

THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

Devoted to the Development and Propagation of Truth, the Emfranchisement and Cultivation of the Human Mind.

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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Poetry.

Spiritual Poetry.

Skeptics affirm that all pretended spiritual communications are spurious, and attempt to prove it by the fact that their communications manifest intellectual abilities and literary talent inferior to what they possessed when in the flesh, the reverse of which, as they imagine, should be the case. They do not seem to understand that the communicating spirit has to pass his ideas through the brain of a medium, whose phrenological organization may be greatly inferior to his own. They forget, too, that there are batteries of spirits to be used, all of which affect the production more or less. The subjoined poetry, however, seems to be an exception to those who do not know that spirits can sometimes exceed their original selves when they get mediums with organizations superior to theirs. This was introduced to the world, we believe, through the *N. E. Spiritualist*, under the endorsement of CHARLES H. CRAGIN, of Georgetown, D. C., who states its origin to have been in a party of young clerks where they sat round a table for fun, and one of them proved to be a medium, and had the poem rapped out letter by letter. "The Milford Bard" was DR. JOHN LOFLAND, of Baltimore.

THE CHRISTIAN'S CREED.

List to the dreamy tone that dwells
In rippling wave and sighing tree;
Go, harken to the old church bells,
The whistling bird and buzzing bee.
Interpret right, and ye shall find
"His Love and glory" they proclaim:
The chimes, the creatures, water, wind,
All publish—"Hallowed be Thy Name."
The pilgrim journeys till he bleeds,
To reach the altar of his sire;
The hermit peals above his beads,
With zeal that never wanes or tires.
But holiest rite or longest prayer
That soul can yield, or wisdom frame—
What better import can it bear,
Than "Father, hallowed be Thy Name."
The savior kneeling to the sun,
To give his thanks or ask a boon:
"We see them in the flowing rill,
Who laugh to see the clear round moon—
The saint well taught in Christian lore;
The Moslem bowing at his flame;
All wonder, worship, and adore;
All end in—"Hallowed be Thy Name."
Whatever be man's faith or creed,
These precious words comprise it all;
We trace them in the blooming mead,
"We see them in the flowing rill."
One chorus hails the Great Supreme,
Each varied breathing tells the same;
The strain may differ, but the theme
Is—"Father, hallowed be Thy Name."
—*Spirit of the Milford Bard.*

Nature Teaching Immortality.

Nature, thy daughter, ever changing birth
Of thee, the great Immovable, to man
Speaks wisdom; in his cradle supreme,
And he who most consults her is most wise.
Look nature through, 'tis revelation all.
All change, no death. Day follows night, and
night
The dying day: stars rise, and set, and rise;
Earth takes thy example. See the summer gay,
With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flowers,
Droops into pallid autumn; winter gray,
Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
Blows autumn and his golden fruits away,
Then melts into the spring; soft spring, with
breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
Recalls the first. All to refreshing fades.
As in a wheel all rises to descend,
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.
With this minute distinction, emblems just,
Nature revolves, but man advances; both
Eternal, that a circle, this a line.
That gratifies his senses, 'tis aspiring soul,
Ardent and tremulous, like flame ascends,
Zeal and humility her wings, to heaven.
The world of matter, with its various forms,
All dies into new life. Life, born, from death,
Rolls the vast mass, and shall forever roll,
No single atom, once in being lost.
With change of eucel changes the Most High,
Matter immortal, and shall spirit die?
Above the nobler shall less noble rise?
Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
No resurrection know? shall man alone,
Imperial man be sown in barren ground,
Less privileged than grain on which he feeds?
Is man, in whom alone is power, to prize,
The bliss of being, or with previous pain
Deplore its period, by the spleen of fate,
Severely doomed, death's single unredeemed?
—*Edward Young, 1681-1755.*

Virtue.

Sweet day! so calm, so clear, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.
Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;
Thy root is ever in the grave,
And thou must die.
Sweet spring! full of sweet days and roses—
A box where sweets compacted lie—
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.
Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like sweetest timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.
—*George Herbert, 1533-1633.*

Fragment.

In life's bright morning,
The heart's adorning,
Should be life's purpose grand;
For the Pure in Heart,
Shall have a part,
In the joys of a Better Land.

What is Immortality?

BY J. B. FERGUSON.

With respect to God, it is life without beginning or end. With respect to man, it is life without end. Inspired minds have given expression to the idea of our definition, thus: first of God: "Who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto; whom no man hath seen or can see;" and secondly, of man: "For we are his offspring, for in him we live, move, and have our being."

*Timothy vi. 16. †Acts xvii. 28.
The clear recognition of this idea depends upon our interior consciousness, while its expression will ever take the coloring of our culture, condition and educational peculiarities. All sane minds, of all nations, recognize an instinctive life, that in desire, at least, looks beyond the apparent dissolution of death, while in proportion as any mind becomes true to that desire and the countless visible and invisible ministrations it finds in that faithfulness, it arises to the knowledge, privilege and power of life in God. Life in connection with external objects, commencing with the first observation of infancy and extending to the most comprehensive horizon of hoary experience, is of course, more readily recognized; but in no one of its stages is it perfectly satisfactory. The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing; nor can any one or all combined of the senses, bring to man the fullness of his hope, while ever, beneath every result of external observation, there arises a reflective life that looks beyond for a wider and more exalted horizon. We, by this experience, come to know ourselves as reflecting as well as perceptive beings. By the one capacity we observe much; by the other, learn more. We perceive that we are in a world of material relations, connected to parents and children, brothers, sisters and friends, who in common with us are subject to a law of change and the deep experiences of separation and disappointment it involves. We reflect, and are led, in our reflective thought, beyond the parent of our origin, and beyond the change, however appalling, for our companionship, apparently dissolved. And by the aid of these reflections, gathered and brought down to us in the forms of our civil and religious culture, we name the power recognized before us and before the parent who presided over God and in this thought, realized in any degree of distinctness, we begin to know that we live in Him more than in any external relationships. This thought deepened, finds a law of life immortal, in which kindred ties are seen to be linked in indissoluble bonds, of which our natural affections and friendships were the foreshadowing intimations. Under the exercise of these reflections it will be found that hope is a native impress upon our being, and that it ever soars beyond external achievements. It reveals the highest and dearest ends of that being, and after their happiest consummation, still leads on and ever on. True, it reflects the passing objects and earthly care and pleasure, and often leads back its flight, to weep over the sad reflections through which it held its way; and it may be it will stop there till its tears, as a flood, shall sweep away the really flimsy, but apparently, insuperable barriers of avarice and hypocrisy that stay its flight; but, again, in higher ends and better interests, it holds its way, forgetting or disguising the idolatry of the past. What we desire to express is, that the reflective capacity in man, which finds a God in the past, finds an immortality in the future, and its evidences increase with the depths and heights toward which its free exercise ever leadeeth. Its first manifestation will be a very immature portraiture of immortality, but when in its maturings, it has passed through the storms and sunshine of a varied fortune, it lifts its head above the blasts around and finds its visions expanded to take in the eternal evidences of life immortal, with its indissoluble ties of kindred in God as well as man.

We insist upon it, therefore, that self-communion alone can bring the unshaken evidences of our immortality. In our fleshly vision we have a dim observation of good, while in our self-communion we counteract the influences that would secure our servility to the passing scenes, and rise above base idolatry to the cherished hopes we have in God. We have life in two worlds, the outer and the inner. The one we realize by perceptions, but even these, when followed in their essential meaning, lead to the other. That other we realize as we retire within it, and in this retirement of the mind, we find the purified affection and interest of every kindred one who has thrown off the outer.

In it we hear "the voice of the Lord God," as did the fabled Adam in the cool of the day; we have the consciousness of acceptance, as had the grateful Abel; we find the skill of art as has many a Tubal-Cain, and the spirit of prophecy as did Noah and his spiritual successors. Angels converse with, deliver and console us as they did Abraham; we wander

with Isaac in the cool retreats of evening meditation; wrestle with Jacob, and behold his angelic ladder leading up to the very gateway of heaven, and feel the foreshadowings of the fortunes of our kindred, as the spirit, disciplined by the sad vicissitudes of adverse life, brings the sobered reflections of age as they visited his dying couch. Upon many a staff, worn and trembling, we lean and look, till, with Moses, we behold the unconsumed bush, whose livid glare is lost only in the pillowy cloud of hope that leads before and defends behind. The gathered hosts of human brethren make many mountains of flashing rage from whence comes forth the law of God, broken, ever broken upon the flinty stone, but renewed in the softened heart of humanity. We wander o'er desert paths beside fierce enemies, and find our support and comfort in angel's food. We hear the still small voice that comforted the prophet, and which the roar of the avalanche and the shaking of the earthquake cannot hush; and strains of heavenly music break upon the bedizened ear in psalms as holy and more loving than David sang. From dusty ways of tumultuous strife and labor, we, too, ascend the mount of God, and hear of death's deliverances that make a Calvary glorious, and a Jesus king; while the gloom of Philippian prisons, and the loneliness of our Patmos, is driven away by the praises of our God and the visions of immortality that no external imagery can depict. In a word, we find our eternity, which is life, and life in God, born of heaven, and wafted over the sable mantle of "Death's dark valley." We learn that we live in God, and the living evidence administers to every thought, affection and hope.

