

THE SPIRIT MESSENGER AND HARMONIAL GUIDE.

"Brethren, fear not: for Error is mortal and cannot live, and Truth is immortal and cannot die."

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The Principles of Nature.

CONNECTION BETWEEN LOVE, POETRY, MUSIC AND DEVOTION.

BY ROWLAND G. HAZARD.

Language in its simplest form of narration, elevates us above the brute creation, to social and intelligent beings. In the form of abstraction, it becomes an engine for the acquisition of general knowledge, and thus carries us through another stage of improvement; but one in which narrow views still predominate. It still keeps pace with our intellectual and moral advancement, and when our enlarging views pass the boundary of common, direct expressions, it becomes elevated to poetry. And this combination may, in a yet further stage of advancement, be etherealized and sublimated to the more exquisite perfection of music, which, though here but a vague and misty shadow, may yet be the first indication of what is there to be embodied in the most comprehensive, perhaps infinite emanations of truth and beauty. This progression is facilitated by the generous feelings which carry us beyond the little circle of common affairs, and particularly by those excitements which elevate us far above them; for it is only in the farther and higher departments of thought, that we are compelled to think only in the poetic form of ideals. Hence it is, that this faculty is so often first developed, when love,

"That feeling from the Godhead caught,
Has won from earth each sordid thought,"

and makes us conscious of a happiness too generous and exalted, too pure and ethereal, too vast for words to express. The effect of this expansive sentiment upon the modes of thought and expression, is one of the most striking illustrations of the theory we have advanced, and as such deserves a further notice. In its most romantic, and also its most ennobling form, it is the result of all the estimable qualities which the excited imagination of the lover can combine, embodied and harmonizing in some pleasing object, which has, in some generally unknown manner, excited the first emotion. When these perfections are different from any which we are conscious of possessing within ourselves, we have no means of measuring their extent, and the imagination may expand without limit to meet its wants, or its conceptions. The superiority of mind to matter, and the greater expansibility of its qualities, indicate it as the only terrestrial object capable of exciting this hallowed emotion, and the diversity, which is a necessary element in perfecting it, is found admirably designed in the modifications of the masculine and feminine characters. This is confirmed by common observation. If these views of the romantic passion are correct, it is evident that the imagination will almost immediately have filled the measure of this ideal excellence—that it will have reached, and even gone beyond the tangible object of its adoration; and hence, although it may still retain all that it has gained, that object must lose its power of impelling it forward in the flowery paths and bright creations to which it has introduced it. We trust that we shall not be suspected of intending any disparagement of the sex, from whose purer spirit first emanated the spark which kindled in the breast of man this ethereal flame.

It is much, that woman has made us acquainted with one of

the infinite tendencies of the soul, to fill the never ending expansion of which, she must be more than angel. Must this influence then be arrested and the consequent improvement cease? Has this spirituality been awakened in the soul, only to shed a momentary gleam of romance over the realities of life? Analogy rejects the idea; it must serve some higher purpose. And observing the path of our progression, is it not obvious that this finite feeling may be merged in the love of that which is infinite; and in the attributes of God find an illimitable field for expansion, where every new elevation but reveals more to admire, adore, and love; thus forever presenting a standard of superior excellence, and forever winning us towards perfection? There is on this account, a manifest advantage in the Deity not being present to our senses in any definite, tangible form. His power, wisdom, goodness, and every perfection, are manifested to us, only in the beauty, grandeur, and designs of his creation; but these evidences are so obvious, so numerous and so varied, that every one may discern the qualities and combine them so as to form the precise character which will correspond to his idea of perfection, and which he can most admire, love, and adore. A beau-ideal, in which increased clearness of perception will only discover new beauty, and on which he may forever expatiate, and yet not sum up all its excellencies—in which his admiration will be perpetually excited by new and delightful discovery—which will continually adapt itself to the change and enlargement of his views of perfection, and appear more beautiful and lovely, the more he contemplates it. His most exalted conceptions of excellence may here always be realized, and the mode of mind is love etherealized, love sublimated to devotion, and resting not on the fleeting shadows of a feverish imagination, but on the infinite and immutable attributes of a Being, that can never be the subject of those changes and misfortunes, the thought of which will sometimes break upon the transports of the most impassioned lover. The thought of one beloved, and with whom fancy has associated every human excellence and angelic loveliness, has often elevated the mind above criminal or ignoble conduct; and if religion had done no more than furnish us with an ideal, in which we group every perfection, she would still have done much to purify the heart, ennoble the mind, and bless and protect our race. Whether the object, with which we associate this ideal excellence, be human or divine, the effect of contemplating it will be the same in kind, though varying in degree; the tendency in either case being to produce that elevation of soul, purity of sentiment, and refinement of feeling, which are the natural guardians of virtue. It is in this view, that we may realize the fullness of an apothegm of Madame De Stael, and perceive how much more than the mere truism is conveyed in her expression, "to love God is still to love." We again repeat, that to a mind accustomed to observe and to contemplate its advancement in this delightful progression, there can be nothing terrible in that which merely accelerates it.

The observed connexion between refined intelligence, enthusiasm, love, poetry, music and devotion, bears a striking analogy to that so often noticed by natural philosophers, between heat, light, magnetism, galvanism, electricity, vitality, and the nervous fluid. An ingenious attempt,* has not long since been made to elucidate the latter, by a division of matter into two classes; the one called common matter, having the power of concentrating by an attractive principle;

*Ultimate Principles by Lardner, Vanuxem, &c.

the other or ethereal matter, having the property of expanding by an inherent repelling tendency. All the phenomena alluded to, and indeed all other in the material world, are referred to combinations of these two, varying as the one or the other predominates in a greater or less degree. Pursuing the analogy, we may divide our moral nature into two elements—the one having an influence to contract, and keep us within the narrow limits of gross and grovelling occupations, and to which we may ascribe all the selfish feelings, which have no higher object than physical existence, or sensual pleasure, and if unaided, in its best estate, reaching no higher elevation than mechanical reasoning,—and refer the greater refinements of reason, and the generous and exalted emotions of enthusiasm, love, poetry, music and devotion, to the predominance of a finer and purer essence, already exhibiting its infinite tendency, and destined, when freed from its connexion with the gross and sensual, to expand in the purer regions of an undefined immensity.

The calculations of avarice, and the sordid maxims of selfishness, are easily embraced in finite terms; and the language of abstraction, even when directed to more ennobling pursuits, has a constant tendency to narrow the path of our advancement, and lead us to subtle, rather than improving results. The processes of ideality, on the other hand, are constantly widening and giving us more expanded views. We would therefore suggest, that the latent connexion which exists between the purer feelings and sentiments, arises from their all flowing from this source, and the property, which they consequently have of gratifying our desire for the infinite. * * * *

Observation is the first faculty brought into action, and is for a time a sufficient source of mental excitement. The child is pleased with every novelty; we may see him sound his rattle, pause, and shake it again, to assure himself that it is the effect of his own volitions, and is thus continually exhilarated by the acquisition of knowledge, and the discovery and exertion of his own powers. His store of facts accumulates, the circle around him is culled, and hence a necessity for classification and invention (the two earliest stages of reasoning and imagining) is at once produced. These enable him to reduce his particulars, and to form new combinations of them. His mind expands until these appear too limited, and reason begins to form universal propositions which are among the earliest indications of its infinite tendency. These, however, relating only to things in themselves finite, fail to meet the wants of his opening soul.—The infinite begins to claim his attention. He fixes upon the most expansive of terrestrial objects, upon mind, but in a form so differing from his own, that he may conceive of it as imbued with qualities far surpassing any which he is conscious of possessing, and yet not feel himself comparatively degraded in his division of the species. This, as we have before explained, forms the poetic stage of his advancement. The finer feelings of his nature are now developed and expand themselves with a rapidity proportioned to the vast range here opened to their exercise, until even this fails to meet their wants. The universal mind alone remains; and here all the infinite tendencies of the soul now expand themselves; here refined intelligence, enthusiasm, love, poetry, and devotion, are united in a delightful harmony, blended in one heaven of feeling. The religious sentiment is thus fully developed by this union of all the pure and infinite tendencies of the soul, which traversing the finite, find no other sphere sufficiently comprehensive for their full development, and nothing which harmonizes with their nature, but the manifestations and the attributes of the Godhead. In this combination, the ethereal principle largely predominates, and the expansive tendency becomes so strong, that neither human force, nor human ingenuity, has yet been able to control it. It has been loaded with the chains of tyranny. It has been retarded and shackled by creeds. It has been diverted from its proper objects by cunningly devised forms, and gorgeous and imposing ceremonies. It has been wickedly directed to inexplicable mysteries, and wasted in the vain endeavor to elicit truth from terms which contained no meaning. But in despite of all these obstacles, it has advanced. It has set at defiance

the power of princes, and broken the fetters they imposed. It has put at nought the subtlety of priests, and with the energy of enthusiasm penetrated beyond the forms and mysteries by which they have sought to conceal truth, and proclaimed its discoveries from the flames which surrounded it with glory, and shed lustre on its revelations. The only mode of preventing the development of this expansive principle, is—by destroying some of its elements or by taking away some of the steps which are essential to its progress.

