

# THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

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

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## The Principles of Nature.

### COMPENSATION.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Polarity, or action and reaction, we meet in every part of nature; in darkness and light, in heat and cold, in the ebb and flow of waters, in male and female, in the inspiration and expiration of plants and animals, in the systole and diastole of the heart, in the undulations of fluid and of sound, in the centrifugal and centripetal gravity, in electricity, galvanism, and chemical affinity. Superinduce magnetism at one end of a needle, the opposite magnetism takes place at the other end. If the south attracts, the north repels. To empty here, you must condense there. An inevitable dualism bisects nature, so that each thing is a half, and suggests another thing to make it whole—as spirit, matter—man, woman—subjective, objective—in, out—upper, under—motion, rest—yea, nay.

Whilst the world is thus dual, so is every one of its parts. The entire system of things gets represented in every particle. There is somewhat that represents the ebb and flow of the sea, day and night, man and woman, in a single needle of the pine, in a kernel of corn, in each individual of every animal tribe. The reaction so grand in the elements, is repeated within these boundaries. For example, in the animal kingdom, the physiologist has observed that no creatures are favorites, but a certain compensation balances every gift and every defect. A surplussage given to one part, is paid out of a reduction from another part of the same creature. If the head and neck are enlarged, the trunk and extremities are cut short.

The theory of the mechanic forces is another example. What we gain in power is lost in time, and the reverse. The periodic or compensating errors of the planets are another instance. The influences of climate and soil in political history are another. The cold climate invigorates; the barren soil does not breed fevers, crocodiles, tigers or scorpions.

The same dualism underlies the nature and condition of man. Every excess causes a defect; every defect an excess. Every sweet hath its sour; every evil its good. Every faculty which is a receiver of pleasure, has an equal penalty put on its abuse. It is to answer for its violation with its life. For every grain of wit, there is a grain of folly. For every thing you have missed, you have gained something else; and for every thing you gain, you lose something. If riches increase, they are increased that use them. If the gatherer gathers too much, nature takes out of the man what she puts into his chest; swells the estate, but kills the owner. Nature hates monopolies and exceptions. The waves of the sea do not more speedily seek a level from their loftiest tossing, than the varieties of condition tend to equalize themselves. There is always some leveling circumstance that ultimately puts down the overbearing, the strong, the rich, the fortunate, substantially on the same ground with all others.

Every act rewards itself, or, in other words, integrates itself in a two-fold manner; first in the thing, or in real nature; and secondly, in the circumstance, or apparent nature. Men call the circumstance, the retribution. The casual retribution is in the thing, and is seen by the soul. The retribution in the circumstance is seen by the understanding; it is inseparable from the thing, but is often spread over a long time, and so does not become distinct until after many years. The specific stripes may follow late after the offense, but they follow because they accompany it. Crime and punishment grow out of one stem. Punishment is a fruit that, unsuspected, ripens within the flower of

the pleasure that concealed it. Cause and effect, means and ends, seed and fruit, can not be severed; for the effect already blooms in the cause, the end pre-exists in the means, the fruit in the seed.

Life invests itself with inevitable conditions, which the unwise seek to dodge; which one and another brags that he does not know; brags that they do not touch him; but the brag is on his lips, the conditions are in the soul. If he escapes them in one part, they attack him in another and more vital part. If he has escaped them in form and in the appearance, it is that he has resisted his life, and fled from himself, and the retribution is so much death. So signal is the failure of all attempts to make this separation of the good from the bad, that the experiment would not be tried—since to try is to be mad—but for the circumstance, that when the disease began in the will, of rebellion and separation, the intellect is at once infected, so that the man ceases to see God whole in each object, but is able to see the sensual hurt; he sees the mermaid's head, but not the dragon's tail; and thinks he can cut off that which he would not have.

All things are double, one against another. Tit for tat, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, blood for blood, measure for measure, love for love. Give, and it shall be given unto you. He that watereth shall be watered himself. Who doth not work shall not eat. Curses always recoil on the head of him who imprecates them. If you put a chain around the neck of a slave, the other end fastens itself around your own. Bad counsel confounds the adviser.

It is thus written, because it is thus in life. Our action is overmastered and characterized above our will, by the law of nature. We aim at a petty end quite aside from the public good, but our act arranges itself by irresistible magnetism in a line with the poles of the world.

A man cannot speak but he judges himself. With his will, or against his will, he draws his portrait to the eye of his companion by every word. Every opinion reacts on him who utters it. It is a threadball thrown at a mark, but the other end remains in the thrower's bag: or rather, it is a harpoon thrown at the whale, unwinding as it flies, a coil of cord in the boat; and if the harpoon is not good, or not well thrown, it will go nigh to cut the steersman in twain, or to sink the boat.

You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong. "No man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him," said Burke. The exclusive in fashionable life does not see that he excludes himself from enjoyment, in the attempt to appropriate it. The exclusionist in religion, does not see that he shuts the door of heaven on himself, in striving to shut out others. Treat men as pawns and nine-pins, and you shall suffer as well as they. If you leave out their hearts, you shall lose your own.

All infractions of love and equity in our social relations are speedily punished. They are punished by Fear. Whilst I stand in simple relations to my fellow-man, I have no displeasure in meeting him. We meet as water meets water, or a current of air meets another, with perfect diffusion and interpretation of nature. But as soon as there is any departure from simplicity, and attempt to halfness, or good for me that is not good for him, my neighbor feels the wrong; he shrinks from me as far as I have shrunk from him; his eyes no longer seek mine; there is war between us; there is hate in him and fear in me.

All the old abuses in society, the great and universal, and the petty and particular, all unjust accumulations of property and power, are avenged in the same manner. Fear is an instructor of great sagacity, and the herald of all revolutions. One thing he always teaches, that there is rottenness where he appears.

He is a carrion crow, and though you see not well what he hovers for, there is death somewhere. Our property is timid, our laws are timid. Fear for ages has boded, and mewed, and gibbered over government and property. That obscene bird is not there for nothing. He indicates great wrongs which must be revised.