If we live in God, and God is immortal, our life is immortality—an immortality no change of outward relations can ever destroy. To bind the soul by a chain of despotism in religious faith, or bury it in the sepulchre of materialistic doubt, alike prevents the entrance of the light of immortality. The one makes a prison, and the other a grave for our higher nature, and it is difficult to decide which is the most hopeless state of man: sectarianism or Pyrrhonism. Freedom, alone, reveals the life of man in God.

It is the freedom of my thought that has opened the vision that knows that nothing is lost. I know myself to be indestructible, and the knowledge is open to any who have freedom enough to be true to their own souls and the law of the better life within. It is the highest attainments, as it is the holiest assurance of our nature. If there is an eternal individualization of God, and man is his image, man is individualized, and therefore immortal. In the moment of death, made awful by officious ignorance and tyrannical custom, if this solemn assurance be given—no matter by whom, for God speaks in all—that nothing is lost; that no particle of matter, much less of mind, can be destroyed; that the assurance that we are, can no more perish than God can perish; that the facts of the soul can no more be annihilated than the Heavens can be annihilated by a thought; and that as long as we exist, the might of our love will find its own objects and privileges—we are comforted. If immortality and eternity exist in God, and we exist in him; our love will find, ever find its immortality and eternity. Let, then, the sorrowful billows roll over me and my soul sink into the depths of grief, I fall upon the bosom of Eternal Sympathy, and while my heart heaves in voiceless emotion within, I say, Father I love thee and trust thee for the treasures of my love and hope!

But yesterday I was reclining, beneath the cool shade of a tree of Nature's own planting, upon one of the tallest promontories of this fair and smiling land. Above me the Heaven was filled with the light of God's day sunny, and all the air was balmy life and cloudless glory. Beneath the huge cliff upon which I rested, in meditative observation, the serpentine Cumberland was gently flowing between the green lining of bending boughs and rocky defiles, flowing, ever flowing on, to the deep, distant sea, that absorbs all, and yet destroys or annihilates not one pure drop of its ceaseless fountain. Behind and around me were the fertile fields of industrious husbandry, now extending the regular lines of thick-bladed corn, while the golden harvest waved upon their border, or here and there fell into the arms of the toil-worn but happy reaper. The hot, dusty city to my left, with its roofs shining in the moist fire of the sunlight, was still, as if the mandate of Heaven's summer had said to its tumult, Peace! Many a rude cottage stood in the open common or field, many a bright one in the clustering shade, far as the eye could see. A lordly palace here and there, amid cultivated and flowery gardens, loomed above the green and yellow fields, beside the well-paved walks, where giddy frivolity and stupid dissipation too often reid from the revel of the city, or the nightly glare of their own proud halls. In my first view the hut and the palace were isolated, where envy looked up, and contempt down, upon the same daily scenes. The

field and the street were separated, where the thin-visaged accountant and hard-featured tollman, knew not each other, save as interest or passion commanded their attention. And even the lowly cottage, almost hid in the green trees, appeared before me as the theatre where lovely woman was sometimes enraged; where children ruffled the peace of home, and stern mandates from unthinking fathers, fall like lead upon tender emotions, just budding into hope and joy. Beneath the surface of this bright scene, that was sending its thousand inspirations into my soul, I knew, for I had felt and seen, there was much of untold grief, and sad, wailing disappointment. And I said within me: Is this all? Is this life of struggle, of defeat, of overburdening evil, of severing friendships, and martyr-like patience, all? If so, the bright Heaven is a mockery; the flowing stream a tantalization, the spreading plenty and beauty, the baits of a demon, the poison in despair. Anew, and with immortal power, gathered in the rebound of my nature, I felt it was but the beginning of man's heritage, and the ascension of all things around me proclaimed and anticipated my own ascension, now not far off. The tiny plant is ascending to the tree; the splashing wave sends upward its parent exhalations, thrown off by its conflict with rude rocks and filthy depositions; even the dank savannah is purifying itself by the streams flowing in and out, while nothing is lost! And an I less than nothing? O! Heavenly Spirit, never, never, let the dark mantle of such a thought spread its pall over the ascension of my soul, as now again it feels, as then felt, God-like and looked Godward.

It were unworthy to lie down and fondle beneath the clusterings of that vine of mortal windings, that makes drunken and dumb the spirit born to life and life's great end—immortal happiness! I feel and know that there is no system of religious policy that guards and guaranteed it as it should. But I equally know and feel that there are divine illuminings which, when once enjoyed, instill within the heart, of all the consciousness of being eternal. Unchain thy thought, and the claims of thy humanity, and the inspirations of thy divinity will open a vision above every conflict of immature conditions, when in bright or desolate fields of Nature's planting or man's perversions. Drop the sense of power usurped over the less fortunate of a common brotherhood, and thou wilt cease to cruminate thy God, or ally thy soul with a malignity that would burn his Heavens to obscure the hope that struggles in the heart of the lowliest. Make thy soul an honored guest within thee, and its temple will open its hypetral domes to unmeasured depths in life immortal; while symphonious sounds from lips whose external covering moulders there beneath that bending tree, will sing thy franchise, bequeathed by God to bleed thy soul in the interests of relationships eternal. No longer, cynic-like, sit down on what the policy that desolates the world under the guise of Religion, calls sacred love, to profit by the misfortunes of thy kind; and the barriers that have detained thy hopes, and held at bay thy progressive instincts, will fall in their isolation, and be carried as the drift boats to disturb the flow of thy spirit no longer. The clouds that dim the luminary of thought arise from selfish scheming, while the wind of a free humanity driveth them as the contrasts of a brighter sky. No longer fawn beneath thy misconceived prejudices. No longer lead or follow in assaults that desolate some human heart. No longer succumb to the policy that dwarfs the native impulses of thy soul. No longer suffer thy judgment to be incensed as adamant by the barriers that false conceptions of God have created. No longer bow to the machinations of the designing; and then, amid every recognition of thy mundane relations, will be seen the supermundane evidence that prepares man to appreciate and behold the genial influences of the heavenly spheres.

There is an epoch in every life, eye many of them, in which thoughts immortal, traced by divine influence, from our birth to our change called death, that link the kindred ties of fond associations, that rise above the funeral pile, to make of brotherly and sisterly affection, fatherly and motherly care, a galaxy of stars whose undimmed light, though broken by the rude storms of Earth, ascend to Heaven to be shined in God; for all are his "offspring;" and "in Him we live, move, and have our being." But my skeptical friend will tell me, he cannot see his life in God, or the ties that bind him to it in the transformed being of kindred departed. True; but is sight the measure of human knowledge? The eye conceals more than it can possibly reveal. A wonderful organism it is, truly, but its horizon is limited to external manifestations, and it cannot see its own life. The medicinal spring that bursts from your bank of the absorbing river, my chemical friend tells me holds a solution of enduring life, and I see it make its deposit on the pebbly bed over which it murmurs its ceaseless song. Shall I deny the iron in the glass he forces to my lips, because I cannot see it? And

can that pebbly fountain conceal what my eye cannot see, and I, presumptuously, deny the soul that hides itself in the perennial stream of God-life that floweth, ever floweth, through the forms it maketh, it transformeth, and rendereth beautiful even in its decay? A little nitric acid will dissolve the shining silver, with which men pass into a temporary significance among their fellows, so that I see it no more; Can I deny the silver because the solution hides it from my eye? Is it not there as much as when it bore the stamp of the mint, and the superscription of conventional authority? And shall I deny that shifting coin of the soul, because death transforms it from my limited sight and touch? Is it not here, not there, everywhere, in the degree of its ascension? Death hides from the eye, but not from the mind, and in a higher sense, every opened mind sees or realizes the presence, purified affection, or refined thought, of those who have taken on the enduring and therefore invisible garment of God.

Again the most powerful and the only ubiquitous elements of Nature are invisible. The circumambient atmosphere; the engirding electricity, the world-arching aura, through whose plastic, and yet sustaining ocean, the planets move in their mystic courses—what eye has seen them? what lens reflects them? The vivid lightning becomes vivid and leaves the track of flame along the resistant air and of its tremendous power in the fallen pile and the scattered limbs of the giant oak; but the subtle element, who has seen? So spirits, in my form and out of it, are seen in their manifestations, but the spirit itself no eye hath seen or can see. To the ascension of this thought so freely expressed, every mind is holding on its upward way; now in hopeful desire and then in the anguish of disappointment, but ever upward above the external world of conflict, till the great transformation makes its body and its soul alike invisible to the outward sense; mother earth having claimed the former our Father, God—God the spirit in all, through all and above all—claims the soul, individualized from all other, and yet united in that oneness that soars above time and sense, to make them subservient to eternity and spirit.