The experiment of shackling the mind with prohibitions, preventing the acquisition of knowledge, and restraining the reasoning faculties, has in part succeeded. But the step thus removed, is too short to leave an impassable barrier. The mind gets over the abhorred vacuum, and its weakened energies expand beyond it. It is by removing the next, and greater element, of our advancement, by destroying the influence of woman on society, and with it the generous emotions, the exalting influence of love, that the progress of mankind has been most effectually checked. It is where the female character is so degraded, that its ethereal influence is no longer felt, that this sign of divinity has failed to exhibit itself—where from infancy man has been taught to look upon woman as a soulless toy, and woman to act as if unconscious of a higher destiny. The same effect has been elsewhere produced by her exclusion from society, and resorting to physical deformity of a kind producing sloth of body, dependence and a consequent want of mental energy. Restore the soul of woman, and the Mahometans would soon have a better, and a brighter revelation. Suffer the feet of Chinese women to grow, and the men could not long retain their grovelling, slavish dispositions, nor the government its narrow and exclusive policy.

It is worthy of remark, that a religion adapted to the wants of the ethereal nature, must, like it, possess a susceptibility to never ending expansion. It must continually exhibit a higher and better state of existence than that to which we have arrived; and consequently the professors of such a religion will always be manifestly short of its teachings, while the professors of a rigid finite system of ethics may fulfil every tittle of their law. The Christian dispensation certainly appears to possess this wonderful adaptation. Its broad principles include the whole duty of man, and apply in every stage of his progression. Like the source from whence they emanate, they always fill our views of perfection. It were to be wished, that the remarks which we have just made, would account for all the acknowledged defalcations of those who profess to be the followers of its great founder. How delightful would it be to draw at once an illustration and a confirmation from such a source. How encouraging to believe, that we had improved and were still improving, though the horizon of perfection recedes as we advance. We fear, however, that we must look to other causes, for at least a portion of the disparity between the profession and practice of Christians.—*Rhode Island Book.*

Discoveries.

Many of the most important discoveries in the field of science have been the result of accident. Two little sons of a spectacle maker in Holland, while their father was at dinner, chanced to look at a distant steeple through two eye-glasses, one placed before the other. They found the steeple brought much nearer the shop window. They told their father on his return, and the circumstances led to a course of experiments, which ended in the invention of the telescope.

Some shipwrecked sailors collected some sea weeds on the sand, and made a fire to warm their fingers and cook their meat. When the fire went out they found that the alkali of the weed had combined with sand, and formed glass. Sir Isaac Newton's theory and experiments on light were suggested by soap-bubbles blown by a child, and the principles of gravitation, by the fall of an apple as he sat in an orchard; and it was in hastily scratching on a stone a memorandum of articles brought him by a wash-woman, that the idea of lithography first presented itself to the mind of Stenefolder.

FIRST PRINCIPLES OF PHYSIOLOGY.

BY FRANCES H. GREEN.

CHAPTER III.

There is one important difference between living organism and inorganic machinery, and this consists in the principle which is termed *contractility*. This is not to be explained by any of the mechanical powers, nor to be referred, as far as we can perceive, to any of the primary forces existing in Nature. In animals of the simplest structure, the whole substance of the body seems to be endowed with this contractile property, although they have no appearance of a fibrous structure. The Infusoria, Polypes, and Medusae, are of this type. The power of motion in these animals probably exists in the rudiment of a muscular structure, which we may safely infer to exist in all animals which have no higher organization, since it is very clear there can be no motion, unless there first be a motive power, or means of motion.

Rising higher in the scale of organization, we begin to trace the formation of fibers, scattered irregularly through the soft substance. Again, as the organization advances in refinement, we find these fibers connected into bundles, and forming what are called *muscles*. Muscular fibers are attached by their extremities to the parts intended to be moved. In the lower orders the muscles are generally attached to the skin or crust; but in the higher animals they are attached to the solid frame or skeleton.

The peculiar property of the muscular fiber is that of contractility, or of suddenly shortening itself so as to bring its two ends, with the parts they connect, nearer together. This contractile energy acts with almost inconceivable quickness and force; and when we consider that the muscular fiber has also great power of resistance, we shall see that its accumulated effect in the bundle must be prodigious. And so it is, as the vast weights which are raised, and the strong resistance which may be overcome by its means, will show.

Those muscles which are the instruments of voluntary motion, are excited into action by the will of the animal. There are also many other muscles whose contractile power is not affected by the will. There is no good reason for supposing that any such power as muscular contractility, which is the primary source of motion in animals, exists in the vegetable kingdom, though certain plants exhibit movements, which by some writers have been referred to this cause. The collapsing of the sensitive plant, the impulsive movements of the stamina in flowers of the barberry and mountain laurel tribes, and the closing of the leaves of Venus' fly-trap, appear, on a superficial view, to be the result of muscular contractility; but naturalists now generally agree that no real analogy exists in these phenomena, and that there is no evidence of the existence of that property in plants.

Although this force is always the same, yet the modes of its application are exceedingly diversified, and the study of them is rendered more interesting, by the fact that the adaptation of means to ends, is more clear and definite than in most of the animal functions. By the contraction of muscles their thickness is increased in the same proportion as their length is diminished. In order that their dilatation in thickness should not cause too great a displacement among themselves, and thus destroy the result of united action, which would have been the case if these fibers had been left loose and unconnected, Nature has made a very beautiful provision. A certain number of the elementary fibrils are collected and wrought together with threads of cellular substance, thus forming out of the aggregate a larger fiber; and again these bundles are bound together in others still larger, each being surrounded by a sheath of cellular tissue. This mode of successive reunion is carried on through several gradations of size, until the muscle is completed.

A superficial view would lead one to suppose that the muscles should always be extended in a straight line, between the points to be moved. But straight muscles are only used in parts of very small size, or which require a very delicate adjustment, as

in the eye and ear. In insects, also, when the crust or skeleton is wholly external, this application of the motive power is very generally applied. The shells of the bivalve mollusca, as the oyster and quahaug, are closed by one or two straight muscles, the fibers passing immediately from the inside of one shell to that of the other. But generally the muscles are arranged to act in an oblique direction; and although this structure involves a loss of power equal to the obliquity, yet we have the advantage of a higher degree of velocity, with a less expenditure of the contractile power, which from its nature is peculiarly liable to injury from over-action. This may be illustrated by the over-strained bow, the elastic spring or contractility of which, when once destroyed by extreme tension, can never be restored. Nature is ever watchful to provide against any unnecessary waste of her energies, and economy in the expenditure of muscular power is carefully maintained. In some muscles the fibers, instead of running parallel to each other, are made to converge or diverge, in order to produce some particular kinds of motion; also different portions of the same muscle have the power of contraction without regard to the rest. Muscles so adjusted by the variety of combined forces are capable of producing very various effects.

In many cases the muscles radiate from a common center, as in the ear-drum. Sometimes the muscular fiber is disposed in a circular series. It is then called an *orbicular muscle*; such is that which surrounds the eye.

Again the radiating and orbicular muscles unite in the same organ, as in that membrane of the eye which is called *Iris*.—The central aperture, or pupil, is surrounded by a circle of fibers which, acting equally on the iris through all their extent, have the effect to draw that membrane together, like closing the mouth of a purse, and thus the apparent size of the pupil is diminished. But the radiating fibers which connect the inner circle with the circumference, by their contraction draw the iris away from the pupil, and thus its size is increased.

The variety of combination and arrangement of the muscles is little short of infinite. In the substance of the heart, and the hollow sac-like receptacles, as the stomach, they are disposed in a spiral direction, an arrangement combining the advantages of the longitudinal and circular fibers. This force acting in the heart, tends to produce the most rapid expulsion of blood with the smallest amount of contractile power:

Lost Arts.

It is a singular fact, that, notwithstanding the vast progress the present age has made in the sciences and in manufactures, there are evidences of many things having been performed by the ancients, the execution of which is impossible to us with all our advancement. For instance, there have been seen and obtained by travelers in Egypt, bronze knives which are perfectly elastic, an achievement in cutlery entirely unapproachable by the best manufacturers of our day. Paintings executed three thousand years ago, have been taken from tombs in Egypt, the colors of which are as brilliant as if fresh from the pencil of the artist. Now-a-days, if a portrait does not fade in two or three years' time, we think it something remarkable. The obelisks at Rome, which were originally erected in Egypt, are composed of solid pieces of stone, ninety feet high, and are as hard as metal. The French placed one of these before Louis Philippe's palace, and engraved a few words on its surface. To accomplish this, it took six sets of the hardest and best tools that could be procured, and three week's constant labor; while on the other hand, some of these obelisks are covered with raised characters and inscriptions, made on them before the use of iron was known to us. Notwithstanding the lapse of ages, these raised characters are yet fresh; and some idea of the hardness of the stone upon which they are executed, may be formed from the fact that their edges are yet so fine and sharp that they will cut a person's finger if it be passed over them.

All extension or form, implies change—that is, gives rise to time and space.

SKETCHES OF INTERIOR VISION.

BY FANNY GREEN.

THE CRITICS.

