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[POLITICO-MORAL.]

The Spirit of Human Slavery.

The telegraphic report from Washington, on Thursday evening, the 22d inst., furnished the following:

"Immediately after the adjournment of Congress to-day, Preston S. Brooks, of S. C., member of the lower House, entered the Senate Chamber and approached the seat of Mr. Sumner and struck him a powerful blow with a cane, at the same time accusing him of libelling South Carolina and his grey headed relative, Senator Butler.

Mr. Sumner fell from the effects of the blow, and Brooks continued beating him.

Mr. Sumner soon recovered sufficiently to call for help, but no one interfered, and Brooks repeated the blows until Mr. Sumner was deprived of the power of speech.

Some eye-witnesses state that Brooks struck as many as fifty times on the head of Sumner.

Mr. Sumner was sitting in the arm chair when the assault was made and had no opportunity to defend himself.

After his assailant desisted he was carried to his rooms; the extent of his injuries is not ascertained.

Mr. Brooks was complained of by Mr. Lueder, on whose oath Justice Hollingshead issued a warrant of arrest, and required Brooks to give bail in the sum of \$500 security for his appearance to morrow evening.

Mr. Sumner has several scars, but not dangerous wounds on his head.

The cane held by Brooks was shattered to pieces by the blow."

These two gentlemen are representatives of opposite sections of the Union. The one represents the North; and he represents his constituency with their characteristic coolness and rationality of deportment. He talks to the representative body of the Nation, of the grievances which those of his section have suffered at the hands of those of the other section, where they have met on middle ground, in a new territory, which is about to take the shape of a new State, to become a member of the Union. He tells them that the people who have gone thither from the South, have acted unjustly, overbearingly and tyrannically. He tells them that although Congress had enacted a law, giving to the people of that territory the right to form a territorial government for themselves, and either tolerate human slavery under that government, or prohibit it and consecrate the new State to freedom, the portion of the people of the territory who came thither from the South, though greatly in the minority, procured the unlawful interference of people from slave-holding States, who came there across the state line, on election days, took possession of the polls, prevented those from the North from exercising the right of suffrage which Congress had given them, and voted themselves; thus electing none but those who were in favor of adopting human slavery, as a state institution, and thus forming a territorial government, contrary to the will of a large majority of the people. He tells them that the people from his section of the Union are thus fraudulently deprived of their rights, natural and legal, and that, although they have the numerical strength to resist this tyranny and punish the ag-

gressors, those to whose hands the administration of the United States government has been committed—to wit, FRANKLIN PIERCE, the President, and his Cabinet, who were all the time cognizant of the frauds, have not only refused to see justice done, as was their constitutional duty, but have interposed the power with which they have been entrusted, to prevent the justice which they should have guaranteed, and to secure the fraudulent establishment of slavery in the territory, by foreign votes. He tells them that this FRANKLIN PIERCE, the President, though a citizen of the free section of the country, has used the influence of his high position to promote the propagation of human slavery, in all the new territories, sanctioning the unlawful introduction of foreign votes, and all the usurpations and tyrannical acts of illegally chosen legislators and officers. He tells them, coolly, but emphatically, that this course of conduct must lead to a civil war, and not improbably, to a dissolution of the Union. In all this, he tells the truth, and tells it with great ability and eloquence, because he has a capable and talented mind, which is well stored with knowledge. And so he proves himself a true representative, not only of the Northern people, but of the Northern section and climate.

The other man represents the South; and he represents his constituency as truly as the first does. He comes from a State in which there are more slaves than free men. Indeed, he comes from a State in which there is no freedom at all, for any class. He comes from the little State of South Carolina, in which the nominal slave population far outnumber those who are nominally free; where the worst tyranny reigns that the angels ever wept over; where the laws sanction the ownership of man by his brother man; where the body and soul of one man or one woman, is made the chattel property of another man or another woman; where one man may own, as his property, a thousand other men, and keep them in life-long bondage, compelling them to labor, under a driver's lash, without comfortable food or clothing, day after day, month after month, year after year, till they are worn out and die, having no hope of amelioration or change of condition, to cheer them in their weary and horrible path of life; where the law allows the master to give full play to all his passions and propensities, compelling his female slaves to submit their persons to the gratification of his beastly lust, and punishing resistance with instant death; where the minds of the enslaved majority are kept in the darkest ignorance, and their souls are dwarfed from generation to generation, for want of the aliment which education and knowledge afford, till there is nothing left but the mere germ of an immortal spirit; where the master is as much a slave as the negro who cowers and trembles under his frown, and bleeds and roars under his lash; because he is as strongly bound to slavery as slavery is to him; where mind is enslaved by its propensities, and attains, in but comparatively few instances, to the freedom of dispassionate reflection or elevated thought: where the soul is rendered callous to the feelings and sympathies of humanity, by looking, from infancy, upon the most extreme cruelty—upon living human flesh,

torn by the lash, and quivering with the jerkings of severed nerves and fibre; where the youthful tyrant is allowed to imitate the inhumanity of his fiery headed and bloody handed sire, by beating his equals in years and natural rights, whose skins, but not whose souls are darker than his; where genius rarely buds and blossoms; where science scorns to have her birth place; where the arts, save those by which politicians are manufactured and demoniac spirits are produced, have no abiding place; where the pistol and the bowie-knife are the arbiters of all personal disagreements; where the antiquated, grey-bearded, time-shrivelled form of physical, intellectual, moral and spiritual conservatism, sits inactive, in its stationary arm-chair, snarling at suggestion, cursing innovation, shaking its cane at reform, and forbidding inventive genius to come nearer, on pain of starvation; where a single idea, and that a debasing one, monopolizes the ruling mind of the body politic; and whence the germ of no great enterprize or human improvement ever emanated.

These are the two representatives and champions of the two sections of the Union. Their encounter is an epitomized pre-representation of the great encounter which awaits the nation, not far in the future. And it is not improbable that the result of the first onset will be like this little antitype. The presentiment strikes our mind plainly, that the fiery South will fall upon the North, in their middle ground, in the manner of this attack, and that inasmuch as Mr. PIERCE, the President, is as much their man as any of their human chattels, he, according to his pre-determination, will direct the United States' forces to unite with the myrmidons of the slave power, against the champions of freedom, on that middle ground, and beat them down, as Mr. SUMNER has been beaten down, and beat them after they are down, as he has been beaten. But we invoke the spirit of patriotism, the spirit of Northern honor, the spirit of universal philanthropy, the spirit of human liberty, the spirit of eternal truth, the spirit of outraged justice, the spirit of honest indignation, the spirit of *cheek-burning shame*, to arouse themselves, and not be passive spectators of the scene, when the South thus shivers its cane over the prostrate head and body of the free North, whilst it cries for help, as was done by the lookers on, in the antitype.

Reader, we are no political partisan. We have no sectional feeling, excepting when the rights of the people of one section are grossly violated by the people of the other section. Our patriotism and our philanthropy, extend all over the country, and to all classes of humanity that live and have their home in it. We drew our first breath in this country; and so did our ancestors, as far back as we have any knowledge. We have lived many years and seen much of the workings of our political system. We love our country and its free institutions; and we would willingly—nay, joyfully, give what we have left of this life, if we could thereby avert the coming storm, and save the country from the dreadful, the horrifying scene of purgation which lies in its pathway. But there is no sacrifice which can redeem the nation from the penalty which it has incurred by its transgressions against the law of righteousness; and it is the part of wisdom to open its eyes to the truth which makes itself so palpable, and be prepared to meet the coming shock.

It was the spirit—the black spirit, of human slavery, that sent the dastard Brooks, from the Representative Hall to the Senate Chamber, to commit a violent personal outrage upon a man of peace—a man known to him to be conscientiously and religiously

opposed to personal combats and collisions. It is to the spirit of human slavery that must be attributed the degeneracy of Southern patriotism, as it existed in the days of WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, HENRY, RUTLEDGE, CARROLL, and their fellow laborers in the cause of human rights and human liberty. Then the Southern section of the Union could boast of souls which the foul fiend could not pervert and demonize. The immortal mind of JEFFERSON had a glimpse of what that fell spirit would become, if the country could not be freed from it; and hence his noble effort to keep it out of all the territory that belonged to the United States, by which he hoped to prevent the accession of any more slave states to the Union. He saw that, if slavery was to be continued in the country, our boast of liberty would be a mere mockery. He saw that it would be likely to fade out in the Northern section, where minds and hands labored together, and where slave labor was not adapted to the acquisition of wealth or to the genius of the people. He saw that the more productive soil of the South made slave labor more profitable, and that employment of slaves, which was becoming more and more general, must entirely supersede white labor; because, as slaves were never treated like human beings, labor must become a reproach to white men and women. Seeing this effect of slavery, his great mind was led to the natural conclusion, that the Southern section must soon be destitute of mechanical genius, which never can be made to thrive but by the united action of mind and muscle. And being a true philosopher, he saw that the enslavement of men and women, would produce practical tyranny in their owners, and that practical tyranny would produce natural tyranny, as generation succeeds generation. He saw that the influx of wealth, coupled with the entire exemption from all industrial employments, which result from the slavery system, must produce luxuriousness and immoral propensities, which are enervating to both body and mind, and have a powerful tendency, not only to deteriorate the race, in all the noble qualities of Godlike manhood, but to degenerate, warp and distort the soul, and turn the course of human progression backward towards pristine barbarism. Foreseeing all this with a vision little less than prophetic, he groaned in his spirit, as he saw the tendency of the people for whose benefit his mind had so long labored and his soul had been so long agonized; and the groans which he uttered took the shape of language that will live forever.

The spirit of human slavery, from the days of JEFFERSON and his compatriots, has been constantly leading the Southern people into false positions and erroneous conceptions, as well in relation to the claims of justice, on the part of the people of the free States, as to abstract human rights. The practical arrogance of the spirit which the slave system engenders, has made them dictatorial to a degree which amounts to extreme superciliousness and insolence; and the disposition to give way to them, for peace sake, which has been so long manifested by the people of the free States, has had the effect to make them still more arrogant, over bearing and exacting; and they lay violent hands on the rights of the North wherever they come to them, and calculate on an indefinite continuation of the impunity which they have hitherto experienced. They seem to have succeeded in making themselves believe that human slavery is a blessing instead of the blighting curse that it is, and that all the rights claimed by the non-slaveholding portion of the American people, which conflict with their institution, may be violated or wrested from them, without the incurrment of any dangerous responsibility. And so general is this mania among the

slaveholders of the South—so deeply are they imbued with the spirit of arrogance—so determined are they to carry their point and propagate slavery and abolish freedom, wherever they can plant the foot of a human chattel, that a crisis—an awful crisis, is near at hand.

