

AGE OF PROGRESS

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

VOL. II. No. 38.

BUFFALO, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1856.

WHOLE No. 90.

The Churches vs. Spiritualism.

There are many systems of warfare adopted by belligerent powers; and there is no better criterion than the particular system adopted, by which to judge of the character of those who adopt it. A powerful enemy, who feels justified in the belligerent attitude which he assumes, relies on his prowess and the justice of his cause. He fights valiently—terribly; and he holds his hand mercifully and magnanimously, when his weaker adversary shows the white flag. Justice and conscience unite their voices in applauding him who smites when the law of self preservation demands it, but who refrains immediately, when no more is necessary. This is honorable warfare, and more justifiable than turning the other cheek, after receiving a blow on the one. But it is an uphill business to fight the battle of wrong, though the numerical odds be greatly in favor of the party in fault. There is a principle in the soul of man, which revolts at a course of conduct which is palpably wrong. And so unceasing and emphatic are the remonstrances of this innate principle, that it will take two men, in a bad cause, to stand against one in a good cause, other things being equal.—There can be no such thing as true bravery, where truth and righteousness do not lead to the encounter.

There is no such character as a brave assassin. He who will crawl, with drawn dagger, in the dark, to come upon his intended victim, and stab him while sleeping, could never be induced to meet him in fair combat, in open day. And the most despicable of all dastards, is he who, with deadly weapon in hand, will fall upon one who is unarmed and defenceless. Then what shall be said of the infamous coward, who would thus attack the delicate and fragile form of an unprotected female? No language is rich enough in superlatives, to reach the degree of baseness which pertains to such a character.

Some savage tribes have been known to fight with poisoned arrows; but no such tribe has ever been found susceptible of civilization. And even among these, no such inhuman baseness has ever been known as poisoning wells and springs of water, as has been done, in some christian countries, by the white races, under the direction of those who would burn their fathers and mothers for a shade of difference in religious faith. Even now, and here, armies are sent to invade neighboring countries, under pretence of avenging insults and injuries, with the sanction of the orthodox church, and preceded by its hypocritical and blasphemous prayers, with instructions to practise the infernal system of devastation, destroying all the products of the earth, like raving maniacs; and all this is done under the stimulus of that same principle of all-grasping avarice, which characterizes modern Christianity—the same that prompts the highwayman to stab the traveler in the dark, and the burglar to provide himself with false keys and “jimmies.”—But the worst, most heartless and damnable of all highwaymen, burglars and assassins, are the “soldiers of the Cross,” from the crusaders of Palestine, to the petty dealer in damnation, who hurls

the anathemas of bigotry, and stimulates the vender of calumnies, against the instruments of the angels, from the pulpits of Christian orthodoxy.

What there is left of the Christian church, which is the mortal and mortifying body, without the soul, of Christianity, has arrayed its forces against Spiritualism, and is carrying on a war which is designed to be a war of extermination. Here let us observe, parenthetically, that when we thus speak of the Christian church, we by no means intend to make a sweeping charge, which excepts nobody. We know that there are many and highly honorable individual exceptions; but we also know that they are badly, uncongenially and inharmoniously associated, and are committing a daily wrong in retaining their unnatural connections. It is the body of the church, with its salaried clergy, which is thus arrayed against the hosts of heaven; and our purpose is, not to complain of their opposition, but to remonstrate against their worse than savage system of warfare.

How does orthodoxy attempt to meet, oppose, vanquish and exterminate Spiritualism? Does it step boldly forth, in the panoply of all-conquering truth, plant itself upon the firm foundation of unequivocating science, bring to bear upon its adversary the terrible artillery of logic, and take, for its field of combat, the whole univercelum? This, indeed, would be valiant, noble, glorious, Godlike. O, how awfully formidable would orthodoxy be, if it thus entered upon the contest for supremacy in the empire of mind. But, instead of this, what does it do? It brings forward an old record of ink and parchment, made, nobody knows exactly how long ago, in some place, nobody knows where, by some person or persons, nobody knows whom, of some character, nobody knows what. This record repudiates Geology as a liar and a cheat, denounces Astronomy as a star-gazing lunatic, abjures reason as a child of Belial and an emissary of Satan, scouts philosophy as a visionary and a fanatic, and condemns the great volume of nature as a fiction, gotten up by the arch fiend, to make pleasant the pathway of human souls to the gulf of perdition. This record tells when, how and by whom this earth was created—says it was created out of nothing—that this nothing was made something, and fashioned into a globe, and called Earth—that the Sun and Moon and all the stars were made for the purpose of furnishing the earth with light, and for no other purpose—that man was made out of a lump of dirt, and that woman was made of one of the man's ribs—and all this was done in the six working days of a week, by a wondrous being whom the record calls God. And all the so-called orthodox sects of Christians, declare that every word of this old record is true, notwithstanding its direct conflict with all the sciences, with reason, and with common sense, and that every one who doubts its veracity in any respect, will, after death, go into a lake of fire and brimstone, where they will burn and howl in excruciating agony, for ever and ever. All this they aver constantly, but never attempt to prove it by any other evidence than that same old record.

On the contrary, Spiritualists, by spiritual instruction, assure them that the earth was not made of nothing, nor made when they say it was made, but that it is, probably, a million times older than they make it out to be—that the matter of which it is made, is coeval and coeternal with the Creator—that the Sun, which the old record says was made as an appendage to the earth, is more than a million times as large as the earth, and is a great many millions of years older than the earth—that many of the stars, which the old record declares were made merely to help the Moon give light by night, are as much greater in magnitude, and as much older than the Sun, as the Sun is greater and older than the earth—that infinite millions of those stars are so remote from the earth, for whose benefit they are said to have been made, that their light, traveling at the rate of a million of miles per second, has never yet reached where the earth is, since their creation, and will not reach it, at the same rate of travel, in ten thousand million of years more—that the writers of many of the books which have been bound up together in the volume called the Bible, which is the old record of which we have been speaking, were ignorant of all the sciences; knew nothing of the laws of nature, or of the living truths of philosophy; had an idea of the existence of a great Creator and ruling Power, as all the branches of the human family have, but erroneously conceived him to be an almighty despot, like the then kings and priests of earth; no better, but infinitely more powerful—that the story which some one of those writers has told, about the creation of the earth and its luminous appendages; the providing of a devil and a hell to keep him in, whence he sallies forth upon the earth when he chooses; the fall of man, by the cunning of that devil; the eternal damnation of man and all his posterity forever, because, at the suggestion of the devil, who came in the shape of a serpent, he ate an apple; the destruction of the human family by a great flood of water, and all the creatures of the earth with them, on account of man's wickedness, which was occasioned by the disobedience of the first pair that was created; the plan of redemption devised by God, by which he intended to save the human family from the fate rashly decreed by himself which plan involved the sacrifice of himself, by himself, to appease himself, but which proved a failure; that all this story, having been written by the pen of ignorance, in an age of intellectual and spiritual darkness, is unphilosophical, absurd and fabulous. But it is admitted by spiritualism, that, in that same volume of old writings, there are many beautiful truths, which will live eternally, and shine brighter and brighter, as men are better and better enabled to appreciate them, by intellectual and spiritual progression.

Thus Orthodoxy and Spiritualism stand opposed to each other—the one determined, not only to vanquish, but to exterminate the other. To compass this much desired destruction, Orthodoxy has labored incessantly, ever since the second general advent of Spiritualism; although it acknowledges that, in the days when the old record was made, this same Spiritualism had a real existence, and was then a child of God, because it is so written in many of the pages of that record; but it insists that, if it now do really exist, it is a child of the devil, and not a child of God, although, in all its features and characteristics, it is just like its former self, which is so frequently alluded to in the old record.

When Orthodoxy commenced this war upon Spiritualism and Spiritualists, it stepped boldly upon the rostrum, and challenged its opponent to the encounter of logic, on the platform of science, philosophy and religion. Many challenges of this character were made by

the Goliaths of orthodoxy, and they were accepted by the Davids of Spiritualism, as fast as they were made; and each Gittite who has thus vaunted, has been slain, like his giant prototype of the old record. No one of them who has ventured to handle the weapons of science, philosophy and logic, has escaped this fate; and this for the simple reason that error is mortal and truth is immortal—that the one is vanquishable and the other is invincible. Being totally routed at every such encounter, those champions soon became more discreet, then chary, then timid, then cowardly, skulking behind subterfuges and under the cover of false issues and coming out only to stab in the dark.

Now discomfited orthodoxy, having been otherwise totally disarmed, wields but a single weapon; and this is put into the hands of every church member who is base enough to wield it; and the example of using it is set them by the Rev. Clergy themselves, in their pulpits. This weapon is SLANDER, general and personal. The clergy set the example, by grossly and scandalously slandering Spiritualism and Spiritualists, as an entity and a body; and their conscienceless, emulating adherents, take the cue from them, and seek out individuals as targets against whose reputations to launch their poisoned arrows of vituperation and slander, and gloat, with fiendish gratification, over every wound they inflict.

The fact that dissolute male members of churches, with their breaths redolent of alcohol, and their lips spouting profanity and tobacco juice, should be induced to come to the rescue of the churches, against Spiritualism, armed with scandal and lies, is not so much to be wondered at as another fact; which is that a portion of the externally beauteous sisterhood of those churches, should so far forget the dignity of the female character—so desecrate that shrine of sympathy and charity, the female heart—so wantonly outrage the principles of justice, honor and truth, as to utter scandalous lies against the character of innocent individuals of their own sex, who are mere children, because they are used as mediums of communication, by the spirits of those who return to earth to teach lessons of truth, love and harmony, to erring humanity.—This they do, in obedience to implied instructions, received from slanderous clergymen, who have now given over all other means of annoyance and defence—implied, we say, in the malignant vituperations which they weekly hear uttered by such clergymen.

Now, female slanderers, let us warn you that you must reap the bitter fruits of the seed you are sowing. You are doing bad service, in a cause which will repay you with misery. You are debasing your natures and making your hearts the reservoirs of demoniac malignity and hatred, instead of cultivating those affections which constitute the flowers of interior beauty, make you lovely in the eyes of men and angels, and prepare you to take an elevated position when your present brief life-term is ended, and you land upon the shores of immortality. And let us warn you of another effect which you will be made to feel, from the course you are pursuing: There is, you know, an old adage—a truthful one, too—which declares that the greatest liar always calls liar first—that the greatest thief is sure to call thief first—that every one who wishes to stigmatize the character of another, to whom there is no censure justly due, is sure to look into his or her own interior for those moral derelictions which they maliciously and falsely impute to those whom they intend to crush. And into the depths of her own impure soul, the female who intends to destroy the fame of an innocent sister, looks for the sensual, though, mayhap, cautiously indulged propensity, which suggests the ungracious epithet she hurls at her. Remember this; for communities have become convinced that it is a general truth.

