewish law has ceased to be of force, not by direct repeal, but by the cessation of the reasons of its enactment. The question then recurs, What were the reasons of this command? And are those reasons existing with us? If not, the law has passed away. We may not be able to develop all the reasons of that law, but I think the following are plain:

The age in which this command was given was an age of revelations; and the people to whom it was given, the people chosen to be its depositaries; and during the continuance of this age God dwelt sensibly among them, and could be directly appealed to on all questions, and answers received by Urim, and Thummin, and Prophets. There was therefore no need of communications from the disembodied, yet finite. The Infinite was there, speaking through the mouths of the Prophets, the breastplate of the High Priest, and from between the wings of the Cherubim.

That people had an almost unconquerable tendency to idolatry; this is written upon almost every page of their history. And notwithstanding all the demonstrations of the Supreme Godhead and power of Jehovah, how often did they forsake him, and go in pursuit of other gods! This tendency was so strong, that God even hid the body of Moses, lest his bones should be deified by them. Is it likely that in a people so given to this crime, all the wonders Jehovah wrought among them could not restrain them from it, they could have been restrained from paying supreme homage to glorified spirits, had they been sent to communicate among them? It seems to me the character of that people was such, as we gather it from their history, that such manifestations would have completely defeated their object, and, instead of leading them to God, would have led them farther away from him. God fully understood this, and therefore, would not allow good spirits to communicate with them. And hence, if they had any spiritual communications, they would be from wicked, lying spirits, styled in this scripture, "familiar spirits." How forcible, then, the reasons for this command upon them, and how evident that it is wholly inapplicable to us. The case of Saul (1 Sam. xxviii.) which is, I believe, always, or at least generally, referred to in connection with this, as it involves the same principles as the command, falls with it. There are a number of other reasons which clearly disprove the applicability of these Scriptures to the case in hand, but I waive them. For all of them can not equal the following: That that command—unlike most of the Jewish statutes—which a Christian minister would blush to insinuate were still in force, has been formally repealed. I suppose it will be conceded that the teaching of Christ's actions is as forcible and binding as the teaching of his words, and that it is right to "walk as he walked," and to "follow in his steps;" and that so much of that law as was disregarded in his actions was repealed, and of no more binding force. Now it is a fact, recorded by three of the Evangelists, that Christ did hold intercourse with the righteous and glorified dead. See Matt. xvii. 3, Mark ix. 4, Luke ix. 30. This I must regard as decisive. And I am by no means sure but that our Saviour had his eye upon these latter-day manifestations, and, to take his obsolete law out of the mouths of gainsayers, summoned Moses

and Elias from heaven, and displayed them to his disciples, conversing with him. And should I go farther, and claim for that display a special reference to these things, I should fail to rival many, both of the ancients and moderns, in spiritualizing the Scriptures. For why were they there conversing with Christ? Surely not to give him information or encouragement for this he received from a higher source. Why, then, were they there? May it not have been to type the privilege of his Church in the latter days, and the assistance, that they should have in their efforts to evangelize the world. Oh! let me entreat you, brother minister, to bathe your heart thoroughly and deeply in the glories of Tabor ere your pulpit resounds with denunciations against these things, or your people are treated with a homily on Saul and the witch of Endor, and the obsolete and repealed statute of Deut. xviii. 10, 11.

Luke xvi. 31: "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead," is quoted by some with a triumphant air, as though perfectly conclusive against Spiritual Manifestations. I shall consider the passage only in its supposed bearing against these things; and I think that a little reflection will convince any candid mind that they are not condemned by it. Attend to the following considerations:

The passage, taken with its connection, clearly shows the possibility of glorified spirits communicating with the living. The rich man addresses two petitions to Abraham. The first is "That he would send Lazarus," who had obtained a lodgment in his bosom, "to dip the tip of his finger in water to cool his tongue" *i. e.*, that his sufferings might be mitigated. To this Abraham returns a denial, accompanied with two reasons. The first was, that justice demanded he should endure all that was inflicted upon him. The second, that it was impossible for Lazarus to come to him—verse 25-6.