It is now becoming evident that the people of the free States are not always to be thus tyrannized over, thus maltreated, thus robbed of their legitimate rights, thus flouted, defied and insulted. The culminating point of impunity has been reached by the slavery propagandists, and there must be a collision. It is true that Northern politicians are, in a great measure, to blame for this state of things. It has been the practice with them—no party excepted—to vie with each other for the favor of the South, at the expense of equal rights and of honor. There has been nothing, however extravagant, unrighteous or humiliating, asked by the South, that Northern politicians have not been ready, meanly to accede to, for the sake of the official patronage which the South has generally had the address and the cunning to obtain control of. The worst feature of the Northern character, is that mercenary spirit which will consent to any humiliating conditions; brook any indignities; pocket any insult, even be kicked and caned, when dollars, or offices which afford dollars, are in view. This contemptible spirit of mercenary meanness, among Northern politicians, has led the Southern people on from arrogance to arrogance, and from degree to degree of insolent bearing, till they confidently calculate on impunity for whatever act of injustice they may choose to commit—whatever insult they may choose to offer. They are like spoiled children who want every thing they see, cry peevishly for every thing they want, and scratch their mothers face, if she deny them any thing. The spirit of human slavery, and their habits of life, from generation to generation, have made them irascible, over bearing, tyrannical and totally regardless of the divine rights of man.

Having thus given the true character of the Southern spirit and Southern people, what shall we say of them? Shall we despise them and extol the Northern character and people? Shall we hate them for these characteristics? No, we will do no such thing. They are just what circumstances have made them. They are not, probably, a whit worse than the people of the free states would have been, had they exchanged localities and circumstances a century ago. Originally, those who became planters and slave holders in the sunny south, had natures as kind, minds as capable and souls as pure as those whose hands and minds labored together in the sterile soil and among the ranks of New England. But, whilst the physical constitutions, moral qualities, intellectual energies and all-searching genius, of the latter, were constantly cultivated and strengthened and matured, by *freedom* and its connections and consequences, the same attributes of the former have been as constantly deteriorated by *slavery* and its necessary surroundings and consequences.

Under these circumstances, what is to be done? There is a nucleus of civil war in the great west. In that territory which is to be the center of the great North American Republic, the North and South are meeting. Southern rashness, with its girdle and pockets all stuck full of pistols, bowie-knives and dirks, is there, ready to expend itself in a single onset. Northern determined firmness, which, like true bravery, never goes armed, is there too, ready to be knocked down and beaten—ready, too, to get up again, when its assailant's cane is shivered. But look abroad in the land, and see the thousands and the tens of thousands that are wending

their way thither. Look farther and deeper and closer, and see the hundreds of thousands that have arrived at the conclusion that they, too, will go, rather than the present state of things should continue.

We tell you, reader—and it grieves our very soul so to tell you—that the coming struggle cannot be averted! As sure as God lives, so sure the tug of war is near at hand, in this country. The South will not—cannot return to rationality, and treat the North even civilly. She will attempt to carry out her mad project, *vi et armis*, and her Pandarus, in the Presidential chair, will attempt to sustain her by the military power of the nation. This latter circumstance will give to the inevitable collision the character of a revolution; and the blood of the nation must flow all too copiously. It is now too late to look for preventives. It must come; and let it. "What cannot be cured must be endured." Of one thing be sure: The guilty cause of all this, *must perish in the coming strife!* THE SPIRIT OF HUMAN SLAVERY, which, thank God, is not immortal, must die in the struggle, and be annihilated! Then the North and the South can be united in a common brotherhood; and then we shall be a purged and healthy nation.

The above was written on Monday last; since which, and up to the time of going to press, all the accounts we have seen, tend to confirm us in the sentiments we have expressed. The last accounts tell of the destruction of the town of Lawrence, in Kansas, by the general administration and its allies, the ruffians, marauders and murderers of western Missouri. All these things hasten the crisis; and we shall soon be in a revolution. The spirit of human slavery is rampant, and will continue its depredations, till the people of the free states come to the rescue. And to the rescue they should come, must come and will come.

A Spiritual Funeral.

On Saturday last, we attended the funeral of Mrs. SYLVESTER, wife of WILLIAM SYLVESTER. It was the first funeral we ever attended, at which an address was delivered by one who had passed through the gate of physical death. As was previously announced, the funeral discourse, on that occasion, was delivered by the Spirit of STEPHEN R. SMITH, through the organism of THOMAS GALES FORSTER. He spoke, probably, not less than three-quarters of an hour; and we think it would be exceedingly difficult for any one who might be ever so much disposed to cavil, to find any thing in the whole discourse to base an unfavorable criticism on.

The change which we term death, was the theme of the speaker. He showed clearly to the comprehension of all, that nothing really dies, in the whole economy of nature. He showed that the physical form which lay there confined for burial, had been thrown off by her who had no farther use for it; that although that organization was to be disorganized, because it had become useless, all of its component atoms were still alive and ready to fly away and enter into other combinations, wherever nature should require them; some to enter into the unfolding leaves and flowers; some to be incorporated in the ox which is to load the butcher's stall and the gormands dish, at some proximate future day; some to enter into the melon in the garden, and thence into the growing organization of the child that eats the melon; and thus to keep circulating eternally. He showed that the change which we denominate death, and which mortals have been taught to look forward to with sensations of horror, is not only the most rational arrangement in the whole human economy, but the greatest and most desirable

boon in man's rudimental existence; because it opens the door through which he enters his home among his kindred angels, where there can be no more sin—no more suffering.

The speaker sustained the whole Spiritual philosophy, in the most beautiful manner; and, at the same time, uttered nothing that could give offence or pain to the most sensitive mind, whatever might have been its religious teachings or prejudices.

We suppose we shall render ourself obnoxious to the sarcastic remarks of the sneering skeptic, when we say that we were amused, gratified and delighted, to see the spirit which the process of change had set free, come and stand at the head of the coffin, and look upon the form which it had evacuated, seemingly in a contemplative mood, as if soliloquising: "There lies the little prison in which I have been incarcerated for more than half a century. In it I underwent much that was afflicting; but it was a school-house, as well as a prison, in which I received my rudimental lessons; and the afflictions which I experienced, were but necessary chidings for my inattention to the precepts which I received, and to the voice of the monitor within me. I will indulge in one lingering look at the old familiar tenement, the fiction of Lot's wife notwithstanding."

Another clairvoyant, who was present, saw the spirit of E. C. DAYTON come and take her by the hand and lead her away from the coffin; and her countenance answered to the benignant smile with which he approached her.

Reader; these things which we tell you are realities—they constitute the living word of God, for they are true. And do you not think such scenes as these are like throwing open the gate between the two states of existence, and bringing heaven and earth together? Would to heaven that those who stand back in the cold, dark regions of skepticism, could realize the importance of what they are losing.

Lecture by E. C. Dayton.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

"No God! No God! The simplest flower
That on the wild is found,
Shrinks as it drinks its cup of dew,
And trembles at the sound."

No God! Every breeze that fans the cheek of nature, reproves the atheistical idea. The streamlets leap to engrave the name of the Almighty on the rocks that embellish their fragrant banks; and the living stars, amid the glory-revolving system of immensity, emblazon on their enameled surface the name of God. Immensity overpowers the conception of man, and his once-stricken soul is lost in the contemplation of heaven, while he feels that his attempt is vain when he strives, by thought, to measure his existence or to probe to the depths of a fathomless futurity. No God! The stupendous tide of science hurls back to earth the darkened thought, while, like ancient lore 'twill die with time, which is fast seeking the shades of oblivion. The man whose sound heart beats 'neath tattered garments, and who, perhaps, has not heard the name of God, for years, save as he felt his own divinity sweetly repeat the name, feels a contempt at the idea, when silently he asks, why my being, if there is no God? And even the cold atheist feels his bosom chilled, when the impassioned soul responds, there is no God. And when he lays the casket that contained an idol, in the cold bosom of earth, his tender heart throbs with fond and hopeful emotions; and when the warm sun-rays fall o'er his outward pathway, the soul whispers, perchance there

may be a God—else why this constant life and decay—this perpetual causation of animate and inanimate life, and why the deep, deep cries of the soul of man, for something which the feeble lips cannot ask for.

No God! These words fall upon the loving heart as the death knell doth fall on the soul of the bereaved mourner. It fills life with darkness, hurls immortal hope from the altar of the heart and urges the mind on in the shadowy pursuits of an earthly existence, till, bound like a slave with the chain of error, it feels that the man of toil is not a child of the same God, and forgets that the hut may contain a jewel, as well as the gilded palaces of royalty; for oh! how oft, beneath a homely robe, we find a polished soul, glittering in the sunlight of a joyous heart, where the peaceful waters of contentment pulsate like the music of nature, as it ebbs and flows at the voice of its God. No God! These fearful words absorb the drops of joy—the sweetest hopes of earth; and aspiration takes it flight from an uprising source, content to let experience prove that there is a God. With fairy-like steps that seem music to the human heart, angels tread the walks of earth, and like the leaf that waves in summer time, as the almost imperceptible air agitates its being, they fill the soul with deep thoughts of heaven; and when the pearly drop, in hope, falls from the eye, it is emblematical of its own heaven, within the soul which ever and ever yearns for its God.

Far away beyond the blue sky, where banded spirits dwell in their existence of mystery, there, oh! there doth man know that the pale, dim cloud—the wild and fearful storm—the threatening lightning that rides the might of the approaching tornado—the timid moon as it conceals its bright face behind the clouds—and the stars that hide beneath the gathering ether, all in one grand diapason of trembling majesty, proclaim the existence of a God. The deep and dark eclipse of the mortal mind, in its deep reverie of God, is but an omen of eternal happiness. When the soul fixes its vision on the spirit's bright home, and when the shades of death steal softly o'er its outward senses, and the angel being strives to start to the realms of a brighter day, the last broken, string of the heart, as it in agony shrieks for outer life, tells that the spirit is on the wing; and as sunshine clasps the world, so doth that soul clasp the beauties of the skies, all, all centered in one living God. When the human heart, with quicker impulse, throws the wavelet of thought to its bright shore, and with broken, trembling throbs, it swells against the outward tide of life, till scarce the gentlest ripple glides along its quivering way, till scarce a motion survives to tell that immortal hope yet lingers in its own calm breast, and the swell of thought dies upon the tide, and that heart falls back upon the gentle motion of inner life, it but tells, in its every heaving, of its God. As the rebel winds cease to chase the clouds in their flight, so has man ceased to chase the impious thought that there is no God, while the spontaneous manifestations of the mind powerfully demonstrate the existence of a source of all life and emotion.

