

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.

POPULAR EDUCATION.

BY FRANCES H. GREEN.

"Nothing goes for sense or light,
That will not with old rules jump right;
As if rules were not in the schools
Derived from truth, best truth from rules."

[BUTLER'S HUDIBRAS.]

The susceptibility of education makes the great fundamental difference between man and the inferior animals. By this we are not to understand the capacity of acquiring any given amount of book-knowledge by a process, or a series of processes, which shall commence and finish at any given periods of time; but the whole amount of impressibility, for all time—that is during the whole life of the soul. The whole amount of impressibility of an immortal being! Does any mother—does any teacher, rightly apprehend the infinite importance—the almost inconceivable sublimity of such an idea? And yet how true it is, that no one should be a mother—no one should be a teacher—until the guiding intelligence is capable of expanding into this thought of all thoughts.

There is not one spark of vitality in what is technically termed education, unless it may be in some very highly-favored conditions; and it is only because the human soul is absolutely indestructible, that it is not crushed and killed altogether, with the great burden of unmeaning jargon it is doomed to acquire, and carry with it, through the most tender and critical periods of life.

At the age of about three years the little one, instead of being permitted to develop freely in the genial atmosphere of home, is sent with older brothers and sisters, or other children, to the district-school. He is seated bolt upright, on a wooden bench, with a board, or nothing, as the case may be, against his delicate little back, for three long hours in the morning, and same length of time in the afternoon. Once or twice during each session he is called out to read the alphabet; and once he is permitted to go out, for about five minutes. Immediately, if he is active as most children are, he picks to pieces bits of paper, or little fragments of anything he can find, catching whatever incidental amusement he may in these sterile conditions. When he can find an opportunity, he perhaps gets up a little sport, or a quarrel with his nearest companions, for which he is quite likely to receive a severe reprimand; or even corporeal punishment, if the teacher be severe. He is forbidden to laugh, or play, or whisper, or make the least noise.

In this condition of things one out of two results seems in-

evitable. He must either become stupefied and stultified, both in mind and body, or else his irrepressible activities will develop into habits of insubordination, involving a loss of good name—which is perhaps quite as great a misfortune to the child as to the man, and in most cases even greater; for when we consider the child's weakness, both mental and physical, and his entire dependence, even for common justice, on the good will, the love and affection of those with whom he is associated, we can see how utterly helpless and miserable he would be, if deprived of them. And yet how many poor children, from no fault of their own, are driven by false ideas of what belongs to them, into this most false—most unfortunate of all positions—a state of warfare, without any ability of self-defense. Behold the infant brain, with the brand of disgrace set on his tender brow, and his little puny hand lifted in defiance to the hard and ill-directed hands, that may crush him at a single blow—if not in his physical, at least in his spiritual life.

Is it not strange that men are so intelligent and good as they are? and does not the single fact that they preserve any thing of moral or intellectual beauty and vigor, in this struggle for life, confute two very important errors of the Infidel and the Orthodox (so termed)—the Destructibility of the Soul, and Total Depravity of Heart? For how should there be any good put forth, in conditions so adverse to its culture, if it were not a strong and determined element of the human constitution? or what better evidence could we obtain of the immortality of the soul, than that it survives the process commonly known as education? There would be few sceptics, and still fewer orthodox believers in their own total depravity, if the force of this argument could be truly felt and appreciated. If a child has graduated from a common country district school, without becoming idiotic or satanic, he should have a diploma, or self-warrant of good behavior in this world, and a free ticket of admission to all other worlds, that come after.

But let us proceed with this picture. By some means unknown, the alphabet is at length acquired; and if the district be a little old fashioned, or rather if it be not illuminated with the newest light, he is put into a, b, ab, e, b, eb, i, b, ib, and so on; and there he is kept for weeks, months, or years, as the case may be. And all this within reach of flowers, within hearing of birds, within sight of the green fields, where it would be at once so healthful and pleasing, to run, and gambol, and be at home with Nature. Only think of it! how far beyond all other animals, notwithstanding all their destruction to gratify the rapacity of appetite—is this HUMAN BEING wronged! Birds and reptiles, insects and quadrupeds, develop according to the laws of each particular tribe or species; but the young Immortal is thrown into a completely false position. His development is seldom completely

true, in any thing. Precisely at the time when there is the largest amount of excitability in the system, all excitability is checked by a cruel and unnatural constraint, or made criminal by laws so barbarous they would put savages to shame.

If the vital action of a tree, or plant, is checked in any given direction, there will be an accumulation of vitality in some other part, causing disproportion and deformity. And this is a universal law. In all vital action there is a direct and incontrovertible tendency to certain results; and if those results are interfered with, the interrupted forces, operating in other than the true direction, must produce a malformation. Can the human being be made an exception to this rule? Far from it. On the contrary, he, being higher than all others, must necessarily be more sensitive and delicate in his whole organization and temperament. But if we do not perceive bodily deformities, we must find others more deplorable and deadly in their effects.

Let us return to the school, and single out one of these poor martyr-children. For nearly six hours in the day he is kept in a forced and unnatural state of inactivity; yet no one has told his parents, or teacher—or if told, they do not heed the lesson—that exercise is as necessary to the development of the muscular system, as air to the life and action of the lungs. No wonder that our race has degenerated physically, precisely in the same ratio with the advancement of schools. Here, then, for the beginning, we find the physical system weakened and undermined; and this alone would be bad enough, were there no other evil. But this is not all. Instead of being taught things, facts, ideas, the child is taught only words. For a long time these are wholly detached from all meaning; and the process of acquiring them is entirely mechanical. Yet even after the scholar is promoted into some regularly organized study, or science, what does he know of it as an assemblage of important facts, based on vital principles? Nothing—or next to nothing, at the best. The learner has a conception only of certain drillings, by which processes a certain amount of reading matter is to be committed to memory. But of the philosophy, or practical uses of the same—or indeed how to use it if he would, there is generally but an imperfect idea. So he goes through the common school; and this is what he gets in exchange for his wasted vitality, his enfeebled strength, his repressed activity, his perverted moral nature, his murdered happiness.

Nor is this language by any means too strong. Indeed, no mere language can do justice to this mournful unconsciousness of a mother's first duty—the proper and truthful development of the physical being entrusted to her care—her criminal invasion of the child's inviolable right to be happy, or her hardly less criminal ignorance of such a right, and her miserable perversion of the whole moral and intellectual nature.

The importance of cheerfulness, of hilarity, in young children is not less than that of muscular exercise. Observe a child at home, or in the fields, if you would have a type of what your boasted education should imitate. See him leap, and sing, and laugh, and shout, and tumble—now exercising one set of powers, now another, yet never for a long time wholly at rest. This is nature; and Nature is always true. For the first six or seven years of life, nothing less than this should be admitted—perfect freedom of development with the least possible constraint. And even after that time, more stringent habits should be very cautiously introduced. And

above all things a cheerful and happy condition of mind in the child should be sought and preserved. When the child is not happy—or even if from the too serious disposition of his common associates, his natural vivacity is in the least degree impaired, or repressed, digestion is weakened, and with it the whole tone and vigor of the physical system.

I have said nothing here of the moral obliquities we find in families where one might, from a casual view, least expect them—the mortifying and destructive lapses of temper, and the frightful disregard of truth, which often transpire in the presence of children. Many persons who would not think of speaking falsely to grown people, will yet tell the most weak and absurd lies to children.

Few people give even to ordinary children the penetration and discernment which they really possess. And if they find there is any attempt to deceive them, there is not merely one bad consequence, but several. In the first place the lie is detected, and the parent, or whoever uttered it, is marked. What good, think ye, will any number of lessons on the importance and value of truth be, after this experience? Any future attempt to urge a moral sentiment of this kind, must inevitably sink the feeling of natural repugnance and horror of the sin, into contempt and loathing of the sinner. Here, then, is a whole train of evils. In the first place the child has an example of falsehood; his respect for the mother is destroyed; and along with this his love is diminished; and if he is a child of spirit, a feeling of indignation at the petty attempt to impose on his natural common sense, would take possession of him, and perhaps excite revengeful or malicious feelings. In fine, strict, serious, perfect truth should always be spoken to children; and if this can not always be done, let them be diverted from their purposes; or if the worst comes let them be silenced by absolute denial.

And with all this, let us seek first to correct in ourselves all obliquities of temper. This is important, not merely as example, but as a principle of sway. If the first person is not governed, the second can not be. In a word, if we have not self-control, we can not control others. Let us never

“Check and chide
The aerial angels as they float about us,
With rules of so-called wisdom, till they grow
The same tame slaves to custom and the world.”

Let no woman dare invoke an immortal Life, until she finds herself worthy to develop, and lead it forth into all its appointed good. Let her never enter that holy of holies, the confidence of the young heart that has been nurtured beneath her own, without trying herself, whether she be worthy of her high prerogative—without a tender, deep, and prayerful determination to make this one great duty paramount to all others, so that she may invest the character of maternity with that divine intelligence which can instruct—with that beautiful love which can feel no sacrifice—with that sweet forbearance which can know no impatience—with that sublime devotion which can make suffering itself a joy.