[POLITICAL.]

Mr. Clayton and Slavery.

It is probable that the most of our readers are sufficiently conversant with political men and matters, to know that JOHN M. CLAYTON is a United States Senator, from the State of Delaware. And as that little State has human slavery for one of its institutions, it might be expected that Mr. CLAYTON would go the full length of the Southern nullifiers and propagandists; but this does not appear to be the case. On the 16th inst., in the Senate, Mr. CLAYTON remarked that he had held himself entirely aloof from the excitement in relation to the affairs of Kansas, taking no part with any party or any section, that he might, when the proper moment arrived, make a proposition which he hoped might be acceptable to all.

In the course of his remarks, he said:

"Some laws in Kansas are palpably unjust and unconstitutional, and these it is the duty of Congress to repeal. One of them declares that no man shall vote until he swears to obey the provisions of the fugitive laws. He thought it was unjust and cruel towards one section of this Union and to any one who differed with him in regard to that law. It was a dangerous and unexampled precedent, and contrary to the Nebraska Bill. Another law of Kansas denies to any man the right to speak or print against the existence or legality of slavery, in that territory, punishes such infractors with hard labor in the penitentiary for not less than two years, (it does not say how many more.) This does show the disgraceful character of the act."

Reader, you have heard much of the sedition law, which was enacted by Congress, in the third presidential olympiad, and sanctioned by JOHN ADAMS, the elder, who was then President of the United States. This sedition law made it penal for any citizen to speak or write censoriously or disparagingly of the President of the United States. It was not made criminal, if our memory has it right, to express doubts in relation to the moral perfection of a candidate for the office of President; but as soon as he was elected and installed in office, the people had to be *num* in relation to his peccancies, whatever they might be.

Now, all who have taken note of the political history of the country—particularly the history of parties, from the organization of the government, to the present time, are aware that the name of Federalist, which was the shibboleth of the party in power, when this law was enacted, was rendered popularly execrable by it; that JOHN ADAMS, than whom no truer patriot or better man—save his aristocratical proclivities and his preference for a strong government—ere drew the breath of liberty, was crushed and driven into retracy by it, whence popular condemnation followed him to his grave; and that so thoroughly curst was Federalism, by this same act—for the Alien Law bore but a small share of the odium—that the party who were known by it continually dwindled away, till the remnant of them repudiated it entirely, and it is now considered an insult to tell a man his father or his grand father was a Federalist.

More than half a century has passed, since that time; and where are we now? We seem to have passed through a cycle and got back again to old Federalism—nay ten times worse; for we have now a sedition law in *free America*, which will send a man to the State prison, for not less than two years, if he dares to say or write that he disapproves that most deadly curse that ever fell upon man—*Human Slavery!*

Whence came this law which inflicts a punishment worse than a hundred deaths, upon an honest man, for saying he hates the most hateful of all the abominations of earth? We will tell where it came from. In 1820, the Union was convulsed from center to

circumference, with the attempt of the slave section to foit another slave State into the confederacy, and the determined resistance of the free section. The collision was terrible, and dissolution, for a time, seemed inevitable. Finally, the free States gave way and accepted a proffered compromise. There was, a long way outside of civilization, a large tract of wilderness country, where no human foot but that of the wild savage ever trode, and where civilization was never expected to reach. This unexplored and worthless region, was insolently offered to the free States, to be dedicated and consecrated to eternal freedom, if the free States would allow Missouri to come into the Union with her slavery attachment. For the sake of the restoration of harmony, the representatives of the free States acceded to the proposition; let Missouri in with her slavery, and accepted the proffered consecration of that remote wilderness to freedom, as a set-off.

In a run of years American enterprize—free-state enterprize—the article never existed in the slave states—filled the country with improvements, such as steam navigation, railroads and magnetic telegraphs, which made its way westward with such strides that civilization marched up to the borders of that savage territory, and lifted its foot to step over into it. See! cries the slave-breeding South, they are going in there, with their enterprize, their science, their free labor, their machinery, their manufactures, their scientific agriculture, their schools and their philosophy; and they will carve out of that wild region a dozen or more of free States, which will sustain more millions of intelligent and happy freemen than we have specimens of humanity, in all slavedom. This must not be—we must prevent it. What a beautiful slave market that country will make, when it all comes to be dotted with settlements.

"But," says one who had some of the blood of JEFFERSON in his veins, "how shall we prevent it. That territory has been consecrated to freedom, by the most solemn compact that man could frame or enter into. Besides, if slavery should go there, enterprize, science, philosophy, learning, will stay out of the territory, and it will be like the section which we inhabit."

"Not so," replies the propagandist. "We will first repudiate the compromise, which we can do by working cunningly with free state agents, enough of whom are always to be purchased for government patronage, which we have the address to control, although we are a minority of the American people. We will find some Northern man for a candidate for the presidency, whom we will first bind to our interest, with a golden cord, and then manage to make the free States elect him. The democratic national convention is soon to come off and we will be on the alert to find the man."

The man thus sought for, was found by Virginia, in the person of FRANKLIN PIERCE, of New Hampshire, and was elected by the operation of the only machinery which the slavocracy of the South have ever successfully competed with the North in maturing. We mean that machinery by which the drunkards, rowdies, brawlers and blacklegs of the country, are enabled to put in nomination and elect whom they please; thus directing the political action of twenty times their number of sober, honest, wise and patriotic men.

Wisely, (in the serpent sense) when the propagandists, with the aid of those at the North, upon whom they had graciously bestowed the cognomen of National Democrats, had succeeded in getting their man elected, they resolved not to trust him alone;

and they associated with him, in the office of National Executive, one whose entire soul was imbued with the spirit of human slavery; though, by residence, he had a right of citizenship in a free State. In what manner they otherwise bound him to their interests, he and they know, but we know not. Suffice it that they adopted him and installed him as the larger moiety of the Executive head of the nation, giving him the casting vote, in all questions of policy, in which he and PIERCE should be equally divided. The name of this greater half of the presidential duality, as the reader is doubtless aware, is STEPHEN DOUGLASS; and the State from which he hails, is Illinois.

Thus prepared, the propagandists were ready to attack the "Missouri Compromise"—that Compromise by which they had in the most solemn manner, consecrated the Nebraska territory to eternal freedom; in consideration of which, the representatives of the free States had agreed that they should bring another large slave State into the Union. And, through their dual Executive, they did attack it, bringing to bear upon it the whole Executive power and influence of the government, which enabled them, through the venality of those Northern politicians, above alluded to, to cancel that part of the said compromise which secured freedom to that territory, but to preserve that part of it which secured slavery to Missouri. This most atrocious of all the acts of injustice that ever disgraced America, was thus consummated, by the PIERCE and DOUGLASS administration, backed by the so-called National Democracy of the North. And thus the barrier which was erected to keep slavery out of that far-off region, was torn down, that human chattels might be taken there, and enslaved there, and breed more slaves there, if those who should get there first could succeed in establishing a territorial government, which would adopt slavery as an institution.

But yonder comes a difficulty which the propagandists will still have to encounter. They can see whole caravans of emigrants, with their implements of art and of husbandry, wending their way from the free North and East, to take up their residence in this territory; and without the adoption of some countervailing measure, by the propagandists, the bad faith which they have manifested, the black-hearted treachery of which they have been guilty, and all their labors of circumvention, craft and corruption, will be lost, and slavery will be kept out of the territory, by the very means provided by the propagandists to get it in—by the legislative action of the settlers themselves. What shall be done to circumvent them? Call upon DAVID R. ATCHISON, replies the Executive firm of PIERCE and DOUGLASS. He will arouse all the ruffians, vagabonds and assassins in the border counties of Missouri, and send them into Kansas to take possession of the polls, keep the free State settlers away, and vote themselves; and we will sanction every thing they do, however natural and legal rights may be outraged—however justice and humanity may be made to bleed—however imperatively and pathetically we may be implored by the sufferers to throw over them the shield of national protection, to which they are entitled, and to which call it is our constitutional and bounden duty to promptly respond.

This proffer of Executive aid was accepted by the propagandists. ATCHISON was appealed to and induced to set on foot and direct these countervailing operations. The border ruffians of Missouri, went in organized troops, all armed with rifles, pistols and bowie-knives, and took possession of the polls; used their murderous weapons to keep the settlers from voting; voted themselves accord-

ing to instruction, and set the authority of Governor REEDER at defiance, menacing his life when he attempted to interfere officially. Hereupon Gov. REEDER repaired to Washington to invoke the aid of the General Government, as he had a constitutional right to do, and which aid the Executive of the nation was constitutionally bound to afford him. His appeal, of course, was made to FRANKLIN PIERCE, who was the nominal head of the government. His application was considered, and silently rejected, by the Executive duality, who immediately set about patching up a pretext for removing him from office, that ATCHISON and his hosts might have every thing their own way, in Kansas, without interruption. Without finding any pretext that a despot would not be ashamed of, they did remove him, and did not, because they could not, give any reason for doing so, which was satisfactory to any but the propagandists.

Then the spurious legislature, which was elected by the border ruffians, under ATCHISON, proceeded to enact laws for the government of the people of Kansas; and this most infamous Sedition Law, of which Mr. CLAYTON complains in the above extract, was enacted by them, among others of kindred character.

Thus freedom and freemen have been violently excluded from that territory, which was made sacred to freedom, by the voluntary act of the propagandists themselves; and those freemen of the North, East and West, who went thither to find a home of freedom and equality, have had their rights violently wrested from them, and themselves reduced to political slavery and social degradation, by the Executive head of the General Government. And now that the present presidential olympiad draws near to a close, and the dual Executive of the propagandists cannot much longer prostitute the office which it has signally disgraced, the same state of things is sought to be perpetuated by the election of men who have been made candidates for the offices of President and Vice President, by the same machinery which nominated and elected the present incumbents. Against the success of this attempt to perpetuate a truly malign influence, we would implore the aid of patriotism, of justice and of heaven.

A Cordial Invitation.

A Spiritual brother, in a distant locality, invites us, pressingly, to visit him and make his house our home, for any length of time, the longer the better. And we are perfectly satisfied that the invitation is what we have characterized it—a cordial one.

Whilst an invitation of this character affords us pleasure, and excites in our heart an emotion of gratitude, it is suggestive of reflections, which we hope there is no occasion for, within the Spiritual fraternity. And, indeed, it is a matter of much delicacy to approach the subject and treat it in such a manner as not to give cause of offence. What we mean is, that there are, in all religious societies, as well as in all social circles, a species of moral ivy, which clings for support to everything it touches, and cannot be shaken loose, but with much effort. It used to be said of the Methodists, that they devoured each other in the manifestation of their brotherly love; and our own recollection of their gregarious propensities, furnishes us with many cases, in which good brethren, who were dependent on their muscles for means of subsistence, were partly eaten out of house and home, by their visiting brethren and sisters, and were finished by the tax upon their time, which they had to spend with religious company.