No God! The dimpled smile of the babe—its fond prattling—its lisping of simple eloquence, and its fathomless, untutored soul, prove the existence of an eternal source. Then why mourn over the ills of life? The heart may be bright, though surrounded by clouds; and if the silvery notes of the hearth-stone strike sadly upon weary heart-strings, which in lone hours pine sadly for hopes long buried, oh! think of that bright far-off land, where no longer you will wear the victim's crown, but where the soul will gather sweet thoughts, and frame them into a language. to fill

your being with cheering melody, and revel in visions of eternal brightness.

Awake from thy slumber, oh! human soul, for spirit voices roll along the golden chain of hope, in sweetest echoes, wakening thy spirit to a new and holier light; and deep are the responsive echoes of the souls above, as their swelling notes of love fall on the human ear, while it starts as if recalling to mind some long forgotten strain of music, which was tinged with sadness, but now seems clear and sweet. Perhaps 'tis the voice of an angel father, come to cheer the heart of his child, and ever near to answer the tones of his child's love. That still recalled silvery strain sweeps onward and vibrates back from vault to vault, in the hearts of those who weep because of the bitter scenes of life. It is a holy task to keep the heart sunny and bright, and to breathe a sweetness o'er its own way. 'Tis a happy thought, though, that it is capable of cooling the fevered brow; to smooth the pillow of sorrow, wet with tears; to soothe the pain, and bid its kindred heart look up again; for life is not a dark vacuity. Yet 'tis a curse for the immortal soul of man to live masked; to live in a lie; for if he denies his God, he proves himself a living lie; for the minutest beating of the heart proves that it somewhere has an author. The icy hand of grief may clasp the heart in its chilling grasp; still the sunshine can not flee, leaving the mind an arid desert; for forever must light beam from the soul of heaven.

There are too many sighing for heaven; too many intensely yearning to die, and too many longing for eternal rest. The lone star of destiny still shines on, unconscious of all rivalry; and now fleecy shadows dim its brightness, and then dark clouds hide its brilliancy, and spread like a pall over your pathway; yet like the star of Bethlehem, it shines on in all its loveliness. And though you stand encompassed by a legion of adversities, which attack your happiness like so many demons, kindly laugh at the unpropitious ordeals of destiny, and soon you will chaunt the first strain of the music of angelic vesper at the shrine of heaven. There is a God! There is a God!! And judge not too harshly of those who cause you sorrow, lest the angel sweetness of your heart be lessened. Let every tone be full of gentleness and dignified regard, that the heart may not lose any of its purity in the tortuous pathway of human life. The highest and holiest powers of the human soul have been repressed and distorted by the degrading shackles of unkindness; and thought has been repressed by false imagination; and emotions gushing from the depths of the soul, have been compelled to restrain themselves from utterance, for want of kindness and tenderness. Unkindness has sapped the foundation of liberty, and folly usurped the throne of wisdom. Happiness has been crushed by ungentle tones, while misery has raised its hideous head to mangle and smother every warm feeling of love.

The mind is a slave, and children of God rebel against each other. The world is disunited and confused. Distrust and doubt fill the world below, and men long to leave it, for they instinctively feel that a better existence awaits them. Is it right that man should yearn to become disrobed of his material form, that he may become purely an angel, free to breathe and free to think? or should he not proudly meet the troublesome bubbles of life, cast on the ocean of finite existence, and with his bosom throbbing with content, wait his transition joyously? If he should not, certainly his God must be an aggravating one, if he placed him

on an almost unsympathizing planet, merely to long for heaven. 'Tis natural for the breast to yearn for that which will make it happiest, and now that heaven is recognized, the heart must yearn for its possession; for, convinced it must be that unsullied joy rests in the refined immortal soul. But the feeling is instinctive; and, being thus, it should be willing to forego its immortal joy, for a while, to contribute to the development of a yearning and longing humanity.

The honest and true soul will address itself to the world in the mildest language, when it dares to lift its voice against the inconsistencies of life, which produce disunions and disorganizations in the social and religious departments of life. With simplicity, yet fearlessly, man will speak forth his convictions to the world, and not believe, hiding the evidence of truth beneath a fashionable cloak of hypocrisy. If he is grateful to the Author of his existence, he will not hide himself beneath the fleeting, gilded cloud of popularity; for he must remember that the popular religions and sciences of to-day, were, at their birth, heralded over the broad green bosom of your mother earth, as impositions and gross impossibilities; and the wondrous subject of the nineteenth century, that so agitates the scientific world, will, in time, be polished by popularity, and then see the eager crowd throng around its shrine, bowing in humble prayer before the angel world, for "light more, sight still." And those who so nobly endured the criticism at its birth, will, at that joyous future time, feel that they have been rendered happy by their united sacrifices. Evidence appeals to the senses; and the Atheist, who has long been engaged in the sciences of nature, and who could not become convinced, by his scientific hypothesis that there was, and is a God, "now by the agitation of the table, by the world applauded and condemned rap, and by the volumes of knowledge handed down by angel hands, from heaven, join the angelic choir, in their vesper hymn: There is a God! There is a God! The Atheist associated with the angels! Yes, and heaven, with the lowest cells of crime, which blacken the face of earth. The man of science believes in his God. The long hopeless Atheist believes there is a God. Yet the man who never thinks of a God or a heaven, except as it is crammed down his religious throat, by some ministerial dignitary, gathers up the gossips of the multitude, and, by so doing, deals the trashy mess out to his followers, hoping to defame the fair reputations of the honest hearted; but, instead of this, he profanes his God, and defames himself in the sight of the pure and holy. If angelic ministry be a delusion, why doth it proudly course its way over the high and rocky mountains of prejudice? Why doth it quench the lava from the volcano of suspicion, and why doth it overflow the earth with its sun-illumed joy? Science answers, in its tremendous echo, because it comes from a God? Yes, they who would blast the name of the fair and pure, by false representations, would dip their pens in the lava of a burning hell, and write, on the heart of God, their own base thoughts. But on the walls of their own souls are emblazoned, in letters of fire, the blighting influence of error, and he who would crush even a worm, consciously, is plunged in the depths of an individual hell, and must write with an individual devil an impure conscience.

If the learned divinity cry out that all is a delusion, or that the raps are produced by the mechanical ingenuity of a "big toe," the gaping multitude will catch the inspiration, and on lightning wing 'twill go from the broad Atlantic to the capacious Pacific; but if an honest man say there is something true in the

alleged spiritual phenomenon, he is scoffed at; and if the world dare, like Christ, he would be crucified. But to those who dare meet the approving smile of departed friends, I would say, move on; your "big toe" is far smarter than the scientific world, and baffles the skill of all worthy divines. If the world can be reformed by the knee-joints and big toes, why, there is a consolation in knowing that they can effect so great an object; and praise should be given to so humble a source of the world's reformation.

Let the modern phenomena be what they may, when you falter on the way, cheer up and course your way on; for heaven will die, the revolving systems of immensity fall, and the earth dissolve to atoms, before nature shall cease to sing its songs of undying truth; and all its musical choirs, to the end of time, with the human soul in trembling accents shall join and breathe the never ending truth, *There is a God!*

.... We republish the following lecture, which is the first of the new series, because it was inserted, last week, in detached fragments, by mistake of the foreman.

Lecture by Prof. Dayton.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

"They will hear from the deep of the vernal night,
The never forgotten tone,
Of the angel who answers the prayer for light,
When man wrestles with life alone."

The voice of the Almighty is heard as the music of Nature's lyre, whose infinite sweetness hath touched the spirit-chords of the human breast, while immortality still echoes back, from vault to vault, that silent voice of deep impassioned thought, which lures man on to the expanded elements of his own eternal Divinity. The nature and magnitude of the human mind, requires something beside the traditions of the past, on which to subsist; and though through the audience chambers of the soul, the billows of thought ebb and flow with outer strifes, and beat against the unyielding battlements of prejudice, the silent shores of the soul's deep ocean, will be brilliant with diamond beauties, which the receding waves of contention have washed upon their surface, to lighten the heart who dares to look to God and claim some sweet note of affection from his mighty choir of infinite being. Angel hands are tracing on its mystical outlines, the streams of inspired thought; and the perennial flowers which bloom on their banks, exhale in fragrant beauty back to God. So with mind—it may be it cannot resist the passion of prejudice and error; yet he who looks to heaven will see emblazoned on its gilded walls, the law of his Father: "Forgive and forget." The revolutions of the universe of truth, are filled with life and divine animation, from the Great Focus of existence; and he who would annihilate this sacred trust from his heart, would annihilate himself and his God.

Man must become the epitomized form of beauty, in which the outer and inner life blend harmoniously, before he can rise to the higher departments of an unfolding and mighty future. By the analogies of nature, man beholds, positively demonstrated, the continuity of his existence; and the laws of death change not his outward destiny, but ever become the ultimatum of something higher. The burning anxiety of man can only be satisfied by facts. Wave on wave of aspiration of inspired hope—filled with the potency of conviction, comes the yearning soul far into the unknown deep, and on the vast bosom of immensity forms the never-ending galaxy of thought that melts away into unknown spaces, and, mounting still higher throughout the entire constitution of being, extends from God to the universe below, constantly gathering from fathomable depths of immortal truths, the sustenance which the human heart throbs so piteously for. As the outer vision

gazes on the starry links in the chain of visible creation, which embellish so magnificently the shoreless ocean of ether, so does the soul look through the cycles of infinity, and find that existence begins and ends alone in God. A simple word of love, to an erring brother, will roll in silent undulations, through the aerial halls of life; whilst a dissonant sound will jar the mighty universe of harmony—a sigh of sorrow agitate the quiet waters of some angel heart, and resound through the heaven above, till, guileless and pure, it rests on the shrine of its God, and cries from within for sympathy, from his eternal bosom. Then on forever, must be the destiny of every soul; for no finality is conceivable throughout the wondrous process of finite and infinite causation. There are deeper regions of action and infinite results, which cannot be viewed or discovered, through the lens of private vision. And he who has read the silent volume and its thoughts fraught with living fire which are transferred from the brilliant page to the altar of the human heart, and strives to subdue the kindling flame, is but replenishing the fire of thought; and his outward form will be first to die and crumble to ashes, while his soul will burn still more brightly with the magnetic resplendencies of a lovelier world. The tender bud of the soul, whose fragile leaves pillow themselves on eternity, and struggle below, with the storms of life, shall, in a better world, twine around the soul of heaven, and, standing on the verge of creation, view the bright heaven's proximity.