I went forth purified. I said, I will fill my hands with good gifts, and go abroad to bless mankind. Then I bound myself to labor. The midnight lamp beheld me at work, and the morning star broke upon my vigils. I wrought among the ruins of the Past. I studied the living forms of the Present, seeking for the good, the true, the beautiful and the holy, and when I had brought them all together, I bound them as in a delicate sheaf, and set my gift before the world. Then true and noble spirits responded unto mine, and the pure and the lovely, finding by the light which had gone forth from me new sources of happiness in themselves, treasured up my gift as a spell of truer life, blessing my name with tears of joy.

"All this is good," I said within myself. "I will return to the labor that I may again go forth with renewed blessings." At this moment I heard a low howling and growling, as of many dogs contending angrily. I looked and saw a large number of creatures with the heads of fiends and the bodies of bloodhounds, and they were all biting furiously at something which I could not distinctly see. I knew them instantly as the myrmidon offspring of Envy, born of her loathsome embraces with Jealousy and Spite and Malice.

Some small objects were constantly falling from a place near which was lettered "The Press!" and these I found were the cause of all the angry sounds and gestures which I heard and saw. As I drew nearer, I beheld my own precious gift, the child of my soul—and how far dearer than any offspring of the body—in the very act of falling. Greedily was it seized, and in a moment there it lay, crushed, mangled, despoiled of all its beauty, while one animal, more fierce and savage than the others, placed his huge paw on the mutilated fragments as if he claimed the exclusive right to finish the work—which he was not long in doing. The life-blood seemed starting from every pore as I looked upon it, but the fiends never heeding, growled and snarled and demolished whatever fell among them; but malignant as they were, they never bit each other, at which I much wondered.

There were many little ones there, suffering even as mine; and I observed the fairest always received the worst treatment. Many of them fell heavily, like things quite dead, as if they were still-born. These were generally quite unnoticed; but sometimes, for want of other subjects, they would be smelt and turned over a little, and then left to follow the final law of nature,—to decompose of themselves. Others there were of exceeding ugliness, yet because they happened to bear some resemblance in limb or feature to the imp or cur family, or because their fathers had been used to growl in high places, these cur-fiends would caress and fawn upon them with the most sickening fondness; but with all their efforts they could not lick into comeliness the hateful cubs. Stung with the injustice of such conduct, I was about to rush into the midst, and restore the unoffending innocents or perish in the attempt, when a gentle hand restrained me. I turned quickly, and beside me stood Noema, my blessed Spirit-Friend.

"Forbear," said she, with a sweet smile of greeting. "Renounce all idea of selfish greatness. Look only to the hope of doing good, and their keenest fangs will glance off pointless.—Yet they may sully and injure for a while; but in the long run their malice will recoil upon themselves. Some minds are so constituted that they cannot endure such agony as thou hast borne, though they are pure as Purity herself. And he who said, 'If a man can be killed by the critics he ought to be killed,' may have strength; but he is wanting in power to judge of some of the finest specimens of man, who, from the extreme delicacy of their organization, shrink from whatever is gross and harsh. These might be led to higher excellence by gentle and kind measures, but the savage fury of demons they are wholly unable to support. They die; and they are as truly murdered as if the cold steel had terminated their mortal career.

Not such was Byron. With the unexpected strength of a young god, he arose; and taking them by the beard, he wrenched out their poisoned fangs, and hurled back their venom with a deep and scorching bitterness, which completely neutralized their rancor. Nor will they immediately forget the lesson."

"And these monsters," I replied, pointing to the group of canine fiends, which were contending and snarling even more angrily than their wont, from which Noema surmised they had got hold of something supremely good—"these, and such as these, brought down the soaring pinion of the youthful White, and maimed the delicate and seraph-like wing of Keats."

"Who can wonder," she returned, "that they were physically too weak to struggle with such monsters. Stricken to the soul by treatment which they neither expected, nor from the nature of things could comprehend, they sank, overpowered with brute violence; but their spirit-lights, which an ungrateful and stupid world suffered to be put out, are now shining above the stars; and their lyres, which were crushed upon the graves of the slain, are re-tuned to diviner harmonies, while their melodies are flowing forth perpetually amid the silence of worshipping angels."

"And are these curish imps," I inquired, "amenable to no higher authority?"

"To none," she replied, mournfully. "They may be cited before no earthly tribunal but that of Time, and he, the lag-gard, generally suffers the victim to die before he stirs himself in his defence. But let us leave this place," she added, taking my hand. "I trust the lesson is learned. Thou hast discovered the principle over which they have no power—that of BENEVOLENCE. If they speak the truth, receive it; if they utter lies, remember that falsehood is ephemeral—it cannot live. They may growl, and snarl, and rend in pieces whatever is better than themselves; but one single point of truth they cannot mar. Whatever has life in itself will live. All else will die.

"But, lo, yonder!" She pointed towards a depth of shadow in the distance; and there, in strong relief against the dark foliage, was passing what appeared a skeleton figure of gigantic proportions, draped in gleaming white. He wore the most benign and gentle aspect. One hand bore a laurel chaplet, intertwined with amaranthine flowers, while he softly waved the other, as if to say, "Not yet!" and with a pleasant smile he passed along.

I looked again, and still farther on the verge of the horizon appeared another Shade, of a venerable and majestic air.—A single tress of silvery white hair streamed over his broad high forehead; wings were appended to his shoulders, and all his garments were wrought with the names of years, and months, and weeks, and days, which were continually receding from sight, and continually renewed. In one hand he bore a large volume, containing the RECORDS OF CREATION, and in the other was a radiant crown. It was set with stars, as with gems—stars that would shine for ever, in the brightness of inextinguishable light.

"I need not tell thee that these passing Shades are Death and Time," said Noema. "They are the last of the Seven Trials, and thou shalt meet them—but not yet. She who has safely passed the first five has nothing to fear from these; and, behold, even now they offer to wreath thee with a chaplet of pure renown, and crown thee with immortality. Thou art tested fully; thou art strong, and pure, and true. Come, now, and enter into the fulness of spiritual life."

There is nothing purer than honesty—nothing sweeter than charity—nothing warmer than love—nothing richer than wisdom—nothing brighter than virtue—and nothing more steadfast than faith. These united in one, form the most steadfast happiness.

Men generally take their opinions upon trust, profess them from impulse, and adhere to them from pride. Opinions that have not been professed are relinquished as easily as adopted.

Voices from the Spirit-World.

SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

BY BENJAMIN BEECHWOOD.

MESSAGE FROM REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

"To the teachers and professors of Christianity in my beloved America, from my spiritual home I send a kind message through my progressive brother. I loved your country when I dwelt in it in the body—that body was buried in your soil. Your country has progressed more than any other nation on earth, in civil government and political institutions. You have likewise progressed more rapidly than any other nation, in useful arts and sciences, and the means of plenty to supply every reasonable want, and make your entire population comfortable and happy. Why then are there so many degraded beings among you, suffering from want of the common necessities of life? Why is it that degrading ignorance, reckless crime, squalid misery and heart-rending woe abound in every part of your favored country? Ye may say it is their own fault that they suffer.—If ye say thus, ye know not what ye say. It is the fault of society, that ignorance, crime, wretchedness and want exist in its borders: and society is in fault, because you do not preach and practice the truth as Christ preached and practiced it.

"Jesus Christ, whose followers ye profess to be, taught you such precepts, and enforced them by his meekness and humility, as would redeem the world from crime and misery, if they were preached and practiced by his professed followers; but instead of doing this you have searched the old and new revelation for fragments, wherewith to build up strange doctrines, unlike those taught by Jesus; and ye are so intent in searching the scripture to sustain your new-made doctrines that you almost entirely neglected the doctrines given by your divine teacher. Go then, and daily read what Christ taught, and let reason, your noblest attribute, guide you to a right understanding, and you will find it so plain that none can mistake in.

"You take vain glory to yourselves, and boast of your adherence to the religion of your fathers. Are ye to remain where they were? Do you think your Heavenly Father designed you to remain in the vague creeds and fragmentary doctrines of a less enlightened age? Can you believe that the All-Wise God designed you to remain stationary, and continue in the same faith of your fore-fathers, who lived in an age of ignorance compared with the present? The idea is profane—it is an insult to the Most Wise and Most High, to suppose He designed the beings, endowed with powers of endless progress, to remain fixed in a religion, adapted to an ignorant and superstitious age. He, who was sent to redeem the race of man from sin, and all its attendant miseries, taught you a practical as well as spiritual religion. He taught no such doctrines as ye preach, and believe, and call them essential. He taught you, and all his followers, to 'take no thought for your lives, what ye shall eat, what ye shall drink, or wherewithal ye shall be clothed.' This injunction is plain, direct and positive, and without any qualifications attached; and it is reiterated in the sermon on the Mount, to give it greater strength and force. And he who gave these forcible and pointed commands, concludes by graciously informing you that if you 'seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness,' then all that is necessary for your earthly happiness will be added. Ye have not sought the 'kingdom of God,' but have adopted a traditionary faith, suited to the age of superstition, and call it God's kingdom. Ye know not yet that the kingdom of God is progressive, and will continue to progress without end, as men advance and become capable of appreciating it.