Love's Holiest Work.

The light of love is ever beautiful amid scenes of sorrow; and as the moonbeams seem holier and more tender round a ruin or a church-yard than the festive halls, so is affection purer and brighter when bestowed upon the wretched, than when attracted by youth and happiness.

BOOKS;

THEIR SPHERE AND INFLUENCE.

BY J. K. INGALLS.

In the history of human development Books maintain an important position. We are indebted to them, in a material sense, for all our acquaintance with the past, and for that wide diffusion of knowledge, which distinguishes our age. And yet, in a higher sense, there is no single thing which has stood so much in the way of man's advancement as his idol worship of them for books; as well as other things, which God has created or man has made, may stand for idols, to a nature perverted from its legitimate sphere of exercises.

To be able to comprehend our subject, it is necessary to bring our minds up to a sphere of thought measurably above it. We must take our stand independent of the books, ere we can judge truly of their quality, design or influence. This preliminary can not be too strongly insisted on; for there are books which are deemed above criticism; the very idolatry suggested having clothed them with an odor of sanctity, it is treason and impiety to invade. Let us stop here, then, on the very threshold of our investigation, and determine one thing; whether we are able to judge of the qualities of any book which challenge our reverence and submission. If it is admitted that we do possess such ability, then we may proceed. If any contend that we are not competent to decide on so momentous a question, then it is insisted that *they* shall be consistent with their decision. Of course, they must never say that the book they reverence is *true*; for that presupposes their capability of knowing truth from error, and that they would have known, had this book contained error. They must not say that is a *good* book; for how can they know that it is good, if they would not have known, had it been evil? They must not pretend that the book is from God; this presupposes that they are competent to judge what is worthy of Him, and that too by sources independent of the book itself. The very claim set up for the sacredness of any book is self-contradictory, assuming that the same qualities of mind have been exercised, in making up the estimation, which we are forbidden now to employ. The fear of being accused of presumptuously sitting in judgment on "God's Word" has silenced many a sincere though timorous inquirer after truth. Yet you will find none so reckless as to insist that every book is the word of God, which puts forth such claim. A standard of judgment must be supposed by which all books are tried; and this is all that the rationalist asks, the same liberty, which they assume, to decide what is the Word of God. The fact that those, who condemn this position as impious, occupy precisely the same themselves, should be a sufficient defense against their charge of impiety, on however low a plane. In a truer light those will be clearly proved guilty of idolatry, who allow a book to dwarf their intellects, check their souls' aspirations for light and freedom, or any way abstract the communion between the human spirit and the great Father.

But is necessary to comprehend what is below books, as well as to rise above them, in order to realize fully their influence on human advancement. Perhaps a figure will enable us to comprehend more readily, what the world was, without them. Let them be represented as mental storehouses, of ca-

capacity proportioned to the treasures they preserve. The condition of man in a savage state, without shelter, dependent on the spontaneous productions of nature for a precarious supply of his wants, is easily imagined. In this state he could make but little advancement in the useful arts, or in his social arrangements; and yet it might be comparably favorable to the development of the muscular system, and to general strength and physical beauty. In the next step we shall discover that he has reared a cabin, and preserves the more valuable meats and vegetables, which his arm has captured or his industry produced. From this point he gradually accumulates wealth, and invents structures of a higher and higher degree of perfection to preserve his goods and gratify his domestic and artistic affections. A fact here must not be forgotten; that no accumulation of past wealth can compensate for present neglect of the duty of labor. The daily employment of the race, if not of the individual, has been constantly required. It is the great law of God, that *he that will not work, neither shall he eat*. And if society so perverts this rule, as to allow one class to live idly, then it must condemn another to starve. It is the most grievous sin of this mammon-worshipping age, that the store-house is revered as the only source of life and happiness, before which ministers the merchant-miser as the great high-priest. Yet despite all this kindness the great fact of nature stands out in bold relief, that all sustenance, comforts and luxury, not the common bounty of heaven, must be constantly elaborated from the elements by human toil.

These transitions in civilization are to be regarded as regular steps in the march of humanity to its destined perfection. Nothing can be predicated on the existence or non-existence of their particular monuments, except as they reveal the point of progress attained. They have no power in themselves to *civilize or refine mankind*. These accumulations, edifices and civil and religious institutions have been made, by man, what they are; have not made man what he is. The application is readily seen. Books, no more than those possessions, have made the civilization, the enlightenment, or the degree of christianization, which the world has attained. If these do not obtain where there are no books, so there are no books, where these have not first appeared. It is not uncommon for mankind to confound cause and effect and put one for the other. As there were not edifices, in which social and mental refinement could be cultivated, until sufficient had been attained, to teach their need and use, and qualify man to design, construct and appropriate them; so books did not serve to instruct mankind, until the human mind had first conceived and embodied in them its own apprehensions of wisdom and refinement.

The idea of sanctity and efficiency, which most nations attach to their sacred books, is wholly inconsistent with the reception of the first principles of all knowledge. These are nowhere derived from books. Books are made up of the attainments of their authors; can not be anything more nor even a full expression of that, since the best thought and the highest truth, of each mind, is inexpressible. We could not do well without these convenient conservators of past attainments; but there is not one among the innumerable volumes which exist that was not written by human hands, and dictated directly by human minds. We would not have the truth they contain revered the less, but the more, and with all the reverence now attached to the letter, would we have men look up-

on the divinely communicative spirit, which through these mediums breathed its purifying transmission, and effected its divine creations. And be it remembered that if the race could not exist on the fruits of past labor only, neither could it long thrive in spirituality on the mental and spiritual food bound up in books. The mind, as well as the body, is only sustained by the fruits of its own activity. It may scan the elder revelation inscribed on every rock and rill and flowering shrub; it may delve for the buried treasures of antiquity; it may strike out new trains of thoughts or follow the old: but in some way it *must work*. It would be madness to scorn the materials furnished by past experience; but it would be more than madness to fall down and worship them, because they had proved serviceable to our fathers, for food or shelter. So that which is valuable in books can not be thrown away without injury to the race; but neither can they be clothed with an air of sanctity, which forbids all approach of thought, or worshiped as divine, without manifest detriment to moral and mental development.

It may be easy to conceive that a greater diversity of talent, and wider degrees of development once existed in human society, than are now seen in similar circles; but not so that peculiar sensation of mind which must have been created in the breast of the ignorant and superstitious, when they saw the evidence that thought could be communicated by signs. The Indian has been known to regard the man as supernaturally endowed who could converse with a book. In early times, the mind itself was a subject of conjecture, and all its diseases as well as uncommon attainments were referred to superhuman influences. Until the invention of printing and the consequent multiplication of books, this feeling must have been quite general. This undue reverence for what was written, has been handed down, and in a measure induced by the initiated or interested. As books on more common place subjects became diffused and subjected to the scrutiny of common sense, the claims of the supernaturalists were transferred from general literature to medicine, law and divinity. This trinity of imposition has held on together, and bids fair to yield together. How a man of worth and sense, even now, is often seen to stand abashed and humbly *inquire*, where he should assume the authority to teach, merely because the professional man can quote some old book or phrase, as destitute of life or thought, as is implied by its preservation in a dead language!

Individuals who are affected by books, are of two classes, those who *use*, and those who *worship* them. As the idolater appropriates his object of devotion to no practical purpose, but to incite his blind fanaticism, so he, who regards a book with superstitious reverence, seldom employs it for any legitimate use. In its very presence, the *man* is debased. He reads not with natural eyes. Its lessons of good or evil are measurably unheeded, in his fervor to show it becoming homage. The most sublime and most ridiculous things are drawled out in the same sanctimonious monotony. Interested promulgators, whose position and influence depend on their skill in interpretation, labor to perpetrate these erroneous impressions, and to have them inculcated on the tender minds of youth; so that the real truths contained are prevented any useful and practical application by the lack of all discrimination in the reception of the mere letter.

The other class read books for the thought or moral they may contain. And the right of individual judgment is indispensable to any salutary result from their reception. The

very attempt to put in practice their simplest teachings, is only consistent with the assumption of the right and ability to judge what is fit to be done. If a principle is involved in action, it will produce results, and those results must determine the legitimate character of the principle; for all principles must be judged by their fruits. Here is the difference: The practical man brings to practical tests every important precept or declaration he finds in books. Those given to idolatry merely hoard up, con over, and worship, do not use them. Swayed by superstitious fear, they elevate a number to a sacred position, and decide that they contain all that ever has been, is, or can be known. And this is well nigh the truth in regard to them. Indeed, to minds thus enthralled, what is contained can not be known in any practical sense. They should be measured, valued, and revered according to the degree of mental and moral nutriment derived, and which must be elaborated into growth and life by our own mental forces.

