

AGE OF PROGRESS

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WHOLE No. 84.

Charity.

Peter says: "Above all things, have fervent charity, for charity shall cover the multitude of sins."

Paul laid great stress upon charity, as the greatest of the moral and Christian virtues. He said: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not charity, I am become as a sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbol. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understanding all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

"Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth.

"And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

Our lexicographers give to charity the following beautiful definitions: "Good affection; tenderness; kindness; good will; benevolence; active goodness; liberality to the poor; alms; universal love to human kind."

Charity is the subject which we have chosen as the theme of our discourse; but beautiful and lovely as she is, and as pure a divinity as she seems to be, she is two removes from the Infinite Fountain of Goodness; for she is the child of Love, who is the eldest daughter of God. But let us talk of the beauties and goodness of Charity; for, although she derives all her qualities from her parent, our grateful acknowledgments are due to goodness, wherever we find it; and they will pass, undepreciated, through all intermediates, to the ultimate Source of all that is lovely and adorable.

How shall we describe the angelic loveliness of Charity? There is no other way than to show how it affects the human soul, in which it finds a lodgment. Such a soul sees, in every man, a brother—in every woman, a sister. In them it looks for nothing to censure, but endeavors to discover much to approve and to love.—And if, in looking for virtues, it discover vices instead, it does not compare its own qualities with these, and exult, but grieves and pities, whilst it looks through itself to see if, per chance, there may not be something of the same kind lurking there, which needs eradicating.

If the soul in which charity has an abiding place, hear a brother man or sister woman spoken evil of, it first endeavors to peer into the motive which induced the utterance of the accusation. If it discover malignity in the soul of the utterer, it rightly judges that the moral dereliction complained of, is either highly colored and exaggerated or totally false. It never believes an evil report which it hears uttered aloud, in the public ear, when there does not ap-

pear to be any justifiable cause for thus proclaiming individual frailties. It sees many good reasons why man should be silent on the subject of his brother man's moral obliquities, but not one for making individual short-comings the subject of public and loud-mouthed animadversion. Charity, therefore, turns a deaf ear to all railing accusations; and whilst it pities the man or woman who seems to be endeavoring to blast the reputation of a brother or a sister, it seeks, by all practicable means, to heal the wound thus maliciously inflicted. And no one who seeks occasions to assail, either publicly or privately, the character of another, can clear his garments of the charge of malignity; for where there is no good motive for an action, there must be a bad one, as nothing is done without some incentive. But whilst charity condemns the slander, and becomes the ready champion of the slandered, it does not unsparingly denounce the slanderer, but pities him for the evil propensity of his nature, and attributes it to his bad organization, which was not of his own fashioning. Charity cannot hate even the malicious, lying calumniator, who is certainly, among the most depraved of all the children of Belial.

When Charity hears a well-known vice of an individual alluded to, it never fails to mention some virtue which pertains to the same individual's character, if it know any; and there are none so depraved as to have no redeeming traits. On the contrary, when Envy hears a well-known virtue of an individual alluded to, it never fails to mention some vice, or imperfection, which has been—rightfully or wrongfully—attributed to the same individual. By these signs, as well as by many others, the charitable and the uncharitable soul may be distinguished from each other. The one is grieved to hear any one of God's children spoken evil of—the other is piqued to hear any one, outside of self, spoken well of. Envy swallows the most filthy calumny with greediness—Charity either rebukes the slanderer, or turns from him with loathing.

Charity looks diligently for some circumstance wherewith to palliate every moral delinquency which it discovers in erring humanity. It finds an excuse for every improper act and word, if not in surrounding circumstances, in improper education or inherited mal-organization; and whilst it is thus lenient and kind, it fails not to point out, to the moral delinquent, the errors and improprieties in his life and deportment, and, in all kindness, to inculcate the necessity of reformation. On the other hand, high-headed austerity magnifies the criminality of the offence; is unsparing and vociferous in its denunciations; will not listen to any palliating circumstances; calls upon law, with its inflexible measure of retributive justice, to set the seal of ignominy upon the forehead of the offender, and refuses to be appeased with anything short of ruining his future prospects, and breaking the sensitive hearts of those to whom he is more dear than life.

Charity is delighted to hear that the inebriate has divested himself of the loathsome habit of intemperance, and seeks opportunities to hold out to him the hand of fellowship, and to greet him

with words of congratulation and encouragement. Envious austerities tell the world not to put any confidence in him, for he will soon return to his cups, and be worse than ever. The first saves all the lost ones that are ever redeemed from the perdition of drunkenness. The second destroys three-fourths of those who make an effort at self-redemption and fail.

Charity seeks out the widow, the fatherless, the forsaken, the neglected and the oppressed, and bestows its alms, not only without ostentation, but as silently as the spirit-mother enters the bed-chamber of her sleeping orphans. The munificence which seeks popular applause, contributes to the pseudo-philanthropy which makes the most noise in the public journals. The first is near-sighted and home-feeling—it can not see far off for the many afflicted and deserving objects which intercept its vision; and the nearer the suffering is, the more powerfully its sympathies are attracted to it.—The second, though poverty and wretchedness present their haggared countenances to it every day—though the wail of woe and the groans of suffering assail its ears through every door and window of its dwelling, can see no necessity for its assistance—hear no cry for help, less than six or ten thousand miles distant. It can see where the Hindoo is kneeling to the image of Vishnu, and hastens to contribute its hundreds to save him from the wrath of the Christian God; but he can not see the thousands at home—himself among the number—who worship hewn stone, brick and mortar, velvet and damask, paper and tanned sheep-skin, every Sunday, and render their heart's warmest devotions, all the rest of the week, to the images of the idol Mammon, which are enstamped on pieces of gold, silver and copper. The rankest and most abominable idolatry that the pure eyes of God and his angels look down upon, is practised here in America, under the guise of christianity; yet the American idolator, blind to his own abominations and those of his countrymen, sends his munificence abroad to protect the God of Judaism from the annoyance which he suffers from the idolatry of his pagan children. Wretchedness, away in the back-ground of the world's picture, is plain to the vision and painful to the sensibilities of those whose names figure conspicuously in Missionary Journals; but the immorality, want and misery in the immediate fore-ground, is imperceptible to them. Charity can see the latter—her vision is a home vision as well as a foreign vision. The vision of ostentatious munificence, leaps over all domestic necessities, and lights where midnight stands opposite the home noon. Whilst charity relieves the hungry of its own vicinity, with roasted potatoes, ostentatious munificence loads the tables of the Feejeeans with roasted missionaries.

Charity, dressed in the pure white robe of its angelic nature, extends its hand to the fallen daughter of error, calls her by the endearing name of sister, and bids her to arise and be comforted, for she has, within the form which sin has polluted, that which, some time in the course of eternal ages, must be an arch-angel.—Arrogant self-righteousness, though it artfully conceals, within its own breast, as many and as rank moral pollutions, bids her begone from its presence, and warns her never again to cross its path. The former gently fans the remaining spark of moral vitality which has refused to be extinguished, till it kindles into a blaze which re-lights the dark chambers of the guilty soul; drives away the dank vapors from its fetid atmosphere, and imparts to it a hope that it may yet be redeemed and restored to a life of purity here, and to a life of eternal progression hereafter. The latter sends her back to sink still deeper in the black pool of pollution, without a hope of re-

demption, to draw her last breath in infamy, and pass to the sphere in which souls can only be redeemed from the power of vice and ignorance, after long ages of mental suffering. In the first case Charity presents evidence that it possesses power to *raise the dead.* In the second case, arrogant pride and rotten-hearted self-righteousness present evidence that they have the power and the disposition, to refine the sufferings and consummate the misery of a scarcely living soul.

Spiritualism presents to us, in its own bright colorings, these beautiful features of that most Love-like of all Love's children, heaven-born Charity. But, among the many features which it has not presented in this imperfect grouping, there is one which must suffice for a climax. And it is so sublimely beautiful and so God-like in magnanimity, that we shall not attempt to find adequate language to do it justice. The reader will see it with his mind's eye, and conceive the loveliness which we cannot portray. It is the spirit of a negro slave, who was whipped to death by his master, descending on the golden pinions of love and commiseration, from its towering eminence in the spirit realm, down to the dark abode just entered by the guilt-imbued soul of his earthly master and murderer, to speak to him words of forgiveness and encouragement, and to teach him how to cast off his burden of guilt, extricate himself from his condition of mental anguish, and get upon the line of upward and eternal progression. To touch this picture again, would be to mar it.

A Series of Spiritual Lessons.

The series of which the following is the initiatory number, were given some time since, in Rochester, through the mediumship of Rev. CHARLES HAMMOND, to a circle of which he was a member. They were published in our first volume, which was not in a form convenient for binding. Hence their republication in this volume.

RULES TO DETERMINE TRUTH FROM ERROR.

LESSON I.

Progressive pilgrims: We hail with delight and satisfaction this opportunity, to unfold to your understandings the everlasting realities of wisdom. Placed in a position, high above all mercenary motives, we propose to instruct those, and those only, who are solicitous of counsel, leaving such as close their eyes to the light, and their ears to the sound of our speech, to reflect upon the situation in which they may find themselves. Open your hearts to the voice of truth, and a great measure shall be meted unto you, free as the air, the light, and the rain.

By inspiration is to be understood spiritual impression. By prophecy is to be understood spiritual foresight; the correctness of which depends upon the wisdom of the seer. Predictions are announcements of future events, the fulfilment of which proves their verity. All predictions are not reliable; all are not unreliable. The real and the unreal conflict with each other, and you desire to know by what rule you shall distinguish them, so as not to be imposed upon.

First, the real may be distinguished from the unreal by its harmony with natural law, or the philosophy of cause and effect.

Second, the real may be distinguished from the false by its adaptation to the great end of human enjoyment.

Third, the real may be known from the deceptive by its consistency with reason.

Fourth, the true may be known from the false by its harmony with the progressive development of the human race. Hence, whatever prediction cast the sable curtain of doubt and uncertainty over the fond hopes of the heaven-aspiring mind, may be regarded as fallacious.—When hope is ruined, and confidence destroyed, the cause which has induced such a calamity is untrue, false, deceptive arrogating to itself

what it has no right to claim. Such predictions have swerved and shipwrecked the confidence of the unstable and fluctuating. History is replete with confirmations of this fact. Unreliable predictions have cursed all ages of mankind. Vain pretensions to prophet wisdom have poisoned the felicities of confiding hearts. Streams of darkness have overshadowed the bright future, and rendered dismal the opening heavens. Deluged in the murky darkness of ignorance, fanaticism and folly, men have grouped their way in solitude, with no ray of inspiration to enlighten their path. Dreams of demons, spectres of wild hallucination have invaded the sanctuary of social and domestic enjoyment. Relieved of this nightmare of a diseased imagination, you may progress in the sublime realities of eternal life; to do which it becomes important that each one should understand the philosophy of good and evil, and their antagonistic effects upon mind.

