

AGE OF PROGRESS

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

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WHOLE No. 92.

Solitary Celebration.

We are celebrating the anniversary of our national Independence, alone, on the American shore of the Niagara River. It is the Fourth day of July, in the year 1856; being the eightieth anniversary of that memorable day, when the immortal *Fifty-six*, whose spirits are now assembled in heaven, were similarly assembled, in the city of Philadelphia, to declare, in the presence of God and the world, that the then thirteen British American colonies, were, and of right ought to be, free and independent States. And thus they did declare, and pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honors, to carry into effect the resolve to which they gave their affirmative responses, and appended their signatures.

And why are we not mingling in the crowd who are, in the city of our residence, making those manifestations of joyousness which were recommended by the patriot ADAMS, and which have characterized the doings, on those occasions, for the last eighty years? We answer, that there are numerous reasons. We have grown old and grey in the advocacy of human freedom. We have become wearied, sickened, disgusted, with the hollow-heartedness of mock patriotism. We cannot mingle with those who rejoice outwardly, by burning powder, marching with banners, and swallowing alcoholic enthusiasm, in honor of National liberty, whilst their souls are bound with chains the most galling and tyrannous.

We have chosen to be alone, on the bank of this majestic river, where, undisturbed by even a human foot-fall, we can reflect what Liberty gained by the achievement of American Independence, and what it should have gained, but did not. We reflect, that it gained the privilege of attempting to establish an everlasting empire, in this western hemisphere; and we reflect that those fifty-six patriots, who, at the hazard of their fortunes and lives, and in defiance of a transatlantic tyrant's power, boldly raised the standard of National Freedom, were honest in their purposes, but failed, in their subsequent endeavors, to lay such a foundation as would support a durable superstructure of human freedom. We reflect that, when they became associated with numerous other minds, in the erection of the superstructure, the foundation of which they laid on the 4th of July, 1776, their patriotism became paralyzed by the adscititious influence, and they were compelled to accept a compromise, which adopted individual slavery as an element of national freedom, which was not only a paradox in philosophy, and a moral solicism, but such a mixture of incongruous materials as must necessarily render inevitable the dissolution of the fabric. No temple, whose walls are composed of alternate layers of indestructible granite and decaying vegetable substances, can be expected to stand the test of ages. Acids and alkalis cannot be mingled and retain their separate individualities. Being opposite in their natures, they must destroy each other when they come in contact. Human freedom is the granite of our structure; and slavery is the decaying vegetable substance, which must, in the process of rotting, cause the fabric to totter and tumble. They

are the alkali and the acid, which must destroy each other and produce a bastard substance, which each must disown and loathe. Such a fabric is our national superstructure—such a bastard substance, is our political system; and the eight decades which it has stood, may well be regarded as a singular philosophical phenomenon.

We further reflected that the system of physical slavery which was recognized as a constituent material in the structure of our temple of liberty, is not its only incongruous element. We reflected that the thousands of immigrants who followed the lead of Columbus, and sought this country, as a refuge from the persecutions of religious bigotry and intolerance, in the old world, brought with them, unknown to themselves, the seed of the same bigotry and intolerance, latent in their own souls; and that this foul seed germinated, grew and produced fruit, just like that from which they had fled. The persecution and execution of the sect called Quakers, for their religious faith; and the similar destruction of men, women and children, at Salem, because of the spiritual phenomena which were manifested through them, under pretence that they were wizards and witches, and by authority of that superstitious and abominable edict of the Levitical priesthood, which declares that "A witch shall not live," were as wicked in the perpetrators, and as fatal to their innocent victims, as the burning of religious heretics in the reign of "Bloody Mary." And we reflected that this same religious intolerance had continued to be the dominating feeling in the minds of those who have constituted themselves the conscience-keepers of the people and the dispensers of theological didactics, all down through intervening ages, to the present time, and that they would now be as unsparing, cruel and bloody handed as they were in the days of COTTON MATHER, were it not that the progress of a better philosophy and the growth of more liberal sentiments, in the ranks of that majority of the American people who have stood aloof from the embrace of religious faiths and tenets of any kind, have so modelled the institutions of the country, that religious bigotry cannot now glut its vengeance with the blood of its victims.

We farther reflected that, although the gibbet and the stake are now forbidden penalties for dissentors from the orthodox faith, religious bigotry is as rife, as cruel, as bloody minded as ever, and inflicts its modified punishments with as much virulence, malice and hatred as it did when it was allowed to wield the axe, the halter, the faggot and the torch, in the service of its vengeful God: that it now gloats over the victims of its systematized persecutions, by denuncements, vituperation and foul slander, with as much heartlessness as it did in ages past, over the cinders of burnt heretics, or the corpses of beheaded and strangled martyrs. And we reflected and concluded that there is, now and here, no more freely conceded liberty of conscience, than there was in the sixteenth century, in the countries whence the pilgrims fled.

Thus concluding, we reflected on the subject of how much of genuine liberty the people of this country had gained, by the in-

defatigable efforts, the noble daring, the self-sacrificing patriotism, the vast expenditure of treasure, the flow of blood and the destruction of life, in the revolutionary struggle for national independence. And we concluded that, as a whole people, we had gained the position of a separate and independent nationality; freedom from the over-ruling sovereignty of a foreign power; the privilege of organizing a national government; the right to make laws for the government of ourselves; and, nominally, the privilege of choosing our own law-makers, by popular suffrage.

But, when we came to reflect on what we had gained as individual citizens, we found that we had only exchanged the tyranny of a foreign monarchy, for what has turned out to be a home tyranny. We find that the popular form of government which our fathers sought with such avidity, has degenerated into a kind of bastard oligarchy, constituted of "leading politicians," who elect themselves to office by the practice of deception and fraud, and govern the people by the corrupt uses of the national treasury—by the unworthy bestowment of offices and largesses in the shape of high salaries, to those who are ever ready to be used as tools in the hands of power, to cover up corruption and throw sand in the eyes of popular honesty and vigilance. We find that liberty and the rights of individual man, are regarded as no more sacred now, than they were when the country was subject to the government of a transatlantic tyrant; that human slavery has become so much the favorite of the national government, that, in the territories where that government has constitutional jurisdiction, laws are enacted and allowed to be enforced, making it a felony, punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary, at hard labor, not less than two years, for a citizen to speak or write against it; and, in fine, that the only refuge in all North America, to which enslaved humanity can escape from the lash of the bloody handed slave-holder, is the remnant of the British colonies which refused to join in the revolutionary stampede, in which the revolting thirteen made their escape.

Sorry are we to make these admissions, here on this frontier; but truth is, and ever should be, sacred; and these truths are too vitally important to be longer smothered.

Having finished these painful reflections—the most painful that ever exercised our mind on any anniversary of our national emancipation—we arose from the green carpet on which we had been reclining, looked up and down that beautiful section of the river, whose waters, but a few minutes before, had rushed madly through the roaring rapids and tumbled down the stupendous cataract, with a force and a thundering utterance, which shook the solid earth, but which had now become as calm, placid and harmless as a maniac after a paroxysm, and endeavored to reflect how often, since the world's existence, all its waters had passed down that same artery, but could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion.

Above the spot on which we stood, and on the opposite side of the river, we saw Queenston heights, on the pinnacle of which stands Brock's monument, under which the British General whose name it bears, or his mortal remains, with those of his aide-camp, McDonald, peacefully repose. "The first monument was completed in 1826, and consisted of a plain shaft of freestone, about 126 feet high, and surmounted by an observatory, reached by spiral stairs on the inside. This was blown up by some miscreant, on the night of the 17th of April, 1840. The present structure—dedicated Aug. 13th, 1853, amid the enthusiasm of over ten thousand people present—is far more magnificent than the former. Its whole

height is 185 feet. The sub-base is 40 feet square and 30 feet high. On this are placed four lions, facing, respectively, the four cardinal points of the compass. Next is the base of the pedestal, 21 feet 6 inches square, and 10 feet high. Then comes the pedestal, 17 feet square and 10 feet high, bearing a heavy cornice, ornamented with lion-heads, alternated with wreaths in alto-relievo.—From the top of the pedestal to the top of the base of the shaft, the form changes from square to circular. The shaft is a fluted column of free-stone, 75 feet in height and 10 feet in diameter, surmounted by a corinthian capital, 10 feet high, on which is worked, in relief, a statue of the Goddess of War. Then comes a round dome, 9 feet high, which is reached by 250 spiral steps, from the base, on the inside. The whole is surmounted by a massive statue of General ISAAC BROCK."

The foregoing description, as the reader will perceive by the quotations, is not our own, although we crossed the suspension bridge, ascended the height, went to the top of the shaft, and looked upon the surrounding scenery, the compass of which, at that elevation, is quite extensive and beautiful. The river, from some distance above the bridge, to the point of debouche into Lake Ontario, is plain to view, with every projecting point on either side.

The greatest curiosity which met our vision, was the bottom of the river, from the bridge some distance down the stream, which we saw clearly, with the numerous and ragged rocks, through which the water poured and whirled, sending its spiral columns upwards, slanting with the stream, to break upon the surface, as in a boiling pot. This was a confirmation of what we remarked to the gentleman who accompanied us, who, while crossing the bridge, asked our opinion of what caused those ebullitions, which were constantly breaking the surface, with a gyrating motion and a continuous murmur. Our reply was, that they were caused by the rush of the water through the rocks at the bottom.

Having understood that the river is very deep there, we were, and still are, at a loss to account for the plain visibility of the bottom, from the position which we occupied. It was about 10 o'clock in the morning, and the sun shone clearly upon the surface and into the depths of the water; and the bottom which we saw, was in and near the vertical plane between us and the sun. This circumstance may account for the phenomenon. But we are still at a loss to account for the fact that the water appeared to our vision to be not more than three feet deep. Let those explain who have the philosophy. We can account for it on no other hypothesis than that of refraction; the effect being the same as is produced on looking, obliquely, upon the surface of a tumbler of water, in the bottom of which a piece of coin is placed, which will be apparently brought near the surface, by refraction.

MANKIND NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL.

It is a curious thing that the man, in all England, whose duty it is to know most about crime (Mayhew) has been heard to say that he finds more and more to excuse men in, and thinks better of human nature even after tracking it through its most perverse and intolerable courses. It is the man who has seen nothing of life who is intolerant of his fellow-men. Misanthropical people have in most cases been made misanthropes by hoping too much. But go on, thinking the best you can of mankind, working the most you can for them, never scolding them because they will not be wise in your way; and even then, being sure that, think as gently and as lovingly as you can, you have dealt but a scant measure of tolerance to your fellow-men.—*Arthur Phelps in Fraser's Magazine.*

SPIRITUALISM;

A Discourse delivered in the Unitarian Church, in the city of Rochester, on Sunday, June 29, 1856.

