

# SPIRIT MESSENGER

AND

## HARMONIAL ADVOCATE.

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

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### Rebelations of Nature.

#### LAWS AND PHENOMENA OF THE SOUL.

NUMBER THREE.

BY WILLIAM FISHBOUGH.

#### PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

In our article on Magnetism in the last number of this Journal, we spoke, in brief, of the strong sympathy which a person in a particular degree of the magnetic state, has with the various *sensations* experienced by the magnetizer. This we referred to the fact that the psychical essence of the magnetizer is, to an extent, transferred into the nervous system of the subject, and that by connecting and establishing *polar relations* with the psychical essence of the latter, it holds the same in subjection to itself, and thus renders its motions and circulations, upon which sensation depends, *coincident with its own*. From this same cause, even the *mental impressions* of the subject will often be modified to a greater or less extent, by the impressions of the operator, or even of surrounding persons, whose spheres communicate with his. Indeed, many instances have occurred within the personal observation of the writer, in which the magnetic somniloquist must have been sympathetically affected by the general mental atmosphere of the whole surrounding community, or been in *rapport* with persons residing a long distance off, and for whose spheres he may have had a particular affinity. For it should be known that to the human spirit, space is scarcely cognizable.

From ignorance of the extent to which this law of sympathy is sometimes applicable, many people have been led into the most grievous errors by directions received from persons in the magnetic state, and whom they erroneously took to be *clairvoyant*. Because they have been told, with astonishing correctness, things which were already known either to themselves, or to some other person (with whom the somniloquist might unconsciously have been in connection,) they have been led to place implicit confidence in *other* announcements coming from the same source. The consequences of action based upon such information or advice, have sometimes been extremely mortifying and even disastrous; and the persons thus misled have been involved in extreme perplexity of mind, in endeavoring to account for the fact that so much error should come from the same source which almost miraculously gave forth so much truth! If, however, the principles unfolded in our last article are perfectly understood, this fact will cease to be so mysterious, and people will be placed on their guard against the delusions which may innocently proceed from magnetized persons in no higher state than that which we have described.

Into the minds of Magnetic Somniloquists of this same general class, any idea or impression, however absurd, may sometimes be infused by the direct will of the operator. He may, for instance, be made to lose consciousness of his own personal identity, and to believe himself some other person. Or if any image is vividly conceived in the mind of the operator, or any other person in thorough *rapport* with him, he will perceive the same image, though not a word be spoken. Thus a pocket-handkerchief, or a roll of paper, may be converted into the appearance of a serpent, a kitten, a child a horse, or any other object vividly pictured in the operator's mind. An imaginary barrier may be constructed before him, and he will walk to it, but can not get beyond it. Experiments of this kind are familiar to thousands, and need not be particularly detailed. Of course, such phenomena are no longer involved in any very great mystery, if we admit the polarized unity and interblending of the mental essences of operator and subject, which we have supposed to take place in the magnetic process.

In the more perfect degrees of the general magnetic condition to which all these phenomena belong, there is an ability, on the part of the person magnetized, to detect even the ordinary *thoughts* of the operator, or of others whose spheres communicate with his own, even when no direct effort of the will is made to convey the impression. The writer has, in repeated instances, had his *most secret thoughts* revealed to him by Somniloquists with whom he has been in connection at the time; and I know of many others who can testify to the occurrence of similar phenomena.

To this it may be added, that the magnetic influence, being of a spiritual nature, and hence exceedingly subtil, is capable, in cases in which susceptible persons are allied to each other by strong spiritual affinities, or when projected by a vigorous effort of a clear mind, of operating at vast distances. Indeed, the space through which it passes seems to cause little diminution of its power, when all other conditions of its operation are favorable. In illustration and proof of this point, I will offer a few interesting facts which evidently come under the head of Magnetism, though this term has not been usually employed in connection with them;—

Mr. J. T., an intimate acquaintance of mine, and whose word is worthy of entire confidence, informed me of the following case in his own experience:—While residing in the Province of New-Brunswick, many years ago, he one time, all of a sudden, received a vivid impression that his brother, to whom he was much attached, (and with whom he was doubtless unconsciously in magnetic *rapport*,) was undergoing the process of drowning. He appeared to be in, or near the water himself, and felt vividly the same sensations he supposed his brother felt. He afterward learned that his brother

was, that very hour, actually drowned off Sandy Hook, near New-York, while on his homeward passage from New-Orleans!

It is known that the personal existences of some twins are so mysteriously interblended, as that, if one becomes sick, or experiences any accident, the other will feel it, even though the two are at the time separated by a long intervening distance. In illustration of this fact, Mrs. Crowe, in her "Night Side of Nature," mentions a case very similar to that related above. "A young lady, twin born, was suddenly seized with an unaccountable horror, followed by strange convulsions, which the doctor, who was hastily called in, said exactly resembled the struggles and sufferings of a person drowning. In process of time, the news arrived that her twin brother, then abroad, had been drowned precisely at that period."

But numerous cases might be related in which the sympathy between persons at a distance has been of a much more mental character. Take the following:—A. J. Davis, who is already extensively known as the author of a wonderful book, dictated while in the clairvoyant state, was once (being at the writer's residence in Williamsburgh) fixing his mind magnetically upon a friend, for whom he was seeking some interior advice. This friend was also sojourning with me at the time, but was just then in an office in Fulton-street, New-York, and was not aware that Mr. Davis intended to examine his case at that particular time, and did not, in the least, anticipate the results which followed. But it seemed that at the moment Mr. Davis had fairly and interiorly fixed his mind upon him, he was aware of it, and felt constrained to leave his companions in the office where he was, and go to Davis. He said it seemed, as though Davis was calling him, or desiring and forcing him to come, and he proceeded with all possible haste, and arrived at my house before Davis had completed the examination. During his passage from the city to my residence, he was almost unconscious of outer things, but interiorly experienced all the sensations and impressions which it afterwards appeared Mr. Davis had concerning him, and in the precise order in which the latter occurred.

Jung Stilling, in his "Theory of Pneumatology," relates a similar case of a woman being drawn from her residence on a stormy and disagreeable day, contrary to her own personal desires, and brought into the presence of a woman in another part of the town, solely by the influence of the will, or the magnetic efforts of the latter.

There is now a little girl in New-York, who, when absent from home, often knows the instant her mother desires her to return, and will immediately go, saying that her mother is calling her. Of this fact I am informed by a clerical friend, who is intimate in the family.

It would, indeed, be tedious to record a tithe of the cases which might be collected of this kind of magnetic action, and mental communication at a distance. Suffice it to say, that they may be reproduced, at almost any time, by a person of clear conceptions, and strong powers of concentration, if he can find a properly susceptible person, whose sphere has an affinity for his own.

If proper attention were bestowed upon this psychological law, and this kind of mental susceptibility were duly cultivated, who knows but that free and instantaneous mental communication might be had, under all favorable circumstances, by persons physically separated from each other by long distances, or even by the Atlantic Ocean? Probably the period

is not far distant when such a mode of communication will be common, and brought to that degree of perfection in which it can generally be relied upon. It may even, by its commonness, be the means of connecting the nations by immediate fraternal intercourse; and by promoting daily communication with them, it may tend, more powerfully than any other cause, to fuse them together into one vast Brotherhood! If the bare mention of such a thing should seem to the reader perfectly visionary, I would ask, which of the more important improvements of the present day, would not have been considered equally visionary, if it had been suggested one hundred years ago?

The laws and phenomena of the sympathetic transmission of impressions and thoughts, of which we have thus briefly spoken, can not be too deeply considered, or too thoroughly studied. They not only throw important light upon the nature and powers of the human soul, but they form the basis of some most interesting truths, with reference to the soul's connection, and possible open intercourse with a *higher world*, as the thoughtful reader will not be slow to conceive. There are, however, still higher Psychological conditions capable of being induced by Magnetism, and these may be considered in a subsequent article.

## THE MYSTERIES OF A FLOWER.

BY PROFESSOR. R. HUNT.

Flowers have been called the stars of the earth; and certainly, when we examine those beautiful creations, and discover them, analyzing the sunbeam and sending back to the eye the full luxury of colored light, we must confess there is more real appropriateness in the term than even the poet who conceived the delicate thought imagined. Lavoisier beautifully said: "The fable of Prometheus is but the outshadowing of a philosophic truth—where there is light, there is organization and life; where light can not penetrate, Death forever holds his silent court." The flowers, and, indeed, those far inferior forms of organic vegetable life which never flower, are direct dependencies on the solar rays. Through every stage of existence they are excited by those subtle agencies which are gathered together in the sunbeam; and to these influences we may trace all that beauty of development which prevails throughout the vegetable world. How few there are of even those refined minds to whom flowers are more than a symmetrical arrangement of petals harmoniously colored, who think of the secret agencies forever exciting the life which is within their cells, to produce the organized structure—who reflect on the deep, yet divine philosophy, which may be read in ever leaf—those tongues in trees, which tell us of Eternal goodness and order!

The flower is regarded as the full development of vegetable growth; and the consideration of its mysteries naturally involves a careful examination of the life of a plant, from the seed placed in the soil to its full maturity, whether it be an herb or tree.

