

SPIRIT MESSENGER

AND

HARMONIAL ADVOCATE.

Behold! Angels are the brothers of humanity, whose mission is to bring peace on earth.

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Revelations of Nature.

THE UNFOLDINGS OF CREATION.

BY R. P. AMBLER.

The human soul is endowed with capacities which enable it to trace the line of existing effects back to their primitive and actuating causes. It has powers of reason and intuition which lead it to the fountain of wisdom and truth as it wells up from the depths of the visible universe. It has faculties of interior perception which extend far beyond the searchings of the external eye, and explore the recesses of the vast unknown. Hence with the aid of these powers, the soul can gaze into the darkness which enwraps the ages of the past, and view the wonderful processes by which the constitution of Nature was originally formed. The truth with reference to this subject has been long buried in mystery. Theologians have relied solely on the records of the Primitive History for a correct statement of the origin and beginning of the world; and so blind and unreasoning has been their confidence in these records that they have refused to listen to any teachings of a different character, however truthful and sublime they might appear. Accordingly the prevalent theory on the subject of Cosmogony, is that which has been derived from the primitive and traditionary records of the Old Testament. Men have deemed it irreverent and even sacrilegious to overstep the boundaries of time and custom, and question the validity of the book which has been for ages regarded as the inspired word of God. It has been supposed that this volume contains all the truths with respect to religious and theological subjects which it is necessary or wise that mortals should comprehend; and hence, while the revelations of Science have been admitted into schools of learning and have been recognized as exerting an important influence on the welfare of the race, they have been made entirely subservient to what has been considered the claims of revelation, and have been caused to yield to the revered authority of the primitive records. The first object, therefore, to be attained in the discussion of the present subject, will be to remove as far as possible the rubbish of ages which has been gathered around it, and which exists as a barrier to its satisfactory elucidation.

It is affirmed that, "in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Now it is not known, because it is not here asserted, that matter of any kind existed previously to the act of creation, and hence the prevailing theological sentiment has been, as an inference from the above passage, that Deity created the Universe, with all its countless suns

and systems of worlds, out of *absolute nothing*. This ground is taken simply from the force of a blind authority, and not from the suggestions of unbiased reason; for it will be evident to every reflecting mind that *nothing* contains no germ or essence of any substance, and hence can not be the origin of creation. It may as well and as wisely be affirmed that the universe came into existence without a Creator, as that it was formed from absolute nothing. No mind can conceive of an empty and unbroken void. No mind can comprehend what nothing is. No mind can even think of that on which the thoughts can have no resting-place. To say, therefore, that the universe was created from nothing, is to affirm what can not be inwardly comprehended by the human mind. And this is not all. No power, however great, can ever create a thing from that which is not, because the power would still remain alone having nothing on which to act. Even Deity himself could not produce what is inconsistent with eternal and absolute necessities; and hence could never, even with the aid of infinite power, produce something from an empty blank. Nature has not taught that God is omnipotent in a sense which would indicate a violation of his own law or a superiority over any self-evident necessity; and it must be admitted by every rational mind, that the process of creation which is now carried on in Nature, distinctly shows that God operates by certain appropriate means, and that He does by necessity create all substances from preëxistent germs. When the tree is beheld springing forth from the acorn, or when the flower is seen unfolding from the closed bud, the beautiful and natural process is here witnessed by which the Universe was first ushered into being.

The theory which has been referred to in the preceding paragraph, clearly illustrates the power of bigotry and superstition to blind the exalted perceptions of the soul. It needs only that reason should be exercised, to prove the innate and essential absurdity of supposing that the mighty and majestic forms of creation could have been created from nonentity. The mind must, before it commences to think rationally on a subject like this, entertain some conceptions of divine order; and when it perceives that God has always acted in accordance with those beautiful and harmonious principles which are now exhibited in the varied processes of Nature, it will readily appear that He created the universe in the same manner, relatively speaking, as the flower is unfolded from its germ, or the tree is developed from the seed. In other words, it is both natural and rational to suppose that the vast system of created being was created from some preëxistent and eternal substance, which constituted the germ and basis of all subsequent creations.

By keeping this principle in view, it will be readily perceived that the Deity would never have formed the design of

creating the universe in the manner which is set forth in the Primitive History. That is to say, He could never have created the Universe in a period of time corresponding to six days, as is represented by the writer known as Moses. This would have been entirely inconsistent with the present teachings of the Divinity in Nature. No mind can assert that the processes of the visible creation are hurried, abrupt, or instantaneous in their completion. The law of progressive development which is everywhere manifested, renders it impossible that this should be the fact. Everything is developed gradually and progressively in accordance with a principle which Deity himself could not overthrow, because it is an expression of his own unchangeable mind. Hence it can not be consistently supposed that the mighty birth of the Universe—a work which surpasses the conceptions of the human mind—could have occurred through any special interposition of Almighty Power, which would have the effect of producing the result in a single week, as has been supposed by theologians. On the contrary, it will be naturally presumed that the process by which the existing forms and substances were ushered into being, was comparatively slow, gradual, and progressive in its nature—that as the work to be accomplished was an infinite development and could be performed only through an adaptation of means to ends, it must have extended in its execution over a lapse of time which it is impossible for the earthly mind to conceive.

Thus the great sun of spiritual light and life arose gradually and progressively on the chaos of impartieled elements. Creation was the work of unnumbered ages, being carried on in correspondence with the principles of association, progression and development, which are the eternal and unvarying expressions of the Divine Mind. From the bosom of the original and self-existent Soul flowed forth the streams of creative life into the great immensity of being; and then from these primitive and all-expanding materials, which have their origin in the Divine Heart, were gradually formed the beautiful and harmonious creations which are spread throughout the vast fields of space and constitute the sparkling glories of the heavens. Suns, planets, and systems, were thus formed and arranged from the outflowing essence of the divine and original Germ, and these creations were the natural and inevitable results of those sublime forces that are now manifested in the governing principles of the Universe. It was not therefore by the mere arbitrary command of God that worlds came forth to fill the expanse of space; but this stupendous and inconceivable work was accomplished only through the outflowing of the original Soul into form, and order, and harmony. Hence the truth may be understood that the Universe in its present state of development, was not the instantaneous production of One who spake and it was done, but the beautiful and progressive unfolding of harmonious spheres from the heart of the infinite Sun.

In investigating the subject which relates to the foundation of the Universe, it is essential that the mind should be governed by the principles of reason and intuition, which find their basis in the broad and immovable foundations of existing Nature. There is no external authority which can fully elucidate this subject to the truly rational mind. Above and beyond the teachings of every book and creed, the perceptions of the soul reach forth into the illimitable expanse, and grasp the realities of the past as they are linked with the grand developments of the present. So the student of Nature, who

looks forth with a clear, bold gaze into the recesses of surrounding things, and recognizes here the harmonious workings of the divine law, can view even throughout the long avenues of created being, the progressive dawn of Creation's life.

Rationalistic views of the Bible and Theology.

BY V. C. TAYLOR.

If there is more of truth in the new Philosophy than in the old, then, if it is desirable that that truth should prevail, it is plain, that, just so long as the errors of the latter system are suffered to remain, the truths of the former must be held in abeyance, and prevented exercising their legitimate influence. With many of the advocates of our faith there seems to be a disposition to *temporize* with the claims of the old theology—to *Procrusteanize* the principles of spiritualism; to conform to the angularities of time-honored creeds and musty formula: it is feeding milk instead of meat, they say, to babes whose digestive functions are yet in a state of infantile weakness, and with whom dyspepsia, vertigo and vomiting would be the result of a more abrupt and substantial administration of spiritual dietetics. A judicious abstemiousness or proper withholding of *too much* truth, we do not object to, but to make out that the burden of spiritual teaching is at all accordant with the repulsive dogmas of Calvinism, simply for the sake of conciliation, is to cater to the appetites of our orthodox brethren, far less wisely than did Eliphaz the Temanite when he counselled Job against "filling his belly with the east wind."

Two and two, make four—no more and no less; and any two aliquot numbers which give any other product can not be two and two; they must be something else. If the truths of the New Philosophy constitute the basis of a system *unlike* the old theology, those truths certainly can not be the exponents of two differing systems. Therefore, as to the expediency of declaring our tenets fully and unreservedly at once, each must be the judge; we think, in the aggregate, the reception of them will be about the same. Reveal the whole extent of them, and prejudice receives a blow which it staggers under, and from which it does not immediately recover: give it to the recipient believer by piece-meal; and the continued vacillation of mind which it occasions—the worst of feeling, settled and at rest, would disincite many from the continuance of investigation. But under either aspect, we think that public sentiment is mature enough to inspect our system in its entirety; and to do this, the nature of it will become apparent, just in the ratio that the old philosophy is found erroneous and worthless; and as no one is disposed to relinquish a present possession until he is made dissatisfied with it, by comparison with a superior one, it will hence be incumbent on us to show whether the old theology contains essential and radical defects which the new religion is free from.