BY REV. WM. G. HEYER.

"These were more noble than those of Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the scriptures daily, whether these things were so." [Acts xvii. 11.]

To a few words on the subject of what is called modern *Spiritualism*—but which is as old as Egyptian art or Indian lore—I invite your attention this morning. And I do this not merely because of its intrinsic importance; but also because of the place it at present holds in the public mind. Were it but a delusion, the latter circumstance would demand of us a candid and dispassionate examination of its claims, which it would be wrong to withhold. I think every public speaker is called, by the character of his office, to the performance of this duty.

But whether Spiritualism be, or be not, a delusion, I know of nothing so attractive to the curious mind, and which throws so clear a light upon the religious and civil history of the past. I know of nothing which so satisfactorily explains the various myths and mythologies, as well as the higher truths, upon which the hierarchies of the nations of the East have been founded, and by which they have been upheld. It even reconciles us to the beautiful and classic superstitions of the early Greeks, by presenting us with a reasonable account of their origin in the delicate and ingenious minds of that organized people, and in those habits of life which brought them into such close communion with nature, and thus opened a way for their intercourse with the spirits of departed men. And we thereby see how, in that early and imaginative age, they would be led to deify these, and consecrate to their worship the grottoes, the groves, the fountains, which their presence had hallowed. Hence, too, those oracular responses, dreams, omens, apparitions, &c. of which we have such frequent and well attested accounts. Nor need we say this of the Greeks only, but likewise of the Romans; and of every people whose records remain to us—not excepting the Jews, whose sacred books are, when read in a free and liberal spirit, the best interpreters of the mysteries of Spiritualism; while Spiritualism, in turn, presents us with a key by which their secrets may be revealed to our understandings, and thereby impart new strength to our faith.

If Spiritualism be unpopular among our religious populations, it is because it is not understood; and because all new truths are at first unpopular. It was so with Christianity in its beginning. It was stigmatized as "a pernicious superstition," preached by "unlearned and ignorant men;" and it was triumphantly asked of its great founder—"Have any of the rulers or of the pharisees believed on him?" So it is objected that the manner of its manifestations is often trivial, and even ridiculous. But the really magnanimous mind, in its search after truth, will readily overlook this, for the truths' sake, especially when it is considered that table-tippings and rappings are but the A, B, C of the science, and which are to reward the inquirer with more valuable revelations as this science becomes unfolded and perfected. Besides, if we are compelled to accept these manifestations, or none, no wise man will hesitate as to the alternative. Mesmerism, which was the precursor of Spiritualism, and which has established upon the basis of scientific fact much of that which now constitutes the philosophy of Spiritualism, was itself quite as generally and severely ridiculed, on its first appearance. And yet, now, nobody at all acquainted with the history and facts of Mesmerism, will dispute its claim to be received as a well defined and well settled branch of psychological knowledge. Spiritualism, I can not doubt, is destined to the same experience, because this also is founded upon fact, and is capable of being demonstrated by actual experiment. The phenomena are all the product of the harmonious action of natural law. It derives no powers from beyond the domain of nature.—It acknowledges no *super-naturalism*. But, embracing the whole range of being, from the Creator to the creature, in one universal system of

inter-dependent action—clustering all human affections about the great centre of divine love—it resolves all rational being into spirit, and clothes spirit in those substantial angelic forms which the supreme intelligence is perpetually evolving from dissolving matter. So all creatures are one in God, because God is in all creatures; and humanity is his son, to whom he gives of his spirit without measure. Spirit is clothed in matter in its most refined, sublimated, beautiful and durable form; and all matter, in its ceaseless mutations, through the mineral, the vegetable, and the animal, is aspiring to a permanent union with the intellectual, the moral, and the spiritual. Here it finds the accomplishment of the divine purpose, and rejoices in the bloom and radiance of immortal life.

If we will refer to the history of Mesmerism, we shall see how, as the progress of that science was contested, step by step, those who accepted animal magnetism, rejected at first clairvoyance; as we shall also see, that those who now are compelled to accept clairvoyance, resolve the phenomena of Spiritualism into that. But they fail to perceive, that in admitting thus much, they yield the whole ground.—Clairvoyance is literally but a phase of Spiritualism. Others tell us that Spiritualism is only the working of some occult law; which, when discovered, will expose and explode the whole system. Its friends wish it to be distinctly understood, that it is the object of their daily labors to ascertain the operations of this law; for they, too, hold that what they see are but the orderly results of elemental action directed by a spiritual intelligence. They are, in the broadest sense of the terms, positive philosophers; and they believe because they are content to accept the evidence of their senses; because they prefer fact to logic; reason to superstition.

Until the year eighteen hundred and forty-five, I had read much, but seen little of Mesmerism. Most of the experiments which I had attended, proved to be failures; owing, as I can now very easily see, to the ignorance of the operators and the condition of the imponderable agents employed by them. In that year, however, I found ample opportunity and leisure for careful and prolonged experiment in private; and the result of my observations established to my satisfaction the truth of this important fact:—That the mind is capable of intelligent action independently of the assistance of the organs of the body.—That is, the person in the mesmeric slumber could read the finest print, and describe minute objects in pictures, with the eyes closed and carefully bandaged. She could read and respond to the unuttered thoughts of those around her. She could describe persons and places at a distance, and report the substance of conversations held in neighboring houses. I also remarked that, in proportion as the body became cold, rigid, and insensible to external objects, the mind became exalted, clear-seeing and discursive. The same results have been noticed by others; and may be found recorded in the works of some of the most eminent physicians and men of science in England, France, Germany, and this country. And yet many of these fail to see that, if the mind is capable of this free, intelligent action under these circumstances, there can be no reason why, when entirely separated from the body, it can not communicate in the same degree with other minds, whether in or out of the body. If this mind be, as Mesmerism seems to prove, a complete organic vital power of itself, its action apart from the body, must be more effective and free; and its means of access more easy, its communications more distinct. Experiment, so it appears to me, fully authorizes these conclusions, and claims a place for them among the well established propositions of science. Nor do I see any way in which they can be controverted and set aside. Their testimony in favor of the truth of Spiritualism is definite and unequivocal.

When the rappings were produced here in Rochester, nobody thought of connecting them with the phenomena of Mesmerism; and yet they belonged to the same class of facts, and were to be accounted for by the same philosophy. They simply announced, that disembodied mind was about to manifest itself by means of a different set of organs, of which it was struggling to obtain the control. The fact was new and

startling; but had the observer reasoned from what he already knew, he might have seen that it was all in strict accordance with the already well ascertained principles of nature. But the manifestations were ridiculed, and the "Fox girls" charged with imposture. It is evident, nevertheless, that they had the fullest confidence in themselves: for they have since vindicated their honesty by their successful perseverance. After their removal to New York, Spiritualism began to spread, as they predicted it would; and media appeared independently of the knowledge of each other in various parts of the country, all exhibiting similar powers.

Following the rappings and table movings, other and more extraordinary things began to be done—though not necessarily in the order I now name them. The spirits began, without the aid of hands, to raise the tables into the air, and to hold them suspended there; sometimes taking up even persons in the same way, and removing them from place to place. They began to write through the medium's hand and speak through its voice—sometimes in foreign languages, unknown to the medium and those present. Artistic powers in painting, music, &c. were displayed, of a high order. On some occasions, music was produced without the use of instruments; in others, the instrument were played by invisible hands. Spirits now often appear in shapes recognizable by their friends; and are every day exhibiting their powers and manifesting their presence in hundreds of new and surprising ways. They have given us a mass of literature through media which fills more than a hundred volumes; some of which is of a high order of excellence and exceedingly interesting and instructive. But, inasmuch as various orders of mind are occupied in its production, its merits are not equal; and sometimes indicate ignorance and perversion in the thinkers. The latest manifestation which I have seen, and quite as remarkable as any, may be witnessed every day here in Rochester. It is made by writing upon the arm—the letters being raised, and resembling printing for the blind. These letters appear and disappear under the eye of the observer, to whom they sometimes convey very pertinent messages. There are also, figured upon the arm, various kinds of flowers in a most perfect manner. The medium is a young woman, living in the family of Mr. LEWIS BURTIS, on Genesee street. The miracles of healing, which are now being wrought, and the thousand proofs given of the presence of intelligent beings whose identity is clearly established in a multitude of ways, leave no longer room to doubt that we can and do hold intercourse with the souls of our departed friends, and that they are still concerned in our happiness and well-being.

I speak of these things because they are facts—well established facts, many of which I have witnessed, and have witnessed repeatedly. To write or speak against them, is a mere waste of words. We believe in the marvels of the Bible; but, in so far as proof is concerned, upon incomparably more slender ground. For that proof is to be found only in remote and uncertain history, coming to us through a dead language, and from an unknown country. And yet marvels of the same kind, wrought in evidence of the same religious truths, assigning the same, and an equally adequate cause, but supported by an array of testimony far greater and more intelligent, with the facts themselves to illustrate it and enforce it—these we dispute—nay, ridicule as improbable and absurd. This looks very much like a marvel of inconsistency. And yet it is human nature. Let us not lightly censure it. There is, for wise purposes, a conservative as well as a progressive side to that nature. The one balances the other.

After alluding to the facts, it is as well to speak of the Philosophy of Spiritualism—that which accounts for its phenomena by tracing them to their causes and showing their connection with natural laws. And first of the Soul, which is assigned as the actuating and directing principle. What do we know of the soul, aside from the information obtained through these and like manifestations, old and new?

The Bible gives us no account of the nature and powers of the human soul, or of the character and enjoyments of the invisible world to which it remits it after the dissolution of the body. It says at most,

that it is to be happy or miserable in the degree of its moral fitness or unfitness. All the rest, it leaves to be supplied by fancy or conjecture; and it leaves much, almost every thing, untold, which the rational and inquisitive mind yearns to know, and which is truly and literally of infinite concern to it. The boldest and most argumentative of sacred writers, is St. Paul, and he is the first to speak of the soul as possessed of a body—a spiritual body—a celestial, an incorruptible body. But he goes no further, and does not give us any philosophical account of the body. Probably he entertained no very distinct notions respecting it. These are necessarily supplied by modern spiritualism, and are based upon experience and the relations of spirits themselves.

