

# AGE OF PROGRESS

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

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WHOLE No. 71.

## Saul! Saul! Why persecutest thou me?

Thus spoke a spirit to Saul of Tarsus, who was an unbeliever in the spiritual phenomena of olden time, and a persecutor of all those who did believe in them. It happened when he was journeying to Damascus, with authority from the high priest, to seize, bind and carry to Jerusalem, all spiritual mediums and believers, whether men or women, to be tried and punished, with stripes or with death, as dissenters from the Jewish faith. As he was travelling, with his soul filled with malice and vengeance against the spiritualists who were dwelling at Damascus, a light suddenly shone round about him, above the brightness of the sun; and he fell, blinded, to the earth. And as he lay there, he heard a voice, supposed to be from heaven, uttering the words first above written. Saul answered, inquiringly: Who art thou, Lord? And the voice replied: I am Jesus whom thou persecutest: it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.

Jesus had then been in the spirit world about three years. He saw that this Saul, though cruelly zealous in his opposition to the doctrine promulgated by the apostles, was conscientious, believing that he was doing God service. He saw that, if he were convinced of the truth, he would be as zealous in the defence and promulgation of the spiritual gospel, as he was in the enforcement of the edicts of the ruling priesthood. He saw, too, that he was so constituted, physically and intellectually, that he would be a powerful medium for spirits to operate through. Hence his spiritual arrest, in his career, and his seemingly miraculous conversion to the faith of spiritualism, as taught by Jesus and his immediate followers.

For the present purpose, we need not pursue the history of this converted persecutor any farther. The record will show that he proved as zealous in his new vocation as he was in the old; and that he was ever ready to suffer persecution, and even martyrdom, for the sake of what he believed to be truth. He was not only a spiritualist in faith and works, but an instrument which spirits could play upon at will; and, as may well be supposed, and as is made evident by innumerable cases in the present age, he was liable to be used by spirits who held conflicting sentiments—there having been, at that age, as much discrepancy in the theological and philosophical teachings of disembodied spirits, as there is now.

There are, in the present age, a great many persecuting Sauls; and, to those, this Saul of Tarsus should present a most important lesson of instruction, in both phases of his character. In his character as a champion of theological conservatism, and as a cruel and unrelenting persecutor of spiritualists, in the time when the immediate followers of Jesus commenced the propagation of his religious and moral doctrines, they have a true mirror of themselves as they are. And in his character as Paul, the great champion of spiritualism, after his conversion, they have an example of what they should become, and of what they may become, as far as abilities will permit, if they are as radically honest as he was.

Continually, there is, here and there, a Saul converted into a Paul. But, unfortunately for them and the cause of truth, they are few and far between—leaving a hundred persecuting Sauls, breathing out threatenings and anathemas against ministering angels and the willing recipients of their heavenly messages, to every repenting, reforming and zealously preaching Paul. But oh! could the spiritual vision of mortals be opened, that they might behold the infinite hosts of bright angels that are hovering over and encircling the little band of slingers, who go out

to meet the Goliaths of orthodox conservatism, how confident, how joyous, how ecstatic would be every faithful soul—how would the knees of those who do battle in the cause of antiquated error, smite together!

From every point of the compass, the solemn sound of that awful exclamation, falls upon the interior sense: SAUL, SAUL, WHY PERSECUTEST THOU ME! By those little detonations called raps, the spirits of the departed are wont to make their presence known to their surviving friends. They do this, not because it is the manner in which, above all others, they would prefer to do it, but because that method is physically practicable. They would show themselves to the physical vision of their friends, and speak to them with human voices, if they could do so, and if those to whom they should thus manifest their presence, could bear to see and hear them; but this is practicable only in very rare instances, in which those by whom they would be seen and heard, possess extraordinary medium qualities. The surviving children of a beloved and loving mother, who has passed into the second state of existence, having learned that the spirits of loved ones do return and hold communion, in this manner, with those whom they love still more dearly than they did while with them in the flesh, sit around the table and put their hands on it. The inanimate thing moves as if it possessed life and volition; and their hearts dilate with the pleasing idea that they are about to hear from their mother. At this moment an austere, orthodox father enters, and sternly commands them—in obedience to directions received from the salaried bigot whom he employs to do his thinking for him—to desist, and let him see no more such foolish proceedings. Silently to the external ear, but with an emphasis which reaches even to the interior of his stoical soul, the aggrieved spirit exclaims: SAUL, SAUL, WHY PERSECUTEST THOU ME! And this unheard, but not unfelt remonstrance, would soften his nature and render him susceptible to spiritual influx, but for the outside influence. When he mentions the circumstance of seeing the table tip, or hearing concussions, while his children were sitting round the table, he is met with sarcastic sneers, from some of his orthodox friends, and with solemn warnings, from others, to beware how he allows his children to be ensnared by the wiles of the devil; and he returns, armed with additional prejudice, and with his heart still more hardened against the angelic influence, which seeks the redemption of himself and family from ignorance, bigotry, intolerance and error. And at each attempt of the loving spirit to win those whom it so dearly loves, to the embrace of the truth, it is sternly repulsed, and cries, in the depth of maternal feelings: SAUL, SAUL, WHY PERSECUTEST THOU ME!

The salaried clergy—thank heaven for an occasional exception—are armed with prejudice, bigotry and avarice, against the initiation of the millennial era. Their souls are deeply imbued with the spirit of antagonism and hatred against the angels of God, for their attempt to expose the religious errors which they promulgate for hire, and the rottenness of those creeds, on the propagation and sustinment of which, depends their material thrift. Some of them, it is true, may be guiltless of violating their convictions of truth; but none of them are guiltless of stubbornly—if not maliciously—refusing to investigate the spiritual phenomena, by which they are surrounded, or of closing all the avenues to their souls, against the influx of spiritual truth, which the loving ones of the upper spheres, are continually shedding upon all the sons and daughters of earth. Could these persecutors but realize the truth of their condition; the debasing effect upon their own immortal spirits; the

painful retrospect and remorse, which they are laying up for their future lives, they would, from their inmost souls, despise the miserable pelf, for which they are prostituting their lives and energies. Each one of them must, in the course of infinite ages, come up from the dark region of debasement and despair, through inexpressible and long-drawn-out agonies of repentance and shame, and arrive at the estate of an archangel. But oh! the idea of those centuries which must be passed in low grovelling, self-condemnation, and agonizing penance, is too horrifying to contemplate.

The orthodox divine, whose soul is imbued with that spirit of intolerance, which proves that he is destitute of charity and philanthropy, and, consequently, a practiser of the mere outside formalities of christianity, harbors, in his soul, a vengeful feeling towards all teachers of, and believers in, the spiritual religion; because it ignores the creed of his sect, and tends to draw from him those whose contributions support him in luxury, and promote his aristocratical proclivities and pretensions. Whatever his convictions may be, with respect to the reality of spiritual intercourse with mortals, his selfishness and austerity forbid him to investigate for himself, and stimulate him to denounce, in laborious efforts, all mediums as impostors, and all believers as fools or madmen. He gives out, to-day, that he will, a week hence, preach a sermon, in which he will prove the pretended spiritual manifestations to be false in philosophy, unsupported by scripture, and subversive of the religion of Christ. He labors hard through the week to prepare himself for the onset, intending to effectually extirpate every germ of spiritualism within his congregation. The day arrives, the house is filled, and he commences the work of destruction. His hearers follow him as he progresses; but, instead of convincing them that modern spiritualism is all false, and that bible history is all true, his arguments, however ingeniously they may have been framed, are like two-edged swords, which cut both ways. In spite of his utmost caution, every blow which he deals against modern spiritualism, falls with equal force and effect upon the spiritualism of the bible; and as he overthrows the one, he undermines the foundation of the other; and he convinces all who listen to him, not even excepting himself, that, if the one cannot stand, the other must fall with it. Goaded to almost madness by the impotency of his sophistry, which is evident to his own perception, he descends to abusive epithets and wrathful denunciations, and winds up by affirming that all communicating and manifesting spirits, if such there be, are members of the family of Beelzebub.

In all this, there is one highly important fact, of which the denouncer is not aware. It is this: Every man, woman and child, who is listening to his malignant onslaught against eternal truth, is accompanied by guardian angels, who listen to and weigh every sentiment and word which he utters. And all these, with united voices, which resound through all heaven, reverberating from sphere to sphere, cry: SAUL, SAUL, WHY PERSECUTEST THOU ME! And every harsh epithet and false assertion which goes forth from his lips, is recorded in characters which will stare him in the face when he enters the spirit realm, each so colored as to indicate the degree of malignity with which it was enunciated.

### Slothfulness.

FROM OUR OLD ELBOW CHAIR.

TEXT.—Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep; and an idle soul shall suffer hunger.

Slothfulness and idleness, in this relation at least, are synonymous terms. A slothful man is one who is lazy, sluggish, without spirit, animation or energy. One whom necessity will not stimulate to exertion. He is an idler who is in every body's way, and who does not seem to think that he was designed for any useful purpose. He can only dream of the good things and the advantages which industry and energy procure for others, and desire them to come to him without any effort on his part. He may sometimes half think and half dream that he will, at some future time, shake off his torpor and make an effort; but the time

for action never arrives to him. Verily, he is in the deep sleep of lazy inertia, poverty and misery.

This subject is a very important one, and it is necessary that it should be presented to every mind faithfully and clearly, that we may not fail to make an impression. In order to do this, it is well to exemplify by ocular demonstrations; so come with us that we may point out to you some of the evil consequences of slothfulness in its practical operations. First, let us visit the dilapidated premises of a slothful farmer. We shall not have far to drive; and you will recognize the premises, for the effects of idleness and inattention to business are unmistakable.

Here let us stop and tie our horse to one of those "gnarled oaks," which novel writers always find, and take a stroll through these fields. This field, you see, produces nothing but poverty grass and briars, with here and there a stunted mullen. Here are a few poor sheep endeavoring to pick sustenance from the imbrowned glebe, but can find nothing to feed on but the briars, on which the most of their wool hangs. There is but one lamb among them—that one which you see has not been shorn. The others all died in the spring for want of nourishment and care. Let us test their agility—Shoo! No, poor things, they are too feeble to run. Yonder is a cow—let us approach her and see if she is in any better case than the sheep. Look! a quadruped anatomy with the skin on! You can nearly see through her sides, and there would be no difficulty in hanging two milk-pails on her hips. See how she pulls up the poverty grass and rubs it on the ground to sever it from the roots and soil. Only behold what a numerous company of crows are collected yonder! Let us see what is the object of this grand convocation. O! I see—it is the elder cow. Hollow horn and more hollow viscera have proved too much for her, and she has yielded up her emaciated carcass to furnish a pic-nic for these administrators.

What is that in the next field? Corn, surely—but what corn! Every stalk has a yellow stocking on, and each is supported by three or four tall weeds who occupy the position of body guards. Its tassels seem to have been shot out before their time, for none of it reaches the pointed hips of that skeleton horse who is helping himself to its blades. The fences would not prevent the cow from participating with him, were it not for her extreme weakness. See how faithful nature is!—Earing time having arrived, she commands these little corn stalks to exert what energies they have in an effort at fructification. Feeble and jaundiced as they are, they promptly essay obedience; and those tiny wisps which peer from the axils of some of the middle blades, are the result. They will yield just as much as the labor which has been bestowed upon them is worth, which is nothing.