It is only in a low degree that we are benefitted by books, greatly as we are indebted to them in that degree. After all, they can put us in possession of nothing, which was not first communicated to the human mind without them. Our great dependence on them for a system of history, science, or religion is strictly material. They can only tell us the accidents of history, can not show us that inner life of the race, which has flown down through the ages. It is only by our own reflections, prompted by the thinkers of these last days, that we are enabled to see through the circumstantial array of unconstructive facts which compose the literal histories, and discover the living reality. The true history of the race might be compiled to-day, without reference to books, by taking note of human society as it exists in its different stages of progress. For all tribes may furnish, from the highest to the lowest, a near approximation to the whole series of advancement from stage to stage. In religion, books can only acquaint us with the outward manifestation of the spirit, the religious incidents and experiences of the past,—can not show us that law of life within, which has quickened innumerable souls through long centuries, has been working beneath this whole outward, formal, incoherent mass of things which we term Ecclesiastical History.

It has long been a disputed question, whether books had not an interior signification, especially the books of the Bible. As received by a small, though very learned and spiritual sect withal, the proposition is an entire fallacy. At most a book is but a written picture. Do pictures possess the life of the things which they represent, or merely copy the external form? Whether pictures may not convey an idea of life, is another question, dependent on the degree of refinement in the beholder and the truthfulness of the copy. As in nature, the spirit of all things becomes more and more revealed, as the mind expands and grows in spiritual powers, so the signs employed to express our ideas, will be more or less significant to one who sees much than to one who sees little in things. A book, that has truly "held the mirror up to nature," becomes suggestive of the great facts of being, and the interior life everywhere shadowed forth. But we must never forget that in nature, not in the book, the reality resides. Here the doctrine of correspondences, so clearly unfolded by Swedenborg, exists, and only here. The mind elevated to a high plane of thought comprehends this, and is enabled to explain many difficult sayings and figures which occur in our accredited

ed Revelation. But it will be found equally beneficial in explaining any book, which presents important truth under natural figures. The most sublime and elevating passages in Isaiah, or David, or even in the teachings of Jesus and his apostles, are their truthful appeals to the testimonies of nature, not to men or books. The great men, in every age, have been book-makers, not book-worshippers, or even readers, as the best artists have sculptured and painted statues and pictures, and have been not image or picture-worshippers.

All empirical systems of science or religion have had their books. The True has none—or rather, has all, embracing the truth and good in all, yet worshipping none. Much is said about the *Christian* scriptures; but there are none, in the sense in which there are Mohammedan, or Jewish, or Hindoo scriptures. Unlike Moses and Mohammed, Jesus left no books. The system he labored to unfold, has not nor ever can be embodied in a material form. It leaves book-worship, as well as other forms of idolatry, and elevates the soul to a higher position, where it can read, in the cheering light and heat and in the genial moisture which comes from heaven, a lesson of deeper and holier trust, than can be gathered from numberless tomes. It takes the eye of man from the copy to the original, from a vain attempt to comprehend the skill displayed in the picture to an intimate communion with the reality of all things, the actual, living scene.

APPLICATION OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Public curiosity, which has been much stimulated by repeated experiments with the electric light, is likely to be soon fully satisfied by seeing that singularly beautiful and powerful application of voltaic electricity brought into permanent and profitable operation. It will be recollected that up to the present time two serious obstacles have always opposed themselves to the use of this light, as a means of illumination; one being the difficulty of obtaining a steady and permanent light, the other the great cost of the materials employed in its generation. These two difficulties have been at length grappled with by a young but already distinguished man of science (Dr. Watson,) who by a series of patient and highly philosophic experiments, has attained certain results, which, he has sanguine hopes, will ultimately lead to the successful commercial application of the light to various purposes. The uncertainty and flickering of the light has been caused by the gradual wearing away of the points of the electrodes, and the consequent widening of the space through which the fluid must pass. Dr. Watson has tried to obviate the difficulty, first by the employment of a new and patented material in the electrodes, which makes them less liable to wear in their incandescent state; and secondly, by the action of a magnet placed in the base of the lamp, which by its attractive powers, restores any deviation which may have taken place in the relative positions of the electrodes by the influence of the light.

By this invention the lamp is rendered self-regulating or automatic, and the first great difficulty, the inconstancy of the light is to a considerable extent remedied. The light having thus been got into working order, the next point to be considered was the great commercial question of cost, as until the invention could practically be made to pay, there was little hope of its being brought into general application. Without entering into any detailed technical explanation, it will be sufficient to state that this end is attained by the sub-

stitution of cheaper metallic plates in the construction of the batteries, and the employment of such chemicals in the generation of the electric fluid, as shall having first performed their illuminating duties, undergo such changes in their own forms as to become articles of considerable commercial value and ready sale. For the plates the inventor has substituted cast iron and platinized lead for the more expensive metals—silver, copper, and platina; and an idea of the saving here effected may be formed from the fact, that whereas a single plate of platina cost £3, one of platinized lead or cast iron can be made for 1s. For exciting agents or electrolytes, as they are called, the patentee employs in one battery prussiate of potash, which, by the galvanic process is converted in those valuable articles of commerce, Prussian blue and ultramarine. In another battery, which is excited by nitro-sulphuric acid, he gets with the addition of bichromate of potash, the well-known color for carriage builders, chrome yellow, and by another chemical combination he gets red, the three primary colors, having thus, it is almost needless to add, obtained the bases of almost all the pigments used in the useful or decorative arts.

The advantage which is expected from these discoveries is, that the commercial value of all these products of voltaic action will completely cover the cost of manufacture, and leave the light itself a clear and unembarrassed source of profit. The value of all three improvements was tested by an exhibition of their results at the patentee's laboratory, at Wandsworth, to a circle of both scientific and commercial gentlemen. A large apartment was steadily and beautifully illuminated by the light for several hours, and much interest was excited by the mode in which, at regular intervals, the regulating operation of the magnets was brought to bear upon the electrodes. The illuminating process was pronounced to be completely satisfactory; producing, as it did, a perfect and brilliant daylight. In another apartment the chromatic products were exhibited, and were much commended for their brilliancy and truth of tints, so that both results—namely, the production of a steady and continuous light, and a costless exciting agent, may be said to be attained; provided that the debt and credit account which the patentees exhibit will ultimately bear the test of a rigorous commercial application. —[*London Daily News*.]

Microscopic Phenomena.

Grains of sand appear of the same form to the naked eye, but seen through a microscope, exhibit different shapes and sizes, globular, square, and conical, and mostly irregular; and what is surprising, in their cavities have been found, by the Microscope, insects of various kinds. The mouldy substance on damp bodies exhibit a region of minute plants. Sometimes it appears a forest of trees, whose branches, leaves, flowers, and fruits, are clearly distinguished. Some of the flowers have long white transparent stalks, and the buds before they open are little green balls which become white. The particles of dust on the wings of the butterfly, prove by the Microscope to be beautiful and well arranged little feathers. By the same instrument the surface of our skin has scales resembling those of fish; but so minute that a single grain would cover two hundred and fifty, and a single scale covers five hundred pores, whence issues the insensible perspiration; consequently, a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and twenty-five thousand pores of the human body.

Voices from the Spirit-land.

A VISION OF THE FUTURE.

GIVEN BY IMPRESSION

TO FRANCES H. GREEN.

Beautiful are the minds that reflect the thoughts of angels. Beautiful are the hearts that mirror heaven. Evermore shall flow outward from this circle, as from a central power, the truest and the divinest harmonies of Earth. Know that each one of you is the center of another, newer circle. And from these central sources other circles shall still flow outward, until the whole World is knit together by the golden links of a great, a beautiful, an unbroken fraternity—the universal Brotherhood of Earth.

It is a great law of nature, that nothing can exist without some restraining or corresponding affinities. So when the bloody hand of man shall be made clean, the fangs of ferocious beasts will be disarmed. When its deadly hatred is extracted from the human heart, the Tiger, the Wolf, the Bear, and all animals of which these are the types, must gradually weaken, and finally disappear. When Man no longer lies in wait for his prey, the serpent can no more beguile with deadly charms its innocent and shrinking victims.

And even the savage Wilds of Earth shall feel an instinct of these happy changes. Then all the powers and forces in the mind of man, being concentrated on great, good, and living objects—wonderful, incomprehensible, new, will be their results.

Swamps, and marshes, and barren wastes, will be overspread with fields of smiling greenness. Then shall the ripe grain with its myriad spires of golden richness, bow in devout reverence to the divine power of Love. Then shall unfold blooms of finer and more exquisite beauty, sending forth odors so delicate and ethereal that they can neither taint the breath, nor oppress the pinions of the free and pure air. Then shall the bright and mellow fruits be scattered; and stirred by the loving winds of summer, the verdant Maize shall waive her graceful arms to welcome the day of Jubilee.

The white flocks shall come and go, like visions of peace, over a thousand hills; and the lowing kine shall wander freely amid the green pastures, without fear or danger, and they shall lay down their treasures at the feet of man, nor accept of cruel murder as their recompense. Shout and sing, for the joyful days are coming! Hasten to proclaim the renovation of all the Earth, and of all Earth's people.

Step by step will the Desert yield its dominion; and the melting ices of the polar regions shall contribute to fertilize its arid wastes. The law of equilibrium must be finally established. The dangerous accumulation of fires in volcanic regions must be diverted into

higher latitudes, and an equal temperature be attained. Believe; that power which can encircle the globe with its vocal wires—which can wing its errands with electricity, and invest the lightnings with its intelligence, must be sufficient for this also. This spirit shall enter, and pervade, and subdue all things. Inspired by its presence, crude matter shall put forth new and more beautiful forms; and the very core of the granite mountains shall be penetrated, and softened, by its electrical energies.