The Soul—and I use this word in its popular and not in its metaphysical sense, and as meaning also mind and spirit. The soul is that which is seen, not in its substance, but in its effects. It is the power, the intelligence, the affection, which constitutes the true effective man; and which, on the death of the body, survives as an organic whole, parting with nothing which is essential to its emotional, moral, intellectual subsistence. The use of the material body is, to administer to the individualization, growth and development of the powers and faculties of this soul, from infancy to old age—or from birth to death, to which use all nature is made subservient and contributory. As the soul matures with and within the body, penetrating every tissue and every fibre, and directing all its functions, it assumes the form and features of the body—its voice, aspect, manner, as well as its character, moral and mental. Through this it makes acquaintance with external objects, acquires a knowledge of nature and art, is educated in the learning of its country and time. If it has used its means and opportunities well, at the termination of its three score years and ten, it has attained to that ripeness and fulness which it was the object of its earthly life to secure. It is now prepared to enter upon and advance in a higher and freer state of existence, where it is to have a broader and more attractive field for the exercise of its powers. It is quite apparent that the visible body has now ceased to be of service to it. Through the lapse and induring influences of years, it has become less sensitive, less tractable, less capable of administering to the growth of the soul. The blood circulates more slowly and feebly; the assimilation of nutriment is less perfect; the skin becomes dead and flaccid; the muscles harden into bone; the brain loses its excitability, and tired by long activity, reluctantly and imperfectly obeys the behests of the mind; desire, no longer stimulated by the presence of fresh, warm blood in the arteries, and the presence of the refined nervous fluids in the glands, gradually cools into apathy; and, at length, the worn-out vessels no longer contract and expand, and the stream of life stagnates on its way to the heart. Here the pulse becomes still, the voice silent, the eye dim, and the soul, releasing itself from the embrace of this useless form, comes forth in all the freshness and the beauty of the angel.

You enter the studio of an artist—you see standing before you a statue made of clay—it is the figure of a man; you gaze upon it with interest, and you strive to recognize in it the features of some distinguished person or friend. While you are thus contemplating it, the artist silently approaches it, and, taking a hammer into his hand, suddenly strikes it a violent blow. You are startled, and ready to utter an exclamation of angry remonstrance, when the words are arrested by the falling clay disclosing to your sight an exquisitely beautiful figure of gold. Then the artist tells you, that the clay statue which so interested you, was nothing but a temporary mould, the sole end and use of which was to produce this wonder of taste and art. The body of man is represented by that clay statue, and its visible parts—its flesh and bone, are just as destitute of life as that. The soul alone it is, that gives them the appearance of life; and as this inert covering drops off and its parts mingle again with the dust, a beautiful spiritual body emerges into view. But we do not see it. It is invisible to the natural eye. How then can it be a solid durable body? To be able to give a satisfactory answer to this question, it is essential that we should know what matter, in all its forms and under all conditions, is. This

we do not know. We can, however, conceive of matter being substantial, and at the same time, not immediately recognizable by the eye.—Glass, for instance, is one of our hardest substances, and yet how often do we look through it upon objects without being sensible of its interference? But, bodies the most opaque, are composed, as chemists tell us, of ultimate particles of matter which are in themselves invisible, intangible, and yet as impenetrable as adamant. Why may not our spiritual bodies be composed of such particles or atoms, yet so arranged as not to reflect the light? But spirits themselves tell us, that their bodies are substance, and that every object around them in the spirit-world, is equally substantial. Moreover, they assure us, that the reality of that world is more intensely real, as well as more beautiful a thousand times, than this; and that every sense is actively alive to its presence and gratifications. Surrounded and pressed upon as we are by this inert mass, we find it next to impossible to comprehend this.

We turn, then, to inquire what kind of a world is it, into which the spirit or soul is now introduced? If we rightly understand the nature of the soul, it will be easy to infer from that, what kind of a world would be most suitable to it, and best answer the demands of its faculties. We see what have been its relations here, and how it has been educated and matured in knowledge and wisdom through the agency of the senses, and that these senses have been to it the instruments and avenues of thoughts, affections, &c., so that in all the particulars of its intellectual, moral and emotional nature, it is but the representative of the perished body—only differing in the degree of its refinement and purity. The conclusion seems to be, that it will be necessary to secure the happiness of that soul, to present it with like objects and means of perception and enjoyment, else all correspondence and fitness will be lost sight of, and incongruity and discord be the hapless result. Place such a body in the heaven of a popular theology, where it is to languish amid clouds and sunshine, and employ itself in an eternal psalm-singing, amid beings as cold and vapory as itself, and you would inflict upon it the greatest and the worst of punishments. All the ends of its previous training in its earth-life would be lost sight of—prove useless—and worse than useless; a source of continual annoyance. Even its own identity might vanish from its remembrance. It would be like solitary confinement to the prisoner in this world; who, in the absence of congenial society and the objects that fed his mind and ministered to his store of thought, broods in silence over his fate, until reason deserts him and he finds relief in insanity. So the soul, missing the presence of those things which once formed, as it were, a part of itself—from the impressions of which most of its ideas, and many of its dearest attachments, arose—would feel itself doomed to an existence as tasteless and dreary as it is possible to imagine. Better than this, were the eternal slumber and forgetfulness of the brute.

But here Spiritualism comes to our relief, and informs us that the same Creator made and presides over that world, as well as over this; and that there, no more than here, does he depart from that rule of action which consults the greatest good of his creatures in the fitness and adaptation of things to each other; of object to desire; of instrument to capacity; of end to means—thus making every sense and every want the interpretation and promise of a gratification. And this alone becomes his infinite goodness, while it augments our admiration of his wisdom. He has not encouraged the growth of our powers here, suddenly to arrest it there, and confine them to such monotonous and cheerless toil. That world, too, is a world of progress, in which we are destined to develop an infinite series of new ideas amid an ever increasing variety of new objects. There this is renewed and perfected in more than Eden freshness and bloom. There are spread out, say our spirit-friends, in unlimited reaches of view, plain, river and mountain, reposing in a golden light; there fountains and gardens entertain the eye; there habitations of endless variety and surpassing elegance welcome the re-united families; there every kind of flower and fruit diffuse around their fragrance and invite the taste; there bird, beast, fish, insect, roam the limitless domain and add their graceful

forms and melodious voices to adorn and enliven the scene; there every aspiration is crowned with *fruition*, every affection finds its object, and love felt and love inspired produce a perpetual delight. There, too, they tell us, every pursuit which interested and pleased here below, is again entered upon with redoubled zeal and prosecuted to successful issues; and art, literature, philosophy, science, religion, offer their stores of fact and fancy; and every species of refined and rational entertainment occupies the eternally diversified attention. What mysteries are unfolded, in creation and providence! what sublime themes of thought invite investigation! what grandeur, what beauty, on every side—it hath not entered into the brain of man to conceive. There magnificent cities, which have foundations, whose builder and maker is God—houses not made with hands, eternal in the heavens—are inhabited by the radiant forms of those fair and good beings whose society is to be our chiefest joy. It is no longer a world to revolt from—to dread in the vague idea of its vacancy—but a reality so real, so suited to our nature—that we long to enter upon it. Death loses its terrors in view of it. It is no longer death, but a soft slumber, a pleasant dream, and a joyful awaking. Extravagant as this picture may appear to the unaccustomed mind, it is yet severely true and infinitely probable.—When we better understand our own being and its true end, and are released from the tyranny of orthodox superstitions, then we may comprehend its fitness and propriety. But, I apprehend, not before. We have lived so long amid the gloom of dim cathedrals, and slept in crypts of ghostly fear, that the sweet, light, balmy atmosphere, and great goodness of divine love, are more than our abused faculties can bear.

In regard to the *way* in which spirits communicate, there are many theories. These I can not now notice. They simply tell us, that they make use, on these occasions, of the air, the more refined portions of electricity, the emanations of the medium's mind, and other imponderable agents which are not appreciable by our senses. But, they assure us, that they violate or suspend no law of nature; for they hold such a thing to be impossible, and affirm that it never has been done. The miracles of the Old and New Testaments were all wrought in consonance with existing law. God was never placed in any such dilemma as to require him to depart from his established course of action, to promulgate any new truth. This were derogatory to his character; and would imply want of foresight and change of purpose. But spirits understand and can make use of these laws in a way to produce what *appear* to be miracles. They have always done so at all times and among every people. How did they visit Abraham in his tent, converse with him, and partake of his hospitality? How wrestle with Jacob? How lift the stone from the door of the sepulchre? How remove the chains from the hands and feet of Peter? For spirits did all these things once; and, spirits may do them again. When a spirit raises a table, and we immediately afterwards seize it with our hands and raise it ourselves, wherein consists the difference in the power applied? It is a *visible* difference only, for the table is lifted by spirit in both instances. Let the spirit depart from the body, whose hands raised the table, and they will drop at once senseless and helpless upon the floor. For the hands are only the instruments or agents of the spirit. God is a spirit, and he made and upholds the world, and his agents are invisible and imponderable agents, through which he moves all things—gravitation, electricity, frost, vapor, heat, &c. It is clearly contrary to reason and to philosophy to say, that spirits can not and do not do such things. Spirits do every thing that is done. Matter can do nothing, until moved by spirit. Spirit alone is life, intelligence, power. To seek, therefore, as some writers have done, to resolve these phenomena into the action of unthinking matter, is to display the profoundest ignorance in regard to the nature of matter in its commonest forms and effects. Matter, in its ultimate particles of refinement may, as it is affirmed by spirits it does, become the *body of the soul*; and the organized vehicle of its expression. But even then, though in that durable form, it possesses no intrinsic power of action and thought.—Matter in, all its forms, is in itself lifeless and inert. The play of

affinities, seen in chemical and other action, is limited by its relations and is soon neutralized and exhausted, unless renewed by vitalizing spirit from without itself. How matter originated—that is, in what way God produced it—we may never know. Nor do we know that it can or can not perish or become annihilated. We suppose it never will, however; for we suppose God has a use for it; and that one eminent use is the embodiment and individualization of human souls—and this, for no other end than to gratify a ceaseless love in the multiplication of images of himself and recipients of his own happiness.