O, great and glorious word: Immortality! Eternity! Life! Love! Wisdom! God! As the thought of it pours its sweet influences over my soul, I almost hear its strains of holy melody floating o'er and mingling in the great sea of strife beneath, to win and carry upward the least sigh—for the good, the lovely, the enduring, unuttered, it may be, from the closed lips of writhen grief, drowned, perchance, in the hoarse and malignant notes of religious strife and hushed in the tumult of business and revelry, but still there and everywhere, wherever a human soul lies encased or rises in its measured freedom; and there its calm, its grand, its eternal anthem shall be heard, exposing and correcting the wrong it has suffered, and making it the mount of its own ascension upward, ever upward in Eternal Progression. O, Immortality! when the pale stars of serene and all-embracing heaven are hiding their soft beams in the clouds of years and sorrows that gather o'er our earth; when the dull years are circling the child of my love and companions of my heart; when the loved and the hidden come to my memory, as I sit beside the little mounds talking the dew-drop of silent night, that prevents an intruder upon my meditations; when the sunny hours pass wearily, and tell no longer beguiles; when my sleep comes not and my dreams wander back to the ways of my childhood; when the narrow vision of my eye shall have answered its temporary end, then, O, then, come with the whisper of angel voices, and to the eye of my spirit, bring the day star of thine own hope, whose never-dying light, upon the night of my departure, shall break in beams of life, joy and glory to all. Then I'll leave the living.

To join the innumerable multitudes
Who have gone before me. Ah! the bound is narrow,
And still, how dark beyond; and yet, how bright!
The good man springs from earth on wings of love,
To love in heaven; to roam among the stars,
To bask in fields Elysian, amid perfumes,
And flowers, and amber lakes, and golden skies.
And thought and light and harmony forever,
O, God immortal! I have fullest hope
Through thee, O God! me to thy loving arms
And take me home!

And, at best, it is a deception arising from our selfish indifference, that mistakes these rocks as solid and our life as transient. The solid earth is the phantom, and we, alone, are immortal among its successive apparitions of perishable things. Though it seems enduring as adamant, it is wishing and dissolving away; and our individual being, of all things seeming the most precarious, is alone incapable of decay. Gigantic institutions, boastful traditions, pompous wealth, and hard-fastened servility, exist by a tenure more uncertain than a sickly infant's life, for they make a sweeping tide upon which this poor, frail ship of human being alone can ride the storm. The seas of

time shall sink and flow away; the mighty fleet of human achievements will be carried into the impenetrable night, while suspended as it were in the mid-heaven of divine protection we shall yet disregard our perils, forget our toils, transcend our anxieties, reposing without carefulness in sublime peace in the life of God, while the fashion of the world passeth away.

It is short-sighted and not far-seeing to look upon the external as permanent. Life is the permanent reality while its scenery, in physical observation, is ever changing. A dull and heavy soul may fancy its wealth, its rank, its name, its government, real and eternal. It may sanction its stupidity by the forms and fables of a religious boast, and thus hide the light of an all-pervading, but, to it, unconscious faith. It may even argue and expound, but unless it arise to the consciousness of the infinite scale of human life, it will not advance beyond the mere spelling lesson of its tuition, and its religion will be as confused as it is noisy until very weariness will cause it to fall asleep, over its horribles and the fatigues of its jargon, alike deaf to the lessons of divine wisdom and the reality of that angelic hymn that swells upon the breath of our morning land to keep the spirit open to the skies. Poor spellings of the merest alphabet of eternal wisdom are the dying forms of religion around me, and the spellers are unwilling pupils who feel not their life in God and deny its outpourings in those whose souls have found a holier dimension in the divine, and the divine in all things. O Spirit of Love! help us to feel daily that we are not our own, nor the world's, nor the priest's, nor the ordinance's, but the everlasting Father's, and shall survive the little spaces of that limited perspective that too often chains our desires, to find, experimentally find, that the things seen are temporal; the unseen eternal!

The Journey of Life.

A certain man arose early in the morning to journey up the mountain. He shook off the slumbers of the night, and with only a strong staff commenced his journey.

All around him was dark and gloomy; the dawn was still afar off, yet in faith he stumbled on in the darkness, knowing that day must at length appear.

He was all alone; the slumbers had refused to be awakened, and he went along in what he felt to be the pathway beneath him; often did he pause and feel around him to be certain that he was right.

At last when he began to weary, and wonder when light was coming, he chanced to cast his eyes above him, and behold, the top of the mountain already shone with the glorious rays of the rising sun.

His path now became by the reflection distinctly visible, yet in looking in the direction whence he came, all seemed darker than before, and he was thankful that so much time had been gained.

As the traveller journeyed on, the light came down the mountain side to meet him, and when it shone full upon him, his spirit bounded, and strength increased tenfold. He passed at a pure mountain spring, and refreshed himself with a sparkling, joyous draught, and onward and upward bent his way.

Ever and anon he paused and turned toward the valley, yet it was long, very long, ere he could distinguish any of the sluggards moving up toward his elevated position. He saw them in the valley, eating the rich fruits, unmindful that the day was waning; some singing and dancing, others wrangling about trifles, and in various ways hindering themselves from their journey. Few, very few, were pushing on right along the narrow path, with their eyes steadfastly gazing toward the top.

He went on up higher and higher, and ere long, with the same eyes with which he could not at the start see one pace ahead, he could now see far and wide over the wide-extended plains, and his spirit breathed deep thankfulness at every step.

At the noon he rested in the shade on the bank of a little rivulet bounding down the mountain side toward its home, and again commenced his journey upward.

As the evening approached, the shadows filled the vale, yet the warm rays of the setting sun carried his thoughts on their own golden wings to a bright and happy home, whence all darkness was removed.

The top is gained, and away down the mountain settles the black cloud of night, enveloping all below him in its folds.

Where he sits all is serene and calm. The last ray of the departing sun closes his eyes, and while a gentle zephyr fans him, sleep, Heaven's loved messenger, carries his happy spirit home to the regions of eternal day.

Thus is the journey called Life. Unto the one who ascends high toward God cometh the Light Divine, the manifestation of God's love unto his children, to guide him on his way.—*Healing of the Nations.*

Judicial Tyranny.

PASSMORE WILLIAMS is still in duress... having been thrown into prison by the one-man-power, exercised by a judicial despot, who was pleased to take offence at the manner in which he saw fit to defend himself against a criminal accusation, calling it a contempt of court.

Did any American citizen ever before dream that we, the heirs of ancestors who departed this life in the comforting faith that they had left us a heritage of freedom which could not be taken from us, are cherishing, in the heart of our institutions, an absolute despotism, by whose mere breath the liberties and rights of citizens can be thus annihilated?

It is such encroachments as these that steadily undermine the liberties of a people and reduce them to vassalage. We do not seem to be in danger from that ecclesiastical tyranny which holds the bodies and souls of men and women in vassalage in other countries; and the reason is that we have seen, felt, heard and read about this kind of tyranny, and have been continually looking out for all those who have attempted to interweave it in the web of our social system.

The father of the incarcerated man goes to other members of the Judiciary, equal in authority, and says to them: Your brother Judge has imprisoned my son; without trial and without justifying cause. He has taken his liberty from him unlawfully and unrighteously, to gratify his own vindictive feelings.

Well, then there is no legal remedy; and what is the next resort that suggests itself to the mind of a man who feels and knows that he is injured in such a manner as to render non-resistance infamous? There is but one alternative, and that is to lay by his obedience to law and his love of order, and seek redress in revolutionary measures.

Highly Interesting.

Our readers will call to mind the communication which we published last week, from the spirit of PETER DARLING, given through Mrs. GAY, of this city, in which the spirit represents that he was attacked, killed and devoured by wolves. On Wednesday last, we received the following communication from a spirit in the flesh, who was neighbor to Mr. DARLING, in Vermont, more than forty years ago, and who, as far as the circumstances were known, corroborates the account given by the spirit.

For the Age of Progress.

FRIEND ALBRO: Whatever testimony may be elicited to prove or disprove the truth of a communication purporting to have been signed by the spirit of PETER DARLING, in your last number of the Age of Progress, this much I know to be true of him!

At the time he says his body was devoured by wolves, on a hill or mountain in Vermont, I resided but a short distance from him. Our lands did not join, but we regarded each other as neighbors, probably about a mile apart. At the time of his disappearance, there was considerable stir and excitement, and search was made for him. Some traces of blood were found on the side of the mountain where there had evidently been a struggle; but no part of the body was ever discovered, to my knowledge.

When he speaks of "blue berries," he no doubt has reference to "whortleberries" which grew in great abundance on the sides of the hill, or mountain, where he was probably destroyed. From what I knew of the fact at the time, it is my opinion that the spirit communication is a truthful one and entitled to credit. It is now over forty years since I left Vermont; during which time I had hardly called to mind this circumstance. But noticing the communication referred to, calls it up vividly to my recollection.

DAVID EDDY.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Sept. 25th 1855.

Our New Arrangement.