Believe—or believe it not—the morning star is risen; and the East is already flushed with beams of the coming day! And now—even now—to the spiritual senses—the atmosphere is inspired with its vitality.

Who shall be worthy to unfold—or as yet even to comprehend—this beautiful and sublime idea—the Everlasting Reign of Good! Then how sweetly the seasons will flow onward, circle within circle, ever harmonious! and all Mind—and all Matter—shall send forth choral songs, in sweet unison with the anthem of Eternal Progress. Then shall the waste wilderness blossom with the joy of a millennial beauty, and the waters of Life burst forth in the midst of the desert.

There shall no more be any Violence or Wrong. Loving hearts shall meet, and loving hands clasp each other, without fear of guile; for when the internal consciousness is rectified language, must be true. Nor will there always be need of artificial terms, or words; for thoughts will flow and interflow between mind and mind. In that beautiful and perfect illumination, Love will mirror Love, and Truth, Truth.

Blessed are ye, happy seers of the Future; for when your hearts faint in the toils of the Present, ye shall look forward and gather strength. Never shall this day be forgotten. Still, in passing through the endless change of coming ages, shall ye behold it, an unfading star, ever shining through the serene distance of the Past.

Grasp, if ye can, the sublime idea of laboring for results like these. If you are called to suffering and sorrow, bless God that He has rendered you worthy to suffer most—even though ye may be the least among the workers in this good Field.

And now, O ye anointed children of a Divine Love! bow your heads, and accept in reverent joyfulness, the blessing and consecration of Spirits—which can but reflect, or foreshadow, your own.

And because Love is the great center principle of all life, and all renovation, so shall this circle be called, henceforth, and known as the CENTRAL CIRCLE OF LOVE. From this, in the process of time, shall come out other and higher circles—circles of Wisdom, and of a higher and truer Harmony.

Behold, in Love are ye consecrated to works of Love. Be strong. Be true; and always believe, and know, that each one of you enfoldeth within his own buckler an invincible power.

All Hatred, and Violence must finally weaken and disappear ; for of all human passions, Love only—and it only in its most exalted condition—is eternal and omnipresent.

THE TRUE HAPPINESS.

SHALERSVILLE, March 1st, 1853.

BROTHER BAKER : Please insert the following communication given, by a spirit in answer to the question, "Is Louis Napoleon happy, now that he has attained to the throne."

I selected it from many other manuscripts, not with reference to its merits ; for there were many others, which far excel this, in beauty of diction, and sublimity of thought, which were too lengthy for the limits of a business letter. The medium, is one of the most interesting and intellectual ladies I have become acquainted with—too independent to be brow-beaten by the taunts of a hireling priesthood, or low parasites.

COMMUNICATION.

The ambitious man courts the scepter, and the throne—he obtains the gilded toy, and erroneously believes that when he decorates himself in the childish trappings, he envelops himself in honors. He arrogates to himself much praise, and believes that the applause, and adulation which servile sycophants, and fawning flatterers, so lavishly bestow, is a sincere tribute to his exceeding great merit. But could he appreciate motives, he would find that each flatterer has a sinister motive, and bows down his body before the power he envies, and would gladly subjugate, if his own selfish ambition could but mount the throne, when the present occupant was hurled from his seat of power. Louis imagined, that as the title of Emperor is the highest in the estimation of men like himself, he should have every craving desire of his ambition satisfied if he attained the giddy height. But he has already discovered crowns that are filled with thorns. He has discovered that other men have a false ambition as well as himself. But he is not yet awakened to a full sense of his error.

The time will come, when he, and all mankind shall learn that human judgment has strayed far from the true faith in its efforts to gratify human ambition. Freedom of soul, and liberty of thought, are more honorable, and inconceivably more happyfying to the mind, than any title, ever conferred on earthly potentates. True liberty is of more real worth, than honor, or wealth, or kingdoms and thrones.

No man is born an Emperor ; all are born free. Liberty is a Divine gift. Worldly honors are a human game of chance. The soul that desires the freedom of nature, depends on the all-powerful Governor of the Universe. Those who seek worldly honors, depend on the breath of fallen men. The soul that is illuminated with a desire for freedom, is free indeed, even though the body is confined in chains ; but the soul that is

satisfied with the tinsel honors, and silly applause of mankind is yet held in the most abject slavery, even though the body is seated on a throne. Such a slave is Louis Napoleon. We say to mankind be free of soul, or, in other words, let your minds be free to investigate, and independent in thought. Let not the false estimate of things, any longer warp your judgment. Be more anxious for spiritual gifts, than for worldly gratulations, for the mind that is free, has overcome the world. Live to love, and let it be the daily actuating motive, in all your intercourse with mankind, without any reference, to their religious, or political opinions. Then may you look down, with a pitying spiritual eye, on the vain designs of misguided men, who are exhausting their noble energies, and misapplying their God-like powers, striving and struggling with each other ; each one making it the chief object of life to outstrip his fellows, and gain a greater amount of grandeur and wealth ; all of which, are the mere accident of the sensual man ; while they entirely overlook "Spiritual life," which is the life of Love and true happiness. Yet from his inward life only can permanent happiness be derived, and this life belongs to all. This is the life that shall endure to all eternity.

ANN CLARK, Medium.

The Love of the Celestials.

MARTHA ANN NORRIS, MEDIUM.

If men of the world give heed to every vice, and evil of earth, they will be thrust from the society of the good of earth ; friends will forsake them, and often treat them with contempt. But if they forsake evil, and flee from vice, they will be received into their former society and become elevated. But in the Spirit-world, those that are low, and undeveloped, are not neglected but cared for ; the higher order of spirits teach and instruct them in the course they must pursue ; and as they are developed, they rise to higher circles, their desires become more pure and devoted, they arrive at the bliss of heaven ; they sip the sweet wines of paradise. They are not viewed by higher spirits, as low and degraded because of their ignorance, and erroneous impressions, and unjust acts. They are esteemed ; for they view their past lives in a proper light, and view themselves advancing in the sphere of love. Spirits can not view others in the light that you of earth look upon mortals. No ! They look at home ; they see their former errors, they see themselves as they have been, and as they now are ; they can not condemn others. We have Love here ; but it is lacking with you. But we have succeeded in reforming some, and have commenced with many others. And we shall not stop until we have made a heaven upon earth a world without wo ; free from selfish motives and wrong acts.—[S. Era.

THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

R. P. AMBLER, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, MARCH 26, 1853.

RIGHTS OF LABOR.

An act has lately passed the Legislature of Rhode Island, making ten hours a legal day's work in all manufacturing establishments, and for all mechanical labor, unless the parties shall have agreed otherwise. The same act also provides that no child under twelve years of age shall be employed in any manufacturing establishment, under a penalty of \$20 for every such offense; and that no child over twelve and under fifteen years of age, shall be held to work more than eleven hours in any one day, under the same penalty. This law is to be put in force after the first day of July next.

Is not this new law one of the many cheering signs of promise which are being unfolded with almost every day? Is not the world, by its very selfishness, it may be, growing into a more generous thought? for is it not coming more and more clearly to perceive, that the dignity, honor, and safety of the State, not less than the comfort, security, and proper development of the individual, require that there should be some check to the frightful amount of crime, which with every day, seems to be gaining ground, other than what is found in coercive and punitive measures, as applied directly to the offender?

There is too, it must be confessed, a feeling of humanity—and a disposition to inquire into long-sanctioned abuses, time-honored monopolies, and all the wrongs of the Poor—a consciousness, in fact, of at least as much as this of the great principle of a common fraternity: that the human being—one as well as another—must be invested with his fundamental rights, and thus put in a condition to keep the laws, before he can righteously be held to answer for their infringement. As this principle, which is founded in the eternal laws of Justice, becomes ever more clear and imperative—as it certainly will, and must—schools and academies gradually will take the place of almshouses, prisons, and penitentiaries, while public rewards, collegiate distinctions, and civic honors, will be found much better, more healthy and natural stimulants, than the whipping-post, the pillory, and the gallows.

It is difficult to appreciate the wonderful change in public sentiment in regard to these subjects which has taken place within the last few years, unless we go back, and take the gauge of the higher levels of mind, some forty or fifty years ago. Without the trouble of scanning literary records of the last seventy-five years, let us take Hannah Moore, who wrote during the latter part of the last century and the beginning of this,

as an apt illustration of the case in point. She was certainly one of the most popular writers of her times, if not the first in that rank; and she was on most subjects a woman of rare clearness and soundness of mind. She was considered, as is well known, an eminently moral and religious writer, though it is easily enough to be seen now that if she did have those large and generous humanitarian ideas which her mental power and acumen would seem to indicate, she kept her eyes pretty conveniently shut against them. And the simple fact that her old conservatism, if not dark in itself, was thus obliged, as a matter of policy, to appear so, shows very well that her text may be taken as the moral barometer of the times; for she must have written either what she believed to be truth, or what she felt would be accepted as truth, by the majority of the enlightened minds of her day.