Yonder lies the meadow. The low part never having been drained, produces nothing but coarse bog-grass, in tufts or bunches, between which is mire. The upland part has been thoroughly ploughed by hogs, who have extracted all the grass roots that were valuable. The whole was pastured till very late in the spring, for want of hay, fence and care. The other cow and horse frames must pay the annual crow tax next spring.

Now let us pass through the orchard and look at the buildings. The apple-trees are well stricken in years; dead limbs and living ones mingling throughout; never been trimmed; fruit small and knotty; very little of it; no young orchard growing; no peaches, pears, plums or cherries. Here is the house. The moss-grown roof leaks like a riddle, and would leak worse if the moss were off. The cheese-press, which used to stand by the back porch, has been split up for oven wood, there being no further use for it. The garden is totally overrun with weeds, and the pales have shared the fate of the cheese press. There used to be a corn crib made of poles, but this has gone the way of the cheese-press and pales.

Shall we go in? Stop—there's a lad working under an apple-tree—let us see what he is doing. "How are you, Frank?" "Pretty well, thank'e, only I'm working with a very dull axe." "Why don't you grind it?" "Because the grind-stone aint hung." "What are you making?" "I'm trying to make a pair of shackles to keep old Roan out of the corn." "Why do you not make up the fence?" "Because

I can't make it without rails." "Have you no rail timber?" "We had last year; but uncle let Joe Splitter work it all up on shares." "Well, where is your share?" "Uncle sold them to pay tax, buy flour, pork and hay, and pay costs." "Where is your uncle now?" "He's gone to Squire Docket's." "Will he be back soon?" "Well, I guess he will—he haint got but four trials to attend to to-day. He had seven last week; and then it took him all day." "What is he at law so much about?" "O, every body sues him. The store keeper, the blacksmith, the shoemaker, and John Smith that worked for him last summer; they've all sued him this week." "Does he not work any himself?" "No." "What does he do?" "He tends law-suits, goes to political meetings, sits at the tavern and talks politics, and sleeps under the shade of this tree." "Is that your barn?" "Yes." "Where are the doors?" "There haint been any since I've been here." "Why do you not haul out that manure?" "The wagon is good for nothing. Three of the wheels are broken to pieces, and a wagon can't go with one wheel, you know."

Come, let us go; this man is in a very deep sleep; he is one of the idle souls that must suffer hunger. Let us glance at this farm on the opposite side of the road. Ah! see that field of corn—why, every hill would make an armfull for a stout boy. See what a deep green it is. Observe how the large ears branch off and cross each other in the middle of the row, like fencer's swords. Horses, cattle, hogs, sheep, all look finely. What a meadow? That grass will turn out two tons to the acre, at least. This man has much better grass in his pasture than his neighbor Slouch has in his meadow. House, barn, carriage-house, wood-house, all in first rate order. Fences all seven rails high, and no stakes kicking up their heels. Every shovel full of manure has been scraped up and carted away to those beautiful fields. See how neatly the orchard has been trimmed. There is a fine young orchard coming on; and many of the trees are bearing. There is every kind of fruit, and each kind seems to be in a separate community. Pears, peaches, plums and cherries are not planted promiscuously and intermingled. Each has its separate lot, so that each may receive its proper culture. There, that's a garden for you! You see the strawberry vines are planted, not only in rows but in hills, and are hoed and kept as clean as any of the other vegetables. If happiness may be found on this earth, here is the spot to look for it.

What makes the great difference between these two farms, situated thus contiguously? There is no other cause but this—that Mr. Slouch is a slothful man. He inherited the farm he starves on, and with it he inherited all the laziness of a long line of ancestors. The latter heritage he has cultivated most scientifically, whilst his worthless hands have never touched the former. His neighbor, Lively, acquired the Eden which he enjoys, by his own industry and thrift. There was originally no difference in the quality of the soil of these two farms. Laziness has made the one the abode of wretchedness; whilst industry, care and taste have made the other a Paradise on earth.

Now go we to the store of that grocery and provision dealer, whose bunch of brooms which were hung up for a sign, have fallen down, and the hogs are tearing them to pieces for the sake of the seeds that remain. He is one of the Slouch family, and distantly related to the farmer. Here is a basket of vegetables standing by the side of the door, against which every canine promenade leaves that peculiar evidence of his having passed here, which is perfectly intelligible to all his species. This is very like those biped puppies who cut their initials into the backs of seats in country churches; into the panel work of court houses and other public buildings; into the bark of fruit and shade trees, into board fences and every other thing that is marable, wherever they happen to stand or sit. This is done to apprise other whelps that they have been there, and to induce them to do likewise. What a similarity in the two races!

Let us go in. There are sundry barrels of sugar standing open, and a million of flies helping themselves to it. This, however, is no loss, for the flies make deposits equal to half the amount they take away, and the continual accumulation of dirt and dust more than makes up the

balance. Molasses and lamp oil stand together; the measures of each standing in confusion, are frequently mistaken the one for the other; and the commingled leakage and drippings are tracked all over the floor, and adhere with great tenacity to the soles of customers' boots. Coffee, sugar and tea are scattered over the counter and floor. The dirty scales take toll of mackerel oil, pork-fat, sugar and rice. The cut-cheese exhibits more signs of life than the owner does. The open tub of butter presents every shade of color, from deep chrome to buttermilk blue, and emits a combination of odors exhaled from every degree of rancidity. Brooms, mop-handles, axe-helves, wash-boards, rolling-pins, wooden dishes and ladles, lie in mingled confusion over the floor, making it next to impracticable to pass from one part of the store to another with sound shins. The proprietor lies stretched at full length on the dirty counter, with his head resting on a bundle of wrapping paper, and wondering why customers pass his door and go to the next.

Shall we now go into that dry-goods establishment, where no cloths, silks, stuffs, calicoes or muslins are in their proper folds or proper places; where the ribbons and laces are all unrolled, and the sewing silks and threads are all mingled and tangled; where the spider-webs hang in festoons, loaded with dust, at the windows; where the dirt of the whole week lies on the floor; and where the proprietor and his clerk both sit cross-legged, each reading a political newspaper? No, it is too late—we must take some other opportunity to arouse them, if possible, out of the deep sleep into which slothfulness has cast them, and save them from the hunger which idleness threatens.

#### Lecture No. 10---By Edgar C. Dayton.

MISS BROOKS MEDIUM—REPUBLISHED.

#### *The Necessity of the Cultivation and Development of the Interior or Spiritual Faculties of every human mind.*

When thought carries the mind to the contemplation of the primeval ages of the world, we find its developments brought in distinct connection with God, on immutable and all-pervading laws. Not even the minutest atom of matter in creation, exists without it is subjected to the laws and principles which naturally govern its refinement and progression. Thus may we advance and find the laws of God manifested throughout the whole of universal nature. All things emanating from the Infinite Mind, are considered principles; hence these principles must be perpetuated immutably through eternal ages, and produce an infinite and harmonious action in the divinity and progression of the human soul. The first evidence of creative intelligence, has been discovered to be in an order or species of the *genus homo*; and thus new combinations of mind were resolved into still higher organizations, until profound intellects and logicians have garnished the vast area of science, with knowledge of inestimable value. So great have been the actions and motions of development, in the creative power of motion, upon the human mind, that, from one mind generated nobler faculties, and by the constant revolution of the combinations of atomic particles of matter, there have evolved great and beautiful demonstrations of human intellect.

There has always been a vast distinction made in the laws of nature and the principles of the Supreme Mind. The law of gravitation, when scientifically understood, is equally as operative to the innumerable empires of spiritual existence, as in the unbounded construction of nature. Hence the indications of the modes of divine existence are the rudimental manifestations of those eternal laws which clearly elucidate the constitutional process of the spiritual mind and its outward form. The great psychological and spiritual developments of the human mind, that result from the progressive unfoldings of its innate qualities, must sometimes be ultimated into the wisdoms and harmonies of another world, which the soul is constantly aspiring towards. As the uncultivated flower was once the highest embodiment of organized matter, so is the human mind, now, the noblest construction in existence; and its duality of structural arrangements and harmony of organization, define it to be the highest development of the creative

power in the spirit world, except the Infinite Mind. The human soul, no longer trammelled by earthly influences, has a perfect harmonization of attributes and elements, the principles of which proceed from the Divine Mind, into spheres below, and determine the position and affections of the spirit, in direct accordance with the laws of affinity.

When the human mind wanders back to the period when the earth seemed almost an eternal solitude, it contemplates the early effect of those laws which now create life and combine particles of matter into the various forms of creation. When first they exerted their force, particles or atoms of matter were drawn together, forming immense bodies; thus instituting an eternal motion upon the spiritual parts.

The principles of life are eternal; hence man is eternal, and finds an existence in the immortal world. Then it is necessary for the internal attributes of the human mind to be well developed, that the spirit, when born into a spiritual world, may be surrounded by the throng of joyous and affectionate spirits, whose pursuits are the laws of man and God. It is necessary for the inner self to be wisely cultivated, not only to determine its position in heaven, but to determine its position upon earth. Man is dependent upon the qualities of his mind for his earthly enjoyment. Therefore, it is necessary for him to strive to cultivate his moral and religious principles, that his influence upon less refined mind may be conducive to its proper cultivation.

What is a man, though he may have at his command the greatest amount of knowledge of any man in existence, if there is not a pure moral principle in his character, which will prevent him from associating with the errors of his age? If a man is destitute of moral principle, his knowledge will not avail him much. There should be a harmony of moral and religious sentiment, in every human mind. Upon minds thus guarded, the temptations of the world would have no very great attractive force. Harmony is observable in every department of creation, where the human mind has penetrated; and the power of the immutable laws of God is constantly increasing as the world becomes more perfectly developed. Again, a man may be highly intellectual and perfectly moral; but if he is destitute of those finer sensibilities which are necessary for the completion of a well developed mind, he cannot attain a very elevated position in the estimation of the world. Man has his peculiarities of feeling; yet it does not necessarily follow, that he must base his actions upon his feelings. Man is generally impulsive. He acts from impulse, and this, sometimes, plunges him into an awful condition; whereas, had he exercised his contemplative faculties, he might have been as good a man as the frailness of his outward organization would allow; while now, he is not. The human mind should seek the pure and beautiful, and act out the simplicity of its nature, untrammelled by the hypocrisy and vain ambitions of human life.

The human mind should not be impeded in its development, by material attractions. Man should not suppress the buoyancy and liveliness of its nature; as, in so doing, he is concealing the beauties of his interior being. He should not suppress the interior cheerfulness of his being; for the soul could not increase in native goodness, but would positively retrograde, and could not develop the properties which characterize the untrammelled mind; because the cheerfulness of the soul is smothered by exterior, distinct and unqualified peculiarities. If a soul is in such a condition, when divested of the impurities ingrafted upon it by human existence, it cannot unite with the principles of a spiritual existence instantaneously; for everything in this state of existence is absolutely and entirely pure. When a spirit is ushered into a new existence, it may recognize its independence; yet it must first progress from the outward elements of its being, before it can be developed to contemplate the manifestations of God in His operations upon a material and spiritual existence. Then it is necessary for man to guard himself, when undergoing the varied changes of progression, by the action of development. The mind has the freedom of unlimited converse with the principles of nature, both divine and material; and in its primary existence, by studying the laws of God, there will be evolved a vast power of eternal wisdom and moral purity, which will point it to the realms of universal peace.

