

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.

CONSTITUTION OF MAN.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

We are now to consider the Nature of Man—the expansive powers of the human mind, and his capacity to receive an enlarged and ever-increasing measure of knowledge and happiness; and from these we are to argue his exalted and glorious destiny.

The universal desire of man, that hope which springs immortal in the human breast, we must regard as presumptive evidence of the life to come. This is by no means peculiar to the Christian worshiper. The heathen nations and the savage tribes of the earth cherish this desire. Indeed, so universal is this earnest expectation of the spirit, that we may view it as an inherent characteristic of man—as a law of his nature, written by the finger of God in the human heart. The pure desires and the immortal hopes which spring up and flourish in the soul, are not to be satisfied with the world and its grosser elements. Man requires something more and better than these. His temporal wants may all be gratified. He may be deeply versed in the wisdom of the world. He may be loved and honored, and surrounded by all the pleasures which wealth, and power, and royalty, can bestow; but he is still looking forward to some more enduring good—to a higher life—to IMMORTALITY! What is this but the voice of God speaking from the inner sanctuary of the heart?

"Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man."

It is worthy of remark, that the Creator has made an ample provision for the numerous wants of all his creatures. This is true in its application to the whole animal creation. Though the earth, the air and the waters, are all full of life, yet for every living thing there is a suitable provision. Indeed, if you were to follow the chain of being from man down to the meanest insect that creeps on the earth, you would not find a single exception to this wise and benevolent arrangement. The wants of all are known to God; and for every desire, he has implanted in the nature of his creatures, he has provided a full and sufficient satisfaction. This is very plainly expressed by the Psalmist: "The Lord is good to all; . . . the eyes of all wait upon thee; and thou givest them their meat in due season. Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing." If the desire we so fondly cherish—the pleasing hope to which we cling, even to the last moment of mortal being, is to be regarded as presumptive

evidence of a future life; we can not deny that it is in favor of a happy immortality for the whole race. If we admit the validity of the argument, as derived from this source, we must adopt the conclusion. The desire to live is not more universal, than the desire to be happy. We only hope to exist hereafter, because we believe that the future life will be one of rest and joy.

But we may arrive at the truth in this matter, by a course of reasoning, which if not absolutely infallible, is, at least, sufficiently convincing, to satisfy the mind. If God be mindful of our present condition—if, so far as we are enabled to pursue the examination, there is an ample provision for all the wants of all his earthly creatures, the evidence is conclusive, and we may deduce the universal truth, from the numerous examples that lie within our observation. Now, if you can find a single instance, where there is no provision for the wants of the creature; this will render the argument unsound. But it is impossible to find such an example. There is not one in all animated nature. The provisions God has made, are as extensive and multifarious as the number and nature, and the diversified wants and circumstances of His creatures. As there are no exceptions to this wise and merciful arrangement; it follows, that the argument, in its application to man, is conclusive. God has made an ample provision for all the wants of inferior natures. Here we discover a rule of action in the Divine economy which, so far as our knowledge extends, has all the force of an *invariable law*. It is, therefore, safe to conclude, that since Deity has been mindful of every other want, he will not disappoint the earnest expectation of the spirit. He will remember Man. The highest and the holiest desire of the noblest of his earthly creatures, will be satisfied with the glory that shall be revealed.

But we may argue the higher dignity and glory of man, from his progressive nature. The law of progress is not restricted to man; nor, indeed, to animated existence. We may trace its operations far and wide throughout the empire of Nature. Especially is it discernible in the growth and development of organic bodies. The seed does not become a plant, nor the embryo a perfectly organized being, in a moment. It is by a progress almost imperceptible that the acorn becomes an oak; and by a process not less gradual, Nature unfolds the animal economy. Intimately connected with this idea of progress, is the fact that through the operations of this law, that which is imperfect is brought to perfection. This is true of the various products of the vegetable world. The mountain oak that has braved the fury of many a wintry blast—that is vigorous from length of years, at last arrives at its maturity. The grain springs forth from the earth in its season, and when harvest comes on it is fit for the

reapers. The same is true of the animal creation. The lower order of animals arrive at the highest degree of perfection of which their nature is susceptible. In a few years, at most, they reach the point beyond which all efforts to improve their instinctive faculties are utterly abortive. Were it possible to prolong life for a thousand years, with the same organism, there would be no advancement, because they are essentially incapable of further progression.

But the progress of man is not thus limited. It is true that the animal nature arrives at its maturity, and like other organic bodies, is subject to decay and dissolution. But an endless life and an imperishable glory are the inheritance of the spirit. It is unnecessary for us to stop and prove that the higher nature of man is progressive. This is sufficiently evident already. You have only to consider him in his childhood and his manhood, and reflect a moment on his mighty achievements. Think of Sir Isaac Newton in the infancy of his being. Again, conceive of him a few years after, when he was prepared to explore the great arcana of Nature, and to solve her profoundest problems. Follow him from his cradle to the lofty eminence where the shadows of oblivion never fall. This is only the first stage of his progress. It is but the beginning of that interminable career in which man is destined to equal the angels in their glory.

We have had occasion to observe, that through the operations of this law, that which is imperfect is brought to comparative perfection. Every thing in its order moves on toward the maturity of its being—to the most perfect state of which its nature is susceptible. All inferior creatures soon reach this final condition. But in the present mode of being, man can only enter on the career that is before him. The ultimatum of his progress is far away in the sublime distance of infinitude. He may comprehend the laws that govern the Universe, and explain the various phenomena of Nature. He may measure the distances and calculate the solid contents of other worlds. Imagine him, if you please, to possess a knowledge of all arts, sciences and languages. He would then only be prepared for still higher attainments. The spirit would find some region unexplored. Man would still be far from the perfection of his nature. To say that his higher faculties will never be properly exercised and developed, is virtually to deny the progressive nature of man, and repudiate the whole argument derived from reason and analogy. If every other creature is rendered complete according to its nature, the general truth is sufficiently established, and we may safely infer that MAN will go on to perfection. If you are not prepared to sanction this conclusion, you must prove that man is an exception to the general law. If the doctrine of progress is admitted to be true, the result as it relates to the destiny of man must be inevitable. He may be imperfect and sinful at present, but he will, *he must*, from the very constitution of his nature, advance to a more perfect condition. It is very certain that man, in his present state, is a progressive being. The development of the faculties is always gradual, and truth is unfolded by degrees, in proportion as he is prepared to receive it. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that the transition to another state, which takes place at death, will disturb this essential constitution. The dissolution of the body will but destroy the inclination to evil, and separate man from those influences, which now render his progress slow and difficult. When these obstacles, the world and the flesh are removed; there will be nothing to

counteract the moral momentum, and man will, of necessity, go on with accelerated progress, to higher, and still higher degrees of perfection; ever reaching forward, and mounting upward, to the more excellent glory.

Now, I only ask you to admit what no one can rationally deny; that from the very constitution of his nature, man is, here and hereafter, a progressive being. If this be denied, it remains to be proved, that the destruction of the body will entirely reverse the laws that govern the development of the human spirit. If you acknowledge this idea of progression, you must also admit the conclusion, to which it inevitably leads—the future exaltation and the immortal happiness of man. If man, by a law of his nature, is to continue his progress in the future life, he will certainly arrive at a more perfect condition; because, comparative perfection is the natural result of progression. Thus, by a course of analogical and inductive reasoning, as convincing as it is natural and philosophical, we are led to the conclusion that the ultimate destiny of man will be one of glory, honor, and immortality.

The present imperfection of man is no objection to the argument, because he is not always to remain in his present condition; or, to continue forever precisely what he is at any particular stage of his progress. He is ever onward toward the perfection of his being.

The lessons of Nature are beautiful as they are instructive. Go out into the fields in the spring time, when the grain is beginning to vegetate—only a tender blade is seen. The dews of heaven descend upon it. The sun warms it into more abundant and enlarged life; and when the proper season arrives, the fields are white, all ready for the harvest. Now to form a judgment from the feeble beginnings of vegetable life; to decide that there will be no harvest—that the grain will never be fitted for the garner, is not more unreasonable and absurd than to say, that because man is now imperfect, he will not go on to perfection, and thus be prepared for happiness and heaven.

The next ground of argument, which I propose for your consideration, is the perfect adaptation of every creature to its appropriate sphere. The reptile crawls on the surface, or in the bosom of the earth—the beast is found among the hills and valleys, and the solitudes of the wilderness—the bird wings its way through the upper air, and the fish sports in the liquid element. Each of these, and every living thing, is wisely adapted to the element in which it lives, and to all the circumstances of its being. The same wisdom and benevolence are manifest in the creation of man. Nothing can be more admirable, than the perfect adaptation of his physical nature, to the sphere of his present existence, and the circumstances of his outward condition.

But man has a spiritual nature; this is adapted to a higher sphere. To complete the chain of being, and bring heaven and earth into fellowship, it became necessary that one should exist, in whom the earthly and the spiritual natures might be united. Man is that being; he is the connecting link between earth and heaven. The temporal and the eternal—the material and the spiritual meet and center in him; and there is one unbroken chain of being, from man down to the little insect that flits away the brief moment of its existence on the earth; and far away, upward, to the highest seraph before the throne of God. Such is man—the creature of a moment, and yet destined to an endless life—an animal, yet an ANGEL!