This being the last number of our first volume, and the establishment having passed into the proprietorship of an organized company, who have determined to enlarge the paper and publish it in octavo form, we find it impracticable to make all the arrangements without suspending the publication for one week.

Inasmuch as the paper is now placed on a permanent foundation, we hope the friends of the infinitely important cause which it advocates, will not hold back their support, but send us on their subscriptions and advance payments, as well as their renewals, as fast as they can persuade themselves to do so. We are now incurring a heavy expense in the enlargement and remodeling of the paper, and we have great necessity for all the aid that our friends can afford us.

To every one who owes us, and who feels the promptings of an honorable spirit, it would seem that we need only say that what is due from him is rightfully ours, and we should have it. Those in arrears with us, who do not choose to understand that we mean them, do not, of course, intend to owe us less than they do; and it will become our duty to see that they do not owe us much more.

The proposed Spiritual Pic Nic.

Our readers will remember that we gave notice, last week, of an intended Spiritual excursion, to Niagara Falls, and a pic nic, and that there was a vote taken on the subject in our hall, on Sunday last. We are authorized, by those who were foremost in getting up that excursion, to say that the project is abandoned. There are several reasons for this, two of which we will mention: In the first place, it is too late in the season for such excursions, with any prospect of pleasurable enjoyment.

We had two most excellent lectures, last Sunday, from our worthy brother, T. J. SMITH. The hall was full, afternoon and evening; and we think we are warranted in affirming that every one who listened to Mr. SMITH, was pleased with him. We hope we shall be favored with his presence with us on future occasions; the more the better for us.

Man does not like to view the deformities which ignorance hath brought upon him. He constantly yearns after that which is above and beyond his present attainment, and as he views thy inspired production, he thanks thee for thy labor.

For the Age of Progress.

Pres. Mahan's Book against Spiritualism.

The appearance of this remarkable book at the present time is ominous of the great struggle of the world against the truths of Spiritualism. It shows the current of theological opinion upon the subject. It shows too what a remarkable change has been wrought in the public mind upon kindred truths within a short time. A few years ago the doors of many churches were shut against lectures upon magnetism and psychology and among the number was the chapel of the Oberlin College over which Pres. Mahan then presided. The facts elicited were regarded as simply ridiculous and unworthy the attention of any man of good character and sound mind.

Now let the reader notice, 1st. that the vision was had months before the event took place, and 2d. that months after the vision, the events thus foreshadowed, "all took place in exact accordance with the vision." Now mark, how the material philosophy is made to account for this fact. He says "when the brain happens to be in odylic rapport with the causes, on which the occurrence of any particular events depends, the mind then has a vision of such events, however distant, for the same reason that when in the same relations with distant objects it has a vision of the same."

Life is real. The smile, the tear, occupy a large part in the earnest scene. They are the greatest souls who suffer most deeply. Sorrow was faithfully written in every lineament upon the noble countenance of Jesus. A smile of ten played upon his benignant features, which seemed like the sunlight bursting from these eyes. But the tears of Jesus were the most effectual. Deep, very deep, did they enter into the plastic soil of his soul. Soil thus prepared could easily be penetrated with the tears of others.

Jesus justly appreciated and rightly improved all the joys and sorrows of life. When the dew of anguish gathered upon his brow, he hastened to the garden, and childlike laid his weary head upon his Father's bosom. There he heard music from his native skies. Golden memories were awakened; Angel voices he heard exclaiming, The pure and good wait to welcome thee to the spirit-land.

Often, very often, might we hear music from the upper spheres if we would only listen. Once there came a spirit-voice to me and said, "O, would that mankind were still enough to listen to our teachings. There is much of truth embodied in this short sentence. If the soul was still enough, what music might it not hear from the land of repose.

There are times in the lives of all, when shadows gather over the soul. "The heart is bereft. The sky is overcast. The green earth is clothed in gloom. The leaves of autumn are strewn thick along life's pathway. What can the soul do in such an hour, if it is cut off from its immortal resources? We must cling to heaven, or we are lost. The earth is too poor to satisfy in sorrow's hour. We turn our longing eyes upward. We pierce the deep blue sky; behold, if possible, the retreat of our cherished friend. We gaze upon the stars, but their dim light seems to mock us in our investigation. We look upon the deep and mighty ocean, but its silent roar only awakens within vague and fearful forebodings. We cry out in agony of soul, and ask, Where is the better-land? A still, small voice whispers, "Beyond the grave; just across the valley appears the dawn of Heaven."

the loss of the gentleman's son, and he also purposed that the storm at sea should be the mundane cause. This purpose God revealed to the gentleman in a vision, either directly through the inspirations of the holy spirit, or indirectly through the instrumentality of a "ministering angel," either, no matter which, for either is a spiritual cause.

We heartily thank Pres. MAHAN for the service he has thus rendered spiritualism. We hope he will continue his efforts until the dark pall of prejudice and the anarchy of preconceived opinion shall fall from his mind and until he shall be constrained to embrace the truth, for the sake of truth.

From the New England Spiritualist.

"I wait for thee in the Spirit-Land."

BY LIDA.

Mother, did I hear aright? Was it thy voice that spoke to me, when my soul was bowed in sorrow? Was it thy smile that chased those dark clouds from my mental vision? Didst thou, in that hour, breathe thy inspiration upon me and whisper, I wait for thee in the spirit-land? My mother, I will not question further; I know the voice, the smile, the tear. No other voice could have awakened such tender recollections. No other smile could have recalled such hallowed associations; no other tear could have sunk so low in the heart's remote depths; no other hand could rest so softly upon my head, as thine, my spirit-mother!

She "waits for me in the spirit-land." Blessed thought—how beautiful and consoling! How full of meaning, so tender, so thoughtful of my soul's deep wants! How soothing is the thought that that mother, whose watchful eye was ever upon me, whose arms were ever extended to clasp me to her bosom, whose tears were ready to flow when my childish heart was pained, is now waiting for me in the spirit-land!

There are many hearts which like mine have been bereft; many that have bowed low in the garden of sorrow; many a cheerful spirit, that has been fearfully chilled because of the removal of an idolized object. The grave looks very dark when the loved friend is consigned to its cold embrace; and for a moment we feel that a pall is thrown over all our mental sky. We struggle for an hour, then with an eye of faith we look beyond the darkness and the gloom, and catch faint glimmerings that come to us, as the light from the pale evening star. We gaze upward. The heavens seem to open to our view; the light breaks; the unseen world is dimly revealed to us. What had before seemed indistinct and shadowy, is now becoming a great reality, and there is a strong and mighty link added to the chain which binds the soul to heaven.

Mankind have yet to learn their relations to the spirit-world, ere they can fathom the great mysteries of life. Human life is made up of sad realities, and we must understand their nature, and Jesus, etc. we can solve the great problem of our existence.

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There are many mothers in the spheres above beside mine, calling to the loved of earth to come away. Many are waiting to embrace their children upon the immortal shores. To those who have worn warm tears upon the mound which covers a mother's sacred dust. I would say, Listen, O listen! for that mother may now be saying, "I wait for thee in the spirit-land!"

Truth carries her own credentials. Error only need to be vouched for by extrinsic authority.

Professor Mahan and his Odyle.

Over the signature, "Investigator," in the N. E. Spiritualist, we find one of the many doses which MAHAN has to sip, about these days. We fear his physical system is not sufficiently robust to stand the treatment of so many allopathic practitioners as have taken his case in hand:

ODYLIC ENGINES FOR INDUSTRIAL PURPOSES.

In reading Mahan's book on Modern Myteries, I have arrived at two conclusions: first, that if this newly discovered element, "Odyle," can be acted on by the mind in the body, as he supposes, and by which mental action, conscious or unconscious, he accounts for all the wonderful phenomena which, under the name of spirit manifestation, have, within the last few years, attracted so much attention, we have under our control a power which, by a careful study of its nature, may be harnessed into the team of material progress, and made to supersede any other motive power now available.

Only reflect a moment upon the tremendous force of this element. A little girl, sitting quietly in a room with half a dozen friends, is a generator of power equal to a small steam engine. Heavy pianos, tables, chairs and beds are moved about in spite of the strength of two strong men. A young delicate man, in a quiet parlor of a gentleman's house, sits himself upon a table, and, in a "twinkling of an eye" without noise, is transported through the air, fifteen or twenty feet, across the room. Again, he stands in the centre of the room, in the midst of a small circle of honest investigators, and this tremendous "Odyle" carries him up nine feet, to the ceiling, and holds him there in a horizontal position, until he writes his name. In the same room another of these "Odyle" engines, in spite of its own mentality, determinedly exerting itself to reverse the upward motion, is carried to the ceiling. The two are then placed side by side, arm in arm the "Odyle" is put on, up they both go together, and both come down. A table in the middle of the room is then suddenly seized hold of, by this invisible force, which, without hands, grasps it, and upward and downward, alternately to ceiling and floor, is it carried with wonderful rapidity. How easily this motion, like that of the piston of a steam engine, could be applied to a crank, and made to turn immense wheels, in our industrial establishments.