As we have hinted, there are many, in all societies, who fall

out with labor, and manifest no disposition to make friends with it again. Such ones, if religious, are much prone to make their religion the means of supporting them in idleness, by billeting themselves upon those who are goodnatured and generous, without a thought whether they are in easy or cramped circumstances, or whether they are putting them to great inconvenience, or not.

Our object, in these remarks, is to bring this subject to the notice of Spiritualists, that we, as a religious fraternity, may not become obnoxious to the imputation of devouring each other, as has been the case with other societies. And we wish it to be expressly understood, that we have no case in view, among Spiritualists, in which brethren have been made victims, in the manner above mentioned. For ourself, we can say that we have never had a Spiritualist put up with us for a single day, without special invitation; nor have we been favored with visits from Spiritualists, as frequently as we would desire, if we were prepared to accommodate them; so that we have no personal grievance to complain of, in this relation. We conclude, then, with the exhortation to Spiritualists, to accept the hospitality of brethren or sisters, only to the extent which their circumstances will warrant.

Lecture by Capt. George E. Malcombe.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

As the wind woos the flower and twilight weeps 'neath the archway of heaven, or as the thrilling wind strikes the harp-strings of nature, and music sweet and low comes from the rapture-tones that angels sing, the tide of eternal song sweeps along; and o'er its glowing strains flows the noble responses from human hearts. And as they dream of heaven, of the soul of bliss dwelling in the music of the skies, of the bright happy forms moving wherever fond attraction leads, where the soft star-beam of love fans, with fragrant wing, each soul above, and as God smiles sweetest in eternity, how wildly, oh! how wildly, many hearts below sigh to go, when the stormy winds of life go passing peacefully by, or when icy waves are rolling fiercely around each frail bark, cast upon human life, to finish its own way by the light of its own divinity, to the bright and gorgeous harbor, found in the universe, thronging the mild ocean of space, where angels live, move and rejoice in the lovely edens of God's supreme love. And each soul-sphere of that happy land, is all sweet with the dew of eternal love, and its spirit pulses vibrate each with an immortal sense endued, and each glowing with divine sensations. And while man walks the pathways of earth, his loved friends tread the pavement of the sky, revealing through their immortal birth, the bright consummation of God's glorious plan.

In immortality's white arms sweetly caressed, with sorrow all effaced, the indentations of sin removed, and in harmony with the flowers, the stars and all created things, the soul of man, in the light of its own intellect, shall define the meaning of that thrill which ever sighs for something holier and better. The graveyard already is clothed with a silver carpet, on which angels tread o'er their own external caskets, where once they were enshrined, and in sinless beauty now dance, not o'er decayed worth, but o'er that dropping off of the outward form, which is the brightest evidence of the human spirit's lasting immortality; and above, largely gifted with new powers, moves on in the wonder-way of its own upward destiny; and then all thoughts are harmony, breathed from affection's deep hidden heart. Existence ever seems to aspire, and ends in a luminous and brilliant evolution of something higher. And heaven is not so much unlike earth; for through the mutual interchange of thought, in each sweet impartation of feeling, each or either confers a joy, and the angel kiss thrills on an angel's lips, as it doth on mortal lips. The soul doth not sit immoveable forever, chanting psalms to Deity—ah no! the lips of an angel warble as sweetly as the bird-like notes of earth; and eyes speak more than the

orbed worlds of the human soul can; and splendid halos their angel brows begem, lit by the fire of inner beauty. They bring music from the pulses of the air, while inspiration flows, and eternal life impresses each soul-existence with the rosy tie of heavenly love; and as man murmurs innocently in his cradle, so shall he chant the melodies of the skies with the cherubim of unceasing life. Though life may seem dark, and serpent dispositions hide in the dense marshes of prejudice, whose foul black object comes from a mental hell, to obliterate God from human nature, still all must sink into oblivion's speechless waves, while the eternal power shall fall like a southern shower, proving that the mighty heart, in gladdened notes, beats in grandeur through the countless veins of humanity.

Man is the actual and real—his outward a picture-world, in which he himself is reflected, while affection, in its rich excess, pictures forth in man some elements of eternal loveliness, until he becomes a shadowy semblance of eternity—the starry heaven of pure impassioned feeling, and the humanized temple in which the worlds of thought shine brilliantly, out-rolling from the vastness of mind unconfined, and noble principles of truth, which were born of the Poet heart of God. Heaven is a living reality, where soul and mind become actualized and behold, in the vast domain of being, an Infinite Presence, actualizing mind from all subordinate creations, and making human and divine intelligence the great sun-heaven of hope and love. Rather famish on a crust of bread—rather die for want of earthly sympathy, than prove unworthy of the noble trust God hath assigned you—the true and pure cultivation of your own soul. Rather may the mermaid of unkindness and the coral of coldness breathe coldly o'er your yearning hearts, than ever before prince or pauper disavow the love of heaven; for every creation is a pulse of the Father soul. And as man pillows his head on nature's softness, he becomes the great galaxy of thought, where love flows in tidal seas, ebbing and flowing against the soul's infinite shores, washing from its pearly strands brightest gems of angel innocence.—And there, by no wrong defiled, the white thoughted intellect shall expand, and man breathe from heaven the incense of charity.

Mid the summer isles of man's destiny below, he inhales the solar light of freedom, breathes the perfume of immortal flowers, still ever he longs for more. He is not satisfied in heaven, but still longs for more, he longs while living for something, and when fading from earth—his home, longs to know if he shall live again. Like lightnings that play in the chambers of nature, so doth human thought play with its vivid flash, in mighty powers of deepest wisdom, and, from that gladness, beholds that heaven smiles upon him as familiarly as the flowers do upon the sun. But home in heaven, if the heart be true to its finite throbbings, is a joy in a joy, brilliant, gorgeous and undying, glittering with jewelled beauties, while sparkling diamonds send their rays of effulgent glory all o'er the unlimited expanse of angel ministry.

Heaven is but another apartment of your father's house; and while, as oft the petition trembles upon the careless lips of the worldling, 'Father thy will be done' when he doth not comprehend its significance, oh! how can he become infinitely better by mere prayer of the world. When change comes and bears away the treasure of the soul, whose faintest utterance was music to our hearts—when death has stolen from our heart-homes the dearest loved one, oh! why would we prefer the bitter forgetfulness in the cup of iniquity, rather than sip from the nectar of actual memory, the drops of love flowing from heaven as drop by drop oozes down the mountain side, pure in crystal loveliness. Every human heart is entrusted with an immortal flower—the soul. It is not frail in its infinite being, but is subject, in feeling, to finite influences. It demands your tenderest care—your constant attention and affection, and shouldst thou behold a blight on its dawning beauties, which would cause thy heart to bleed, oh! wither not its charms; for if loving kindness be its dew, its tender branches will twine around every fibre of the heart; and when its summer of life on earth is over its autumn shall transplant it into a sunnier soil, where it shall bloom in immortal felicity, while the wings of seraphs shall scatter the

drops of crystal dew on its new found beauties and eternal perfume.

Not one of the myriad streams that swell in heaving omnipotence, is finitely imperfect, but all are lost in the one united cadence—harmony. Amidst archangel choirs, who, from their height of joy, look down and whisper some words of love, or who, at twilight, is wont to seek your side, to trace the page of your hearts, or sweep the chords of the soul with richer strains of undying beauty, there harmony dwells. And earth seems a fairy land sometimes, but each passer is a living world—a miniature universe of revolving life; and each single soul moves on in its own orbit, while affection and love, hope and charity, control the center soul, round which humanity revolves. Each flashing evidence of life, though it but scintillate to pass away, bursts from the living fire of an immortal soul, bound by the chain of truth and love, to that infinite center, to that eternal sun, where man will not be a comet or falling star, but a bright and beautiful planet in the heavenly sky.—Thought rises from the heart, paints itself upon the sky, and upon the arching blue an image rises, of the world within the soul of man. The bright moon of charity flings sweetly forth its light, mellowed to a smile; and the planet of love, with its angel eyes, gazes upon the brightness of its being, with the gladness of a happy child. And yet human souls revolve in silent suffering, wildly they sweep on, their harmony broken, and they move 'mid the deepening gloom of earth. Their hope comes to a deadly paleness, but struggles still to shine. The tendrils of true sympathy find not their interchange, and earth seems dark and cold. All that is beautiful and fair in life seems deformed, when but a smile, however faint, from the world, would again restore their native harmony. The murmuring summer breeze that shakes the dew from the bending flowers, and stirs the leafy trees, and the wreathes of the rainbow-tinted clouds, are all fading from the sky; all these breathe of harmony. When the little infant folds its fair white hands o'er a heart that knows no sin, and folds the fragrance of prayer within the cells of the soul, and with soul-full eyes cast upward, turns trustingly to heaven, within that innocent bosom harmony, in mystic flow, sends its meaning thrill through the fibers of being; but soon years ultimate the child into a man; and though wisdom then be greater, yet where is that fond trusting innocences the stainless depths of purity, of tenderness? Temptations gloomy thrall has shadowed that radiant brow; the child with trusting prayer has gone, and the man of passion and affection now occupies the developed form of its childish simplicity.—And this is but an evidence of man's ultimate progression. Then let man resign his gloomy fears, for some blessed hope shall be his—some star shine in heaven for him.

When darkness sweeps across thy spirits' sky, look up, for the stars are the angels alphabet, who write, in lines of love, many gentle thoughts for thee, and thou wilt behold the star-gemmed words of consolation—the solar thoughts of Deity. In the smiles of heaven the burdened heart forgets its load of care, while its angel face gazes on the visions of a brighter world. Change may tear the trembling soul from all it loves; but, clothed in robes of affection, one gentle touch by the certain hand of change, will set the spirit free; and those whom you call, mistakingly, the dead, in an angel voice, soft as the hymning of a seraph orchestra, whisper to thee: "We meet in heaven."