Permit a friendly spirit to inquire who among you does not take thought for the morrow, and make calculation for future worldly business? And who among you is not constrained to violate this imperative command of Christ by the conflicting system of isolated interests, which ye uphold and sanction?—You are compelled to answer, *none*. But in your worldly-mindedness, you attempt to excuse yourselves by perverting the plain pointed command, by saying that Christ meant we should

take no *anxious* thought. If that had been the meaning of your divine teacher, he would have so said at the time. Do you imagine that the being you profess to worship, spoke one thing, and meant something different? He is not so much like those of earth—he meant precisely what he said—he was then delivering a divine discourse for instruction—not uttering a parable. If he had not meant what he said to the very letter, he would not have concluded, 'but seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added.' He meant that you should seek first that harmony and justice in your organized system of society that belong to the kingdom of God—you would then have no necessity for taking thought about the future. But you have not yet sought that just and righteous system of society, which is like unto the kingdom of God; hence you are driven to take thought for the future, by the discordant and antagonistic condition of society which you advocate and uphold, and which is in complete opposition to the kingdom of God.

"The system of associated interests is truly a *christian* system and none but infidels will oppose it. In the spiritual regions, we count all those as infidels who are opposed to the principles of social harmony, just equality, love to others, and self-sacrificing for the good of others as taught by Jesus Christ. We count all such as infidels, no matter what they profess, if they daily cry 'Lord, Lord,' and profess to love His name, but reject the holy, just and practical principles he inculcated; they are known and reckoned as infidels.

"Turn your thoughts on every side, ponder upon all the sin and wretchedness in your highly favored country, and you can trace almost the entire amount to the anti-christian system of isolated interests—a system that produces anarchy, discord and restless antagonism. Vain is your preaching and praying, and solemn assemblies, to redeem the world from crime and misery, while you permit the great nursery, isolated interests, to hold its existence among you. Can Christianity and its deadliest foe, both flourish together?

"Ye may talk about the individual right to property, and tremble for its safety in associated interests. Are ye blinded by the god of the world, that ye cannot perceive that each man's right to property would be more secure and more sacredly respected in an association of christians than it is now?

"How long will ye suffer a blind traditionary faith to lead your reason, your most God-like tribute, a willing captive to self-conceit, worldly pride and an unholy aspiring for worldly distinction? How long will ye profess to have and believe in Christ, and reject his plain and imperative commands? His mission to earth was to inculcate the principles of love, justice and equality among men, and thus redeem the world from sin by destroying its source and making earth resemble the celestial regions. Go, then, and read more attentively what he has taught you; ponder and reflect upon it, and you need no other doctrines, for they are sufficient, if preached and practised by his followers, to redeem the world. Amen."—*Sunday Mercury*.

Communication Remarkably Verified.

During a late visit to a sister in the country, I was daily called to witness the continually overwatching love, the kindness, and sweet familiar interest of a Spirit-mother, as well as many other friends. There were three media in the family; and through them our absent friends communicated almost as freely as when present in the form. The most pertinent and characteristic remarks would often be made, all going to show that a removal from the body had occasioned no diminution of interest on the part of our friends. One morning, as my sister and I were talking cheerfully together, she started up suddenly, saying to her daughter—"Come, Frances, we must go to work; for you know that we are expecting Charles Smith here to-day; and we shall have him to care for." Directly as she said this, our mother gave her signal, and called for the alphabet, when she spelled out:—"Yes; Mary and Frances had better go to work. Charles Smith is here. He is at work in the Nursery." We all ran to the door to see; and behold, the young man was there, at work, as she had said. Is not a single fact of this kind worth a great deal as evidence at least of an intelligence beyond our own?

MESSENGER AND GUIDE.

R. P. AMBLER AND FRANCES H. GREEN, EDITORS.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., NOVEMBER 29, 1851.

SPIRITUAL DEMONSTRATIONS.

EDS. TRANSCRIPT:—It having fallen to my lot, during the past week, to witness something of "the mysterious rappings," in accordance with your request I seat myself, to make a few statements relative to what my own eyes have seen and ears heard, hoping that they may not prove uninteresting to your readers.

On one evening of last week, three of us, my wife, a young man of my acquaintance (said to be a medium), and myself, seated ourselves, all laying our hands upon a small stand. In a few moments we heard raps, for which I was then, and am still unable to account. I am sure that they were produced by no physical force of any one present. I asked the question, "Is there a spirit present? if so, rap." I heard a distinct rap upon the table. I then asked, "Is it the departed spirit of any of my wife's friends?—to which I heard no sound, which in the spiritual signifies a negative. I then inquired, "Is it the spirit of any one of my own friends?" and if so, to rap three times near where I sat. I heard three distinct raps on the corner of the stand nearest to me. I then inquired whose spirit it was, and in like manner ascertained that it was a young lady, a cousin, who died about four or five months since. I then proceeded to ask a multitude of questions, all of which were correctly answered by raps. What seemed most strange was, that it made no difference whether I asked the questions audibly or mentally. Many times, where the counting of months, weeks, or days was involved in the questions, the answers were received instantly, before any of us could run the matter over in our own minds; but on counting up, after the answer was given, we invariably found the answers to be correct.

While we were thus engaged in asking questions, the medium suddenly went into a sound mesmeric sleep. His hands, arms, and whole frame were perfectly paralyzed. I tried to bend his fingers, but found it utterly impossible, or even to raise his hand from the table. I satisfied myself that, for the time being, he had no control whatever over any part of his physical frame. He remained in this state some twenty-five or thirty minutes, without moving a muscle; during this time, however, he, or rather through him, what purported to be the spirit of the aforesaid young lady, spoke to me, and said, "I cannot keep him (calling the young man by name) in this state but a few moments." I asked the question, "What should I do?" He then gave me a short communication, which I will reserve, all the time speaking of himself in the third person. When he came out of the sleep, so far as I was able to discern, he knew nothing of what he had said to me, or of how long he had been asleep.

On another occasion, subsequently, when more persons were present, I presume I asked a hundred questions, all of which were answered instantly and with perfect accuracy, with the exception of one, which they did not answer, and which they readily admitted they were unable to do. I asked questions mentally, the true answers to which were unknown to any persons on earth except myself, and received correct replies in every instance.

To all this I have been an eye-witness, and these are matters of every day occurrence in the townships of Mesopotamia and Farmington, in this county. I am told, moreover, by men whose word and discretion cannot be doubted for a moment, that what I have seen is comparatively nothing. Young men of those places, of good repute, daily fall into this mesmeric sleep, and for hours at a time, men, women and children hear, or think they hear, the voices of their departed fathers and friends, through them, admonishing them to quit their love of this world, to lay aside their selfishness and their prejudices, to seek the truth, and prepare to meet them in a higher and better state of existence. They all say—the most unbelieving—that they do

really recognize, if not the voices of the dead, their peculiar style of delivery. Pens are guided to write intelligent and most startling communications, when held by the hands of persons in a sound mesmeric sleep, their eyes closed, and the back of the hand being downward next the paper, while the pen is merely placed between the fingers. They in many instances write a *fac-simile* of the hand-writing of the person whose names they sign, and whose spirits they claim to be. These things I have not seen myself, but I have seen the written communications, and heard the statements of men in relation to them whose word I cannot for a moment doubt.

I have been told of things still more wonderful, of which I have neither time nor patience to speak, all of which I am inclined to think take place just as stated. To doubt that these things take place, is to doubt not only our own senses, but those of many of the most learned and scientific men of the age.—But the question with me is, by what means are these wonderful phenomena produced? Are they what they purport or claim to be, communications from the spirit world? I cannot say that they are not. I acknowledge it to be a profound mystery. But I am inclined to think that *departed spirits* have no agency in the matter. At the same time I have perfect confidence in the mediums, and have no doubt they are as much in the mystery as any of us. If there is any deception about it, all are deceived together. But may it not some day all be explained upon philosophical principles, as in some way connected with Mesmerism and Clairvoyance? I am prepared to ascribe almost any wonder, even the witchcraft of olden days, to this agency, or to the agency of electricity. Electricity is a subtle fluid. Its ways are past finding out, and may not this principle, coupled with the intelligence, the imagination and *force* of the human mind, in some way produce these appearances?

QUÆSITUS.

Warren, Nov. 10, 1851.

REMARKS.

The above article, extracted from the Western Transcript, will doubtless be perused with interest, as it contains the testimony of an individual who relates the occurrences which came within the sphere of his own senses, unbiassed by any favorable prepossessions. As regards the ultimate conclusions, however, to which the author arrives, they may be presumed to be only the gratuitous suppositions of an individual mind, which certainly do not well accord with the prominent facts in the case. It appears that the writer was furnished with many satisfactory and convincing tests of spiritual presence;—indeed, the precise evidence necessary to prove the reality of intercourse with the departed, was promptly given; sounds were heard which no physical force could produce, and an intelligence manifested which was independent of surrounding minds; and yet in order to place these results on the basis of what are termed "philosophical principles," they are attributed to an agency, which, to say the least, can have no perceptible relation to the effects produced. We have no reason to suppose that Mesmerism and Clairvoyance, being merely *conditions* in the individual organism, can operate as *agents* in the production of external phenomena; and to say that electricity, even in connection with the "force of the human mind," can act the part of an intelligent being, furnishing prompt and correct replies to inquiries which lie beyond the knowledge of individuals present, is an assumption which seems to bear the evidence of extreme weakness. When the mind is prepared to seek truth for truth's sake, it will not only patiently investigate all spiritual phenomena, but will yield to the evidence which these furnish to the reason, and no longer labor to avoid a natural and righteous conclusion, because it is not sanctioned by the established faith. R. P. A.