And now I will add a few words respecting the RELIGION of Spiritualism. This, of all the theologies that have appeared among a civilized people, is the most simple, humane and just. It is founded upon those comprehensive and equitable views of God and the human soul, in all their relations to each other, which commend themselves without argument to every generous and impartial mind. If we would seek for an example of their embodiment and expression, we would instance Jesus, in the calm dignity of the Son of Man, uttering those universal truths which distinguished his sermon on the Mount; and summing up the whole teachings of the law and the prophets, in love to God and man. For love, says St. Paul, in his pertinent commentary on these teachings—love is the fulfilling of the law. But this religion is also as remarkable for its severe justice, as for its tenderness; not only because it does not exceed the demands of justice, and so degenerate into cruelty, but because it takes a compassionate interest in, and makes a merciful allowance for, the infirmities and sins of poor human nature. It has hope, not only for the respectable, the moral, the pious—the favorites of fortune and easy occupants of cushioned pews—but also for the unrespectable, the immoral, the wicked, the poor, the ignorant and debased; for it claims all for God's children—all of whom are equally dear in his sight, and toward whom his heart yearns with the same parental solicitude. In these respects, it differs necessarily from our popular theologies.

There is one God. He is the universal Father, and all his children are united to him by those spiritual affinities which go to make up the great ocean of being—every drop of which is a centre and source of life. Each soul is a particle drawn from that universal fountain, and contains within itself faculties capable of an infinite expansion, and destined to an unlimited growth. The earthly body is the receptacle of this soul, in which it is to receive its education and attain to manhood. The means of education are left to depend upon the circumstances of its life. It may become Mahomedan, Pagan, or Christian. It may live under conditions which may soil its native purity, dim its intellectual lustre, check its development, and steep it in misfortune and vice. But for all this, and in the midst of all these hindrances, nothing can prevent it from attaining to the one great end and supreme purpose of its creation—the dimensions, form, attitude, and dignity of a *human being*; and therein, against all untoward aspects of fortune, vindicating its claim to better opportunities in the future, more propitious influences for its enlightenment, purification and advancement. And this claim is allowed. It shall yet be attracted by the beauty of virtue, allured by the hope of happiness, and all its powers cleansed, and invigorated, and trained to the most lofty achievement. For God is just. He abandons none. He leaves none to perish. He condemns none on account of creed or church.

Whatever, then, may have been the condition of a human being in this life—that he is a human being—an image and child of God—is the final and all sufficient reason that he should be treated by the great and good Parent, as such. Hence each soul, pure or impure, orthodox or heterodox, learned or ignorant, rich or poor, bond or free, on leaving the body, takes that place in the spiritual world, its moral and intellectual qualifications assign it. It is instinctively impelled toward those whose society and employments, pleasures or pursuits, were most suitable to its tastes while on earth. The good seek the companionship of the good; the bad that of the bad; and so extending in degree through the almost infinitely varied shades of position, character and temper,

which distinguish men in this world, they are associated according to a simple law of their own nature. And herein lies their punishment or their reward.

If we select the lowest in the scale of being and advancement, to illustrate our idea,—the cruel, the malignant, the selfish, the base, we shall find them immersed in a cold, dreary atmosphere, where but little light dawns upon their cheerless habitations. The scenery will be bleak and rugged, the ground uncultivated and sterile; and they will pursue these their hard, unsympathising course of traffic, or low pleasure, and delight in making each other miserable. If we take the other extreme in the scale of being, we shall see the good, the pure, the benevolent, the elevated, the noble, as instinctively seeking the society of *their kind*; and amid light and beauty, and unbounded views of the celestial world, receiving all that wisdom can devise, and love and power provide for their enjoyment. But, as I said before, the grades of being, as of suffering and happiness, are as diversified in number and condition, as upon earth. But the state of none is fixed. Man there as well as here, is a progressive being. There is hope for all. And the means which God makes use of to this end, are as simple, just and effective as they are beautiful. Each one rises—other things being equal—in proportion to the good he does another. Hence the higher spirits are continually seeking the elevation of those below them. The first lesson taught is—find out some one whom you can help. No sooner is this done, than a serene sweet sense of comfort penetrates the obdurate heart, and a fountain of warm tender emotion is opened in it; the burden of guilt is gradually lifted from the weary heavy laden soul; the kindling eye is directed through its tears of penitence toward the opening glories of that better land which it is approaching. Yea, and help comes to the struggling soul from on all sides. Bright spirits—good spirits—all beaming in beauty and love, stretch forth the helping hand, impart words of counsel and affection, and raise it up—ever upward—until the seat of its felicity is reached. There, as here, all are bound together by these obligations of service, and all find their happiness in their discharge. Jesus seems again speaking to the fallen but now rescued, as well as to the ministering angels—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me!"

What can be more expressive of the wisdom and goodness of God? He is no longer the angry, jealous Deity of orthodoxy, bound by laws of fate to the execution of vengeance upon his feeble children; commanding love which his cruelty makes impossible, and punishing them eternally for the possession of a nature which is his own gift and not their choice. No. He thinks not of himself—of his own glory, his own praise. But crowning all their wishes with the bestowment of the most precious favors, leaves the full heart to pour out its spontaneous offerings, and is made glad in the contemplation of its happiness. This is true glory—highest praise.

Hence spirits, impelled by this all-actuating principle, come to us—come to instruct, to console, to raise us up; come to remove the weariness and disgust of life; come to dissipate the fear of death; come to promise the sick, the suffering, the weary, the poor, a sure relief; come with those thoughts of peace that find a ready entrance into the unprejudiced mind; come with those images of bliss which nature recognizes with sudden surprise—with those descriptions of that heavenly land which charm the imagination and receive the assent of the reason. To be sure, we are told that these revelations are sometimes confused and contradictory. They may be so in the detail, but not as a whole.—Spirits are situate there very much as we are here in regard to extent and capacity of view. Out of a hundred people, taken from different ranks of society, no two would agree in every respect, as to the aspect of a particular country, the character of its inhabitants, its political and social condition, the degree of its education and refinement, &c. And as you descended among the more ignorant, the discrepancies would be greater. But, the more enlightened would be more consistent and correct, and therefore more reliable.

Now spirits are as much human beings as we are. In entering upon the other world, the same conditions surround them there as here.— Their opportunities are better; but their progress is slower. Their moral, religious, educational pre-possessions are not suddenly enlightened and liberalized; nor are their habits immediately reformed.— These things require time as well as means to bring about. Both are not wanting. But there is often wanting the disposition to use them. Hence, of the hundreds that are every hour entering into that world the greater proportion must be of the lowest description, for they were so upon earth. And hence, when these come back to communicate with their friends on earth, their communications will be unreliable, some times false, and occasionally tinged with malice. And this, instead of being brought as a proof against the truth of Spiritualism, should be received in its favor; for it is in accordance with what we see here. But such communications are the exception, not the rule, and spirits themselves caution us to do that which few religious teachers here are candid and noble enough to do—to rely more upon our own reason; to compare, sift and select from the mass that which is reliable, and best accords with the principles of human conduct. I repeat, spirits are but human beings—instigated by all the passions and aims of human beings, and they must be judged accordingly.

Besides, we are, as yet, imperfectly acquainted with all the conditions under which these communications are made. They frequently fail, when we can see no cause for failure. Much depends upon the person receiving them, and much upon those influences of mind, temper, affection, which control the delicate and inappreciable agents they employ. When all these things are better understood, these objections will gradually disappear. But, in all ages, these communications have been more or less reliable according to the character and fitness of those through whom they were made. Each prophet and apostle impresses his own mental and moral features upon the message he records; and Isaiah, David, Jeremiah, John, Paul, Peter, differ as widely in their opinions as in their style. In a few fundamental and universal truths, all agree; but rarely in anything else.

There are no devils in the spirit world, however low and malignant may be the souls that go there. Devils exist only in the imaginations of theologians. *Demon* had never become an opprobrious name, had not our translators of the New Testament called it *devil*. The prophet Balaam, the woman of Endor, and the damsel with the spirit of divination, were evil because they were not orthodox, and so objects of church jealousy. We can not therefore justify those who vilify them. Such conduct is not Christ-like; for *he* said of those who wrought miracles, and yet did not follow him, "Forbid them not, for he that is not against us, is on our part."

If it be asked—as it is, every day—what good spiritualism is to do? I must confess to some embarrassment in the choice of an answer, so many present themselves to my mind. To refer to what I have already said, ought to satisfy the reasonable judgment. But I would enquire, What good did Christianity do, when it offered a new interpretation of the religion of Moses? Spiritualism is to the New Testament what the New Testament was to the Old—an extension of its views, with a new and stronger light thrown upon its obscurities. Its doctrine of immortal life now receives a practical illustration; much that was speculation, becomes matter of fact, and faith is confirmed by knowledge. Besides, in this age of free and bold thought, when the progress of physical science is brought into daily conflict with creeds, and skepticism delights in the demolition of platforms; Spiritualism comes as a Savior to the religious world, reclaiming the atheist from his cheerless materialism, and bringing back the deist to rational Christianity. Said the Rev. Prof. Parks, in a sermon preached by him in this City recently, "Outside of the church is atheism, inside of it there is doubt." This admission must have been founded upon the most painful conviction of its truths. And it is true. We may multiply churches, but if orthodoxy be the only Christianity we are to receive from the pulpit, surely its days are numbered; for its power over intelligent, cultivated

minds, is hourly becoming less; and it is these minds that in the end form the public opinion.

And yet, as might naturally be expected, the most determined opposition to Spiritualism comes from the pulpit—the common enemy of all new truths. Minds petrified into system, may be broken, but not bent. Prejudice is the safeguard of ignorance; and bigotry is always ready to extinguish with the iron hand of force, the first faint light that threatens to reveal its own ugly features. And yet, what is it that Spiritualism offers to do? Merely to give us religion and humanity in the place of orthodoxy. Merely to interpret Christianity by its facts; and to recommend its divine precepts by the most forcible, convincing and beautiful truths.

In regard to the doctrines delivered from week to week in this place—in regard to a free, liberal, and reasonable religion—I see nothing but the most perfect consistency between Spiritualism and Unitarianism. Long as I have believed in it, I have never found it necessary to abandon Unitarianism for it; or, in order to give a fuller and freer expression to the views of what I understand to be Christianity, to depart from the general sense and scope of scripture. I do not know that I shall ever find it necessary to do so. Because the *manner* in which Spiritualism is introduced, is not, however necessary and proper in itself, equal to the demands of our fastidious and nice sense of fitness; shall we be so foolish as to reject it? I know the influence fashion and example have upon some minds; and that there are many people in the world, who so little value inward integrity and moral purity, as to be willing to sacrifice them to appearances—to what is thought to be a respectable position in society. But, I thank God that Unitarians have not this worst and most debasing of all vices to answer for. They are already unpopular; and in preferring their independence to their popularity, they are sure at least of the respect of the truly good and true. Though they were in error, this is the last thing in the world a wise and gracious Deity would condemn them for.