I remember very distinctly one passage of hers, though I can not recollect in which one of her numerous works it is to be found, which is right to the present purpose. I have an impression that it may be found in "Cælebs," but wherever it may be, the sentiment itself I shall never forget. In the passage referred to, she discusses either in her own person or through her characters, some question involving the rights of women, when she suddenly breaks off, and exclaims in the most sneering manner:—"The rights of women!" Next we shall hear of the rights of children, and the rights of servants, and the rights of animals!"

Yes, good Hannah; that sneer, narrow and cruel as it was in its original spirit, came nearer to being a true prophecy than many of your more amiable writings, as you have, doubtless, long ere this, witnessed, and confessed, with a larger inspiration of joy than was ever felt in your blind conservatism, for now the rights of children are beginning to be made the subject of legal enactments, the rights of servants are coming to be considered just as sacred as any other rights, and there has been at least one book published on the rights of animals.

It is melancholy to think of the contraction and deformity of so fine and clear a mind; but with all its obliquities it must be accepted as a mirror of the times. Hannah Moore wrote numerous essays, poems, and sketches, going to show that the hopeless and unmitigated poverty of the poor Englishman was the inevitable destiny marked out by Divine Providence, and, therefore it was his duty to bear it patiently and uncomplainingly. It may be that these works were not without their use in restraining popular discontents, which were very sore in that period, and continually breaking bounds, greatly to the alarm of all true conservatives. And false as they were, and derogatory to all our ideas of sovereign Justice, they doubtless acted as a kind of opiate, to quiet the poor laborer for a time, until

clearer ideas of his rights and duties should be unfolded, in the better conditions that were to come. But did not Hannah Moore ever think, while she was teaching the poor, in her most admired story of the "Shepherd of Salisbury Plains," that they should be thankful if they had but salt for their potatoes, that she was also teaching the rich monopolist, that he might continue to steal away from his victims all *but* the salt and potatoes—and in many cases even those, and then lay the crime to God? Such *was* her teaching, and it had quite as strong an effect in one atmosphere as the other; for however high a wall may be thrown up between them, St. James and St. Giles are brothers; and whatever robberies and aggressions may be exteriorly sanctioned by Authorities and yet undethroned Usages, still the sympathy between them is so strong, that nothing can be felt by the one without affecting the other.

Did they who advocate such doctrines as those above—and they are not without supporters even at the present day—ever examine the armorial bearings of the so-called great, and ponder the significance of their principal figures? Were not these, almost universally signs of rapine, violence and brute force? and the greater the power and wealth of the family, the more savage were its emblems; from the crown Lion, through all the bears, wolves, jackalls, and other carnivori of the divine Aristocracy. These are truer histories of the rights of such classes, than the proprietors of estates based on them would like to hear read in a court of true Justice.

But why is all the popular Literature so very different now? Ask Thomas Hood, Charles Dickens, Douglass Jerrold, Harriet Martineau, and a host of others, why they have transcended the old type. Ask even Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, who but a few years since could only shadow forth court profligacy, a sickly dandyism, and a morbid sentimentality, why he has in his late works so suddenly arisen to worthier principles, and a higher plane of thought. Would not the answer in all be the same? The public taste, the public sentiment, the public feeling demand it. The People—that is the great spirit of Humanity—demands to be heard—demands to be fairly represented—and it must be—at least in books. The Poor *must* have a candid hearing, and a righteous Judgment. This great Cause may be yet for a time shuffled off, and still indefinitely postponed; but it can not always—nor a great while longer—be evaded. It must be brought up. It must be tried; and happy will they be who shall stand up, as witnesses for Humanity.

Like the deep and silent stream which flows on unchecked by mind or storm, is the tide of spiritual and harmonial truth. Through all the avenues of society the tide is pouring, and far down beneath the very basis of false and unnatural institutions it still rolls on, bearing away the rubbish of ages in its course.

SIGNS WHICH HAVE A MEANING.

Despite all the efforts of the opposers of Spiritualism, there are convolutions in the sectarian and religious horizon, which presage an outbreak and clearing up of the elements, the consummation of which will be a brighter, purer, and more peaceful day than ever yet dawned on the benighted earth. This prophecy is based on the indications manifested in the immense audiences which are everywhere drawn together to listen to the claims of Spiritualism and the new philosophy, wherever it is proclaimed by competent spiritual instructors. The instance of S. B. BRITTON, Esq., on his late visit at Winsted, Ct.; that of Bro. HEWITT and JOHN M. SPEAR, at Plymouth, Mass., recently; also of MESSRS. SNOW and SIMMONS, at Brattleboro, Greenfield, Springfield, and Hopedale; that also of the important labors of the speaking medium, Mr. FINNEY, and the unparalleled interest that has everywhere attended the presence of Mr A. J. DAVIS on his tour through the West during the winter past; all the evidences of an awakening throughout the community in general, are certainly signs with which Spiritualists have no longer occasion to doubt the speedy triumph of the cause. These things do not escape the observation of clergymen either; and if they do not soon take a hint from them of which way the popular mind is inclining on the subject, they will ere long wake up from a lethargy more momentous to their "temporal welfare" than will in reality be some of the "procrastinations" which form the basis of most of their sectarian discourses. Let every thorough-going Spiritualist be a faithful preacher of the new gospel, and let all Spiritual journals, when read by those who are regular subscribers for them, be sent off among the unbelieving, as missionaries, and the progress of the cause will be all that every friend of truth and humanity could wish it to be.

V. C. T.

Thoughts of the Spring-time.

The Spring is the unfolding life and beauty of the great Soul by which Nature is moved and animated. Forms which have seemed almost lifeless in their wintry slumber, become decked with the robes of newborn loveliness. They breathe the reviving atmosphere—they bask in the warm, genial light, and are overshadowed with the spirit of beauty. Ages roll away in their ceaseless flow, and still Nature dies only to live again. The Soul shall be like Nature in her Spring-attire. Though it may seem dark and stagnant in earthly existence, like some time-worn tree which the tempests have long breathed upon, yet it shall come forth to a high and glorious resurrection, when it shall feel the sweet and holy influence of the descending Truth, as it freshens the earth with its Spring-like presence.

R. P. A.

IMPORTANT TESTIMONY.

The following, which we copy from the *Biddiford (N. H.) Journal*, presents some interesting testimony in favor of the reality of Spiritual Manifestations :

"It is not in the 'tippings' and 'rappings,' and like developments, that the men who have given attention to this subject, find the evidence of its spiritual origin ; but it is in the character of the communications that are received through these well developed mediums, in quiet home circles. If you would know whether these things are from above or below, meet with the broken family about the desolated hearth-stone, and as you listen to the words of love and heavenly wisdom, with which the spirit of the departed shall console and draw upward the hearts and affections of those bereaved ones, you may be able to judge of the origin of these manifestations, and of their value to poor, doubting, shivering, troubled human hearts.

Such of these developments as would command the attention of men of reason and intelligence, rarely come to the public through the newspapers. They are kept in the bosoms of families, as among the household sanctities with which a stranger may not meddle. For this reason we may not give our readers the main facts upon which we found our belief in the spiritual origin of a portion of these developments and communications. We will give two or three facts, (not the most convincing which we have noticed, but such as we are at liberty to talk about with the public,) that have fallen in our way, which are not easily to be explained on any other supposition than of their spiritual origin.

In the family of one of the most distinguished doctors of divinity in New England, is a little innocent, guileless grand-daughter, of thirteen years of age, who is a "writing medium." This clergyman has a brother-in-law, who in his life-time was a distinguished school-master in Boston, and especially known as a very beautiful penman, as well as an accomplished teacher of that branch of education. A few days ago, a son of this writing master called at the clergyman's house to seek an interview with his father, through this little girl. The child took the pen, holding it with curled up fingers as is common with children, when presently her fingers were straightened out, and the pen held as by a master, her fingers being brought into that position, as she averred, by an unseen hand grasping her own with a man's strength ; and immediately she commenced writing, in a style of penmanship of perfect uniformity and rare beauty, and absolutely in the very style of the old master, whose name was signed to the same : it purported to be a message from him to his son who sat by.

On one occasion after holding an hour's intercourse through the means of the rapping, with an intelligence that purported to be the spirit of a very dear friend, we asked if the spirit would write its name, thinking

if this should be done in the style with which the friend wrote in his life-time, it would be absolute evidence to our mind of his presence.

He consented to the test. We took a sheet of paper from a ream that no man had ever meddled with since coming from the paper mill, laid it, with a pencil, upon an open book, and then gently pressed it against the surface of the table, the hand resting on the outside of the book—and the name of our friend was written in the same beautiful style of his life-time.

On another occasion, during an interview with this friend, still doubting if it were really our friend with whom we were conversing, we asked for some absolute demonstration of his presence, and asked that we might know that he was with us through our sense of touch ; and never did the warm grasp of that friend's hand when it pulsed with life, send through our heart, stronger sense of his presence, than did his repeated touch, at this request, upon our foreheads.

