

SPIRIT MESSENGER

AND

HARMONIAL ADVOCATE.

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

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Revelations of Nature.

THE PROCESS OF UNFOLDING.

BY R. P. AMBLER.

It is a sentiment which has not been understood by the mass of the world, that the dignity and destiny of humanity can be attained only through the progressive unfolding of the most interior powers of the soul. The process of education and development as this is carried on in the schools and in the Church, apparently has relation only to the impressing of certain thoughts and ideas on the external brain, without any acknowledgement of that inner principle which lies inactive and almost unknown within the chambers of the spirit. By this process the external surface of the mind is crowded with impressions of the most unimportant and superficial character. Youth have been taught what reason could not comprehend, and what intuition would not sanction, in receiving a merely outward and comparatively useless education, or in listening to the discourses of theological teachers. From all the indications that appear in the common course of intellectual discipline, it would seem that the world had not arrived at a point where it could recognize the existence and powers of the spirit, so intent are scholars and theologians to impress their peculiar ideas of philosophy and religion on the outer brains of their passive pupils. The difficulty in the prevailing systems of educational training, is that the mind is enstamped with fragmentary ideas and opinions which have been derived from the labors and experience of others, and that the chambers of the memory are filled with representative images of thought which have been handed down from year to year and from century to century, while at the same time the powers of the soul are not exercised and expanded to a sufficient extent to enable it to appreciate and comprehend for itself the established principles and truths of Nature, which are alone eternal. Hence it is that with all the knowledge which has been garnered by the most enlightened and advanced minds in this material sphere of thought, there is manifested a painful uncertainty with regard to all the real interests of humanity, and a sensible shrinking from most of the great problems of the Universe.

The truth is—and it will be apparent to the truly philosophical mind—that the world has labored in a wrong direction, and on an entirely false principle, to develop the faculties and capabilities of Man. It has been the general aim to impress ideas and creeds on the external brain, no matter whether they could be comprehended or not, in order to unfold the riches of truth and purity in the inward being. But how, let

it be inquired, can the inner being be reached at all by teachings which can have no relation with it, and which linger in the courts of the material brain? It must be evident that those doctrines which can be only received or assented to as *opinions*, without being inwardly felt and realized as *truths*, can only serve to place barriers in the way of spiritual development, and embarrass instead of enlightening the understanding. In this way the teachings of the world, including the theories, philosophies and systems of faith adopted by the schools and the Church, have been impressed on the surface of the earthly mind, as the distorted images or reflections of interior truths—as the constructions of human skill and fancy—as darkening and mystifying cobwebs of speculation, tending to blind with unworthy prejudices, the vision of the indwelling soul. No rational individual who comprehends the first principles of the philosophy of mind, would ever expect that the inner and immortal nature could be developed by such a process as is here represented. Influences of an external nature may produce corresponding effects—they may awaken the energies of the outward man, and enstamp thoughts, desires and purposes upon his brain; but they can not reach the inmost germ of the human soul, which has a correspondence only with the life and light of the Divine Mind; and so, living, breathing and acting solely in an outward realm, they can not truly unfold or expand that inner life, which in themselves they have no power to reach. Therefore any process of external education which has reference simply to the impression of certain ideas, or to the training of certain faculties of the mind, must be necessarily superficial in its nature, and represents a false and unnatural mode of spiritual development.

The true process of unfolding is that which commences in the interior—which has its very beginning in the germ of the soul—and then from this develops and harmonizes the more external powers. There is an important principle involved in this process which corresponds with one of the most beautiful and essential truths in Nature. This principle is that all things are developed from a germ, in which reside inherently all the elements and forces by and from which the forms developed are produced. As illustrations we may witness the tree and the flower,—or, were the understanding sufficiently unfolded, we might refer to the Universe itself; for here it will be perceived that the process of creation and development is but the process of growth and expansion, the varied forms of external substance being derived progressively from the seed or germ in which they were primarily contained. Now, to apply this principle to Man, it will be found that he possesses within his spiritual nature a germ of immortal life and intelligence, wherein reside all his noblest and sublimest powers, this being the grand center and sun of his existence. In this germ, therefore, the process of unfolding should be commenced,

Here is the very seat of consciousness—the positive and controlling power of the whole system; and from this should be sent forth the radiations of spiritual light and heat, by which the movements of the outward man may be regulated and controlled. In the first place, then, according to this principle, the soul must be placed in connection with the Spheres of immortal wisdom that rise above it in the direction of the Eternal Fountain. Then, filled with the influence of a higher life, it will gradually grow, expand and strengthen, as flowers beneath the light and dew of heaven. Thus developed by the attractions and inspirations of its own appropriate sphere, the spirit will send forth to all congenial and receptive minds the breath of the celestial atmosphere which it inhales; and so in the very process by which it advances toward perfection, it gives forth its blessings to surrounding souls by which they also may be interiorly unfolded.

EXISTING EVILS, THEIR CAUSE AND CURE.

BY FRANCES H. GREEN.

There has been a world of beauty in Broadway, this morning, and a world of brightness from above shone upon it, with a smile of blessing and of joy; so I went on, rejoicing in the beauty and the brightness, forgetting, for a moment, that all could not enjoy them. But I was forcibly reminded of this fact, as I came in contact with a cluster of street-sweepers—young girls from ten to fourteen years old, who were contending angrily for a certain position, which was supposed to be more productive than could be found elsewhere. Their brooms were converted into weapons of offense and defense; and for a few moments a liberal distribution of mud was allotted to every passer by; while, at the same time, they reviled each other in the most vulgar and profane terms, which corresponded well with their outer aspect; for each one of them was literally a mass of filth and rags. I looked at them with the involuntary thought, are these, also, human? Do they embody the ultimate design of an All-Wise Creator? and are they the children of a civilized Christian land, living here, among us, in all the light of the Nineteenth century?

As these questions were vibrating in my thoughts, a delicate and very beautiful young lady passed along, and the group separated to let her go by. She gathered up the folds of her dress, lest it should be dabbled with filth; and, at the same time, she seemed to shrink with the loathing of a sensitive and pure mind, at the sight of what is disgusting and obscene. She had evidently been cured for all her life, with the greatest tenderness. The winds were never allowed to visit that fair brow too roughly. Her moral and intellectual powers had been successfully developed. Her wants were anticipated. No language but that of love and kindness had ever been addressed to her—nothing but what is beautiful, and pure, and good, had ever been permitted to approach her. And the result was, that she was gentle, and loving, and pure, and beautiful, and true. But the question was forced upon me, what if she had been born in some shanty of poverty, or had been abandoned in earliest infancy, by an unnatural mother, to the cold hospitality of the world—or had been reared by parents still more monstrous and unnatural, amid drunkenness, filth, and obscenity? Would she have been anywise different from these? And then came back the answer—mortifying as it was, and yet encouraging—since it

shows the absolute unity of the human family, and that the false is the unnatural, so it can not be made a law, and, therefore must be temporary: without a doubt this beautiful and pure young lady, under the same influences, would have been in all respects like as they are. In these, then, by the same analogy, must have existed latent elements of all the gentleness, the delicacy, the tenderness, the devotion, and the purity of woman; but either wholly inert, or, worse, wholly misdirected and perverted. I regret now that word “wholly” has escaped me; for it is too much in the spirit of the world’s faith—or rather unbelief. We, good reformers, who are mindful of what we seek, find that none are *entirely* bad. There is always to be found, by those who diligently search for good, a ray of moral light, or truth, or beauty, even in the most depraved, revealing that link in the chain of being, which connects the Divine Mind with the lowest, the most unfortunate of his children. And these poor creatures are not to be blamed, because they are vulgar, and licentious, and profane—no more than because they are hungry, and their clothes are ragged, and their skins dirty; for good moral example and teaching could no more be found in their miserable attics and cellars, than wholesome food, and tidy garments, and pure water. And now, as I look at them more closely, I can see an expression of discontent—of strange and vacant wonder, as if at the present distribution of things; and their large wild eyes look out from the tangled meshes of their shadowing hair, with a longing earnestness, as if, in the face of all experience, they had faith, yet, that some good—a little good—would come, even to them. The expression was infinitely touching; and as I continued gazing on the poor little creatures, my whole soul dissolved within me.