For the perfect understanding of the physical conditions under which vegetable life is carried on, it is necessary to appreciate, in its fullness, the value of the term *growth*. It has been said that stones grow—that the formation of crystals was an analogous process to the formation of a leaf: and this impression has appeared to be somewhat confirmed, by wit-

nessing the variety of arborescent forms into which solidifying waters pass, when the external cold spreads it as ice over our window panes. This is, however, a great error; stones do not *grow*—there is no analogy even between the formation of a crystal and the growth of a leaf. All inorganic masses increase in size only by the accretion of particles—layer upon layer, without any chemical change taking place as an essentiality. The sun may shine for ages upon a stone without quickening it into life, changing its constitution, or adding to its mass. Organic matter consists of arrangements of cells or sacks, and the increase in size is due to the absorption of gaseous matter, through the fine tissue of which they are composed. The gas—a compound of carbon and oxygen—is decomposed by the excitement produced by light; and the solid matter thus obtained is employed in building a new cell—or producing actual growth, a true function of *life*, in all the processes of which, matter is constantly undergoing chemical change.

The simplest developments of vegetable life are the formation of *confervæ* upon water, and of lichens upon the surface of the rock. In chemical constitution, these present no very remarkable differences from the cultivated flower which adorns our garden, or the tree which has risen in its pride amidst the changing seasons of many centuries. Each alike has derived its solid constituents from the atmosphere, and the chemical changes in all are equally dependent upon the powers which have their mysterious origin in the great center of our planetary system.

Without dwelling upon the processes which take place in the lower forms of vegetable life, the purposes of this essay will be fully answered by taking an example from amongst the higher class of plants, and examining its condition, from the germination of the seed to the full development of the flower—rich in form, color, and odor.

In the seed-cell we find, by minute examination, the embryo of the future plant carefully preserved in its envelope of starch and gluten. The investigations which have been carried on upon the vitality of seeds appear to prove that, under favorable conditions, this life-germ may be maintained for centuries. Grains of wheat, which had been found in the hands of an Egyptian mummy, germinated and grew; these grains were produced, in all probability, more than three thousand years since; they had been placed, at her burial, in the hands of a priestess of Isis, and in the deep repose of the Egyptian catacomb were preserved to tell us, in the eighteenth century, the story of that wheat which Joseph sold to his brethren.

The process of germination is essentially a chemical one. The seed is placed in the soil, excluded from the light, supplied with a due quantity of moisture, and maintained at a certain temperature which must be above that at which water freezes; air must have free access to the seed, which, if placed so deep in the soil as to prevent the permeation of the atmosphere, never germinates. Under favorable circumstances, the life-quickening processes begin; the starch, which is a compound of carbon and oxygen, is converted into sugar by the absorption of another equivalent of oxygen from the air; and we have an evident proof of this change in the sweetness which most seeds acquire in the process, the most familiar example of which we have in the conversion of barley into malt. The sugar thus formed furnishes the food to the now living creation, which, in a short period, shoots its first leaves above the soil; and these, which, rising from their dark cham-

bers, are white, quickly become green under the operation of light.

In the process of germination, a species of slow combustion takes place, and—as in the chemical processes of animal life and in those of active ignition—carbonic acid gas, composed of oxygen and charcoal, or carbon, is evolved. Thus, by a mystery which our science does not enable us to reach, the spark of life is kindled—life commences its work—the plant grows. The first conditions of vegetable growth are, therefore, singularly similar to those which are found to prevail in the animal economy. The leaf-bud is no sooner above the soil than a new set of conditions begin; the plant takes carbonic acid from the atmosphere, and having, in virtue of its vitality, by the agency of luminous power, decomposed this gas, it retains the carbon, and pours forth the oxygen to the air. This process is stated to be a function of vitality; but, as this has been variously described by different authors, it is important to state with some minuteness what does really take place.

The plant absorbs carbonic acid from the atmosphere through the under surfaces of the leaves, and the whole of the bark; it at the same time derives an additional portion from the moisture which is taken up by the roots, and conveyed “to the top-most twig” by the force of capillary attraction, and another power called *endosmosis*, which is exerted in a most striking manner by living organic tissues. This mysterious force is shown in a pleasing way by covering some spirits of wine and water in a wine-glass with a piece of bladder; the water will escape, leaving the strong spirit behind.

Independently of the action of light, the plant may be regarded as a mere machine; the fluids and gases which it absorbs pass off in a condition but very little changed—just as water would strain through a sponge or a porous stone. The consequence of this is the blanching or *etiolation* of the plant, which we produce by our artificial treatment of celery and sea-kale—the formation of the carbonaceous compound called *chlorophyle*, which is the green coloring-matter of the leaves, being entirely checked in darkness. If such a plant is brought into the light, its dormant powers are awakened, and, instead of being little other than a sponge through which fluids circulate, it exerts most remarkable chemical powers; the carbonic acid of the air and water is decomposed; its charcoal is retained to add to the wood of the plant, and the oxygen is set free again to the atmosphere. In this process is exhibited one of the most beautiful illustrations of the harmony which prevails through all the great phenomena of nature with which we are acquainted—the mutual dependence of the vegetable and animal kingdoms.

In the animal economy, there is a constant production of carbonic acid, and the beautiful vegetable kingdom, spread over the earth in such infinite variety, requires this carbonic acid for its support. Constantly removing from the air the pernicious agent produced by the animal world, and giving back that oxygen which is required as the life-quickening element by the animal races, the balance of affinities is constantly maintained by the phenomena of vegetable growth.

The decomposition of carbonic acid is directly dependent upon luminous agency: From the impact of the earliest morning ray to the period when the sun reaches the zenith, the excitation of that vegetable vitality by which the chemical change is effected regularly increases. As the solar orb sinks towards the horizon, the chemical activity diminishes—the sun sets—the action is reduced to its minimum—the plant,

in the repose of darkness, passes to that state of rest which is as necessary to the vegetating races as sleep to the wearied animal.

These are two well-marked stages in the life of a plant; germination and vegetation are exerted under different conditions; the time of flowering arrives, and another change occurs, the processes of forming the alkaline and acid juices, of producing the oil, wax, and resin, and of secreting those nitrogenous compounds which are found in the seed, are in full activity. Carbonic acid is now evolved and oxygen is retained; hydrogen and nitrogen are also forced, as it were, into combination with the oxygen and carbon, and altogether new and more complicated operations are in activity.

Such are the phenomena of vegetable life which the researches of our philosophers have developed. This curious order—this regular progression—showing itself at well-marked epochs, is now known to be dependent upon solar influences; the

“Bright effluence of bright essence increate”

works its mysterious wonders on every organic form. Much is still involved in mystery: but to the call of science some strange truths have been made manifest to man, and some of these the phenomena must now be explained.

*Germination* is a chemical change which takes place most readily in darkness; *vegetable growth* is due to the secretion of carbon under the agency of light; and the processes of *floriation* are shown to involve some new and compound operations: these three states must be distinctly appreciated.

The sunbeam comes to us as a flood of pellucid light, usually colorless; if we disturb this white beam, as by compelling it to pass through a triangular piece of glass, we break it up into colored bands, which we will call the *spectrum*, in which we have such an order of chromatic rays as are seen in the rainbow of a summer shower. These colored rays are now known to be the sources of all the tints by which nature adorns the surface of the earth, or art imitates, in its desire to create the beautiful. These colored bands have not the same luminating power, nor do they possess the same heat-giving property. The yellow rays give the most LIGHT; the red rays have the function of HEAT in the highest degree. Beyond these properties, the sunbeam possesses another, which is the power of producing CHEMICAL CHANGE—of affecting those magical results which we witness in the photographic processes, by which the beams illuminating any object are made to delineate it upon the prepared tablet of the artist.

It has been suspected that these three phenomena are not due to the same agency, but that, associated in the sunbeam, we have LIGHT, producing all the blessings of vision, and throwing the veil of color over all things—HEAT, maintaining that temperature over our globe which is necessary to the perfection of living organisms—and a third principle, ACTINISM, by which the chemical changes alluded to are affected. We possess the power, by the use of colored media, of separating these principles from each other, and of analyzing their effects. A yellow glass allows light to pass through it most freely, but it obstructs actinism almost entirely: a deep-blue glass, on the contrary, prevents the permeation of light, but it offers no interruption to the actinic, or chemical rays; a red glass, again, cuts off most of the rays, except those which have peculiarly a calorific, or heat-giving power.

With this knowledge we proceed in our experiments, and learn something of nature's chemistry. If above the soil in which

the seed is placed, we fix a deep pure yellow glass, the chemical change which marks germination is prevented; if, on the contrary, we employ a blue one, it is greatly accelerated; seeds, indeed, placed beneath the soil, covered with a cobalt blue finger-glass, will germinate many days sooner than such as may be exposed to the ordinary influences of sunshine;—this proves the necessity of the principle actinism to this first stage of vegetable life. Plants, however, made to grow under the influences of such blue media present much the same conditions as those which are reared in the dark; they are succulent instead of woody, and have yellow leaves and white stalks; indeed, the formation of leaves is prevented, and all the vital energy of the plant is exerted in the production of the stalk. The chemical principle of the sun's rays, alone, is not therefore sufficient; remove the plant to the influence of light, as separated from actinism, by the action of yellow media, and wood is formed abundantly; the plant grows most healthfully, and the leaves assume that dark green which belongs to tropical climes or to our most brilliant summers. Light is thus proved to be the exciting agent in effecting those chemical decompositions which have already been described; but, under the influence of isolated light it is found that plants will not flower. When however, the subject of our experiment is brought under the influence of a red glass, particularly of that variety in which a beautifully pure red is produced by oxide of gold, the whole process of floriation and the perfection of the seed is accomplished.

