

AGE OF PROGRESS

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

VOL. 2, No. I.

BUFFALO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1855.

WHOLE No. 53.

To our Patrons, present and prospective.

Dear friends.—We come to you, as we promised we would come at the commencement of our second annual campaign, with our sheet enlarged, fashioned for an octavo volume, and printed on good paper. We come to you with grateful acknowledgments to all who have hitherto patronized us, and with renewed promise to do the best that our abilities are competent to, for the propagation of philosophical truth and the spread of the spiritual gospel. We come to you to encourage you to exert your best energies in this glorious cause of intellectual, moral and spiritual reform, by which the human family are, ultimately, to be redeemed from ignorance, vice and misery, and enabled to enjoy a foretaste of the celestial beatitudes, whilst yet their spirits remain in this aurelian state. We come to you bearing the glad tidings that man, ever hereafter, is to have abundant evidence that he is to exist eternally, without reference to those revelations which were received in remote past ages, and around which a cloud of doubt had gathered from the long silence of angelic voices, the rust and dust of ages, and the gross adulterations which pure grains of truth have received, at the hands of calculating avarice and hypocritical sanctimoniousness. We come to you with heart-felt congratulations, that the time has come when all may receive instructions in spiritual philosophy, without being compelled to subscribe to stultifying creeds, or rely upon the knowledge and truthfulness of venal theologians, whose harvests of pelf are most sure and abundant where ignorance reigns and vice is rampant.

Friends, we come to you with our sheet glowing with light from heaven! Is it not so? Look at those messages of truth and love which we bear to you from those spirits who have preceded you but a few days, in the passage across that narrow isthmus which separates time and eternity. They have thrown off the mortal form and the dark which obscured their interior vision, and stepped into that world of light and life, where darkness would blush to enter, where death dies at the threshold. They now see us as we are; appreciate all our purposes and actions; sympathize with us in all our troubles and vexations; rejoice with us in all our rational rejoicings; see and regret all the spiritual errors and moral delinquencies into which we are led by false teachings and vicious propensities; watch over us continually, striving to impress us with truthful sentiments, and to guard us against temptations to do evil; hover around us and guard us during our slumbers, and love us tenfold more intensely than they did or could whilst they were with us, incased in mortal forms.

Such are the friends whose messages we bear to you in this sheet, and who will continue to send you evidences of their friendly care and fraternal love, as long as they shall continue to esteem this vehicle worthy to be their messenger. And, friends, we beg to impress upon you a few ideas which may not strike your minds without prompting. They are these:

Spirits out of the flesh, have feeling as well as those in the flesh; and inasmuch as they love more intensely, as we have before remarked, than spirits in the flesh can, we see no reason why they should not be even more sensitive out of the flesh than in. That they are sensitive and feel acutely when they are sneered at and spoken contemptuously or disrespectfully of, we know by our own experience, in our intercourse with them. We have, sometimes, felt irritated when we have found dark passages in their lectures or communications, and, unthinkingly, given vent to our feelings by petulant expressions. And, on some of

those occasions, we have been made to feel as sensibly as they did, by the weight of their emphatic, but ever friendly, reprimands. Indeed, we were made to feel shamed of reflecting upon them, knowing, as we did, that whatever defect there was in the mere fabrication of their lectures, was owing entirely to the conditions which surrounded them. The complicated machinery—so to call it—by which they have to communicate their ideas, requires proper conditions to make it practicable for them to transmit their own language and their own sentiments to us unmarred. If the atmosphere be impure or too warm; if the temperature of the room be too high; if there be undeveloped and skeptical minds in the circle; if the medium be afflicted with trouble of mind or physical indisposition; or if there be any antagonism of feeling between the medium and any number of the circle, or between any two numbers; any of these circumstances derange the conditions, so that the communications received will be untruthful representatives of the communicating spirit's ideas, in so far as the conditions are unfavorable. And these considerations are independent of the phrenological development of the medium, which must be superior to that which the communicating spirit possessed in the form, to enable it to speak as eloquently and reason as profoundly as it could in its earth life. This fact will be plain to the perception of any one who will consider that, at best, there are great difficulties to be overcome by the spirit, in passing its ideas through mundane media, which it had not to encounter in the flesh. Knowing these things as we do, it is cruel in us to reflect on communicating spirits, when we find their communications obnoxious to literary criticism.

As it is not to be expected that those who are uninitiated in the philosophy of spirit intercourse, can appreciate the pain they inflict upon their spirit friends who are constantly endeavoring to apprise them of their existence, their presence and their watchfulness over them, when they doubt, carp, denounce and sneer, it is our province to impress them, as well as we may, with a just sense of the propriety of treating them kindly and sympathetically, and of encouraging them to communicate, rather than to flout and scout them, as they do in many instances.

We have a case in point; and as we shall call no names, we shall wound no one's feelings, unless conscience, stimulated by the injured spirit, should touch the unfeeling mind. The spirit of a young lady who left the form before it had reached the estate of womanhood, applied to a medium whom she found she could approach and make herself understood, to send a message of love and consolation to her surviving and mourning friends. She expressed a desire that they should be made acquainted with the facts that she was still living, still loving, still fondly clinging to them and endeavoring to make her presence known to them; that she was happy in that heavenly home where she hoped soon to meet them again; and that she had no desire to return to the earth-life, from which she seemed to have been prematurely taken. The medium, after hesitating for some time, came to the conclusion that the anxious spirit of the loving daughter, should be gratified, and acted in accordance with that conclusion, by briefly stating the substance of the interview, in a note, and sending it to the father. An answer was soon returned by the father, with a request that, if the medium received any more such communications, in relation to *him* or *his*, they should not be sent to him. Happy is it for him, if there be a chord of sympathetic feeling in his soul, that he cannot be made aware of the painful writhing of that ardently loving spirit, under the heavy blow inflicted upon it by

his cold, heartless repulse. It is, probably, well for him that the medium will not attempt to reach his heart with the truth of this case; for, when he comes to his senses on the subject, he will find load enough on his conscience, without any additional acts of cruelty. It is useless for such a father to attempt to excuse himself, to himself, by arguing that he does not believe in spiritual intercourse with mortals. That wounded spirit will take care that a "still small voice" shall be heard, speaking from his interior, saying: "Beware how you trifle with this sacred truth! Conviction, now, lies heavy at your heart, and you cannot escape it."

In conclusion, we beg our friends, not only to read those loving messages which we bring them from the spirit world, with just allowance for any unimportant imperfections of language, caused by the circumstances above explained, but also to be magnanimous towards the frail mortal who has charge of this Celestial Messenger, and look with charity upon his short comings and aberrations from the right line of rectitude, into which the best, at times, are liable to fall.

Lecture No. 17—By Stephen R. Smith.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

The avenues of spontaneous communion with nature and with the hidden world of imponderable elements, are not yet closed, for genius and talent yet light up the mysterious caverns of the soul, and unfold the wisest thoughts in the inmost sanctuary of being. All things are still moving on and progressing to the higher spheres of refinement. Man, like the needle of the magnet, trembles and waves when the inherent properties of his eternal spirit respond unconsciously to himself, to the will and power of the great controlling magnet of the universes of creation. The rolling ocean in its maddening fury, as it dashes and foams against its rocky shores, sends forth its purest elements, and nothing is lost in its mighty conflict. The soul, in its foreshadowings and realizations of joy and sorrow, sends forth its thousands of inspirations, and nothing is lost. The human soul is a lens through which the immortality, eternity and holy melodies of the invisible world, are reflected, and change hides not from its perception and interpenetration the individualized forms and objects of eternal duration, which are inherent with motion and spirit.

The great transformation of the faculties of the human mind, from the mystic recesses of unrealized facts, to the glorious world of immutable truth, makes its inherent attributes invisible to the outward sense; but it is so united in that oneness with the feelings and emotions of other hearts, that it soars above the outward field of *contemplated* realities, and becomes submissive to the control of spirit and eternity. The inward spring which bursts from beneath the machinations of designing minds and murmurs on in its ceaseless song to the illimitable seas of immensity, loses nought from its eternal and vital developement. With a universe enrobed with beauty, engirded in order and unpenetrated with the immutable springs of action, man, whether surrounded by joy or sorrow, should base his ideas upon the demonstrative science of nature, and he will rise above the machinations of mistaken companions. Deep and active is the fountain, and extended and eternal is the world, from which cometh pure wisdom. The surface of creation shines with the gems of divine wisdom and power.

Let your minds stretch from world to world; and when your concentrated thoughts seem to have arrived at a definite center of all things, how soon other avenues of your being are unlocked, and once more there gushes forth a new stream of inspired emotions, and you are led off on another supreme field of knowledge and wisdom; and thus you have no rest, for through change and action your faculties are refreshed and vivified. But if the divine and energizing impressions of nature illumine not the soul with a grand undying joy and wisdom, then all the generous emotions of benevolence and affection are corroded by the darkness of error and by misguided intellects. The voice of inherent nature no longer rejoices in its anthems of high heaven. The warm impulse of kindness is concealed in the silent chambers of the soul, and the fount of hope is closed, and the mind enters into the regions of despair. Shall

science and truth disown their men of honor and goodness, because ignorance has its votaries? And shall charity work cruelty, because cruelty claims not the divinity of sympathy? No, we shall still point on, on, to the colossal spire of hope that spans the worlds of eternity, encircles the dark clouds of the change, and reveals the depths of the grave, that calms his every sorrow, and brings his soul in nearer conjunction to the infinite works of the eternal Parent.

The suspicious man may re-echo infidelity and insanity; but the intelligence from the spiritual world will spread despite the obstacles of physical law, or the threats of men. The spirits of men glide from the unclosed door of the physical temple, and, free from material barriers, they yield to the angelic passiveness and loftier attractions of the immutable universe. Man is drawn towards the spirit land, as the magnet attracts the needle—by a principle of spiritual gravitation which actuates his being; and he finds his true position to be in the tranquil realms of a greater and higher world. His indestructible organization of perfected elements, which thus harmoniously unite, render him an immortal being; and his spirit passes away into the magnificent spheres which lie embosomed in the depths of immensity. Of what infinite importance is the truth that the immortal and eternal man can approach the weary pilgrim of earth and drop a thought into his heart which will refresh his fainting soul. The universal principles of liberty and the soul-refining elements of harmony, which move in order and sublimity through the spheres of individual cultivation, are the perpetual demonstrations of the unfolding of mightier facts yet to come. The mighty energies and wondrous attributes of deity, are beginning to be unfolded and revealed in man; and no more shall the hoarse mutterings of the rolling thunder cause him to tremble; nor shall he sacrifice himself to the burning tide of the long slumbering volcano; but he shall receive the principles of eternity which are spread throughout the boundless territories of nature. The voice of truth proclaims its sweetness by the giving forth of its native fragrance. And many pilgrims who have crossed the ocean of error, and who stand upon the shores of wisdom, striving to explore into the depths of the eternal future, to you would I say: Be guided by the divinity which speaks within the chambers of your own being, and from which roll the ceaseless waters of mercy into the living founts of physical existence; and from the shoreless seas of eternity will flow the deep truths of the eternities and wisdoms of God, into your souls affections and understandings.

Yours truly,

STEPHEN R. SMITH.

Lecture by the Spirit of Francis A. Egerton.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

By the philosophic analysis of the cause and origin of the seemingly inherent vices and depravities of man's nature, we find them to have emanated, primarily, from theoretical religious institutions, and from the social systems of each and every age. But by the natural evolutions of progressive mankind, the most diabolical manifestations of human personages and characters, will be blotted from the unfeeling page of history, and the unfolding light, beauty and happiness of heaven, will stand, like living characters, upon the bosom of animate nature.

