

AGE OF PROGRESS

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

Vol. II, No. 8.

BUFFALO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1855.

WHOLE No. 60.

The Harmonial Conference, on Sabbath last.

Our readers will recollect the programme of exercises which we published in our last number, for the then coming Sabbath. This programme, with a single unimportant exception, was carried out in a manner which we are compelled to believe astonished every person present:

In the morning, the medium—Mr. FORSTER was controlled by the spirit of STEPHEN R. SMITH, who spoke through him one hour and twenty minutes, holding the audience enchained by his powerful reasoning and eloquence, and by some unmistakable characteristics of his own identity. One of these peculiarities will be recognized by all who were much in the habit of listening to his discourses, when in the flesh. It was this: Contrary to nearly all other public speakers, he always appeared to exert himself to hold the rein of his eloquence, and suppress its flight; but, seemingly, it would occasionally break loose from him and soar to the very apex of sublimity, before he could gather the rein again and bring it under control. There is probably, not another speaking medium in the whole country, through whom that noble spirit could have done the subject, and his own powers of ratiocination, so much justice as he did through Mr. FORSTER.

There was no arrangement made by the spirits, for the afternoon service. It was, therefore, not anticipated that any spirit would speak through Mr. F. on that occasion. It happened, however, that CHAUNCEY BARNES was present, and that a spirit, which seemed to be in an inharmonious state of development, spoke through him, giving utterance to feelings and sentiments which partook of the inharmony of their source. This was evidently producing an unpleasant state of feeling throughout the congregation. Long before the conclusion of this evidently undeveloped spirit, Mr. FORSTER was thrown into the abnormal state, to be ready, as we supposed, to reply. The instant that BARNES took his seat, Mr. F. was brought to his feet, by the spirit of Mr. SMITH; and for at least half an hour, the audience were held in almost breathless silence and in evident astonishment, by what seemed to be a torrent—an avalanche of eloquence. And the moral which he drew from the inharmony of the spirit which had preceded him, was as beautiful as his language and his rhetoric.

We were highly gratified with this effort of our sainted friend, for several reasons. Many of the congregation over which he formerly presided, as pastor, did not attend in the forenoon, because they deemed it impolite to stay away from their regular place of worship, when a stranger minister was to hold forth to them; which was the case on that sabbath morning. Besides this consideration, the circumstances of the case required the address; and it was as effectual as it was timely.

In the evening, the Spirit of A. A. BALLOU, made an eloquent and able appeal, through Miss SCOTT, to the Father of all Spirits, in behalf of the cause of Spiritual progress in the world in general, and in Buffalo in particular; but Miss BROOKS, at her own earnest request, had been excused by the controlling Spirit, from the performance of the part assigned her in the programme. This was the exception alluded to above. At the close of the preliminary exercises, Mr. FORSTER was again brought to his feet, by the spirit of Professor EDGAR C. DAYTON, who took up the branch of the subject which was assigned him in the programme: "Man's affinity to God,"—and spoke some minutes more than two hours. How ably he spoke—how eloquently he spoke—how profoundly he reasoned—how high he soared toward the ultimate of sublimity—how nearly he approached the deepest root of the profound; and what effect

his lecture had upon the minds of the highly intelligent audience who gave him their rapt attention for so long a time, let them tell, for we shall not attempt it.

How many there were present, in the evening, we do not know; but we do know that every seat in the hall, above and below, and every foot of area that a person could stand on, was occupied. We understand that the man who has charge of the building, estimated the congregation at not less than twelve hundred; and those who stood in the entrance, unable to get in, affirmed that there were more who failed to get in, and went away, than there were in the hall. The hall was well packed, morning and afternoon; but, in the evening it was a perfect jam.

We had forgotten to mention that A. A. BALLOU gave a brief but very eloquent lecture, through Miss SCOTT, at the conclusion of Mr. SMITH's address, in the afternoon.

From Owen's "New Existence."

Communication from the Crowned Angel, by Mr. F. Hookley—with Reply by Mr. Owen.

MY DEAR MR. OWEN,—

It may seem strange that I should choose this means of communicating with you. I have done so, that it may be a more direct address to yourself than any I have hitherto made—knowing that you will receive it in the spirit it is given of sincere good-will.

I have always taken great interest in your life, and feel the deepest anxiety to see its object fulfilled, and the human race united in one permanently happy and enlightened family. But can man succeed unaided in this object? Can he surmount the whole army of obstacles that rise in his way? Can he humble the high, and elevate the poor and lowly? Can he make those holding authority in the state insensible to their individual interest and ambition, in their zeal for humanity? Can he find the means of educating those innumerable thousands who are so ignorant of all light? Or, more than this, can he extinguish that great evil which has existed from the world's beginning—the enemy of all good?

Man cannot do this, unless aided by God. His almighty power must uproot the evil, before man can sow the good seed; and to secure His countenance, His guidance, and mighty help, man must do that which is acceptable and finds favor in His sight. And how can he do this, otherwise than by believing in that New Testament which He has sent man as a guide to salvation—that book, which, under His protection, has for eighteen hundred years preserved its undying interest, and which has struggled through warfare and revolution and tyrannical despotism in the church and state, only to become, after the lapse of that time, the bright foundation of true religion?

The belief in one God has two foundations. The one is the bible—the other is nature. If man receives any part of that bible with faith, he must receive the whole; and he must therefore believe in the three persons and one God, and the death of Jesus Christ for the redemption of the world. If he makes nature the foundation of his belief in God—then the necessity of a Saviour must be obvious to all who will consider things from the beginning of creation.

When the first man, who was created to enjoy perfect happiness upon earth, fell from his immortal estate, the wrath of the Creator was just in condemning him to death; but he knew that those generations that would follow Adam, although inheritors of, could not be punished or

answerable for, his sin. But when generation succeeded generation, he found that the evil was growing—that they sinned more and repented less, and that, were He to punish them according to their deserts, there would be no hereafter. He then showed His great mercy to the human race, and He made that very sin and the death, that followed it, the portal to our everlasting life. He now determined that the seeds of the true faith should be sown,—that man should have a convincing proof of His goodness and mercy,—and that the doors of salvation should be opened, that all those believing should enter. For this purpose was God made man. Who more fitting to redeem the world and effect this purpose, than part of His own spirit, born into the flesh, and named by him His son—Emanuel, interpreted by man, “God with us?”

The great scheme of redemption being now fulfilled, and the Son united to the Father, they extend their mighty influence over all mankind,—and this is the Holy Ghost. Those seeking the influence of the Holy Spirit must ask it in humility of the united Three, and they will be successful.

Could you sincerely believe in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost,—and the Son as the Redeemer of the world,—the guidance of the Almighty would be extended to you;—for how acceptable unto him would be the homage of one who in all other respects is so truly a Christian man!

I trust that you will give your attention to the life of Jesus Christ as written by His Apostles,—and I think you must see the great blessing of faith in His divinity. And of those things relating to him which appear to man inexplicable, I will only say—Blessed are those who walk by faith and not by sight.

I will no longer dwell upon this subject;—but believe me it is of vital importance to your soul's welfare, and to the body and soul of those who shall follow in your footsteps:—for could you unite your belief in the Trinity in your supplication on high for help, with the noble plans you have formed for man's happy condition on earth, that system and the true religion would flow together and spread universally, as the true vine covering the earth, whose branches would be found in every heart. And the millennium would commence.

Consider how deeply you are involved—that you are responsible, not only for your own soul, but for many of those who almost worship you—whose opinions are yours. Consider also the greatness of your glory, if, being truly convinced, you shall wait with your followers, who have been saved even in the eleventh hour, the coming of the judgment day, and receive with them your rewards.

In conclusion, I will call your attention to one other subject of scarcely less importance than the former—the necessity of abstaining from all intercourse with evil spirits, while you are searching after good. When you have attained but the first stage of conviction, the admonition will be unnecessary.

I assure you that those spiritual communications with man, by force, which have created such a disturbance in America and England, are undoubtedly and undeniably evil; and it is the last struggle of the fallen angel for the empire over man, before the commencement of the reign of peace.

With the most earnest prayer that angel can offer up for man, I now bid you farewell,—sincerely trusting that He who gave the living waters of eternal life unto the woman of Samaria in return for the water which quenched only His thirst, will give you the same reward for those works of charity in which you have been so faithful a follower of Himself as man.

Believe me your sincere friend,

C. A.

REPLY BY MR. OWEN TO THE PRECEDING.

13TH APRIL, 1855.

[My impressions of God, written after receiving the Crowned Angel's communication to me through Mr. Hockley's mirror, viewed by his young seer.]

Mr. Hockley's letter containing this unique communication arrived

this morning. My conviction is that the C. Angel is sincere, and true to his own impressions, and also disinterested in his communications to Mr. Hockley and myself.

But my belief is not under the control of my will,—however desirous I am to meet the wishes of the C. A. I am compelled to believe according to the strongest convictions made upon my spiritual nature,—whether called mind or soul. These convictions are,—That God is an existence far higher and superior in its attributes than the inconsistent and contradictory being which men have hitherto supposed the Great Creating Power of the Universe to be.

My impression is:—

That God contains the essence of the knowledge and wisdom of the universe, and naturally and necessarily desires to produce the greatest possible happiness and harmony that the elements of the universe will admit.

That God is a real something,—substantial,—that he is the soul or mind of the universe, and by his influence pervades the universe, which includes all that exists.

That He is the sole Creator, preserver, and governor of all things which constitute the created universe.

That all things ever have been, are now, and ever will be, as He designed them,—and that no other power in opposition to Him could exist,—or he could not be God.

That God, the elements of the universe, and their inherent qualities, exist eternally; and God creates all things by combining these elements of which all things are made.

That to procure ultimate happiness and harmony throughout the universe, these elements must undergo certain combinations and changes of combinations, and that that which men call evil are the necessary passing effects of these changes from the germs of things to their ultimates, or from the seed to the necessary process to maturity.

That supreme knowledge and wisdom necessarily produce the essence of goodness; and therefore that God would not permit pain or suffering throughout the universe if they could be avoided in the process of creation to effect ultimate universal happiness and harmony.

That God when He creates, knows what He creates, and why He creates, and the best mode by which each of His creations can attain the results or happiness which He designs for His creations.

That God makes all His creations to be, to feel, to think, to believe, and to act, as He designed when He created each.

That the created therefore never can possess merit or demerit for that which it is made to be, to feel, to think, to believe, or to do.

That God is too elevated in all His qualities to be affected by the belief of man, or by any of his sacrifices or worship—all of which must be the crude ideas of men in their early process of development, while their mental faculties were in the earliest stages of growth.

That the evident design of God in the creation is to produce the greatest variety and amount of happiness; and the only duty, (if duty it may be called,) is for the created to receive, enjoy, and to aid to increase this happiness, to the greatest practicable extent in their power.

That supreme knowledge, wisdom, and goodness, never could have created evil to have opposed His own good and superior designs;—but the inherent qualities of the elements of the universe being co-eternal with God, and God being under the necessity to create all things from these elements, pain and suffering are the temporary effects necessarily arising from the process of creating, in certain of its stages to obtain ultimate everlasting happiness.

It is a strong conviction on my mind that the beautiful universe of general order and harmony could not have been made by a power such as is described in the early annals of all nations having the crude inconsistent notions of men, undeveloped in rational faculties, and who in all their religions have no higher ideas of God than the level of their own undeveloped, uncultivated, and mis-governed passions. The God of the universe must be of necessity the essence of knowledge, wisdom, goodness, and love, and altogether independent of man's belief in His exist-

ence, in His attributes, or of His worship by them in any other manner than in contributing to the happiness of His creations. And this latter result, God has secured, by making all things with life to desire their own happiness, and to make that happiness to consist in universal happiness. And now, in the due order of creation, as it appears, He has enabled man to perceive the natural path to the attainment of the happiness of his race through futurity, and to terminate ignorance, poverty, falsehood, disunion, disease, crime, and misery,—all of which are the necessary results of the past undeveloped state of man.

To make some advance in this early undeveloped state, Jesus Christ was sent into the world to effect a great and important mission. This was, to prepare the world to learn that the happiness which all sought could be attained only when charity and love could be made to pervade the spirit of humanity. But the time was not then come when the means were to be made known how that spirit could be universally created in man.

He put in motion the germ of the desire to receive this spirit, and it has been slowly germinating through eighteen hundred years, until it now requires to advance to a new phase—to a knowledge of the means by which this spirit can be universally and permanently created. My mission is to make this known to the population of the world.

To create universal charity and love in the human race, there are certain conditions to be created around them; and without the existence of those conditions, these essential virtues to human happiness can never be attained.

These conditions must create truth, knowledge, wealth, wisdom, unity, and must entirely supersede those conditions which create falsehood, ignorance, poverty, folly, disunion, and crime.

The population of the world is yet without knowledge of the science of conditions. It knows not that all things—good, indifferent, or bad—are effected with the certainty of a law of nature by conditions which alone can produce those results.

