

AGE OF PROGRESS

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

VOL. II, No. 20.

BUFFALO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1856.

WHOLE No. 72.

The Aspirations of Vanity.

There can be nothing more pure, more holy, more ennobling, than the aspirations of the incarnate soul, after the truths of nature and the spirit-life. It is the legitimate office of mind, both in this life and the next, to seek for knowledge and wisdom, wherewith to feed and build itself up continually. But for this longing of the mind to be elevated, expanded, and filled with the knowledge of all truth, and to drink deeply at the fountain of wisdom, modern Solomons might well ask: "Who knoweth the spirit of a man, that it goeth up, or the spirit of a beast that it goeth down?" Little or no difference would there be, between the intelligence of men and beasts, if it were not for this spark of aspiration which the Creator implanted in man's breast. The very nature of this spark of immortality, is to aspire continually, to higher developments and higher wisdoms; and this it will never fail to do, even in this life, unless it be perverted and turned to the pursuit of imaginary good, in the realm of materiality, where, harnessed to the car of Avarice, it drags an idolater through a life of Mammon work, and leaves the physical form, a dwarfed soul, to crawl with caterpillar pace, for thousands of years, instead of ascending with the fleetness of thought, as do those whose aspirations, in the earth-life, soared, instead of grovelling.

There is, however, a kind of aspiration which refuses to grovel, and yet aspires to nothing worthy of attainment. This is the aspiration of vanity. This kind of aspiration is a distinguishing characteristic of a great many minds, in the various walks of life. When a man attempts to make a show of superior knowledge, on any subject of which he knows little, for the sake of inducing still more ignorant ones to over-estimate him, it is the aspiration of vanity—an aspiration which can be of no advantage to him, because it adds nothing to his stock of knowledge, and serves only to make him appear odious and ridiculous in the eyes of those who can read him, and those who learn the truth of his character, after listening to his false pretensions.

It is this kind of aspiration which stimulates men to seek promotion to positions which they are not qualified to fill. It ever seeks exterior, and not interior, elevation. It never labors to be what it affects to be; but is untiring in its efforts to seem to be that which it is not. It is never content with the level of equality, among its peers; but it depends upon craft or mummery, to give it a seeming superiority, rather than to earn, honestly, the elevation which it covets. Real merit is ever modest, seeking no distinction, but ever reaching down from its elevation, to help others up to its level. The assumed merit of aspiring vanity, cannot abide the idea of a common plane of elevation, and a general upward progression of a whole fraternity. It would prefer even the lowest plane, with itself elevated but half a degree, to a plane ten degrees higher, with itself on the level.

We might go through all societies and classes of people, and point out, in each and all of them, persons whose whole lives exemplify what we mean by the aspirations of vanity. But an old adage says: "Charity begins at home;" and inasmuch as we intend that our moral strictures shall be charitable, we will allow them to commence at home, and shall direct them to the rank weeds in our own garden, and not suffer them to walk abroad, till all is right at the starting point.

The home at which we propose to commence our labors of charity, is the beautiful garden in which spiritualism has been planted and is flourishing to an astonishing extent. But thrifty and vigorous as this plant seems to be, it is still subject to that all-pervading law, which

forbids that any good thing shall be had for nothing, in this state of existence. No plant whose seed has been sown in the soil of earth, has ever grown so luxuriantly, or loaded the atmosphere with such rich aroma, as that of spiritualism. But when we come to look about, even in those fields where it grows the most rapidly, we discover among it rank weeds, the seeds of which must have been sown by some enemy, who cannot bear to see others enjoy that for which he has no taste himself. These weeds take root deeply in the soil, and the odor which is exhaled from their leaves and flowers, is rank, unsavory and noxious.

A short distance from where we stand, we see a large number of these noxious plants, with their crests waving above the level of the spiritual growths among which they stand. This species is called the "ORDER OF THE PATRIARCHS." On each one of these weeds, is something in the shape of humanity, who claims to be a spiritualist, but who cannot bear to have his head even with his surrounding brethren and sisters, and hence he ascends the stalk of a plant, which taints the surrounding atmosphere with a most loathsome odor. These climbers do not seem to care any thing about the thriftiness of those beautiful exotics from the celestial fields, whose flowers are so beautiful, and whose aroma is so delicious and healing. Their only concern seems to be to attain to a little eminence, that they may look down upon the common plane, and feel exalted. In all these, the aspiration of vanity may be recognized.

Let us now drop the allegorical, and descend to the matter-of-fact style of substantial truth. It is a lamentable fact, that there are large numbers of spiritualists, in various localities in the country, to whose palates spiritualism, in its simplicity, is becoming stale and nauseating, youthful and beautiful as it is. These, impelled by the aspirations of vanity, have essayed to elevate themselves a few inches above the heads of their peers, by the establishment of a secret order, which, of course, is to be the nucleus of a sect, to be characterized by all the bigotry, intolerance, bitterness and hatred which now rankle in the bosoms of one orthodox christian sect towards another.

As well as we can gather the history of this *new form* of an *old idea*, it is as follows: Sometime within the last two years, a man, whose name, if we ever heard it, did not write itself on our memory, being a citizen of Cincinnati, received direction—so he affirmed—by impression or otherwise, to go to some other locality, in the city, than that which he was in, where he would meet with a person who would give him further instructions respecting the performance of some duty that lay before him. He repaired to the spot indicated, where, to his surprise, he found a residence, which he knew not existed in that locality before. He opened his eyes in amazement; for it appeared to him that the mansion he saw, must be of the genus fungi, as it must have sprung up with mushroom rapidity of growth. Though somewhat disconcerted at this seeming evidence of magic, he ventured to pull at the bell-knob, which soon brought to the door a gentleman of venerable appearance, as all such ghostly personages are, who hesitated for a moment, apparently assuring himself, through his interior perceptions, what manner of man it was who demanded admittance to the interior of that enchanted castle. Arriving at the necessary conclusion, the venerable gentleman directed him to return to his own residence, where he would find that which would further instruct him in the duties which were required of him.

Obedient to the mandate of duty, he put himself in retrograde motion, and soon arrived at his own door. And, oh! reader, what do you think he found there? Was it an "infernal machine," designed to send

him to kingdom-come, on the back of a torpedo? No—his interior self told him not to fear, for there was nothing but good intended him. It was a box, longer one way than it was broad the other; and he valiantly stepped up to it and found it to bear the marks of Adams' Express, and addressed to himself. Courage! exclaimed the voice within him—not the box—and he boldly tore it open. What was there? It was a marble slab, all honey-combed with perforations! What he was to do with the present, was, for a time, exceedingly puzzling to his mind. But it was not long till *impression* came to his relief, and sent him to consult a distinguished gentleman of the city, who was a well-known, leading Spiritualist. The two met, and, after consultation, agreed to refer the matter to the spirits, through the mediation of a clairvoyant, who resided in the same house, with the gentleman appealed to. This reference was to be made without giving the clairvoyant any inkling of the circumstances, in his normal state. This was done, and the contents of the box was described, and the perforations of the slab declared to be a language, destined to be taught to the human family. A key to this language was also given, together with instructions as to forming a *secret organization*—the grand arcanum of the whole thing—under the title of "THE ORDER OF THE PATRIARCHS."

From different sources, we glean scraps, which, when collected and put together, make an aggregate of character, that presents this cornerstone of spiritual sectarianism, as one of those abominations which, above all things, are to be eschewed and deprecated by all who aspire to that moral purity and that spiritual elevation, which tutelary angels commend as the means of obtaining happiness here, and the road to a blissful immortality, in the life to come. Among these scraps, we find the following:

The hieroglyphical perforations in the slab, comprise a language which is to be doled out to the initiated, as fast as they progress from degree to degree. They have, in this secret order, degrees, as they have in all other secret orders; and members in each degree, attain to a knowledge of the slab-language, which they had not in the degree next below. The perforations in the slab, are not stationary, but miraculously changeable; so that they will admit of infinite variations; hence the mysteries are endless. The moral teachings of the slab-language, as we learn, embrace that of "Free Love," in its most revolting form. It teaches that the marriage contract should be regarded as a mere rope of sand. Any man or any woman may repudiate it at will: and one of the fundamental principles inculcated by this *holystone*, is, that all women have a right, under all circumstances, to choose for themselves, who shall be the fathers of their children; and that all men, without regard to any covenant engagement previously entered into, may become such fathers, whenever the animal love-passion is reciprocal in its prompting.

We admit that these descriptions cannot be otherwise than disgusting to the reader, who has been accustomed to the contemplation of purity, and not to the probing of those moral ulcers which fester and rankle in the mind and propensities of debased humanity. But we cannot excuse ourself from the duty of exposing, as far as our information goes, the character of this carbuncular excrescence, which is about to attach itself to the body of Spiritualism. It is true that we see it, as yet, only in the distance; but the winds from the quarter where it exists, are wafting its infection hitherward; and it behoves every true Spiritualist, as well as every moral man and woman, to use all necessary preventives against its introduction into this locality, and to aid in its extirpation from the face of the earth.

If the reader desires to see the archetype of this child of corruption, which threatens Spiritualism with its desecrating influence, let him or her go to Salt Lake, where its parent, Mormonism, flourishes. The perforated slab is the bastard offspring of Jo SMITH's metallic plates. The idea of the language coming and going, has its origin in the language of the fabulous plates which furnished the Mormon bible, and were an inexhaustible source of Deific commandments and directions concerning the government of those deeply deluded souls who followed the fortunes of Jo SMITH and his co-workers of mischief. And we advise

all females who look with favoring eye upon the new organization, to turn their eyes towards the degraded sisterhood of the Mormon organization; for they present a true prototype of what they must become when the "Patriarchal Order" arrives at its maturity. Oh! let not the female who can look with favor upon such debasement—such physical, moral and spiritual prostitution, as these organizations present, claim to be a Spiritualist. They are the most loathsome phases of moral putrefaction, from which no female countenance could look up unabashed, unless it were fortified with the brass of long practised lewdness and debauchery.

Finally, we call upon every Spiritualist, male and female, who loves the sacred cause in which they are engaged, to use every influence in their power to guard against the approach of this monster. There is leprosy in every part of its body; and death—moral and spiritual—will be ever close on its track. Let those who have already thrown themselves into the pool of moral pollution, follow those mock Abrahams, Isaacs and Jacobs, to infamy and to death; but let those who prize moral purity and spiritual truth, for their intrinsic value, avoid them as they would the sirocco, on whose wings the pestilences ride, and in whose breath are concentrated all the deadly poisons.

From the North-Western Orient.

Spiritual Demonstrations in Waukegan.