Secondly: In this natural force, with its strong affinity to that which thinks and wills in the brain of man, coeval with his race, and following him along down through all ages, we have an explanation, full and complete of those great and awful mysteries which have puzzled and confounded the wisest of men. We have here the key to the greatest mystery of our human nature. We now understand why man, in one phase of his progress, "a little above the brute," and in another a little lower than the angels, has always believed in spirits, devils and demons. Here stands revealed the foundation of superstition, with all its horrors, hideous and awful, transforming and perverting our religious nature, to the debasement of our moral instincts and intellectual degradation. The operation of a natural force has been mistaken, in all ages, for the supernatural and immaterial. The Devil Worshipper of the mountains of Assyria vindicates the truth and authority of his worship by most astounding miracles. The Indian medicine man, on the shore of some lake in the far-off wilderness of the Saskatchewan, makes his incantations. The tent of birch-bark is shaken, as by a tempest; an invisible power struggles violently in the lodge. The priestly juggler rushes out, and stands before the red men of his tribe, an incarnation of the Great Spirit. Their strong savage natures bow in submission to his will. Odyle is supreme. Mahomet established his revelation by Odyle; so has each and every founder of a new religion since man began to worship. Away beyond Moses, down along to Joe Smith, all can produce their miraculous revelations and supernatural evidences of truth. The manifestations recorded in the Old and New Testament, such as throwing down the walls of Jericho by Joshua and his seven priests, who, with the children of Israel, had been collecting Odyle power by seven days marching in a circle around the city. The smiting Peter in prison, knocking off the chains from his hands, opening the iron gates of the city, are all now explained by Odyle. Like these, and by the same cause, are many wonders related by old Greek and Roman writers; such as the opening of the folding-doors fastened by bolts, in the Temple of Hercules, at Thebes, and the bearing aloft and alone into the air of the statue of the Syrian Apollo, as described by Cicero and Lucian. Ancient history is full of such examples, now no longer myths, but facts of the science of Odyle; so are the miracles of the Catholic church, and of the Salem Witchcraft, all explained by this new discovery. If we go back and trace forward the progression of man towards a true civilization, we can find no device which, in the nature of things, is destined to help him along so much as this light, which President Mahan has thrown on this subject. If his view is correct, a blind force of Nature's laboratory, in ignorant ages of the past, mistaken for the supernatural and demoniacal, crushing to the earth by a most withering and horrible superstition, to which it gave birth, the uprisings and unfoldings of our highest nature may now become the most efficient cause of our material and moral progress; making a blessing, indeed, to man in this era of light and knowledge, of that which hitherto has been a dreadful curse. Was an unmitigated evil ever so likely to become a transcendent good? Well may we call this a New Dispensation. Old theologians and superstitions have lost their supernatural basis. They must tumble down. Having lost our

heavens and hell beyond the grave, let us make a heaven here on earth. If our ghosts and devils have fled away, they have left in their place what is real and tangible, something which, perhaps, may redeem our race from the oppression of labor and the tyranny of wealth; for what is there that we cannot do with Odyle?

INVESTIGATOR.

Sebastopol Taken.

This time it is, probably, no hoax. The news by the America, which arrived at Halifax, Thursday, 4 P. M. is thus reported by telegraph:

The bombardment was re-opened on the 5th, and continued without interruption till the 8th.

Six repulses were sustained by the French, before the Malakoff, but on the 7th attempt they carried the works in splendid style, and hoisted their eagles on the Malakoff.

The slaughter was terrible, and amounted to about 2,000 English and 15,000 French, and about as many Russians making a total of about 30,000 men.

Five French Generals are reported to have been killed, including General Bonquet, during the night succeeding the assault.

The Russians evacuated the entire south side, first blowing up the defences, sinking all the ships and firing the town, and leaving nothing but smouldering ruins.

A large allied force was marching along the coast to intercept the retreat of the Russian land forces.

The allies found immense materials of war in Sebastopol. It is reported that instructions had been sent to the allied generals, in the event of Gortschakoff seeking to capitulate, to demand that Russia shall surrender at discretion all the troops, stores and fortified places, including the Odessa.

Another unsuccessful attempt had been made on the life of Louis Napoleon.

THE HEART.—The little I have seen of the world, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I read the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through; the brief pulsations of joy; the feverish inquietude of hope and fear; the pressure of want; the desertion of friends; the scorn of the world that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening evils within—health gone—happiness gone—even hope that remains the longest, gone—I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came.—Longfellow.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.—If a tallow candle be placed in a gun, and shot at a door, it will go through without sustaining any injury; and if a musket-ball be fired into water, it will not only rebound, but be flattened as if fired against a substance. A musket-ball may be fired through a pane of glass, making the hole the size of the ball, without cracking the glass; if the glass be suspended by a thread, it will make no difference, and the thread will not even vibrate. In the Arctic regions when the thermometer is below zero, persons can converse more than a mile distant. Dr. Jamieson asserts that he heard every word of a sermon at the distance of two miles. A mother has been distinctly heard talking to her child on a still day across a water a mile wide.

CAMPOR and STRYCHNINE.—The beneficial effects of camphor, as an antidote to strychnine are illustrated in a case reported by Dr. Tewkesbury, of Portland, Maine. It appears that a boy was seized with convulsions, and it was ascertained that he had just eaten a biscuit picked up at the door of an eating-house, that was made for the purpose of killing rats, and contained about one and a half grains of strychnine. The boy's spasms were so severe that immediate death was inevitable, though all the usual remedies were resorted to. Camphor could not be introduced into the stomach on account of the continued lock jaw. Accordingly strong injections of camphor were used and the body immersed in a hot camphor bath, and in a few hours the boy was comparatively well.—Savannah Herald.

WHAT ARE OUR TEACHERS.—From nature man derives everything. The spider taught him weaving; the fish furnished the idea of a boat; the swan the pleasing model of the sail; the palm led to the erection of the pillar; the skin of brutes gave us the idea of dress; and the cocoa-nut led to the beer-jug. The tax on wood alone appears to be purely a human invention.

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.—A gentleman wishes us to publish the following for the relief of suffering humanity. He says he has known a number of cures made by it, and all of them in a short time: Half an ounce of pulverized saltpetre, put in half a pint of sweet oil. Bathe the parts affected; then a sound cure will be speedily effected.

A BLUNDER.—A blundering compositor, in setting up the toast, "Woman—without her, man would be a savage," got the punctuation in the wrong place, which made it read, "Woman without her man, would be a savage."—The mistake was not discovered until the editor's wife undertook to read the proof.

Some men are very entertaining for a first interview, but after that they are exhausted, and run out; on a second meeting we shall find them very flat and monotonous: like hand organs, we have heard all their tunes.—Colton.

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Why do you condemn Christianity?

Those who ask this question, first compel us to point out some of the radical errors embraced and propagated by the sects to which they belong. They do this by asking us for reasons why we profess our faith to them. We cannot answer them without pointing out some of the religious absurdities and phisical monstrosities contained in their creeds. Their blinding prejudices prevent them from perceiving any difference between the radical principles of christianity and the peculiar dogmas of their creeds; and thus they make their accusations, with all its irrationalities, synonymous with christianity. Therefore, instead of asking us why we condemn the absurd dogmas of their creeds, which we do condemn, they ask us why we condemn christianity, which we do not condemn.

We believe we hazard nothing in affirming that there is no spiritualist, deserving of the name, who condemns or repudiates christianity, in its original purity, as it was in the days of Jesus and his apostles. We do not know a man or a woman who professes spiritualism and practices its principles, who does not believe that the actual teachings of Jesus were supernally inspired. There is, probably, not one who does not believe that many of the prophecies and seers spoke by spiritual inspiration, or under spiritual control. They know that spirits speak through human media, at this day; and this, though they were entirely skeptical in relation to what is recorded in the scriptures of spiritual intercourse with spirits, in a former age, convinces them that they have been in error; for they do not, in imitation of these cred-mongers, deny that God and his angels could hold intercourse with humanity in one age as well as in another. They are willing to admit that the same means of communication between the inhabitants of the celestial and mundane spheres, which we exist, may as well have existed in a former age, and that, if the intercourse was not open from that age to this, it was not the fault of the communicating spirits, nor the fault of Jehovah, but the result of theological tyranny which succeeded the apostolic age, corrupted the christian church, and ushered in the reign of ignorance, superstition and wrong, which characterized the *18* ages. The same ignorance, superstitious and repugnant to the influx of truth, characterized all minds that held in during the propagation of false and God-defying theology. These are they who could treat christianity with the collections religious absurdities called creeds, and hence spiritualists are inimical to christian prelates, because they repudiate doctrines which Christ never taught and which God abhor.