And now I would remark in conclusion, that in thus bringing this subject before you to-day, I have but sought to discharge a duty which I have thought I owed to truth and to conscience. I shall, probably, have no occasion to speak of it, by name, again. But I shall, nevertheless, remain ever faithful to its principles. Ever ready to profess and defend them upon fit occasion.

It requires no prophetic endowment to claim for Spiritualism an universal acceptance. That which is founded upon fact, is capable of demonstrative proof, and offers all that the heart craves and the fancy delights in, must make its way in the world. So its influence upon society can not readily be foretold. Its principle of action is love.— This constitutes the whole of its creed. It promises nothing to faith, or works; but every thing to fitness—purity, goodness, uprightness, justice and mercy. It makes no arbitrary distinctions between men, but leaves them to choose, from their own natural tendencies, their own place in the eternal world. Their own moral qualifications will be their judges. God sacrifices no soul to his own glory. That were an absurdity. He asks obedience to no law but the law of our own nature, of which we ourselves are to be the voluntary executors.

This is what I understand by modern Spiritualism; and therefore I commend it to your impartial consideration. When you have carefully examined it, you will understand it better.

Mr. G. C. Eaton, the Healing Medium.

All persons who require the services of this gentleman, will please leave their addresses with the editor of this paper, at 200 Main street, where he will call every day. *

A BLUNDER,

It gives us no pleasure to notice, that, in making up the paper, last week, the editorial, headed "Spirit of the Secular Press," which should have preceded the article copied from the Clermont Courier, under the head, "Congressional Spiritualism," was inserted two pages beyond it; which rendered it entirely unintelligible.

AGE OF PROGRESS.

STEPHEN ALBRO . . . EDITOR.
THOMAS GALES FORSTER,
Corresponding Editor and Agent.

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Buffalo Harmonial Conference.

We received a visit, the latter part of last week, from Bro. STORER, of New Haven, Conn., who is a speaking medium of great promise. At our Saturday evening developing circle, he was used by the spirit of WM. E. CHANNING—as the medium believes—who spoke through him with great beauty, eloquence and power. Being replied to, by Professor DAYTON, through Bro. FORSTER, he rejoined in a strain no less eloquent and pleasing. At the hall, on Sunday morning, he was again controlled and spoken through in a manner which was highly gratifying to the audience.

Bro. FORSTER having been used by his two principal controlling spirits, to deliver five lectures, on the evening of the third inst., and all day the fourth, at Cuba—two of the lectures, each two hours long, delivered in the open air—he was too much exhausted to speak in the afternoon; and Bro. STORER was prevailed on to suffer his controlling spirits to use his organism. It was asking too much of him, as the result proved; for, having been taken ill the preceding night, his physical condition was such that he was totally unfit to be used. He was entranced by one of his controlling spirits, who spoke through him for a few minutes, but lost the control. Then another took possession of him, but failed to hold the control; and he took his seat.

Hereupon, the ever-ready DAYTON entranced Bro. FORSTER, and spoke for near an hour, in his usual eloquent and effective manner, notwithstanding his medium's physical prostration. He took for his text a beautiful quotation which fell from the lips of Bro. STORER, during the few minutes of his control by the first named spirit. As well as we can remember it was this:

“Though you are many, like the billows, be one, like the ocean.”

This text he used to exemplify the great necessity and the beauty of union and oneness, in the spiritual fraternity.

There was, in these circumstances, such evidence of spiritual control, and of the absence of all false pretences on the part of the media, that we cannot see how the most skeptical mind present could carry away a doubt of the actuality of the one, or of the ingenuousness of the other.

In the evening, the spirit of STEPHEN R. SMITH took possession of Bro. FORSTER, and spoke on the text: 6th v. 126th Psalm: “He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.”

Some person, unknown to the medium, had thrown a rose on the stand. This the spirit used in a beautiful exordium, and then proceeded to the consideration of his text. He said, the first sermon he ever preached in the city—then village—of Buffalo, was from the same text. He said that sermon was preached on the 24th of June, 1816. At that time, Universalism was generally denounced, not only by the orthodox clergy and their adherents, but by almost general consent, as infidelity; and he went away weeping, but bearing with him what he conscientiously believed to be the precious seed of truth. He said, after the lapse of twenty-seven years, he returned to the city of Buffalo, bearing his sheaf, which he had gathered by laboring in the field of duty; and opened it, by preaching again from the same text. He said he left the scene of his earthly labors, passing from earth, into the spirit land, on the 17th day of February, 1850. He said he had now returned again, and from a country infinitely richer in wisdom, truth and love, bringing his sheaf with him, which he had gathered there. And this treasure he most ardently desired should be received by the people of Buffalo, for whom he felt an affection augmented proportionally to the refinement of his spirit.

In his appeal to Spiritualists and media, to bear up with moral bravery and fortitude, against the slanders and persecutions of opposers, he alluded again to the beautiful flower, assuring them that, like the crushed rose, they would exhale a richer odor by the bruises of scorn and calumny, and the pressure of the oppressors heel.

The discourse was abbreviated, on account of the exhaustion of the medium's physical energies; but, whilst it lasted, there was no falling off of the lecturer's usual eloquence and power.

Lectures for next Sabbath.

Bro. FORSTER will be absent, on Sunday next, having received a call to attend a funeral. We shall not be destitute, however, for Bro. PARDEE, who was here and lectured for us, last winter, is here now, and may be expected to be used in the evening. Miss SCOTT will be used in the afternoon; and if the spirits who control Mr. P. find his physical system—which is now somewhat debilitated—in condition to bear it without injury, he, too, may be used for a brief lecture, in the afternoon.

The beauties of modern Christianity.

As we shall, in the remarks which we are about to make, have occasion to speak of THOMAS GALES FORSTER, the speaking medium, through whom we receive lectures on the spiritual philosophy, in Townsend Hall, we will say, in advance, that we know of no man in this community, who is better entitled than he is, to the character of an honest, orderly, moral, inoffensive and kind-hearted man. And we verily believe that every honest person who knows him intimately, will unite with us in this sentiment.

Two brethren, who are said to be in good standing in the Methodist Church, in this city, were conversing together on the subject

of Spiritualism, at a grocery store. One of them observed to the other: "That fellow"—and then turned to the grocer and enquired the name of the man who lectures in Townsend Hall, on Sundays. The grocer replied that his name was FORSTER. The speaker then resumed: "That fellow FORSTER has done mischief enough in this city, and there ought to be a stop put to it." The other brother was of the same opinion, and so expressed himself. The first speaker then said: "I should like to see four stout fellows take him down to the foot of Main street, strip him naked, put a breech-clout on him, (we must not let delicacy misrepresent him,) tar and feather him, and lead him up through the whole length of Main street, and so far away that he would never get back again." The other brother assented to the proposition, and signified that it would do him pleasure to see the same thing.

JESUS said: "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and we have no doubt that those two gentlemen (all *he* bipeds who wear pantaloons, are thus designated, without reference to the purity or corruption of their interiors,) spoke the sentiments of their hearts. We doubt not that they would delight in seeing an honest, innocent and true man thus barbarously treated, on account of his religious principles and faith. But what character do they give themselves? In this representation of what they would be glad to see done, they confess themselves to be much worse than savages; for even the Feejeians do not persecute each other on account of a difference of religious faith. These two men depend, for the salvation of their souls, first, upon their belief that Jesus Christ was really Almighty God, which he never pretended, and that he was put to death by the Jews; and, second, upon their own good works, in which they pretend to take Jesus as their pattern, and imitate him in all their thoughts, aspirations, words and actions. As Methodists, they do not believe that faith, alone, will save them from damnation, but that pure hearts and holy lives are indispensable to their future happiness.

JOHN WESLEY was the father and founder of the sect to which these men belong, and of the faith which they profess; and he declared that the spirits of men and women who had passed into the future state of existence, ministered to him, and manifested their presence in his house, by various phenomena, the same as Spiritualists declare that they do now, and the same as is taught through Mr. FORSTER, at Townsend Hall, for which these followers of WESLEY and Jesus would be pleased to see him tarred and feathered.

According to their faith, what will become of them when they go to their final account? They acknowledge, and glory in the acknowledgement, that they are not meek and lowly in spirit, like Jesus, nor charitable, like Jesus, nor loving to all God's children, like Jesus, nor forgiving, kind and merciful, like Jesus, nor free from revilings, vituperations and malicious and cruel dispositions, like Jesus. They even vaunt that, instead of being like Jesus, in all these characteristics of his nature, they would be cruel and bloody-handed, and would execute vengeance upon those who do not think as they do, though they commit no violence or wrong against the community nor against any individual member thereof. They would strip a good man naked, tar and feather him, and lead him thus through the principal street of the city, because he does not think as they do, on religious matters.

Now, how are such Christians to escape the damnation which they profess to believe in? If they represent themselves truly, "they are in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity." They are, morally and spiritually, the antipodes of him whose pure

and loving nature and most amiable disposition they profess to take as their moral and religious exemplar, and to imitate, in their lives, sentiments and social relations; and, by their own creeds, they must go away into that everlasting punishment, prepared for the devil and his angels; and if they have misrepresented themselves, they are liars; and "all liars shall have their share in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone;" so that, take which horn they will, they are certain of hell, if their creed be not false.

But, reader, judge not the whole Methodist fraternity, by such wicked samples as these. They are false representatives of the society of which they are members, in whose ranks may be found much of the real salt of the earth—many noble specimens of humanity—noble because honest in their purposes and true to the faith which is in them; nor are they responsible for the errors embraced in that faith, as long as they are not aware that they are such. Such ones will be ready to embrace the truth, as soon as it can be made to penetrate the thick veil of error by which their minds are enshrouded.

When the Church to which these two gentlemen belong, require it, and our informant will give us liberty, their names shall be forth coming to the public.

—Since the publication of an article last week entitled "The marriage of A. J. DAVIS," we have been waited upon by several gentlemen, who assure us that the attack upon Mr. L. was entirely uncalled for and unwarranted, and that quite another, and perfectly reliable, version of some parts of the affair, may be given. But wishing to avoid a newspaper controversy, and above all, to do no injury to the reputation of any one unnecessarily, they prefer to let the matter rest here. If, however, it should be deemed important, a full statement will be given.

An Extraordinary Phase of Spiritual Manifestations.

Our readers may remember a brief communication, recently published in this paper—from a lady in Rochester, N. Y., giving some facts in relation to the mediumship of a young girl who had become attached to her family. Wishing more information on the subject, we addressed a note to her, asking to detail some facts to us, for publication.