There are, in the universe, certain latent principles that, when filled with intellectual, sentient vitality, and which, when fully comprehended as the pulsations of Deity, will commence their processes of inward reformation at the individualized centre of the soul, by which the man will stand obedient to the established laws of his moral and outward nature. The divine life currents of the universe, glide along in the onward glow of progressive perfection; and the ransomed spirit stretches forth its immortal powers to grasp the soul-cheering truths of an infinite life, which are disclosed in the innumerable forms and manifestations of God's creation. Mind, or intelligence in any form, possesses a dual element or principle—the positive and negative forces. The positive force is subject to the reception of thoughts and ideas, coming in separate and definite forms, from interior sources. The negative force receives impressions and ideas from the forms and objects of the objec-

tive world, through the telescope of the exterior senses. The interior dual principle is susceptible to the higher influences of universal nature, and the outer dual element is a lens through which the impressions and magnitude of spirit power, are reflected and indelibly stamped upon the outer surface of being.

The positive world of being repulses the more sensualelements of life, while the negative world of being attracts to its center of individualization the grosser constituents which form the compounds of being and existence. These principles possess chemical actions, geometrical compounds, mineral elements and vital economies, which are diffused through the atmospheric world, through the universe of caloric and light, and which permeate the intelligence of nature and spirit. There are functions established in the outer dual form of man which attract and repulse these various motions, elements, compounds and actions of natural substances, according to the refinement and unrefinement of each.

There is a separate chemical, motional centre in the outer duality of man's being, which attracts from the universe of chemical force the necessary sustaining elements which assist in the circulation of the fluids of the body, and individualize one compound of being from another. These elements assist in bringing each function to its proper focus, and concentrate each element of vital life through the outer duality in harmony and arrangement with the laws of physiological nature.

There is a center of animal calorification in the exterior form, or duality, which intensifies and ramifies the avenues of being, and assists in regulating the arterial forces of the anatomical formations of human life. There are fibrous membranes throughout the entire dualities of being, which are escape-valves of the elements, forces and unnaturally increased motions, which sometimes fill and actuate physical beings. And through the unseen and silent kingdoms of outer life, these facts are demonstrated in the verbal and speechless utterances of both functional and natural constructions. The vibratory action of each duality, is dependent upon the forces of nature, visibly and invisibly, which flow in magnetical currents from the universes of vital life and compounds, into the thousand tissues and fibres of their constitution. The ramifications of outer being are filled with the elements of its existence, which spontaneously come from the depths of the invisible center of the natural universe.

The world of natural and intelligent being, which in their gravitating movements, revolve around an individualized center, and then in concentric circling motions, perform methodical revolutions around a stupendous whole, or great center, have their dualities of being. They receive positively and negatively, elements and constituents from the compounds of planetary existence. Then the negative force has its better adaptation to the objective world, and the positive force to the spiritual universe. And why? Because nature is negative to God. God is the positive, or soul of being, and nature is the negative, or body of being. Hence, the heart of the universe, or the inner duality of man, is spirit, or God, and the external duality is man, or matter. Then the voluntary uprising of the soul, is originated from its resuscitation, and the involuntary action of the mind, comes of the involuntary intuitions received from the positive duality of nature, or from the world of spirit, or inherent notion. And the voluntary actions of man's natural being, are originated from matter, controlled and arranged in order and completeness of being, by spirit. These dual principles are reversed in their polarity, and thus enable the two forces to unite harmoniously, and perform each individual duty in perfect order with the fullness and richness of the natural and spiritual life.

The positive duality, or interior being, is created upon supreme anatomical principles. It has its thousand individual centers of spiritual being, which are adapted to the reception or rejection of truth, and to the attraction or repulsion of the constituents and essences of spiritual compounds, or life. The mind possesses its avenues of spiritual being, and has its countless veins or arteries which extend through its entire form, giving to each capacity, in inward being, the vitality and intelligence which they are qualified to receive and accept, in accordance with divine harmony.

The brain is a metallic battery through which the sensational and intelligent elements of being pass, to enter the deeper unfoldments of existence. The negative duality is only a vitalized covering for the positive one. The soul germinates from the positive duality to nature, which signifies God, and passes through each spiral of the celestial spheres of development, receiving in its descent a spiritual identification, which ultimately, through the processes of nature, enters a physical duality, or nature. The magnetic poles of the spirit's affinities, are located in the depths of inward being; and they have their connection with the positive duality, or soul, of the great stupendous whole, or universes of immense creation. There are, in the individualized soul, little agents which eliminate from the mind all gross sensual fosterings, and supply these external deficiencies with true ideas and thoughts, adapted to its understanding, received from the corresponding world of spirituality. The body and mind have limits of receptive endurance: but when mental debility has crippled the springs of life, these agents become latent, and the universe of spiritual life ceases to revolve so harmoniously around the center of spirit individuality. Yet, when the harmonic unity of the physical and spiritual dual form of being rolls away into the limitless realms of peace and joy, it gives the thrill of heaven to the mind, and incites the spirit to achieve the expectant victory of wisdom and truth. The idiosyncrasy of instinctive individuality, does not prove that the highest thoughts are within the soul's immediate grasp. But the germ of being, by change, unfolds to an archangel existence, where immortalized souls beam in the glory and radiance of their spherulic emanations. The virtues of heaven are placed upon the shrine of the inner dual form, where the immortal self is the living minister, whose voice ascends in aspiring praise, to the immutable God, where justice and harmony blend together, like the rainbow which spans the eternal sky.

The solitudes of unbroken and untrodden place, stretch far away into the universe of individual promise, and the sculptured work of genius finds its prize in the department of the mighty mind, which mellow forth the principles of spirituality, as the waves of light roll over nature's vast complicated universe. Development of the faculties does not signify equality of eternal endowment; but it does signify an elevation to equal altitudes, by force of the positive sympathies and affections.

Science, too, is a deific principle, and begins to shed its rays of light over the relations and inmost being of man. It converges its reflected rays of light, and brings them to a focus in the reasoning faculties of man; and every true thought becomes a living impression, reflected upon the canvas of existence, by the thrilling power and magic hand of the Great Eternal. It discloses the laws which govern the functions and economies of organized existence; and it has torn from the secret place of stupendous nature the causes of its mighty inherent operations. It has unriveted the shackles of mental slavery, and loosed the soul from its dungeon of material suffering, that it may become fully conscious of the intimate relation of the mental to the vital motions, which imbue the spirit and organization of man. The soul has never closed its avenues of scientific aspirations, but has reached forth its pinions to grasp and hold within its grasp, the very facts of its own existence.— But science, associated with God and his works, has been as speechless to the spirit's call as the sculptured idol has been to the heathen mind. But the spiritual powers of the intellect have, at last, found the stupendous library of the eternal world, of the relations of man to it, and of his coming future life.

Mind has spent itself in deep cogitation, in lofty aspirational hopes, and in the solution of nature's problems; and these have moved the soul, by deep inspiration, to grasp its own divinity. Science anatomizes the elements of the dual principles of creative intelligence. The true soul is deeply searching and inwardly exploring the fields of thought. It rests its immortal acquired knowledge upon the universe; and its studio is the open bosom of nature, which, in all its modes of manifestation, stands ready to assist the artists of truth and beauty to paint their thoughts upon creation's canvas, and sculpture each impression upon the expanded brow of universal existence.

So ye, who seek the contentments of life, though the whirlwinds that sweep over the expanse of tenderness and sorrow, prostrate and rend the outward form, bear thou up under all heavy conflicts, and inaction shall be resolved into eternal motion, and you shall chant the triumphal song over the tomb of undeveloped existence. The archangels are wreathing every tender vine of your being with the myrtle boughs of eternity, that when the cares and disappointments of life have exhausted the life elements of negative being, you may, on the morn of your immortality, pour forth your soul's inmost melody in the outgoings of the spontaneous feelings and emotions of your holier and tender nature.

Ever thine,

FRANK A. EGERTON.

Lecture No. 19—By Edgar C. Dayton.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

And what shall be my offering to the glad messenger of universal truth? Has my soul no word of cheer and encouragement for the highly moral and intellectual spirits who labor to spread the glad tidings of immortality, and who proclaim to a general humanity that man lives again? As the fount of my being continues to flow in perpetual understanding, I will offer a brief message to those who ask for the immeasurable inspirations and aspirations of the angels. Mind has become weary and bewildered in wandering in the dark labyrinths of the uncertain past; and mystery has long enough veiled its perceptions until they have lost themselves in the uncultivated wilds of infidelity; and man must now wearily retrace his footsteps to the present, to seek the true solution of marvels and phenomena to him unexplainable. And how shall he be enabled to fathom the depths of divine creation? By the aid of minds who supremely impress upon the unfolding soul the unutterable perfection and unwavering government of the ultimate destinations of all things in animated existence.

If man thirst physically, let him go to the medicinal springs of physical nature, and receive the health-giving drops which ooze from out the mountain side of infinite knowledge, and his constitution will receive the vital substance which disease has exhausted from his outer being. If he thirst within, and spiritually, let him go to the inexhaustible and stupendous fountain of divine goodness, and the waters of divinity will fall, drop by drop, upon his soul-thirsting nature, till the thousand founts of his being will begin to play and send forth their silvery spray to moisten the hardened hearts which surround and fill up the world without. The corroded needles of the central magnet of his being, will begin to brighten, and the universe within will begin to revolve around the great center, until it will constitute a bright spot in the vast realms of infinitude. The feelings and emotions of his soul will be like reflected rays of light, diverging and converging, according to the degree of knowledge he imbibes from the deep world of the present. Each faculty of his being will be like the orbs of immensity, varying in their magnitude, but sparkling and sending forth a brilliant light, when the moon of physical being revolves into the night of change; and they will light the gloom of the heart, and still move around the divine center, mingling for ever and ever with the higher spheres of etherialized principles.

Nature's stupendous whole still sends forth its thousand powers into each of its departments, and the arteries of being are filled with the vitalizing and celestialized elements, whose mighty volumes descend from the vortex of infinite creation, to give new life to animated existences.

Spiritual gravitation is drawing atoms together, and is bringing science to mingle with intelligence, and religion with philosophy, until mind will not refer to the hoary pages of antiquated history, whose expressions of thought are nearly mildewed o'er by time; but it will probe deeper and deeper into the world of cause and effect, where the reflected impressions of man's soul are drawn irresistibly towards the supreme attraction.

One single individuality is but a reflection of the divine constitution; but as atoms constitute immensity, so does each reflection form a part in the vast volume of intelligence. Man is but a speck upon the ocean of the illimitable world; but as drops form the mighty waters, so does he help to constitute the world of being. The spirit, when the thread of external life is broken, can soar far, far away into the gorgeous realms of orbéd-infinitude—the spirit world, where dwell the world of souls, long gone before. The senses are adapted to the objective world; they are the media through which the inspired soul communicates with nature. Stretch forth your spirit vision and span the field of wisdom before you, where bloom the living flowers of external existence. Gaze not into the chaos of by-gone events, but study deeply for the causes of the effects you physically behold, and light and knowledge will beam from the central point of your own individualized nature, and you will learn that your soul is a world of itself, constituted of various spheres of refinement. God actuates himself in the most outward and apparently insignificant forms of matter; and thus, in his external demonstrations, he becomes nature. He substantializes every thing to the universal realization of all forms and substances.

