

AGE OF PROGRESS

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

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WHOLE No. 87.

Another Enquirer.

Our friend C. P. H., who writes us to enquire why he has not received a paper which the Postmaster in his village sent back to us, with "Not called for," written on it, tells us a part of his religious experience, and concludes with some questions which he wishes us to answer.

He says he was taught to believe the Bible to be "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth," and that he did believe, as he was instructed to believe, that notwithstanding the apparent incongruities and contradictory language of many portions of the book, it was the word of God, and must be all true, every word of it. And so he continued to believe, till accumulating years emboldened his mind to look into probabilities, and so ripened his reasoning faculties that he could not help doubting the truth of much which he found in it, on re-reading.

"And now," he says, "I see that spirits corroborate the idea; and ORRIN ABBOTT, with his 'Adam's Fall Refuted,' comes out against the record, including Noah's flood, making it all nothing but the traditions of men." Then he asks: "Now, if a part of the book is false, how shall we know what is not? To believe part is false, destroys our faith in the whole."

Again he asks: "Cannot the spirits of the ancient prophets and patriarchs be called upon to give information on this subject? Adam is said to be the first man that lived on our earth. Then why cant we have a communication from Adam? There were Noah, Abraham, Moses, David, Jesus and Paul, all of whom were leading men in their time, and many others that might be mentioned; and it seems to me that some of those ancient mediums, as you call them, might come to our aid. Do not the spirits of Professor DAYTON and S. R. SMITH see or know any thing of those spirits that have been leaders, and founders of religions which they established by signs and miracles?"

So that we answer our friend's questions, according to the best of our knowledge, we suppose he will not insist on our taking them in the order of his asking. Taking this for granted, we will commence with his last question, and answer backwards:

We really do not know whether the two spirit friends named, have ever had a formal introduction to our ancestor of apple-eating memory, or not. If not, they are too well bred, we should hope, to accost him, unceremoniously, in the streets of the New Jerusalem, however certainly they might identify him by his fig-leaf; entire strangers as they necessarily must be to him.

Seriously, we should as soon require them to seek through the spirit-land, for Jack, the Giant Killer, who is such a conspicuous character in nursery literature; or for Gulliver, the historian, who, whilom, had his bed-chamber in a ladies thimble, as for Adam, the Edenian gardiner, who swallowed damnation for the whole human family, at the suggestion of a snake.

Looking farther back, we come to the question: Cannot the spirits of the ancient prophets and patriarchs, be called upon for

information? We answer, unhesitatingly, yes, they can; nor, have they any way to prevent us from doing so. Even in Shakspeare's day, spirits could be called from the "vasty deep;" but the disobedient things would refuse to come, unless it happened to suit their convenience and inclinations to do so; and we suspect that the spirits whom our friend would have us call to the witnesses stand, would manifest similar willfulness, unless the necessities of the case should warrant a response, and the conditions should render it practicable.

But supposing we should call upon Moses, the prophets, the patriarchs, the apostles, and even upon Jesus, to communicate to us the truths of the spirit-world, spirit-life, God and his government, and they should all respond harmoniously; who would believe our report? Would our friend, who wishes to go beyond Professor DAYTON and S. R. SMITH, for more reliable testimony, be easily satisfied that the respondents were really the spirits of those ancient worthies? Now, we are content with the teachings which we receive from DAYTON and SMITH, not only because we are satisfied of their identity, but because we can find nothing in those teachings which is not consistent with the economy of nature; nothing which is not rational and logical; nothing which is derogatory to the character of an Infinite God. And we confidently believe them when they tell us that they receive wisdom and knowledge from the inhabitants of higher spheres than theirs, and that these receive those influxes from still higher ones, and that so the intelligence which finally reaches earth, may be traced step by step, all the way to the Great Brain of the univercelum. Now, if God governs all the worlds that float in the fields of boundless space, with all their appurtenances, through the mediatorial agency of his angelic legions, descending from the burning seraph, through gradations innumerable, to the spirits who minister, personally, to their brethren in the flesh, as we have no doubt that he does, why should we discredit those whose developments fit them for the office of earth-missionaries, and vainly seek direct intercourse with those who are too far removed from earth to admit of the practicability of their gratifying us.

Still going backward, we come to the first principal difficulty which our correspondent's mind seems to be wrestling with. He seems to be of the impression that all truth or all falsehood must characterize the entire contents of the volume called "The Bible." He says: "To believe part to be false, destroys all faith in the whole."

We can exemplify this philosophy, better than any other way, by the representations of a lady, who was entertaining a company of listeners, by relating incidents of her life. "A strange cat," said she, "was in the habit of entering my pantry, through a broken pane of glass, and committing depredations upon all the eatables there deposited; and when the broken pane was replaced, she broke out the new one and entered as usual. Hearing her there one evening, I first went out and fastened the window shutter, and then took the poker and went in, shutting the door after

me, to make war upon her. I struck her one blow, when, finding that there was no way of escape, she flew into my face and scratched out one of my eyes." When she had finished this narration, she lifted a green shade which hung over one eye, and demonstrated the fact that the visual organ thus shaded, had been destroyed.

Another incident was as follows: "My husband was a jobbing dry-goods merchant, in the city of New York, in the year 1838, when there was such a universal crashing among the business men of the country. He was always a very prompt man to meet all his engagements, and he labored night and day to save himself from the fate of bankruptcy, which he dreaded more than death. One day I observed that his countenance was overshadowed with gloom. He walked the house continually, and could not eat. I insisted on knowing what occasioned his distress; but he refused to tell me, saying that it was useless for both of us to be afflicted, when there was no advantage to be gained by it. This made me still more anxious, and I insisted on being informed what it was that distressed him. He finally declared to me that he had succeeded in meeting all his liabilities, but one, which was a note of ten thousand dollars. This note, he said, will be protested for non payment, to-morrow, and we shall be ruined—beggared—turned out of doors naked. And is that all you owe? said I, yes, said he, that is all, and that is as impossible for me to meet as if it were a million. Well, well, said I, if that be all, I shall soon set your mind at ease; and I tripped up stairs to a chest, in which I had deposited the surplus of pin-money and market money which he had given me for a number of years, and came down to him with seventeen thousand dollars in my apron, all in silver change. Never was there a heart made gladder than this economy of mine made the heart of my distressed husband."

What would our friend have done with these two stories?—We'll tell him what the listeners did. They believed the cat story, because it looked reasonable; and the absence of the eye bore strongly corroborative testimony to its truth. And subsequent inquiry proved that they were right, for she had narrated the facts truly. But the other story would not bear scrutiny. On calculation, it was found that seventeen thousand dollars, in silver change, would weigh just half a ton; which was more than any pair of apron strings would hold—more than any pair of female limbs could trip down stairs with. The thing was physically impossible, and they did not believe it. Here, you see, they used the reason which God had given them. They did not believe both stories because the same tongue had told them both, nor because one of them was obviously true. Nor did they reject both as false, because one of them was evidently so, nor because the same vocal organs had uttered them both.

By this philosophy, men and women who have rational and untrammelled minds, will arrive at a just appreciation of what they find in that collection of ancient writings denominated the Bible. They will believe every thing therein contained, which does not contradict the known laws of nature, put common sense to shame, outrage that reason which is the light of the human soul, or reflect dishonor upon the character of the Great Father of all spirits. And they will not allow themselves to believe that which is evidently false, or to reject as false that which common sense and reason pronounce to be true, because both are bound up together in the same volume, by order of the Emperor Constantine and his council of Roman Catholic prelates. They will not be-

lieve that Almighty God came down to earth and wrote a book, or wrote one in heaven and sent it down, merely because the language of the book is made to bear that construction, when the book claiming such authorship, is full of false philosophy, barbarism, ignorance, direct contradictions, and gross libels upon the character of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe.

A Thought worth Pondering.

There is, in that cradle, an infant but one day old. It can open its eyes, but nature soon shuts them; for the optic nerve has not acquired strength to endure the action of light, for more than a few seconds. Hence it is better not to have the light very strong in the room where a young child is kept. Its muscles appear to act without the direction of the will; for its tiny hands, arms, feet and legs move almost continually, but apparently without any purpose. Nature, however, has a purpose in every motion; and that principle which philosophers call instinct, without knowing what they mean, is the motor which produces all those contortions. Observe how exceedingly quick the flexors and extensors move its limbs. And see what large curves those motions describe, in proportion to the size of the limbs. If a large man, lying on his back, should use his limbs as nimbly, and make proportional sweeps with them, it would be a very ludicrous sight?

Nature is a very wise nurse. She knows that the vascular, muscular and nervous systems, and the digestive, secretive, respiratory and vocal organs in that little body, require that kind of exercise, to keep them in health-promoting and progressive action. And this lovely nurse, in her daily and hourly lessons of experience, tells those to whose care infants are confided, how dangerous it is, how deleterious it is, how foolish it is, how criminal it is, to pour strong narcotics and other powerful and permeating drugs, into that miniature stomach, which is as tender and sensitive as the pupil of an adult person's eye, to rage through the system, destroy the physical constitution, and make the germ of mind, there implanted, an imbecile or a maniac. But whither have we wandered? This is going entirely astray from the idea with which we started.

We had in our mind such an infant as we described, just entered upon existence, as fragile as the tenderest of Flora's nurslings. Than this tiny form, nothing can be more helpless—nothing, seemingly more easily destructible—nothing less capable of resistance to all the engines and elements of destructiveness. Expose it, for a single minute, to the breath of winter, unprotected, and it will never breathe again. Yet Father—Mother, take another look at it, and see what you have done. You have produced a being which all the powers of Earth and Heaven cannot destroy! Looking out through the beautiful little windows of that infant form, is an infant soul, which you, as Nature's agents, have brought into existence, and placed upon the endless highway of eternal life, development and progress. What you have thus done, you cannot undo. Nature herself, though she may demolish the little casket, cannot take back the jewel. Let the angry billows of ocean swallow it; grind it between the upper and nether mill-stone; cast it into the fiery bowels of *Ætna*; crush it between colliding worlds; do every conceivable thing to destroy it, and it will remain the same, entire and unscathed. Nay, even the power of Almighty God, is not adequate to its destruction; for, though an eternally individualized and self-governing entity, it is a constituent particle of His being, to destroy which would, to that extent, involve the commission of suicide.

Parents, what a being is this which you have produced! what an invincible power is this which you have generated! Yet how feeble its little form, and how infinitesimal the spark of mentality, which it will be your duty and your great pleasure to feed and fan, till it shall grow to be a light to the feet of those who walk in darkness. This is the thought which we started with, and which we hope you will allow your own reflections to carry out, in all its bearings.

