

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.

EXISTENCE OF THE DEITY.

A PHILOSOPHICAL ARGUMENT.

PART SECOND.

We will take our next inductions from the science of *ASTRONOMY*, which is only another name for sublimity itself.

For countless centuries, the stars, high and mysterious, had shone on in the blue vault of immensity; and ignorant man knew nothing of the nature of their movements—could not divine even what they were. But although knowledge may sleep, the eye of curiosity never closes while the heart of the human reckons one beat. And so the eager question was repeated in every age, and over all lands—"What do these lights mean?" But neither to Magian on the plains of Shinar, nor to the prince of philosophers in the "city of the violet crown," came forth any answer from the silent solitudes of the sky.

At length a little boy was born. His dark eye inherited some rays from the light of the stars, and flashed with wild meaning from his childhood; and as he grew up, he became a gazer at all things beautiful, and a questioner of all things dim. He saw all eyes turned to those "isles of light," that gem the seas of the upper firmament; and he heard all lips repeat the earnest inquiry—"What do these lights mean?" But he heard no whisper in reply. He looked at them with his naked eye, but the God's type of their far-off letters could not be read so far. He ruminated on the mystery day and night, and either waking or sleeping, he dreamed of the power of lenses; and then set about constructing glasses to read the riddle of the lofty stars. He succeeded; for there are no impossibilities to patient attention—there never was a bar unconquerable to the will that dares all things! And then for the first time the veil of Egyptian Isis was lifted up, and the secret of ages was out. The stony eyes of the Sphinx melted with tears of joy!

What a miracle is this of the telescope! Never a poet lived, but in his heart wished for pinions to soar and mingle with the stars. Lo! Here are the plumes. The telescope gives not the wings to us; but it ties them with lines of light to the stars, which thus fly down to us, and tell us all their hidden laws! Is there any thing in the golden dreams of fable—in all the tales of fairy enchantment, to be compared to this sublime result, evolved by mathematical reason?

Next came the great Kepler, and erected his triangular pyramid of the three laws, on the summit of which Newton stood, to fix forever the true theory of the universe.

Let us glance a moment at these laws.

1. All the planetary orbits are regular ellipses, in the lower focus of which the sun is placed.

Propose the problem to yonder intelligent school-boy. Tell him to trace, on the paper, with his pen, an elliptical curve, and dot the two foci. Can he do it? Come sage-sceptic, with all your boasted reason, can you do it yourself? The planets are masses of blind matter. Who then will dare assert, that such may trace, perpetually, for thousands of years, mathematical lines, with a regularity that no college professor can ever hope to equal?

2. The times occupied by any planet, in describing any given arcs of its orbit, are always as the areas of sectors, formed by straight lines drawn from the beginning and end of the arcs to the sun, as a center.

Let no one attempt the solution of this problem, in any specified case, unless he be a thorough mathematician. God solves it for all the planets.

3. But the third law of Kepler is still more astonishing. Hear! The squares of the periods of the planets' revolutions vary, as the cubes of their distance from the sun. What wonderful operations are these, to be the work of unthinking masses of matter! What music is this among the stars, to be sung by tongueless atoms!

Well might the inspired old man exclaim, "I have stolen the golden secret of the Egyptians. I triumph. I will indulge my sacred fury. I care not whether my work be read now, or by posterity. I can afford to wait a century for readers, when God himself has waited six thousand years for an observer!"

Some cold critics have called this insanity. The man must be insane to say so! I never perused the passage without tears. It is the language of reason and imagination, which at their sublimest depths are but one.

We will not speak of chances here. We may not even think of them, unless we might pilfer the algebra of the morning star!

PROMISCUOUS INDUCTIONS.

1. Some years ago it was keenly debated whether the sea was not receding and the dry land gaining ground; and the general opinion of scientific men leaned strongly in favor of such an hypothesis.

At length a Swedish astronomer struck out a novel method of settling the controversy. He cut down a large pine tree that grew at the water's edge on the Gulf of Bothnia, and on counting the concentric circles, found that it was five hundred years old; and consequently during all that time, the ocean must have remained stationary. This was decisive. And yet how wonderful the fact! Millions had lived and died; nations had flourished and fallen; genius had sung its flame-

songs, and love had breathed its burning sighs, and all had passed away :—and still the forest born grew on, buffeted by tempests, and chilled by freezing frosts, but nurtured also by genial summers, and fed on silver-singing rains, and listening to the bird-music in its branches, till half a millennium is gone ; and still all that time it hath kept an exact account of its age, never losing a single year, all noted in beautiful circles, amid the fine woof of its own fibers. It is so with every cone of wood in the wide world. And again we ask, can aught but reason trace circles or reckon the count of passing time ?

2. But let us select a last example. If anywhere we might suppose the absence of mathematical motion, we would expect to find it in those air-fiends that often desolate whole countries—the hurricanes of the tropics.

But modern science teaches us “that hurricanes are only whirlwinds on a larger scale. That they all have a regular axis of rotatory motion, which axis is itself progressive, like a planet in its orbit, tracing an elliptical or parabolic curve.” Sometimes the vortex of a storm covers an area of over five hundred square miles, and sweeps over distant seas, for hundreds of leagues ; but ever this dual motion is preserved. Aye,—beyond all question, the hand that launches the tornado, and girds its dark bosom with thunder, is the same that originally “weighed the hills in scales, and the mountains in a balance ;” and not poor, blind, and utterly impossible chance !

Thus it is plain, that all the motions in nature are mathematical.

But the sceptic may object.

The proposition is not proven. For although we may admit, that such a truth holds within the sphere of our actual observation, still what right have we to extend the predicate beyond the limits of that sphere ? What right can we show to carry it back into the everlasting ages of the eternity without a beginning, and down to the incalculable years of that time, which shall never end ? What right have we to break over the impassable limits of the sense of sight, and assert a law that we know only to appertain to a little segment of the circle of infinitude, of all the untrodden fields that may bloom with worlds, like flowers in the unexplored spaces, of which we behold but a twinkling point ?

We have stated the objection in its full force ; because it is much easier to answer than to state it.

We reply thus. All the forms of matter must be, of necessity, mathematical, simply because it is matter ; as all its motions must likewise be so, for the reason that matter is inert.

We ask the reader to peruse the second scholium to the nineteenth proposition of the fourth book of Legendre. He will there find, that all the figures possible in space, are resolvable into the triangle, and, of course, must be mathematical.

Then let him turn to Arnott's Elements, where it is demonstrated that all motion must be in a straight line, unless controlled by some interfering force, when it takes the direction of a curve. So all motion must be mathematical or not be at all.

The simple answer that demolishes the whole objection is this. We see nothing but mathematical harmony in all the motions that occur within our own sphere,—we can conceive of nothing but mathematical harmony in any other sphere. We see the unequivocal footsteps of a God within our sphere ;

and every fresh gush of light from the remotest suns, adds to the evidences that it is so everywhere else, in the wide universe. And this is enough. We are not called upon to roam over all space, and ascend the heights of all eternity, merely to answer a supposition destitute of even a shadow of proof, and verging close on the confines of absurdity ! If we have a God ourselves, that is sufficient, if we but pay him the proper adoration. We need not stop to inquire whether some little mote or molecule of sand does or does not gyrate without a God, somewhere in the vast void of immensity !

Now let us put together syllogistically the two separate propositions heretofore demonstrated, and note the logical result.

1. Nothing but mind can work mathematically.

2. All the motions of nature are strictly mathematical.

Then must it follow, as a conclusion utterly unassailable, that every effect in the universe, is produced by the immediate agency of mind.

To this, however, a plausible but false objection may be made. It was put against my argument last winter, by a distinguished pantheist of Boston.

It may be said, that although it be demonstrated, that matter can not geometrize, still we are not entitled thence to infer, that mind alone can ; since there may be other substances in space beside matter and mind. What right, the objector may say, have we to assume duality only, in substantial existence ? It is true, that we are acquainted within our own sphere with nothing but these. But our sphere is scarcely so much as an infinitesimal fraction of the whole universe. The entire concavity of the sky is a mere point, dotted in a space of inconceivable extent. The totality of our historical time, is not a second in that eternity without bounds, which expands both behind and before us. And how can we know but beyond this paltry sphere, there may exist millions of substances, that are neither material nor mental, but of an altogether different, nay, contradictory nature ? And even as to that, we are limited in our own fragmentary sphere, by the solid wall of impassable sensation, that shuts us up as in a cage or prison of iron bars, in this our little world of fleeting appearances. For aught we can say to the contrary, here where we now dream our philosophical reveries, perhaps no loftier than those the oyster excogitates in his shell ; yea, immediately here, in the very space occupied by this poor grain of earth, and yonder evanescent bubbles of air and sky, there may be now substances indefinite in number, the very opposite of matter and mind, and with which we have no sense fitted to converse ! To deny this, says the sophist, were as unreasonable as for the animalcula in the dew-drop, to assert that there is nothing but insects in the whole creation.

We can not forbear remarking, what a marvelous amount of credulity it implies, to put with a grave face such objections. The sceptic refuses to credit the existence of the God who made him, though the splendor of the divine attributes shines on the face of all nature brighter than the blaze of a myriad suns ; and yet he finds no difficulty at all in affirming the reality of innumerable beings, the impossible brood of a wild imagination, as devoid of all proof as the fables of Scottish fable—the veriest creatures of moonshine.