The authority of theology is the Bible. This is claimed to be a perfect embodiment of Divine truth, without error, discrepancy or contradiction. Such a book should pass unscathed through the crucibles of Nature and Reason. Ministers claim not to be inspired, and they employ reason in the explanation of the Bible. We exact no immunity for ourselves in this respect which others do not think their most rightful prerogative.

Our first inquiry will be—what is the *authority* for the assumption that the Bible is the *only* book of divine inspiration? The answer will be—the declared evidence is, “all scripture given by inspiration of God is profitable for doctrine,” &c. If the word “Scripture” here means the Bible which was extant at the time this declaration was made, it can not include any part of the New Testament; for, as a *book*, this was not formed, until years *after* this assertion was made: and it can no more be shown that the Apostles regarded their sermons and epistles as parts of the Bible, *in esse*, or *in posse*; than it can be proved that the part Jesus acted as a preacher of righteousness, was the actual formation and organization of a Church, with all its adjunctive appendages of priests, bishops, ministers and deacons. The Old Testament rests its claims for inspiration on the statement that its writers (“holy men of old”) “wrote, as they were moved by the Holy Spirit.” But does not the *same* “Holy Spirit” move or influence people now a days? What religious meeting was ever held in which the Holy Spirit was not invoked? Christians pray that it may be “shed abroad in their hearts”—that it may be “poured out” upon the Churches and upon the world. Is it not the *same*, which “moved holy men of old?” Has God *two kinds*; one, which was used for the inspiration of the Bible only, but which, since the completion of that book, he has withdrawn from us and locked up within himself? Or is it in *degree* only, that it produces inspiration? if so, how *great* a measure amounts to inspiration?

In Revelation, 22; 19, we read: “And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city.” Suppose that one of the “elect” should “take away from the words of that book,” what would *become* of him?

In Matthew 2d, there is the following narration: “But when Herod was dead, behold an angel of the Lord appeared in a dream to Joseph in Egypt, saying, arise and take the young child and his mother and go into the land of Israel; for they are dead who sought the young child’s life. And he arose and took the young child and his mother and came into the land of Israel. But when he heard that Archelaus did reign in Judea in the room of his father Herod, he was afraid to go thither; notwithstanding, being warned of God in a dream, he turned aside into the parts of Galilee. And he came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth; that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the Prophets—He shall be called a Nazarine.” A number of considerations here present themselves.

1st. Why did not the angel of the Lord call Jesus, “the Son of God,” instead of the simple name, “the young child?” For if he *were* so, who should know it better than an angel of the Lord.

2d. If God employed an angel to destroy 185,000 of Sennacherib’s host, why could he not have done so at *this time*, for as important a purpose as keeping from harm the life of his only son? for according to Old Testament showing, (not *our belief*—far from it)—he could destroy nation after nation to make room for the “chosen people,” through whom this Son was to come! when he had come, why not commission an angel to lay some half a million of his enemies in the dust? It would have saved the trouble and risk of a journey of the “young child” into Egypt.

3d. According to theological assumption, what was spoken

by the Prophet concerning his being called a Nazarene, *must* have been spoken by God: but it seems that this prophecy would *never* have been fulfilled, had not Joseph *bethought* himself, and “turned *aside*” from where God told him—through his angel—to go; and in the *doing* of which, to fulfil the *Prophecy*, he disobeyed God’s *last* command. If God made a prediction through the ancient Prophets concerning the name that Jesus was to be called, (a Nazarene;) had he forgotten it, when he told Joseph to go from Egypt directly into “the land of Israel?” In other words, could not this prophecy be fulfilled, without disobedience to a subsequent command. Still further; if there were no violation of his command involved, is a prophecy subject to the necessity of human forethought and aid, in order to be fulfilled? If this is all that prophecy means, who could not be a prophet? All that would be necessary would be simply to make a prediction, and have it known; and some friend could easily fulfil it.

With regard to the character of Jesus, there is much diversity of opinion, even among believers of the new philosophy, particularly as to his absolute Divinity and co-equality with the Father. The sayings of the evangelists and Apostles are appealed to, as though whosoever could bring the greatest array of quotations and inferences from this source, would gain the argument. So long as ancient astronomers made the Earth the point from which to look out upon the solar system, complex and erroneous deductions were the results of their labor: but when Copernicus, in imagination, planted himself upon the Sun, and looked out from that as a center, all at once became simple and comprehensible. Before we make account of the affirmations given in the New Testament respecting the personage of Jesus, it would be well, first, to examine the probable, universal authenticity of those accounts.


1. It is a generally received opinion that the gospels were not written until many years subsequent to Jesus’s death:—[some say twenty years,] and when we read that—“Jesus said”—“Jesus did,” etc; we must remember that he left *no autobiography*—that it is somebody else who makes him the author of this saying and that—and that those who give these accounts, could not have been eye or ear witnesses to all they have recorded of him: moreover, that their histories were not written until long after he ceased to be the visible subject of their observation. Take the “sermon on the mount:” we have no mention of Matthew, the recorder of them, until after these were delivered: he might indeed have been present, but all that can be said in relation to it, rests only on conjecture. Had he been present, there was no system of stenography in use, by which he could have taken a report of them. If there had been, so little was realized by the disciples, of the vastness of Jesus’s mission, no one would have been considerate enough to have recorded his sayings, at that time for future publication. But, to allow more than is probable in the case, suppose Matthew was present at the delivery of the sermon on the mount:—how much could he have reported *verbatim*, of them, several years afterwards? Those who rely with so much confidence on the minutiae of history, little realize how impossible it is for the historian to acquire possession of the particulars of an event. Take the battle of Buena Vista; one would suppose from the particularity with which its history is given, that a reporter, whose body was impervious to balls and bayonets, and whose eyes, smoke could interpose no screen to, was then, coolly and complacently

making minutes of the armies—hearing the remarks of officers—counting the number which fell at the discharge of each battery; and all for the express purpose of giving a history of it. A moment's reflection will show that such circumstantial particularity of narration of any event where there is not an actual report of minutes made at the time, can not possibly be given. But, a believer in the literal inspiration of the Bible will say—"Matthew and the other evangelists wrote by influx from the Divine Mind, and hence could not have committed mistakes. Four impressions from the same stereotyped plate, will give a perfect uniformity and typographical representation; so would an infallible source of intelligence, give the same details in respect to the history of Jesus: but facts prove that the gospels were not dictated by that infallibility which alone belongs to the Infinite Source of Intelligence Himself. Therefore, when we read expressions like—"I and my Father are one"—we can not attribute to them the certainty of absolute evidence, for it is incapable of demonstration, that Jesus actually did utter such remarks. But another assumption concerning Jesus's equality with God, is that based upon the fact of his being so considered by persons as wise and enlightened as the disciples and apostles themselves. But the ancient Athenians were a far more refined and enlightened people than were the apostles and disciples, (if, perhaps, we except Paul,) yet we find them Deifying Socrates, for his virtues after he too had fallen a martyr to the doctrines which he taught!

The precepts uttered by Jesus, (or which are attributed to him,) are of a character to stamp him as one of the most pure, lovely, and elevated minds which ever blossomed in the garden of humanity. And certainly no higher religion than "love to God and man" is needed to save earth's children from the effects of sin, and conduct them to the lofty heights of Supreme Wisdom; but any attempt to exalt him to equality with the Deity, can only spring from an overwrought veneration, quickened by an affectionate impulse, instead of the high and discerning sanction of Nature and Reason.—[*New Era.*]

Vocal Machinery of Birds.

It is difficult to account for so small a creature as a bird making a tone as loud as some animals a thousand times its size; but a recent discovery has shown that, in birds, the lungs have several openings, communicating with corresponding air bags or cells, which fill the whole cavity of the body from the neck downwards, and into which the air passes and repasses, in the process of breathing. This is not all; the bones are hollow, from which air pipes are conveyed to the most solid parts of the body, even into the quills and feathers. The air being rarefied by the heat of their bodies, adds levity. By forcing the air out of the body, they can dart down from the greatest heights with astonishing velocity. No doubt the same machinery forms the basis of their vocal power, and at once resolves the mystery.

 Beauty is vain. If thou seek it, mark the quality; not that which shines so divinely from the human face, and gains applause from gaping stargers. That fools admire, and seek no other. But the higher kind is that which earth not only approbates, but heaven; 'tis pure, bright, and celestial! Beauty of the soul—beauty of holiness.

Voices from the Spirit-land.

THE PATH OF PROGRESSION; A PICTURE OF SPIRIT-LIFE.

BY MRS. HEMANS—MRS. S——, MEDIUM.

CIRCLE OF HOPE, Dec. 25, 1852.