The cheat, the defaulter, the gambler, cannot extort the benefit, cannot extort the knowledge of material and moral nature, which his honest care and pains yield to the operative. The law of nature is, do the thing, and you shall have the power; but they who do not the thing have not the power. Human labor, through all its forms, from the sharpening of a stake to the construction of a city, or an epic, is one immense illustration of the perfect compensation of the universe. Every where and always this law is sublime. The absolute balance of Give and Take, the doctrine that every thing has its price—and if that price is not paid, not that thing but something else is obtained, and that it is impossible to get any thing without its price—this doctrine is not less sublime in the columns of a ledger than in the budget of states, in the laws of light and darkness, in all the action and reaction of nature. I cannot doubt that the high laws which each man sees ever implicated in those processes with which he is conversant—the stern ethics which sparkle on his chisel-edge, which are measured out by his plumb and foot-rule, which stand as manifest in the footing of the shop bill as in the history of a state—do recommend to him his trade, and though seldom named, exalt his business to his imagination.

The league between virtue and nature engages all things to assume a hostile front to vice. The beautiful laws and substances of the world persecute and whip the traitor. He finds that things are arranged for truth and benefit; but there is no den in the wide world to hide a rogue. There is no such thing as concealment. Commit a crime, and the earth is made of glass. Commit a crime, and it seems as if a coat of snow fell on the ground, such as reveals in the woods the track of every partridge, and fox, and squirrel, and mole. You cannot recall the spoken word, you cannot wipe out the foot-track, you cannot draw up the ladder, so as to leave no inlet or clew; always some condemning circumstance transpires. The laws and substances of nature—water, snow, wind, gravitation—become penalties to the thief.

On the other hand, the law holds with equal sureness for all right action. Love and you shall be loved. All love is mathematically just, as much as the two sides of an algebraic equation. Bolts and bars are not the best of our institutions, nor is shrewdness in trade a mark of wisdom. Men suffer all their life long, under the foolish superstition that they can be cheated. But it is as impossible for a man to be cheated by any one but himself, as for a thing to be, and not to be at the same time. There is a third silent party to all our bargains. The nature and soul of things takes on itself the guarantee of the fulfillment of every contract, so that honest service cannot come to loss. If you serve an ungrateful master, serve him the more. Put God in your debt. Every stroke shall be repaid. The longer the payment is withheld, the better for you; for compound interest on compound interest, is the rate and usage of this exchequer.

#### Office of Reason.

Reason has been given us to judge of truth, and it is not worth while to decry its powers. To its bar all systems and opinions must be brought, while it sits in judgment to approve or condemn. It is not faith, but evidence, which establishes a revelation, else were the devotee of Juggernaut a believer in the truth. To this arbiter must be brought the opinions of philosophers and all who profess to guide the human intellect. It is not enough that belief be demanded on the authority of some great name; we must have evidence that shall convince us.

The human soul is the reflected image of the Infinite, and bears the impress of His own immortality.

#### Psychological Department.

##### Memorable Instance of Spiritual Guidance and Protection.

The following account of some extraordinary circumstances which attended James Dickinson and Jane Fearon, both of Cumberland (England,) when on a religious visit to Scotland, in the early part of their labors in the gospel, was related by themselves when each about eighty years old, the one assisting the other in recollecting the circumstances. It was on the borders of Scotland, or some part of that nation, they were traveling with a person whom they had procured for a guide, to a town they proposed to reach that night; which being a very long stage, and the rain heavy, Jane, growing exceedingly fatigued, wished much to put up short of the town, if a suitable place had offered, which their guide assured them there was not; but being extremely wet and weary, and coming up to a good-looking house, James rode up to it, and asked if they could have lodgings and necessary accommodations. They were told they could, which made them determine to stop there; which when the guide saw, he appeared very averse to. But finding they would alight, he bade them farewell, saying they had no further need of him, but evidently left them with regret, having strongly remonstrated against their calling there at all before they went up to the house, but did not choose to speak in hearing of the family. On their alighting, they were shown into a little room, with a fire in it, which opened into the kitchen or common room, where the family dwelt: their horses were taken care of, their wet things put to dry, and they were apparently likely to be pretty comfortably accommodated. On their first sitting down in the room they both grew very uneasy; which, however, not knowing how the other felt, they each determined to keep to themselves. As they sat, Jane observed three very ill-looking men come in, and in low voices tell the landlady 'they had good horses;' she answered, 'Ah! and they have bags to.' James's uneasiness increasing, his mind became closely engaged to seek for the cause, and for divine counsel how to move; and under this exercise was favored to believe, that if they kept close to that, and closely attended to its pointings, they should be preserved, and way made for their escape; on which he inquired about their lodgings, saying they had a wish to write, and should want candles, and proposed to retire soon. They were shown into a chamber on the side of a yard, with two beds in it, but without any bolt to the door, but observing a frame or bench in the room, tried it, and found by setting one end to the door, it would just wedge in between it and one of the bedsteads.

On their being thus shut in the room, Jane sat down on one of the beds, and manifested her distress by wringing her hands and saying, she believed they never should go alive from that house; on which James sat down by her, and told her to be still, that he had been under equal distress of mind from their first sitting down in the house, but under that exercise, and seeking for best help, his mind had been favored by that which never had deceived him, to believe, if they carefully minded its pointings, they should be directed how to escape; on which they sat in perfect stillness for some time, attentively waiting for best direction:—when at last, James told Jane, the time for them to flee for their lives was now come. And having, on their first coming into the room, observed a door opposite to that they came in at, and on opening it, found it led to a pair of stone stairs, on the outside of the house next to the road, and believing that was the way for them to get off, he bid Jane put off her shoes, as he also did; and softly opened the door, when they perceived by a light through a chink between the first stone and the house, a woman sharpening a large knife; going softly down the steps, and on the road, till out of hearing of the house, they then went as quick as they possibly could;—he desired Jane to run, and took her arm to assist in getting her forward. After getting about a quarter or half a mile from the house, under heavy rain, they discovered a sort of hovel or cot, where they tried to rest themselves, there being some hay or straw left for the cattle; but found by the painful impressions renewed on their minds, that this was not safe; then notwithstanding their excessive weakness, and Jane