Not within the grave rests what the human soul fondly loved. All that is encased there, is but a robe which concealed the soul it contained, from mortal eye. 'Twas but a robe which prisoned the spirit in the cells of human life; but now they are free—the angels of those who have gone from earth's frigid temperature to the tropic land of the skies. And there they delight to whisper tones of fond endearment to those yet dwelling in finite existence; but they will not all listen to their pure and trusting assurances of another life. When life grows pale and gleams fitfully, now seeming to pause in its orbit, and thoughts and hopes surge like the waves of a deep, shoreless sea, upon the human spirit, oh! let that power, charity, sweet as Orpheu's lyre, call you from the fetters that now coil around your heart—that of prejudice, which is sapping the happiness of humanity, but kindle from the glories of

your own mind the ever living flame of truth, and be a God unto yourself. And the bridal rose of love shall, within its own bosom, sweetly sing, and inhale the fragrant air, loaded with perfumed thought; and as the dew in each sweet chalice lay, so shall its eternal love for thee, fan with spirit wing every care of thine away. The violet blossom of charity shall send its silver perfume to earth, and move the souls enchanted motion from the sorrows of human life, and teach the heart that love, the food of the soul, is endless. The amaranth of hope shall lift its petals to heaven, catch the dew drops of untiring affection, and lay them on the shrine of the heart, as tokens of eternity, while the proud evergreen of truth, shall stand firmly and unharmed by the storms of human life, through every change; and the ivy of sweet content shall twine around the pillars of heaven, throwing its green shade o'er the angels bright and happy homes.

G. E. MALCOMBE.

A City of the Spheres.

GIVEN THROUGH MRS. SWEET—BY THE SPIRIT OF MRS. HEMANS.

I saw a beautiful city afar off, and the name of that city was "Holy." The entrance therein was through a massive gate, and on either side stood an angel, around whose head was a soft halo of radiance, like unto the sun when fleecy clouds have softened the brilliancy of his ray; and their countenances were fair and beautifully serene with a pure and holy love, and they ever sung the hymn, "Holiness to the Lord."

The angels who guarded that gate were called Constance and Truth, and many people were passing in and out. Some were clad in bright raiments and had radiant faces. Some had a lowly and downcast mien, and before they entered the gate were casting imploring looks, with this expression on their faces, "May I enter?" Some strode along tall and majestically, their heads erect and their faces earnest, as if in pursuit of some great treasure to be obtained when they should enter that gate. Some were loitering in the path, and gazing wishfully as though afraid to approach. Some were trembling, and tears bedewed their cheeks, and they looked on one another saying, "Shall we approach? we shall not be permitted to enter." Little children were travelling there hand in hand, and none of these emotions did I observe on their innocent faces. Carelessly and hopefully, brightly and lovingly, they loitered along, and their little faces seemed glad with delight as they approached that beautiful gate, and gazed on those beautiful guards which kept the entrance. They did not ask, "May I enter? but they entered. The guard smiled, and the smile struck me as an exceedingly happy one. But why the care less, happy laugh of childhood should make them seem happier at the unconcern with which those little ones entered, was more than I could fathom. It struck me as remarkable. Much more important seemed the entrance of those people of full growth and developed minds, and yet how different, how varied were the emotions which each countenance, each walk, each manner and mien, and whole expression together betrayed, while passing before my vision!

I, also reached the entrance, and was permitted to enter; not, however, before I had asked one of the keepers the meaning of so much apparent incongruity of character exhibited by the concourse which had passed before me. The guards said, "Enter, and see for thyself with thine own eyes, and thine own eyes shall convince thee;" and I entered.

I noticed in that vast city, that those whose faces were so radiant with joy and happiness, had come from a far-off country, to show the new-comers the localities, pursuits, and customs and requirements of the country which they were now going to inhabit. And I observed that those who had entered with so lofty a port and imposing a mien, with head so erect, so elevated, wore a disappointed look at the barrenness of the country. They had expected to be kings and masters, and to feed on the fat of the land. They did not seem to find the palaces, the luxurious dwellings made ready to receive them, which they had

expected to find, and it seemed to me as though hastily constructed palaces of happiness, before setting out for this country, had been suddenly overthrown. They looked lost, disappointed, jealous. They did not ask, "What shall I do?" but they asked, "How is this? This is not the heaven to which we expected to come. It is a cold, barren, gloomy place; nothing genial or bright to feast the eye or please the soul. Why, we were led to expect a far different place from this. This surely cannot be the heaven we were so often told was prepared for us." They seemed to fold their hands and stand in mute despair. They looked neither to the right nor the left, but there they stood, and gazed as it were on vacancy and hopelessness. How dark and bleak it seemed to them!

I turned away from them and approached a form who seemed elated at having found something very pleasing. I stepped up and accosted the person. I inquired, "Why do you seem so glad? have you found a treasure? Nothing less could make you look so happy. I would participate in your joy." The figure, which was a female, looked on me with eyes streaming with tears. "Why, mortal," she said, "This is such a beautiful place, I am enchanted, I am delighted. Can it be possible that I can always live here? Why, when I inhabited a coarse body, which now I find was a shell in which the spirit moved, I was unused to such a place. My fingers ached with toil, my heart was oppressed with sorrow, my limbs often refused to do their painful duties, and my spirit seemed bowed down to the dust. They told me I was such a sinner; and the preacher warned me to beware of a fire prepared for such as I, who broke the commands of God, even to satisfy the cravings of hunger. I longed to live, because I dared not die. They told me God was pure and good, too pure to look upon such a sinner as I, because of my infirmities. They told me I had turned my back on God by the life which I led; I had broken his commands. I had not entered the room where his word was preached because of my poverty and nakedness. I grew reckless, and I thought, I will live on my short day, and then let me perish. How dark, how very dark the future seemed! But when worn out with disease and long suffering, my heart weary and heavy-laden, I laid down, most unwillingly too, my mortal body; and when I awaked, a beautiful being came and took me by the hand, and led me a long distance from earth, and put me upon the road by which all those people have entered through that gate. I had not hoped to enter it, but I was impelled to enter by a power of I know not what. And when I entered it, why, what a beautiful place I found it! Oh, I cannot, cannot describe my joy and happiness. So many smiled upon me. They take me by the hand and welcome me. Such beautiful looking people! I did not think they would notice me—a poor creature like me. Why, everything here dazzles my eyes with ecstatic beauty and splendour, which everywhere meets my view. The very ground I tread upon seems to be of such a brilliant hue. It is almost transparent, and yields to my touch. I neither know whether I walk or glide. It seems to me I do not tread at times. It is a gentle, undulating motion, so unlike the painful steps my poor weary feet used to tread. And oh! how beautiful and green the grass appears; and the leaves, they wave so gently in the wind! The air, which is wafted from the leaves across my brow, seems to fill me with such intense joy that I could soar as a bird in the air. Oh, what a lovely place is this! I see such broad and shining rivers, and moon, and sun—but so much more bright than I ever beheld on earth. How strange it all seems! The very stars seem to smile as they twinkle, and music fills the air wherever I turn my ear. It is more heaven than I ever dared dream of—more than I could ever conceive. How I wish to go back and tell the world, my friends, of this lovely place! They would not believe me. Why, heaven is entirely too poor a name! I cannot tell you, it is so beautiful! so beautiful!

That radiant spirit met me and said, "Poor mortal, poor child of clay, of sorrow, and of suffering, rest thou here. Here the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. This is thy heaven, as long as it shall appear heaven to thee. But heaven is not a place, but an endless continuation of places."

I then turned and beheld those loiterers. They were very slowly approaching in their journey through that great city. They seemed careless somewhat, doubtful somewhat, fearing their progress would every moment be impeded from unforeseen obstacle placed in the way by some uncertain power. I approached a loiterer and said, "Why do you tarry? Why do you not hasten as your fellow travellers are doing? Have you no object in view—no desire to explore this unknown country? Do you not wish for a guide? Why, haste thee, loiterer; the bright ones will outstrip thee, and thou wilt be left in the rear, and thy path become toilsome, with none to lead thee." He turned upon me a look of inquiry, for I perceived he was a mortal, but I could perceive no earnest look in his eye, no heightened colour in his cheek. He would take a few steps forward and turn, look back and pause, and then seem to shrink as though in fear, and anon would look forward. He said to me, "I never was in a hurry; I never could make up my mind whether to be a Christian or a sinner, as the world calls it. I thought I would take the middle path and risk the future. I liked the world so well that I followed its precepts, and where duty was an easy path, very easily I walked therein. I was very contented to think that heaven should be my home, but farther than this I did not search, thinking that many would be situated in the same position as I was, and why should I fare worse than they? Well, in this state of mind I cast off my body. I emerged into a country of whose character and bearings I was altogether ignorant; indeed, I am still fearful that I may have entered the wrong passage. Had I not better return and seek another entrance? This does not seem to me so much like heaven. I am afraid if I go on it will lead me to a hell they used to talk about. It makes me uneasy; I don't like to crowd along. What is your opinion?"

I said, "Poor spirit, go on thy journey, learn wisdom, and make up for lost privileges, for lost happiness, and for never-realised hopes. Ah! poor mortal! what have you not lost? An uncertainty through life has almost become an uncertainty after death. Oh, thou radiant guide! wilt not thou approach? Wilt thou not tell this poor misguided soul how weak and unstable is the guide, which makes unto itself a guide of others' opinions? When the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch."

I turned from the sad spectacle, and near me I saw those trembling ones with tears upon their cheeks. Ah! the tearful eyes, how sad they look, and yet how hoping! Slowly they approached—tremblingly they lifted up their voice and exclaimed, "Oh, this place is so beautiful, we will not be permitted to say. It is only a glimpse of heaven, only a thought of beauty to gladden us on our entrance into the shadows of the spirit world. Why, they told us of the valley of the shadow of death—they told us of the path being narrow, and of the few that entered it. They must have been mistaken in the way they took those words—that passage. A great many are walking in that way; we are walking in it. Oh! oh! it's heaven, it is heaven. It is the heaven we heard about, but it is the heaven we never expected to enter. It was kept at such a great distance from us! They said it was the pure, the sanctified, the meek, and the lowly, and the God-fearing, the sin-hater, and the well-doing that entered heaven. We never thought we were the well-doers; we never expected so great a boon; we never anticipated being so near heaven—it seemed so very dim and distant. And now, here we are, and here is heaven! Why, a short time ago we were down in the busy world, jostled in the crowd, and overlooked—sometimes sneered at, sometimes scoffed at, often unnoticed. But, oh we did love God, we did right as near as we knew how, though not all they told us was right. We lived and died as mortals do, and here we are, some in one path and some in another, some in one direction and some in another, that leads to this beautiful country. Some are in fields, where grass is just beginning to grow; some walking through paths of shade and sunshine; some are even picking flowers; and some are seeking for treasures, which they call knowledge, which they sought for long on earth but never found, because of their inability to attain the gift. They have gone to a building which they call a place of instruction, and they say that is a heaven to them already. They say their souls have ever

hungered on earth without being satisfied. Some of them are exploring the wonders and workings of nature, and some are exploring the wonderful machinery of their own being. All are engaged in labour, and all have kind friends called guides. Shall I tell you what the labor is called? It is the natural labor of the human mind, which the eternal soul is ever engaged in, and that is "PROGRESSION."