The sentiments and affections concealed in the deep recesses of the soul, were planted there by a loving Father. You may bury your native goodness and purity beneath the immense weight of materiality; but it must come forth to answer the voice of the Great Giver. What is human life, if man acts not out the true sentiments of his mind, morally, spiritually and religiously? What is human life and its enjoyments, if man conceals the true cheerfulness of his nature, by the influence of external objects? The affections, when based upon the pure and gentle impulses of nature, cannot set aside those benign influences that come from the soul, and erect a superstructure of thought, weak and trembling. No, the true native genius of the mind must respond to the voice of its God, when called upon to manifest its goodness towards its fellow creatures.

The lessons of nature generate in the mind new faculties; and the same principles of life-action are the same in all objects of creation. It is necessary for the inner self to be refined and unfolded by the true and pure influence of its divine nature, that it may grasp the beauties of morality and adapt them to its condition of development. God has stamped upon every living object the sentient particles emanating from His being, and endowed them with the divine attributes of His nature; and no word or action can prevent the utterance of feeling in the progressive soul, when its attributes of sympathy and love are not appreciated by its associates, whose affections are governed by their selfishness. The affections ebb and flow like the heaving oceans' bosom; and sometimes they are calm and happy; then, again, they are confused, and are wild and strange. This is caused by the affections not being reciprocated by other souls, which creates a pang of anguish when the heart realizes that all its affections must be wasted, being valued only for their exterior advantages.

There is much in human life to learn and unlearn, and there is, perhaps, as often a tear as a smile; which, from the immutable laws of the Divine Mind, ought not to be. It may be that sorrow purifies the soul and prepares it for a pure home in the spirit land. Suffering may awaken and unfold the true feeling of the human soul. Yet there are nature's tears which swell forth from the eternal fount of sympathy, at moments of contemplation, without being wrung from the human heart by harsh treatment, ungentle words and outward circumstances. There is much, very much, in the world to be unfolded to the physical vision, which may try and test the native purity and sympathetic tendency of the human heart towards its associates. There are, in life, so many unnecessary circumstances which deaden the affections and crush the divine love of the soul, and which forbid it to exercise its reasoning faculties, that they conceal the actual beauties of life. But there are hours of sympathetic contemplation, when the internal feelings come forth and behold nature unfolded in its glorious beauty, and this sends a thrill of gladness to the heart and produces feelings which will never die away, but will ever find an expression of its purity in the glories of eternity.

Every development of life generates new properties of mind; and these properties add to the refinement of the faculties; and when one operation of the generic laws is exhausted by still a higher development of matter or mind, then new changes take place in the progression of the mind. Thus one development exhausts another. So it is forever. Then, if a mind is morally and spiritually progressive, one moral or spiritual development exhausts another, and the mind constantly undergoes a moral or spiritual manifestation, changing the lower for the higher development. Thus, if a man is intellectual and immoral, still greater changes of immorality exhaust the lower, and his immoral desires increase. Then it is absolutely necessary for the mind to be moral, in order to be strictly pure. Intellect without moral purity, will not elevate the spirit in its eternal home, as moral purity without a powerful intellect. Purity is the pervading element of all spiritual things. Hence, for minds to occupy true and elevated positions, they must be pure. There is not a human spirit that has entered the spirit world, spotless and perfectly pure; for this would be in direct opposition to the laws and principles of perfection. But the human

spirit can become so pure as to enter the spirit land with its feelings and sentiments harmonizing with the order and arrangements of perfected nature, being developed constantly by higher laws of progression.

If the mind were created merely to live and to die, it would necessarily conform to the laws of its existence, and its aspiration would not extend beyond the manifestations of the material world. The savage of the forest strives to answer the demands of his spirit, by reconciling himself to the evidences of his existence, and as he roams through the forests or rows his skiff over some stream as it moves sublimely on over its rocky bed, there are within his rough exterior true properties of civilized feelings, which are evidently concealed by the demonstrations of his uncivilized nature, and which, though now untutored, might, when farther developed, unfold true attributes of a refined and profound intellect, or mind. A savage is not subjected to the will of any man; and though his exterior actions conceal interior motions, his native goodness is unblemished by the iniquities of his material existence. But the civilized man is subjected to the creeds of man; hence he is not as free in his actions as the untutored mind. He has his external desires, and gratifies them, although he is aware of the solemn fact that it is violating the essential principles of his being.

It is true that human nature is imperfect; and it also necessarily follows that the actions of human beings must be imperfect. But with all of this considered and contemplated upon, it is not promotive of the happiness of men to plunge themselves into the wickedness of the world; for much exists on the earth that is not good. Man should seek the pure and holy. If, then, temptations beset him, and if he unconsciously err, he cannot certainly be responsible for his short comings. But if a man err designedly, he is responsible for that premeditation and determined resolution, and for the consummation thereof.

Cultivate your inner self, O man! that you may lay the foundation for your high destiny, where the attributes of diffusive happiness and distributive justice are manifested. Approximate as near as possible to the Divine Fount of all goodness, wisdom and power, where the soul of man speeds in its progress with everlasting rapidity, and where if it lose, in any degree, the momentum of its progression, it must feel its loss for ages. Earlier or later, man must achieve the knowledge that will enable him to attain to the exalted position of his noble destiny, and execute the sublime design of his eternal mission.

By the spontaneous emanations of God, man receives and retains his individuality; and from the purest relation of matter, he is continually speeding in his development, to enable the spirit to manifest its evidence of power, to assist in the combination of thought and in the sublimation of the matter with which it is now combined. The soul is a part of God, and is not an arbitrary or stationary creation, but joyously emanates, to form one connection of universal creation, when the causes, laws and elements of its being are manifested in the universe of nature.

As ever,

E. C. DAYTON.

### No. 3 of the Series, from Shenandoah.

*Elemental World, around Venns—continued.*

MISS CORA, [ENTRANCED.]

STEPHEN ALBRO, Planet Earth:

My Dear Sir:—Thought creates its own heaven. God is life; Life is Mind; Mind is thought; Thought is Progression; Progression is Heaven; Heaven is Eternity; Eternity is Happiness; Happiness is the consciousness of existence; the personified virtues of the great God-head.

Physical results being but the effect of the great Cause of all causes, must be subjected to the controlling power of the cause; and effects produced in nature, must result from the cause of nature. Tracing the spiritual and physical affinities, we must logically arrive at the conclusion, that mind is the source of matter; and all matter is mind refined; else, if matter is the source of mind, mind will necessarily

become matter. If the Creating power of the universes—be He God personified, or God in principle—is mind, every production of mind must be inferior to the Creator; and matter, as the result of that creating mind, will never be perfected; as God is perfection, and nought is equal to God. If mind is the outbirth of matter, as philosophers contend, then, following the train of argument, mind must be inferior to matter; for bear in mind, as a scientific fact, that no creation can excel the creator. Which shall we take for our God, mind or matter, or both? Taking both, we shall render mind and matter coeval. Here allow me to arrive at my conclusion of mind and matter. All matter is mind, and all manifestation of matter, is the result of the mind within. An illustration of that fact may be seen in man. A man builds a house. The architectural plan of that building is the result of his mathematical and executive talent. But is the building equal to the conception within the mind of the man? I answer, no. Men create through laws and means, the physical evidences of thought. Look at your railways and mechanical powers; look at your improvements of science, art and literature; look at the intuitional evidences of majestic thought; but does this satisfy man? No. Does this outward or material construction approach the climax of perfection? No. Then the effect, or conception, of the effect, is greater than the cause, and is continually striving to meet its anticipations, by creating new capacities of invention and thought. So with the great Deific mind, in nature and in space. He is continually striving, like man, to find better outward representations of His interior conceptions; and universes are but the remodelling of motive powers within God's mind. And so is thought the propeller of the engines of eternity.

But, to return to the solar harp, or phrenological development of some great mind, whose soul is the sun, and whose attributes are the primary stars. Even now, as I control the physical organism of this medium, the love-soul, the sun of the universe, is smiling so sweetly upon the earth, that half ashamed of His admiring gaze, the whole western sky is blushing like a rose, or like a maiden when the eyes of some sun-Adonis shines brightly on her heart. Men are but the breaths of this Hyperian God, but flashing thoughts, which come and go, even as thoughts of heaven flit across the minds of men, and die away in the distance. Mortals are but the fleeting shadows of eternity's summer. And yet mortals are Gods. But here's a song to the sun-God and his train. 'Twas born in the ideal realm of Venus, and handed down to me, that I might transplant it on the earth. The echo will vibrate from star to star, just as thoughts vibrate through the whole organism of man:

God of the stars! great central light,  
Of this grand universe, whose might  
And power are like the thoughts so bright  
Of angel-Gods above,  
To thee we sing, for thou art King,  
Thy throne the sun, and there we bring  
All loveliness; and on the wing  
Of light, whisper of love.

Soul of this Harp, whose golden chords  
Are touched by thee, as love's sweet words  
Touch earthly loves, or as bright birds  
Warble their silvery notes,  
So, from thy heart, we catch the strain,  
And echos float, until, again,  
It louder peals, and almost pain  
Is felt where'er it floats.

Apollo, thou Hyperian God,  
Ruling thy kingdom by the rod  
Of golden light, at whose slight nod  
The stars in reverence bow,  
Thy throne, thy crown thy citadel,  
Thy theme of song, thy magic spell  
Thy palace halls, in which doth dwell  
The thoughts we sing of now.

All, all, are thoughts of human souls,  
Whose spray, high tossed, and, thundering, rolls  
Like some grand ocean o'er the shoals  
Of everlasting life;  
Then back, receding from the shore,  
The distant murmur of the roar,  
Is lulled to rest, and never more  
Is heard the sound of strife.

Hark! hark! the melody of spheres,  
Reverberates through endless years,  
Until are blended hopes and fears,  
In universal joy.

To thee, God-sun, this song is given;  
To thee, the King of solar Heaven,  
And to thy Harp whose strings, twice-seven,  
Time never shall destroy.

Thus sing the poets of Venus, to their God, the Sun. And thus chime in the voices of the stars and satellites whose silvery notes mingle with the deep-toned voices of the olden stars. Venus is the ideal realm of thy Sun-God—the sphere or organ where ideality, sublimity, love, hope, veneration, &c., all form the poetic plane of thought, in the brain of this giant mind—the seat of Beauty, Truth and Love—the lovely throne of thought refined and crystalized, whose queen-star is the star of Love, and whose King is Wisdom. But now as

“The heart-sick earth turns her broad shoulders  
To the gaudy Sun,  
And stoops her weary forehead to the night,  
The moon, that patient sufferer,  
Pale with pain,  
Presses her cold lips on her sister's brow,  
Till she is calm again.”

I'll say adieu, truly,

SHEANDOAH.

#### For the Age of Progress.

FRIEND ALBRO:—Publish this if you deem it worthy.

All nature speaks a God! Yea, even the very smallest of inanimate nature speaks it, from the fact of its own existence. The tiniest flower that ever buds and blooms; the largest blossom that ever withers and sinks into decay; together with the whole of nature's beauteous robe, proclaim it in their ever-changing beauty. The mighty ocean proclaims it in its surging billows; the roaring cataract, in its angry rushing; the deep-toned thunder, in its frightening roar; and it is softly, sweetly spoken by the music of nature's grand orchestra. The truth is indelibly written upon the lofty brow of man, wherein a capacious intellect reigns supreme, prompting him to the investigation of deep and profound truths in scientific nature. It is spoken too, from the soul-beaming eye of woman, in a language too deep and powerful to emanate from other than a divine source.