being ready to sink with discouragements, James urged the necessity of their exerting themselves, under a firm hope that they would be preserved; and they went forward as fast as they could, till they came to the side of water, the course of which they followed to a bridge, over which they attempted to pass, but felt restrained when they got upon it; on which James said, that was not their way, so turned and went forward, keeping down the course of the water, which when they had pursued half a mile further, (the water increasing greatly in breadth,) James Dickinson stopped and told Jane, they must cross at that place, which exceedingly alarmed her, having given way so much to discouragement that she could scarcely lay hold on hope, and that they should totally sink under their present situation; and she told James, that she apprehended if they went into the water they should be drowned; but he endeavored to cheer her, reminding her of the evidence he had of their preservation, if they kept a steady eye to best direction, which he believed had led them thus far, and that their way was through the water at that place, and that he believed they should get safe to the other side; whereupon, with the help of his arm she ventured, and they got safe through; and after walking some distance they came to a sand-bank; here sitting down, James said to Jane, I am not yet easy, we must go further; upon which she replied, "well, I must go by thy faith—I know not what to do;" going a little further to another sand-bank, wherein was a cavity, there they sat down; after sitting awhile, James said, I am now easy, and believe we are safe, and feel in my heart a song of thanksgiving and praise. Jane replied, I am so far from that, I cannot so much as say "Lord have mercy upon me."

When they had been there about half an hour, they heard the noise of people on the opposite side of the river, upon which James Dickinson finding Jane alarmed, and thence fearing they should be discovered, softly said to her, our lives depend upon our silence; then attentively hearkening, they heard them frequently say, "Seek 'em Keeper;" and believed they were the men they had seen at the house, accompanied by a dog; but the dog refused to go over the bridge, and had followed the scent of their feet along the river side to the place they had crossed from,—when stopping, the people again repeatedly cried, "Seek 'em Keeper;" which they not only heard, but also saw the people with a lantern. They also heard one of them say, "They have crossed the river here;" upon which another replied, "that is impossible, unless the devil took them over, for the river is brim full." After wearying themselves a considerable time in the search, they went away, and James and Jane saw them no more. When day-light appeared, they saw a man on a hill at some distance, looking about him every way; they continued quiet in this retreat until sometime after sunrise, when upon taking a view of their situation, they discovered that under the first sand bank, from which they removed, they might have been seen from the other side of the river; but that the one they continued in shaded them from the opposite side—which they had been insensible of the night before. Upon their considering what they should do to recover their horses, saddle-bags, &c., James said, I incline to return to the house; but Jane proposed their going to a town in order to get assistance to go with to the house; to which James observed, that the town whence assistance was likely to be procured, was about ten miles off—that they were strangers, and had nothing to do with them. Jane still hesitating—James said, I still incline to go to the house; fully believing our horses, clothes, &c. will be ready for us, without our being asked a question, and the people we saw last night, we shall see no more. Jane said, I think I dare not go back. James said, thou mayest Jane, safely, for I have seen it in that that never deceived me; upon which they returned to the house, and found their horses standing in the stable, saddled, and their saddle-bags upon them, their clothes dried and ready to put on, and saw no person, but one old woman, sitting by the fire-side, whom they did not remember seeing the night before. They asked her what they had to pay, discharged it, and proceeded on their journey.

Sometime afterward, James Dickinson traveling the same way in Truth's service, passed the place where the before-mentioned house had stood, and found it was pulled down, and totally de-

stroyed; which, on coming to the town they had thought to have gone to when they took up there, on account of the rain, as before-mentioned, he inquired what was become of the people, and the cause of the house being so in ruins. He was told, that some time after Jane and he were there, some travelers who had been observed to go there to lodge, were missing, and it having been long under a very bad name, and people strongly suspected of murdering many who had gone there, the neighborhood, with a general consent, beset the house, and taking up the people and searching the house and its environs, found the bodies of the above-mentioned travelers, with those of many others, in different states of decay, who had evidently been murdered, with a great quantity of clothes supposed to belong to them; on which the people were tried, and I think five of them were executed, and the house razed to the ground.

Sarah Taylor, who received the foregoing narrative from James Dickinson and Jane Fearon, was at the house of Lindley Murray, near York, during the time of the Quarterly Meeting in 1790, when the above account being read to her, she confirmed the same, being then about seventy-four years of age.

*Note.*—The preceding account was brought from England, by Samuel Smith, a Friend of Philadelphia, who was there on a religious visit.

### Electric Phenomenon.

A new feather bed was put into a cold and damp room, and a person incautiously went to sleep in it, without the precaution of having had a fire in the room, during the day, to remove the dampness. Scarcely had he been ten minutes in bed, when he fancied he saw light issuing from his eyes. For this supposition he had the best possible reason, as from the situation of the room, there was not the least cranny or opening at which light could be supposed to enter, the doors and windows being completely shut and fastened. He paid no attention to this circumstance at first, thinking it was the effect of mere imagination. He had like, however, to have paid dearly for his temerity. Feeling rather chilly, owing to the state of the room, he put his head under his bed-clothes to increase his warmth. He had not continued longer than five minutes in this situation, when, on removing his head from under them, he suddenly felt, as it were, a severe blow on his shoulders, neck, and head, and the pain seemed to run along the spine; at the same moment a blue flame flashed from his eyes, and a permanent circle of lambent light appeared to radiate their sockets. Perfectly certain that no person was in the room but himself, he sat up in bed for a moment to reflect on the cause; as the light continued to flow from his eyes, he immediately recollected that the bed and pillows consisted of new feathers, and that they might be in a highly electrical state, and the shock he had received must have been from them. No sooner had he formed that conjecture, but he leaped on the floor, and found it verified; the light in his eyes gradually diminished, and before five minutes had passed it was totally gone. Having no desire to repeat the experiment that night, he went to another room for the remainder of the evening. Some nights afterwards, when a fire had been introduced into the room where the phenomenon took place, and matters had been comfortably arranged, he went to bed as before, and, surprising to relate, he experienced the same results. He had now no doubt of the facts, and he was convinced that the shocks he had received were owing to the electric state of the feathers in the bed, as they were precisely similar to those he remembered having received from an electrical machine, or a Leyden jar.

