

# 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.

### THE PRINCIPLE OF CHANGE.

A SCIENTIFIC ESSAY.

The universe is full of change; there is no such thing as *rest* in the whole cycle of nature, but motion, eternal motion, is the property of every created molecule. The solid adamant, the compact, impenetrable agate, are never in their particles at rest! Their aggregates, or compound atoms, appear certainly so to the glance, but still, a close investigation only convinces us that motion or action is the universal law. Place a diaphanous piece of agate under a high power of the microscope, and this change will be observed. Each space between the particles of the agate will be seen to be charged with a fluid, whose atoms are in continual motion. We see that this little space is a laboratory, wherein nature is continually engaged at synthesis and decomposition. The little atoms of agate, solid and immovable as they appear to the naked eye, are here being decomposed; new elements are being added or old ones withdrawn, and this hardest of all substances, except the diamond, is continually yielding to the laws of affinity—is continually undergoing *change*. But of all created things, none suffer such rapid change as ourselves. It appears as if the Deity had stamped in nature his will, that he, who of all creatures contained alone the spark of his Divinity, should suffer correspondingly the most rapid change in his organization; for we believe that man alone, of all living creatures, is subject to the quickest and greatest changes. The dumb animals suffer changes in their systems in many respects similar to man, but not so rapid, as the artificial stimulus which he continually resorts to, contributes greatly to the rapidity of the metamorphosis of his tissues. Even those who do not stimulate their systems (and they are very few), are still subject to this rapid change, as this tendency is a hereditary transmission from their ancestors. You are well aware that the slightest habit, almost, will be transmitted, more or less, to your children. The man who is in the habit, although not to excess, of drinking alcohol in any of its various enticing forms, will transmit to his children, maladies, the effect of his own disturbed organization. These effects will be manifested in quite a number of forms; the worst of which is consumption, although it may be modified to scrofula, or general weakness of the system, or extend to the cerebral mass, and result in idiocy or madness. The delicate organization of the system is quite easily disturbed, or an abnormal action created in some of its functions. A momentary paroxysm of anger often changes the chemical properties of some of the fluids, and these communicate to the delicate fibres—which are at that time providing them with substance and life—an organization which, being deformed, must result in disease. The slightest affection of the mind exerts a corresponding effect upon the vital functions; for you should recollect that the strongest trees grow from minute seeds, which are scarcely worthy of notice, from their insignificance. The great fault of those who study natural phenomena is, that they do not deem minute things worthy of their notice. Who would for a moment suppose that the slight mental affections which pass over the mind many times a day, could in the least derange or modify the action of the physical functions? Yet still it is so, for not a shade of passion—not an affection of grief or of joy—not a slight regret, or the mere intrusion of a sentiment—but which exerts a corresponding change upon the organism; for this change is an almost simultaneous result of the affection, and must ensue as certainly as that the guitar string vibrates in giving sound. We are all cognizant of instances where the hair has suddenly become grey from

the effects of fright—where syncope has ensued, and often such severe physical disturbances as to result in speedy death. Still, with these great changes presented to us, we do not take cognizance of the same in a milder form, as if they did not affect the functions correspondingly.

With each moment of time there is a change in the system, each effort bringing us a step nearer the final one, which results in death. It is true that the organs possess the power of continually regaining their vitality and their substance, but with each effort they lose a portion of this sustaining power, perceptible to us only in the lapse of years, and sadly observed in the advancement of old age. It is then that we recognize the vast changes which have been silently going on through life, and which have been bearing us on rapidly towards death—toward that change when this vast ocean of oxygen with its powerful affinities will come in full play, and the whole mass of organs, which for so long a time imparted to us our sensations of grief, and joy, sorrow and happiness—will become rapidly oxydized, will form gaseous combinations, and in their invisible state pass off into the air. It is an interesting thing, this change!—to trace its many strange ways of accomplishing the great end which God willed it, is among the most interesting and instructive tasks which can occupy the mind of man; for in tracing change in all organizations, we only trace the path which leads from birth—from first synthesis—to the grave—to final decomposition.

In tracing the great changes of the stellar worlds and systems, we only follow a cycle whose term is millions of centuries, but which leads the mind into the unfathomable depths of eternity, till its finite faculties give out in the awfulness of the vast profundity. But it is on this little planet that we must take cognizance of change, for here we have it directly around and within us—we ourselves being the objects of its most rapid operations. 'Tis true that change is observed amid all the stellar groups, perceptible even to the great penetrating power of Ross' great mirror; and that even amid these cognate spheres, we observe the same eternal motion, tending as upon earth, to a definite end and period of time; but vast and extending in their operations, as is their vastness extended beyond earth. With us the cycle of change is but a few years, while with those mighty congeries, the human intellect is lost in taking cognizance of a single change—such is its eternity.