A beautiful spirit came to me and said, "Mortal, come with me, and I will tell thee of the beauties of the sphere which lies beyond thy dwelling-place on Earth. Having lived many years in the lower sphere—having tasted of its joys and its sorrows, its meetings, and its partings, and having been surrounded by many different circumstances, some of which have had the tendency to make thee more earthly, and some of which have elevated thy soul to now and then taste of the cup of pure joy, and having caught glimpses of that better land, which thy immortal yearnings have told thee has existed beyond thy sight or understanding, and having felt a strong desire to gaze into that unknown country, even with thy mortal vision; but now having cast off that thick envelop called the body, and standing in thy more refined covering which is put on by all who arrive here, as being adapted to the climate and country which they inhabit, I will take thy hand and wander around with thee, and tell thee of that which thou art prepared to see and understand. Greater things could and will be shown thee, when thou shalt be strengthened, by growing in wisdom to receive them.

The people which thou seest, passing and repassing, are those who have left your sphere at different times, and all in different stages of development. Behold, now, how differently they appear to thee, as thou seest them pass. Behold! some are sauntering along and carelessly viewing the pleasant scenery. They do not pass very quickly from thy sight in their onward course, which leads up that broad and shining path in which, as you may see, many are walking. It is a level-shaped path, but commences where thou and I art standing, and rises until it assumes the appearance of an inclined road. And very beautiful and inviting it appears, if we may judge from the light which seems to illumine and brighten the surrounding objects. But as I said, those spirits very slowly ascend this road; they seemed to see the beauties from afar, and yet seemed too careless or indolent to ascend the hill where they may be reached.

Now observe another spirit: he carries a book in his hand and earnestly scans the pages, and then looks for the way-marks; but in failing to discover them, he shakes his head and says, "I will not ascend that hill yet—it does not correspond with the description which was laid down as being right; therefore I will walk

on in this country, until I can find that which will accord with my former instructions." And he gazes with a longing look at that beautiful road, but turns away to look for the landmarks; and so continues longer in that country to seek them.

But now we look at another. And it is a fair and beautiful maiden. As she walks along she seems to be looking for some one whom she expected to meet, but is disappointed in not being received by that person at her first entrance. Then she turns and inquires of one of those persons whose countenances are so calm and benignant, and who seem to wait to speak words of hope and encouragement, or to act as guides to all who may ask them for information; and as she inquires, see how that spirit smiles and points upward to that shining road. He tells her that the loved friend whom she seeks, has left that country, and has ascended in that green and inviting path, whose borders are lined with ever-living flowers—and awaits her when she shall climb that hill, and be prepared to enjoy the beauties to which he has attained by upward labor. And now, see how joyfully she prepares to enter that road! See how willing she is to cast aside every obstacle which may hinder her from proceeding rapidly. She has no desire to remain below, but her aspirations will assist her to mount higher and become developed in wisdom and love, and strengthened by divine and holy breathings in her journey,—because she grasps for that which is beautiful and lovely to her; and through her love is her wisdom developed.

And now gaze we on another. He is one who, when dwelling in your sphere, was a zealous and loving teacher of that which he thought was all pure truth unmingled with dross. And he seems to be quite astonished—not because the place does not look beautiful or inviting, but because it is so different from what he had expected. He finds here all nations and tongues, all sects and denominations—in a word, all names under heaven, which he had not expected to see in the same place where he is. And they all seem quite as well pleased with themselves and their belief, as though they had all been of the same opinion while on earth. Then his wonder increases as he perceives that they do not appear to be at all hopeless or desponding, but on the contrary seem to be progressing upward; each one as he proceeds seeming to have found something in advance better than that which he had left behind. And ever and anon they cast away from them old garments, apparently, or, as some would call them, opinions; and some appear to have lost so many of these articles, or to have cast them aside, that they are rather in advance, and look back and beckon to those behind to hasten on; for I see that before they enter that beautiful path, they are divested of numberless coverings, and present a look of renovation. And now in turning to look at this person again who seemed so per-

plexed, we find him questioning one of those bright travelers, who seem to be ever waiting to do good; and he wishes to know why so many, whose different opinions had led to so many different sects on earth, all seemed to be enjoying the same privileges here; for said he, "I believed that I was inspired to speak the truth, and nothing but the truth; but I could not have been the only one who so spake, or I should not be compelled to mingle with the many which I see here." And that spirit addressing him said, "Brother, thou wast sincere in thy manner of teaching, but thou didst give thy mind too narrow a compass, and didst limit thy God in his love, which is infinite, and who bestowed alike on all who are willing to receive. When thou thoughtest that thy course was the sure criterion for others, according to thy knowledge and development didst thou teach; and so do many others, but the sea which all are wading through is not half so full of dark gulfs and rocks as thou hast imagined; but while all steer for the same harbor, they take many intricate windings, and run into almost endless streams of folly and useless reasoning before they reach it, which does not tend to lead them in the path that turns toward yon shining City. Very simple and easily to be understood, is the text which was given by one of old, who said: "Do good: love thy neighbor as thyself, and do good unto all men." For when men shall love their neighbors as themselves, they will not divide the human family into so many grades of distinction, and will not only call them brothers and sisters, but will aid and encourage them to become such." And I saw that spirit turn his head downward, as if in deep reflection, and pause, and think, and wonder. Slowly at first he proceeds on his way, but by and by he mingles with the rest, and hastens on his journey to that City of joy.

And now we behold another. It is a young and ardent youth; one who was cut off while his hopes of fame, and happiness were at their height. The summons reached him, and nature obeyed the call. I behold his young spirit entering that land, not so eagerly as when he entered on his earthly career, but with an earnest and inquiring look. And he says, "Are all my high-born hopes of fame on earth—are all my proud anticipations of a name, which should be handed down to posterity as an heir-loom of value, to be ended here? Are the laurels which I saw in my future glory, to be thus plucked from my young brow? Truly, it is well to come to so pleasant a place; but I panted for earthly fame, and my day was made too short to attain the mine of wealth which I saw opened before my sight in the future." And while he thus spoke, a spirit, venerable in wisdom, and intellectual in mein, whose dignified motions revealed the deep language of thought within his soul, approached the youth and took him by the hand, and said, "My son, I see thou art an unwilling traveler in our country. Thy soul had begun to

expand its wings and exult in earthly joys. Thy spirit had become influenced with desires of that which is but a shadow—a glimmer whose light would play around thee in fitful gleams on earth, and would only illumine thy path on that side of the grave. Think not that deeds of valor, or wreaths of fame, or oceans of blood, would make thee happier here. Know that thy young soul would have become hardened in the path which thou hadst chosen, and the many misdeeds which thou wouldst have committed in that sphere would have made thy entrance less pleasant to thy soul here. Much wouldst thou have had to mourn over before thou couldst have reached this state which thou art now permitted to enter. The society in which thou wouldst have mingled, would have been discordant, because at variance with the laws of harmony and love; and thy soul would have become so moulded in the shape which thy occupations would have given it, that far below this plane thou wouldst have had to begin thy initiation into this sphere of progression. But thy view will be made to show thee a different aspect of things, and thou wilt see that the wisdom which overruled thy early departure from earth, was kind in its dealings. Turn now thy soul to aspirations of purity and goodness; and let thy imagination wander ever so high in the realms of eternal progression or knowledge, it shall not return unsatisfied: so, the deep thoughts of thy soul shall spring up and take to themselves wings and fly over the great expanse of the sublime works of the Creator, and return to thee as a dove with healing in its wings. Ask to drink at the fountain of knowledge, and thou shalt inhale draughts, which will fill thee with more than earthly joy. And dost thou thirst for undying fame? In this thou shalt not be disappointed. Thou shalt become famed, as the youth who loves to excel in goodness and love among those poor spirits who have need of thy assistance. In many curious and wonderful things shalt thou be made famous, as thy spirit shall become willing and thy heart strong within thee to do thy Father's will. And the wreath of flowers which will encircle thy brow, shall bloom with a beauty and give forth a fragrance, and shine with a glow as pure as that which encircles the happy spirits who dwell in the spheres of eternal light. And the work which thou mayst now join in, will be that of assisting thy brethren and sisters to become rapid travelers on the road to that fair City. And the youth's eye brightened, and his soul seemed to grow big within him; and he said, "I will yet earn fame, eternal and spotless fame, by attaining to that height which seems so brilliant and beautiful even in the far distance." And turning to that guide, he said, "I thank thee, Father, and would gladly learn more of thee. My spirit is humbled, and would learn, at thy feet, the ways of wisdom." And see how he is ascending also.