Railroad Circle.

LECTURE NUMBER TWO.

THE WORKMANSHIP OF NATURE'S HAND.

Nature is a divine being. She, by her own inherent laws, is a producer. She elaborates and brings forth productions which are the workmanship of her own hands. What nature did not make, never was made. Nature with her laws, is supreme over all. In her works we behold a variety of departments; we see that she, by the action of her laws, has produced the starry heavens. Every star is but the product of the action of her laws. The planet we inhabit is but the child of this great parent; it is one of the mighty family which is the offspring of nature. Nature has a parental watch-care, equally over all her offspring. This planet, being one, claims protection by the legitimacy of its descent. Hence this planet is a child, and nature its parent. One of the attributes of nature is the principle which impresses upon its offspring the likeness of itself. Then this planet, being a child of its parent, has the peculiarities of the parent. Nature has transmitted to this planet all the attributes which she possesses. This planet, then, being endowed with the attributes, has the power within itself, like its parent, to produce offspring in its turn, which stand in the same relation to the great common Father. This planet, then, in its turn, becomes the parent of other legitimate offspring.

This earth, then, is a legitimate child of nature, having transmitted to it all the attributes possessed by its father. If nature be not the father, or first great cause, it is then the child of the father that produced it; and consequently, inherits the qualities of the great Father—the Creator of all things. This planet is a child of nature, and nature a child of its legitimate Father, transmitting its own divine attributes down to the earth, its grandchild. Its grandchild, then, possessing what is common, has all the attributes of its ancestors. Then if the great creating Father of all, be God, and the children possess the same attributes, they, also in turn, have the creative power, and, by virtue of this power, become as Gods. Then this planet, with the elements that surround it, has the power to create, by virtue of its own individuality. The products of the earth are the legitimate children of the earth, in all their qualities and attributes.

We would now like to examine the phrenological developments of the earth. Man has discovered that the earth is composed of a variety of primitive substances called *primates*. Each primate has certain qualities which no other one possesses. The quality of each is peculiar to itself, and differs from all the others. These primates, in their primitive form, constitute the phrenological structure of this globe. These primates, in mass, are one individuality, and by virtue of their inherent qualities and the power of reproduction, transmit all their inherent qualities to their offspring; so that every child possesses the qualities of all the primates contained in the globe; and if the offspring of this globe take upon themselves all the attributes of the father, then by virtue of this same law, they possess the attributes of the Great Father, the producer of all things. Hence it follows that a production of this globe is a representation of the Great Father, possessing all his attributes, and is as perfect as God himself.

Hence, from this self-evident proposition, all the productions of nature are the legitimate offsprings of the great Father, God, possessing all his attributes. And every production, in turn, becomes a producer,

and has within itself a creative power; and by virtue of this creative power, it is a God. Hence I would say, the elements of this globe, by their chemical affinities, and chemical compounds, are the legitimate father of the products of the earth, and consequently, the God of its products. Man, then, is a product of this earth; his father, God, is the earth; he is of the earth, earthy. The great and highest source of man's origin is from the bowels of the earth. Man, know thy God! serve him—serve thy father in earth. Man is a legitimate child of of earth, his God. Man, bow thy knee to thy God and worship him. To whom shall man go for instruction? To his father, God. Man hath needs, whence shall he be supplied? From earth, his father. Man needs instruction, from what source is it supplied? From earth, his father, his God.

The primates of the earth, in their primitive form, constitute the phrenological organization of the earth. Each primate has but one quality in its isolated condition. The combination, the relative position, and the chemical affinities, with all their combined action united as a whole, form the phrenological cranium of God, the father, the producer of his own products; and he has transmitted to his children all the qualities he possesses. Man, then, is a child of this creative power, and as a child, draws from its parent its life, dependent on its parent for existence, dependent on its parent for its growth and its development. The offspring also takes upon its own image the image of the father; has all the qualities and attributes of the father; and as the father has a phrenological development, so has the child. Nature—God, has its primates, child, the offspring, has its primates corresponding with the father.

It is self-evident to man that the elements of the earth that surround him, have within themselves certain qualities. It is also self-evident to him that he himself possesses certain qualities or attributes. It is also evident to him that certain qualities of the earth are made manifest in one locality more than in another; and it is also evident that certain attributes or qualities of mind are manifest in one locality more than in another, and also in one individual more than in another. Hence the analogy in nature, with its primitive elements, holds good with man, with his primates, or the primitive qualities of his mind.

The primitive elements contained in man, seek their affinities. In their nature they demand sustenance. These elements have had their births in man from their parent, earth, and from the parent their wants are supplied. Every attribute of man, as noble and exalted as it is had its origin from its parent earth, and seeks its parent to be supplied with its native element, that it may sustain itself and exist in the individuality of its new birth. Such is the action of those inherent qualities that exist in materiality. Material within themselves, of themselves eternal. And these inherent qualities are also eternal. Matter acting upon matter, by the inherent qualities which it possesses, and producing various forms in its combinations, is called wisdom.

Wisdom, then, pervades the universe, and is ever present where materiality exists. Materiality, with its counterpart principle, is the sum total of the universe. One is coequal with the other, and the action of the two, in dual form, constitutes the producer of all things. The action of the two, by the immutable powers of their own inherent qualities, constitutes the wisdom called God.

Then when man, by virtue of these principles, which are inherent in the materiality that composes his organization, sees his counterpart in nature, his parent, from whom he sprung, he there beholds the action of this law upon materiality, and calls it wisdom, or he calls it God; or he may, with propriety, call it his heavenly father.

I said that the primates of nature, each one, has a quality or peculiarity which no other possesses; and I further say, by the combination of the primates and their counterpart qualities, by their union, the ten thousand varieties of forms of matter are the result thereof. Two primates combined with their qualities, produce a particular result, according to the proportions that are combined. Three primates united, produce another result, according to the proportions that are united. The proportions

being changed, each respectively, the result is also changed. Four primates combined, by the same law, produce, legitimately, results according to the combination and the proportion of each; hence you see with a few primates, where they are combined in various proportions, in arithmetical progression, an endless variety of products is the result or consequence. Hence man, while in his infantile development beholding the action of this law upon materiality, contemplating the ten thousand combinations which he sees spread before him in the materiality that surrounds him, exclaims: "Behold what wisdom, what beauty!" and with what delight does he contemplate upon the action of these laws that gave him birth! He sees, in contemplating the result of these laws that he himself is but a part and parcel of the whole; and that the laws that control the wide universe, are but the same that control him. He sees this by the law of univocal analogy. He is but one link in this great chain of formation.

These combinations of matter are ever changing and ever combining and ever producing new results. Hence man is the result of a certain combination of these primates and their qualities. Certain combinations produce the minerals; other combinations, or different proportions of the same primates, produce the vegetable; and by the same law of combination, with different proportions, the animal kingdom is a legitimate consequence thereof. Therefore animated nature is a result of necessity. It is a legitimate offspring of the mother earth, and partakes of all the qualities contained in the materials that compose it.

LOCKPORT, May 27th, 1856.

MORE ANON.

REMARKS EDITORIAL.

We give the philosophy of the communicating spirit, as we receive it, assuming no responsibility for its errors, if it have any; and leaving the reader to judge of its merits according to his own conceptions of truth.

War and the Cross.

LECTURE NO. IV.

"Patient perseverance in the right will conduct pilgrims to the goal of wisdom. Strive not against thy brother, lest he meet thee with opposition. Invite with love thy enemy, and let affection's sweet influence attract the ignorant from the path of folly. Gentle as the evening dew, words of sympathy and acts of kindness descend to strengthen the perishing flower. Mildly entreat the prodigal to come to the feast of love and wisdom. Say to the afflicted, Be of good cheer, for the opening heavens give promise of good things. Despise not the care-worn and down-trodden of earth, for they are your brothers and sisters. Make to all who are needy garments, of righteousness; and as ye have all freely received, so freely give.

Truth is a garment, protecting minds from the chills of doubt and fear. Immortality is indistructibility; it is ever enduring. No change of seasons, no heat or cold, no rain or sunshine, no time or distance, can destroy its immutability. Neither power nor weakness, ignorance nor wisdom, love nor hate, wealth nor poverty, can dissolve the immortality of man into nothing. The human spirit is like a gem, untarnished; it shines bright; besmeared, its loveliness is hidden. The external is what men and women see, and the colorings which have been given to it often leads the beholder to consider it valueless. Could man but see the interior worth of the spirit, however dark may be the external surface of this priceless gem, he would certainly form conclusions quite different from those entertained by the superficial observer.

The wonderful phenomena of human existence must outweigh all the partial conceptions which man has formed, extending, as it does, far, infinitely far, beyond all arithmetical calculation, into the unexplored immensity of eternity. No finite imagination can possibly reach the sublime wonders which progressive development will comprehend.

But highways and byways are not always smooth, nor do they all directly conduct the pilgrim to the same goal. Roads the most trodden are not infrequently the most muddy and disagreeable. Paths the

least pursued are not so often obstructed with these inconveniences.— This you may consider as a representation of the different paths pursued by men and women. To obtain wisdom, the multitude go in the broad-way where obstructions and confusion mingle to procrastinate their advancement. The few take the air line track to the temple of the free. Thus it is; thus it will not always be. No age or nation has ever yet seen the light of the sun more free, more pure, more hopeful than at present.

Pilgrims, cast your doubts behind; flee from the gloom of unbelief; trust in the arm that is competent to save. Bolder achievements than earth has yet realized, brighter displays of angelic wisdom than mortals have yet conceived greater convulsions than man has yet witnessed, will assuredly be made manifest; and men and women shall welcome the day, radiant with the smiles of an eternal morning.

Do you hear that thunder of cannon, from over the wide waters?— Do you see the fire and smoke rising up from the great cauldron of passion, folly and sin? Do you see the long line of battle, and the enraged fury of discordant battalions,—the serf with the standard of the church, and the Turk with the Koran and seven heavens, grappling with each other in horrible din and combat? Is that progression? It is not, but it is a rough path to it, because it will snap the iron bands of tyranny, and exhaust the fires of ambition by which those bands have been forged and welded. Through this dark night of pagan idolatry and wretchedness, must Europe pass, ere the sun shall rise to radiate the hills, and vales, and streams, now overshadowed with the darkness of ignorance and crime.

The earth has its fires and its breath pipes. Were it not that these breath pipes served in the capacity of ventilators, upheavals of mountains might displace the vales, and render fruitless the blooming vineyards of human industry and care, sweeping millions of the human race at once into another sphere of life.