The little children next attracted my attention. Little children! best and last! How careless and happy! with what ingenious, beautiful, no-evil-fearing faces they enter! Hail! little spirits! How bright ye look! They do not weep. They do not shrink, nor tremble, nor turn back, but wander along in innocence and joy. Hither and thither they spread. One is attracted by a beautiful bird and chases that bird, drawn by its musical notes, and he laughs in the fulness of his spirit's joy. Another has found a beautiful flower. Oh, how delighted he looks! He bursts forth in a merry peal and calls his little companions to gaze on the treasure he has found. Another hears sweet music, and has flown off to find it. As they wander off, one meets another, now a father, a mother, a brother, a sister. Oh, what a happy mingling of joy there is! How delighted they seem! Their heaven is all heaven, no cloud obscures their sky, but joyfully and trustingly they gambol and frolic in the beautiful pastures prepared for them. How it gladdens my spirit as I gaze on the scene! Oh, innocents, how trusting! How much nearer ye approach the Godlike nature of our Father in your happy beauty of trust! Ye know no evil, therefore ye fear no enemy. The chain which loosened you from heaven, as a spark of light, returned you in its links so untainted, that ye scarce felt the transition. Happy ones, I leave you.

Radiant spirits, I thank ye for the entrance ye have given me to a lesson to give to mortals below. Faith, thou art mine, and Constance, I know thee, and thank thee right gladly.

The city which I entered is that which is viewed by mortals in the flesh, and it seems to them that it is far off, because it is called "Holy." The entrance thereof, through that massive gate, is called Death—massive because the spirit's greatest entrance when cut loose from this sphere. And the angels on either side are the angels which usher us in, and the shining ones who were passing in and out of the city were those who are sent back to earth on errands of mercy and love.

The city itself represents the heaven which all contemplate as being their ultimate destination, whether they have lived, or felt, or expected a continued existence; and different aspects of the same country to the different minds which arrived there, will show you wherein they had wisely or unwisely prepared for their never-ending journey.

The gate is surely a golden one to many, and the entrance is always, and ever watched by spirits, which are waiting to receive the traveller who there commences his experience, guided by faith, led on by patience supported by love, inasmuch as his former life and sphere of affinities will enable lovely spirits to approach him upon his first entrance.

SACRED CIRCLE.

SHEBOYGAN FALLS, Wis., June 20, 1856.

BROTHER ALBRO:

I herewith enclose to you two dollars, for which you will send to HIRAM SMITH one copy of the *Age of Progress* for one year.

The good work is going on joyfully in this place. We have had a Convention, according to the enclosed notice, which lasted three days, with full attendance. Our orthodox enemies are stirred up; and some of them give our beautiful place the title of "The Depot of Hell." I hope that, with the God spirit in us, and the assistance of our spirit friends, who have gone to the spirit world, we shall be able, ere long, to purge their "Depot of Hell" from all orthodox and other corruption which may exist, and convert it into a Spiritual Depot, which will be free for all to enter, and be properly labelled, to take the lightning train, as it passes hourly along, to the great emporium of souls, the home of enfranchised spirits, the many-mansioned house of the Father.

Yours spiritually,

CHAS. D. COLE

AGE OF PROGRESS.

STEPHEN ALBRO EDITOR.

THOMAS GALES FORSTER,

Corresponding Editor and Agent.

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

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

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

THE AGE OF PROGRESS IS

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

NOTICE.

The proprietors of the *Age of Progress* offer the following inducements to clubs and to all who are interested in the cause of Spiritualism:—

Any person forwarding to us four subscribers with the subscription money enclosed (\$3.00) shall be entitled to the fifth copy.

Clubs of 20 sent to one address.	\$25.00
" " 10 " " " "	15.00
" " 8 " " " "	12.00
" " 5 " " " "	8.00
" " 3 " " " "	5.00

The above figures are, of course, confined to yearly subscribers in advance.

Good and efficient men are wanted to act as Agents for the *Age of Progress*, to procure subscribers, to whom a liberal discount will be given.

All communications and letters of business concerning the *Age of Progress* must be addressed to the proprietors, Messrs. Murray & Baker.

Buffalo Harmonial Conference.

In the absence of bro. FORSTER, who had gone to another county, to attend the funeral of a bro. Spiritualist, who had stepped beyond the bounds of mortality—his controlling spirits deciding that he would be more useful there than he would be at home—we had two lectures—beautiful lectures—through the organism of Miss SCOTT.

The lecture in the afternoon, was from the spirit of A. A. BALLOU, who usually controls and speaks through her. It was eloquent, philosophical and instinctive.

The one in the evening was from the lovely and interesting spirit of SHENANDOAH, the Indian maiden, who very frequently and very pleasantly controls and speaks through her at circles. She has never before attempted a lecture of any considerable length; and we have to confess that she acquitted herself much better, in the grave style, and in the elaboration of a lengthy dissertation, than we could have anticipated. The lecture was more poetically beautiful than philosophically profound, as it is very natural that it should be; but we think we hazard nothing in saying that all who listened to it, were pleased and gratified; more particularly so, when Mr. BALLOU, who controlled the medium for a few minutes after she left, announced who the lecturer was.

We are sorry to have to mention that there were a number of striplings, who made much interruption by running in and out, and who seemed to take pleasure in making their boots as vocal as possible. This is a nuisance which must be abated by some means.

Lectures for next Sabbath.

Brother FORSTER will be with us, on Sunday next, and will be used by lecturing spirits, afternoon and evening. Those spirits have not decided what will be the subjects of their discourses.

"Musical Criticism."

MR. ROBERT DENTON being the author of the musical criticism, on which we commented last week, under the above head-line, he has signified his desire, as will be seen by his later note, to have it published. We refer the reader to our article on that subject, in last week's issue, for all we have to say in relation to it:

Buffalo, June 21.

MR. ALBRO, Sir:

The note which I addressed to you on the subject of Fred's Musical Performances, was not intended for publication and less care or caution was used in selecting words than I should have used in case such had been my wish. If some of them were objectionable, I regret it; but you characterize the note as aggressive, denunciatory, virulent, supercilious, and condescending. Whilst I claim that these qualities are not its characteristics; and, that your readers may judge for themselves, I respectfully ask that you will publish it. If the performances which I happen to have heard, were not a fair criterion by which to judge of them all; then, of course, the remarks would apply only to those particular ones which I have heard. And you admit that they were anything but musical. As regards your challenge, or proposition for me "to play four parts of a composition at once, or, to turn the screws by which the instrument is tuned, with one hand, and touch the entire octave with the other." I would say (with all deference) that your language is too ambiguous to convey a clear conception of your meaning. Yet it would not be worth while to make it any more plain, because I have no desire to acquire fame, by any gymnastics whatever.

Respectfully, &c., ROBT. DENTON.

The Criticism.

MR. ALBRO:

BUFFALO, June 8th, 1856.

DEAR SIR:—I see it stated in the *Age of Progress* of last week, that the real name of the Spirit whose musical performances have been so often described, in Ferdinand Beyer. I hope you will pardon me for obtruding my remarks, and I hope also that you will not accuse me of entertaining a desire to injure the cause of Spiritualism. The facts I state, I know to be true, and my opinion, I only wish to be taken for what it is worth. Ferdinand Beyer is now living, (in a physical form) in Mayence, Germany, he is one of the most distinguished musicians living, and new compositions from his pen, are being published continually—if he is physically dead he cannot have been so many weeks, and the musical performances of Fred have been described months since at least. There may have been another F. Beyer, but I never heard of him as a musician, and it will not do for him to attempt to make reputation, or rather steal reputation from the Beyer of to-day.

As regards the performances themselves, I must be allowed to say that if in the three or four opportunities that I have had of listening, I have heard anything like a sample of what they are in general—they would be an everlasting disgrace to the spirit of F. Beyer or any other musician, whose fame lived a day longer than his body. I speak thus freely because they have been represented as sublime, artistic and entirely beyond the power of human beings, whilst encumbered with physical forms. The imitations of battles, storms, creaking of ropes, woods-awing &c., can be made by any piano maker, or any person who understands the mechanism of a piano (it is not necessary for him to be a musician) and the performances on the keys, are such as might be expected to come from a conceited country fiddler, on his first introduction to a piano-forte. Now I wish to be distinctly understood, as not questioning the genuineness of this so called musical performance, as a Spiritual manifestation; neither as casting any unjust reflections on Miss Brooks, for whom personally I entertain the highest regard, and who would be the last person that I should suspect of imposition, but as desiring that such manifestations should be represented to be what they really are—that is attempts of a spirit (leaving every one to judge for himself, whether the spirit of a musician or not,) to

produce a manifestation by means of a piano-forte. And in wishing that descriptions of such manifestations may not be exaggerated so as to bring ridicule on Spiritualists as a class, and imputations of dishonesty on the mediums through whom the manifestations are made.

Yours truly,

ROBERT DENTON.

MONDAY, June 9th.

P. S.—Before sending the accompanying sheet, I wish to add a few remarks by way of explanation. What I stated in reference to F. Beyer, was on the authority of a person who is personally acquainted with him, and who saw him less than two years ago; who is a subscriber to the *European Musical Gazette*, in which the composition of Beyer and others are noticed and criticized as soon as they appear, and which would be the first to chronicle his death. What I said of the performances may appear to you as too severe, and you may say that different persons have different tastes. This I admit, but I assert that music as a science has nothing to do with taste; and the first combination of tones produced on an instrument, will stamp the player as a musician or as no musician. If you give a musician any means by which he can act on the keys of a piano-forte, (if this be his instrument) he will show to the satisfaction of every musician, that he is a musician, they will all have the same opinion on this point, although there may be as many opinions as there are persons, with regard to the style of the music. As I said before, I write this to do good and not harm; so you will please not use it in any way to harm any one, or the cause of Spiritualism either. And as you know the objection I have to publicity, you will please not use it so as to injure, and you will oblige me by not using it in any manner calculated to injure any one.

Respectfully &c.,

R. DENTON.

From the Philadelphia Sunday Mercury. An Evening at a Free Circle.

BY "SAMUEL, THE SCRIBE."

Not being altogether satisfied with the communications received at Mrs. Gullet's a few weeks since—which I published in the *Mercury* of the 1st inst.—I resolved to visit a "Free Circle" the first convenient opportunity, and obtain, if possible, something more reliable from the land of spirits. An opportunity soon presented itself. On Tuesday evening last, accompanied by a friend, I attended by invitation a "Free Circle" at the residence of a celebrated writing medium, in Tenth street. There were present besides the medium, eleven "anxious inquirers"—five ladies and six gentlemen. "Conditions being favorable, I received during the evening the following communications from Thomas Paine and George Lippard:—

To my first interrogatory—"Are there any spirits present?"

The reply was—"I am here."

"Please favor us with your name."

"My earth friends called me George Lippard."

"Will you communicate with us, George?"

"What would you have?"