Permit me, then, to remark, that good is that which is agreeable, without pernicious and disagreeable consequences. Evil is the exact reverse. Good never causes shame, remorse, conscientious guilt, nor destroys the enjoyment of mind, but satisfies, purifies, elevates and sanctifies the soul. The importation of good must induce the most cheering, soothing, and happyfying results; and whatever prediction contradicts this primary principle, is acknowledgedly unjust, untrue, deceptive, and should be treated with no respect, and regarded as an emanation of ignorance.

Now pursue your investigations of spiritual philosophy, comparing each fragment by the rules in question, and you will not treasure up that which will injure you, nor expose yourselves to the impositions of misguided and misdirected intelligences.

I now submit to your criticism this the introductory lesson, with the assent of my associates in this sphere, from which I am permitted to speak through the passivity of this medium.

Love and Wisdom.

LESSON II.

"Blind arrogance to snatch from Heaven
Dominion not to mortals given."

Incomprehensibility lieth in a measureless infinity. Finite beings comprehend only fragmentary portions of the infinite immensity. Strange is the theory of endless progression to the conservatism of modern infallibility. Deductions professedly resulting from an infinite God, are accepted as the basis of confidence; but who can calculate correctly, and deduce just conclusions from premises infinitely surpassing comprehension?

The great error into which man has unfortunately fallen, consists in assuming as true what he alleges is a deduction from certain premises; viz:

FIRST.—Man has alleged, that the infinite God must be infinitely good and, consequently, whatever comes from God must correspond with his infinite love. Does man understand what infinite love is? Does he comprehend it? Has he any data, or rule, by which to determine the result of such love? If angels cannot comprehend infinite love, nor properly estimate the result of that love, how shall they whose advantages are more circumscribed and limited?

Finite love may be comprehended by finite beings. Finite love involves men and women in finite joys and sorrows. Love unites male and female in union—in the marriage covenant and legal relationship. Consequent upon such union, joy and sorrow arise—joy when all is bright, prosperous, pleasing, agreeable, satisfactory—sorrow when the dark curtain of adversity throws its shadow of despondency, dejection, bereavement, pain, anguish, into the soul. Disappointment, ambition and expectation fill the mind with gloom and sadness. What has done this? United they live; united they suffer. Could there be any suffering without love? Would there be any pain without feeling? As truly as love begets joy, so does it induce pain. Without love the two would not be sufferers on each others account. Their misfortunes are felt because of their loves. Therefore, love is not a preventive of sorrow;

but, in adversity, it makes the calamity more unendurable, because it is felt with greater intensity.

SECOND.—Allowing mind to judge from what it knows, who shall decide that infinite love will avoid all seeming evil? Who shall demonstrate that infinite love will operate so as to produce happiness only? If finite love does not restrain and prevent finite evils, who will show, that any number of finite loves can accomplish the perfect enjoyment of mind; or that infinite love is consistent with the sorrows, trials, misfortunes and evils, to which all human minds are subject? Deity will be no more, or less, to-morrow than he is to-day. His love will be no greater or stronger in heaven than in earth, in the future than in the present; yet evils exist, notwithstanding your love, notwithstanding the ove of angels. Love is not, therefore, the preventive of evils; but is the cause of more intense and acute suffering, under many circumstances.

THIRD.—God is not love alone; but he is wisdom and power. It is a false position to rest in love alone. Think you not that even brutes love? Know you not that even the lowest condition of humanity loves? Go where Africa's sable sons and daughters meet and mingle in their festive circles; where hilarity, glee, and joy smile, and warm hearts feel. Are they without suffering? Nay. Because they have love, are they blessed—saved from all sorrows, griefs, and pains? I tell you nay. Go where these sons and daughters toil, to furnish bread and clothing and houses for their masters. Are they without love, even towards those whose power is exerted to crush and oppress? Does their love avoid the evil? I tell you, nay. And does your love mitigate the severity of their burdens? I tell you, nay; but I tell you more—your love for them, in their oppression; makes you wretched.

FOURTH.—Associate with love, wisdom and power. Then march forward with hope, and victory will perch upon the banner. And why? Because wisdom discriminates between good and evil, and perceives how to receive the one and avoid the other. Love without wisdom is blind, for wisdom is the eye of the mind. With it, in a sufficient degree, all mortal evils are avoided. Even, with the power at your command, social evils can only be eradicated by a circulation of wisdom, co-extensive with their society; for wisdom decides all questions pertaining to its jurisdiction, and its jurisdiction, is co-extensive with itself. A small degree of wisdom is better than none; because, with no wisdom, a man is a fool; with little wisdom he is foolish, with more wisdom he is more wise; and, in the exact portion of his wisdom, will be his perfectibility in the progressive unfoldings of knowledge of the ways and means to avoid harm: and he who does no harm to himself or others is the wisest of mankind. He who does the most good and the least injury is the best of mankind. Therefore, he who upholds the weak, who cheers the despondent, who relieves the necessitous, who disabuses the down-trodden and oppressed, who wisely carries the strength of his own-heart, and the energy of his own hand to the weak, shall be numbered among the just made perfect; because, in him or her, who nobly, justly, truly, wisely, aids those that need, shall be received the reward of "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into rest." But prudence and wisdom are necessary to guide love, to govern love, to make love a blessing without alloy. And he who shines brightest, in the galaxy of heavenly worlds, is the one that loves wisely and acts truly to the immortal attractions of this bright and beautiful sphere. Truly—oh, what a world—truly to each other speak, to each other act, with your minds imbued with light, liberty, justice, equality, love, as the cement of all other principles. Thus, you may soar progressively upward, comprehending more and more of the beautiful, the infinite; and as you comprehend, so will you magnify the works of the infinite, and praise God by doing good to man.

Thus endeth the second lesson.

A country parson had a singular peculiarity of expression, always using the phrase "I flatter myself," instead of "I believe." Having occasion to exhort his congregation during a revival, he "flattered himself" that more than one-half of them would be damned!

Egyptian Antiquities.

Extracts from records found in the Phantom Library of Alexandria, with explanatory notes by the Compiler. A machine for inducing the Clairvoyant Condition—invented 3000 years ago. A connection of the spirit with the body kept up after death, for the purpose of communicating through the body. Origin of Embalming.

BY OTTO KUNZ.

Once, when investigating the subject of animal magnetism while in a clairvoyant state, my seer spoke of the injurious effects of human magnetism to which subjects are exposed by the physical state of the magnetizer, inasmuch as human magnetism is almost always tainted by some hereditary disease of the body. In place of human magnetism he recommended an instrument which he found spoken of in one of the manuscripts of the Phantom Library of Alexandria. It had been in vogue about 3000 years ago, and should again be introduced for the benefit of mankind, and, in particular, of those that should like to be developed as Clairvoyant Media, for every body can be developed thereby as a seer. By means of this instrument 'syncope' or 'fainting' is immediately produced, which, as the seer said, is a psychological condition analogous to the clairvoyants; and when produced, it only requires the connection to be made by single passes of the interrogator, to cause the spirit of the subject to hear and communicate with him by means of his body.

The instrument consists of a platform, on which is a cylinder. The platform turns around its centre on a pivot fastened to a foot, and is perforated by a few large holes to allow the atmosphere to circulate. It is to be remarked, however, that the subject should have abstained from animal food for forty days previous to being subjected to the experiment. Then take securely a seat in an arm chair put in the centre of the platform, and be confined by the cylinder. Now the platform is most rapidly whirled around its axis, which is continued until fainting ensues. The length of time required to accomplish this effect is varying very much with different individuals, depending on the physical properties of the person. Have an aperture or door adapted on the cylinder, so that you may look in, and enquire the state of the subject.—When the subject ceases to give any answers you may conclude him or her to be in the superior condition. Then, either open the door leading into it or take the cylinder entirely off, (which might be made light of a frame work of wood covered with paper or paste-board,) and form a connection with the subject by making passes until you receive answers. This method is not at all injurious, but on the contrary, contributing to health, as the seer said, and if people but knew what a happy condition it was, they would like to enter into it every day.—And the impression of the compiler is, that in many cases of disease, mostly nervous and painful ones, this method might be resorted to as a relief, if not a cure for such cases. The seer remarked: People generally, become frightened when seeing a person in a fainting fit, and believe it a disastrous condition, while it might be made the means of establishing a connection between the exterior and interior, or the visible and the invisible world. In the fainting condition the spirit is entirely separate from the body, and only connected with it by a magnetic cord, just as I am now in my clairvoyant condition;—unlike the visionary one, where the spirit does not leave the body, and therefore can imprint the scenes it sees, or the conversation he has on the tablet of memory. The connection being made with the interrogator, both conditions, the clairvoyant and the fainting, are alike in every respect. In both, the absent spirit is nourished by terrestrial magnetism passing through the body along the connecting cord to the spirit, as also through the connected magnetizer. If the magnetizer was not connected with the seer, the latter in both cases, could not hear, and therefore would not answer the former more than he would any other person.

An accomplished seer, however, is independent from any body, and recollects in his natural condition what he has seen or heard in the clairvoyant state, while his spirit attracts the really pure magnet essence

from the emanations of the earth through his healthy body, with every part of which he is intimately connected; he is thereby to soar away.

When the seer was speaking of death, he remarked that, it was founded on the same principle with true clairvoyance and syncope, and that when the spirit leaves the body, it does not take hours or days, as people generally believe when seeing the agony of a dying man—but it is done in a few seconds. It has been thought that the separation of the spirit from the body was frequently a slow process, and that the spirit of man was then still living in the body in an unconscious state. But this is not the case, for the spirit is only for a very short time in an unconscious state, until he realizes the change. There is a mere connection kept up between the separated spirit and body, while the functions of the physical organs continue to be active, sometimes long after the departure of the spirit, and even after the connecting rod is broken.—This depends on the condition of the body. And the activity of the organs cannot be stopped, at once, more than a locomotive in full motion, even after the propelling power has ceased to operate. This so-called agony, therefore, appears only frightful to an external aspect, but causes not the least suffering on the part of the spirit that has already departed from the convulsing body while the physical powers are slowly dying away. It has sometimes happened that the lungs continued breathing for three days after the spirit had departed.

When a spirit has passed out of a body without any fixed purpose, notion, faith, sentiment, and the like, and in peace with himself and everybody, he feels bewildered in beholding the new objects that present themselves to his spiritual vision, and in the ever changing newness of spiritual scenes and intercourse, he forgets the last moments of his earth-life, his sufferings, and the anxious friends that surrounded his dying bed; and only by degrees he begins to recollect his earth-life like a

But if a spirit dies with some object in view—the fulfillment of a promise, the realization of the process of dying—or with a direct fixed faith or creed, notion or appetite, passion or what else—the impression is firmly made upon his mind, that his first thought, after his spirit had gained consciousness, will be the object in view, the faith, notion, appetite, passion, which frequently fix his futurity either for happiness or misery. For this reason the doctrine of conversion is made on the dying. And it has occurred that men, who not only doubt the futurity of life, but were in their minds so fixedly convinced that to believe in a futurity they considered the greatest absurdity according to their faith of annihilation—after these men had been born into the spirit world—their spirits having been, so to say, expelled from the body—they lay above the grave like a spiritual corpse, and would remain in this lethargic condition, until roused by some guardian spirit to life everlasting.