And yet even scientific men of eminent fame have entertained such vagaries, and gravely uttered them on the printed page. Dr. John Mason Good was absurd enough to give

the hypothesis a place in that strange medley of fact and fiction, so pompously denominated "The Book of Nature." I can not but attribute such crude inanities to the general neglect of logic, mathematics and true metaphysics among the moderns.

No person the least acquainted with logical analysis ever could have seriously started such an objection. It is founded on the sheerest ignorance of division. We showed, at an earlier stage of this inquiry, that the *abscisio infiniti* always exhausts the subject divided. Every thing in the whole compass of thought must be either a tree or not a tree. It is so with matter and mind. We define mind, that which possesses reason; and we define matter, that which doth not so possess reason. And it is evident to a school-boy, that every object that ever was, or will be, or possibly can be, must either possess reason or not possess it. He who fails to see this distinction may rest assured, that whatever may be his talents, the faculty of logical investigation is not to him an attainable accomplishment.

For surely, unless reason itself be a dream, and insanity the only wisdom, every substance must be either active or passive, have intelligence and volition, or not. And, therefore, matter and mind are two logical categories that encompass all thought and exhaust all nature. We demonstrate, then, 1. That matter is passive, and consequently can not be supposed to originate its motions. 2. That no effect in nature can possibly occur without motion. We must, therefore, seek for causal force in the other category of universal substance, or nowhere. We find it in mind; and this is confirmed by our own inner consciousness, which assures us by the exercise of our voluntary activity, that the mind within us can and does produce motion, and cause effects as astonishing as they are beautiful. We next demonstrate that nothing but the reason, which perceives its own operations, can possibly work mathematically. And then we show by inductions, as wide as the generalizations of science, that all natural motions are mathematical. Hence, they must be produced by a cause possessing reason. And the calculation of chances proves most conclusively that to deny this, is an absurdity a thousand times worse than the ravings of utter madness.

As to all that exuberant sophistry about the impossibility of predicating any thing out of our own actual sphere, we may observe that it is but a common trick of sceptics when driven from the field of fair argument. They assume a feigned humility, meeker than the most pious believers. Creation becomes a mere point, and life the flutter of a leaf in the sunbeam. They claim affinity with the blind worm and droning beetle, and can do nothing but shiver with awe at the immensity above and beyond them. They ape all the ignorance of the child, without any of its trusting confidence. Its ardent, innocent love, or its eager, soaring hope.

We admit the grandeur of eternity—we wonder at the infinitude of space; and we freely confess our own littleness when compared, not with those mighty masses of moving matter that wheel on high over our heads, but with that Omnipotent Being who guides them in their courses.

For although our life is as grass, and our globe but a dot on the map of the universe, we have thought that wanders throughout eternity, and "before creation peopled earth," even now "rolls through chaos back;" and with a glance dilates o'er all to be in the vast fields of futurity, and climbs

with winged feet the golden ladder of all the stars. Nothing material can do that—not the beam of light, shot from equatorial suns—not the lightning, which darts from heaven to earth in a moment. May we not assert, that although we be as nothing in the presence of that God "who wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds," yet one human soul of the countless millions of our species, is superior to all the worlds that God ever made or can make? It inherits the divine attribute of reason. They never knew the sublime "geometry of their own evolutions!"

But it is utterly untrue, that we can predicate nothing beyond the sphere of our own sensation. That is one of the follies of exploded materialism. Do we not know that every where a triangle must have three and only three angles? Can we not affirm this truth as certainly of the space a million leagues beyond the orb of solar day, beyond the farthest star that twinkles in blue ether, as of the little figure on the paper but six inches from our eyes? Must not the radii of every circle in the universe be equal? Is not the whole everywhere greater than any of its parts? Can there be any phenomenon without a cause?—in any, the wildest of the wildernesses?—in any, the remotest cycle of eternity? Can love be a crime, or murder virtue, in any conceivable sphere of existence? Can truth become a lie for any being to whom atheism is not reason? All spheres alike belong to the soul, when it puts on its beautiful wings, and goes forth through the open door of universal faith to universal triumph. Then the stars beckon it to their bosom, and legions of angels fly down to meet it. Then it becomes a note in the eternal anthem of sphere-melodies that hymn the universal Father; and in affirming God, it conquers even death, and is already one of the immortals!

But again, it may be objected, that although no mass of matter can be supposed to move itself, yet two masses or elements, when brought sufficiently near, may move each other.

But this is too shallow for a serious answer. For how shall the given masses or elements, or separate atoms, be ever brought near, without first of all moving? And what cause may move them? Not other matter, for that would be to shift the difficulty without solving it. Such are all the arguments of atheism—fallacies that are their own refutation—quibbles that a modest monkey, were it gifted with speech, would blush to utter!

Another and very common objection of scientific sceptics may be expressed thus: It is true, say they, that we are irresistibly forced by our intellectual constitution to affirm a cause for this vast-flowing stream of phenomenal events that together constitute the universe. But we find that cause in nature; it is nature which does all this. She builds up and tears down her own systems. She evolves at once the life and the death which are but two different phases of one and the same fact, or as the opposite sections of an arc, where the universe plays as a pendulum betwixt birth and dissolution.

See how easy it is to use words without meaning. The shadows of language do not embarrass each other—do not impinge, so to speak, at all, when they have lost the substance of ideas that gave them soul.

Let us ask the objector—tell us seriously, what do you mean by the term Nature? Is it a reality, or only a relation? Hath it a substance? and if so, that substance, as we have seen, must be either matter or mind—must possess reason or not. And if it be without reason, how doth its mim-

icry of the attribute so far transcend all known originals? The difficulty loses nothing of its force by predicating nature as the cause of any conceivable operation. The question still comes up, whence this exquisite harmony which intellect alone could order? That will not down at the bidding of a lifeless word—that will not be solved by the art of a juggler that merely shifts his penny covertly from one hand to the other.

All men of sense now agree that nature is but a general term—a mere abstraction. It means but the totality of phenomena that constitute the universe. It is the very order which it is used by the sophist to account for—nothing more. It is an ideal exponent, a symbol in the mind's algebraic notation for all the motions of the universal whole. It does not and can not give the unknown X which lies beneath them.

It is the same with the phrase, "laws of nature." No philosopher, since the publication of Bacon's *Organon*, has regarded these as anything other than the very facts themselves generalized. They are merely classifications of observed phenomena. How ridiculously absurd is it then, to use the word law to account for the facts that constitute the law, and without which it were not. It is a law of nature that the sun rises in the morning. But that is nothing more than a general assertion of the particular fact; and to say the fact is so because it is a law of nature, is precisely equivalent to the identical proposition, "the sun rises because the sun rises!"

Nor is the case at all different, if we use the word *property* instead of the word law. For recollect, that matter and mind are the only two substances possible, even in imagination. And when you affirm that a certain property in one body causes motion in another, before you look wise and raise a shout of gratulation at the fancied success of your own ingenuity, pause a moment, and ask yourself the short, simple question—what is property? Is it matter, or is it mind? Is it an entity, or an abstraction? Has it color and form, or hands and feet? Has it consciousness and a will? And above all—for that will touch, as with a ray of electrical light, the secret heart of the matter—be sure and ask, "has the given or supposed property reason, and does it understand mathematics?"

But we feel that on this part of our argument among these sceptical objections, we have wandered far from the sunlight of the common earth and air, into a dim world of empty abstractions. A cold wind breathes in our faces, like "the difficult air of the iced mountain tops, where the birds dare not build, nor insect's wing flits o'er herbless granite," or rather like the stifling vapors of sepulchral vaults, where shadows come and go, as in a dance of mocking wild-fires. Never mind; let us proceed. The children of the mist will vanish before the torch of Reason, and the firmest pillars of the capital of atheism melt away into mere negation.

I will now state an objection to the mathematical argument, urged in a private conversation, by an eminent atheistical writer of Boston, during a recent visit to New-England.

He said—"it is true I can not pretend to answer your demonstration by laying my finger on a palpable logical law in the reasoning. But I can do more. I can show that it must be false, since it contradicts the evidence of the senses. You undertake to prove that one body can not move another. Every man's eyes behold the contrary. Yonder is a barrel of gunpowder. Let a spark fall on its surface, and the whole

detonates instantaneously, with a deafening explosion, producing light, heat and sound."

To this we reply, that in such cases as these, and all others of sensible motion, our eyes truly see nothing but the visible phenomena. We behold the appearance, not the power which produced it. The surface is plain enough to view; the solid center eludes our vision. Yet we know there is a producing power—we believe with absolute certainty in a center. We can not help doing so, unless we would turn maniacs. The veriest atheist does the same. Ask him what causes the gunpowder to deflagrate on the application of a spark of fire? He will not answer, unless in the last stage of lunacy—"there is no cause for it, in good sooth." That would be too much for even an atheist of the modern Athens. He will respond, "there is a secret property in the spark to ignite the powder, and therefore, it must be ignited;" and then to one he will launch boldly out into a learned dissertation concerning the chemical composition of the powder, and the hidden qualities of fire, showing with consummate ingenuity, how well suited they are to be joined in wedlock—how much they desire to be married, and what a flame-progeny they must necessarily beget between them! Now ask him what is that secret property in the spark, which evolves such results? He will surely respond—"it is the unknown cause, which has the power of production." One more question and the problem is solved. Is that property or cause matter or mind? Doth it know what it doeth? Hath it a will to originate motion? Can it move itself? And so still on and forever, there can be but one solution for the universal enigma, and that alone is afforded in the infinite reason. We can never hope to meet with action, save in that which is essentially active. The purely passive can not furnish it.