Spirit dwells in connection with matter. The inherent elements of matter develop the outer form of objects, by inherent laws of motion and formation, and as this seems a fixed reality, spirit must act upon matter anatomically, magnetically and spiritually. Science reduces those methodical, but diversified movements, manifested in animate and visible life, to a system of action, and philosophy unfolds the cause of visible effects, demonstrated in these systems. All things are instituted for some purpose—for some definite end or issue, and their uses vary in magnitude, according to the spirit inherent in the object.

Surrounded by an inconceivable number of forms and constitutions in nature, each occupying a specific and developing position in nature, man conceives of a power, of a cause beyond the grasp of his highest comprehension and practicability; yet many there are who teach the inferior mind concerning God; and how and why do they suppose there is a God? Because the system of religion practised by men of the oriental past, are folded within the leaves of a book? Or is it because nature, in its utterances, proclaims a great Originator? Is it because the inexhaustible and rich materials of nature, roll in boundless waves to and from the central Fount, interchanging and commingling with the positive and negative forces and will of an incomprehensible God? But as the object originates from the germ, let man interrogate for himself, and he may have an adequate idea of the nature and constitution of the invisible world and the central Attraction. And as I have gathered my thoughts from impressions received by spiritual things, so do I give them to you as *present fact*, but which may not be *facts* to me, on the coming day. I hail the approach of the Bird of Paradise on earth, as beneath its folded wings it brings the truths of the spirit land to thirsting nature. As one year has numbered thee with the living things of earth, we hail thee in thy coming now. As the star-gemmed beauty of the present age, whose glittering diamonds of peace and charity send forth their eternal reflections over the concentrated facts of existence, and bring forth, from the invisible world, the drops of celestial wisdom, which fall and descend from above, like dew from the clouds, we hail thy second coming!

EDGAR C. DAYTON.

Supra-mundane Correspondence.

The following letter to the editor, may be considered introductory to the admirable lecture from the subscribing spirit.

MR. ALBRO, Dear Sir: If the production from my progressive soul, is full worthy of the critical examination and severe judgment of the intelligent portion of mankind, you are welcome, yea thrice welcome, to give it a place in your highly enterprising paper. Go on, on, my venerable friend! Every pure wish of thine is heard by immortal friends; and they gladly respond to each instinctive thought of your spirit. You are ripening for eternity; and not many years may roll into the eternal past, before the choirs above shall welcome your soul, in transport, to

its infinite home. All you who join us, move on in thy upward path, gaze deeply into the ocean of human nature, for there, embedded, you will find intelligences which will assist you to happily and calmly reach the morn of eternal day. Hope and joy be with you, *ad finem* of your physical life; and may unutterable peace of spirit reign within you forever and ever, is the soul realized wish of your immortal friend,

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

Lecture by William E. Channing.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

How vast and stupendous are the workmanships of the Divine Creator. From the atoms which float on the atmosphere of unformed creations, to the highest and holiest infinite existence, the same continued and perpetual chain of eternal progress reaches from the crudest to the loftiest. And man, what is he? An empire of himself within, yet but an atom in the vast worlds and constructions which constitute immensity. God is like a mighty river, and man furnishes its countless tributaries. Their limited boundaries are enlarged and swelled to a large form of creation, from the flowing in of the waters which come from the central ocean of being. Man is but a speck, when viewed upon the eternal bosom of the infinite ocean; but still an empire of complicated being, when viewed in the eternal world. When his bosom swells with the indescribable emotion of his infiniteness and divinity, then it is that the intruding of the power and influence of the eternal God, are forced into the arterial functions of his spiritual nature, and he rises to find himself a God of his own instinctive, intuitive and outward being.

Man, a God of himself! and why, if there be an eternal oneness beyond the change of the external life, to the infinite existence? The divine Originator has implanted into the visible elements of outward being, the senses and faculties of his own immutableness; and he has also given him the power to develop or smother the inherent offsprings of his eternal nature, by reaching out intuitively and naturally, for those inherent qualifications wrapped in the bosom of the deep future. Man is an empire of himself, filled with all the functions and motions of the infinite empire of intelligence. The firmament of these empires are filled with living and moving orbs of his being, which occupy their specific positions in the limited universe of his soul, and they illumine the entire world of intelligence, when the shades of thought and idle speculation darken his inmost self. He is a God of himself, outwardly, because he has the power to unfold his soul by receiving the divine impressions from the First God, and by observing and obeying the laws and principles instituted in nature.

Man, when he stands forth in his brightness, and when he reaches ultimately forward, for something beyond, presents to a deluded world the exact prototype of his Infinite Father. When he probes, intuitively, into the divine constitution of things, and brings up from the depths of the infinite world, facts and realities, he proves that he is a universe of himself, designed and calculated by divine justice and adaptation, to be the individual center through which all intelligence from the eternal empire of being and existence, should flow to cultivate and unfold the divinities of human existence.

The soul may receive from external nature, infinite impressions; and these impressions, by divine force, may create a thought; and upon the wings of that thought, man may strive to rend the veil which blinds his external sight, and go on mounting the spheres of thought, as far as the capacities of unrealized facts may extend; and when he again returns to the plane of human intelligence, can we suppose he has gleaned nothing in his upward soaring? Why did the faculties of his inborn self become so filled with uprising inspiration, if it was not that the world without, in its god-like tendencies, eclipsed the horizon of ideal facts, and let the spirit sink beneath the shade, and quietly and calmly enter within, and, on its divinity, rise to explore the empires of visible and tangible facts?

Mind is a universe, individually acting inherently upon visible matter, and is a center to which are inherently attracted the atoms and essences

which descend from Deity. And, like a dissolvent substance, every feeling is melted and moulded into a spiritual form, by the brightness of the eternal Sun, which lights up the innumerable worlds of infinitude. Mind is a universe through which are disseminated the influxes of interior worlds; and in accordance with the principles inherent in matter, it is destined to be an eternal, progressive, distinct and infinite universe. Could mind, in all its uprisings, extend its vision, tangibly, to the outward senses, it might glean from the divine world, knowledge that would soon burst the ties of human existence, and set man's spirit free. But if all things in immutable creation, were adapted to his limited comprehension—if he would, in his rising of thought, grasp eternity, what would be the use of immortality? Immortality might be humanized, and man be, in the human form, what he is to be in eternity. God, in His all-wise movements, has created man to lose himself in the silent alcoves of the spirit's transition, that he may more infinitely appreciate the divine truths which await him on and in the birth of his soul to immortal glory. And how vast and incomprehensible is even man. He is the concentration of every element of humanized being; and his spirit is a receptive universe of immutable influxes and essences. *Chacun est artisan de la fortune*; and by his action, externally, men judge of the spirit and goodness, or evil, of his inherent nature. But we can not always judge, from the casket, what the diamond within may be; for the rudest and most unseemly organization of nature, may contain the brightest soul. Hence, how careful men should be, in their hourly walks, not to cast aside the homely outward man; for the archangel within, may, in eternity, be away beyond you in the wisdoms and joys of future destiny.

If a soul, in the human form, is *au desespoir*, let the infinite gush of sympathy fall upon the withered hopes of his being, that he may again divinely rise upward and onward, to the highest empire of Deity. Let each universe of the soul roll on its axis, around its eternal center, in concentric circles, until it shall ultimately find itself more closely bound to the infiniteness and glory of the celestial empire.

Manifestations of supreme justice, are forcibly stamped upon the mind of man. Partiality God knows not. His power and goodness are extended to all; but from inherent qualities, the quickness and acuteness of development may not be equally distributed; and why should it be? Then, all would be essentially alike, and harmony would vibrate along the telegraphic lines of human existence, until, at a single thought, divine wisdom would be wafted on its electric current, and the soul of men might become more just and honorable.

At spesnon fracta; and we hope to see each universe of individualized being, developed from their crudest forms, into an infinite empire of unfolding refinement. Even upon the complicated world, they now live and have their forms of being. In all human architecture, executed by supreme powers and judgment, none equal man. And as his soul has been and is passing on through the silent chambers of universal life, let him, from each sphere of his being, imbibe the divine influxes which permeate all being; and in heaven his soul will be as pure as the crystal fount, and as bright as the sunlight of eternity. The stupendous infiniteness and immutableness of the empires and universes which throng immensity, are not adapted to the limited conceptions of the high and holy spirits who swarm the shores of boundless infinitude; but from the vortex of immeasurable intelligence, there comes an unresisting tide which carries them on, on, and still on, until they are wrapped and lost in the realms of immortalized intelligence.

Fideliter,

W. E. CHANNING.

ANGELS WITH WINGS.

The idea of spirits appearing like angels, with wings, etc., seems to be drawn from these relations in the Bible, when messengers were sent from God to man; but those departed spirits are not angels, though probably destined in the course of ages to become so: in the mean time, their moral state continues as when they quitted the body, and their memories and affections are with the earth.

For the Age of Progress.

FRIEND ALBRO:—One of the spirit guardians of a circle to which I belong, with whom, while in the form, I was on terms of intimate friendship, has, during the past few months, occasionally favored me, through the mediumship of Miss Brooks, with cheering words of encouragement and consolation.

Some days previously, I was invited by this spirit friend to attend at the residence of Miss B. on Monday evening, first inst., and receive a lecture, specially designed for publication in the first number of the new volume of your paper. I accordingly attended at the appointed time, and wrote, word by word, the following lecture, as given me by Miss B. who obtained it, letter by letter, as given in the usual mode, by the use of the alphabet, in the short space of about two hours.

I have the promise of farther communications from the same source, and through the same channel, for publication in your paper, if this shall prove acceptable.

Very truly yours,

J. J. FOLTS.

Buffalo, 3d Oct. 1855.

I feel a gratitude in my own soul when I realize the fact, that without a diminution of the charitable and affectional feelings of mankind, this age is one of unbounded intelligence. God so perfectly expands the mind, and breathes the principles of his constitution into each department of the illimitable universe, that any inattention cannot be complained of, from the minutest atom to the highest intelligence of animated existence.

The ocean of truth swells forth, louder than Niagara's ponderous waves over the rocky heights of infidelity, where the weary pilgrim stands yearning for something within, to satisfy the cravings of his interior being. Wisdom, with its stupendous power, rolls over the universe of outer creation, and man glides along upon its infinite bosom, unconscious of his ultimate and eternal destination.

The inspirations of friends who have, in their transition-flight, entered the unseen regions of unutterable perfection, are wafted upon external breezes, and like the zephyrs of night-fall they send forth their benign influence, to cheer the lonely heart in its pulsations of joy or sorrow. The sphere of each individualized soul, is filled with some finer elements of divine creation, and each aspiring thought is an outbirth of principles yet to be celestialized by the highest power of the Great Eternal.