Sir Walter Scott says, "There are corpse-lights, called in Wales, *Canhwyllan cyrph*, which is said to illuminate the spot where a dead body is concealed. Some years ago, the corpse of a man drowned in the Etrick, was discovered by means of these candles. Rustic superstition derives them from supernatural agency, and supposes that as soon as life has departed, a pale flame appears at the window of the house in which the person has died, and glides towards the church-yard, tracing through every winding the route of the future funeral, and pausing where the bier is to rest."

## THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

APOLLOS MUNN AND R. P. AMBLER, EDITORS.

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## SUPREMACY OF MIND.

From the beginning and through all past eternity, everything in being has been in subjection to one governing Principle or Power, which pervades all matter and reigns supreme over all existences. That principle will be understood to be immortal **Mind**—the living Spirit whose outward body is eternal substance, and whose breathings give form, and life, and beauty to all that is. By the agency of this Power the chaotic elements of matter were arranged in harmony, and majestic worlds were created to inhabit the realms of space. In obedience to this, the dark and barren earth became pregnant with living forms, and the manifestations of vitality, sensation and intelligence, appeared to adorn its surface. It is the same living, eternal, and supreme Principle which reigns throughout the universal temple of Nature, and which causes, sustains and controls the movement of all existing things. Mind, therefore, has a native and essential supremacy over the whole Universe; the one existing as the great Positive Power, the other as a negative and subordinate substance. Hence the most clear and philosophical conception of the reign or government of God, is obtained by considering the inherent superiority of mind, and its capacity to move and control the passive elements of matter.

As a reflection or representative of the Divine Intelligence, a corresponding principle has been embodied in man, which is endowed with a similar supremacy. The human mind being the refinement, sublimation, and perfection of material substance, is naturally, both as to nature and power, superior to it. Occupying thus the same relative position to the body that God sustains to the Universe, it exercises an absolute control over the movements of the physical organism, and gives direction and character to all human actions. In this manner mind is made to constitute the ruling principle which presides over the confused elements of the social world. It is this which has moved the stream of human progress, guided its course amid the shadows of earthly imperfection, and elevated the race to that state of civilization and comparative enlightenment which it now enjoys. By the promptings of this principle, the genius of Improvement has gone forth to scatter its blessings over the earth, causing the glories of Art to arise amid the blooming beauties of Nature—rearing mighty cities, tall monuments, and gorgeous temples, where once were seen only the dense forest and barren plain. The same presiding power has also established the principles of social economy—has formed the laws and regulations which govern society—has reared the glorious institutions of learning and charity, and concentrated the power and sympathies of nations in one great effort to promote the welfare of man. In searching the wide realms of Science, the influence and supremacy of mind are yet more strikingly apparent. It has poured the light of discovery on the dark mysteries of Creation, and illumined the intellectual gloom of earth with the radiance of beautiful truths. Soaring amid the gleaming stars of heaven, it has torn away the veil which forms the boundary of human vision, and has disclosed the infinitude of space as peopled with innumerable worlds, moving in majestic silence on their eternal round. In investigating the constitution of the Universe, it discovers the elements and essences of matter, reveals the established principles which govern all animate and inanimate forms, and recognizes the ulterior causes by which the apparent effects in Nature are produced. Exercising its authority over the powerful agents and forces which are at work around us, it furnishes means by which the raging elements are deprived of their destructive effect, by which the trackless, heaving ocean is traversed in safety, whereby the vivid lightning is stayed in its rapid flight, and the subtle fluid which pervades all material objects, is made the obedient messenger of Thought. Indeed, the power and majesty

of this principle are exemplified in all human productions. The artist is moved by its breathings as he bends over the glowing canvas or applies his chisel to the shapeless marble, and at the command of the indwelling divinity, forms of grace and beauty appear beneath his touch. The philosopher as he pries into the secrets of Nature is guided by the same presiding power, and the results of his researches are embodied in those useful inventions and wonderful discoveries, which serve to mark the progress of the race. The poet, too, in his dreamy visions feels the presence of the inspired Soul, and beneath the impressive influence that steals upon him, he pours forth the rich treasures of sublime Thought, and truths, bright and glorious as the clear dawning of the infant morn, gleam from the page that his pen is tracing. It is, in short, **mind** which renders man the lord of creation and the crowning glory of the divine works. It is this which imparts to his nature a dignity possessed by no other earthly creature, and which endows him with an irresistible authority over every inferior order of beings.

An innate perception of the superiority of mental power seems to have been almost universally possessed. With the endowment of a vigorous, well cultivated mind, man has always been conscious of an inward dignity, before which the undeveloped intellect must reverently bow. A similar consciousness has also been experienced by the multitude when in the presence of some master spirit, from whom emanates the impressive power of the immortal principle. Thus by the movings of one mighty mind concentrated on the inferior masses, the bosom of Society has been stirred to its inmost depths;—sudden and extensive revolutions have been produced, existing institutions have been overthrown, and a new order of things has arisen from the darkness of social anarchy. It is by this acknowledged supremacy of mind that the hero and the orator obtain their influence over the people. Mighty armies follow eagerly in the footsteps of one individual whose powers of intellect they reverence. With flashing eyes and impatient step, they wait to hear his will. He speaks, and his voice sinks into every bosom—he looks, and that look penetrates every heart! **VICTORY OR DEATH** is the cry which rises from a thousand lips, and the tide of battle flows over a path of blood! A similar effect is produced also by the orator on the multitude that listen to his burning words. They see the living power of intellect which gleams from his eye and radiates through every fiber of his frame; and as the mighty flood of eloquence pours from the lips—as thoughts that breathe, gush like streams of nectar from the soul—as the light of glorious truths penetrates the shadowy mists of ignorance and error, lo! every eye is fixed, every ear is chained, and every heart beats in unison with the movings of the master mind. It was by such a power as this that Demosthenes acquired his influence over the citizens of Greece, and that Cicero obtained his triumphs in the forum of Rome. The laurel-crown presented to the physical conqueror, faded before the brighter glory of the expanded mind. The one could only elicit a mere passing admiration—the other was adapted to inspire a lasting reverence.