But finally, as a last resort, the sceptic flies in a sudden panic, as it were, from his own objections, and takes refuge in blasphemy. "If there be a God," says he, in the maddened language of Shelley, "that God must be the author of all evil; and such a proposition is more revolting than the worst forms of atheism. I would rather," he continues to urge, "credit any absurdity, or commit any conceivable folly, than acknowledge a creed like that. Can we suppose that a God of infinite reason and unlimited power, would voluntarily create such a universe as this? Would he give life to beings, only to confer an acquaintance with its exquisite sweetness, and then almost instantly take it away? Would he plant in quivering hearts, not only those burning tortures, which are of the very essence of hate, but those arrowy stings that follow the rosy feet of gliding love also? Tell me that God made some other world, where perfection is the order of nature, and I may, perhaps, believe you. But ask me not to admit a divine origin for such a desolate sphere as this. Somewhere else, for aught I know or care, there may be harmony. Here I behold nothing but sin and disorder. Pestilence and famine—volcanoes and devouring war—tempest and earthquake alone reign around us. A wild, wailing howl of agony resounds throughout all lands; and even brute instinct echoes the appalling cry of the human. Vanity is written in fire-letters of ruin, even on yon starry azure, where pale suns burst in shivered bubbles, and vanish away. Urge not that a Deity dug, in void space, this universal sepulcher, haunted alone by the ghosts of mourners, by the incalculable millions. Say that it is the work of some dreadful demon, and I may entertain the proposition!"

Such blasphemies are horrible to hear. What sort of a heart must he own, who dares give them utterance? I confess, with sorrow, I have no charity for the atheist, who attempts the propagation of such opinions. I can listen to any other creed with patience. I can bear with the poor Pagan, who honestly bows the knee to his idol, painted with blood, though it be. I can sympathize with the Polytheist, who beholds a separate god in every object of beauty, and of wonder. I recognize a brother man struggling through the deep gloom of superstition, striving to reach the light. But I recoil instinctively from the chill breath of an atheist. I realize the fearful presence of some dark spirit of a different order. My heart shudders at the glare of his eye, and I shrink from contact with the white foam on his lips, as if it were the juice of hemlock!

But let us trace the objection seriously, according to the strictest rules of logic.

We remark, in the first place, that it is not an objection to the argument as such, but a mere truculent tirade against the conclusion established. And even as to this, it is wholly irrelevant. It lies, if it be of any worth at all, not against the being, but the attributes of the Deity. The presence of evil may, or may not, furnish a valid reason for pronouncing as to the moral character of a power. It certainly does not touch the question of existence at a single point whatsoever. The dullest intellect must perceive this at once, without illustration, on the bare statement. The problem of the origin of evil has positively nothing to do with the proposition, that God is. It belongs to a very different category, the inquiry as to whether God is good.

The problem of evil has been professedly solved in many opposite ways. Every creed presents its own solution. Free will, predestination, optimism, the fall of man, transitive progress, and several minor theories, are so many methods of explanation. We shall not presume to attempt an account of it. Such a tentative, however ingenious, can at best be but pure hypothesis. Nay, it is demonstrably insolvable without a direct revelation from heaven; and for the obvious reason, that the existence of evil is a contingent, not a necessary truth, in the metaphysical sense. It is not based upon any principle of eternal reason, from which it may be deduced, and expressed in analytical formulas. It is, on the contrary, a fact of experience, the origin of which can only be comprehended by actual or historical survey. But when, or where, or how it originated, who shall declare? The true question, embodying the whole difficulty, is this—"Why did the Deity purpose to permit it?" or to cause it, if the wording suit you better? And this, beyond all controversy, no one in the universe, not the oldest seraph of knowledge, can possibly tell, unless the Deity see fit to reveal it to the creature.

For this cause, all metaphysical solutions of the origin of evil must ever continue to be mere hypotheses, and as such, founded on very meager data. We have not framed such; we have essayed to do better—to demonstrate their insufficiency, and unfold the reasons why they are so. But with this frank admission to back it, the objection, even as to the divine attributes, remains as futile as ever.

We can not judge of the moral character of the Deity, from one manifestation of his power alone, unless we are thoroughly familiar with the whole compass of its design. The act reveals the attribute only in connection with the purpose that put forth the act. This is evidently true of even a finite fel-

low-creature. Suppose that the history of some ancient nation simply informs us that "Zanoni killed Uelika," and informs us nothing more. Can we, therefore, pronounce with unerring, or even probable certainty, that Zanoni must have been a bad man? Assuredly not, unless we know also, in addition to the fact, the cause and motive of the killing. Uelika may have been a traitor to his country, and Zanoni put him to death, as a minister of the law. The slaying may have been in self-defence, or in open and honorable war. Nay, on some glorious field of victory, where the heroic patriot fought for the redemption of his race, and to protect the hearth of his home, and the wife and children of his bosom. It may have been, for anything we can allege to the contrary, an act of the loftiest virtue, rather than one of the lowest criminality, or indeed of any guilt at all. Thus we reason in relation to our finite fellow-men. Wherefore, then, apply a totally different sort of ratiocination to the ways and purposes of the infinite Father?

He may have permitted evil as a condition of the greatest good. He may have suffered it in order to the necessary display of that wondrous mercy, which could be revealed alone through its partial or general prevalence. Nay, he may have ordained it, in order to enhance our everlasting happiness hereafter. The shooting pang of this fleeting moment of life may form the point of comparison, by which to reckon the raptures of a whole eternity. In fine, a thousand suppositions may be conceived to avoid the follies of atheism and the sins of blasphemy. Doth the sceptic get rid of evil, by denying God? On the contrary, he affirms its endless perpetuity—the utter impossibility of its termination. He does not circumscribe its boundaries—he cures not one pain in the bleeding bosom of humanity; but he extends the grizzly terror into all other spheres of existence; since, what blind matter, and crude, unconscious force has accomplished here, it must accomplish everywhere and forever!

But the shuddering horror we experience at the bare idea of God's willing evil, for its own sake, is proof positive of the divine benevolence, which has thus constituted our inner nature, to love virtue and abominate vice, even were such vice possible, in Deity himself!

Besides, we behold innumerable evidences of Infinite goodness around us. In the boundless beauty, that ever lives from age to age on the earth below, and in the splendors of the firmament above us, we see and feel it. We behold it in the ecstasies of youthful love, in the serene joys of friendship—in the cherished sympathies and endearing recollections of sweet home. It bubbles up even in the gratifications of sense, and mingles with the coarse luxuries of animal instinct. We hear it in the songs of birds, and the evening hum of the bee-hive. Sickness adds a new zest to convalescence. Never is the light of heaven so enchanting as after a night of cloud and tempest. And even the grave itself is sometimes sought after by philosophy as well as religion, as a not unwelcome bed of repose. It is only the sin that has wrought its own keenest sufferings, which throws such gloomy colors on the features of nature. The little innocent children, and all true poets, as well as enlightened Christians, and the great mass of mankind, love this same nature so well, that they are very loth to bid her farewell, even for the revealed bliss of life everlasting!

We will notice only one more objection, and speedily bring our argument to a close. It is not an atheistical objection,

but one that will doubtless be made by many intelligent and pious Christians, to one idea expressed in our conclusion, and demonstrated, as we can not but deem most fully, in our whole course of reasoning. That idea is the immediate ever-present agency of the Deity in all the phenomena of nature. One class of writers on natural theology view the universe of worlds as a grand machine, that was, to be sure, originally put together by the divine hand and set in motion, since which time it continues to run of its own accord, like other mechanical constructions of a similar kind, though under the general superintendence and control of Providence.

Such is the mechanical conception of the universe, as opposed to the dynamic or atheistical. It allows the presence and agency of God: 1. At the period of creation; and 2. His occasional intervention at the periods of miracles. It allows, too, his general supervision to keep the machine of nature from falling into pieces. But it denies altogether that every phenomenal evolution of matter—every motion produced, either in molecules or masses, is the immediate effect of a present volition of the Divine mind.

This conception prevails to a considerable extent among scientific men; and is embraced, perhaps, by at least one-half of the Christian world.

We have no doubt, that the almost material, certainly sensual philosophy of Locke, contributed mainly to this result in the first instance—a result still farther strengthened by the strictly mechanical argument, presented with such admirable clearness in Paley's *Natural Theology*. The exceedingly eloquent writings of the late lamented Dr. Chalmers, also aided the advance of this general tendency.

We are compelled to regard the prevalence of such an opinion as injurious, though not designedly so, to the general interests of religion and science both; while we must feel that it strips nature of her most highly poetic ornaments, and reduces her most gorgeous works to the condition of mere lifeless contrivances. We have no sympathy whatever for "celestial mechanics." Indeed, it seems to us, that the word is a strange misnomer, when applied to the magnificent creations of the Deity, either on the earth or in the sky. To render this evident, let us consider the meaning of the term when used in reference to the works of human art.

In such structures, we do not create any new material, nor any new force. We simply apply the old to new purposes, by giving them a new direction. It is a settled law in mechanics, that no arrangement of parts can possibly, under any combination of circumstances, add one particle of power to the original stock of nature. The screw, the lever, the wheel and axle, always lose in time exactly what they gain in intensity. And thus it is true, beyond all controversy, that the mightiest art of man can neither create a single new atom of matter, or add to the universe one iota of active force. It merely plans special collocations of parts, and adapts them to the action of existing forces. Thus it prepares the water-wheel, and places it in the running stream, where the revolutions are performed by an ever-present power. Thus is human mechanics an arrangement of means, where the human intellect coöperates with the uniform motions perpetually evolved by the divine volition.