There is nothing which should be more earnestly desired than a strong, living, and deep-seated faith. It awakens life even in death, and from destruction calls up beauty and divinity. It makes the instrument of torture the ladder of ascent to paradise, bringing to view the most delightful visions amid the gardens of the blest, and the security of everlasting joys.

LIGHT FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD.

Such is the title of a book of 268 duodecimo pages just issued from the press of W. Hughes, at Rochester, N. Y., by Charles Hammond, writer and proprietor. The work comprises a series of articles on the condition of spirits, and the development of mind in the rudimental and second spheres. It assumes to be "written wholly by the control of Spirits, without any volition or will by the Medium, or any thought or care in regard to the matter presented by his hand." To say that this, both in the manner of its production and the spirit of its contents, is one of the most remarkable books of the age, is going but a little way toward expressing its actual character and claims upon the public attention. The most important point to be established here, is the authenticity of the work—to show that it really is what it assumes to be. To all who are acquainted with him, the character of the Medium, Mr. Hammond, would settle this question at once. His integrity as a man would forbid the slightest imputation of fraud, while the work itself furnishes self-evident testimony that he could not have been the author, and at the same time it exhibits a clearness of thought, a solemn earnestness of manner, and an authority of reasoning, which could not be easily assumed to serve any false purpose; nor are they such instruments as a wilful deceiver would be liable to choose. In short, if this is a "Wolf in sheep's clothing," it is altogether the most calm, moderate, deep-seeing, philosophical and logical kind of Wolf, that ever yet walked about either in this or any other guise.

But hear the writer's account of the commencement and progress of the work:

"On the evening of the 20th of April, 1851, having retired to rest, I was surprised to find my right hand and arm move without any volition of my will. Being satisfied that spirits were present, I said mentally, will the spirit take my hand and throw it forward over the bed clothes? Gently my hand was carried to the position I asked. Various other manifestations were performed, until I gained a response, that they would control my hand so as to spell sentences by moving it along the alphabet. The next morning, I put the response to the test by taking the alphabet, when I found my finger drawn along the column until it reached the letter which was necessary to form a word, when it would suddenly stop. In this way spirits were able to communicate their thoughts and wishes to me. I was made acquainted with their designs, and what is still more strange to me their names; for I must confess, that no names would have surprised me more. The authors of this book were to be my counsellors. And who were they that I should be the subject of their solicitude? Names venerable it is true, but obnoxious to my prepossessions. They were minds who had shared in the world's favors and frowns, but their writings were no commendation to me. But it was not until June, 1851, that I had advanced to the condition of writing with their aid very rapidly, or correctly; and then I found that our chirography was very much unlike. Indeed, all varieties of hand writing were displayed. Exact counterfeits of writing by persons with whom I was wholly unacquainted, were every day occurrences.

With the subject matter of this book, I was wholly uninformed, not knowing even the first word until my hand was moved and wrote it. When written I have often found the sentiment to contradict the convictions of my own mind. This has led me sometimes to suggest amendments, but I have uniformly been unfortunate in that respect. The book was written without any will or volition, except that I consented to sit, and let my hand write as it was controlled by spirits; and as it was written by them, so I have caused it to be published. Not a word, or sentence have I changed from the manuscript as they prepared it for the printer. The punctuation is partially my own. In the rapid manner in which it was written, being mostly written in the months of August and October, and often interrupted with visitors, it was not well punctuated. As near as I can now estimate the time required to write this work, it was about equal to five weeks, and averaging ten hours each day. And even this portion of time has not been all occupied without ob-

structions. Visitors have broken up the communication in the middle of sentences and even words, but, on resuming my usual attitude, the hand has been moved, and the sentence or word completed, as though no interruption had taken place.

Whatever of merit or demerit this book possesses, the public must be judge. I claim nothing on my own account, save the credit to give it as it was written with my hand. And I may also add, that had I undertaken a work of this kind, I am quite sure it would have varied essentially in all its material parts; because I found myself confounded on every page as it was written. But what I would say is, that as it is written, so it is published, and whether others are wholly satisfied or not, I will say what is true, and that truth will not wrong itself."

There is a child-like simplicity in this which seems to be the very essence of truthfulness, nor is there any where throughout the book any aim at display. It abounds with beautiful and even sublime passages, but there is evidently no effort to produce this effect; but on the contrary an entire unconsciousness of superficial forms, which are used only as the expression of apparent truth. It is really difficult to choose, but take the following passage from the chapter entitled "WORKS" as an illustration of these remarks.

"The works of God are one thing, the works of man are another. Wisdom rules the former, folly, in degree, the latter.—Nothing is perfect which is the work of man. Nothing is eternal made with hands. The glory of man is like the fading flower. His works must perish, because the wisdom of God is not in them. Wise men are wise only when the wisdom of God inspires them. And they are wise in the same degree in which that wisdom develops the soul. We write, we preach, we do, as the wisdom of God permits. We are subordinates, not supreme. We are dependent, not independent. We are learners, not teachers, of God. We are pensioners, not givers, of good things, only as they are given for other's benefit.

Such is the work of God. Such is man. What, then, are works? Look up! See works! works which deck the cloudless evening with gems of silver brightness—stars which gaze with unblushing beauty on other stars in their mystic dance—circles encircling circles of suns in unlimited expansion, in order controlled, in wisdom made, as wisdom designed, for a purpose yet unbelied by men on earth, or spirits in heaven. Works, such as these, are works of God. Neither men nor angels, have surveyed the boundlessness of infinity. It is a work which we wish to understand. It is a field which we wish to explore; and wishing, we are permitted to gratify our wish.

We have seen what men have not seen. We have seen the works of God on other planets. We have seen spirits of a finer mould than earth affords. We have seen temples of God, where the wisdom of God shone sweetly in all their works, where the winter of ignorance was unknown to its inhabitants; because wisdom was an intuitive element of their existence, and because they were the citizens of a country where music warms into life the social harmonies of circles, and the dulness of stoic apathy is quickened in the blaze of divine glory, revealing the words of wisdom on every leaf of this paradise of the spirit. We have seen many planets where the corruptions of earth are unknown, where the inhabitants are never sick, where the cry of poverty is never heard, where the wail of sorrow never visits, and where the counsellors are never deceived, nor the counselled betrayed. We have seen strangers of another clime, spirits of another planet; we have been welcomed to the banquet of their hospitality, and we have wondered why our fathers had not taught us the lesson. All is wonder. What is man but a wonder? What are the conditions of human life but a wonder? What are the imaginings of the human soul, but a wonder? What are the teemings myriads of worlds on worlds, but wonders—wonders of astonishment—wonders which none but a God of wisdom could unfold—wonders which wisdom alone could create—wonders which concern the soul in its wondrous development.

There is wonder where wisdom is found, and wisdom may be found every where. In the low caverns of earth, in the deeper caverns of the sea, in valleys, rocks, and rivers, in seas, moun-

tains, and water-falls, in air, earth, and sky, wherever man has trod or spirit dwelt, the works of God proclaim his wisdom infinite. His temple is the universe, his universe without beginning or end, without centre or circle, without disorder or confusion, without parallel or unfoldings, and without measurement of wisdom of the Creator."

The two chapters on Circles are among the most interesting in the book, as they enter more minutely and philosophically into the necessities which bound the spirit-circles, than any previous testimony has done. Undeveloped or rudimental spirits are represented as in a kind of apathetic state, without a wish to advance; and in proportion as this condition is more or less strongly marked, it is easy or difficult for spirits of the higher circles to attract and lead them into higher conditions—desire being the great law of progress in the soul. The very lowest, however, are represented as being neither malicious nor mischievous—the most undeveloped can possess no power or affection which is intrinsically evil, and all are declared to be in a progressive state, advancing ever towards the glory and perfection of higher circles.

The work may be obtained by addressing the proprietor at Rochester, N. Y.

F. H. G.

POWER OF SUPERSTITION.

There are various influences operating on the human mind, which tend to restrict its powers, to deaden its energies and suppress its development. Among these there are none more degrading and baneful than a slavish, unnatural scrupulosity in religious observances, and a blind, credulous adherence to antiquated institutions. Superstition has long exerted a detrimental influence upon man. It has spread a mantle of darkness over the earth. It has reared a gloomy prison and forged galling chains for the soul. It has obscured the light of Truth, clouded the atmosphere of the spirit, made dim and feeble the interior vision, and set bounds to the free exercise of Thought.