Nature is made sacred by the footsteps of God—the pulses of his being are throbbing in the veins of outward life. Every fibre beats with arrow-like swiftness as the soft robes of living beauty encircle our forms, and the air breathes, in a voice of eloquence, the grateful joy of each heart, as it has been made joyous or sorrowful, by the scenes of its earthly probation. The human heart is a sensitive thing; for if, perchance, the winds of deep grief sweep over its bright oasis of happiness, its chords will play like broken reeds with the sad requiem of blasted hopes. Tuneless and voiceless the once gay harp will remain unstrung, until some soft angel tone gently thrills the atmosphere of that heart, till its throbbing becomes quicker, and it awakes from its fitful dream, to find heaven a reality. Then let those who find unkindness the monitor of action, go on—let them profane their God as they may; for if man will not listen to the voice of reason, as he chants his gratitude to God in his earnest prayers for light, we must all wait till time shall have washed away the wreck of mis-directed feeling, and planted the fragrant flowers of contentment and peace on the oasis of that heart, who has long, long revelled in the intoxicating influences of materiality. Such ones fear to "question boldly the existence of a God"—they dare not believe a fact so wondrously beautiful, for fear *selfhood* may be dethroned and forget its *material* sway. This imaginary element forces men to accept the long fostered inconsistencies of the past, and is the curse of what otherwise would be a happy world. Such ones fear to apply bold science to the existence of a God; for if, perchance, they do, 'twill overthrow the thin fabric of orthodoxy, and reveal nature in her startling philosophic beauty, and its daring position in the broad regions of *christianized infidelity*.

Nature defies orthodoxy, while in its scientific revealments it overthrows the vast colossus of thought, generated from the traditions of the past, and boldly establishes the vast empire of living truth, generated from the heart of God. Let every one, endowed with faculties of reason, without superstitious apprehensions, question the existence of man, of angels and of God. The hope of immortality should not be productive of fear, but should be brilliant with the light of joy; and by an influx of superior information, rend the dark curtain of superficiality from off the windows of the mind, and let aspiring genius proudly and nobly explore that unseen existence of man, and, without fear, let nature retain its complacency and perpetuate its undying charms and beauties, even though man, in his folly of fear, has clothed the natural garden of heaven with a dark pall, terrible as the angel of an exasperated God. Fear teaches millions of souls that they are thrown into the inconceivable horrors of an unending burning abyss, whose dissolving flames are kindled by the breath of a loving Father. What

an impious charge! and its influence is too corroding to the finer sensibilities of the mind, for the most distorted and detangled imagination to give existence to. What horrible profanation of the God of love! This idea is claimed to have been existent in the soul of Deity, before man was created; and where, if this be so, rests the responsibility of man's final happiness or misery? for man is, as much at the will of his Creator as the leaf is at the will of the wind. God alone is wholly and entirely responsible for every misdirected act; and if he confines one soul to burning flames, he commits suicide; for man is a portion of himself; and as the sun absorbs the drops from the ocean, so would this eternal Hades absorb atoms of intelligence from the living constitution of the eternal Source, until the God of heaven would become the controlling power of hell; for if misdirection is man's curse, forever and ever, but few would sit on the "great white throne" chaunting praise to God, for ever and ever. This idea bears no evidences of consistency, and flows from absolute and unequivocal fear. It would be as consistent and proper to believe that the laws of organic life had changed—to believe physiological principles are now different from those instituted in past generations, as it is to believe, at this modern age, that an eternal punishment is only an allegorical representation of the soul in its condition in heaven, governed exclusively by law. This idea is becoming obsolete in the nineteenth century, while it was prevalent in past ages. And why so vast a change? Because science has boldly and fearlessly questioned this preposterous idea, and overthrown, in part, the deleterious influence of fear, while nature refuses positively to listen to such a sacrilege upon its own divinity, and upon the Author of its beauties. All effects must correspond with causes; and if all the readings of the Bible were from celestial influxes, then effects would have corresponded, or nature's effects would correspond with its causes. Then forever and ever repudiate that which is contradictory of the beauty and purity of God.

The angel world is governed by association and refinement; and it is the nature of the immortal soul to seek its associations, wherein they may be free; and it is also the nature of an angel to appreciate the associations it forms from the spontaneous impulses of its affectional inclinations, which are governed by the internal and finer sensibilities and affections of the soul. And if the human heart is truly appreciative, it will behold an admiring wisdom in the displaying beauties of nature, as it presents constant indications which carry the mind to the deep and solemn veneration of the first Great Cause.

The motions of human life prove conclusively, to the liberal mind, the progression of man. This proves the future life beyond a doubt, and demonstrates it positively, as eternal as the infinite laws of the universe. Then let men, even though they fail to see the beauty of angelic ministry, practise the law of kindness to all the inmates of palace halls, as well as the beggar at the door; for, in heaven, worldly distinctions are nought. Man, there, is not judged by the weight of his gold, but by the merits and demerits of his developed mind. Let kindness reign supreme in the audience chambers of the soul, and its branches will bud and blossom in beauty, and diffuse the fragrance of universal benevolence, over the broad plain of human intelligence. Let not the divinity of God be profaned by ungentle tones and unkind words, but let it become a living manifestation of loving kindness, and the bright universe of undying beauty will appear in gorgeous magnificence, while angels will bear to God the prayer of each earnest heart. Truth must be crushed, if ever it is crushed, by the soul that gave it birth; and man's efforts are feeble in striving to overthrow the basis on which God rests his unlimited form of being. For mind, by mathematical analysis, is capable of penetrating the heavens and counting the stars. Yes, and to rend the veil of death and behold the illuminations of his immortality.

The human soul, midst all the storms of its existence, is but bathing its form in the bright waters of experience, and pluming its wings to soar amidst the untold ages of an unending future, where, free to think, it will joyously fold its pinions, to rest on the bosom of immortality,

and yearn no more for its transition to the skies. Let the thunders of contention agitate the bosom of unrestricted thought; let the winds of prejudice blow fearfully around your hearts; 'twill but wreck the inconsistencies borrowed from antiquity; and when all is calm and quiet, the reflected images of angels, will be seen, in the gilded waters of Truth, whose tones of thrilling melody sweep across the chords of each heart, revealing a deeper and holier strain of music, which must meet its responses, in the depths of Immortality.

Let inspired hope buoy up the soul, in hours of discontent, while around you, nature never disponds, but the leaves tell some angel tale of love; the flowers speak of the epic beauty of Heaven, and the limpid stream discourses in its onward-rolling waves, the music eloquence and veneration of its God. Each decayed branch reveals in its inanimate form, the law of an unending progression. Then to all I would say, be faithful to the sacred trust assigned you, by a living Father, from whom each derives the blessings which surround them, in their continued finite existence; for though earth should turn the other way on its axis heaven would never desert you, in the hours of trial and contention.—Strive to let contentment reign joyously supreme, as o'er the surging ocean of time you move, and your destiny will be, to land safely and unharmed, on the brighter side of that mighty suspension bridge, which extends from the soul of God, to the heart of man, and on whose firm and eternal wires of affection, angels are passing and repassing, bearing to earth the brightest flowers, culled from the garden of an eternal Eden. From the paradise of Hope they come, laden with the fragrant perfume of an unutterable joy, which exhales in fondest sweetness, through the recesses of the human mind, to vivify and refresh that hope of immortal life, which seems nearly lifeless.

Charactered in lines of love, on the enamelled walls of Heaven, are the unfading beauties of those below, who have, thus far, braved the storms of prejudice; and ever through the life yet to come, while the archangels chant a song of gratitude, to those who unblushingly looked to God, and responded to their own secret interrogatories, *I am Immortal*. Once again Yours Truly,
E. C. DAYTON.

Spiritual Doctrine.

Many of our Universalist friends are progressive investigators. Occasionally we find a bigoted one, who denounces the claims of Spiritualism with as much bitterness as the most approved orthodox divine; but these we believe are exceptions. Orthodox ministers preach all that Spiritualists contend for; sometimes they express themselves in the strongest, and most pointed language, but when we tell them that we have certain proofs of the existence of spirits, they say it is a lie. The following article, although not dictated in such a temper, incidentally establishes the doctrine of "progression in the spiritual spheres." We find it in the "New Covenant" under the head of "The present, and future." It is a defence of Universalists against an orthodox slander.

"Some orthodox preacher, willing to 'lie for the glory of God,' stated recently, in public, that Universalists believed that the worst man would be just as happy in the next world as the best, and that Rev. E. Manford had given that as his belief. Mr. Manford replies in a late *Herald and Era*, and defines his faith on this point, as follows:

"We have no idea that death will make a saint of a sinner, or a wise man of a fool. What we call death is a mere dissolution of the co-partnership that has existed between the body and the spirit. It does not affect the character of the soul, it cannot; but when the partnership is dissolved, the spirit enters on a higher state of existence, and is there under the influence of heaven appointed means of spiritual culture. The soul is a germ, an immortal germ, and is designed to unfold forever. Life is a school. This is the primary one; here we learn the A B and C of knowledge.—But the future life is the grand university, and we have no doubt that all will ultimately graduate. This view presents a noble inducement to spend this life in wisdom's ways; and we seldom preach in a place without enforcing this high and holy motive."—*Spiritual Messenger*.

AGE OF PROGRESS.

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Buffalo Harmonial Conference.

On Sunday afternoon, the spirit of A. A. BALLOU gave an introductory address, through Miss SCOTT, which was truly beautiful. And when he had finished, Mr. DAYTON pursued the same subject, through the organism of Mr. FORSTER, in a manner which was truly powerful.

In the evening, Mr. SMITH took for the subject of his discourse, Luke XIV, 12. “Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth in me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto the Father.”

Although this subject was powerfully handled, there was nothing so remarkable in its ability, as there was in the palpable identity of the lecturer. It was STEPHEN R. SMITH, from beginning to end.

In a conversation with Mr. DAYTON, through Mr. FORSTER, he remarked that Mr. SMITH had the medium under such perfect control, that none of his ideas or language were mixed with the lecture. We observed that there was no hesitation—the language flowed freely and clearly, and the reasoning was lucid and conclusive.

A Communication through Mr. Conklin.

One evening during Mr. CONKLIN's recent visit to this city, we went into his room, in company with GEORGE B. CRANE, who, immediately on entering, said: “I'll give four shillings for a Spiritual communication, either from a relative or any one else.” Not more than two minutes elapsed before Mr. C. was entranced, and, calling upon us to write, spoke as follows:

“Twenty years ago next winter, I left this city, in the enjoyment of health, and with the expectation of returning. How little I thought that, in a few hours, I should be called to leave friends and relatives, and the body, and enter upon a new state of existence. Yet, in a few hours after leaving home, I was cruelly

murdered—shot down as an Indian would shoot a deer. The ball entered the back and came out at the front part of my head. Of course, I had no consciousness during the separation, for it was the work of an instant. From that time to the present moment, I have been progressing; and for the past few months, I have been among the Spirits that attend your circles. I have manifested collectively, but never before individually.