In response to this request, we have received the following; for which we return our thanks, and beg to assure her that the more of such facts we receive, the more thankful we shall be.

Let it be particularly understood, that the emblems and language which appear on this medium's arms, are produced without the use of any means by mortal agency; entirely without external contact:

ROCHESTER, July 4th. 1856.

DEAR ALBRO:

My time has been so engrossed with this new and very interesting phase of Spiritual manifestation, in our midst, of which I gave your readers in a former number of your paper but a mere sketch, that I have not been able to comply with your request sooner—that of giving a more detailed account.

Every day brings to us many interesting features, I shall only select a few, from among the many, most beautiful symbols, and emblems, appearing on the arm of the medium, so significantly and peculiarly adapted to the benefit of some person present, which our angel visitants frequently favor us with.

The writing on the arm first appeared to us on the eve of the 25th of May, after listening to one of the eloquent Lectures given through Miss Jay, whilst in our city. The sentence referred to a question put to the speaker, "*What is Truth.*"

Tests are sometimes given by names of spirit-friends of some one present, appearing in legible characters, and generally, as they state a *fac simile* of their friends own hand writing.

At other times a verse is given, the first of which was for myself—I will give it as a specimen of the beauty and comprehensiveness of the intelligence attained through this source.

Dear Sarah—When thou layest down thy weary head
Calmly sleeping,
Guardian angels near thy bed
Watch are keeping.

About two week since, we were most delightfully surprised at the appearance of a full blown rose, most symmetrically and perfectly drawn, with buds, leaves &c., with this line above it:

“Love is like the fading Rose.”

Which it seems was called forth by the following circumstance:

The medium was speaking of some of her very near relatives having disowned her; they did not speak to her because she had the rappings; to which I replied: That is nothing—I too have an own sister who does not treat me sisterly, because I am a Spiritualist—but added—Mary we can afford to bear this, as long as we can have the society of angels.

In a few moments we were unexpectedly greeted with the above sentiment and emblem. I then asked if *True Love* would fade like the rose? No, was the quick response—but such love as you have been speaking of, said they; whereupon an interesting conversation ensued with our invisible artist, who, by request, guided my hand to draw the Rose upon paper very perfectly.

On Saturday the 28th, the Unitarian minister of this city, who is a Spiritualist, and who had previously announced that he would preach a sermon on spiritualism, from his Desk on the 29th, called to witness, again, if possible, this new phase of spiritual facts. Whilst here in the company of several friends of the cause, this sentence came on the arm.

“Your sermon will be of great benefit to Rochester.”

This was accompanied with a beautiful representation of rose buds of different degrees of progression. On the other arm was his name MR. HEYER. Through the raps, this sentence was given him: “A great many spirits will hover over you,” meaning at this meeting.

The next day we attended the meeting, and a more outspoken, bold and philosophical discourse we have never listened to, outside of the Pulpit. It will be published and I will send you a copy,* hoping you may deem it worthy a place in your valuable paper.

On the afternoon of the 29th, an impression was felt on the arm, (which by the way, feels like a warm breath, passing over it.) On looking, we found an anchor, with this inscription:

“The anchor of Hope,”

which was readily recognized by two cousins who were with us (and for whose benefit it appeared) from New Bedford, who had commanded steam Packets to foreign Ports, for many years. On looking over on the other arm, a Flag was found with these words:

“The Flag of Freedom,”

which was described by them as the *English Flag*.

On the 30th, we were invited to the house of my brother, for social enjoyment, among others present was Prof. VASHON, of McGrawville College; FREDK. DOUGLASS and J. W. HURN, of Phil. The latter, on the first appearance of manifestations with the Fox girls, investigated the subject, but the result failed to change his former belief—that of annihilation after death. Whilst in the midst of conversation, the medium felt an impression upon the fore-arm; and the name of an only child (of the last named gentleman) who passed to the higher spheres some two years since, was upon it; underneath a cluster of Rose buds of different degrees of expansion, in such exquisite beauty that none but an artist could have given such perfect outlines and life like apparation.

Above the elbow, on the same arm at the same time, we found a kneeling slave the outlines of a man with hands pinioned at his side,

and a mark passing off from one of his hands in a horizontal manner, to an upright line. On asking what that meant (as it was not clearly represented) it was spelled out:

The Post he is chained to.

We then saw distinctly the representation, with a large ball at the other end of the chain. Under all this, were the words:

A Poor Old Slave.

After an interesting circle, we returned home late in the evening; found in waiting a company to witness the strange Phenomena, most of whom were strangers from two other States, and a stranger gentleman from New York city.

We formed a circle; and in a few moments, an impression was felt.— On looking, found very distinct characters, emblems, and symbols; but none of the company could read or decipher its meaning, except the stranger gentleman, who remained mute, until enquired of if he knew or could tell its meaning. He replied “*I understand it*”—it is a name given in the Masonic Alphabet. JAMES C. LISK, a very intimate friend, a Masonic brother, who had inhabited the spirit life nearly 20 years.— Under his name were the emblems and symbols. When interpreted by the gentleman they read:

“Faith, Hope, Charity.”

The writing &c., must be seen to be fully appreciated. The medium can be seen at all times at the house of LEWIS BURTIS, Genesee St Rochester, 1½ mile west of the Post Office. Respectfully your friend in the cause,

SARAH A. BURTIS.

*The sermon alluded to, will be found published originally, in this paper.

Lecture by the Spirit of George Washington.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

The bright imperial home of the angel nation, forever beaming in the glorious light of immortal liberty, is the same countenance through which the great Creator reflects his smiles of eternal freedom. Like new born thoughts that glow and burn, suspended in the vast pantheon of an angel's mind, all thought is love, and all the upheaving waters of the soul, bursting forth from the rocky shores of distrustful hopes, loudly calling for immortal liberty, is love. From the dark dominions of the miscalled dead, an ocean of light comes rushing over the dark foundation of modern philanthropy, sweeping from off the pedestal of America's glory, the dark and baseless influences that urge themselves upon the beating heart of humanity, stifling the faint voice of freedom, crushing, in every vital economy of man's being, the liberty of nature the liberty of heaven, and the liberty of God.

The same light that o'er-darkened Calvary, shone, when the great reformer of that age proudly and nobly expired, for the demands of a base appetite—revenge—shines now on the broad continent of American freedom; but, like that one of Calvary, its advocates and reformers must be morally persecuted; the heart must be nailed to the cross of bitter experience, while yet the same light that beamed so beautifully on the brow of Jesus Christ, gleams in untold beauty, on the reformers brow, of the present day. The light is the light of truth, liberty and true union. The poor slave's hungry heart, in its pinings, sounds to the soul of the aspiring patriot, like the moaning of the sea as its waves recede and flow against its own sandy shores; and though there be no deep to swallow up love's argosy, and sweep all the great past into chaotic forgetfulness, yet all humanity are slaves worse than the poor African of the South; worse than the slavery that deluges the land of the sunny south, and worse than the slave to the despotic governments of other continents.

The empire of the free, is as broad and unlimited as the mighty heart of God, whose glad pulses beat so wildly in the bosom of man, thrilling his being with notes of American liberty, diffusing through every artery of the immortal life of his soul, the light-beams of truth, that

ever fall, in rich profusions, from the skies. A splendor from the zenith of the past comes urging itself up from the struggling deep where the midnight of liberty grows pale, and seems to wane into a deeper darkness. Then it is within the shadow of America's own fate that man fearlessly—dauntlessly steps forward on the platform of right and justice, claiming from the right of nature and from the justice of God, that truth can have no compromise with error. As well might man strive to blot the stars that glow in the stellar spaces of motion, from their immortal homes, as to endeavor to institute, in the free soul of man, an anarchy; for though he might be a subject to the royal despotism which invades the should-be free lands of other bright continents, he would, by the natural liberty of his aspiring heart, invent a plan by which he could escape the thralldom of slavery, coming forth from the zenith of the world, like a lone star at night-fall, and stand alone, fearing not the smoke of battle, the loud thunder of the distant cannon, nor the groans of the dying, nor the moans of the wounded, nor the death-shot that scatters the ranks of the flying, nor the wild and fierce hurrah of the victorious; but he too, feels his bosom swell with the burning enthusiasm of a noble patriot, and he waits while hope whispers that the angel of peace shall whiten the edens of earth, not with the bones of the slain, but with flowers gathered from the dewy land of unfading love, while the melody of his heart shall rise till its music shall shake the chords of heaven, and man to man be an angel friend. The dying strain of liberty, like a white cloud, has floated afar, till lost in the beauty of heaven, and humanity, though it may triumph over ancient wrong, is not yet fearlessly and truly free. But though despots rule o'er myriads of souls, who should be as free as the air, yet justice has opened the pearly gates of heaven, and the giant of freedom shall crush the idol of wrong, and heaven's own divine theocracy shall chase every shadow from the paradise of human love, till the stars shall sing to greet man from out their bright spheres, and the angels descend to earth to kindly meet him—till the world, like the eden of eternity, shall bloom, and the flowers, like his love, breathe an endless perfume. The glorious angel-throng above shall chant their deep-voiced love, and the sunrise-atmosphere utter grand harmonious joy, while each tender fibre of humanity shall grow articulate with the noble thoughts of self liberty, and in transformations passing sweet, exhale from the inner self, and rise to feed on celestial good.

The pearly throat of nature shall give utterance to the liberty of its own divinity; and as the windless and waveless sea of the free flows from immortal shores, and white clouds are waving to and fro, as if they were the floating sails of airy barks, borne on by heavenly breezes, wafted through atmospheric seas, landing on the coast of truth, to become laden with the wealth of God, and angels wave their white hands, silently as they pass on o'er the sparkling foam, so is it with the soul of man: he lands his bark on the shores of truth, justice and right, where stars are kindled in the ether blue, if the daylight of hope hath gone, to light him on o'er the dashing billows of life, that he may not be left a wreck on the strand of humanity. On he goes, where the sweet winds of love gently fan his brow, stamped with the beauty of God; and from the fair islands of truth the bright waters leap; and yet man works his oars till the waves begin to vibrate with new emotions, and dulcet music begins to flow upon his eager ear, he looks, gazes earnestly as if to catch every note, and he wildly bounds from his human bark, clap his white hands with joy, and exclaims *I am free!* for his boat has at last reached the bright illimitable continent of his immortality; and there, unconfined by selfish fetters, his heart's true tenderness with summer perfume, exhales through palaces of love, vast and grand, and mingles with the revolving changes which reveal the brilliant palatial harmonies of an eternal life.