Of what inconceivable magnitude are the silent, yet forcible workings of that Mighty Power which is incarnated into the objects of eternal life and animation! and how full of expressive divinity are the living objects of even your beautiful, yet limited universe! and man beholds them not. There is in the little pebble which hides itself beneath the rippling surface of some silvery stream, a world of thought and volumes of truth, which man might receive into the inner sanctuary of his soul, if he but traced from external effects, the primary cause of the existence of the little speechless stone. He gazes upon the sublime beauties of infinite creation, and eulogizes the wisdom and power displayed in the great architectural workmanship before his gaze; but he refuses to learn what constitutes these mighty objects, and their relations to the intelligence of man. He feels the wind pass over his fevered brow; it refreshes and vivifies his nature; but he knows not why. He looks above and beholds the orbs of night moving on in their mystic course, and he feels, within, emotions of grandeur and sublimity; but he sees not the magnetic current flowing into his being, from those wondrous orbs which roll in ceaseless revolutions around the Great Central Magnet of immensity. There is an incomprehensible attraction drawing the world of intelligence and the universe of ponderable and imponderable elements onward and upward in the bright pathway of everlasting progression; but how feeble is our wisdom of this supreme attraction! The inner and outer worlds glow with thousands of innumerable lights and shades of this undefinable power. The harmony of the realms on high hold their immediate relation to the undeveloped harmonies which are diffused throughout the immeasurable recesses of the physical universe.

The world is anatomically created from the formative principle, and is of itself a constitution, and contains its thousand arteries of life, through which flow the arterial elements of existence; and it responds to the throbbings of the mighty heart from which emanate the powers of development and refinement. There is within each universe a will-force manifested, which seems to move them on in their various motions and actions, to the still higher imponderable elements of greater perfection. The laws of Omnipotence are the infinite attractions of the spiritual and natural spheres of wisdom; and each object of nature viewed by man, makes upon his soul a supreme impression; and these impressions constitute a divine education. Thus nature, in all its conceivable forms, imbues man's nature with living facts and demonstrations of an interior cultivation. And you who seek the onward course of life, and who aspire to the heavenly truths given you by the bright representatives of immortality, receive their divine instructions as they are handed down to you, through the power of the Almighty. As each physical constitution falls beneath the flowing current of change, to return to the elements of finite existence, rejoice! for there is joy in heaven; and angels herald the approach of a new-born spirit into the realms of unutterable beauty and wisdom.

As the outward organization becomes defective from the violations of those higher laws, think not that these deformities are fixed and immutable, in the constitution of the inward self, but receive each defect of outward nature as a demonstration of those all-wise principles which should govern and actuate the man. As the objects of your kindest solicitude fade from your sight, like the beams of hope which dance across your pathway, mourn them not as forever locked within the prison cell of the tomb; for, like the stars of night, they will re-appear in the firmament of eternity, shining in the glory of truth and celestial beauty. As you receive from nature the animated expressions of divinity, remember that God and nature are fixed facts, which no tide of ignorance can move, but which will forever and ever grow more brilliant, as time merges into the eternal past.

As the winds of adversity, like the hot siroccos of the sandy desert sweep over you, look for those silent springs of sympathy and truth, which somewhere lend their satisfying influence to quench the thirst of sorrow.

As the Arab ploughs his course along the mighty desert, gazing for some green spot upon which to repose his wearied form, so must thou, 'midst the simooms of despair, look for the bright spots of joy and repose, found in the unbounded world of spiritual truth. Let your enterprise be like the wind-flight of the eagle—onward and heavenward. Let not the misguided intellect dry up the fountains of your soul, by the teachings of its experience, but proudly go forth and chant the anthem of God, with the angels above, until heaven and earth shall reverberate with the notes of living praise. Respond to the callings of the Great Eternal, by drinking from the mountain-side of Truth, the living waters which flow from within.

May the bright messenger of wisdom, which holds within its grasp the eternities of Light and Truth, be made still more perfect by our aid, and as I have plucked these few fragrant leaves and flowers from the forest of Truth, and the garden of Wisdom, so do I present them to the bright messenger which unlocks the springs of knowledge to the comprehension and penetration of Humanity.

M*** F****.

A CITY ITEM.

Going home, from our office, at about 10, P. M., one evening last week, we saw a specimen of humanity making a serpentine track, ahead of us. We quickened our pace, to see if we could recognize the yawning navigator. We expected to find an outcast of society, with an indented hat crown, out-burst stogies, tattered pants and torn coat. We overtook him; found him clad in the habiliments of a gentleman, and saw him enter *his own gate*. The gentleman who was with us, recognized him as a prominent opposer of the Maine Law. Charity says: Let not his name be told, for it would but add affliction to the afflicted. Oh! ye opposers of the restraining law, have ye no souls! Pity ye not the sufferings of that family!

Lecture No. 3—By Mrs. Hemans.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

Sympathy sounds along the chords of my immortal self and wakens a vibratory response; and I find my immortal being again gazing upon and contemplating the things of earth. And I behold human minds who seek to expand and reach back to the countless eternities of the past, and mark the destiny of human intelligence, from its first introduction into the world of human nature. Diety forever indwells in your midst, and centuries come and go, but the soul never forgets its native action, nor ever ceases to give evidences of that inward working power, which, from eternal principles, impregnated with deific life, drew forth all forms and uses of beauty and creation. The sculptor of change takes its place in the gallery of nature, and chisels out, from the physical form, an archangel, and evolves from the rudest and crudest forms of matter, objects beautiful to look upon.

Love and harmony are the soul of being; and from the womb of the universe, wisdom and progression find their birth; and it is they who arrange the anthemial choirs, who send up, from the indwelling fount of earthly melody, the highest notes of a progressive divinity. The struggling spirit knows nor feels rest; for sorrow, in its most aggravating forms, reveals to the gaze of the world within, a thousand harpstrings which, when gently moved by the breath of divinity, will play harmoniously with the will and justice of nature. Every idle word which oft-times sinks deep and revels wildly in the silent chambers of the human heart, urges, from beneath the outer surface, capacities of the eternal within, and unfolds the buds of contentment into the full blown flower. When genius travels through the recesses of being, and attracts to its centre all the gross thoughts gleaned from the world of outer things, the spirit, in its individualized revolutions round the center Sun of its being, throws off these material thoughts, and the loftiest aspirations enter the arteries of being and urge each feeling along in the vast tide of progression.

Then why does the lonely throbbing heart remain inactive to the responsibilities and duties of an eternal unfoldment, when the tempest of life rages wildly without? Are there no life strings of eternity reaching into thy being? or art thou unfeeling to the sounds of celestial melody, which enter thy soul silently and open the springs of contentment, from which flow the commingling waters of hope and peace? Weary one, whose life blood is ebbing away, drop by drop, from the fountain of material existence, and whose brow is pained by the dark future, are there no gleams of hope in thy soul? Is thy inmost nature closed to the immortal calling of friendly spirits, who cluster in happy groups around thy sphere of life, throwing over thee the light which invisibly beams from the realms of infinitude?

Mariner whose compass of being is buried beneath the dark seas of human imperfection, knowest thou no hope—no guiding star—no rich harmonious sympathy, to hold thee up when thou seemest to sink beneath the conflicting waves of outward life? Do no strains of melody proceed from the anthemial choirs of heaven, and steal over thy soul, paralyzing the outer senses and entrancing the inner ones, that thou mayest join the rich and boundless song which swells into an ocean of harmony, filling every avenue of being with its thrilling power? As thou graspest the visible objects of life, which float along on the waves of eternity, thou wilt, by strength of endurance, reach the infinite shore, where, before thee, will be spread the Edens and empires which stretch far away into the realms of immensity, and are the attracting elements which urge the soul on to gaze upon their immutable glory. Thou, too, art bound to the highest developements of heaven, and the aspiration of thy soul is the telegraph along whose lines are transmitted to the deep well-springs of being, the intelligences of foreign birth or emanation. There are no fixed bounds to the spirit; and it is ever rich with multivariied refinements; and truth is the stimulus that arouses its inward thoughts to life and activity, and causeth to glow, within, the thousand outbursts and outgoings of the perennial springs, which impart celestial influence to each attribute of the human spirit.

The outward form, as related to the exterior senses, is but a covering for the inward developing soul. And each harmony or melody of either being, comes through the divine instrument of spirituality. Why has the hand of time left its impress upon the human things of life? Because science withered from the external sight, genius sought the solitudes of invisible being, and wisdom and love faded away into the uncultivated realms of the soul. Each soul in the animated natural universe, sought companionship. These companionships were brought and cemented together by the attraction and repulsion of inner and outer elements; and thus all minds constitutionally imbibe facts of an uncertain future, alike. Hence they were classified in separate groups until the impressions received from visible objects, controlled the attributes of the mind, and thus creeds sprang up. But why censure these minds? Time will reveal to them its truths, and they will be forced to accept, from incontestible evidences, each fact and reality, relating to their existences. Then why should the human soul be so oft depressed by the cares and disappointments of its life, when the future is delineated to them by the angels of the world on high? Why blot from the nature within, the noble thoughts and feelings which struggle to monut the barriers of life, and reach the summit of human perfection? On every plane, mind has an immediate destiny to a still higher plane; and by these active processes, heaven ultimately claims it as its own. What are the designs of souls on high, when they approach the limited shores of external nature? It is to wrest from the minds of ignorance the souls which revel in external gratification, and grasp each faculty from the whirlpool of mental corruption. They come beaming in the effulgence of eternity, to ask human souls if they will recognize them in the great and mighty universe which lies in splendor beyond the unveiled abyss of change, called death. We come with messages of love and mercy. We come to bind up the broken reeds of the heart. We come to give our sympathy in hours of distress. We come in our eternal beauty and immortal glory, to unfold the grasping thoughts of each individual nature, and to prove that the loved and idolized friends of external life, will be clasped to their bosoms again, with the love that thrills an angel's soul. Time moves on rapid wing. Every hour heralds the birth of some eternal spirit into its upward home; and it will, in its mighty power, sever the springs of human existence from every soul, and Oh! may all of you, who earnestly desire to go on and up, receive the unfolding flowers of eternity, whose freshness and fragrance, coming from the paradise of our eternal Father, vivify and attract your souls on high.

Pilgrims of truth, become not weary on thy way, but fly on the breath of infinity, to regions of knowledge yet unknown; and time will reveal to thee thy home and mission, found in heaven.

In haste,

FELICIA HEMANS.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We beg to suggest to you that, when you receive this paper, you stitch it, pamphlet fashion, and cut it open, before you allow the family to read it. Let it remain where all can read it, till its successor comes. Then lay it by for binding at the end of the year. Preserve the whole fifty-two, and they will make a convenient center-table volume of 832 pages; and we hope a valuable one for instruction and edification.

THE BUFFALO CONFERENCE.

We had two excellent lectures from Rev. URIAH CLARK, on Sunday last, and some eloquent speaking, by spirits, through Mr. COLES, of Williamsburg. The hall was densely crowded, especially in the evening.

THE PRECIOUSNESS OF TIME.

A day lost in life, can never be regained, even in eternity. How important, then, to economise the hours which constitute the term of human existence. What a profligate is he who throws them away, or squanders them in foolish pursuits.

AGE OF PROGRESS.

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Our friend LEWITT, of Fallassburgh, shall hear from his communication in our next number.

Mrs. H. S. P., of Akron, has our thanks and gratitude for her subscriptions and remittance, and our more hearty thanks and warmer gratitude for her evidently sincere expression of approbation. There is more potency in words and sentiments like those, than there is in even the "almighty dollar," to stimulate and cheer the faithful laborer in the cause of truth, and nerve him to the combat against error.

Let justice be done.

We have a report to make of spiritual manifestations at Davenport's rooms, which we witnessed on a recent occasion, and which we will make, over our own signature, using the first person singular, for better convenience. It is known to our friends in this city, pretty generally, that we have not attended that room for some time, and that we have omitted to mention any thing that has occurred there since we last visited the rooms. The reasons are, that we thought we detected impositions when we were last there, and that many respectable persons who have attended there, have had the same impression. Of this, however, we will speak farther, at the close of this report.