Now, we may be permitted to inquire, in what sense can the Deity be said to fabricate such contrivances? He is the direct Creator, not only of the matter and collocations, but of all the forces whatsoever. He can not possibly, then, adapt

arrangements of means to the action of preëxisting forces, which is the sole meaning of the word mechanics with us. Thus is the conception of a mechanical Deity as false in theory, as it is, in our humble opinion, degrading to the proper idea of God, which is that of an infinite free activity, the cause of all conceivable effects which are not the voluntary products of the finite activities created and preserved by him.

The mechanical argument is also defective as a mere piece of reasoning, for—

1. A machine doth unquestionably prove a machine-builder, if it be granted that the given structure be indeed a machine, and that it was actually created. But deny this—deny that a given apparatus ever began to be at all, and until the fact of its beginning be proven, the argument opens a hiatus, that no extent of ingenuity can possibly bridge over.

This is the first and radical defect in the reasoning of Paley. It is based on the postulate, (not proven or attempted to be proven, in his treatise,) of an actual historical creation. The moment the question comes up—"But what if this earth and yonder heavens be from eternity?" the argument of Paley can furnish no answer, but silently crumbles into pieces. Atheists never were logicians, and they have, therefore, all failed to notice this ruinous flaw in Paley's *Treatise*. The piercing sagacity of Dr. Chalmers detected its existence, and he essayed to supply the *desideratum* by considerations deduced from the facts of geology. It might, perhaps, be difficult to say whether he did or did not partially succeed. One response, however, to all his eloquent dissertation, renders it utterly impotent to work conviction in a thoroughly logical mind—that if *present* physical powers can *now* form the individual organized vegetable or animal, the presumption is strong that *past* physical powers may primarily have created the genus and the species. To this there can be no answer.

2. But in the second place, an equally fatal defect in the argument of Paley is, that it affords no shadow of even presumptive proof, of the present existence of God at all! His favorite example of the watch demonstrates this so clearly, that we need refer to no other.

No watch ever constructed by the art of man can possibly furnish the slightest proof of the present existence of its maker. It may continue to keep the record of passing time with the most admirable regularity and precision long after the hand that wrought and arranged its springs and wheels had mouldered into dust. He may have ceased to be for a day, a year, or a millennium of ages, and it still beat on, ticking its metallic teeth, but telling no news of him who first polished them, nor of the very fingers that wound up its slender chain but yesterday. May it not be so with the world, with all worlds, on the mechanical hypothesis? God may have exhausted his power in the creation, for aught a cold machine may say to the contrary. He may have ceased to exist six thousand years ago; nay, the very moment he rested from his labors, and we be none the more apprised of the fact by the utterance of all mechanical suns and systems which, as to this point, are dumb as the coarsest clods of inorganic matter.

Nothing can prove *present* power but *present* motion, or the unequivocal signs of its *present* being.

But no such objections hold as to the mathematical and rational argument, of which we have presented the brief outlines in the foregoing pages. It appeals only to the past, as witnessed in grand hieroglyphics, seen at the present hour, sculptured on the limestone of the mountains, and engraven

in the soft wood of every tree in the forest, and written among the silken corals of all the flowers of the fields.

For the most part, our argument appeals to present motions—the sublime evolutions that are each moment being manifested before our eyes. It points to the past, and proves that a God was. It turns to the present, and demonstrates that He is now. It calls to mind the eternal uniformity of nature, and infers with indubitable certainty, that he will continue to be forever. It leaves no *desideratum* to be wished for by its friends, and no weakness assailable by its foes. By its application of the doctrine of chances to the mathematical equations which nature presents in ever recurring series, this argument renders the creed of atheism impossible, without actual insanity.

And viewed in this radiant light, how wonderfully luminous and beautiful doth the face of the universe become!—We behold the Deity enthroned in splendor everywhere, and on all things alike. We see his love-smile on the petals of flowers and the wings of birds, as well as in the brightness of the sky and deep azure of the ocean. We hear his voice in the octaves of all our music, pealing in the deep bass of our Sabbath organs, out-preaching all our priests, and tolling the bell of thunder, hung in clouds that float higher than the Andes. He weaves the fibers of the oak—he twines the gleaming threads of the rainbow—he vibrates the pendulous sea-waves—he calls to prayer from the heart of the storm. But sweeter, O sweeter far than all, soft and clear, and without ceasing in our own souls, for ourselves, and those whom we are permitted to love as dearly as ourselves, he whispers infinite hope and life-everlasting!

All this follows from the admission of the immediate and universal agency and providence of God throughout all the realms of nature. Despair can fling no dark shadow on the soul in the presence of that sunshine which gilds all things. There is no room for doubt when faith fills immensity. Atoms and worlds alike become transfigured in the new and cryptic light, which beams out as from beneath a transparent veil, in objects the most insignificant—in scenes the most unpoetic. Even the cold eyes of death ray ineffable effulgence, like stars rising upward to their zenith. Pale fear, appalled at his own shadow, flies over the confines of creation, and leaves all hearts alone with love and joy. We know that we can not be lost out of the bosom of God. For the root of the soul is in God, and therefore can not die. The iron chain of necessity releases its coil around the world, and its clanking links of dark circumstance melt away in receding mists, as in the presence of a sun shivered into spangles of glory. The tears of sorrow turn on the faded cheek of the mourner into priceless pearls; and prayer and praise breathe out among blooming roses on white lips quivering with agony. The old, familiar faces of the “long, long ago”—the loved, the lost—aye, the long lost, but never forgotten, are around us once more.

“Their smile in the starlight doth wander by—
Their breath is near in the wind's low sigh”—

In music's divinest tone. The endless ages are crowded into a luminous point. There is no past or future. The faith that asserts God, proclaims all things present to the soul. We repose on the bosom of our Father with a confidence nothing can shake. Friends may grow cold and change around us; enemies may band together for our destruction; lovers may fly away and leave us, like sunny birds when the

cloud lowers, and the voice of thunder is heard remote. But we have one immortal friend who stands between us and all foes, encircling our souls in his arms of everlasting love.

For shall not he who preserves and blesses, and beautifies all things, take good care of all these, his human children, especially created in his own image of power, wisdom and love? He paints the wings of the little butterfly. He gilds the crimson flower-cups, where the tiny insect sips honey-dew at morn. He launches every beam of light. He adds plumes to every wandering zephyr. Every sparrow that falls from its leafy bough with a chill-pain in its dying heart, falls to sleep on his kindly breast. Never a grain of sand, nor a drop of dew, nor a glimmer of light, has been lost out of his embrace of infinite tenderness since the beginning of time, nor will be while eternity rolls on. Shall he then lose me? Can I lose myself?

Then “will I trust him though he slay me.” On the summit of this exalted faith, which is certainty, I rest secure. Nothing can move me more. The sensuous world has vanished from beneath my feet. I live already in the Spirit-land. The immortal dead are around me. I hear them holding high converse in the translucent clouds. It is no night-vision, although brighter than all dreams. I am become a king, for I am now a son and heir of the universal empire. My throne stands on a pyramid of mathematical principles as old as God himself. I have ascended a demonstration that carries me into the heavens. I have bid adieu to fear. What is there to harm me in the presence of my Almighty Father in a universe of brethren? There can be nothing more to desire. Other want is impossible. I have found God, who owneth all.

Here, then, will I take my repose. The vessel in which I am embarked may drift whithersoever it will on this immeasurable sea of being. It may run riot on the giddy waves; lightning and tempest may rend every sail, and leave its masts bare. Impenetrable storms may hide every load-star in heaven; the angry spirit of the waters may shriek till the whole world is deaf. What care I? Let the storm howl on! God guides it. And on whatsoever shore the wreck is thrown at last, He is sure to be there with all my loves and hopes around him; and wherever He is, there is the open gate of heaven; for there is the everlasting love, which is heaven!

Human Nature.

Those who croak of the badness of human nature forget that they are decrying the highest work of creative power. They remind us of the boy that curses the chestnut, because he does not know how to get the fruit without lacerating his fingers with the burr. Human nature, if addressed in the spirit of humanity, rarely fails to respond in tones of harmony and relative goodness. But if man assumes the cold austerity of the lower feelings, unmixed with any of the milk of human kindness, it is not strange that the tiger should be aroused; that the burr which covers good fruit should be unwelcome to such unskillful fingers. When it is remembered that man is a compound being, made up of moral feelings and intellectual faculties, as well as animal impulses, and that these powers, by due training and education from infancy onward, such training as every human being has a right to claim from society, and as nature indicates by giving parental love, the race would present ten thousand times less vice than at present, and reclaim the bad reputation of “poor human nature.”

THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

R. P. AMBLER, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, FEBRUARY 26, 1853.

PHILOSOPHY OF PRODUCING AND CONTROLLING
THE FALL OF RAIN.

NUMBER ONE.