So Europe rests upon a sea of fire, and that fire is the ambition of despots. This fire must necessarily have ventilators—breath pipes—otherwise general ruin would be the result. In a stagnant condition these fires mature, and, by a natural law they must have vent. And thus it occurs, that a crisis has come in which the fires meet, and meeting burst, explode, and the explosion slays its thousands. The dead are buried, the living mourn. For what? For the want of that which they have not yet obtained—wisdom; first, to rule self; second, to receive wisdom to communicate to others, that others may rule themselves; and so on, until each individual among the nations shall rule himself or herself by a knowledge of the relation which each bears to the other; and also the knowledge that as one member, in this relation, suffers, so all the other members must suffer with it; and thus knowing that an injury inflicted upon another is inflicted upon the actor. And when these things shall be understood and known, war, oppression, wrong, crime, will be no more; because man will not knowingly injure himself, unless there is a prospect of securing some desirable result thereby. But war, wrong, crime, never did, and never will, secure any result that is desirable by the intelligent mind; yet they are evils that exist, and will exist, until man shall know his neighbor as his brother, and understand that the least injury inflicted upon him reverts back to himself through the medium of a sympathetic chain that links together the whole brotherhood of man.

Now, come home! What remains to be done? Here, permit me to tell you, that which other generations have not sought to do, or, seeking, have not done.

There is a cross.* Take it up for it is your own. And what doth that cross teach you? To do unto others as you would have others do unto you. Take it up! it will not be burdensome; it is not grievous to be borne. Take it up, for it is the banner of heaven. It waves gracefully in the sunlight of love. On it are no implements of revenge, no emblems of marshalled, hostile forces; but peace on earth, and good will to men. Take it up, and follow the the high and holy angel who

* Here the form of a gold cross was distinctly seen by the medium.

brought it down to man—so high, so pure, so God-like, that it is no idolatry to worship him; for a greater than he, who gave good gifts unto men, hath not yet entered into the minds of earth's inhabitants, and no heart hath yet comprehended a greater than he. Take it up; lay it to thy heart, and let thy heart speak in acts and works the language of the cross. Take it up, for it is the ensign of victory. Take it up, for it is the standard that leads to peace and heaven. Take it up, and wherever you go, let those who see thy banner, feel thy sympathy and love, that they may be inspired to "go and do likewise." Take it up, and the world's tongue of folly may scorn, but the scorn cannot injure the bearer of the banner. Take it up, and Spiritualism will be something more than a name, Christianity something more than a slaughter-house of ambitious despots, and spirit-communications something more than what hath been hitherto revealed. Take it up, lay it down never—no, never, while the sun rules the day, or the stars glitter in heaven. Take it up; for, in taking it up, you are taken up with it, and will be carried by its attractive power to the high spheres of purity, whence this great principle emanated. Thus endeth the fourth lesson.

Lecture by E. C. Dayton.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

"When the heart is buoyant, check it not;
Forbear the cruel rein
That mars, for aye, its upward flight,
And draws to earth again."

Oh, check not the heart's wild and gladsome strain, nor do not each warm feeling seek to hide, trembling in every inner sanctuary of the soul; for, from out each expanding avenue, is poured some soul-melting ministrals. There are notes of heavenly tone, which are borrowed from higher spheres than earth's discordant world. They seek not, with malicious tongue, to stir the bosom with dark distrust, and all the faults of the heart ingeniously discuss, till jealousy is awakened and the golden clasp of friendship broken. No bitter taunt—no unfeeling jest e'er can flow from a true heart, to wound the soul of lowly worth. The light of feeling plays and sparkles in the winning smile. The spirit rides on affection's free air, while its murmurs are heard on its gilded stream, and its form, disporting in the sunlight beams of a joyous heart, with rapture beholds something beautiful in the homeliest as well as brightest creation on the limited sphere of earth.

The early summer buds of the heart are springing where their leaves of love in the sunlight wave. The heart is ever clinging to those deathless flowers, that up from heaven's pure soil are ever coming forth in unfading beauty, to embellish a loving soul. In life there must be sunshine and showers; and upon human life many little boats glide, whose freight is a soul; and if love guides not the helm, 'twill move to iniquity's shore, leaving every infinite impulse a wreck on the strand. Then, oh, check not the buoyancy of the heart, for 'tis the sunlight of heaven: the brilliancy of God, and the bright effulgence of its own immortal divinity. How calm is the hearts tranquil breast. One rippling wave, let of ungentle thought should not mar its tender feeling, nor should the thought of anger dim its magic power or ruffle it by a single zephyr, for they are dark sepulchral barriers which intervene to hide from human vision the founts that gush from rocks of gold, illumed with beams of glorious light, that from eternity shine.

As 'neath the sun the dew-drop fades away, so may the deep sadness of every heart be dispelled by the divinities of hopeful feeling, by inferior and holy aspirations. The heart, like a sun-beam, rests upon the bosom of its God; and as from the mountain spring gushes a tiny stream, and like molten diamonds glistens, hurrying on to the ocean grand, so is the soul a living stream, rushing on, glittering in the diamond beauty of nature, crowned with the coronal of purity, to the great ocean of undefined space, to mingle its existence with its unbounded waters. Then, oh check not the tender impulses of the soul—let them spontaneously flow, that in heaven the soul may have no shadows to

dim its infant immortal birth, but to ever onward go, its pathway paved with violet blooms of affection, and illumed with the reflection of creation, swimming in the ocean of space. This same power that stops the plebian's breath, stops the pulsations of the monarch's heart. Hence glittering wealth and naked poverty alike receive the commands of their God, each subject to his laws. And if perchance you mar the impulses of either heart, 'tis a sacrilege upon the love of the Father. Then let the merry heart dance in the sunlight of its own love, bask in the beauty of thought, and revel 'mid the deathless edens of kindest feeling, as its throbs ever cry out for true sympathy and love.

'Tis not long that man's existence is prolonged below; and it is for his happiness that he should receive the bright dancing rays of hope, and gild his own spiral pathway to heaven with the undying charms of gentle words and loving smiles. If the flower remembered the chilling blast only, and gave forth no perfume for fear of the heedless storm, its floral home would be lonely and its paradise of natural beauty be deformed; but, in its loveliness, it remembers the sunshine, and forgets its shade in the bright appreciation of its sunlight home. Then let the heart emblem the flower, and give the fragrance of feeling to sweeten its upward way; for there is no soul so unfeeling, but some gentle impulses of love within its existence live, and all require but the kindly word to call out a *world* of purest feeling. The brow stamped with deep perceptions should not be the home of frowns, nor the index of care, but should ever express its true being in all its holy aspirations and sacred inspirations. If thou hast caused a heart to sorrow, oh retrace the wrong, breathing forgiveness over a brothers agony, and reject no heart e'en with dark stains on it; for if true tears of sympathy be o'er it showered, its ever living fountains will flow from its eternal bounds, and the land of its golden light, gather for thee sweet and unfading flowerets. Like some lone, swift canoe, shooting across the waters, with not a bubble on the wave nor rustle of a breeze, lost in the darkness of night, (how mysterious and eternal the scene!) so is the heart, shooting wildly across the waters of life, to see its own birth, in the unfathomed deep of the future, and from amidst yon glorious worlds, now looking upon it to see its own immortal soul portrayed. The human heart is a name more precious than those thousand stars burning on high, in the majesty of heaven. Then oh, how gently should its chords be touched, that like water brooks, midst summer hills, from its true being may flow forth the music of holy thought. If the heart is restless, it is not always because some thoughts of ill are mantled in its folds; for what may have been its destiny? Unkindness from birth? Then it is the law of God, that thou shalt, by the hand of kindness, plant in that breast the voice of truth and virtue, to meet the applauding smile of heaven.

Time is eternity, pregnant with all that makes archangels smile; and he who lives falsely, crushes, in his own soul, a living eternity of infinite feeling. The high born soul of man deigns not to rest its heaven aspiring wing; and, tired of earth—its durinal scenes—floats through ununiverses of air, rides on the livid lightning through the skies, or mingling with the whirlwind, sweeps along the sphere of life, darting with swiftness in science's truck, to the planets whose existence measures the wheel of nature; and from thence it mounts to the home of its immortality, where, beyond the concave of heaven, happy spirits dwell in infinite perfection. The human soul, full of life and intelligence, overwhelmed and swallowed up in its own immensity, meditates eternity, and hope burns within its cells for sublime things. It mounts to grasp more majestic truths, and spurns the grosser things of life. Contemplate the windings of the little brook that murmurs at the shrine of nature, and with unconstrained vein, shoots around the wide earth to behold the tossing billows of the ocean. Nature is only a *shadow* of its Author, in which he wraps his majesty and beauty. Destined worlds fill the spaces of God; and each, with a specific glory, causes chaos to live and breathe; and as world on world sweep past their vision, angels wonder, as in their flights they find pathways of unknown splendor, that immensity is robed in a living web of gorgeous brilliancy. Upon their jewelled brows and

glittering wings, is formed the robe of divinity; and as music steals softly from each singing star, melting along the stillness of space, the archangel in its loveliness strikes the quivering strings of life, till eternity's sweetest airs, stirred by the breath of love, roll forever on in an ocean of deep harmony. Nature is pure and sweet in its blossoming youth and teaches philosophy to mind.

When dark disappointment jars the voice of joy, a remedy is breathed in the air, while the birds' low carol thrills each breast, and the flowers are eloquent with hope and peace. Then better thoughts agitate the soul, while lighter hearts light your homeward way. As in the blushing rose lurks the canker spot of decay, and the sad blighting of its summer leaves, when autumn brings its bitter winds, it but tells the heart how perishing its sweetest joy—how earth lays its dearest feelings a waste, and makes its existence deserted and cold. But like noble spring, as it plants its violets in its first blossomings, so doth hope cradle the heart in softened emotions, where immortality whispers in magic voice—where harmony is heard when bursting from its casket of clay, the soul shall live in eternity. Yes nature teaches man all. It speaks in music, for there is harmony in its melody, from the insects feeble hum, to the beneficence of heaven; and if in its lyre there be one jarring discordant string, one note that breathes not of perfect harmony, 'tis the human soul that mars the key and jars the chord. Then let not bitter voices fall on heartstrings; for they grate on angel ears; but be it thine to charm a raging bosom to rest; for the spirit world, where the departed soul goes, sends back no visitants of evil, but 'tis theirs to lend harmony to the voice of the forest and cataract, and to teach human hearts that existence is not measured by years, but by eternities; and to teach you that, though the cheek may be pale as sculptured marble, and the shrouded form encased in dust, the soul soars from earth to dwell in angel homes, and listens to the burning song and eternal chant that fill the sky-girt vaults of heaven with untold joy. The soul ever pants, ever sighs, to wing its flight from such a world of change, to join the angels and be with God. Heaven wins the soul from gross pursuits; and all its brilliant flashings are too pure for earth to claim them. On the page of the face are stamped the gushings of the soul, where they burn with mild ray, revealing what exists within. Then oh, is it not right that the face should ever wear the smiles of love and hope; for God has given to earth much holy joy, though 'tis not perfect bliss.