“You have asked for a communication, and I was appointed to give you one. I was one of the passengers in the ill-fated *Caroline*, and my name was DUFFEE.”

Miss Emma F. Jay.

This highly gifted lady, and extraordinary speaking Medium, will lecture in our Hall, on Sabbath next, afternoon and evening. Tickets of admittance may be had at this office, and at the Hall door.

To give our readers an idea of what they may expect from her, we take the appended remarks from the *Bringhampton Republican*, which, being a secular journal, will not be supposed to estimate her beyond her worth, on account of her being a Spiritualist.

“She was soon in a trance state—her eyes closing and her whole appearance and manner undergoing an evident transformation. She arose, and in a voice different from that in her natural or normal state, answered the questions as they were successively presented to her, with an affluence and correctness of language, logic, method, and frequently profundity of thought and extent of information, clearness and impressiveness of utterance, and propriety of manner, truly astonishing. She confined herself with a remarkable continuity to the letter and bearing of the questions, immediately comprehending their scope and object; and, at the conclusion, requested that if they were not answered fully and satisfactorily, any deficiency or obscurity might be pointed out for further elucidation. She states, both in her normal and trance conditions, that spirits speak through her, as a conditional medium, employing her vocal organs and brain for their utterance; that she has no control over the language or thoughts, and that the speaking appears to her precisely like the speaking of any person to whom she was giving sufficient attention to listen.

We have no hesitation in saying, from the investigation that we have been able to make by seeing her both in private and public circles, in her normal as well as in her trance conditions, that she is no imposter—that her statements and manifestations are truthful and reliable; and that while in her normal condition she possesses no extraordinary education, is a lady of genteel and agreeable manners of cheerful spirits and modest and truthful deportment, in her trance condition she exhibits extraordinary powers of language and thought, and is truly an extraordinary woman.

“We are free to say that, in our opinion, it would puzzle a Webster or a Choate, or the most gifted clergyman in the land to speak on spiritual, religious or moral subjects, impromptu and extemporaneously, with equal fluency, beauty, intelligence and power. Could we speak with equal ability, we should be loth to give any Spiritual influence the credit of it, and would be inclined to take it ourselves, and not modestly, like her, appropriate it to others. On the common principles of human nature, we adduce her extraordinary exhibitions, in connection with her assumption of their cause and origin, as one of the strongest proofs of her truthfulness and honesty. On Monday night, in answer to a question, she gave the whole theory of electricity, of the magnetic

batteries, &c., in a manner of which no chemist or natural philosopher would have cause to be ashamed; and she informs us that she has never studied the science. But another extraordinary test was given by her last night, which not only excited the sympathy of the audience, but convinced many a previous skeptic of her truthfulness. Exhausted by fatiguing, previous labors, and the close, unventilated and depressing condition of the Hall, she suddenly stopped in the midst of impassioned utterance, and remarked to the audience that the spirit would have to withdraw for the present on account of the exhaustion of the medium.

Taking her seat she exclaimed, in her own normal voice, that she was faint and immediately sank to the floor in a complete state of syncope, from which it required several minutes to arouse her. When restored to consciousness and sufficient strength, she again arose and took up her line of thought and language precisely where she had left it, and concluded with perfect harmony and continuity her remarks! Such a feat, we venture to suggest, would tax the powers and address of any ordinary fainter. It would be both a faint and a *faint*, in which they could not well succeed. At the conclusion of speaking, she sings, still in a trance state, in an operatic style, and with remarkable clearness, sweetness and occasional power and compass of voice."

From the Spiritual Messenger.

Communication from one who was Drowned.

My dear Cousin Almond: I take this opportunity to answer a letter directed to me, after the foaming billows of Lake Champlain had closed over my form of clay. I saw my brother John take it from the Post Office at Hartford and heard him read it to my father and mother, and saw them weep over it, but could not comfort them, though I would gladly have done so. I was present also, when my brother wrote to you informing you of my untimely fate. And oh how I wish that I could tell him and yourself how much more infinitely happy I was then than I or you or he or any one on earth could have any conceptions of while encumbered with flesh. I wanted to tell him and you, and all my young associates, what a glorious happy home I had found. I wanted to tell you and them, what I hardly dare to tell you now, that there was no hell to fear for those who were disposed to do right. But a host of shining spirits of the just all ready and anxious to help a poor, unprogressed spirit in his onward, upward course. I wanted to tell you then, and I want to tell you now, that I would rather have one year in the second sphere, than ten thousand years of my life on earth. It was but a wretched life that I lived the last year of my stay in that dark sphere. I was indeed most wretched much of the time, and that was the reason I was discontented at home. I went to Fort Ann, and mingled with a low vulgar crowd to keep from thinking about that "awful hell" to which I had so often been doomed by the clergy and their pupils. I knew I was not perfect—was not what I wished to be, but did not know how to make myself so. I had left off all outward sins so far as I knew—had refrained from everything that I thought was wrong, and endeavored to do what appeared to me to be right, in all my conduct, but that did not help my case in the eyes of those blind, bigoted sectarians who say there is no religion in morality.

It was with such feelings as I have described, and a mind bordering on insanity, that I started for Whitehall, and went on board the steamboat, but little caring where I went or what became of me. The result loosed my weary spirit from its bonds and set me free. I was then studying on what would be my probable fate, if I should get drowned, when a dashing wave rolled over me, and I awoke in a bright spirit world, and found myself surrounded by a bright happy throng, and myself as happy as they. I was most surprised to see my cousin Sally Oatman and several of my associates whom I had heard talked about as unprepared to die, and, of course, sent to endless perdition. They

were overjoyed at seeing me; and I was no less happy than astonished at seeing them.—Thus, my dear cousin and friend—play-mate of my childhood, and companion of my riper years—I have given you a brief sketch of my experience in changing from the first (or rudimental) to the second sphere. And now if your sister—my beloved cousin—Anna, was strong enough and sufficiently developed for me to control her hand and pen, I would endeavor to give you some description of my spirit life, and of the glories and beauties of the upper spheres. If I should tell you all that I have seen and heard in the thirty-three years that I have spent in traversing the upper spheres, you would not wonder that I have forgotten the contents of your letter, and can now recall but one idea contained in it; which was that you were thinking of marrying, and that you wished me to see the object of your choice. I have since seen her and she is a most heavenly woman, or female spirit of one of the higher orders. She excels in the modesty of her deportment and her love of God and all goodness. I wish I could say more to you—I would gladly tell you where I have been employed, but fear I am taxing cousin Anna too hard.

If you wish to hear from me again, and will signify it by writing to your sister, her daughter or any other medium, I will write you again the first opportunity—and now, my much loved cousin, I must say that what I have written is the truth, God being my witness, and now I bid you farewell, subscribing myself your loving cousin and spirit brother.

WM. CARLISLE.

P. S. Cousin Almond, from what I said about cousin Sally I would not be understood to mean that the preverted will be happy as soon as they enter the second sphere. Here are a l the different grades and classes of intellect and morals, that are found in the rudimental or earth sphere. Some progressing fast, others more slowly, and some scarcely at all.

WM. CARLISLE.

From the Sacred Circle.

The first Experience of Voltaire as a Spirit.

GIVEN THROUGH MRS. SWEET.

In the bustle and confusion of the outer life, how utterly do men forget the last great scene to be enacted on the visible stage, before they enter the portals of the unknown land, whither they go, as they think, never to return. My life was one of deep yearning and unsatisfied longing. I was fierce and bitter, deep and grasping, in my search after the invisible wisdom, which was shut out from my hungry gaze. I could not be satisfied with what other men were: I desired something which they had not. The deep within me called to the deep, from which God once spake when he said "Let there be light." But with me there was no light. For humanity's surface presented to me nothing but a fleeting picture, filled with mimic shadows, called men and women. They lived either above me, or below me, I then knew not which. I was among them, yet not of them; their forms and ceremonies sickened my soul, and provoked the ready sneer and the sarcastic remark.

When my spirit came into its earthly temple, it was altogether positive, in its manifestations. It had none of the ready sympathy, and the gentle charity, necessary to bear it pleasantly through life; it was angular, and ever going out in quest of some real support on which to lean: but as the world then lived, it found no true resting place, but was tossed about from billow to billow, without an anchor, even left at the mercy of every wave which would dash it hither and thither. When I asked for proof from ancient lore, it failed to reply to my soul's deep yearnings,—all were to me as fables, voices of the imagination, enough perchance for those to lean on, who desired no other authority, save what they were told was right; who prayed by rule, and served God by measure. I despised with heartfelt contempt, the child's play which I saw daily enacted by kings and princes; and I felt within me a power that could I give it utterance, would hurl all their air-built structures to the earth, and leave them, (poor idiots that they were) naked in their own ignorance, and clothed with nothing better, nor more durable, than

the gold and tinsel with which they covered themselves, and gloried in their greatness. But it was I who was the madman. If they were as children, I had not thought of my own impetuous and unreasonable nature. I had not seen myself as the world saw me, for I had only sought how I might tear away their bright illusions—their dream-like fancies, and probe to the bottom, and lay bare to their gaze, the folly of their so called religion.

I did not deal in sarcasm and bitter invective, because it pleased me; I did not level the shafts of my satire because it was altogether pleasant; but it expressed more forcibly my feelings—it gave the keenest edge to that which I could utter, to cut and tear away the thin veil of conventionalism, and rank hypocrisy. Ah! my life was a sad one, in many respects; it was made up of so much that was discordant, that gave pain, that made the victim writhe in conscious knowledge of the truth of what I wrote; for I knew, and felt, that maledictions loud and deep, were poured out on my head. But what cared I? I gloried in them!—and it made the waters of bitterness flow on more merrily in my soul to see what an army arrayed themselves against me, striving to crush me into forgetfulness, that my voice might not be heard, that its sting might not be felt. And I defied them, for I exclaimed, “You, who have the mighty power of Christianity upon your side, the voices of past centuries, the power of kings and sceptres, of popes and of cardinals! You need not raise even a finger against so insignificant a pen as mine; for I am but one man, while you number in your ranks the whole christian and enlightened world! Why notice me at all? Let me utter my voice, my thought, and be silent. It is only a man who speaks, although it would seem from the number of my foes, that the incarnation of all evil had himself spoken through me.” I did not for a moment shrink; it gave me power and strength, for then I knew that they were standing upon a sandy foundation, when so slight a cause could so agitate and confound them.