The organic structure of man is not more perfectly adapted to the earth, than is the spiritual nature to a higher world. These bodies, much as we prize them, are only the fleeting forms of life. The invisible spirit that animates the clod, is the Divine reality. This is not confined to earth—the Universe is its dwelling place! Chains and dungeons can not bind it. It is free as the wind, that bloweth where it listeth. It is here—it is there—it is yonder—it is—gone! The Spirit that quickens that mass of clay—that which has power to think—to reason, and investigate, may, quick as thought, visit the four quarters of the earth. It is here in this earthly sanctuary. The next moment it is among the stars! and anon, like the angel in the vision, it descends to stand on the sea and the land! Surely, the spirit is not adapted to the earth and its passing forms and shadows. It claims a more exalted and glorious destiny. It belongs to the heavenly world, and when this earthly mission is ended, will seek its appropriate sphere.

It is worthy of lasting remembrance, that nothing short of immortal life and happiness for all, will satisfy the best desires and the holiest aspirations of the soul. I conclude, therefore, that such a state is exactly adapted to the spiritual nature of man. That which will satisfy the natural desires, must be suited to its nature. If God has made a full provision for all the wants of all his creatures—if he has prepared a suitable sphere for every being, and a being for every sphere, so as to preserve the essential harmony of his creation, the conclusion is inevitable, and there is a higher life for man.

Finally, I observe that there is implanted in the spiritual nature, an inherent aversion to that which is evil; and from this we may argue the ultimate holiness and happiness of all. We have seen that the earthly and the heavenly are united in the nature of man. These in a certain sense are antagonistic. The inclination to evil is peculiar to the animal nature. It exists only in the flesh; while the tendency of the spirit is heavenward. We are not disposed to claim originality in this view of the subject, for we remember that the Apostle has the same idea:—"This I say then, walk in the spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh. For the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary the one to the other."

A VOICE FROM THE FLOWERS.

BY ROBERT W. LEWIS.

"Behold, the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Think not, reader, that I am about preaching a sermon! no; I merely wish to direct your thoughts, a few moments, to a simple essay upon a simple subject; a word or two about those beautiful productions of nature, which greet our organs of sense so unceasingly all over the world. There is much force and simple majesty in these lines that I have quoted; the sentence is one of those quiet, unostentatious yet sublime sayings, with which that sacred and sublime book abounds. The Creator, when he carpeted the fields with verdure, and threw over the hills that mantle of green which is so refreshing to the wearied eye, sprinkled upon it a handful of celestial spangles with gold and silver dust, and in an instant the uniformity was relieved by a graceful mingling of those various hues, which deck the open

fields, and luxuriate in the cultivated garden. Look upon the picture; in the background you see mountains, those monuments of nature, towering in grand sublimity to the skies; up their sides spreads the arched forest, and the leafy grove; the oak raises his noble form of majesty and strength; the vigorous and thrifty cedar shoots upward to the sunlight, a tree so often used as an illustration of what the character of a young man should be; then comes the pine tree, the pioneer of these aborescent plants; snows are whirling through its branches and falling at its feet; the northern blast sweeps by in power and ruthlessness, but it yields not; it twists its roots in the clefts of the rock, and bids defiance to the storm, in its own native energy of nature. Does the scene want life? It shall have it! See that little spring starting from beneath that glittering panoply of white sparkling so upon the mountain; the spray is ceaseless, and as the glacier pushes downwards in its slow, gradual, but irresistible progress, it forms an inexhaustible supply, filling up ever the gushing chalice of clear, cold, sparkling water. It dances down from rock to rock, and crag to crag, singing and gurgling its merry song, alternating the piping of the shepherd's reed, with the deep diapason of the resounding organ, until, a silver threaded rivulet, it meanders across the plain, murmuring its melodies, and hastening on to perform its appointed work. It reminds me of that period in life, when the restlessness of youth has vanished, and a mature manhood should begin to throw its subduing lines over the character, and mould the genius of the man.

Flowers have ever been favorite themes and emblems for the use of the poet. His apostrophes to them are often peculiarly beautiful. A certain poet could sing, though in prison—

"By the murmuring of a spring—
Or the least boughs rustling—
By a daisy where leaves spread,
Shut when Titan goes to bed
On a shady bush or tree;
She can more infuse in me,
Than all nature's beauties can,
In some other, wiser man."

There is nothing base or sordid in a beautiful flower, when it is used then.

To point a moral, or adorn a tale, no other thoughts can arise from the connection, but those which are pure and lovely. Mr. Thompson alludes happily to this, in his first four lines introducing the seasons:

"Come, gentle spring; ethereal mildness, come;
And from the bosom of your dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veiled in a shower of shadowing
roses, on our plains descend."

In another place, he says:

"And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace,
Throws out the snowdrop and the crocus first;
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue;
The polyanthus of unnumbered dyes;
The yellow wall flower, stained with iron brown,
And lavish stock, that scents the garden round;
Then comes the tulip race, where fancy plays
Her idle freaks; the hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
Low bent and blushing inward;
Now showered on every bush, the damask rose,
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells;
With hues on hues expression can not paint,
The breath of nature, and her endless bloom."

What clusters of beautiful conceptions spring from merely

the repetition of these names. How much more elaborate must be the metamorphose, after the flowers have been studied and understood. The variety in this department of nature, with regard to size, shape, hue and smell, is so great and universal, that we stand amazed at the prospect that opens before us.

Tropical plants are remarkable for their great size, their rank perfume, and the richness of their coloring. I have often tried to imagine a hedge of cactus in full bloom in its native soil; it must be exceedingly beautiful, growing thus in wild luxuriance, with its shining, prickly, dark green leaves, and its large, bright scarlet flowers, and thus stretching on before me, till I am unable to distinguish it in the fading distance. I have often tried to fancy the hawthorn hedgerows of old England, with their white blossoms skirting the road side, and whiling away the time of the weary traveler, with their purity and loveliness. The Rev. Dr. Tyng in his "Recollections of England," alludes to this; he says, "The hedges and fields are already in perfect verdure, and a thousand opening spring flowers on every side, decorate the ground." I have often tried, also, to depict the geraniums in Austria, growing in such abundance there, as to be used for lines of separation between field and field.

Nature, with a lavish hand, scatters her flowers, from the plant that thrives under the equator, to the one that tinges the Arctic snows with crimson; and from the apples of Sodom, in that great depression of three thousand feet, to the lichens that are used for porridge, eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, amid the wild and airy crags of the Alps. One flower exists upon the desert, in the form of a pitcher, and when the wearied traveler beholds it afar off, its lid closed, he knows there is a supply of water to assuage his thirst. You can go nowhere, hardly, upon the earth, without meeting some memento of this kind of beauty and life. Flowers exert a strong hold upon our purer feelings; when it is parted, there often ensues a keen and bitter sense of loss. This is beautifully dwelt upon by Byron in his "prisoner of Chillon." We feel almost as if we had lost a friend. Linnæus, the great botanist, was cured of a severe bodily ailment by merely the reception of some rare plants. In how much stronger force must this feeling exist, when exercised towards a plant that our own hand has nurtured from the germ.

Cowper in one of his charming letters, writes, "I sit with all the windows and doors wide open, and am regaled with the scent of every flower, from a garden as full of flowers as I have known how to make it; and the sounds that nature utters are delightful. Every thing I see in the fields is an object of joy, and I can look at the same rivulet, or a handsome tree, every day of my life, with new pleasure;" and a certain poet sings:

"So, take my gift, a simple flower!
But, perhaps, 'twill while a weary hour;
And the music that its light magic weaves,
May touch your heart from its simple leaves."

Yes, it touches the heart; and hard indeed must that heart be, which will not acknowledge the influence of a beautiful flower. I would wish no intimate connection with such a one; I would prefer he who would enjoy its bright colors, and its rich aroma of fragrance. I should judge the heart of the latter to be the most tender, and the more apt to return friendship for friendship. Willis, in a beautiful passage, says:

"And the south wind is like a gentle friend;
It hath come over gardens, and the flowers
That kissed it are betrayed; for, as it parts,
With invisible fingers, my loose hair,
I know it hath been toying with the roses,
And stooping to the violets."

Flowers should not be enjoyed by poets and men of letters alone; but, being so full of loveliness, being creations of the Almighty's fingers, being in such endless abundance and variety, scattered so universally and requiring so little attention, they surely belong to, and should be enjoyed by, the whole creation of God. No one can appropriate their fragrance, or their beauty—

"It pours its light on every passing eye."

It is sent upon the winds of heaven, and wherever a molecule of air can penetrate, there flowers diffuse a sense of their being and loveliness.

The politician, in the whirl of a hotly contested election, and in the excitement of a public life, has no room or thought for them; the merchant, among his piles of silks and cottons, may slight the modest lily of the vale, with its pure hue, delicate texture, and delicious perfume; the factory operative, amid the whirr of machinery, may sigh in vain for his childish days spent in the field; and the warrior, "who dreams of Spanish blades, and cutting Turkish throats," may hew down a crop of daisies without a thought, except as to the temper of his steel; but a true-hearted man can not pass by one of these beautiful and significant adornings of nature, without an involuntary tribute of the heart. Summer throws flowers into our lap in the greatest profusion; and thus continues till the first snow of autumn chills and whitens their delicate petals.