The diamond battlements of truth are hurled, by man, into the ragged mines of error; and beauty smiles upon him but to fade into desolation; and he becomes almost a wreck of humanity, as if he were some beauteous dream, unreal because beautiful; yet motive determines the avenues where germs of greatness lie concealed; and though to

stubborn circumstance man must bend, yet harder by far than the towering granite rock, and darker by far than midnight cloud, is the destiny of man, bound though he be in a material shroud, if he cannot outride the events of life and let wisdom reconcile impulse with duty, and throw the light of boundless love o'er each and all of his being, and smile on his heart accordant with right and justice. Interior force is man's, and he is obedient to divine powers, and thought must burst the hoary walls of crime, and the soul lose itself in the boundlessness of love.

From the broad Atlantic to the glad Pacific, an avalanche must fall to the plain of truth; and that avalanche will be old religion's desecrated fame, dissolving into love, and, through angel birth and ministration, the glad Republic of the earth will shout with the impulses of a new liberty. All the serpents of the world, morally and physically, shall caress the tender hands of love, and earth shall become the image-heaven of the human soul. Man is surrounded by the tombs of the mighty dead, rich with the labors of art, and emblazoned with the pomps of heraldry; but if man would tear down, or never build, a costly monument to the memory of some great reformer, and devote the temporal means therein expended, to clothe the naked and give food to those who hunger, a WEBSTER or a CLAY would look down from their homes above in fond admiration, upon the land of liberty, where their voices have been heard in Congressional halls, in defence of the principles of right and justice, and they would look down in fondest devotion from heaven, rejoicing to see their names and hearts cherished and remembered on the monument, only, of the soul's immortal memory.

Personal liberty, freedom of opinion, and equality of right, with national or moral glory, is the right of every man to enjoy; and while America declares itself, as a nation, free, it is free from the despotism of the past; but in approaching the dignity of self, the right of individuality, the freedom and liberty of action, it is not free. America, to-day, requires disinterested patriotism, political wisdom and public virtue, on which to base its independence, or else war and conflict will enervate and corrupt the mass, and true liberty become threatened.—The nation's brow has long been radiant with the gems of charity and peace; but again, as in days of old, when America rang, in all its departments, with the voice of war, she now trembles upon her proud pedestal of liberty; and though the soul of man may be awakened by the eloquence of a CICERO, or quail beneath the thunders of a DEMOSTHENES, yet all this must eclipse the beauty and glory now shining on the tablets of American freedom and worth, if the mightiest efforts of the nation become not bound together by the ties of national consanguinity—by the gigantic ties of moral and religious sympathy.

Liberty is a pure creation of the soul; and, defaced though its countenance may be, yet it bears some traces of the Grand Original. Man is a creator, finite it is true, yet how effectively and skillfully has the music of liberty played upon the thousand chords of his heart, alternately elevating and subduing, thrilling and soothing, rousing them to martial enthusiasm, or hushing them into unbreathing repose. Liberty! I will repose on her bosom 'midst the choking pangs, the madd'ning convulsions, and the stagnating circulation of war and immorality; and the fierce anarchy may strive to fulminate over the land, I yet love the grasp of a true and concentrated national liberty, and shall wield the omnipotence of truth and the full expression of mighty thought—the strong, triumphant argument of right; snatch the hope of moral liberty from its long repose, and bid its pealing energies resound with power electric, through the realms of thought, while liberty of self shall bind around its brow its triumphal crown, unchain its eagle wing and guide the nation's destiny from the dread ægis of error, to bathe its plumage in the fount of national light.

Let the heart of the Patriot be invigorated—the hopes of the Philanthropist be strengthened—the pulses of America be quickened and its national aspirations, be made pure and true, by the hope that kindness and charity will soften the hearts of monarchical nations, that they may

behold a beauty and liberty in the proud Republic, so dearly won by the living energies of true and noble hearted champions, who did dare to do right, and by this daring triumphantly vindicated the rights of humanity, and on the noble pillars of national independence, laid the foundation of a mighty and lasting republic.

Man in his collective strength, dares to do right, and could he attach durability to his power, his greatness might be coeval with nature; but the irresistible power of change dissolves all finite associations, and human greatness must perish. Its evidences are seen through every generation of the past. Of Rome, nought is left but ruined grandeur; and Palmyra rises from its ruins and wasted beauties, deprived of its primeval splendor; and many fond and noble hearts who sought to do right, have floated down the stream of the world's destiny, with their NAMES remembered, but their PRINCIPLES of love and truth forgotten. All finite greatness is swept away by the tide of change; but the spirit-stirring sounds of independence and liberty, are heard in another brighter continent, where every thing breathes of freedom and truth—where all earthly defilements are forgotten, and love is the great controller of the feelings and actions of the immortal soul.

Nature is the mirror of the soul. The laughing stream, the wide shining glories of the sky, and the unseen wind among the leaves, all are the reflected images of mind; and man finds not fault with these *images*, but he does find fault with the *reality*—his brother man.—Man finds himself reflected back in all things; and God himself is found in his soul; and the mind of humanity, ever wheeling on in one unbroken round, has gathered from the ocean of outer life, many brilliant and sparkling gems—many glories to deck the nation's brow, and many facts of philosophy that must base the liberty of man upon the indestructible foundation of truth; and shall man now, after others, who have passed on, had won the freedom of America, by the bloody contest of battle, sink below the brute, and still wear the impress of divinity? It cannot, *must* not be. Truth must have a pre-eminence over error; for right *cannot* compromise with wrong; and in the concorporation of any confederate body, love must be the basis and truth the impetus of action.

The spirit of innate goodness and magnanimity, must develop the energies of right, and convince the understanding that refinement and expansion have no connection with error, but the soul of man—the souls of all the patriots of true freedom, though they may perish outwardly before and from the world, proudly roll along in one majestic, ever-onward course in space, and turn, unincircumscribed and limitless, while all the sons and stars and all the systems of God's love and power, send forth thrilling notes of enthusiasm; and while earth calls for freedom of self and of nation, heaven joins in the one grand proclamation: Liberty of Union and Liberty of self, forever.

Truly, WASHINGTON.

Curious Case of Somnambulism.

A few days ago, the mistress of a respectable house in Vauxhall-road was disturbed during the night by the scratching and noise made at her bedroom on the second floor by a favorite dog, whose general place of repose was in the kitchen. The mistress at first imagined that the dog made the noise merely to get into the room, and rose from her bed to admit him; but on laying down again, the dog jumped upon the bed, and pulling at her sleeve, and using every means known to a dumb animal, endeavoring to show that he wanted her to follow him. On pushing the dog from the bed, she found that he was wet all over, and, being fearful that some accident had happened below, she arose from her bed, and descended the stairs with the faithful animal, and after some difficulty succeeded in obtaining a light in the kitchen. The first place the mistress examined was her servant's bed, to ascertain from her if she had heard any noise, or could account for the conduct of the dog, when to her astonishment she found her bed empty. Naturally alarmed at the absence of the servant, she listened for some time in a state of great suspense, fearing that other parties might have entered the house, and at last heard a noise in the back kitchen as of some person cleaning

knives or forks, and the dog leading her in that direction, the place having been previously quite dark, to her great surprise she saw her servant standing in her night clothes, and, without shoes or stockings, cleaning forks with her eyes shut, and evidently in a deep sleep. The mistress, after in some degree recovering from her surprise, passed the candle two or three times across the servant's face, but the girl continued her work with her eyes shut, unconscious of any other person being present, and after rubbing the fork in her hand on the board, held it up to her shut eyes, as if examining that it was sufficiently polished, then took the leather to wipe the dust off, and passed it as carefully and correctly between every prong as if she had been wide awake.—The mistress, on examining what had been done by her servant in a state of somnambulism, found by a tub of water on the floor that she had washed the dog, her usual task, and had cleaned a dozen of knives and seven forks, and was proceeding to clean the others, when the unusual motion of the dog attracted his mistress to the spot where the servant was at work. The mistress removed the unclean forks out of the reach of the servant, and taking hold of the sleeve of her night-gown, gently moved her towards her bed but, whether from an internal sense of the work she was engaged in not being finished, or the action of the light of the candle on her eyelids, she awoke on the floor, but was quite unconscious of what had taken place. The mistress put the girl to bed, concealing from her what had been done, and at an after period of the night, visited her bed, but it did not appear that she had again got up in her sleep.—*Eng. Paper.*

Spiritual Convention—Delay of Mails.

We learn from a private source that there will be a convention of Spiritualists held at Newbury, near Cleveland, on the third, fourth, and fifth days of July. The announcement, we are informed, was made in the *Spiritual Universe*, but as we have failed to receive our exchange copy of that paper for several weeks past, this is the first information we have had of the arrangement. It may have been noticed in other spiritual papers, but these reach us so irregularly that we cannot rely upon them for current news upon spiritual matters. If we wish to use them for any purpose, we are frequently compelled to pay our half-dime for a single copy. This is particularly the case with the *Telegraph*.—We miss the *Age of Progress* for two or three weeks together. The *New England Spiritualist* reaches us with more regularity but generally, as is the case with others, when they do come, from two to six days after other people have got theirs.

[REMARKS EDITORIAL.]

We assure the editor of the *Messenger*, that the *Age of Progress* is mailed, every week, in a separate envelope, upon which is plainly written, "Spiritual Messenger, Cincinnati, Ohio."

And this is invariably done on the day in which the paper is issued from the press, which, in no case, is later in the week than Friday.—What else can we do? Why is it that we have so many of these complaints? Surely Post Masters do not hold it back on account of its religious or philosophical inculcations. And if the cause be attributable simply to ordinary remissness of duty, why are not weekly and daily political journals similarly detained? The cause of this dereliction must be ascertained, and the Post Office Department must be appealed to for a remedy. If we are not outlawed by our want of orthodox faith, there can be no reason why we should not have our rights.

—Our friend MARCUS FIELDS, who writes us from East Hamburg, in this County, speaks in terms of high commendation, of the lecture delivered there, on Sunday, 28th ult., through Miss SCOTT. He tells us that many who attended for the purpose of finding something to criticise and cavil at, went away with a less exalted opinion of their own astuteness than they brought with them. He thinks there was seed sown, through her mediumship, which will produce much good fruit.

FEMALE PHYSICIAN.

MISS JULIA A. POWERS, Homœopathist, 148, Swan St. Buffalo, general medical practitioner, gives especial attention to all diseases incident to females. jy 10 tf.

From the "Ladies Wreath."

"Hand in Hand with Angels."