It is true that an effort has been made by the aristocratic classes of society, to weaken the influence of mind by claiming the superiority of rank and station. Accordingly, the humble aspirant for fame, in whom the brightest fires of intellect are kindled, must be subjected to the cold scorn of the monopolist, or bow in reverence before the haughty peer. If, however, we carefully observe the influences which operate most deeply on community, we shall discover that while the elevation of external rank is the end to which the multitude are seemingly attracted, it is, after all, the power of intellect which moves and rules the world—it is this which leaves an impression on that internal tablet which lies beneath the surface of position and title. Hence mind, in its silent, but powerful influence on the very basis of the social structure, still maintains its own native supremacy; and the time is rapidly approaching when its penetrating light shall pierce the artificial crust of society—when the man will not be more respected because he sits upon a gilded throne, or is surrounded by the splendor of earthly treasures, but when the standard of human dignity shall be measured by the development of the indwelling Soul.

R. P. A.



## CONVERSATION WITH A SPIRIT.

The following account, relating to a conversation with the spirit of Dr. Channing, at the house of Mr. Sunderland, in Boston, is extracted from a statement of facts communicated by W. M. Fernald, and published in the "*Spirit World*," under the signature of several responsible witnesses. It will be doubtless pleasing to our readers to become acquainted with the present views of one who may be regarded as a comparatively advanced inhabitant of the Second Sphere, in relation to the particular subjects involved in the questions and replies which are here given.

R. P. A.

The questions were allowed in order to each individual, and when my turn came, after satisfying myself with regard to my private matters, I called for the spirit of Dr. William Ellery Channing. Thus: "Is Dr. Channing present?" The alphabet was then called for by a succession of raps, and the following sentence spelled out:

"I come here often; my friends were here this afternoon."

His friends had been there that afternoon. After questioning a little with regard to American slavery, and receiving distinct and ready responses, it was discovered by the company that I had with me a number of prepared and written questions to Dr. Channing. I did not, as before implied, mean to propose them all that evening, but only two or three of them, with regard to slavery. I supposed I could not courteously be allowed so much time. I should state here that I had prepared these questions about six weeks previously, for presentation through another medium, but was then disappointed, and had carried them in my wallet ever since. But the company seemed desirous, Mr. Sunderland consented, and I then went on with the whole series of questions in order. Let me say here that a "rap" means yes, and no rap is understood to mean generally, either no, or else that the question cannot be definitely answered by yes or no, in the form in which it is put. Here follows the whole conversation:

"Dr. Channing, is this your spirit, and not one commissioned by you, that speaks?"

Have you seen Jesus?

Can you see him, if you wish to?

Did he possess more love than any one up to his day? Rap, rap, rap.

Has any one possessed more since?

Have there been more intellectual men?

Are there such now living? Rap, rap, rap.

Do they all live in Association, in Harmonic Order, in Heaven? Rap, rap, rap.

Will that be the state of society on earth, eventually? Rap, rap, rap.

Is the Church the greatest obstacle to human progression? [The reader will observe that I used the *general* term, Church.]

Do the clergy in general exert the worst influence on mankind? Rap, rap, rap.

Did Jesus perform many of his miracles by such psychological or magnetic power as is used for wondrous cures among us now? Rap.

Are the medical faculty generally in as deep and pernicious error as the so called orthodox clergymen? Rap, rap, rap, rap, rap.

Are the most learned theologians frequently the most stupid of any, in reference to divine principles, (rap, rap, rap,) when they arrive in the spiritual world? Rap, rap, rap.

Are they generally ashamed of what they have taught? Rap, rap.

Could the Bible be reduced to one quarter of its present size, and then contain all that is of any important use to mankind in the present day? Rap, rap, rap.

Could it be reduced to one eighth?

Could it, were it not for men's prejudices? Rap, rap.

Would it be a great and useful thing (rap, rap) if clergymen would cease preaching from texts (rap, rap) in the Bible, and preach physiological and spiritual truths, as revealed in nature

and the human soul? Rap, rap. (I should say, as a faithful reporter, that the most continuous and ready responses were made to this question.)

Is truth discovered in nature and the human soul, by physiologists, spiritual philosophers, scientific men in general, as much inspiration as any in the Bible? Rap, rap, rap.

Is it as much revealed by the divine mind? Rap, rap.

Is it of as much authority? Rap, rap, rap.

Were you on earth now, would you preach in Boston, the amount of the four last questions? Rap, rap, rap.

Will you help me do it? Rap, rap.

In your sermon on "the Evil of Sin," you say—"whether the pains of moral evil or wrong doing in the world to come, will issue in the reformation and happiness of the sufferer, or will terminate in the extinction of his conscious being, is a question on which Scripture throws no clear light." (Rap, rap.) Is this so? Rap, rap, rap. Will they all terminate in reformation and happiness? Rap, rap, rap.

Are you interested in the abolition of American slavery now? Rap, rap, rap.

Does your spirit continue to impress minds here, for the removal of this evil? Rap, rap.

Will the present new law with regard to fugitive slaves be altered? Rap, rap.

Will it cause great commotion? Rap, rap, rap.

Will it issue in great good? Rap, rap, rap.

Can we have some other evidence that this is Dr. Channing that speaks?

Shall I publish this conversation in a Boston paper? Rap, rap, rap.

## Sectarian Warfare.

NEW-YORK, January 5, 1851.

Messrs Editors:—I receive your Messenger punctually every Saturday; and I feel exceedingly gratified that a newspaper so worthy to be the successor of the *Univercelum*—one uniting in itself the all-powerful, though rare elements of boldness and elevation—is started again; and I hope it will long continue to spread the light of spiritual discoveries through the land. In this city the self-styled followers of the Prince of Peace are engaged in their usual warfare, hurling anathemas at one another with their accustomed energy, and each supplicating the bountiful Dispenser of blessings to utterly confound and annihilate their antagonists. The bone of contention the present season is not as to the soundness of any of the fundamental principles of their religion, (though it would be well for them to look around for some rags of sophistry to cover their nakedness in this respect,) but it is altogether a question of *ambition*, as to which party shall fall beneath the odium of a decline in numbers.