Flowers teach important lessons to man. He learns to exercise tenderness from his intercourse with their extreme fragility; he may learn modesty from the violet, the sweetest of all the most unnoticed; and he may learn patience from their bursting into life and beauty in the spring, after lying torpid through the winter season; their blossoming every where teaches him to think of the happiness of others; they talk to him, as well as the stars, the mountains, the ocean, of the Being who made them; they serve to wean him from the coarser and more sensual delights of the world; they serve as emblems and tokens to him, of the most delightful charities, loves, hopes, fears, childish joys, and hoary pleasures; and in their universality, is couched the idea of Wordsworth—

"The charities that heal, and soothe, and bless;
Are scattered at the feet of man, like flowers."

They deserve our attention, because they are creations of the Almighty, and

"not a flower
But shows some touch, in freckle, freak, or stain,
Of His unrivalled pencil; He inspires
Their balmy odors, and imparts their hues."

Then, when spring shall again cause these germs of beauty, now in repose, to burst their fastenings, think of their Author, and also think, that in like manner,

"You, and I, one day
Shall burst this prison-house of clay;
And borne above, by unseen hands,
Shall blossom in celestial lands."

—[Waverly Magazine.

PROGRESS OF TRUTH.

BY B. P. L. BUELL.

It has been said by one well versed in the nature of man, that, "truth, whose first footsteps should ever be vigorous and alone, is often obliged to lean for support upon the arm of time." The history of all discoveries in the arts and sciences, furnishes abundant evidences of the truthfulness of the above remark. But, notwithstanding the proneness in man to condemn every thing new which conflicts with his preconceived opinions, still the declaration of one of our own poets remains impregnable, that

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error wounded writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers."

The question, "What is Truth?" is well worthy the investigation of every intelligent mind. Error is so interwoven and interlaced with every thing human, that it requires great research and discrimination to distinguish the true from the false.

In past ages, truth has made but little progress in consequence of the prevalence of ignorance. Belief is a blind instinct, and, without the aid of enlightened reason, is just as likely to lead to error as truth. From this cause, all kinds of absurdities have been palmed off upon the people by cunning and designing men, for the purpose of advancing their own selfish interests.

Religion, which, above all things else, should be kept pure and unadulterated, has suffered much from the poisonous shafts of error. The leaders of all false theories in reference to religion have been men of great shrewdness and intelligence—good judges of human nature; but deficient in virtue. To accomplish their purposes, they have found it necessary to keep the common people in ignorance. In this they have been successful, and the progress of religious truth has been greatly impeded by their unholy devices.

Man has faculties which lead him to worship something—his very nature compels him to be religious, and if not instructed in the *only true way*, he will bow down to images of his own device, or be drawn into the devious paths of error by the leaders of some sect, whose main object is to gain notoriety and wealth without physical exertion. Religious error has been the cause of an immense amount of suffering in the world, and it is still doing much to swell the amount of human misery.

But it is consoling to reflect that religious error is fast being driven from its strong hold of darkness by the light of truth. The last crusades, waged to establish some favorite theory of religion, will soon have their day, and be known only in the history of the past; and the nations of the earth, illuminated by the glorious light of the gospel of peace, will no longer resort to brute force to make converts of one another. The cruel tortures of the Inquisition will be exchanged for the mild and lovely invitations of the living teacher, saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it."

Next to the errors in regard to religious truth are those of medicine. The healing art is one of very great importance to the welfare of mankind. It lies at the very foundation of temporal felicity, inasmuch as it has to do with the public

health. But selfishness governs the actions of most men, and the medical fraternity have not escaped the general contagion. They have carried their schemes of worldly aggrandizement so far that most men look up to them as possessing skill bordering upon the supernatural. And they have found it for their interest to veil their peculiar art in mystery, and keep the common people in ignorance of the means they take to cure disease. It has always been their aim to magnify their skill in curing the most obstinate, and to say but little in reference to the best means of preserving health. They live on the folly and ignorance of mankind, and to enlighten the masses respecting the preservation of health, would be nothing less than taking from them their only means of support.

It is but a few years since physiology was introduced into our schools as a study, and a knowledge of the human system was confined almost entirely to medical men. Now, the young are beginning to be instructed in regard to their physical natures, and the laws of health, and the truth on the subject of medical treatment is fast taking the place of error. Men are beginning to learn that sickness and pain are the result of a violation of the laws of their being; and that it is far better to obey those laws than to suffer the penalty annexed to their transgression. Knowledge, on the true means of preserving health, is being spread broadcast over the land, and it is to be hoped that it will continue to increase until the whole earth shall be filled with its cheering influences. In no one thing, is the progress of truth more apparent, than it is in the increasing knowledge that mankind are gaining relative to the cause and remedy of disease.

Closely connected with a knowledge of man's physical constitution, is his intelligence in regard to his mental powers. Body and mind are so intimately connected in the present life, that whatever affects one, affects the other also. It is but a few years since the study of mind has been reduced to an exact science, and brought within the reach of the meanest capacity. To Dr. Gall is due the honor of discovering the science of Phrenology, which discovery is working a wonderful revolution in the affairs of the world. Phrenology has had its adversaries, and its progress has been greatly impeded by the opponents of truth. It has had to contend with the prejudices of the learned, and the ridicule of the ignorant. But, being founded on the immutable principles of truth, it is progressing with sure and fearless steps towards the goal of universal belief, and will soon cease to be termed a "delusion of science."

The cause of human liberty is also progressive. The monarchies of the old world are trembling with fear at the progress which truth is making in respect to the natural rights of man. Kings tremble on their thrones in consequence of the rising intelligence of their subjects, and every outburst of the people for FREEDOM is regarded by them as an omen of evil to themselves.

Our own government is looked upon with suspicion by the crowned heads of Europe, because it favors general intelligence and morality, which are the foes of despotism.

Finally, TRUTH is progressive, and will eventually triumph over the hydra-headed monster—error!—[Phrenological Journal.]

It is a fact worthy of note that on the same day in which the severe earthquake occurred at St. Jago de Cuba, there were unusual eruptions and an earthquake at Mt. Etna.

Voices from the Spirit-land.

SPIRITS AMONG THE INDIANS.

In a recent number of the *Boston Old Fellow* is contained the following curious document, which may prove interesting to all such as are investigating the subject of Spiritual Manifestations. It need not be deemed incredible that the native children of the forest should be favored with the same Spiritual influence and guidance which now attend their more enlightened brethren. The document will explain itself. It will be remembered probably by most of our readers that "Cornplanter" was a celebrated Indian chief who flourished half a century ago on the banks of the Allegheny River :

CONOSETAGO, 3d mo. 18, 1801.

Brothers ! Attend to the voice of the chiefs and warriors of the Seneca Nation, residing on the Allegheny River. We are now about to speak of things which to us are of great importance. The Great Spirit has not been forgetful of our situation, which we shall now explain—so great is the favors conferred upon us, he has sent his angels to instruct and delight the mind of one of our people (according to his account) in a marvelous manner—has appointed him to dictate his laws and see that they are fully executed.

Brothers ! the man we speak of is a brother to Cornplanter, Conudin by name, very much esteemed by us for his sobriety and wisdom, and in a particular manner for the advice and instructions which he is directed to communicate to us through the medium of his extraordinary, and we believe infallible revelations—we are endeavoring to follow those advices, and remove all manner of evil from amongst us ; and such as will not be admonished after sufficient entreaty, we are commanded to punish, that they may be a terror to others ; and by this means we hope to remove wickedness from amongst us, and establish laws and rules that we may no longer remain in darkness.

Brothers ! since we have thus been instructed to destroy and put away those evil things, we are happy to see a very considerable alteration amongst our own people, of this quarter, insomuch that they have much declined bringing strong liquor amongst us, which is one of the great evils spoken against by our wise men ; yet, notwithstanding our progress in establishing those rules, we find by the discourses of our wise men that very great danger awaits us—our enemy envy our proceedings, and are attempting our ruin ; have attempted to destroy the man by whom we are instructed, through their wicked invention of witchcraft—because he discovers their proceedings. The enemy we speak of is the Muncy Indians that reside at Catauragos, and although we have used endeavors to persuade them to decline the wicked practice, the more they disregard

our counsel, and continue to torment and trouble our people by their dark invention, which our wise man from time to time clearly explains to us, and commands us that the time is near at hand when they must be called to account and punished ; which he says is the command of the Great Spirit through the mouth of the angels that are so frequently conversing with him.

Brothers ! we fully confide in the counsel communicated, and believe it to be the will of the Great Spirit they should be executed, and unless something can be done to prevent the mischievous designs of those people, the hatchet must be taken up in our defense, for how can we, thus situated, be still, and suffer our nation to be destroyed ? So great is the alarm which now prevails amongst us, that our warriors are beginning to look around for their hatchets—and we are taught to believe that if we don't execute the commands given to us, that the Great Spirit will most assuredly bring evil on us for our neglect.

Brothers ! we will now inform you how far we have proceeded in this business. We have applied to the white inhabitants of Casewago, who have undertaken to represent our condition to the governor and council of Pennsylvania, and hope for assistance by this means. We have all concluded to wait for their answer—would conclude proper to inform our agent of those things, hoping he will listen to our voice and consider our situation. Brothers ! listen well ! look around and inquire who it is that sends the wicked whisky sellers into our borders : we think our agent can't but be acquainted with those things, and we understand by the great sachem of the council of the United States, that he would guard us from the imposition of those wicked whiskey traders.