A lady, in this city, informed me that a lady friend, from New York, who was visiting this city, was admitted into Mr. D.'s room, with some friend, some two or three weeks since, in the forenoon, when there were no other visitors present, and when only Mr. D. and one of his sons were present. She made such a report to the lady first named, that she desired to have a similar opportunity to witness whatever manifestations the spirits might be pleased to make. She applied to me to procure for her such an opportunity, and requested me to accompany her there, if I succeeded. I made the application to Mr. D., who very politely consented, and appointed Monday of the present week, at 10, A. M., for the desired seance.

At the time appointed, I called on the lady and conducted her to the room. Mr. D. and his elder son, who is a medium of a very remarkable character, were present; and we four locked ourselves in, that we might be entirely secluded and safe from interruption. I then took particular note of every thing in the room—saw that the only two ways of ingress were secured, and that there was no possibility for any one besides ourselves to be in the room, or to get in, without our knowledge. Then one of the two inside window shutters was closed, and the other was partially closed, leaving an opening of about two inches in width, and, consequently, apertures above and below, through all which a sufficiency of light was admitted to make a twilight in the room, by which I could plainly see every one around the table; see both avenues of ingress, and detect every motion of every hand in the room. This light, when the vision had become freed from the dazzling effect of the external sunlight, seemed to increase in brightness, till I read an advertisement which hung up against the wall, ten feet from me.

There was a trumpet, an accordeon, a tambourine, a bell and some other things, placed under the table, for the spirits to perform with. The medium sat next to me, on my left; the lady on my right, and Mr. D. on the opposite side of the table. Very loud raps were heard against the under side of the table. Various noises were made with the articles there deposited. I was repeatedly hit with the trumpet; and after a few moments of this kind of exercise, the trumpet was poked out from under the table and flourished about, striking a chair and the edge of the table forcibly. The next manifestation was throwing the trumpet from under the table, so that it fell on it, which was repeated many times; and, in doing this, the spirit showed a hand like that of a colored man; it being large and black. This we all saw repeatedly, as the trumpet was thrown upon the table. My hat stood on a smaller table in the extreme corner of the room; and the trumpet was projected in that direction, hitting the hat and knocking it off of the table. Sometimes it was thrown two-thirds of the distance toward the ceiling. Each time it was thrown, the spirit would have the medium to get it and return it to him, under the table.

About this time, a knocking was heard at the door; Mr. D. went to see who it was, and returned, informing us that the younger brother, also a medium, was at the door. We directed that he should come in and sit with us, as the spirit said he would increase the power. After he was seated, the accordeon was sounded; the bell was rung; and the tambourine was thrown out and upon the table, by a visible hand—all the ten hands present being on the table.

The next manifestation was the appearance of human fingers from under the table, reaching over the edge of the table and lapping upon the top of it. Then whole hands appeared in the same manner. These fingers and hands were from the size of a large man's hand, to that of a small child. The largest ones were black, and all the others were white. During the time of these exhibitions, I put my hands under the table, by direction of the spirit. In a minute after, I felt the pressure of cold fingers on my thumb. Then it was grasped by a whole hand. I asked who the spirit was who grasped my thumb, and was told that it was the spirit of my father; the truth of which was soon made evident by my own vision. I then requested my father to grasp my whole hand; which he did with such power that it reminded me of the almost giant gripe which he occasionally made me feel, in urchinhood. He had a large and very powerful hand; and the one which grasped mine, was like it, in both size and power.

There were many other manifestations which are of too common occurrence to be worthy of particular note; but there remains one which I conceive to be more interesting than any that I have detailed. It was this: By the raps, the spirit called for an umbrella which was standing in one corner of the room. One of the mediums brought it and put it under the table, closed. In a few minutes it made its appearance from under the table, opened to its full extent. It came out at the end of the table, at the left hand of the elder of the two mediums, and was raised up and held over his head; the lower end of the staff remaining below the table and between the medium's knees. It was moved up and down and twirled round one way and the other, as it was held over his head. I asked the spirit if it could not hold it over my head. It immediately moved from him to me—the staff passing along against the edge of the table. My head being higher than that of the medium, the spirit found it necessary to elevate it, in order to get

it over my head. In doing this, a female hand and arm of the most exquisite model, appeared from under the table; the beautiful hand grasping the staff of the umbrella, and moving it up and down and turning it, as above related.

To this narration of facts, to which I append my signature, I am ready, at any time, to append my affidavit. And, farther, I am ready to testify, under oath, that none of these things which I have related, were done by any of the five persons in the room, and that no other person belonging to this mundane sphere, was in the room at any time during their enactment.

STEPHEN ALBRO.

To the Readers of the "Age of Progress":

MR. ALBRO having shown me the foregoing report, in manuscript, and I being the lady referred to, as accompanying him to Mr. DAVENPORT'S room, and witnessing the manifestations which he narrates; I hereby certify that his report is true in every particular—not including what he felt with his hands under the table. And I farther certify that his account, instead of exceeding the truth, falls much short of the reality of what I witnessed.

MARY M. TAYLOR.

As respects our refusing to attend the seances at Mr. DAVENPORT'S room, as alluded to in the above report, it is proper for us to say that we entertained suspicions that all was not genuine which we witnessed there, at our evening visits. We believed, partially from what we witnessed and partially from suspicions expressed by other honest minds, that there was deception practised in some of the performances in the dark; and for that reason we stayed away and made no mention of what occurred there, in our paper. We still believe that voices were uttered and things were done there, claimed by undeveloped spirits to have been done by them, independently of the organs and hands of the mediums, which were really done by their organs and hands. But we are now convinced that, if they were so done, it was by spirits, without the consciousness of the mediums. Heaven knows they have no necessity for using deception; for they have enough of genuine spiritual manifestations to astonish the most extravagantly expectant mind.

Lecture by the Spirit of Wahkegan, the Indian Chief.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

The human mind in silence deep and profound, has been slumbering in the past, like the majestic temple of the mighty and good, who have long since been called dead. Nations have not ceased to appreciate and honor the names and magnificent souls of men who once broke the chain of oppression from your now civilized land, and gave you the freedom you now enjoy. Their spirits have proudly echoed to the immortal strains where their pealing energies resound with power electric, through the realms of life and inward actions.

The human mind so long enbosomed in the dark alcoves of mortal existence, has burst in splendor from its death-like trance, and the daring intellect breaks from its interior bondage, to grasp the illimitable facts and realities of man's onward and upward destiny. Concentrated intellects are wielding the omnipotence of truth and wisdom. The full expression of the mighty thought, the keen analogy, and native eloquence, begin to manifest their immutable power upon the human mind. Who can tell the beams of celestial light that fall upon the genius of man. Genius, instinct with divinity, is made still more powerful by inspirations from the souls of men whose burning thoughts and enraptured visions now span the spheres of the world of immortality. Men and the external world are like the mighty tree. When the spiritual man has exhausted the powers and actions of the physical form, it drops off from the world, as the leaves fall, one by one, from the tree. Thus generations upon generations drop from the world, to go to the world of light, hope and eternity.

The dreams of Raphael and Angelo, live but in imaged majesty; and the change of this life for another, does not fail to reach the loftiest genius. These geniuses, who once portrayed their powers and beauties to man, have caught a glow of eternal light; and, with emulative power, their souls now rise, imbued with nobler energies, to receive the facts of heaven. Whatever mind would confine human existence within the limited sphere bounded by the grave, cannot understand why there is life within his own being. The achievements of heroism and magnanimity sink into nothing when viewed in the light of eternity. They do not attract the soul to heaven.

Beautiful are the thousand snow white gems that lie in the mysterious chambers of the inner world. The stars which float like islands in the ocean of immensity, are but the outbirths of still greater worlds yet unknown. From harmony the universal worlds first sprang, when outward nature was but a chaotic mass of unrefined and undeveloped atoms of matter. Then, from harmony first sprang the vital substance of air, light and heat; and from harmony, through all the changing works of God, the diapason was unfolded full in man. We are forced to the conclusion that God is a fixed fact, whose home is the mighty sensorium, and whose field of unbounded action is the wide extending Universæum. The principles of divinity incarnate themselves by the inherent motion called spirit, in the countless forms which we ever behold upon the bosom of nature, and which are ever swarming in the shoreless sea of eternity. And these principles are followed by other essential ones which furnish their elaborations with motions and powers adequate to the discharge of their divine duty.

The soul, in its aspiring energies, has an adoring vision, yearning, yet passive, which goes within itself and above the entire universe, searching for that love which imparts life and beauty to all forms in the empire of nature. Man cannot conceive of those etherealized, celestialized and perfected properties and elements of being, wisely and supremely arranged and organized into one Eternal Mind. The principle of perfection in its progressed condition, sweeps infinity; but man, in his physical energies, cannot conceive of heaven or of a God. Harmony is an attribute of God; and man must be honest with himself if he would obtain a more perfect love of the supreme principle.

It is utterly useless for man to argue upon God, in the abstract; for no mind within my scope of knowledge, has grasped a true conception of the first cause and effect of all and every thing. That the workings of the invisible first Motive Power, are wondrous and incomprehensible, all minds readily acknowledge. That all discovered facts harmonize with the mighty declarations of nature, man within himself realizes. All the speculative theories of men would be useless if each thought did not give rise to another, and thereby develop the soul. The electric fire of the soul, like distorted expressions of hope, illuminates the vast concaves of human darkness.

Sublime and stupendous are the expanded heavens. See the cloudy curtains whose dissolving and ever commingling folds conceal, from the external vision, the bright volumes of infinitude, in which the divine expressions of eternity and immortality, are strongly but hopefully blended. From the constant re-combinations of living and existing materials, youth and beauty are everywhere manifest, and inwreath every spontaneous creation. Mighty and sacred truths gush up from the depths of the present, which will cause false principles to recede from the earth, never more to enslave humanity. Then you who have proudly torn yourselves from error, and engaged in the pursuit of wisdom and truth, let reason point out your future course. Let your efforts be to unfold the moral world. Touch the secret springs of the human heart, that from out its many avenues, the fair offspring of immortality may wake the latent powers of the soul to an eternal action, and bring forth the true design of man upon earth. Go on, you chosen few, nor falter on thy way, for a nobler world is thine, when life below is fled. Then, as the leaves of the forest are wet with dew, so shall your souls receive the cheering facts of eternity.

WAHKEGAN.

Music by the Spirits.

That there are springs of melody and tones of harmony vibrating through the countless avenues of the immortal mind, no soul, through which flows the tide of music, will doubt. The lofty genius of music wreathed its thousand forms in the aspiring minds of MOZART and DANTE. Man could listen to the rich peals of inward melody, as they rolled in thunder tones from the sacred sanctuary of their eternal being. But while we state the following facts as they were daguerretyped upon our souls, through the demonstrative science of music, given to us by the power of immortal minds, the theorist may cry "insane;" but facts are facts, for all of this; and we present them to a general humanity, as they were given to us.