A young lady from Michigan, Miss Loveland, was spending the winter with a relative, J. C. Smith, Esq., who at that time was Municipal Primate of our town. She was a medium for physical demonstrations. During her stay with her uncle, many interesting phenomena were presented. One of these we would narrate. Mr. Smith was engaged in collecting contributions for the relief of an afflicted brother; five dollars was donated for this object, which was deposited in his vest pocket; it was on Saturday. On the day following, the vest was left unused, and a better donned for a Sunday exhibit of taste and position. On Monday the more ancient was resumed, but the money was missing. During the evening of Monday, the young lady was sitting for raps, and the mother of Mr. Smith was conversing in the absence of Mr. Smith, with his lady. She interrogated:

Do you know that Mr. Smith has lost money? "Yes." Do you know where it is? "Yes." Where is it? "Under the head of Mamy's bed, partly under the carpet." A search was made, and the five dollar bill found as indicated. The child Marion was aged about five years, and slept in a crib in a corner of the bed-room occupied by the family. After the recovery of the money, Mrs. Smith resumed her converse with the invisibles by means of the alphabet, and enquired, How did you know that the money was there? New and more delicate raps responded, "Grandma has gone, but I, your child, will answer. On Sunday I was playing with sister Mamy; we had her doll and dressed it with pa's vest; the bill dropped from the pocket; I saw it, and told grandma, and she told you."

Miss Loveland tarried a few days in Chicago, when on her return to Michigan, and, among others, the following demonstration occurred at the dwelling of Wm. H. Adams, Esq., in the presence of Mr. Adams, his wife, and Mrs. Oliver. They were sitting for raps and tippings. While the table was rocking, something was heard to fall upon the carpet. Search was made and a small key discovered; it was examined by the family but was unknown to all. They asked the spirits if they would take it away. They said yes. It was placed upon the table, and fell from thence to the floor. Search was made for it, but it was gone. On the following day the young lady missed the key of her satchel, and remembered that she had left it on the window sill of her room in Waukegan, and now supposed it was the key which had been exhibited and removed on the previous occasion. She sat down at the table for information from the spirits, and was told that it was the key to her satchel, brought from Waukegan, which had been shown, and it was now lying upon the stoop. The door was opened, and the key was seen lying in the way where all who entered must have passed over it.

Another instance. Mrs. Oliver, who was residing with Mr. Adams, had missed a pair of gloves, which had evidently been taken in exchange for a worse pair by some visitor. She was told by the raps that they would be returned. On the day following the spirits rapped "open the door."

The door was opened, and the missing gloves were seen by the family to enter above the door and descend upon the table. They then laid the strange gloves upon the table, and these were mysteriously taken off, in full view of all present.

We have at Waukegan a medium whose province it seems to be to visit the spirit realms and declare to us the scenes there exhibited to view.—He is a male of vigorous frame and active, energetic habits. Many scenes have been presented and delineated to us in times past by this medium, of which no record was made at the time; but recently he has been instructed to re-narrate them in our hearing, that we may make record of them for public perusal and instruction. On the evening of December, 12, 1855, was commenced the re-narration, as follows:

FIRST VISION.

I was standing upon what seemed to be a wharf or pier projecting into a stream or bay, with a city lying upon the left, my face towards the east. There were vessels lying at or near the wharf, but all upon the water seemed to be dark. I saw near my feet some fishing gear. I took a pole and threw the line into the water; it was soon taken by a fish, which darted off and became fastened among the rocks on the shore. I threw down the pole and walked up into the city. Here were large buildings on either side of the streets, of materials resembling white marble; with large temples and public edifices of different forms and various uses. I seated myself upon the steps of one, the roof of which was sustained by double rows of columns—fluted, and of the Grecian order of architecture. The outer row was about six feet in diameter and forty feet high. The shaft and capital were of one piece. While thus sitting and admiring the works of art there presented, I heard a voice from behind the column, against which I was reclining, enquiring, "What mortal is that?" Another voice answered, giving my name and residence. Then a boy came from the rear with a fish in his hand, saying, "Here, Mr. —, is the fish you caught," and laid it at my feet. While admiring the beauty, magnificence and grandeur of the scene spread out before me, no person was observed save the boy mentioned. My attention was now drawn to the right, where appeared an open gate giving entrance to a garden. The street seemed to terminate at the garden gate. The garden fence was six or eight feet high, constructed of dark colored stones or bronzed iron, light and graceful of design. The gate posts were spanned by an arch, on which was an inscription that I did not decipher. On entering the garden, I found it laid out and planted with great care and exquisite taste, having gravelled walks with smaller alleys intersecting on either hand, bordered by beautiful flowering shrubs. I was expecting to meet, by appointment, the spirit of a relative, so that I did not particularly notice the flowers by which I was surrounded. I saw her. She smiled upon me with a countenance full of intelligence, reminding me of her engagement and its fulfilment. She passed, and I resumed my stroll towards a beautiful marble aqueduct, which came from an eminence at the east, and cast its waters upon a wheel of curious construction. The aqueduct was supported upon a succession of arches. The frame work which supported the wheel was hung upon a pivot, and made to swing round against the side of the aqueduct when not in use. The water descended upon a smooth white rock, with a fall of twenty-five feet. It then, in graceful twinings, meandered a lovely lawn until it was lost in a small lake, whose waters danced and sparkled in a flood of mellow light which shone upon it. While admiring the radiance of this lake, I saw an angelic form approaching, which was recognized as the spirit of my daughter, who departed this life some fifteen years since. She was then a child, but had now grown to proportions corresponding with her age. She proceeded towards the water and my fears were excited for her safety, but she tripped lightly upon its surface and passed on.

During the whole of this vision, I was in an extacy of delight, which was manifested by words and gestures of admiration, which aroused my wife, who, after much effort, succeeded in arresting my vision.

SECOND VISION.

DECEMBER 19, 1855.

I am now standing upon the top of a glorious mountain, whose cloud-capped summit was once before revealed to my perception. I was then informed that I should yet be presented with the scenes upon that mountain. More recently I was introduced and gave a general outline of its magnificence. I am now instructed to give the particulars.

I stand with my face Northward. There is a broad and beautiful avenue opened up to my vision, extending in the distance as far as the eye

can reach—skirted on each side with lofty trees of gigantic proportions, resembling in some measure the cedar, with this difference—that they incline towards each other at the top. Here, as in other scenes, the whole canopy is bedecked with gorgeous flowers from vines ascending the trees and extending into the branches. I see flowers growing from trees of large bell shape—of deep crimson in the center, growing lighter towards the rim—springing from the center of these flowers are others, in succession like the successive leaves of the cactus. In the spaces between these trees is a great variety of flowers resembling many of the varieties we cultivate in our gardens. Here is a moss rose, with leaves of a bright, metallic luster—the edges seemed tipped with light like the edges of a sun-set cloud, with golden tints—appearing to give light around. Here are beautiful lillies about three feet high, resembling those of earth, except the metallic luster, peculiar to all flowers seen here. The petals of this flower have the appearance of diamonds that flash and glitter as they are moved by the gentle breezes which sweep over this beautiful landscape. The walk is studded with pebbles glittering with rare beauty, reflecting the light shed upon them from the surrounding floral kingdom. Here is heard the songs of the birds warbling their glad notes in praise of the Great Author of their being. And the gentle zephyrs, as they sigh in the branches of the lofty trees and among the beautiful flowers, seem to sing praises to the Great Father of all.

I now stand opposite the residence of Washington. The exterior of this edifice is grand in the extreme. The style of architecture is Grecian. It is of two stories, with a porch across the front supported by a row of fluted columns. The windows of the second story open out upon the porch. Upon a pedestal at the right, stands a statue of the Goddess of Liberty, holding a staff surmounted by the cap of liberty. Upon this cap is perched, with wings extended, the American Eagle. From its beak is streaming in broad folds the flag of our Union—the stripes and stars—on which is inscribed, in letters of gold,

"PREPARE—FOR BENEATH YOUR BROAD FOLDS ALL THE OPPRESSED OF EARTH
MUST FIND REFUGE."

On the opposite corner of the porch stands the statue of Hope, the right hand pointing upward, grasping a scroll, on which is inscribed,

"HOPE IN GOD, FOR HE WILL ACCOMPLISH HIS PURPOSES."

In his left hand, outstretched towards Liberty, is a scroll, on which is inscribed,

"PURGE OUT FROM YOUR NATIONAL INSTITUTIONS AND SOCIAL CIRCLES, ALL OPPRESSION—WHETHER OF A MENTAL OR PHYSICAL CHARACTER."

The mansion sets back from the main avenue three or four hundred feet, and its approach is by a broad walk. About midway is a fountain, the walk dividing and meeting beyond. The fountain is throwing its sparkling jet of water high into the air, affording a cooling and grateful state of the atmosphere. Particles of water reflect the light from the gem-bespangled flowers which surround this fountain, while they flash and glitter by every change of position. The grounds are laid out with walks crossing at right angles—paved with Mosaic—with curb stones on either side scrolled outward, of alternate white and green. These stones seem to be inlaid with veins of gold, and bespangled with glittering gems, reflecting the mellow light which descends and bathes the entire scene.

From this mansion is an avenue extending to the residence of Lafayette, with rows of seats fronting the center. It is broad and covered by vines bearing flowers like a summer house or arbor. The style of architecture is beautiful and graceful in style and design.

I am impressed that here many of the patriots of the American Revolution meet a presiding spirit who have in their charge the destiny of this republic. There is a conspicuous seat in the center, with an arch thrown over it, canopied by the American flag.

On the opposite side of the main avenue, opposite the mansion of Washington, is the lovely, tasteful cottage of one who loves retirement—humbly nestling under a clump of these huge trees—arranged to form a circle—concave to the avenue. The whole ground here seems to be ornamented with flowers and shrubs, with bowers, summer houses and fountains. Standing upon a pedestal in the center of the walk leading to the main avenue, is an equestrian statue of Joan of Arc. She bears a scroll in her right hand, upon which is inscribed,

"DO YOUR DUTY, MAN; LEAVE THE CONSEQUENCES TO GOD."

And now a vast landscape is spread out before my mental vision.—

Broad avenues are crossing at right angles and at regular intervals like the squares of a well laid out city. One avenue seems to lead up a broad valley skirted with mountains, and terminating upon the top of a distant mountain, to which it ascends by a gentle acclivity. Here on the summit of this mountain is a mass of light, fleecy clouds in gentle process of mingling and diffusing their gorgeous colors of gold, rose, blue and crimson in changing varieties.

My guide says he will proceed no further at this time.

For the Age of Progress.

MR. EDITOR:—A few days since, I received the following communication, by raps, through Miss Brooks. It purported to come from the spirit of my father:

MY DEAR SON:—How surpassing the thought, that time should have unfolded the fact, that you have addressed a letter to your father, who now exists in another form of being. The soul is constituted of the deific elements of the great Divinity which occupies all space, and animates the great and mighty constitution of creative intelligence, with divine life and activity. Man, in the finite form, is a duality: one nature is human, the reception of external effects and circumstances, thro' which the soul comprehends and understands the knowledge acquired from all impressions stamped upon the mind, by external objects.—When this outer form has lost its identity, in decomposition, the minor events, once known and recognized, are lost, while the soul is the combination and retentive memory of truth and spirituality. And, in your letter, you have tested me externally, by asking for references which would prove my identity to you. And, as I have already said, we lose those impressions, as they are not necessary unfoldments in spiritual being, and are confined exclusively to finite life. The great idea of the age, is, that the minds of eternity have retained all external remembrances, and that, if asked, they can tell that which their friends call for. But this is not so—they can only acquire that knowledge, by strict investigation of the minds existing yet on the earth. And how often do we ourselves feel disappointed, because our earthly friends refuse to acknowledge our identity, if we speak not of those external events, which occurred in the existence of a human life.