The second petition was, that he would send Lazarus to his father's house to warn his five brethren. This is denied, and but one reason given for it: "They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them." He does not say, as in the former case, he "can not," which clearly shows that it was possible for Lazarus to return to earth and warn those persons.

The clause, "will not be persuaded though one rose from the dead," supposed to be condemnatory of Spiritual Manifestations, is predicated of five individuals only, not of the race universally. The rich man does not pray that Lazarus might be sent to warn the world—sinners in general—but simply to his father's house to warn his five brethren; clearly showing that the prayer was not prompted by a benevolent concern for them, but a selfish interest for himself. He had just been told that his sufferings should never be less; he now prays that they may not be increased by the coming of his brethren to share in them; precisely harmonizing with the doctrine set forth in these Manifestations respecting lost spirits. They say, "The lost spirits of your friends would delight to see you as miserable as themselves, but they do not generally wish you to come to hell, because it would add to their torments." But to the question before us: the pronoun "they" relates to, and stands for, five brethren," and is limited by its antecedent to the extension; and in their case it was doubtless true. But does it follow that it was equally true of all others, in all ages of the world? I know not by what rule of grammar, or logic, or common sense this can be made to appear. Try the logic a little. Five men would not repent, though warned to from the grave; therefore nobody would?—Now, if this is good, I think the following better: five hundred thousand of the Egyptians, with Pharaoh at their head, would not believe that God spoke by Moses, therefore the Israelites would not, and his mission was useless! A greater number of Jews could not be persuaded to repentance by the united exertions of Christ and his Apostles, therefore nobody could have been, and their labors were silly and vain! There are now a great many who will not be persuaded to give their hearts to God by all that can be done to effect their salvation; therefore nothing need be done for any, for none will consent to be saved! Puerile as this logic is, it is a vast improvement upon that which arrays this passage against Spiritual Manifestations. For the one is from five to the whole; the other from five hundred thousand to the whole. If the former is good, the latter is a hundred thousand times better, mathematically demonstrated. But,

The passage relates to quite another thing than Spiritual Manifestations. It relates to a literal resurrection of the body. "Though one rose from the dead"—a specific miracle for a specific object—and the most that can be claimed for it, even constructively, is, that a specific miracle for the

conversion of every five persons would be useless—which I doubt not, is true. The passage has no reference to the communications made from glorified spirits in their disembodied state, but to the return of the spirit to its forsaken body, and its living in and preaching through it. I have heard it said, to be sure, that it is the same thing; but this can not be, any more than Christ's going in spirit to preach to the antediluvians in the days of Noah (1 Pet. iii. 19, 20) was the same thing, as his resurrection at Jerusalem twenty-four hundred years afterwards. But,

If the passage proves any thing against Spiritual Manifestations, it proves too much for those who avail themselves of it; for if no other means than those mentioned in this passage, as adequate to effect the salvation of others, the whole New Testament is superfluous. "If they hear no Moses and the prophets." By Moses and the prophets, the Old Testament, and that only, is meant. Of course, then, if the argument is good, we have no use for the New. It will avail nothing to say, in avoidance of this conclusion, that "Christ had already come." For, 1st. This can not be proved. Christ relates it as past; but how far back in the past it transpired, no man can tell, for he has not. All we know in regard to the time of the occurrence—for the time of its relation is of no avail in the argument—is, that it was posterior to the closing up of the Old Testament revelation, and anterior to the present in which it was told, covering a space of four hundred years, in any part of which it might have taken place. 2d. It is, I think, more than probable that the date of the transaction is anterior to the advent of Christ. For if Christ had already come, it seems quite unaccountable that Abraham should have overlooked the fact, and referred to Moses and the prophets as the exponents of the way of life, when their authority had been already superseded and set aside by the appearance of "the greater than they." Why did not Abraham say they have Christ, instead of Moses and the prophets? I presume it was because they had no Christ, as yet, except as he was to be found in types and prophecies. But, 3d. Even if Christ had come, and Abraham, from some unaccountable reason, had been held in ignorance of it, or failed to mention it, still, not a syllable of the New Testament had been written. The crucifixion, and the resurrection, and the ascension, and the subsequent advocacy of the Lamb of God had not taken place. Were these unnecessary? The astounding revelations of Paul and Peter, and Jude, and the sublime visions of John on Patmos, were yet undisclosed; were these unnecessary? It is surprising to see how thoughtlessly some men, and even divines, will quote and apply Scripture!