The signal for this combat was a trumpet-blast of defiance made by the Right Rev. JOHN, by the grace of God (and the Pope) Archbishop of New York. This redoubtable champion, being called to Rome, summoned around him his followers, and told them, that Protestantism had *declined*, that the triumph of the holy mother church was imminent, and that it was the duty of every good catholic to labor for the conversion of this people and especially the governors of this people, from Protestantism to the one only true religion. This lecture of Bishop Hughes was reported in the daily newspapers, and its effect among the orthodox Protestants was like the explosion of a bomb-shell in an enemy's camp. From that day to this the churches have resounded with the noise and turbulence of the conflict. The clergy on both sides seem to be highly pleased with this state of things, since it crowds the churches with sectarists, and greatly extends their moral (and pecuniary) interests.

The discussion has called forth some very curious statements; among others a Catholic periodical assumes that of the twenty-five millions of inhabitants in the United States, only five millions have made any profession of religion, and of these, one-and-a-half millions are Catholics. I do not know upon what date this calculation is made, but if it be true, it is very plain that this cannot be called a Christian country, taking the word Christian in its sectarian sense, and that all legislation founded upon the

antediluvian Hebraic code, must shortly come to an end. It is sufficiently absurd, I am aware, to call any country Christian, which adopts a code so much at variance with the teachings of Christ as to demand a tooth for a tooth and an eye for an eye, but this is one of those *anomalies of error* under which we have been educated, and which none but a D. D. can reconcile with truth.

Your leading article in the Messenger dated Jan. 4, exhibits very plainly the work which all friends of our philosophy have to do—it is to dispel from all minds the rightly-termed "heathenish doctrine" of the existence of a hell and a god or prince of hell, the devil. It is by this delusion that the people are bound—first to an unrighteous religion, and secondly to the clergy, the dispensers of this religion; and it is by this delusion that the clergy themselves are bound, for far be it from me to charge them with duplicity. Engaged in this work we shall have the inhabitants of the Second Sphere for allies, and there can be no doubt as to the ultimate result.

Yours for the cause,

H.

### Fraternal Correspondence.

NEW BRIGHTON, Pa., January 1, 1851.

BROTHERS:—When in Pittsburgh, last week, I had the privilege of making the following extract from a private letter, dated December 9, addressed to a Presbyterian gentleman of that city, from a brother Presbyterian residing in Brooklyn, N. Y. The testimony is the more valuable, coming as it does all the way through an orthodox channel; and though the person to whom it is addressed is skeptical in regard to the spiritual phenomena, and slow to believe even the testimony of his friend, in whom he has great confidence, yet it has awakened within him a spirit of inquiry, and a desire to know more of these new developments. But to the extract:—

"And now a word as to the spiritual light which many suppose is about to illuminate the world. I have only time to say that I have been with the Rochester rappers several evenings, and witnessed strange things. But what is more wonderful still, these rappings are spreading all over this part of the Union. Innocent men, women, and children are followed by them, and wherever they appear, a third party can hold intercourse, to all appearance, with his departed friends. I have thus conversed with many of the dead, if the theory be true. Wonderful revelations are made as to the spiritual world—and the object is universally declared to be, to convince men of their immortality, and to show them how they should live, and what is to be their future. An acquaintance of mine the other evening, in conversation with what purported to be the spirit of a friend of his who died in California, said—'Well, G., if this is really you, just rap out that old tune you used to sing in my office.' It was at once done. He next asked, 'Are you happy, G.?' 'Yes,' was replied by the Alphabet. 'What is your condition?' 'Almost exactly like yours—only better fitted for improvement.' \* \*

A very aged Presbyterian gentleman called, *mentally*, for a particular spirit, and asked him to spell out his name—that is, the spirit's name. It was done. C— was spelled out. 'Who was C.?' inquired his son. 'My bosom friend for twenty-five years, and a Presbyterian clergyman,' replied the father. The old gentleman then inquired, very reverently, if the spirit of Mr. C. would willingly answer him some questions. On receiving an affirmative answer, the following dialogue ensued:—

Question.—Is the Sabbath day holy?

Answer.—No—all days are holy.

Q.—Is it not wrong to transact secular business on the Sabbath?

A.—Relatively it is—not in itself.

Q.—Is the Bible true?

A.—It is wrongly translated, and you do not understand it.

In one of these conversations, a question was asked which required many words in reply. The Alphabetic process being very tedious, the spirit answered that he would mesmerize one of the party, Mr. E. F.— Mr. F. accordingly sunk into a mesmeric sleep—arose, took pen, ink, and a little book, which was

made by folding a sheet of foolscap into eight leaves—opened the slide-doors, and passed into a front parlor, which was entirely dark, seated himself at a table, and in seven minutes returned with six of those pages finely written over, in reply to the question, and signed with the name of the individual, whose spirit purported to be in conversation with them. The reply was characterized by great force and judgment. But enough of this. If you see only what is published in the papers on this subject, you will think me wild. But dear W., I am cool, and waiting for more light."

I find none who are not willing and anxious to investigate the subject, except infidel or religious bigots. In this case, as in many others, "extremes meet." The flood of light that is breaking in upon the world from so many points of the spiritual heavens, is enough to satisfy every sincere and intuitive mind, that we are approaching such an era as the inhabitants of earth have never seen. But the skeptic and the bigot, who imagine that they have found all the truth in the universe, and who scoff at and revile the earnest souls who are laboring in this most important field of human inquiry, will not admit these facts and truths, until they are struck down, as it were, by the general blaze of light, which shall, sooner or later, extend "from the sea to the mountains, and from the rivers to the ends of the earth."