Done at a Council held at Conosetago on Allegany River, and directed to be forwarded to the Agent of Indian Affairs by Cornplanter and others of the chiefs and warriors residing in this quarter.

This was penned by a quaker who with two or three others were at Free Town, sent out by the Quakers of Pennsylvania for the purpose of civilizing the Indians.

INCONSISTENCIES EXPOSED.

C. HAMMOND, MEDIUM.

The time is advancing with electrical rapidity when spiritual manifestations will not be ridiculed and despised by those who profess to believe in a spiritual religion. The mention of a modern miracle seems to terrify the clerical profession. Already they begin "to wag their heads," and ask, can there come any good thing out of these miracles ? Can spirits work miracles of healing ? Can they do the miracles wrought by Christ ? In their ignorance, they impute the miracles of the New Testament to Jesus of Nazareth. Jesus himself wrought no miracles ; all miracles done

through him were wrought by spirits. These miracles were manifestations of spiritual power, and were in harmony with natural laws, although such was unknown and unseen by those who witnessed them. Jesus gave evidence to men, by the wonders done through him, that he was a medium of higher than earthly wisdom. His enemies knew that he was not educated in the school of magicians; consequently when a miracle was wrought by the power of spirits, they said, "verily he hath a devil!"

In Judea, at that time, evil spirits were acknowledged as doing many evil things. Persons afflicted with various diseases were supposed to be tormented by them. Some idolaters also entertained the same notions. Therefore, when Jesus acted as a medium of grace to the afflicted, and gave sight to the blind—when he introduced mercy instead of cruelty and love instead of hate, thereby supplanting the popular religion of the Jews, they alleged that he cast out evil spirits by Beelzebub. They were unwilling to allow that a good spirit had control over him; for that would be an acknowledgment disadvantageous to their official and popular standing in the church, and a virtual overthrow of their idolatrous rites and venerated ceremonies.

In more developed ages, the startling exhibitions of spirit power were manifest through mediums. These were called witches and wizards, and supposed to be those in league with the devil, whom he had selected to carry out his nefarious designs, and injure the religion of the day. These mediums were persecuted unto death, and yet who had received harm from them? Is it not a bad principle which recommends an *evil* to cure a *supposed* evil? And who will teach that good comes out of evil? Who will say that an evil spirit can be conquered and subdued by evil? Spirits do not teach that lesson. If an evil spirit had really the control of those persons, is it not surprising that he should have been content to do no harm? But then as now, there were those who sought some excuse, some apology for their ignorance, and hence find it very convenient to impute occurrences, which they neither wish to examine nor know how to explain, to some cause not inconsistent with their notions of an evil spirit.

Ministers of the gospel, ye who profess to teach in the name of Jesus, where are your credentials? Show the world "the signs," which Jesus said should accompany those who believed in his religion. Show that you are commissioned by him to teach and do, as he taught and did, and let the world know that you are mediums of spiritual truth and wisdom by the wonders and miracles that were to test his primitive disciples! Else, affirm no longer what you have never been able to prove, that you are the "sons of light," and the servants of Christ; for the day is at hand when your claims will be subjected to the test.

There is need, great need of reform among the cler-

gy. They decry against modern manifestations and miracles, which they have not seen, and because they have not seen them; and yet they scorn skeptics and unbelievers, because they disbelieve that Jesus wrought miracles, for the same reason. If a clergyman has a right to deny modern miracles, because his eyes have not seen them, how can he consistently complain of others for denying what they have not seen—miracles wrought eighteen centuries ago? If the teacher sets the example of contradicting everything beyond the inspection of his own eyes, how can he consistently reprove others for disputing what they have not seen? He tells the world that Jesus wrought a great many miracles, but the world may say how do we know? our eyes have not seen the wonder. He tells the world, that modern miracles, done by spirits, are all a humbug, a cheat, a deception, or that it is necromancy, or the works of the devil. The unbeliever replies, what is a humbug, a cheat, a deception now, may have been before; and what is necromancy, or works of the devil now, may have been the origin of Christianity eighteen centuries ago. Necromancy is no new thing, and when he who disputes a matter because he has not seen it, and denounces everything a cheat beyond the compass of his investigations, shall learn that others may use his weapons to demolish his religion; he will learn that wisdom is not in the head of egotism, nor truth in the heart of hypocrisy.

The manifestations of the present age are quite as wonderful as any that are recorded in the Christian scriptures, and the evidence upon which they rest, is as unquestionable as that of any anterior record. But the opposition of the church is not yet realized to its severest extent. As members diminish, wrath will wax hot, and as wrath waxes hot, so communications will follow.

The church has a day of trial at hand. It is a day that will test its claims of sincerity in spiritual revelations from heaven; it will try its orthodoxy of faith in revelation, and it will show who are, and who are not believers in the religion of Jesus. The cloak must be taken off, the real soul must appear, and the reform must commence. It has commenced but not in the church—reforms always begin elsewhere.

The friends of reform will not suffer martyrdom, in this country. They may be frowned upon and scorned; but the principles they will, as mediums, unfold, will be admired by the pure in heart. They will, ere long, be envied rather than ridiculed by those whose vision is too limited to comprehend a philosophy not tangible to their sensuous susceptibilities. Oh, what ecstasy of joy awaits the tranquil mind! What new-born delights rush upon the recipient of spirit-unfoldings! What rapture of glory comes down from heaven, to cheer and elevate, sustain and bless, the pilgrim in spiritual progress!

T. PAINE.

—[*Light from the Spirit-world.*]

THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

R. P. AMBLER, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, MARCH 12, 1853.

PHILOSOPHY OF PRODUCING AND CONTROLLING
THE FALL OF RAIN.

NUMBER THREE.

Dear Sir—An enlargement of our scientific knowledge, and a far more thorough and consistent understanding of the principles of correspondence or analogy, will unlock the deep or dark sayings of ancient prophets. They seemed to have seen, prospectively, unfolded a "new heaven and a new earth" out of the materials already in existence.

In order to unravel the stupendous mysteries which hang over our destiny, theologians have puzzled their brains in constructing consistent commentaries, and these, in their turn, have puzzled and belittled the intellectual vision of all who have made them a subject of confiding and protracted inquiry. The common use, in primeval times, of symbolical or *figurative* language so replete with ambiguities and with expressions so easily construed into diverse meanings—now furnishes the analytic student with the *power* always to make the ancient sayings correspond and harmonize with his *ruling thought* or established creed.

But after all, Mr. Editor, suppose all the learned sermons and commentaries should at last turn out like Jonah's prophecy to Nineveh, to be wholly untruthful: and suppose the "new heaven and new earth" should *not* be brought about "Spiritually," as some believe, nor by consuming with fire the present cosmical structure, as others believe; but suppose on the contrary, the earth and the atmosphere should be transformed and thoroughly rectified by a practical application of physical, mechanical and magnetic principles—then let me ask, do you think that the *authors* of those sermons and commentaries would, like the same Jonah, "let their angry passions rise," and remonstrate with the Lord for changing his mind and not fulfilling their dogmatic sayings? Or, would they hail with delight the immediate and progressive relief which would thereby be given to the industrial classes all over the world? It is well enough understood, that agricultural success or failure depend upon the seasons, climate, moisture, soil, and industry—just as these elements are beneficially harmonized or unfortunately disunited. And it would seem that the prophetic teachings of the ancients—their mythology and their theology alike—foreshadow something analogous to the statement contained in my first letter. Allow me to quote, as it comes to me, a few examples of apparent prefiguration:—

"The abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee.

There shall be upon every high mountain and upon every high hill, rivers and streams of water. Blessed are ye that sow beside the waters—that send forth thither the feet of the ox and ass. There the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams; wherein shall go no galleys with oars, neither shall gallant ships pass thereby. For in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams also in the desert. *And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water!* I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys. I will make the wilderness a pool of water; and the dry lands springs of water. I will even make a way in the wilderness and rivers in the desert, to give drink to my people. And all the rivers of Judah shall flow with waters, and a fountain shall come forth and water the valley of Shittim. He turneth rivers into a wilderness, and water springs into dry ground. And there he maketh the hungry to dwell, that they may prepare a city for habitation, and sow the fields, and plant vineyards, which may yield fruits of increase."

In these expressions—which are most manifestly the simple narratives of prophetic convictions individually entertained—I can see quite clearly that the skill of man *will do for the earth*, for water, and air, precisely what the ancients, in the absence of all knowledge of various scientific possibilities, supposed was only possible to the Supreme Being. But I have quoted enough for the present. For my impressions now lead to a continuation of the philosophy of *rain*, as commenced in the previous communication.