Careful and long-continued observations have proved that in the spring, when the process of germination is most active, the chemical rays are the most abundant in the sunbeam. As the summer advances, light, relatively to the other forces, is largely increased; at this season, the trees of the forest, the herb of the valley, and the cultivated plants which adorn our dwellings, are all alike adding to their wood. Autumn comes on, and then heat, so necessary for ripening grain, is found to exist in considerable excess. It is curious, too, that the autumnal heat has properties peculiarly its own—so decidedly distinguished from the ordinary heat, that Sir John Herchel and Mrs. Somerville have adopted a term to distinguish it. The peculiar browning or scorching rays of autumn are called the *parathermic* rays: they possess a remarkable chemical action added to their calorific one; and to this are due those complicated phenomena already briefly described.

In these experiments carefully tried, we are enabled to imitate the conditions of nature, and supply, at any time, those states of solar radiation which belong to the varying seasons of the year.

Under the influence of the sunbeam, vegetable life is awakened, continued, and completed; a wondrous alchemy is affected; the change in the condition of the solar radiations determines the varying conditions of vegetable vitality; and in its progress those transmutations occur which at once give beauty to the exterior world, and provide for the animal races the necessary food by which their existence is maintained. The contemplation of influences such as these realizes in the human soul that sweet feeling which, with Keats, finds that

“A thing of beauty is a joy forever;  
Its loveliness increasing, it will never  
Pass into nothingness, but still will keep  
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

[Godey's Lady's Book.]

## Voices from the Spirit-land.

## MESSAGE FROM SWEDENBORG.

The following communication, purporting to come from the spirit of EMANUEL SWEDENBORG, was given to the Circle of Hope, through the mediumship of S. J. FINNEY :

Bright and beautiful is the spiritual atmosphere around and above you. Bright are the shafts of spiritual light which descend upon you. The veil, which hitherto hid from man's view the Shekinah, is rent in twain.

Should those ponderous orbs which roll around us in space, descend upon us, they would crush us to dust. Awful would be the catastrophe, if the Sun and Earth should come in contact. It would be much more in harmony with the laws of God for them to roll quietly on and not create a jar in the machinery of the Universe—that vast and complicated machinery which came from the hand of the great Architect of the Universe. Look at the grand whole, and listen to its mighty notes of praise ! There is not a jar in that universal hymn—not a discordant note. Behold yon distant planet wield its rapid flight in the fields of space. It rolls along on the plane of its motion, kept in its place by the forces of surrounding worlds—which forces are the magnetic emanations of the Great Positive Mind. Should that one planet leave its track, the Universe would fall to ruin ; and what a ruin it would be ! World would smite its fellow world. Those mighty bodies, with force and momentum inconceivable, would drive headlong through space. That mighty hymn, so harmonious, would be turned into universal confusion and discord. The orbs—the worlds of the universe—would be resolved into chaos. All life would cease, or, if existing, become diffused. The dark cloud of anarchy and death would unfold its black wings and spread a death-pall over the works of God. Light would become extinct—blotted out. Destroy but one cog in the vast universal machine—it would cease to go ; or, going, would tear itself to pieces. So wise have been the arrangements of God in his creative productions, that each part fills its own and its proper place. There is nothing superfluous in the Universe. God is not guilty of works of supererogation in any respect. Hence destroy but one part, and the whole would fall to ruin. But if that one part changes its particles by the same interior forces, and in accordance with the great principle of interior life, then no jar occurs. So, should the judgment day be what men have dreamed it, the Universe would be a wreck.

But many who are interested in the spiritual developments are asking, what is the judgment day ? Where is the point where a man meets the reward of his deeds ?

Where flies the soul when its chrysalis is broken ? And ye are preparing to answer this question to the world.

It will not hover, like the ancient thought, betwixt Heaven and Hell. It will not be, as that old conception seems to teach, without form, size, organs or powers, and situated on a point which may be called nowhere. It will not be, as I once taught in my formerly published writings, situated between two contending powers, the one ever drawing it upward, and the other downward, for then it must go in the direction of the strongest force. If it does so, and his Satanic majesty is holding the balance of power against the Almighty, in that he succeeds in decoying ninety-nine hundredths of the race to follow him, then the mass must descend down, far down the declined plane of retrogression, until, to its rudimental life and perceptions, it is wrapped in the black folds of its nethermost hell.

Oh ! how wretched were the destiny of man, if this were true ! How dark, and black, and midnight-like his approaching fate ! A family tied together by the ties of nature and of love, is parted for ever. The one part revered a book, and worshiped at the altars of its forefathers, who ascribed power, and honor, and glory, with the lips, to earlier manhood's conceptions of God ; who separated themselves from the world, and, alas ! in too many instances, drew closely about them the mantle of sectarianism and self-righteousness. They would shoot away from the grave's dark portals, and, like the bird of paradise, rise on their downy plumes, bathing their beautiful forms in the descending light of love divine, of truth and of wisdom. While the other, who could not believe as they did, or worship at their altars, who could not revere those early conceptions of God, would be sent rolling down that declined plane, an accelerated motion downward governing the speed, until they would become buried in the blackness of night itself, and until they become to all intents commingled with the elements of darkness !

Friends ! I have long wished to correct my errors—the errors of my writings. This was one of its most prominent ones, this antagonism of Heaven and Hell—of God and Satan, of light and darkness, of life eternal, and eternal death—which in contrast stands, but not in truth, only in my former rudimental misconception.

To a mind immortal, progression downward is impossible, because, from the very constitution of mind itself, action produces refinement, expansion, elevation, purification of the elements which are physically speaking active. At every exercise of any or all of your faculties there is refinement, something gross thrown off, and something pure taken up. This occurs as a consequence of action, or expansion : that expansion is progressive ascension toward the higher plane of thought. Then, how can the immortal mind eternally

retrograde? The very pains of hell itself—were there such a place—would burn up the soul's impurity; the hotter the flame, the speedier the purification, and the consequent ascension of good. If this be true, all hell would rise to heaven!

Ah, friends! the reason why man thinks the soul retrogrades is, because he cannot see, through the gross rudimental senses, the soul's interior state.

You trace an individual in his life. You find him at one point of his earthly life mingling with the respected, the intelligent, perhaps the so-called virtuous and good. At another point, later still, you have seen him besotted, in the haunts of drunkenness, amid the scenes of vice and sensuality. When you have looked on his bloated face, his wildly staring eyes, and have beheld his staggering form, you have thought of him "How he fell!" The contrast is truly striking, and, upon external view, might seem to argue actual retrogression. But take not a hasty glimpse at the man. Look at him in the light of science. Hold up before his mind the lamp of intuition. Let it cast its rays upon the interior features and form. Your preacher would tell you, 'tis black with guilt; that, from the black depths of his totally depraved interior being, there comes no ray of hope or promise forth, but upon his blackened soul is set damnation's seal; that there, upon what was once the noblest work of God, you behold the imprint, the embodiment of the right of his Satanic majesty! Not a pure thought comes forth, 'tis said; not a right deed does he ever perform. He can't be subservient to the law of God. Upon his being, the mortgage of Satan is pressing; therefore his soul from Heaven, from life, is doomed to death.

This is a dark picture, isn't it? But look at it by the light of intuition, and see if your immortal soul can bow to the sentiment, that the mass of God's noblest beings have thus to remain! Let us look at it philosophically—in the light of nature now. Can that soul become smaller than it once was? or, in other words, lose what it has gained in point of interior development? Can the rose bud, and then go back and diffuse its elements on the stalk on which it grows? Can the mighty oak be crowded into the acorn's shell which once enclosed the living germ from which it sprung? or, can it shrink back until it becomes again the mere sprout of its early life? Neither can the soul, for it is immortal. But you may say, the oak may die and rot away. True: but then you say, the soul shall never die; and this is quite as true.

But another point, showing the truth of these remarks. Look at the *quality* of the spirit, and see if that can degenerate. The quality of a thing (we mean, humanly speaking,) is determined by its use and the plane on which it is; but philosophically and strictly speaking, the real, interior elements of things are ever the same. There is no impurity in the universe; fo-

God made it pure. True, the bright and beautiful form of the angel, and the manner of human form and speech are purer than the gross animal. But if you could discover the interior quality of things themselves, you would behold them alike. It is the relative position in the scale of the progressive development of a thing which, to your minds, is high or low, pure or gross; but to him that is pure—that is, God himself, pure Light, Knowledge, Wisdom—all things are pure.