"A description of the spheres."

"I think Paine would give you more satisfaction."

"Never mind Paine—tell us what you know about them."

"I am so little progressed that I feel I have no right to occupy time that can be better employed; but I would like to gratify you, and if you think that what I say is of sufficient interest, I will go on."

"Go on."

"Where shall I begin?"

"With the sphere you now inhabit."

"I am now in the third sphere."

"When you left the form did you enter the second sphere?"

"No; I entered the first sphere, but did not long remain there."

"George, I have recently been reading a work called "Supernal Theology," which says earth is the first sphere."

"Your book is wrong then, as regards the Spirit-world. Earth is the first sphere, but not the first 'Spiritual' sphere. Many of those who pass into the second sphere, suppose that to be the first spiritual sphere, because by a wise provision they are kept from the darker distinctions below them."

"How far is your present sphere from the earth?"

"Distance is a matter I have never calculated. All I know is, that I have a wide range in a peculiar state or condition, which does not enable me to behold the same beauties seen by spirits further advanced.—You see the gross material only; I see that material much refined, but another may see it as a glorious perfection—so that in its different views lies its different beauties, and not altogether in the material itself, which is not changed. These different views belong to what you term spheres; so you see how hard it is to comprehend spiritual realities.—The spheres are not understood by mortals on the sensuous plane, themselves. They must have everything divided into marked limits, with mathematical angles, lines and curves; but the reality has no line perceptible to any sense, but, like the blending of day with night, you know not where one leaves off and the other begins."

"How do you employ your time in the spirit world?"

"Much of it is devoted to instruction from advanced spirits, and in endeavoring to unlearn what I wrongly learned, so that the spirit may be etherealized and progressed into the inner life, which is the true life. It is very difficult to make ourselves understood on this subject, and that is why so little is given through media. Have you done with your questions on this subject? because it will be difficult for me to resume, if I change to another subject."

"Are there many spirits with us to-night; and are the spirits always visible to each other?"

"There are many here. Can you count the leaves when the wind drives them through the air? They come and go constantly—sometimes invisible; for a spirit can be invisible to another when there is no affinity, and the spheres are different."

GEORGE LIPPARD.

"My friends, if you like, I will answer you from a higher plane than your friend George Lippard."

"Who are you?—your name, if you please."

"Mortals call me Tom Paine."

"Mr. Paine, can spirits make themselves visible to mortals?"

"Spirits have the power of interior projection—that is, by a force known as the will, we can project our thought into realities and our forms into tangible substances—tangible to spirits at least, and sometimes under favorable conditions to mortals; and by the same power we can "etherealize" (that is the word nearest my meaning, though to gross) ourselves so as to be like a vapor in the sun, perceptible only to a very refined and powerful spirit sight."

"Can spirits pass through solid substances?"

"My present spiritual form is so refined (excuse the egotism) that I can pass through what you call matter (which, by-the-by, is only a concentrated projection and condensation of the elements) as easily as you pass through the air; but the lower spirits cannot—their refinement being graded to their spiritual condition, and some of them, being more gross than the condensed elements, find obstruction in dense matter."

"If you were confined in a strong iron air-tight vessel, how would you escape?"

"We would permeate the iron and unite outside. We are finer than electricity, which would permeate it instantly."

"Do Clairvoyants see spirits as they really exist in the spirit-world?"

"Clairvoyants seldom see spirits as they are, but only the idea the spirit wishes to convey, which, as I said before, is projected to the view. You term it psychology."

"Do spirits retain the human shape or form?"

"Our form has a human shape, the outlines, varying and bright as the

sun. That is, there is no distinct outline, but the figure seems to blend with all the beauties around it. The shape is human."

"Are there masters or teachers in the different spheres?"

"Teacher would be the better term. We are not under 'masters,' or that implies 'servitude,' and every spirit is free to do as he pleases, though certain things are essential to progression. In every sphere we are visited by spirits further advanced, who instruct us with feelings of love, as we come to you."

"Do spirits pursue the same studies as mortals?"

"Spirits often amuse themselves with those subjects most congenial to them on earth, but not of necessity. Philosophy is taught by spirits who studied nature, but other spirits than those in direct affinity with this branch of science, learn much by intuition."

"Your views differ from those promulgated by the author of 'Supernal Theology.'"

"The spirit who wrote that book gave off some fanciful ideas which probably suited those to whom addressed; and, besides, he or she might have lived in that fancy for the time, because the superstitions and prejudices of the earth-life are taken into the spirit world, and have realities there till wisdom is received of the true and real as it is. You remember I spoke of ideas being projected. These projections to some spirits are realities which they convey to media as facts; hence all the inconsistencies you receive. It is only when far enough advanced that they learn to distinguish between fancy and fact, and then a new world opens to them in truth."

"Were the Missis Fox the first media through whom the spirits communicated with mortals by raps or tips?"

"Spirits rapped before you or I had come out of chaos. In all ages, for thousands of years, they have communicated with man; and the wild Aborigine and the unlettered heathen heard, saw, and believed. It is "Christians" who do not believe, but regard the present manifestations as new."

"Was what we call the Salem Witchcraft, spirit manifestations?"

"Yes. "Powerful" manifestations?"

"Did any who witnessed those manifestations believe they were of divine origin?"

"I cannot say what they believed, but I know that the manifestations were not of a character to cause much belief in "holiness." Had they gone on with a calm investigation, they would have had what you have to-day—a distinct knowledge of all the different spirits of the different spheres; but when media were put to death for witches and devils, who was left to exhibit the condition between your earth and the spirit-world? I must leave you now."

"We thank you Mr. Paine, for your communication to us this evening."

"You are indeed quite welcome. It gives me great pleasure to speak on a subject so congenial. My friend "Scribe," how are you pleased with what you have received to-night?"

"I am highly gratified."

"I say there is mutual pleasure, and I shall be glad to tell you something of our spirit home that night. To HIM who is all love, eternal space, and great beyond comprehension, I commend you."

"THOMAS PAINE."

Dell Prairie, Adams Co. Wis. June 9, 1856.

MR. ALBRO, Sir:

Enclosed I send one dollar for the continuation of your paper through the remaining six months of the year. As a lover of truth and a champion for the spiritual philosophy I conclude you would be pleased to hear that spiritualism is gaining ground and reforming the inhabitants, in this western wild, notwithstanding the holy (?) horror felt by the Orthodox, in this vicinity. My desire is that it may continue till all the inhabitants of earth may be elevated by its purifying influence.

Yours for truth and progression

ELISHA J. CHAMBERLAIN.

Three Days at Rayner's Room in Buffalo.

FRIEND ALBRO.

On my return from a tour east, on Friday, the sixth of June inst. I called on friend RAYNER, of your city, and was hospitably entertained by him and his kind family, until the following Monday. I there witnessed some of the most wonderful phenomena, connected with modern spiritism, that has yet been brought out.

CHARLES RAYNER, son of the elder RAYNER, is a medium for these manifestations, and the very civil, affable and elevated spirit that controls the medium, and produces these phenomena, calls himself THOMAS KING. And with the exception of Friday evening, when the Messrs DAVENPORT, and the noted spirit JOHNNY KING, were present, the medium RAYNER, and THOMMY KING, were the agencies through which the phenomena were produced. Mr. RAYNER's room for these demonstrations, is in his dwelling house, and is sixteen or eighteen feet square, and nine feet between the floors, containing no furniture except a bureau, table and stand, having no place where it could be possible for a person to be concealed, even from the most careless observer. Preparatory to the work, the table, which is about four foot square, is placed in the middle of the room, the guitar, violin and bell, are placed upon it, and the medium seated in a chair at one end of it. The doors and windows of the room having been closed and darkened, the light is then removed.

Then commences a thrumming of instruments, a ringing of the bell; and now they have the table circle around the room, in harmonious concert; now up, now down on a level with yourself; you feel the circulation of air, cooling your brow; the instrument touches your forehead, or is laid upon your lap, or drawn gently across it; the spirit approaches close to you, (while the medium indicates, by some unmistakeable sign that he is on his seat, at the table) and bids you good evening; and calling each individual by name, kindly enquires after your health; answers all questions, appropriately; explains every thing; converses freely on all topics, with clearness, conciseness and simplicity unsurpassed. The talking is done by the spirit, neither through the medium nor trumpet, but without the use of organ or instrument, and is heard and understood by all present. There were moving and elevating ponderous substances. In one operation, the medium, who weighs probably, one hundred and forty, is elevated, chair and all to the ceiling above. At the same time, the guitar, violin and bell, are moving rapidly round the room, thrumming and singing very loud, and apparently in great glee. The head of the medium is accordingly struck against the ceiling, to indicate his whereabouts; and a scratching was heard on the plastering, which was afterwards found to be that of a pencil; for the spirit had struck a circle of some two feet in diameter, and written the significant name "Thom," twice within it, in a most beautiful hand.—Again a heavy stand, standing in one corner of the room, was placed upon the table, and a number of small articles taken from different parts of the room, were placed upon it, all of which articles, including the stand, were returned by the spirit to their appropriate places.

Spirit lights were seen in all our sittings, and by all present. All this, and much more, I witnessed, being, in company with my wife, three days inmates of Mr. RAYNER's family, and being present at the four sittings that were held during my stay.

I send the above for publication in the Age of Progress, by request of our spirit performer THOMAS KING.

Add to these manifestations, the spirit formed spirit hands, one of which he laid upon my face, whilst he grasped and shook my hand with the other.

Yours fraternally,

North East, June 19th 1856.

HARVEY DE WOLF.

—In behalf of Miss BROOKS and Miss SCOTT, we thank our worthy friend and brother, SETH HINSHAW, of Greensboro, Ind., for his liberality, in the way of "material aid." And, on our own account, we thank him for the honor of being made his almoner.

The Philosophy of Stars, a Moral for Man.

LESSON VII.

"Forever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine."

Divinity is the unerasable impression of the Infinite upon the plastic bosom of nature. Divinity is the record of infinite wisdom, written upon the face of creation. Divinity reveals God in the stars, in the flowers, in the sunlight and darkness, in the howling hurricane and the peaceful zephyr, in the wild roar of convulsed elements, and the gentle sweetness of harmonious brotherhood. In all things above, beneath, Deity lives, and divinity is revealed. In the atom that floats in the air, in the immeasurable greatness of stars, and the still greater greatness of infinity, Deity is revealed; and the knowledge of Deity is the divinity, which is life everlasting.

Go, pilgrims, where I have been, and you may see what I have seen—a trackless immensity of magnificent worlds, or globes, peopled with inhabitants, varying in their forms, occupations, wisdom and desires.—Inconceivably mysterious as it may appear to you, yet we venture to report, in as tangible language as we can employ, what we have beheld. Directing your attention, therefore, to a planet distinguished in your sphere by the name of Venus, it may surprise you to announce, that this planet is peopled with conscious beings, made in the image of God; and yet, in one sense, God has no image, no likeness, in heaven above, or earth beneath. Nevertheless, the inhabitants of Venus are made in the image of God; that is: they are made in the wisdom of God, imaged in all his works.