Fortunately for the human race the time has arrived, or, in other words, the conditions are known, by which they may be all made good, with the same certainty that they have until now been made by effective conditions to become inferior and bad, as all now are of necessity, in consequence of being surrounded from birth with inferior or bad conditions only.

To attain the Millennial State of existence for humanity will now become, through the knowledge of the science of conditions, not only an easy, but a most pleasant and gratifying task to the governors and governed throughout the world.

But this almighty change is not to be effected by prematurely destroying the existing conditions of society—bad and inferior as they are. This would be to increase the present bad and inferior feelings, which have been made by these bad and inferior conditions to pervade all humanity.

On the contrary, these bad and inferior conditions must be preserved with care and due consideration, while the good and superior conditions are in progress ultimately to supersede them.

This is the universal revolution near at hand, to change falsehood into truth, evil into good, misery into happiness;—and it will be accomplished by the simple means of creating good and superior conditions to supersede bad and inferior:—by merely adopting in practice the GREAT PRINCIPLE which I published in 1812,—namely, "That any general character, from the worst to the best, from the most ignorant to the most enlightened, may be given to any community,—aye even to the population of the world, by the adoption of proper means, (or the right conditions,) which means are to a great extent within the power and under the control of those who have influence in the affairs of men."

This great all-important truth I then sent to all the civilized governments, and to the most learned universities throughout Europe, by the aid and assistance of the British Government, under the administration of the Earl of Liverpool, who was a sincere convert to this divine system

for effectually insuring the goodness and happiness of the human race.

This knowledge was then too new in principle and practice to be then accepted and adopted by the governors of the people, or to be understood by the governed.

This germ was however then planted;—and its growth has been watched and assisted until it is now ripened into maturity;—and who, possessing one grain of common sense, will now deny its divine truth, or its overwhelming good results to the human race through all futurity.

Let governors and governed now act wisely in accordance with this simple principle, and the Millennial State of Existence upon earth will be established for ever.

And what is there now to prevent this change commencing immediately?

All the materials and means requisite superabound; and surely now governors and governed are so far developed as to prefer the Millennium to the present Babel state of human existence over the earth.

We shall soon see.

ROBERT OWEN.

To the Crowned Angel from the 7th sphere.

FACTS ABOUT SCANDAL MONGERS.

In every community is a class of people whose only object in life seems to be to defame and injure those around them. Generally persons of small mind and low origin, they seek to drag others down because their own merits will not suffice to give them a creditable position in society. It has been our lot to meet with several of this class, and we have made their frailty a study; but we confess no philosophy will account for all their caprices. One person, for instance, goes back into the past and resurrects all the old stories of family shortcomings, of social dissensions, of "what was once said," and a sad array is thrown in the teeth of some excellent man or woman as old sins which they are expected to bear. In consequence, the whole neighborhood is busy with these old and most usually false tales of scandal and gossip, and the tale-bearer has the satisfaction of seeing really worthy people in much pain and trouble from the unexpected imputations made against them. But here is the mystery; that very tale-bearer has a past of the most unenviable repute—her family were of the most "scaly" kind of people, and lived such a life as does not usually look well in print, and why a person of such descent should indirectly excite attention to her own affairs and her not-forgotten past, by her revival of ancient scandal strikes us, as puzzling to tell. It has served to quicken our suspicions that all scandal-mongers have a family escutcheon not particularly pure; and we have come to the conclusion that he or she whose tongue is busy with reputations and family happiness is just the person whose past ought to be shrouded in darkness. If a decent respect for the feelings of the living and dead will not prevent the exhumation of that which time had buried and grown over with flowers let the busy body think she is thus lowered in the estimation of worthy people, and be silent from fear.—*Sandusky Register*.

Spiritual Manifestations at Lockport.

A reliable friend, at Lockport, communicates the following: On Thursday evening, the 22d inst., a party of seven were sitting in a circle, at GEO. S. PLACE. Many beautiful and interesting manifestations were given through Mrs. I. G. ARWOOD and Miss MARY PLACE. As the circle was about to break up, a coffin was presented to the vision of Mrs. ARWOOD, and beside it stood the spirit of a young man, who informed her that he had just taken his departure from the earthly form, and requested her to witness his flight to his home of future happiness.

Some six weeks before this, Mrs. A. who is gifted with diagnostic powers, told this young man that there was a disease lurking about him, and that she feared it would terminate fatally. He then appeared to be in good health, and remarked that, if it did terminate fatally, he would come and let her know, as soon as he left the body. And he fulfilled his promise. There was no chance for any one in the circle to know of his death, as he lived several miles off; and the fact was not made known in this place till 3 o'clock the next day, when a special messenger arrived to inform Mrs. A. of his decease.

LOCKPORT, Nov. 24th 1855.

Lecture No. 20—By Edgar C. Dayton.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

SIN AND THE NECESSITY OF A MORAL RESURRECTION.

This world is a microcosm of the whole united energies of nature, and a receptacle for the influx and agglomeration of particles; and is an agent to modify and transfer them, by a process of refluxation into organizations. All the higher forms of atomic ascensions, are celestial; and the processes of change immerse them into another sphere. All productive forms of nature, are rendered such, by the perfection of spiritual substances, or by the associating forms of spirit with rudimental matter. The highest strata of forms in the mineral, vegetable and animal world, flows directly through analogous channels, into the constitution of man, and is there immersed into spiritual principles, rendering him reciprocal and harmonious to the successively and uniformly dissimilar forms of inner nature. It is thus made evident, by these considerations, that matter, throughout the universe, is the same, but that it forms different or dissimilar organizations. And upon this principle of elaborating matter into dissimilar forms, may we safely base the origin of discord and harmony, which exist in all the departments of human being.

There is no inherent evil in human nature. Man is a perfect compound, unfolded by the ascending series of forms that flow from nature. The rudiments of all organic beings, are the condensation and purification of matter, ultimated into rudimental organizations, by spiritual principles; and their elaborations are dissimilar. Therefore, inherent evil there cannot be. Evil may reign in an animal nature; but this is not a sequence of the series, or associations, of the soul, and the unfolding of the same, but only is a consequence of an undeveloped nature. Hence any theory or hypothesis, having a tendency to unite inherent goodness with inherent evil, should forever be discarded from the world. Discord emanates from an ill-strung harp, and cannot be consonant with the principles belonging to the music of nature. Dissimilar organizations must possess dissimilar desires and tastes, and cannot be in perfect harmony with each other. But the harmony of the soul is perverted by outward desires, called into action by events incident to human life. Circumstances compel men to act from their influence, because man is naturally impulsive, and acts from impulsive excitement, more than he does from real spiritual judgement, in many of his acts of human life.

Evil is merely an appellation applied to man, representing an undeveloped and an imperfectly organized nature. In the days of antiquity, men were martyred for their exemplification of virtue, truth and reason. And nature has blushed with shame for the degradation of a perverted consciousness. In subsequent generations, men have been subjected to the torturing stake and dissolving flames; and those who perpetrated the acts, were only actuated by the fiery elements of sectarian prejudice. The iron heel of priestly men, has trodden down the uplifting voice of God, in the human heart; and sectarian envy only prompted them to commit the acts.

How fearful, indeed, are the dark thoughts which well up from the past, and send forth their mournful whisperings, that men died martyrs to the promptings of the soul within. The ancient apostles, or some of them, were condemned and did die martyrs. Their expiring breath, warm as the favonian breath of summer, wafted over the cruel souls who thus physically tortured them, and awoke the few remaining sparks of sympathy, until reformers were evolved from the chaotic mass of human misery. Sektarian vengeance was manifested by the ecclesiastical organizations; and all resisting philanthropy—all purity of religious principles, was destroyed, and the world moaned with misery and degradation. But the hope of regeneration arose, and men began to see that they were mere nothings, even in the physical world; and the vision of science began to unfold the greatness and majesty of God, in the volumes of nature, of which man is but a simple sentence.

The bible demonstrated the formation of the world; but history, farther back than the bible tells us of other men, among whom will be recognised CONFUCIUS, the Chinese philosopher; or, at least, chronicles his existence, some hundred of years before the birth of JESUS. He taught the same lessons of wisdom and universal love. He taught that there were elements of God, in man, and that he was related to nature in all his principles of soul and body. He was a reformer of his age, but died with time. And the Bible was sealed to be the true and immutable word of God, by the Emperor CONSTANTINE, with the assenting vote of many Bishops; and his name was sounded through the world, as a living representative of Deity, and a true representation of moral purity; but, at heart, he was a murderer! But we will not censure him for the imperious aristocracy which characterized his nature, as that must have been a predominancy of the animal nature. But CONSTANTINE sealed the testaments, as canonised, and was applauded by his supposed subordinate minds, as the highest embodiment of morality then existing, ever acting in accordance with the inspirations of Deity, handed down to his mind by divine influx. Still he was murdering his own humanized relatives—shedding the blood of the innocent; and the fiery elements of vengeance swept in fearful flames along the boundaries of his animal nature, swallowing up many innocent victims in its terrible sweep. Thus was the career of him who sealed the Bible as the true word of God.

The revelations of PLATO, in the recognition of the identity of man and his immortality, were, indeed, beautiful, and worthy of the highest appreciation, and should occupy the highest position in the departments of natural truth.

CICERO was a defender of the truth of the universe, and had a deep consciousness of the falsifications of mythological theology; and he demands the esteem and reverence of the pure and appreciating. Such minds are like stars whose effulgent glory are reflected in the mirror of nature, with no vaporish accumulations to conceal their spiritual beauty.

Then, in centuries not long faded into the past, another intellectual star arose, to bring forth from the bosom of immortality, practical truths, as well as physical ones. He discovered the trinity of principles, in forming organizations; and he revealed that which no other scientific researcher ever did before him; and he should be reverentially cherished as a living and breathing soul, filled with the eternities of his God. And still farther back, Babylon thus surrounded by its walls, was torn from its foundation. Rome was shattered to atoms. Carthage was invaded and thrust from its position of glory and grandeur; and Thebes fell in its primal beauty, and faded away as a worthless object, by the hand of sectarian envy and vengeance.

But we move on over the infant sea of human refinement, and we behold reformers becoming more numerous, as the civilization of the world advances. Stars of immortal brightness, rise in the meridian sky of the human world, and mathematically analyze the developments of each planet in the solar system; and by the similar processes of mathematical induction, prove that, by inherent laws of God, these worlds are brought in close proximity with man. They have proven that there are no discrepancies in nature, whether physical or mental, and that all the crime and degradation of the past, originated from an undeveloped condition of mind, and not from inherent evil. The functions of all animated bodies, are definitely connected, though in their actions they elaborate dissimilar objects.

All ignorance, injustice, and wretchedness have originated, and still do originate, from a perverted understanding of the true sphere of mind on earth. And temptations of a captivating nature, are placed before men, and they yield to them by the passionate forces of an animal nature. And how unjust the alleged biblical fact, that man is of God, and yet the divine Mind withholds from him the competency to resist temptation. And how cruel, in Deity, to embody man in an imperfect organization, and to lay, if the Bible record be true, a plot which would implicate minds for thousands and thousands of years. The Bible says that man originally was tempted and yielded; and, fol-

lowing this, is a spiritual death, and all unborn creations are thrown, for this individual violation, into its merciless horrors. That it disconnects the finite from the infinite; banishes the erring human soul into an awful burning gulf of eternal and immortal misery; and that soul must writhe, *spiritually*, in the waves of darkness, engulfed in the bosom of a fiery abyss, whose dissolving flames are fanned into a living fire, by the influence of an eternally beneficent God.

But this, to most of the sensibilities of man, is too deadening to even find its abode in the darkest recesses of the distorted imagination; and though wildly proclaimed by men as a living fact of heaven, is fast departing from the pulpit and rostrum, where are now being taught the principles of justice and universal benevolence. It has long existed, in the human mind, as a monument in a mighty desert—as a lumbent flame, emitted from the ocean formed rock, and as a burning sun, to light up the universe of human nature. But the monument is crumbling to ashes; the rock is dissolving, and the sun about to set; and then there will be forever banished the most fatal error which ever characterized the world.

Nature has ever unfolded its charms and undying beauty, even though man in his maddening folly, has clothed it in a mantle of human darkness, made thus by the terrible vengeance of an exasperated Deity, to punish those whom he created himself, and incarnated their souls into the physical body. This is a charge against the mighty God of love, unworthy the character of a heathen potentate. It has generated immorality; but its deleterious power is limited, and cannot arrest the vital workings of God's immutable laws. The idea has closed the portals of intuition; and omnipotent vengeance and a fearful fount of eternal darkness have ever appeared vividly before the deranged imagination.

Divine harmony continues to pervade and inseparably join the material with the spiritual; and the moral resurrection of humanity, is fast welling up through the chaotic abode of ignorance, and rippling quietly over its bosom's surface, conveying man still nearer to his approaching existence in immortality.