And now another approaches, and we speak to him. He says, "My journey through life has been a rugged one, with much of sorrow and little of joy. I toiled for my daily bread, and scarcely found time to reflect upon a future state. My desires were ever for a heaven of peace and love. And that which was pure and good ever found a warm response in my breast; but I was unable to elevate my mind to the attainment of knowledge concerning it. And now having entered it unexpectedly, it seems to me to be a most lovely place; and yet so strange it seems, that I am unable to enjoy it. I see much on every side that I do not understand. I am abashed at my own ignorance in regard to the place in which I have been introduced." Then turning to a spirit, he said, "I am a stranger in a strange country. All things astonish and delight me because of their beauty. But still I am as a child, for I gaze on them and feel happy because of their loveliness, but can not appreciate them, for want of an understanding of their nature and uses." And the spirit replied, "If thy life on earth was destitute of worldly luxuries and thy soul craved that which was pure and good, but could not gain a key to it, owing to thy depressing condition, thou art doubly blest; for thy poverty on earth did not destroy the richness of thy spirit's love to thy Father in heaven. Therefore, enter thou in the way which becomes brighter and more lovely as thou shalt proceed, and the cloud of mental darkness, which kept the pure light from shining in upon thy soul, shall now be removed, and thou shalt become expanded and purified, and thy light shall become brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. For the greatest shall be least, and the least shall become great because of their humility of soul.

And now comes another; one who, while on earth, could never find the key to unlock the knowledge for which his soul yearned. For his soul craved deep draughts of knowledge, brought from the sealed fountains of the lore of by-gone ages. An external view of men and things, as they were, would not satisfy his appetite; but to consult the stars and study the signs of the heavens and the mysterious secrets contained in the bosom of Nature, was his delightful labor. And his spirit oft would chafe and grow gloomy, because of the weakness of his wings to soar away to the hidden places of earth, and penetrate their mysteries. And when his soul had reached this place, it was weary with long watching for light and mental labor. Now as he approached, how humble and joyful seemed his attitude! He would raise his hands in mute thankfulness, or would murmur, "I thank thee, O Father, that thou hast permitted me to become acquainted with the glorious light which is being imparted to my soul in answer to its earnest longings. I am overawed with thy might and thy majesty, worm that I am, who thought that I knew the mysteries of the great God of Heaven. My soul was

but struggling to grasp an atom to gain a glimpse of that which is being revealed. The eternal music which breathes amid all the harmonious spheres of beauty, wafts my soul higher and higher till it seems to mount as in a dream of love to adore the glory of God. How small, how ignorant, I seem, while viewing the glories around me! O, assist me, bright guides, assist me to climb up higher and learn the way."

And now comes still another; a gentle spirit she is. How lovely she seems! As she glides along, she holds in her arms an innocent babe. What holy affection and chastened love is expressed in her countenance! She pauses and speaks, and caresses her babe, and says, "O spirit, I have left my home on earth, and I have met my beloved babe already, and how joyful I am. But will you not send back to earth, and tell my dearly loved friends how happy I am, and how useless is all their weeping for me? O, tell them that I am learning the ways of peace and happiness; that I am preparing to receive and instruct them when they shall arrive here; that, although a mother's form has left the earth, a mother's love still shares all their hopes and joys. And O, bid them be hopeful and seek to have the love of God shed abroad in their hearts on earth, that I may be able to approach them on their entrance into the Spirit-world." And she glided away. Happy, happy mother! bearing her babe in her arms, who had been brought to meet and comfort her on her upward journey. But mark how she pauses to send back a word of encouragement and hope to those who are left.

Now observe those aged ones as they approach. See how quickly they lose the appearance of old age—of wrinkles and trembling limbs! How erect becomes their forms! how elastic seem their movements, and how undimmed their eyes as they gaze around! In casting aside their earthly forms, they are no longer subject to the penalties of nature by which they were formerly affected. The life that is past seems a half-forgotten dream. Suddenly they seem to have become possessed of a full consciousness of the reality; and so clear and unclouded becomes their vision, that they feel as though they had gone back to the happy dawn of childhood, when every thing seemed fresh, and new, and wonderful. Ah, how truly they feel that they have been born again—out of the dim and fading world in which they dreamed, as it were, into the ethereal atmosphere of the spirit-existence; and verily as little children they seem, so delighted they are with all around them.

And as these people recede from our view, all going upward—some faster and some slower—we pause and ask, for what are they seeking in that broad and shining path? Is it happiness? Why this place seems beautiful and fit to be enjoyed. But I will tell thee where they are going. All having, from different de-

grees of knowledge and development, arrived thus far on their journey they still perceive beyond, a much brighter and more glorious heaven to be reached. Therefore they do not tarry by the wayside, but as they travel onward they are constantly finding greater treasures, and becoming more anxious to behold the glories of the higher spheres to which that shining path leads. For as they recede from the plane of earth in their spirit-journey, they behold the unfolding glories far beyond them, and glowing with immortal brightness shines the light of the opening heavens as they travel upward.

The spirit on entering its next state, only becomes more awake—more sensitive to the realities which lie beyond its view; it but steps on another round of the ladder, which leads upward and onward to spheres of eternal love and unfolding wisdom. And by thy life here, O man, dost thou make thy heaven fair and lovely, or thy existence dark and gloomy until thou hast overcome thy errors by earnest labor. Thou dost either enter a school where thou must learn the first rudiments of thy immortal destiny, or if, having learned of thy spirit-existence, thou dost enter its precincts with thy mind prepared to view its beauties, thy heaven becomes still brighter as thy journey becomes more lengthy; and being assisted by angel-guides, upward shalt thou soar until thou art lost amid the happy throng who bask in the pure and glorious light of their Father's smile.

Law of Progression.

BY SPIRITS.

The great law of progress is continually evolving in ever-progressing convolutions of creation, higher and in more beautiful forms. This you can see to be the case in the physical world, and the same work of elevation is ever going on in the spiritual world. The soul is continually refining and exalting itself; this is continued without obstruction to all eternity. From the Divine Spirit radiates the spirits of all men, and this Divine Spirit which gives life to all matter continually guides and attracts the spirits of all men.

Mind has been called immaterial; but it is as much material as any thing else. All things are really the same thing; mind and matter, though said to be so different, actually consist of the same principle, though in different degrees of development. Mind is a more attenuated form of matter; this accounts for the imperceptibility of the soul by the physical eye. The eye can only discern things in the same sphere with itself, and those below. Hence the physical eye can only see physical things; while the spiritual eye can behold both spiritual and physical things. The physical eye is imperfect—the spiritual, perfect. The spiritual body is composed of matter which is refined and sublimated by the law of spiritual attraction.—[*Light from the Spirit-world*]

THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

R. P. AMBLER, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, JANUARY 22, 1853.

THE NEW THEOLOGY.

It can not escape the observation of any individual who will carefully note the movements and signs of the times, that there is a new system of theological teaching arising in the world to take the place of the old and threadbare doctrines which have constituted the essence of popular religion. In the ages of the past, when the human mind was darkened, enthralled and misdirected, there were created theories and speculations which accorded most perfectly with the undeveloped condition of man. Being firmly impressed upon succeeding generations by a course of strict educational training, these theories and speculations became arranged in the form of a theological system, in whose support the authority of priests and popes has been exercised over the revolting reason of the mass. Thus the old Theology has been the offspring of darkness—originating at a period in the world's history when the lofty and sublime faculties of spirituality and reason were comparatively unexercised and undeveloped.—Having, therefore, such an origin as this, the theology of the past can only live amid the gloom in which it was first conceived. Hence it is, as we have intimated, that a new system of theology—new truths, new thoughts, and new aspirations, are now beautifully rising from the mouldering ruins of the past.

Yet, though the theology which has been long cherished and defended by the Church is fast growing old and is even now ready to vanish away, there exists an urgent necessity on the part of the true reformer to make his arm strong for its final overthrow and extinction. So long has this system fastened itself on the minds of the people—so long has it been connected with all that men have held holy and hallowed—so long indeed has it been enstamped on the very soul, as it were, of the human world, that it can not be at once eradicated from the earth, but will struggle even in its death-throes with the gathered strength of all the past. A mighty conflict therefore must be expected between this and the New Theology. The storm-cloud which has been slowly rising in the heavens, will burst upon the world—elements which have long slumbered in the calm depths of the soul, will come forth in contention with the dark forms of Error and Slavery. The time must soon come when an open and uncompromising warfare will be commenced; and fierce will be the struggle between reason and authority, when the freed and light-bathed spirit rises in its immortal strength, and when in opposition to its demands the Church marshals its ghostly creeds and pours out its thunder-

ing anathemas. There may be timid and shrinking souls, who would desire that the great victory of Truth might be attained without the action of an opposing force; but if we repose confidence in the exhaustless energy of that which is intrinsically immortal and divine, then shall we fear not the warfare which must of necessity be waged between the superstitions of the past and the new-born thought of the present, and when the battle-storm is seen approaching in the distance as the last scene of the old dispensation, we can say calmly, in the strength of an unconquerable principle, "*let it come!*" It can not be rationally expected that those whose earthly interests are involved in the old system of theology and whose prejudices are all clinging around it with the gathered strength of centuries, will resign their cherished idol without a struggle; and it is when this struggle comes—when the elements melt with fervent heat—when the old heavens of theological sects and creeds shall be rolled together as a scroll, that the new heavens and the new earth shall be seen and known, wherein will dwell righteousness and truth.