Dear Sir—About eighteen months ago, I wrote and delivered a discourse on "the human mind considered as a motive power!"—treating of the past and prospective achievements of human Intelligence in the domain of the physical world; and was then impressed, without understanding the full import of the statement, of the remotest possibility of its ultimate realization by man, to employ the following apparently extravagant language:

"The mission of Mind, as a *motive power*, is to subdue and adorn the Soil; exterminate all unwholesome developments in the vegetable and animal worlds; and to transform extensive plains, now non-productive and useless, into gardens of health and comfort. By the magic of MIND, rough places will be made smooth, the crooked straight, the wilderness to blossom as the rose; and the cold, damp, pestilential winds which now sweep over the earth—spreading consumption and negative diseases in every direction—will ultimately be changed into a *healing influence*, calm as the evening zephyr breathing over the gardenized fields and vineyards of the land, fraught with sweet perfumes. * * * *Man will yet learn how to create and preserve an equilibrium between earth and atmosphere.* The hot deserts of Arabia, now mere seas of sand and desolation, will yet appear, under the well-directed mechanical treatment and scientific skill of man, as beautiful, productive, and habitable as the undulating valleys of Italy. He will be enabled to *instigate, control and direct the fall of rain over such portions of land as need moisture*—elevating, thus, much parsimonious soil to the height of richness and abundance, and to the bringing forth of pure productions. He will spread civilization over the dominion of the heathen. He will convert the darkest forests into gardens of beauty; the disagreeable vegetables and animal forms, which now disfigure the face of nature, will be overcome and banished; and the lion and the lamb will lie down together in peace. *The lightning that now performs the duties of a courier*, and which sometimes still ventures to go off on private excursions, declaring itself at times independent of man's pursuit and power, will yet be the means, the chief agent, (under man's direction,) of conducting away from unhealthy localities, the pestilential miasm which generates disease and debility among mankind. And meanwhile, in its concentric gyrations through the broad tracery of conductors in the air, the lightning will emit the most sweet æolian music which the mind can possibly imagine."

This statement or prophecy, or whatever else you desire to term it, may be found on page 19 of the *Seer*, vol. III Harmonia.

I am sensible of the fact, Mr. Editor, that the foregoing description of the future accomplishments of Mind

in the fields of matter and among the elements of nature, will appear to a certain class of minds as imaginative and hyperbolic in the extreme. The man of superficial information, derived mainly from newspaper paragraphs and elementary books on natural philosophy, will exclaim; "what nonsense to suppose that insignificant man can so manage the laws of nature as to cause rain to fall, or prevent it from descending just as he pleases!"

Another, less informed, with a hereditary confidence in the exclusive safety and sanctity of the "good old days of Adam and Eve," when trees grew just as the Lord had ordained, when the lightnings were free from the audacious interpositions of Dr. Franklin, and the rain descended through the will of God and the instrumentality of prayer, in view of the present proposition exclaims: "what a blasphemous attempt to interfere with the ways of Providence! How can the rain fall 'upon the just and unjust,' if science be allowed, in the hands of wicked men, to control the phenomena of the atmosphere?" A person who could imagine an objection of this sort, certainly must be closely related to that sectarian party which opposed the introduction of Vaccination as a preventive or palliative of the terrible symptoms and consequences of Small Pox—opposed it on the ground of conscientiousness and veneration; that it was an attempt to escape the punishments or mitigate the sufferings, which the Lord, in his Providence, and jurisdiction saw proper to inflict upon the children of men!

Then again, there are persons, who having large hope and great faith in the developments of the future, yet conscious of many disappointments proceeding from sources where they anticipated certain success, will exclaim: "we much desire such a wedding between the earth and air, but we fear the project will prove impracticable, and altogether too good to be true!"

But for the present, Mr. Editor, I propose to notice no further the objections which may arise in certain minds, and proceed to lay before your readers the additional information I have received, by recent interior investigation, concerning the possibility and practicability of controlling the causes of Rain, and modifying storms, by an application of scientific principles already well ascertained.

Analytical research and synthetic knowledge, superceding the present almost universal ignorance of geography, meteorology, and the subtler sciences, develop means for the melioration of the human condition, and create desires for better things obtainable. Starvation, drudgery, servitude, want, and the fear of want and disease, will become ridiculous evils and intolerable accidents of existence. There is now a stock of practical scientific knowledge accumulated, the fruit of many ages, much of which remains unapplied, but which, in this age of newspapers, no longer

can be withheld from the nations of the earth. The ideas of dark ages are superceded now by intuition and knowledge based on experiences. And now, since man has already accomplished so much among the elements of nature, it is no longer safe to say, *out and out*, that anything is *impossible* which appears contrary to the so-called established theories of theologians or scientific men. And as Sir Isaac Newton received his first suggestion, perhaps *lesson*, on gravitational science from a humble source, so it is possible that modern savans may obtain light on some questions of philosophy from authorities not labelled "orthodox," or regarded as worthy of candid and serious attention. But I must away to the subject of my present impressions.

Man is the Master of the Globe. From hence we affirm that he is also the master of its so-called imponderable fluids, of its atmospheric phenomena, and master of all the diversified and multitudinous effects growing out of them. Humboldt, Hutton and others, have remarked upon the modifying influence exerted upon seasons, temperatures and climates, by hills, trees and mountains, water, inhabitants, and the cultivation of the soil. "How can man," says a writer, "who pretends to disarm the thunder cloud by means of a few metallic points fixed to his houses, refuse to admit the influence exerted upon tempests by the myriad points offered by the forests with which he covers his mountains and hills?" An eastern philosopher says:—"Persistence in a unitary cultivation of the globe will result in a regulation of the seasons, so as that they shall always be most favorable for vegetation and the development of human happiness." He even goes farther, and thinks that by perseverance in this method, "man will ultimately succeed in reducing the ices which defend the polar regions, and conquer those extreme parts of his legitimate domain, inasmuch as the Deity could not have created them for the single and cruel purpose of causing disasters and shipwrecks." So you will observe, Mr. Editor, that I am not alone in the faith that man may control the circulations and phenomena of the air.

An ignorant villager who considers his native place the center of creation, and a fair illustration of all the countries of the world, having never reflected upon the causes of rain, or upon the laws of nature which regulate temperature, the seasons, and vegetation, will not be apt to *believe* anything in the practicability of a plan apparently so stupendous. But the mind of general information knows that we have but to examine the elevation of a country, its locality, its latitude, its geology and extent, in strict reference to the level of the ocean, (the deepest surface on the globe,) in order to obtain a full knowledge of the climate of that country, and of what kind of vegetation and animal life it is capable of yielding for the use of man. It has been ascertained and clearly enough estimated, by Alexan-

der Humboldt, that one acre of land in the tropical climate may be made to yield as much as *fifty* acres in any part of Europe. Of course all this is more or less connected with the phenomena of the atmosphere. The countries of Peru, which extend along the western declivities of the Cordilleras, are, all the year, teeming with a luxurient vegetation of many varieties. Why is this? Because the Sun, and the Earth's own electricities there, prevent the descent of heavy rains, and even the appearance of clouds, but cause instead the falling of *dews* over the extensive fields. And I think that Art, which is but Nature, can produce similar results in all climates and countries of the world. At least, so am I, at this present moment impressed to affirm openly.

Science, marching slowly but surely onward, from observation to observation, from analysis to synthesis, has already discerned certain fragments of these great possible things, and will doubtless do so more perfectly hereafter. But all that science can now do, or all that the sponsors of science can now say is that all efforts to control climate must prove non-availing, since the constitution of the atmosphere is affected, its equilibrium destroyed, evaporation takes place, and rain descends, principally from causes exterior to the earth and to its magnetic currents.

Very well; this I understand. The celestial bodies, chiefly the Sun and Moon, extemporize an attraction which affects our atmosphere periodically, with different degrees of intensity, according to the relative position of the Earth to them. Furthermore I understand, that, among those *exterior* causes may very properly be noticed the revolution of the Earth upon its axis. From this cause we may look for an adequate explanation of the so called "trade-winds," and similar currents of atmosphere. Of course, the celestial bodies, the Sun and Moon especially, conspire to produce upon Earth these phenomena. The equilibriums of our atmosphere are, by these general causes, frequently disturbed—giving rise to winds, tempests, hurricanes, storms of rain, &c., causing often great calamities to befall man from an *excess* of water and wind, in some localities and seasons, while in others, the people and flocks and vegetation are suffering from an absence or *deficiency* of the same identical elements.

Now Mr. Editor, it seems to me that the equal welfare and proper development of humanity require a little closer approach to a kind of republicanism or "democracy" among the elements and electro-magnetic circulations of the upper air! How seems it to you?

Do I hear you reply, that "Divine wisdom has made these things as perfect as they can possibly be?" I answer "agreed," considering that Man is lord of creation, of the soil, of the animal kingdom, &c. But let me ask—Did the Deity do anything for man, which man can,

by social progress and intellectual development, accomplish for himself? Far from it. Man is all activity; and he has a world to act upon! By acting upon it in a systematic, scientific and unitary manner, he will, if he learns to act in perfect harmony with the immutable laws of nature, prevent all excesses either in wind or water—prevent all irregularities in the atmosphere, all perturbations in the electro-magnetic currents of the globe, all sudden changes of temperature—hence, all pestilence, hurricanes, chronic or fever diseases, and most of all the calamities to which mankind is now subjected, both on sea and land.

Those things which man is not organized to do for himself—please observe Mr. Editor—were all accomplished with unexceptionable particularity and rectitude prior to his existence. While those things which he *can do* are left apparently unfinished and every way incomplete. For instance: man can not make or develop planets, hence they are made for him. But houses and ships, which he *can make*, are consequently left for him to construct. Man could not have arranged the different orbs of heaven in their positions, nor given to them their definite proportions of number and measure, nor the beautifully harmonious motions which they possess and exhibit—hence, these things were *perfectly* unfolded before man breathed the breath of life.