After the spirit has left the coarse body, it is still connected with it by a magnetic cord, by means of which it attracts those essences from the body which it needs for its spiritual existence; and this cord breaks forever as soon as the spirit is complete; and then the body passes into corruption. If, however, this cord of connection is kept up, the body will be preserved by the vital energies of the spirit re-acting on it and receive its vital nourishment from the emanation of the earth.—While the connection is kept up in this manner the spirit is thereby capacitated to return into the body, at any time, again, and make use of it. But the body should be carefully kept in a healthy place, and not exposed to extremes of temperature, moisture, noxious vapors, and so on. The person that wishes to keep the connection with his body after death, should possess good mental qualities and firmness of purpose at the time when he dies. Spirits live by means of an electrical atmosphere resulting from the earth. If this corpse, then, is made the medium through which the electrical nutriment of the spirit passes, it will explain why it is conserved even for hundreds of years.

The seer related the case of an Egyptian Priest which he had read in one of the books of the Library of Alexandria. It was thus:—At the time when the Priesthood commenced gaining the supremacy over

Egypt, this Priest was the first who subjected himself to the experiment; he died with the firm design to communicate occasionally to his attending fellows by means of his body which they were to take care of. He succeeded so well that he communicated through his body from time to time, for nearly 300 years. Ever since, also other priests remained in connection with their bodies; and thereby an intercourse was kept up with the spirit world which aided the priest in performing those feats that filled the astonished multitude with awe, and thereby gained the well-known immense power, and made Egypt to be what it was—a most flourishing and happy country. The history of Egypt is nearly entirely lost. According to the historical works which the seer found in the library, Egypt played a most important part in the civilization of antiquity, of which our present knowledge in history has no idea. But the Chilians in South America possess yet facts in the shape of legends, which not only confirm their own eastern origin, but also the ancient notoriety of Egypt with whom they had great mercantile connections.

There was one among the Priests that was considered a benefactor to the human race, (the seer could not pronounce his name as he read the story in that historical record of the Library;) and they bestowed great honors on him, even when he yet inhabited the flesh. He, too, intended to remain at death in connection with his body, and to communicate to his fellows for the benefit of his country. He died, but contrary to the expectation of the Priests, his body commenced decaying, for the spirit had, unfortunately, lost too much time in collecting his thoughts in order to preserve the connection with his body, and the cord broke. The Priests discovering the decay of the highly adored, set to work to preserve it from corruption, thinking that then the spirit could make use of it. But they did not succeed, and the body decayed.

From that time they commenced experimenting to preserve corpses, that in case any spirit should wish to take possession of his body, he should be able to do it at any time. And this led them to the discovery of Embalming which was since then by degrees generally introduced.

The Angel of the Leaves.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

"Alas! alas!" said the sorrowing Tree, "my beautiful robe is gone; it has been torn from me! Its faded pieces whirl upon the wind—they rustle beneath the squirrels foot as he searches for his nut; they float upon the passing stream and on the quivering lake. Woe is me, for my dear, green verdure is gone. It was the gift of the Angel of the Leaves! I have lost it, and my glory is vanished; my beauty has disappeared; my summer honors have passed away. My bright and comely garment, alas! it is rent into a thousand parts. Who will weave me such another? Piece by piece it has been stripped from me. Scarcely did I sigh for the loss of one, ere another wandered off in air. The sweet sound of music cheers me no more. The birds that sang in my bosom were dismayed at my desolation—they have flown away with their song.

"I stood in my pride. The sun brightened my robe with its smile; the zephyrs breathed softly through its glossy folds; the clouds strewed pearls among them. My shadow was wide upon the earth; my head was lifted high and my forehead was fair as the heavens. But now, how changed! Sadness is upon me; my head is shorn; my arms are stripped; I cannot throw a shadow on the ground. Beauty has departed; gladness has gone out of my bosom. The blood has retired from my heart and sunk into the earth. I am thirsty, I am cold. My naked limbs shiver in the chilly air; the keen blast comes pitiless among them. The winter is coming. I am destitute. Sorrow is my portion; mourning must wear me away. How shall I account to the angel who clothed me, for the loss of his beautiful gift?"

The Angel had been listening. In soothing accents he answered the lamentation:

"My beloved tree," said he, be comforted! I am by thee still, though

every leaf has forsaken thee. The voice of gladness is hushed among thy boughs; but let my whisper console thee. Thy sorrow is but for a season. Trust in me. Keep my promise in thy heart. Be patient and full of hope. Let the words I leave with thee abide and cheer thee through the coming winter. Then will I return and clothe thee anew.

"The storm will drive rudely over thee; the snow will drift among thy naked limbs. But these will be light and passing afflictions. The ice will weigh heavily on thy helpless arms; but it shall soon dissolve to tears. It shall pass into the ground and be drunken by thy roots.—Then will I creep up, in secret, beneath thy bark, and into the branches it has oppressed, and help to adorn them.

"Thy blood has now retired for safety. The frost would chill and destroy it. It has gone into thy mother's bosom, for her to keep it warm. Earth will not rob her offspring. She is a careful parent; she knows all the wants of her children, and forgets not to provide for the least of them. The sap that has for a while gone down will cause thy roots to strike deeper, and spread wider; and, renewed and strengthened it shall return to nourish thy heart. Then, if thou shalt have remembered and trusted in my promise, I will fulfill it. Buds shall shoot forth on every bough. Thou shalt have a new robe. I will color and fit it in every part. It shall be a comely raiment. Thou shalt forget thy present sorrow. Sadness shall be swallowed up of joy. Now, my beloved Tree, fare thee well for a season!"

The Angel was gone. The cold, muttering winter drew near. The wild blast whistled for the storm. The storm came, and howled around the tree. But the word of the Angel was hidden in her heart. It soothed her amid the threatenings of the tempest. The ice-flakes rattled on her limbs and loaded and weighed them down.

"My slender branches," said she, "let not this burden overcome you! Break not beneath this heavy affliction—break not! but bend till you can spring back again to your places. Let not a twig of you be lost! Hope must prop you up for a while, and the angel will reward your patience. You will wave in a softer air. Grace shall be again in your motion, and a renewed beauty hang around you.

The scowling face of winter began to lose its features. The raging storm grew faint, and breathed its last. The restless clouds fretted themselves to fragments; these scattered on the sky and were brushed away. The sun threw down a bundle of golden arrows, that fell upon the Tree. The ice-flakes glittered as they came. Every one was shattered by a shaft, and unlocked itself upon the limb. They melted and were gone.

Spring had come to reign. Her blessed ministers were abroad in the earth. They hovered in the air. They blended their beautiful tints, and cast a new created glory on the face of the blue heavens.

The tree was rewarded for her trust. The Angel was true to the object of his love. He returned—he bestowed on her another robe.—It was bright, glossy and unsullied. The dust of summer had not lit upon it; the scorching heat had not faded it; the moth had not profaned it. The tree stood again in loveliness: she was dressed in more than her former beauty. She was very fair. Joy smiled around on every side. The birds flew back to her bosom, and sung among her branches their hymns to the Angel of the leaves.

MARVELS IN THE MICROSCOPIC WORLD.

"Let me look," says an enthusiastic in microscopy, "at some of the animalculæ to be found in a drop of water. Of these things which differ in size from the 30th to the 30,000th part of an inch, one of the most remarkable is the navicula. Upon examination, it appears to be cased in an armor of flint, but it contrives to walk about upon twenty or thirty legs. If we watch it narrowly for five or six hours—no inconsiderable period in the existence of an animalcule—we shall note a thin transparent line spreading across it in some direction or other. After the line makes its first appearance it becomes more visible every minute and rapidly increasing in width. At length, the creature begins wringing its limbs violently, the body splits assunder, and two new animalculæ are made out of one old one. This curious creature has some-

thing like a hundred stomachs, and its mouth, which is situated near one extremity, is surrounded by a number of almost invisible tentacula, with which it grasps its food; but as soon as the transparent line appears, which denotes its approaching division into two, as another mouth will be wanted, another is seen sprouting from the other extremity, and is ready to perform its functions as soon as the separation is effected.—The navicule comes to maturity at the age of twelve hours, and, under ordinary favorable circumstances divides itself into two every twelve hours. It is, therefore, reproduced upon Mr. Maltbus's principle; that is, according to a geometrical ratio; and, at the end of a month, such is the result of geometrical progression, that were there no checks to their increase, a single navicule would have produced over eight hundred millions of living beings. But it would seem that even such a rate of increase is not sufficient for the demand, because some kinds of naviculæ split themselves into sixteen instead of two in the same space of time."

Lectures for next Sabbath.

On Sabbath next, Brother FORSTER will be at Batavia, and we shall have Brother P. B. RANDOLPH to lecture for us.

It will be seen by hand-bills about the city, that Mr. RANDOLPH is to lecture Sunday afternoon and evening, and that an admittance fee of ten cents will be received at the door, to cover expenses and to remunerate him. Some people have expressed dissatisfaction with this arrangement; but we can see no good reason for objection. The idea of charging a price for admittance to a spiritual lecture, should not make persons nervous who know that hall-rent must be paid, and that lecturers cannot travel for nothing, nor pay their expenses with nothing, nor feed and clothe themselves with nothing; and who should know, by this time, that the liberality which is measured by the diameter, circumference and weight of a single penny, and which is so beautifully manifested by the *out-pourings* of our contribution ladles, can never be stretched to the extent of our ordinary weekly expenses, much less be made to cover the extra expenses of procuring lecturers from abroad.

To those who do not feel able to pay ten cents for a ticket of admittance to Mr. RANDOLPH's lectures, we have to say that he has authorized us to sell them tickets, at our office, for half price, and to donate them to such ones as cannot afford to pay any thing. Dr. OLIVER, also, has tickets which he is authorized to dispose of in like manner.

APROPOS! By direction of the Executive Committee, we sent an invitation to Miss EMMA FRANCES JAY, to take Buffalo in her western route, and lecture for us, in passing. To this letter of invitation, we have received the following answer:

NEW YORK, May 3d, 1856.

FRIEND ALBRO:

Your kind request for me to stop and lecture, at Buffalo, is at hand, and with pleasure I shall accept it.

I cannot now tell you when I can be there, but will inform you in due time for all necessary arrangements.

An Inquiring Mind.

A subscriber and reader writes us on the subject of Spiritual investigation; and from his letter we make the following abstract, that others may be benefited by what he says, and what we say in reply. And inasmuch as we do not send his name abroad, he will have no reason to complain of the liberty we take.

He says: "I peruse your paper with much pleasure. The communications contained in them would be most cheering to me of any thing else on earth, if I could believe them to be true. I do

not wish to doubt the honesty of those mediums through whom they purport to come; and it seems almost impossible that so many capable minds should be deceived.