The effect of this influence has been extensively and almost universally experienced. Among all nations superstition has reared its altars, and established its dominion. It rests like a gloomy cloud over the realms of the Past, and throws its murky shadows within the sphere of the Present. No people have been entirely freed from its power. The rude inhabitants of heathen lands are involved in its darkness; the undeveloped children of the forest are the subjects of its influence, and even the more favored portions of the race—that have rejoiced in the dawn of civilization and refinement—yet linger beneath its shadow.

The power which is here mentioned has made a deep and visible impression upon the face of the world. The effect is clearly perceptible to our view. It requires no peculiar power of discernment to discover that this has molded, in a great degree, the thoughts, opinions, and affections of men, and has entered to a large extent into the customs, observances and institutions of Society. Like a disease which is spread through the physical frame, it has been incorporated with the mental constitution of man, and has manifested itself in his varied systems of thought and modes of action. We may behold it in its work, destroying the beauty and simplicity of truth, disturbing the harmony of the internal powers, presenting a false and unnatural medium of vision, and suppressing the fresh and living emanations of the Soul.

Not only has superstition existed in connection with the lower and less perfect institutions of men, but, as a truth especially to be lamented, it has been allowed to blend with Christianity itself—the highest form of religion with which man has been ever blessed. The lofty truths which it unfolds have been obscured by the most unnatural conceptions—the sublime ideas which it presents have been degraded by the most gross imaginations. The God which is here revealed for our reverence and worship, has been viewed with slavish and debasing fear; the punishment which is here appointed for the sinful is made the antitype of the heathen's hell; and the state of immortality and glory

which is disclosed to the eye of faith, has been regarded as the heaven of slothful ease and sensual joy.

The power of superstition as it is exerted upon the human mind, is thus exemplified. It should be one of the chief objects of our labor to eradicate this power from the soul—to escape from its enslaving influences, and rise from its realms of darkness to the sphere of liberty and light. And until this work shall be accomplished, man may never attain to his true dignity and greatness, and the beauty and the power of truth may never be fully perceived and experienced.

R. P. A.

BENEVOLENCE.

One of the noblest traits of the human character, is that feeling which regards with kindly interest the welfare of others—which goes forth to the unfortunate and suffering of earth with the voice of love and the acts of kindness. There is a nobleness, a dignity and expansiveness in that spirit, which breaks away from the bonds of selfishness, and rises from a state of coldness and indifference, to carry its message of good will to men, and breathe an earnest prayer for humanity. Benevolence is indeed a divine and God-like attribute. It is the likeness of that spirit which moved upon the face of the waters, and called forth light from the bosom of chaos. It is the same principle which is so beautifully manifested in all the works of Nature—which appears in the garment of loveliness that clothes each material form—which is seen in the smile of love that seems to rest upon the earth, and shines in the softened radiance that beams from the heavens.

Shall not this principle, then,—so divine and exalted in its nature—be cherished in the hearts of men? Shall it be suffered to smoulder and die, buried in indifference, suppressed by selfishness, or contracted with bigotry? Nay. Such is not the office of this gift. It was imparted to be exercised, strengthened and improved. Its office is to strew blessings in the pathway of life—to lessen the severity of human ills—to relieve the wants and alleviate the sorrows of man. It was given us to kindly watch over the interests of others—to listen to the prayer of the destitute and the moan of the distressed, and to shed light, hope and joy in the despairing bosom.

But let us be careful that we do not degrade this quality. We are not to imagine that benevolence consists simply in the gift of "silver and gold" to the weeping applicants for charity.—Nay. That principle may seek another and a higher manifestation. It can spread its light upon the countenance, and shine in every act of life. We may see it in the smile that cheers the hopeless, in the look which bears joy to the sorrowing, in the word which gives encouragement to the depressed; and above all, we may see it in the earnest and zealous effort to disperse the moral darkness of the world, to unclasp the galling chains that have weighed down the soul, and remove the heavy burdens that have wearied and oppressed humanity.

R. P. A.

Beautiful Extract.

One fountain there is, whose deep-lying vein has only just begun to throw up its silver drops among mankind—a fountain which will allay the thirst of millions, and will give to those who drink from it, peace and joy. It is knowledge; fountain of intellectual cultivation, which gives health to mankind—makes clear the vision, brings joy to his life, and breathes over his soul's destiny a deep repose. Go and drink therefrom, thou whom fortune has not favored, and thou wilt soon find thyself rich! Thou mayest go forth into the world, and find thyself everywhere at home; thou canst cultivate it in thy own little chamber; thy friends are ever round thee, and carry on wise conversation with thee; nature, antiquity, heaven, are accessible to thee! The industrious kingdom of the ant, the works of man, the rainbow, and music's sweet chords, offer to thy soul hospitality.—*Fredrika Bremer.*

There is no safe path besides that of duty.

Poetry.

MODERN CLASSICS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER

BY NICHOLAS TICHOLUS.

What would the Ancients say, could they but see
The hallowed forms of *their* Machinery
Work out such problems of Utility?
Ours from the lower elements is wrought,
But tried, and tempered with a finer thought—
The product of a still intenser dream,
Its bones are iron, and its spirit steam!
We pour the mind into its nerves of steel,
Until they almost seem to know and feel—
To the work so intelligently urged,
Its own appears the soul within it merged.

But I forget my subject. Factory chimes
Are only heard in these industrial times.
Then let us show, in style and verse compact,
The ancient Fancies fledged by modern Fact;
For our Parnassus has become a hill,
Feeding Castalias of the cotton mill;
With sixpence we can see the Elysian Fields;
Our Hippocrene, inspiration yields
To cold wet sheets that make the choleric wrathly;
'Tis dealt in potions fixed by Hydropathy.
The old transmuting stone, whose memory stirs
Shades of old Chemists and Philosophers.
Gave in the hands of a severer master,
Its secret to Girard and Jacob Astor.
Our Argonauts speed over southern seas,
And late-born Jasons win the Golden Fleece—
Yet their strong arms will scarce become the brawnier,
For sifting all the sands of California.
Oft to our fire-side comes, and sits beside us
Some modern representative of Midas;
And as he speaks, he ever more appears
A perfect likeness—even to the ears.

Our Pegasus—see how his eyes are brightening!
Is fed on steam, and oated well with lightning;
Then on our mission he will gallop faster,
Than either Pollux, or his brother Castor;
Nor in severest trial e'er would lag
Beside the famous Enean Stag;
And though his fare is really somewhat heating,
Fearless we mount—and ride him—to Town Meeting.

The problem of Elixirs charged with Life
With manifold solutions now is rife.
Each is more potent than all known before—
We make, and sell, and buy them, by the score.
No Æsculapius deals our panacea,
With charms and potions furnished by Medea;
No Hippocrates points his lance at Death—
The gauntlet now is lifted by—Brandreth.
He daily meets this last of human ills,
Armed only with a box of Patent Pills.
Our lungs, too, own at least an equal service,
From the sweet compounds made by Mrs. Jervis;
They license all our dietetic errors,
And hurl defiance at the King of Terrors,
Whose countenance is made of purest brass,
Or he could never, now obtain a pass.

Through the old ages, with sonorous power,
Whose echos vibrate even to this hour,
Rang the Herculean Labors, wreathing fame

Round the great Theban Hero's god-like name;
But had he lived in these enlightened days,
Poor Hercules would soon have lost his bays,
Unless, like modern heroes, he had wrought
With the more finely-pointed barb of Thought.
And learned, like us, to kill his Monster Birds
With but a breath of air—in shape of words.
We cleanse each day the stables of Augea,
And slay the rampant Lion of Nemea,
Decapitate each Hydra that may stalk
Through high or bye ways, by the power of talk.
The direst monsters cannot choose but fear us,
For we have bearded even old Cerberus,
And dragged him in the presence of all men,
Up from the blue flames of his murderous den—
Of his false terrors made a funeral pyre,
While his own brimstone served to light the fire.

We may be told by every village Mentor
That never lived a Griffin, or a Centaur.
To differ from their worships much I grieve;
But why such stories should we not believe,
When in these days, as all observers know,
We just as curious specimens may show,
Who, like their ancient brothers are compounded
Of two quite distant species, so confounded,
That whether baboon traits, or assinine,
Predominate, the product is "*divine*,"
As they themselves will tell us every day—
While all the ladies echo what they say—
And ask in every look, "Why don't they kiss us?"
Alas! each one is but a new Narcissus;
And near to dying is each bearded elf,
With love supreme—of his own peerless self—
The looking-glass is his most sacred altar;
No incense rises? Then he makes a halter
Of his imperial—charged with many a death;
It pays him back—by stopping his own breath!
Whether his tresses may be black or sandy,
No Griffin e'er could match our BROADWAY DANDY.

Our Fauns and Satyrs—for cold victuals roam—
Our Wood-nymphs—pick up wood—and back it home
To low-browed cabins nestling in the mountains
Our Naiades tend only soda fountains,
Or weigh out candies in confection shops—
Selling their sweets to little ones and fops—
Nereides o'er fish stalls now preside—
Each one of some dark Triton a fit bride—
Inhaling in those highly flavored spots
The saline odors of her native grots.
We know, without recourse to Dr. Paley,
That their profession must be rather scaly;
And yet they are not more than others pelfish,
Although their highest motive still is—selfish.