How quickly they were sensible of the interest I felt; for the perceptions of these wretched itinerants are, necessarily, educated; and while they were again clamorous for charity, or their sweeping fees, for they had been, for a moment, hushed—one of them looked up, with the largest, bluest, saddest eyes I ever saw, holding out her little hand with a silent gesture of entreaty. There was something so beautiful in the act, so gentle, so imploring, and at the same so sweetly confident of help, that my heart was filled with a strange and pleasing wonder, and I forgot to respond to her demand, but stood gazing earnestly into the depths of those uplifted eyes. There was nothing wrong there. They were clear, and deep, as the living well of Truth—but oh, how sorrowful she returned my gaze by a look that seemed struggling to utter, in a single moment, all the brokenness of that little suffering heart; and then the lids fell with a sweet and modest expression, and the long fringes rested upon a cheek, which I could see through the spatters of mud was pale as marble. I whispered to her, as I placed in her hand a shilling, asking: “Where is your home, my little girl?” “Home?” she repeated, in a voice that seemed the concentrated melody of sorrow, “indeed I don’t know!” It was the saddest voice of a child I ever heard; and the saddest sight I ever saw, was the poor little desolate creature weeping—the tears carrying the mud in stripes down her pale face—and unfeeling boys, and ladies, too, laughing jocosely at her appearance, as they went by. But I knew there was a story in those beautiful eyes; and I have arranged to hear it—and then—but I make no promises.

The condition of these poor children was nowise a matter of choice. Had they been permitted, they would have chosen

quite different things. But the unnatural and cruel necessity is forced upon them; and then, in addition to all the necessary evils of their condition, they are to be punished for results, for which they can not righteously be held accountable. But since they are weaker than necessity, which is made the great law of their being, they must yield to it. They may resist it with what force they will; but there it stands, forever before them, with its wild haggard eyes, and its strong fleshless arms, at once enforcing its laws and demanding its penalties. Did any one of us who have been reared with the light and the blessings of love, and *intelligence*, and refinement around us, did we ever think what it is to be born and nurtured so?—we, who have been so tenderly cared for—we, who have been so carefully trained—we, who have been, as it were, shut out from the very thought and knowledge of wrong? Imagine what it would be to wrangle, like famished wolves, for a miserable crust—to breathe the foul atmosphere of a drunkard's den—to be frightened to our sleep by hideous curses—while even our most sacred lullaby was interwrought with oaths!—to see nothing that is gentle and kind—to know nothing that is good and pure; until, in our simple misery, we wonder what such a bitter thing as life can possibly be given for!

I was roused from these reflections, by the striking of a neighboring clock; and then I perceived that the shadow of old Trinity was cast, cold and comfortless, over the poor shivering children of poverty and crime. The church, then, was partially depriving them of what it never gave—because it is a free boon of Nature—the light and warmth of Heaven; and giving, instead, a chilling gloom. As I looked, I perceived the true solution of the difficulty; for how should such hopeless suffering—such mental and moral waste—be found within the very shadow of a church—and that, too, one of the most richly endowed in the land, if it is, indeed, as it assumes to be, *an embodiment of the divine principle*, Religion, which is, in itself, an antidote to all human ills? And how can its far radiations be sanative if its immediate ministry fails to heal? It is time that these questions should be asked. It is time that their answers should be clearly understood and felt. It is quite time the world should see that Church Organization is not Christianity, nor any part of it. Look at the Church, with all its vast resources, and all its thousand-fold modes of action—its Missionary, Bible, Tract, and numerous benevolent societies; yet, what does it actually do toward making the world happier and better? It does, perhaps, all that it can do, under the circumstances; for it is a cold, inert, dead body, and the vitality—the soul—has long since gone out of it. We will not, then, blame it for its lifelessness—its immobility—since it is already beginning to return to its original elements—but inquire, rather, how it is implicated in the wrongs which we daily see.

The social body, like the natural, has a circulating medium of action and vitality—and this medium is made to consist in money—in wealth—or, in other words, in the means of procuring the necessities of life. Now the laws of health require that there should be an equal distribution of this medium throughout the whole system; and any interruption of the law produces local irritation, and general derangement. Not only do the parts immediately connected with the difficulty suffer; but, from their sympathetic association with the whole body, each, and every other part, will come to be diseased. Now the Church has done precisely this. It has absorbed a vastly disproportionate amount of money. It

holds in its cold iron grasp, an enormous monopoly of wealth and power. It, moreover, encourages and fosters the selfishness of its adherents. It appeals to this, almost wholly, in all that it does. It reasons of its own duty, and that of its favorites, from this point. It *must* cherish selfishness; for it knows that in this, its very foundations are so deeply laid, that it could not exist a single hour, should a uniform principle of Benevolence be brought to bear universal sway. To this end all its doctrines are shaped. To this end all its light-excluding creeds are fashioned. Men are willing enough to hear, and to profit by such doctrines—they are quite willing to come into bondage to such creeds, so long as they set a divine sanction upon all their own unrighteous monopoly of good. The result is that very large numbers of the human family are left unprovided with any honest means of supporting life—hence, misery, temptation and crime, are multiplied upon the face of the earth, to such a fearful extent, that we have come to think it was ordained to be so; and some of us gravely talk of God, as having ordered it—and of these monstrous evils, as ordinances of Divine Providence. It is a gross slander upon our Heavenly Father, to suppose that he ever intended that such a state of things should be permanently established—or that they should exist at all, otherwise than as marking transitions from one stage of progress to another.

But, to return to the Church. What is the burden of its teachings, as exhibited by our pattern Orthodoxy? Repent—and be *saved*; get religion—not because religion is, in itself, intrinsically beautiful and good, not because Truth is a natural and necessary aliment of the soul; but because you will be damned if you do not. It is by enforcing this principle that it draws the pittance from the hard hand of the laboring man—it wrenches her “two mites” from the poor half-famished widow—and extracts *goodly tithes, and fat legacies*, from the plethoric millionaire. This is done by the Christian Protestant Church; and precisely its counterpart is found among Roman Catholics and Pagans—all of whom address the principle of fear—making that the medium of impression. Prompted by this, the poor Catholic inflicts upon himself the most cruel penance—seeking to purchase redemption, either with stripes or money. This it is which immolates the Hindoo widow on the funeral pile of her husband—which gathers prostrate victims in the track of Juggernaut, and which prompts various heathen nations to worship the Devil. It is a conciliation of the Powers of Wrath—not the free homage of Love, spontaneously flowing forth toward what is lovely. And has the principle any greater dignity here than there? Is it any less revolting, because it shows in the strong light of civilization and refinement? One would think it an unjustifiable waste of benevolence, that leads us to cross oceans, with enormous sacrifices of money and of life, in our holy zeal to Christianize the world, when our own strongest and highest orthodoxy can hold out to the proselyte no more exalted motive than the simplest and most benighted Pagan may find for himself, without any of our help.

By this constant appeal to the selfish propensity in man, the evil is fostered, and it very naturally radiates from religion to secular matters—hence oppression, covetousness, and extortion, with all their kindred enormities.

The foundation principle of Christsanity, “Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you,” has become, to all intents and purposes, a dead letter; and, like the great

often gives evidences of sensualism and depravity. It is thus necessary that we know something of the poet's own history, in order that we may correctly judge of the sincerity and true source of his sentiments.

The poet should have a just conception of his responsibility, since he addresses the feelings and the heart; he moulds the affections, and the finest chords of our nature are open to his touch. As his thoughts are groveling or sublime, they will debase or exalt, and lead to virtue; for true poetry is eloquent, as true eloquence is poetic. Let not that which was instituted as a blessing become a curse. The soul is sensitive, and a stroke will wound the affections forever; and the heart, if we waste its kindness and its love.