These comprises all the Scriptures, as far as I know, to which the adversaries of Spiritual Manifestations attach any importance, that are considered as containing the sentence of their condemnation. They are all that I have seen or heard against them. And to what do they amount? Simply to this: such Manifestations are possible, and have actually been, and of course may be again, and completely sweep away the plea by which some attempt to justify themselves in denouncing them and believers in them, without investigating their claims to credulity, that the Bible is against them! And as these are swept away, the command rolls down upon them with deafening peal, "Judge not," but "prove all things, hold fast that which is good." Examine, and then decide.

One day in Pompeii.

CONTINUED.

Their chief excellence lay in their metallic work. In casseroles, water-jars, wine-coolers, pots and kettles, strainers, egg-containers, urns for hot water—in short, throughout the whole range of domestic ware, they display not only a variety equal to any modern furnishing house, but in many respects, especially in stoves, water-heaters, ect., an economy of fuel and multiplicity of uses that would win a patent even at Washington. To these merits they add a beauty of form altogether neglected by our unpoetical mechanics. Nothing, however homely in its uses, was beneath their passion for adornment. A handle of a pitcher or the leg of a pot became, as it left their hands, suggestive of something beyond its baser uses. It possessed a distinctive beauty, and told a history. Their mythology was pressed into this apparently humble service, so that stories of religion might be learned from a table service. This prodigality of art must have cost high. It expands our idea of the riches and civilization of the Roman empire to know that a petty sea-port affords such incontestable evidence of taste and wealth. If such were provincial Pompeii, what must have been imperial Rome!

In the days of Titus, Pompeii was dug over and rifled of much of its buried treasure, probably by surviving inhabitants, who knew where to seek. In one instance modern excavators have discovered that their predecessors of the first century failed only by three feet in hitting a treasure which they evidently sought, but which was destined to reward the King of Naples

nearly two thousand years afterward. Pompeii was evidently preserved by Fate to daguerreotype ancient to modern civilization, and teach us that, with all our boasted progress, we can learn much from the past. Indeed, its utensils and arts have been for the last fifty years a school of design to modern Europe, which has advanced in beauty and grace of ornament in proportion as it has gone back for models. The elegant designs of their candelabra, lamps, urns, and silver vases, are copied throughout the civilized world. I believe that more bronze and marble statues have been dug out of Pompeii than exist in the entire United States. It was said of Rome that the stone population equaled the living. It was not the comparative cheapness of art that made it so common, for excellence was rated at greater sums than now. Phidias or Praxiteles could command higher prices than can Powers or Crawford in the present age. The living masters of antiquity were rewarded as are only the dead by modern taste. Nothing but an inborn and cultivated sense of the beautiful could have produced this artistic prodigality. There is something in this acknowledgment and craving for Beauty—the unselfish, or, more properly speaking, intellectual exaltation of art above mere utility, that strikes me as a generous sentiment in a nation. It came from the hearts and purses of individuals, and was not the result of one tyrannical will, like that of Louis XIV., who willingly impoverished France that he might lodge in egotistical magnificence.