In support of the charge it we condemn christianity, they specify that repudiate the doctrine of a general judgment day, sometime in the course of eternal, and the resurrection and arraignment all the physical bodies which the unfaithfulness of human spirits which now through shores of eternity, have left to moulder unemingle with the substances of which they're constituted. It is true that we do not live in any such general judgment day, as christian sects tell us of, nor do we believe in any of the teachings of Jesus, we'll be construction. And if they would, it would be to show that what these religious men of him—to wit, that he was a God and a man—is false; because there is nothing in the doctrine which is characteristic of freedom and goodness of an infinite God. He it cannot be true; nor can it be true that he should put forth such doctrine as God or equal to God.

It is also true that we do not believe the doctrine which teaches that the human bodies that have perished as to dust, will ever be recalled to animat as they were when the spirits inhabited them. We do not believe that the gases of whither flesh, bones, marrow, blood, sin, hair, were formed, and which have passed thousands of other organizations; sometimes blooming in the flowers that deck the earth, sometimes waving in the foliage of the forest, sometimes skipping from tree to tree, in the blue feet of the squirrel; sometimes soaring in the wing of the hawk; sometimes hopping the rough-croaked toad, or crawling in the thimble caterpillar; sometimes eaten in that of dogs and converted into canine flesh, bones; and many times entering into the dead animals which constitute the food man, thus passing from human to human, constituting, in the circles of ages, parts of hrods and thousands of human bodies; we do not believe that these ever circulate will be reconverted into the human beings which they once constituted, and thus to judgment. We do not believe in the first place, because, if practicable, it were ungodlike, unphilosophical, unwise, *14*. We do not believe it, in the second, because it is practically impossible, as millions of particles will have been converted into atoms of hundreds and thousands of bodies could not fill all those positions at the time. But whilst we repudiate such doctrinal absurdities and follies, we can take Pat the hand and say amen to the doctrine we preached to the Corinthians, when he: "Now this I say, brethren,

that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption." We can fellowship his doctrine that man is raised a *spiritual body*, and not a physical body. In fine we can fellowship truth, wherever we find it, for it is always plain, consistent and rational, involving no follies, no absurdities, no impossibilities; whilst error is always dark, mysterious, irreconcilable with common sense, shrinking from the light of reason, and requiring nothing less than the terrific denunciations of eternal reprobation and misery, to secure it an unresisting reception.

Christianity, in its incipency and purity, was what spiritualism is now—an effort of enfranchised human spirits to redeem debased humanity from the thralldom of ignorance, superstition, error and sin. The history of that effort was not written till so many years after the occurrence of the principal events, that there was nothing but tradition coming from a past generation, to write it from; and it is, probably, as nearly a true history as that of the advent of modern spiritualism would be, if not written till thirty, forty or sixty years from this day, and then passed through eighteen hundred years of unsafe keeping, frequent translations, continual idiomatic mutations, and any amount of polish re-writings and interpolations.—Spiritualism embraces all that there was of christianity, in its unadulterated state; fellowships all that there is left of it among professing christians, and restores the vitality of which it has been robbed by the hypocrisy and knavery of eighteen centuries. It is thus that spiritualists "condemn christianity."

Universalism and Spiritualism.

How can it otherwise be than that Universalists, who honestly and sincerely hold the faith of that sect, should fellowship the teachings of spiritualism? If Universalists believe that Jesus and his apostles worked miracles—meaning that they did things in opposition to the laws of nature, and that human spirits do not progress after they enter the spirit world, and that they do not and cannot hold communication with mortals, as they did eighteen or nineteen centuries ago, then there are some matters of difference in the faith of the two. In all besides, they seem to be alike in their religious opinions. And these cannot be long in the way. We are led to these reflections by the following, which we copy from the *Spiritual Telegraph*:

Rev. Mr. King, the Universalist clergyman of Williamsburgh, delivered, on Sunday evening last, a lecture on Spiritualism, which for candor and liberality is deserving of high commendation. In his introductory remarks, he forcibly illustrated the fact that the world had always persecuted and crucified its saviours, and turned a deaf ear to newly announced truths which conflicted with its preconceived and prevailing opinions. He made bold to assert that the Spiritualism of the day had fallen under the condemnation of the leaders of the public mind, solely in consequence of this conservative and bigoted repugnance to innovation. Had Spiritualism confirmed the time-honored dogmas of the sectarian churches, who could doubt that it would have been hailed as a welcome messenger from the invisible realms?

Why, then, is it opposed, if not from the simple fact that it conflicts with the interests and prejudices of creed-mongers? No one could say that it necessarily tends to destroy religious faith, however it might, by the force of its intrinsic truthfulness, tend to destroy the narrow and restricted forms of religious faith held by themselves. Many persons did the speaker know who had been reclaimed from hopeless skepticism solely by the facts and phenomena of the alleged spiritual manifestations. Besides, what is there so repulsive in the idea that our dear departed friends are hovering invisibly around us, breathing thoughts of purity, of heaven, and of God? He would give all he possessed to be convinced beyond doubt that this consoling doctrine was true. He thought that it could not otherwise than have a purifying and elevating, as well as consoling influence, and he wondered that any one could have the heart to ridicule the faith of such as believed it. Mr. K. then proceeded to draw a striking contrast between the faith of the Spiritualist and the creed of the orthodox, in which the advantages of the former were made highly conspicuous.

Spiritualism, he said, was opposed on two grounds: First, on the supposition that its pretended facts, were mere tricks of jugglery; and secondly, on the hypothesis that they are the work of the Devil. The former allegation he considered as beneath contempt; and went on to show that the latter, if true, proved the Devil to be a pretty respectable old gentleman, inasmuch as he was contently using his spiritual mediums to preach righteousness and to do good. Still Mr. K. wished it understood that he did not appear as the champion of Spiritualism. He knew not what to make of it. He could not explain its facts, or form an intelligent conjecture as to whether they were of mundane or celestial origin. He simply claimed for it fair treatment, as he would claim fair treatment for any other new doctrine, and he declared his willingness to proclaim his conviction of either its truth or its falsity, as soon as he could be fully convinced upon that point.

The discourse was listened to with profound attention and every mark of approbation by an audience which nearly filled the house.

Rev. U. Clark promises to be here and lecture for us on Sunday the 7th. of October.

Times of general calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt is elicited from the darkest storm.—Lacan.

Spiritual Communications.

The first of the following communications, signed "Humanity," comes to us through a young lady medium through whom we have received similar favors before, but whose name we are not permitted to give to our readers. Nor are we informed what name the communicating spirit, bore when in the flesh. We make these remarks because we are aware that the generality of readers are desirous to know through whom and from whom all spiritual communications come. But good sense and refined appreciation will rather judge the production of a mind, in the flesh or out, by its intrinsic merits, than by the source whence, and the medium through whom, it comes. Every one who reads it must confess that, come it whence or how it may, it is beautiful as well as philosophically substantial, and bears the impress of an elevated origin.

The second, signed HOWARD, a name which stands high in the annals of philanthropy, comes through a newly developed writing medium, of this city, who is not yet ready to have her name given to the public. Whatever the production may be supposed to want in those qualities which are received as evidences of intellectual ability and literary culture, are owing exclusively to the want of development in the medium, which defect will be gradually overcome and rendered less and less visible, as she is practised with by communicating spirits. It gives us great pleasure to see media multiplied, and to witness their readiness to be used by our friends in the spirit realm.

To Earthly Friends.

When we come to you with messages of love, it is not alone to keep alive your affection for us, but to show you of the Heavenly Father's beautiful laws; and therein make a clear and practical illustration.

In the material universe, when all outward views are dark and forbidding—when trials beset you, affection is still yours, shodding joy and radiance upon all things, causing you to exclaim, "though the outer temple is frail and perishable, the inner is adorned with light and glory; ever the angelic voice of affection and love is moving me onward to God and immortality."

And when this affection, emanating from the source of all good, is yours to enjoy, do you partake of the first draughts from the fountain of spiritual life; and by a continuance therein are its waters rendered purer, less mixed with human error, while the reason and judgment are nature's own filters, through which these soul-sustaining powers can be perfectly cleared.

Thus you perceive the affections are true heirs to immortality; then why must their holy mission be silenced when they are freed from the contending influences that are thrown along life's pathway?

Can they not now move forth on a more exalted mission, since no selfish demand can retard their growth?

When this great truth is established in the minds of earthly pilgrims, is our mission understood, and the interest we have in presenting these soul-cheering sentiments. The purer emanations from the human mind, are more clearly seen through the affections than from any other stand point; while, I am happy to add, a spiritual atmosphere does not diminish its brightness. My feelings are often gladdened in beholding the devotion of an earthly Mother in her ceaseless watchings, her mid-night vigils when all mortal gaze is shaded from her view. Then it is that her better self is revealed, wholly transcending the earthly in her beautiful demonstration.

When you perceive such devotion in frail humanity, can you doubt its continuance in angelic spheres? And when such motives exist, such true affection, such disinterested love, where there is no object to attain, save the advancement of others—when there is no law to prohibit a free exercise of those powers, can you doubt the ministrations of angels?

Has not one of old assured you, "We are all ministering spirits for the benefit of those we love?"