But observe: while everything in the earth and in the heavens is characterized by a regularity of movement and harmony of condition, there are other things which appear (as they are) unfinished and susceptible to immense improvements, viz: *man*, the *lower kingdoms*, the *surface* of the earth, and the *atmosphere* which envelops it. This is the lesson I learn from the contemplation of these things, and my conclusions, derived therefrom, are, as a matter of logical necessity, apparent to every mind that thinks from cause to effect. As you will perceive, it is my impression that social inequalities, unwholesome plants and brutes, geological irregularities, and the perturbations now so prevalent in the atmosphere of different localities and countries, are each and all to be overcome and brought within the control of that *intelligence* which is but just being harmoniously unfolded from the brain of man. And as soon as an electro-magnetic equilibrium can be brought about in the air, which I conceive to be artificially practicable in two ways, then will man penetrate the mountains of ice now encircling the north pole, remove the icy zones from the Arctic regions, melt away the obstructions now preventing navigation in the seas and straits of those latitudes, extend rays of warmth over countries now cold and deserted; and thus, those waters, and islands, and territories which are geographically so favorably situated for the universal interest of mankind in the polar regions—"the north west passage" now sought but not found, (all of which is now useless to him sole-

ly from *atmospheric* causes) will be rendered the most attractive portions of the human domain.

"These are very hopeful and utopian speculations," you remark: "but I see no plan by which all this, or any portion of it, can be realized."

Neither do I, as yet: But this I know, that when I began the writing of this letter, I had a strong, clear interior "*impression*" that certain specifications, &c., of bringing much of these predictions about, would be given to me as I proceed with my writing. And in the confidence thereof I rest assured; because I have never had sufficient reason to doubt. The object of this letter is, to state the proposition, remove a few whimsical objections which might arise, and present certain advantages to mankind, which such an achievement "among the clouds" would certainly secure. It is to be hoped that scientific men will bestow some portion of their intelligence upon the question of controlling the formation and fall of rain, and institute certain miniature tests and experiments in order to demonstrate the truth or fallacy of the *plan* hereafter to be developed.

In the meantime, Mr. Editor, until something more comes to me concerning this subject, which when it comes, I will hasten to write and send you, I have the pleasure of remaining,

Yours for Humanity,

A. J. DAVIS.

SCRIPTURE, REASON, AND NATURE.

The spirit of free and rational inquiry which is rapidly diffusing itself in the hearts of the people, is revealing the comparative weakness of all external authority, and giving supremacy to the divine teachings of Reason and Nature. Moved by this Spirit, the editor of the "*Golden Era*"—a Universalist paper published in the West—offers the follows important suggestions accompanied with the extract which we give below:—

What Nature and Reason teach is as infallibly true as the plainest and most obvious proposition in the Bible. Nature never errs. Days and nights, years and centuries come and go in unchangeable order. Suns, planets, and satellites perform their eternal rounds with mathematical precision. The laws governing organic and inorganic bodies, on land, in ocean, and air do not vary an iota. Hence we should place implicit confidence in the teachings of Nature. What is written on the bright pages of that ample Volume is traced by the finger of God, and it is impious to call its revelations in question or doubt its authority. Some people seem to think they serve God by slandering his Works. We seldom look into a defence of Christianity without being shocked at the abuse of God's elder Scriptures. Even Bro. Thayer, in his otherwise admirable book, falls into this fashionable sin. We do not think it necessary to besmear God's Works with filth, in order, by the contrast, to hightn the glory of Revelation.

Let each shine in its own native light. We are fully satisfied that if men would study the laws of Nature *more*, and the laws and wranglings of sects *less*, they would be wiser and happier. These remarks were suggested by perusing the following paragraph from Rev. Albert Barnes, concerning the authority of Reason, and we commend it to the consideration of our readers :

"We have set down in pensive grief, when we heard from the lips of tyros in divinity, (as the first messages they bring us,) solemn and unmeasured denunciations of reason, in matters of religion. We have asked ourselves, whence the herald has derived his commission to commence an assault on what has been implanted in the bosom of man, by the Almighty? Has the book which he holds in his hands, told him to utter unfeeling and proscriptive maledictions on all just views of mental operations? Has God commissioned him to summon the world to a rejection of all the lessons taught by the investigations of mind, the decisions of conscience, and the course of events? We marvel not that thinking men shrink from such denunciations. Nor do we wonder that the ministry is often despised, the sanctuary forsaken, and the day dreams of any errorist adopted, who professes to give their proper place to the inferences drawn from the government of God. It is a maxim we think, which should rule in the hearts of christian men, and

Most of all in man that ministers
And serves the altar,

That the world is to be convinced that Christians are not of necessity fools! And in doing this we care not *how much of sound reason and true philosophy, and the analogies of nature are brought into the sacred desk.* . . . The truth is, that those who have done most to vilify and abuse the use of reason, have been the very men who have incorporated the most false philosophy into their systems of divinity. . . ."

Influence of Spiritualism.

Many persons are finding much fault with the Spiritual Philosophy, because some excitable minds become unbalanced in the investigation of its external phenomena. We apprehend that the true cause of such disastrous effects lies in most cases in the peculiar temperament and mental tendencies of individuals who are looking for supernatural signs and wonders, instead of calmly investigating the beautiful teachings of Nature. It should be realized that the phenomena which startle the nerves of the timid and excite the brains of the fanatical, comprehend but a small part of spiritual realities, and are indeed simply the outward illustrations of interior and eternal principles. Therefore the true basis of investigation, as well as the real ground of faith in spiritual matters, consists in the established laws and in the illuminating truths which underlie all external manifestations of the invisible presence. Let

thus the whole system of Spiritualism—comprehending the realities of Nature and the suggestions of Reason—be presented to the minds of the people, and we see no cause to apprehend any injurious effects as resulting from its influence.

R. P. A.

Letter from A. J. Davis.

We invite the attention of our readers to the article, entitled, "Philosophy of Producing and Controlling the Fall of Rain." This is the first of a series of letters, addressed to the editor of the *Hartford Times*, and recently published in that paper, to be followed by three more on the same subject. We very cheerfully accede to the request of the author to publish the series in the MESSENGER, as we conceive that the subject discussed is not only interesting in itself, but may also have some important bearing on the future interests of man.—Ed.

The "Words of Reason," letter No. 2, will be published in our next number. Also, a very interesting letter from Hon. J. W. EDMONDS, who is now visiting Central America.

Facts and Phenomena.

A REMARKABLE DREAM.

"Murder will out."

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.]

After the revolution of 1830, M. Duchatel, a young lawyer, left the Sarbonne with several of his friends, and took ship for Algiers, to vent his pent up fury against the Kabyles. He chose the military career for the purpose of enabling him at some distant time to be more fit in perfecting his views at home, and by his gallantry he soon rose to a captaincy. He was, however, so ungarded in his expressions in regard to the Orleans family, that his words even reached the ears of Marshal Engeaud, and from that moment all hopes of further advancement might be considered as cut off. Less deserving officers were advanced instead of himself, though in every attack upon the savage Kabyles he was the first to charge upon them, and all the soldiers regarded him as the best soldier of the army. In all the regiment, however, he had but one man whom he considered his friend, and who once saved his life. It was Jerome Chabert, a common serjeant.

In 1846, when a demand for preferment on the part of Duchatel had once more met with a flat refusal by the Marshal, he resigned his commission; and Chabert, who could not bear to be separated from his friend, did the same. They embarked for France, and reached Nancy, where Duchatel took to his practice again, that by his earnings he might secure a tranquil living for his old companion in arms. He claimed a pension for

Chabert, but the government refused it, and fearing that circumstances might prevent him from remaining for life a patron of the old soldier, he purchased the good will of a little wine shop in the village of Lacroix for him, where Chabert soon did a good business.

In 1849, the application to the Government in behalf of Chabert was renewed, and he received at last an appointment as keeper of the forest Lacroix, and soon after the old soldier by way of gladdening his last days, took unto his bosom a young and beautiful girl, named Catherine Brunet. She brought him no money, nor indeed was this an object to Chabert, for as hostess of the wine shop she made plenty of it, while he went on his official pursuits. This union seemed to be a happy one, and many a villager envied Chabert the possession of so pretty and so good a wife.

Legal matters frequently obliged M. Duchatel to travel between Nancy and Verdun, on which occasions he generally stopped for the night at Chabert's. These were holidays for the old soldier; their former battles were fought over again, and every circumstance in the military life of the Captain was touched upon.

In the month of May last, Duchatel again undertook a journey to Verdun, whence he had not been for some time before. He called at Chabert's house, and on entering the bar-room he met a man whose repulsive countenance caused him to scrutinize him with the greatest attention. He was about to ask for Chabert, when the young wife entered the room, and upon his question, told him that Chabert had gone to the chase, and would be very sorry not to meet his Captain.

"But will he be sure to return to-night?" asked the Captain. "I am not in a hurry."

"Why," answered the wife, "it is just possible that he may, though I do not believe it, for he has gone on a boar hunt, and intended to stay away three or four days."

The woman then asked if M. Duchatel meant to stay all night, and being answered in the affirmative, she ordered the vicious-looking customer to look after the horse, while she herself hastened to prepare a dinner for the honored guest. She showed no concern whatever, and talked to her guest till nine o'clock in the evening, at which hour he went to bed, as he had to travel early in the morning.