In one other respect the Pompeians, in common with antiquity, are not so deserving of commendation. What St. Paul says of the Corinthians must have been equally applicable to them. Their religion was purely a sensual one in its effect on the common mind. It stimulated rather than repressed vulgar passions by celestial examples of more than human infirmity. Hence in conjunction with excitability of climate, sprang licentious habits and erotic ideas. The secret museum of Naples discloses a curious picture of the domestic life of the inhabitants of magna Græcia. Common utensils, ornamental vases, and even jewelry, were manufactured into obscene shapes, which no modern lady could hear named, much less see and use, without the blush of shame and indignation. It would be a difficult point to fix upon the standard of classical modesty. It was, at all events, the antipodes of American delicacy, which coins new names to avoid expressing natural ideas, and discloses more from false shame in substitution, than the natural truth could never express, however frankly spoken. Christianity has banished forever from civilized life such evidence of its classical abasement. The pictures of antiquity, too, were not always of the most chaste description, and forms of vice were unblushingly delineated which are not so much as even to be named among men. The Neapolitan government, though not remarkable for prudery, has erased or hid these specimens of prurient art. It leaves however, as specimens of the manners of the day, upon a few buildings, stone amulets in the shape of any thing the reader may conceive as particularly immodest, but which were once publicly worn, after the fashion of modern charms, by Pompeian ladies, as a specific against malocchio, or the evil eye. This superstition is still rife throughout Italy, and affords jewelers much custom. Turning a corner suddenly, I heard the strange sound of English voices, and came upon a party of that nation. A young girl, in her simplicity, was intently studying one of these mystic carvings over a doorway, while behind her sat a courier, in high enjoyment of what he considered a good joke. He gave me a wink and laugh as I went by. At the same instant a revelation seemed to spring into the mind of the maiden, and she hurried off as if a bee had stung her.

Since the visit of Pius IX., to Naples, the public museums have become wonderfully chaste. He condemned every display of classical beauty, while tolerating any amount of scanty nakedness. A Domenichino and Guido are packed away into dark closets if they display any thing less of female loveliness than court costume sanctions, while a Saint Theresa, an arrow-pointed Sebastian, or any other Romish pet, in all their repulsive nudity of martyrdom, are allowed to disgust mortal eyes under the specious pretense of offering unction to their souls. Some of the popes have manifested a wonderfully keen scent in detecting immodesty in paintings that have escaped that imputation through centuries of visitors. It certainly looks like a weak spot in their imaginations. The obscene gallery of Naples is very properly closed to the public, so should every work of art in which immodesty is obviously apparent. But to be sensitive over impassible marble or even alarmed at the warm coloring of Titian, does not always imply a chaste mind. High art exalts what it touches. It can not descend to foulness. An artist of pure aim should not be held answerable for the imagination of the spectator. It is his business to purify his heart, even as the artist has purified his work, of all gross, earthly elements. Hence the prudery of the papal court, in the exuberance of the ridiculous metallic disguises they give their statuary, is any thing but suggestive of modesty. If the present pope is bent upon clothing the statuesque world, I would respectfully call his attention to the colossal bronze Neptune at Bologna, by John of the same name, which is indubitably an indecent figure. But I am sure that the simplest maiden can walk the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, in all its majesty of art, with as uncontaminated a mind as she can the reformed galleries of Rome and Naples, in their tin-leaf draperies. On the ceilings of the Uffizi, I am sorry that truth compels me to add, there actually exist real obscenities, fortunately difficult to detect amidst the multitude of arabesques, but as palpably vicious as any thing Pompeian. They afford incontestable evidence of the decline of Pure art, and depravity of manners resulting from the overlauded Medician rule, which, for the credit of the present age, should be obliterated.

Like the modern Italians, the Pompeians, in their eagerness for the ornamental, to which, it must be confessed, they did not always bring good taste, often overlooked the useful and essential. I doubt if there are any good carpenters, according to the American standard, in all Italy or on the Continent generally. The same deficiency in well-finished mechanical work obtained as extensively in ancient times. Nicely-adjusted locks, con-

venient door-handles, well-jointed carpentry, level floors—in short, the evidences of mechanical skill in the homeliest objects of domestic use, which are considered as indispensable to comfort in America, are unknown in Italy. Their lamps, with all their beauty, were smoky, inconvenient articles. Neither their streets nor houses could be cleanly lighted. I do not believe that the general condition of the merely mechanical arts has improved or retrograded in Italy for twenty centuries. In masonry and stucco-work the ancients excelled the moderns. Roman brick-work is like adamant in solidity. The Pompeian doors were usually bivalve and turned on pivots. All the external ornaments were elegantly wrought. Bolts, keys, and handles are found of beautiful and capricious designs, but iron-work for internal use was most bunglingly made.