"Is like a string of harp or lute,
Whence the sweet sound is scattered;
Gently, oh! gently touch the chords,
So soon forever shattered."

—[*Waverly Magazine.*]

Voices from the Spirit-land.

MESSAGE FROM SPIRITS.

GIVEN BY THE HAND OF F. H. GREEN.

When you are more highly developed, in the state toward which you are hastening, you will see that here, in this city of Hartford, one night of February, 1853, was first concentrated the nucleus of that power which is to regenerate the world. Everlasting results of the most important and sacred character, will flow out of this meeting. Blessed are they who have thus met—mingling soul with soul—lovingly joining heart to heart—for they shall know the fullness of that divine joy of fraternity, which is Heaven, even while sojourning in this lower sphere. Speak no more of Heaven as a distant locality; for is it not present with you—even now—even here? And still truer, and more ethereal joy, shall descend on the wings of this holy and true Love, to rest in the hearts that are prepared.

Freedom, Light, Truth, and Happiness, will henceforth freely encircle these good spirits. See the weeping eyes weep no more. See the heresy of the world exchanged for a living faith. See Ignorance open her sable curtains, to let in the light of Love and Truth. See Bigotry penetrated with the life-giving beams. See spendthrift Leaders of men, become as lambs wanting a shepherd, and crying out for the true Fold.

For things like these who would not work! Yet these shall be brought to pass. And behold ye are among the happy Workers.

See now the light of a truer, higher, more beautiful faith, love, harmony, and devotion, fills each heart, and inspires each soul with new life. Spirits see that from this day will be unfolded a truer and a purer light. Spirits, moreover, will unfold in your midst, deeds of wonder—deeds of love—deeds of power—such as made the Apostolic age famous.

Know that now is a great crisis. Spiritual speech will soon be perfected, and its various forms more completely developed. Spirits will soon be recognized by this good circle—all as one—not merely as the dwellers of a distant sphere, but as the familiar visitors of this.

Spend your lives for this good work. Faint not; pause not, till you hear the welcome salutation of the Faithful: "Enter thou into thy joyful rest."

Centerward—forever centerward—nevermore ceasing; but in every stage of progress, still centerward. Fear not the heartless and soulless speech of the world. Grasp the crown. Shrink not, though it be of thorns. See how truly all this will be shown.

Love—Love—LOVE! will absorb all other feeling. Love, Wisdom, and Harmony, the new Trinity, must now be accepted of men. In these is all the fullness of the Godhead.

A BEAUTIFUL LESSON.

MRS. S——, MEDIUM.

I gazed at a little bird, and it taught me a beautiful lesson. When first it became conscious of being, it asked for food, that being all the knowledge it yet possessed, and all the want it felt—food, and a warm covering, as it nestled close to its parent, under the parent-wing. As I still gaze at the tiny thing, it becomes stronger, and more energetic in its calls for nourishment, and stretches forth its little head, and would fain take wing, and soar after the guardian whose watchful care has protected it from all impending danger. And daily it becomes stronger and more able to observe for itself; and as this power increases, see how it endeavors to sustain its own weight, and leave the little nest which has been its world so long, but is now becoming too small to contain it longer. Very soon I behold the little bird flying a short distance, and the parent has permitted it to make this trial of its strength, merely to teach it the way which it may go when it becomes stronger, and has no need of a protector as in its feeble and infantile state. Then it returns to the little nest; but O, how very small and uncomfortable now seems the once downy home. Having once taken a glimpse of the outer beauty which surrounds that home, it can never more remain there contented, but longs to grow and to strengthen, that it may soar away in the distance, and behold the beautiful world above and around it. And soon, little bird, wilt thou leave that nest in which thy infant being was developed, never more to return; but through the boundless sky, and in the pure atmosphere wilt thou soar and become glad, and happy, in thy heavenward flight.

Like unto this little bird, in its flight upward, is Man. He comes into being, surrounded by the things of sense that crowd the realm of external life; but, as he

grows stronger and becomes interiorly expanded, he is made conscious of his own inward existence as an individualized soul. Then, as he sees a depth to be reached, or a light to be attained which he is unable to arrive at, struggling ever to rise, yet feeling his want of strength to do so, he returns dissatisfied and disappointed. But again the longing grows stronger within him to know more of the future. Beautiful, but dreamlike visions float before him. Strange music seems to stir up his soul with a deep melody, and pure and beautiful images as descending from a far off world of beauty, pass in the distance, ever eluding his grasp, yet ever beckoning him onward. And again he becomes restless—again he attempts to soar above his prison-house of clay; and he gazes into the heart of the world, listening for an encouraging voice, but finds no echo there to the deep longings of his soul. Then he turns and looks within his own being, and now and then he catches a glimpse of his ideal world; but as the aspirations that rise up within him remain unsatisfied, he begins to regard them merely as a dream of youth and sunshine, which will pass away with coming years and coming cares. And as the heart becomes corroded by the anxieties of life, it loses the freshness of its youthful being—loses its hungering after the beautiful, which it once required as a food to sustain the strength of the soul. Thus does man when engaged in the busy turmoil of life, carelessly resign that knowledge of the inner life, which would make his old age as a fountain of youth and hope, whose freshness would eternally renew the beauty of the soul;—and this is because he is wrongly educated, for when the spirit of man in his youth would fain soar on high, to be filled with the stream of knowledge, he is not directed to look within himself to find the hidden spring.

But lo! those far off visions of more than Eden loveliness, are but the outshadows of the spirit's beauty, which lies within its own deep bosom. The dim images of beautiful beings that are mirrored in the soul, are but the reflection of angel-forms with which that soul is in close communion; and the deep melody which touches the chords of the spirit as with airy fingers, is but the dreamy music which the material sense could never feel. O man, how deep, how beautiful, how unfathomed are the fountains of knowledge and of joy, which lie within thine own being!—and how corroding in their nature, are the material forms and fancies in which thou art ever robing thyself as with a mantle, to keep out the spirit's light and beauty. O shut not thyself up as within a temple of stone or iron which none may penetrate, but throw off every external covering from thy soul's form, and be childlike, and simple, and truthful in thy walk; look above the little world which you live upon, and soar upward and feel the joy of thy spirit's unfolding into a world of peace and everlasting rest.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATION.

[The communication which follows, purported to be given by a Presbyterian clergyman of the old school, and was addressed to a young man who had been one of his flock from boyhood.]

In the Spirit-world all is bright and glorious. After we leave the form we awake as it were to a new life. All is happiness; all is joy. You wish to know of our employments and enjoyments. We are employed in assisting to develop the spirits in the lower circles; pleasures we have the power of creating. If we wish for a crystal lake, we have but to desire it, and it is created. A palace or garden of flowers, or whatever we wish, we create at desire. It is impossible for the undeveloped mind of man to conceive of our pleasures and enjoyments. A day is fast approaching when the human mind will be illuminated; then it will be able to appreciate the truths and beauties which are unfolded by spiritual communications.

The day is not far distant when the false and revolting doctrines of punishment and hell-fire will cease to be preached, and then spirits will be able to unfold truth to the people, through media from their pulpits. There are media now being developed in the pulpits, and the truth is beginning to shine; and although it is like a grain of mustard seed, it will grow, and spread, until it overshadows the earth.

[Question respecting the authenticity of the Bible.] It was written by a set of media who were not fully developed; hence the contradictions and unseemly sayings. There are many things in it that have no truth, being merely emanations of the media's mind.

But let it not trouble you. You are on the high road to truth, consequently to happiness. I see now how poor man is priest-ridden. Pin not your faith to another man's creed, or sect; but investigate for yourself. Yes, investigate and your friends in the Spirit-world will try to impress, and by showing you the truth, eradicate the blunders they made while in the form. But we taught as we had been taught. We thought we were right, as many do now who hold forth these same doctrines. Day is beginning to dawn over the whole world. Soon the sun will rise—the sun of Truth.