As for my happiness, ask the flower if it is happy, when fulfilling its specific mission in creation—ask the worlds which swim in the etherial ocean of space, if they are happy in performing the mighty mission assigned them, by the great Creator—and the response will be, how harmonic is that soul which infinitely traces through creation, and recognizes God in every atom of animate and inanimate matter of organic being. Again, you will receive the evidence that the joy of a yet kind father, blends with the majesty of creation, and with the beauty of God.

Heaven is not as you have been taught by a father on earth to regard it. It is not away in some dreary region, but is constituted even in your heart, my child, and proves that you too, are affianced to a living God. The soul is a part of heaven; and though, my son, a father's voice no longer echoes through the chambers of your heart, and tho' the external body has gone, and vacancy marks the departure of him you love, yet, from heaven, a voice, silent in its advice, rolls upon the waves of external affection, to your heart, striving with renewed efforts, to impress you to the aspirations of goodness alone. And human life—what is it? a breath, compared with a life eternal, immortal; and let me advise you, if the soul longs to recognize its immortality, to investigate the great causes of nature, whose effects throng the world with demonstrative facts and sciences, and which continually evolve, from futurity, constitutional souls, and worlds adapted in uniformity and harmony, to the finite universe. Investigate, alone, nature, which is mapped before you in landscape form, whereon is pencilled the infiniteness and supremacy of Him, from whom all things originate. Let the springs of being be open to the influx of thought; and let them be the receptacle into which may be diffused the living entities of each definite attribute of the mind, and for the dissemination of the life-giving principle of motion throughout every artery of existence. Breathe forth in

every word, my son, goodness and charity, that the archangel within your external organic constitution, may better represent its God. Live to not only seek through human life, your happiness, but from the nobleness, characteristic of your soul, contribute to the every enjoyment of others. How great will be the change wrought in human society, by the simple, yet immortal principle, kindness.

Fear not to acknowledge truth, whether it be born in a dungeon, or in a palace—in the prison-cell, or in the magnificent church; it is the word of God. As we look over earth, and see the dark cells, erected to confine the angels of God, for material offences, our souls yearn to prove that though the external may be punished, the spirit is becoming refined, and can better appreciate its Father in heaven. How many innocent victims, my son, become the sufferers, in consequence of the injustice of those who are estimated as men of distinction in the world. I picture this out before you, that you may feel a willingness to assist in the reformation of those who are forced to commit errors, by unfavorable external events.

G.

Lecture by the Spirit of Frances S. Osgood.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM—REPUBLICATED.

IMMORTAL SPIRITS.

From the deep bosom of eternity, there emanate thoughts far reaching into the quiet and holy chambers of the human heart, bearing an impress of the great Creator. The immortal soul is ever learning wisdom and making the harmonious melodies of its own native and inherent beauty vibrate, even among the unstrung chords of the wayward earthly heart. The inhabitants of heaven come with the strength and glory of their Divine Father enstamped upon their pure faculties, to define to the material mind the power and love of the Great Eternal Fount of all life and being. They breathe the breath of celestial life, in the progressive development of their own divine attributes. Immortal spirits who are carried onward by the wants of eternity, bend ever to the aspirations of their own being, as the sweet confiding child yields to the laws of its innocent affections. A harmonious sympathy of affection and aspiration, is diffused through their immortal natures, the connecting cord growing stronger and more beautiful; for love so gentle and true, will ever keep the great arteries of an eternal life in active circulation. Though there may be entombed in the silent recesses of human nature, the errors of many generations, yet there is a living principle of life, a creative energy—a restoring action of wisdom within, which will destroy the incrustations that have long concealed the real beauty of the human spirit, and bring to the outward surface the identity of hidden virtues, which have long struggled in the human bosom to come forth and be free to act out the gentleness and simplicity of unsophisticated nature. The soul's eolian melody is tuned for higher harmonies, and sweeter voices foretell the gushing forth of loftier anthems, which will call out the long lost divinity of God in man. The strains of the immortal spirit's deep melody, are sung, that when the change snaps every string of human life in twain, they will gently woo your soul from earth's dark orb, and deck your eternal being in the bridal robes of heaven; for there, yes there your soul will be joined to the harmonious and purely beautiful, by the unchangeable laws of attraction and repulsion, established by the great Creator.

Heavenly minds are striving to pierce through the outer surface of nature, and study the beauties of the inner world of thought and wisdom. They are strong in hope, proud in goodness, and infinitely beautiful in affection; for their souls have caught the music of the inner world, and it strikes upon their feelings like the song of their glad eternal home. The soul, as earth grows dim, beholds a broad field of light that charms the silence of the gloomy realms through which it passes, in its transition from frail human nature, to the genial clime of immortality. The soul, by gentle exercises of its faculties, will soon gather joy by its own native powers, from all nature, and then every new created thought is a power of its refined development. The native freshness of every mind, whether earthly or celestial, should shed

its fragrance over its actions, and the natural tendency of the soul should be ever manifested in the contemplation of divine wisdom and immortal power.

Little does man think that the spirit's qualities are wasted and sapped by the influences of his outward nature, and that, by the breath of earthly passion upon his soul, he falls amidst a wreck of noble thoughts, and his inner genius becomes more weak and less pure. Let the soul retire within itself and expand and teach its native attributes to read and learn the words and laws of God, that the darkness of nature may be absorbed by the holy exercise of interior wisdom. All the elements and rich powers of the soul, are aroused into a harmonious activity, by a life which grasps for the real and undying. Every aspiration of man is created by a reflection of divine and actual realities of truth that are struggling to find an inlet into the soul. There are perfection and unity in all things of divine creation; and there is in the soul, a spring of love and sympathy, which binds or holds man to man by nature.

Mind loves the flowers; their beauty and their fragrance expand its senses and develop in it ideas of the pure and beautiful. Mind loves the notes warbled by the little birds in the vast empire of nature; for they tell the soul of melody. Mind loves the congenial air; for it expands the functions of the outward organization, and tells the spirit of invisible beings surrounding them constantly. Mind admires the mighty bodies of water whose greatness moves the soul in grandeur sublime, and tells it of knowledge and purity. Thus, in all nature, mind finds each part adapted to some elements within itself, and develops the intellectual powers as well as the finer qualities of the soul. When the external body dies, why dost thou whisper within thy being, dead—dead. Why do you silently say your Divine Father is cruel, when you hear the last sod fall upon the cold sepulchre of death, wherein lies the last relic of external beauty. You may plant the rose over the grave; yet when autumn comes, its leaves decay; but where is the LIFE of that once lovely flower? Gone—gone to its home on high, to make glad the spirit that once inhabited the form over which now its leaves lie mouldering. You may erect the cold white marble to mark the resting place of outward nature; but a whiter memento marks the resting place of the spirit in heaven. You may teach the little untutored mind to mourn over the ashes of the body; but a gentler hand chases away those youthful tears; for it is the spirit who has come, not from the grave, but from a better land, to breathe into the soul of its child the beauties of eternity. You may heave a sigh when some familiar object reminds you of the departed friend; but greater manifestations of the spirit of goodness and purity, will be given you, when your mind is open to receive the pure instructions and sweet suggestions of your spirit friends.

Is there a gloom of sorrow on thy spirit, oh thou child of earth? then seek the peaceful and holy feelings of your divine nature, for they will fall like dew-drops from heaven upon you, and show you the way to moral beauty and eternal life. Joy will flow into your soul from the undiminishable fountain of Infinite Purity, and the friends whose affections were ever with you, will draw near with joyful words, to point you to the path of peace and hope, that will finally lead you to where the soul becomes spotless and pure. How mighty must be that silent force, ever walking upward, almost rendering the mind unconscious of its progressive refinement. How glorious is the mind! Who can realize the consciousness of its strength and its individuality, independent of all other thoughts and actions. The independent mind requires no direction, because the free spirit seeks out for itself alone, in every law of nature, those causes and effects which satisfy its intuitive demands. Then let the faculties be cultivated and developed into all that is noble and pure, that they may be content to receive all that is given. The spirit has an independent connection, distinct and separate from a material life. Then oh, ye who weep when asked where your friends are! point not to the marble slab in the distant graveyard, but raise your hand heavenward and respond: Gone to their eternal home.

Devotedly Yours,

FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Mr. Brooks and Daughter.

MISS SARAH BROOKS, accompanied by her highly esteemed father, is, at the time of writing this article, in this city, and we have enjoyed the satisfaction of witnessing the truly wonderful demonstrations of spirit presence and power, given in the presence of this medium. We say *demonstrations*, because the word "*manifestations*" is, in this case, entirely inappropriate. The performances of our invisible friends in the presence of this inestimable young lady, are of a character to at once, and forever, banish all doubt from the mind, and fix upon the actual consciousness, the distinct and ineffable impression of the truth of spiritualism. To doubt any longer would be heaven-daring impiety—to cavil would be a contemptible mockery of reason—while, to remain a moment longer indifferent, or inactive, would be an insult and a disgrace to God and humanity. No one with common sense can remain in a circle where these astounding demonstrations are made for the space of fifteen minutes, without being overwhelmed with the palpable proofs of the presence of living, intelligent and loving spirits. The veil separating eternity from time, is at once removed, and heaven and earth, with the living of both states of existence, are instantly bound together by a "three-fold cord not easily broken," and fastened by the endless chain of an endearing relationship to the eternal throne of God!

We have been asked, by numerous friends, to write out a full account of these demonstrations—and this is the third attempt to do so. But our pen, not entirely unused to efforts at description, utterly fails, in this instance, to give utterance to our convictions. Nor can the tongues of mortals begin to convey an idea of the sublimity, the power, the divinity, the transcendent significance of these disclosures from the spheres. Talk not of the vision of the rapt seer and patriarch who saw the angels of God ascending and descending on a ladder reaching from earth to heaven—or of the prophetic orations of Isaiah—or of the thunderings of Sinai—or of the angel-songs heard by the shepherds on the plains of Judea—or of the seraphic accompaniments of the inauguration of the better dispensation on the memorable day of Pentecost—or of the vision of John on the Isle of Patmos—or of any other of those recorded evidences of spirituality, upon which the feeble and perishing hopes of the world have hung for two thousand years—those things have become in a measure obsolete. In this our day the ever-living verities of God are re-asserted with a diviner pathos, and a loftier elocution, reminding us of the familiar sentiment of the poet—

"The God of glory down to men

Removes his blest adode;

Men the dear objects of His grace,

And He the loving God!"

Under a solemn sense of our responsibility to our thousands of readers, we again assert that no man or woman, of ordinary capacity, can witness the demonstrations referred to, without being fully convinced of the truth of spiritualism. Any one who can say to the contrary, after attending a circle under favorable circumstances, will entitle himself to the unenviable distinction of being branded as either a bigot or a simpleton. The proof is absolutely and irresistibly conclusive. It is the end of the law for righteousness' sake.

Exactly in proportion to the profound interest felt in this subject, and to the vast amount of good to be accomplished by her instrumentality, is the profundity of our regret that circumstances have been such that comparatively few in this place have been afforded an opportunity to witness the demonstrations in the presence of Miss Brooks. At present she is seriously indisposed, and it is feared that her condition will be such, for a little time, as to render repose indispensable. And such are and have been the arrangements, that no great public good can be expected to result from her present visit.