And why wilt thou, oh! man, with all the reasoning faculties with which thou art endowed, deny the existence of a Supreme Being? thou, who art the highest and noblest of His creatures, with an immortal soul that emanated from His divine hand—a spirit, cherished by His fond care, as an emblem of His unchanging love. Thou alone dost deny the existence of thy God. Ask your heart from whence its affections—whence the sympathetic chords that so quickly vibrate at the first call for sympathy? Whence your mind, from which flows the vast empire of thought, so extensive in its reachings? Whence the longings of the soul for wisdom? Why the desires of your mind, to drink still deeper at the fount of knowledge? And why, when the dreams of earth seem vain and transitory, and your fondest cherished hopes are all unrealized, does your heart yearn for a stronger anchor on which to build its hopes? Think you not that you would find it in the hope of immortality?

Go ask the wandering savage, who has not been blessed with the light that knowledge gives, but who learns only from nature, and from traditions of the past,—yet ask him whence his being; and he will poin

upwards to the Great Spirit, as his Creator. Go ask your own heart, in the silence and solitude of its own secret communings, if there are not, within its enclosure, feelings of a purer, more elevated nature, than simply thoughts of earth alone—thoughts of God and heaven, and yet a being and a place denied by you. Oh! then melt from your heart the frozen feelings of unbelief, by allowing the sunshine of a belief in God to radiate your soul, and thus prepare your heart for a life of duty here, and a future state of existence—a higher and a nobler sphere, where your soul will progress on, still higher in its spiritual purity, until, finally, perfection shall be your reward.

E. W.

Fredonia, Feb. 6, 1856.

#### Religions Essentially the Same.

The following is an extract from an article, by Dr. J. W. ORTON, published in the N. Y. *Sunday Courier*, of January 27th. It will be found worthy of perusal:

The phenomena of Spiritualism, however caused, breaking forth suddenly among us to the confusion of science, the affright of theology, and the astonishment of the world, have disturbed old concrete channels of thought, and opened new ones; and given the human mind a start which is of more importance to the advancement of the race than any other event of this teeming century. The philosophy of mind; the co-relation of matter; the nature and office of spirit; the laws of health, moral and physical; social relations, including governments; the universe and its Head, together with all dogmas and opinions of the past, are all up for review and settlement, and forms parts of the vast inquiry which Spiritualism, in its strange advent, like the dropping of a bomb in the midst of a defenseless multitude, from whose explosive power there is no escape, has forced upon us. It is like an immense plow, turning its huge furrows to the very core of things, laying bare their hidden recesses, their springs, and sources, and uses, and ultimate intent; and those who believe, and those who do not believe, are alike compelled to take part in the investigation. Even with the most dogged opponents, the new ideas are insensibly oiling and softening their old opinions, and giving them a new dress; so that on looking at the most unpromising classes of enslaved minds among us, enough may be discovered to warrant one in saying, if only below his breath, with Galileo, “it moves—the world does move.”

With the other changes of thought, which the new era has introduced, comes the conviction that all religions are substantially alike. On digging through the gross external shell—the human perversions and distorted forms—in which they all, not excepting the Christian, have become buried, and getting at the spirit and intent, it is found that all, as the central fact, recognize a supreme God of benevolence and love, to whom man is accountable; together with a future state of existence, the happiness of which depends on the life and acts of the individual. This is the sum and essence of all religions, obscured among savage nations by idol or sun-worship, and various atrocious rites; and among civilized nations by symbol or picture and relic-worship, and supplementary teachings, beliefs and acts, though more refined, yet equally abhorrent and cruel; and thus God is relieved from the odium of partiality which would rest upon him had he revealed himself only to a single family or tribe, according to the prevalent notion of Christendom. Neither in their prominent dogmas is there any material difference in these religions. Brahmanism, which in some of its forms is said to constitute the religion of considerably more than half of the human race, teaches the existence of one supreme, eternal, uncreated God, called in Hindoo language Brahma, who made the world through Brama, the first created being, who became the prince of all good spirits, and through whom the world is governed. How different is this from the Christian doctrine, substituting the name of Christ for that of Brama? and without doubt the two individuals the same. The doctrine of the incarnation—the descent of the deity upon earth, and his manifestation in a human form—for the redemption of mankind, seems to have existed in the shape of prophecy or fact, in all ages of the world. Brahmanism teaches nine of these incarnations. Furthermore, it teaches the doctrine of the Trinity, of the fall, redemption and regeneration, and a state of rewards and punishments in the future life. The cruelties which the oriental nations inflict on one another and on themselves—torturing their bodies, casting themselves under the wheels of the car of Juggernaut, and destroying their children—are induced by their desire for regeneration, and the salvation of their offspring while yet

in a state of innocence, and to appease the anger of the gods, of which the gradual perversion of their once pure religion has taught them to live in constant dread.

This religion in chief of Asia, is traceable to the most remote ages.—The doctrine of the Trinity is plainly represented in the Elephants cavern, and recognized in the Indian history of Mahabharat, which go back for their origin near two thousand years before the Christian era. It is worthy of remark that the Bramins surround the earth with seven good spheres above, and seven bad ones below, the seventh of the good ones being the abode of Brama, the first begotten of God.

The same may be said of the old religion of Egypt. In the midst of a thousand superstitions the same central beliefs were preserved. The Egyptians were worshippers of the sun and moon, under the names of Isis and Osiris, or rather they looked up through these natural symbols of the Deity to the one true God. This is evident from the inscription on the Temple of Minerva: "I am that which is, which was, and shall be; no mortal hath lifted up my vail; the offspring of my power is the sun." They believed in the immortality of the soul; in a state of future rewards and punishments, and in the resurrection; as is evident from the care with which they had their bodies embalmed; and the prayer recited at the hour of death, in which the Egyptian expressed his desire to be received into the presence of the gods.

Lying within the myths of the old Greek Mythology, are the same cardinal truths. The Greeks no doubt originally worshiped one supreme God, but as the bold and creative powers of the Greek mind developed themselves through poetry and art, their demi-gods, or deifications of their heroes, came greatly to obscure the simplicity of their ancient faith. Socrates and Plato taught the one God and the future life, and the necessity of good actions to happiness. Plato taught the doctrine of the Trinity, and that heaven could alone be enjoyed by the pure. Socrates seems to have had in some sort a prevision of the coming of Christ. As Confucius, at about the same period, or a little earlier, some five hundred years before the event occurred, felt the wave of his approach in Eastern Asia, so seems it to have been with Socrates in Eastern Europe. Confucius spoke directly of the coming of the "Holy Man," whose "name" no one "is able to tell," "who, without exerting any act of government, will prevent troubles; who, without speaking, will inspire spontaneous faith; who, without working any violent changes, will produce an ocean of good actions."

These old heathen philosophers, as we are accustomed to call them, without doubt were instructed and inspired of God to perform a great work for their own people, as much, if not as fully, as were Daniel and the later Jewish prophets who flourished at about the same age. Jesus said, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you," and Confucius, several thousand miles away from the same point of earth, and some five and a half centuries before, said, "Do unto another as thou wouldst be dealt with thyself. Thou only needst this law alone; it is the foundation and principle of all the rest."

My friend, William Fishbough is learned in the spiritual meaning of old Greek fables—old they were when Socrates and Plato taught in Athens—and I hope will at some day, not distant, favor the world with a dissertation on the subject; which could hardly fail to be both interesting and instructive, for we all of us greatly need liberalizing in this direction. The notion that God has singled us out as the sole recipients after the Jews, of his wisdom and truth, has had the effect to make Christendom proud, narrow and pharisaic. We need to extend the area of our vision, to become more charitable and catholic, to realize that God is no respecter of persons, but from the beginning has poured the full radiance of his light and love on all parts of the earth alike; that all nations have received the same truths, in forms fitted to their stage of development; but that in all, at the present time, these truths divine lie nearly inoperative and useless, buried under the accumulated heaps of rust and rubbish, which a succession of selfish, polluted, self-righteous and quarreling sectarian centuries has heaped upon them.

#### Then and Now.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Spiritual Messenger* thus felicitously takes down skepticism of the present day, which pronounces insane or diabolical all modern exhibitions of Spirit influence, but almost deifies those who were subjects of it in the ancient times:—*New England Spiritualist*.

Such has been the exceedingly sensible course pursued by men, in all ages, towards those who have dared to enunciate any new truths or make known any important discoveries for the benefit of the race. When Fulton put afloat his magnificent invention, which was to "walk the waters like a thing of life," without invoking the aid of the invisible element which all former ages had employed for the purpose, "the many-headed monster" pricked up his ears, and, after giving a few ominous growls, broke out into a loud roar of indignant astonishment at the folly of the attempt. When the Florentine proclaimed certain incontrovertible truths in physical science, the philosopher was amazed at his madness, and the priest piled up the faggots as a punishment for his impiety. When the great Apostle stood before the Roman Prætor and spoke of the wonderful manifestations which he had witnessed, of the light that shone at mid-day "above the brightness of the sun," and of the mysterious voice he had heard, the good-natured and tolerant skeptic told him that he was beside himself. When Peter and his companions were suddenly and wonderfully developed as speaking mediums, and addressed each man in his own language, the people, in derision, shouted out that they were drunk.

What a pity that extraordinary genius, the Devil, who, in former times, was the author of so many useful inventions conferring lasting benefits upon mankind, did not, in conjunction with his faithful servant Dr. Faustus, give the world the art of printing at an earlier period! If we could only have a file of papers published in the days of Peter and Paul, what accounts we would read, in the secular journals of Jerusalem, of the extravagant follies of these bare-footed fishermen! And in the columns of some pious periodical, edited by some saintly Pharisee, what pungent paragraphs upon the proceedings of the new sect! What savage comments upon the son of the carpenter! What strictures upon the immorality of his life! "He hesitates not (the editor would exclaim) on any occasion, to violate the sanctity of the Sabbath. He associates with people of the very lowest grades of society, such as publicans and sinners; teaching these ignorant and debased wretches to despise the law and the sacred traditions. As for the miracles which he performs, they furnish the most indubitable evidence that he is 'a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer.' Indeed we are authentically informed that only the other day, he went to a sepulchre, and called up a dead man, who walked forth in his burial clothes. It is true that some of those detestable infidels, the Sadducees, assert that the man was not dead, but only in a condition of catalepsy; and that the cold air, admitted into the mouth of the sepulchre, suddenly revived him. But it is evident to us that these are the abominable doings of necromancy. Now are we not expressly told, in the Holy Pentateuch, that 'all that do these things are an abomination to the Lord?' We would warn our readers to beware how they countenance such impiety by their presence. He hath a devil and is mad, why hear ye him? Is it not time that the attention of the authorities was directed to these infamous and impious doings? We hope soon to see them suppressed by the strong arm of the law, so that infidelity, and blasphemy, and witchcraft may be speedily driven from our midst."