Man has already begun to take his text from nature; and his sanctuary is the expanded earth, and its walls and roof, the unfolded heavens. Its rostrum is universal truth. The voices and supplications of nature cannot be hushed. They must be heard in all their interrogations. And as mankind first expressed thoughts by configuration of the countenance, the present finds not only that, but verbal utterance as a mode of conveying thought. Man cannot contemplate the past with pleasure and complacency. He cannot pursue its records with emotions of joy; for the tyrant has wielded the almost unbounded influence of a superficial and chimerical theology, over men of that generation, or day. The present must be the beginning of a moral resurrection.

It is true that some minds, at this day, cherish and foster the mental wreck which constitutes the ancient modes; and mind must have seen forms of worship instituted. There only remain the dusty annals of the past, for the speculations of man, upon the events of antiquity.

The heroic soul of the past now lives in the future of the human soul, placing before the human vision the bright annals of eternity. Let their past heroism be remembered; but live to read and peruse the histories of God. Man is a page—then scan the page well—nor forget a single sentence. Learn it well, for its richness and beauty breathe of God. He who rules, speaks from the solitary deserts and monuments of ages gone by. He has impressed on man the express image of his nature and attributes. He reveals his character in every leaf, particle and flower. In the human soul and on the bosom of nature, the wilderness will begin to blossom as the rose, and the tender vine will clamber up and around the stately tree, aspiring to its top.

As CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, in his ocean voyages, discovered the dead branch floating by, he knew that a land or world existed where the branch came from; and he toiled until, at last, his glad vision beheld the land; and after fatigue and toil, he reposed his weary brow upon the bosom of another continent. So is it with man. He discov-

ers little truths floating by him, on the ocean of human life; and he eagerly grasps them, knowing that there is a world where they must exist. And he toils on, weary and perhaps down trodden, moving on over the scenes of his earthly destiny, until he, like COLUMBUS, has discovered another continent, where he forever reposes his now rested soul. Yes, the moral, intellectual and religious resurrection has commenced. Sin there is now, but man is learning to attribute all evil to a mis-directed will; and the rising generation will rejoice in freedom and liberty.

Yours,

E. C. DAYTON.

Republication of Lectures.

The following is Lecture No. 5, by STEPHEN R. SMITH: Miss Brooks, Medium.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Spiritual life is the divine essence of the immortal mind. Harmony, action and progression, the infinite principle of the spirit. The eternal soul is the embodiment of wisdom, love and divine harmony. We find that an immortalized matter forms the eternal and progressive mind.

When the spirit is departing its earthly sphere, it passes through multitudinous processes; and while it is undergoing the change, its spiritual body, or organization, is also being formed, so that what portion of refined matter goes to constitute that body, is separated from the human organization. It is gradually concentrated into the spiritual organization, until all the spiritually refined matter is attracted to the spiritual form, and the mind occupies its position in that body, and commences its glorious work of heavenly progression.

The immortal mind first aspires to define its eternal progression. Aspiration gives life and soul to the immortal spirit. Love gives the spirit its position in its new existence. It requires a God to appreciate a God. It also requires a harmonious mind to understand and appreciate harmony. Harmonious principles are first the deep study of the spirit. This is the life and action of its spiritual being. It is the type of the positive mind—the image of the Great Creator. The immortal soul is a glorious and happy one. It has labors to perform which elaborate and develop its mental faculties; and the spirit unfolds its vision to the researches of that divine knowledge, which emanates continually from the governing soul, and is conveyed by purely developed minds of higher spheres, to those of a lower sphere. All knowledge inculcated by the immortal mind, advances its development in a degree higher; and thus it will ever work its way up through the spheres of an immortal progression, until its refinement will become so perfect that it forgets the universe of materiality. Upward and onward is the destiny of the spirit, through eternity, until it shall occupy the sphere of development that the Supreme Ruler now occupies; but no spirit will ever reach the throne of Deity.

The undeveloped spirit sees before him an embryo heaven; but truth illuminates his inner perception, and while his mind is dissolving into the beauties of a spiritual life, it yearns for that light which protects and guides the eternal mind. As flowers fade beneath the autumnal breeze, so the human form returns to dust, and another glorious world and the undefinable beauties of another life, are revealed to the spirit. The mind awakens to the bright realities of a divine existence. Through the immortal soul steals the beautifying thoughts, awakened by the harmonious elements pervading the whole organization of nature. The spirit is disrobed of its evil tendencies and aspires to holier truths beyond its own sphere of development. The mind never ceases to progress. God progresses, and every mind is drawn towards Him, rising still higher and higher. God is the embodiment of perfection. He possesses the divine and infinite qualities of wisdom, love and holiness.

There is, throughout the universe of God, an everlasting and unchanging law, which harmonizes mind with mind, and every spiritual object with its like. This law is ORDER. The immortal soul cannot violate this law, for it partakes of the divine essence which forms it; and

its thoughts and aspirations are concentrated in this controlling principle of the spirit world.

There is a law, immutable and unchanging, which draws immortal souls indissolubly together; and this law is HARMONY. From this no spirit can stray; for, from the position of God, to the lowest sphere, harmony flows from the throne of Deity, through every mind, until it reaches the most undeveloped one. By this glorious law, every immortal soul is drawn upward towards its heavenly Father.

There is a law, celestial and infinite, its power omniscient, its omnipresence eternal. It is the in-dwelling spiritual principle of the thirsting and aspiring soul. It is the great, immortal impulse of the spirit. This law is characterized by life, motion and intelligence. It is deposited in the Divine Mind, and is thence distributed through every sphere. This law is WISDOM.

There is still another law. It is the law of refinement and expansion, that has no limitation. It inspires the spirit with veneration. It is the mainspring of progression. It is stamped upon every thing and every object. It is the law of LOVE. All these laws are locked together by one grand and harmonious law of omniscient power; and that is the law of God.

If every spirit could stand upon the immeasurable mount of intellectual elevation, and read every line traced upon the unbounded and illuminated page of nature, by the hand of God, to behold the many minds beneath itself, the attribute of aspiration would be quickened, and that mind rise rapidly to the sphere of wisdom; and, as from God descended still deeper truths, it would still aspire to something beyond—something greater and holier—something that would reveal its own destiny, and pure and infinite progression would mark its upward course.

God is the first cause, the positive mind. Nature is of his creation, and is negative. God never changes. His position is beyond modification or change. His qualities are superlatively perfect. God is the Father of all. Progression marks His eternal and divine career. He is the superlative magnet, and he is Deity. He stands at the head of spiritual and human beings, drawing them still higher and nearer to that grand position where every atom of matter which is uncongenial to that sphere of development shall have gone to assist in the organization of other spiritual structures. The spirit, when it arrives at this point in progression, ceases to communicate with mind lower than itself. The immortal soul is drawn infinitely nearer to God when disrobed of gross materiality. Order, harmony, wisdom and love, are the four great and immutable laws that control the immortal mind. Those laws blend harmoniously together, and are tinted with the light emanating from the supremacy of our Heavenly Father.

Wisdom enriches the immortal mind. Love harmonizes it. Order connects it in conjunction with the eternal laws of God; and harmony inspires it with deep and holy affection towards every being in a spiritual or material existence. The combination and blending of these laws forbid the heavenly spirit to violate the immutable principles of the Divine Mind. The immortal soul is ever bearing the hope which infuses into it the essence of infinite and harmonious elements. The immortal soul, when moving up and up forever, when asked, whither dost thou journey? turns its perception upon the searching mind, and responds: I follow my God. The human soul, when asked, whither do you go? must, with tenderness and generosity, look upon the seeking mind, point its pinions to the Supreme Ruler, and respond: To my home in heaven. Truly yours,

STEPHEN R. SMITH.

Correspondence from the Spirit World.

MISS SCOTT, MEDIUM.

MR. ALBRO:

MY EARTHLY FRIEND: The following communication is from the spirit of a gentle forest maiden. Her name, "SHANANDOAH," was given by her father, BLACK HAWK, as an emblem of goodness. She

was associated with the unfortunate, yet beautiful and good "MOXONOTO," from whom you have received a deep and elevated message. A desire to associate themselves with each other, and with earthly minds, prompted them to give each a lecture, through your paper. These simple forest maidens, clothed in all the simplicity and innocence of nature, now shine brightly in the firmament of spirits, as beautiful and radiant as their natures represent. During the captivity of the Spanish maiden, they vowed solemnly to cherish and love each other forever; and when, at last, they were separated by the conquering powers, they still breathed promises of undying friendship. And while the brilliancy of the Indian race faded, and the dread heel of the pale face crushed the blooming flower of the forest, the two loving souls wended their way to the paradise of the angels. Respectfully,

A. A. BALLOU.

"GOD IS LOVE, GOD IS LOVE."

As forth from the dark clouds of error, the effulgent rays of truth's brilliant sun, shot athwart the blackened horizon of human woe, a cry was heard; a mournful wail which echoed through the vast canopy of Heaven, and died like the murmuring sound of some furious blast. Earth heard the cry, and ceased for a while her merry voice and giddy dance around the sun; planets stopped in their wild career, and suns forgot to shine. The moon turned paler than her own pale face, and the universe forgot itself in its intense anxiety to search the realms of space, and find the cause of that wild and fearful moan. Just then, a chariot of fire, drawn by twelve milk-white steeds, from whose dilated nostrils fire, smoke and burning lava came, whirled through the trackless sky; and as its wheels rolled, in majestic thunder, by the frightened stars, the shriek of anguish they had heard before, grew louder and louder, until every cry pierced like an arrow the ears of Deity.

Earth half breathed, half whispered to the moon, and both raised their fair faces to the sky murmuring: "Where is God?" No answer came, except the deafening cry of that unknown sufferer. Soon a wild gleam of light flashed through the elemental world, and, riding on clouds of burnished gold, an angel came, bearing within his hand a golden scepter, while ever and anon he shouted: "Where is God? O! where is God?" No answer came; but the chariot with its burning wheels, flew past him, and as it went, a *female*, clothed in spotless white, whose grace and dignity even Juxo might covet, stood with wild glaring eyes and flowing tresses, dark as the wing of night. She stood within that flying car, and ever forth from her sweet mouth the cry of anguish came.

The angel on the cloud of gold, beckoned as she flew by him. But on and on she sped, still uttering those horrid sounds which might seem to come from some imp of the infernal realms. Mean-while, creation trembled like a frightened fawn, and the young universe still murmured "Where is God?" The angel smiled, for then a fairy child, just born in heaven, descended on celestial pinions, and, with silvery voice and uplifted hand, sang "God is love, O! God is love!" 'Twas like the ringing of city-bells, or warbling of bright birds of paradise; and, although the voice of that cherub angel-child was low and soft, yet the echo resounded throughout all creation; and stars, suns and universes still re-echoed the gentle tones: "God is love."

Then spake the angel on his golden throne: Listen, all ye planets suns and stars! As forth from the chaotic universe ye sprang, as from a dark and unknown state of majestic confusion, ye each came forward attracting in your train particles of unidentified thought. Ye formed within yourselves great powers of individual life, and each stepped into the great space of universal matter, etherialized and refined into the electrical elements of creative worlds. Particles of matter like your own, rushed from afar to associate themselves with each congenial particle; and every ray of light, every property of each identified star, sought each its own attractive elements, and whirled themselves into a spherical form, while God, the essence of the whole, produced the elements of procreative universes, suns and systems, all by His own great power, His own inherent laws. As time flew on, and thought, mind,

matter and chaos became identified in every star, the form of "humanity" sprang up on each created planet, and attracted to itself the elements of God's mind identified. Hope, reason, judgment, power, goodness and wisdom combined, made of "humanity" the apex of God's creative powers; and every noble truth, inherent in the universe, became subjected to that spirit's laws. But alas! while the infant child, humanity, yet slumbered on the bosom of creation, and God, its Father, watched with anxious eye the mirrored miniature of His own greatness, the slumbering babe writhed in its mother's arms, and wound itself around her neck. God looked and the hideous form of a serpent enveloped his blooming universe, and creation swooned in the coils of the fearful monster, who stole her life away. But soon God spoke, and the slimy form slowly unwound itself from the body of the beautiful bride of Deity, and glided stealthily away. But as he went, the murdered universe sprang to her feet, and created from the dust beneath her, and from the elements around her, a chariot and steeds of living, burning fire, and uttering a wild, long shriek, flew like an arrow from the presence of Deity.

"Humanity," extolled by the powers conferred upon him by his father, faintly imagined that he, in his infantile existence, could stand alone. But as he sought to tear himself away from his mother's arms, error stepped in, with stealthy tread, and assumed the place of young Humanity. The mother, waking from her dreadful stupor, awoke but to live in an eternal night, and flew around the universe, a living, breathing, yet all-killing creation. But God smiled calmly on the murdered bride, and on his treacherous son, Humanity; and as he smiled, Humanity again came forth, the cherub-boy you now behold, and whispered softly "God is love." The angel ceased, and every star sprang forward to embrace the infant child; and as each imprinted a burning kiss upon the fair white brow, Creation again started from her dreadful grave, and clasped the darling to her heaving breast. Universes and systems, suns, creations and all, joined in the joyous song, the chorus ending "God is love."

SHANANDOAH.

A LADY'S OPINION OF A BAD HABIT.

Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith, the American authoress, says the habit of spitting is probably one reason why the Americans are so meager in person. They spit themselves to death, and then talk wonderingly about our climate—swell the number of those who die of consumption, and look like scarecrows during the period of their natural life. Women and girls rarely spit—from an instinctive sense of its indelicacy—but men look solemn, talk grave and spit, just as we close a paragraph in our editorial with a period.

Boys, as soon as they are installed into a broad collar, spit. They practice in order to do this well—shooting forward the body, and the under lip, till they become masters of the art, and able to hit a spittoon at the greatest possible distance.

If spitting must be done, the pocket handkerchief is the only legitimate medium, and this can be used in a manner as little obvious to the spectator as possible. Those who have this habit inveterately established, should carry an extra handkerchief, that the one "wisely kept for show" may be as little objectionable as possible.

Seriously, our secretions, if healthy, are never offensive, and never in undue quantities; the habit of ejecting the saliva from the mouth, causes an extra secretion, which must in its turn be ejected, and thus nature is severely taxed to supply the waste—the gums shrink—the teeth fall—the throat is parched—bronchitis first, and finally consumption, or some other decay of a weak organ, comes in to close the scene.

An Arab would run a man through who should presume to spit in his presence. The bird never spits, the toad squats to the earth, and the serpent cretates saliva as a deadly poison. If we weep passionately, the saliva is bitter—it is pungent and scanty in the action of the baser emotions, while love renders it sweet and abundant. The saliva is associated with our whole animal economy, and follows closely on the action of our minds, sympathetically, and intimately, with all its moods.

Sensativeness inclines us to swallow down our saliva, while disgust disposes us to spit it out. The scent of roses moistens the lips more than the tongue; lemons cause the mouth to be filled with saliva. The sight of one hateful to us, dries the mouth, while on the contrary, one who is agreea-

ble, moistens it. Hence those who weep much have not only dry lips, but an acid mouth. There is a beautiful philosophy in all this, and those who waste the secretions by spitting, lose not only the action of these glands, but unquestionably weaken the fine sensibilities associated with them. Show us a man who spits, and you show us a man of uncertain characteristics, and one whose sensibilities are not to be trusted. Do away with spittoons, and nature will do her work more genially for man—she will beautify him—whereas now she is obliged to be continually patching him up.

POLAR SCENERY.

How beautiful is the aspect of those wild cliffs that hang threateningly over our heads! Though the sun is below the horizon, its rays, glancing over the mountains, tinge their snowy heads with sweet rosy hues, which seem incorporated in the snow, and, passing through all gradations, die out in the dark blue of the shadows cast by the intended crests of the great rocks. For the first time, no doubt, the foot of a European disturbs these picturesque solitudes, the echoes of which excite the imagination by their mysterious voices. A rolling stone, the snow creaking under our steps, our very breathing—all resound with a tumult curiously magnified by reverberation, and then dying out in the distance, as if it fled in affright at itself. The dazzled sight is every moment deceived. Apparently, I have plainly beheld before me two men of enormous size; I have distinguished all their gestures; I see them load their guns—yes, coming to meet us; I walked towards them, and fifty yards further I found a stone a foot high—divided into two black halves—by a little patch of snow. The snow falls in great flakes, and gives a light which we still enjoy about noon; during the rest of the day a slaty hue saddens and makes us feel the cold more sensibly; objects a little distance from us are all confounded together in one funeral, leaden grey. Over head, beneath our feet, all round us, is snow—nothing but snow. The rugged crests of rock, or the perpendicular faces of the cliffs grinning through it, seem alone to protest against this violation of their nature, and alone remind us that the world is not an immense snow-ball; and yet there is an indefinable charm in this spectacle, which one feels but can not express in words, a charm known only to those who have experienced it, because, being before all things men of action, we have not learned to paint what our eyes have seen and admired. We pass close by an iceberg, rising only some scores of feet above water, but half a mile long. Mr. Leask says it is one of the largest he has ever seen. I examined these different masses of ice with a view to discover some analogy of structure, some law of formation, but in vain; the variety of forms defies comparison and classification. Sometimes we have a regular table of sugar-loaf; sometimes an actual island, with its creeks, bays, and promontories; or an immense tent from which you would almost expect to see an inhabitant step out and welcome you, or the entrance of a cave opening with vast galleries, or a cavern, preceded by splendid works of art. The stories of our childhood, the wonders of the "Arabian Nights" recur unbidden to the memory, and would fain cry, "Open Sesame"—the dark profundities in which a mysterious work is in preparation.—*Lieutenant Bellot's Journal.*

SPIRITUALISM IN TROY.

The *Troy Whig* says: "We do not believe the greater portion of our citizens have any idea of the number of votaries the Spiritual theory has in our midst. A gentleman whose word we regard as sufficient authority, for the assertion, estimates the number of sincere believers at 1,200.—These embrace many of our leading citizens—men of worth and intellect, who deduct their belief from philosophical and liberal reasoning, and are by no means to be identified with the fanatics who are always ready to embrace any new theory."

No one need be surprised in regard to the facts stated above. "Men of worth and intellect," have but to investigate the "Spiritual theory," to become convinced of the fact of spirit intercourse. The "almighty dollar" is so worshiped in this village, and so many of our citizens are intent upon acquiring the gold which perisheth, that no steps are taken here towards investigating the Spiritual phenomena, and hence, with us, Spiritualism is not a living, tangible faith. But in New York, Albany, Troy, Syracuse, Buffalo, and almost in every portion of this State, as well as throughout the Union, Spiritualism is becoming the faith of the masses, and, as a consequence, mankind are becoming better and happier.—*Saratoga Republican.*

Robert Owen and Anderson, the Magician.

The latter, as the general reader is aware, has been acting the part of Pharaoh's sorcerers, and letting off much senseless gasconade against Spiritualism and Spiritualists, in the English papers. In answer to the last fulmination of the inflated mountebank, the venerable Owen has published the following letter, in the London Morning *Advertiser*.

LETTER FROM MR. OWEN.

SIR: The public is much indebted to you for giving so much space in your paper to the subject of Spiritual Manifestations, because it is, and will become daily more and more, of essential importance to the progress and well-being of the race, and it is of lasting interest to every one to have it ascertained whether these new manifestations are a delusion or a reality. If false, the sooner the falsehood can be discovered and exposed the better for the cause of truth and progress; but if true, their immediate and future benefit to the human race is and will prove far beyond all present human calculations, their whole tendency being to terminate ignorance, sin, and misery.

These preliminary observations have been caused by your paper of Saturday last being just put into my hands, in which I have read Mr Anderson's letter headed, "What Spirit-rapping is. Letter from Mr. Anderson."

The public, and Spiritualism, if true, are both indebted to Mr. Anderson for so openly, boldly, and honestly opposing that which he deems to be false and injurious; and when men shall be trained to be rational, no one will ever be blamed for their convictions, whether true or false.

From this letter, and an appeal to the London public by a placard, which has also been just sent to me, I am obliged to conclude that, from continued irritation of mind in America and in this country, his ever conjuring mind has been perverted from its usual propriety, and that, upon this subject, he has become a monomaniac.

I am obliged to come to this conclusion from reading his letter and placard, in which I find nothing but a misrepresentation of facts.

Having had the most favorable opportunity of being behind the scenes in these matters; having received communications on this subject from most reliable quarters, and having lived in the same house with more mediums than one, I am prepared to state, from my own knowledge—

1. That the rappings are not produced by any mechanical means.
2. That, as on every subject, there may be designing imposters, there are innumerable proofs that there are mediums, and perhaps these number many thousands, who are not imposters, and who have no wish to impose on others, but who possess characters for mind, talent, and integrity not inferior to Mr. Anderson, or any one named in his letter.
3. That, although there are many persons of imaginary temperament who may believe in the truth of these spiritual manifestations, there are also, hundreds and thousands who possess sound, discriminating minds, equally competent with Mr. Anderson to investigate this subject, through all its ramifications, and who have so investigated it, and who have been compelled from irresistible evidence to come to conclusions in all respects the reverse of those stated to be at present Mr. Anderson's creed upon this now becoming all-important subject.

Again am I compelled, by a knowledge of facts, to differ from Mr. Anderson as to the beneficial or injurious results to society from this new *ism*, as he terms it. My conviction is that, from all I have read and know of the subject, it is preeminently calculated to make the population of the world far wiser, better, and happier than are all other *isms* united.

And as to the real number of lunatics in America from spiritual manifestations, how egregiously must Mr. Anderson have been imposed upon; for, from the most authentic sources of information, it would be difficult to find 7 cases, instead of 7,500, of lunacy, originating solely from spiritual investigation, although among the millions who are investigating a subject so new and strange to old-advocated prejudices, there will be many weak as well as strong minds.

I cannot suppose Mr. Anderson can long continue in his present state of mind on this subject; he must proceed ultimately with honest and sincere mind, to acquire truthful knowledge on this subject; and he will be converted; for truth, when allowed to grapple with error, is sure to prevail.

In the mean time, however, it would be unfortunate, in one point of view, that he should be converted to the truth. While the excitement can be maintained, his house will be nightly well filled; and that it may be so,

because truth will be the ultimate gainer, is the wish of his friendly opponent.

Sevenoake, October, 23, 1855.

ROBERT OWEN.

Testimony for Spirit-Intercourse.

The following is extracted from "Appendix" portion of Bro. J. B. Furguson's pamphlet on the "Divine Illumination."

Not to prove the reality of Spirit-Communion, (for that is proved in unanswerable facts and arguments now before the world,) or angelic ministration, but to expose the folly of the flippant charge of infidelity now so readily re-echoed by men, whose reading seems as defective as their dogmatism is positive, I take down a few authors to show, that faith in the ministry of angels has been the faith of the Church in all ages,

It has been seen by a multiplicity of proofs, that all the Patriarchs, Lawgivers, Kings, Prophets and Apostles, of Bible history, believed in the apparition of Spirits, and attributed their revelations, deliverances, and privileges, to God through this agency.

The Apocryphal Books are full of the same idea. Onias, who had been dead several years, appeared to Judas Maccabæus in the attitude of a man with his hands outspread, and so also the Prophet Jeremiah, who is called the protector and friend of his Brethren.—2 Macc. x: 29. In the thickest of the battle fought by Timotheus, five men were seen descending from heaven "mounted on horses with golden bridles," who blind and alarmed the aggressive army.—1 Macc. xi: 1. These five Spirit-horsemen were no other than the father of Judas and his four brothers deceased.

St. Augustine says, the "dead have often appeared to the living, accompanied by strange sounds. *Aug. de Cura pro Mortuis, c. x.*

St. Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, who suffered martyrdom A. D., 107, was often seen by his disciples environed in light, and many of them testified, under the most solemn circumstances, that they had embraced him. *Acta Sincera Martyrs*, pp. 11, 12; *Ed.* 1713.

After the death of St. Ambrose, some baptized Neophytes declared they saw the holy Bishop, and their parents could not see him, says the historian, their eyes not being purified. (We would say, Spiritualized.)—*Paulin, St. Ambrose*, 47, 48.

We could fill pages with details accredited by the Church, Orthodox and Heterodox, of apparitions, but we would exhaust your patience.

The faith of Luther upon this subject is well known. In more modern times, such men as Dr. George Campbell, Moses Stuart, Dr. Augustus Neander, Dr. Chalmers and Albert Barnes, whose works are familiar to all American Protestants, speak as follows:

"Angel, a name given to any messenger of God—a Spirit, whether of earthly or celestial origin."—*Dr. Geo. Campbell's eighth Dissertation.*

"Of the ministry of angels, we have many examples, both in the Old and New Testaments."—*Com. of McKnight, Heb. 1, 14.*

"That the sacred writers everywhere regard angels, and speak of them as intelligent beings, having a real existence, appears so plain that it would seem as if no one, who is not strongly wedded to his own *a priori* and philosophical reasoning, could venture to deny it."—*Com. on Heb. p. 297, by Moses Stuart.*

Angels "walk in the sight of God. They rejoice in the beatitudes of his presence. The veil is from off their eyes, and they see the character of a Presiding Divinity in every scene, and in every event to which the Divinity has given birth. When they see a new evolution in the history of created things, the reason they bend toward it so attentive an eye is, that it speaks to their understanding some new evolution in the purposes of God; some new manifestation of his high attributes; some new and interesting steps in the history of his sublime administration."—*Dr. Chalmers' Sermons*, vol. 2, p. 386. See the sermon *passim*. Did the Spirit by the writer anticipate our day?

"The Centurion heard that Christ, in compliance with the request of the Elders, was approaching his house. But the thought arose, hast thou not gone too far in asking the Son of God, who has Spirits at his command, to come to thy house? Could he not have employed one of his hosts of ministering Spirits to accomplish it? "Christ employed Spiritual agencies in the cure of disease, though we cannot bring all the instances of his healing under this class." "Little as we know of the connection between the mind and body, we know enough to make it in some degree clear, that an extraordinary Spiritual impression produces marvelous effects upon the bodily organism."—*Dr. Neander's Life of Christ*, pp. 141, 142; 239.—

The Doctor further argues, that it was not a power of the imagination, or what is called a natural power, to throw off disease, but a "susceptibility of impression on the part of the subject to Spirit, or divine influences," and he continues, "there is no instance of Christ working a miracle where a hostile tendency of mind prevailed."—p. 142. Modern Spiritual cures attest the same great law of mind. Man cannot receive Spiritually what his own Spirit is unwilling to receive!