On Sabbath evening, September 30th, the subscribing individuals were present at the house of Mr. Brooks, when some one proposed that they should form a circle for the purpose of obtaining some information from E. C. DAYTON. Mr. DAYTON not being prepared for this arrangement in full, gave all the instructions necessarily required. He having finished, FRED, the pianist, addressed the circle thus: As I am imperfectly acquainted with some of you, it may be that you would love to listen to some of my pieces of music which I execute upon the piano. This proposition meeting the approbation of all, we proceeded to form the required circle. We had but quietly seated ourselves, when the piano began to vibrate as if gently touched by some invisible hand. Then came note after note, succeeding and following each other, like the waves of the mighty ocean. Change yielded to change, until the music swelled forth in boundless volumes; and every wave of the atmosphere seemed to echo and re-echo the strains of melody which rolled from the instrument like the stupendous voice of the thunder, from the notes so sublimely acted upon. Then the dying echoes faded into silence, and all was hushed as with eternal peace. FRED then said that this, so beautifully executed piece of music, was composed upon the change of his father's soul to the realms of immortality. It was, "Farewell to my Father."

Then followed another burst of musical eloquence, which seemed to entrance our spirits in a deep and holy rest from the grosser influence which outwardly surrounded us. A halo of celestial brightness seemed to encircle our individual being, until we were ultimately lost in boundless recesses of the spirit realms, from which proceeded such infinite music. Our outer forms thrilled at the power displayed in each successive note, until our spirits exclaimed within: There is something here of heaven. When these waves of melody seemed to flow away into their attractive regions, silence again hovered over us. Then FRED said this piece of music, though related to events long since buried in the silent chambers of his own being, away from the speculations of the world, where he alone might worship the deep affections which reached from the polarities of his interior soul, to a bright and glorious spirit, who looked down from the realms of infinitude upon his every action, he says thus: Excuse me if I tell you the original cause of my composing this piece, although it has long been my secret. In my life on earth, I had won the bright eternal affections of a tender soul; and my joy was beautiful when I contemplated a few happy days that would blend our existences more harmoniously together. But change followed change, and the guiding star of my life was blotted from the horizon of human fate, to light me on my true way to heaven. As her spirit had gone, I composed this piece of music as a tribute to her memory, and gave it the name of "Change follows Change." Then this bright spirit, in conjunction with his influence, paralyzed the positive and negative forces of the medium's brain, and then a flood of indescribable melody rushed with a mighty force through the avenues of her brain, and played upon each fibre of the outer system, until the intonations of voice gave utterance to the noblest strains of the anthem choir; and the voices of our favorite spirit FRED, and CLARA, seemed to echo with infinite harmony, through the bright alcoves of her celestial being, until she produced, through the medium, the most exquisite tones, the sweetest warbling, and richest inspired melody that ever came through mor-

tal being. The melodious tones were transmitted along the lines of telegraphic inspiration, conveying to the magnets of our souls the divinest intelligence. Every wave of inspired music which moved on through the ocean of the spirit minstrel's immortalized nature, vibrated through every vein and artery of our visible and invisible self. The realms of eternity seemed open, and the boundless tide of omniscient melody seemed to descend upon our existences, until we gladly exclaimed: The soul, the mind and the spirit of mortals live again! Our hearts sent back their feeble notes of harmony to the inspired minstrels, who had come from the morn of eternal day, to stand in all their effulgent glory, upon the shores of this complicated universe, to make our spirits rise within us to the empires of unutterable and infinite joy. Soul responded to soul by the sweet whisperings within; and the unstrung chords of our hearts, were tuned and harmonized by those celestial harp-strings which played the spontaneous anthems to the harmonious praise of the great Eternal One; and the feelings of our intuitive mind, longed to rest upon the bosom of immortality, there to ever find a caress of constant love, and those profound sympathies which make bright the garden of our hearts. But the voice of outward nature awoke us from these reflections, and we returned our thanks to the Almighty Framers of the universe, for these divine messengers of harmony and love. Then, after receiving a friendly good night, we quietly sought our respective earthly homes.

Reported by E. C. DAYTON, by request of the members of that evening's circle.

STEPHEN ALBRO,
LESTER BROOKS,
MARY M. TAYLOR,
AIMEE S. BROOKS,
SARAH F. BROOKS.

Phenomenal Musical Manifestations.

The undersigned individuals, having been present at the house of Mr. LESTER BROOKS, on Palmer street, in the City of Buffalo, on the evening of Monday, Oct., 8th, when musical demonstrations of an extraordinary character, took place, are desirous to present our testimony thereto, to all such as feel interested in the various phases of Spiritual Phenomena.

On the evening referred to, the piano was turned with its face to the wall, so that the keys were out of the reach of any ordinary player, when the light was removed from the room, the door closed, and the circle formed, consisting of the undersigned, with the addition of Mr. Brooks, and his daughter SARAH, the medium. It is here proper to state, that we are entirely satisfied, from concurrent testimony, and our own observation, that SARAH has no knowledge of instrumental music—not knowing, in common parlance, "one note from another."

Shortly after the circle was formed—sitting with hands joined in hands—sounds were heard on the wires of the piano, as if thrummed by human fingers, and as the circle sung various pieces, mostly sacred music, the invisible player gave the appropriate accompaniment on the instrument, with masterly skill. At times, questions were responded to, by his lifting one end of the piano, and striking it heavily on the floor, to indicate either affirmative or negative answers.

But the wonder of the evening, was the performance of several pieces, so remarkable as to defy description, but which those who heard can never forget. We should here premise, by way of explanation, that the invisible player purported to be the spirit of a French Professor of music, while his affianced bride (who, just on the eve of their contemplated union, passed before him to the Spirit-Land) entranced Miss Brooks, and sang through her vocal organs.

The sublime harmony of that spirit-music—like the grand old overtures of HANDEL or MOZART—thrilled every heart, with its bold, brilliant and overpowering tones, now played upon the keys, now upon the wires, in the darkness, with an accuracy of touch, and rapidity of execution, rivalling the art of LIZT or GOTTSCHALK. And the song to whose warblings the trembling wires responded, was poured forth with a clearness, a bird-like melody, that emulated the sweetest notes of JENNY LIND! The voice of Miss Brooks, in her normal state, is feeble,

and her lungs somewhat impaired by long-seated disease, but now, swelling high and clear, now subsiding to the silvery whisper that is almost silence, those wondrous songs, for hours, went on! Both the words and the music seemed *improvised*, on the occasion, and were equally beautiful. So far as the words could be distinguished, they embodied the loftiest poetical thought, uttered with most felicitous expression. "*The Anthem of Creation*," was a chaunt of a grandeur worthy of the theme. The exquisite songs "*I wait, I wait, I wait for thee!*" and the response, "*I come to thee!*" were full of pathos and beauty.

Not the least interesting feature of this unequalled musical entertainment, was the subsequent entrancement of Miss Brooks by the spirit of a Spanish-Indian maiden, called "*Minnanotto*." Her broken English accents were like the lisps of an artless child, while her more than Orphic sayings were replete with the deepest philosophical truth, and the most profound analysis of our interior and spiritual natures. The wildly carolled melodies, that she gave us, in her Indian language, were sweet as the bird songs of her forest home.

Other occurrences of the evening, of phenomenal interest, we have not time to now allude to. The whole scene, four hours in duration, was of the most novel and impressive description—probably unparalleled in the experience of any individuals in the form. We do not here propose to demonstrate, to others, the mooted fact, as to the reality of spirit-phenomena. We merely state what we have witnessed, and declare our entire conviction, that they were veritable demonstrations from the unseen world, under circumstances precluding the practicability of collusion or deception.

To Mr. Brooks, one of the earliest pioneers in the cause of Spiritualism, and his daughter SARAH, whose mediumship is one of the most exalted usefulness, we express our warm thanks for the opportunity thus afforded us, to witness and to testify.

JAMES P. GREVES, M. D. Milwaukee, Wis.

GUY H. SALISBURY,

JACOB J. FOLTS,

EDWIN G. SCOTT,

WILLIAM H. ALBRO,

WILLIAM LONGHURST,

STEPHEN DUDLEY,

BRIGHAM B. CLARK,

EDWIN C. THOMPSON,

STEPHEN ALBRO,

THOMAS LECLEAR,

Mrs. GUY H. SALISBURY,

GEORGE B. CRANE.

BUFFALO, October, 9th 1855.

Our Medium for Spiritual Lectures.

Inasmuch as the volume of our paper, of which this is the initiatory number, will go into the hands of many who have never seen those numbers of the first volume, in which we gave brief accounts of the educational qualifications of Miss Brooks, we deem it proper to inform them of her opportunities for scholastic acquirements, that they may be enabled to judge whether she could or could not, of herself, produce such lectures as are here-presented.

Miss B. was developed a medium when about sixteen. Previously to this development, she had not attended school for four or five years. She never attended any other than the common schools of this city; and her studies were confined to the common branches of useful education. She has never attempted the mastery of any of the sciences, or any of the mere ornates of female education. We are informed that the family collection of books has never embraced a work of science of any description. She has never attended school more than a few days, since she was eleven or twelve years old, and has been totally without the means of acquiring book knowledge, with the exception of what might cling to the memory, in cursory "light reading."

Though thus deficient, as regards literary acquirements, Miss B. is by no means wanting in natural capacity. She has a good phrenological organization, and a capable mind, by means of which, if her earth life shall not be cut short by the pulmonary affection with which she has long been troubled, she must acquire

a valuable fund of knowledge, from her numerous disembodied teachers. Now, reader, after perusing the numerous and profoundly philosophical lectures which we present you, and reflecting that they are received by this young lady, sitting alone in her room, mostly in the night, and by means of the *raps* and the *alphabet*, judge whether they are emanations from her mind. Ask yourself if there is a female mind in the State of New York, capable of producing them. Ask yourself if there is a male mind capable of producing their equal, in their variety. Consider that every word—every letter, is received through the much jeered-at spirit rappings; and then ask yourself the question: Whence came they? You see that these lectures are characterized by the highest order of literary composition, the most profound scientific knowledge, and the most refined and elevated thought and sentiment. These characteristics, you cannot help acknowledging, are attributes of the most exalted minds. Then, if not spiritual, tell what they are.

WORDS HAVE GREAT POWER.

Words of wisdom build up and make better the hearts of those to whom they are addressed. Words of folly dilute and deteriorate the wisdom of those who listen to them. Words of encouragement and consolation, invigorate the energies and brighten the countenance of the afflicted and depressed in spirit. Words of discouragement and evil boding, dishearten even the energetic mind, rendering it less competent to bear up against the ills that flesh is heir to—less valiant to fight the battle of truth and right, against the hosts of error and wrong. Words of anger excite the same passion in those on whom they are inflicted. Words of friendship and love, draw from the eyes of those to whom they are addressed, tears of reciprocal tenderness. Then how important it is that we should carefully weigh our words before we give utterance to them. They are messengers of evil or messengers of good, according as we shape them before we send them.

THE ART OF HEALTH.—Lessius writes, in his "Art of Enjoying perfect Health," as follows: "By a sober life, I understand a moderate use of meat and drink, such as accords with the temperament and actual dispositions of the body, and with the functions of the mind. A sober life is a life of order, of rule and of temperance." Then, as the moderate use he speaks of implies the consumption of meat and drink, both in just measure and of proper kinds, he adds to his definition of a sober life the following seven rules for actually living such a life:

"1. Not to eat so much as will unfit the mind for its usual exertions.

"2. Or so much as will make the body heavy and torpid.

"3. Not to pass hastily from one extreme of living to another, but to change slowly and cautiously.

"4. To eat plain and wholesome food.

"5. To avoid too great variety, and the use of curiously made dishes.

"6. To proportion the quantity of food to the temperament, the age and the strength of the eater, and to the kind of food he uses.

"7. Not to allow the appetite for food and drink to regulate the quantity we take, as this sensual desire is really the cause of the whole difficulty."

OUR FUTURE NUMBERS.