"I have been prevented by sickness and death in my family, from investigating this subject; but I hope it may be true. I have a mother, a father and a sister, and three of my own family, in the spirit land, from which, it is said in scripture, that no traveller returns. Now, if spirits do come to earth and talk with their friends, it seems as though some of mine might have something to say to me. If it is your desire to convince inquirers of the truth of spiritual manifestations, I would ask you to do me a favor: I wish a communication from some of my spirit friends, through a writing medium. I would prefer it from my father, in his own hand writing, giving some particulars of his transit, as he was speechless at the time. I wish him to give his name and my mother's, and my full name. Such a communication, received when I am not present, will be sufficient to establish my faith in the doctrine, and its reception would bring to me the happiest moment of my life. I shall be most happy to commune with my spirit friends, through any channel, especially with the spirit of my son, who was taken from me the past winter. His departure has made the world appear desolate and gloomy to me, and a word from him would give me great joy. I often times feel impressed that he is hovering about me."

REMARKS EDITORIAL.

No person of ordinary perception, can read the above communication, without being impressed with the entire sincerity of the source whence it comes. Hence we heartily sympathize with our friend, on account of the difficulty which he finds in arriving at a definite conclusion as to the reality of Spiritual intercourse with mortals.

It has been said, and not without plausibility, that as faith is not an act of volition, no one can exercise any control over his belief. In one sense, this is true—in another, it is not true. It is true that no man can enforce belief, in his own mind, of a thing or circumstance, of the existence of which no evidence has been presented to his mind. Nor can he possibly compel himself to believe that which presents to his mind negative testimony. It is not true, however, that a man cannot exercise a controlling influence over his own faith, *by seeking for convincing evidence*. He who stands back and says, I will not believe, speaks truthfully and not absurdly, although it would be absurd for a man to declare that he would not believe, if he had convincing evidence; for then he could not choose. When he will not seek evidence, or listen to that which is presented to him, then he may truly say that he will not believe.

Our friend *will* believe. He seeks for evidence, and he will find it. If his religious education have implanted a pre-judice in his mind, which rises up in antagonism to the truth of spiritual intercourse, he will have it removed, because he is not determined to retain and nurse it. He wishes to be freed from it, and it must leave him. Indeed, we should almost feel warranted in blaming the angels themselves, if such a man should be allowed to remain in doubt, for want of evidence. He seeks for evidence, and will find it; whether in the direction in which he looks, or in some other direction, depends on the decision of the spirits, or on the circumstances by which they are governed. For, be it understood, they are under the government of Nature's laws, as much when they are out of the body as they were when they were in it.

As respects the *modus* by which our friend proposes to obtain

convincing testimony, we are ready and willing to afford him the required aid, when we can find it practicable to do so. At present, we have no test mediums in this city, that we are aware of. And if we had, the spirits of his friends might not be attracted to us.—Were he present with a test medium, such, for instance, as Mr. CONKLIN, they would be attracted to him, and would respond as he requires, if the conditions would allow. Some spirits can, and others cannot, communicate through media. Some can, and some cannot, give names when they can control media. As we have said, they are subject to law, and cannot work outside of the code of Nature. We venture, however, to tell our friend that he will receive communications from his father, which will be satisfactorily convincing. He will get the desired word from the spirit of his son, which will bring to him that anticipated “happiest moment of his life.”

Now, friend, let us tell you what to do, in the interim between this and the time when it will happen, that we can comply with your request. Organize a small, harmonious circle at your own house. Let it be composed of persons who are, like yourself, honestly desirous to obtain knowledge of the truth. Let the circle be composed of those of your own family who are that way inclined, and some of your neighbors, who have no fixed prejudices for spirits to encounter. Let them be male and female, as nearly equal as may be. When the circle is organized, let them meet as frequently as is perfectly convenient. Let them sit around a table, with their hands on it; and let every one be as passive as possible. From one hour to two, sitting quietly, will be sufficient. And when any one of the circle becomes weary of sitting, let him or her withdraw immediately, or let the whole circle break up; for weariness is pain, and pain produces a condition of inharmony which will effectually prevent spiritual manifestations. If different members of the circle entertain different opinions on abstract questions of philosophy, the meetings of the circle are not the proper occasions for entering into discussion in relation to them. There are very few who argue, that do so with a view to be convinced of their own philosophical or religious error, but nearly all rather intend to vanquish their antagonists, and convince those who listen, of their superiority in debating tact and talent. This spirit of controversial combativeness, when aroused, destroys all harmonious feeling, and renders spiritual operations impracticable.

With a circle of the proper material, all endeavoring to cultivate passivity and harmony, you will not have many meetings without evidence of spirit presence, nor wait long for the development of one or more mediums. Then you will have manifestations and communications through media in whom you can repose implicit confidence; and the longer you continue your meetings, the more fully will your media be developed, and the more interesting and reliable will be the communications which you will receive. And let us assure you, that much depends upon the moral elevation of not only your media, but all the members of your circle. Men and women who have attained to a high moral plane, will attract around them spirits of like character; and where there are none but moral minds, it is rarely the case that an undeveloped spirit can approach. Remember, too, that the garment of piety, which is kept for a Sabbath day vestment, is but a poor criterion whereby to judge of morality. The every-day life and deportment of the man or woman, is the fruit of the tree whereby you may safely judge of its qualities.

We shall be pleased to hear from our friend again, and learn how he succeeds in his investigations.

In passing, let us hint to him that the scripture of Shakspeare is sometimes mistaken for that of Moses, the prophets, or the apostles. The scripture which our friend quotes, and which teaches that “no traveller returns,” is Shakspearean, and not Biblical.

Spring.

“The bursting buds look up
To greet the sunlight, while it lingers yet
On the warm hill side,—and the violet
Opens its azure cup
Meekly, and countless wild flowers wake to fling
Their earliest incense on the gales of spring.

Continual songs arise
From universal Nature—birds and streams
Mingle their voices, and the glad earth seems
A second Paradise!
Thrice blessed spring!—thou bearest gifts divine,
Sunshine, and song, and fragrance— all art thine.

Nor unto earth alone—
Thou hast a blessing for the human heart,
Balm for its wounds and healing for its smart,
Telling of winter flown,
And bringing hopes upon thy rainbow wing,
Type of Eternal life—thrice blessed Spring!”

A Red Man's Speech in Albany.

The following remarks were made in substance, before the Indian Committee of the House of Representatives in Albany, at the late session of the Legislature, by Austin E. Quinney, Chief Sachem of the Stockbridge Tribe, now in Albany, with others of that Tribe, upon business:

“Brothers—Listen to me; I am going to say a few words.

“Brothers—I am extremely happy, and thank the Great Spirit above that I am permitted to see you, and have the opportunity of saying a few words upon a subject that has been much talked about by my old people.

“Brothers—I am told by them that about this place was the place where they first became acquainted with the whites, and where they made friends with them.

“Brothers—My people tell me that after they made friendship with the whites, they sold them a strip of land on the west side of the river now called the Hudson river, and upon which now stands the city of Albany, and another piece or so upon the east side of the river. I cannot give you the description of the land that was sold by my forefathers. I refer you to the deeds that were given.

“Brothers—My old people have repeatedly assured me that there was a great deal of land remaining unsold on both sides of the Moh-he-con-nik or Hudson river; and this is the reason why many of my people have always lingered and lived about here until the year 1848, when the Legislature of this State made provision to have them removed West.

“Brothers—I have come here with some of the Stockbridge Tribe, not to beg, nor to have anything to do with what our fathers sold, nor yet to ask anything from the improvements made by the occupants of the lands, but to ask the Legislature to open the way whereby my people may obtain some satisfaction for their rights.

“Brothers—Before the white man came, my people owned and occupied all the lands extending from the eastern boundary of the Six Nations away into what is now the State of Massachusetts. For the evidence of this you will find that country dotted with the significant Indian names which were given by my fathers.

“Brothers—Once we were many, now we are few—we were strong, but now we are weak. The shadow of the white man continues to drive us West. We have been often forced to remove our forefathers, until we have reached Wisconsin, where now live between three and four hundred of the original Stockbridge tribe.

“Brothers—We fought side by side for liberty. The bones of our fathers lay together—the earth has drunk their blood alike. Where your braves are, mine are, and where your warriors fell, there fell mine. As brothers, then, we trust you will do us good—extend your arm and help us this once. Not to do wrong—this my heart would scorn—but to pass a law that the white man may be led to do right to my people.”

AGE OF PROGRESS.

STEPHEN ALBRO EDITOR.
THOMAS GALES FORSTER,

Corresponding Editor and Agent.

OFFICE OVER STEPHENSON'S JEWELRY STORE, 200 MAIN ST. SECOND STORY.

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NOTICE.

The proprietors of the Age of Progress offer the following inducements to clubs and to all who are interested in the cause of Spiritualism:—

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All communications and letters of business concerning the Age of Progress, must be addressed to the proprietors, Mess. Murray & Baker.

Thomas Gales Forster.

As this gentleman has become a citizen of Buffalo, having been induced by the Spiritual fraternity, or Harmonial Association, to come and settle here, for the purpose of being the medium of angelic teachings; and as it has been thought necessary, by those who fear and tremble, lest the teachings of orthodoxy should fall into disrepute, to speak reproachfully and slanderously of all whome the spirits use as their instruments of communication, we deem it proper to show that his derivation is from a source of the highest respectability, and to challenge even calumny itself to convict him of reflecting dishonor upon his breeding, by any criminality in his own course of life.

The father of Mr. FORSTER was a Unitarian clergyman, in Charleston, South Carolina. His name was ANTHONY FORSTER. He left this state of existence and entered upon the journey of eternal progression, thirty-six years ago, when his son THOMAS was but a child. We have had put into our hands a volume of his sermons, which, together with a brief sketch of his life, was published by a member of his congregation, who had the best opportunity to know him thoroughly.

We are aware that it may be said that good fathers are not always blest with good children. But in answer to this, we can testify that we have received numerous communications from persons in high standing, where Mr. F. has been best and longest known, and that among them all, no one has failed to assure us that his character stood above reproach and beyond criticism. We can also affirm that, during a close intimacy of six or seven months, we have never been able to detect the least aberration from the right line of moral rectitude, but have discovered in him much of genuine amiability—much of the pure milk of human kindness—much to admire, to respect and to love.

For the purpose above mentioned, we make the following extract from the biographical sketch to which we have alluded:

"The general features of Mr. Forster's character, if the writer has been in any good degree successful in his attempt, will have been gathered from the preceding narrative. Such a character stands in no need of eulogy from us. His pure and elevated spirit would have shrunk instinctively from it, while on earth; and he is now far beyond the reach

of either the praise or the censure of mortals. His record is on high. But to us it may be useful to recall and to embody, while their impression is fresh upon our minds, some of the most striking traits in his interesting character. To dwell on the memory of such a man, not only affords a melancholy delight; it is greatly profitable to our virtue. It comes over us with a freshness and a fragrance that are not only grateful but invigorating to our spirits. We naturally consider him as one more added to that "cloud of witnesses," the idea of whose presence must quicken and stimulate our exertions in the Christian course. The recollection of the great and good, who have gone before us, to their reward, naturally connects itself with all that is high and holy in our feelings and aspirations; it strengthens all our good and generous purposes, it serves to break the illusion which is so apt to gather round present scenes and objects, and which enables them to get so firm a hold on our affections; it accustoms us to embrace with the eye of faith and hope, the prospect of our whole being.