"In this doctrine there is nothing absurd. It is no more impossible that angels should be employed to aid man, than that one man should aid another; certainly not as impossible as that the Son of God should come down not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Angelic ministration "constitutes the beauty of the moral arrangements on earth." "Is there any impropriety in supposing that they do now what the Bible says they ever have done? They attend the Redeemed; they wait on their steps; they sustain them in trial; they accompany them in departing to Heaven.

"And is there care in heaven? And is there love
In heavenly Spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is:—else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts; But O! the exceeding grace
Of highest God, that loves his creatures so,
And all his works of mercy does embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succor us who succor want!
How do they with golden pinions cleave
The yielding skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul foes to aid us militant;
For us they fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love and nothing for reward.
O! why should Heavenly God to men have such regard!"

—Albert Barnes, *Com. on Heb. chap. 1.*

We will not trespass further on your patience by an array of testimony open to all readers of Biblical literature. Allow us, however, to make one quotation from the pen of that most philanthropic and devoted of all modern Church Reformers, Dr. William E. Channing:

"Did I think of those who are gone, as dying to those they left, I should honor and love them less. The man who forgets his home when he quits it, seems to want the best sensibilities of our nature; and if the good were to forget their Brethren on earth in their new abode, were to cease to intercede for them in their nearer approach to their common Father, could we think of them as improved by the change? All this I am compelled to infer from the nature of the human mind. Could we hear them, I believe they would tell us they never truly loved the race before; never before knew what it is to sympathize with human sorrow, to mourn for human guilt. A new fountain of love to man is opened within them.—They now see what before dimly gleamed before their eyes; the capacities, the mysteries of the human soul. The significance of that word, immortality, is now apprehended, and every being destined to it, rises in unutterable importance. They love human nature as never before, and human friends are prized as above all price.

A new soul or a new eye might show the Spiritual world encompassing us on every side.

They love us more than ever, but with a refined, pure Spiritual love.—Their Spiritual vision penetrates to our souls. It would be a reproach to Heaven and the good, to say that their happiness is founded on their ignorance of our wants or sufferings."—*Channing's Sermon "Future Life," vol. 4, pp. 232, 233.*

NECROMANCY.—But for the sake of reproaching what they have not the candor to examine, our more unscrupulous opponents call us Necromancers. I ask, what do they mean by Necromancy? They would insinuate fraud and imposture! The word comes from *Nekros* and *Manthano*. [Some derive it from *Mantis*, but the signification is not changed.] *Manthano* signifies to learn, *Nekros* the dead: to learn of the dead. And is it a reproach, I ask, to learn of the dead? Then was Christ reproached, for he communed with Moses and Elias hundreds of years after their death, res-

pecting his own death. Was Christ a Necromancer? And were the Prophets and Apostles involved in the reproach of these modern denunciations? Because ignorance and superstition, by fraud and imposture, pretend to what the learned Rabbis of modern Materialism or Saduceism ought to understand, is there, therefore, no communion between the angelized and their Brethren in the flesh? Verily, we know of no death equal to that of a Christian soul, that denies its own Spiritual affinities and its professed communion with the innumerable company of angels. No wonder it has no hope beyond its own narrow communion of flesh and sense, and unites its energies in the denunciation of its human Brethren for the enjoyment of privileges it never feels, while absorbed in carnal ambition for momentary triumphs. Are the dead annihilated, that there can be no recognition of their presence and interest in human trial? Verily, the man who thinks so, would do well to remember that some ancient Spiritualists, such as Jesus and his Apostles, used this word *Nekros*, to designate men dead to their own souls, Spiritually dead, in an external righteousness, void of a living faith, and of such it was said, "Let the dead bury their dead." And they bury them to this day so deep in an endless Hell of Eternal Wrong, or a sleepy unconsciousness of Hadean prisons, that they fancy it is the Devil, or some haggard witch, that comes to speak of Spirit-life beyond the misty veil that hides their all. To all such we would say, in love and hope, let the dead in ignorance and fleshly scheming bury body and soul, but we bury only the body, which Mother Earth claims, while we seek the Spirit in God, as we worthily use the same powers of Spirit He hath given to all. Truly, the flesh profiteth nothing—it is the Spirit that is life, and neither storied urn, nor sepulchral creeds, nor fabled Hadean prisons, can hold that which is of God, inconsumable and unconsumed, indestructible and undestroyed, by Death's dissolutions or Nature's reverses. It lives, and Life is thy God, thy Eternity—it knows no death, but in every change seeks a Freedom that measures all things and is not measured by any. "Because I live, you shall also live."

Divisibility-Curious Facts.

The *Deleware Journal* says:—"There are many instances in which matter has been divided into almost incredible minuteness. Gold has been hammered so thin, that three hundred and sixty thousand leaves are required to make an inch in thickness; 250,000 leaves will make 26,000 volumes of 200 pages each, so that in the small space of one inch, our little readers might have a library containing as many volumes as the Wilmington Library.

"The relative position of the heavenly bodies as seen through a telescope, are marked by fine lines of wire that cross each other at right angles. It is necessary that these lines should be exceedingly fine, otherwise being magnified by the eye-glass, they would have an apparent thickness that would render them inapplicable to the purpose. The spider's web was formerly used, but as the power of the glasses was very much increased, these were found to be too coarse.

"In the early part of the present century, Dr. Wollaston succeeded in obtaining wire for this purpose, that did not exceed the 10,000th of an inch in diameter. It is said that a quantity of this wire equal in bulk to a common rifle ball, would reach from New York to New Orleans. This wire is made of platinum, and the process by which it is made is very ingenious. The doctor had platinum wire drawn out as fine as possible, then drawn through the axis of a small glass tube, into which melted silver was poured. The silver and platinum now form one wire, which was again drawn out as fine as possible. The whole was next put in nitric acid which dissolved away the silver, but left the platinum wire so fine, that it could not be seen with the naked eye.

"The organized worlds afford still more striking evidence of the extreme divisibility of matter.

"The blood which flows in the veins of animals, is not, as it appears to be, a uniform fluid, but it is composed of small red globules floating in a transparent fluid called serum. In the human species, the diameter of these globules is about the 4000th of an inch, and consequently in a drop of blood that would hang suspended from the point of a fine cambric needle, there would be no less than a million of these globules. But animalculæ have been discovered that are smaller than these globules; if these have globules of blood that bear the same proportion to the size of their bodies, as the globules of our blood do to the size of our bodies, by what process of calculation shall we arrive at numbers sufficiently expressive, to convey an accurate idea of the minuteness of these globules?"

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.

Close Proximity of the Angel World.

BROOKS' SPIRIT ROOM, BUFFALO, NOV. 28th, 1855.

BROTHER ALBRO:—For something over two weeks I have been enjoying the kind hospitalities of yourself and other developed minds of your city, whilst my organism has been used in the advocacy of the excellent and beautifully truthful Philosophy of the Spheres. During this period, I have realized more sensibly than ever before, the general idea of spirit association and intercourse, through the agency of the tangible objects of material existence; and have witnessed more striking demonstrations of this character, than are to be met with elsewhere, perhaps, in the world—whilst at the same time, I have enjoyed the extreme felicity from the association with the physical demonstrations, of the purest philosophical lessons, and the warmest expressions of affection, on the part of the kind friends we so thankfully recognize as our guides and teachers, along the tortuous path-way of a heretofore misdirected existence.

And I would to God, that every material mind, who is yet laboring under the psychological influence of educational faith, to such an extent as to deny the ministry and intercourse of angels, had been with me during the period named—not with a view to proselytism especially; but that ALL might have been as happy as myself, in the realization of the warm sympathy and affection, that has greeted me from the controlling spirits of every circle that I have attended in your city.

I needed none of the remarkable demonstrations that are occurring almost hourly, to convince my judgment of the truth that spirits communicate—of that my own mediumship and experience had satisfied me years since. But perhaps I did need—at least, peculiar antecedents had prepared my mind to be especially grateful, for renewed evidences of sympathy from the skies, and for an addition to the number of those bright ones of other spheres, who have been enabled the more readily to reach me, from my association and affiliation with the gentle hearted media of your city—who seem to have drawn around them an influence, both physical and philosophical, unattained, as yet, I believe, by any other portion of earth.

I am growing more and more appreciative, my Brother, of the love of the angels. It is a glorious thought for one to feel, that they may become the channel of wisdom to their fellow mortals—and that mind should be happy that is made the agent of doing good to others, thro' scientific and philosophical teaching; but the gratification of the heart is still enhanced, by the comminglement of the brighter assurances of affection, with the sterner lessons of philosophy. Aye, it is a healthful and happy thought—especially to the pioneers of a seemingly unpopular cause—that there are hearts pulsing in brighter spheres, that beat in unison with our own; and that those hearts never grow cold toward humanity, should the waters of life, perchance, fail to dance in the sunshine of prosperity.

Having derived so much gratification myself, from the various different manifestations occurring in Buffalo, I am anxious that others too, may become as speedily as possible, the beneficiaries of the "stubborn facts," of Spiritualism that are here presented. I therefore avail myself of the proffer of your columns to make a few statements, for the benefit of your distant readers, and also in gratitude for the kindness I have met with every where in your city.

And first I will take occasion to allude to the physical demonstrations to be met with at DAVENPORT'S Rooms. A recent letter from Prof. MAPES however, with respect to these, supercedes the necessity for any other than a brief notice, at present. In my letters south and west, I shall more fully recapitulate all the wonderful demonstrations to be met with there. Suffice it to say, that Prof. M's. account is literally true, and that it is impossible for the human mind in its present condition, to realize all that is to be there experienced, without being a witness thereof—such is the tremendous physical force that the spirits are enabled to bring to bear, through the mediumship of Mr. D's. two sons, IRA and WM. HENRY.

Soon after my arrival in your city, through your courtesy, I had the gratification of meeting with Miss CORA SCOTT. The fame of this beautiful young lady, as a speaking medium, had already reached us in the southwest, and my anticipations, I confess, were on tip-toe with respect to her powers. Since your introduction, I have heard her frequently both in private circles, and on public occasions, and have listened with the utmost gratification to the eloquence of which she is made the channel. Indeed, in all candor, I must say,—taking into consideration her extreme youth and her modest and retiring manner naturally—I have heard throughout a wide experience, none who surpassed, and but few who equalled her in the capacity of a speaking medium, whether as regards the gracefulness of her Rhetoric, the profundity of her Philosophy, or the impressive excellence of her manner. I trust she may be a long time spared as the channel of still brighter and more exalted Truth, that I feel satisfied, the angels will ere long communicate to the children of Time.

In connection with the above named courtesy, I owe you a lifetime of thanks, for your additional introduction of me to Mr. BROOK'S family. The fame of Miss SARAH BROOKS, like that of Miss SCOTT, had already reached the intelligent minds of St. Louis, as doubtless it has, every portion well-nigh, of christendom; but let me assure your distant readers, that really the half cannot be gathered from any published account, of the extraordinary powers of mediumship, possessed by this most excellent and exceedingly interesting young lady. But a child comparatively speaking, she is made to confound all the *learned* skepticism of the day, that has yet been brought to bear against the Truths of her glorious mission; whilst materialism stands aghast in her presence, and the dogmas of orthodoxy glide back affrighted, amid the deepening shades of antiquity.

I have been in frequent attendance at Brother Brook's, through his own, and the kindness of his two daughters; for which I feel much indebted to them, and for the sake of humanity, I would that I could convey upon paper a correct impression of all that I have seen and felt. But sir, I feel that no language at my command, can approximate toward a full realization to the reader, of these wonderful evidences of an invisible, but intelligent and loving appreciation of the wants of humanity. But I will endeavor to give some idea of these manifestations—trusting that those who doubt the agency and influence of spirits in modern times, may be induced to visit this Jerusalem of Spiritualism, and satisfy themselves, in how close proximity they stand to the angel world!