While such angry denunciation and awful warnings are issuing from the sanctum of the superstitious Pharisee, the more philosophical Sadducee, as he listens to the gospel of immortality, scoffs at the sublime truths as the utterances of a madman. And we fancy that we see one of those sages even now. There he sits in the portico of the temple, reading over a strange document containing a record of the acts of the Apostles! He pauses at a passage giving an account of Peter in prison, and turning to the crowd gathered around him, looks wickedly witty; and exclaims in a tone of derision, "Did ever man read such insufferable nonsense as this? Here is an account of a fellow who was hand-cuffed and sleeping between two soldiers in a guard-house, when in comes some spirit or angel, and gives him a sudden blow on the side, and tells him to get up. We always thought that these spirits had no bodies and could not help pitying the poor thing. But here is one whom we find performing the part of a pugilist and dealing sturdy blows with his fist. Up leaps the frightened culprit, as well he might, and the spirit takes off his hand-cuffs, and orders him to follow. Out they go—the ghost opening the doors, which are strongly barred—until they stand in the middle of the street, when his ghostship, telling the man to go about his business, suddenly disappears."

After the merriment of his auditors has subsided he turns back a few

pages and reads:—"Hillo!" he suddenly exclaims, "here is the very same fellow again on the top of a house in a trance! And he tells us how the heavens were opened, and he saw a great sheet, or table cloth, or something of the sort, let down, containing all kinds of wild beasts and creeping things; and a voice tells him to get up and kill and eat. Now this is decidedly rich! What are wild animals and reptiles doing in heaven?" Here the bystanders are convulsed with laughter, and the poor Nazarenes are voted hopelessly mad.

### A Spiritual Prophecy.

On Sunday evening last, at the close of the meeting at the Hall, we accompanied Mr. PARDEE and Mr. CONKLIN, to the room occupied by the latter gentleman. Whilst sitting and conversing by the stove, the right hand of Mr. P. was extended to us. We clasped it, and, looking up into his face, perceived that he was entranced, and that we were shaking hands with a Spirit. The friendly visitant spoke to us most acceptably, and as an old acquaintance. At the close, we desired the spirit to communicate the name which it bore, when in the physical form. Just as we made the request, the medium's hand grasped ours more powerfully; his form was straightened up; his countenance seemed to change; his voice underwent a change of tone; and his organs spoke as follows:

"ANOTHER WOULD SPEAK TO YOU."

"I was known by the name of ANDREW JACKSON, when a resident of your sphere; and I come, to-night, my venerable friend, to bear witness, before the Eternal, that this, thy beloved country, is to feel the fire and sword. Let it go forth, through thy journal, to my people—mine because I love them. Tell them—though I would fain weep in proclaiming it—that they are to pass through more than revolutionary agonies. I know this, if I know anything. The voice of the times speaks it in my ear, distinctly and clearly. I would that this people knew where they stand, and that their rulers could feel the issue of a few years to come. Then would they forsake their flesh-pots, and eat of the pure meat of righteousness and justice. They are, as it were, pitching pennies, whilst the nation's heart throbs convulsively, under the heavy load that threatens to stop and still its motion.

"If you could, my friend, see mighty minds, as I see them, engaged in the work of maturing events, then would you know, to a certainty, that the foundations of your States are to be shaken to their lowest depths.—What! while the ship of state is irresistibly driving towards the breakers, your so-called statesmen are deeply immersed in the business of individual aggrandizement!

"The false watcher on the tower, may cry: 'All is well,' but I say *all is wrong*—that is, in the government. To me, the White House looks as a black mass—it is fair without; but, within, it is full of corruption and dead men's bones. Here and there, like a stray white sheep, is found, in the national councils, a pure man. The end of all this cannot be escaped.

"Your country's worthies, who have gone before, with one united, solemn voice, proclaim to your people the horrors of civil war. Nothing short of that can serve as a stepping-stone to a better and more righteous condition. Causes will rush out into events; and those who fought in the past, to give you independence and a country, by divine wisdom unto them given, are engaged in the work which shall pass you through the fire, so that, purified, the nation may come out redeemed, dependent upon Heaven—not upon politicians—and sustained by the influences from the higher life.

"Your will live to see this; but fear not—God, by His Spirits, will guide and protect those who stand fast by Truth and Justice. I have done."

### A Singular Circumstance.

On Saturday evening last, Capt. A. WALKER, together with three or four others, were in Mr. CONKLIN's room till about ten o'clock. Among those present, was Mr. PARDEE, the speaking medium. At the hour named, Mr. P. and Mr. CONKLIN, left the room, to go to their lodgings,

leaving the others conversing, in the room. In descending the stairs, Mr. P. was entranced, and impelled to return to the room. Immediately on re-entering, he spoke to Capt. WALKER, whom he had never before known, and addressed him as follows, first requesting Dr. VAN VLECK, who was present, to report what he was about to say:

The Spirit of Humanity has taken up long since, its abode in thee. This, it is, which attracts us, and makes us feel glad to give utterance to our sympathies, in behalf of your Spiritual advancement. You have gotten out of the "dark valley of the shadow of death," and have reached the beautiful level plains. They are warmed by the sun-light of truth and love. It was well said, when it was said, that there is great joy in Heaven at the emancipation of an immortal Spirit, from the things which bound it. It affords all Spirits peculiar delight when they behold a man like unto themselves, by nature stepping beyond the narrow confines, and limited and contracted circle of popular beliefs, into the wide-spreading regions where truth is, and lives.

Unto thee, the past hath not been profitless: its rude hand hath blest, while it hath bound thee. Experience hath given unto thee a fruitful lesson. A varied experience inculcates a varied teaching; but this one teaching, primest and first, comes to thee beautifully: that God is in nature, and that nature is His exponent. Thy vile brain may be made the receptacle into which may be dropped lofty thoughts of inner life, which, performing the circuit of its kingdom, may go out to inspire thy fellows with a better life. Then right up, and on forever.—This is an oft-used phrase, but loses none of its expressiveness, when properly applied, by repetition. We come to flatter no man; but to cheer the heart—to warm its chambers—to vitalize and illuminate the mind, and to imbue the soul with an energy caught from high aspirations, and to lead it away from earth and its distractions, the only substantial existence, and its beauties. For this we come, and to thee. Think not that thy sphere doth not afford opportunities for the promulgation of what are, to thee, vital truths. Each, in his sphere, can find enough to do; and when thou dost yearn for a deeper introduction to the realities of the higher life, dispense, that, being empty, thou mayst be filled.

Thou hast been watched for years; and, through many courses, irregular and winding, have been attended by those who knew the coming of the present time to thee. Then, though thy bark be tossed—though the storm-clouds gather—though the ship spring a leak, and threaten to founder, cling to the plank; light shall flash across the waters, the waves will subside before the energy of the omnipotent voice of "peace be still," and thou shalt land on the friendly shore, thickly inhabited by dear friends of thine, now visitants from the immortal clime.

Thy voyage of life is not yet o'er,  
Thy bark must sail a few days more,  
Then proudly ride the rolling wave;  
For Heaven opens to the brave.

GEORGE FOX.

### PROPHETIC DECLARATION.

Early in the month of October, a little girl belonging to a Presbyterian family residing at Clifton, near this city, was visited with a remarkable prophetic impression. She announced to her parents that in two weeks from that day, at nine o'clock in the morning, she should die. It was, of course, at first regarded by the parents as mere childish foolishness, but they soon perceived that she spoke with solemn earnestness. Her hand was controlled, and under spirit influence wrote down in detail instructions for her funeral ceremonies, and for the disposition of her little possessions. Embraced in the funeral arrangements was a provision for procuring the services of the Rev. Mr. Giles, a Swedenborgian minister, of whom she had never before heard. She spoke with great composure of her approaching departure to the Spirit Land. At the precise time which had been given, she died, and the family proceeded to comply with the written instructions.—*Spiritual Messenger*.

—Always remember that silence is preferable unto error.

## AGE OF PROGRESS.

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR.

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

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## Letter from T. G. Forster.

CLEVELAND, Feb. 13, 1856.

MY BROTHER:—Notwithstanding the bad news from the Lake Shore Road, I hope this will reach you in time for announcement in the *Age*.

If no unforeseen incident shall prevent, Mr. DAYTON and Mr. SMITH will speak, through me, in Buffalo, on Sunday next, afternoon and evening. And you can so state, if you please. It is their wish, expressed to you, that this announcement should be made.

Mr. DAYTON will lecture in the afternoon, from the text [John X—30.] "I and my Father are one."

Mr. SMITH will lecture, in the evening, from the text [John XI—35.] "Jesus wept." In haste and love, your Brother,

THOMAS GALES FORSTER.

## Mr. Conklin, the Test Medium.

This gentleman has remained in this city, the present week, by pressing request. On Monday next, he goes to Lewiston, where he will remain two days. Thence he goes to Lockport, to stay three or four days. From Lockport, he will go to Painesville, Ohio, *en route* for Cincinnati, which place he expects to reach about the first of March.

N B. Mr. PARDEE, speaking Medium, will accompany Mr. CONKLIN, in his whole circuit.

## Dr. Van Vleck of Syracuse.

This gentleman will remain in Buffalo a short time longer, and, perhaps permanently. We recommend him to all who desire physiological, psychometrical and phrenological examinations and medical prescriptions. Those who desire his services, may enquire for him at this office.

## An important Omission.

On Thursday morning, we received the following letter from somebody:

"FULTON, Feb. 8th, 1856.

MR. ALBRO:

DEAR SIR:—Will you please send me the *Age of Progress* for six months, for which I enclose one dollar. My address will be Fulton, Rock County, Wisconsin."

Our friend, as will be seen, has not favored us with his name. We have his dollar, and would gladly furnish him the paper, if we could get his name. But how we are to obtain it, we cannot tell.

## Most Truly.

"He toils for heirs, he knows not who,  
And straight is seen no more."

Whilst it is right and rational for men to be industrious and prudent, and to save, by care and economy, the surplus product of their exertions, in the vigor of manhood, for a store sufficient to subsist upon when accumulating years shall have rendered the physical system unfit for toil, it is madness for men to spend their whole lives, from early manhood to tottering old age, in digging, scraping, raking, grinding, shaving and skinning, to heap up a useless mass of wealth, which they never enjoy, and which they know not who will enjoy. The father who has spent his life thus in heaping up wealth, can make a will and leave it to whom he pleases; but what assurance has he that his heirs will enjoy it? The children of Shylocks are not generally as well calcula-

ted to take care of property as those of men who are poor, or in middling circumstances. They do not earn the wealth they possess, and consequently they know nothing of economy or thrift, save what they have witnessed and despised in an avaricious parent. They have, from infancy, seen him in possession of abundance, which he hoarded, watched and worshipped, without allowing them or himself to enjoy it even rationally; and this course being offensive to them, they naturally incline to the other extreme.

The wealthy miser dies and leaves his hoard to children who have been longing for the privilege of using it freely. When they receive it they are the worst calculated of all others to guard it against such sharpeners as he was who accumulated it. Very generally, such heirs become prodigal, and fall into vices which swallow up their fortunes and make their lives short and infamous. Then it is known who the avaricious fool toiled for—a secret which he could never know himself.

It is true that there are many exceptions to this general rule; but it is as true that there are very few *worthy* exceptions. Rare, indeed, are the instances in which heirs who never helped to accumulate, use inherited wealth with prudent liberality. Such instances can only be found where minds are sufficiently pure and powerful to subdue and control the passions. The most of those heirs who inherit fortunes and hold them in their grasp, inherit with them the avarice and sordid spirit of those who accumulated them. These are not a whit better citizens than those prodigals who squander it foolishly, unless morality should be something the loser in the latter case. They are both totally worthless members of community, and the wealth which they inherit were as well thrown into the sea.