Mr. Forster's was certainly a mind of no ordinary cast. He was endowed by nature with great boldness, decision and independence of character. His perceptive powers were usually quick, clear and strong; and his purpose equally simple and direct. To all the arts of simulation and dissimulation, he was an utter stranger. Like Nathaniel, he was "an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile." His native uprightness and independence of mind, led him to examine every thing for himself. He took his impressions of truth and duty from no man upon trust. He acted under an habitual and deep sense of his own personal responsibility for his opinion and conduct; and everything was with him subjected to the test of rigid and unbending principle. Yet was there nothing of obstinacy, of dogmatism or self-sufficiency in his temper. No man listened with more patience or docility to argument, from whatever quarter; no man could be more free from the tolly of a pertinacious adherence to his own opinions, merely because they were his own. Of him, if any man that ever lived, it might be safely affirmed, that he was a sincere lover of truth; and to the pursuit of this he devoted himself with an ardour of mind, and singleness of heart, which have been seldom surpassed. Of the right of private judgment, and free inquiry in matters of faith, he was a firm and resolute asserter.—He considered this the fundamental and primary article in that liberty wherewith Christ has made us free; and no earthly considerations could induce him to abandon the right, or forgo its exercise for a moment.

But perhaps the most prominent feature in his mind was his strong and discriminating good sense. This was apparent in everything that he did, and in everything he said, and stamped a strong and distinctive character of fitness and decorum on all his transactions. His insight into the characters of others was remarkably keen and unerring; his judgment was rarely imposed on by hollow pretensions and specious professions.

As a Minister of the Gospel, his qualifications were of a high order. While his talents and virtues commanded the respect of his people, his manners irresistably attached to him their affections. Few men have been more ardently beloved while living, or lamented, when dead, with more heart-felt sorrow.

His moral feelings were pure, elevated, discriminating, delicate, consistent; his piety was rational, deep, heart-felt, operative; it moulded his whole character, and gave the whole tone and tenor to the whole course of his life and conversation. His views of the divine character and government were liberal, consolating and delightful. He regarded the Deity, as the Father of the Universe, with sentiments of the deepest reverence and humility—yet joyous, confiding, filial. His trust in the providence of God was a practical and operative principle, a well-spring of hope, and peace, and joy which never failed him even in the darkest scenes of his life. During the weariness, and wasting, and exhaustion of his long-protracted illness, he manifested no symptoms of impatience. A tranquil resignation, and unruffled serenity of spirit shed round his dying couch the light of his holy example, and displayed the triumph of the Christian's faith.

In the walks of domestic and social life, Mr. Forster shone pre-eminently. As a husband, father and brother, he was generous, kind and affectionate; as a friend, warm-hearted, faithful and sincere. He seemed peculiarly formed to enjoy, and to give value to, the intercourse of the friendly circle. He possessed a candor of spirit, an openness, simplicity and directness of mind and feeling—an entire freedom from all selfishness and obliquity of purpose, that were irresistibly attractive.

But 'tis time to check the effusion of feelings which those who were unacquainted with Mr. Forster may perhaps think have been already too far indulged. On the other hand, those who knew him intimately feel, with the writer, how imperfect is the sketch he has tried to draw.—When we reflect on the premature death of such men, it is difficult to suppress a feeling of regret and disappointment, that arises almost to dissatisfaction with the dispensations of Providence. We are ready to inquire, with a repining querulousness of spirit, why to worth like his should have been assigned so short a date? But feelings like these it is our duty to check. The ways of heaven, though mysterious, are certainly wise and benevolent. One of the lights of the world is indeed extinguished, and extinguished in its meridian; but the great source of Light and Truth remains unchanged: and He will not suffer his children to remain in darkness. Our friend is released from his sufferings, and gone to his reward."

Buffalo Harmonial Conference.

On Sabbath afternoon, Professor DAYTON took for the subject of his lecture, the following extract from the writings of JEFFERSON:

"Fix reason firmly in her seat, and call to her tribunal every fact, every opinion. Question with boldness even the existence of a God; because, if there be one, he must more approve the homage of Reason than that of blind folded fear."

Those who heard the lecture, need not be told, by us, that the Spirit handled the subject with his characteristic power of logic and thrilling eloquence, nor that he used the organs of the medium with much more than his usual facility of utterance. Not only did he do ample justice to the metaphysical department of the subject, handling the sentiments of the immortal author as boldly as he did himself, but he took up and went through its collaterals, and came down with such power upon politics and slavery, that, could they have been there impersonated, they must have cried for mercy and quarters.

In the evening, that guardian angel of Buffalo, STEPHEN R. SMITH, spoke from the following scripture text, which had been furnished him by some one in the flesh. First Petter, iii., 19, 20.

"By which also he went and preached unto the spirits in prison; which some time were disobedient, when once the long suffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing, wherein few, that is, eight souls were saved by water."

The spirit, before approaching his subject directly, took a wide range in the field of fact and logic; thus leading the minds of the audience, by easy gradations, to the subject itself, prepared to receive and appreciate the sentiments which its consideration elicited. And, in a most masterly manner, he prove that the prison alluded to by the Apostle, could have been no other than the lowest sphere of the spirit world, and that the spirits to whom Jesus went and preached, after his crucifixion, were those who left the earth-form in an undeveloped and non-progressive condition.

In the concluding portion of his lecture, the spirit carried his medium, and with him, his audience, to such a height of sublimity, that it seemed as if they were getting beyond the reach of gravitation. And he would have soared still higher, but for the fact the physical powers of his medium were about to give way,

and he was compelled to stop short of the attitude he aimed at, and let him down.

Allow us to relate a little incident connected with the afternoon effort, by Professor DAYTON: On Monday evening, we attended a circle, with brother FORSTER, at the house of a friend. Mr. DAYTON took the control of his medium, and, after giving a beautiful lecture on the philosophy of Spiritual circles, became familiarly conversational. Among other things in the way of friendly chat, in answer to some remark concerning his lecture on Sunday, he said: "It would have done you good if you could have seen how the glorious old sage of Montecello laughed to hear me come down upon the politicians."

SPIRITUALISM IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The Newburyport Herald says:—The spiritual rapping phenomena are creating quite a sensation in the southern part of this county. In Lynn they are said to be received, as from the spirits of the dead, by a majority of the people of that city. At a lecture on the subject, in Marblehead, by Allen Putnam, Esq., of Roxbury, 700 persons were present, and were all that the house would hold. In Salem, the spiritual theory has been so extensively embraced by some of the most sober-minded and learned men—including quite a number of professional gentlemen—that it has become a matter of serious disturbance in religious circles; the clergy of the evangelical denominations are awakened to its prevalence and church action is being had on the matter.—*Exchange.*

The Soul of Wm. McCall.

AN ORATION ON THE OUTLINES OF INDIVIDUALITY.

BY P. B. RANDOLPH.

A Verbatim Report.

It were well that every term in every language were properly defined and understood. Therefore I desire that what I say be comprehended as I intend; for when I speak of individualism I do not mean the arrogant selfishness that passes current under that term: but I mean the full and complete rounding out of the me, and I, which is the character, istic of genius, which constitutes the real man and womanhood and which is essential to the proper fulfillment of our destinies here below, and the fitting preparation for that unrealized life which is to come.—And when I speak of Christianity I mean that hollow system of formalism which passes under that name, and not the religion taught and practised by the meek and lowly man of Nazareth.

Individualism is my gospel, and the fitting substitute for a dying or dead christianism, whose gaunt form lies prostrate on the earth, felled by the sturdy strokes of a better faith, and from whence issues dark, dense clouds of vapor redolent of fire and brimstone, and from whose eyes—bloodshot and glaring—there darts forth gleams of Hatred and Revenge instead of Love divine:—and from whose lips terrible cries come out, indicative alike of its own expiring agonies, and commemorative of the tortured millions who have yielded life at the Rack, the Stake and Inquisition.

For this gospel I have sacrificed time, labor, wealth, and health, I have preached, lectured, and written throughout this broad continent the Halls of England, and Salons of sunny France, have been filled with my voice; even the Spaniard beneath his burning sun has been startled by the fervor with which I sought to convince him that to be what God intended, he should be Himself.

The slow German has listened to me, and his dull eye has gleamed with unwonted fire, when I whispered to him, "Selfhood is Godhood."

Better than all, I have tried to live my gospel, and no one can say, however otherwise he might be disposed to condemn me, that I have

ever deviated from the valiant and often troublous path of a persistent individuality. Like all men who set forth a new theory, I have had little to support me, save my own enthusiasm, and have been seldom understood, seldom felt, except when I could pour myself as fiery emotion into the bosom of the people.

I intend to night to give you the outlines of individualism as briefly as time will permit. And I feel that you will return to your homes wiser men and women than when you entered this Hall, if you attentively observe the matter rather than the manner of that which, inspired by the glorious spirit of everlasting unfading truth, I am about to utter.

I start then, from the principle, that placed in the midst of Nature we can have only positive knowledge of Nature, and that all else can be but conjectural, speculative transient, ephemeral, and of no utility whatever. In a word I have an abiding faith in Common Sense.

Now the genius of common sense is the Soul of Human Life, and its composition is Experience, Pain, Pleasure, Hope and Fear! Consequently people blessed with it reject all supernaturalism in whatever shape it presents itself. Miracles, as physical impossibilities next follow in the category of rejected crudities; and the sacred Past whenever it assumes the garment of infallible authority, follows in their wake.

Here we stand the children of the great All; and it is our actual relations to the great all that we are to determine. The Past to us is a non-entity. Historical facts concern us not at all. Of the Future we speculate much, but can know absolutely nothing, except that the universe is a great fact, and will ever be such. Humanity's eternal religion we devoutly believe in,—we individualists—the belief in God and immortality: but our God is the everlasting life that flows around us, and of which we are a part. Immortality is but a living fact and a beautiful ideal that ever floats before us as a gossamer cloud floats on the bright gleaming wings of the morning zephyr, all bespangled with the diamond eyes of pearly dew, nor can we speak of it with disgusting familiarity of modern churchmen, or of some still more modern spiritualists,—many and by far the majority are improperly so called.