The first circle I visited at Mr. Brooks' was a private one, consisting of only four members, including Mr. Brooks and his daughter Sarah, which meets regularly once a week, for a special purpose, hereafter to be divulged, when the labor of the spirits shall have been completed, and their permission given for publicity. It was therefore by especial permission that I was allowed to become a visitor; and I am permitted by the spirits controlling, to give a portion of the proceedings. Mr. Brooks was quite unwell this evening, and was lying on the sofa, with covering over him, and suffering with a high fever. Monochromatic boards, after having been examined, were placed on the floor in the middle of the room, together with a box of colored crayons, and two or three steel instruments, apparently for scraping the surface of the boards. The Piano was turned with the keys against the wall—above which was a day clock, resting on a mantel piece. There was no fire

place, however, nor chimney—a stove being used in a different part of the room—(I mention this fact, as skeptics in their *consistent efforts* at avoiding our facts, might assume that the *devil* came down the chimney, and performed what I am about to record.) Mr. B. still continued on the sofa, and the other four, including Miss B. were placed, one in each corner of the room. The doors were then shut and the light extinguished. But a few moments elapsed, when the keys of the piano were heard the same number of times as the raps are given, when the alphabet is desired. Miss B. standing in a corner, called, and we were bid good evening, and a welcome given to me. The spirit called for singing. Mr. B. declined, on the ground of his being too sick. The spirit immediately spelt out—“Let Mr. F. place his hand on Mr. B.’s head.” This I did, after placing a chair by the sofa,—in which I continued all the evening, being not more than two yards from the medium, and about the same distance from the piano—so that if there had been any agency from the movements of a physical organism, in what occurred, I must of necessity have heard it. Changing my position brought me also within less than a yard of the boards that had been placed upon the floor. A few moments after I was seated, Mr. Brooks commenced singing, and was joined by Miss B. and the two gentlemen, who, together with myself were present—making the entire circle.

As they sang, the Piano commenced playing, and continued an accompaniment to probably some half dozen pieces. In the meantime Mr. B.’s fever left him, and a profuse perspiration ensued—through which he was enabled to attend to business the next morning. After the singing, the spirit commenced playing; but two or three of the keys being out of tune, he stopped and began tuning the instrument; and we could distinctly hear the screws as they were used. The screws were tried afterwards, and not a man in the room could turn them with the naked hand. After he completed the tuning, he commenced giving us on the keys and wires of the Piano an imitation of the wreck of a steam ship at sea; and I never before imagined, that from the keys of a musical instrument, I could so sensibly realize the awful grandeur of nature in her most destructive mood. But truly such was the case; and no language can convey a moiety of the reality to which I listened. The working of the machinery, in the quiet calmness that seems to precede at all times the waring of the elements—the distant moaning of the rising storm—and then a rushing sound, as if a tornado rode upon the waves, approaching nearer, and still nearer—the dreadful muttering of the thunder—the roar of the mad ocean—the shrill shriek of the wind, as the vessel seemed rushing toward the shore—the dashing of the water, against the rocks—the striking of the doomed craft—and then her apparently being raised by some mountain wave, and again dashed for the last time, by the waters that play around her leaking hull—the gaining of these waters upon the pumps—their still further encroachment upon the fires—the wild rushing hither and thither of the affrighted crew—the gradual decrease of the force of the engine—together with the faint strokes of departing energy—must indeed be heard, to be appreciated. For myself, I despair of conveying the slightest idea of the full and impressive reality of this inimitable representation of the gorgeous eloquence of nature.

After this was concluded, the spirit called for the alphabet, and asked how we liked it? We applauded with our feet, as has been customary, I believe; and again he astonished me by jumping the piano up and down, with more apparent ease than a lady could her work-stand—I had previously by request, tested the weight of the Piano, and ascertained it to be about six hundred pounds! The spirit then commenced playing, after again tuning the instrument, and executed in a masterly manner a number of scientific pieces, together with a few simple airs.

In the mean time not the least interesting feature of the evening, consisted in the fact, that Miss Brooks was influenced by Mononorro, the Indian Princess, who gave the exceedingly beautiful lecture through Miss B. published in your last number; and during the whole evening, we were deeply interested at intervals, by conversation with her. This conversation was characterized at times by a degree of eloquence and

beauty that I have never heard surpassed; and at other times by a pathos wholly indescribable, but which had a lasting and elevating influence upon us all. Sitting, as I have already stated, near the boards on the floor, I distinctly heard the operation of the steel instruments on the board—and that while I *knew* that every human organism was at other and different parts of the room. Late in the evening Mononorro informed us that the drawing was completed; when the music ceased, and the lights were brought in. Upon the floor we found a drawing, about a foot and a half by two feet in size—admirably executed; the particular features of which however, I am not permitted to give, until the spirits shall have completed their present designs with respect to this circle.

But, my letter has extended to an unexpected length, and I have not done justice to even one evening’s circle. I must hasten briefly to mention a few other incidents, and reserve details for other opportunities. I have attended other circles, both at her father’s and other residences where Miss B. was present—and always with similar beautiful success. I have had a drawing executed for myself, and a long letter addressed to me, both by the *hand* of the spirit; and I have heard them make the clock, which I have before mentioned, strike *one hundred and thirty-seven times* in quick succession—and then, after an intermission of about fifteen seconds, again strike *seventy-six times*; and that whilst all in the room continued an unbroken circle—except the medium, who was nearer us than the clock. I have seen blank writing paper and a monochromatic board placed in a wardrobe, with crayons, pencil, pen and ink, at a distance of twenty-five feet, at least, from the medium—a room and hall intervening—the wardrobe locked, and no one permitted to go in that part of the house—and letters of different chirographies, both in pencil and ink, together with portraits and other drawings were executed to the satisfaction of every one present. On one of these occasions I requested permission to examine the paper immediately before locking the door—and unperceived, I placed a small private mark, in pencil, near one corner of a sheet of paper. In the course of the evening a letter was produced on this identical sheet of paper—and as if the spirit designed to call my attention especially, little rays had been drawn, as emanating from the spot I had placed there.

But, I must conclude, as my letter is already sufficiently long. Permit me to return my warm-felt thanks to you and all the friends of Buffalo, for the many, very many evidences of love and kindness that I have received, while a visitor in your city; and to wish your paper, and every other medium for the promulgation of Truth, God-speed in their onward way.

Yours in the Cause of Progress.

THO’S GALES FORSTER.

A Sweet, Soft Voice.

We agree with that old poet, who said that a low, soft voice was an “excellent thing in a woman.” Indeed, we feel inclined to go much farther than he has on the subject, and call it one of her crowning charms. No matter what other attractions she may have; she may be as fair as the Trojan Helen and as learned as the famous Hypatia of ancient times; she may have all the accomplishments considered requisite at the present day, and every advantage that wealth can procure, and yet, if she lack a low, sweet voice, she can never be really fascinating.

How often the spell of beauty is broken by coarse, loud talking. How often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain, unassuming woman, whose soft silvery tones, render her positively attractive. Besides, we fancy we can judge of the character by the voice, the bland, smooth, fawning tone seems to us to betoken deceit and hypocrisy as invariably as the musical, subdued voice indicates genuine refinement.

In the social circle, how pleasant it is to hear our sex talk in that low key, which always characterizes the true lady. In the sanctuary of home how such a voice soothes the fretful child and cheers the weary husband. How sweetly its cadences float through the sick chamber; and around the dying bed, with what solemn melody do they breathe a prayer for the departing soul? Ah, yes, a low, soft voice is certainly “an excellent thing in woman.”

One day in Pompeii.

CONTINUED.

The hopelessness and terrific grandeur of the morning of the 24th of August, A. D. 79, with all its agonies, crimes and virtues, is touchingly before us. We see the deserted house, the forsaken temple, the coveted treasure, the jewel spared during eighteen centuries of death to its fair owner, the paintings, gifts of friendship and tokens of taste, and all the evidences of a domestic life as dearly prized as our own, left as if the owner had but stepped out to see a neighbor; shops filled with merchandise, but empty of customers; the labor of the mechanic interrupted, and destined never to receive the finishing stroke; kitchens that are tell-tales of domestic economy and luxurious extravagance; the narrow, tomb-like cells assigned to slaves, bespeaking a servitude worse than the modern African; in short, every thing that goes to make up active human existence, even to the forms of manhood, beauty, and infancy, impressed upon the solid lava, disclosing the very features worn until the last hour of life—all these, and more, which Pompeii has yielded up to the present generation, bring vividly back to the heart the hour and story of her fiery burial.

Retracing my steps through the modern farm, I strolled once more along the street of tombs which led in the direction of Herculaneum. The old city of the dead was but a continuation of the old city of the living; there was not even a dividing line; sepulchre and domestic roof were intermingled. This familiarity with death was common among the Romans. They entered or left their paternal cities through long lines of ancestral monuments, reminding them of glories won and honors conferred by past generations, which in time might also become their own. These tombs are no vulgar graves, but have a cheerful look of elegance, as if intended more to please the eye of the living than to secure the dead. Indeed, the Romans could have had none of the unpleasant ideas which moderns have in connection with the bodies of the departed. They feared no grave-yard odors or fearful sights of mouldering humanity, for the simple process of burning corpses secured them equally against contagion and repulsive associations. The funerals took place at night, with great pomp and the burning of torches. This practice, in all its essential particulars, is still continued at Rome, the body, richly dressed and covered with flowers, being borne on an open litter through the streets. The modern phrase, to receive the dying breath, is become a poetical expression of attendance on the dying; but among the Romans it had a practical signification. The nearest relative bent over the body of the dying person to inhale his latest breath, fondly thinking that the principle of life left the body at that instant by the mouth.

The ashes of the dead, being deposited in urns, were placed in niches in tombs, which, from their resemblance to the arrangement of dove-cotes were called columbaria. The Romans literally laid away their ancestors on the shelf. This was also an economical practice, for one tomb could contain a great number of urns.

From the tombs I ascended the ancient walls to look down upon the city. In the rear of the House of the Vestals there is a high tower in fine preservation. Passing from the wall into this, I mounted to the top to enjoy the landscape. Unroofed Pompeii, with its marble columns and spacious court-yards, lay glittering in the sunlight beneath me. If it looked lovely then, what must it have appeared when its streets were a crowded mart, its port filled with Oriental ships, and its public and private houses were robed in Tyrian purple and glittering with gold?

The sea was as tranquil as in the morning, with its white sails drowsily hanging over its surface. It glittered in the sinking sun as if a diamond sheet had been dropped from the Celestial City. On the farther horizon lay Ischia and the headlands of that noble bay, reposing tranquilly on the water like floating Edens. To the right was Naples and the intervening towns, with their white walls, inclosing the landscape as a setting of pearls. Over against me, in dark shadow, was the ancient Mons Dactarius, with snow still lingering in its northern crevices. At its base lies subterranean Stabie, with its rich villas, a Roman Brighton, buried under the same shower as Pompeii. Modern Castellamare has grown upon its site and succeeded to its reputation as a watering place. A broad and fertile plain, barely moistened by the shrunken Sarno, unites Pompeii with Castellamare. In my rear, Vesuvius gradually swelled up from the city walls, with mingled fertility and sterility, as the lava-streams had spared or buried its cultivated base. The clear setting sunlight sent its illuminating rays into its inmost gorges, bringing them, as it were, close to me, and revealing every secret character. Above all, the diadem of that beauteous landscape, brilliant with borrowed glory, rose the crater summit, abrupt and craggy, but as powerful as a mountain of granite. A light, fleecy vapor curled gently from its mouth, and melted away lazily like the smoke of an aristocratic cigar. The entire view formed a panorama on which one could not gaze his fill.

Ny eyes ranged rapidly from one object to another, but at last became fixed on the one of Vesuvius. The light, fleecy vapor was succeeded by rich masses of pure white cloud. These were puffed fast and furiously from the crater, like escaping volumes of high-pressure steam. They gradually disappeared before a light breeze which had begun to stir, but before they were wholly gone, a dense smoke, of inky blackness, arose from a somewhat nearer point of view, and mounted with great rapidity into the sky. It soon reached an elevation of, I should judge, nine thousand feet, or three times the height of Vesuvius; then bending, as it were, beneath its own weight, it flattened out at the top like a spread umbrella, or the branches of an Italian pine, and cast a deep shadow upon the mountain beneath it. There were bright spots to be seen through its gloom, not star-like, but lurid. I could compare it to nothing but to the tree of evil, with its infernal fruit shut up from hell, as an omen of coming woe to men. Pluto was preparing to visit the earth amidst wonders and ruin. This strange apparition at length slowly sank again into the crater.

I had been so occupied with the mountain that I had quite forgotten to look toward the city. Turning, however, as the cloud gradually subsided, I saw the inhabitants gazing in awe and perplexity upon the phenomenon. While they looked, lightnings began to play through the sky. There was no thunder though their flashes were so intense as to be clearly seen in the bright sunlight. The colossal statue of Jupiter, fronting his temple on the Forum was shivered to pieces, and one of the Augustals, passing at the time, was crushed to death beneath the falling fragments. A cry of horror reached my ears. By an instinctive impulse, each citizen seemed to accept the omen as the death-warning to their town and race.

The stillness that succeeded to the cloud and lightnings was awful. The leaves of the trees were as still as if carved in marble. To me it appeared as if all nature was holding its breath in terror of coming annihilation. The very air seemed extinct, and all life, anticipating its doom, lay spell-bound in silence. The feeling of passive horror was too intense to last long. Action, although no one knew what to do or where to fly, became, a relief. The wild animals in their cages at the amphitheatre, alternately moaned, and flew into paroxysms of fierceness. Their instincts foreboded strange dangers, and their captivity turned their fear into rage; but their keepers were too much interested in consulting their own safety to think of the brutes in their charge. Already had the amphitheatre been cleared of its spectators, who had come up from Nocerina, and even Herculaneum, to witness the games. They now hurried toward their homes with a feeling that Pompeii was fated to destruction.