As already affirmed, the male and female forces are coëxtensive with all ponderable and imponderable matter. They operate within and upon the largest and smallest structures with the same geometrical precision. And here let me again say, that they were the foundations upon which the eternal universe of matter was laid; the formation of the sidereal heavens; the development of the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms; the organization and perpetuation of man. These *duodynamical* principles are especially operative between earth and water, between cloud and cloud, and between them and the earth again. The electric fluid travels so amazingly rapid, it is almost impossible to calculate all the positive and negative relations among the various substances developed by it, even in a flight of a single league. This moment these relations subsist between two clouds; the next moment finds these clouds in positive relation to some point of earth; next the earth is in negative relation to a mass of aqueous vapor in the clouds. And so these duodynamic relations are incessantly changing places, giving rise to the various alterations of temperature, to thunder and lightning, to rain storms, to the descent of gentle showers, to the rushing destructive tornado, and to every other phenomenon of all seasons and countries on the globe. In this connection, I will state another immutable law characterizing the operation of these forces; and which is without variableness in its relation to them. It is this:

Positive force, in fluid or elastic bodies, always *attracts and contracts*; while the negative force invariably *repels and expands* the same fluids and bodies. For instance, the human pulse corresponds with exact precision to these motions; because every *attraction* is succeeded by a *contraction* in the veins—every *repulsion* by an *expansion* in the appropriate arteries. The recently discovered scientific process of gilding metals, &c., by the action of these reciprocal forces, in solutions of silver and gold, is another illustration. Laroche, an experimentalist and physician of St. Petersburg, assisted by Dr. Crusell, produced a very fine illustration of the action of these forces upon the atoms circulating in the fluids of the body. They applied the positive (*i. e.*, the attractive and contractive power or) force to the eye and directly formed miniature “cataracts;” and what is still more demonstrative, they then applied the negative (*i. e.*, the repulsive and expansive force or) power and dispelled the trouble from the eye in ten minutes. The same law is everywhere present and equally operative in nature.

Now “stand from under,” Mr. Editor, for I am about to give you a *shower*—rather, to show just how that result is produced from the clouds.

First remember that the atmosphere, like the crust of the earth, is *stratified*—has different layers of air and temperature—and looks like the successive peels of an onion! It has several different currents also; some going from the south to the north; others from west to east; and still others, above these, going in exact opposite directions. All this, I am quite sure, will be recognized by future science.

These diverse aerial strata and electro-magnetic circulations are produced—*First*, by the resistance or friction of the air against the surface of the earth, occasioned by the rapidity with which it turns upon its axis. *Second*, by the evaporation of water, and by the ascension of terrestrial electricity, from all wet places. And *Third*, by the calorific or magnetic action of the sun upon the whole organism, and more especially upon the African continent.

The upper air is composed of electricity in different degrees of refinement and states of activity. And in order to provide for its more complete accumulation and development, the lowest stratum of air—that which we inhale—is generally rectified from humidity (or moisture) and so constitutes a kind of *non-conducting pedestal* for the rest of the air to repose upon. This lower stratum is what electricians term an “Insulator.” This in clear and dry weather, detaches the electricity of the upper regions from the earth, and cuts off all communication between them. Hence we may sometimes look up, in this continent, day after day and see the clouds floating over our heads, but receive none of their contents on the earth.

Chemical experiments have shown that when the

surface of water is cooled, the particles comprising it are negative; while the vapor of water is always positive. If vapor be reduced in temperature and condensed, then positive electricity (*i. e.*, magnetism) is liberated. And so *vice versa*: the negative force remains behind when water is permitted to evaporate into the formation of clouds.

We continually breathe the rectified air, or that stratum which constitutes the Insulator, detaching the upper strata from any immediate communication, with either our lungs or the earth. This stratum in our latitude is comparatively free from water and from every description of humidity, which as in the tropical countries, conducts the magnetism of the earth to the clouds, and their electricity to the earth, and in some localities produces almost continual fogs or mists, or protracted torrents of rain.

The lower portions or surface of clouds, as I before remarked, are “magnetic” in their action upon the ocean and upon all wet places. They perpetually draw certain invisible vapors from the earth. Still these clouds are in positive and negative *unison* with their own contents and surfaces, and remain suspended, until that *isolated* union is broken up by some point of earth or volume of electricity arising from it.

The upper portions of clouds are cold and electrical; the under surfaces are warm and magnetic. According to my vision, the highest clouds like the highest mountains, are capped and chilled with snow; this is so even in warm climates. The under surfaces meanwhile, being magnetic and positive, *attract* aqueous vapors from the earth, and *contracts* them into a more compact union with the nebulous elements. But this attraction of the atoms of the water can not occur, unless the *insulator* in a measure becomes saturated with moisture, and hence no longer a barrier and support, but has become an excellent *conducting* medium between the earth and the clouds. On the other hand, if the insulating or non-conducting stratification of air (which we breathe) be not disturbed by a near approach to the earth of the upper stratum, or by the moisture from the ground ascending into it; then it would be impossible to obtain rain from the heavens, even though the clouds be surcharged with vapor, and weigh many millions of tons more than the crystalline barrier beneath.

So strange and yet so simple is the philosophy of rain or droughts! For I think you can now understand, that a very little moisture converts the insulator into a *conductor* for the ascension of invisible vapor from the earth; that a general humidity of the lower stratum is the sign of rain in our climate; a dryness of it indicates a complete *insulation* of the clouds; and that, should this dryness continue for a length of time, as in sultry weather, the clouds will be overcharged, and, attracted by some point of land, pour out their contents in certain localities with thunder and lightning, and do

as much damage to harvest by their isolation, abundance, and violence, as was before done by the absence of moisture and of gentle showers upon the teeming fields and green pastures.

There! you now have my, or rather Nature's philosophy of the formation and fall of rain! And now, as it is stated, I will invite you to take a private excursion with me throughout the different countries, and compare the meteoric facts of the globe with the laws laid down in this letter. Let us now proceed.

You see what this theory absolutely requires,—do you not? It requires that water should remain dissolved in fine vapors, in the form of clouds, above the lower stratum of atmosphere, until the insulation be broken by some electrical changes between the earth and the nebulous strata; that then, the temperature of the under surfaces changing from a magnetic to a comparatively cold or electrical state, the vapor is rapidly condensed and is repelled, with electricity, to the earth in the liquid or congealed form, according to the prevalence of the negative (or electric) medium in the air at the time.

Let us now examine mountainous districts, with strict reference to this requirement. If our philosophy of rain be correct, then we shall find that lofty mountains, by penetrating the lower stratum, the Insulator, prevent the regular accumulation of vapor into clouds, and also the terrible storms of rain which occur in tropical latitudes, over extensive plains, after a long 'spell' of dry and sultry weather. Instead of 'terrible storms' in high latitudes, we are to look for perpetual fogs, mists, and drizzling but not torrents of rain. If mountains, constantly penetrating and disturbing the otherwise non-conducting stratum nearest the earth, prevent the regular formation of clouds and the occasional descension of rain, then according to our theory, we must expect that they should increase the amount of evaporation and the amount of moisture. It is well known that the most extensive and navigable rivers, instead of obtaining their waters from the lowlands and springs and valleys, on the contrary, take their rise from among the most extensive chains of hills and mountains. Baron Humboldt, whose mental structure compels him to individualize and systematize all his observations of Nature, gives his testimony, that "an individual river, which takes its rise among the mountainous districts of South America, contributes more water to the ocean than all the rivers and streams to be found upon the continent of Africa." And if you will but examine the origin of the rivers of Africa, you will see that the principal ones on the continent flow down from the highlands and lofty elevations under the Equator. Examine, also, the rivers of California and of countries still more mountainous, and you will see satisfactory evidences that towering points of earth constantly disturb the insulating stratum and give rise to much rain with-

out violence, and to mists and dews continually, even when the earth in those localities is not in need of it.

Let us now look at extensive plains. If our philosophy be correct, then over level tracts of country, the lower medium must become comparatively dry; must become a complete insulator; and clouds, filled with positive and negative forces, must either float for a long time very high, or else not be seen for weeks together, in consequence of being more powerfully attracted to other portions of the globe.

In illustration of this, examine the deserts of the earth. Whole years sometimes elapse without a shower. Storms of wind and sand are abundant. Sometimes a cloud is a meteoric curiosity! The Arabian plains are provided by nature with no elevated points of land, no lofty eminences, and so, according to our philosophy of rain, the insulating medium is seldom broken, and the fertilizing showers seldom fall upon the level countries. Or, look at the now very interesting and golden Australia. On this continent you can see no high mountains, nothing to disturb the existence of electricity in the almost invisible clouds, nothing to remove the insulation between the earth and them—except the absolute withdrawal of the sun's heat when that luminary is at the farthest southern point—and so, what is the fact in Australia? The island is seldom visited by gentle and fertilizing rains. Its rivers are very low during eight months of the year, and some of them are too shallow for navigation. But these remarks are not applicable to bodies of water with much extent of surface; for tides and spray have much the same effect as prominences or lofty peaks of earth, in disturbing the insulating stratum, and producing clouds and the descent of fogs and mists.

Look at the fogs of Newport; or examine the islands of the sea. The formation of rain clouds and the almost immediate precipitation of their moisture usually commence along the coasts and shores. Violent or disastrous storms of rain seldom visit Islands. The exceptions to this law are very few. Constant vaporizations and drizzling rains characterize nearly all islands and irregular or ragged coasts. For illustration, examine the meteorologic phenomena of Cape Horn; observe the frequent rains on the rocky coasts of Norway; the constant disturbance of the insulation and the quantities of showers in the Archipelago of Chronos; and many other examples may be had, showing how tides and spray dashing against rough rock-bound shores, beget a constant irregularity in the circulations of the electro-magnetic elements between the earth and the atmosphere.