In the accomplishment of the great change which is to take place in the condition of the world, the New Theology should occupy a bold and prominent position. As there is no affinity between light and darkness and no compromise to be made between truth and error, so there is no conciliation which can be offered by the reality of the present to the superstitions of the past. Let the battle between these antagonistic forces be fought if need be; let all the weapons of Ignorance be employed in support of her tottering altars, and all the thunders of the Church be hurled upon the advocates of spiritual truth, but let not the armor of our faith be sullied by any contact with unrighteous errors, and let no compromise be made with any system of theology which has for its basis the mystical dogmas of ancient superstition. It is impossible in this respect to serve two masters. Either we must enroll our names on the list of those who worship at the altars of the old theology, or we must come forth among the growing host of champions who are willing to openly and fearlessly defend the truths of Nature. The theology which is now revealed in the breathings of angels, as well as in all the voices of the external Universe—the doctrine that God is the universal Father—that the human world is one vast brotherhood—that progression is the great life-work of humanity, and that the heaven of harmony is the end toward which the footsteps of all must lead—this theology has no affinity with the fables of hell and devil, as embraced in the mythology of the past. It is therefore a duty incumbent on every spiritual believer to earnestly contend for the faith that commends itself to the reason and consciousness of the soul, in opposition to all the unnatural and repelling doctrines of the established

Church ; and when the time of trial approaches, in which the reality and power of this faith is to be tested, he may rest secure on the broad principles of the Universe, and smile in triumph as Truth waves her magic scepter over the heart of the world.

R. P. A.

PSYCHOMETRICAL READING.

Among the new developments of the age, (and you can not deny, Mr. Editor, that new and startling principles are rapidly developing themselves to the human mind,) is that of Psychometrical Reading. I have given much attention to it, and am fully satisfied that there is a true principle connected with it, but it appears as yet remarkably subtle, and as delicate, though as far-reaching as thought itself. I will state the method of reading psychometrically. It is very simple. An individual writes a letter, a name, or the alphabet merely, will answer the purpose. This is enclosed in a wrapper, but no mark must be made by any other person, either upon the letter or wrapper. This enveloped and sealed paper is carried to the psychometer, who places it upon her forehead, (I say "her," because it is a lady who has read in this way in my presence,) and after remaining silent a few moments she commences a sort of phrenological exposition of the character of the writer. She knows nothing of the person—has not the slightest indication whether it is a good or bad man, or whether he whose writing she is about to press upon her forehead is talented or weak-minded ; and still this lady has not, to my knowledge, failed in any instance to give the leading characteristics of those who are examined by her, and I know personally of five cases, and have heard of twenty or thirty others from responsible persons. The lady who reads psychometrically in this city is Mrs. METTLER ; her family resides at No. 8 College-street, and she is a very worthy lady. She can not explain the power she possesses, and merely gives the ideas as they are vividly impressed upon her mind whilst the letter is held upon her forehead.

A few days since, I carried to her an envelop of a letter, the direction of which was written by LORD BROUGHAM of England, so conspicuous for his oratory and high order of talents. Mrs. Mettler had not the remotest idea as to the name or position of the individual she was about to describe, as the writing was sealed closely in an envelop, and she was merely requested to read the character. She remarked as follows, all the time holding the envelop upon her head :

"This is a person of strong and powerful intellect, and is marked for his positive character. He perceives quickly, and expresses his ideas freely, indeed copiously. He possesses much refinement of thought ; is not confined to self, but has much universal feeling and benevolence of heart. He can not be a sectarian. He reasons much, and reason is a guiding principle with him. He entertains no principle save that which appeals to his idea of right. He receives nothing

without a reason. He has much firmness and self-command. But an appeal to his sympathies would affect him. He possesses manly deportment, is pleasing in his conversation, is often inclined to deep meditation. — He would enjoy domestic comforts, though I should think circumstances have deprived him of this. He sighs at times for retirement, where he may enjoy every thing in a simple manner, acting out his true nature. Children are very pleasing to him ; he likes them for their innocence. He is pleased with an intelligent lady, likes her for her goodness, is ardent in his friendships, and can not be easily turned against one whom he considers his friend. Order and punctuality are large with him. Music hath many charms for him, and a plaintive kind would affect him to tears. He has a good idea of color, is a good judge of a picture, has a good memory of past events. He enjoys a good joke or pun. He can be or is an Orator, and a marked character. He has very, very great gifts of Oratory—very great. His intellectual and moral faculties predominate."

Here the leading characteristics are truly told, and the gentleman from whom I obtained Lord Brougham's writing informs me that he knows the allusion to his extreme love of music to be true ; and we should judge that he sighs for retirement sometimes, for he has a country residence in France, where he goes evidently to get away from the cares of public life.

I gave her three more autographs, closely sealed, but did not intimate in the least as to the character of either of the writers. The first was by Lord Ashburton, the second by D'Israeli, both prominent men in England and the world. I would give you the complete description she made of each, but have already made this too lengthy. I will remark, however, that so accurate was the description, that the gentleman who favored me with the autographs at once recognised each character by reading the three—"this is Lord Brougham, this is Ashburton, and this is D'Israeli," said he, "and there are remarkable points in each."

The other letter was written by a convict in our State Prison, on Thanksgiving Day, and was directed to his mother. At once she remarked, "The sphere of this writer is unpleasant ; he has a double character ; that is, he has much secretiveness, and is not just what he appears to be ; he has conscientiousness, but can not control it ; he loves to read poetry, can write poetry tolerably well, and dwells a great deal upon home and scenes of his childhood—indeed more than upon any other subject ; he has a great love of order, is odd in his expressions, but his general character is not pleasant."

I had not read the letter, but had liberty to do so. In it was a request that his mother would send him a volume of poems, and some worsted shirts of a certain color ; then followed four well-written stanzas on the "home of his childhood." The letter was written with an extraordinary regard for order, every comma, period, semicolon, dash, apostrophe, and hyphen was in its place, and some of his ideas were oddly enough ex-

pressed. He is in imprisonment for the crime of burglary and attempt to kill.

The wrappers, enclosing the writings of the three Englishmen were all precisely alike; as they had got mixed, I did not myself know one from the other, as she was reading them, but marked them as she had concluded the reading of each. She is not in the clairvoyant state when she reads psychometrically, and this renders the whole thing more astonishing. Let those who take any interest in this matter test it to their own satisfaction.

A CITIZEN OF HARTFORD.

—[Hartford Times.

THE OPPOSITION.

We find the following pointed remarks in a late number of the *Spiritual Era*:

The virulent opposition manifested toward spiritualists, tends only to advance the Truth of these things, and as truth advances, Error is driven from its strong hold, prejudice, superstition and bigotry are routed, and the old theology which claims no more Light from above, is trembling to its base. Those who charge believers in Spiritualism with trampling the Scriptures under their feet, contravening the time-honored, and holy precepts of God, discarding Religion and Morality, committing sacrilege to the *dead*, and blasphemy to God, most assuredly ridicule and condemn that which they can not comprehend or explain. We would in all candor ask such men if they know what manner of spirit they are of? Are they aware of the pure joys of which they deny themselves? do they understand the nature of Spiritual things? do they comprehend the magnitude of the present revelations as being connected with and shedding Light on the Revelations of the Bible?

If they will examine the facts in the case, they will find that wherever this spiritual intercourse has extended, the materialist and atheist has been converted to the belief that God exists, and that the Soul of man is Immortal. Many have become truly Christians, free from the pernicious influence of Sectarianism, cheerfully exercising love to God, and love to man. Hundreds who have been driven to believe in non-existence beyond the grave by the Old Theology, are no longer doubting and desolate, but confiding and loving. The aching void in the soul is filled with holy aspirations; and feeling an inward assurance of happiness, and a continual progress toward their spiritual home, they experience the happy foretaste of their own glorious future, having made an earnest and determined resolve to walk worthy of their high calling.

The Power that is able to produce this great change in the mind and character of the sceptical and unbelieving, will be found to sustain it through evil, as well as good report. "By their fruits ye know them;"

"men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles." It is the duty of every man to "know himself," "that he may become a law unto himself," by which he may know the kingdom of heaven is within him.

What reward have ye, who deride and sneer? Does it rid you of your seeming burthen, to condemn those who are sincere, earnest, firm and unwavering in their belief in the spiritual theory, feeling that it has wrought a most wonderful change in their views of God, of immortality and religion, making these things appear rational, themselves comparatively happy here, and giving a strong assurance in their own hearts of a happy hereafter?

Rather, let the love of God reign in your hearts, and fear not, for if these things be of men, they will come to nought, if they are of God ye can not overthrow them. If you profess to be teachers in Israel, imitate the example of him "who when he was reviled, reviled not again."

The Primitive History.