Many of the inhabitants, believing that a recurrence of earthquakes, as desolated Campania twelve years before, was about to take place, sought security in precipitate flight. Some took to the shipping, and putting off at once, escaped. Others tried their chariots; but the earth now began to move to and fro, ever up and down, like the waves of the sea, so that the horses were either thrown down or paralyzed with fright. To increase the confusion, intense darkness obscured everything. Pompeii and the whole country became like a closet shut against all light. No one knew which way to turn. The cries and struggles were terrible to hear; lost children were calling upon fond parents who were unable to help. The weak were overthrown. Women vainly implored the assistance of men. Despair at last kept the multitude still, for to move was almost certain destruction.

A fiery light suddenly glared over the strange spectacle. Snake-like flashes darted here and there, imparting a lurid glare to the woe-struck human countenances and marble wall. I felt there was immediate danger for me to remain where I was, but I was rooted to the spot by the terrible fascination of the scene. Yet all that I had beheld was as nothing compared with what followed.

The flashes of light ceased to play about the top of the mountain. Instantly a mighty crash was heard, as if the mountain had split in twain. The very sea roared with pain. Heavy thunderings muttered one rolled deep in the bowels of earth, and, passing up, burst into the air with the noise of an exploded world. The mountain was indeed rent in twain. Every building in the city trembled to its foundations; walls were split, and statues overthrown by the concussion. The tower where I was, for a few seconds reeled like a drunken man, but settled again on its base without much damage. High into the air, higher even than the cloud-tree rose, shot up burning stones, flames, and ashes all fire, a terrific shower of destruction. Some of the stones were immense masses of red-hot rock, which, striking against each other in their rapid ascent, burst into myriads of pieces, scattering fire and light in all directions. Fortunately in falling, they did not reach as far as the city.

A new and even more horrible enemy had appeared at the same time, but which, so taken up was I with the grandeur of the exploding masses of stone, I had not immediately noticed. Through the rent in the mountain a stream of viscid, red-hot liquid rock flowed steadily out, rapidly making its way toward the sea, enlarging in depth and breadth at every foot of its progress. This, then, was the real demon of destruction to which the mountain had given birth. It swept every living thing before it. Forests, and even hills, melted at its touch, swelling the fiery flood, and disappearing slowly beneath it with a sullen plunge, amidst violent explosions and dense smoke. Valleys filled up, large rocks were floated for a considerable distance in this strange river like cork on water, tossing and splashing about in fiery spray before they became lava themselves. Some sank, and were thrown high into the air again, forming as they fell thick blood-red whirlpools which boiled and bubbled with a fierce sluggishness, uttering the while strange bellowings and mutterings, as if the elements of nature were engaged in mortal conflict. The light from this lava-streams shed a ghastly glow over the entire country. It soon reached the cultivated grounds, and farms and villages were speedily in flames.

I watched its course until it struck that shady knoll where I had so often passed the sultry summer hours with my friend Plautus in his charming villa, which in an instant was a mass of smoking ruins. The stream now turned from the direction of Pompeii and moved onward toward Herculaneum.

Although this danger was averted from Pompeii, another no less destructive succeeded, warning the remaining inhabitants to abandon their homes, which no longer afforded them shelter. From my elevated position I could see all that occurred, and was near enough to hear at times the voices of the multitude and recognize my friends. Showers of hot ashes, cinders, and even large stones began to fall, obscuring the remaining light, and making the sun appear as if under an eclipse. The people retreated to the public porticoes, but the burning ashes were so fine that they penetrated into the inmost chamber, and drove out all who, until that moment, had fancied that strong walls, could protect them. I had noticed that Diomedes had invited many of his friends to take refuge in

the cellar of his villa, which early in the day he had stored with provisions, believing that its massive walls and half-subterranean position would be proof against the volcanic storm. As the ashes began to penetrate the narrow apertures, the male portion left and made a desperate effort to reach the sea. A few succeeded but Diomedes and a servant, bearing such treasures as he had hastily snatched up, were struck down by a shower of stones, and must have soon perished. I could hear Diomedes's cries to the last, offering his entire wealth to any one who would aid him to escape. The poor women and children left in the cellar could not have long survived, as its position exposed it to the first effects of the terrible lava-hail, which was now accompanied at intervals by showers of boiling water and sulphurous masses of vapor, that struck with immediate death every living thing that inhaled it. I had some time before retreated to a chamber of the tower, which still afforded me a good view and protected me from the immediate effects of the eruption.

The showers of boiling water, fall of burning stones, avalanche of ashes, and jets of mephitic gases, completed the climax of evils upon the doomed city. Those of the inhabitants that had sufficient strength no longer looked for shelter from massive walls, but rushed into the streets with pillows, domestic utensils, and even tables tied upon their heads, to protect them from the falling masses, and made for the port, where there still remained some vessels. But the sea was terribly agitated. It ebbed and flowed with great rapidity every few minutes, leaving the fish stranded upon the shores, or sweeping them up into the streets. There was now no more hope of safety on the water than on the land. The darkness also increased. Some of the magistrates ordered torches to be placed in the public way. This afforded some relief to the hopeless confusion of the dying, but individual panic had now assumed too violent a stage to be regardless of the public good. The worst passions and most selfish instincts of human nature had come into full play. Blasphemous wretches and hardened criminals, availing themselves of the chaos of all order plundered the shrines of the gods, robbed the public treasuries, and penetrated into private houses snatching up the deserted wealth, and stabbing the impotent owners who attempted to resist. The falling fire had set many of the wooden roofs into a blaze, so that Pompeii was thus threatened with a double conflagration. The plunder of the villains in many cases was the cause of their death, for, burdened by its weight, they but the more speedily met the fate which was due to their crimes. Slaves, too, who had long concealed the hatred which their cruel treatment inspired, turned upon their effeminate masters, mocked their tears, and appeals for aid, or slew them pitilessly before the eyes of their wives and children, whom they at length abandoned to more lingering deaths. I saw the rich widow Julia, as she rose from the luxurious breakfast-table of Sallust, aided by her gallant host, attempt to escape by the Herculaneum gate. With her children she reached the portico of the inn, and there, fainting from fear and unwonted effort, clasped her offspring in her arms and calmly sat down to die. Sallust in vain attempted to rouse her to farther exertion. A shower of burning cinders, more heavy than common, drove him to flight, and buried the hapless family in their living grave. The shrieks of the poor children were appalling. But, in the general terror, who could stop to pity individual torture?

The Æ. dile Pansa behaved nobly. He assembled some of the centurions and their soldiers, and inspired them with firmness to act for the general good. Never was the power of Roman discipline more heroically vindicated. To the latest moment the sentinels were changed; the relieved returned to die in their barracks—those on duty, at their posts. Patrols sternly marched through the city, arresting and summarily punishing the vagabonds who were adding crime to the universal distress. But what could a few self-devoted soldiers hope to do against the powers of darkness, leagued together for the destruction of humanity? So long as there remained a voice to command them, they obeyed; when this ceased, they too sought safety in flight, but with most it was too late.

The struggles of the flying mass were frightful. Parents fled from their children; children deserted their parents; beauty appealed in vain to strength for aid. Safety, safety was the universal thought. Numbers fell and were trampled upon by the advancing crowd; before they could rise again, the hot ashes and cinders had buried them forever, and their lifeless forms were trodden into shapeless masses by flying neighbors and kindred. Yet, amidst all this utter selfishness of despair, there flashed out bright examples of generous devotion that reconciled one to human nature, and proved that, even in its darkest moments, it was instinctive with nobleness and truth. I saw the slave shelter his master's child in his brawny arms at the expense of his own excoriated back, bared to the falling water and ashes. He reached a boat in safety and put off on the water. A young woman led out an aged blind man, perhaps her father, and piloted him a while slowly but surely through the encumbered streets. I soon lost sight of them. Other examples there were of tenderness and fidelity; but who could watch individual progress to the end in such a scene? A lion had escaped from the amphitheatre. He ran howling over the scorching embers, seeking companionship with men, until at length, unable to endure the falling cinders, he crept into a deserted shop, and there laid himself down to die. But the strangest spectacle was a company of Nazarenes, who, robed in white, sought not to escape from the city, but marched in procession through the streets, with torches in hand, chanting hymns to their Deity, and proclaiming in doleful voices that "the last hour of man was come."

None seemed to bestow a thought upon the infirm and feeble, but left them to perish. Cries of anguish and despair frequently arose amidst the burning buildings from these deserted victims, who gazed hopelessly upon their approaching fate. Fire consumed some; gases suffocated others; many were covered with the fine volcanic dust while still gasping for breath, or were crushed by falling timbers. Whichever way I turned my eyes, new horrors appalled them. But I soon had to reflect upon my

own position. Could I escape? I hurried to each window in turn. The volcanic shower increased in fury and density. Pompeii already lay half still in death. To go out was impossible—to remain was death. How I cursed my fatal curiosity. I ran around my narrow chamber like a madman. The hot cinders penetrated by the windows and fell upon my flesh. Heavens! how they slowly burned into my body, cooling themselves in my blood! I choked for air. Thirst maddened me. Water, water; but one drop to cool the fever of my tongue! I screamed, and fell senseless upon the floor.

At his moment a hand touched me, and I—awoke. "Your Excellency will be too late for the last train for Naples if you slumber longer here," said the polite guard. I slipped a coin into his hands, thanked him, stood a moments gazing upon disinterred Pompeii and the quiet volcano, to satisfy myself that, after all, it was but a dream, and, hurrying off to Naples, speedily forgot my late sufferings in a capital dinner at the Cafe de l'Europe, which I take the liberty to recommend as worthy of this name.

Thanksgiving Hymn.

FOR THE HARVEST HOME OF 1855.

Selected from Tupper.

O Nation; Christian nation,
Lift high the hymn of praise,
The God of our salvation
Is love in all His ways.
He blesseth us, and feedeth
Every creature of His hand,
To succor him that needeth,
And to gladden all the land!

Rejoice, ye happy people,
And peal the changing chime,
From every belfried steeple
In symphony sublime;
Let cottage and let palace
Be thankful and rejoice,
And woods, and hills, and valleys,
Re-cho the glad voice!

From glen, and plain, and city,
Let gracious incense rise;
The Lord of Life in pity
Hath heard His creatures' cries;
And where in fierce opposing,
Stalked fever, fear, and dearth,
He pours a triple Blessing,
To fill and fatten earth!

Gaze round in deep emotion:
The rich and ripened grain
Is like a golden ocean,
Becalmed upon the plain;
And we, who late were weepers
Lest judgment should destroy,
Now sing because the reapers
Are come again with joy!

O praise the hand that giveth
—And giveth evermore—
To every soul that liveth
Abundance flowing o'er!
For every soul he filleth
With manna from above,
And over all distilleth
The unction of His love!

Then gather, Christians, gather,
To praise with heart and voice
The good Almighty Father,
Who biddeth you rejoice:
For He hath turned the sadness
Of His children into mirth,
And we will sing with gladness
The harvest-home of earth!

Harmonial Circle.

MR. ALBRO: In submitting for publication the following brief lectures, given in the above named circle, which was recently organized by the spirit of Prof. EDGAR C. DAYTON, at the house of LESTER BROOKS, in this city, it is proper to give a short explanation of the manner in which they are received. This is, of course, for the public only, as yourself being a member of the circle, need no information as to the character of the manifestations therein produced.

The circle consists of twelve persons, including Miss SARAH BROOKS, the medium, being composed of two ladies and ten gentlemen. The latter are as respectable and competent individuals as are usually to be found in any jury box in the country—merchants, professional men, and mechanics. The circle being held in the evening, a light is placed on the table, the medium holding in one hand a card, on which are printed the English Alphabet in large letters. With the other hand runs a pencil rapidly over the letters; and when the point passes over the one which begins the word the spirit wishes to spell, a sound, or rap, is heard, and the same process is repeated for each letter, until the word is spelled out. It is then written down by me, as Secretary, and thus the lectures and other communications, are all received. It will surprise most persons, as it did me, that so seemingly a slow and tedious mode of communicating, should actually prove so facile a method. I find, on experiment, that the words are thus given about as fast as I can conveniently write; the medium, from practice, and perhaps an intuitional instinct, indicating the correct letters with great ease and rapidity.

It may strike candid and reflecting minds with some force, that the manner in which these communications are received, affords as tangible a demonstration of the reception of intelligence from the unseen world, as does the Morse telegraphic instrument, that news from New York comes over the wires. Twelve sane and reliable persons hear the sounds—much like the clicks of the telegraph—and note the letters and words as they are given. Is not this character of evidence entitled to consideration?