The forms inhabiting this planet are unlike those of earth's inhabitants, and the surface of this planet is also unlike earth's surface. The rays of the sun illuminate full three-fourths of this planet at the same instant, and there is no place upon it where light equal to your day is not constantly found. The soil is exceedingly prolific, yet it is as white as milk. Vegetation springs up spontaneously. Dews descend like gentle showers, every evening; for comparatively, there is day and night, and yet the absence of the sun does not exceed six hours.

The people are smaller in size than men, averaging about one hundred and ten pounds; but they are remarkably quick, active, and sprightly. They are inferior to earth's inhabitants in intellect; are lower, less refined, and seem to be devoid of veneration and consciousness. They worship nothing, and fear nothing but death; yet they love, and often manifest great sympathy for each other. They generally realize about twenty years, and their forms perish, but their spirits live, and are immortal.

As compared with earth's inhabitants, they constitute a society neither inviting, nor to be envied. And such is the atmosphere of that planet, that human organizations could not withstand it. But infinite wisdom has adapted every thing to its condition, and they are made to enjoy it.

Now, pilgrims, learn from this a practical and practicable lesson, that all rational, intelligent beings, are fitted for their sphere; and, whenever one individual, fitted for a peculiar sphere, wanders into another for which he or she may be disqualified, there must be dissatisfaction and unhappiness. Be it known, that, in the economy of infinite wisdom, there is a place for everything; and, in that place, by virtue of the relation which it sustains towards other things, it will be happy. Therefore, it is important for every one to know his or her place and to keep it; because, when out of its place, it is dissatisfied and unhappy. Permit me, as the organ of the spirits communicating with you, to give you certain facts by which you may determine whether or not you are in the right place to be satisfied.

First. Negatively, I will answer, you may know that you are in the wrong place by the disquietude you feel.

Second. By your utter incapacity to benefit yourselves therein.

Third. By your inability to benefit others.

These three rules will show you that you are in the wrong place, when either condition is felt and understood.

A firmatively, I may say, that no one can be in the wrong place, while he or she and surrounding relations are satisfied and content; and further, while he or she is becoming wiser, better, and more useful.—Out of place is out of harmony, business, employment, and enjoyment. Out of place is out of the sphere of usefulness, in provement, and perfectibility. In the place is in the path of improvement, usefulness, benefit, and growth. In the place is in the sphere of harmonious relations, sympathizing associates, wise advisers, practical benefactors—they who possess the ability to attract the aspirations of the soul onward, upward to heaven.

You ask, who is to be the judge of the right place? I respond, he who judges, and judgement is given unto men whereby no one need inquire whether or not he or she is satisfied as they are. That matter is known to them, and decided by each before the inquiry is made. But as duty to yourselves shall direct, and as a rational philosophy shall justify, place your minds and your bodies, in such positions and relations to the spirit-world and earth's inhabitants, as shall make it pleasant to receive wisdom and impart what you receive.

But where, you ask, can you find such relations? Anywhere, and everywhere, in which you shall, by wisdom, understand and rule yourselves, not desiring to rule others. True sympathy inclines the mind to rectify the mistakes and false positions of those around. That is well; but wisdom reveals that you must rectify those mistakes and false positions of others by letting them alone, seeing that the more you do which shall have the appearance of interference with another's rights, the less you accomplish.

There is a strong attractive power that moves the great circle of planetary worlds in harmony around a common center. Attraction's law governs the whole: so should it be with mankind. Attraction—the law that lifts up the degraded by the invisible influence of sympathy—attraction that is felt in the moral world as a sun of light, and love, and truth, and beauty, cannot but call around it votaries, who will sing and shine as stars in heaven in their merry dance around the circuit of immensity, without disorder, confusion, or interference with the rights or positions of their neighbors.

I should be happy to communicate more at length, in regard to the analogy of the planetary system and man in his true and just relation to his fellow-man. Suffer me to say, at this time, that man may be an independent planet, so far as his individuality is concerned; yet he is nevertheless, dependent, being moved by attractive influences, and sometimes repelled by jarring discords. Nature is true to itself. When man is true to nature, he cannot be untrue to God. But nature never attracted man into a false position. Ignorance and fear have crowded him into spheres of impurity and wretchedness. Rise up into the open sky; throw the banner to the breeze, and leave the event with God.

From the Spiritual Telegraph.
Ideas of God and Inspiration.

"We are assimilated to the God we worship."

This I believe to be a great truth, based upon the laws of the human mind. If it is, then it is of very great importance what kind of a God we worship, or what attributes we give to him; for now, as in olden times each sect has its own ideal God to which the worshipers become gradually as assimilated.

If we were left to our own intuitive perceptions to form our own ideal God, we would naturally adore a being similar to ourselves, or a being answering to our highest conceptions. It was so in the earliest ages of the world, when the human mind was shrouded in darkness, and a veil of ignorance shut out the light of day.

Moses' God was not elevated above the commonality of the people; for Moses gave to him all the passions which reigned in his own breast. Moses was so constituted that his highest conceptions of a God were that he was a God of revenge and war, a jealous God, and that in his wrath he would destroy all who worshiped any other God beside. Joshua's God was similar to that of Moses, because he himself was similar. But

as the people advanced in knowledge and wisdom we find a slight improvement in their ideas of a Deity and his dealings with them. In those dark ages of the world, when the religious sentiments had no beaten path to travel, education or tradition had but little effect upon them. Therefore the people worshiped a God similar to themselves, which was the highest conception of their minds. To find out their true character it is only necessary to learn what their views were in regard to the God whom they worshipped.

As the world slowly progressed up the Christian era, we find their views of a Supreme Being were slowly changed, though education prevented them from forming the highest conceptions of him, which to them were possible. Take a child born with a well organized mind; let it be educated away from the wickedness of the world, and allowed a harmonious development of all the faculties of the mind, and let it be unbiased by education or tradition—its idea of a Supreme Ruler of the world would give to him the attributes of justice, love, infinite wisdom and unbounded benevolence. It would confide in, admire, love, and adore a Being who rules and governs the world by unchanging laws, dealing out justice unto all the inhabitants of earth.

But how do we find it at this enlightened age—an age far superior to all others in the advancement of the arts and sciences? It is said that the book of inspiration has long been completed—that it will not do to depend upon our reason; therefore to know the true character of God we must go far back in the dark ages of the world, when science had hardly shed a ray of light upon the human mind, and take the highest conceptions of him then extant as our ideal which we are in duty bound to become assimilated to. This is a great absurdity urged upon us by those who should know their duty better. It retards the progress of moral and religious truths, and gives us very imperfect ideas of the great and good Ruler of the universe.

Each of the various sects of Christendom looks upon the Deity, not according to their highest conceptions formed in their own minds, but according to their interpretations of the views of those thousands of years ago. Instead of profiting by the progress we have made since the infancy of the human race, we have gone back and adopted their religious errors—the religious opinions of those who, if they were now living, would be looked upon as very poor specimens of humanity.

The book of inspiration completed? Who completed it? Who closed the channels through which wisdom came from above? But inspiration has not ceased; the book of inspiration is open to all as much as it ever was in any age of the world; and the inspiration of to-day is as much superior to the inspiration of the past ages as we are superior to them in all the nobler qualities which adorn the human mind. Let others go far back in the world's history, and search among the rubbish of antiquity, to find in some obscure corner a few inspired thoughts on which their religious natures can subsist—on which to plant their faith and build their church; but let me rather subsist on the living inspiration of to-day—that inspiration which comes direct from above. When all nature is sunken in the arms of balmy sleep, and there is no living thing to disturb the midnight air, let me go forth alone, and seek some sequestered spot beneath the canopy of heaven, and hold sweet communion with nature and nature's God; and let angels, bright shining angels, draw near, to pour into my soul those living truths which are laid up in store for all who will seek them. Inspiration ceased? how absurd; there is as much need of inspiration to-day as there ever was in any age of the world. All nature is prolific with inspiration. Who has ever stood upon the towering mountain and looked upon the landscape at his feet, and not felt his soul expand, or caught the glimpse of some great truths which were destined at no distant day to become beacon lights to the world! Who has ever wandered along the rock-bound shores of some meandering river; or gazed on Niagara's foaming tide, and not felt that there was a divine principle within which harmonized with a divine principle without, and baptized our spirits in that pure, high and holy baptism which alone hath power to save? Or who has ever watched the evening twilight as it gradually faded away in the western horizon, to be succeeded by those twinkling orbs in the vast concave above, and not felt a holy calm come over his spirit, giving indication of the presence of invisible beings—departed friends who are watching over us to console us in the time of sorrow; to rejoice with us in the hour of rejoicing; nerving us on to noble deeds, and whispering to us pure and holy thoughts?

Let the reader, then, cast off his traditional notions both of things and of God; let "him prove all things and hold fast that which is good;" test the inspiration both of the past and of the present, by a true ordeal of reasoning. If they will not bear this test, cast them aside. With a holy purpose and watchful care, listen to the inspiration of the present—that living essence which pervades all the works of Deity, and those bright intelligences from the realms above who are ever ready to impart knowledge to our thirsty souls. Open the portals of the understanding to the reception of truth, let it come from whatever source it may. Form in your own free mind according to your highest conceptions, your ideal God; then you will love, admire and adore him; striving to become like him in wisdom, purity and holiness.

J. WILDE

Spiritual Poetry.

The following lines were written with the hand of a young female medium, of this city, who never attempted rhyming, unaided. The subject of them is the spirit of Mrs. CARRIE RICHMOND, who vacated her physical tenement some two or three weeks since. Let not the cold-hearted critic despise the tribute of friendship and affection, because it is not arrayed in lofty diction and gorgeous imagery. Spirits who use the minds of mortal media, through which to communicate their sentiments, cannot exceed the capabilities of their mundane instruments, however erudite or talented they may have been themselves:

Our CARRIE is an angel now;
She roams with seraphs bright,
And plucks the sweet unfading flowers
Of wisdom, love and light.

CARRIE, the loving, the beloved
Of every guileless heart,
Has flown from earthly scenes and gone,
To take an angel's part.

On earth she was a beautiful bud;
But this was not her sphere;
She's now transplanted in the skies,
To bloom and flourish there.

Mortal no more, she dwells above,
But, O, she will return,
On wings of purity and love,
To comfort those who mourn.

Aye, even now, she hovers nigh;
She sees the falling tear,
And yearns to make each doubting friend
Believe her ever near.