But the future, with all its hopes, fears and developments, is before us. Time will disclose what may at present appear mysterious, and we shall soon learn the wisdom or the folly of whatever appertains to the outward arrangements for the advancement of the great cause. We

have seen so much of the plans devised by the friends of spiritualism who have given themselves up entirely to the direction of their invisible counsellors, and so much positive evil resulting from some of them, that we have about concluded that our reason, common sense and judgment, can never be safely abandoned. Nor can we avoid the conviction that the infinite importance of this great cause imperatively demands that the great light now dawning upon the world shall by no manner of means be put under a bushel.

We have much more to say on these and kindred subjects, but have neither time nor room to say it now. As soon as results are known, we shall lay them before the public. In the mean time we rejoice in the full and unwavering belief that neither the weakness, the wisdom, nor the folly of mankind can prevent the effectual upheavings of immortal truth, and that not many months hence, all barriers to its progress and triumph will be demolished and swept away.—*Spiritual Universe.*

For the Age of Progress.

The following was received from the spirit of a young lady, who, when in the form, was my very warmly-attached friend and school-mate. Miss Brooks, medium. M.

MY DEAR M.—How great the change since we met! Time, in its onward sweep, has wafted my spirit to heaven, while your tender heart is still throbbing within a finite form. And 'midst the joy and beauty of my home, could I forget the love I once so dearly cherished for you? No; oft-times when the heart seems to sink within its own silent cell, or, perhaps, when it revelled in scenes of joy, an angel-form was there, radiant with the light of eternity, gently moving the chords of your soul, to the angel harmonies which silently echo through the ærial halls of nature, and found a response in your inner being. And though my friend knew it not, one was ever near, as in days of youth, when the heart was untouched by care or disappointment. But change, the master sculptor of life, chiseled from out that outward form, which hast oft-times clasped you to its heart, with an affectional impulse, an angel, which, though living in the realms of its own immortality, has not forgotten those ties which blended our existence so sweetly together. God, in his infinite wisdom, has given the immortal mind laws, by which it may love from the skies.

I do not come to chide, nor blame; but, my dear M., to urge you on to the inculcation of nature, which speaks forth from every star in the heaven, in every flower of creation, and every pebble which exists on the sea shore, or rests in the deep bosom of the ocean, to bid you accept the affection of God, within human form; and though hearts less gentle, by unkind words, may wound your sensitive being, do let the embryo form of God respond to those hearts in words of truth, charity and affection. The external world, kind friend, is not as we would have it; and imperfections, in your heart, sometimes writes its own characteristics upon the bosom of circumstances, when the archangel within, by kind influences, might efface those imperfections, and reflect God from the soul, in tones and utterances of his divine majesty. Then think not this is to chide, but only to prove to one I yet love, that the emotions of the heart, awakened into action, by external evidences, should be tinged with the hues and beauties of charity and affection.

Then move on, in the scale of being. If you are conscious of truth, substantiate your feelings and actions; and God, in his supremacy, will shower upon you the fragrant exhalations of eternity; while bright angels will gather immortal flowers, to deck your brow, when the soul is free, that it may, like the bright bird of the air, wing its way, higher and still higher, forever and ever.

ANOTHER, FROM THE SAME.

MY DEAR M.—Again have I descended from my higher home to greet you with the most sincere and unselfish affection. You, perhaps, may have thought me neglectful, because I failed to fulfil my previous engagement; but it is all referable to a definite cause, which I will explain, so that, if I fail again, you may know why it is. There are, in beings, impregnated, vital principles and economies, which extend from

the lowest to the highest creation; and, in your mind, are the same attractive elements, which act as absorbents upon the spiritual battery, which we require in communication. When this is exhausted, we can not produce those electrical concussions, recognized in the little rap. And many, not understanding the laws of spiritual converse, scorn us as undeveloped spirits, which, we regret to say, strikes deep at the root of confidence, inflicting injuries upon the finer sensibilities of our being. Still, we never censure, for it is our mission to love, to instruct—not to blame.

My dear M.: I have said this, that when you hear others idly speak of us, gently chide them, and say that divine law governs all true spiritual things. And now, my dear friend, let me bid you on to that bright universe, which, though hidden from the external gaze, is within your own grasp; and, as you ascend the rugged acclivities of human life, with sunbeams and shadows flitting around your heart, still look up, for a brilliant star, decking the brow of eternity, draws you on to the ecstasy of home eternal, where angels never stoop to kiss the pallid lips of agony, but when joy unutterable, reverberates through the realms of infinitude, proclaiming, in every echo, the beneficence of the primal giver—God. The world, 'tis true, may smile, and weave that smile into words, that may be to wound your sensitive heart, because you have dared to acknowledge the image of God, within yourself, and ask for a boon from the skies, which, within, proves your immortality. Never mind; those who frown to-day, may smile to-morrow; and, tho' these may unkindly speak of you, let your heart only return affection's response; and the angels will exclaim, when external life has resolved itself into its original elements: Come, my dear M., to that elysian land where flowers deck the brow, whose spotless robe is the beauty of a loving God—whose pathway is the trackless fields of immortal glory.

Yours in affection and wisdom,

OLIVIA.

No. 4 of the Series, from Shenandoah.

Elemental World, around Venus—continued.

MISS CORA, [ENTRANCED.]

STEPHEN ALBRO, Planet Earth:

My Dear Sir:—Into the shadowy land of an Ideal realm, I have often borne your aspiring soul; but now 'tis not shadowy and fleeting, but *real* and tangible, where the feelings and desires of men become Godlike and noble, and where the souls of breathing, living entities become the grander substance of majestic harmony. New beauties in thought and aspiration are what we are searching for; new glories amid the external splendors of creation; new gems of love with which to crown the souls of mortals; new conceptions of divinity and perfectness, which shall illuminate forth their rays, and warm all the dark, cold vaults of human woe.

Truths are not few, but many; for every law, generated in the mind of God, becomes a tangible truth; and every breath of the giant universe but tells of more noble and heavenly principles. So, my dear Sir, I have come to conduct you into the dreamy, yet fitful regions of elemental life, where fragrant aromas from the Eden-land of thought fill with delight the eternal soul; where balmy zephyrs kiss the weary heart, and fan away the clouds of sorrow, from the brows of mortals; where voices, blended in soft music *sweet*, lull all wild storms of grief or passion, into rest; where, anon, bright fiery clouds float by, and from their golden masses, deep, rich and thrilling melody is heard.—Come, and o'er the strings of the solar harp, let thy spirit's melody thrill. Chant with the stars, whose wild and startling tones find echo in your soul. Softly and gently close thy outward senses, as with the narcotic of celestial music, I hush the sound of strife within your breast, and unclothe the portals of interior life. Slowly, but surely, your bewildered spirit opens its eyes, and, with a look of surprised pleasure, you mount with me. Now, listen! Your spirit senses must drink deep at the fountain of science and thought; and mind, losing its hold upon the outward world, must stretch its pinions and soar away to yon bright orb, whose golden rays shine brightly o'er the spectral vaults of star

halls. Mount, weary soul—fear not; you are but to view the realization of what your own heart and mind is in miniature. This is a dizzy flight, and the sounds you hear are the thousand and ten thousand tones of melody, coming from each great law in this elemental universe. 'Tis, to you, like the murmuring music of earth's summer zephyrs as they thrill the chords of some majestic oak-lyre, or sport amid the myrtle bowers of sunny climes; and like the silvery waterfall, whose fantastic forms keep time to its own merry melody—like the wilder music of great nature's harp, thrilled by the storm-God—like the thunder's deeper bass, pealing through the primitive world—like the high, wild notes of the tornado—like the mermaid's music from the pearly depths of the ocean, or the awful harmony of foam-crested billows, singing their dirge to some lost mariner. Like all these, is the elemental music you now hear; and yet 'tis but the sound of the melody of mind, when freed from outward clay, and left to live in harmony with the music of its God.

Hark! listen to the song of yon wise star, whose life is in the mightier poesy of scientific thought. He is an ancient sage, who had his identified life commenced on your fair earth, and now has created, in his own thoughts, the splendors of a sun,

Rolling! rolling! ever through the vasty deep,
Where volcanic glories sleep—
Where majestic thoughts of Omnipotence keep
Their restless waves confined.
I move forever seeing, from the worlds afar,
All glories of a giant star,
Whose rays find rest where all God's bounties are,
I move, I move, in measured tread along;
And as I move, blend in the mighty song
Of Deity. And yet who is my Lord?
I answer none; for my own voice is heard,
Repeating to the stars that pass me by,
On! on! ye orbs—roll onward through the sky!
Moving, moving, always to my silent thought
Which from Heaven's fount was brought,
Like the mountain waves whose voices were caught
By echoes of the mind.
I roll and roll, and aggregate the souls of men,
All, all, into my starry glen.
Then, pointing to the space so grand, tell when
And where they must commence their mighty course
Around their God, until they're blended with the source
Of life and light, and until God is one—

Until all universes shall be the sun
To light itself into Infinitude beyond,
And my dark bride, oblivion, never hold the wand.
I think, and stars rush madly to my feet;
I speak, and stars unite in music sweet;
I breathe, and worlds run forth to greet
My star-soul where I live.
My soul is mind, and mind is God;
My soul is thought, and thought His rod;
My science is the science of the God-like mind,
Whose powers, condensed with principle combined,
Form all the life of worlds and suns;
And from all planets in all space it runs.
Philosophy is that which is, and lives;
Logic, the proof of God's philosophy;
And mathematics is the power which gives—
The product of God's love back to the sky.
So, on! ye stars, and count the hours you fly,
And send them up in thought to Deity!
And strike your harps again;
For if you here remain,
Thought will forget her magic train,
So up, and on forever!

Well, he is wise; 'tis much like all the grander thoughts of sages old, condensed in one. His voice is sweet, yet deep-toned. Those rays

you see are from the soul. This world of thought is strange to you; but here there is no space, no *time*, but all infinitude and eternity. But even eternity is governed by the laws which proportion the days and hours of earth. Yet 'tis all in thought. We're moving still through the mystic palaces of ancient days. These huge piles of granite tho't are used as relics of antiquity; and those conical and octagon pyramids, blending with arches of a softer light, are thoughts of ancient philosophers, crystalized. You fiery comets which strike terror to your heart, are but the undeveloped thoughts of men and spirits, who build not bright spheres of revolving light for themselves, but sweep thro' space, and fall into the unresisting tide of madness. But, one by one, they fill their wonted places, and emit soft hues of light, which guide some isolated star into this fairy realm.

Do you perceive that, in exact proportion to the mental worth, these systems are arranged; and those heaps of gold are but the hearts and tears of suffering children of humanity; while those at work there, are toiling to gather the scattered fragments of ten thousand murdered souls, into the happy home of the brave. These flowers are but the fragrant blossoms of pure hearts, whose living aromas were redolent with love's diviner hue. All this grand view of toiled and enchanted scenery, is but the ideal vision of some God-artist, who gathers scenes from this world of thought, and paints them on the canvass of eternity.