A friend of ours in deep grief at the recent death of the dearest of earth, sitting with two or three friends in their little home-parlor, their thoughts upon the sad bereavement, when a pencil was seen to rise from a table in the room, and without any visible agency, moved back and forth upon a sheet of paper which without any arrangement chanced to lie in its neighborhood. Upon examining the paper, when the pencil had ceased its movements, it was found to exhibit a very affectionate and consoling message to this widowed heart, written in the husband's bold hand, and to which his name was subscribed, followed by another message from another friend in the land of spirits, full of choice words of kindness and sympathy and faith, written also in the style of this friend's peculiar penmanship, (entirely differing in its appearance from the other written upon the sheet) and to which also the friend's name was appended.

A few week's since, among our acquaintance, was a friend suffering very severe and alarming sickness. The friends who stood about the bed fearful of the issue, were told that the spirits of a number of the friends of the sufferer were with them, to aid, by their councils and the electrical influence they could exert upon the patient in staying the ravages of the disease.

A relative of the sick one, who in his life-time was a distinguished physician, announced his presence, and that with him he had Priesnitz, the great German founder of the Hydropathic system of treating disease.

They took the care of the patient, ordering all the details of treatment, instructing the nurses with a care that embraced and looked after all the minutiae of their duties—the treatment, changing and modifying with the prognostics of the disease—until after a few hours of this watchful treatment, disease yielded its mad sway, and sleep came for the weary sufferer, and in a few days health bloomed upon the faded cheek.

Manifestations of Spirits.

The truth of Spiritual Manifestations has been mixed with much error. It is like the twilight, which is a representative of the struggle which is going on between the light and the darkness. By many minds this truth will be received as authority; and this authority will be made the basis of a blind and irrational confidence. Therefore all minds should be exhorted to investigate carefully and candidly the various phenomena of spiritual manifestations, that the reality which is contained in these may be discovered, and that the error with which their purity has been tainted may be rationally discerned. All that is required in the investigation of this subject is an exercise of that calm reason by which all truth should be sought and tested. Let not this reason be blinded by a weak credulity or a blind fanaticism.

SPIRITUAL AGENCY.—A general emporium for Spiritual works has been established at 89 South-Sixth street, Philadelphia, (a few days north of Spruce street,) where the *Spirit Messenger Spiritual Telegraph*, *Light from the Spirit-World*, and all books or periodicals on the subject, may be obtained.

SAMUEL BARRY, Agent.

Facts and Phenomena.

SUPERIOR, OR SPIRITUAL SIGHT.

As there is at the present time, much interest manifested in the public mind in regard to the truthfulness of the theory of Spiritual Manifestations, in the various modes in which these phenomena are presented, viz: Rapping, Tipping, Writing and Superior Sight or Clairvoyance, I have deemed the following fact, which, with many others, has fallen under my own observation, as well calculated to sustain the friends of the Harmonial Philosophy in their position.

On the 17th day of February, 1852, I received a letter from Dr. H. A. Archer, of Meriden, Ct., requesting me to be present to witness an operation for the removal of an ovarian tumor, at his house, on the 19th of the same month. During the evening of the 18th, Dr. Reuben Barron, of Palmer Dépôt, came into my office and, in course of conversation, remarked that he had recently been developed as a clairvoyant medium for spiritual communications, and that within a few days he had had some tests, well calculated to convince him of the truthfulness of these impressions, yet he was not satisfied. I, at once, for the purpose of testing the power of this superior sight, handed him the letter I had received from Dr. Archer, enclosed in an envelop, requesting him by this newly developed power to inform me of its contents and whether I should comply with the request therein contained. He

took the letter, and, although in an unfavorable condition, being much fatigued and somewhat excited, soon passed into the superior condition. After an interval of a few minutes, Dr. B. said: "This is a request for you to go to Meriden, to assist in a surgical operation, and you must go; it will be of advantage to you, and a benefit to other sufferers. I now wish you to be very attentive, and remember what I say, as the spirits, or my guide, informs me it is for a test, to remove the doubts with which I am harrassed, in regard to the truthfulness of spiritual manifestations."

He then proceeded to describe the house and office of Dr. Archer, the room in which the operation was to be performed, the appearance of the young lady who was to undergo the operation, and also of her sister, who was with her; the tumor, both in regard to its enormous size, and of its attachments to the left broad ligaments and Fallopian tube, and, indeed, minutely described, not only the tumor but the entire operation of its removals. On the morning of the 19th, I repaired to Meriden, and to my surprise, found the description of the house, the room, and the appearance of the patient, as given by Dr. B., correct in every particular. I will remark, in this place, that about four years had elapsed since the first appearance of the tumor, during which time many eminent physicians and surgeons had been consulted, and they all, I believe, were of opinion that the tumor originated on the right ovaries, and, of course, that its attachments were on that side. It will be remembered that Dr. B. wished me to be particular in regard to the location being on the left ovaries.

About 2 o'clock, P. M., Prof. W. Burnham, of the Worcester Medical College, assisted by P. W. Ellsworth, M. D., of Hartford, and other medical gentlemen present, proceeded with the operation. On laying open the parietes of the abdomen, and exposing the tumor to view, it was found that the attachments were on the left, instead of the right side, and precisely as Dr. Barron had described them, while in the superior condition. After removing a portion of the contents of the tumor, and securing the arteries, the attachments were divided, and the enormous mass was removed, weighing with its contents, 52 1-2 lbs. I will only add, in conclusion, that Dr. Barron never was in Meriden, and was an entire stranger to all the parties—that neither myself nor any other person present had ever seen the patient or heard of the case previous to the reception of the line from Dr. A. by myself, on the 17th, two days before the operation—that I did not know in what part of the town Dr. Archer resided, or anything in regard to the appearance of his house or office—that there was no allusion in the letter of Dr. A. in regard to the enormous size of the tumor, nor were any other particulars mentioned except that an ovarian tumor was to be removed by Prof. Burnham, and requesting my attendance.

Now, if any one of the learned and scientific Rever-

end or other Professors who have been and still are investigating this subject, can give a rational explanation of, or account for this one case, among the many that are of almost daily occurrence in the community, upon other principles than those of spiritual communication, or independent clairvoyance, they will have accomplished much towards the overthrow of the whole system of the Harmonial Philosophy. For the truth of my statements, in regard to the description given by Dr. Barron of this case, I am permitted to refer to S. L. Griggs, Esq., the former High Sheriff of Tolland county, Ct., now of West Springfield; and Wm. H. Seamans, of Ware; and for the result of this operation, to either of the medical gentlemen present on that occasion.

H. F. GARDINER, M. D.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 28, 1853.

—[Springfield Republican.]

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

There is a German superstition, that when a sudden silence takes place in a company, an angel at that moment makes a circuit among them; and the first person who breaks the silence is supposed to have been touched by the wing of the seraph. *Thanks to the kind spirit of uncle L., for his gentle promptings, and to you, for complying with his request. I do not know that I was particularly sad at the time spoken of; but he may have reference to some time when I was thinking of home, and the absence of those who compose our **Family chain; and although a rusty link in that chain,** yet I am away from you all, and of course can not but miss the society of those I love so well.

I was very much interested in the account you gave me of your spiritual experience. Have you learned anything more in regard to that voice? As to your impression from grandmother S., I should have guessed it was she, at once, if you had not told me, because it is so like her. How delightful it is to feel and *know*, that we can thus commune with our spirit-friends. I feel the loss of these privileges, I assure you, and more than ever regret that I am not susceptible to their influences.

I was quite interested a few days ago, in conversation with mother S. A nephew of hers came in—a young man of perhaps twenty-five years—and after he went out she said to me that his mother, her brother's wife, died some two or three years since, and the night before she died, Henry, this son, lay down on a settee in the kitchen adjoining the room she was in; and suddenly a rocking chair which she always occupied, and which stood near him, set to rocking at a furious rate; and as no one was near it that could possibly have set it in motion, he was very much alarmed. His mother, I think, had been moved from this chair to her bed about two hours before; and he thought it was a warning—as it proved to be.

Mother asked me if I ever heard of such a thing, saying she thought there was something in it; for she had had some experience of the kind herself; and then she related the following:

When her father died—and also some one else, I think it was a brother—she distinctly heard a noise like the report of a pistol, very near her head. The sounds were alike in both instances, though not at one time. Also, when uncle L. was sick, the brass handles of her bureau which stood in the bed-room that he occupied, all at once began shaking, and continued doing so for some time; and she *knew* no one touched them. She thought this was a warning, as he died very soon after, being sick but a few days.

I then told of some manifestations made by spirits, more striking than these; and she seemed quite interested, saying she had often felt within herself: "Oh, if L. could only come back!" This is the first I have ever said to her on the subject; and now I have left her there to think a while. I do not feel qualified to make her understand the matter aright, and therefore have not introduced the subject before.

Do write often, and give me all the spiritual food you can. Your affectionate sister.

Singular Phenomenon in a Well.