Each soul possesses, itself, the means to turn the bitter to the sweet—the sweet to bitter. Happiness has no peculiar garb, nor is it confined to localities, but goes in angel-form, all o'er earth, to wake the native fountains of the soul, which have slept till now, and moves the tide of feeling, giving each heart the privilege to drink the nectar of its own being. Were death denied to man, he would live in vain, but a life hereafter awaits him. Then, oh then, how essential that charity and kindness should ever gild his heart; for they attach him to the good and beautiful, making existence a perpetual concord of sweet and holy feelings. The heart oft sighs itself away to rest, while amidst the wreck of matter, the soul remains untouched. It is too mighty for the earthly sphere. All are immortal. The prince and the peasant live together in heaven. There is no superiority in heaven, as far as God regards man; for let the cottage be as widely dissimilar from the palace as it may, still the self-same God created the tenants of the cottage, as did he the souls of the palace. The same panorama of animation, is for one vision to gaze on, as well as another; and one living soul is worth more than all the wealth of the universe; and we all owe a sublimer homage to god, than outward pride and folly; and this vast, important thought, oh how little and feebly appreciated! Then stand erect in life; throw off every fetter, and speak forth—thou art a man! Why should you, like a slave, bend at the command of pride? Let the world laugh; 'tis better thus than to weep. The man will not bow in humiliation at the shrine of pride, but be free as his God. He should in every circumstance of life, breathe forth the perfume of the flowers of his heart, that not only they may refresh and encourage those of earth,

but that they should be recognised above, by angels of joy and sunshine. Then check not the warm soul of sunshine—its effusions of merry joy—for sorrow comes quite soon enough, without forcing it into the heart. Nature is ever merry, responding to the voice of heaven, and is an outward revelation of the joy that rests in that mighty source to which man is destined to go.

With hopeful feelings and honest hearts, meet, unflatteringly, the scenes of life, nor mourn, however bitter may be the winds sweeping across your existence; for a bright assurance to you is given, that in a better world, where shadows cloud the destiny of the immortal soul no more, you shall live an angel; and in progression's brilliant track moving on unendingly constantly the perfume of higher flowers, bearing on their brilliant surface the holier embodiments of perfect joy, which flow from the eternal Primal source.

E. C. DAYTON.

Progressing Backwards.

Some weeks since, we received, through the mail, what purported to be a sermon, printed in pamphlet, which said sermon had been preached by a Rev. Gentleman, who subscribes himself, "J. A. SEISS, A.M." It appears that this Rev. A.M., is a Baltimore D.D., and that he was moved to the parchment in question by the solicitation of a number of gentlemen, who represent themselves to be dissenting or apostatising Spiritualists, at the head of whom stands the name and prefix of Dr. JOHN TANNER, whom we suppose to be one who intends to make some stir in the world; albeit, we never before saw or heard any evidence that Baltimore, or any other place, contained him.

We read, of this said sermon, enough to satisfy us that it came from a mind which had been moulded in that same old matrice, which has turned out so many thousand promulgators of theological abominations—a mind which had been made the receptacle of the most stultifying religious absurdities, the thought of which should be enough, at this day, to crimson the face of intelligent humanity, with shame, for the stupidity and gullibility of the race—a mind which, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, is as thoroughly imbued with demonism and superstition generally, as the peasantry in the bogs of Ireland. With such a mind, we can hold no intercourse; and we cast the sermon into our receptacle of religious, literary and political follies, deeming it totally unworthy of respectful consideration.

On opening the last number of the *Christian Spiritualist*, we find that the editor of that paper has thought proper to lay the whole of that same sermon before his readers, (he can't make them read it, though,) for the purpose, as we infer, of holding up addlepated orthodoxy in all its deformity, naked to their gaze. It may have been good philosophy in the mother, who led her little son out to the gutter in which his father lay drunk and wallowing, and told him that it was rum that thus degraded his parent below the brute creation. If so, then our brother of the *Spiritualist* may be right and we wrong. Fearing that this may be the case, we will copy his criticism, which follows:

Demonology and the Rev. J. A. Seiss.

In giving to our readers the Discourse of the Rev. J. A. Seiss on Demonism, we believe we are doing good service to our cause, even if we tax the patience of the more sensitive and thin-skinned among us—who, forgetting that Jesus himself was accused of acting under the inspiration of the devil, may feel aggrieved to find their good works burdened with the same imputation.

To the reader of Edward Beecher's learned Report on Spiritualism, there will be nothing new in the positions of our author. But originality of matter is a trifle in such a case, especially as the entirely different

spirit of the discourse gives a marked individuality to the work of the Baltimore pastor.

There is, throughout the whole, a certain pious rancor and sanctified bitterness, which seems to give a gusto to the reverend gentleman's sulphurous decoctions for our benefit. He damns us so cordially that, really, it seems almost ungenerous that we should not reciprocate. But, even at the risk of seeming so, we cannot wish him any darker fate than the monstrous phantoms of his own nightmare imagination must insure him.

To one seeking information on foreign affairs, the civil, political, social and economical arrangements of the infernal hierarchies, this discourse will address itself with all the interest of a book of travels, as if from one deeply versed in the secrets of the court, whose organization and grades he describes so minutely. If this information is credible, it seems scarcely possible that it should have been obtained by any other means than a long residence at the imperial court, with perhaps official access to state papers and private dispatches. The general prevalence of a sulphuric odor about the record would strengthen the probability even without the murderous spirit it breathes.

We speak lightly, but we speak advisedly, and with a serious meaning in what we say. If the deliberate assertion that our mediums are identical in their medial character with the witches and sorcerers of old, and that the law which demanded their death was from God himself, be not murderous, we know not what gives the animus of murder to any language.

When the priests of the church assert that it is conformable to God's law to maul the brains out of an innocent girl, who believes that her mother's sainted soul is speaking cheer and consolation to her, how long would it be, if such a church were in power, before the monstrous lesson were enforced on all whose guardian spirits were not orthodox, according to the last turn of the theological kaleidoscope?

The truth is, on this question of orthodoxy turns the whole test of character with the narrow-souled bigot. Is a spirit ready to answer the entire Assembly's catechism in joyful acquiescence, and subscribe to the last form of infallible interpretation, that soul may pass for good; but no amount of truthful response and cheering words, to noble helpfulness to suffering humanity, can lift him above that brand of "Evil Demon" if, in one whisper of a generous thought, he mitigate the revengeful horrors of that almighty demon who is fabled by Calvinistic divines to "pave hell with infants not a span long."

Thank God, the souls of our departed ones have not that nightmare brooding over their fancies in the bright realms to which they have ascended. And the taunt of "demoniac," cast against pure and loving souls for refusing so to outrage the infinite love, can be better borne by us than the keen consciousness, in some better moment, of having made a god of infanticide and revenge, and set the bloody Moloch in the place of our Heavenly Father.

One word in regard to the nature of demons, and the degree of odium necessarily attached to the word. The term demon is Greek from *daiein*, to know. Plato says, speaking of Socrates: "On this account, therefore, it appears to me, more than other, he calls them *demons* because they were *dæmones*, i. e., prudent and learned." Such is the demon [of the purest-minded pagan, who is acknowledged so by Christians, though he had not the benefit of an orthodox education.

Plato, the greatest philosopher of any age, says further in his "Banquet": "The demon-kind is of an intermediate nature between the divine and human. What is the power and virtue, said I, of this intermediate kind of being? To transmit and to interpret to the gods, said he, what comes from men, and to men in like manner what comes from the gods; from men their petitions and sacrifices; from the gods, in return, the revelation of their will."

The old Greek poet Hesiod says, in "Works and Days," book 1:

"When in the grave this race of men was laid
Soon was a world of holy demons made,
Ærial spirits, by great Jove designed
To be on earth the guardians of mankind;

Invisible to mortal eyes they go,
And mark our actions, good or bad, below."

So, Milton says:

"Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth
Unseen, both when we sleep and when we wake."

Thus it will be seen that the demons of Hesiod were the guardian spirits of Milton, and the moderns, those of Plato and Socrates, were the Christs and mediators of the world—in fact, held precisely the office since attributed to Jesus. But a turn of the theological tables has put another sect in the ascendant, and all the Gods and Saviours of that old dispensation, though we borrow their attributes to adorn the new dynasty, are made the devils of this. Christ himself was so called till his religion took deep hold of the masses. His power to cast out demons, which Mr. Seiss says were not real devils, was said to have emanated from Beelzebub, the prince of devils—of real devils, not bad men. The New Testament and Mr. Seiss must settle that discrepancy as they can. We fear no unfortunate translation will explain the matter so as to make a human origin for Beelzebub, or show why the prince of devils should be a different essence from the devils he bossed or ruled.

The truth is here, Beelzebub was formerly a God, not a mischief maker, but a beneficent being, to whom men prayed, not for the purposes of evil, but for the benefit of the husbandman. He was the God of flies, who destroyed at his coming those terrible destroyers of the wheat harvest—a fly whose ravages often brought a whole people to the doors of famine.

Our people at this day pray to God, the unseen, the unknown power who rules all, to remove such scourges; and by the name of Jehovah, Lord, or God, asks him to rescue the harvest, and save us from want. The Oriental nations, where it was still more a matter of life and death, not yet instructed in our catechism, named that single beneficence of the great unknown controller Baal-Zehub, and prayed to him, under that name to remove the scourge. It was a sincere prayer to a good being, supposed to have a special office for that purpose, and who, in that office, did good and only good for his worshippers.

A rival sect has superseded that form, and branded as a malicious devil the generous protector of the wheat fields of old. Let our rigid Calvinists and the like learn a lesson from the fate of Beelzebub, and all the gods of antiquity, that shall warn them of the future standing of their ideals. When the day of reverse comes, we can assure them that the future theologian, in giving these their places among the dethroned gods, will not have to do as has been done before, transform and permit their worshipped attributes to make devils of them. This has already been done for futurity by their own devotees. Let them take the significant moral of history, and give even the devil his due.

There is, in our reverend opposer, an obliviousness of the demands of veracity, which does no credit to his cause or his honesty; and the excuse which charity would indicate for his gross perversion of facts is one scarcely more creditable than the fault. Excessive zeal has made him blind, perhaps, and thus transformed him from a frenzied bigot to an outrageous calumniator of private character.