But down to earth again we must round our way, leaving this soul-thrilling realm, after we have bathed our panting souls in this ocean of perfumed love, gathered a flower of hope and joy for humanity, and caught a pearl from this sea of living purity, to decorate the brow of mortal man.

So here we are, upon the shores of time, where man oppresses, wrongs and enslaves his brother; and where the tumultuous storms of an inharmonious life, toss the frail barks of humanity, and wreck the hopes and joys of the poor mariner, on the shoals of suspicion and woe.

But, my dear Sir, unfurl, o'er the broad and heaving bosom of life's sea, the banner of Hope, Love and Justice, which you have found on the shores of elemental life.

Send back the wail of woe,
Into the silent grave
Of oblivion below,
And bend thy soul to save
Thy brother from the wrongs
Of envy, scorn and strife,
And thou shalt have the songs
Of those in angel life.

Attune the weary soul,
In harmony with heaven;
And, while the billows roll
New strength will then be given.
Point to the star of light,
Gleaming in spheres above,
Where, clothed in radiance bright,
Are angels of God's love.

Adieu. More anon."

SHERANDOAH.

A Communication from the Spirit of Capt. Thos. J. Titus.

One evening last week, when Capt. AUGUSTUS WALKER was sitting in Mr. CONKLIN'S room, a spirit friend of the Captain, spoke to him, through Mr. C., who was entranced. In the course of his address, he said: "The spirit of Capt. TITUS is here, and says he will try to address you to-morrow, through the organs of this medium."

Our City readers need not be told who Capt. TITUS was. But, for the information of distant readers, it may not be unnecessary to say, that Capt. T. was a citizen of Buffalo, a ship-master on the lakes, and a man of good standing in society. He was drowned last September, in attempting to land at one of the ports on Lake Michigan, in a small boat, from the propeller *Montezuma*. The reader will find, in the communication, evidence that there may be an elevated spirit, within

the mariner's rough exterior, as well as within the most polished of those who bask in the mild atmosphere of luxurious idleness.

The next evening, Capt. W. being at Mr. CONKLIN'S room, enquired if the spirit of Capt. TITUS was present. Immediately Mr. C. was entranced; and the spirit spoke through him as follows:

"I am here, and do want to give you a communication. My sudden and unexpected departure from the body, has, to me, proved the most delightful passage I ever made. The broad ocean of eternity opened to my spirit view, in all its grandeur. I did not dwell long around the scenes of my earthly life; for after having read the journal of past acts, I found that my mission was in another sphere. Those who knew me on earth, only knew the eternal—they did not know that there was, deep within, something better than was outwardly revealed. When I arrived in the spirit sphere, this internal became my external. There I committed many errors; and, by the grace of God, did some good acts. Both errors and right-doings have been weighed; and I have been credited with the balance—not by any conventional standard, but by the law of Divine Justice, resident in every breast. And what I am to be hereafter, depends upon self. The destiny of each depends upon himself. I find two prime laws everywhere exerting their authority around us; they are, Love to God and Love to Man. He or she who most truly obeys these laws, ascends the higher and is the happier.—Each one keeps a log-book and a record of the eternal cruise.

I find myself growing daily in a more enlarged conception of nature and its animating spirit, or indwelling soul—Deity. I am instructed and instruct; I assist and am assisted; and while I guide my own bark of individuality, help others, by advice, to steer through smooth waters, into peaceful havens. How little, now, and void of value, seem my earthly tendencies; all is swallowed up by a consciousness of a divine existence and destiny; by which I mean a true and pure life, and a higher and purer one to be reached by progressive steps. No storms burst over this main; but a calm, like that o'er Italy's land, prevails. No barren desert isles, breakers, rocks nor sand-bars, ensnare my bark, as on the waves of immortal life it rides. Would I come back? Ask the mariner, rescued from shipwreck, or cast away on lonely shores, whether he would be taken back again, to the scene of his sufferings.

I do not say that I have advanced, suddenly, so high as to exult in my position. I thank God for what I am, and where; and hope for and know I shall attain to a better station. To you, Captain, I would say, endeavor to live out your convictions; and as the honest sailor, who oft is as frank and fair as the cooling winds that bring blessings on hot summer's nights, speaks what he thinks, and knows no disguise; so do thou project into outer life the inner sense of beauty and of truth. Your friend aids me to speak; her woman element polishes my words. Be loving unto all, and charitable, looking unto the great Father of Spirits to guide thy ship safely home. I assure you that the life here is as real as is yours to you; but it is a truer life. There are no disguises here. Peace and calm my soul possess. Spiritual things are my cargo. Hope my anchor—a higher state my port—and Love the element I sail on. I do not regret to have lived on earth; but I do most deeply thank God that I live here. And just as the Captain of a ship, by much sailing, comes to know the oceans and the distant lands, so he who, while in earth-life, puts forth and out, on the sea of mind and spiritualities, comes to know the regions he is bound for, in another life. A great truth, that, that you may live the spirit-life, while in the flesh. In proportion as a man does that, is he elevated in the hour of mortal death, but of immortal life. The transition is easy. It is like gliding from the Atlantic into the Pacific. The Pacific is calm, you know; but calmer and never storm-vexed, is the divine ocean, studded with millions of whitest sails.

An humble spirit—a child-like simplicity of character—a sincere love of Truth—and practice of its teachings—a heart devoted to God, and a helping hand for fellow kind—these will bring thee to the eternal home, crowned with grace, adorned by purity, possessing a countenance reflecting the Love and Wisdom that dwell within. The sailing is not

over then, but hath just commenced. You sail evermore, to the unknown shore, stopping to gather its treasure—resting but for a brief season, till, loaded, you may re-embark; and so forever on, out and in, from self to others, and from others back again—always towards God; yet never reaching Him.

T. J. TITUS.

For the Age of Progress.

STEPHEN ALBRO, Esq.

DEAR SIR:—Should the following account of Spiritual manifestation, which occurred at my house a few days since, be deemed worthy of notice, you are at liberty to publish it.

A small circle was formed, consisting of Miss SARAH BROOKS, Mr. and Mrs. GILMAN, Mr. OLIVER GRACE and myself. In the early part of the evening there was but little done. A few short communications were received by different persons at the circle, through the raps. At half-past nine, my daughter, Mrs. G. was requested to play on the piano; and the four remaining at the table were directed to stand up.—The table commenced running around with such rapidity, that it required a great effort to keep up with it. It would stop with a jerk back, throwing every one from it several feet. The table then kept time, in a variety of ways; much to the astonishment of those who witnessed the manifestations for the first time. We were then requested to remove the light from the room. There were but five persons in the room: Mrs. G. at the piano, and four at the table with their hands, joined. The table then passed from the centre to one corner of the room, and from the opposite corner, a large rocking chair started across the room, to the table, and kept perfect time to the music by tilting against the table, at which we were standing. This continued ten or fifteen minutes, when the chair returned to its former place in the corner. Our table then proceeded to the centre of the room; and another rocking chair, in another corner, passed across the room, by the table at which we were standing, full twenty feet, to the piano, and capsized on the floor. The chair was lifted up and placed against the wall. The next in order, was a stand with books and music upon it; standing at one end of the piano. This stand left its corner, and, as it approached the centre, where our table was standing, we were moved off; the stand remaining in the centre of the floor. A large table came out from the wall, to the centre of the floor; and a sofa was wheeled around, from the side to one end of the room. The piano stool, upon which Mrs. G. was sitting, was then drawn from under her, with such force as to throw her upon the floor. While standing at the piano, playing, the piano moved out from the wall, and turned around, making a half circle. We were then directed to bring in the light; which we did, and found the room in great disorder, for a tolerably well regulated house. A number of chairs had been brought from the side of the room, and placed under the table, stand, &c. In fact, every piece of furniture, but one, was out of place.

We were then, by the raps, directed to rest ten minutes—then tie Miss Brooks' hands and feet; and FRED, who had just come in, would try to play. At the time Miss B. was tied and placed at the piano, FRED told us, by the raps, he was apprehensive his battery would not be sufficient. He did play, however, but not to his satisfaction.

Professor DAYTON had a communication to make to the members of the circle. This and the conversation growing out of it, took about thirty minutes; when the Professor announced that FRED had just come in, with a reinforcement, and requested us to tie Miss B. again. We did so; and FRED performed four pieces, in good style: "Oft in the stilly night," was played beautifully. You will bear in mind that, while the furniture was moving about the room, the four at the table had each other by the hand, and were talking all the time, and the only remaining person in the room was playing on the piano without any interruption, until the stool was drawn from under her.

Truly, Yours,

R. H. BOUGHTON.

AGE OF PROGRESS.

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR.

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

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum, payable invariably in advance. Single copies, five cents.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—For one square of ten lines, one insertion, \$1 For each additional insertion, 25 cents. For one year, \$10.

THE AGE OF PROGRESS IS

Printed every Saturday, by Murray & Baker, No. 200 Main St., Buffalo

Lectures for next Sabbath.

The spirit of Prof. DAYTON will lecture, through the organs of T. G. FORSTER, in the afternoon of Sabbath next, on the text (Luke xvi. 23,) "And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment, and seeth Abraham, afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom."

In the evening, the spirit of STEPHEN R. SMITH, by special request of ourself, will lecture from the text (1st Timothy iv. 1, 2, 3:) "Now the spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron; forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats, which God hath created, to be received of them which believe and know the truth."

These two passages of scripture have been made much and emphatic use of, by the orthodox clergy, and by lecturers against the Harmonial Philosophy, to prove that there is really such a place of torment as that ideal one, called hell; and that the spiritual manifestations are all "the works of the devil."

The doctrine taught by ministering spirits, is that there is no other hell in the spirit world, than that which the spirit carries with it when it goes there, and which it prepares within its own breast, by the course of life which it leads, while in the flesh. It repudiates the idea of a personal devil, as an absurdity and an impious libel upon the character of an infinite God, who is the loving Father of all spirits. Those who wish to hear those two passages of scripture truly, clearly and ably explained, will do well to lay by their pride and prejudices, for the time being, and attend the hall, afternoon and evening. Those who oppose the spiritual philosophy, can certainly be better prepared to do so effectually, by listening to its teachings; particularly, those teachings which purport to come directly from the spirits themselves.

A Call.

The Stockholders of the Buffalo Harmonial Printing Association, are requested to meet, in the room immediately over the Age of Progress Office, on the evening of Monday next, at seven and a half o'clock.

Important business requires the attendance of *Every Stock-holder*; and it is hoped that no one will stay away.

Proposition of the Allies.

The annexed are the terms proposed by the Allies, as a settlement of the war now prevailing in Europe. The *Arabia* brings the news, that Russia is willing to negotiate upon these propositions:

1.—*Danubian Principalities*. Complete abolition of the Russian protectorate. The Danubian Principalities shall receive an organization conformable to their wishes, to their wants and interests, and this new organization, respecting which the population itself will be consulted, shall be recognized by the contracting powers, and sanctioned by the Sultan as emanating from his sovereign initiative. No State shall be able, under any pretext whatever, under any form of protectorate, to interfere in the question of the Principalities; they shall adopt a definitive, permanent system, demanded by their geographical position, and no impediment can be made to their fortifying, for their safety, in such manner as they may deem advisable, their territory against foreign aggression.