G. H. S.

MY FRIENDS:—Allow me to speak a few brief lines to you, of the work which now lies in its true form before your external sight. The external senses of your being have received evidences of those tangible facts which are being given you by the intelligences of a more exalted existence. We come, in our immortal youth, to instruct you of the destiny which awaits each individual soul, beyond the limited boundaries of the outer universe. Let your thoughts be aspiring—let each faculty of your spirits expand beyond the idle speculations of the misguided intellect, and joy supreme will fill your souls, and they will respond instinctively to the divine wisdom which descends from invisible, yet celestial sources. Go on—on—and still on—though the disappointments of an imperfect existence surround you, and each tone of your hearts will vibrate along the bright chain which links you to the infinite world, and the bright minstrels of eternity will joyously respond to their melody. Excuse my intruding, if an intrusion it may be called, and receive this from your spirit friend.

A. F.

The mind, in its crudest form of development, ever manifests an inherent power, which is expressed in living characters upon the visible constitution. All objects of animated existence, have a strict analogy to the divine world. Mind is of itself a limited empire of intelligence—a sphere of inherent action, which unfolds the latent qualities to the realization of an onward and upward destination. When the highest aspirations of the inner self are extending their powers to grasp a thought still beyond its comprehension, it is but the effect which is produced by eternal minds blending the attributes of the human soul with the elements which move through the realms of immortality. Man, in one form of being, is but a breath emanating from the central heart of immutable creation; but, when viewed separate from other stupendous workmanships of the Mighty Architect, he seems a world of himself—filled with all the functions and motions which are diffused through the

avenues of eternal life and creation. Man comprehends not himself: then let each attribute of your minds be opened for the ingushing of those celestial influences which flow from the deep and inconceivable recesses of infinitude. Act in obedience to the laws of mind and nature; and in all hours of human bereavement, you will be sustained by the accents of your immortal friends.

E. C. DAYTON.

My voice has been oft-times heard in your halls of political gathering—it has been heard in private conversation with many whom I daily see thronging your public walks—their forms are still filled with activities and animations, while mine lies beneath its mother earth, dissolving itself into its original elements of finite existence, and my immortal soul has found that world, of which the theorist and religious speculator has often spoken in knowing terms, when surrounded by the grandeur and gorgeous beauty which decorate his particular church; and may I not, on missions of goodness and purity, greet you here, to-night, and tell you of those essential developments which determine the spirit's true position in Heaven? Man, in all his acts of human life, should open his reasoning powers to the reception of facts constantly demonstrated to his individual understanding, in every form and object of complicated nature. Science may, with its mighty power, force upon his mind the immutable truths it brings, yet, if the soul is deadened within to the finer sensations emanating from the unseen world, he fails in accomplishing the great design for which it was originally created, and man fails to appreciate the harmonies inherent in his own interior self. Then let me urge you on, my friends, over the rolling bosom of human change, to those richer Edens and empires which stretch far over infinitude. Good Night.

Yours, as ever,

H. K. SMITH.

Not dead, but only a leaf dropped from the flower of humanity, whose spiritual essence has been wafted to Heaven, and produced, of itself, a bright eternal flower, forever to bloom in the garden of Paradise. Not dead, but only a link broken from the great chain of the outer world, to link itself with the untarnished chain which binds soul to soul, in the inconceivable realms of the supernal world. Not dead, but only a needle severed from the magnet of the material universe, whose polarities are found alone in Heaven. Along the shores of the spirit-land, there roll tones of sweetest melody from the harmonious minstrel seraphs of eternity. Nothing dies—but the law of change elaborates the great work of a Heavenly Father, and the mind becomes vividly awake to the realization of those important lessons which are taught you by the Higher Master, and which are given you through the medium of visible nature. Let me say—onward and upward forever, until the triumphant songs of truth shall be chanted by man, over the dying embers of oppression and human error. It is not long that you all may remain together. Then let your hearts' best impulses go out from the silent recesses of your being, that you may be distinct individualities, but one in unity and universal harmony. Abide by the laws of the inner mind, that each uprising and outgushing faculty may be wisely and properly cultivated. Look within your own hearts for material imperfections, and not analyze your brother's imperfect nature; and this will be a guiding star to human happiness, and the supreme attraction to the unutterable joys of your spirit home.

Affectionately,

JOSEPHINE.

What is the Zoll-Verein?

Our readers, says the *Baltimore Patriot* must often have seen in the newspapers the phrase Zoll-Verein, and we know it to mean the Germanic Union of Customs; but, perhaps, some of them are not aware that this confederacy is a solid and powerful confederacy of all the States of Germany politically allied. With the exception of Austria, Hanover, Mecklenburgh, Holstein, Oldenburg, and the Hanse Towns, the Zoll-Verein is Prussia, Bavaria, Baden, Saxony, Nassau, Wurtemberg, the two Hesses—Electoral and Ducal—and the States of Thuringia. When this Germanic system was first established, it was supposed that it was planned under the in-

fluence of Russia, as part of her grand political design against British prosperity and power, and that the inevitable consequence of this united adoption of the tariff of Prussia, by nearly all the States of North and Southwestern Germany, would prove certain ruin to the British trade.—The consumption of articles of British manufacture was, indeed, greatly lessened after the establishment of the Zoll-Verein; but the latter was not founded for that purpose. The inconvenience of numerous customs-barriers formed, not only impediments of the greatest injury to the national commerce and manufacturing interests of the several States, but the expense of maintaining a multitude of guards to prevent smuggling, and to secure the taxes levied on commodities, was enormous, in proportion to the revenue collected. Hence the mystery and solution of the origin of the Zoll-Verein—the preservation of the present and future prosperity of the country, and the maintenance of Germany among the great powers of Europe. England suffered by this general union of fiscal interests, but she brought it on herself by her illiberal commercial policy. Germany had always been her greatest customer, and her most ready and certain payer. The Zoll-Verein have established a free trade among themselves. The commodities of one State are interchanged for those of another without the payment of duties; and, more than all, the free opportunity of interchanging ideas and receiving intelligence, while passing to and fro for the purpose of bartering commodities, and the general extension of intercourse established between these various States—the political as well as fiscal considerations which this league involves—constitute, by uniting and mixing together the German Principalities, the greatest material, moral and civil blessing ever enjoyed by the German people.

MRS. METTLER'S CLAIRVOYANT MEDICINES.

The editor of this paper has been appointed a general agent for the dispensation of these celebrated remedies.

In introducing them to the public, in this region of country, the agent can say nothing in commendation of them, from his own experience; but he feels justified in assuring those who are afflicted with the various diseases that flesh is heir to, that they do not belong to the class of nostrums which are gotten up and puffed through the country, as a means of enriching an impostor and cheating the afflicted of their substance and their lives.

The history of these medicines is too generally known to spiritualists to render its detail necessary, for their information. It is sufficient to state that they were originally suggested to Mrs. M. by her guardian spirits, and were prepared, by her, under their direction. They are in general use throughout the New England States, and are there prescribed by many eminent physicians. From all the information which the agent has been able to obtain, he is convinced that these spiritual remedies are surpassingly efficacious in the restoration of health to those physical systems which are not placed beyond recovery.

There are five of those remedies. They are:

Mrs. Mettler's Pulmonaria. This medicine is designed for Colds, Irritation of the throat and lungs Hemorrhage, Asthma, Consumption, Whooping-cough, and all diseases of the respiratory organs. Price \$1 per bottle.

MRS. METTLER'S RESTORATIVE SYRUP.—This is for all diseases arising from impurity of the blood, derangement of secretions and bilious obstructions. These are Unequal Circulation, Sick and Nervous Head-ache, Inactivity of the Liver, Constipation of the Bowels, and all their kindred complaints. Price \$1 per bottle.

MRS. METTLER'S NEUTRALIZING MIXTURE.—This is for Bilious obstructions, Acidity of the stomach, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Head-ache, Febrile Symptoms, occasioned by colds and worms. The spirits direct that, in ordinary derangement of the bowels, it should be used in connection with the Dysentery Cordial. Price \$1 per bottle.

MRS. METTLER'S ELIXIR.—This remedy is for Cholera, severe choleric pains, Cramp of the Stomach and Bowels, Rheumatic and Neuralgic pains, Bilious tendency of the Stomach, Fever and Ague, and severe pains induced by internal injuries. Price 50cts. per bottle.

MRS. METTLER'S HEALING OINTMENT.—This is for the cure of Burns, Scalds, Fresh cuts and wounds, Biles, Salt rheum, Blisters, swelled and sore Breasts or Nipples, Glandular Swellings, Piles, Chapped Hands and Chafing. Price 50cts. per box.

Directions accompany all the packages, regulating the quantities of doses, the mode of administering and the manner of application.

Responsible persons, or those who make themselves responsible, in the various localities in this region, can have sub-agencies, by applying at this office.

All orders for these medicines, must be accompanied with the cash.

CURIOUS VISUAL WARNING.

Mrs. B———now of Norwalk, Conn., when a little girl, was lying in bed one morning in a room adjoining one in which her little sister was lying sick. The door connecting the two rooms was open, and her mother was watching by the bedside of the sick child. Being entirely awake, our visionist saw, as with the external eye, a small object from eight to ten inches long, some two or three inches wide, of the same thickness, and seemingly covered with a napkin. This mysterious object traversed the floor as if alive, entered the sick room and disappeared behind the partition near the couch of the little sufferer. Anon it returned to the spot where it was first seen, and recommenced its journey into the other apartment, as before. Thus it passed back and forth several times, and then finally disappeared. The visionist, meanwhile, spoke of this appearance to her mother, who was in the other room, but the latter could not see it. Two or three days after this occurrence, the sick child died; and then the visionist distinctly remembered that the mysterious object she had seen moving over the floor, was a *miniature coffin*.—Selected.

A New Poem by Fanny Forrester.

I gazed down Life's dim labyrinth,
A withering maze to see,
Crossed o'er by many a tangled clue,
And wild as wild could be;
And as I gazed in doubt and dread
An angel came to me.

I knew him for a heavenly guide,
I knew him even then,
Tho' meekly as a child he stood
Among the sons of men—
By his deep spirit loveliness,
I knew him even then.

And as I leaned my weary head
Upon his proffered breast,
And scanned the peril-haunted wild
From out my place of rest,
I wondered if the shining ones
Of Eden were more blest.

There was a light within my soul,
Light on my peaceful way,
And all around the blue above
The clustering starlight lay;
And easterly I saw upreared
The pearly gates of day.

So hand in hand, we trod the wild,
My angel love and I—
His lifted wing all quivering
With tokens from the sky.
Strange my dull thought could not divine
'Twas lifted but to fly!

Again down life's dim labyrinth
I grope my way alone,
While wildly through the midnight sky,
Black, hurrying clouds are blown,
And thickly in my tangled path
The sharp, bare thorns are sown.

Yet firm my foot, for well I know
The goal cannot be far,
And ever, thro' the rifted clouds
Shines out one steady star—
For when my guide went up, he left
The pearly gates ajar.

Married.

On the Evening of Thursday, 22d inst., by the Rev. J. HYATT SMITH, Mr. EDWIN R. BURKE, and Miss. ELIZA A. Daughter of Capt. JAMES C. GIBSON, all of Buffalo.

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House, lot, and Barn, on Sixth street, lot 32½ by 100—has gas and water, bath room, &c. Price, \$4,000.

Brick house on Niagara street, centrally situated. Price, \$5,000.

Brick house, Barn and lot on Swan street, lot 25 by 115 to a paved alley—the main part is yet unfinished. Price, as it now is, \$5,000.

Brick house on East Eagle street, with lot 25 by 100 feet to paved alley, gas and water in the house. Price, \$4,500.

Brick house on South Division street, near Washington street. Price, \$5,000.

Brick house on Ellicott street, near South Division street, lot 30 by 120 feet, gas and water in the house. Price, \$4,000.

Brick house on East Swan street, with lot from 25 to 52 feet. The house will be sold for \$550, and the land at \$45 a foot.

Brick house on Oak street near Batavia street. Price, \$2,500

House in the upper part of the city, with gas, water, marble mantels, and all modern improvements,—worth \$6,000, will be sold for \$4,500.

House and Barn, corner Genesee and Michigan street, with lot 97 feet on Genesee street, and 143 feet on Michigan street. Price, \$4,000.

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Voices from the Spirit-Land, through Nathan Francis White, Medium. Price 75 cents.

Epic of the starry Heaven. Spoken by Thomas L. Harris, while in the trance state. Price 75 cents.

Spiritualism. By Judge Edmonds and Dr. G. T. Dexter. Price \$1.25.

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Specimens can be seen at my office, 263 Main Street.

W. G. OLIVER.

N. B.—A Patent will be applied for, as soon as the necessary forms of law can be complied with. 35tf

'SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

THE PUBLIC ARE HEREBY ADVERTISED that I have taken the upper story of building No. 247 Main street, second door below South Division street, east side, over J. Blanchard & Co.'s Botanic Medicine store, for the purpose of accommodating those who are desirous of witnessing the extraordinary manifestations which, for the last six months, have kept my house thronged with visitors of the highest respectability, from all parts of the country. I am impelled to this course by the great inconvenience to my family of having my dwelling house so continually thronged. The rooms will be open from 2 to 6, and from 8 to 10, P. M. An admittance fee of 25 cents will be required, which, it is hoped, will meet the expenses of rent, fuel and light. Every facility will be afforded for investigation of the phenomena.

433m

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