Now, while man's powers are not blackened, the essences of his spiritual nature not depraved—the external brain and living form through which the spirit acts being clogged, deranged in its action by the introduction of impure substances into it—the spirit, the interior brain, is unable to manifest itself through its outer form harmoniously; it can not govern its movements, for there are hindrances along the track of the nervous system—the nerves and fibres over which passes the spirit's agent, namely, the substantial force evolved by the spirit-brain—and hence all those angularities and eccentricities of the vicious man.

Now, that strong drink, or those low, groveling and vicious magnetic influences which appealed to and unduly excited his exterior brain, had fevered that exterior brain and aroused its lowest faculties, that organ therefore gave forth its animal and lowest manifestations, uninfluenced almost, unguided quite, by the higher functions of his interior and spiritual being. Like excites like. Like causes produce like effects. Hence the stimulating drink, or the low magnetic influence which emanated from those who live in the extreme and constant action of the lower propensities, excites his corresponding faculties, and not his higher. The influence from their misdirected love, or combativeness, or destructiveness, excites not his philanthropy, his mildness, or his spirituality, but those lower faculties, akin to those from which it came. Then, for the time being, the soul's expansion and progression are hindered. There is a constricting tendency from the exterior, to the quiet, harmonious and happy up-flowing of the thoughts, affections, and desires of the inner being.

But, friends, those untoward external influences can never blacken the essence of spirit, or destroy its inner life; but should that form fall, even surrounded by those vicious things, the spirit would be more pure than the external. It might, like the rose in its closed bud, be transported into the Spirit-world ere it bloomed; but, like that same bud, it is destined to unfold the beauties which now are wrapped in its closed petals, and to send its fragrance to permeate the atmosphere of its higher life.

Yet those influences may alter the apparent external equilibrium of the manifestations of those faculties, and thus the relative harmony of the exterior will be destroyed, or lessened, rather; and the spirit-brain

itself, in consequence, may not be as fully developed as it otherwise would have been. Hence, at any period in its eternal life, in consequence of such obstructions, will it be found lower than it otherwise would have been.

Hence the doctrine of eternal punishment is a truth, though not in the gross material sense of mythology—not in the idea of eternal misery—not in the dark conceptions of human depravity and degradation—but in truth and reality.

Friends, there is no forgiveness for sin. He who sins injures himself just in proportion to the magnitude of his sin, which is the punishment for the violation, or attempted violation of the laws of God—(for no man can violate his immutable laws.) In consequence of this attempted violation, there is a natural, necessary, and unavoidable effect, which may be antagonistic to the soul's harmonious unfolding and progression.

Oh! how dark the gloom which rests on the minds of my brother Christians on this subject! They dream of happiness, through the death, and suffering, and righteousness of another. But, alas! they shall awake from that dream in the Spirit-world, to find it all a delusion—awake to the truth, the reality, that for every sin there is an inevitable corresponding effect, or what is termed punishment!

The laws of God, friends, are one in the outer and inner worlds of being, and the same law which holds the mountain to the bosom of the earth, or draws the thrown-up stone back again, draws heart to heart. Spiritual affinity, that great and social principle, is only a spiritualized manifestation of the attraction of gravitation.

In the external world, the violation of any of its laws or forces is attended with inevitable results. If you place your hand in the flame, it will be burned, and pain you till withdrawn, or till the harmony of its physical elements is again restored. Now, are the laws of spirit less immutable than the laws of gross matter? Certainly not. Then there can be no forgiveness in the moral world.

Oh! that this lesson had been preached ages ago! Yet many would not have understood it, although it is plain and simple. Then tell this world no longer to expect happiness either through the death and sufferings or the righteousness of another. By thy works art thou justified, or by thy works art thou condemned and punished. By thy works! Do not put it off to a future day. The work itself decides, let this be borne in mind;—produces inevitable results, and there is no escape from them. The result is produced simultaneously with the work. Hence, dream not of a great day of coming judgment; for, as the angel or spirit said to the Revelator, "Seal not up the sayings of the prophecy of this book, for the time is at hand." That is, it is now. Now is the judgment: now, when the

work is wrought. If you place your hand in a burning flame, you do not dream of a coming day, of a final physical account, when judgment shall be rendered for that physical violation; but you start back, and feel the force of the truth, that it is now. And so it is in the moral world. It is now! Then leave the great book of nature unsealed, and say to them, "The time is at hand!"

But your preachers have mistranslated this truth into their own conceptions, and have thought the expression, "Seal not up," &c., meant simply what they tell you—a mystery.

Oh, my friends! there is a mighty work for you to do, to rid the public mind of these gross errors. They fetter the soul's noblest powers; they stifle its holiest aspirations; they blind its purest vision, and so retard its progressive expansion and unfolding. They do not blacken it, though, thank heaven! They do not render it totally depraved. They do not, with an eternally-increasing and never-to-be-resisted power, send it down the declined plane of eternal retrogression. But they hinder its course upward. Its progression is slower, but none the less sure. It is a divine thought to you, that, if your brother does not believe, he will not be damned. You will find him in the Spirit-world still mounting and going up.

Oh! long have I, Emanuel Swedenborg, sought to speak plainly to my brethren in the rudimental sphere. Long did I wear a spiritual mantle of light and shade, in consequence of the errors I taught and believed; not because I taught, but because of the condition of my mind which developed those errors. My brethren of every name and age, are with me in this great work. The world will soon know the truth of these things; for, to the rudimental vision, an unseen power, bright and beautiful, shall make prophets and seers of your young men and maidens. They shall speak in tongues, yea, and to effect. For there are mediums in your happy country (happy, according to your thoughts,) who shall be sent to China, and France, and Spain, and India, and the plains of distant Turkey, and the islands of the sea, who shall speak to the natives of those countries in the tongue which they shall understand; and thus, through this nation—this lamp of nations—shall be diffused the light of spiritual truth the wide world over!

How have we yearned over developing mediums, when we have seen them doubt and shrink, and fear and tremble! How has the great work of human redemption been retarded by their uncongenial feelings!

Trust in the immutability, the eternity, and the omnipotence of Truth, and the rest is sure. And all mediums shall fill their proper places, which shall be for the greatest good.

You may put my name to this; for it is I,

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

## THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

R. P. AMBLER, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 4, 1852.

## SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE:

ITS INFLUENCE ON BELIEVERS.

It is useful for us, who believe that we enjoy the opportunity of communing with spirits from the heavenly spheres, to occasionally look within ourselves, and see if our exalted privilege has conduced to any real moral and spiritual improvement—whether we are becoming more fitted to assist in the regeneration of humanity, and are being increasingly purified as vehicles for the operation of that love which springs from the Divine for the unitizing of the race.

It is not sufficient that our external judgment, convinced by sensuous demonstrations, should admit the immortality of the soul, and the ability of the disembodied to hold conversation with us by external means; or that we should exteriorly express accordance with spiritual truths. To do no more is to remain enveloped in the dense cloud of materiality, where the rays of the great Spiritual Sun, which shines for our illumination, expansion and perfection, can not reach us; and without which we will receive only a sickly and impotent spiritual growth, like the material plant from which the light of the natural sun is excluded.

Spiritual demonstrations, coming as they do to the external comprehension of man, indicate that his interiors are so closed up, and the faculties of the soul so absorbed in selfish and external pursuits, that he is unapproachable by the interior and true way. And the object is, undoubtedly, to knock at his only accessible gate—the external—and thus by gaining admittance to his mind, induce him to open its interior portals, and receive spiritual visitation from a region unclouded by sensuality and uncorrupted by the animal nature. Spiritual light is not seen by the physical eye; neither are immortal truths conjoined to debasing thought.

Spiritual progression consists in becoming more God-like—in inhaling the essence of Divine truth. And this can not be accomplished by merely receiving the external expression of truth, but by turning within and coming into conjunction with its essence, which is the presence of God. The mere superficial admission of any truth, whether communicated by men or angels, is of no spiritual value, without a corresponding interior reception of its life, and thus to that extent, the Divine life. The Spiritual Sun, as a manifestation of God, dispenses rays of truth and love. Outward expressions of truth and love, are the mere forms which are given those rays. The soul veiled by externality receives not directly, the pure emanations; but words are made use

of as mediums to open the soul's interior avenues for the Divine illumination. So the soul that is diverted from its external attraction, and emerges into the light of the Spiritual Sun, may receive its rays independent of the exterior expression, which must otherwise be employed to provide for their reception.

But in our early endeavors to remove the external and worldly acquirements of the soul, that we may receive the more direct influence of the Divine rays, slight may be the progress; but, still enveloped and permeated by a more or less dense cloud of error, the fullness of the light is intercepted and reaches the soul with faintness, or perhaps disorganized and aberated by the indwelling and surrounding impurity. But some illuminating truth and vivifying love is imbibed, and thus is prosecuted the work of expansion and purification. So, by continued aspiration, the soul is increasingly irradiated, until from beholding the Spiritual Sun as an undefined mass of light, its vision is strengthened, the obscuring mists are gradually but surely dissipated, and it finally views the heavenly light in its unclouded glory.