Duchatel sought to get asleep, but thoughts of the most exciting kind crossed his mind. The features of Catharine had seemed to him much altered since his last visit, and the countenance of the man who acted as hostler had filled him with such repugnance that he could not help but feel the greatest distrust against him. It struck twelve o'clock, and still he lay awake, utterly unable to settle himself down to sleep. At last drowsiness overpowered him. He dreamed that the door of his bedroom opened, and that his old comrade Chabert strode toward him.

"I come, because my murderess conjured me to do so," he said, "and because I must see you once more. Catherine has misled your comrade in arms. I am no longer one of the living; I have fallen a victim to vitiated passions. I discovered a criminal intercourse between Catherine and my servant Pierre, and in order to avoid the consequences of their acts, they murdered me. They have hid my corpse in the stable where the stones are newly laid in."

Duchatel awoke. The phantom had disappeared. Leaping out of bed he sprang toward the door, but it was locked. No one could have entered the room. M. Duchatel struck a light, took a piece of paper, and while the words were yet fresh in his memory, he wrote them down. He then lay down, and again he slept till next morning, when he was awoke by the loud knocking of his coachman.

While he pursued his road, he laughed heartily at the queer dream, thinking it to be the result of an overloaded stomach. He went to Verdun, arranged his business there, and on his return stopped again at the house of his old friend. As he entered the bar-room Catherine appeared still more altered than when he had seen her last. After a momentary silence, she said to him, that Chabert had again gone to the forest, where he had forgot a boar that he had killed, and would bring it to the market of Bar le Due. She added, that Chabert would indeed be sorry at thus losing an opportunity twice running of seeing his old friend.

The suspicion, which since the night of the dream had insensibly fastened itself upon the mind of Duchatel, broke forth with renewed violence. He laid down to sleep much more excited still than he had been the first time. Scarcely had he fallen asleep, when the same apparition stood before him, again repeating the same words, and adding to it the prayer of revenge. He awoke, and determined not to sleep any more—he sat on a chair and waited the dawn of day. He braved the danger of being taken for a fool or a madman, and went to inform the authorities of what he had dreamed. The public prosecutor would not, of course, go into the matter upon so vague a suspicion, but he ordered secret inquiries to be made at Lacroix in regard to the whereabouts of Chabert. Soon he learned that the unfortunate man had actually disappeared in the most mysterious manner, and that his wife believed that he had perished in the chase. This statement of hers compared to her expressions to Duchatel looked suspicious enough, and gave rise to a further investigation. At last the place described by M. Duchatel was searched, and on the very spot the body of Chabert, mutilated in the most horrible manner, was found.

The trial of this extraordinary case took place before the assizes of Bar le Due on the 4th of October. We will not attempt to account in any way for the extraordinary dream of Duchatel; suffice it that under oath,

and in spite of a searching cross-examination, nothing could be elicited that could in any way impair the truth of his first statement.

The finding of the body, with the unequivocal traces of the foul deed, together with the varying accounts of the supposed murderess and her paramour brought about their conviction, and they were sentenced to death on the 9th of November.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

In the summer of 1850, Mr. EDWARD TYLER had a tumor formed in the roof of his mouth, which though small at first was exceedingly painful, and gradually increased in size, till it assumed an alarming appearance, so much so that he was compelled to apply for medical advice—he then residing near Boston. The doctor told him it must be probed, which was consented to, but he either could not or would not tell him definitely what the disease was. After the probing, it was for some time less painful, but ere long it assumed a more formidable appearance, and his anxious friends thought (though they did not tell him) that it must be a cancer. At this time he resorted again to medical skill, but did not consult the same physician as before, thinking that another professional man would give him more satisfactory assistance. The tumor was again opened, but with no better permanent results. Of course day by day and week by week, the pain and inconvenience increased, and, the want of his regular food, which he was unable to masticate, reduced him very much.

It was now the summer of 1852, when, in this state, he came with his family to reside in Astoria. Soon after his removal to this place his friends advised him, as a last resort, to apply for admission into the New York Hospital. Every thing was arranged for his going there; but two or three days before the time appointed for his removal to the Hospital, he visited Mrs. Snyder's circle, accompanied by his wife, and sister, who also reside in Astoria. On this occasion no one intended to consult the spirits respecting Mr. T.'s mouth, although he and most of his family had attended the circle before; but as they sat with the circle, and the spirit of his departed mother was communing with them, his sister asked, "Mother, do you know how bad Edward's mouth is?" She answered by raps, "Yes." "Do you know that he is going to the Hospital?" Ans. "No." "But he is going." Ans. "No." All were very much surprised, as every one in the room (and there were eight or ten persons present) believed that he was going to the Hospital. This, by the way, is one striking illustration of the fallacy of the opinion that the answers are at all times in accordance with the mind of the medium, or the parties present.

In this instance, the medium (Mrs. Snyder) was as

much astonished at the positive "No," as any one in the room. Then the question was asked, "Shall he apply to any other doctor?" Ans. "No." "Is he then to linger out a miserable existence, and die with the disease?" Ans. "No." "Is there a cure for it?" Ans. "Yes." "Will you tell us what he is to do?" Ans. "Yes." At this time one of the company was impressed to say, "I have known burnt alum to be used with good effects in some cases." Immediately three violent raps were heard, indicating that that was the remedy intended. It was accordingly applied, and its good effects were in a few days satisfactorily felt—first in lessening the pain, then in decreasing the size of the tumor; and finally, without any other physical application, an effectual cure was performed.

ASTORIA, Jan. 23d, 1853.

Poetry.

WHISPERINGS WITH A SPIRIT.

BY CLARA.

I asked of a spirit,
O where is thy home?
Is't up through the clouds,
Where the bright stars roam?

Dost thou thence look down
On the loved ones here,
And strew in their path
Hope's soul-giving cheer?

Doth it grieve thee there,
When they wander astray,
And the ills of life,
Crowd thick in their way?

And wilt thou then guard,
From ills and from woe,
As onward through life
Thus toiling they go?

And the spirit said,
"My home is on high,
Among the bright stars
That float in the sky.

And thence I look down
Where the loved ones dwell,
And throw around them
Love's holiest spell.

And it grieves me sore
When they go astray,
And envy and strife
O'er-cloud their bright way.

Yet with them I'll be
Through weal and through wo,
And lighten their cares
Wherever they go."

No more could I ask
Of that spirit fair,
For it soared away
Through the boundless air.
—[Olive Branch.

Miscellaneous Department.

THE LAW OF OUR LOVES.

The human soul can not live without some kind of love. Every man has natural affections. God intended that these should be directed to himself and humanity, attract the mind to the most worthy objects of thought, and keep the will fixed upon the highest course of action. But even if this does not happen, the need to love still remains, and these affections cluster about other and unworthy objects and persons. Therefore, wicked men and wicked habits of life are loved with an attachment as perilous as unnatural. A man can not exist without loving something. Love is life; the capability to love is the capability to live; and the depth and purity of love is a sure test of true greatness of being. Man can not banish this need from his soul. He will love—either what is high or what is low, either like an angel or a demon.

Selfishness is merely a diseased form of love. The selfish man differs from others only in the quality and objects of his affections. He bestows himself upon things which will yield him the most speedy and full return. He hugs worldly possessions and pleasures close to his heart. He has not forgotten to love, but he loves falsely.

The great difference in men is not in the possession, but in the quality of their affections. One consecrates his powers to God and humanity, and loves wisely and with a celestial strength and purity; others, in various degrees, do not give themselves to the true purpose of life, and are punished by loving basely. There is a great variety in the objects of affection. Probably there are not two souls in existence who love precisely the same things in the same degree. Each spirit selects its own company out of the whole universe, and creates a heaven of its own liking. The objects of human affection are almost infinite in variety; so the quality of love is the surest test of difference between men.

How far can we control our affections? We have seen that love is a necessity of our nature, and its quality a test of our character. Have we the power to determine that quality? There is an opinion quite prevalent that a man can not control his affections. They are supposed to be wayward, unmanageable and irresponsible. And, in practice, men commonly obey their affections as if they were a destiny. This popular opinion contains just half the truth, and is practically false because it omits the other half. It is true, in one sense, that we can not control our love. We are obliged to love according to our characters, and we can not violently change the current of our affections.

But the real question lies back of this. How came we to love what we, at present, do love? Had we anything to do in producing that condition of mind and heart by which we are compelled, for the time, to love in a particular direction. The answer to this will expose the fallacy of the popular opinion.

Probably our natural constitution of mind and temperament, and the changes produced upon us by causes beyond our control, have a great influence in determining the objects of our affections. We can not radically change our nature—at least, not suddenly. For a time our love must depend upon what nature and circumstances have made us. But no man is obliged, by his constitution or by circumstances, to

love what is actually evil. True, one may be born with diseased propensities, and may have been exposed to corrupting influences during youth, which determine, for a time, the quality of his affections. But such a person always has a consciousness of the lowness of his state, and a desire for something higher, strong enough to lead him into a better condition, if he will follow it; and this possibility of becoming better determines the whole question in its moral aspect. We have the capacity to follow our ideal of excellence, and by thus doing, of increasing our capacity to love what is excellent and beautiful to an unlimited degree.