In exchange for the strong places and territories occupied by the allied armies, Russia consents to a rectification of her frontier with Turkey in Europe. It would commence in the vicinity of Chotym, follow the line of the mountains, which extend in a south-easterly direction, and terminate at lake Sasik. The line (*trace*) shall be definitely regulated by the general treaty, and the conceded territory would return to the Principalities and to the sovereignty of the Porte.

2.—*Danube*. The freedom of the Danube and of its mouths shall be efficaciously assured by European institutions, in which the contracting powers shall be equally represented, except the particular positions of the lords of the soil on the banks (*des riverains*), which shall be regulated upon the principles established by the Act of Congress of Vienna as regards the navigation of rivers. Each of the contracting powers shall have the right to keep one or two small vessels stationed at the mouths of the river, destined to assure the execution of the regulations relative to the freedom of the Danube.

3.—*Neutralization of the Black Sea*. This sea shall be open to merchant vessels—closed to war navies (*marine militaries*.) Consequently, no naval militaries or arsenals shall be erected or maintained there. The protection of the commercial maritime interests of all nations shall be assured in the respective ports of the Black Sea, by the establishment of institutions conformable to international law, and to the customs sanctioned in such matters. The two powers which hold the coast, engage themselves to maintain only the number of light vessels of a fixed force, necessary for their coast service. This Convention, concluded separately between these two powers, shall form part as an annex of the general treaty after receiving the approval of the contracting parties. This separate Convention can not be annulled or modified without the consent of the signatories of the general treaty. The closing of the Straits will admit the acception applicable to the stationary vessels mentioned in the preceding article.

4.—*Christian Subjects of the Porte*. The immunities of the Royal subjects of the Porte shall be religiously preserved, without infringement on the independence and dignity of the Sultan's crown. As deliberations are taking place between Austria, France, Great Britain and the Sublime Porte, to assure to the Christian subjects of the Sultan their religious and political rights, Russia shall be invited, when peace is made, to associate herself thereto.

5. The belligerent powers reserve to themselves the right which appertains to them of producing, in an European interest, special conditions beyond the four guarantees.

Anger and Irritability.

FROM OUR OLD ELBOW CHAIR.

TEXT—Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry: for anger resteth in the bosom of fools.

Far be it from the writer himself, to pretend to exemption from the human frailty which is the subject of this discourse. It is a poisonous weed—particularly poisonous to domestic happiness—which is prone to spring up in the moral garden of every man and woman; and its tendency is to stunt and eradicate all the tender affections and sympathies which bind heart to heart in the domestic circle, destroy friendship and peace between neighbors, and make life miserable. There are various appellations for various degrees of the turbulent and stormy passion, *anger*. In one stage, it is called fretfulness; in another, peevishness; in another, petulance; in another, snappishness; in another, moodiness; in another, sulkiness; and so on, up to fuming ire and boiling wrath. It is the part of folly to cultivate these, by giving way to them, and giving utterance to all their promptings; and it is the part of wisdom to eradicate them by smothering them on all occasions when they manifest their presence, and promptly denying all their appeals to the tongue to utter their voices, to their eyes to send forth their threatening flashes, to the brows to knit frowns for them, and to the lips to pout their sullenness.

Many and many a naturally irascible temper has been subdued by wise cultivation, thereby securing a life of serenity and peace, instead of the turbulence and strife which would have naturally resulted from indulgence and want of the necessary culture. It will not do for men and women to think of excusing themselves by saying: Well, I know I am of a very irritable disposition, and I am sorry it is so—I hope my

friends, who know my weakness, will try to bear with me and take no offense at my railing when I am angry. All persons who can reason thus, can suppress the rising passion when they first feel it. For proof of this, see the enraged indulger of his besetting passion, who stands as mute as a post before a more powerful man with a clenched fist.—Why does he thus stand silent when he is evidently boiling with wrath? Plainly because he possesses the power to bridle his passion when his reason tells him that he shall suffer immediately if he give it expression either in words or actions. The woman whose husband is a drunken brute, can refrain from berating him when he stands over her with his fist drawn and his eyes flaming with anger and whisky. Surely she never had more exciting cause than she has on such an occasion, and yet she does not rail. At other times, when that same husband is sober and feels sorrowful, and when she knows that the remnant of principle and shame remaining in him will prevent him from beating her, she can not bridle her tongue at all, not she. She lets it out at full length, and makes the house too hot to hold him. She declares that it is impossible for her to hold in under such provoking circumstances; and she keeps it going till he departs to the grog-shop and drowns his decency and shame in whisky. Then again she possesses the power of commanding herself. These circumstances prove beyond cavil, that he or she who will, can bridle the provoking tongue and suppress the rising ire, when immediate consequences are pending.

The madness of raging passion is like the madness of inebriation. Both are produced by habitual indulgence; and the drunkard may as well plead his inebriation in extenuation of the brutalities of his conduct, as he or she may claim charity for insults and abuses of the tongue, who has cultivated an irascible disposition by unrestrained indulgence of the combative passions and the unruly member. Could the drunkard behold the death in the single glass which lurks in the aggregate of the poison which will steal upon his vitals and consume them piecemeal, he would probably dash it upon the ground and congratulate himself upon his escape from his mortal enemy. This his reasoning faculties can not discover, because the first glass, like the first worm that gnaws at the giant oak, makes no perceptible impression upon his health or constitution. So it is with the young husband or the young wife, who indulges in a momentary irritation of feeling, and suffers the tongue to give it utterance by a snappish word, or the eye to express it by one of its peculiarly intelligent dagger-darts. That ardent, reciprocal affection which united their hearts and hands at first, is exceedingly sensitive, and is wounded by every such demonstration of unkindness, however transient the feeling may be which prompts it. Just as each successive potation strengthens the habit of intemperance and weakens the mental energies and resisting power of the inebriate—just as the gnawing and feasting fattens the destructive grub, whilst the monarch of the forest is corroded, sickened and hastening to its death; so each crabbed word, cross look and offensive gesture, imparts strength to habitual irascibility of temper, and weakens that mutual love and reciprocal esteem which constitute the vitality of conjugal felicity.

Every husband can remember what his deportment was when he won the affections of his wife. Every wife can remember how amiable she endeavored to look, act and seem, when she secured to herself a monopoly of her husband's love. No one who is rational can expect, or even would desire, a continuance of the puppy-love fooleries which frequently characterize the seasons of courtship and the honey moon. But nothing can be more evident than the position, that a continuation of all the rational part of their first efforts to please, would secure abiding love and perfect harmony through life, which would afford more real happiness than all the wealth that is contained in a thousand Indies and ten thousand Californias. How extremely foolish is it, then, to throw away such unbounded wealth, for the sake of indulging an inclination to petulency, and cultivating an irascible disposition!

What is true in the relation of husband and wife, in this respect, is also true in the relation of brother and sister, friend and friend, neighbor and neighbor, partner and partner in business; in fine, in all the relations of life, wherein mutual respect and good feeling are con-

ducive to harmony and consequent happiness. And wherein are they not?

The churlish neighbor will accost the one who lives near him with: "You must take care of your infernal pigs and keep them out of my garden, or I'll shoot them." The moroseness, hauteur and irascibility of temper thus foolishly manifested, prove more instantaneously infectious than any of the whole vocabulary of diseases which human nature is subject to; and the owner of the pigs, from the sympathetic excitement of the moment, answers defiantly: "Shoot and be hanged! you snarling hyena! It would be just like your savage disposition!" Now the quarrel is fairly in, and, in all probability, will result in a personal rencontre, and end in a law-suit. The peace-loving man, who can control his passions, or who has so cultivated his disposition that no passion would arise to prompt him to offensive language or deportment, would meet his neighbor pleasantly on such an occasion, and ask him civilly to put yokes on his little trespassing animals, or otherwise dispose of them, to prevent their further depredations in his garden. The man thus approached, will rarely fail to comply with the request, and harmony and good fellowship will remain undisturbed between them.

The arrogant and furious partner in trade, will point to a purchase which has been made by his equal of the other name in the firm, and with austerity of manner, contraction of brow and sharpness of voice, insult him with: "What upon earth, Mr. Smith, could have induced you to purchase that worthless lot of stuff? I am sure if I had a clerk ten years old, who could not have manifested more judgment than that, I should consider him little better than an idiot, and send him home to his mother in quick time. It is strange that a man of your age should be so intolerably ignorant. You must calculate to do better than this for time to come, or stay away from the market.—I will not submit to such fooling any longer, depend on it." Mr. Smith has taken the goods to secure a debt, which would otherwise have been lost; but, feeling himself insulted, he will not condescend to make any explanation, and retorts upon his assailant by recounting instances in which he had acted much more like a fool, in his opinion. Taunt succeeds taunt, and invective follows invective, till the quarrel gathers neighboring merchants around them, and they are effectually disgraced. Mr. Smith insists on immediate dissolution; and his irascible partner never learns the true circumstances of the case, till they come to the settlement of their company business and the division of the goods.—Then for the first time he learns that it was himself who acted like a fool, and that Mr. Smith, whom his insulting words and manner had driven to the last resort of quarrelling partners, had acted wisely.—Now, when it is too late, he bitterly repents his rashness, and sorely regrets that he had not sense enough to keep cool till he inquired into the matter like a rational man and a gentleman. Every one has understood the whole merits of the case; and the man who could not control his inflammable temper, is pointed at and hissed by every little boy in the street.

One young brother suffers himself to become irritated with another, for some trifling circumstance, and calls him the worst names he can think of. The other catches the disease by sympathy, and retorts in kind. The mother has lost all authority over them by continual scolding, and the quarrel results in a disgraceful fight. The father comes home at evening, sees their scratched faces and torn clothes, examines into the matter, and whips both their backs severely. They smart painfully both from punishment and shameful reflection, and may never again feel their former brotherly love during life. All this comes from want of being properly impressed with the propriety and necessity of suppressing their irritable tempers and treating each other with the kindness which should characterize members of the same family and children of the same parents.

Sisters, too—oh! shall we tell the shameful truth?—will sometimes give way to a momentary irritability of temper, cast loose the golden chain of love which should constitute them the "angelic sister band around the domestic hearth," and exchange fierce looks and coarse epithets with each other, in that home which should be sacred to peace

and love; thus disturbing the harmony which should ever reign unbroken between them, perhaps not to be restored for many days; and this for want of a single moment of reflection, which would have counselled the most gentle remonstrance in all cases of misunderstanding. But this subject is too painful to be dwelt upon.

"Where is my overcoat?" asked Mr. B. of his even-tempered better half. "Good Lord! how should I know where your overcoat is? Do you think I have nothing else to do but watch every motion you make, and be ready to tell you where everything is that you throw down when you come into the house? If you do, I can tell you for your comfort that you will find yourself mistaken. I am not going to be made a slave or waiting woman for you or any body else. If you want a waiter, employ one, or be your own waiter, which you please. When I want any thing I look for it, and so may you, or do without it. A pretty time of day, indeed, if I must leave my business and hunt the house over for your overcoat, your hat, your gloves and cane, every time you want to step out of the house. You'll know me better I hope before you die of old age."