Some months ago Mr. Nicholas Flint, of Great Valley, N. Y., in digging a well, after excavating to the depth of about forty feet, and finding no water, he determined to dig no deeper, as the space had already become so small that he was afraid, should he sink it deeper, that the sides would fall in if he attempted to stone it up. He accordingly abandoned it, throwing planks across the mouth to prevent accident, intending to fill it up again when he had leisure. One day he heard a singular noise, which seemed to proceed from the well, and on going to it, he discovered that it was caused by a heavy draught of air, forcing itself up from the well. This continued for some days, when the current of air became reversed, and there was a strong draught *downwards*, so much so, that light substances, brought near the crevices in the planks, were drawn in. He then procured a piece of pump log about two feet long, with an aperture of two inches in diameter, and inserted this firmly in one of the planks. The air, as it forces itself in or out of this tube, makes a roaring sound, which can be heard for nearly a mile. In fact, this well seems now to perform all the functions of a huge pair of lungs, although the inhalations and exhalations continue for a much longer period than in any *other animal* now known—as it is sometimes several days in forcing in its breath, and as long a time in forcing it out. The boys in the neighborhood often amuse themselves, while exhalation is going on, by pulling their caps over the end of the tube, to see them

thrown several feet in the air. Another fact is, that the respiratory organs of this "breathing monster" seem to be entirely under the control of the atmosphere; so that in addition to its other peculiarities, it acts the double part of thermometer and barometer. For some hours preceding a change from a lower to a higher degree of temperature, the inhalation grows less and less, until it is finally imperceptible; then the air commences rushing out—the current growing stronger and stronger, until the weather has become settled, when it again subsides to await another depression of the mercury to "take in another breath."—[*Catarangus Whig*.]

Poetry.

TO LITTLE FREDDY.

BY FANNY GREEN.

I bless thee, merry little boy,
Sweet future of thy parents' joy!
And O, may every simple note
I breathe along life's pathway float,
Gifted with music, still, to charm
Aside from the impending harm.

Ah, no, fair boy! it can not be!
For thine is human destiny.
Thy progress may not all be fair;
But yet accept my earnest prayer—
And if there is a power in love,
Mine must win favor from above.

That soft young eye, so purely bright,
Now waking with mind's earnest light—
Long, long, may Truth's fair image be
Within its depths a guide to thee,
Presenting all things as they are—
Shrined in its depths, a guiding star.

O may thy little foot incline
To seek fair Wisdom's peerless shrine;
And never turn aside to go
In paths of wickedness and wo.

And may this little hand be strong,
To guard the Right, impeach the Wrong,
And never catch a stain from earth
Unworthy of its glorious birth.

Still may this little bosom-peace,
As living waters never cease,
Through childhood, still, and erring youth,
The home of Love, the shrine of Truth.

O may this fair, unwritten brow,
So bright with mental promise now,
Wear in Improvement's onward van
The noblest character of man.

Still may thy infant soul expand
Beneath thy fostering parents' hand,
Until in its far-reaching grasp
All that the Universe can clasp,
Within, beneath, around, above,
Shall yield its mystery of love.

Bright be thy childhood with the rays
Of shadeless hopes, and sunny days;
And may thy youthful brow be twined
With garlands which the gifted bind,
But still, where'er, whate'er thou art,
Remain as now, the PURE IN HEART.

I see thy mother's gushing eye;
I catch her low and earnest sigh.
Whene'er she meets thy little form,
With life's first, holiest beauty warm!
O never be that mother's prayer
Dissolved, or lost in empty air;
"God keep thee ever undefiled,
My darling one! my precious child!"

"THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US."

BY WINNE WOODFERN.

"The world is too much with us;" heart and soul
Are yielded to this Juggernaut of life,—
Beautiful fancies, thoughts without control,
Laid upon altars of perpetual strife.
Each dream that might have cheered our onward way
Is crushed before it struggles into birth;
Lost by one glimpse of its celestial ray
We see the darkness of our worshiped earth.

"The world is too much with us;" cursing still
Our slavery, with fettered souls we go,
Heaping life's measure to the brim with ill,
Despair, and sorrow, sin, and shame, and wo;
Clogging our path with stumbling blocks of wrong,
Smiling at widows' and at orphans' tears,
And to the echoes of the heaven-born song
Within us, listening with unheeding ears.

"The world is too much with us;" in our hours
Of loneliness, come thoughts of other days;
Remembrances of summer's withered flowers,
Of woodland walks, and pleasant hillside ways;
Murmurings useless, undefined regrets
For faces that will look on us no more;
Ah, who is there that ever quite forgets
His fairy land on "love's romantic shore?"

"The world is too much with us;" angels' wings
Fan the dust daily from each weary heart,
But groping blindly for terrestrial things,
We heed them not, and sadly they depart.
Unheeding thus God's ministries of love,
Our lives to lust and vanity are given;
And when at last He summons us above,
We stand as strangers at the gate of Heaven!
—[*True Flag*.]

THE LIGHT OF TRUTH.

Have faith in God; nor doubt that power
Who fram'd these boundless starry spheres,
Will cheer thee past that dreaded hour,
When Hope is quenched in ghastly fears;
Faith in his goodness, boundless Love,
Rekindles Hope, for joys above.

The time is come, and soon the gloom
Of Ignorance with rankling strife,
Its darkened maze, Truth shall illumine
And mortals bursting into life
Shall worship God, as mortals should,
Supreme, Eternal, Wise, and Good!

The time is come, and voices small
Shall touch each chord to mortals dear,
'Tis Love, 'tis Love, shall quicken all,
Truth shall assert her triumph here!
The Ethereal spark, the Electric ray,
Points to a bright eternal day.

In Error's train with aspect fell,
Phantoms of dread blanch earth and wave
The light of Truth these shall dispel
And cheer the passage to the grave.
Look up! you doubting mortals; see!
Your chains are off, your souls are free!

Miscellaneous Department.

AN ALLEGORY.

A storm was abroad. The lightnings gleamed fearfully, and the cry of the thunder was very loud. The clouds were gathering in the East, like heavy dark drapery; but in the West, they were piled together like huge black mountains; and the vivid flashes went momentarily, searching through their chasms, revealing scenes of picturesque, but awful grandeur. The whirlwind was awake. The Earth heard his wild clarion, and shook fearfully; and the waters, when they knew his voice, were troubled. The birds were fleeing through the air, with strong, unnatural cries; and every animal, true to its instinct, was seeking shelter.

A majestic Oak, strong in the maturity of years without number, stood upon the hill-side, looking forth upon the storm with an eye of scorn. "Have I not," said he, "shaken off, with my strong arm, the thunder-bolts of centuries; standing, erect and uninjured, amid the shivering lightnings of untold ages? Have I not battled with the strong hail, and taken the mighty hurricane by the beard? Behold am I not the strongest of all things; and can the power of the Eternal, himself, harm me? The storm—what is it, to a creature strong as the unconquered Oak? It is but a healthful exercise; and even now, I feel the vital current, rushing with unwonted energy, through all my veins! The tempest that crushes meaner things, is sent but to give me health and strength." Then the Oak drew closer his thick mantle of leaves, lifting up his majestic head, and stretching forth his strong arms, with the conscious dignity of the proud. As he did so, he beheld a Willow by a neighboring brook-side. She was shrinking from the storm. Her branches were all prostrate—every leaflet seemed quivering with anguish; and her meek head was bent low, as if to deprecate the wrath of the elements.

"Poor, fragile thing!" said the Oak. "Alas! how I pity thee! Thy tender heart will be torn asunder! Why didst thou not prepare for the storm, and grow large and strong like me?"

Then a voice answered, whose sweetness mingled strangely with the shrieking cry of the whirlwind, and all the crash of the tempest. "Not even in this extremity, does the soul that ever trusteth in the Unseen, entirely lose its strength. Bitter—very bitter is our anguish when the heart is wrung to its minutest fiber; but our Father knoweth what is best; and the bruised limbs he will lift up, and strengthen—and the wounded heart he will heal again. Even in afflicting us, is he merciful; and the voice of my bitterest sorrow shall utter praise." There was a sensible sweetness in the air, as the Willow drooped her head and was silent; and the storm seemed to pause a moment, as if in reverence; for a gentle word will sometimes subdue the strongest; and submission will disarm the most inveterate foe.

But the Oak scoffed. "Poor fool!" said he, "are not all thy branches prostrate? Is not thy head bent low to the ground; and may not the next moment cause thy death? Then curse him who hath so cruelly smitten thee. Curse him who breaketh down the Willow—but who shall crush the Oak?"—and again he drew back his haughty head, and tossed abroad his strong arms, as if defying the bolts of Heaven.

The liquid fire was concentrating in one fearful mass; and down—down it rolled—along the sides of the blackest mountain-cloud; and it clave the Oak. And his stubborn heart was rent in twain. His beautiful garment was shivered to atoms; and his pride was levelled with the dust.

The violence of the storm went by. The sun broke forth, and the rainbow was pictured on the retiring clouds. The birds came out from their shelter; and, flitting gaily abroad, sung sweet songs of joy. Every creature was glad. A delicious perfume filled the air; and the green leaves glistened through the sunny raindrops, like emeralds set in the purest pearls of the Orient.