The reception of rays from the Spiritual Sun—the countenance of God—is the understanding of truth, and the indwelling of universal love; and this is the condition which may be provided for by the external manifestation of *proper* spiritual intercourse. Let us examine ourselves, and see if we are truly thus advancing and expanding in the life-giving rays of Divine light. And in what consists the test? It is in being pervaded by that overpowering love for humanity which levels all inequalities—causing the master and servant, the rich and poor, the honored and degraded, the judge and criminal, to regard each other with that pure affection which the Divine bears to every human soul; so that each will bear the other's burden and wipe away his tears.

H.

## VICTORY OF TRUTH.

Truth is the thought of the Infinite Mind. It is the emanation—the essential essence of the Positive Soul. Therefore is Truth the flower of God; and, as the source from which this primarily emanates is essentially immortal, so also is itself possessed of the same intrinsic nature. So it appears that truth is a positive and divine principle. It is filled with the very life and power of the Divinity. Consequently, this principle is destined to attain a glorious triumph over all the forms of error which have been born amid the darkness of earth. No mortal power can stay its progress—no ignorance, no oppression, can be successful in crushing the celestial flower, whose germ resides in the heart of Deity; but, high above all the repelling influences of earth, it shall grow, expand, and bloom in its immortal beauty forever!

## NEW TEACHERS.

The world has been educated by the teachers of the past. Prevailing modes of thought have been established through the influence of those theological and religious instructors who profess to be the instruments of divine authority. But the question should make its appeal to every mind, what is the real nature of the influence which the old teachers have exerted on the world?—and when it is seen that this influence has been most deleterious and deplorable—crushing the brightest hopes and noblest aspirations of the soul, the world may perceive some necessity for the advent of new teachers, whose utterances shall be controlled by a higher wisdom and a purer love than that which has hitherto existed on the earth.

As an illustration of this subject, and as a hopeful prophecy of the blessings soon to be conferred, we present the following message, spoken through JOHN M. SPEAR, and contained in a recent number of the "*New Era*:"

New Teachers will soon appear in your midst. I have spoken to you already, my young friend, of books, of *books*. Little can be gathered from these. TEACHERS will come to you, whose minds will be as wide as the universe. Teachers, whose faces will be turned UPWARDS; teachers, who shall receive from ABOVE, that instruction which they so much need; and which they will bring down to those around them. Down into those books, with faces bent low, do teachers now look. But when they shall turn their faces upward, and there shall drink at the fountain of wisdom; and receive that as it comes fresh from the FATHER; from them, from *them*, shall flow streams which shall refresh and fructify the earth. *Such teachers will come.*

Then, too, there shall come among you those who possess *wonderful, mysterious powers*; approaching, *approaching* almost into the neighborhood of the *miraculous*—not, my young friend, not *miraculous*; all shall be under the guidance of that *Mind* whose laws are *unchanging*;—and, from these there shall go out a healing influence; as it were from their very fingers' ends, there shall pass out healing. The broken heart; that bleeding, broken heart,—it shall be healed. That poor wandering soul, searching here and there, groping in the dark for that health which alone can make life desirable; these shall come to such, and their gentle touch, and their life-giving influence shall restore them to health. Let not, my young friend, let not the inhabitants of your earth be disturbed, because these are to come. They shall not come *suddenly*; but, as the sun gradually rises higher and higher; and shines brighter and brighter, so shall these dawn upon the inhabitants of your earth; and the old teachers and the old practisers will have ample time to make arrangements for themselves. Their teaching and their practice will all pass away—*away*; it will be no more. The light will come, and the darkness will pass away.

New and beautiful methods of culture shall soon come among you. I have spoken to you of *education*. I have reminded you that when you have said, that "*education was finished*," those who had been thus taught, *knew almost noth-*

*ing*. From *books*, they have gathered. And there shall be books, spread out all before the young; and these they shall *read*, and these they shall UNDERSTAND. The laws of the body; the laws of the mind; the laws of the earth; the laws that govern the heavenly bodies; these shall be revealed to those who come. All will be MADE PLAIN. *Oh! with rapture, with RAPTURE, I behold it! I see the new methods of teaching. I know the change that must come. It is, as it were, it is already at hand! IT IS AT THE VERY DOORS! No miracle, my young friend, no MIRACLE; but it is the light, the GLORIOUS LIGHT, that shall dawn on the inhabitants of your earth.*

## THE FUTURE.

Spirits can see the future because they dwell in the sphere of causes, and can look forward through the line of induction to the ultimate effects which are naturally and inevitably produced. Therefore from the established principle of progression—the rising of all forms, earthly and spiritual, toward the sphere of Divine illumination, the soul can well and truthfully prophesy of that good time coming, which the ancient seers beheld in the distance. Beautiful indeed seems the dawn of the Future, in contrast with the dreary darkness of the Past! The golden light of the heavenly world is trembling on the horizon of the present, and pictures of immortal beauty are impressed on the rising soul of Humanity. Shall we then cling to the shadows of the ancient time, when the substance of the great reality is even now rising to our view? Shall we linger amid the gloomy ruins of past ages, where the broken fragments of old temples are dissolving, and the wreck of fallen institutions are crumbling back to chaos? No! let us rather mount the summit of prophetic hope, and rejoice in the new-born day.

Lo! the Future is bright and glorious as an angel's dream; for the dream of the angel foreshadows the beautiful home of the soul, where the elixir of life and love shall be infused into its heaven-lighted bosom. In the deep of the approaching Future shall be revealed the glories for which the human spirit in all ages has deeply and vainly thirsted; and there, where the smile of the Spirit-Father falls sweetly on the unfolded soul—where the essence of the immortal being is breathed out as fragrance from immortal flowers, shall the heart of the earthly world be bowed in worship at the shrine of the inward divinity. R. P. A.

Beautiful and glorious is the unfolding of the immortal soul. It is a joyous prophecy of the coming future, to see the germ of the spirit expanding beneath the light of heaven, as plants born amid the desolate places of the earth are caused to unfold and become perfected by the strengthening influence of the dew and sun. Sweetly flow the divine rays of heavenly truth into the bosom of the soul, and progressively but surely is it expanding into the sphere of angelic wisdom.

## FREEDOM SPEAKS TO EARTH AGAIN!

The following is a meagre report of remarks, made through Mr. S. J. FINNEY, medium, at the lecture-room of the Society's Library, subsequent to the delivery of a discourse on another subject :

Yes, "Freedom speaks to Earth again!" Not by a mortal voice, but by her children, whose slumbering ashes lie beneath the monuments of your affections. They are coming!—a mighty host is coming!

Behold, now, the halls of your state and national legislatures. No heavenly spirits rule the discussions there; but the influence of "ardent" spirits aid in the production of unhallowed deliberations. These "squeak and gibber in the wind," and convey grumbling tidings from excited spiritual powers. They speak! and, listening to their voices, hideous phantoms flit and glimmer in the murky air. They speak! and from the dark sinks of iniquity, clanking in the chains of degradation, and breathing in the loathsomeness of inebriacy, come up the reeling forms of drunken men.

But the good spirits who once informed the world have not forsaken it. They yet hover over the earth as ministering spirits, sent to cheer their earthly brethren. They behold the iniquity of legislation: they see the statute books, in which are the enactments of tyranny: they hear the millions of groans that go up from oppressive and down-trodden nations. Freedom speaks again to the toiling millions!

There are those who shall stand in this coming session of our Congress, who will speak under the influence of disembodied agencies. You may smile at it, but time will unfold its truth. You may call it prophecy if you will. Think you that the spirits of Washington, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, and of all our heroes, have no interest in the country whose freedom was purchased by their blood? Not thus has the cold hand of Death snapped the cords which bound to earth the spiritual. Not thus has the gate of death closed the portals of celestial life; but they are thrown open, and you shall hear the thunder of the celestial artillery, as it comes to scatter the forces of tyrants, breaking the chains which have been forged upon the hands of man.

Well might a skeptical world ask what good is derived from spiritual communication, abused and degraded as it has been by false prophets and pretending revelations? What good did your telegraph do, while in an undeveloped condition? Were there no mistakes made through it in its infancy? Mistakes may in the same way be made in spiritual communication, while the principle itself is none the less true and useful. We have only just entered upon our career in the development of light; but the time will come when Divine Truth shall burst upon the world like a mighty avalanche, sweeping away the obstacles of error

opposed to its omnipotence. In that shock ye shall hear the crash of falling institutions, and witness the destruction of the thrones of oppression. Ye shall see the soul emancipated and walking forth in the gladness and joy of its free and disenthralled nature.

## SPIRITUALITY ABROAD.

The following letter to S. J. FINNEY, from a spiritual friend in Ohio, is an indication of the spirit which is becoming prevalent, as resulting from the New Philosophy :

ELYRIA, O., 21st November, 1852.

DEAR FRIEND:—Does it not seem to you as if the glorious doctrine in which you and I have so much confidence, causes the heart to give forth its warmest sympathies to all who come and call us brothers? Can we not look upon our fellow man with more affection, sympathize with him in all his troubles, and glory in his success and happiness? Ah! how cold and selfish do those good old orthodox Christians appear, who strive to push the race of mankind down to the lowest depth of humility, in order that they may make more acceptable and praiseworthy the donation of a cup of cold water, offered in such a proud and patronizing manner that even the thirsty wretch hesitates to take it. How much nobler would it be, if all the world should unite in one grand scheme for mutual improvement and enlightenment, and, shoulder to shoulder, work on to gain the jewel of knowledge, the possession of which would make the earth a Paradise, and all mankind angels.