"Have you got through, Madam Crusty? Are you not ashamed of getting into such a passion and uttering such a tirade, merely because I asked you a civil question?"

"No, indeed, I have no reason to be ashamed. It is you that ought to be ashamed for wanting to make a waiting woman and a slave of your wife. I intend to give you to understand, if we live together much longer, that I am as good as you are. I wasn't brought up to be a waiter, and I'll let you know it."

"No, you was not brought up to be a waiter, but you was born to be a shrew, a termagant, a devil incarnate, as you are."

Now her once beautiful face burns and writhes with distorting passion. A thousand furies leap from those eyes whence erst no missile flew save Cupid's tiny darts. Her voice breaks with choking rage as she rises on tiptoe to give stunning emphasis to her reply; but he has gone off muttering anathemas from between his teeth; and the only solace left her for this disappointment, is the privilege of sitting down to a banquet of tears.

Sometimes it happens, as we have shown, that the daily quarrel will be commenced by the female partner, with the least possible provocation; and she'll never stop till she raises a satisfactory tempest. Another day the gentleman feels it his privilege to lead off. Something moves the combative spirit within him, and he starts for home, "nursing his wrath to keep it warm," till he arrives in the presence of his ever ready spouse. Now he casts about to see what he can find fault with. He discovers nothing but a vacant pane from which the glass had been broken some three months previously. This serves his purpose, and he opens his floodgate of invective against the unpardonable carelessness which prevails in every department of their household economy. Every thing is wrong, and he is in a fair way to be ruined by having everything smashed to pieces about the house. The scene which follows is more easily conceived than described.

This is a fair representation of the bliss enjoyed by many a couple; and the domestic hell which they dwell in, is entirely of their own creation. They can each be as pleasant to any third person as any body in the world can; but it would seem that they hate each other with all the malignity of fiends. This state of things grows out of indulging in the habit of speaking and answering snappishly, and omitting the amenities and respectful bearing towards each other, which alone can secure conjugal happiness.

May every young couple who think of entering into the relation of husband and wife, think seriously on these things beforehand, and resolve never to cultivate a combative spirit.

Harmonial Conference.

As was previously announced, we had Brother T. G. FORSTER with us, on Sabbath last; and in accordance with the farther announcement, a lecture was delivered through him, in the afternoon, by the spirit of EDGAR C. DAYTON, on the text: "I and my father are one;" and an-

other in the evening, by the spirit of STEPHEN R. SMITH, on the text: "Jesus wept." We need only say, of these lectures, that they were considered equal to any previously given, by the same spirits, through the same medium; and we know of no higher commendation. Mr. SMITH made his lecture shorter than he would have done, on account of the exhaustion of the medium's powers; his organs having been used by those two lecturing spirits, every day and evening, through the whole previous week. There were, however, philosophy, logic, and oratory enough in it to have sufficed for a lecture of four hours' length. The audience in the evening filled the hall. In the afternoon the hall was little more than half full. This is to be regretted, as the lecture, by Mr. DAYTON, was one which we could have wished all Buffalo to listen to.

We were not at the hall in the forenoon; but we learn that a very beautiful and interesting discourse was delivered, through the organs of Dr. N. TROWBRIDGE, Clairvoyant Physician. The speaking spirit purported to be that of Dr. FRANKLIN. A promise was given that the same spirit, at some future time, will deliver a lecture through the organs of Dr. T., on Electricity.

At the conclusion of Mr. SMITH's lecture, in the evening, Mr. BALLOU spoke through the organs of Miss SCOTT, pursuing the same subject. It is to be regretted that the speaking spirit cannot give more compass to her voice. There were peculiar beauties in the short address which the spirit gave through her; but not more than one in five, of the whole audience were enabled to hear it distinctly enough to appreciate it. We hope that when her physical system reaches the maturity of womanhood, her vocal organs will be adequate to the duties required of them.

Dr. W. F. Van Vleck.

This Clairvoyant Physician, Phrenologist, Psychometrical and test medium, has taken the rooms immediately over the office of this paper, recently occupied by J. B. CONKLIN, where he will be pleased to receive all those who require his services in any of the departments above named.

We have witnessed some of the performances of spirits, through this medium, which emboldens us to affirm, that his clairvoyant powers, both in diagnostics and description of character, excel all others that have come under our observation.

A word about Thomas Gales Forster.

It affords us heart-felt gratification to be enabled to announce to our readers, that this gentleman will send for his family, and make this city his permanent residence.

This having been settled, it remains to notify our friends in the various localities, within the range of a days ride, that all invitations to him, to come and give lectures, may be addressed to the care of the editor of this paper.

CURIOUS DIVORCE CASE.

A bill of divorce has just been granted at Detroit, the parties to the action having lived together in that city 30 years. The gentleman's name is Brewster, and in consequence of some rupture in the family in 1853 he abandoned them—a wife and seven children—and took lodgings at a hotel. He immediately filed a bill against Mrs. B., charging her with interfering with the discipline of his children, and other acts of insubordination of his martial authority, and praying a divorce from the bonds of matrimony. Mrs. B. soon after presented her bill against him, charging him with extreme cruelty, with habitual and long continued outrages upon her person and her feelings—numerous beatings and brutal conversation and demeanor. A large mass of testimony was taken in the case, and the result was that they dismissed his bill, and granted the petition, of Mrs. B. for an absolute divorce, with an allowance of alimony to Mrs. B. and her minor children of \$1,800 a year, with the costs of both suits.

—Night-dreams are the many-colored mental patch-work made from the spare clippings of our day-thoughts.

A Singular Circumstance.

On Saturday evening last, Capt. A. WALKER, together with three or four others, were in Mr. CONKLIN'S room till about ten o'clock. Among those present, was Mr. PARDEE, the speaking medium. At the hour named, Mr. P. and Mr. CONKLIN, left the room, to go to their lodgings, leaving the others conversing, in the room. In descending the stairs, Mr. P. was entranced, and impelled to return to the room. Immediately on re-entering, he spoke to Capt. WALKER, whom he had never before known, and addressed him as follows, first requesting Dr. VAN VLECK, who was present, to report what he was about to say:

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

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

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

GEORGE FOX.

Spiritualism in Italy.

Spiritualism, strange as it may seem, appears to have broken through all the bars and bolts, of bigotry and the thick-ribbed incrustation of Romanism, into the Italian States! At this rate, whither can it not go? Where into can it not enter?

From one of the late able and interesting letters, to the *Commercial Advertiser*, of this city, from the pen of Dr. THOMAS M. FOOTE; who, by the by, was one of the most inveterate opposers and contemners of the Spiritual philosophy, before he left home; we make the subjoined extract. The letter bears date: Florence, Dec. 25, 1855. After speaking of F. and J. which initials we take for those of FILLMORE and JEWETT, He says:

"This afternoon Mr. K——* called. For the past year or more he has been living here; engaged, as I understand, on a history of the Italian States. Sismondi's work, one would think, would deter any but a very

bold man from attempting such a subject; but it is strange what a fascination these old world stories, especially those of Italy, have for our people. We read about Italy in our boyish studies; in our youth we are charmed with its legendary and romantic lore; and as we get older we recur to Italy as the former seat of empire, law, religion, literature and art. K—— told me that the town is becoming infected with Spiritualism, and some of the stories he related, if they could be believed, were staggering. I sometimes think the present prevalence of Spiritualism arises from the little vitality there is in the religious faith of the masses. The human mind needs something more than a mere barren intellectual belief. It craves what was vouchsafed to the ancients, intercourse with the angels, and such it will make, if they do not exist."

The concession which this paragraph contains, amounts to almost a *cognovit*, on the part of the writer. And it is our opinion, that nothing but prejudice, aided by that pride of opinion which forbids men to acknowledge that they are wiser to-day than they were yesterday, can prevent such a mind as the Doctor possesses, from accepting the spiritual philosophy, as a verity.

*Supposed to be Mr. KENNEY, of Washington, D. C.

An oasis in the desert of secular Journalism.

We copy the following editorial article from the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, whose editor appears to have a soul that wears no shackles—that bows not to the dicta of Bigotry, though persecution, armed with darts of malignity, sits upon its threatening brow. Here is an evidence that there is one outsider, who dare to speak the truth, at least, in relation to facts, without fear for the anathemas of a bigoted and insolent clergy:

WHAT OUR EYES HAVE SEEN AND EARS HEARD.

In these days of progress, we have felt it our duty as an independent journalist, "bound to swear in the words of no man," to give a wide scope and full range to moral, religious and metaphysical inquiry; furnishing such facts as seem best authenticated, and which came within the sphere of probability, leaving others to draw their own deductions and furnish their own philosophy.

Among the developments of the age, none have appeared more startling or made more stir in the religious world than what is called the phenomena of Spiritualism. Why it should thus startle is evident from the nature of the subject. First, it assumes to speak from the spirit spheres and to bring intelligence from that land which lies beyond the "dark valley and shadow of death;" a region of mystery whose portals according to prevailing theories, have been closed to mortals in the flesh for eighteen hundred years. With these prevailing theories, these new developments seem at war, and frighten, as they necessarily would the devotees of an opposing faith whose social position and pride of opinion are controlling considerations.

Having no opposing faith, nor the fear of ostracism before our eyes, we have taken that liberty which we never yet pledged away, to observe certain phenomena called spiritual, which rather came in our way, and to exercise a little of that reason which every sane mind is supposed to possess until lost by lunacy, or benighted with bigotry.

The excitement consequent upon the facts of Spiritualism seems to have subsided in the public mind, for the reason that they are no longer disputed. The philosophy of Spiritualism now engrosses public attention, and is secretly pervading the popular mind to an almost incredible extent. We have witnessed many of the so called "demonstrations" which at first had no other effect than simply to confound us.

We have published many such with no other motive than to perplex others. We have forborne all opinion of our own, first, because we did not know what to believe, and second, because it was no business of our readers what our opinions were, if we had any, holding, that every man's religion is a matter between his conscience and his God. But of all the phenomena we have ever witnessed, the most grand, mysterious, and majestic was exhibited at a private house in this city the other night, in the presence of some twenty of our most respectable citizens, the medium being Miss Sarah Brooks, a young lady of some eighteen years of age, whose parents live in Buffalo, and whose father was also present. We had heard much of the musical demonstrations in the girl's presence, and we were glad to avail ourselves of a polite invitation to witness the same. The room was

a parlor of ordinary dimensions, the Piano was one of the largest kind of Rose wood, and to make the experiment satisfactory, the keyboard was turned against the wall and the Piano was set "chuck up." The young lady sat on a stool in rear of the piano, near enough to lay her hand upon the cover of the instrument. The balance of the people sat in a circle in the center of the room hold of hands. The gas was turned off and soon the raps began. At first they appeared on the lid of the instrument; then upon the strings inside. The alphabet was called for and several communications spelled out. At length thumming commenced on the keys reminding one of the preludes often played by professional artists. Then came a roar of melodies like the lashing of the waters which died away in Æolian sweetness like echos in a cave. Sudden as the lightning flash the instrument would seem besieged, and louder than heaven's artillery would ring the strings until the very walls of the house would seem to shake and the windows violently rattle. Spectators started in fright fearing the instrument would be destroyed. The music closed and next was heard the harsh grating of a screw as if turned by a wrench, while the strings were snapped and actually put in tune.