As for the book called the Bible, it would be far better for the people all to be their own preachers. The traders in the Gospel, as it is called, generally hold up more for their own advantage and station in life—and are more for the dollars, and the opinions, of the people, than for the good of men's souls. They are called God's ministers. Not so, God is now sending his ministers among the people, and they are beginning to heed his teachings. O, there will soon be a great sifting among the wheat and tares, that is among God's medium-preachers, and the money-dealers. God's truth is not to be sold. It is free for all.

THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

R. P. AMBLER, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, MARCH 19, 1853.

PHILOSOPHY OF PRODUCING AND CONTROLLING
THE FALL OF RAIN.

NUMBER FOUR.

Dear Sir—With this communication I am impressed to terminate my correspondence. Doubtless, the pro and con of new propositions should always be considered; for there is no other way to arrive at rational conclusions. But if you are one of those prudential conservatives who have acquired an habitual practice of doubting the practicability of every new proposition, and who consequently take it upon themselves to denounce, deride, and discourage every conspicuous step toward bettering the conditions among men; then all I can say, is that if you have "patience" enough to wait an age—that is, until the present generation of profound individuals have all gone to the Spirit-land—you may then learn, from improved literary magazines and encyclopædias of maturer erudition concerning the utter simplicity and historical feasibility of every plan which I shall presently suggest.

Do you suppose, Mr. Editor, that civilized men and women—who know that this world is not such a narrow crowded place as unreasoning people believe—will continue to exist in the depths of social injustice and servitude? Will they continue to exist in dissatisfaction—working, as many of them do, day and night to keep soul and body decently together, to give their children a respectable education, and to enable others to support expensive fashions and live on unwholesome luxuries? Nay; every well-organized and rational individual in this city, as in all places of human habitation, has a reasonable desire for hours of recreation from labor each day, in order to cultivate more of his being than merely the spinal column or the muscles of his right arm; and that, too, without being perpetually haunted with the brow-wrinkling idea of not having enough to "pay his bills on Saturday night," or of not being able to "make both ends of the year meet" without various pecuniary embarrassments. Working constantly, merely to support the body, is unnatural and wrong! And it is not much to be wondered at, that especially among the less enlightened and fortunately situated classes, recourse is had to the "fire-water" in order to induce instantaneous sensations of "richness" and absence from one's fatigue and mental care; while amongst others, a rough high-handed rowdiness and intemperate proceedings come of a too constant confinement to some ridiculous study of dead languages or classics, to monotonous occupations, or to several kinds of unentertaining pursuits. Social pleasures, literary

amusements, theatrical entertainments of an ethical nature, for such as have a taste for them; musical representations by amateurs; conversational soirees; lectures, &c., upon the boundless resources of our common humanity, and upon topics calculated to increase popular knowledge of the means of developing the faculties of the human mind, and to perpetuate the general happiness of the race altogether; such, Mr. Editor, are the imperative demands of all well-organized men and women, to be engaged more or less in the after portion of every day; and the world will live in discord and dissatisfaction until it is all accomplished.

Has mankind arrived at the highest summit of civilization? Far from it. He still treads the lowlands, and lives in the valleys of human attainment. He yearns and hopes for a better world; because, forsooth, he imagines this nether sphere, though so full of evils and inequalities, to be as good now as it ever can become. Most piteous must hereafter appear the toil and sufferings, the endless fears of want and disease, which now distinguish the present social state! Immersed in the multifarious concerns of his daily existence, how wholly disqualified is the laboring man for entering that "superior condition" which rolls up the curtain hanging between the present material circumstances and the "new heaven and the new earth" hereafter to be unrolled by the courage and skill of the human mind. Poor miserable man is he who sees no paradise in the future for the earth's inhabitants! If he be a civilized European, and has a desire to live decently, comfortably, respectably—with a moderate desire for an enjoyment of the pleasures of existence—he must toil incessantly for the payment of his rent, "for his victuals and clothes," and for the education and welfare of his children. And having no faith in the remotest possibility of the ultimate harmony and perfectibility of this material probationary world, he very gravely and solemnly sets out, through the medium of teachers and preachers, to cultivate some acquaintance with the better world to come. To secure a place there for himself and family, he pays a certain portion of his acquisition. Then for too much wrong living, must pay the physician in money, as well as nature in pains and distress; and for his rights he must pay the lawyer, or pay for an attempt to obtain them whether he succeeds or not. But it is seen that these civilized evils "don't pay"—never did, never can! As a consequence of man's ignorance of his true nature and of the real sources of substantial happiness there is a vast chain of mountainous evils ascending, like the Alps, in formidable array before his onward march. But these mounts he must cross as Napoleon with his army—then a "hereafter" even in this life of sunny climates, of delicious food growing in luxuriant abundance, and of various joys, now imagined as only possible to the Spirit-land, (because the endless resources of this globe are

yet unknown,) will be the common inheritance of humanity.

Faith in the great principle of Progression, Mr. Editor—faith in the inherent goodness and perfectibility of every thing in earth, air, fire, and water! This is the "faith which will move mountains" of unwholesome conditions, and rapidly develop the still slumbering potencies of sense and science. The artificial means for developing wealth and motive power; the electro-magnetic mechanism for rendering deserts of sand as inhabitable and productive as the State of Ohio; the agricultural inventions and electrical processes which will enable one man to accomplish as much as can now be done by a thousand; all this, Mr. Editor, making the means of living abundant and cheap in every true sense, will usher in that terrestrial paradise—that "Kingdom of Heaven on Earth"—which the good always pray for, and which the down-trodden poor man as devoutly yearns to perceive and enjoy!

Let us now return to our plan. From the philosophy of electricity and magnetism, we learn that cold is caused by a superabundance of the former and heat by a preponderation of the latter in the earth, in water, and in the atmosphere. We likewise learn that electricity alone can decompose water, leaving its constituents pure and free from other elements; also, we learn that there is an insulating medium of air—the stratum nearest to earth—by which the clouds are suspended until perfectly formed and filled with vapor, and then caused, by a local disturbance of this insulation, to fall either as mist, as rain, as frost, as snow, or else as hail, as one or the other fluid preponderates at the time. Moreover, we learn that mountains and trees establish a permanent communication, through the insulator, and the electric currents imprisoned in the grand reservoir of the upper regions; and so is produced quite frequent, but not violent, rains on the adjacent lands and valleys for several leagues around.

You will remember, I think, the examples of this law taken from all portions of the earth. Within the territory of Venezuela are many illustrations. In Camana, where very moderate mountains rise gradually behind from the coast, and no high points to disturb the insulation, with abundant magnetism in the lower stratum, the thermometer averaging from 80 to 82 degrees, there you find a warm, sunny sky, cloudless ten months of the year; only two months being diversified by dews, sunshine, and fertilizing rains. While along the southern part of the Orinoco, the reverse is the case; ten months of rain, and two comparatively clear and sunny. Of course the land is high, and covered with a dense forest. And if you find any exceptions to this Law, the explanation may be had by examining what tree, or rocky coast, or angular point of earth, there is which, at times, forms a temporary communication with the upper currents, and thus produces the fall of rain.

As Nature, from the operation of these visible causes, produces rain in every State in America, so may Art, which is but Nature manifested through Man, accomplish the same results. And the following plan is deeply impressed upon my mind as being at once simple, practicable, and—considering the extensiveness of the good to be achieved thereby—quite easily put up, and inexpensive.