The work in which you are embarked is a glorious one; and, as you enter into the spirit of it, so will your reward be proportionably great. The car of truth has been set in motion by a superhuman power, and it has gone on increasing in velocity, until it has acquired a force that will send it crushing through the feeble barriers that man has set up in opposition to it. The temples of Ignorance and Superstition are already tottering on their bases, and, unless rebuilt and strengthened in a superior manner, the next winter's blast may lay them low.

I have been reading *Davis' Philosophy of Death*, and never was so much pleased with any article on the subject as with this one. What a pleasure it must be to pass away from life in this quiet manner! and, as the flame dies away in its socket, and the youthful spirit glides into the Spirit-world, to be greeted by bright beings, who will point out the way; and lead it to its proper sphere.

I was thinking yesterday, how far we were ahead of those whose minds were swaying to and fro in doubt and uncertainty, now believing, and now rejecting; continually remaining on the outskirts of the happy land, while those in whose minds doubt had given place to belief, were enjoying the pleasures of an intercourse

with the inhabitants, unmarred by any trouble or pain.

You ask in your letter, "Where is Davis?" He is at present delivering a course of lectures in Cleveland, after which he intends visiting our little town for the same purpose. There is much interest felt in the proposed arrangement, and I doubt not he will have full houses at all his lectures. I think there is much seed sown here that will spring up under his care; for many persons I know believe in the Manifestations, who do not make it public.

☞ We have an interesting proposition to offer to all our readers, which we think will make its appeal directly to the reason. It may be briefly stated thus:—Let every present subscriber obtain one more, and thus shall our list be doubled.

## Correspondence.

### TRUE MARRIAGE.

MR. EDITOR:—While over-enthusiastic progressionists, in this age of steam, electricity, and spiritualism, would be ushering in, with all its splendor, that much-talked-of but so little *rightly*-labored-for Millennial-Day, allow me to call their attention to the subject of Marriage, as, I think, that may have something to do with its dawning. As true Christians, it becomes us to seek to labor *aright*, and not to set up as a *standard* the hypothesis of *this* or *that* particular individual, for *the all-requisite* in the accomplishment of so glorious an attainment. It requires a considerable number of drops to form an ocean; but, when those drops are all blended, the huge waves roll majestically, bearing our leviathan structures in triumph—when a small pond could only get up a miniature ripple, and serve for naught but the *croaking* of frogs.

We all know, from our associations in life, that at least nine-tenths—ay, nineteen-twentieths of the marriages now-a-days contracted are not in strict accordance with the divine intention of that institution; that they are ill-assorted, and altogether *mis-matched*; and that, in consequence, families are embroiled, neighborhoods unbalanced, and, finally, nations thrown into war, with all its concomitant horrors and desolation.

According to the natural laws existing with regard to male and female, there is a *positive* and a *negative*—it is so with everything in Nature. It is an incontrovertible fact that Man is the positive. Therefore, the customs of society, and that folly of follies—Fashion—must be very materially altered, before the *unitive* principle can work in the right channel.

I will endeavor to explain: The female—the *negative*—as society is now based, is compelled to attract the *positive*, in order that a union may be formed; must, without an advance, win the object that is to companion her through life—an isolated rudder laying

in wait for a pilot. Can woman, thus shackled by society's fetters, be reasonably expected to form a *correct* alliance—get a good pilot? So long as woman is compelled to remain the *thing* of circumstances, the wooed instead of the wooing, the sought-for instead of the seeking party, just so long there must be, of necessity, incorrect unions—or she be for ever stigmatized as *old maid*! Is it not a *sin*—to say nothing of shame—that existing restraints compel woman to remain at home, take such as by *chance* may be attracted to her—*fortune*, (gold is a powerful magnet, even with widows in their forty-teens,) or such as may possess sufficient of the *magnet* to buy off *their* dreaded stigma. Society virtually says, "Here's a chance for matrimony, Miss; he's *rich*;" or, as the case may be, "he's good-looking; take him—or look out for the *stigma*!" What is the result? You have it. And so long as society is offended by the advances of a female to a male, (does not every fish, fowl and animal in nature attest it as the correct principle?) so long will society be further offended with the moral degradation and pollution of its brightest jewel.

Then pitch fashion to the dogs—(they would not be guilty of so base a restraint)—off with that absurd and criminal yoke that forbids woman to openly express her preference in this grandest of the grand institutions of Deity for the well-being and happiness of the human race—and the phase of Matrimony, of the Love principle, will soon gloriously change. Let Nature's laws work naturally—subvert them in nothing; let the tendrils twine about the oak—not the oak to the vine. Let woman seek her own mate, and she will find a congenial one. Then, and not till then, in my humble opinion, can *true* progression be made toward that long-looked-for Millennial-day when Love shall reign. In so far as truly congenial marriages are made, the Day is advanced—and so far as offspring is the result of uncongenial unions, disease is propagated, organs for crime constructed, and the Day wofully retarded in its coming.

Hoping that this may add one link to the chain that is to encircle us all, I subscribe myself,

H. CLAY REYNOLDS.

☞ A correspondent writing from the City of Brotherly Love, says:—"I have watched with some anxiety, but with firm confidence, the manner in which the SPIRIT MESSENGER has been conducted. I have always felt assured that good would be the ultimate result, though we might not be able at times to discern or understand the intentions of the dwellers in the Spheres above. I have reposed much confidence in their wisdom, and have never found it misplaced.

It affords me pleasure to learn that you have continued the publication of the MESSENGER, and I will do all that I can to send you subscribers."

## Facts and Phenomena.

## SOMNAMBULISM AND DREAMING.

A lady communicates the following interesting facts as among the particulars of her own psychological experience. After speaking of a course of unwitting physiological infractions and medical victimization, by which she lost her health and became a confirmed dyspeptic, she proceeds thus :—

It was at this period, when the enfeebled organs rejected the most simple nourishment, and the morbid appetite was more clamorous than when in health, that I became quite noted for sleep-walking. I would get up at night, go softly into the pantry, and help myself plentifully to all the good things I could find. The moment I awoke in the morning, I commenced vomiting, and threw up many things that I knew *positively* I had never swallowed. I, of course, had no knowledge of what I did in my sleep.

This was a constant practice for some weeks. My friends became greatly alarmed. They thought I was playing off the grossest deception. What else could they think? In vain they threatened and entreated. Vain were all my protestations of innocence. The proof of my guilt was before us; and yet, in the sincerity of my soul, I could say, "In this thing I am innocent."

One night, after several weeks of painful anxiety, my father, as he lay awake, heard a slight noise upon the stairs. Getting up to see what it might be, he saw me in my night-dress stealing along toward the pantry. He saw at a glance that I was utterly unconscious of what I was doing. He did not wake me, however, but waited to see what I would do. I entered the closet and made a hearty meal; and he said he never in his life saw a person eat when it seemed to do him so much good. He said he was very much amused to see how much art I used to remove all evidence of my night's work; and so effectually did I do this, that no one ever suspected it till I was caught in the act. Next morn I awoke as usual, too sick to raise my head from the pillow; and O how thankful was I, when my father entered my room with a smile, saying he could explain the mystery.

For many years after this, on retiring at night, I had a strong cord fastened around me and secured to the bed-post in such a way that I could not remove it myself. How many times I awoke, and found myself tugging away with might and main to break the restraining cord! If this was omitted, I was sure to get up and do some kind of mischief. At one time I broke all the teeth from a valuable hair-comb; another time I prepared breakfast, made the coffee, and after arranging everything more properly than I could have done it when awake, I called the family, and wept be-

cause they did not come. This was the last of my sleep-walking. I was no longer permitted to sleep alone.

But now comes the strangest part of my story. From that period up to the present time, I have very often seen in my sleep transactions, that, after a few weeks or days, transpired exactly in accordance with my dream. At one time I dreamed that a horrible disease had prostrated one of our neighbors—a lady who was then in good health. I saw in my sleep the doctor's horse stand at the gate, saw the lady die, and heard my sisters express their fears of taking the disease if they went in to dress the corpse. But I thought they did go, and that one of them caught the disease; I saw her in a dark room, her whole person covered with a loathsome eruption; I saw her get better, go to the door and take cold. Then came a relapse, but in a somewhat different form. Then one and another of our family came down with the same terrible disease, until we were all sick together. The neighbors stood aloof, for fear of the contagion; and we were left almost alone in our affliction.

Such was the dream; I related it in the morning, but thought no more of it. Two weeks passed by, and the same lady was taken sick with measles in its most malignant and contagious form. The neighbors all fled from the house in terror, except my two sisters. The lady died; and then I heard again the same remarks about dressing the corpse, that I heard in my sleep. I spoke of it at the time as a strange coincidence, and one of them said she wondered if the rest would come true also. Suffice it to say, it did, even to the most trifling particular. My sister took the disease, and was very sick. Recovering, she went to the door and took cold. The same day she was exposed to the small pox, and again she was brought to the very brink of the grave. We all took the disease from her, and were all sick together.