Now in Nature if we look with our natural eyes, and do not permit ourselves to be crazed by creeds, theologies and dull metaphysics or the wild vagaries and speculations of mere dabblers in the art of thinking, who ever and anon, set up for Sir Oracles and modern Pythons. What are the two things in chief that we observe? I reply an intense unity and a boundless multiformity, which are at once the results and the conditions of each other. The Essence is one, and the Aspects are manifold, and the Aspects are manifold because the Essence is one; and the contrary! This might seem simple and altogether indubitable; but look how it is denied by so called christians, and philosophical theists, who make no great pretensions to christianity at all. For the christian there are three omnipresent Essences, a spirit of omnipotent good, called Jehovah, an Omnipotent antagonist called Satan, and a limitless lump of death called Matter. Now these three Essences are exactly equivalent to no Essence at all! There is a total destruction of all unity, and it is not divinity which we behold branching from a central source of Unity, but the fragments of the Chaos Matter which Jehovah and the Devil in their ferocious hate hurl at each other's heads. We are not much better off, if we adopt the duality of the Philosophic Theists, because two Essences are as fatal to Cosmic Unity as three!—we merely miss the liveliness which the Devil gave to the concern!—and if we are to have chaos, let us by all means have a Devil to make the thing interesting.

A mother was trying to picture the glories and delights of Heaven to her little son. At last the child said, "If I am a good boy and go to Heaven, shall I not sometimes have a little Devil to play with?" In spite of her glorious imagery, the little fellow could not help thinking Heaven a dreary place, only to be tolerated when the brisk and frisky little imps from the antipodes came to help pass the time!

Now the Theist strives to be very eloquent on God and pure spirit, as

distinguished from gross matter and the multiformities of Nature, but he only makes us sigh for the Devil to kick up a row, and give us farce with tragedy.

The oldest Religions viewed the universe as an enormous living creature; not as a conglomeration of points here and there in the void, but as a stupendous organism clasping Immensity with its minutest fibers and stretching through it with its giant limbs.

Now this is the truest and noblest view of the Universe; nor is there any middle ground between it and absolute Atheism! Either there is no God, or there is only this sublime being with starry eyes, and starry mantle, that we incessantly behold. But men have been but falsely educated, and therefore they rebel against this grand doctrine of Common Sense.

Hireling priests offer us a God far beyond the moon, somewhere on the confines of outermost Sphere; by doing which they declare the principle of Individuality, or the right of self-judgment, paramount to all others,—so far as they are concerned, and in the same breath ignore, and utterly deny it in all the rest of mankind. Priests are inconsistent animals!

"As like as two P's" are Priests and Politicians; for these last seldom have the genius or generosity to govern for man's highest good; but they are glad when the people are terrified by the Priestly phantoms of revengeful Gods; because they too, recognize Individualism as a great and good, because true principle; and feeling that knowledge is power, they tremble lest the people, breaking their Priestly ligaments, will become full and rounded characters, real genuine individuals, and then adieu to the sinecures; farewell loaves and fishes for lo! "Othello's occupation is gone."

The first step towards the overthrow of our social, and all other evils, and woes of every kind, must be the destruction of a one-sided spiritualism or philosophy, which models, or attempts to model, the community according to its insane caprice; and to drag it away as far as possible from Nature. But how is this to be done! You preach to Priests and governments in vain. They are the advocates of a miserable conservatism, and even when they are not, they are stupid as they always are indifferent. At all events, the godlike growth of the community they sneer at, as the dream of fools or the delusion of men too honest for this world. When you talk to them of Nature, they think you are quoting D'Holback, Grieves, Rousseau or the Revelations of Andrew Jackson Davis; and it is the chief article of their creed that Rousseau was a madman, Montaigne a fool, Holback a knave, Grieves a dreamer, Swedenborg a fanatic and Davis a jack-ass on stilts. To whom then, must you appeal? To the man—the individual! Disenthrall him from sectisms and creed and party; insolate him from his old associations; paralyze the grasp that custom has over his thoughts and actions; make him a free and strong 'man', eager to be a hero whenever society demands heroic actions and heroic sacrifices. Now there are four ways in which this must be accomplished: 1st. by invigorating his will; 2nd. by disabusing his mind of the old-silly pedantic notion that he consists of a soul and body eternally at war with each other, and enabling him to feel that he is a vital unity manifesting itself by multiformity; 3d. by making him regard Nature as the unity of unities, and the multiformity of multiformities; 4th by arranging before him each object in Nature—tree, bud, flower insect, bird, as a multiform unity.

By invigorating his will you not merely give him positive force for all his future march; you not only arm him with mighty resolves for mighty achievements; But you give him a weapon with which to break that which is his most unconquerable hindrance, most formidable cause,—the bondage of conventionalism. By stamping deep in his breast, also, the image of himself as a multiform unity, and not a compound of soul and body, not a mere compound of spirit and matter, nor a bundle of parts, each independent of the other in itself, and hammered into temporary relationship with its neighbor, but as a multiform unit of the great eternal oneness—the uni—omni over soul! By so do-

ing you not simply give him the boon of health, but also the sense of affinity for the true the beautiful, and the good. And that new sense will prodigiously elevate him, and the knowledge of brotherhood will fill his very soul with joy and make his wearied spirit sing for very gladness.

But though we reject the old notion of separating soul from body—spirit from matter, there is plainly an unknown in the universe which we cannot reject. It matters not what we call this unknown, therefore I will name it mystery. The univercælum will be none the less one and many-fold if we regard it as mysterious. It will be none the less beautiful, vast and sublime; nor will it lose ought of its joys, but it will still shine with a sacred glory,—still be a palace where the banquet of life is spread, and a temple, inspiring the divinest visions and divinest valor—a temple wherein we may offer the worship of holiest emotion,—of Titanic labors, of Martyrdoms for Humanity, and which all true men shudder to desecrate by a base desire or dishonorable action. When therefore, his will is invigorated—after these fall, intelligible, and various lessons, and his moral transformation is effected, man must be taken into the region of the unknown—into that wild weird clime that lieth sublime yut of space, out of time, and, first of all, into the mysterious depths of his own wonderful nature. This descent into the abysses of his own mystery is intuitionism, I call it so, [Not for the sake of abstraction, self-analysis or speculation do I recommend this course for there can be no more unwholesome occupation than a man's always looking into his intellectual stomach; but because the religious transformation of the individual cannot be begun or finished without intuitionism.]

It is from the profoundest sense of mystery in himself, that he rises in the universal scale. Individual men, aggregated after such moral and religious transformation, form the materials for the future social state of integral Harmony, beautiful as a sunbeam, just bursting on the world!

There are earnest men in these days, Davis's, Ballous, Owens, Bushes, Andrews—all good and true, no doubt, who say we must ignore political institutions, and measurably the individual also, and aim at social change directly and solely through social organization. While I admire their enthusiasm and earnestness, I hope little or nothing from their efforts. It is a strange anomaly that those who are so thoroughly assured of the impotence of political should have so much faith in social organizations and institutions. Then there are other earnest men, who, disgusted with current orthodoxal superstitions, take as a gospel the denial of the invisible. This is to assume what all history refutes, that Religion is not one of our eternal instincts, and that it is merely the invention of priests and politicians. These misuse it to their own base purposes. But the eternal God gave it birth and planted it in man's deep breast.

Social harmony is the destiny of all, but Andrew Jackson Davis to the contrary notwithstanding, I affirm that society has only gone thro two of its five large stages of Development, and I challenge contradiction.

Before Jesus came humanity was passing through its physical phase. The civilization of the ancients had a unity and grandeur with which ours cannot for a moment compare. But with all its beauty and excellence, it was but the deification of the sensuous. Man marched in the midst of Nature as a stalwart symmetry, sunny and glorious; but he often exulted in his pride of force, and drinking eagerly of the cup of joy forgot too readily, as do many of our living fellows in this sunny land of liberty,—that the blood and sweat and tears, the untold agony and woe of his brethren, was the fearful price he payed for the draught.

At the advent of Christianity, the human race entered on its second or intellectual phase. Now the intellect is, of all human principles the most fertile and the least genial; and Christianity wherever it has had full swing, has been eminently hostile to the best interests of mankind. If ancient civilization sinned, it was through excess, rather than defect. The earliest home of the human race was India; and from thence came the first culture and first religions of every kind. Is it to

be marvelled at that the religion, the culture, the resultant political organization, military enterprises, artistic achievements and social life should be clothed with India's odorous air and boundless exuberance; should be lavish as India's productions, enormous as her mountains?

Christianity in its dainty care for the senses, thought that it could not go too far in the other extreme, and a man was canonized and called a saint, who made himself perfectly useless, severed as far as he could from human intercourse, who never washed himself or got a new coat till the old one fell in tattered rags around him, and who was so much a teetotaller, as to have a whole fountain to himself. Christianity put the spirit in contrast with the senses. But when you carry that contrast to the utmost, what do you behold? what do you accomplish? The answer rolls up in thunder tones "you destroy the balance of the human faculties, and provoke the most fatal and terrible reactions."—No sensualities among the ancients were ever so disgustingly incurable as those which prevail and have prevailed in christian lands, and which are the direct and natural consequences of christian teachings. In truth the excitement of christian fanaticism is kindred ever to the most furious and uncontrollable animality. Look at the majority of Preacher's sons—like father like son; and then study the natural history, origin and results of the Methodistic love feasts, the professed object of which is to promote spiritual chastity. Henry VIII could zealously defend the faith, and yet be a brute all the while; for in one short life time, he, for the good of the Church, and promotion of morals, divorced Catharine of Arragon, married and murdered Anne Boleyn and Jane Seymour, broke the hearts of five others, and stigmatized Anne of Cleves as a "Flanders mare." Eight wives had this holy defender of the faith. Remember the relation of cause and effect.

The spiritual fever of the multitude renders them easy dupes to the intellect of the few, simply because the multitude are not individuals.—It is said, Christianity abolishes slavery, which is not true; but if it were, the gospel only destroys the bondage of the body, while it brings a more terrible set of shackles for the soul! Christianity is not the religion of Jesus. Glance at the crusades; forget their poetical aspects, and the benefits they conferred, but never contemplated; and were they not the porest insanities into which nations ever rushed, not even excepting the Russian imbroglio? Therefore it is self apparent that the only defence man has against the wiles of priestcraft, and the whims of despots are in those very despised senses; because they give him a consciousness of strength, with which despots dare not trifle. Mankind has as the fruits of the past miscalled Spiritualism, a self denial, an asceticism most unnatural, with the morbid mockery of Pseudo-pious old maids to make it ridiculous, a gross and abominable sensuality as unnatural, but the reaction against that asceticism, the attempt of suppressed forces to assert, and regain their rights; and under the pretence of rendering every individual the freed man of Christ, and clothing him with a spiritual dignity and an intellectual eminence, which teach him to despise the poor Greek and Roman, you simply enthrone Jesuitism as the Queen of the world. This then is my verdict on Christianity, that it flatters its adherents with receiving a spiritual elevation and disenfranchisement, but that it changes society into an arid and joyless thing, to be tossed, twisted, and trampled as it may suit the pleasure of diplomats and ecclesiastics. Greatly, therefore, are they deceived, or greatly do they deceive others, who aver that Christianity is the religion of the people.