I experienced many triumphs in my own way, they were the only pleasant spots which my earthly existence knew, for I did love power, I did desire to hold the reins in my hand, by which I felt I was controlling the human mind, and making it as a mere machine; and God knows since, how I have repented the means which I used, to bend the mind, to bring it on my own plane of action. But it is past, and the memory of it now is humiliating to me. But I could not be other than I was, my character was strongly marked, and it left its impress behind it long after the body had perished from remembrance. I met the angel of death calmly, fearlessly; I thought I had proved all things, and nothing more remained to be proved: I thought the yearning would die with me, and I was content to die, and be forgotten. I had often desired to know the philosophy of death. I had looked upon the fading flower, and the withering grass; they but served to enrich the earth; to spring forth in new forms to please the eye; and should not the elements of my body go to perform some like service? I might peer as I would, but no voice answered my call, and I was thrust back upon myself. Oh! it was a mountain which rested upon me, because I felt it all, yet could give it no utterance; and now the time had come to prove it. The limbs were nerveless, the eyes were glazing, the voice was mute: earth was fading—receding; but intelligence—thought, thought lived still. The body no longer obeyed me—it was no longer mine. All sensation ceased, save in the top of my brain, and there was thought still; it would not die: but there it sat, independent and strong, apparently gathering up force, body, and form, unto itself. I made one effort to forget,—to die I could not; but without an effort the thought still lived. And now I must say, the spirit left the body, and hovered above it. So intensely did I believe in the utter death of soul and body, or of intelligence with the body, that I did not desire to live; I strove to sleep, to forget, to blot myself out. Senseless worm! Nature's laws no longer obeyed me, my control over natural things was at an end. And I found myself, where? you ask. I knew not where. Gloomy and sullen, refusing to believe myself a spirit, and yet feeling intensely alive, having no desire to be so—can you imagine the keen agony of

that moment? Pray God that you never may! I who had denied this thing, was now compelled to believe it. What! must I myself, to have been deceived, in spite of all I had spoken and written? Was there still a reality in the weak imaginings of what I had heard men prate? Oh no! I could not bear the thought I would rather die ten thousand deaths than to live to prove the falsity of my own position. It is true I lived, but how and in what condition? The location in which I was impelled to rest, presented no inducement to the sense, nor the eyesight; it appeared as one vast, uninhabited country, bleak and gloomy, mountainous, barren of all beauty; everything wore a sombre hued mantle, no life broke the leaden atmosphere, whose very silence oppressed me and pained my whole being. The very waters flowed along sluggishly in their murky depths, and seemed as though they were molten lava, death and disease lurking beneath their dark surface.

Alone, quite alone, I stood in this bleak solitude, still I was fearless and undismayed, still I sought to die, to be blotted out. I would not believe that this was other than a terrible phantasy of the brain. No human being was to be seen, yet I rejoiced in this, for had such appeared, I should have fled, and hidden myself in the clefts of the mountains. The thought of my own likeness appearing in any other form, was horrible to me. I wandered up and down, gloomy, wretched and incredulous. Proud and defiant, I sought to be still yet felt that gnawing pain, that yearning desire to know more. I forgot myself in the struggle. But the silence and solitude were so incomprehensible, that I knew not where to turn. Whom could I ask for knowledge? Where would I bend my footsteps to find it?

“No,” I said to myself, “This is a dream, a horrible dream, one of those strong delusions under which men labor who are grappling with disease and death. I shall return to earth and forget this; it will serve as a vision for some of the puppets to profit by.” And again I held my head erect, waiting to awake from out of the unnatural trance.

I know not how long I waited, but that my heart sickened within me. A great heaviness and sense of desolation fell upon my spirit, a weakness overcame me, and I trembled with an undefined dread. I prayed—no I did not then pray—I wished that none might see me in the hour of my weakness and great humiliation. I gradually became accustomed to, this scene of desolation and dreariness, it well accorded with my spirit's gloomy mood, and I spent long periods of time in meditation deep and profound. I wandered up and down the place I had been compelled to inhabit, seeking in vain for some trace by which I might discover the laws which forced me thus to be the only inhabitant of the country. And I sought long, and in vain; I asked not for sympathy nor love, I only asked for knowledge, and yet it was denied me. But I demanded it with a heart full of revilings toward the cause of all my misery. No answer came—no marvel that it did not to such as I then was. When I would blaspheme or when I would rail, it was alike impotent, there was no object upon which to vent my feelings, or to combat my vengeful threatenings.

I prided myself upon my solitary life. I said, “I desire no human sympathy, I could exist without it, within myself.” Thus far I had been looking without, and had become weary, O, very weary of the changeless prospect. I turned to look within. Ah! what was there to see but a fountain filled to overflowing with bitterness and unbelief, of railing against everything good and lovely; a heart of adamant, walled around with brass, impervious alike to fear or love. I prayed for slumber; as well might the eagle slumber while winging his way through the pure ether of heaven's blue arch, with the sun's rays blazing in his eyes, as I could forget for a moment, that I lived, that I thought, that I knew there was a something beyond myself, which I yet knew not of.

I know not how long I tarried in this place, but it were a very long time; the sameness, the monotony and silence was dreadful, the little knowledge, only gave additional fear and dread of what might next be revealed. Oh! death to me had been the gate of horrors, the plaything of mystery, growing greater and denser as I proceeded. I knew not

how much the pleasure of my earth-life had consisted in opposing, in assailing and setting at naught the opinions of my fellow man. It had called forth my energy, it had given play to my intellect, diversion, and recreation to my every day existence; and now, there was none but myself, to strife against myself. O! the utter misery, the want of companionship which I then experienced! At first I had thought I would flee from the face of a fellow being, I abhorred the thought of a witness to the downfall of my theories, but the rocks gave me no reply when I upbraided them for their silence; the winds did not fan my cheek caressingly, but harshly, the trees appeared as though formed of rock, so unbending in their appearance, everything seemed locked up against me. The grass was crisp and hard, and when I sought to hear the waters ripple there was but a hollow echo, as of a moan, from their turbid depths. I saw no twinkling star, no silver moon; all was inanimate save me,—and who—what, was I? A thing of life, of what value was it? I had better be a stone, for then I would be in keeping with the scene. My stoicism gave way, the hard walls of adamant were beginning to break down in utter wretchedness for want of sympathy, and I groaned aloud, “who shall deliver me from the body of this death.” And now there arose within me a desire for sympathy. Of something which was pervaded by human life. A dog would have delighted me. it would have called forth a flood of tears; something, anything to which I might unbosom my overcharged heart.

The still small voice, whose silvery tones I had crushed back for so many years, now came up faint and indistinctly, as a silver thread, the slightest jar might have snapped the feeling and smothered its tone forever in my heart. But the voice grew stronger, and I wished, O how earnestly, for some human feeling to be aroused within my breast. Tears came at length—strong and mighty was the struggle, but the citadel yielded, the strong man bowed down and wept like a child. And I prayed, as I had prayed when an infant at my mother's knee; and I had prayed to God all along, before I had known it, but now I felt it.

It was the beginning of repentance—the breaking down of the barriers which had so long kept me separated from the better impulses of love and human sympathy. Too long had I steeled my spirit against every power, but that which I vainly conceived was of myself and within me, I disdained to own other authority than my own; but now I wished to flee from myself. I wished to know that there was a power beside myself, that I might see it. My earth-life, rose up and confronted me with nothing but dark images of distrust in all things sacred, of reverence for nothing good. Gloomy picture! How it pained me to look back upon the seeds of dissension, and unhappiness, which I had planted in thousands of hearts, I turned away and strove to shut my eyes upon the dark picture, but go where I would, my sins still found me out, they followed me, and ten thousand vices seemed to upbraid me, and point their fingers toward me, as the author of their great unhappiness. I could not curse God and die, I could not longer oppose the evidence of a power which made me a very child in helplessness, but not in innocence. My grief was still for myself, my repentance was not of the right kind, I was still rebellious in the knowledge of my suffering, for I did not feel that I merited such punishment as had been meted out to my sins; and I wished if there was a power wise and good, that I might be made to feel it. If I had sinned beyond recall, I desired to know for what I was thus harshly judged.

There arose within me at length a most intense desire for some intelligent being, with whom I might take counsel, but none came near me. Long and dreary seemed the time which I spent in that place; reviewing the past, uncertain, and unprepared for the future. One, by one, my stern resolutions gave way, and with no witness, save the voice within, I was compelled to acknowledge in that dreadful solitude, that there was a power, grand, supreme, and inscrutable. My spirit was bowed in shame, and deep contrition to the very earth, and I prayed, Oh so humbly, that the great Intelligence would vouchsafe to hear me; to speak in some manner, to break the wretched sense of loneliness which was becoming insupportable. And I slumbered long and deeply;

and a vision was given me, for I thought I knew, that bright forms stood beside me—that they soothed my weary spirits—that they spoke in silvery tones of love and peace to my breaking heart; and I thought I had left that place of gloom, with those bright guides; its chill air no longer oppressed and benumbed my movements, its death like quiet, was only a dreadful dream. But I thank thee O, my God, that it was no dream, but a bright and glorious reality. I had left that place, and with it, all the repulsive attributes, all the dark garments of sin and selfishness, unbelief and arrogance, which had so long been my close companions. The heart which had seemed as of marble, cold and insensible, was now fresh and warm.

O I had found sympathy! Human voices greeted me, they took me by the hand, they called me brother, and they said, I had come up from out of the vale of repentance—that I had learned that God was love, and all powerful, that I was but a spirit who depended upon the great cause for every breath that gave me life. O how sweet were their tones, and how gentle and kind their looks. They led me along a pleasant path, and sought to make me forget the dark place which had been my abode so long.

I still trembled, uncertain, and fearful that I should have to return.—But the spirit who had acted as my guide thus far, bade me not to fear, for I had lived there long enough to know my own power, and strength of endurance. I had learned to crave, yes, even to beg for the sympathy which I had before so despised; I would have hailed with joy the most ignorant companion which might have been given me, so deeply and sensibly was I made to know how much I had to depend upon others, who formed between me and the Deity the chain of electric intelligence.

Now I found I was wholly ignorant of all the laws controlling the newly opened phase of existence before me. Now I knew that I lived. It was a pleasant hoping life, and there were within me ten thousand thoughts, new and undefined, asking for knowledge, wishing to grasp it all at once, to compass the whole at a glance; but fell back upon myself weak and nerveless.

“Brother,” said my guide, “first learn the principles which govern the vast system of wisdom revealed before thee, then lay the foundation, stone by stone; it is thine own temple, make it as beautiful as thou desirest, but mind that thou dost hew the stones out of the quarry of eternal wisdom. Too long hast thou dealt in the imagination; too far-fetched have been thy groundless theories; therefore build not a baseless fabric, which shall crumble away from before thine eyes, in the hour of thy need, and thy trial. The structure which thou didst erect for thyself while on earth, was not sufficient for thy support when thou hadst left it.