Modern belles have certainly some decided advantages in the variety and beauty of objects of toilet and jewelry since Paris has developed her taste and resources for their adornment. The fair Pompeians were, however, by no means deficient in these respects, and even now, in full costume, would attract no small admiration beside the stars of the Tuileries. Their mirrors were usually of steel, and sometimes of glass, manufactured at Sidon, which was the Venice of that day in that respect. But, upon reflection, I must add, that however elegant in frame, they could by no means maintain a steady countenance beside French plate. Pins they had, but they would not sell now-a-days alongside the Birmingham. In their haste to escape, the ladies left behind them many tokens of disturbed toilets, with the usual variety of vanity-ware. Some of their rings, pious brooches, and cameos have found modern imitators in modern art, and are as much admired in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-four of Our Lord as they were in the year one. The Pompeian jewelers have given designs to many of our choicest ornaments—They, I dare say, in their turn stole them from Greece, which stole them from Egypt. There was no lack of cosmetics, and, for arrangement of hair, judging from female busts, our ladies have, as yet, discovered no modes more becoming than those of the classical ages. Forks are a modern invention, the Romans preferring their fingers, as they did also recline at table, in a scantiness of clothing quite the reverse of modern ideas of a dinner toilet.

In a rich commercial town, as Pompeii undoubtedly was, one would expect to find more treasure in coin, especially as paper currency was unknown, than as yet has proved the case. Occasionally a secret deposit, which has remained intact for a period long beyond the desires of the owner when he laid it by against a rainy day, rewards the modern explorer. In one house, near the Forum, the workmen were astonished by a shower of gold coins, fifty-six in number, as large and bright as new half eagles, which tumbled from a chink in the wall. These were soon after followed by a pile of silver money, consolidated by heat into one mass, and a silver spoon. But there are evidences that Pompeii was explored before the lava which covered it had cooled. It was not so deep as now by several feet, as succeeding eruptions have deposited over it successive strata. In one spot, some twelve feet above the pavements, several skeletons were found, with money, jewels, and plate, which they had succeeded in obtaining, but their avarice, prompting them to longer search, had caused them to fall victims to the mephitic gases which arose from the then smoking mass.

The roofs of Pompeii were in general flat, and of wood; consequently they were either crushed in or set on fire by the hot stones and ashes. The accumulated soil on top of the buildings supports a young growth of trees, and is occupied by a farm. The process of disinterment is so slow—a few men and carts only, at the annual cost of less than a thousand dollars, being employed—that, at the present rate, centuries must elapse before the entire city is uncovered. In the mean while, a goodly portion of the unprotected parts must fall into irredeemable ruins. It could be easily exposed in one year, and there is no doubt that, as a speculation, if the sale of antiquities were allowed, it would be profitable to hasten operations. The parts yet unexplored—nearly three quarters of the town—promise well. Though the Neapolitan government protract their word to the degree that puts every antiquarian heart into a fever of impatience yet what it does is thoroughly done. The streets and buildings are restored to a degree of cleanliness which would gladden the hearts of the dainty Pompeians to witness; the dilapidated parts of sufficient interest to warrant preservation are sufficiently repaired to prevent farther injury from the weather, and every work of art that can not be removed to the museum is securely roofed in and placed under guardianship. But they do not do enough. One of the best mansions should be restored to its condition as it stood previous to its intruement. This could be done by causing the Museo Borbonico to disgorge some of its superfluous wealth of antiquity. It would not be difficult to restore the luxurious Sallust's house or Diomedes's villa to its actual condition of furniture, ornament, and arrangement, as they existed when their title-deeds were in their builders' hands. What correct ideas might we not then possess of the home-life of the Roman gentleman! The public buildings are more interesting as they are, but a perfect Roman house would be a gem of antiquity. So far from entertaining an enterprise of this sort, the king of Naples seems to regard Pompeii as a play-house for royalty. Houses which give evidence of being rich in spoil are uncovered only to a certain depth, and kept until a royal visitor arrives. The King of Naples makes up a party, and the work is finished for its amusement. I believe he presents his visitor with whatever is found; but that he is mean enough to republican sovereigns like myself, I can testify. On approaching the street where exploration was in progress, a soldier watched me as closely as if I had myself been a disinterred Pompeian preparing to serve on him notice of a writ of ejection. There were human bones, broken amphoræ, charred wood, pottery, and other tokens of discovery lying about. They had just disclosed a massive doorway, on which the owner's name was as fresh as if written but that morning. Above was a window and burned beams. The carts were taking off the mingled charcoal and ashes,