Ah! and who is there we do not love? Our efforts are in behalf of humanity; our labors as extensive as your wants; and, unlike many earthly pursuits, it ever brings its reward. Our guide is the designer of all good; and where his impress has been stamped, none need fear the result.

An earthly designer would marvel and manifest disappointment, should he transfer his instruments to a foreign country, and find, on his arrival, that they could never again act upon their native soil. Thus with the spiritual nature. The wisdom of the father calls them to another sphere, when the earthly casement is unequal to the demands upon it, and the spiritual freedom increases its powers. If no communication between these different spheres existed, much would be lost to both, since we should have less scope for noble action, and you fewer incentives for a higher life; as no invisible promptings could be offered.

With these remarks to my friends, I will close, with entreating you to seek diligently for the truth and abide therein. Cultivate the higher powers of your nature, and eternal benefits will be your reward. Feel that each additional link in the chain which your affections forge, renders still firmer the bond that unites your *homes*, and that your present attainments are easily transferred.

Thy spirit friend,
HUMANITY.

Mortal Friends.

To those in the flesh it appears strange that we come in this way to men of earth; but such is the case, and few realize of how much importance this great movement is to be, to the world; but my mind is made up, to use in all

ways, the means at hand, to fulfil the object of this new dispensation. My love for the human family is very great, and such is my love for the race, that my life is embittered by the sight of so much misery. My soul longs to see you all regenerated by this great truth of the immortality of the whole race; and I shall endeavor to make my mission felt, and leave my impression on the hearts of my brothers and sisters. Should my sense of justice lead me to say harsh things, my friends must not think that I am not fond of them. In this speaking, I am doing what I consider a great work (not pandering to their false views) making them more and more able to realize of how much importance the knowledge is of a home in the Heavens, and that all must lead a very different life from what the majority are leading, on this earth of yours.

I am not going to seek, for that does no good. Many persons are at the present day getting along to where they ought to have started from, and men are more and more enlightened on all subjects. Now let me say, you are to lead a pure humble and upright life, if you expect to stand in the position of men of God, not always saying you intend to give more attention to this subject in the future. That time may never be yours; and thus would you be ushered into a world of beauty, altogether ignorant of the laws by which it is governed, and not able to enjoy the little you might otherwise enjoy; but at the present time much is being done for the minds of God's children.

Jesus Christ did comprehend the great masters truths; but his followers did not, nor could they, for they were unlearned as yet in his laws; thus they did not turn to him on that great event of the crucifixion and cry aloud "my God, my God why hast thou left me so long."

"My friends, you must let me say a word in behalf of spirits. They have much to contend against, and they are found much fault with, for they cannot always find mediums through whom they can give their ideas, in their own language. Therefore you cannot always get all they would wish to say, or just as they would wish to say it. Now I must say in their behalf; if you will find bright kind mediums, we will be enabled to give the thoughts of spirits in their own language. Therefore you must not reject what comes from them, because they do not give communications in their own language. My friends, this is the case now. I feign would use my own expressions, but the condition of the medium is not fitted as yet, but will be soon, if she continue steadfast in the faith which will make her whole. Do let me beseech you not to cavil at the word, or sentence, but try to receive the truth. It comes from the fountain of all goodness.

Now make ready to let the good seed take root, and spring up; "There shall be seed sown by the way side, and thers shall choke it." My friends let not this make any great difference in the great object to be accomplished by this humanitarian movement.

My mind has been drawn to the prison discipline. It is not what it could be, or what it ought to be. A careful investigation would see at once the necessity of putting forth a more human principle, in place of the one now in use. My mind has been drawn to this subject by an aphorism of ancient origin, originating among the ancient Greeks. "My own are not here, but they belong to others." Now is this not the case here?

To those of earth, let me say, you are doing wrong thus to allow your brother man to sleep in lethargy, all the days of their lives, making others to toil on, not remunerating them for their time, when patiently submitting to persons who are much more worthy of the punishment meted out to them. I will not say they must not be punished at all, but let it be in such a manner as will develop the higher laws of God and man. But are you sure they are guilty? Guilty of what? Taking a few paltry things out of your abundance? My friends let me say, you are not aware of the great injustice, you are doing to man by allowing his nature to be thus exasperated, by making him a slave to his inferiors, and even worse than this. He toils many more hours than his fellow man, because he once in his life took from him a paltry spoon, or some other trifle. Thus has it ever been. Man is not mindful of his brother man; he shuts him up in a prison, compels him to labour day after day, and when he comes out, is sent abroad into the world, a poor degraded man. Oh, my God! must it ever be thus? Poor degraded creature! Is this the one dear and cherished of a mother's heart, a loved brother, or father of a family? And, only think! all this, perhaps for a bauble that some fair lady once wore to deck a most guilty head. And is this what he is doomed to a life of misery for?

Oh, why must this be so? My soul longs for the time when the minds of the community will be turned to this great subject: the want of justice to the criminal. My mind has been drawn to this, for many reasons, first: they are made worse; and, lastly, they are ruined. They are turned out upon the world all unfitted for the life they are to lead, and thus are thrown again into temptation. Thus are they left to be again returned to the same imprisonment and servile labor. Now why must this be so? Are we not all children of the same father; children of the same household; guided by the same laws of the father of us all; and are we always to sit in judgment on our fellow man? Supposing our lot in life to have been the same, why should you or I make a greater man than our fellow? Simply by the influence of our lives being different. Now I should like to ask, am I a better man than he of the prison? Not a whit. His lot in life was cast in a different mould, and he came out, formed after the world. Now let me ask you, why I am better

than he. I was made to be happy in this life; he was doomed to a life of disappointment; and thus it ever has been. Now, do you ask why I am railing in this manner? I will tell you, that you may see the necessity of a reform in your prison discipline.

My life, while on earth, was spent among scenes of misery. Therefore I am made to judge more leniently than they of the moneyed aristocracy of your country. Let me say one or two words more before I close: I shall leave this subject open to further discussion, and in the future, offer some plan, whereby the condition of the prisoner may be benefited; not made worse, as is now the case. Let me say a word in behalf of those now in the prison at Auburn, or rather, in behalf of the kindly feeling of the master spirit there, the man of all works. He is a man after my own heart, and long may he live, to be a friend to the poor prisoner.

May I say a few words of his most efficient help-mate. His wife deserves a word of comfort, and praise in her labors of love. My soul goes out to her. I know all her trials, and all her success, which she cannot see, as I do; but let me say she is doing more good than any woman I know of. She toils day and night to accomplish a most thankless task. Yet she is reaping a rich harvest in the future. My love for all such as are engaged in the great struggle of raising the down trodden of humanity, is mighty, and may they go on in well doing to the last.

My stay on earth was not long enough to be of much benefit to human kind; but I am happy to say I am in the way of doing good through this source of communication; and if this person does not tire of my efforts in behalf of the fallen ones, then shall I be enabled to carry out my plan of redeeming the human race from that thralldom of sin and iniquity which now besets them on all sides. Let me say in conclusion, I shall not let this subject rest until my efforts are made to tell upon the race of human kind. Once more let me say, you are in the right road to a home made bright by a true life devoted to the working out of the final redemption of the human race.

I am sorry that I am so situated that I cannot pay for my advertisement; but you must make the paper interesting that the people will take it, and that can be done by sewing broadcast, the good seed.

My time is limited by the medium's duties to her family. Don't say let those take care of themselves for that would do much harm. I am to let another take my place soon, and give you an article for the *Age of Progress*. Now let me say that through this person you will be enabled to have a higher order of communications than you ever received on this subject. My object in stating this, is that you may look on with interest and see the progression of the spiritual element.

Once more adieu,
HOWARD.

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Give me my old arm chair, Mother.

Give me my old seat-mat, Mother. With my head upon thy knee...

I've not been long away, Mother. Few suns have risen and set...

The world has kindly dealt, Mother. By the child thou lovest so well...

I bear a happy heart, Mother. A happier never beat...

I bear a happy heart, Mother. Yes, when I find my eye...

Then I am very sad, Mother. Oh, there's no heart whose inmost fold...

Late Panny Forrester.

Address on Spiritual Manifestations, delivered by Robert Owen, on Friday, July 27th, 1855.

A meeting called by ROBERT OWEN, to explain the American and European new spiritual manifestations...

The advanced minds of the world knowing that the existing system, by which the characters of the human race have been formed...

In consequence, the system by which the world is now governed is irrational, and the conduct of all governments and people most irrational.

Without union, happiness is impracticable. Governments and people readily admit that "union is strength," and that no great result can be obtained permanently without union.

But men learned in the literature of ancient and modern times, and in some of the sciences, owing to the natural effects of their old erroneous system of education, cannot believe these, to them, new and strange things, not within the circle of their limited philosophy.

It is a waste of precious time to attempt to reason with men so prejudiced as learned men are, and usually the more learned in old things, the more prejudiced against new truths arising from new facts unknown to them.