Spiritualism, as a whole, has never denied God, nor Christ, nor the Bible. There are thousands and thousands of Spiritualists who are believers in the mediatorial office of Christ, the inspiration and authority of the Bible; and, to our knowledge, there is not one Spiritualist who denies a God. There may be many, but we never met with one nor heard of one.

The fact is, to assert that Spiritualism is responsible for any theology, is to assert an untruth. Spirits are of every variety of theological opinion, according to their advancement, light, love and circumstances generally. You might as well assert that the art of printing was atheistical, infidel, unevangelical, immoral and irreligious, because it was capable of conveying such sentiments, as to assert the same of Spiritualism, even if the same reason could be advanced for it.

That there is a general prevalence of a creed that softens the rigors of an Omnipotent Shylock, and a loving Father and an eternal hope

for the eternal soul, we had a right to expect from souls beyond the grave, and have not been disappointed. But neither are there wanting hosts of men who are not Spiritualists, and who accept the Bible in all its asserted authority, who believe the same things. No sensible Spiritualist takes his creed from the opinion of any spirit, but from his own reason, aided by all the light he can procure from all sources.

We may find it convenient to make our attentive friend of the Lutheran Church a text for future preaching; but for the present we commend him to our shrewd readers.

Spiritual Obituary.

We have received, from the spirit of JOSEPHENE BONAPARTE, through the mediumship of Miss BROOKS, the following obituary notice of Mrs. CARRIE RICHMOND, of Chicago, Ill., who was set free on the morning of the 31st ult., whilst on a visit to her friends in this city. She arrived at the terminus of her earth-life, very suddenly, as it appeared to those with whom she spent her last week of earthly existence. She seemed to be in usual health, up to within a few hours of her demise; but the disease by which she was removed, being of the heart, approached the citadel of life stealthily, and came upon her without giving her much warning. But she had the advantage of a beautiful preparation. She was a Spiritualist, not only in faith, but in practice; and she needed no foreknowledge of her transition.

NOT DEAD, BUT IN HEAVEN.

CARRIE,—yes, our gentle CARRIE,
Dwells among the angels now;
One more harp is heard in heaven;
One heart less pulsates below.

CARRIE, thou art gone. Gone where fair lily-flowers wave beneath the breath of God, whose bright perfume, like wavelets on the ocean roll on through the fairer realms of that better world, expressing, in the opening bud, the full blown flower, the majesty and beauty of heaven. That happy form dancing in the sunlight of hope, cradled on the lap of life, has turned as pale as sculptured marble. That jewelled brow is, in death, brilliant with thought; and those eyes, beaming with joy and shaded with sympathy, at others sorrows, have faded like the flower of autumn, and CARRIE is transplanted to the Eden of pure love, where, ever on gilded wing, she may mount the dazzling brightness of her immortal destiny, and touch the quivering strings of her archangel-existence, whose gentle music, in rich undulations, rolls back to earth and echoes through the souls of those whose heart-throbs ever yearn for CARRIE in heaven.

A dew-drop fell from the sky and rested on a flower; it glistened 'neath the sunshine of affection, refreshed by the tear of sympathy—it faded, and CARRIE, our darling, has gone—gone to mingle her bright waters of love with the gushing streamlets of eternity, whose dancing spray, in golden hue, sparkles 'neath the light of the central sun, like snow diamonds on the bosom of earth. Our heart-flower has faded from its home. Its leaves folded o'er that fair breast, in immortal loveliness, and the bright exhalations stole quietly away, to seek a purer atmosphere. We gazed at its decay, as if to find one we loved; but CARRIE had gone. The mild vibration of hope soothed the parting soul, and the life-sealed fountains of nature were moved in heaven, and CARRIE was born an angel. Her white and God-like brow, is now wreathed with a coronet of pearls; her form robed in the golden beauty of an immortal youth. Within the deep still chambers of the heart, the shadow of CARRIE'S loveliness is only left; and while they who weep scatter flowers o'er the form that must pass into seeming nothingness, CARRIE, like a wreath of beauty, at eve, will come to chase the shadow from each heart, and brood in loveliness o'er each still pulsating soul.

The air of thy earth-home, Oh! CARRIE, is stirred by a mourner's sigh. The breeze, to him, breathes a mournful cadence, like the wind-

harp of nature, as the dallying zephyrs sweep its strings in sad, yet sweetest harmony. The love of thy fond heart beats responsive with his, and, nourished by each heaving pulse, still yearns for his CARRIE, in heaven; and still thou art gone from earth forever. No more will the kiss of love be prest to his noble brow—no more thy loving smile shed its fragrance round his heart—no more those gentle hands caress him with a woman's love; for heaven has claimed the idol of his earthly existence; thy unfettered spirit has flown to realms on high; and, baptized in the eternal dews of infinitude, brilliant in beauty, lovely in tenderness and purity, moves on with the rolling waves of futurity. He heard thy bridal vows in accents low, as from their silent heart-caves they came; but now his soul, in fondest affection, turns heavenward, while he exclaims, in the impassioned tenderness of a loving heart, CARRIE—my angel wife. These words thrill his being with new born ecstasy, and his sighs for thy loss below, ask CARRIE, gentle CARRIE, to remember him in heaven. His home is lonely—dark vacancy marks thy departure; and though a bright home is thine, CARRIE, still nature will weep when its fountains of sympathy are unsealed.

Death has burst the involving cloud, and the loved one is free. Her life—the soul—is now ennobled, deified; and feeble nature drops a tear over the mouldering casket, o'er which the jewel has triumphed, and now shines in the coronet of eternity, reflecting back to earth its bright effulgent rays, to soothe the pain of those who mourn. CARRIE is an angel now; and who would call her back to this cold world, where, sensitive as a flower, she would droop beneath its dark changes. Ah! it could not be. She was *too* beautiful for earth, and angels gently called her home; and now she keeps her angel vigils o'er the throbbing heart and burning brow of those who weep at her departure while her, immortal countenance still mirrors forth each sweet thought, and, in rich supplies, sings her sweetly varied melodies. She wrapped the drapery of her couch around her, like one who lies down to pleasant dreams; and CARRIE did dream, and awoke in heaven. Oh, then, spread thy wings beauteous messenger of the air, as with magic flight, thou dost roam all o'er the bright creations, sparkling in yon azure dome, and fly to earth, not to stay, CARRIE, but to gently breathe to us that thou art happy in thy home of bliss; for thou couldst not meet ought else save joy; for thy heart was all sunshine.

From the dewy land of love, chant to us the holy concord of glorious sympathy. Tell us of heaven, for which we all yearn; and as thou standest on the bridge of time, whose arches are love and truth, oh, bear us one drop of the bright waters gurgling on beneath thy feet, that we, too, like CARRIE, may be as beautifully prepared to go. Thou hast perished like a flower, and thy robe of love is inlaid with pearls. On thy forehead a wreath of bright lilies blooms. When the earth shall whisper with favonian breath, and in the mantle of light arrayed, oh then let thy accents mild be heard floating through the halls of heaven, sweeter than eolian lays, when o'er the harps of nature the fanning zephyr plays, diffusing round each pulsating heart the love that glows in thy angel breast. And oh, may He who lulls the storm to sleep, who stops the lightning in its course, and restores the festal harmony of nature's prime, suffer thee to bear the sacred olive from above, to cheer our lonely hearts; and when death comes, our souls shall spring beyond this sphere, and, like stars which, in the galleries of heaven, shine in brightness, be clasped to the bosom of our angel CARRIE.

Affectionately, JOSEPHENE.

AN AFFECTIONATE DOG.

One day last week, a dog in the family of the late Mr. Isaac Pearson, died from actual grief for the loss of his master. The dog was over ten years old, and Mr. Pearson had always taken the utmost care of him, giving him meat and drink with his own hand, at certain hours of the day. After the death of his owner, he went into the house and appeared, as much as any person there, to know the event that had taken place, and from that hour he refused to eat or drink, and went mourning about till he pined away and died, without any appearance of disease. Do dogs reason?—*Newburyport Herald.*

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Spiritual Lectures for next Sabbath.

Professor E. C. DAYTON, at our request, has informed us, through the organism of brother FORSTER, that the two lectures, to be delivered by himself and STEPHEN R. SMITH, properly considered, may be comprehended under one head, to wit: RELIGION AND POLITICS. The Professor farther stated, that it was designed to discuss the difference between the partisan and the patriot; as also that existing between a true and a false religious faith. And he said that, in the course of their remarks, they would endeavor to speak of what they conceive to be an improper reverence for the authority of the past, in religion; as well as of the errors that have grown into being, from a false appreciation of the so-called Freedom of America. The Professor also stated that A. A. BALLOU would address the audience in the afternoon through the organism of Miss SCOTT.

Buffalo Harmonial Conference.

On Sabbath last, according to announcement, we had Miss EMMA FRANCES JAY with us. Her organism was used by some spirit, who withholds his name, not only from us but from her, in the afternoon and in the evening. The subject of the afternoon lecture, was the progress of science and religion, from the early ages to the present time. The evening lecture was founded upon the scripture text: Mat. XV—13. “Every plant which my Heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up.”

We shall not attempt criticism or eulogy, in this notice of those lectures. Of the first, we are not capable—it would be like an unfledged politician, driving his quill against such rocks as JEFFERSON and his compatriots. The second would be like daubing, with mineral paint, those beauteous children of Flora, whose petals blush with nature's loveliness. Suffice it to say that the language was chaste and beautiful, the eloquence almost sublime, and the

reasoning to us, conclusive. We think—nay, we are sure, we never listened to a female voice which was so soft and harmonious, yet so full-toned and sonorous. It did not seem to be any effort of enunciation, for her to reach every ear in the hall. Add to this, her gesticulation is grace itself, without affectation, and free from the stiffness resulting from artistic practice. To sum her up in a single breath, she is one of the most lovely horns that angels blow human salvation through. But, after all, she is but mortal, and must not be idolized. But for her extraordinary adaptation to the use of ministering angels, she would have nothing more to render her attractive than the purity of her spirit, the beauties of her mind, the goodness, of her heart, the amiability of her disposition and the comeliness of her person, which she possesses only in common with thousands—may we hope say, hundreds of thousands, of her country women.

There is one feature in Miss JAY's mediumship, which, though not peculiar to her, should be particularly mentioned, and as particularly considered by unsatisfied investigators of the Spiritual religion. It is the almost invariable custom of those spirits who use her organism, at the close of each discourse, to call upon the audience for questions, either on the subject of the lecture, or any other subject pertaining to philosophy or religion; and they answer, impromptu, seemingly with as much profundity of knowledge as if the questions had been long held under consideration. This, though, as we have said, not peculiar to her mediumship, is a peculiar characteristic of Spiritualism. No orthodox divine, we opine, would dare thus to invite queries in relation to his religious faith, in a congregation of philosophical skeptics to that faith. Indeed, they are at fault to answer many of the questions innocently propounded to them by members of their own believing flocks, otherwise than to tell them: “These are the mysteries of Godliness, which it is sinful for mortals to enquire into.”