Let our readers understand that our spirit friends may not be expected to contribute so liberally for future numbers as they have for this initiatory one. We expressed to them a request that as many of them as could conveniently do so, would give us brief lectures for the commencement of our second volume; and they expressed more than a willingness to comply. They told us they would aid us to make it a good specimen number. Let the readers judge how faithfully they have fulfilled their promise.

We respectfully ask all those distant editors and publishers of newspapers and periodicals, to whom we send this sheet, to give it such a notice as their appreciation of its merits may suggest.

Lecture No. 4—By John Wesley.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

Mind, in all its thousand forms of development, has its adaptedness and specific tendencies. In each of its departments there are many little fibrous avenues which are filled with the varied forms of development, and throb with the life and animation of eternity. In each specific department of man's nature, there are important functions which receive and eliminate the various magnetical and vital influences of inward and outward nature. From the speechless intelligences of nature, to the divine utterances of intelligence in man, there is an infinite relation; and, from these objects and forms, proceed a magnetical current which conveys to the countless recesses of man's nature an impression; and he constantly receives, from the library of nature, the mighty volumes which constitute an infinite education. His positive and negative being, or forces, are perpetually ebbing and flowing to the influxes of an unseen nature; and each force attracts from those invisible elements of intelligence its corresponding influx; and by this silently working power of negative and positive attraction, are the spiritual faculties of man ultimated into higher departments of an eternal education.

There is an intimate relation existing between every power and function of nature, and every interior attribute of human intelligence. And from these elements does the mind receive its form, inwardly and outwardly. Each atom of matter which floats in the regions of unformed materials, is brought into connection and ultimated into forms and organizations, by the positive and negative forces of the unseen magnet of all worlds. Those atoms possess, of themselves, thousands of avenues which vary in their developments, and are constantly attracting from organized substances, corresponding and harmonizing powers. Mind, from its attraction for immortality, is lead off, by mistaken ideas, into the realms of unlearned intelligence; and it receives its impressions of God from the development of its many faculties; and it argues upon the Divine Being, in the *abstract*; but its many reachings forth have never yet grasped the true conception of the Infinite One. We know from the divine impulses and inspirations of our own being, that there must be a heaven; else why these utterances of our nature? Why these harmonies and melodies of every attribute of being? Why this longing for something beyond our own sphere of wisdom.

If man violates the established laws of physical nature, he must suffer physically; and there being an intimate relation between the physical and spiritual, he must suffer mentally. Then, if these laws are violated, upon whom rests the responsibility of the offence? Is the weight of the crime carried into eternity and inscribed upon the bosom of the eternal world? Or is not the weight of the offence daguerreotyped upon the living constitution of the disobedient man, in some physical deformity, such as the wasted form or the injured limb? The sufferer is the one upon whom all the responsibility rests. Then, if man mentally disobeys the fixed principles of an eternal God, what is the result? The soul cannot be deformed by coming in contact with the object of physical creation, for it is surrounded by a material incrustation, which receives the injuries of physical life, and protects the spirit. But without spirit, matter would not possess sensation; and every pang of sorrow or thrill of joy vibrates through the entire inner and outer organization, by passing through the sensational channel of being. Then upon whom rests the responsibility of the undeveloped spirit? The spirit who preferred error rather than truth, is alone the responsible one. And what are they responsible for? For physical sin, or for the uncultivated development of their eternal souls? The answer vibrates through the affectional and sensational channels of nature, that it is for want of inward cultivation for mental improvement. And heaven has unclosed its recesses to the understanding of physical minds, that they may search deep into their own regions of uncultivated spirit.

The attractions of the soul are adapted and proportional to its onward destiny. The winged beauty of the air loves to float upon the waves of the atmosphere. It loves to make its home in the forest shade and warble its songs of joy to the Great Originator. The camel

loves to tread the sands of the desert, and lie down upon its scorching surface to find repose. The reindeer feels its attraction for the woods and the forest. It loves to bound lightly over the rocky precipice, the gurgling stream, and, when the shades of night fall upon earth, to call its wearied ones to rest. It finds its attractive couch upon the withered branch and fallen leaves. And man! what is his attraction? Immortality. And finds he no rest, save in the unbounded realms of eternity? No—his spirit knows no other rest. Physical nature must repose physically, and the spiritual nature must repose spiritually. Change of development affords rest for the spirit. It possesses a sphere of ponderous and imponderous elements. It possesses a sphere of material and spiritual intelligence; and every thought is a divine manifestation of an eternally progressive destiny. Why did the intellect which spanned the solar constellation, by the interior vision, receive true and substantial impressions of the formation of the motion, and positive and negative forces by which these universes are made to revolve around their centers? Because each world was of itself an intelligence, it echoed and re-echoed every tone of divinity; and man, through the sensational and intelligent avenues of his being, received his infinite wisdom. And every emotion of the magnificent and wondrous universes created in the soul of the great Discoverer, vibrated with the influences of onward development.

Mind is impressed with magnitude and power by its condition of refinement. Hence those minds who receive impression more freely from material objects, will necessarily deny the realities of another state of existence. Animate nature, though it may speak forth, in its changing elements, the facts of inward nature and of heaven; yet such a mind will fail to receive its impressions, as it is chained in the dungeons of error, which roll up from the eternal past. Then what shall man do to obliterate these past errors and establish truth in the mind of his brother? He can do nothing. Inward development, alone, will reveal to him that time and truth travel together, from eternity to eternity—that they are vital elements and facts in the constitution of the Mighty Framer of each revolving and moving world and object. Every thing in nature has an individual center; and through these centers flow the divine influxes and developments of immortality. The faculties and functions of animated existence roll round their center; and as time moves round eternity, it throws from the higher world of intelligence, atoms of wisdom which collect at each center, which, by the involuntary or spiritual powers of the minds, are diffused through each constitution of divine origin. Then let each of you who have wisely departed from the regions of uncertainty to the brighter realms of fixed reality, censure not your brother for his constitutional deficiency in spiritual development; but receive the knowledge which seems to permeate everything in existence, and you will find your soul imbued with loftier feelings and higher emotions of infinite intelligence. Seek not the applause of the world, nor scorn the scoffs and censure of your fellow man; for every unfeeling word, coldly spoken, reveals volumes of eternal truth, both of the duality of man's being, and of that universal life embosomed in the eternal future.

As ever,

JOHN WESLEY.

Lecture No. 3—By the Spirit of Miss A. F. late of Buffalo.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

Once more, on the wings of love, do I fly from my free and happy home, to the unrefined regions of the human universe, to bring gathered flowers from the garden of truth and charity, that the power of God may plant them deeply in the uncultivated gardens of the human soul.

The moments are like bubbles which float for awhile on the ocean of time, then sink into the bosom of the past. The hours are like waves which follow one another onward until lost in the channel of velocity, or, precipitated over some lofty height, flow joyously on, murmuring of the power and goodness of the eternal One, for ever and ever. The seasons are like the living waters which ebb and flow at the will and command of nature's laws, speaking forth in every changing ele-

ment, of the deep abiding realities of heaven. They mingle forever with the mighty changes of infinitude. Now foaming and dashing against the rocks of human life; now changing into the calm and holy quiet of eternal peace. Centuries are like worlds which revolve around the center of immensity, throwing off, in their stupendous revolutions, atoms of matter and spirit, which go to constitute some object of nature, in the objective worlds. They move around the axis of eternity in concentrated circles, and are continually losing primary constitutional particles of matter, which are resolved into some formative object of human creation; and the vacuum is filled by new inherent motion and action, from the universal constitution of all things. They herald the birth of new-born spirits, into the world of physical being, and into the world of eternal life. They unfold, to minds, the bright sun of heaven, which shines upon the bosom of infinitude, revealing its depths; and they unclose the penetration of the inner self, that the spirit sight can look far, far away into eternity, and behold that nothing in animate existence dies.

By the power of spiritual perception, the human mind gazes deeper and deeper into the far extending future—into the innumerable abysses of the universe, and beholds in every silent avenue of being, that there are imperishable facts relating to the Supernal Being, and to his immediate worlds of life to which human intelligence is closely bound. Mind can enter deep into the demonstrative sciences of the age, and prove, by actual and tangible evidences, that the personal identity of every human, intelligent and animate spiritual object, is still unmerged in the impenetrable depths of the celestial world. And this fact demonstrates, to every intelligent mind, that man should not cling to the passing years, as the drowning mariner grasps the floating spar, when he beholds his outer life fast ebbing into eternity; for the impenetrable abyss of change has lost its darkness, and has revealed a life of onward cultivation and progression, through the countless realms of eternal being.

Thoughts are like atoms in the universe of being, which, by inherent attraction, emanate from the universe of spiritual being, and congregate where that attraction is incarnated into the human soul. All affectional feelings, emotions and impulses of being, are based upon the law of inward attraction. But human minds have failed to discover, in the unrevealed depths of truth, that their likes and dislikes do not originate from inherent evil or goodness, but that they have their origin in the laws of supreme attraction and repulsion.

Supreme attraction signifies that, throughout the entire organization of man, there are little magnets of attraction which vary in development, and which attract the individual of the same physical and spiritual development, to them, and, by the ties of affection, bind the duality of both natures indissolubly together. Supreme repulsion signifies that, through every avenue of being, there are fixed magnets of repulsion, so that, when two natures differing in inward cultivation come in contact, they repulse one another. Still man attributes likes and dislikes to inherent evil or goodness. Interior cultivation unfolds superior attractions; but human cultivation in error and vice, multiplies the magnets of repulsion in the human organization.

Mind has yet much to learn which is of value to social life and charitable feelings. If the repulsive faculties of a human soul lead it into outward darkness and plunge it beneath the waves of human respectability, to occasionally rise out again, to be repulsed by superior minds; and should the sympathies of some attractive mind be called out towards the erring one, and that one should try to unfold them to the light and love of human existence, how soon would the world scoff and scorn that purely soul-like one who endeavored to save the sinking mariner. This is a fault in the world, and men who possess an estimable character, dare not assist a sinking brother, for he fears the world will make him evil in its sight, when his motives are truly pure. Many hearts have been caused to bleed by this fact; and now, to-day, the world at large would spurn the one who dare assist a morally debilitated brother. Society has been corrupted by this reality; and how long it will be before the elements of social life will be changed, He who

controls all things can better inform the world. But every discordant impulse reveals a universe of facts and hidden truth, which, though long buried in the future, will ultimately cast aside the curtain of uncertainty, and bring forth the living demonstrations of an immutable and eternal life hereafter.

The delicate chain of human affection is broken beneath the touch of human wrong. Reason, through the small vistas of the darkened brain, sends its intellectual beams through the avenues of the soul, and gives to each faculty a motion like the dancing spray. Like the hung-up lute, whose notes have never pealed forth in some favorite melody, since its master chord was broken, the spirit, when life has darkened its brightest hopes, repeats not again the silvery accents of future hopes or future joys. Hopes, like the leaves of the tree, fall and wither in the changes of life; but when spring comes again, they come like rain drops from the clouds, to revive the drooping soul. Then, who shall unfold to the outward sense the only true way to earthly happiness? What power shall reveal to man the important responsibilities of his being? Heaven has unclosed its innumerable realms of truth to man, and he may, in his advancing years, learn much of himself and his God, by entering deeper and still deeper into the eternities before him. Voices of affection respond earnestly and kindly to the demands of the human spirit. The reflected light of honor and mercy are beginning to illuminate the darkened vistas of the soul, into which are perpetually and spontaneously flowing the fountains of life eternal.