Our Goddesses in steaming cook-shops stay,
And Orpheus grinds out music by the day,
Striving to make what will his joys enhance,
Not barren stones, but fruitful pennies dance.
Old Mercury, as I am sure that you know,
Bore messages from Jupiter to Juno;
Or through the Elysian fields was wont to rove,
Seeking fair Leda, at the beck of Jove;
Or scaled that height where fast the Olympian throne is,
Between the Paphian Queen and her Adonis—
Ours, winged with lightning, is more fleet by half—
He does our errands by the telegraph.

We find employ for all; and even the Muses,
In these material days have learned their uses
No longer bent on the historic page,
Rife with the fancies of an earlier age,

Clio has found her proper level here—
 She's head clerk to a civil engineer.
 No mountain breeze the fair Euter-pe fans—
 She rubs our knives and forks, and scours the pans—
 Wild Thalia is now a nursery maid—
 To comb and dress young children is her trade—
 Erato washes—one piece for a penny—
 And Terpsicora tends a spinning-jenny.
 Young Callio-pe deals in mops and brooms,
 And Polyhymnia works at water looms.
 Sad Melpome-ne, through our advertisers,
 Has found a place at a gross gormandizer's ;
 And there the Tragic Queen—most tragic still—
 With a good dinner, only, STARS HER BILL—
 Critic in venison, whether stag or moose—
 And learned—in the dressing—of a goose—
 To a spit's turn concentrate all her fears,
 And only onions, now, excite her tears.

The stars, with all their beauty make no bread—
 Forlorn of heart—with famine nearly dead—
 Urania—driven quite beyond her senses—
 Has sold her eyes for telescopic lenses—
 Yet still they read the mystic lore on high,
 For Herschel with them measures out the sky.

We've set the cruel Fates to cotton picking—
 The Graces braid our lamp and candle wicking—
 Or help us to a thousand *little* Graces,
 And thus perpetuate, and perfect the races.
 Isis and Osiris pickle hams, and smoke 'em—
 While sad Niobe, still, must work in oakum :
 And often, now, some new-born Hercules
 Wins Golden apples of Hesperides,
 Or Paris turns, with countenance most serious,
 To learn his fortune from the lips of Nereus.

Poor Phaeton forgets his flight sublime,
 And jogs to market with a load of lime—
 Old Pan is now a shoe-black, and Apollo
 Lives by the craft of dyeing. Let us follow,
 And take a peep just where his caldron fire is,
 For he has formed a partnership with Iris—
 They advertise to tinge in every hue,
 And make old garments just as bright as new.
 If their profession you may catch the traces—
 They wear their rainbow livery on their faces.

Thus Heathen gods we've taken by the collar ;
 Our deity is the "ALMIGHTY DOLLAR"—
 To that our vows and sacrifice we pay all—
 And worship it in temples fit for Baal.
 But, hush ! 'tis fire-eyed Phœbus rushing by !
 No longer four in hand he shakes the sky,
 But rattling o'er our iron turnpikes far,
 Drives tandem engines in a railroad car.

Adieu ! The minute's up ! and our balloon
 Hangs ready to escort us to—the Moon—
 Where we're engaged to sup on that "green cheese,"
 Which effervesces in such rhymes as these ;
 But study them ; and in your minds will soon shine
 A light, to show they are not quite *all* moon-shine !

Clear the Way.

Men of thought ! be up and stirring
 Night and day.
 Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—
 Clear the way !
 Men of action, aid and cheer them,
 As ye may !

Miscellaneous Department.

MYTHIC STORIES.

BY FANNY GREEN.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 192.]

ASLOG.

After this last display, a deep darkness which no eye could penetrate, fell on all things, except when a sudden gust revived the dying embers.

"Ah ! ha !" said Aslog, all the other spectators being too deeply terrified for speech, "that went off bravely !"

Then feeling around him in the dark, he laid his hand on a tallow tree ; and nipping it off lightly, as if it had been the frailest reed, he stepped over to the cavern to light it. This he did in all its branching extremities, which having done he set it in a socket of the basaltic cliff ; and made a magnificent chandelier.

"What dost thou think, brother, of this servant of mine, the Dwarf, Ebberich ?" resumed Aslog, as he again seated himself. "Thou hast had something of a fair exhibition of his powers."

"That thy servant may yet become thy master—" replied Olog, somewhat maliciously ; for he was in truth getting a little envious.

"Nay, that is impossible," rejoined Aslog, with a chuckle which might remind one of a volcano clearing its throat of the lava.

"How so ?" persisted Olog. "Is not his power greater than thine ? What is thy strength to his art ?"

"With all his wisdom," returned the self-satisfied Aslog, "he has no self-reliance. He does not know that he can bear his own weight. Therefore he must lean on me ; but while he is doing so, he is, in fact, not only sustaining himself, but me also. Thus, with all his arts, he knows not that he can provide for himself bread. He must eat ; and therefore he is a slave. By his necessities I bind him. Dost thou not see ?"

"It is very clear," responded Olog, who had seen more than he was willing to admit. "And I perceive, too, that there are others, beside thee who have bread—and who would be a less severe master than thou art," he added pithily.

"Yes," said Aslog, "but he is wholly unconscious of it. He believes he was born to obey me—only me. He does not even know the power he wields. While with the consciousness of it, he might be able to control all the elements—while he might be lord of all—yet he is a poor miserable slave—running hither and thither at my bidding."

Just at this moment a little form, that seemed scarce larger than a moat in the candle beams, nestled on the nose of Aslog ; and two minute sparks were looking up into the eyes of the Giant, with a deep, and even terrifying power, while a small but exceedingly penetrating voice addressed him.

"The Fates have bound me ; and not thou ;" it said. "I submit to the necessity, against which I have no means of defense. If I should subdue thee, as I might, I should then be alone ; for my companions are not prepared to follow me into a higher state. I was made with a heart, to feel—with affections, to love—and I would rather be a slave with them, than a lord, and a tyrant with thee. It is true that I and my people have become thy slaves ; but it is *not* true that thou wast born to be our oppressor. Thou wast sent forth from the halls of Ormuzd, to be our protector and friend ; and behold thou hast ground us into the dust with oppression ! If Ormuzd permits this for a while to be ; how shall we subvert his purposes ? But it is *not* true that we are wholly unconscious, either of our rights, or our power ! Oppressed and down-trodden as we are, we yet feel—we yet think. But as thou truly sayest, the bondage of our necessity is strong. Still if I did not believe it the will of the Supreme, it would not be strong enough to hold us. We do so believe. Therefore we serve thee. Therefore we are thy slaves ; and thus thou holdest in subjection to thyself, powers greater

than thine own. But even now, amid the dark gray depths of the distant future, there is a glimmer as of earliest dawn. Ages may waste away before the day appears. But the day will come—and the hour—and the man. Ay, the MAN; for in that name is a note that will sound thy death-doom! Until then I am thine—and only thine; for tyrannical and cruel as thou art, thou hast no double face. Thou wearest thy worst look outward."

"Enough of thy gibberish!" said Aslog, brushing at his nose with a slight impatience, while the other Giant winced not a little at the concluding remark, which cut through both perception and feeling, obtuse as they were. Aslog was completely thunderstruck at this eloquent speech of Ebberich; for he had never before known him use any other language than that of the most servile abjectness—which the Dwarf, in his bitter irony, seemed to take pleasure in assuming. He was, however, at once soothed and gratified by the concluding words—especially at the pledge of continued service, and the implied answer to Olog's suggestion of a possible change of masters. This, at least, was a triumph; and in his general defeat, Aslog was pleased to consider it so.

"Thou art the gentlest of pets, Ebberich; and yet I find thou really hast some spirit in thee," said Aslog, holding out his thumb invitingly. The Dwarf hovered there a moment; and then he skipt into his pearl air-yacht, that rested on the point of the cliff, where Aslog, at his suggestion, sat him down. Quickly he spread forth his enameled wings; and as he went, describing a line of light in the dark air, there came back a strain of music, sweet, and sad, and solemn; for it was the wail of a conscious, but imprisoned Soul. A light shiver thrilled among the leaves, winning perfume from the golden tresses of the Acacia tree; and as the gentle Mimosa silently folded her wings, sensitively as if the notes had touched her, soft tears, like minute pearls, were glistening among their delicate plumage.

"Wine, more wine;" called out Aslog; who had been far more moved than his wont; and as the giant cup-bearer replenished the goblets, thus briefly, and to the point, he addressed his visitor. "Why should we trouble each other? The earth is very wide. There is room enough for both. Behold, all that is around thee is thine. I will go forth to a far land, and abide there. Or if it be thy choice, thou shalt go, and I will stay. Only let there be distance and peace between us."

"I will remain;" said the cunning Olog, who was revolving in his mind a very old proverb; "I will stay; and thou shalt go."

"Let it be so," returned the other, "and now promise me that thou wilt no more follow my footsteps to do me wrong, and to plunder my possessions."

"I have done thee great wrong, O, my brother!" responded Olog, whose heart, however, to confess the truth, was warm with wine rather than benevolence. "I have, indeed, dealt most ungenerously; but I promise thee by the life of Ormuzd, I will do so no more. Go whither thou wilt, and there abide in peace."