There is an apology always at hand for those greedy misers who have children. They can always reply to the query: "For whom do you toil?" "I am toiling for the good of my children;" and, as the Devil can quote scripture as well as the purest saint, they may add, "He who provides not for his own household," &c. But what shall we say of the bachelor of three score years and ten, who never looked on a woman with a desire to make her his wife; who never expects to see a child of his own; who has not a relative or friend that he would throw his purse to, to save them from starvation; and yet who spends every moment of his life in toil and anxious watching, to increase his already cumbrous hoard, and guard it against all chances of loss and all demands of charity. We are required to believe that all men have souls, and we comply with the requisition as well as we can; but it is a serious effort in these cases; so much so that we have need to pray as did the father of the child whose dumb spirit was cast out: "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

Providence has kindly placed us in the best country in the world. In it abound all the good things that the earth produces. Everything which can contribute to human happiness, in this world, is placed within our reach. There is nothing but our own passions and vices, to prevent us from being as happy as human nature will admit of, under any circumstances. Why, then, are so many of us miserable? It is because those hateful passions, Avarice and Envy, possess the hearts of our countrymen, to a degree before unknown on earth. We mean by this, that these passions possess the minds of a greater numerical proportion of our people than they do of any other nation. Men of this character crave everything they see, and hate to see others feed upon the bounties of Heaven. It makes them miserable to see others enjoying good things as well as they. In a country which is fruitful beyond all others, producing with but little labor, vastly more than enough for all, one-half are sorely pinched with poverty, whilst the other half monopolize the fruits of their toil, to stow it away in vast hoards, for no other use than to indulge their avaricious dispositions. When they have ten times as much as they can ever need, they are the more intent upon accumulating as much more. Avarice increases with their accumulations, and they die by the side of their coffers, almost cursing God for not making their bodies immortal, that they might pile hoard on hoard through everlasting ages.

It is the prevalence of these passions which prevents intellectual

cultivation; which places the wealthy fool above the wise man with empty coffers; which sets the rabble to running after the thieving Judas who carries the bag; which procures an audience to listen to the follies of the brainless Dives, whilst the wisdom of the philosopher in plain raiment, passes unheeded like the sighing of the summer breeze; which robs the toiling thousand to pamper the cunning ten; which even lays claim to the bodies and souls of men and women, as chattel property, and compels them to labor under the driver's lash, in abject and life-long slavery; and which promotes every abomination which disgraces and degrades the human character. But for these two most hateful of all human passions, the world would be at peace, and this country of ours would be a terrestrial paradise. Would to Heaven that the learned and talented clergy of our country, would labor as zealously to extirpate these great moral evils, as they do to propagate their respective tenets of religious faith. Then would we willingly be taxed to our utmost bearing, to "pay the preacher."

From the Christian Spiritualist.

#### Letter to the Rev. Mr. Tucker, of the Church of the Holy Cross.

RESPECTED FRIEND:—After having written what I designed should be the fifth and last number of this epistle, I received your friendly letter, which I will append, that the general reader may be enabled to do justice to both parties.

TROY, Dec. 24, 1855.

DEAR SIR:—On my return to this city on Saturday evening last, I read in the *Christian Spiritualist*, your letter addressed to me, bearing date Dec. 10th. In reply to the same, permit me to say that I did not intend in the sermon to which you allude, to identify Spiritualism with Free Love. And I sincerely regret that my language should be so interpreted as to give needless offense to you and many others who sympathize with you in your views respecting Spiritual agency. I am obliged to leave town to-morrow, to watch by the bedside of my dying father. You will appreciate the feelings, I trust, which induce me to choose a private, in preference to a more public, mode of communication with you.

Respectfully yours,

J. J. TUCKER.

S. M. PETERS.

I do appreciate your feelings, my friend, and you have my warmest sympathy. You are honorably exempted from any further reply until your mind is free from all afflictions. In the meantime I will finish my epistle to you, and await your pleasure. I accept your disavowal of intent to identify Spiritualism with Free Love, although I can not discover in your sermon, as reported in the *Troy Daily Times*, that any distinction is made between Spiritualists, Communists, Socialists, Free Lovers, &c. If the sermon is falsely reported, I will make it known to the public as soon as you authorize me to do so. But in order to let the public judge whether your language has been wrongly "interpreted so as to give needless offense" to the Spiritualists of Troy, I will give an entire section of the sermon referred to:

"Although, then, we were sure that the designs and delusions of Communists and Spiritualists, who, as it is said, exist to the number of hundreds of thousands amongst us, would be carefully analyzed and the error and wickedness connected with them be openly exposed and denounced—even though the friends and adherents of the popular movements of the day should be convinced of their error, and should publicly renounce their immoral principles and anti-Christian practices—how would any such exposure or confession repair the injury which has already been done by their agitation, to religion and good morals? How can any subsequent denunciation, as we imagine, soften the shock which has been already given to many weak and skeptical minds? Those who pretend to give revelations from the invisible world, set forth as revelations statements which they know to be irreconcilable with the plainest teachings of Holy Writ. And let it be said to the honor of Christianity, that it is repudiated by those who have established a new religious system and are most devoted to playing with mischievous Spirits and holding commune with the dead. But without becoming converts to this new system which comprehends such principles and practices, how many of those who only know of Spiritualism what they read of it in the public prints, have been disturbed in their religious convictions, and now regard with feelings of suspicion any claim to Spiritual influences or

obligations. Spiritual agencies become fit objects to exercise the longings of a restless curiosity, rather than stand out before the mind as eternal verities to move the feelings and excite to deeds of holiness.—What once were respected at least as solemn subjects of thought, alas! to their minds now may only be associated with imaginary scenes of levity and profanity.

It is not necessary for a man actually to be a Spiritualist to be injured, and perhaps for eternity, by the bold assumptions of those who claim to hold intercourse with the invisible world."

In the spirit of kindness, my Brother, I submit that the language of the above extract is inflammatory, and eminently calculated to excite superstitious sectarian minds against those who are thus represented to them as the enemies of the Christian religion. And yet I am not offended. This is no personal matter between you and me. It is the agitation of principles, and as an apostle of the New Dispensation, I must do my duty. Personally I care nothing about persecution; I have been persecuted all my life on account of my opinions. I am often insulted in the streets by men who call themselves Christians, because I read the Bible for myself, and make the good Protestant boast in my own person. I am a Protestant, sir, to the letter. I protest against the Pope of Rome, and all the petty popes of America. I am a native of this republic, and the ghost of my revolutionary grand-ire shall never upbraid me as a degenerate whelp. I resent no insults from ignorant men; my business is with their instigators. But religious intolerance in any form, is a mill-stone about the neck of humanity. Time-honored faith is a tyrant over timid minds. The church is feared to-day by people who have no faith in its forms, dogmas and doctrines, and who have no respect for it. I could tell a tale that would startle the clergy of Troy. A few hints must suffice for the present on that point. I know members of the popular churches who do what follows: Heart-stricken widows steal away to the presence of mediums, under cover of dark, stormy nights, to be strengthened and encouraged by their Spirit husbands. In other instances, families that belong to the "best society," after fastening the doors, and darkening the windows of their houses, retire to upper apartments, and "talk with the Spirits."

Some of the most refined and intellectual women of Troy are the mediums of these private circles. And they all live in constant fear of the church, lest they be detected in the act of "communion with the saints," and be cast out of the synagogue, and outlawed by the "best society." My little daughter happened in the house of a family of Presbyterians. The opportunity was too good to be lost; so they sat down and received messages from father, sister and brother in the Spirit world. The spirit of Lorenzo Dow came and answered several test questions to one of the persons present who had known him during his earth-life. A few days after two elders of the church called on this family, and instituted inquiries, as the officers of the Spanish Inquisition are wont to do. To avoid exposure, they equivocated, by affirming that their "faith in the church was just as good as ever it was." They have conversed with their spirit friends often through the same medium. These are a few instances; I know of hundreds. Now I will oppose the tyranny that oppresses those timid people; and it is not so difficult to do it as some people imagine.—Priestcraft is a contemptible coward, if you look the coward straight in the face. I know that by thirty year's experience. And, moreover, the clergy in their mad zeal against Spiritualism, are saying and doing some very ridiculous things.

Lately, two gentlemen were conversing in a store, two doors from my residence, on the evidences of Spirit presence. A Methodist minister entered, and immediately began a vehement tirade of low, vulgar abuse. Having exhausted his dictionary and exposed his ignorance and ill manners, he departed. I was not present, if I had been, I should have administered to his spiritual wants. Rev. Dr. Bethune lectured in this city, on "epidemics." Every movement in the world of humanity that Moses had not written about, was a mental hallucination—a moral epidemic to Dr. Bethune. The Doctor ought to know that he was furnishing arguments whereby atheists and infidels include the Mosaic and Christian dispensation in the catalogue of epidemics. They repeat his very words in condemnation of all revelation as mental delusion. The Doctor says, in substance, that it is revolting to common sense to suppose that the spirit of Washington would return to earth and communicate with mortals. I wonder if Dr. Bethune ever read of one Jesus, who returned to earth and rapped Saul of Tarsus from his horse, and then

rebuked him for persecuting his followers? If he has, I would ask him which he considers the greatest man, Jesus Christ or George Washington? Dr. Bethune says again, in substance, that fallen Lucifer would not make such a fool of himself, as to go about tipping tables. On that point I am not very clear. My acquaintance with his devilship is so extremely limited, that I will not presume to dispute a learned clergyman, who for aught I know, is practically posted up in all the domestic affairs of Pandemonium.

The Rev. Mr. H. is a medium; but he was tempted even as Jesus was tempted. The honors of the world rose up before him, and he decided to grieve away the spirit, and preach in accordance with the wishes of his friends and the restraints of his education. Twice did he essay to preach, and each time the spirits closed his mouth in the pulpit. He left his home and went among strangers; and in the act of preaching a funeral sermon, the spirit of an Indian compelled him to scandalize the congregation by whooping and dancing and doing other things inappropriate to the occasion.

One more reference to Troy, and I close this number. Certain dignitaries in certain churches, are discussing the expediency of excommunicating such of their members as believe in the "plainest teachings" of Scripture respecting Spirit life and communion. If this measure is carried out, it will leave some large, vacant spots in the body of the church, and break up some of the best choirs in the city. In view of these things, let us pray for the triumph of truth.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,

Unuttered, unexpressed;

The motion of a hidden fire,

That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,

The falling of a tear;

The upward gleaming of an eye,

When none but God is near."

Your friend,

S. M. PETERS.

#### Harmonial Conference.

Our presiding spirits take care to provide for us. Our friend and brother, T. G. FORSTER, having gone, with a company of spiritualists, on a visit to Cleveland, and his able co-worker, RANDOLPH, having returned to his eastern residence, we expected to be left, on Sabbath last, to our stationary resources, for spiritual entertainment. In this, however, we were agreeably disappointed. We doubt not it was by spirit influence, that Mr. PARDEE, of New York, came here, in the latter part of last week; and Dr. VAN VLECK, of Syracuse, who is now known to the most of our city readers, was detained here. Add to these, Mrs. PECK, who visited us last spring, found her way here again. These, together with Miss SCOTT, found no light battery for the diffusion and infusion of spiritual philosophy and influx.

At the circle meeting, in the morning, we had a brief address, thro' Miss SCOTT, and another through Mrs. PECK. The audience was but small, in the morning; but what there were, seemed to be well pleased with what they received.