But this intellectual phase of human development, and with it Christianity is drawing to a close. We are entering on the moral phase of humanity's growth, the long struggle of the human will against the intellectual weapons and potent machinery of despots, priests and politicians, the accursed trinity which has ever hindered our normal growth and repressed the aspirations of man. This struggle will inevitably last long. The people are no match for their tyrants, for these are too well read in the logic of self-interest to be caught napping. The people must dwarf these tyrants into insignificance, and efface them from the earth by the grandeur of their own moral superiority! The time has

come, when the people can bear the truth told them, and when that time is fully ripe, deeds, worthy of America's most valiant battles in the past, will flash and fulminate in a new sense from her shores; deeds worthy of her noblest aspirations; for the future will utter to earth and heaven, in thunder notes, what I, in this brief speech, am stating to you, that the moral phase of humanity has begun!

The fourth, or religious phase, will follow the moral phase man laying at the feet of the Infinite, what he has wrenched from the grasp of Jesuit and oppressors. Sense predominant, Will also, and conscience and intellect, with them, only make a one sided man, and Christianity. From conflict therefore, with all his foes in the moral, man will ascend to the sacred joy of the religious phase. And well will he have paid for the festival with the combat, but the festival will be as in the primeval freshness and outpouring of the world, a worship no less than a rapture, and a reward like unto the time when the father of the family was the only priest, and when, according to the ancient tale of the Talmud, the angels came to the Patriarch's tent and shared his repast. The fifth and last act of the drama of humanity will be God-like harmony, in which neither as in the olden time the sensual will predominate, nor as in Christian civilization the intellect under the name of spiritual faithfulness; I mean of the churches, nor as the phase we are entering, a predominance of heroic will; nor as in the phase succeeding that, a strange mystical joy, of which it is difficult for us at present to form an idea, but when all the attributes of human nature shall march together in magnificent concord, regular and beautiful as a radiant morn, or the seasons on the earth!

This development of principles in human nature, has, in the idea I am now expounding to you, its counter-part in the development of faculties in the person—in the me. I divide it into eight successive planes! Instinctive faith, traditional belief, critical negation, logical acquiescence, metaphysical scepticism, spiritual conviction esthetical completeness and divine harmony; and not a soul that lives under heaven but reaches its goal by a painful passage over this bridge; it always was, and always will be so! The first, or instinctive faith, is that which, if left to ourselves, we form in childhood. The second, or traditional belief is the sort of trash, with which we are crammed by parent and priest, which pictures God as an Omnipotent fiend, on the throne of the Universe, and which makes the nights of our youth sleepless, and our days gloomy with the dread of eternal damnation. The third, or critical negation, is that peculiar revolt of our wit and understanding, against those creeds of anguish and cruelty which every one feels at least once in the life time, and when we live for a time in bold and reckless denial or mockery. The fourth, or logical acquiescence is the abandonment of this negative position, this mocking air, and is the attempt to reconstruct a religion and faith for ourselves with the materials furnished by the understanding merely, and without the help of the other faculties. This is rationalism, and its illustration is modern Unitarianism in this country and in England. This is the infancy period of Common Sense, as the former period was the birth thereof! The fifth, or metaphysical scepticism, is the doubt, into which all our faculties rush the moment they discover how arid and poor is any faith which has the understanding only for its creator or author.

Here we do not grapple merely with the things of human invention, as in the third phase; but we seize the very foundations of the Universe, and like Titans trying to crush the Gods, we strive to hurl all things into the howling confusion of one vast abyss. And this is that tragedy of tragedies from which no noble and earnest soul can in these days escape. There is but one way, one passage, one life-boat, and this is through the channel of intuition, on board the bark of Harmonial, soul-elevating, mind-clearing, heaven-steering spirit-piloted, angel-commanded, God-sent philosophy. I mean that pure Spiritualism which leaps up from the deep soul of man, and meets half way the love-bearing messenger of the skies, which manifests itself in the walk, talk and silent thought of its adherents, and not that pseudo Spiritualism, so rampant in these latter days, and which is so much vaunted by its fol-

lowers, for its depth is but a trifle deeper than the table is thick on which its raps are made. I fear that many who live in these latter table-tipping times, will one day regret the more than utter waste of time and privilege, which they might and ought to improve, for with the angels as with the spirit of truth, they will not always strive with man.

The sixth or spiritual conviction, is the belief into which our faculties ascend after this shriek of wrath, this terrible crucifixion. Byron never got further than that which I call critical negation: Shelley that beautiful one, was writing in metaphysical scepticism when he vanished from the world, a bud nipped by an untimely frost. Edgar A. Poe, our own bright star, was a cork on the foaming billows of the sea of doubt, but his bark now lies safely moored in an eternal shore.

The seventh, or esthetical completeness is our education in the artistic, and the poetic; it is an education so multiform and perfect, as to make whatever is beheld a glorious correspondence to the strength and breadth of our spiritual convictions; it is the reconciliation of the individual and the universe, so that we feel our life in all forms of nature, and all forms of nature in our life. Many modern seers, Swedenborg particularly, are characterized by this most exquisite beauty, and it flashes forth at times from us all, a sure prophecy of immortality, and a certain sign that we are but embryo angels.

The eighth, or divine harmony, answers to natural harmony in the social whole! It is the mellowing into a potent, valiant and most musical unity of the holiest and most ennobling results gathered from the great school; the experience of past phases. This union is eclecticism, but eclecticism is not this union; because this state results in earthly beatification.

One of the great aims of this my philosophy, and only mine because I too though dark-hued, am a human being suffering, toiling, listening eagerly for the first faint note preceding the jubilee, is to honor all man's faculties alike, nor give the crown to the much boasted human reason, because reason is but a twin brother to imagination; it honors both no less than the conscience, because it views man as a melody, flowing from the great unitary harmony creation, power, nature, God; and it honors the passions as well as the faculties. It is absurd to speak of bad passions, per se; they are only bad when they monopolize the entire individual; but this is not because they are evil in themselves, but because through them, man ceases to be what nature made him. But remember that he equally ceases to be such if intellect be the great dominant.

To day there are many thousands who reject the idea of hereditary depravity, because it is a monstrous doctrine, viewed in one light, and has nothing to favor it but some old Jew's fables, and yet these same persons speak of passion as of some devouring pestilential leprosy in the human heart. They are at the same time both right and wrong, for so far as theology is concerned it is false as falsehood; but physiologically and psychologically, as true as truth herself.

Political economists think we should have the right kind of a world at last if we cut all the passions out of a man. They would extinguish every vestige of fire, even that which warms and cheers us, and which cooks our food, simply, forsooth, because village bun plins make silly bon-fires in honor of some little lordling, whose only praise is that he is a greater scoundrel than the masses have among them; or because silly boys on the 4th of July burn their fingers with gunpowder, or that cities are sometimes devastated by conflagrations. Fire is to me sacred, I almost worship it, because it is the type and essence of purity herself! These men would emasculate the race and make us all nothings in theory and in fact! Thank heaven we are not all content with tapioca, but have now and then a relish for more solid food.

Nothing so like as peas, nothing so natural as the family, and nations are but the family developed. Consequently so long as one man loves one woman, and he can love no more, there will be the family; it will forever love its own members better than its neighbor, and there will be nations just as long; and patriotism alone will be the tie which

binds the mass together. This is simple common sense, and it follows that the harum scarum utopian schemes of free love and social communities as isolated from the world as the angels from the fabled burning pit, must fail on the basis of the love a man must bear to the wife, and she to their mutualities. No isolated socialism, whether of Fourier, Davis, Rapp, or Bush, can eventually succeed, because oranges wont grow in the Polar seas! and man must spontaneously coalesce with man, else there can be no real unity. The tendency of man is toward self-government, or the essence of the self-hood. Every man wants to have his talk, his say, his finger in the pie, "too many cooks spoil the broth," and hence after a few brief years, societies fail, and their forlorn leaders rub their eyes, wonder how came it so; exclaim "who'd a' thought it," pass from the stage, and give place to other visionaries. They failed to see that which was right beneath their noses, viz: the fact that, as knowledge increased the sentiment of personalism gained strength, and with it the desire for spontaneity and repugnance to artificialism of what ever kind, under whatever name. Individual manhood and slavery to even the most liberal doctrines, are incompatible with each other, and discordant notes must they be that issue from such an instrument.

Thus has it been in the past, thus is it in the present, and ever will be, until men cease to make laws for others, but learn to look at home, and by assiduity remedy the defects there. The best piece of advice ever given was that which says, first remove the beam from thine own eye, and then pluck the mote from out thy brother's.

Some modern Solomon's tell us that nationality and monogamic marriage are foolish dreams, from which we ought to wake up. Viewed from a point fifty thousand years ahead, they may be; but it is wisdom sometimes at least to "let well enough alone!" At present we believe our wives to be the best, our children the loveliest, our shores and hills and valleys, the dearest, and why? because they are our own. The sentiment of individualism will manifest itself not as such perhaps; but a rose smells sweet under any name. Those who affect to speak in terms of disparagement of nationality and these ideas, upon analysis will be found of the class who force the poor and unfortunate to live in dark and putrid dwellings, steaming with filth and pestilence, and who thrive and fatten upon the blood and groans and bitter tears of the poor sewing girl, or the down-trodden and despised African, whose gory sweat and bleeding, mangled back, cries aloud from the ground for the vengeance of an insulted God; while they, the pious worthies are bawling philanthropy in Faniel Hall, and subscribing liberally to the fund for converting Hottentots, Patagonians, Kangaroos and Ourang Outangs, totally oblivious of the fact that "the Greeks are at the door!" Oh yes, they are philanthropists! dont you hear the din and enthusiasm, the flourish of trumpets, as they assent to the scheme of some brother mawworm for the propagation of the gospel and ten per cents, salvation and new rum, christianity and the small pox at the North pole, and Timbuctoo and Borobooloogha; supporting all these measures too, with money wrung with cruel, infamous, villanous hands, from the bloody sweat, lacerated feet, and torn hands of God's own children, the suffering poor. From such philanthropy may the Lord deliver us.

Springing from the doctrines just taught, is another evolution of individualism; that of nations considered as agents of civilization; and my observations in Europe have confirmed the ideas previously entertained. Each nation, like the individual has an allotted part in the drama of the destinies of the universe. Like the mimic stage, so is the real, and some nations have unmistakably played leading parts, star engagements. Of these I shall rapidly sketch fourteen, whose names and parts I can here do little more than glance at, without attempting amplification, or to simply illustrate as the subject demands.

First—Egypt and Religion: Who ever attentively studies history must see plainly that the Jews told as many lies as they possibly could about that country. This but exemplifies the well known fact that human nature, whitewash and color it as you will, in spite of all is human nature still. The Egyptians undisguisedly hated the despisers of

pork, and it was perfectly natural that, on the eternal principle that like begets like, the Jews should cordially hate them in return. Now when one person hates another, it is very unlikely that he will look with lenient eyes on the faults or tergiversations of his foe; but on the contrary, he magnifies each fault, and lays the censure on very thick. As with persons, so also with nations.