The book which is esteemed sacred by the Christian world, is beginning to be regarded with a more searching scrutiny than is consistent with the claim of infallibility. When the veil of sectarian bigotry is removed from the mind, it appears that this book, though long worshiped as the embodiment of all truth, is not so altogether faultless and reliable as has been commonly supposed. The following statement of facts, which we copy from the *Tribune*, throws a slight shade on the Primitive History:

A distinguished English Geologist recently stated in conversation with a friend of ours, that among the results to which Layard and Rawlinson have been led by their researches at Ninevah, is the following: That the *prophecies* of Daniel were undoubtedly written after the events to which they refer had taken place, and that the whole of this book is probably nothing but a political satire! This, though suppressed by Layard in his work, has been communicated to the London Asiatic Society, by Major Rawlinson, and will probably soon appear in its published transactions.

In one of the works upon Egyptian Hieroglyphics recently published in Germany, which has come under our notice, is a table of Commandments copied from an inscription of the date of one of the elder Pharaohs. These are more in number than the Jewish Decalogue, but some six or eight of them are the same.

Lectures on Spiritualism.

Our readers are informed that the third and last lecture of Mr. FRISHBOUGH's pending course, will be delivered at Friendship Hall, 149 West Sixteenth-street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues, next Monday evening, (24th inst.,) at half past seven o'clock. The lecture will be on the question—*What and where is the Spirit-world?* Admittance FREE, and a collection taken.

Correspondence.

INTERESTING FACT.

MITCHELL, Wis., Nov. 25, 1852.

DEAR SIR :—Thinking that the term of my subscription for the MESSENGER has nearly expired, I forward one dollar to have the precious weekly visitor continued, as we should be as much out of our element on "the Lord's day" without the SPIRIT MESSENGER as an old orthodox deacon would be without his preacher in the pulpit.

There is nothing of great importance to communicate with regard to the progress of the spiritual cause in this region, only that we are advancing slowly but steadily in numbers, the subject constantly gaining friends and the Church becoming more and more alarmed.

I will, however, relate one fact which has come under my own observation and which serves to show the irrationality of supposing that the intelligence purporting to come from spirits is simply an emanation from the mind of the medium. My daughter—a medium—only ten years of age, while holding the pen one evening, no person being present except the family, was influenced to write the name of Elizabeth Reed, and the spirit whose name was thus given desired us to inform her sister that she wished to communicate. But no one present knew of any such person as the spirit claimed to be, nor where her sister could be found. This circumstance, however, was mentioned to Mr. B—the next day, who mentioned it in another neighborhood about four miles distant; and a few days afterwards a Mr. Harvey called at my residence to make inquiries about the facts above mentioned, when we were informed that his wife was a sister of Elizabeth Reed, who as was supposed lived in Pennsylvania and had not left the body. But the spirit who had previously communicated, still insisting on her identity, addressed a message to her sister through the medium which expressed, with all the earnestness of a sister's love, her rejoicing that a means of intercourse was supplied. The fact of the departure of E—from the body has since been learned through earthly means; and thus a pleasing confirmation has been obtained of the reality of spiritual intercourse. Thine truly, A. R.

LETTER FROM THE WEST.

ELYRIA, O., January 14, 1853.

DEAR BROTHER :

The word is still "Excelsior," the cause of Truth is onward, and thousands are being led into a knowledge of the glorious truths of our belief. Do not suppose because you do not often hear from us, that the cause is losing ground. Far from it. Like the rolling snow-ball it is continually increasing in force, and accumu-

lates matter with every revolution. The priests of the old Theology have at last awakened to the realities of the case, and are straining every nerve to stem the tide that sweeps throughout the land. But it is now too late: facts, and phenomena are being produced, that stubbornly refuse to be accounted for except on the ground of a spiritual agency; and they are leading hundreds from the slimy, and dangerous paths of Intolerance and Superstition into the high-road of spiritual happiness.

These good men, forsooth, have heretofore gathered around them the mantle of pride, and have regarded the entire doctrine of Spiritual Manifestations, as unworthy their notice; as one in fact which would expire in a few months. But now an awful reality stares them in the face: their flocks are becoming contaminated, despite the strenuous efforts of the good shepherds, and as they see them fall, one by one, into the toils of the adversary, they begin to fear lest the place that once knew them, may know them no more. Be of good heart, brother, for if we may judge from the past, a glorious future awaits us. The bright spirits of another sphere are hovering over us, breathing into the hearts of men, a spirit of Love, and unfolding in their breasts a longing to know more of the hidden truths of Nature. The seed has been put into the ground: in a short time we may expect to see the full blown rose.

Those who have tasted the joys of an intercourse with these pure beings, have no longer a desire to drink from the murky waters of Sectarianism.

Your paper is growing daily in favor with the friends in Ohio, and is now sought after more than any other spiritual journal. It has been the means of giving to many, their first ideas on the new Philosophy.

That your constant exertions to advance the cause of truth, and disseminate throughout the land a knowledge of its beauties, may be amply rewarded, is the sincere wish of a host of friends. LORAIN.

To our Patrons.

As the circle of our Correspondence enlarges, we are constantly receiving new evidences of the great importance which is attached to the efforts of every individual who labors in the cause of spiritual truth. Let every one of our correspondents feel, therefore, that each may perform some mission and that all have some work to do; and in the light of this fact, let all labor, both by *word* and *deed*, to spread the light of the New Dispensation. Possibly the receptive mind may receive some impression which will lead to a still more active effort in the circulation of the MESSENGER. Should such an impression be by any means received, we trust that it will not be resisted, but that our friends will be both *passive* and *active* mediums in the prosecution of the work.

Facts and Phenomena.

A STATEMENT OF SINGULAR FACTS.

We find in the *Commercial Journal* of Pittsburgh the following interesting ghost story told by a correspondent in London. The narrative is to us not a new one, for we chance personally to know the parties, and can testify that no person is less likely to be the subject of a delusion than the gentleman here spoken of as Mr. Smith.—[*Tribune*.]

Among the oddest things of this kind that have ever come under my own observation, is a tissue of persecutions inflicted upon some persons of my acquaintance, during their late residence in one of the beautiful suburbs of this town. The father of the family is a professional man, and well known in the literary and scientific world; a large, noble-looking, thoroughly Saxon frame, in which the ample development of flesh and blood would seem to be a sufficient guarantee against any undue activity of the imagination. The wife, on the contrary, is of a highly sensitive, nervous temperament, though possessed of a clear, sound mind, and great calmness of judgment. About two years ago, the grandmother of my friend (whom, for convenience, I will call Smith,) was taken ill of a malady that terminated, after a few months, in her death. The old lady was of a very affectionate, hospitable nature, excessively fond of Mr. Smith and his family, and had a way of getting wine and cake for any of them whenever they came to see her. During the whole period of her illness, Mr. Smith's household was kept in constant torment through the unaccountable noises and other manifestations that went on. Raps were heard in all the rooms, doors would open without any visible agency, and this during the day; while at night steps would be heard going up and down stairs, though no one could be seen. On one occasion, one of the children saw a hand coming out of the wall of the room, and beckoning her; and again at night, felt a hand stroke her face as she lay in bed; all of which frightened the poor little soul to such a degree that she had a severe illness in consequence. But though these things were going on through the house, frightening the children and servants out of their wits, and puzzling as well as distressing their parents, it was in their bedroom that the strangest noises were heard. Night after night my friends were awakened by the peculiar foot-fall of the old grandmother, stepping toward their bed; the jingling of glasses on a tray being heard with the utmost distinctness at the same time, and forcibly suggesting the idea that the aged dame, with her usual hospitality, was bringing them the accustomed offering of cake and wine.

I have heard my old grandmother's singular step, and the clear jingle and ring of her wine-glasses," said Mr. Smith when recounting these odd things to me, "as

distinctly in the dead of night, as ever I heard it when at her house. And my wife heard it too, though our door was locked, and every one in the house abed and asleep." And this, it must be remembered, for months before the old lady's death! It must be remarked, however, that the old lady was constantly talking of her grand-children and great grand-children, longing to see them, and was often heard to say to her attendants, "It really seems to me as though I *did* see those dear children sometimes, as though my mind really went away to them, so much do I desire it." After her death, the troublesome manifestations went on more vigorously than ever; the most silly and perplexing things constantly occurring. If the cook locked up a pie in the larder over night, it would be found intact in the middle of the kitchen floor next morning; and so on, all the members of the household sharing in the annoyances. The child who had been the most tormented (the old lady's favorite) now went to visit the maiden aunt, who lived some miles away; and this lady assured me, that for three nights she had the most choking consciousness of the old woman's being beside her pillow bending over her, and trying to make herself felt by her, Miss Smith resisting this attempt on her part with might and main, and repelling the encroaching sphere with the whole force of her will, and the repulsion which the unwelcome pertinacity of the departed aroused in her mind. Just then, Mr. and Mrs. Smith were visited by a clairvoyant, who immediately declared that the old lady was in the house, and that, being of a very worldly turn of mind, she was trying to get into communication with them, to giving directions respecting the disposal of some of her property. While the clairvoyant was speaking and describing the silly doings of the old lady, Miss Smith happened to come in from the country, and called at her brother's. "You say grand-mamma is in this house, do you?" said she addressing the clairvoyant; "but I should like you to ask her where she has been these last three nights, and what she has been doing!" "Why," replied the clairvoyant, "you ought to know that better than anybody else, for she says she has spent the last three nights at your bed-side, trying her best to make you see or hear her, and that you have fought her off so hard she could not come near you, and is dreadfully hurt at you for using her so unkindly." "Well," responded Miss Smith, "I wish you would tell her that I *will not* have her come tormenting me; and that she may as well save herself the trouble of trying again, for I will resist her with all the force of my being whenever she tries to come near me." The clairvoyant then remarked, "You had little Lucy in bed with you, it was the presence of her favorite that attracted the old lady, and if you don't wish to have her bothering you again, I advise you to send the child home." The child was, in fact, sleeping with her aunt, though Miss Smith had