Upon some highly elevated ground, say upon the brow of a considerable hill, construct an Electric Tower. The higher this tower ascends above the level of the ocean, the more absolute will be the determination of its influence upon the currents of the upper strata, and the more perfectly will it be capable of directing the wind and other aerial circulations. In the top of this Tower should be constructed two machines of very large proportions; one, *an electric instrument*, for the accumulation and development of this *negative* principle from the earth; the other a *galvanic battery*, for the purpose of introducing magnetic currents and for decomposing water. This structure, with its electro-magnetic conveniences, will answer to produce and control rain in an uneven country, say like the State of Connecticut, for a circle or district one hundred miles in diameter. But on a desert it would be influential upon a circle of not more than two hundred miles. In fact, when situated upon a plain surface, where water is scarce and heat is abundant most of the year, as in Arabia or in some parts of Africa, the Tower should not be expected to act permanently upon more than thirty miles of air in every direction from it.

This circle should be connected with the Central power by means of wire conductors, on a plan precisely analogous to the poles and conductors of the magnetic Telegraph. Of course it is unnecessary to describe the methods of constructing an electrical apparatus; for I mean nothing different from what is already known to scientific electricians. The dimensions of the cylindrical glass or revolving portion of the instrument, let me remark, should not be less than 16 feet in diameter, and thick enough every way to resist all centrifugal tendencies, when making seventy-five revolutions a minute. This cylinder should be moved by a steam engine of the required power; and the heat for the boiler may be obtained by a galvanic decomposition of water. You will please bear in mind, Mr. Editor, that electricity is a *negative* principle, is cold, and while it acts upon aerial vapor to condense its atoms into rain, frost, snow, &c., it, at the same moment, gives rise to certain currents of "wind," so called, which have much to do in all cases in determining on *what part of the globe* the condensed vapor shall descend. It is this invariable meteoric law which we now propose to bring within the dominion of art.

Let us propose, for illustration, that the Electric Tower be constructed in the vicinity of this city, say

on "Prospect Hill." From this point, radiating in all directions, are metallic conductors, for the purpose of fixing the operations of the electric currents, whether they be generated by the artificial mechanism, or by the inherent forces of the earth. We wish to put a harness upon this "detached" and hitherto unmanageable Sovereign Agent among the elements. Very well: now we desire to make the rain fall upon New-Haven, on the supposition that the weather has long been dry and sultry, the garden vegetation is being destroyed, and the farmers of the environs much desire the benefit of rain. But there are *no clouds* formed near Hartford! What is to be done? Do you not remember the proof that water, in a vaporized state, is omnipresent and co-extensive with air? Yes. What, then, is now required to develop clouds? Manifestly nothing more than to reduce the temperature of the atmosphere in several localities within the electrical circuit. And the moment you have formed a few fleecy clouds in this way, they will join you in the more rapid evaporation of aqueous matter from the earth, on the principle already explained. Well, how is this to be done? By the accumulation and elimination of electricity from the various "Dépôts." How are these to be made? Within an area of 100 miles diameter, there may be as many *special* Receivers as the country requires. Every farm and every city may be provided with one. This plan should be extensively adopted in some portions of Australia and elsewhere. These dépôts or receivers are nothing more than mammoth Leyden Jars, provided with perpendicular metallic conductors, fixed on the *inside* of the receiver, and extending into the air as far as possible. Ten such dépôts will cost about as much as a popular church. The upper end of this metallic conductor should be provided with a *platinum* discharger with many angles—say a dodecahedron, or, at least, on octahedron, with the points and lines sharply defined, and presented, free from all contact with trees, &c., to the surrounding atmosphere.

When the receiver is filled with electricity to overflowing, by the action of the ponderous machine in the Tower, then there is no escape for it except up the perpendicular conductor, and into the *eight or twelve sided* discharger. From this the electric fluid will dart off in every direction, and, at night, the exhibition will be most beautiful, comprising all the meteoric phenomena of the Aurora Borealis and Northern Lights; because the philosophy is the same!

The Northern Lights are produced by the discharge of the electric fluid from the north pole—darting into the atmosphere reducing the temperature, and instantly frosting the invisible vapor, and this gives the white and other reflections of that phenomenon. Now, all we propose to do, in warm climates is, to produce rain, and not frost, by this simple principle. Or, where rain is too abundant, to so employ the galvanic power at cer-

tain points of the compass as to elevate the temperature, perfect the atmospheric insulation, and send the clouds away to countries where the fall of rain is desirable. This is no speculation; it is a common law of cause and effect.

The clouds may be formed as already described. They now float overhead, light and fleecy, and far from that state of combination which makes the heavens look black and tempestuous. But the people of New-Haven first need a good "sprinkling," and so, *pro bono publico*, let us love our neighbor as ourself, and set the machinery in operation. How shall we commence? First, break up from the Tower all communication with the "Rain Dépôts" at Springfield, East-Hartford West-Hartford, Middletown, Norwich, &c., and establish a full positive and negative connection with the receiver at New-Haven! Let the earth's electricity, thus obtained and concentrated, pour into the clouds at that point, and forthwith the insulation is broken; the winds rush to that place, bearing the clouds upon their bosom; the condensation of vapor is now rapid; and the rain descending—making the communication more complete and permanent between the earth and the clouds—a shower or protracted storm may be obtained for several miles in every direction from the initial interruption. In some countries where the lower stratum of air is very dry and free from moisture, the electric fluid should be made to reach as nearly as possible an elevation of 6,000 feet above the level of the ocean. This may be done by building a circular framework jointing like a ship's mast, and supporting the metallic conductor by iron braces, &c.; but the insulation of this whole instrument must always be perfect in order to have the entire charge of the receiver enter the air from the lofty angular platinum Knob.

Electricity is not produced or created, but is merely obtained by friction of non-conductors; that is to say of two substances which are already so filled with the fluid that they neither receive nor impart as manifestly as substances not so impregnated. The inexhaustible source is the Earth. And there is no limit to the quantity of it which may be artificially obtained from this fountain.

"But do you suppose to bottle up electricity in the Electric Tower?" Nay: not so, Mr. Editor; let me again describe. The area of three hundred miles (or one hundred in diameter) should not only be "fenced in" by conductors suspended by poles analogous to the magnetic telegraph method; but there should also be stationed wherever the inhabitants of cities or agriculturists require rain to fall, special dépôts or prime conductors, connected, as before described, by means of metallic wires supported by poles to the instrument in the Tower. This is all which is proposed to be done.

I know it is supposed by some modern philosophers

that a receiver can accumulate the electric currents on condition of being in the immediate vicinity of the revolving cylinder. But this idea is clearly disproved by the fact that the earth itself eliminates this subtle agent constantly, while, at the same time, the natural prime conductor or Leyden jar, is situated from 2,000 to 8,000 feet above the earth, and is, in fact, constituted of all the higher and rarer strata of the atmosphere! The tops of trees and the summits of mountains are the conductors thither, as explained in the preceeding letter.

But the earth is a far more economical electrical machine than the one which I propose. It is more like what chemists term an *electrophorus*; and I can easily foresee what an improvement may be wrought upon the Plan herein stated. There are objections, however, to describing these economical methods now—also, the minute *modus operandi* of the scientific system here suggested; because the people first require experience in the practical operations of the Rain Mechanism. They will only accept those suggestions as possible or practicable, which stand recommended by past chemistry and the well known demonstrations of electrical science. And so, throughout these letters, I have followed my impressions in paving, with already conceded scientific facts, the pathway to the philosophy of producing and controlling rain.

The galvanic battery in the Tower is designed to accomplish a result which the other instrument will not do. It is supposed by most persons that the seasons, with their variable climates and phenomena, are inevitable in the order of Providence. But in fact, the seasons are not necessarily owing to the revolution and relation of the Earth to the Sun; nor yet altogether upon the nearness or distance of the latter from it; because electricity and magnetism are the causes which change temperature, producing sometimes snow in summer, and June weather in the month of January; for it is well enough known that the Sun is much nearer to us in winter than in summer, and yet the former is much the coldest season. But the latter fact is partially explainable on the ground that the Sun's rays fall more obliquely on the Earth during the winter than in the summer.