Therefore be free, and try thy newly fledged wings, and see if thou canst find aught worthy of thy labor, in this sphere. Long thou didst stand alone in thy supposed strength and might, stand alone still, when thou canst, but when thou dost need assistance, thou hast brothers and equals, who will gladly aid thee. Thou dost behold but a hand's breadth, vast and boundless as these dominions appear to thee, and yet thou canst not tread one inch of this holy ground, but what is teeming with hidden knowledge, precious wisdom.

Dost thou behold the many souls who are passing and repassing thee? their numbers seem countless, but every one of them is more exalted than thou, because they are more humble. But thou hast not outlived all of earth and its errors, yet thou wilt overcome them one by one; and daily though wilt acknowledge that man's heart is a universe, wherein is contained all the mystery, all the beauty, and all the love of the divine Godhead, constantly unfolding, a spark at a time; but never, never, canst thou imagine the heights and the depths to which it shall reach in the unending cycles of eternal thought.”

I was fired with enthusiasm; I would now obtain new knowledge, new power; I would go back and confess my errors, and astonish mankind by the new revelation. It was a boyish dream; conceived in a moment but not to be carried out until many, many long years had rolled away, and been forgotten in eternity's great gulf.

Said my guide, "Dost thou conceive that thou wouldst be welcome shouldst thou again return to earth? Nay, I tell thee thine own followers would hoot at thee; they would call thee a thing of the imagination. Dost thou not know, that the wise, the good, and the loving who have passed from thy world to this, long before thee, have endeavored to do the same thing which strikes thee now as a novel idea? They have gone back and been received by the few, but refused by the many; because man understood not the goodness of God, nor the laws of his own being. Thou thyself couldst not return, for thou hast placed a great barrier in thine own way. But fix thy thoughts, and use thy energies in thy present home; thou dost love power; thou canst obtain it. Thou askest for knowledge, it may be had for labor; thy face is now turned in the right direction. Thou hast felt thine own weakness, yea, and thou hast felt thine own strength unaided by the power above thee. As thou wert great in evil to thy fellow men, it is thy privilege and thy duty to become great and mighty in the benefits which thou canst confer upon them. Thou canst become an instrument now to counteract the very power which thou didst labor to build up: and inasmuch as thou didst crush back the divine voice speaking within thee,—striving for utterance, but grieved and silenced by thy power, thou must now go to others, and call it forth in their hearts, strengthen them in their struggles, that they may not be as thou wast; and that thou shalt become a beloved one among us, when thy work shall testify to the greatness of thy love, and the repentance of thy soul. For remember, that for every angelic gift which is given thy soul, tenfold labor will be required of thee to balance the gift. By thy works thou wilt render thyself worthy to mingle with the wise and the pure; and only as thy love to God develops within thy soul, shalt thou be permitted to know and feel its sympathies with those like thyself. Thy life was peculiar, even so thy repentance bears the same form of reparation."

Wisely he spoke. he knew me better than I knew myself. Long and earnestly did I labor, thought-laden. I communicated with the spirit of the past only in spirit—they could not come near me: and I conceived of such mysterious knowledge to be obtained by me, such God-like power, that at times it almost maddened me. I could not understand it, so overwhelming did it seem. New light, beauties, fresh and glowing from the hand of Deity, would strike me speechless. Infinite wisdom! the like of which only angels could bear down in small portions to the little pulsating thing, called spirit. Oh, how I traveled! The thought, the power which came upon me was too great; I was smaller than a particle of dust in the sunbeam. I was less than a thought, and yet I lived. Oh life! Strange mystery! When the immensity of power would crush you out of existence, then the spirit asserts its kindred with divinity; it cannot die, it will not be blotted out. It lives as I lived, to feel the resistless knowledge which I had asked for; and when it did come, Oh, I could only bow my head, and thank my God that I lived. Man, could I tell you how my spirit had soared far up among the wonders, the galaxy of his star-gemmed beauty. I would ask the countless worlds to speak, and send down an echo, that ye might know how very glorious, how vast and extended beyond your grandest conceptions, are the systems which He holds in His hands. I would tell to man the bright destiny which awaits him, but I cannot—only a very small part, because words, such as you know, are inadequate to express the mystery of power. And then I would tell you of the power within man. I would show you in its varied phases of development the thought which is given to man, which raises him far from earth among the archangels in power. And I would tell you how one great mind may struggle, and force his way upward, leaving behind him countless millions, toiling and striving; while he may soar up as the eagle, bold and fearless. And he may hear sounds and see sights, he may know mysteries such as man hath never dreamed of; such as spirits have not seen; such as the archangels dare not reveal because it belongs not to the earth. It never descends; but is accessible to him who grasps it.—Who will have it, it is his own. Oh, when man does know the power which lies within himself, he is an archangel; his progress cannot be op-

posed, it tends upward, towards the divine center; it draws him nearer that blazing light, and into that vortex which is only approached by the sons and daughters who lived far back in the olden days, when they walked and talked with God as children.

There is a land of rest for those who need it, and there are worlds of research for those who deserve it, teeming with light, redolent with beauty, exhaustible in wisdom; and so illimitable that all humanity which ever has been, or ever will be upon this small center of intelligence, will be but an infant school, in numbers and size.

Children of earth, ask for knowledge and it will be given you. When ye have received it, then ye know that ye have power. Cease not to struggle, do not get weary, nor faint by the wayside. Ye have only taken hold of the first link of the sparkling chain which leads up to the grand center; countless millions of times shall ye revolve around it before ye reach it.

But I cannot give you more. My voice is faint and weak; your words are few, and inadequate to convey my thoughts. I have shown you very imperfectly the first chapter in my life, when I entered the abode of spirits. I tried to give you a glance into the upper glories, but the time has not yet come. The heavens are unfolding as a scroll of light, and the day of new things is dawning upon the children of men, and they shall know, because God hath willed it so, and sent his holy spirits to tell them, that they are free, because truth is free, and light is free. And God hath said "Let there be light," and lo, it cometh so soon as men can bear it. Therefore prepare yourselves to receive it.

For the Age of Progress.

Behold He Prayeth!

A SHORT SERMON BY GOW JR.

These words, my hearers were spoken by an ancient mariner named Jonas Downstream, on the occasion of a remarkable occurrence that took place

"In the early days, when time was young,

And birds conversed as well as sung."

It is an exclamatory sentence, indicative of the most profound surprise, for a praying man in those days, as at the present time, was to say the least, a matter of astonishment. Because my friends, a custom had sprung up, of praying by proxy, owing to the fact, that so much time was consumed in the avocations of life, and in the pursuit of pleasure under difficulties, that not a moment could be spared, to either practice "the small charities," or to pray, and under the sense, that praying must be done, in order; first, to be respectable; second, to swindle God; and third, to cheat the Devil of his due, certain individuals were selected from out the mass, clothed in canonicals, with fat salaries, whose duty it was to select through the week, the best sentences, and biggest words from the dictionary, wherewith to compound patent prayers, which, when Sunday came, they uttered according to the last rhetorical rules, from the little cushioned tribunes, called pulpits. And, let me here observe, my friends, that the aforesaid prayers were concocted not with the slightest reference to the purpose for which it is foolishly supposed prayer was originally instituted, but men always compounded in strict accordance with artistic rules, for the express purpose of tickling the audital nerves of the broad-clothed, besilked portion of the congregation.

Other portions of the population, whose purses were not long enough to supply the demands constantly made thereon by gos-pill dispensers, contracted a habit of whistling their prayers, generally up-hill at a mark, sometimes, by way of distinction called "the mark of the high calling," which means my hearers, calling for the loaves and fishes, from the high places in the synagogues: and, again, my friends, I desire you to notice, that these occupants of the elevated planes, generally claim to have had "a call," from higher places still; and here let me remark, that many of them were, no doubt "born with a caul of another kind, and in these latter days are seeing ghosts, which begin to frighten them not a little, these gos-pill dispensers are beginning to see ghosts, spectres

and phantoms, of conscience, for their many tergiversations, and for teaching unsound doctrines. Many of the laity also, are beholding spirits of another kind, whose outspread arms and winning mien are fast attracting them away from the "ortho-doxies," which word, my hearers, is Greek, to me, but means Theologic-doctor shop.

This state of things, this double ghost seeing, is very shocking to the wearers of the surplice, and particularly does the fact of their flock's seeing spirits, throw them into great dismay, in fact they are experiencing a kind of moral epilepsy or "falling sickness," which is fast becoming epidemic, and all around the country the cler-gee, which means clear-outers, are getting *fits*. To such an extent has the new infection spread, that the "D. D.'s which have two meanings, Doctor Doubtful, and Dont, Dont; are flying about like parched peas in December, administering gos-pills to the sick.

Now my hearers, the main ingredient in these pills is sulphur, and sulphur being a mineral, it dont agree with the people, and hence it is nearly always "thrown up," because, my hearers, the disease being Spiritual, can only be cured by medicines like unto the disease itself, that is, it must be treated homeopathically, like cures like, and hence these doctors might as well hang up their theo-churchianic saddle bags, for owing to the fact that their gos-pills, administered by Doctor Doubtful, Hell-Fire & Co., wont "go down" any longer, "Othello's occupation's gone," slid, vomosed, leaked out, exploded, and finally died of spontaneous combustion, owing to the fact, that altogether too much inflammable material has been used. These D. D.s, themselves are catching the complaint, hence their anguish whenever the spiritual medicine is applied to their sore spots, has the effect of making them look like a guinea hen in a hail storm, and causes them to sing out "dont, dont. But, my hearers, the disease is desperate, and they must be healed whether or not, for it will never do to have so many sick men in our midst. I take particular notice that many are in an inflammatory state, and the spiritual anti-phlogistic, or anti-flogistic treatment is peculiarly adapted to effect a rapid alterative effect on the general system.

This new system of medicine differs in toto from the old; inasmuch as, instead of flogging people with the patent dogmatic cat-o-nine tails, thus creating the very systems sought to be allayed; it operates on the great idea of homeo-pathy, viz: that kind words, and acts and treatment, invariably produce similar states on the patient under treatment; and thus it is remarkably successful in the cure of Hell-fire Phobia, brimstonian perditionitis, and the other multiform phases of the great disease, generally styled Devil mania.