not mentioned either that circumstance, or the annoying sense of the presence of the old lady; she sent her niece home, and was no more troubled. Meantime the Smiths were so constantly worried, not only by the presence of the grand-mother, but apparently by that of other invisibles, whom she brought with her, that they gave up their house at a considerable pecuniary sacrifice, (having it on a lease,) and moved into a residence several miles away, in another suburb of London, and where they still reside. This change, and the attention which they have since been able to pay to the old lady's affairs, and in which they have endeavored as far as practicable to satisfy her wishes, seem at last to have delivered them from this disagreeable obsession, and up to this time they have been free from annoyance.

When narratives of this kind come to one direct from one's own intimate friends—persons whose evidence one would receive unhesitatingly on any other subject—they certainly give rather a rough jog to one's incredulity; but though their interest necessarily diminishes with every remove from the first speakers, perhaps this account, which I have had repeatedly from various members of the family in question, may not be uninteresting to your readers, at a time when facts of this nature, or what purport to be such, are occupying so large a share of public attention.

A. B.

—[*Hartford Times*.]

The Spirits in England.

Mrs. Hayden of this city, with her husband, went to London a short time since, for the purpose of introducing the subject of Spiritualism to the attention of Her Majesty's subjects, if not to the Queen herself. Mrs. H. is known in this vicinity, as a superior Medium for the physical manifestations; and it seems from a late letter from her husband, to a friend in this city, that her medium power has not depreciated at all by a passage across the Atlantic.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton is giving his attention to the matter, and seems highly pleased with his success thus far. Mrs. Hayden was invited to visit the Baronet at his earthly paradise, where were assembled several people of rank, who were very much gratified with the results of their investigations.

Subsequently to this, a sitting was held at the mansion of the Earl of Eglinton, and, in the language of Mr. Hayden, "so triumphant was the success," that in two days after they were invited to hold a sitting in presence of half a score of Lords and Ladies, with results full as satisfactory as ever. On this occasion *fifty test questions* were answered correctly, which have gave universal satisfaction.

It is very probable, that the Queen, and therefore, Prince Albert, of course, will soon give this matter their attention also—why should they not?—and then, spiritualism may become the *fashion* in London.—[*Era*.]

Poetry.

See! the World with Might is teeming.

A SONG OF PROGRESS.

AIR—"Old Folks at Home."

See! over all the earth is teeming
Emblems of might;
Arts, with a magic luster beaming,
Flash with progressive light!
Mind, in its onward giant striding,
Leads on the van;
Sloth and Ignorance, like specters gliding,
Fly with their traitor clan.

Chorus—See! the world with might is teeming,
Everywhere we roam;
All over are its beacons gleaming,
Ocean, Isle and Shore, its home.

Up, and down, and round the whole creation,
Goes forth the cry,
"Great ends are near a consummation,
The "Good Time" is sure drawing nigh.
O'er sea, and plain, and mountain, dashes
Genius along!"
Steam is followed up by lightning flashes,
In measure to the swelling song.
See! the world, &c.

Superstition on her throne is quaking.
Soon may she fall!
False creeds and bigot-sects are shaking,
Hasten the death-knell of all!
"Still on and upward" let's be going,
And GENIUS and RIGHT
Shall set the "universal world" all glowing,
And man be happy in the light,
See! the world, &c.

J. B. MURPHY.

—[*American Artisan*.]

The Three Voices.

What saith the past to thee? Weep!
Truth is departed:
Beauty hath died like the dream of a sleep,
Love is first faint-hearted;
Trifles of sense, the profoundly unreal,
Scare from our spirits God's holy ideal,
So, as a funeral bell, slowly and deep,
So toils the past to thee! Weep!

How speaks the present hour? Act!
Walk upward glancing;
So shall thy footsteps in glory be tracked,
Slow, but advancing.
Scorn not the smallness of daily endeavor,
Let the great meaning ennoble it ever,
Droop not o'er efforts expended in vain,
Work, as believing that labor is gain.

What doth the future say? Hope!
Turn thy face sunward!
Look where the light fringes the far rising slope,
Day cometh onward,
Watch! though so long be the twilight delaying,
Let the first sunbeam arise on thee praying;
Fear not, for greater is God by thy side,
Than armies of Satan against thee allied.

—[*Home Journal*.]

Miscellaneous Department.

FROST ON THE WINDOW-PANES.

To him who has cultivated his perception of the beautiful, there is always something in nature to arrest attention, and to afford instruction. To him the desolation of winter is relieved by innumerable beauties: he enters into the "treasures of the snow;" he inquires whence comes the ice, and "the hoary frost of heaven which hath gendered it?" when "the waters are hid as with a stone, and the face of the deep is frozen." What, for example, can be more beautiful than the light feathery foliage which the slow and silent hand of winter paints upon our windows while we sleep? It is one of the delights of childhood to gaze on this white fairy forest; nor need we regard it with minor interest now, if we are ready to apply a few scientific principles to its examination.

De Marian, residing in the southern part of France, had not many opportunities of witnessing the phenomena in question; but, happening to be in Paris in January, 1729, toward the end of a long frost, he noticed, one morning, upon the panes of a window facing the east, some beautiful spiral scrolls of foliage, similar to those used in architecture, or on damask. The forms were not very well defined, and the intervals between the curves were in some places, occupied by a kind of frosty dust. In about an hour the whole melted away. On the next morning, however, these figures were more perfectly developed; the branches were composed of six small white oval crystals of remarkable hardness. Five or six panes were ornamented with these figures, each pane measuring six inches and a half by five and a half. From the corner of one of the panes proceeded a sort of stem, which branched out as far as the lead-work, the curves being continued to the adjoining panes.

The reader is, of course, aware that the frost-work on our window-panes is deposited from the vapor floating in the air of the bed-room upon the inner surface of the glass, whenever the cold on the outside is sufficient to reduce the temperature of the glass below the freezing point; but the forms assumed by the vapor in freezing are not so easily accounted for. De Mairan supposed that these forms already exist in the glass, and are produced by the various twistings and turnings which glass undergoes in the process of manufacture, while yet in a fluid state; that certain minute furrows are thus formed in which the vapor first collects and freezes, and so determines the outline, which is afterward filled up by successive accumulations of frozen vapor.

In answer to this explanation, M. Carena remarks, that the lines and striae produced in glass during its manufacture, are generally ellipses, or waving figures, bearing no resemblance to the superb pictures which sometimes adorn our windows; and that the smoothest glass, on which no figures are visible, even with a magnifier, often produces the most beautiful frost foliage.

M. de Mairan has also another theory. He supposes that the motion of the hand in cleaning the windows may produce furrows in the glass, which may have something to do with the frost-work figures. In order to get at the value of this opinion, Carena, during the severe winter of 1814, selected four panes of his window, which he cleaned with white-sand, as is common in France, rubbing two of them with a circu-

lar motion, rubbing the third in lines parallel with the upright sides of the window-frame, and rubbing the fourth in diagonal lines. On the next morning he found that the frost had very accurately followed the motion of his hand, filling up the little furrows produced by the friction, the space between them being occupied by small angular crystals. In the two panes which had been rubbed with a circular motion, the frost appeared like a prickly crown, the space in the center being quite free from ice, although on a subsequent morning it was covered with a smooth layer, not foliated. Outside the circular space, that is, parallel with the wood-work, on the part which had not been rubbed, were some beautiful boughs covered with foliage. The two other panes exhibited, in the directions in which they had been rubbed, long opaque filaments of frost, with small crystals proceeding from them at right angles or nearly so, resembling a bundle of thorns, or brambles. These panes also exhibited a far more graceful display of foliage in the parts near the wood-work which had not been rubbed.

Thus it appears, that by friction certain figures are impressed on the glass which determine the forms of the frost; but the origin of the beautiful foliage which appeared on those parts of the glass where no friction had been exerted, had still to be accounted for. It is entirely different from the frost produced on those parts of the glass which had been rubbed; and the foliage of one day seldom resembled that of another, even on the same pane. When the exterior cold was moderate, the frost was never figured, a temperature many degrees below freezing being required to produce the foliage.