Ever faithfully yours,

M. A. T.

### The Bible.

While the fact is written in bold characters on the page of human history, that mankind is advancing with rapid strides in every branch of useful knowledge; while the superstition of former years is rapidly giving way to the glorious light of scientific truth, and while much of the religious bigotry with which society has been infected, is yielding to the recent developments which have been made through the medium of philosophic inquiry; yet it is to be lamented that there are influences which still continue to degrade the human mind and prevent the free exercise of its powers in the investigation of the principles of Nature. Among the most powerful of these influences, may be mentioned the undue reverence which is paid to the Bible. It cannot be denied that this book is the beginning and end of religious inquiry with most persons in Christendom. It is set up as a standard of truth with reference to all subjects on which it treats, and it has been commonly supposed that if an individual believes anything which is not in accordance with this standard, he must certainly be in the wrong way, and that if he persists in entertaining any essential idea opposed to any part of the received record, he is thereby exposed to eternal punishment. Thus we perceive that the Bible sets up a barrier to all free inquiry; beyond which it is an unpardonable sin to pass. Now if it is a fact that this volume really contains all the truth which is essential for man and nothing but the truth, then of course the influence it exerts is right, and should be strengthened by every means in our power; but if it has or if its friends have, set up a claim for it to which it is not justly entitled, then it becomes our duty to resort to other and more reliable sources for truth. As for myself, I have arrived at the conclusion that the Bible was not given solely by inspiration of God—at least that many portions of it could not receive the sanction of the Most High; for which belief, or rather perhaps unbelief, several forcible reasons might be presented.

T. Z.

In a note recently received from Mr. R. Barron, of Palmer Depot, Mass., we are informed that he has, at his residence, three mediums for spiritual communication, in whose presence the most convincing and satisfactory demonstrations are now being witnessed. Sittings, for responses from the Spirit-world, are held daily at ten o'clock A. M., and at three and seven o'clock P. M.

The "Spiritual Philosopher" edited by La Roy Sunderland, of Boston, has recently entered on a second volume, its title having been changed to that of the "Spirit World." We doubt not that its editor will experience all the "success and gratification" which flow from hard labor in a good cause.

## Poetry.

## GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT LAND.—No. 2.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER,  
BY E. H. LLOYD.

## REUNION.

How often loosed the silver cord we find,  
And at its fount the golden bowl is broken;  
But Love is stronger than the cords that bind  
Our fragile forms—outlives each earthly token.

So while around this tufted grass we stand,  
And for our loss our bleeding hearts repine,  
We see afar the Amaranthine-Land,  
The vine-clad hills beyond this flowing Rhine.

And then we see, what Doubt forbade, but Thought  
Made sure, that there each loving form we'll find,  
And in that Land, as Heaven's own prophets taught,  
We all shall meet, no wanderer left behind.

And as the dew-drops mingle on the rose,  
And stars are sweetly grouped, our hearts explain,  
How in that Land, the longing soul well knows,  
We'll mingle there on that far-reaching plain;—

In rhythmic groups, our rhythmic hearts be formed  
To drink the music of the higher spheres,  
And all our Joys by Harmonies conformed,  
Make real, what now we glimpses have through tears.

## VOICES OF NATURE.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;  
There is society where none intrudes  
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.—Byron.

Heard ye the whisper of the breeze,  
As soft it murmured by,  
Amid the shadowy forest trees?  
It tells, with moaning sigh,  
Of the bowers of bliss on that viewless shore,  
Where the weary spirit shall sin no more.

While sweet and low in crystal streams  
That glitter in the shade,  
The music of an angel's dreams  
On bubbling keys are played;  
And their echoes breathe with a mystic tone,  
Of that home where the loved and lost are gone.

And when at Evening's silent hour,  
We stand on Ocean's shore,  
And feel the soul-subduing power  
Of its mysterious roar,  
There's a deep voice comes from its pearly caves,  
Of that land of Peace which no ocean lavas.

And while the shadowy veil of Night  
Sleeps on the mountain side,  
And brilliants of unfathom'd light  
Begem the concave wide,—  
There's a spell, a power, of harmonious love,  
That is beckoning mute to the realms above.

And Earth in all her temples wild,  
Of mountain, rock, and dell,  
Speaks with maternal accents mild,  
Our doubting fears to quell,  
Of another shore and a brighter sphere,  
Where we haste on the wings of each dying year.

## Miscellaneous Department.

## THE REMEMBERED HOME.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

She held toward him a goblet of wine, and twirling herself  
round like an opera dancer, began to sing:

"Follow me, follow me,  
To the caves of the sea,  
Where beauty is glowing,  
And bright wine is flowing!  
Follow me, follow me,  
To the caves of the sea."

"I will follow thee to the end of the world, beautiful stranger!"  
exclaimed the youth.

He tried to rise, but grew dizzy, and leaned against a rock to  
recover his strength. As he leaned, a withered rose fell from his  
bosom. When he took it up, a lovely face, with golden locks,  
and sad, earnest eyes, looked out from it, and said in low, plaintive  
tones, "Remember Mary!"

He kissed it devoutly, then turned to look at the gay, dancing  
stranger. But lo! her beautiful face was twisted into a resemblance  
of a monkey. She grinned, as she said, "It's nothing but  
a bubble!" and so, with an awkward hop went tumbling down on  
four feet into the hidden recesses of the cave.

The youth again kissed his precious rose. The mild, earnest  
eyes smiled upon him, and the lips said, "Why seek you not  
your Mary and your home?"

"It is—it must be so!" he exclaimed, "I have a glorious home;  
and I will seek for it."

He went forth from the cave. The landscape looked bright,  
the air was balmy, and the never-ceasing song of the sea had in  
it some bass notes of the old familiar tune.

The youth remembered how Mary had repeated to him,

"Ever toward the rising sun,  
Follow, follow, lonely one!"

So he gathered his garments around him and turned toward  
the East. But presently he heard a cracked, shrill voice behind  
him, calling, "Hallo! hallo! there."

Turning, he saw a thin, wrinkled old man, with a sharp vis-  
age, and a tight little mouth. He stood in an enormously large  
nautilus or shell, as big as a boat. He beckoned so earnestly,  
that the youth went back.

"Stranger, I want your help," said the little old man, in coax-  
ing tones. "I know where there are piles of gold like this. If  
you will help me get it, you shall have half of it; and that will  
make you richer than a king's son, I can tell you."

The youth was tempted by the offer, and promised to enter the  
old man's service.

A moaning sound, like sad wind-music, was heard in the dis-  
tance; but it passed away, and he heeded it not.

He went to work with the old man, and they dug in dark caves  
month after month, and year after year. He had scarcely time  
to glance at the bright heavens and the flowery earth. His with-  
ered rose lay neglected in his chest, and all recollections of his  
home had passed away.