In the afternoon we had regular lectures, through Miss SCOTT and Dr. VAN VLECK. The spirit, through Miss SCOTT, was pleasing and instructive, as usual. A part of the lecture was given in poetry, which was much admired by many of the audience. At the request of several friends, she requested the spirit to write it, with her hand, for publication. The request was but partially complied with. The spirit gave, as its reasons, that it could not reproduce the poetry, without reproducing the whole lecture. The following synopsis, written with her hand, in the trance state, was all she could get:

*Wisdom is intuitional; Knowledge artificial; Judgment the criterion by which we may estimate the two.*

Wisdom is God, the source of all great thoughts;

Wisdom is bright: her throne is in the skies,

Where radiant splendors throughout ether rise;

Her majesty, the eternal space,

The essence of God's dwelling place,

Of a creation grand.

Knowledge is but the ancient lore

Of earthly sages, whose damp musty creeds

And dogmas, are but silly deeds

And thoughts that had their birth before,

Repeating still that two and two make four;

Or studying mathematics o'er and o'er,

All, all to find a God.

Wisdom's bright eyes shine through the stars,

Resplendent with the glorious mind

Of Deity, whose thoughts with heaven combin'd,

Create a throne whose seat is man—

Whose crown is wisdom, and whose plan

Is a broad universe. Leading the van

Are Love and Justice bright.

Which shall we choose? Call Judgment in the train;

Repeat the question o'er and o'er again;

Let Wisdom, true, resume her gentle reign,

And Hope and Love stoop near,

Man's answer now to hear,

And drop a joyful tear,

That man is saved.

Knowledge, fall back! thy visage seek to hide!

Thy cold and scientific eyes are dim—

Thy voice ne'er sang the praise of Him,

Whose whole wise soul is love.

Judgment is heard above,

Speaking, perchance, to prove

That Wisdom is our God.

At the close of the lecture through Miss SCOTT, which occupied some fifteen or twenty minutes, Dr. VAN VLECK was entranced and spoken through, by the spirit of WILLIAM NORTH. The lecture which he delivered, was not only philosophical, but good, sound common sense, affording valuable instruction. We have good reason to believe that no one went away displeased with any part of it. By the way, Dr. VAN VLECK is an excellent clairvoyant physician; besides being a psychometrical and phrenological medium, of no inferior order.

In the evening we had a lecture through Mr. PARDEE, which proved the lecturing spirit to be of a high order, possessing a vast store of scientific and philosophical knowledge. Mr. PARDEE, like Mr. RANDOLPH, is one of those media whom spirits of the highest order that hold direct intercourse with mortals, can approach and use without difficulty. In the course of the lecture, the spirit drew aside the veil of the future, and told us of events which he assured us would shortly come to pass in our country, which, though exceedingly painful for a patriotic and philanthropic mind to contemplate, appears but too evident in the signs of the times. A corroboration of what he foretold, will be found in the brief address, received by the writer, from the spirit of ANDREW JACKSON.

When this spirit had concluded, Mrs. PECK, being entranced, arose and addressed the audience briefly; and then the spirit gave notice, that any one who chose to do so, might quote passages of scripture, the true meaning of which they were not certain of, and it would explain them. There were some passages proposed for explanation, which were explained without a moment's hesitation; and that, as it appeared to us, consistently with common sense and reason.

#### FACILITY OF COMPOSITION.

Sir Walter Scott, it is said, composed with great facility, and was so borne or hurried along that his brain resembled a high-pressure engine, the steam of which was perpetually up, every time he entered his study, and lifted a pen. Latterly he dictated, and his amanuensis stated that he paced the apartment under great emotion, and appeared more like a rapt seer than an ordinary mortal, while composing the celebrated dialogue between the Templar and the fair Rebecca.—*Anecdotes of Literary Men.*

## Man—Angels.

The first of these, is the generic term for all the races of rational beings that inhabit this earth. The second is the term by which disembodied Spirits of the upper spheres, are designated. The term *Angel*, being synonymous with *Messenger*, the office of angels is supposed to be that of messengers between God and His human children. The prevalent idea of angels, among all the sects professing the christian faith, is, and ever has been, that they are an order of being next below Deity, natives of heaven, never having inhabited mortal forms, either in this, or any other universe or sphere. And the further idea prevails, and has prevailed, among christian nations, that the number of them, as when first created, still remains the same, and forever will so remain, without diminution or addition.

The Spirits who hold intercourse with us, teach a different philosophy from this. They teach that every angel in heaven, has once been a spirit, incarnated in a physical form; and that every man, woman and child, produced on this earth, will, at some time in the course of revolving centuries, become an archangel. They teach that earth is the birthplace and nursery of immortal spirits, angels and archangels; and that the seraphim of the highest heaven, can trace back through their respective lines of progression, to the time when they were infants, in the arms of a mortal mother, on earth.

In all the teachings that we have received from Spirits, we have never been told of any other angels than those whose native sphere was this earth. Whether other Spirits teach other mortals of other angelic hosts, deriving their nativity from other spheres or worlds, in the boundless empire of space, we do not know; but we do know that all the teachings that we have received, in relation to spirits and angels, have had exclusive relation to natives of this planet. And, considering that this is a mere atom, in the boundless space which is filled with revolving orbs, this omission seems unaccountable. That all the spirits and angels that throng the spheres of the spirit realm, should have originated on this mere molecule of creation, when there are infinite millions of worlds, to which this would compare as a pebble-stone to a mountain, seems to us like a preposterous idea.

When spirits speak of man, as being the highest created intelligence, below the angels, it may be that they intend to include the superior intelligences of all inhabited worlds, under that general name. And it may be that they address themselves to our understandings, as confined to the intelligences emanating from this planet alone. Again, it may be that the spirits of each physical universe, have their respective spirit realm, between which and others there is no common relations or intercourse.

Desiring information on this subject, we would propound the following queries to our spirit friends, who so kindly give us lessons on spiritual philosophy:

Is the genus Man, or *Homo*, of this planet, the highest intelligence of all beings that have their initiatory existence in the infinitude of worlds that float and revolve in boundless space? Are there not millions of millions of other worlds, which are the birth-places and nurseries of intelligent beings, who are co-immortal with us? Do the immortal spirits, which have their primary existence in this, and other universes, have heavens, or spirit worlds, appropriated to their exclusive occupancy? If so, is there any intercourse, or means of communication, between them? When spirits speak to us of man, as being the highest intelligence, below the angels, do they speak relatively to this planet? or do they intend to include, under this general appellation, the incarnate immortals of all worlds?

We know that we have spirits surrounding us when we write. We know, or think we know, that they fully comprehend the queries which we have addressed to them, if they do not, in fact, emanate from them, instead of originating in our own mind. And we hope and believe that they will, at no distant time, give us the information which we ask of them.

## Political.

We give, below, the reply of Gov. REEDER, of Kansas, to the Special Message of President PIERCE, in relation to the affairs of Kansas. And, whilst we hold ourself entirely aloof from all party political strife, we feel impelled to express our opinion, that the President, in this whole matter of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and the organization of a territorial government for Kansas, has done more to bring odium upon our system of popular government, and to weaken the bands of union, by which the confederacy of states is held together, than all the Chief Magistrates who have preceded him. And we feel justified in affirming that if the result of the Kansas conflict shall be revolution and segregation of the Union, upon his head, and the heads of those who have sustained him, for the official pelf and plunder which the Constitution places under the control of bad, as well as good men, will fall the well earned execrations of the people:

## GOV. REEDER IN REPLY TO THE PRESIDENT.

*To the Editor of the New York Tribune*

SIR: The Special Message of the President of the United States, communicated yesterday to Congress, assails not only myself personally, but also my constituents, whom inclination as well as duty imperiously demands of me to justify and protect. Entirely satisfied as I am with the course adopted, up to this time by the people of Kansas—convinced that it has been dictated by a desire to preserve the peace, the reputation and the glory of our country—knowing that it has, at every stage, been characterized by the most conservative moderation and laudable regard for the rights of others—having seen at every step the plainest manifestation of anxious desire to avoid even the semblance of encroachment or aggression, I should be false to every manly impulse and every sense of duty, if I allowed the aspersions of the Message to pass unnoticed.

Unless the Message shall incite and stimulate new invasions of our Territory and fresh outrages upon our citizens, it will produce to us no regret, as it has caused no surprise. After having seen our people trampled on, oppressed and robbed, on the one hand by the invaders of their soil, and on the other by the influence, the authority, and the officers of the present administration; after having witnessed the cold-blooded murder of an unarmed and unoffending citizen, by an officer of the Administration, who is not only unmolested by the laws and unrebuked by the President who appointed him, but who has perhaps, strengthened his official tenancy and enhanced his chances of promotion by the act; it is not at all surprising that we should, by the head of that Administration, be misrepresented and perverted.

After having seen the Chief Magistrate, during five organized invasions of our Territory, unmoved by a single sympathy in favor of an unoffending people, innocent of all wrong, and laboring only to carry out faithfully for themselves the doctrine of self-government, and to build up and extend the greatness of our country—after having seen our invaders coming upon us armed (without reproof if not without official permission,) from the contents of the Arsenals of the United States, establishing a system of martial law over life and property, regulated only by the uncontrolled will of vindictive and irresponsible men—a system under which life was taken and property destroyed; the highways obstructed; travelers seized, searched and detained; all the pursuits of life paralyzed, and the destruction and extermination of whole settlements threatened and evidently intended—backed up by the sanction and authority of the Federal officers, who pledged publicly the co-operation of the President, and all based upon the fact that a man encouraged, perhaps aided by his friends, had made his escape from an arrest on a constable's peace warrant. After having thus seen our neutral and legal protectors joining in the most atrocious measure of oppression and wrong, it is no matter of surprise to see misrepresentation of our position and our objects emanating from the same source.

This is not the mode nor the time in which to discuss the themes of this Message. Expecting, as I have a right to expect from the clearness of the exclusive title I am prepared to show, that I shall enjoy a seat and a voice on the floor of the House, I am willing patiently "to bide my time." At the proper time and place, however, I pledge myself to meet and expose the misstatements of facts, and the errors of law and logic which it contains. I will show that there is nothing but cold cruelty and insult, in the request of an appropriation to pay an army or a posse to

prevent the people of Kansas from the commission of outrage and treason. I will show that the movement for a State Government is misstated as to the facts of its origin and progress, and that all we have done in this direction has been under the sanction of the precepts and examples of all the great men of the country for the last fifty years—of the legislation of Congress and the action of the Executive in repeated and well considered cases, and of a deliberate opinion of a high and distinguished Attorney General of the United States, and which, as it is a part of the archives of the Executive Department, it is to be regretted the President did not consult before the delivery of the Message.

If it is illegality and incipient treason for a new State to be formed without an enabling Act of Congress, I will show that fourteen Senators of the United States hold their seats, and seven States stand in this Union by virtue of illegal and treasonable proceedings—that Congress has sanctioned revolution, illegality, and treason, again and again; and that the rank and noxious weed has even flourished in the White House and the Executive Department; and, having vindicated my people, I will also, with the utmost confidence of success, proceed to the minor and secondary task of vindicating myself in such a manner, I trust, as to show the attack to have been ill-advised and unfortunate.