When the temperature is only a half or a whole degree below the freezing-point (32 deg. Fahr.) the frost does not entirely cover the panes: some are quite free from it, while others have it in large irregular patches. This leads to the curious conclusion that the heat does not escape equally from all parts of the same pane, but passes through some parts with more facility than others. This would produce a curling of the vapor as it was deposited on the pane.

Another beautiful experiment throws considerable light upon the forms assumed by frost on the window-panes. If, when the cold is tolerably severe, we breathe lightly against a well-cleaned pane, there will be formed, in a few minutes, a figure somewhat resembling a quill pen, the barbs being represented by threads of ice proceeding on both sides from a common shaft, or barrel, and having only a slight curvature. If, however, we breathe more forcibly, the curvature of the barbs becomes increased. It often happens that the barbs, which, after a gentle expiration, are about to form in lines almost straight, become strongly curved by a second and more forcible expiration. In a gentle expiration the vapor remains nearly stagnant on glass, and the curvature of the crystals, which is slight, is toward the center of the mass of expired air; but in a stronger expiration the vapor, after having struck the glass, is gradually diffused over the surface in whirls, whereby the barbs are much more strongly curled.

It seems probable from this experiment, that, if any force, capable of communicating a certain movement to the vapors of the room, were to act at the moment when a low external temperature had condensed these vapors on the glass, this force, combined with the natural force of crystalization, would sufficiently account for all the varieties of frost-work which adorn our windows. It must be remembered that water in freezing or crystalizing under ordinary circumstances, is free

to act in all directions, but, on a plane surface, such as a window-pane, it is constrained to act in one direction. The surface of glass offers numerous resistences; the radiating and conducting powers of the same pane are different in different parts; and, in addition to all these disturbing causes, there are many local circumstances arising from situation, the presence of blinds, window-curtains, and other conditions, which can not be noticed in dealing with general results.

Thus the reader will see that a good deal of somewhat refined science is concerned in attempting to explain this beautiful phenomenon. Should this notice have the effect of exciting observation and inquiry during the present winter, the object of the writer will be attained.—[*Nat. Magazine.*]

PICTURES FROM LIFE.

BY LOUISE J. CUTTER.

Hush—'tis midnight! Midnight o'er the proud, cold world. In yonder noble mansion, sits a fair young mother—beautiful, high-born and gentle. Why sits she there, in the lone midnight hour, with tears streaming from her starlike eyes, and sorrow swelling her young, warm heart? Costly furniture, ornaments which might grace the boudoir of a queen, jewels which might glitter in a regal crown, beauty, luxury, pomp, splendor, are scattered around her. Yet there she sits, in the still midnight, unmindful of the silent fleeting hour.

On a silken couch, carved with many a dainty figure, and inlaid with many a costly gem, lies a little waxen form, cold, silent and dead! The golden curls are brushed back from the white brow; the blue, laughing eyes are hidden 'neath the marble lids; the full chiselled lip, now pale as the wan cheek, is wreathed even in death with the same sweet, childish smile. The dimpled hands, folded so innocently over the snowy bosom, still clasp a half-blown flower—faded, broken, withered ere it bloomed! blighted like the child's young life.

Sweet angel; when the red sun set in the golden west, the life-blood was coursing through those blue veins, and the sunny ringlets kissed those rounded cheeks and azure eyes. But midnight came, and the little limbs were motionless and cold; the star eyes closed, and the fair young form rested in the icy arms of Death. And there sits the pale, beautiful mother, with the spell of pride and splendor flung around her, sorrowing over her lost idol.

Ah! reader, is not this a strange, sad picture? Does it not seem very strange that Death, grim, shadowy Death should enter such a home, and bear from the arms of love and luxury, that sweet, fair child; that little earthly idol,—when many a sad, stricken heart is longing for the rest which the shadowy angel brings? Yes, it does seem very strange; but the sad picture teaches us that even amid wealth and pomp, we may bear the blighting chill which sorrow brings, and that neither splendor nor love can stay the fleeting arrow from the quiver of the mighty Conqueror.

Let us look upon one more picture ere the midnight hour passes. What a cold, cheerless room! No costly furniture—no silken drapery—no glittering ornaments—no pomp—no pride—no splendor. But the fire on the small hearth burns dim and feebly, and the candle flickers with every

breath of air. Here, too, sits a mother, pale, wan, and emaciated. She, too, is watching over her child; but Death has not blighted its sweet, young life, nor chilled the warm, beating heart. No, its little cheeks are flushed with a rosy hue, and the red lip quivers with the warm, soft breath.

Slumber, sweet, soothing slumber, has hushed its silver voice, and unconsciously it lies in its small, broken cradle, knowing not that a pale, loving mother sits beside it, watching each gentle breath, and night after night, working on, without a murmur, wearing life away for its dear sake! Sweet angel mother, labor on for thy worshiped child! Mayhap when years have rolled away, and that young form is breathing with the stately pride of manhood, he may bless thee with a proud home, and the love and tenderness which is now lavished upon him, may be repaid with love as kindly as thine own. If not—there is a Heaven above, and there shalt thou meet a blessed reward, when thy sweet, hallowed mission in this cold, proud world is ended!

But the midnight hour is waning, and the life-pictures fading from our view. We have learned that Death may pass by the home of poverty, and snatch a worshiped idol from the midst of love and affluence. Ah, this is indeed a strange, wayward world, filled with many a strange, life-picture!—[*Boston True Flag.*]

The Heart's Window.

One of the most emphatic of ancient fables, is that which declares that a race of men once existed, whose breasts were furnished with a window, through which the heart, with its motives, desires, purposes and impulses, was always apparent. Would such an arrangement be popular in these modern days? What would be its effect—and what the character of its revelations? Would not the best shrink from such an exposure, and the purest hide themselves from the scrutiny of men? Who is there among us that would approve the heart's window? There are good and virtuous and honest men in the world—but they are few. A test like this would level pretensions and lay bare corruption. Virtue would be found but a thin veil covering the rankest pollution—honesty would be found but a mere abortion of the lips, having no origin in the heart—even religion, in too many instances, would be reduced to an empty profession—employed for policy and self-aggrandizement, rather than the exalted purposes for which it was intended. A fearful thing would be this heart's window. . . . It is better that we should not be too familiar with each other's hearts. The world like many other things is best seen at a distance. Too thorough an acquaintance with the internal man, might breed disease in the soul for which there is no medicine. It is better to hope that all are good, than to know that many are evil. . . . A blessed thing is it, then, that the heart's window is but a fable. There is an eye which penetrates to the innermost places of the bosom, and takes cognizance of its every feeling—and without the benevolence of Deity it is better that mortals have not its power. It is a wholesome reflection that 'whatever is, is right.' With this, let us be content, especially when knowledge would be grievous. The secrets of the heart will be known soon enough—and as they are found, so shall their reward be. We are daily shaping our own destinies."—[*Detroit Free Press.*]

"IN UNION THERE IS STRENGTH."

BY REV. D. TRUMAN.

Men are beginning to heed this great truth so beautifully exemplified throughout unintelligent creation. The mountains are strong, to resist the destructive tempest—and the towering hills, whose summits cradle the clouds, and whose pillars tremble only at the tread of Omnipotence—and these with all their columned grandeur are but congregated atoms. The ocean is terribly majestic and strong to resist the elemental strife that sweeps athwart its bosom, or the upheavings of the deeply prisoned volcano—and this in all its vast magnificence is but concentrated drops—the product of commingling rivulets. Stand where we may—on granite peak—or wave-washed strand—or where Niagara's deafening roar absorbs all minor sounds, by sight, by sound, through every sense, this important truth is taught—"In union there is strength." The same Almighty hand that holds the invisible atom in its tiny sphere, and this rock-ribbed earth propels—that marks the streamlet's devious course and curbs the surging seas—that decks the brow of night with a coronet of stars, and tints the clouds with hues inimitable—that wings the eagle for his upward flight, and spreads a leafy couch for the diving sparrow—that hurls the tyrant from his throne and drops the light of hope over the homes of the lowly—that ministers to our smallest wants while it spans the Universe—that same Almighty hand would bind, with Friendship's mystic link, ten thousand human hearts in one; and bid them, thus united, buoy each other up through affliction's chilly stream. Association is the secret of success, no less in correcting social evils than in construction an embankment. Every principle of philosophy illustrates this position. If we would repel an aggressive foe, we must concentrate our forces and act in concert; single-handed could only court defeat. Physical obstructions may be removed by the application of a superior power, and this principle admits of universal application. A piece of machinery may be wisely planned and neatly finished, but without sufficient momentum, will be found useless. Far up some dwindling stream, we might erect a costly building, on a beautiful location, and call it a mill, but if, for want of power, the principal object was unattained, we might as well call it a pigeon-house, or a monument of folly. *Power is essential!* We must descend the stream until we secure a body of water sufficient to drive the machinery.—[*The Token*.]

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