It should be borne in mind meanwhile, that high mountains, when covered with trees and vegetation, are vastly better conductors than those elevations which are not so adorned. The trees, having many points, besides being such 'cold water drinkers,' are in conse-

quence thereof, excellent for conducting and moderating the processes between the clouds and the soil.

The influence of mountains extends for leagues around. They perforate the insulator, and set the electro-magnetic currents in motion; these give immediate rise to aerial and terraqueous winds; the electric fluid now darts from point to point, puts the surface of the earth in direct communication with the lower surfaces of the clouds, as zinc with copper plates in acid; and so it is, that mountains sometimes do not themselves receive as much rain as the plains and lowlands adjacent to them. The importance of this fact in regulating storms, showers, &c., will hereafter receive more application.

This philosophy of storms receives additional confirmations from the meteorology of Mexico. In this country you see *two* quite different seasons; not *four* as we divide our year. They have an *El Estio*—a dry magnetic season; and a *La Estacion de las Argas*—a season of wind, fog, and chilling or negative rains. The country is also by the natives differently divided, into *hot* and *cold* districts, implying the preponderance in the former, the *tierras calienta*, of magnetism; and in the latter, the *tierras frias*, of electricity. In these countries you may see complete illustrations of the foregoing philosophy. Were it not for the fact that the *table* lands of Mexico are near enough to the sea shore to obtain the moisture gradually arising from the effect of the spray upon the insulator, the *first stratum*, they would yield but little vegetation and be unfit for agriculture. These vaporizations pass on by the "trade winds" during the *El Estio* or dry period, and form clouds near the tops of the mountains of the interior. In the mean time the *table* land is suffering more or less for the want of rain. Indeed, the agriculturist is often compelled to construct canals and bring water from small streams to moisten the burning dust and over-heated vegetation. Irrigation, therefore, or *baraka*, is resorted to on the plains, because the *insulation* is not enough disturbed which detaches the earth from all fecundating communications with the upper strata of the atmosphere.

But now, Mr. Editor, I must cease to write because my impressions cease to flow. It is to be hoped that neither you nor your readers will be impatient to see the conclusion of "the whole matter;" because this result can not be accomplished within the limits allotted to this article. As the explanations are now completed, as I think they are, you may expect the "plan for producing and controlling rain" in my next. What that *plan* will be, is no more known to my brain than it is to yours. And so I confess that my curiosity to know "what's coming next" is not in the least allayed by the fact that my hand has traced the foregoing. But still I remain,

Yours for Humanity,

A. J. DAVIS.

Where, there is Harmony, there is Truth.

THE APPEAL TO A HIGHER COURT.

The highest judiciary in matters of duty, faith and worship, in the world, is the Priesthood; and this high Court, on the application of the People *vs.* Materialism, has laid down the following doctrines:

1.—There is a future life to be enjoyed or suffered by the spirit, but only in the material body, which is to be raised again. We can not say that there is such a thing as conscious existence independent of the body.

2.—The state of happiness or misery in the future life does not depend upon the exertions of the individual to attain to the one or to avoid the other, but, since mankind are all under condemnation through the malfeasance of an ancient ancestor, it is altogether dependent upon the absolute will and choice of the Sovereign Dispenser of justice.

3.—Those who have the good fortune to be selected for a state of happiness will be carried through the air in their material body to a distant place, (upward,) called *heaven*, but those who have not this good fortune will be consigned to another place, (downward,) called *hell*: we however can not state positively of any one, or assure any particular individual, whether he will enjoy the former or suffer the latter.

4.—Heaven is a walled City with gates; the streets are paved with gold; and the happiness of the inhabitants consists in the reflection that they were preferred before their brothers and sisters, (although no more deserving,) and are permitted to pass their time in the amusement of singing, from which their less fortunate kindred are forever debarred.

5.—Hell is a gulf or liquid lake of fire, which, however, is of a nature so different from ordinary fire, that though it be continually consuming the material bodies of the unfortunate brothers and sisters aforesaid, they are never finally and effectually consumed, but suffer for ages on ages this caustic application without the destruction of their natural organism.

6.—The reason why some are selected for heaven and others sent to hell, is in the first instance to gratify the Deity's love of mercy, and in the second, his desire for vengeance; while the eternal, unchangeable principle of justice is satisfied in the fact that the Deity being *Sovereign*, he can always act as seemeth to him best.

7.—However, let none think of escaping from the duty of obeying the laws of the Deity as promulgated by us. There are various degrees of moral turpitude, and the standard of punishment will always be proportioned to the character of the offender.

From this decision in regard to these several points of doctrine, the people have appealed to a higher Court—to the judiciary of the Second Sphere, and the corrections sent down from this court are as follows:

1.—The Spirit, although immortal, is yet material, but is so refined in substance as to be, like the air, in-

visible. There is a spiritual body, as well as an interior soul, which inhabits the natural body during life. At the hour of death the former separates from the latter, and with the interior soul forms a spiritual man. The spiritual body is the exact counterpart of the natural body, or if at all changed it is improved as regards symmetry and beauty—but if it could be seen by the natural eye, it would be easily recognized. As to the natural body, it is decomposed into its original elements, and like the hair we cut off and cast from us during life, it is never again united to us.

2.—All happiness depends upon harmony—the harmony of one desire with another in the mind of the individual, of one mind with another in the family, of one family with another in society, of one society or class with another in the state, and of one state with another in the world. The attainment of this harmony and consequent happiness depends upon the growth and development of the individual, and this in a great measure upon his own exertions. It is easy to see, therefore, that happiness is the reward of virtue, and is not dependent upon arbitrary law.

3.—Heaven, properly, is not a place, but a condition,—a state of harmony and happiness,—and whoever is in this state, even in this life, is in heaven. The same may be said of its opposite, hell,—a place of great pain or misery. But as pain is caused by a condition of inharmony, and as there is greater harmony in the future life than in the present, it follows that if there be a local hell, it is on the earth. However, as progression and refinement is a law of nature, we can assure every one that he will eventually attain to a state of harmony and happiness, which is heaven.

4.—The only sense in which the term heaven, as ordinarily used, can be reconciled with the idea of a locality, is in reference to the spiritual world or Second Sphere of existence. But this is connected with every world or planetary body throughout the vast infinitude of creations, and in this sense it may be truly said that every one goes to heaven.

5.—Inharmony, inquietude, is the only condition answering to the term, hell; but time and development will speedily put an end to this condition. The only burning lake like unto the description, is the scathing boiling cauldron of earthly antagonisms.

6.—As happiness does not depend upon arbitrary law, even man's finite sense of justice requires no apology for the Deity.

7.—It is true that there is no forgiveness for transgression—punishment always inevitably follows the infraction of a natural law; whether it be of the mind or of the body; and the punishment is always proportioned to the transgressions. But this is true only of natural laws,—there are no arbitrary laws in nature.

These corrections are substantially according to the teachings of the higher order of communications, which

have been received from the Second Sphere within the last few years. We can all imagine what pleasure it would give us to hear that a brother, placed on trial for some dreadful crime, had been acquitted,—such is the pleasure which all must sooner or later feel, who have believed in the irremediable guilt of their brethren; for all will, presently or remotely, be convinced of the virtual innocence of man.

O. P. HATFIELD.

WORDS OF REASON.

To the Priesthood in particular, and Church-members generally, throughout the United States.

LETTER NUMBER THREE.

BRETHREN AND FRIENDS :—In this letter which will be very brief, I desire to call your attention for a few moments to some thoughts connected with the doctrine of the "Atonement," or "the atoning blood of Christ." I am aware that this subject is considered of great importance by members of the Church, and I would not willingly give any unnecessary shock to their sensitive feelings. Therefore I shall deal with the matter as carefully and gently as the nature of the case will permit. But it should be borne in mind that this is at best a shocking doctrine when placed in the most favorable light; and so many minds have received shocks in attempting to realize the doctrine, it should not be a matter of wonder if the same sensations are produced in its removal.

I will endeavor to illustrate this doctrine in a plain and simple manner, and then make an application which will place the subject in its true light. A man traveling in the wilderness, if pursued by a fierce wild animal, might naturally drop his coat or his vest by the path in order to detain the animal by turning its attention toward the garment, thus furnishing for himself a better hope of escape. In extreme cases of agony and fear, a mother might even be induced to cast her child into the devouring jaws of the crocodile, hoping thus to delay the fate to which she is endangered; and hence we read that heathen mothers, actuated by a similar principle, have offered sacrifices by throwing their babes into the Ganges in order to save themselves from the threatened anger of the gods. It is, however, only in the most undeveloped state of the human mind that this can occur. Now let us apply the illustration to the doctrine in question. In our own day of boasted light and knowledge we have a priesthood and a people who teach and imagine until it almost seems a reality, that a great mad God is after them, who with loud and angry curses is threatening to consume them with endless fire. But now it is necessary that some place of escape should be formed; and what is the glorious "Scheme of salvation" adopted by the Church? Why, in order that the blow of divine vengeance may be avoid-

ed, the innocent Jesus is tossed into the hands of the angry God; while his sufferings and cruel death are supposed to *satisfy*—only think of it—the demands of justice. I know that many of the people are in earnest about this, but that does not mend the matter. It amounts to nothing less than *base cowardice* for any person to attempt to dodge damnation or any other wo, by throwing the suffering on some other innocent individual. One thing is certain, that no honest God would let sinners off on such terms. The whole doctrine is a slander on the character of Deity, and must be removed when the light of reason is shed abroad in the soul.