The Sun's influence is more manifested as a controlling power in the grand system of planetary revolution and equilibrium, than in the production of the seasons. The principal source of heat is magnetism, whether produced by the Sun or the internal laboratories of the Earth. I have already said that the Sun and the Earth were galvanic batteries; because every particle of matter composing them is a magnet; and every pulsation of its (or their) inherent elements is felt throughout all the veins and arteries of existence. Upon this law of producing heat and accelerating evaporation, I see how man can, by artificial agencies, render the polar regions temperate and genial; melt away the ice in those

countries far more rapidly than the Sun can do it; impart a galvanic energy to the soil, and stimulate the growth of much vegetation now only to be found in tropical climates.

You surely know how all metals may be fused by the galvanic magnetism. You remember that Sir Humphrey Davy had a grand Galvanic battery erected for his use, at the Royal Institution in England, whereby he was enabled to melt every possible substance obtainable, and determine certain great chemical facts which had troubled the scientific minds of Europe from the first. And in addition to this, you know how the Sun's rays can be turned and altered—yea, polarized, and condensed, and concentrated, and "doubled and twisted" like hempen cords—to suit man's o'er-mastering will, and to subserve his purposes! By a systematic arrangement of convex lenses and highly polished mirrors of steel, the sun's rays may be sent half across the continent; and places now cold may thus be warmed; swamps and marshes may be *boiled* dry of their waters; the Dead Sea may be converted into a *living* body; and the wilderness made to blossom and yield abundantly. "This is impossible!" Impossible! Not so, Mr. Editor, for man is destined to put all enemies (to his happiness) beneath his feet. Do you not think it reasonable to believe that Civilized Man will yet decompose the enemies in the shape of ice, stagnant water, and unwholesome marshes and just as deliberately, too, as did Archimedes, by a simple arrangement of looking-glasses, set on fire all the ships of the enemies who had resolved to besiege Syracuse?

The galvanic battery in the electric tower should be employed in tropical climates and upon deserts frequently. It is designed to decompose water in order to aid and augment the formation of rain in the upper strata; and the electric communication being from the first established within the circle of atmosphere to be influenced, the clouds will thence form rapidly; they will remain floating from point to point overhead within the prescribed area, until they become enough filled to settle close to the upper surface of the *insulator*, (the lower stratum of air;) and this may be broken at 30 minutes' action and discharge of the contents of the prime conductor into the air. The rain will fall in the vicinity of whichever prime conductor is employed.

But in our climate, where the formation of rain-clouds is carried on rapidly enough by nature's own galvanic processes in connection with the sun, the artificial battery can scarcely be required. And yet it would not be wise to construct an Electric Tower without a good battery of mammoth dimensions,—capable of elevating the temperature to 212 degrees, at which point water boils, and its vapor rapidly ascends toward the upper strata. The ascension of this vapor will not disturb the insulator as might be supposed, neither will the Tower, as a point in the air; the object is, to render the

under surfaces of clouds "magnetic" to particles of water on the Earth. Chemists well know that caloric or heat has a tendency to produce equilibrium. Heat endeavors to produce, in all contiguous substances, an equal degree of temperature. This is accomplished by radiation, by conduction, and reflection. In other words, if a small body of vapor, visible or invisible, in the air, be condensed or frosted, and then its under surface heated and held in magnetic (or positive and negative) relation to the surface of water on the globe; the results will be a continual evaporation of water, an enlargement and multiplication of clouds in the vicinity, and gradual changes of "wind and weather" in the lower stratum—all being the prognostications of a shower or storm. The under surfaces of clouds will remain vaporized and magnetic until a large and steady volume of electricity is caused to enter them. The action of this fluid is immediately to reduce the temperature and condense the vapor into rain. This effect is wrought by the electricity which mountains impart to the clouds; and the rain descends in obedience to this simple law, as we have clearly demonstrated.

The further specifications, &c., for the exact construction and management of the machines in the Tower in connection with the electric circuit and "special receivers," are for the present withheld. It is sufficient now to indicate the fact, that wherever an insulated prime conductor or depot is put up, and whenever the electric fluid is directed from that part into the clouds, say for the space of twenty-four hours, the phenomena will be: first, a wind blowing directly across the circle to the dépôt which is magnetically charged; second, a reduction of temperature in the lower stratum; third, in all cases, the absence of tornadoes, and also of gusts, except where hills intervene; fourth, the gentle fall of rain for several leagues from the point where the insulation was first broken; fifth, by reversing the poles or breaking up the connection between the Tower and the dépôt, a rapid cessation of the rain in consequence of restoring the requisite dryness to the lower stratum; sixth, the absence of thunder and lightning, except to a slight extent, and a general rectification of the breathing medium from all the impurities arising from dense moisture. Such is a summary view of the effects to be philosophically expected from our Plan. It is no more mysterious or impossible than the Magnetic Telegraph or the Ericsson Caloric Engine!

By these means every state can control its own storms. And every city may secure to itself the fall of gentle showers in summer, or prevent them, whenever the general welfare of the inhabitants requires it. And so, Mr. Editor—

—"Is the winter of our discontent,
Made glorious summer by this"—

new application of scientific principles already well as-

—"All the clouds, that lower'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried."

But enough. There are many things to say to agriculturists about the best methods to restore equilibriums to the soil; also how clearing and underwooding elevated places, the destruction of trees on high hills, &c., disturb the equilibriums between the air and soil in the meadows and lowlands, deteriorates the ground, &c.; and still other suggestions which now flow abundantly into my mind; but I must trespass upon your space and patience no longer with further detail. I will, therefore, now conclude. Permit me, however, to express to you, Mr. Editor, my thanks for thus furnishing me a channel through which to approach a large and intelligent class of minds. In accordance with my first impressions of this whole subject, generally received more than eighteen months ago, portions of which have been suggested by different authors, I have written and you now perceive my conclusions. With a firm confidence that they are true to the great unchangeable principles of Nature and hence capable of a practical application to the wants of Mankind, I remain,

Yours for Humanity,

A. J. DAVIS.

Control of the Elements.

With the present number the series of letters by Mr. DAVIS, is concluded. The subject discussed in them is one which will sooner or later command the attention of scientific men; and its practical importance will be demonstrated in the approach of that millennial era, in which the desert place shall be made glad and the wilderness shall bud and blossom like the rose. If Man is in any real sense the lord of creation, containing within himself a controlling power that is positive to all material substances, then it may be rationally supposed that he may arrive at that elevated position where he can govern and regulate by appropriate means the surrounding elements of Nature. In my own experience I have received several convincing and satisfactory demonstrations of the fact that spirits have control of these elements so far as to produce and regulate the fall of rain; and I can see no reason why Man in his perfected and developed state, by means of a proper comprehension and practical application of existing laws, may not produce similar results. However this may be, we feel sure that the reader will not regret the space which has been occupied in the discussion of the subject.

R. P. A.

V. C. T., is informed that we addressed to him a note to the place at which his former letter was dated. The series of articles to which he refers will be received with pleasure. We should like the first within two weeks.

Facts and Phenomena.

CHARACTER OF DR. L. V. NEWTON,

AS DELINEATED PSYCHOMETRICALLY,

BY MRS. J. R. METTLER.

[All who are personally acquainted with Dr. NEWTON, the inventor of many useful and ingenious matters, and among them that of the coppered printing type, manufactured by the company which bears his name, must see how wonderfully true and graphic this character is—so perfect, indeed, that after an intimate acquaintance of years, I find myself surprised into new and truer knowledge of my friend by reading it.—G.]

This person impresses me as being a great lover of Art. Am I right in saying it is a gentleman? He has a very intuitive mind. I should think he might be subject to spiritual impressions. He certainly has very strong intuitive powers, into which there seems to be a constant influx of spiritual impression. He loves to dwell on the beauties of the Spirit-world.

His Perceptive faculties are very good; and these keep him from misjudging, or forming wrong conclusions. With all this he is a good judge of human nature. He has broad benevolence and sympathies. His ideas are of a sublime character. I should judge he could write poetry. Every thing beautiful in Nature, or Art, finds in him a worshiper. He seems to venerate God as he sees him in his works.