It is now to be tried whether the human race is yet so far developed as to discover, that while the existing system shall be supported by governments and people, a full supply of wealth without contest, a good character for all, and a cordial permanent union among men can never be attained, and that under another system, based and constructed on the now known laws of nature, all these may be attained and permanently secured for the human race.

All who possess the first rudiments of common sense in the earliest stage of rationality, know that the existing system is now only continued by material force, falsehood, fear, and fraud, and that without the constant support of these agents of evil, it would immediately, hideous as it really is, lose its power and crumble into dust.

Obviously as these facts are made to be by the debates and disputes continually recurring in the British Parliament and in the Congress

of America, the most advanced public assemblies in the world, this force, fear, falsehood, and fraud, have so cowed the human mind, and perplexed and confounded all its faculties, that there has yet been no power or moral courage to discover and avow the ignorance and evil of the system which creates so much universal misery, and prevents so much happiness to the human race.

The accumulation of facts, the progress of science, and the increased knowledge of the laws of our own nature, have prepared the population of the world for an entire change of system, in creating character, producing wealth, and infusing a spirit of cordial union among men. But to effect this change in practice, new conditions for the human race are absolutely necessary.

And nature has declared at this time, that a new power was required to act upon man, to enable him to discover the evil of his present condition, and to induce him to arouse himself to the necessity of creating new conditions in accordance with the laws of nature; laws which have been and are directly opposed to the existing system; and which system is therefore compelled to be enforced upon humanity by daily continued fear and falsehood.

This new and all conquering power will be now given to man until the entire change of system shall be complete over the earth. This new power was commenced in the United States, whose population was the most prepared to receive it.

It is true it did not commence with the artillery of heaven, by thunder and lightning, or earthquakes, nor yet with the artillery of men, by the roar of cannon and human slaughter, to frighten mankind and make them dread the coming change; but it commenced so late as 1847, and with gentle rappings, to the gentler sex, to announce that a new, and for a time invisible power, was coming to assist man to discover the cause of evil, and to teach him to remove it for ever from the earth.

It came on gradually, by stronger and stronger evidence, first to the sense of hearing, and then to feeling, and now by conversing face to face, so that there can be no mistake upon this all important subject.

This new power, so astounding to the learned of the present generation, has been like all new discovered powers at first, disbelieved and opposed.

This disbelief and opposition are natural and to be expected; but like other new discoveries this power will, by its reiterated facts, and its beneficial influences upon its recipients, gradually make its way, and overcome all ignorant educated prejudices. This new power comes to inform us that there are other laws of nature, acting in spheres invisible to us, which, until lately, all men were ignorant of, and which possibly also, until lately were unknown to the spirits of departed men, in the spirit spheres nearest to the earth.

However this may be, it is now declared by facts, which put the matter beyond all doubt in the minds of millions who have been favored with a knowledge of these facts, that there is now a continued daily communication between departed spirits and their friends and relatives living upon the earth, in whose wells being, well-doing, and happiness, these spirits appear to retain or have acquired to a deep and most affectionate interest.

This intercourse is not solely confined to the friends and relations of the spirits, but is often commented and continued by stranger spirits long since departed from this earth, and who have some affinity and attraction for the living persons with whom they desire to communicate. And spirits of great antiquity, of high standing in their day, while living as men upon the earth, give their names as being the spirits communicating.

These manifestations, to us at present so wonderful, are so varied and extraordinary, it is impossible yet to say how far they may proceed, and what other developments may be made known to us, to aid in promoting the great object which all the most advanced or developed spirits say they will obtain by this new direct spiritual intercourse with man, that is, the reformation of the human race from sin and misery, and the universal establishment of charity, forbearance, and kindness, and ultimately of love and wisdom, by which the population of the world is destined ere long to be governed.

But men learned in the literature of ancient and modern times, and in some of the sciences, owing to the natural effects of their old erroneous system of education, cannot believe these, to them, new and strange things, not within the circle of their limited philosophy. This is not, however, of the smallest consequence; it always has been so with every important new discovery.

It is a waste of precious time to attempt to reason with men so prejudiced as learned men are, and usually the more learned in old things, the more prejudiced against new truths arising from new facts unknown to them. The spirits say "that these discussions are productive of anger and ill-will, and tend to close the mind against new truths. Avoid these furious readings. State your facts simply to the public, and they will, as the conditions become more and more favorable for our acting, admit fact to fact, and demonstration to demonstration, until all will be compelled to believe; for their belief does not depend upon their own will, but upon the strongest evidence which is made upon their minds. The faithful believers in these new spiritual manifestations need to have no anxiety respecting those who cannot yet believe them, for in due time all will be made to become converts." I will on the present occasion merely state facts within my own experience, regardless of whether you or I disbelieve, knowing that in either case it will not depend upon the will of the individuals

whether they believe or disbelieve. I will give others who have had valuable experience an opportunity on this occasion to state their experience arising from facts. And when these facts and experiences are placed before you, each one will, of course, after calmly considering them, come to the conclusion which he cannot avoid, and for which he will have no merit or demerit. This consideration, when it shall be understood, will prevent all anger or ill-will for differences of opinion, and lay the foundation for a new spirit of pure undefiled universal charity between men of all colours, creeds, countries, and classes.

This is the spirit which all the superior invisible spirits most strongly desire to pervade the mind and conduct of all, as the solid ground work on which to commence the change of system over the world, which will introduce the real, true, practical, Millennium, that is to insure universal prosperity, peace, and happiness, to all nations and people. It is this spirit which is to terminate this most irrational war, which can effect nothing for the benefit of the human race, except to disgust all nations with its horrid cruelties and barbarities.

What is the naked unmasked object of this war, as seen by superior spirits? Merely to give one set of irrational powers more power to ignorantly oppress the ignorant masses of Asia and Europe and other parts of the world.

Why do I make this statement? Because if Russia were to be victorious, rough barbarism will be the result over Europe and Asia. And if the Allies succeed, refined barbarism will become the order of the day throughout what is called the civilized world.

It is refined barbarism to keep the mass of the people in ignorance, and to force upon them an inferior and injurious character, when with far less trouble and expense all may be made intelligent and to have a good and superior character formed for them.

It is refined barbarism when the great mass of the people are kept in poverty and the fear of it, while by the most simple, and natural, and rational arrangements, they might be so trained and placed, that to produce, at all times, abundance of the most valuable wealth for all, would be but necessary exercise for health of body and mind, and a pleasurable pastime for one and all.

It is refined barbarism to devise and support artificial arrangements, such as creeds, and classes, and countries,—to divide man from man, to give the appearance of separate material interests, and to fill their minds from birth with opposing and absurd notions, calculated to create repulsive feelings, and to prevent the possibility of unity among men—when their permanent prosperity and happiness can be attained and secured only by union, and by such union as will unite humanity and make of one affectionate family the whole brotherhood of man, knowing no exceptions of colour, creed, country, or class. And this glorious union may be most easily effected, and by the same simple and beautiful arrangements as would insure a superior character and abundance of wealth to all.

It is refined barbarism to sustain with great material force and an equal amount of cunning and fraud, a system based on gross palpable falsehood; a system which of necessity generates a language of falsehood and conduct of deception; when a system based on truth may be adopted which would as necessarily generate a language of truth and conduct of honesty, and when this language and conduct can alone create among men goodness and happiness.

It is refined barbarism not to adopt one language for the human race, because a difference of language creates difficulties and disunion among men, which could not exist with one language under a universal natural system of forming the character of all.

All the Russians are governed by rough barbarism. Africa generally, and some other parts of the world, are also governed by rough barbarism. While America, Europe, and some other countries and districts are governed by refined barbarism.

There is no example yet of any country or district being governed by the simple dictates of common sense; that is, under arrangements to secure a good character, abundance of wealth, union, health, and happiness for all.

Yet, my friends, how cheering is the thought in anticipation, that to effect this glorious change for humanity, you have but to abandon the unwise and most injurious laws of undeveloped man, adopt the plain and simple laws of God and nature, and make all your external conditions in strict accordance with those laws.

And now for the application of what has been said to practice. Talk of conferences about peace, such as lately occurred at Vienna—of a treaty of peace written in words, while all parties by their false education and position are filled with the spirit of falsehood, disunion, and repulsion! Instead of this trifling with the immediate happiness of the millions in every class, let the war at once cease, the armies return home, and, as a first measure towards common sense, let the parties of refined barbarism, in the best spirit they can immediately acquire, of charity, kindness, and political honesty, declare to the party of rough barbarism that the time approaches for the preparation of the world to be at peace, that an entire change of the system of society over the earth, from falsehood to truth, from bad to good conditions, and consequently from misery to happiness, may be now effected, to introduce the Millennium State of life into all countries, to secure the true enjoyment of existence in this world, and by a life of truth and goodness to prepare for a future high existence in the next.

This is the true object of the superior spirits who now communicate with man through these

new extraordinary manifestations, which are increasing daily in number and variety of developments. Let us now attend to their teaching of the laws of God and nature, and soon the knowledge of the Lord, or human happiness, will cover the earth as the waters now cover the seas.

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