Friends whose spirits are like the evening air, as it spreads its holy influence over the expanded fields of human existence, are spreading the influence of heaven and of God over the expanded faculties of the human soul. They are every where. They come and go like the morn. They still urge all to whom are given the facts of the immortal world, to move on in the scale of being, and in part to the world your knowledge, until every thing shall be imbued with the inherent motion and power of truth.

Let the enterprise of your messenger of wisdom and inward cultivation, be aspiring, and the still hidden springs of wisdom will be unlocked, and a new gush of infinite joy shall flow into your spirits and fill them with a serene assurance of your universal movements and moral righteousness. Inspired by truth and justice, and having every spring of your being guided and in subordination, what vast works will the mechanic cause of demonstrative science produce. Its power will harmonize attribute with attribute, and spread out into such boundless waves as to blend with and lose itself in the beauty and justice of the laws of being, and guide man in the path of progressive development.

Truly,

A. F.

The forth-coming Sermon.

We learn that Rev. Doctor THOMPSON, of the First Presbyterian Church, in this city, has been preaching the funeral sermon of spiritualism, which he slew much after the manner in which a certain nazarite slew the hosts of Philistia. We farther learn that overtures have been made to the Rev. gentleman, by a number of highly respectable members of his church, to furnish them a copy of his exterminator for publication. We hope the applicants for this favor will be successful. We do not attend divine service where the Doctor preaches; and we think it would be little better than eavesdropping for us to go to his church to hear a single discourse, merely for the sake of criticising it. Should he consent to have it published, we shall be a customer for a copy of it. It will then be our property, and we shall feel at liberty to dissect it, and point out its beauties and deformities, as its features present to our mind either the one character or the other.

We may be allowed, however, to allude to one charge which the Rev. gentleman gave his congregation, whilst expatiating on the horrible nature of those communications from the spirit realm, which are now received in all parts of the country, bearing to the human family the glad tidings of an immortal life which awaits them beyond the bounds of mortality, and teaching them that love to God, manifested by deeds

of mercy, charity, and love to his children, is the only means of attaining an elevated condition on entering upon that state of existence. Nor should we allude to this charge, but for the fact that it comes to us by way of some of the lambs of his own flock.

After depicting the demoniac character of spiritualism, with a countenance expressive of deep solicitude, voice tremulous with fearful bodings, and eyes rolling heavenward, he exclaimed: I CHARGE YOU, IN THE NAME OF GOD, NOT TO GO NEAR IT! Why does he thus charge his congregation? Is it because he fears they are not as capable of taking care of their own faith as he is of taking care of his? He not only went near it, but begged the privilege of creeping under the piano and lying down on the floor, when the spirit was playing on it.

The Reverend gentleman reminds us of a deacon of a Presbyterian church, which we were in the habit of attending in our youthful days. The church was in a rural district, with a beautiful grove of oaks on one side of it, under which those who came from a distance were in the habit of tying their horses. Among the stately individualities of this miniature forest, there was one of large growth, near the highway, against whose coat of rough bark those who were about to remove to some other region, tacked their hand bills, advertising their moveables for sale at vendue. One Sunday morning, when there was to be what they called "The yearly great meeting," the deacon came hobbling along by the big tree—he was lame—and espied a very large hand bill, advertising farms, mills, store goods, and a great variety of et ceteras. He stopped and read and spelled till he got through with the whole of its contents, and went limping away. As he was going, "a sudden thought struck him;" he turned and looked back to the tree and the hand bill; and, behold! there were three of his neighbors doing just what he had done. An idea of religious duty flashed across his mind—he obeyed the holy impulse—returned to the tree as fast as he could limp—clawed the hand-bill from the tree-side—crammed it into his pocket, and vociferated, with his face all aglow with pious indignation: "I'll not allow this desecration of God's holy Sabbath. I'll teach people not to keep their hand-bills sticking up against our trees, to keep people from the worship of God and fill their minds with worldly thoughts, when they should be thinking of death and the judgment."

Now, taking what we witnessed, all together, and weighing it carefully in the balance of unprejudiced judgment, we came to the conclusion that the deacon was an arrant hypocrite. We wait the appearance of the sermon for farther notice thereof.

Free Love and Spiritualism.

The following is Judge Edmond's letter on Free Love, addressed to the *N. Y. Evening Post*.

So far as Free Love is concerned, we emphatically endorse the sentiments contained in this letter; and so, we believe, do our patrons without exception.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE EVENING POST:

GENTLEMEN:—Since my return from the country, where I have been spending some portion of the summer, my attention has been called to an article copied in your paper of the 21st of August, which reflects so seriously on the religious faith which I, in common with many others, have embraced and do dearly cherish, that I am confident you will not regard me as impertinent or intrusive in seeking an opportunity to defend that faith from the imputation thus cast upon it.

The article I refer to professes to be an account of the "Ceresco Union," so called, and of letters from Mr. Warren Chase and Mr. T. L. Nichols, defending the principles of that "Union," as legitimately flowing from Spiritualism and tending to the doctrines of Socialism and Free Love, and in which it is said, among other things: "Of course, as Fourierists, or Individualists, or Spiritualists, they repudiate marriage as an arbitrary institution, and accept more or less the 'free-love philosophy.'"

It may be, for aught I know, that these gentlemen and their associates of the "Ceresco Union" do entertain the doctrines here imputed to them; but I utterly deny that they are or can be doctrines

embraced by any "enlightened Spiritualists," or that they can find any warrant in the pure and elevating teachings of the spiritual philosophy.

Spiritualism has from the beginning had to encounter much of misrepresentation from its opposers, and it is not to be wondered at that it should also have to encounter much real injury from its professed followers. As long as we were few in number and generally contemned, there was but little inducement for insincerity, to covet our wealth and profess our doctrines; but as our numbers are rapidly augmenting all over the country, we must not be surprised at our experiencing the fate with which even the pure religion of Christ has been visited by pretenders. Nor have we a right to expect, amid the difficulties and discouragements attending the inauguration of a new faith, that all who are willing to embrace it, can be at once imbued with a full knowledge and understanding of all its sublime and beautiful truths, however honest may be their purposes or intelligent may be their search after truth.

The most patient, the most untiring and the most intelligent of the investigators of Spiritualism know full well that have we but entered on its threshold—That as yet the great object has been to demonstrate to man the reality of intercourse with the Spirit-world—that with but few and comparatively inconsiderable exceptions, nought else has yet been attempted—that a few only of the general truths have been given which may yet flow from the exhaustless store-house of the Spirit-world and the intelligence which is directing this mighty work is pausing in its revelation until man can, by realizing the existence of spiritual intercourse, be fitted to receive them.

This fact comes to us from numerous sources, and it has been, to the most judicious, long a source of deep regret, that so many in their haste have jumped at conclusions before the teachings could be finished, and thus substituted their own imaginings for the truth as it is in God. But much as we may lament this, how can it be avoided, so long as the instruments used are of necessity imperfect as themselves that which has unavoidably thus a taint of earthly imperfection? It is unhappily true that thus it is, that much which Spiritualism would teach has been perverted. But is it sound philosophy thence to infer that nothing good can flow from it? that because the ignorant and uninstructed are used as instruments, thence to declare that no good can come out of Nazareth? That because some believers misunderstand the teachings, therefore the teachings are wrong?

May we pronounce the mission of Jesus a fallacy because one believer betrayed him and another denied him? Was the mission of the Apostles to give of the spirit by laying on of hands, an error, because one of their followers offered money for the gift? May we denounce the decalogue because the Sadducee deemed it lawful to bear false witness for his neighbor, and unlawful only when it was *against* him? May we turn with scorn from the Christian religion, because within the last eighteen hundred years fools and fanatics have at times perverted or misconceived its holy teachings?

Yet such, unhappily, is the rule by which the superficial observer measures our faith. And the fault is not entirely his; we are ourselves somewhat to blame for this, and it becomes us to beware how, by our inconsiderate haste, we give ground for this grievous misunderstanding of us.

I have seen men—and women, too—who on being told to give to the word, without fear, the truths revealed to them, have deemed it their duty to abandon all temporal duties, and devote themselves to that task alone; and I have had it urged upon me by some over-earnest zealots, that because I could speak and write, therefore I should abandon my profession and my family, and surrender myself entirely to the work of preaching the new faith. It took time to enable those people to understand that our religion was one that entered into every act of life, and tended only to make us careful to perform every temporal duty. So, too, I have seen those who on being taught that there were errors in the sectarianism of the day, were disposed to make war on all religious forms and ceremonies; and it was something of a task for them to learn that John Knox was not the wisest man in the world, when he tore down the churches in order to root out Romanism from Scotland.

So, too, I have met with those who, being taught to abhor the

domination of a religious hierarchy, could find no refuge but in a hostility to all order or religious government, and it would require time and perhaps experience to teach them that anarchy is ever the legitimate parent of despotism.

So, too, I have encountered those who, lamenting the injurious effects of a great inequality of wealth, of power, of position and of social condition among mankind, have deemed there was no redress but in a community of property, and they have had to try experiment before they could learn that such a state of things is utterly incompatible with man's nature, and in conflict with his duty to his fellow.

And I have heard and read of those who, on being taught the fundamental principles of spiritualism, to love God and our neighbor as ourselves—aye, better than ourselves—have honestly deened themselves obedient to the Divine command when they yielded rather to the animal than to the spiritual impulse of affection. With such, to learn their error, would doubtless be a work of time; but even with them, time is performing its task, and they are learning that it is no merit with them to love that which is attractive to them, but that obedience to the command consists in loving that which is repulsive—not merely in loving the fair and beautiful, but loving the aged, the decrepit, the poor, the debased, the wanderer from the path of virtue, the sunken and degraded among our fellows—blessing them that curse us, doing good to them that hate us and praying for them which despitely use us and persecute us.

Our beautiful faith does indeed teach us to be free in our love and to extend it to all mankind—the young and the old—the bond and the free—the fallen and the repulsive—and that not for our own gratification, not for the indulgence of our own selfish propensities, but from our love to God—from obedience to His law, and from our desire to attain that purity without which we cannot behold or approach nigh unto the Father.

Oh! how sad is the mistake of those who teach that that obedience can be, without crucifying the man within us! How unhappily are they deluded, who supposed that the law of "Love one another" can consist in any thing else but purity of life and thought! How wretched is their condition, who thus smother the innate promptings of childlike innocence beneath the smoldering fires of mere earthly propensities! And how dangerous are those teachers, who thus, whether honestly or otherwise, inculcate principles that tend to man's debasement, and not to his elevation, and that bring around him a pervading influence that will sink him deeper and deeper day by day!

No! such are not the doctrine of Spiritualism. Such are not the teachings of the bright intelligences now hovering nigh unto us, and who have left their happy homes in the far distant realms of the blessed to assist in the mighty work of the repurification of man.

Pardon me for speaking thus earnestly. I would not willingly offend any, but I would defend a faith, inexpressibly dear to me, from a misconception so injurious and so justly injurious in its influences upon others.

NEW YORK, October 1, 1855.

J. W. EDMONDS.

"Of men, and things, and systems, I mean to speak freely and ingenuously; convinced that whilst opinions differ, it is unmanly in the holder of any given opinion to conceal or modify it from the apprehension that it may chafe the edge of some venerable prejudice, or disturb the surface of some quiet lake of thought, sleeping among the social or ecclesiastical hills of his native land."—Charles Read's "Clouds and Sunshine."

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