Then Aslog arose, and said: "Let us make a monument in testimony of the covenant we have made." As he spoke he began piling rocks on the platform on which they stood, until he had raised a solid tower, whose summit casts its shadow on the clouds.

"Behold, this pile shall be for a memorial of our pledge;" he said, as he adjusted the capstone in its place. The Giants have long since forgotten it; but when the seaman looks over the dark waste of waters, and beholds that lofty turret, shooting up amid its basaltic castles and towers, he thanks God for the precious landmark, which is known, the world over, as the Peak of Tenæriffe; but he knows not why it was set there.

The adventures of the day were not yet over. It seems that the old Dragon, himself, had become both envious and jealous of the rising power of Aslog; and this was especially true after the parade of fire-works I have described. So he thought he would just step over, and see what could be done; for the Giant was fairly vanquishing him with his own weapons. He had advanced as far as the spot now known as Orotova, when, by

the fumes of sulphur, Aslog was aware of his approach. Saying nothing to Olog, who, after the sealing of their covenant, had fallen asleep over his cups, he just crumbled off a good-sized fragment of the rock, and went along. The Dragon, who had supposed that Aslog was in any other state than the alert, was taken wholly by surprise. The Giant aimed a blow at the head of his old foe, with such singular truth, and force, that the rock was left sticking in his skull. Whereupon the old Dragon uttered a roar, in his horrible anguish, which was like the voice of a thousand lions. The blood streamed from the wound in torrents; and where it fell sprang up the famous Dracæna of Orotova; which to this day is known as the "Tree of the Dragon's Blood." The trunk still cleaves open in many parts, like deep and yawning wounds, from whence continually issue crimson drops, that are known as Dragon's Blood—which they really are—though few, if any, have, until this time, learned their true history. If the monster was killed in this encounter, as Aslog really believed, he must have been gifted with a power of resurrection; for it is affirmed, on good authority, that his footsteps are to be seen in many places even to this time.

On the morrow, ere the Sun had gone to his couch on the billows of the Atlantic, Aslog, attended by all his Dwarfs and tributary Giants, had gone forth. In order to cross many of the marshes, and bays that chequered the valley of Islands, which then stretched entirely across what is now the bed of the Atlantic, he made the Giants carry the Dwarfs. Whenever they came to a broad estuary, or other inlet they stuck themselves thick as bees all over the grumbling Giants, who liked not the idea of being made beasts of burden; and besides they hated the Dwarfs with a deep and deadly bitterness. But little did Aslog care, so long as his own selfish purposes were attained.

After a toilsome journey to most of the party, they came to solid land, at that portion of the American coast now known as Florida; and there Aslog made his head quarters, until he could look about him a little, and select a spot to his mind. Having left his followers to recruit themselves awhile, he set out on an exploring tour. Passing along the border of the waters now known as the Mexican Gulf, he went entirely across the continent, until he was finally arrested by the waves of the great Pacific, that gird the peninsula of California. There he resolved to settle himself down, with the farthest possible distance between him and his rival.

He soon organized his army of gold-diggers, and set them to work in good earnest. Resolving to recompense himself for the time and treasure he had lost, he became more oppressive and exacting than ever. And the Dwarfs, for many ages after, kept their Exodus, as a solemn fast—a period of bitter mourning for the bondage of the past—which, with all its heaviness, was yet tolerable—and which, compared with the bitterness of their present life, seemed a lost heaven.

By the hand of his Dwarfs, Aslog heaped up gold as he had never done before. It is even surmised that much of it was transmuted from baser metals, by Ebberich; and it is said by those who have been there, that the traces of his fires, and the fragments of his crucibles are to be seen to this day, throughout all the land, which has now grown into sudden celebrity. Be this as it may, it is quite certain that Aslog raised all those piles of mountains, the Cordilleras, which now stretch the whole length of Upper California, for the double purpose of holding and securing his treasures. The deep vaults beneath, were well guarded by the magic locks of Ebberich.

But was the greedy and covetous Giant happy? Did he enjoy that which he had gathered, with such utter sacrifice of all that is sweetest and fairest—of all that is good and true? He had not even an idea of the uses to which his treasure might be adapted. His desire for it was simply a morbid longing for that which did, and could, afford him no pleasure. The fearful prediction was verified. The demon of Avarice tortured him continually. He had no joy—no peace—no rest—and permitted none of these to any other. His quietest dreams were haunted by the ever unappeasable cry of "MORE!" Wherever he went that sonorous word, meaningless, yet full of vague madness, like the voice of a hungry Idiot, was forever sounding. It peal-

ed up from mid earth. It came booming over ocean. It looked out from the face of all beauty—all grandeur. Everything echoed for him the gloating cry of his unsatiated, and insatiable avarice; “More!” “More!” “More!”

Meanwhile Olog, as soon as the fumes of Aslog’s wine had passed off, which did not happen in a hurry (for they had been deeply drugged by Ebberich, in order that he might not discover their course) he began to repent himself of the covenant into which he had entered. In fact, he began to question if any obligation existed; inasmuch as the arrangement was made under circumstances which precluded him from being a voluntary party to the affair. It was not done by his “free will and pleasure;” and therefore, by a process of reasoning almost as tortuous as that of some of our modern expounders of those digests of human obligation, known as laws, he proceeded to nullify the whole engagement; himself substituting all the functions of Plaintiff, Defendant, Judge, Jury, and Executive. No sooner was this process completed, than he resolved to pay his old rival a visit. Not that he cared a penny for the gold, save in the malignant pleasure of mischief which it gave him. It was the only point in which he was a match for Aslog. His pride was concerned in the matter: and he made the most of it.

Our hero was reclining in his new arm chair, which was settled comfortably between two great cliffs near the upper extremity of the Coast Range; and, for a wonder, he was indulging himself in a siesta. Presently the rocks trembled, and there was a sound as of an earthquake. Aslog woke in a great wonder; and, stretching himself a little, to throw off the effects of his unusual indulgence, listened attentively. He certainly heard footsteps; and he knew too well whose they were. Rising suddenly, he looked over the eastern brow of the cliff; and sure enough, there stood the perfidious Olog, in the middle of the great plain that stretched afar on every hand.

Making a sign of silence to Ebberich, Aslog seized a bowlder, which he hurled with such good aim and spirit at the head of Olog, that the Giant, with a cry that swelled on the air like revolving thunder, rolled heavily to earth. But Aslog found one nearer to his match than he had ever met before, not even the old Dragon excepted. The wounded Giant rallied himself, and arose; but it could be seen, even at that distance, that he reeled as he stood.

In the mean time Aslog had scooped up a great quantity of sand from the shore, which he cast directly in the face of the Enemy, and thus blinded him. But Olog was a true Giant still. In his rage and anguish he plucked up trees, tore them into fragments; casting them hither and thither, without any definite aim; for he could not see; all the time howling like a mad volcano. The Dwarfs, seeing what their master had just done, took the hint. The sand of that long range of coast was scraped together in little hillocks, while Aslog dipped it up, and hurled it into the eyes of Olog; who, though he found himself at fearful odds, yet struggled on bravely. At length herb, shrub, and tree, everything that grew on that plain, was so deeply buried in sand, that they have never since emerged; and the place is known as the great desert of California.

The contest was getting to be more and more unequal, with every moment. Olog stood, enveloped to the chin in the pursuing element. At length, uttering a great cry, he surrendered himself for lost; and at the moment such a torrent of brine flowed from his eyes, that it covered all the hollow where he stood, swallowing up even the sands; and to this day it remains, and is known as the Salt Lake—where, doubtless, the body of the Giant might still be found, if one should but look in the right place for it. Somewhat relieved, Olog made one great struggle to extricate himself; but at the moment Aslog was ready with a huge fragment of rock; and running out on the plain, in order to get a fairer aim, he hurled it at Olog, and fairly severed the head from his body. It was cut into three pieces; and by the force of the blow was projected far to the west, and is known to modern travellers as the “Three Butes.” A deep groan from the sufferer, which seemed the last pang of a dying Ætina, was simultaneous with the shock: and Olog yielded up the ghost.

Thus Aslog overcame the last external enemy whom he had any occasion to fear; but there was still a stronger, deadlier, enemy in his own Soul, that went unscathed; for over it he had no power. Yet this, also, was destined to be overcome; but the higher Conqueror had not yet appeared. The remaining incidents of the Giant’s eventful life will be found in the STORY OF MUTHOS AND LIEBEN.

Live not for Self.

Who are the happiest men? They who live to benefit others—who are always ready with a word to encourage—a smile to cheer—a look to persuade, and a dollar to assist. They are never fearful lest a good trade or an excellent bargain should fall into the hands of a poor neighbor—but the more rejoice when such a one meets with encouragement. In this cold and selfish world such characters are rare; but yet there are a few godlike minds, who are not altogether swallowed up in self; who read their duty in the scented flower, the passing breeze, the rolling ocean, and the blade of grass. Such men we honor wherever we find them—in the palace or in the hut—around our dwelling or in a far distant island. We see in their characters true glory and wisdom.

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