He loves to solve and bring out the relations of Cause and Effect; and I should judge his expression of countenance is an index of his heart. In viewing this character I am filled with a feeling of ecstasy—a sense of joyousness, like as it were the life of birds. And then again a kind of reverential awe comes over me, as if I felt my nothingness compared with the great works of Nature and of Art. He is firm; but very simple things appealing to this feeling of veneration seem to make him as a little child; and while under the influence of this power, as a little child one might lead him.

I should think him a person who has seen sorrow and affliction; and it gives me a feeling as if I wished to seek out some sympathizing friend—one who has felt in a degree as he has felt.

He has good powers of concentration, and can abstract his mind so as, for the time being, to dwell almost wholly in the interior. He is ardently fond of his parents and of children. I should think nothing could delight him more than to take a sweet little child in his arms, and run over the green fields, and watch the skipping of lambs; for he seems to see something in this which corresponds with his beautiful humility of soul. He would be very fond of the society of an intelligent lady, and love to converse with her. He is a very sensitive being, and has much refinement of char-

acter. He has much simplicity, as well as boldness of heart. He can write well on philosophical or scientific subjects. He has Form and Constructiveness very large, and should have much mechanical genius. His reasoning powers are exalted, and his ideas are clear and lucid. His memory of faces is good; and I should think he might be very good in mathematical problems.

His sphere is delightful to me. He seems one of those persons in whose presence I should have a consciousness of being instructed. His character is pure and good.

Poetry.

THE VICTORY OF TRUTH.

Truth moveth in the movement of the world,
Her wings of light the broad ecliptic span;
Yet those who loved her age by age were hurled
Into the tomb by man.

But now Truth comes to vindicate her fame,
Up from the sepulcher she calls her dead,
And casteth down her foes to endless shame,
Beneath her mighty tread.

From the forgotten tomb of Ages past
Her buried words in glorious form arise,
While echoing thunders vibrate from the vast
Ecliptic of the skies.

She cometh not to build a formal shrine
Of outward creed or monumental stone;
She comes to feed the poor with bread Divine,
To still Earth's awful moan:

To lift the lowly, to abase the proud,
Dethrone old Falsehood, break the triple crown,
Unloose the thunder from the avenging cloud,
And tread Earth's tyrants down.

She comes the sable vultures to affright
That pierce Earth's bosom to its bleeding core;
Yet blessings follow in her path of light,
Though judgments go before.

Wo to the seven-hilled City! Wo to thee,
Thou pagan hierarch of papal Rome!
The smoke of thy long-burning men shall see,
While thunders shake the dome!

And wo to thee, old Despotism! thou
Whose giant form with human gore is fed!
The Angels wait to see the strong man bow;
Thy pull o'er Earth is spread!

Wo to imperial Europe! Wo to her
Whose blood-red flag triumphant rules the wave!
Bones of old realms to greet her coming stir
In Sheol's burning cave!

Hark! the last trumpet calls the world to arms;
Death on his pallid war-horse leads the fight;
While demons nerve with all their impious charms
The enemies of Right.

Ah, me! the infernal holocaust appears,
The harvest of destruction bends like grain;
The battle whirlwind sweeps from out the Spheres
With clouds of crimson rain.

For ever dead, for ever in the dust
Of the long silence buried Error lies;
While all thy sons, O Truth! who in thee trust,
In life immortal rise.

—[Mountain Cove Journal.]

Miscellaneous Department.

THOUGHTS OF THE SPIRIT.

"Then Abraham gave up the ghost, and died in a good old age, and full of years, and was gathered to his people."—
[BIBLE.]

When congenial spirits meet, all strife and contention ceases; and how each hastens to give to the other of the fullness of his thought and feeling. Such moments in our life are as if Heaven had come down to us, and fleeting and transient as the moment may be, its memory lives with us as a heavenly light, fed from above; and when we realize a continued existence of the harmony of thought and feeling of an ever-flowing communication of pure sentiments, of kindly affections, and of that delight in perceiving good and truths in others, which makes them one with us,—then we have a glimpse of that Heaven to which Abraham ascended, and in which he was 'gathered to his people.'

I love to read this verse, and imagine what the angels would think, if they could hear the words as I read them. And, truly, although angels do not hear through our gross material atmosphere, can they not see the image of what we read in our minds? It is beautiful to think that they can; and it is pleasant to conceive how an angelic, perfectly spiritual mind would understand these words, "And Abraham gave up the ghost." The angels would see that the spirit of Abraham had laid off that gross material covering, which was not the real man—only the appearance of a man. To angels, this body, which appears to us so tangible, must be but the ghost of a reality, for to them the spirit is the reality.

With us, in this outer existence, the laying off of the body is death, that symbol of annihilation; it is as if our life ceased, because we no longer grasp coarse material nature. But with the angels, the laying off of the body is birth; it is the beginning of a beautiful, new existence. The spirit then moves and acts in a spiritual world of light and beauty. It no longer moves dimly in that dark, material world, which is as but a lifeless, ghostly counterpart of the living, eternal, Spirit-world.

Thus, it seems to me, the angels would understand the words, "And Abraham gave up the ghost." And the words which follow would have for them a far different signification than to us. For with us "old age" presents the idea of the gradual wasting away of the powers of the body; it is the shadow from the darkened future, foretelling the end of life. But angels see the spirit advancing from one state of wisdom to another, and to grow old in Heaven must be altogether different from growing old on earth; and we can only conceive of a spirit as growing more active, intelligent and beautiful from the Heavenly wisdom and love in which it develops. Imagine an angel, who has lived a thousand years in Heaven; his faculties must have all this time been perfecting and expanding in new powers and activities: whereas, on earth, the material body, in "three score years and ten," becomes so cumbrous and heavy, so disorganized and worn out, that the spiritual body can no longer act in it; hence an "old man, full of years," appears to the angels as one whose spirit has passed through so many changes of state; consequently, has thought and loved so much that it has increased in activity,

life and power, and thus spiritual progression must be onward to an eternal youth.

Does it not thrill the soul with the joy of a beautiful hope to imagine Abraham, or any loving spirit, as rising from the material to the spiritual world, "full of years," or states of wisdom and love, forever to grow young among his "own people?"

What to Abraham, now, were all of those flocks, and herds, and men servants, and maid servants, that had made his earthly riches? They were nothing more to him, in his new heavenly life, than that ghost of a body "he gave up." The only riches he could carry with him were his spiritual riches—his powers of thinking and feeling. All of his outer life was given to him to develop these powers. All of his natural surroundings were as a body to his natural thoughts and feelings, in which they might grow to the full stature of a man, that he might become "full of years," or states.

And thus to us is given a natural world; and its duties and ties are all important, for within the natural thought and feeling, the spiritual thought and feeling grows, as does the soul in its material body. And like as the soul ever feels within itself a separate existence, higher, and above that of its material organization, so also does the spiritual thought and feeling realize itself in its world of natural thoughts and affections; it sighs to be gathered to its "own people," even while it loves its natural ties. And, now and then, it has beautiful glimpses of the consociation of spirits according to spiritual affinities.

The love of the spirit, thus warmed into life, should descend into its natural ties. Uncongenial brothers and sisters are often thrown together and bound by the most indissoluble natural ties. We should cultivate these natural affections and family ties, as types of the beautiful spiritual consociations of Heaven.

Our spirit must grow in the constant exercise of natural affections, or we can have no capacity for the spiritual. If, in this world, we live morose, ungenial lives, crushing down the budding affections, and the active thoughts springing from them, can we ever be angels? No, assuredly not; for the angels are like the Heavenly Father, in whose light of love they live. They delight to do good to every created being, whether good or evil. They would not, could not, recognize an evil person as a congenial spirit, but for the sake of awakening in him some spark of a beautiful love, a disinterested thought and affection; they would crown his whole life with loving kindness and tender compassion. A true, heavenly angel could be happy in the effort to do good to the most fallen human spirit; and should not we imitate them, that we may be as one of them, one in thought and feeling with them?