Spiritual Obsequies.

Mrs. CARRIE, consort of C. Y. RICHMOND, Esq., of Chicago, Ill., as is elsewhere noticed, departed this life, on Saturday last, at the house of her father, in this city. The body was kept till Wednesday last, waiting the arrival of friends, when the usual funeral ceremonies were performed, and it was committed to its kindred dust.

In connection with this funeral, there is one circumstance worthy of particular remark—worthy of high commendation—worthy of emulation. The husband of the deceased lady is not a Spiritualist; and such is the case with many of the connections of the family. Notwithstanding this, it was readily agreed, by him and them, that a Spiritual speaking medium should be invited to attend, to officiate instead of a clergyman. This was unhesitatingly consented to, because the deceased lady was a Spiritualist; a medium of an elevated character, who held familiar intercourse with the spirits of the departed, and through whom those spirits held familiar intercourse with their still incarnate friends. This being the character of her religion, it was evident that she would naturally prefer a spirit to speak at her funeral. And, besides this, she had frequently made known this preference, having in view this early change of life.

That which we deem worthy of commendation and emulation, is the noble conduct of this unbelieving husband, whose respect for the known preference of the deceased, stimulated him to bare his breast to the blast of vituperation, which would be sure to assail him from without, for his liberality.

When the hour of ten A. M. arrived, the house was filled with people of all religious persuasions. Mr. T. G. FORSTER, our local speaking medium, was there; and the spirit of EDGAR C. DAYTON took possession of him, and spoke, fluently, eloquently, philosophically, reasonably, truthfully, mildly, feelingly, soothingly, lovingly and beautifully. And not a word did he utter that even the most rabid devotee of religious orthodoxy, could take exceptions to.

Such were our engagements that we could not well spare time to go to the place where the cast-off form was deposited; but we learn, from those who were there, that the spirit addressed the large concourse who assembled around the grave, for some ten or fifteen minutes, in a strain of thrilling eloquence, in which he labored to impress upon them the great necessity of so living as to reach, at the transition, such an elevated position as had been reached by her whose mortal remains they had committed to the tomb.

Soiree Harmonique.

Miss E. F. JAY having expressed a desire to witness the performance of the musical spirit whom we have hitherto called FRED, but whose real name was FERDINAND BEYER, Miss BROOKS, with her usual courtesy, invited her to a circle, which she arranged for her benefit. By invitation of Mr. FORSTER, the circle was held at his house, that his lady, who is a superior pianist, and who is, generally, so much of an invalid that she cannot go out to circles, might witness the performance of the spirit on the piano, which she had never had an opportunity to do.

There were about twelve persons in the circle, of whom ourself was one. We have been present at three-fourths of the musical performances of this spirit, in this city; and we have attended a great many circles, and enjoyed a great deal of pleasure in most of them; but we have never heard the spirit perform so artistically—so sublimely, as he did on this occasion; nor did we ever enjoy a circle with such harmonious and elevated feelings, as we did this one.

Generally, at those musical circles, the circle are required to sing from five to ten pieces, before the spirit can so far master the in-harmony of conditions as to play an accompaniment successfully. On this occasion, there was but one piece sung by the circle, at the conclusion of which "FERD,"—as he chooses to be called—commenced playing alone, and executed a piece which the connoisseurs who were present, pronounced to be an exceedingly difficult piece of German music; and they farther declared that no mortal fingers could use the keys of the instrument as dexterously as they were used by the spirit.

The playing continued for something more than an hour, when the spirit enquired of the circle, through the raps, if they had any farther wish that he could gratify. To this Miss JAY responded that she was perfectly satisfied, and thanked him and the whole spirit band in attendance, for the entertainment which she had received. Hereupon, Mr. DAYTON took control of Mr. FORSTER, and in behalf of the invisible performer and his circle of associates, thanked her for submitting her organism to the control of those spirits who had afforded so much gratification to the spirits of Bufalo, incarnate and ex-carnate.

Soon after this, Miss JAY was controlled by some spirit, not known to us, who personated the spirit of Mrs. CARRIE RICHMOND, who left the form on Saturday last. She addressed the circle pathetically and beautifully, and at the conclusion, said, this is spoken for CARRIE, but not by her.

As soon as this spirit ceased speaking, CARRIE herself took control of the medium, and spoke to the circle, though with seeming feebleness, with the soul-thrilling accents of all-embracing love. After thus speaking a few moments, she reached with one hand to us, and with the other to Miss SCOTT, though between the medium and each, there was another person, and taking a hand of each of us, remarked that she now held by the hand the eldest and youngest of those who were wont to meet together regularly in circle; and thus embracing the whole, she melted every heart with the appeal which she made to all, to love and sustain each other, and to do all in their power to aid the spirits in the great work of human redemption, in which they are engaged.

When CARRIE ceased speaking, the medium (Miss JAY) was controlled by the spirit who usually sings through her. Of this singing, we cannot speak in adequate terms of commendation.—The spirit improvised a metrical address to the circle, which was, in a high degree, instructive and affecting. She then approached some three or four of the circle, addressing them personally, and concluded with a farewell to all. And all this, let it be understood, was uttered in harmonic strains, which were enough to thrill the soul of a stoic.

Whilst, as we have indicated, we would not have a medium idolized, we would like to remind our readers of the claims which our own local media have upon their consideration. Let it be understood—for the truth might just as well be understood as not, that no good spiritual medium can be good for much else. The philosophy which lies at the bottom of this truth, we cannot now go into; but the observation of every one, will, we think, bear us out in this allegation. Then how necessary it is—how just it is, that their physical necessities should be cared for. Of course this is not addressed to those outsiders who hate Spiritualism because it aims a blow at the false system of theology, on which they feed physically. Such mediums as Miss BROOKS and Miss SCOTT, whom the spirits are continually using for our benefit—for our most essential benefit, are as helpless to sustain themselves physically, as they are to bear up against the murderous shafts of slander, which are continually and malignantly hurled at them, with the purpose of slaying Spiritualism in their persons. And now that we are speaking of those mediums particularly, we would notify our distant readers that, whilst we speak in high terms of commendation of those media who visit our locality from abroad, we do not mean to set them up an inch above those at home; for we do not think the latter are excelled, either in the elevated character and usefulness of their mediumship, or in moral excellence, by any others, from any where.

HORRORS OF AFRICAN SUPERSTITION.

A number of years ago, Bombey, the chief town in Africa, was surrounded by a very strong "war," in which several tribes were joined. During many months the parties fought and worried each other, until at length the warriors of Bombey held a council to unite themselves in one grand effort to destroy the enemy around them. While convened, they called the fetich man of war to consult the spirits of the dead. He pretended to discover that the spirits of their distinguished dead were jealous of the fame of their present leader, and were bent on his destruction; and that if he would give himself up to the enemy to be killed, the residue could, by the aid of the spirits of their fathers, easily vanquish the foe and save their town and country. The noble but superstitious man arose, stripped himself of his armor of charms, and divided them, together with his weapons of war, between his two sons, reserving to himself a heavy cutlass. He then turned himself to the

chiefs and warriors around him, and gave them an affectionate farewell, committing his family and sons especially to the care of the chiefs.—Then rising himself to the highest pitch of enthusiasm by making *co too*, (a war dance,) he ordered his men to the final struggle.

Expecting death, he was determined to sell his life at the highest price. He rushed upon the face of the enemy, and cutting his way, plunged into the crowd of battle, slaying many before he himself fell. His followers, animated by his devotion, and equally superstitious, believing victory was certainly theirs, fought like leopards, spreading dismay into the hearts of the foe, who began to give way before them.—“They fly, they fly!” was soon the shout of victory which rang through the town. The young and fleet were soon in hot pursuit, and laid low in the dust many a weary warrior. The town was saved; the people rejoiced. They took the body of the self-sacrificed warrior—literally hewn to pieces—and buried it in the center of their town with great sacrifices, and in the use of ceremonies by which they pretended to bind to him, in perpetual slavery, the souls of all slain during the siege, as well as the captives caught and beheaded on his grave. A house was then built over the warrior's resting place, in which all his war utensils, with the drums, fifes, etc., of his musicians, were deposited as sacred to his memory. From that time to the present he has been regarded as their chief deity, a prince of the souls of departed warriors. Since his death, the town of Bombay has been taken by war but once, which was done five years ago by the adjoining tribes interior, at which time the house and relics to his memory were destroyed. On this account the Bombay tribe are determined to utterly root out the name of the parties combined in that war.—*Cor. American Missionary.*

From the Spiritual Telegraph.

Curious Facts and Incidents.

VISION OF A WIFE AND A HOMESTEAD.

Jonathan Field, of Southampton, Suffolk county, L. I., is a seer, and we purpose to relate several examples of his singular perceptions of remote objects and future events. Some years since he was absent on a whaling voyage, and while on the North-west coast of America he one day described to a shipmate, by the name of Charles Payne, a particular house and two young girls, seen by him in a vision on a previous night. Payne at once recognized the description as being every way suited to his father's house, the person of his sister and that of a neighboring girl who was his sister's intimate friend and familiar associate.—When this incident occurred the young men had been at sea for several months, and though the seer had never seen either of the persons comprehended in his description and knew nothing of the elder Payne's residence, he nevertheless described all minutely and accurately, even the dresses which the young ladies were accustomed to wear at the time. Field also told Payne that he should one day marry his sister, and that Payne himself would marry the other young lady whom he had seen in the vision. All of these particulars Mr. Field entered in his journal at the time. After a three years voyage the young men returned, when the information communicated in the vision of Mr. Field was more strikingly verified. The young ladies were even found to have in their possession, and to have worn dresses precisely answering the description given by F. while at sea many months before. Mr. Field and Mr. Payne have since their return both married as was predicted, though at the time of the vision and the prophesy Field had, as we observed, no knowledge of the young ladies.

DISCOVERING WHALES.

It is the custom on board a whaler to send men aloft to look out for the monsters. It was not, however, the business of Mr. Field to watch for them, he being employed in the capacity of cooper; yet thirty-six of the forty-four whales that were “raised” were perceived and pointed out by himself. These were in all cases revealed to him in a vision before they appeared in fact. At the same time an old man, who was always seen in connection with his visions, would make known the particular hour of their appearance and the precise direction in which they would be seen. When the hour arrived the seer had only

to go on deck and make an observation in the proper direction, and invariably the whale was discovered, before those who were stationed aloft had perceived any indication of the monster's presence.