and throwing it away outside of the walls. I picked up a morsel of the charcoal no bigger than a walnut. The wood was so perfectly carbonized that it left not a particle of grit to the taste, and it was as easily dissolved in the mouth as sugar. The soldier saw my motion, rushed forward and seized the remnant I had not taken, roughly telling me that I must not so much as touch even a cinder in Pompeii. How I was to avoid that when the entire soil was ashes, he did not condescend to explain, but eyed me like a lynx, for fear I should take another taste. It may be that Pompeian charcoal has a market value as at Naples. His Majesty sells the old lead and bronze, and why not the charcoal? Up to that time I had not thought of picking up a souvenir. Soon after, however, finding a pretty specimen of mosaic pavement, I put it into my pocket, and knowing the house whence it came, I am prepared to account for the same to the lawful heirs whenever they shall call.

I took more pleasure in examining the private than the public buildings. The former told of individual life, while the latter gave only general ideas common to all nations. It was pleasant to speculate upon the supposed tastes and habits of the departed families from the traces of their every-day existence that the crater had, as it were, embalmed for all time in one of the shops attached to Pansa's house there is a Latin cross of stucco in bas-relief. May this not indicate that the proprietor was a Nazarene, a disciple of Jesus, whom perhaps he had seen and heard while on a commercial visit to Judea? Perhaps he had received his faith from the apostle of the Gentiles when he disembarked at Puteoli! This cross is the more extraordinary, as it is in company with the usual symbols of heathen mythology, as if the convert either feared the popular opinion too much to banish them altogether from his house, or he was superstitiously inclined to try the efficacy of both opinions.

I entered one house which I am positive belonged to an old maid of the most precise order. It was a real bijou. Every thing was on a Lilliputian scale. The mosaic pavements, paintings, and marble were all neatly beautiful. The garden was not much larger than a pocket-handkerchief, yet it contained statues, fountains, urns, and ornaments of great variety, all well executed and tastefully arranged. The chapel looked like a baby-house, and as if got up to play at religion. Whoever owned these premises evidently enjoyed them, and found their all of life within their diminutive precincts.

In striking contrast to this house, both for dimensions and grandeur, is that commonly called the House of the Quæstor. In extent and richness of ornament it is almost a palace, occupying a space of about one hundred feet deep by one hundred and fifty front. It was particularly rich in paintings: among them, Perseus and Andromeda, and Medea meditating the murder of her children, given with much feeling and vigor. In the garden, leaning against the wall of the colonnade, are rows of wine-jars, just as they were placed in the year 79 to receive the vintage. The columns and pilasters are coated with the most beautiful stucco, firm as stone and highly polished, and as perfect to-day as if fresh from the finisher's hands. On one, some idler of taste has scratched, with a hard instrument, a well-executed drawing, and written beneath an inscription in Greek. Were the author to return, so delicately has Time treated his labor, that the long interval would seem to him but a yesterday.