Another time I was away from home, and I dreamed that an invalid sister was sick and dying. I saw her laid out after death, in my sleep, and witnessed a post-mortem examination. The body, before burial, and the grave, after the funeral, were closely watched, lest the corpse should be stolen by medical students. This, and other circumstances too numerous to mention, I saw in my dream. The very next day, the news came that my sister was dead! And not only so, but everything transpired just as I saw it in sleep.

A few days since we engaged a girl to do our housework. The next night I dreamed that she was sick and could not come. But I saw another doing the work, whom we called Lizzy. Next morning I told my sisters that Miss C. would not come to us, that sickness would prevent. They did not believe me, of course, until a note came, saying she had a severe cold and could not come. But we have now another girl, and her name is Lizzy.—[*Phrenological Journal*.

## Poetry.

## A HYMN OF PARADISE.

BY T. L. HARRIS.

Beautiful to-morrows  
Rise from being's night;  
And the spirit borrows  
From the dawn its light,  
And soars, on living plumes, in Life's victorious flight.

Earth, a flowery meadow,  
Fades below our feet;  
Heaven without a shadow  
Opes our joy to meet:  
Attracting from afar with music strange and sweet.

Angels on the borders  
Of the Holy Land  
Shine, the white-robed warders,  
Of the portals grand  
That rise, as stars from air, before our pilgrim land;

Streams of diamond luster,  
Waters of the sun,  
Lotos-blooms that cluster,  
Peerless every one,  
Where the still pools are clear and where the wavelets run;

Trees of Life, whose flowers  
Offerings bring of balm;  
Green and odorous flowers  
Consecrate to calm;  
Where Peace, the fair one dwells beneath her sacred palm;

Mountains of the morning  
Robed in purple mist;  
Palaces adorning  
Isles of amethyst,  
Where, luminous fountains glow, by living sun-rays kissed;

Plumed and joyous nations  
Of the fragrant air;  
Living Adorations  
In the ether rare  
Moving as in the soul move winged thoughts of prayer;

Every pure Ideal  
Of creative thought  
Glowing in the Real,  
Of its Substance wrought,  
Is mirrored in our eyes; unavailing, unbesought.

Leaning from the splendor,  
Scraps of the skies  
Pour the glad and tender  
Love of purest eyes,  
Quickening with holy fire our unborn harmonies.

Moving in the moving  
Of unfolding light,  
Loving in the loving  
Of the Infinite,  
The blest Immortals call from every templed hight:

"Here descends Perfection;  
Here is gladness known:  
Here serene Affection  
Sits on Nature's throne,  
And here the LORD OF LIFE adored and praised alone.

"Cease, O man, thy striving  
After shadows vain;  
Die to sense, that living,  
Ye may rest obtain,  
And rise to spirit-joy in Truth's harmonious train."  
[Spiritual and Moral Instructor.

## "COME UP HIGHER!"

BY JOHN F. WEISHAMPPEL, JR.

List to words of magic beauty,  
Sounding from another sphere,  
Bidding all achieve their duty—  
Asking all to come and hear;  
In celestial notes 'tis ringing  
Music sweeter than the lyre—  
To each spirit here 'tis singing,  
"Mortal! mortal! come up higher!"

Hark! the words! they thrill with pleasure  
Every honest, thoughtful breast—  
Telling of eternal treasure  
In a distant land of rest;  
They are filled with potent presage,  
Kindling up a heavenly fire,  
As they hear the whispered message:  
"Mortal! mortal! come up higher!"

It doth speak to every nation,  
Every tribe, and tongue, and land,  
Offering pardon and salvation,  
With a free and gracious hand.  
Listen! listen! for we love you—  
Hear the words you should desire;  
Now the spirit calls above you:  
"Mortal! mortal! come up higher!"

See! it hovers, weeping sadly,  
O'er this reckless, careless world;  
With the power, it would gladly  
Save the souls to ruin hurled.  
For man, it weeps its painful tears,  
From the child up to the sire,  
It lingers—speaks—then disappears—  
"Fellow-spirit! come up higher!"

## THE BEAUTIFUL ISLE.

BY J. E. DUSENBERRY.

In Huron, an Isle enveloped in green  
Arose from the glittering tide;  
An emerald rare, in billowy sheen,  
It was the lone mariner's pride.  
Midsummer had lent its glittering ray  
To lumine this beautiful isle,  
And over the scene the glorious day  
Hung with its most radiant smile.

And April had sent its purest of showers  
To moisten the carpeted vale,  
To open the rose that blushed in the bower,  
The lily that whitened the dale;  
The zephyr so mild, with sweetness replete,  
Was wafted from fairy domain,  
And silently sought the rosy retreat,  
And kissed the sweet dew of the plain.

This beautiful isle all mariners sought  
When fortune averted her face,  
And vessels were lost and sorrows brought  
Upon the poor, wandering race,  
Far in the sweet isle, delivered from care,  
Their bosoms would joyously swell—  
The darkest of gloom this heavenly air  
With pleasure would ever dispel.

But there is an isle, a beautiful isle,  
More potent than Huron's fair one;  
For it is endowed with Heaven's own smile,  
As bright as the radiant sun,—  
And we are a band of wanderers wild  
Whose sorrows God only can still,  
When Huron's fair isle, with temperature mild,  
Has failed in its trumpeted skill.

## Miscellaneous Department.

## DREAMS.

BY D. P. THOMPSON, AUTHOR OF "LOCKE AMSDEN," &C.

[The following suggestive article, which has been published before, though not widely circulated, is furnished for our use by the author.]—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

The subject of dreams, whether we look upon them as natural or supernatural—whether we view them as the mere workings of the mind divested of part of its faculties, or as the medium of intimations received from spiritual beings, presents some of the most curious and interesting inquiries which come within the scope of intellectual philosophy. In regard to ordinary dreams, which few at the present day, except the people of the most untutored nations, would think of attributing to any supernatural agencies, various theories have been started by different writers on the philosophy of the mind—some treating them as but the reflex of memory, or a recurrence of such thoughts and images as have, at some time or other, before occupied the mind, while others consider them as only the play of unrestrained imagination—the last of which theories may be found very happily embodied in a couplet of Dryden—

"Dreams are but interludes which Fancy makes;  
When Reason sleeps, her mimic monster wakes."

But neither of these theories, we imagine, when separately considered, are very well sustained by the experience of dreamers. We have had scores of dreams, in which neither the scenes nor the particular thoughts and images presented, were we confident, ever before passed through our mind; and others we have consulted on the subject, have assured us of a similar experience. Nor is it any more correct, probably, to attribute dreams only to the action of unrestricted fancy. This faculty never appeared to us to be very active in dreams; but, on the contrary, seemed to be nearly as much clogged and weakened as any other faculty of the mind. Indeed, both of these theories put together would not account for all, nor perhaps half the mental operations which transpire in our slumbers; for experience will soon teach any one, who will be at the pains of taking note of the matter, that there are several other sources to which dreams may often be directly traced. One of these is the presence of some strong emotion, or harrowing anxiety, which continuing to press, or at least to linger upon the feelings, after we fall asleep, give a like character to all the figurings of the dreaming mind. Another prolific source of dreams may be found in the disturbing proximity of external objects, or of noises, which coming in contact with the sleeper, or striking upon his half-closed senses, but not forcibly enough to awaken him, give rise to a new dream, or become curiously incorporated with one already in progress. Sometimes when two persons are sleeping together in the same bed, the dreams of one of them, if attended by restlessness or mutterings, will set the other a dreaming—often, perhaps, on the same subject, but oftener, probably, on one which places them in antagonistic positions; and thus they will go on until the strange rivalry results in some ludicrous catastrophe. We once witnessed an amusing instance of this kind, which we will relate by way of illustration:—