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Hand in hand with angels,
Through the world we go;
Brighter eyes are on us
Than we blind ones know;
Tenderer voices cheer us
Than we deaf will own;
Never, walking heavenward,
Can we walk alone.

Hand in hand with angels,
Some are out of sight,
Leading, us unknowing,
Into paths of light.
Some soft hands are covered
From our mortal clasp,
Soul in soul to hold us
With a firmer grasp.

Hand in hand with angels,
Some, alas! are prone:
Snowy wings, in falling,
All earth-stained have grown.
Help them! though polluted
And despised they lie;
Weaker is your soaring
When they cease to fly.

Hand in hand with angels,
Oft in menial guise,
By the same straight pathway,
High and low must rise.
If we drop the fingers,
Toil, embrowned and worn,
Then one link with heaven,
From our life, is torn.

Hand in hand with angels,
In the busy street,
By the winter hearth-fires,
Everywhere we meet—
Though unpledged and songless,
Birds of Paradise,
Heaven looks on us daily,
Out of human eyes.

Hand in hand with angels,
Walking every day,
How the chain may brighten
None of us can say.
Yet it doubtless reaches,
From earth's lowest one,
To the loftiest seraph,
Standing on the sun.

Hand in hand with angels,
'Tis a twisted chain,
Winding heavenward, earthward,
Up and down again.
There's a painful jarring—
There's a clank of doubt,
If a heart grows heavy,
Or a heart's left out.

Hand in hand with angels,
Blessed so to be;
Helped are all the helpers;
Who give light shall see.
He who aids another,
Blesses more than one;

Linking earth, he grapples
To the Great white Throne!

Hand in hand with angels,
Ever let them go;
Clinging to the strong ones,
Drawing up the low.
One electric love-stone,
Thrilling all with fire,
Soar we through vast ages,
Higher—ever higher.

Notice of a Spiritual Lecture.

We copy the following notice from the Cincinnati *Daily Times*, more for the purpose of showing that there are editors and publishers of the secular press, who can write and publish a notice of a spiritual lecture, without stopping to the utterance of abusive slang and disreputable epithets, in connection with it, for the contemptible purpose of conciliating bigoted orthodoxy, than to encourage the idea that the lecture came from the spirit of General JACKSON. Communicating spirits, as we have often remarked, frequently assume any name which they perceive will be most acceptable to their audiences. They leave their names behind them, when they take their departure to the spirit world; and when they return, if they are not highly developed, they frequently take a name which they perceive is thought to be so by those whom they address. The spirit of Gen. JACKSON would not be as likely to make use of the expression "By the Eternal," as a less developed spirit would, who should attempt to personate him.

PREDICTIONS FROM "OLD HICKORY."

We called in the Melodeon last evening, to hear Mr. Randolph, the great spiritualist lecturer. When we entered, Mr. R. was speaking in a very strong and impassioned manner, upon political subjects, in answer to certain questions which had been proposed from the audience.—From the terse and expressive language employed, and the Democratic order of the vigorous ideas set forth, and from the expression, "By the Eternal," used once or twice, we concluded that General Jackson was giving his opinion upon political topics, and we afterwards ascertained that such was the case.

Being asked as to the probability of a war between England and the United States, the General said that we were on the eve of war with England, a war in which, he declared that America "would have some of their conceit and vanity beaten out of them," but in the end would acquire Canada and British Oregon. Slavery he declared, was destined to go South, South, South, until it subdued the forests and cultivated the plains of Central South America, while, like a bloodhound, freedom would follow in slavery's footsteps. He declared that the African could never be brought upon a par with the Anglo-Saxon or Teutonic races; that there was an anatomical and a mental inferiority, so distant that it could never be overcome. In the abstract, and from a moral and philanthropic stand-point, slavery was wrong, but as a necessary evil, and for the purpose of working out the ends of an all-wise Providence, it must be tolerated for a season.

The time would soon come, he declared, when strict laws would govern and direct the institution of slavery in this country; laws that would prohibit the separation of husband and wife, of families and bestow, also, a certain amount of education upon slaves. Slavery he maintained, had existed in every country on the globe, in some form, and always would exist, for the idea that all men were created free and equal was a libel upon common sense and upon the wisdom of the all-creating power.

He thought our country was approaching a great crisis. The North had been infringed upon by the South, there was no denying that.—There would be talk of forming a Southern Confederacy, and a Northern Confederacy, and attempts to dissolve the Union. The constitution would be the great bone of contention between opposite parties. Our

Constitution was very defective; it admitted of too many interpretations. We should, sooner or later, form a new Constitution, in which the slavery question would be better regulated and defined. He condemned the pseudo spirit of Abolitionism now prevalent in the North—that false affection for the negro, which possess some people only when they were anxious for power or spoils of office. Politics in this country was rotten, rotten to the core; but the next generation would put honest men in office, and then we may look for better things.

We have not room for a more extended account of the harangue, which was delivered with amazing power and originality. Historical facts, dates, names of races and their variations, geographical, scientific and political dates, fortified and adorned the discourse at every point. It was certainly a wonderful performance, and we place the above prediction on record for the benefit of those who are interested in such matters, and the public generally.

Free Love.

This still remains the theme of popular gossip, and continues to "feed fat" the public greed for scandal and foul imaginings. The reputation of the Spiritualists of Waukegan are suffering wrong by unfounded reports, which have gained currency in neighboring cities, towns and hamlets. If a tithe of the tales were true which are circulated by those who hate us, we would afford another Sodom and Gomorrah in moral depravity. These tales are disseminated by clergymen and others of pre-eminence in the popular churches, while they enjoin upon others that they "bear no false witness," "bring no railing accusations," "speak no evil," "judge not," "reveal not."

It is true that a few of those who call themselves Spiritualists have professed to give their adhesion to the doctrines of Free Love; but it is equally true that there is no known case where practices have failed to conform to the strictest rules of chastity and conjugal fidelity.

This modern heresy has inflicted a sore injury upon the cause of Spiritualism throughout the country. The public are justly shocked at the announcement of tenets which, in their consequences, would designate conjugal continence as "legalized adultery."

The principles of Free Love, as expressed by those who are its expounders, seem to prevail with a certain class of minds, whose intellectual powers are inadequate to the task of tracing causes to ultimates by force of reason, without actual experience; while those of superior powers, readily perceive effects, and would avert them by a firm resistance. Every prominent medium, who gives utterance to spirit teachings, repudiates modern Free Love. Every intelligent Spiritualist, has rendered his dissent. Every book in repute with Spiritualists, which treats upon this theme, records its disapprobation; and none of the Waukegan association, who have discoursed in public, have yet appeared as advocates of these dogmas; but in all lectures yet delivered here, they have been denounced as unholy, if at all referred to.

The tales of scandal which prevail, involve the entire association.—They have organized with clergymen, whose force of hate was superior to their love of truth; who were laboring to maintain by all available means their salaries, perquisites and immunities—their subscriptions, donations and dead-head prerogatives—lest poverty come upon them, and they be required to dig or beg. *North Western Orient.*

The Lowell Factory Girls to Brooks, the Infamous.

The Factory girls of Lowell have given expression to their feelings upon the late Sumner outrage, by sending P. S. Brooks *thirty pieces of silver* (3 cent pieces,) *a rope and a winding sheet* with the following letter expressing their sentiments:

Mr. B.—Sir: Perceiving by the public prints that your friends are giving expression to their sentiments toward you by rich tokens of esteem, we too, the factory girls of Lowell, termed by Southerners "Northern Slaves," yet who are not such abject slaves as not to understand—to appreciate—to detest—to abhor, with all the sympathy, humanity and dignity of woman, and as the free daughters of New Eng-

land, your late base, "murderous, brutal, cowardly" attack upon one of New England's sons and noblemen, Senator Sumner, of Massachusetts, the champion of freedom for those who now wear *Southern fetters* and the watchman and guardian of the rights of the Northern labourer, lest those same fetters be fastened upon our feet, and the slave's manacles encircle our wrists, and the dark pall of slavery be drawn over our minds.

Such a man we honor; and he who has no arguments to use but the cudgel—no sense of honor but the duellist's—no innate sense of *truth*, *right*, and *justice*, but the betrayer's, certainly deserves the fate of Judas; and we wish to aid him in obtaining it: we therefore send you thirty pieces of silver, a good new rope, and cloth of our own manufacture for a winding sheet, begging you to except them, and as soon as possible follow your illustrious predecessor, Judas; and know well as you do it, that a whole army of true women, here, are spinning the threads and watching the flying shuttles that shall ere long, as we trust, weave the web of *Freedom* long and wide enough for the winding sheet of that atrocious system, American Slavery.

FACTORY GIRLS.

Tone of the Southern Political Press.

The Richmond *Whig*, referring to Sumner's speech, says:

"His warlike speech has turned our thoughts very much to this war—and we confess the more we think of it, the better we like it. We are heartily sick and disgusted with the canting and mercenary hypocrites of Yankeedom. This war will enable us to get rid of them, or turn the tables upon them, and render them a source of profit instead of expense. It will enable us to regain our own—pilfered from us by many a sharp transaction. It will enable us to build up our country by the recapture of the millions of which we have been plundered. It will enable us to get rid of Yankee Presidents, and to preserve Anglo-Saxon freedom, *by reviving the old connection with the mother country*, [Who would not rather be ruled over by a *lady* like Queen Vic. than by any nasal twanged *gentleman* the Yankee land can produce?] It will enable us, with the United States *South*, on one side, in close alliance with England, and Canada on the other, very speedily to bring these long prayed sharpers to their senses, by confining them to the starving soil on which they were born, and to the thin air around them."

AN UNIVERSAL DESIDERATUM ATTAINED.

SPAULDING & SPARKS have on exhibition and for sale at No. 200 Main st. 3d floor, the Portable Magic Summer Stove, Cooking and Heating at a very small expense, no kindling fires, no trouble, no smoke, no dirt, no heat radiated in the room, and the amount of heat regulated at pleasure and perfectly safe.

Housekeepers, Restaurants, Chemists, Carpenters, Dressmakers, Tailors, Hatters &c.,

In fact every person has felt the need of a portable, convenient, economical and cheap cooking or heating apparatus for summer use.—This Stove will boil a gallon of water and bake cake or biscuit in ten minutes at an expense of one cent.

Also a variety of other articles, consisting of Oils, Lamps, Door Trimmings Patents, &c., &c., on exhibition equally useful.

Agents wanted to sell and introduce the above. Large commissions paid.

Ladies and Gentlemen are invited to call and examine our goods. Ladies will be particularly interested with our stove.

Buffalo, July 10th, 1856.

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