A custode cultivates a portion of the garden, and has fitted up one of the many rooms of this mansion for a dwelling. He invited me in, and showed me quite a numerous collection of interesting fragments of the former luxury which reigned in this abode. There still exists a large money-chest, lined with brass and coated with iron, partially decomposed by heat. The locks, handles, and ornaments were of bronze. A quantity of gold and silver coin was found in it, but the chief part had been extracted by the primitive explorers, who calculated very nicely as to its locality. They dug into the adjoining chamber, and, finding their mistake, pierced the wall and cut into the chest, but were unable to reach all its contents. Probably it was bot work, and they were obliged to make despatch.

In the Pompeian houses there was none of that jealous regard for personal privacy or delicacy that characterizes modern domestic architecture. This moral deficiency produced greater freedom of design and arrangement in the suite of rooms, so that their general effect was much superior to our mode of building. One of the most superior of the smaller houses is known as that of the Tragic Poet, a whimsical appellation, like many others, without much reason. The first object that meets the eye upon the threshold is a fierce dog, in mosaic, apparently in the act of springing upon the visitor. Beneath is the inscription "*Cave Canem*"—Look out for the dog. This mosaic is a substitute for the original, which has been removed to Naples. The proprietor was doubtless a wag, who hit upon this Irish welcome to his friends, or else some literary lion, the Bulwer or Longfellow of his day, who thus delicately hinted his disinclination to be bored by autograph hunters and anecdote collectors. The so-called House of the Vestals, which I believe to be a decided misnomer, has the ambiguous inscription "*Salve*"—Welcome—upon its floor. Its decorations are not remarkable, as the name would imply, for chaste conception. The paintings found in the House of the Tragic Poet are singularly beautiful, as are also its wall-decorations. A profusion of jewels and female ornaments were discovered here beside some skeletons. The expense upon mosaic floors alone in this and some other houses must have been enormous, for it is not to be presumed that the art was cheaper then than now, while the execution, in general, was much superior. The material is the same as that now used in the Vatican manufactory—glass, of which there are eleven thousand different shades of colors. By it the ancients gave the minutest features and varied expressions of the human countenance with wonderful delicacy and effect. The mosaic of the Choragus instructing the Actors was found in the House of the Tragic Poet. As beautiful as this is, it is surpassed by the celebrated Battle of Issus, found in the House of the Faun. Although but a fragment of a

larger picture, it represents twelve horses, twenty-two persons, and a large war-chariot of nearly life-size, it is executed with great vigor and truth, giving a portrait of Alexander and his war-horse Bucephalus, besides Darius and his guards, the whole displaying a knowledge of art in foreshortening, drawing generally, grouping, and the management of light and shade, but little inferior to the best modern works.

Eternal Justice.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

THE man is thought a knave or fool,
Or bigot, plotting crime,
Who, for the advancement of his kind,
Is wiser than his time.
For him the hemlock shall distil;
For him the axe be bared,
For him the gibbet shall be built;
For him the stake prepared:
Him shall the scorn and wrath of men
Pursue with deadly aim;
And malice, envy, spite, and lies,
Shall desecrate his name.
But truth shall conquer at the last,
For round and round we run,
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

Pace through thy cell, old Socrates,
Cheerily to and fro;
Trust to the impulse of thy soul
And let the poison flow.
They may shatter to earth the lamp of clay
That holds a light divine,
But they cannot quench the fire of thought
By any such deadly wine:
They cannot blot thy spoken words
From the memory of man,
By all the poison ever was brewed
Since time its course began.
To-day abhorred, to-morrow adored,
So round and round we run,
And ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

Plod in thy cave, grey Anchorite:
Be wiser than thy peers;
Augment the range of human power,
And trust to coming years.
They may call thee wizard, and monk accursed,
And load thee with dispraise:
Thou wert born five hundred years too soon
For the comfort of thy days.
But not too soon for human kind:
Time hath reward in store;
And the demons of our sires become
The saints that we adore.