V. N.

Poetry.

COMMUNION OF SPIRIT.

Oh, that in unfettered union,
Spirit could yith spirit blend;
Oh, that in unseen communion,
Thoughts could reach the distant friend;
Who the secret can unravel
Of the body's mystic guest,
Who knows how the soul may travel
Whilst unconsciously we rest?

Whilst in pleasing thralldom lying,
Sealed in slumbers deep, it seems
Far above it may be flying
What is sleep, and what are dreams.
What is thought, and whither tending?
Does the subtle phantom flee?
Does it, like a moonbeam ending,
Shine, then melt in vacancy?

Has a strange, mysterious feeling,
Something shapeless, undefined,
O'er thy lonely musings stealing,
Ne'er impress'd thy pensive mind?
As if he whose strong resemblance
Fancy in that moment drew,
By coincident resemblance,
Knew your thoughts, and thought of you?

When at mercy's footstool bending,
Thou hast felt a sacred glow,
Faith and Hope to Heaven ascending,
Love still lingering below—
Say, did ne'er the thought impress thee,
That thy friend could feel thy prayer,
Or the wish at least possess thee,
He might in thy feelings share?

Yes, he shall partake the blessing,
Angels waft the prayer on high,
Thou the heart's desire expressing,
Bring it to his spirit nigh.
Do ye some mysterious token
To the kindred bosom bear,
And to all the heart has spoken,
Wake a chord responsive there?

Lo! the hour is swiftly hasting,
Spirit shall with spirit blend,
Fast mortality is wasting,
Soon shall time's dark shadow's end;
Let us then hold sweet communion,
Let us breathe the mutual prayer,
Till in Heaven's eternal union,
O, my brother, I meet thee there.

SARAH R.—N.

—[The Token.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

BY MARY R. CLARKE.

When the evening star is stealing
Slowly from the azure sky;
And each lowly little flowret
Softly shoots its dewy eye:

When each little bird is sleeping
Sweetly in its downy nest;
And no sound the silence breaking,
E'er intrudes to mar its rest:

When the dew is slowly falling
On each leaf and folded flower;
And there seems a holy quiet
In the stilly twilight hour:

Then it is, that friends departed
Leave their happy homes above;
Then it is they're sent to cheer us,
Whispering kindly words of love.

Then we seem to hear them saying,
"Weep not for the loved ones flown;
For we're in a world where sorrow,
Pain and care, are all unknown:

"Where unfading flowers are blooming
On the banks of crystal streams:
O, it is a world of beauty,
Brighter far than poet-dreams.

"Let your lives be pure and ho'y,
Lend to all a helping hand;
And when life is done, you'll join us,
In the happy spirit-land."

—[Flag of our Union.

THE ORIGIN OF FLOWERS.

BY JENNY JAY.

Flowers! Whence comes your wondrous birth,
Decking with beauty the dark brown earth?
Ye call her mother—but tell me where
Ye gather your hues so passing fair?
'Tis not from her.

We come from the land called the Spirits' home,
Where angels in beauty and gladness roam;
Each virtue, each grace, in that bright sphere,
Shows forth in the form of a flower here;—
'Tis thence we come.

But wherefore so far from your native sky
Come ye midst mortals to bloom and die?
Mark ye that here the chill winds blow,
And Death that your own realms never know,
Makes all his own?

We know of the sorrows that gather here,
Of the blighted hope,—of the flowing tear;
And 'tis to beguile from care awhile,—
To brighten the earth with the angels' smile,
That we are come.

The lily, the rose, the violet's breath,
Yield to the monarch that you call Death,
But fear not his power; and of this be sure,
He can change but the form—the spirit pure
Returns to Heaven.

—[True Flag.

Miscellaneous Department.

THE BLACK RAVEN.

Among the lofty Carpathians, where they mirror their stern and solemn beauty in the clear waters of the Waag, linked together in a long chain, like the giant guardians of the fair valley at their feet, may be seen a detached and sterile rock, almost inaccessible, totally devoid of vegetation, and laved by the rapid river, which hurries from beneath its heavy shadows to dance again in brightness in the sunlight beyond.

The Count Stibor was as brave as he was high-born, and riches had poured in upon him until he had become one of the wealthiest nobles in the empire. It chanced that one day he hunted with a great retinue among the mountain fastnesses; and glorious was the sport of that gallant hunt. The light-footed chamois, the antlered deer, the fierce wolf, and the grizzly bear were alike laid low; when, as the sun was about to set, he formed his temporary encampment on the pleasant bank of the Waag, just where, on the opposite side of the channel, the lone precipitous rock we have described turned aside the glancing waters.

The heart of Stibor was merry, for the sport had gone well throughout the day, and when his rude tents were raised, the savory steam of the venison, and the sparkles of the wine-cup brightened his humor, and he listened, with a smile upon his lip, to the light sallies of the joyous company.

As they talked idly of the day's hunting, however, one wished that the deer had taken another direction; a second that he had not lost his *couteau-de-chase* in the underwood; in short, there was not an individual among them who had not some regret blended with his triumph, like a drop of gall in a cup of honey.

"Hear me," said the magnificent noble, during a transient pause in the conversation; "I seem to be the only hunter of the day to whom the sport has been without a blemish. It is true that all your misfortunes are light enough; but I will have no shadow cast upon my own joy; and therefore to compensate to you for these alleged mishaps, each of you is free to form a wish, and if it be within my power to grant it, I pledge my knightly word that it shall be fulfilled."

A murmur of admiration ran through the astonished circle; and the work of ambition soon began. Gold was the first thing asked for—for avarice is ever the most greedy of all passions; and then revenge upon an enemy—for human nature will often sacrifice personal gain to vengeance; and then power—authority—rule over their fellow-men; the darling occupation and privilege of poor, weak, self-misjudging mortals. In short, there was no boon within the reach of reason which had not been promised, when the eyes of Stibor fell upon his jester, who was standing apart playing with the tassels of his vest, and apparently quite uninterested in a subject which had made all around him eager and excited.

"And thou, knave," said the noble, "hast thou nothing to ask? Thou must bestir thyself, or thy master will have little left to give, if the game go on thus."

"Fear not, fear not," replied the fool; "the claimants have been courteous, for they have not touched upon that portion of thy possessions which I covet. They have demanded gold, blood, dominion; the power to enjoy themselves, and

to render others wretched—they are welcome to all they want. I ask only for stones." A loud laugh ran through the circle. "Stones, Betzko!" echoed the astonished Stibor; "thou shalt have them to thy heart's content, where and in what shape thou wilt."

"I take thee at thy word, Count Stibor. I will have them yonder, on the crest of the bold rock that stands out like a braggart daring the foot of man; and in the shape of a good castle in which I may hold my own, should need be," was the unlooked for reply.

"Thou hast lost thy chance, Betzko!" cried a voice amid the universal merriment that ensued. "Not even Stibor can accomplish thy desire."

"Who dares to say that Stibor can not grant it, if such be his will?" demanded the chieftain in a voice of thunder, as he rose proudly from the earth where he had been seated on a couch of skins. "The castle of Betzko shall be built!"

And it was built—and within a year a festival was held there; and the noble became enamored of his own creation—for it was beautiful in its strength, and the fair dames admired its courtly halls as much as the warriors prized its solid walls and its commanding towers. And thus Count Stibor bought off the rock-fortress from his jester with gold, and made it the chief place of his abode; and he feasted there with his guests, and made merry with music and dances, until it seemed as though life was to be for him one long festival. Men often walk over the spot which afterward opens to bury them.

Little by little the habit of self-indulgence grew upon the luxurious noble; yet still he loved the chase beyond all else on earth, and his dogs were of the fleetest and finest breed.

He was one day at table, surrounded by the richest viands and the rarest wines, when one of his favorite hounds entered the hall howling with pain, and dragging after him his wounded foot, which dropped blood as he moved along. Terror seized upon the hearts of the vassals, even before the rage of their lord burst forth; and when it came, terrible was the storm as he vowed vengeance against the wretch who had dared thus to mutilate an animal that he valued.

An aged slave flung himself at his feet. "Mercy! my lord, mercy!" he exclaimed, piteously. "I have served you faithfully, for years—my beard is grey with time, and my life has been one of hardship. Have mercy on me, for he flew upon me, and would have torn me, had I not defended myself against his fury. I might have destroyed him, but I sought only to save myself. Have mercy on my weakness!"

The angry chieftain, however, heeded not the anguish of his grey hairs; and pointing to a low balcony, which extended across the window of the apartment and hung over the precipice, he commanded that the wretched old man should be flung from thence into the river which flowed beneath, as an example to those caitiffs who valued their own worthless lives above those of his noble hounds.

As the miserable tools of an imperious will were dragging the unhappy victim to his fate, he raised his voice, and cursed the tyrant whom they served; and having done so, he summoned him to appear at the tribunal, which none can escape, to answer for this his last crime, on its first anniversary. But the powerful chief heeded not his words.