In the days of our young ambition, there came along a

sort of professor or teacher of great pretensions, who, advertising for a class of such as wished to become good instructors, whom he promised to accomplish in six weeks, soon collected around him about a dozen of us embryo lords of the birch and ferrule. Three of us, including a great, green moose of a fellow, who went among us by the appellation of *Big Moses*, were, by special favor, invited to board and occupy the same sleeping apartment with the Professor. Two of us being middling-sized chaps, while the Professor was very thin, and *Big Moses* as remarkably thick, it was arranged that the two former should occupy one of the couple of beds prepared for us, and the two latter the other, the beds being situated at opposite ends of a long hall. Some time during the first night of this quadruple occupancy of our new sleeping quarters, we—that is, the writer of this article—were awakened by a loud thumping, which was repeated quite regularly at intervals of, perhaps, a minute each, and which our ears, well practised in rustic sounds, soon told us proceeded from a loosened trough, that the restless grunter of the adjoining piggery was lifting up and letting fall from the end of his snout. The same sound which had awakened us was, in the meanwhile, it appeared, taking effect upon the harder sleepers of the other bed, but without awakening them, though the noise was almost directly under them. It set the professor dreaming afresh, and of a thunder storm, which, from the frequency of the electric explosions, he thought, was approaching at an alarming rate directly towards him. But *Big Moses*, who was already dreaming, made, it seemed, quite a different application of these sounds by weaving them very skilfully into the dream he had in progress, which, naturally enough, was that of his first attempt at school-keeping. He thought he was getting on tolerably well with his school, considering the number of his pupils, and the rather ominous size of several of them, of whom he felt a little distrustful. But all at once he was aroused by a loud thump on one of the back benches, and turning, he beheld a row of uprisen mutineers, preparing to leap out and seize him, as was sufficiently manifest from their menacing looks and brandished fists, which from time to time, they seemed to bring down with heavy, significant blows on the desk before them. Presently the words, *coming, strike, kill, &c.*, which were muttered by the Professor, reaching his ears, and being taken as the threats of what the mutineers were on the point of executing, he at once resolved to anticipate them by assailing the foremost. And accordingly, both in dream and reality, he brought round his clenched fist with a furious sweep directly into the face of the sleeping Professor, giving him a blow in the eye, which answered, as it appeared, for both the thunder and lightning of the storm his fancy had been manufacturing out of the thumpings of the hog's trough: for, in an instant, he leaped from his bed, with a wild cry of pain and affright, and with one hand pressed tightly to the injured part, bounded, like a parched pea, through the hall towards the door, exclaiming, in the honesty of his heart, and at the top of his voice, "*Spring, Moses! spring for your life! The lightning has struck the house, and it's tumbling about our ears! one of the rafters has hit me on the head, and nearly knocked my eye out!*"

Dreams of the class we have been enumerating, though often singular enough, present, nevertheless, nothing very mysterious or difficult of solution; being sometimes produced by ill health, sometimes by a prevailing care, sometimes by

accidental circumstances, as in the case above related, and sometimes by a combination of part or all the causes just enumerated. We will therefore pass to another class of these mental operations, which being more vivid and connected, and being also followed by the events which they appear to have foreshadowed, deserve more serious consideration. We allude to what are termed prophetic dreams. Of these a great proportion doubtless may be explained on natural principles, since they often become the direct cause of what they seem to predict. For instance, a person dreams of his or her own death. The dream is taken as truly foreshadowing such an event—the consequence is a deep despondency, which soon deranges all the functions of life, and ends in disease and death. Again, the young man dreams of being married to a young lady whom he never before thought of addressing. The dream lingers, and produces, as all kindly dreams do, we imagine, a softening effect on the feelings; and these feelings soon lead him into a course which very naturally results in the event thus seemingly foretold. And such also may be the case with dreams that foretell the obtaining of wealth, or other desired objects. They may produce a faith of success which prompts to those exertions that were only necessary to secure the end thus prognosticated. And we have no doubt that many a death—many a marriage, and many another kind of event, may be traced back directly to what have been taken as prophetic dreams; yet, at the same time, be but the legitimate effect of such dreams, brought about by the operation of natural means.

But there is a class of dreams, which have ever confounded the wisest of those who have attempted thus to account for them, since the world began. Such—to say nothing of those sacred prophecies which were avowedly made through the medium of dreams—such were the dreams of the wise men of the East, which warned them to avoid the murderous Herod, after their discovery of the new-born Messiah—such is the dream of Pilate's wife, which caused him to refuse all sanction of the crucifixion—such the dream of the imperial consort of Cæsar, which, without previous suspicions, so distinctly foretold her husband's approaching assassination. Such, in more modern times, was the dream which, in the case of the Rev. William Tenant, of New Jersey, (who, from his resemblance to a certain felon, was about to be convicted of horse theft,) brought a man fifty miles to prove an alibi; and such, to cite no more of the numerous cases which might be adduced, was the dream of a lady in Massachusetts, who, being engaged for a boat ride, and dreaming she was to be drowned, persuaded her husband to take her to a ride in the country; when, by the fright of their horse, she was thrown from a bridge, and met the fate she was seeking to avoid.

But what shall we say to cases like these? To deny the occasional occurrence and fulfilment of such dreams, is, as it appears to us, to set all human testimony at defiance;—to attribute that fulfilment to chance, is too much like attributing the machinery of the universe to the same source; and to account for them on natural principles, is a task which comes not, we confess, within the scope of our ingenuity. How, then, shall we account for them? To those who, like ourselves, think it probable that men are still occasionally permitted to receive from ministering spirits intimations of coming destinies, or aught else which the designs of Providence require to be communicated, the matter stands explained; to those who reject such belief, we can say no more

and must therefore leave them to the task of explaining in any other way, if they can, what to both learned and unlearned, has so long been a theme of awe and mystery.

### CHASING THE RAINBOW.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

There was a dark cloud in the western horizon. The low mutterings of the distant thunder were heard, and a few drops of rain gave warning of a timely character to the loiterer, unprotected in his way. And as that heavy cloud united with others, and assumed a still more terrific aspect, the lightning began to play upon the magnetic wires, the wind with redoubled fury swept the foliage against the window panes, and suddenly, the rain fell in torrents. Now, the lately parched street was filled with foaming, rushing water; the pedestrians sought shelter in every nook that offered, and all the by-places were secured as a shelter against the untimely blast. The strife of the elements seemed maddened and fearful; man, in his lofty strength felt his insecurity and inability to control the mandates of his Creator's will, and shrank like a child, to adore in silence that speechless voice which attested such almighty power. But look yonder, the clouds have parted; a narrow strip of clear blue sky is discernible, and a splendid rainbow is over-arching the heavens. Yonder little urchin would fain take hold of its foot; for the rainbow seems to have settled down just back of no distant hill. He runs to find its termination; for he would examine the prismatic colors which are so blended together. He would find how they are commingled, would fain hold in his tiny hand the blue, the violet, and the delicately shaded pink; but arrived at yonder hill, it seems still farther onward, and its foot now rests as far beyond his present location, as when he first started. Chase the rainbow as far as he will, it is always terminated in a distance farther on. The child cries over the delusion; he wonders of what and for what rainbows were made; they are emblematic of no promise to him; he wants a *grasping reality*. But is it the child only, that chases the rainbow? How many who have started in life with the heavy cloud above them, have, as it parted and unfolded some magic colors, been allured by the dazzling brightness, and have entered upon a vain pursuit to catch the illusion, and yet have always found it still farther from their grasp? I would not that so many misguided travelers should rise before me; for that thunder-cloud ought to have left a salutary influence; those heavy rain-drops were designed to moisten the soul of the human affections, and that rainbow that followed, was a sure pledge that the promises thus awakened should be fulfilled—only we are too curious to examine the blended colors, which are the precursors of our future welfare.

Yet look out once more upon Nature when the transient shower has subsided. That furious blast that so curled and bent, and even prostrated, the delicate buds, that rain which so washed the roots and made numberless little seams of earth as if lacerated to the very foundation, has unsealed the bud, and as we look, the flower is imperceptibly but beautifully opening to our gaze—the drooping tendrils again rise with renewed strength—the bright sun kisses off the pearly drops that stood upon leaf and tender limb, and the beautiful reflection of the rainbow tinges this once fearful shower with a beauty worth the skill of a heavenly architect.

Just so with yours and my experience, my friend—the dis-

cipline of dark clouds are only auguries of bright manifestations in the distance; our tears are but the fertilizing of dry and dusty spots which needed their genial influences, and the rainbow is but the light of our Father's countenance, to illumine the eye of faith with the tokens of his love.—*Flag of our Union.*

**FLOWERS.**—How the universal heart of man blesses flowers! They are wreathed round the cradle, the marriage altar, and the tomb. The Persian in the far-east delights in their perfume, and writes his love in nosegays, while the Indian child of the far-west claps its hands with glee as he gathers the abundant blossoms,—the illuminated scriptures of the prairies. The Cupid of the ancient Hindoos tipped his arrows with flowers, and orange flowers are a bridal crown with us, a nation of yesterday. Flowers garlanded the Grecian altar, and hung in votive wreath before the Christian shrine. All these are appropriate uses. Flowers should deck the brow of the youthful bride, for they are in themselves a lovely type of marriage. They should twine round the tomb, for their perpetually-renewed beauty is a symbol of the resurrection. They should festoon the altar, for their fragrance and their beauty ascend in perpetual worship before the Most High.—*Mrs. Child.*

**INFANCY.**—As the infant begins to discriminate between the objects around, it soon discovers one countenance that ever smiles upon it with peculiar benignity. When it wakes from its sleep, there is one watchful form ever bent over its cradle. If startled by some unhappy dream, a guardian angel seems ever ready to soothe its fears. If cold, that ministering spirit brings it warmth; if hungry, she feeds it; if happy, she caresses it. In joy or sorrow, in weal or woe, she is the first object of its thoughts. Her presence is heaven. The mother is the Deity of Infancy.

☞ We should give ourselves the habit of regarding the world of nature as a world of effects, only. This would lead us to be ever looking upwards and inwards for the causes which produce the visible by which we are surrounded. In the "visible things of creation," there is a likeness and an image of the invisible Creator; and we will, if we look with an earnest and purified vision, not only see God in nature, but recognize the beautiful and instructive relation that exists between the world of mind and the world of matter.

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