The blind can see, the slave is lord;
So round and round we run;
And ever the wrong is proved to be wrong,
And ever is justice done.

Keep, Galileo, to thy thought,
And nerve thy soul to bear;
They may gloat o'er the senseless words they wring
From the pangs of thy despair:
They may veil their eyes, but they cannot hide
The sun's meridian glow;
The heel of a priest may tread thee down,
And a tyrant work thee woe;
But never a truth has been destroyed:
They may curse it and call it crime;
Pervert and betray, or slander and slay
Its teachers for a time.

But the sunshine aye shall light the sky,
As round and round we run;
And the truth shall ever come uppermost,
And justice shall be done.

And live there now such men as these—
With thoughts like the great of old?
Many have died in their misery,
And left their thought untold;
And many live, and are ranked as mad,
And placed in cold world's ban,
For sending their bright far-seeing souls
Three centuries in the van.
They toil in penury and grief,
Unknown, if not maligned;
Forlorn, forlorn, bearing the scorn
Of the meanest of mankind.
But yet the world goes round and round,
And the genial seasons run,
And ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

WILD MEN OF BORNEO.

Further towards the North are to be found men living absolutely in a state of nature, who neither cultivate the ground, nor live in huts; who neither eat rice nor salt, and who do not associate with each other, but rove about the woods like wild beasts. The sexes meet in the jungles or the man carries away the woman from company. When the children are old enough to shift for themselves, they usually separate, neither one afterwards thinking of the other. At night they sleep under some large tree, the branches of which hang low. On them they fasten, the children in a kind of swing. Around the tree they make a fire to keep off the wild beasts and snakes. They cover themselves with a piece of bark and in this also they wrap their children. It is soft and warm, but will not keep out the rain.

These poor creatures are looked upon and treated by the Dayaks as wild beasts. Hunting parties of twenty or thirty go out and amuse themselves with shooting at the children in the trees, with the sumpit, the same as monkeys, from which they are not easily distinguished. The men taken in these excursions are invariably killed, and the women commonly spared, if they are young. It is somewhat remarkable that the children of the wild people, will not be sufficiently tamed to be entrusted with their liberty. Solgie told me he never recollected an instance when they did not escape the first opportunity, notwithstanding many of them had been treated kindly for years. The consequence is, all the chiefs who call themselves civilized, no sooner take them than they cut off the foot, sticking the stump in a bamboo of molten damar; their escape is thus prevented, and their services paddling canoes retained. An old Dayak loves to dwell upon his success on these hunting excursions; and the terror of the women and children when taken, affords a fruitful theme of amusement at all their meetings.

The following additional information is, however, somewhat unexpected. After speaking of the excellence of the iron and steel of the interior of Borneo, and of the extent of its manufacture among the Dayak tribes, Dalton continues.

"These men whom I have noticed living in a state of nature building no habitations of any kind, and eating nothing but fruit, snakes and monkeys, yet procure this excellent iron, and make blades sought after by every Dayak; who in their hunting excursions, have in view the possession of the poor creature's spear, or mandon as much as his head, improbable as it may appear."

We have just time to announce that T. G. FOSTER, from St. Louis, Missouri, is here, and will be at our hall on Sabbath. He lectures in the trance state; and his lectures thus delivered are spoken of in the highest terms of commendation.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the partnership hitherto existing between ISAAC L. SCHREDER and WILLIAM I. WILLIAMS, under the firm title of SCHERDER and WILLIAMS, was dissolved by mutual consent, on the 6th day of November inst. The business, in future, will be conducted by WILLIAM I. WILLIAMS, who is empowered to collect all dues and settle all demands pertaining to the late firm.

ISAAC L. SCHREDER.
WILLIAM I. WILLIAMS.

It.

SPIRIT MINSTREL.

A new supply just received at the Literary Depot, Post Office.

T. S. HAWKS.

Nov. 9, 1855.