His chief amusement was to pile up golden coins. He said to  
himself, "When I have a hundred piles, each six feet high, I will  
build a palace of ivory, and all the floors shall be of pearl, inlaid  
with gold doubloons. My twelve milk-white horses shall have  
harness of pure gold covered with seed pearl. Oh then, I shall  
be perfectly happy!"

So he digged and heaped, and digged and heaped, till he had  
piled up a hundred thousand pillars, each six feet high.

He of the brass trumpet blew loud blasts, proclaiming to all  
wayfarers that here dwelt a man richer than Croesus. All men  
touched their hats to him. Even the Chinese juggler laid his  
forehead to the ground as he passed.

But all at once the coins behaved in the oddest fashion. From  
many of them there suddenly grew out wings, so that they looked

like golden beetles of a new and ungainly shape. They flew away like a swarm of bees, and went skirling through the air, klip! klap! klip! klap! clickety, click!

Then the sharp-faced, little old man, who first decoyed him into the boat, tittered and laughed to see folks run after the flying gold. The trumpeter laid down his trumpet, said he had a pain in his side, and should go into a consumption if he blew any more.

John resolved to lock up the rest of his coins, lest they, too, should fly away. But the piles all tumbled to ashes beneath his touch. The people round him all said they were certainly gold. He tried to believe them; but when he took up a coin he saw nothing but ashes.

As he meditated on this, one of the flying pieces alighted on the table, and began to dance a rigadon. It tumbled over and over, and presently sprang up in the form of the monkey, with a face like the wrinkled man of the boat. He turned a somersault in the air, and then came up with a dollar on his nose, singing, with an ugly grin, "It's nothing on earth but a bubble!"

Provoked beyond endurance, he seized a large stick and would have killed the beast; but a venerable man, with silver-white hair and a bland countenance, held back his arm and said, "Harm not the poor animal; but rather do him good."

John covered his face and wept, as he said, "All things are bubbles! They told me I should be like a king's son if I heaped up this accursed gold, that now gibes, and gibbers, and mocks at me!"

"And wast thou not a king's son in the beginning?" said the old man, with solemn tenderness. "What could the caves of the earth add to wealth like thine?"

Then was the wanderer strangely moved, and his thoughts were perplexed within him; for there was something in that old man's clear, mild eye, that reminded him of his beloved Mary, and the blue flowers on the mountain top.

With a troubled voice he murmured, "The sea and the earth, the mountains and the stars all lie to me."

"Not the mountains and the stars, my son," replied the old man. "But look! thy enemy is hungry."

The rich man turned, and saw the Chinese juggler in rags, leading a half-starved monkey. His heart was softened, and he took gold and gave him, and said, "Buy food for him and thee, and come to me again." But the gold that he gave returned into his own hand, though they had carried it away with thankful hearts; and as he laid it upon the table, he found that that, and that only, changed not to ashes; it remained pure, solid gold.

The white-haired old man smiled, and said, "All is not a bubble.

That thou keepest thou loosest—  
That thou givest thou hast.

Wilt thou follow me to thy Father's house?"

He said this persuadingly; and he that heard, again believed, and turned his face toward the East. "Shall I carry nothing with me?" he inquired.

"Thy withered rose, and the gold thou gavest to thy enemy," replied the venerable guide.

Before they had proceeded far, the trumpeter and the old man in the boat halloed after them, and the siren of the cave sang her song.

But they kept bravely on, ever toward the mountain in the East. The flowers grew thicker in their path, and sent up their fragrant breath, an offering of love. In the trees seemed to be a multitude of harps; and unseen hands played the old familiar tunes.

When they reached the top of the mountain, John turned to speak to that kind old man, with solemn, friendly voice; but the child with white raiment and shining wings stood before him. She carried in her arms long wreaths of the most beautiful flowers, and as she danced round and round him, she twined them playfully about his limbs, singing,

"Ever toward the rising sun,  
Follow, follow, lonely one!"  
Loud sound the notes of lofty cheer,  
Be strong of heart—thy Home is near.

But presently, when a broad river crossed her path, the man stepped shuddering back, saying the waters looked cold and deep and he could not wade through them.

The child dipped her wreath in the water, and straightway a glorious rainbow spanned the river.

On the opposite side appeared Mary, with a rose upon her bosom, and a bright revolving star upon her forehead. She, too, began to sing,

"Loud sound the notes of lofty cheer,  
Be strong of heart—thy Home is near!"

Then a bright smile lighted up the face of the wearied traveler. He folded his arms, and the shining child guided him across the rainbow with her wreath of flowers.

On the other side stood a stately palace of gold and pearl; and when he entered, he beheld the self-same crystal mirror, where he in the far olden time, had tried to kiss the image of his Mary.

The coins that he had given his enemy changed to golden harps, and made heavenly music. The withered rose bloomed again in more glorious beauty, and the whole air was filled with its fragrant breath, as it waved gracefully in the gentle breeze.

Then John fell on the neck of his beloved, and said, "We have found our Father's house. This is our home."—*Western Olive Branch.*

### Resurrection of Conscience.

Conscience can never die. The murderer may lift his knife and plunge it deep in the bosom of youth and of innocence. His deed of horror may never be known to the world nor to any friends about him. He may live and sport in the sunlight of affluence. He may have all his wants met, and all his wishes gratified. He may spend his days among the polite, the gay, and the learned, or he may travel the lands beyond the sea, and forget, in the pleasure of his journeyings, the act of infamy committed in other years. But, to his wanderings and his reveries there will come an end. The pain of disease will make him think of the days of health and prosperity. The needle, jostled and confused for a moment, at last settles down into a fixed position. The wide world over, in northern or in southern clime, in the deep gorge or on the mountain top, on the ocean wave, or high above the ocean wave and storm, still to the star of the north it directs its course. So with conscience. It may be confused or smothered for a time, but it wakes at last, and points to the pole star of truth. It rises from under the rubbish of human folly, where for years it has been buried, and undergoes a fearful resurrection in its tremendous energies.

"Each fainter trace that memory holds  
So darkly of departed years,

We have one broad glance the soul beholds,  
And all that was at once appears."

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