VISION OF A DISASTER REALIZED.

At one time when they had not discovered a single whale for several successive days, it was announced that a number of these monsters were visible at a distance from the ship. Two boats were immediately lowered and manned. They soon made fast to a large whale, and were both towed off in the same direction. The third boat was lowered, of which Mr. Payne took the command. As Mr. P. was about to embark he was warned by Mr. Field to use great caution, as he had on three successive nights foreseen a disaster the exact details of which he did not yet distinctly perceive or comprehend. Payne immediately harpooned a whale, and his boat was soon taken out of sight by the rapid movements of the fish. The seer soon after discovered that Payne's boat had been stove to pieces as had been foreshadowed in his vision. He thereupon urged the captain to lower a boat immediately, that himself and others might go to the rescue of their comrades. But the Captain was irresolute, thinking that the effort to save them would be unavailing; especially as the cold was intense they must soon perish if in the water. Field, however, was neither faithless nor inactive. Assisted by two of his companions he lowered the boat, which shot out like an arrow over the dark blue waves. They soon found their comrades clinging to the wreck of the boat and partially immersed in the water. They were severely bruised—by the blow which the fish had given the boat—and benumbed by the cold, but were all rescued from their perilous situation.

A GOLDEN VISION.

Some time since, while Mr. Field was in California and engaged in mining, he had a vision in which a piece of gold of considerable value was shown to him. The precise spot where it was deposited was plainly pointed out to the seer. Accordingly on the following day he went to the place and there found the treasure.

THE OLD MAN IN THE VISION.

Mr. Field was interrogated respecting the manner in which he received his communications. He replied, that they appeared like dreams, but that he was able to distinguish these experiences from ordinary dreaming by the presence of the old man who always appeared in connection with them. Until F. became a medium for other modes of Spiritual-manifestation, he was accustomed to call the old man *Job*; but he affirms that he has since learned that (it is his own father,) who departed this life when he was a little child—too young to retain any distinct recollection of his form, features or expression. The old man does not speak to the seer when he appears in the vision; he looks at him with fixed and earnest gaze [he magnetizes him,] and then the young man is able to read the thoughts of his Spirit-father, and to see all the forms and circumstances attending the objects and events intended to be represented.

Truth is Stranger than Fiction.

A correspondent, under the signature of J. J. MENDENHALL, thus writes to the *Cleveland Universe*:

MR. EDITOR OF “SPIRITUAL UNIVERSE.”—Dear Sir:—As I intimated in a previous article upon this subject, that wonderful things were occurring almost daily amongst us here. In “these ends of the earth,” and promised to give a further account of some of them as I should find time and opportunity, being so very kindly offered space in your excellent paper; I would, with my thanks to you for your generous offer, place another “Case” at your disposal, promising, meanwhile, as the previous article, (the “More Wonders”) has seemed to wake up so great an interest upon this subject, manifested by the multitude of enquiries concerning this matter, pouring in upon me from all parts of the country, at the earliest opportunity to send you the “names” attesting the fact; and as you suggest, the address of all those inquiring friends, so that, if you please, you can send them the paper, thereby answering many that it would be utterly impossible for me to answer privately. But to the case, which was as follows:

Some four miles northeast of this place, in Peoria Co. there lived a gentleman (Mr. William Jordan) who was formerly a Methodist clergyman of some note, who had become a "Medium," with whom the following very singular circumstance took place:

Some time in October last, he, (Mr. Jordan) coming into his house, his folks being away from home, and feeling hungry, thought he would go to the pantry and get something to eat, and finding there a loaf of bread, part cut away, he cut a slice from it, and having spread it with butter or something of the kind, proceeded to eat. But upon raising the bread to his face his hand was violently snatched away by an unseen power. Still he determined to eat, for he was really hungry, and again he made a desperate effort and succeeded this time in getting a small mouthful, which having swallowed he raised his hand a third time, thinking that he would now be permitted to satisfy his appetite without interruption. But what was his surprise, if not vexation, to find his hand this time *violently snatched away* as to throw the bread entirely from his hand out of the door into the yard. Then he began to think strange, and wonder what this all meant. At first he thought of persisting to eat, but finally gave it up and walked from the house down into a crump of wild plum bushes which grew near by, and seating himself under the shade remained some moments wondering what all this could mean. Finally feeling rather strange he ate a plum or two, and went to the spring house (if my memory serves me,) and took a drink of milk, and in a very short time vomited severely. Being by this time quite sick, he concluded as his folks were away, he would try and walk over to his nearest neighbor's, (Mr. L. A. Thatcher's,) which place he reached with some difficulty, still feeling more and more distressed. Soon after arriving at Mr. Thatcher's, he was thrown into a trance, and the spirits, (as we suppose,) wrote by his hand an account of the whole affair, "stating positively" that they had saved his life by preventing him from eating that bread, for there was enough arsenic on it to have killed a dozen men. Saying if they did not believe they could go back to the house, and there within a few feet of where the bread was thrown they would find four small chickens, being dead, that had eaten of the bread. They further went on to explain how this had happened, asserting that there had been, sometime before this, a paper of arsenic brought into the house to poison rats, which had been laid upon the uppermost shelf of the pantry, and that the mice in seeking material for nests, had cut the paper and thrown it from the shelf, and that it had fallen directly upon the cut side of the loaf of bread, which happened to be uttermost; and that to confirm their statement, if they (the persons present, who were Mr. Jordan, by this time partially recovered, Mr. Thatcher and wife and perhaps one or two children, with, I think, two or three neighbors) would take the trouble to go over they would find this torn paper of arsenic lying below in a box where it had fallen. *They did so and found all as had been told them*, even the four small chickens lying dead. This statement can be abundantly substantiated by reference, to Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Thatcher, and Mr. and Mrs. T. Watkins, Farmington, Ill. Mr. Jordan, I am informed, has removed and I have not his address. Hoping to be able to give you something still more astounding, and better attested in my next.

Religion.

The term "Religion" is applied by the human race to sanction every kind of absurdity and cruelty,—to cover all abuses in the conduct of men,—to keep the population of the world in ignorance and poverty, disunited, and in constant agitations of hatred of one insane sect for others, both at home and abroad. And all these evils are produced with the declared, and often sincere, desire to glorify and magnify the Great Creator Power of the Universe; while common sense, upon slight reflection, makes it evident that man can do no more good to universal wisdom and power than worms can do to man. Consider for a moment those harmless creatures using all their efforts to glorify and magnify the name of man. What an absurdity! And yet the distance between man and his Creator is infinitely more removed than is the worm from man.

Man's destiny is to attain goodness, wisdom, and happiness; and these can be taught him, not by religion as hitherto misunderstood, but by an education of surroundings which shall make his happiness to arise from his constant active endeavours to promote the happiness of his race, without diminishing the happiness of any one. To possess the pure spirit of charity and love for all,—and to be actively engaged in endeavoring to promote the happiness of all around us,—and to be merciful to the animal creation, is the essence of true religion—a religion which has no reference to words, forms, or ceremonies. And thus alone will the will of God be done on earth as it is in heaven.

When human nature shall be understood and its wonderful superior natural qualities at birth shall be appreciated, and men shall abandon their insane and cruel laws, striving to oppose nature's wise, good, and all merciful laws,—then will the population of the world be taught how to create around them surrounding consistent with Nature's laws—surroundings which will make it impossible for man to deviate from the straight path to goodness, knowledge, excellence, and happiness. Such is true religion.—*Spiritual Messenger.*

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

What would you name as the best inheritance America receives from all the processes and combinations, time out of mind, of the art of man? One bequest there is that subordinates any perfection of politics, erudition, science, metaphysics, inventions, poems, the judiciary, printing, steam-power, mails, architecture, or what not. This is the English language—so long in growing, so sturdy and fluent, so appropriate to our America and the genius of its inhabitants. The English language is by far the noblest now spoken—probably ever spoken—upon this earth. It is the speech for orators and poets, the speech for the house-hold, for business, for liberty, and for common sense. It is a language for great individuals as well as great nations. It is, indeed, as characterized by Grimm, the German scholar, "a universal language, with whose richness, sound reason and flexibility, those of none other can for a moment be compared."—*Walter Whiteman.*

Cromwell's Speech to the Long Parliament.

The following are the very words spoken by Oliver Cromwell to the Long Parliament, in 1653. The document was found among some old papers, which had belonged to the Cromwell family:—

"It is high time for me to put an end to your sitting in this place, which ye have dishonored by your contempt of all virtue, and defiled by your practice of every vice. Ye are a pack of mercenary wretches, and would, like Esau, sell your country for a mess of pottage; and, like Judas, betray your God for a few pieces of money. Is there a single virtue now remaining amongst you? Is there one vice which you do not possess? Ye have no more religion than my horse.—Gold is your God—which of you have not bartered away your consciences for bribes? Is there a man among you that hath the least care for the good of the Commonwealth? Ye sordid prostitutes! have ye not defiled this sacred place, and turned the Lord's Temple into a den of thieves? By your immoral principles, and wicked practices, ye are grown intolerably odious to the whole nation. You, who were deputed here by the people to get their grievances redressed, are yourselves become their greatest grievances. Your country, therefore, calls upon me to cleanse this Augean Stable, by putting a final period to your iniquitous proceedings in this house; and which, by God's help, and the strength he hath given me, I am now come to do. I command ye, therefore, upon the peril of your lives, to depart immediately, out of this place. Go! get you out! make haste! ye venal slaves, begone! Pah! Take away that shining bauble there, and lock up the doors!"

FRESH MEDICINS.

We have received from the laboratory, in Hartford, Ct., a fresh supply of Mrs. METTLER's medicines, including some that we have not had on hand.

Correspondence of the Spiritual Telegraph.

NEW YORK, April 23, 1856.

S. B. BRITTON:

Allow me to give publicity to the following facts, in my experience through the medium of your paper—facts which occurred before I became a believer in spiritual communication. I do not ask the reader to draw the same conclusion from the phenomena which I may relate, as I did, but I do request his confidence in the occurrence of the phenomena themselves.

During the summer of 1855, I pursued a course of investigation through the mediumship of a little girl, named Hutchings, eleven or twelve years of age, at 337 Broadway. One sitting was as follows:—We were in a small room of ten by twelve feet in dimensions. Our two chairs, a small quartette, a drum, a hand-bell, two short cords, and two handkerchiefs being the loose articles in the room. I then tied the medium's hands firmly behind her back and fastened her feet to the rounds of the chair whereon she sat. I bandaged her eyes with one handkerchief and her mouth with the other, so that she could neither see nor speak. I also took the additional precaution to place a piece of maple wood, cut in the shape of a quarter dollar, about a quarter inch thick, upright between her teeth, so as to prevent all temporary use of her vocal organs.