As to the discussion in the Message of the points involved in the contested seat, I shall meet them when the case is heard; and as the House is the sole constitutional judge of the qualifications of its own Members, I trust that the minds of Members may be kept open and unprejudiced until they shall hear the law and the facts of the case, and that whether the discussion by the Executive of some of the points involved has been made because they were incidental to another subject, or aimed and intended to prejudge my claim, I hope in either case that both sides may be heard before a decision.

This hasty note has swelled to an unpremeditated length. Its object is only to solicit from the House and the public a suspension of judgment as to the position and action of our people—as to my right to a seat, and as to the charges against me in the Message, until I can be heard.

Very respectfully, yours,

A. H. REEDER.

Washington City, Jan. 25, 1856.

### For the Age of Progress.

FRIEND ALBEO:—A friend in Buffalo writes, that Professor GRIMES has been lecturing there, against Spiritualism, with considerable effect upon the minds of that class, that may be denominated, timid investigators. Now I wish to say a few words in reference to the man, and his braggadocio system of lecturing. I have known him personally, for several years, and, like every thing else in nature, I consider him an instrument in the economy of the universe, to work out the law of progression.

When friend GRIMES first began to lecture on phrenology, he met with the most violent opposition, from that conservative, self-righteous class, that acts upon society as the brake acts upon the wheel of the Railroad car. This opposition excited his combativeness, and left him no choice, but to abandon the advocacy of a science that he knew was true, or else put on a breast-plate of unmitigated impudence, and fight it through. He chose the latter, and he has been, and still is, a successful expounder of physical and mental science. The science of psychology exposed him to many difficulties. Any wag, or dry joker could pretend to be a subject, and impose upon him. To obviate, in part, this difficulty, and avoid the strenuous opposition everywhere encountered, the Professor seems to have taken an indirect course, to the accomplishment of his object. Instead of explaining the sovereign principles of psychology, as a science, he uses it as an exploder of Spiritualism. In this way he advances psychology where he could not in any other, and prepares the mind for the reception of Spiritualism, which is to follow. You know it is better to coax swine with a pail of swill than it is to drive them with a club.

A practical psychologist has but one step to take, to reach Spiritualism; and Professor GRIMES took that step some time ago. Some three years since, he lectured in Troy, against Spiritualism. I listened to him with attention; for I was an investigator of the Spiritual phenomena;

and having great confidence in his abilities, as a teacher of mental science, I was desirous of knowing how much of the current phenomena he could explain on mundane principles. To my surprise, he explained none of them, but denied them all; and I was at a loss which to put down as the more amusing, the impudence of the lecturer, or the ignorance of his hearers. At the close of his lecture, I advanced to the stand, and accepted his offer of five hundred dollars, to any one who would procure the raps to be made on his table, by agencies that he could not detect as wholly mundane and physical. He refused to accept a female medium; and when I offered him a choice of male mediums from four years of age to sixty, he backed down beyond a peradventure.

A close observer will notice, that, by the peculiar wording of the offer in his advertisement, he runs no risk of losing the money. If the raps were made, he would call for proof, that they were the work of Spirits, and knowing, as he does, the laws of harmony, he can do much to prevent them, assisted as he would be, by the active minds of a skeptical audience. They have been made, however, despite all he and the audience could do to prevent it, and can be again, and he knows it. In my opinion, the best way is to let Professor GRIMES perform his mission, in his own way. When the proper time arrives, he will fall on Dr. Dobbs, and turn a Spiritual somerser.

Friend GRIMES is right in humbugging people, who will pay him for deceiving them on a subject that they might investigate without crossing their own thresholds. Every family that lives in harmony at home, constitutes a compound battery, through which Spirits can communicate. In the family circle, there is not much danger of imposition. I was converted at home; and if all the public mediums in the country should be detected as impostors, I can fall back on home, with perfect safety. In conclusion, I wish Professor GRIMES a long and prosperous life. May he live long enough to convince the world that one practical experiment is worth a thousand well woven theories. So long as people will take a man's word, for what they might know themselves; so long they may expect the propagation of error.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10th, 1856.

S. M. PETERS.

TOM HOOD'S ADVICE TO SUCH WRITERS AS WOULD SEE THEMSELVES IN PRINT.—It is more difficult than may be supposed to decide on the value of a work in MS., and especially when the handwriting presents only a swell mob of bad characters that must be severally examined and re-examined to arrive at the merits and demerits of the case. Print settles it, as Coleridge used to say; and to be candid, I have more than once reversed or greatly modified a previous verdict, on seeing a rough proof from the press. But, as editors too well know, it is next to impossible to retain the tone of a stanza, or the drift of an argument, whilst the mind has to scramble through a pack of scribble scabble, as stiff as a gorse cover. The beauties of the piece will as naturally appear to disadvantage through such a medium as the features of a pretty woman through a bad pane of glass; and, without doubt, many a tolerable article has been consigned hand over head to the Balaam Box for want of a fair copy. Wherefore, O ye Poets and Prose-writers, who aspire to write Miscellanies, and, above all, O ye palpitating Untired, take care, pray ye take care, to cultivate a good, plain, bold, round text. Set up Tomkins as well as Pope and Dryden for a model, and have an eye to your pothooks. Some persons hold that the best writers are those who write the best hands, and I have known the conductor of a magazine to be converted by a crabbed MS. to the same opinion. Of all things, therefore, be legible, and to that end, practice in penmanship. If you have never learned, take six lessons of Mr. Carstairs. Be sure to buy the best paper, the best ink, the best pens, and then sit down and do the best you can; as the school-boys do—put out your tongue, and take pains. So shall ye happily escape the rash rejection of a jaded editor; so, having got in your hand, it is possible that your head may follow; and tho' last, not least, ye may fortunately avert those awful mistakes of the printer, which sometimes ruin a poet's sublimest effusion, by pantomimically transforming his roses into noses, his angels into angles, and all his happiness into pappiness. [Hood's Own.]

## A Genuine Poem.

Who shall judge a man from nature?  
 Who shall know him by his dress?  
 Paupers may be fit for princes,  
 Princes fit for something less.  
 Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket  
 May beclothe the golden ore  
 Of the deepest thought and feeling—  
 Satin vest could do no more.  
 There are springs of purest crystal,  
 Ever welling out of stone;  
 There are purple buds and golden  
 Hidden, crushed and overgrown.  
 God, who counts by souls, not dresses,  
 Loves and prospers you and me,  
 While he values thrones the highest  
 But as pebbles on the sea.

Man upraised above his fellows  
 Oft forgets his fellows then;  
 Masters—rulers—lords remember  
 That your meanest hands are men—  
 Men of labor, men of feeling,  
 Men of thought and men of fame,  
 Claiming equal rights to sunshine  
 In a man's ennobling name.  
 There are foam-embroidered oceans,  
 There are little weed-clad rills,  
 There are feeble inch-high saplings,  
 There are cedars on the hills;  
 God, who counts by souls, not stations,  
 Loves and prospers you and me,  
 For to him all vain distinctions  
 Are as pebbles on the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders  
 Of a nation's wealth and fame;  
 Titled laziness is pensioned,  
 Fed and fattened on the same,  
 By the sweat of other foreheads,  
 Living only to rejoice,  
 While the poor man's outraged freedom  
 Vainly lifted up its voice.  
 Truth and justice are eternal,  
 Born with loveliness and light;  
 Secret wrongs shall never prosper  
 While there is a sun by night.  
 God, whose world-heard voice is singing  
 Boundless love to you and me,  
 Sinks oppression, with its titles,  
 As the pebbles on the sea.

## A Test through Mr. Conklin.

Mr. A. L. GILMAN, of Lewiston, sitting at the table of Mr. J. B. Conklin, the test medium, received the subjoined communication, written with Mr. C's hand; he—Mr. C.—knowing nothing of Mr. G's family connections:

"Dear Brother:—I have your little boy here, and take delight in teaching him. I am happy, and can control you when you are passive."

ALSINA."

The facts, which Mr. Conklin was entirely ignorant of, were these: Mr. GILMAN lost a little son, some three months ago. He also has a sister in the spirit world, whose name was ALSINA; a name which Mr. C. would not have guessed in a whole life-time.

## IRRESOLUTION.

In matters of great concern, and which must be done, there is no surer argument of a weak mind than irresolution; to be undermined where the course is so plain, and the necessity so urgent; to be always intending to lead a new life but never find time to set about it; this is as if a man should put off eating, and drinking, and sleeping, from one day and night to another, till he is starved and destroyed.

## Evening Solace.

BY "CURRER BELL."

The human heart has hidden treasures,  
 In secret kept, in silence sealed;  
 The thoughts, the hopes, the dreams, the pleasures,  
 Whose charms were broken, if revealed.  
 And days may pass in gay confusion,  
 And nights in noisy riot fly,  
 While, lost in Fame's or Wealth's illusion,  
 The memory of the past may die.

But there are hours of lonely musing,  
 Such as in evening silence come,  
 When soft as birds their pinions closing,  
 The heart's best feelings gather home.  
 Then in our souls there seems to languish  
 A tender grief that is not woe,  
 And thoughts that once wrung groans of anguish,  
 Now cause but some mild tears to flow.

And feelings, once as strong as passions,  
 Float softly back—a faded dream;  
 Our own sharp griefs and wild sensations,  
 The taste of others' sufferings seem;  
 Oh! when the heart is freshly bleeding,  
 How longs it for that time to be,  
 When, through the mist of years receding,  
 Its woes but live in reverie;

And it can dwell on moonlight glimmer,  
 On evening shades and loneliness,  
 And, while the sky grows dim and dimmer,  
 Feel no untold and strange distress—  
 Only a deeper impulse given  
 By lonely hour and darkened room,  
 To solemn thoughts that soar to heaven,  
 Seeking the life and world to come.

## SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

J. B. CONKLIN, Medium, of New York City, is now in Buffalo, and has taken rooms over Stephenson's Jewelry Store, 3d floor, No. 240 Main street, where he will hold circles every day during his stay. Hours, from 10 to 12 A. M., from 3 to 5 P. M., and from 7 1-2 to 9 1-2 in the evening. Admittance fee, 50 cents. 16:tf

## RURAL PUBLICATIONS.

THE Country Gentleman—a Weekly Journal for the Farm, the Garden and the Fireside, forming yearly two large and beautiful volumes of 416 pages each. Price \$2 a year. This is, beyond question, the best agricultural journal published in this country.

The Cultivator—a Monthly Journal for the Farmer and the Horticulturist, beautifully illustrated and forming an annual volume of nearly 400 pages. Price only 50 cents a year.

The Genesee Farmer—a Monthly Journal of Agriculture and Horticulture. Price 50cts. a year.

The Horticulturist and Journal of Rural Art and Rural Taste. Published monthly. Price \$2 a year.

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## SPIRITUALISM

## SCIENTIFICALLY DEMONSTRATED.

By Prof. ROBERT HARE, of Philadelphia. This is a book of 500 pages octavo, with engravings illustrating the machinery and modes employed to prevent the possibility of deception and to expose what the author then presumed was a falacy, but his experiments resulted in the absolute demonstration of the existence of spirits and their communion with mortals.

Dr. HARE is associated with the Smithsonian Institute, a Professor of Chemistry, and stands, with Professor Silliman, at the head of the scientific classes. He is known wherever science is known in this country and in Europe. A scientific demonstration of immortality and communion between the two worlds, from such a source, must secure for this book a wide and general circulation. Price \$1. 75.

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## SPIRIT MINSTREL.

A new supply just received at the Literary Depot, Post Office.

T. S. HAWKS.

Nov. 9, 1855.

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