"Beautiful!" said the Angel of the Trees, as he went forth to bless his children. Then the Willow heard, and knew his voice; and lifting up her drooping head, smiled through her many tears. "Blessed art thou, my daughter," said the Angel as a richer beam of light fell upon her silvery leaves—"blessed art thou forever; in the trying hour, the unailing strength of the Eternal shall sustain thee; and thy heart, ever trusting in the mercy of its Father, shall find even its afflictions ministers of good. But behold the end of the Proud—the ruin of him that mocketh!"

A REVERIE.

BY L. JANE FROST.

It is winter. I am sitting alone by my fireside; a genial warmth pervades my apartment; and, though wild wind is blowing fiercely without, I heed it not. But oh! how many there are on whose unsheltered head this same wind is blowing, oh! how coldly; who have no roof to cover them—no fire by which to warm their aching limbs, and whose homeless children are moaning for bread.

Oh! ye who have not a single wish of your hearts ungratified—whose children have never really felt hunger, much more cried for food—think of these world-weary ones. But I think I hear some one say, "I give to each benevolent object that comes in my way; I send the missionary to the heathen, and no beggar turns empty away from my door. What more can I do than I have done?" Friend, this is all well; I would that there were many that could say the same. But do you think of and visit those who have fallen from prosperity, and whose hearts are too finely strung to bear the cold world's bitter scorn—who feel too sensitive to beg their "daily bread?" And we need not go to foreign lands to find them. Oh! no; but in our New England—yes, even in our own village, in our very midst. We should see them did we but take the trouble to search them out.

Come with me to yonder lowly dwelling. In the only room that it contains we find its care-worn inmates; seated by a few dying embers is the mother, steadily plying her needle. Although the village clock has tolled the hour of midnight, she still works on; very weary she looks, and frequent sighs escape her; but they avail nothing—she must not think of rest. But there is another inmate of that dilapidated cottage, at whom the mother casts anxious glances. In one corner of the room, reclining on a bed of straw, is a young girl of sixteen summers. She is now sleeping, but the hectic flush is on her beautiful cheek, and the dark ringlets shade a brow of marble whiteness; her short breathings tell that she is consumption's victim. All that the poor mother can do, has

been done, to alleviate the sufferings of her only child. There are many things that ought to be administered, but alas! they can not be afforded. Only a few months ago, and they were rich and honored; but the storms of adversity have overtaken them, and where are their sunshine friends? Ah! gone, all gone! No one thinks of them now; no one cares if they die or live.

Oh! how I hate those mere butterflies of wealth, that, in the hour of prosperity, flit so obsequiously around you; but in the hour of trouble, or when poverty overtakes you, have nothing more that they can do. Oh! give me one true friend—he is worth more than thousands of these foolish false ones.

We need not give the history of that poor widow's sorrows—it would be but repeating that of hundreds of others. Nor need we tell how the lovely daughter faded and died for want of medical aid, and the common necessities of life, that you, oh! man of wealth, could have procured for her, by denying yourself a few of those needless luxuries that each day crowd your table, or decorate your princely mansion. Nor need we tell how the childless mother died broken-hearted, for the need of some kind woman's sympathetic words, which, "lady of fashion," would have cost you nothing but some pleasing reverie, or, for the time, the reading of some thrilling romance. Oh, world! were it not for the fault of selfishness, how much of earth's sorrows might be alleviated. May the time speedily come when we shall all learn that *worth*, not *wealth*, makes

Death from Want of Sleep.

How long can one live without sleep? This question we have never seen answered. But an authentic communication has been made to a British society whose fields of operation are in Asia, descriptive of a mode of punishment which is peculiar to the original code of China. It appears from this communication that a Chinese merchant had been convicted of murdering his wife, and was sentenced to die by being totally deprived of the privilege of going to sleep. This singular and extremely painful mode of quitting an earthly existence was carried into execution at Amey under the following circumstances: The condemned was placed in prison under the care of three of the police guard, who relieved each other every alternate hour, and who prevented the prisoner from sleeping for a single moment night or day. He thus lived for nineteen days without enjoying any sleep. At the end of the eighteenth day his sufferings were so cruel that he implored the authorities to grant him the blessed opportunity of being strangled, garroted, guillotined, burned to death, drowned, quartered, shot, blown up with gunpowder or put to death in any conceivable way which their humanity or ferocity could invent. This will give us some idea of the horrors of dying because you can not go to sleep.

Look Up.

It is what we rejoice to see—men, women and children—the rich, the poor—the old and the young, always looking up. It shows the purity of your intentions, and the determination of your own hearts. We see in him the elements of a true man. No matter if the seas have swallowed your property, or the fires have consumed your dwellings—look up, take

fresh courage. Is your name a by-word, or a reproach? Look up to the purity of the skies, and let its image be reflected in your heart. Detraction, then, will rebound from your bosom. Are you trod upon by the strong? Look up—push up—and you will stand as strong as he. Are you crowded out of the society of rich? Look up, and soon your company will be coveted. Whatever may be your circumstances or condition in life, always make it a point to look up—to rise higher and higher—and you will attain your fondest expectations. Success may be slow, but sure it will come. Heaven is on the side of those who look up.—[Winchester Republican.]

Nature.

Nature to a lover of nature is always beautiful, but there are times when she is much more than beautiful. I know not by what word to express the feeling that comes over the heart at such times, or whether it could be expressed by many words. With hushed breath, and with palpitating heart, as one stands in some lovely place made "fearful from its loveliness," the feeling comes to us. Listening to the music of the waves, with the broad expanse of heaven lighted by the sunbeams that are streaming down on the trees, and on the water, it also comes—and, when we wander on the same wave-beaten shore, at the time Night sends her messenger to banish Morning from the skies—and later, when the first star gladdens heaven, and Cynthia comes to smile on some endymion.

Oh! nature well repays the worship of her votaries. To such as love her, what is she not? She is a loving mother, ever ready to rejoice with them; she is a true heart-friend, to whom they can pour out the breathings of their souls, and be sure to receive sympathy; she is a comforter, a consoler; if they are heart-sick or weary, no need to fear mocking from her, say what they may; nor scorn—talk they ever so much of their faults.—Church's Bizarre.

Beautiful Experiment.

It has long been known by Physiologist, says the Recorder, that certain coloring matters, if administered to animals along with their food, possessed the property of entering the system and tinging the bones. In this way the bones of swine have been tinged purple by madder, and instances are on record of other animals being similarly affected. No attempt, however, was made to turn this beautiful discovery to account until lately, when Mons. Roulin speculated on what might be the consequence of administering colored articles of food to silk worms just before they began spinning their cocoons. His first experiments were conducting with indigo, which he mixed in certain portions of mulberry leaves, serving the worm for food. The result of this treatment was successful—he obtained blue cocoons. Prosecuting still further his experiments, he sought a red coloring matter capable of being eaten by silk-worms without injury resulting. He had some difficulty to find such a coloring matter at first, but eventually alighted on the *Bigno nis chici*. Small portions of this plant having been added to the mulberry leaves, the silk worms consumed the mixture and produced red colored silk. In this manner the experimenter, who is still prosecuting his researches, hopes to obtain silk as secreted by the worm of many other colors.

Time.

BY EDITH.

"The tooth of Time

Has ground the marble sculptures to rude forms,
Such as the falling waters eat from rocks
In the deep gloom of caves."—[PERCIVAL.

Amidst the ruins of a splendid temple, sitting upon a broken pillar, I saw a venerable man. He was gazing on the surrounding prospect, and a dreamy one it was, indeed. To the north, south and west, stretched a dismal waste, bearing only a few stunted shrubs, surrounded by mountains whose peaks were lost in the clouds.

Around this old man were the ruins of the temple; there were beautiful columns, broken and decayed, some half buried in the sand, others partly erect, while here and there, was an arch still standing, triumphing, as it were, over the ravages of unrelenting time.

Over all, the ivy had thrown her dark green mantle, as if in pity, to hide these wrecks of former magnificence, from the rude gaze of the careless and indifferent.

Looking again upon the venerable being before me, I thought, Ah! he is meditating on the hopes and aspirations of his youth, and comparing them to these ruins. Once they were bright and beautiful, and gave delight to him who contemplated them, but now they are decayed and crumbling to dust, and sicken the heart in the sad contrast.

When I drew nearer, however, I did not perceive the melancholy expression on his countenance, which I expected. He was of a majestic figure; his look noble and commanding; but there was something in his eye which awed, as it attracted.

He looked at me as I approached, with a somewhat triumphant gaze, and said: "This is my work." "Your work?" echoed I, in astonishment. "Yes, my work; do you know me?" said he. And pointing to a scythe, he continued—"This is my tool, and I am not an idle workman!" raising in his left hand an hour-glass.

In answer to my inquiring look, he said—"Yes, mortal, I am Time. These puny edifices crumble at my touch, and man falls before my scythe, like the grass of the field. Therefore, listen, oh son of man, and be wise; lay not up treasure on earth, for I shall destroy it, but lay it up in heaven, where thou shalt enjoy it through all eternity, and when Time shall be no more."—[Phil. Sunday Mercury.

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