The room was sufficiently light to enable me to perceive every movement of us both. I now placed my hands on the table and loud raps were instantly heard, not only on the table but also on the rounds and back of my chair. I soon rose and stood on my chair, holding in my right hand the drum before mentioned, nearly to the ceiling above. A short air—a kind of march—was executed for some three minutes.—Moreover, as I stood holding the drum thus in my right hand, the fingers of my left hand rested on the medium's head so that it was utterly impossible for her to have produced the sounds on the drum. I then seated myself again, when the bell was caught up from the table, rung for at least thirty seconds over our heads, when it was set, not on the table, but on my head, without the assistance of my hands which were clasped together on the table, or the medium's hands which were tied behind her.

At another sitting I had a common tea-saucer partly filled with water, in which were deposited several pieces of phosphorus. I saw at least four hands of different sizes take out lumps of the glowing substance, and convey them sometimes in a circular and sometimes in a zigzag course around the room, almost to the ceiling over us. I also saw the hands of a child, apparently not over four or five years of age, and of a full-grown woman, at one and the same time, take up pieces of the phosphorus from the saucer and convey them to extreme parts of the room. I now heard a voice which seemed to proceed from an intelligence directly over our heads, saying, "O ye of little faith." Soon as these words were uttered, I placed my hands on the medium's mouth, which was still bandaged. The wooden quarter dollar was still between her teeth as I had placed it—likewise both her hands and feet remained fastened as before. In fact she started as from a practical sleep, when I touched her. These are a few of the multitude of incidents which I might relate of a similar character.

This I know, that neither the medium, myself, nor any other person on the earth, performed the acts which I have related. That there was an intelligence at work here—who will doubt? The 'modus operandi' whereby my spiritual friends could thus render their presence alike visible and tangible to me (as Christ did to his apostles on several occasions after his death,) is not now my purpose to describe. I design merely to set down facts—things which point as needles with unerring accuracy to the great pole stars of spiritual truths that illumine the heaven of man's future life.

The precautions I took during my investigations satisfied me that there could be no collusion, and common honesty and good sense constrained me to attribute those manifestations to their legitimate source—my spirit friends.

Yours truly.

T.

Presentiments.

Most people, whether devotees to a supernatural belief or not—whether impregnable with spiritual theories or not, have at times—in certain conditions of the mind or body, in certain states and contingencies of events—emotion which are marked, and which presage evil.—These periods are spoken of as low spirits or blues, and are attributed to external causes, such as east winds and approaching storms.

We have bright, cheerful emotions, without referring to anything beyond our health, prospects or condition. Of such we say:

The glittering dreams which pass before our mind,
Are not by heaven for prophecies designed,
Nor by ethereal beings sent us down,
But each one is creator of his own.

The two sects of emotions are as widely different (to common belief) in their origin, as in their effects.

Almost every person of sensibility has felt the presence of such hours, in which as if by an inexorable will, the memory is driven back upon itself, and is left to rummage among half forgotten scenes of youth, hand in hand and with the associates of former years, while the song of school-boys fill our ears, the kisses of school-loves are upon our lips, and the familiar odors of the lilac and the apple salute our senses as of old; for memory loves times and odors quite as much as places, and is more freshly called up by them than by a re-union with old scenes, or the friends which made them dear.

On these hours, when forgotten songs come back again to us, when the fragrance which floated years ago from the tree at our window, greets us, when loved voices, now long since and forever silent, are in our ears; then comes memory

Like the stealing
Of summer wind through some wretched shell;
Each event winding—each in most feeling
Of our whole sole echoes to its spell.

In such moments we sit again in the familiar seat, or walk by the familiar brook; we gently light up the scenes of the present, by the soft effulgence which springs from decaying memories.

These hours we call melancholy, but they are full of pleasure to the sensitive, or they are full of wisdom. They soften pride and they temper that self-reliant spirit which the struggle of life creates, and they leave the man or woman calmer, purer, and better for them.

Many, and those not among the uncultivated, regarded their movements as of supernatural importance, and accept their visitations as so many premonitions of coming danger or evil.

There is still another undefined class of emotions which steal over us at times, and which hang like a pall upon our enjoyments, tinging every thing around us with the deepest melancholy. In such moments, the world seems to frown upon us; friends seem estranged, plans are defeated, hopes disappointed, and the heart is sick. We have, in short, a sentiment or premonition of approaching evil which can neither account for nor shake off. Reason refuses to justify it, but fails to remove it, and the judgment, after battling a while, yields its citadel to the mysterious assailant.

We heard yesterday a marked case of the existence and prevalence of this sentiment, in the case of the lady whose fearful death we briefly referred to in an editorial letter, a few days since. Happening to be in the cars near the spot where the fatal occurrence took place, a gentleman remarked that he was a neighbor of the unfortunate couple, and their intimate friend. He stated that when the project of removing to Kansas was first mentioned in the family, the wife was if anything more enthusiastic than the husband in its favor. There were circumstances of a family nature which rendered the idea of removing from the neighborhood rather satisfactory than otherwise, and she heartily embraced the opportunity. Being of a domestic, quiet and undemonstrative character, she said little, but went on in calmness, making her preparations for the journey. After all was ready, and the hour had nearly arrived for their departure, she made known her own fixed belief that

neither she nor her husband would ever see Kansas. She offered no obstacles against starting upon the journey; she forgot nothing, and neglected nothing, either for her husband, her children, or herself, but still, for three days, she expressed, whenever the subject was called up, her most firm belief that neither her husband nor herself would ever see Kansas or their old home again, but that some great calamity was in store for them. This train of thought struck her friend with great surprise, for never before had she given way to any superstitious feeling, but had pursued the dutiful, even and direct path of an exemplary and affectionate woman, without whim, eccentricity, or caprice. But here was a settled conviction, springing from no circumstance which she would unfold, but out of which she could neither be coaxed, pursued nor reasoned.

Her husband laughed at her fears, and they started for their new home, with enough of goods and money to make them comfortable.— They reached St. Louis, and were compelled to remain there some days making purchases, and awaiting the starting of a company having the same destination. One night the husband was absent a whole evening from the hotel. Midnight struck and he came not—one—two—three o'clock—and he was still absent. "*He will never come,*" said the wife "he is murdered and I shall soon follow him." Every search was made for the missing man, and to no purpose. He had visited some place of amusement in the evening, in company with those with whom he was to take up his journey westward, had parted from them at eleven o'clock to return to the hotel, and was never more heard of. Having a sum of money on his person he doubtless met with foul play, and went to add another to the multitude, the story of whose fate has been lost in the turbid and dark waters of the Mississippi, whose bones lie whitening from St. Paul to New Orleans.

After waiting until despair had destroyed the poor remnant of hope which her dreadful presentiment had left her, the desolate widow, with her poor children, started upon their return from whence they came, and when within a few miles of the place, she gave her money to her eldest daughter, and leaving her children sitting together in the car, she entered the saloon, closed the door, and threw herself from the window. A cry was raised that some person had fallen from the train, when it was stopped, backed, and after running slowly for a mile, a bloody heap of clothing mingled with hair and human flesh was all that remained to those poor children, of a mother!—*Detroit Daily Advertiser.*

ANECDOTE OF ROTHSCHILD.

Anselm de Rothschild, of Frankfort, during the stormy days of 1848, when all Europe was heaving with the throes of the popular volcano, was accosted by four stalwart leaders of the mob who entered his bank, and insisted on seeing him. "You have millions on millions," said they to him, "and we have nothing; the time is come when you must divide with us." "Very well; what do you suppose the firm of de Rothschild is worth?" "About forty millions of florins." "Forty millions, you think, eh? Now there are forty millions of people in the Diet; that would be a florin apiece. Here's yours; now be off with you."

STATISTICS OF SUICIDE.

Of 2674 inquests held by Mr. Wakely in the western division of Middlesex, from April 15th, 1852, to August, 4th 1854—a period of somewhat more than two years and a quarter—216, or rather more than one twelfth of the whole number, took place in case of suicide.— (This number of 216 comprises only those cases in which suicide was clearly proved, and not instances in which persons were found in water, &c.; but where a doubt existed whether self-destruction had been committed.) Of these 216 suicides, 153, or more than two thirds, were males, and 63 were females. Twenty three, or about one-ninth of the entire amount, occurred in the parish of Islington; 20, or somewhat more than one-eleventh, in Clerkenwell; 35 or nearly one-sixth, in St. Pancras; 38, or upwards of one-sixth in St. Marylebone. In St. Giles's parish, there were 6 suicides; in Kensington and Paddington, 14 each;

in the western parishes of the county, 35 and in the parishes of the northern portion which are included in the western divisions, 12 suicides of the total number. The modes in which death was produced ranged numerically as follows:—Hanging and strangulation, 81 cases, or nearly two-fifths of the whole; cut-throats, 44 or about one fifth of the entire number; poisoning, 39; drowning, 31; shooting, 10; killed by throwing themselves from windows or parapets, 9; by swallowing a fork, 1; by voluntary burning, 1; and 1 individual died from the effects of cutting away an umbilical hernia. In 2 instances suicide was effected by the joint operation of cut-throat and drowning, and 1 by means of a wound in the throat and poison.—*London Lancet.*

Rain on the Roof.

Whenthe humid shadows gather
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently sweeps in rainy tears,
Tis a joy to press the pillow
Of a cottage chamber bed,
And listen to the patter
Of the soft rain overhead.

Every tinkle on the shingles
Has an echo in the heart,
And a thousand dreamy fancies
Into busy being start;
And a thousand recollections
Weave their bright hues into woof,
As I listen to the patter
Of the soft rain on the roof.

There in fancy comes my mother,
As she used to, years ago,
To survey the infant sleepers
Ere she left them till the dawn.
I can see her bending o'er me,
As I listen to the strain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister,
With her wings and waving hair,
And her bright-eyed, cherub brother,
A serene, angelic pair!
Glide around my wakeful pillow
With their praise of mild reproof,
And I listen to the murmur
Of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes to thrill me
With her eyes delicious blue,
And forget I, gazing on her,
That her heart was all untrue,
I remember that I loved her
As I ne'er may love again,
And my heart's quick pulses vibrate
To the patter of the rain.

There is noight in art's bravuras
That can work with such a spell,
In the spirits pure, deep fountains,
Whence the holy passions swell,
As that melody of nature—
That subdued, subduing strain,
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain!

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