The probability is, that the Egyptian theocracy was the best government that has ever been, simply because it was perfectly adapted to the age and genius of its people. It was a theocracy, and the theocratic formulæ represents in most poetic and harmonious unity, the social, religious and political life of the people; it is the sacred passion of the people flaming into one mighty flame of worship.

Second—Greece and Beauty: The Greek was patriotic, he was warlike, and so full of faculty, that there was nothing in which he was not fitted to excel; but his whole heart and the whole opulence of his efforts streamed in radiance and rapture toward the beautiful. And this is the keystone to the problem why the Greek ceased to be great, and why Demosthenes and his compeers stand out in such bold relief on the historic page of oratory; because, whoever uses one set of faculties, to the exclusion of all others, inevitably weakens the general structure of the system. These faculties thus cultivated, will produce the most magnificent results; and this is why the men of antiquity excelled all our attempts at the sublime and beautiful. The faculties thus enthroned sap the virile life of all the rest, until finally, these mental monarchs fall, because the base of the pyramid has been washed away; and the very idea of a kingdom, being founded on a misapprehension of man's wonderful nature, and being built on error, must of necessity tumble down when the first rude blast comes. We may not be so great in any one directoin as the beautiful Greek, but we are fuller men, and better able to breast the current of life than he, and with sturdy strokes beat back the rolling waves of barbarism which press us on all sides.

Third—Palestine and Faith: Rigid historical analysis gives us the singular fact, that although the Jews have given us the Bible, yet of all men who have ever figured on the stage of life, they have had the least of the religious feeling, except perhaps that peculiar class mentioned by Col. Freemont, who had not yet developed the organ cranial, whose function is religion.

But if the Jews had none of this, they possessed another faculty which it were better for themselves had they less of, and that other nations had more. I refer to their prodigious pertinacity of purpose. The Israelite had a faith fully equal to the modern fatalism of a Bash, Barouk, or of either of the Bonapartes. Napoleon the first and grandest, or Napoleon the third and greatest. Indeed the relationship between religious faith, developed and nurtured in the ages past, and the absolute fatalism of the Musselmans is so intimate and close, that it is difficult to discern the difference, particularly, when the lantern of science furnishes the medium by which they both are seen.

We live, fortunately, in an age when men begin to see that a rose is still a rose, call it Lilly or whatever else you will, and that names are nothing while principles are everything! The Jew is really more of an individual than almost any other man, from the amazing amount of his faith; and this great and peculiar characteristic of his people, has from time to time, elevated them to something little short of sublimity!

Fourth.—Rome and force: The Romans, as a moral physical and intellectual unity, were the strongest of men; and in this speciality—that is, as combining these three integrals of a full manhood, which means a full nationalism, on the sliding scale of history, they, beyond a doubt, surpassed all preceding, many contemporaneous, and indeed most subsequent people. But the strength of the Romans was chiefly shown in law and political organization.

Fifth.—Arabia and Miracle: By miracle I mean the infinitely astonishing, (in contradistinction to the supernatural, there being no such thing) and surely the career of the Arab was miraculous in the former sense, in an incomparable degree, for at least 700 years after that wonderful star or planet, Mahomet rose. Arabia has definitively proved

to the world, the truth long doubted, that whatever can be, may be done; and not only so, but that seeming impossibilities are easily overcome, whenever opposed by a resolute will; and this is a main element of individualism. "To will and not to do; alas how sad, Man and his passions too, are mad—how mad," says James the writer, but says another equally great, "I will—'tis done—coach and horses, horses and coach."

Sixth.—Italy and Art: The Roman Genius was not peculiarly artistic; but as the southern part of Italy, was in a great measure colonized by Greeks, and as towards the north-west, the old Etruscan tradition, so strongly savoring of Art, survived; to these circumstances more than to the influence of the Roman Catholic church, must be ascribed the predominance that Art obtained in Italy. And she has therefore added one magnificent, finely finished stone, to the great temple of completeness, now in course of erection.

Seventh.—On the list we find *la belle nation*! The French are a great and gallant people, far more gallant than great; albeit, her firmament is covered and crowned by a superb galaxy of stars, in the midst of which, embosomed in radiance shines that greatest man of modern times, Mirabeau. But they are not an original, or poetic people, nor deep thinkers, save occasionally one here and there. They are satisfied if they can put the stamp of fashion on whatever they approach; but with the essence of things they bother themselves but little. Having more ingenuity than talent, more talent than genius and though in their Epic moments,—their Revolutionary outbursts, there is no nation so stupendous and imposing, yet in their normal existence they are satisfied if they can make the women all over Europe and America, wear preposterous bonnets on the back of their heads, or make the men wear preposterous pants which look as if the wearers had stolen the coverlets of patches made by their grandmothers, cut them with a carving knife, and pasted the shreds with molasses, into Siamese twin bags.

Eighth.—Spain and Romance: Over Spain, as she is at present, we can only mourn. Yet to her we should never be ungrateful, even if she had done nothing more than tinge the literature and civilization of Europe and the world with the Romantic. The conflict and the mingling of Christianity and Islamism in Spain, is the chief source of that strangely, wildly, beautiful romance, for which she will ever be famous; even though it fall much lower than it has already, if that be possible! Her quota, therefore, is the fanciful, and what were man without imagination and fancy?

Ninth.—Germany and Thought: It must be confessed at the outset, that a vast deal of German metaphysical speculation is mere hair-splitting and word-mongering, like the lectures of many of our modern would-be philosophers. A vast deal, also is, let the Kant-ites say what they will—the mere reproduction,—to use a Yankeeism—a mere rehash of Greek, Oriental, and Christo-mystical idea. Nevertheless in the regions of pure unadulterated metaphysics the Germans have gone deeply into Nature's secrets.

Tenth.—England and Science: By which I mean, Industrial enterprise. But according to my definition, industrial enterprise not only necessitates, but includes, public spirit and martial daring. Without these, England must become what the French so often reproach her with being,—a second Carthage, and we all know what the fate of Carthage was, in spite of Hannibal, the greatest captain of antiquity. But England need not fear; she has her Aldermen made of blubber and a goodly stock of cotton lords.

Eleventh.—Russia and Destiny: Russia has nothing great in herself, and there is nothing great in the Russian race. She is the mere creature of circumstances, like many of our modern statesmen; and, as through destiny she rose, so also by destiny she must fall. Placed in the neighborhood of small, feeble or disorganized states, she has always seemed ten times stronger than she really was. Still her policy has been such that she has daily gained new Power, until now like Tammerane or Attila the Hun, she threatens, not only Christendom, but the

very genius of civilization itself. But it is only threats, no more. She has an abiding faith in destiny; and this too enters into the fully developed individual; for without some such energy as the BELIEF IN HIS DESTINY, man were indeed a poor, pitiful, powerless thing! Russia has played and is still playing an important part in the great eventful drama.

Twelfth.—China and Custom: It appears just at present that the Chinese are turning Christians and Protestants. She has been the embodiment of Custom, and, in a silent way, has exerted and will continue to exert a great influence on the world. China is the national significance and definition of that word known as Conservatism. But lo! even the waters are stirred at last in her old heart, and she, last, not least declares herself a constituent of Humanity, with the before despised "outside barbarian." She has developed that greatest of all truths, viz: that even stern iron Custom will, nay *must* yield to the advancing light. She therefore stands for MOVEMENT in the tragico-comic drama of the epoch.

Thirteenth.—We are completing our rapid outline. India and Imagination: I have never yet seen India, and although I had hoped to, ere another year rolled away, yet life is uncertain at the best, and in the form I may not. Still, whenever America, and Western civilization weighs upon me as one monstrous mass of injustice, cant, falsehood, prose and quackery, I bathe myself in the gleam and gorgeousness of that glorious land! India, ever blessed India, with her prodigal faithfulness and glowing phantasies, will ever keep the heart of the world—the mind of the people young, fresh, aspiring, hopeful!

A few more words and I have done; and doubtless, although much more might have been said, still, what I have advanced will be sufficient to show that there is beneath the crust of Harmonialism more than usually appears on the face of the explications of its many-mouthed advocates. I pass then to Fourteenth—AMERICA and PROGRESS: Her maxim and mandate is "GO AHEAD!" and such being her mission, it becomes needless for us to enlarge, either upon what she has accomplished in the past, or to her prospective future. But it is most unquestionably grand, sublime, and her mission in the great drama has been that of Energiser, Inroad maker, Builder and Finisher.

A man is only a man when, to all that I have briefly sketched, he adds these three last qualifications.

Fifteenth and last—Africa and Patience: O! thou land of golden sands, and lamentations, and pearls, and diamonds, and martyrs bleeding naked, ruined. Thou land of mangled backs and manacled wrists is precious gems in human eyes and estimation strew thy shores, and precious gems in the sight of God have been torn from thy fertile meads and plains to deck the brazen brow of the demogorgon mammon! It has been thy sad destiny to develop another of those stupendous truths, so essential to mankind, and another of those qualities, without which there can be no true manhood, no real genius no true aspiration!

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If, after the rapid outline of Individualism which I have given, you should think it worth promoting, either as a theory or a practical energy, I may mention that the chief obstacles to its progress are the two leading doctrines of Christianity, viz: the doctrine of Justification by Faith, and that of Resignation; because utter resignation is utter folly and sheer nonsense. Work out your own salvation is the Word!

The atrocious absurdity of the doctrine of Resignation is most graphically and truly shown in the character of "Uncle Tom," that "Jesus Christ in ebony," as Carlyle called him. Self defence, self preservation, and personal and hence national conservation, is the primal law of human existence written by the finger of the eternal God on every human heart, and engraved in star-gems on the everlasting scroll of the arching sky!

As to justification by faith, just think of all your friends who are Methodists or Evangelicals! It makes men vegetables or machines; while its twin dogma makes devils under the garb of saints. To all such christianism then, I, as the exponent of a better phase, proclaim

eternal war. It is a stinking carcase, a bog, and its loathsomeness offends the sense of all honest men! In saying this I agree with Lessing, who wrote long since, these memorable words: "The religion of Jesus Christ and the Christian religion are not at all the same thing." In fact they are about as like as is a horse chestnut, and a chestnut horse. The Emanuel, Jesus Christ, I believe to have been a divine soul, and a great reformer. If he were on earth to-day is there a single follower of his that he would not be ashamed of?

Of nature's interior essence we know but little; but we do know, and declare, that the nation is the most heroic form of nature; and the hero the divinest expression of the nation, and when he leaves us we cherish his image and adore his statue.

We are all born to be heroes. Let us then be true to the instincts within us; let us be MEN; let us be women; let us be ourselves! for until we are, all labor, all theory, all preaching, all teaching is in vain, for Mind is God, Man is Mind, God is individualized and central in Himself, and therefore to be free, let us be ourselves,—NATURE,—GOD.
P. B. R.

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