"Away with him!" he said, sternly, as he lifted his goblet to his lips—and there was a struggle, a shriek of agony, and then a splash upon the river wave, and all was silent!

A year went by in festival and pride; and the day on which that monstrous crime had been committed returned unheeded. There was a feast in the castle, and Stibor, who month after month gave himself up yet more to self-indulgence, gradually became heavy with wine, and his attendants carried him to a couch beside the same window whence the unfortunate slave had been hurled twelve months before.

The guests drank on for a time, and made merry at the insensibility and helplessness of their powerful host; and then they departed, each to his business or his pleasure, and left him there alone.

The casement had been flung back to admit the air freely into the heated apartment; and the last reveler had scarcely departed, when a raven—the somber messenger of Nemesis—flew thrice round the battlements of the castle, and then alighted on the balcony. Several of the guests amused their idleness by watching the evolutions of the ill-omened bird; but once having lost sight of it, they turned away and thought of it no more.

Meanwhile, a work of agony and death had been delegated to that dark-winged messenger. It rested but an instant from its flight ere once more it hovered over the couch of the sleeping Stibor; and then darting down, its sharp beak penetrated at one thrust from his eye into his brain!

The agony awoke him, but he awoke only to madness from its extent. He reeled to and fro, venting imprecations to which none were by to listen, and writhed until his tortured body was one convulsion. At length, by a mighty effort, striving to accomplish he knew not what, he hurled himself over the balcony, at the self-same spot whence the slave had been flung by his own command; and as he fell, the clear waters of the Waag for a time resisted the impure burthen, and threw him back shrieking and howling from their revolting depths.

But he sank at last; and when his parasites sought him on the morrow, they found only the couch on which he had lain, and a few drops of blood to hint that he had died a death of violence and vengeance.

They searched for him carefully on all sides; and then, when they were quite assured that he had passed away never to return, whispers grew of the grey-headed slave, and the mysterious raven—until by degrees the fate of the famous Stibor was fashioned into form, and grew into a legend throughout the country; searing the village maiden in her twilight walk, and the lone shepherd in his watch upon the hills.—[*Peterson's Magazine*.]

DEVELOPMENTS AND DISCOVERIES.

There has been no period since the commencement of the world in which so many important discoveries, tending to the benefit of Mankind, were made, as in the last half century. Some of the most wonderful results of human intellect have been witnessed in the last fifty years. Some of the grandest conceptions of genius have been perfected. It is remarkable how the mind of the world has run into scientific investigation, and what achievements it has effected in that short period. Before the year 1800 there was not a single steamboat in existence, and the application of steam to machinery was entirely unknown.

Fulton launched his first steamboat in 1807—now there are three thousand steamboats traversing the waters of Ameri-

ca, and the time saved in travel is equal to seventy per cent. The rivers of every country in the world, nearly, are now traversed by steamboats.

In 1800, there was not a single railroad in the world. In the United States alone there are now, 8,797 miles of railroad, costing \$236,000,000 to build, and about 22,000 miles of railroad in England and America. The locomotive will now travel in as many hours, a distance which in 1800 required as many days to accomplish.

In 1800 it took weeks to convey intelligence between Philadelphia and New-Orleans; now it can be accomplished in minutes through the electric telegraph, which only had its beginning in 1843.

Voltaism was discovered in March, 1800—the electro-magnet in 1821. Electrotyping was invented only a few years ago.

Hoe's printing press, capable of working 10,000 copies per hour, is a very recent invention.

Gas light was unknown in 1800—now nearly every city and town of any pretence are lighted with it, and we have the announcement of a still greater discovery, by which light, heat, and motive power may be produced from water, with scarcely any cost.

Daguerre communicated to the world his beautiful invention in 1839.

Gin cotton and chloroform are discoveries of but a few years old.

Astronomy has added a number of new planets to the solar system.

Agricultural chemistry has enlarged her domain of knowledge in that important branch of scientific research, and mechanics have increased the facilities for production, and the means of accomplishing an amount of labor which far transcends the ability of united effort to accomplish.

What will the next half century accomplish? We may look for still greater discoveries; for the intellect of man is awake, exploring every mine of knowledge, and searching for useful information in every department of art and industry.

Physiology is now being taught in common schools.

Reforms in medicine have been in the past few years exceeding those of all former time. Thus is the march of mind onward. Let us not be found "behind the light-house."—[*Phrenological Journal*.]

A THRILLING SKETCH.

One of my father's brothers, residing in Boston at the time when the yellow fever prevailed to such an extent, became a victim to the pestilence. When the first symptoms appeared, his wife sent the children into the country, and herself remained to attend to him. Her friends warned her against such rashness. They told her that it would be death to her, and no benefit to him, for he would soon be too ill to know who attended upon him. These arguments made no impression upon her affectionate heart. She felt that it would be a long life of satisfaction to her to know who attended him, if he did not. She accordingly stayed, and watched him with unremitting care. This, however, did not avail him. He grew worse and worse, and finally died. Those who went round with the death carts had visited the chamber, and seen that the end was near. They now came to take the body. His wife refused to let it go. She told me that she

never knew how to account for it, but though he was perfectly cold and rigid, and to every appearance quite dead, there was a powerful impression on her mind that life was not extinct. The men were overborne by the strength of her conviction, though their own reasons were opposed to it.

The half hour again came round, and again were heard the solemn words—"Bring out your dead." The wife again resisted their importunities, but this time the men were more resolute. They said the duty assigned to them was a painful one, but the health of the town required punctual obedience to the orders they received; if they expected the disease ever to abate, it must be by a prompt removal of the dead, and immediate fumigation of the infected apartments.

She pleaded and pleaded, and even knelt to them in an agony of tears, continually saying, "I am sure he is not dead." The men represented the utter absurdity of such an idea—but finally, overcome by her tears, again departed.

The dreaded hour again came round and found him cold and rigid as ever. They accordingly attempted to remove the body, but she threw herself upon it and clung with such frantic strength, they could not easily loosen her grasp. Impressed by the remarkable energy of her will, they relaxed their efforts. To all their remonstrances she answered—"if you bury him, you bury me with him."

At last by dint of reasoning on the necessity of the case, they obtained from her a promise that, if he showed no signs of life when they again came around, she would make no further opposition to the removal.

Having gained this respite, she hung the watch upon the bed-post, and renewed her efforts with redoubled zeal. She kept kegs of hot water about him, forced hot brandy between his teeth, and breathed into his nostrils, and held hartshorn to his nose—but the body still lay motionless.

She looked anxiously at the watch, and in five minutes the promised half hour would be up, and those dreadful voices would be heard passing through the street. Hopelessness came over her—she dropped the head she had been sustaining—the hand trembled violently—and the hartshorn she had been holding was spilled on the palid face.

Accidentally, the position of the head had been slightly tipped backward, and the powerful liquid flowed into his nostrils. Instantly there was a short quick gasp—a struggle—his eyes opened—and when the death men came again, they found him sitting up in the bed!

He is still alive, and has enjoyed unusual good health.

MRS. L. M. CHILD.

HOPE.

A little girl was bending sorrowfully over a bed of flowers. Daily, through the summer, she watched the expanding buds, and nightly through the autumn protected them from the increasing cold. But a November frost settled upon them, and their bright petals and green leaves dropped to wave not again in the passing breeze. "Oh, cruel frost," she said "dead! dead! dead!" Then a young voice as from within said to her—"Spring will come and your flowers will bloom again." Hope sprang up from the bordering of sorrow, and through all the long cold winter picturing the coming spring, radiant with flowers.

A mother wept beside the remains of her departed child, she mourned a flower far dearer to her than all the flowers of

the field. Despair was well nigh closing its dark waters, over her when upon her soul, in angel tones, softly fell these words—"The dead shall live again!" Hope rose Heavenward, and brightened all the pathway of her life.

Thus it is ever with human life. Hope lends enchantment to every scene. One has said that we suffer more from future and apprehended evils, than from those which are present; but it is not likewise true that the greater part of our enjoyment arises from what we hope for. In that state of existence, where we shall be ere long, what is to be may appear no brighter than what is. But here, if the present appear full of storms, behind every storm, Hope paints a rainbow. The sailor beholds the steady twinkle of the northern star beyond the wildest tempest; and eagerly watches for the falling of its tranquil beams, between the rifted and retired clouds. The pilgrim to the Holy Shrine sees Oriental skies from amid the Alpine snows, and plants his staff with firmer hold upon the icy verge of the precipice. To us Hope tells of brighter days to come. To the houseless wanderer, it speaks of home and friends; to the unhappy, of happiness; to the Christian, of the glories of eternity. It is a sympathizing friend, bringing consolation to the broken-hearted; a ray from the world of light streaming the "darkened casement of the blind; Æolian music to those upon whose ears earthly sound ne'er fell."

Oh Hope! we hail the morning star of every joy, glorious harbinger of eternal life.

SPIRIT MESSENGER AND HARMONIAL ADVOCATE.

This Journal, under the care and protection of ministering spirits, may now justly assume a prominent position among the various instrumentalities of human progress. It is devoted to an elucidation of the important subjects comprehended in Spiritual Science and Social Reform, and will embrace in its sphere the realities which are disclosed in the principles of Nature and the instructions of the celestial world. As prominent and distinctive features of this Journal, may be mentioned,

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