She would not wipe the weeping eyes,
Or bid the tear to cease;
But she would have them tears of joy,
For CARRIE's heavenly peace.

And she would utter joyous words,
To comfort friends below,
And round their being ever shed
Love's halo, pure as snow.

O, loved ones, may you ever feel,
Although you see her not,
That she is bending o'er you aye,
To catch your every thought;

That all your tears and sighs are borne,
To deck your homes, on high;
And CARRIE is the carrier
That bears them to the sky.

Then do not mourn though she has gone,
Nor think her far away;
For she will ever linger near
To watch thee night and day.

Nay, weep no more the bitter tear,
To think how long you'll tarry,
Ere you may go and meet and greet
The gentle, loving CARRIE.

But strive to make your lives so pure,
That when the angel comes,
Like CARRIE, you may be prepared
To seek your spirit homes,

CRYSTAL.

From the London Spiritual Herald.
Spiritualism Considered.

Whilst the unlearned were all busied in getting down to the bottom of the well, where truth keeps her little "court," were the learned in their way, as busy in pumping her up, through the conduits of dialectic

induction; "they concerned themselves not with facts; they reasoned."

"'Tis above reason," cried the doctors on one side;

"'Tis below reason," cried the others;

"'Tis faith," cried one;

"'Tis a fiddlestick," said the other;

"'Tis possible," cried one;

"'Tis impossible," said the others.—STERNE.

In reviewing the opposition which the development of spiritual manifestations is meeting with from the most opposite quarters, we can afford to admit a large proportion of the allegations made, these being inadequate to affect the convictions we have formed. Discarding preconceived opinions as the sole criteria of truth and error, and taking our stand at the farthest possible distance from that absurd sophism of Hume's, written upon the banners of our opponents, that no amount of testimony can suffice to establish an alleged fact at variance with common experience, we are unwilling to reject as utterly valueless the evidence even of those with whose final conclusions we differ. They may have detected fraud in some cases, involuntary cerebral action in others, and plenty of satanic agency in others; yet what are these, at best, but obstacles to the investigation of the ultimate truth, which they partially conceal, as it lies beyond them and above them all? It is strange that we should be obliged to point out that fraud and error in one case do not prove fraud or error in every case; that unconscious cerebral action does not disprove spiritual influence any more than the mode of operation disproves the motive power; and that satanic agency in nine cases does not disprove angelic ministration in the tenth, or warrant the hasty conclusion that all is not controlled for wise purposes by the permissive providence of God. Having no wishes, no foregone conclusions to establish, we do not seize the first opportunity to confirm them; while our convictions are neither formed in an hour, nor based on a solitary fact. Convinced as we are, that all the theories of our opponents are inadequate to explain our facts, we are ready to admit both theories and evidence as not impugning, but only falling short of ours. We confide in the impregnability of our position, not so much by reason of the strength of its defences, as its unapproachable distance from the weapons of its assailants—weapons which only reach, theories which only define the shadows which our battlements throw. Always willing to learn from the endless resources which a bountiful Providence may supply, and starting with that great precept in our minds, which perchance eternity may fail to exhaust, that "what we know is as nothing in respect to what we do not know," we are not deterred by the obstacles and difficulties in our path, nor sufficiently prejudiced in favor of the old to confine the charge of satanic agency to every thing that is new. What if the imperfections of the latter are attributable to its mixture with the former? What if the dangers and difficulties presented by the one, are but the exponents of our own low state in the other and no more inherent in the truth itself than the obstacles to the pilgrim's progress are part of the celestial mountains and the promised peace? Nay, is there not *a priori* reason to expect them?

Spiritualism, Protean in its nature, assumes a different form with different minds: it is all things to all men. Its benefits are according to the spirit in which it is received, the motive with which it is sought.—Like other blessings, its highest forms come unsought. In fact, to seek the manifestations at random is not unlike the lady taking the initiative in love; to force them, is like the lady making the proposal. The attempt is dangerous, and the result pernicious; but, as with love, so neither is spiritualism to be condemned. Will our opponents reflect on the analogy, instead of scowling, obstructives as they are, on the phantoms of their own creation, the foregone conclusions of their own imaginings?

Spiritualism will stir up the muddy pools of stagnant indifference, and bring egregious errors into blossom ere they are rooted up. It is the loudest enunciation of the right of private judgment the world has yet heard. It will help us to cast off the incubus of big names and author-

ities, till we begin to discover that our confidence has been as misplaced as that of the deluded traveller, who returned to bed and slumber, because, having opened a cupboard-door instead of the window-shutter, he failed to see the light of day; and let not the sceptical "Reasoner," who differs only from the atheist in believing in a lazy, passive, dead corpse of a God, instead of no God, let him not lay the flattering unction to his soul, that the analogy here portrayed does not apply to his case, but only to the article sectary and bigot, for the error lay in trusting to the senses instead of judging by interior perception.

Spiritualism will lead men to throw off the shackles of hereditary and denominational creeds, and teach them to think for themselves. Let us hail even the errors that will be brought to light, as a step beyond the indifference which conceals them; they are an earnest of the true coming struggle of "Rights against Privileges, of Liberty against Tradition." "Such," adds Lewes in his *Life of Goethe*, "was the struggle of the sixteenth century. The Reformation was to religion what the Revolution was to politics, a stand against the tyranny of tradition—a battle for the rights of individual liberty of thought and action, against the absolute prescriptions of privileged classes." As such, we welcome the advent of spiritualism; by no means as a new religion, as some deridingly call it, but as a second Reformation, as the means to so desirable an end: as such, Heaven knows, we have need of it! What are truth, freedom and civilization but by-words of a dreaming enthusiast, so long as we still hear the words "We are Moses' disciples." modernized into "We are orthodox people," or "a Churchman I"—*procul esto profanum vulgus!* What is human development or mental enlightenment but empty names, so long as the disciple of progress is met by the disciple of obstructiveness with the words, expressed or implied, "My dear sir, I wouldn't unsettle my present opinions on any account!" What is heavenly charity but a hypocritical sham, so long as uniformity is identified with unity, faith made synonymous with religion, Christianity compassed in a creed? What a Procrustean philosophy is this!

But it may be asked, How will spiritualism bring about this reformation? We answer, by awakening a spirit of inquiry, and leading men to teachers whose power of impressing us is inscribed on our nature, as is universally acknowledged. What is all this clamour about satanic agency, but an admission of the powerful influence of spirits? And if men resign their independent freedom, we have no objection to admit all the consequences our opponents dread; but what would man be but an automaton, without any freedom whatever, if the evil influences did not exist as well as the good? We regard satanic agency as an absolute necessity, included in the scheme of creation. Even when all things were very good, we find a state of trial, analogous to satanic influence, imposed upon our first parents, and represented by the tree of knowledge, showing that we are created natural and commanded to become spiritual; "for that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural, and afterwards that which is spiritual." It is at once the result and the cause of our free-will; it is an indispensable means to stimulate our appropriation of good, which is ever pressing to be received, but which can only be truly imparted in proportion as the opposite evil is cut out and cast away. Hence the commandments of the Decalogue are prohibitions what to avoid, rather than injunctions what to do.—This satanic instrumentality, then, is the best conceivable means that Divine Providence could employ to bring forth to view and into activity our hereditary evil tendencies, that opposite influences may combat and overcome them. There can be no victory without a struggle; and in proportion to the intensity of the one will be the glory of the other, just as the dark shades of a picture heighten the brilliancy of its lustre; or as the clouds of error add majesty and grandeur to the light of truth which disperses them; or, to borrow Scriptural illustration, it is the flood which carries the ark to the mountain-top.

Did it never occur to our opponents, that the external manifestation of evil spirits is no proof that they are not present without it, but only the best possible means for convincing men of their influence, that they may know "what manner of spirit they are of," and keep better com-

pany in future? This hue and cry about satanic agency comes ill from those who profess to believe the word, "In my name they shall cast out devils;" and, "I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions and over all the power of the enemy, and nothing shall by any means hurt you."

THE RESULT OF REFLECTION.

Having no party political affiliation, and having impartially weighed, in our mind, the claims of the three sets of candidates who have been placed before the American people, for the offices of President and Vice President of the United States, we—rather I, the editor of this paper, for my individual self, have decided that I will cast my vote, if I live till election day, and retain sufficient physical capability to get to the poll, for the electors who will stand pledged to give the vote of this state for FREEMONT and DAYTON. And thus I decide, without the least reference to any party relations in which either of the sets of candidates have hitherto stood. A great, paramount, all-important principle—one which, as I conceive, involves the life or death of this political confederacy, governs my mind in arriving at this conclusion. May every true-hearted American thus listen to the promptings of patriotism and conscience.

Mr. G. C. Eaton, the Healing Medium.

All persons who require the services of this gentleman, will please leave their addresses with the editor of this paper, at 200 Main street, where he will call every day. *

MURRAY & BAKER.

Stationers, Book & Job Printers.

BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURERS.

LAW BLANK DEALERS &c.,

No. 200 MAIN STREET, BUFFALO.

MESSRS. MURRAY & BAKER, having material and facilities for doing every kind of Book, Job and Ornamental Printing in all of its various branches, equal to any in Western New York, such as:

RAIL ROAD WORK,	LABELS,
STEAMBOAT WORK,	DRAFTS,
INSURANCE BLANKS,	CHECKS,
COST RECEIPTS,	NOTES,
BUSINESS CARDS,	RECEIPTS,
CIRCULARS,	BALL TICKETS,
BILL HEADS,	BILL LADINGS,
POSTERS,	TRIP SHEETS,
PAMPHLETS,	LAW CASES,
CATALOGUES,	LAW BLANKS, &c.,

In fact every thing pertaining to the art of Letter Press Printing will be done in the very best manner, and on reasonable terms.

We keep on hand a large assortment of Blank Work, and are prepared with the best material to make to order every article required by Bankers, Merchants, Incorporated Companies &c., pertaining to Blank Work, in the best manner, and with a view of giving entire satisfaction.

Our Stationery embraces as comprehensive an assortment as can be found for supplying Counting Rooms, Offices, and individuals, with every requisite article of convenience in the Stationers Line. We have a very large and full assortment of Lawyers Blanks, the best that can be found in the city, printed with nice type, and on the best quality of paper. Writing Paper, Sealing Wax &c., &c.

JAMES F. ROWLEY.

HOUSE PAINTER, GRAINER AND GLAZIER,

No. 3 South Division street, Buffalo, N. Y.

All work entrusted to him, will be done in the best manner, and on reasonable terms.

Mixed Paints, Oil, Glass, Putty, Varnish, Japan, Turpentine, &c., For Sale. 88tf.

DRESS MAKING.

MRS. ENSIGN, FASHIONABLE DRESS-MAKER. No 135 Pearl street, two doors below Court. 87tf.