It is not, then, a matter of fate or chance what shall be the quality of our affection. The quality of our love depends upon our character. If we follow truth, devote ourselves to right-doing, and cast off temptations to selfish and sinful living, we shall become good, and can not help loving what is good and beautiful. On the other hand, if we love partly more than truth, lose our manhood in a wicked course of life, and become the slaves of our lowest impulses, we must love what is low and like ourselves. The moral quality of our affections thus being dependent on our character, we have just as much control over it, as we have over our character. Nobody doubts that he can make himself good or bad, in the same sense that he can do anything else. We build up our characters by our daily thought, speech and conduct, and insensibly mould them to the shape they assume; therefore, we create our own loves in the same way, since we love according to what we are. The mistake of the popular opinion is in supposing that, because we can not instantly change the current of our affections, we have no power over them. The process must be gradual, and depends upon a previous change in the character; yet, though slow and imperceptible, it is certain. We determine the moral quality of our love by everything we think, say, or do—by the whole course of our voluntary action.

Having thus attempted to show that we have power over our affections, let us briefly indicate the process by which a man may degrade himself, so that his love at last shall become his most fearful retribution.

Deterioration of character, and consequently of the affections, is so gradual that few are conscious of it. The character becomes degraded imperceptibly—even while the outward appearance of decency is preserved. Evil thoughts, ambitious purposes, avaricious desires, revenge, contempt, hatred, pride, are secretly cherished and brooded over. Sensual and corrupt feelings get a lodgement in the heart, distract the intellect, pollute the imagination, undermine the will, while the person hardly knows his danger. Day after day, a new crowd of these wicked, foolish, malignant guests is entertained, and no harm is apprehended while the outward life is yet firm. But each of these mental secret indulgences makes its mark upon the character, just as every violation of the laws of health breaks down the constitution, and hastens on final dissolution. Little by little, the tone of the mind is changed. The person becomes more and more incapable of loving nobly, or of cherishing affections and thoughts which his reason and conscience approve. He is below his own admiration; and, in spite of his better reason and occasional efforts to lift himself out of his low state, he is compelled to love and follow persons and practices which in his very soul he may abhor. And this slavery to wicked affections is an awful retribution, perhaps the worst that can come upon the sinful spirit.

A young man may in this way begin a downward course of conduct, which, after a few years, shall leave his soul captive in the hands of the lowest affections. Let him employ his leisure hours in dissipated or low society, in frivolous conversation, or corrupt reading; let him trample on the reverence for honor and perfect honesty with which he began life, and gradually go over to the practice of half-dishonest tricks by which a man may kill his conscience and fill his purse; let him give free admission to every impure thought, and lay up in his memory every vulgar and obscene jest and turn of expression; let him fix his eye on riches, or some post of honor in the gift of the people, and determine, at all hazards and by any means, to obtain them. He may thus, while outwardly decent, produce a total change in his character in a few years, and, while yet living in respectable society, really love best the lowest persons and things. He may think that he has lost nothing by indulgence in these habits of thought and life. But he has lost *much*. He has lost his power to love the best things—the highest, most worthy objects. He has lost the power to enjoy the society and conversation of noble, sincere men—the excellent of the earth; he has lost his consciousness of innocence and honesty, and is now able to derive a contemptable and demoniac pleasure from over-reaching his neighbor. The love of place or popularity has caused him to lose his independence, and made him a coward, and a slave to the very people whom he despises. He has lost his relish for the society of pure and high-minded women, and loves only the low, frivolous and gossiping, and such as best gratify his depraved taste. He has lost almost everything of value. He has ceased to love the best and most elevated things in life. His affections gravitate towards, and grovel amongst, sinful, base, unworthy objects. He has lost innocence, and purity, and honor, and integrity, and sincerity, and independence. Is not this loss enough for one soul? He has brought upon himself fearful retribution. He has degraded himself till gradually, he has become incapable of elevated and noble affections, and he is now given up to the wild, passionate, restless feelings which make a bad man's soul like an ocean tossed by storms, to which no calm day ever comes. His *low and wicked loves* are the *evil spirits* that inflict the punishment due to his transgression.—[*Home Magazine*.]

DREAMLAND.

Charles Lamb regarded bed as a very regal domain, where a man might toss and tumble at his pleasure, and with his bed-curtains drawn close around, be monarch of all he surveyed. And Tom Hood, in his "Lay of Killmansegg," addresses bed most lovingly:—

"Oh, bed! bed! delicious bed!
A heaven on earth to the weary head."

And somebody has told us that balmy sleep is kind nature's sweet restorer, and our great dramatist has taught us that gentle sleep is nature's soft nurse that comes to weigh the eyelids down and steep the senses in forgetfulness. Sleep is a common blessing, none the worse for being common; for when the solemn night comes on, birds roost in the trees, fishes sleep in the brooks, cattle rest in the pastures, and man forgetting, and willingly forgetting, the noise and strife and struggle of his life of perpendicularity and motion, lies down on beds or truckle beds to horizontal sleep—

"To sleep, perchance to dream."

What a wonderful place is Dreamland! It is more mysterious than all the wonders of the thousand and one nights. Time and space are there annihilated; the mind may wander whithersoever it will, and all through that fairy domain where Queen Mab reigns and there her varied agency employs;—the thinking faculty, released from common drudgery, goes onward, onward, onward, knowing no barrier, and never halting in its course.

We lie down. Everything is very silent. We hear the ceaseless ticking of the clock, and wonder when we shall go off. We hear the church clock strike, we listen and count the hour. Another clock catches up the sound, and tolls the hour; we hearken to hear if yet a lazy clock still lags behind its fellows; no. We grow restless, we become confused, we still hear the ticking of the clock, but the vibrations are becoming more and more indistinct. We are going off. We become more and more confused. We forget where we are. We are off. Where are we?

In a room that we knew many years ago, that we had not been thinking about, that we had almost forgotten; but there it is, clear and plain before us. There is the window with the blind half down as we saw it last, the same frayed tassel, the same red and black carpet, the same steel fender, the same old picture bought in Drury-lane, the same library table, with the leather cut and rubbed and sorely damaged, everything just as we left it. More than that, there is the same proprietor, Old Leighton as we called him, with his silver hair hanging on the collar of his coat, and his silver spectacles thrust high upon his wrinkled forehead, talking is he earnestly, eloquently, and to us. We know that he has been dead these ten years, we are sure of that, and the feeling is anything but pleasant. We are afraid to say so, afraid to ask him anything about his sojourn in the unseen world; it seems that we should be taking a liberty to put any such queries, and we answer as well as we are able. But the matter becomes alarming; for as we turn slightly toward the door, that door is opened, and another man, whose funeral we attended but a week ago, comes in with a pleasant smile. Then a frightful thought comes into our mind that both of those men died unfairly, that both were slain by cruel hands, and that we did it, that we are guilty, that our soul is stained with blood. How shall we escape? We dissemble ease and gaiety, and laugh as of old, but we shake in every limb. He who entered last is looking out into the crowded street, our old friend in the spectacles has turned to the mantle-piece; we are determined to fly, we must, we will. Away we go down the steep stairs at a bound, out into the busy street, away, away, now up against the houses, now out amid the whirling carriages, now almost down, now roughly handled, but onward still, for as we live they are in pursuit, and our hair rises and our blood creeps. We have left the busy town behind us, and are out on the dusty country road. It is night; the stars keep watch, and far away we hear the sound of feet, onward, onward, as if we were the fabled Jew who never stops to rest. There is a deep, thick, shadowy wood, where giant trees stretch out their arms, and stems and branches twist together in a strange mysterious fashion, and there is silence; we rush forward, away, away, down dim mysterious aisles, and solemn dells; but hark! they are still behind, and we gnash our teeth, and strive to cry aloud, but there is a stifling sensation in our throat, and we can not shout, and, flinging ourselves upon the ground, we press our face to the sod, and refuse to look up. But grad-

ually, confusedly begin to know that the clock is ticking, and that we are still the same guiltless Jonas that we were an hour before.

Who has not at one period or another felt these or similar sensations? A poet makes Eugene Aram tell to one of his scholars the fearful story of his crime, and tell it as a dream. In Dreamland we do not know where we are going to, our mental ship has no pilot and no chart, our mind is governed by no rules; and though all the day long it has been as quiet as a jade as ever worked in harness, becomes at night Pegasus for then once, and scampers where it will, or upward flies to brighter scenes in the world above, or carries us away, like another Mazeppa, into strange and dismal forests which make the heart grow cold. We lose our present self, and play fantastic tricks until the morning. No story of witchcraft and of aged dames riding on broomsticks through the air could be more wonderful than this. We are at the gold diggings, playing the old game of Tom Tiddler's ground, and picking up gold and silver, but we came over in no emigrant ship. We are in the East, amid dark faces and picturesque turbans, and dear old memories, but we did not come by the Oriental Steam-Packet Company. We are in the frigid regions of the north, huge ice islands are about us drifting triumphantly on the deep, deep sea; but we came there by no regular method, we flew there like a bird. We are in mines such as were disclosed to the man in the northern legend—trees effulgent with diamond fruits, pillars of gold and precious stones, fountains with water of a million hues, and over all a floating and delicious music instead of air. We did not descend any shaft, we sank through the ground like a trick in a pantomime.

And it is not only space that is destroyed, but time is overleaped at a bound. We live in all ages as well as in all countries; backward or forward, this way or that way, it is all the same to us. And not only so, but the manner in which we compress in our dreams is the most marvelous of all. A few seconds make up a lifetime. A sound suggests a train of thought, and ere the sound has died away the train is all complete.

Strange old stories there are of dreams that have come true, that have been fulfilled to the very letter. Some, indeed, interpret dreams in a variety of ways, in which every object is rendered typical, and the whole thing resembles the picture-page of an hieroglyphic almanack; and Lover tells us that

"Dreams always go by contraries, my dear."

—[Magazine of Art.

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