To love!—love with our every power of being—is the only eternal reality. From love springs thought; and thought and affection are the flesh and blood of the spirit. The spirit grows upon what it feeds, as does the body upon its material food; and to stint the spirit of its food, is a sad detriment to our after-life.

A perception of the heavenly life should arouse us to a power of loving every human being that we come in contact with, and make us realize that to love and serve, is the happiness of angels, and the principle which conjoins men and angels to God.

THE INFANT'S DEATH.

"There is another little hand
To heaven's sweet harp-strings given;
Another gentle seraph's voice,
Another star in heaven."

Tread lightly, gentle reader, for we are in the chamber of death, in the presence of mourning, sorrowing parents, whom death has robbed of every earthly treasure. Yes, death has entered that family circle, and has borne away the youngest and loveliest. The parents are bowed down with grief, for the little one who cheered them with its lovely, endearing smiles through the day, and at eve would sink so sweetly to rest in their arms, is gone.

O, could they but believe that the lovely child thus suddenly torn from their embrace, *is not dead*, but has thrown off its old garment, and, clothed in white, has entered a higher sphere of happiness; that she is not far away, but is ever near to soothe and comfort them, then they could place their sweet one in her little grave, and rejoice in its removal from a world of sin and suffering, to the brighter, happier home of spirits.

Dry your tears, mourning parents, for even now, while you are gazing on that little form so stiff and cold in death, its happy spirit is hovering over you, endeavoring to impress upon your minds the truth, that it *is not dead but gone before*. Weep not so wildly over its clay.

"'Tis but the casket lieth there.
The gem that filled it sparkles yet."

O, is it not a beautiful belief that the spirits of our dear departed friends watch over us, leading us in the flowery paths of peace and love? That we are ever surrounded by angels who ever whisper sweet words of hope to our sorrowing hearts?

Would that all could enjoy this belief—what different views would they entertain of death. There is no death. 'Tis but a change, a removal from this sphere, to the gloriously happy home, not far away, but near, and around us, where dwell the pure spirits of those we have mourned as lost. Though invisible to us, they hover around to soothe and bless us when we are oppressed with grief, and our hearts are heavy with mourning. Weary indeed would be this life, were it not for those sweet angel voices that are ever breathing messages of love to my soul; those little rays of sunshine steal into the garden of my heart, and the sweet flowers of hope and happiness spring up in the place that has been overgrown with the weeds of doubt and fear.

The mother feels that her child is gone forever; her desolate heart tells her that she is childless. The cradle, where its little eyes used to close so sweetly in gentle slumber, the toys in which it took so much delight, all tend to bring up in her mind fresh recollections of her loved one; and, as she tries to check the rising emotion, tears will burst afresh from the fountains in which they have been locked up, in unutterable grief.

Weeping mother, your child is with you still. She is your guardian spirit now continually hovering over you, strewing flowers of hope in the pathway of life, and shedding the glorious light of spiritual love in your soul. She still lives, and when you have fulfilled your mission on earth, her spirit will waft you to your heavenly home, where sorrow, and death can not enter in.

ERNESTINE.

—[Waverly Magazine.]

INSTINCT OF THE HONEY-BIRD.

This extraordinary little bird, which is about the size of a chaffinch, and of a light grey color, will invariably lead a person following it to a wild bees' nest. Chattering and twittering in a state of great excitement, it perches on a branch beside the traveler, endeavoring by various wiles to attract his attention; and having succeeded in doing so, it flies lightly forward in a wavy course in the direction of the bees' nest, alighting every now and then and looking back to ascertain if the traveler is following it, all the time keeping up an incessant twitter. When at length it arrives at the hollow tree, or deserted white ants' hill, which contains the honey, it for a moment hovers over the nest, pointing to it with its bill, and then takes up its position on a neighboring branch, anxiously awaiting its share of the spoil. When the honey is taken, which is accomplished by first stupefying the bees by burning grass at the entrance of their domestic domicile, the honey-bird will often lead to a second and even to a third nest. The person thus following it ought to whistle. The savages in the interior, whilst in pursuit, have several charmed sentences which they use on the occasion. The wild bee of Southern Africa exactly corresponds with the domestic garden bee of England. They are very generally diffused throughout every part of Africa, beeswax forming a considerable part of the cargoes of ships trading to the gold and ivory coasts, and the deadly districts of Sierra Leone, on the western shores of Africa.

Interesting as the honey-bird is, and though sweet be the stores to which it leads, I have often had cause to wish it far enough, as when following the warm spoor or track of elephants, I have often seen the savages, at moments of the utmost importance, resign the spoor of the beasts, to attend the summons of the bird. Sometimes, however, they are "sold," it being a well-known fact among the Hottentots and tribes of the interior, that they often lead the unwary pursuer to danger, sometimes guiding him to the mid-day retreat of a grizzly lion, or suddenly upon the den of the crouching panther.

I remember on one occasion, about three years later, when weary with warring against the mighty elephants and hippopotami which roam the vast forests and sport in the floods of the fair Limpopo, having mounted a pair of unwonted shot-barrels, I sought recreation in the humbler pursuit of quail-shooting. While thus employed, my attention was suddenly invited by a garrulous honey-bird, which pertinaciously adhered to me for a considerable time, heedless of the reports made by a gun. Having bagged as many quails and partridges as I cared about shooting, I whistled lustily to the honey-bird, and gave him chase; after following him to the distance of upwards of a mile, through to the open glades adjoining the Limpopo, he led me to an unusually vast crocodile, who was lying with his entire body concealed, nothing but his horrid head being visible about the surface of the water, his eyes anxiously watching the movements of eight or ten large bull buffaloes, which, in seeking to quench their thirst in the water of the river, were crackling through the dry reeds as they cautiously waded in the deep mud that a recent flood had deposited along the edge. Fortunately for the buffaloes, the depth of the mud prevented their reaching the stream, and thus the scaly monster of the river was disappointed of his prey.—[Cummings' Adventures.]

THE MECHANIC.

Sparks ye are, artizans of earth, from the great anvil that six thousand years ago rang with the giant strokes of Tubal Cain.

Sparks that will transmit their light through all time, and gleam heavenward from the shores of eternity.

The ants and bees build their little homes themselves—toil and labor in their portion, and what little creatures is there of the insect world that bears a better name among the ease-loving sons of earth than they.

Mankind is prone to praise that in others what they do not themselves practice, but practicing it themselves, they praise not others but their own humble selves; and so it is in regard to labor, they like to see others work and toil for their daily bread, but do not like to do it themselves, not even have the praise of working for a living. These are the drones—the dust that floats upon the air of labor, and shifted by their own worthlessness from one place to another, until their gaudy glitter, borrowed from the reflection of their own wealth, becomes the means whereby they are hurled from existence—from memory itself.

And the artizan, does he live for the present or for the future?

Or does Death, when he grasps him, pall him forever from the recollection of the living and leave but a blank space in the fireside circle for sorrow to occupy until filled by another?

The answer is plain. The mechanic leaves his imprint upon the age in which he lives, and Time marks his history as a guide for the future. A palace is drawn upon paper, a pencil sketch. It is passed to the mechanic. Weeks, months, perhaps years, roll by, and the pencil structure of the brain becomes a reality, lifting its marble walls and lofty towers to the sky, and from its domes the artizan looks down and then passes a filmy thought, vague, indistinct, yet massive in its conception, and what is it?

That when those for whom it is built, those who live, love, and pass from life to death within its halls, shall have been forgotten, he will be remembered, for his name is carved upon its tablet.

Yes, he will be remembered, and the time will come, when labor, and labor alone, will be the guarantee of honesty, virtue and greatness—labor, whether with the pen, plow, or at the smoking forge, is all the same.—[*Cin. Cit.*]

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