Next came several familiar airs, both parts being at the same time well played. Then one end of the piano is lifted, and let down with such force as to jar the whole house. The gas is turned on, the room brilliantly lighted, and there sits the medium upon her stool, calm as a summer morn; and here, hold of hands in the center of the room, sits the circle. The piano is examined. The keys can hardly be reached with both hands by the tallest person in the room, and sitting upon the stool the keys cannot be reached at all. The medium cannot play a tune, having never taken a music lesson in her life. No one in the company can play as the invisible agent did, even sitting down by the keys; and no lady in the room was found with muscular strength sufficient to raise one end of the instrument from the floor.

"Can such things be, and overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder?"

We read of spirits doing stranger things eighteen hundred years ago. The Bible is full of such "manifestations." Many people believe the written testimony who discredit the living evidences of their senses.—Strange world!

A GOLDEN THOUGHT.

Nature will be reported. All things are engaged in writing her history. The plant goes attended by its shadow. The rolling rock leaves its scratches on the mountain, the river its channel in the soil, and the animal its bones in the stratum; the fern and the leaf leave their modest epitaph in the coal. The falling drop makes its sculpture in sand or stone; not a footstep in the snow or along the ground but prints in characters more or less lasting, a map of its march; every act of the man inscribes itself on the memories of its fellows, and its face. The air is full of sound, the sky of tokens; the ground is all memoranda and signatares, and every object is covered over with hints which speak to the intelligent.

A MAN BUYING HIS OWN COFFIN.

An undertaker in Newburgh tells the following story through the *Newburgh Gazette*: "About the 20th of October last, a robust, healthy man entered his shop in Newburgh, and asked to see some metallic coffins—stating that he wanted one for himself, and, as he was pretty tall, he would need a long one. On the 8th of January he called again, and said he would take the coffin home with him the following week. On the 19th of January he returned, took his coffin, and engaged the services of the maker as undertaker at his funeral in August, as he said his death would occur August 20th, 1856.

—"This man," said Emerson, speaking of Swedenborg, "who appeared to his cotemporaries a visionary, and an elixir of moonbeams, no doubt led the most real life of any man then in the world: and now, when the royal and ducal Fredericks, Christierns and Brunswicks of that royal day, have slid into oblivion, he begins to spread himself into the minds of thousands."

—Fontenell was asked by a courtier at Versailles what difference there was between a clock and a woman? He instantly replied, "A clock serves to point out the hours, a woman to make us forget them."

—Little children are the lilies-of-the-valley of life.

Burns and his Highland Mary.

The circumstances of the production of the following lines are these:—Mrs. Francis O. Hyzer, of Montpelier, Vermont, is sometimes influenced to write both poetry and prose, purporting to emanate from departed spirits. She had one day been reading some of these productions to a lady visitor, who asked her if Robert Burns (the lady's favorite poet) had ever communicated to her. She replied that she had never been conscious of his presence, nor was she familiar with his writings. The lady remarked that she hoped he would sometime make known his presence, and answer a question she had in her mind, which question she did not express. A few days subsequently, Mrs. Hyzer felt impelled by spirit influence to pen the following, which, on being shown to the lady, was found to be an appropriate reply to the query she had in her mind:

Fair lady, that I come to you
A stranger-bard, fu' weel I ken,
For ye've known nought of me, save through
The lays I've pour'd through Scotia's glen;
But when I speak o' gliding Ayr,
O' hawthorn shades and fragrant ferns,
O' Doon, and Highland Mary fair,
Mayhap ye'll think o' ROBERT BURNS.

I am the lad—and why I'm here,
I heard the gudedame when she said
She'd know, in joyous spirit spheres,
If Burns was wi' his Mary wed.
I sought to tell her o' our joy—
Na muckle impress could I make—
And lady, I have flown to see
If ye'd my message to her take.

Tell her that when I pass'd from earth
My angel-lassie, crown'd wi' flowers,
Met me wi' glowing love-lit torch.
And led me to the nuptial bowers;—
That all we'd dreamed o' wedded bliss,
And more, was meted to us there—
And sweeter was my dearie's kiss
Than on the flowry banks o' Ayr.

Where Love's celestial fountains play'd,
And rose-buds burst, and seraphs sang,
And myrtle twined, our couch to shade,
I clasp'd the love I'd mourn'd sa lang;
And while by angel-harps were play'd
The bonnie "bridal serenade,"
Though na gown'd priest the kirk-rite said,
Burns was wi' Highland Mary wed!

There's na destroying death-frost here
To nip the Hope-buds ere they bloom—
The "bridal tour" is through the spheres—
Eternity the "honey-moon."
And now, my lady, if ye'll bear
These words unto the anxious dame,
I think I can ye so reward,
Ye'll ne'er be sorry that I came.

CHARACTER.

Get and preserve a good name, if it were but for the public service; for one of a deserved reputation hath oftentimes an opportunity to do that good, which another cannot that wants it. And he may practise it with more security and success.

—Many people are esteemed merely because they are not known.

—Though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is often led by the nose with gold.

—The only way by which a foreigner can distinguish one Russian peasant from another, the resemblance between them being very close, is by the patches on their clothes, which are much more varied than their faces.

The History of Newspapers.

The first newspaper was issued monthly in MS. form, in the republic of Venice, and called the *Gazetta*, probably from a farthing coin peculiar to Venice, and which was the common price at which it was sold. Thirty volumes of it are still preserved in a library at Florence.

It was long supposed that the first newspaper published in England was at the epoch of the Spanish Armada, but it has been discovered that the copies of that bearing the imprint of 1538, in the British Museum, were forgeries. There was no doubt that the puny ancestor of the myriads of broad sheets was not published in London till 1622,—150 years after the art of printing had been discovered; and it was nearly 100 years more, before a daily paper was ventured upon. Periodical papers seem first to have been used by the English during the times of the Commonwealth, and were then called "weekly news-books." Some of them had most whimsical titles. It was common with the early papers to have a blank page, which was sometimes filled up, in the paucity of news, by selections from the Scriptures.

The first newspaper printed in North America was printed in Boston, in 1690. Only one copy of that paper was known to be in existence. It was deposited in the State Paper Office in London, and was about the size of an ordinary sheet of letter paper. It was stopped by the government. The Boston News-Letter was the first regular paper. It was first issued in 1704, and was printed by John Allen, in Pudding Lane. The contents of some of the early numbers were very peculiar. It had a speech of Queen Anne, to Parliament, delivered 120 days previously, and this was the latest news from England. In one of the early numbers there was an announcement that by order of the Postmaster-General of North America, the post between Boston and New York sets out once a fortnight. Negro men, women, and children were advertised to be sold; and a call was made upon a woman who had stolen a piece of fine lace worth 14s. a yard, and upon another who had conveyed a piece of fine calico under her riding hood, to return the same or be exposed in the newspapers.

This pioneer paper was published for 74 years; it was the leading Tory paper, prior to the Revolution. The Boston Gazette was the organ of the patriots, and was issued at Watertown. At the commencement of the revolutionary war, there were but 37 newspapers in the United States. Of this number, only eight were committed to the British Government, but five others were bought over. The oldest existing paper in Massachusetts was the Worcester Spy, first published in this city during 1770, but removed to the western part of the State on the occupation of Boston by the British troops. Our country, although the youngest in the world, outstrips all others in the number of publications and newspapers sold. The number of copies of newspapers printed here is four times greater than in Great Britain, though England has twice as many magazines. The number of religious newspapers here, and the extent of their circulation, form a striking social characteristic.—*Exchange.*

ANCIENT STRUCTURES.

Ninevah was 15 miles long, 9 wide, and 40 miles round, with a wall 100 feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was 60 miles within the walls, which were 75 feet thick, and 300 feet high, with 100 brazen gates. The Temple of Diana at Ephesus, according to Pliny, required 220 years to complete it, and was supported by 127 pillars, 60 feet high, having been raised by as many kings. The largest of the Pyramids is 481 feet high and 653 on the sides; its base covers 11 acres. The stones are about 30 feet in length, and the layers are 208. It employed 300,000 men in building. The labyrinth of Egypt contained 300 chambers and 12 halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 27 miles round, and had 100 gates. Carthage was 25 miles round. Athens was 25 miles round and contained 250,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The Temple of Delphos was so rich in donations that it was plundered of £100,000, and Nero carried away from it 200 statues. The walls of Rome were 13 miles round.

—Keep at work if you would be happy. There is more true enjoyment in sweating an hour, than in yawning a century.

MISSIONS IN TURKEY.

A few days since, says one of the editors of the *Independent* we inquired of the son of an American Missionary, just arrived from Constantinople, "if Russia should take Constantinople, how long could your father remain there, at his work?" "Not a day," was the instant reply. That answer is a true exponent of the respective attitudes of Russia and Turkey towards the missionary work. The father of this young gentleman once knew something of Austrian persecution towards the Christian missionary; but in Turkey he has labored for years, not only without molestation, but with positive encouragement.

EXTRAORDINARY LONGLIVITY.

In a late "Paris letter" we find the following curious statement:—"Towards the last century, an individual of the age of 22 years, was condemned to the hulks for life. It was the custom or at any rate in this case was the humor of the court to pronounce the sentence for the term of 99 years. The criminal has undergone his somewhat prolonged confinement, and a few days ago was set at liberty. Though bent double and almost bowed down to his knees, he is in the enjoyment of excellent health. He attains next month his 121st birthday."

PASTE THIS UP IN YOUR MIND.

Let you be ever so pure, you cannot associate with bad companions without falling into bad odour. Evil company is like tobacco-smoke—you cannot be long in its presence without carrying away a taint of it.

CAN BE HAD AT FOUR CENTS PER COPY,

THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, a weekly newspaper, published by PARTRIDGE & BAITAN, and devoted to the illustration of Spiritual intercourse.

Ready every Wednesday at BURKE'S Book, Stationery and News House, Feb. 23. 2w* Corner of Main and Exchange streets.

EVERY BOOK, Newspaper, or Periodical published, can be found at BURKE'S Complete Publishing, Bookselling, Stationery and News House, corner of Main and Exchange streets. Feb. 23. 2w*

RURAL PUBLICATIONS.

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

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

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

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

Subscriptions received and single copies for sale at the Literary Depot Post Office Building. T. S. HAWKS.

PRICE FOUR CENTS A COPY.

THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, a Weekly Newspaper, devoted to the illustration of Spiritual Intercourse. Ready every Wednesday morning at

BURKE'S Publishing, Bookselling, stationery and News House, Feb. 23. 2w* Corner of Main and Exchange streets.

SPIRITUALISM

SCIENTIFICALLY DEMONSTRATED.

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

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

For sale by T. S. HAWKS, Post Office building.

THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH,

A WEEKLY Newspaper, devoted to the illustration of Spiritual intercourse. Published every Wednesday morning, at \$2. per annum.—Single copies four cents.

For sale at Burke's Book, Stationery and News House, corner of Main and Exchange streets. Feb. 23. 2w*

SPIRIT MINSTREL.

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

T. S. HAWKS, Nov. 9, 1855. 6tf