"Behold, he prayeth," was the exclamation of the ancient mariner, when he saw an old sailor drop on his knees and offer up a prayer for the salvation of his soul. Now the reason that the sailor prayed was this: in performing some duty on deck, the man had unwittingly cast loose the main-top sail halliards, and the sail and yard came down on a run, and as it struck the main-top-mast head, one of the sheet-blocks had split, and the little wheel or sheef on which the rope runs had flown out and rapped the poor sailor on the head; hence the exclamation of Captain Jonas Downstream, "behold he prayeth," for my hearers the rap was so hard that the wounded man not only had an excellent lesson in, and demonstration of the science of astronomy, for the blow made him "see stars," but he also came to the conclusion that as "Jordan was a hard road to travel," he might as well put up a few prayers for a safe voyage to the other side.

Now certain facts present themselves, to which I beg to call your serious attention: first, the rap came from above, and so also doth the raps spiritual; and the sailor saw stars, after he was struck, so also doth the sailors down life's tempestuous sea, behold the glimmering glories of the Heavens, only when the rap comes from above, and knocks not only his old notions all to flinders, but also common sense into his head, light into his understanding and hope into his heart; for "behold he prayeth!" Now a man seldom prays, unless he has a motive, he either does it for pay, or he does it because he is, or thinks he is, in a tight place. The sailor saw stars, so also will you my hearers, when you

come to the proper sense of yours duties, your nature, and your future lot, when life's voyage shall be ended. Now go home every one of you and live your prayer in acts of charity and love, that shall attract the attention of the angels and God, and draw from them the exclamation "behold he prayeth." So mote it be.

GOW JR.

Knowledge and Ignorance.

LESSON III.

In the progress of human events, vagrancy and crime, pride and wealth, power and servitude, have revealed themselves, and enlisted the sympathy of the benevolent to eradicate these evils from the social brotherhood of man. Under wise rule, human happiness is promoted; under ignorance and tyranny great injuries have been inflicted. The ties of sympathy have been dis severed by passion, envy, ambition, thirst for glory, fame, honor, renown; and barbarous crimes have been perpetrated to enforce obedience to the mandates of arbitrary rule. Strangers to the philosophy of universal brotherhood, the kindness of a generous philanthropy has been ignored, to gratify a misguided ambition and selfish aggrandizement.

Pause! Reflect! Cast your eyes over the bloody pages of history! Learn from thence a lesson worthy of adoption but of caution! Reverence not the inhumanity of bloody conflicts! They are the mournful lessons of worse than brutal violence, enacted in the face of smiling nature, stooping down to bless even the cruel dependents on her bounty. In the face of reason, justice, God, heaven and its inhabitants, stayest not all these lights, loves, influences, the hand, dipped in blood, from the cruel assassination of his brother man. What, though all nature proclaims order and harmony—what though the voice of ten thousand seraphs chant a melody of divine love—what though the holy angels bend down to earth, and teach man nature's laws; yet, unheard, unheeded, or uncared for, they are powerless for good, and all the lofty aims to ameliorate, reform, socialize, and elevate, the brotherhood of man are fruitless. Under such discouragements, we come, and, giving our banner to the breeze, we shall follow our leader, who stands at the head of all principalities and powers, of things in heaven and on earth; and whose name is above every name, because it is Infinite: and in him we live—the infinite life of the universe, approachable by the human understanding only as it can comprehend the Deity.

I am disposed, this evening, to suggest two questions: First the utility of knowledge. Second the disadvantage of ignorance.

Knowledge is the comprehension of things, their relation to each other, and the laws by which they are governed. A knowledge of rules, or laws, is well; when such knowledge is of practical service to mankind. To know that you exist is one thing. To know that others exist, is another thing. To know by what law you and others exist, is another thing. You exist because something existed prior, to give you existence. What that something is, may be known by the things which are made. And the wisdom of the maker is seen in the work finished.

Again, the thing made bears a relation to the maker, because in it, are found the vital elements of him who controlled it, transferred from the hand that made the work; or in other words, the vital, living, active power which fashioned the work, left the impress there; so that, in seeing man, however infinite he may be, you see the element of God, in the degree of finity to infinity, and the relation is as indissolubly established as cause and effect. This is one point.

Now, proceed, and look at other works—beings—constituting the human race. Have they not all vitality, life, power, perception, judgment, which enable them, in their sphere, to act as independent individualities? Do not all these individualities originate in one and the same cause? What then? This, and this only—a common origin; and all effects, originating in one and the same cause, must have a resemblance to each other, inasmuch as a cause can not send forth dissimilar effects, yet a combination of causes may send forth varieties, or, more properly, degress.

Now, man, universal man, is but an emanation of the infinite; each individual being a ray of light, and consequently sustaining a relation to other rays. But there are superior and inferior rays or emanations, and, in all the numberless multitudes, no two are precisely of the same dimensions. A knowledge of the relation, subsisting and existing by an immutable law between the Great First Cause and man, will necessarily lead to the following practical results:

First, the larger emanations, so to speak, and be understood, are capable of reflecting more light than the inferior stars in the firmament; and the inferior are capable of receiving more light than those of a more brilliant appearance, from the common sun which illuminates the whole.

Planets nearest the common center of light have not the distance to travel, in order to become merged, enveloped, in the full flood of the light of the sun, that those planets have which stand in a more remote relation. Consequently, the most remote planets must necessarily make the greatest advance to overtake those nearest the center, to do which greater speed is required; and in order that greater speed may be induced, stronger attractions must be presented. Hence it is, that the more remote any mind may be from the communicator of knowledge and light, the greater should be the effort to bring it into harmony.—And all the planets, in near proximity to the center, should attract by their inviting influences the most remote, that they may all be drawn into one common center of union in love and wisdom.

But truth teaches, that those who are nearest the center cannot force the more remote to approach, neither can the more remote force themselves. Therefore, all approximation to the standard center must be of an attractive character, because whatever is repulsive must necessarily push them farther away. On this principle, the reform sought to be accomplished, in the present age must rest. Now,

Second, and I shall close. The disadvantages of ignorance will lead individuals to act, whatever may be their position and relation to other planets, so as to repulse them, not understanding or comprehending the law of attraction, and its power to draw minds to God and to heaven. Hence, you perceive, that even individuals claiming to be near the great centre of knowledge, and truth, and heaven, act adversely to the advancement of other planets; first, by threatenings, menaces, arrogance; and second, by exciting fear and distrust, by which no progress is made to the great centre of love and wisdom—God—and heaven appears uninviting, and repels those whose faces are turned toward them.

Food for Reflection.

We find the appended notice in a paper published in this city, twelve years ago. The hand by which it was written, now belongs to a licensed clergyman, who preaches the orthodox doctrine of hell and damnation, and teaches the horrible dogmas of total depravity, and the impossibility of salvation to those whom their Heavenly father has destined to perdition, for the advancement of his own glory. And whilst he is thus preaching, the spirit of him whom he eulogised, being freed from the cumbrance of a decaying body, and being actuated by a still more intense love of truth and of suffering humanity, is weekly preaching the most beautiful and soul-elevating philosophy, to large audiences of Buffalo minds, through the physical organism of one, whose spirit he temporarily displaces, for the purpose.

"Rev. S. R. Smith's lecture before the Mechanic's Association was an able performance, and was listened to with interest and profit by a large audience. The subject was the "Employment of Time." The lecturer dwelt at much length upon the importance of mechanics improving, for the cultivation of their minds, the leisure moments which are usually permitted to run to waste. These, if properly husbanded, were sufficient to make them learned and eminent. It was in vain for even those who were obliged to labor hardest to assert that they had no time for mental culture. If they would but determine to drink deep at the fountain of knowledge, and enter resolutely upon their object, they would find

abundant opportunity to accomplish it, as the history of many of our most eminent scientific and literary men would show.

"We wish that this truth could be sufficiently impressed upon the mind of every mechanic in the land. If a noble thirst for knowledge could be created among mechanics as a class—if they could be made to realize that the highest honors of literature and science are within their reach—if they would but get up from the dust, and go to work, resolutely and perseveringly, at the cultivation of their minds—what might they not achieve! What might they not accomplish for truth, for virtue, for freedom, for humanity! How much might they elevate their condition and extend their influence—what a flood of light might they pour upon every branch of science and letters! For our own part, we are heartily sick of seeing so large and useful a portion of community kept entirely in the back ground, both in point of influence and respectability, for want of mental culture,—and we are still more sick of hearing them assert that they have no time for study."

The Coming Time.

I believe that the time is coming when the warrior, with his plume, and his casque, and his scimitar, with his martial music and his glittering armor, shall be seen no more forever; when the implements of war shall be found only in the cabinets of the curious, or among the historical memorials of antiquity, when not a battleship shall crest the mountain wave, or repose beautifully on the tranquil bosom of the ocean; when not an army shall wind its dragon-folds over hill, and vale, and plain; when the castle and the tower, the rampart and the battlement, shall be levelled with the ground, and the orchard, the garden, and the vineyard, shall smile over their graves; when not a fortified town shall be seen on the face of the whole earth, and every citadel shall be dedicated with peculiar rites, as a temple of Christian peace; when Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon shall be accounted the Molochs of mankind, and the battle-fields of Arbela and Pharsalia, of Marengo and Austerlitz, the polluted shrines of a sanguinary and idolatrous superstition; when the illustrious achievements of the most renowned of conquerors shall be remembered only with astonishment, indignation, and mourning; when the master-works of military science shall be esteemed as mischievous and wicked as the frauds of astrology and magic, and the Iliad and Ænied, Cæsar and Livy, and Sallust shall never deform the souls of Christian youth; when the siege and the battle, and the naval action, and all the machinery of national murder and national robbery, by land and by sea, shall have been swept away forever, when the glory and ambition of individuals and nations shall be found only in the fellowship of love, in deep humility, in the emulation of good works, in the spirit of usefulness, and the sense of duty; in peace, Christian in its character, and universal in its dominion.—*Judge Grimké.*

THEORY OF MARRIAGE.

There was a merry fellow who supped at Plato's, three thousand years ago, and the conversation turning upon love and choice of wives, he said, "He had learned from a very ancient tradition, that man had been originally created male and female; each individual being provided with a duplicate set of limbs, and performing his locomotive functions with a kind of rotary movement, as a wheel, that he became in consequence so excessively insolent, that Jupiter, indignant, split him in two, and since that time each half runs about the world in quest of the other half; if the two congenial halves meet, they are a loving couple, otherwise they are subject to a miserable, scolding, peevish, and uncongenial matrimony. The search, he said, was rendered difficult, for the reason, one man alighted upon a half that did not belong to him, another did necessarily the same, until the whole affair was thrown into irretrievable confusion.

SPIRIT HEALING!

WM. C. HUSSEY, from Lockport, will treat chronic and acute diseases by means of Spiritual influence. Patients wishing his assistance may call for him at 135 Pearl street, in rear of American. tfs5