It is an alarming thing to look upon changes as they actually ensue, if we feel induced to be alarmed at the cremacausis of the vital organs and the rapid approach of death. We all look toward the hour of death with mingled feelings of dread and joy; with the former, because none of us *know* what is in the future; and, with the latter, because the time is approaching when the little ills and troubles of this ever-changing life will cease altogether. Still, could we philosophize correctly, this idea of death should not cause us one moment's uneasiness; for in taking cognizance of the changes around us, that nature is making a continual effort at regeneration, and that the bright and the beautiful are invariably the result of transformation from the dark and corruptible—we should look up, and not even *hope*, but *feel assured*, that the same law of regeneration is fixed in the immortal spirit; and that from its corruptible temple in this changing sphere, it will be transformed into the beautiful and glorious of a correspondingly brighter one.

As we previously asserted, it is an alarming thing to those who view the final change in a trembling mood, to notice the rapidity of those within us. From the moment of birth, although the regenerative power of the system is daily strengthening, we commence the race toward the hour when the contest between the vital powers and the oxygen of the air,—the power of chemical affinity—will terminate in the favor of the latter; and noth-

ing is so full of deep instruction as that of tracing these curious and continual changes in their upward course to manhood, and their downward one to that moment when the organs themselves are dispersed and form new affinities with other similar forms, or have in their wondrous caprice given birth to organizations in the frail and lovely flower which blooms in the prairie, or the poisonous plant which in ever so small a quantity causes a cessation of life in themselves. These changes should constitute one of the first lessons coming within our perception, for the investigation of ourselves, together with other organizations, is the most important of all studies, and will contribute further toward our knowledge of future existence than any other branch of human inquiry. It is a glorious thing to follow out this *change* in its ceaseless task upon this little globe; but more glorious the eternal sphere beyond us; for in doing so the mind is forced to desert the little trifles around it, and to take its flight alone through the boundless depths of space; to leave its earthly chains, and free as thought, sweep through the silent abyss where nought but worlds are the subjects of this change.

The "fixed" stars, whose glittering orbs have been gazed upon by the ancient Chaldean, and whose rays still pour down from the same apparent spot—surely *they* have escaped this law of change! But on applying observation and experience to reason, we discover that even *they*, in their aggregates, are the creatures of change. Upon taking cognizance of these congeries of suns, with their systems of planets wheeling around them, we see that each cognate group is in continued change, not one moment in the same spot in the heavens, but bearing onward in its cycle, whose ultimate term is millions of centuries; still this group of worlds to us is stationary, so minute is the brief time which the mind of man can, in its utmost strength, grasp and comprehend! In studying the correlations of these heavenly spheres, their reciprocal relations to each other, and the whole congeries about them—we are struck with this change, the constant influence of which is even perceptible to us. Even the "fixed stars," which we have believed *invariably* stationary, are constantly governed by changes, which are as constant in their operations as they are vast and incomprehensible. Although apparently fixed since the first gazers took cognizance of them, still modern observation has discerned that they are ever moving; not so much with respect to each individual world, as whole groups, which in mighty zones, consisting of innumerable worlds, are pouring their glittering bodies through the vast abyss of space, but subject to the same invariable laws which govern matter on this planet of ours.

To elevate the mind and to soar into the depths of space, where eternal silence reigns; to leave molecules and elements, and to view worlds and worlds till the mind is overwhelmed with their innumerableness, is only worthy of the first minds of the age. We again leave the vast subject, and, settling down upon this little globe of ours, take cognizance only of *change* as it transpires about us. Still if the subject were taken up methodically, it would consume pages in tracing the correlative reliance of one upon the other; but drawn off without regard to scientific arrangement, and merely with a view of attracting the popular attention, we hope a page will illustrate our subject of *change* among the elementary matter on this earth.

We have urged the fact previously, that the molecules constituting all matter, are in a constant state of change; they are at no moment at rest, but moving in a task whose destiny is organization, they are ever fulfilling it. The busy bee, proverbial for its constant industry, may not be inaptly compared to elementary molecules; for industry, ceaseless and eternal, appears to be the task of these constituents of matter.

We all know what is meant by the term combustion. We daily observe that when a body is burned, it gradually disappears from the sight; that its constituents combine with the oxygen of the atmosphere and with each other, and fly off mostly in an invisible state. During life the functions of the body are continually in a state of combustion, from the hour of birth till final decomposition is over, and its elements are dispersed again into the air. This slow combustion is termed by the greatest mind the world ever gave birth to, *eremacausis*—an appropriate name,

from two Greek words signifying *burning by degrees*. All substances containing nitrogen are subject in an eminent degree to *eremacausis*; and consequently all vegetable and animal ones particularly. There is a class of phenomena where catalysis is the cause of decomposition, or where the elements of a compound are held together by such a feeble affinity, that the least disturbing force causes their separation. Let any thing whatsoever destroy the *vis inertia* of their molecules, and an instant decomposition is the consequence. As we do not admit *vis inertia*, we must look to this rapid decomposition in the motion or change of molecules. These being held together by an affinity exceedingly feeble, as is nitrogen with all substances, it requires but the smallest circumstance—often but the mere mechanical disturbance among their particles—to communicate this disturbed action rapidly to the others, and a decomposition in many compounds is caused by a mere touch,—such, for instance, as causes the sudden separation of the constituents of Chloride of Nitrogen, Iodide of Nitrogen, Fulminate of Silver, etc. While in others, and these are the organic compounds, the condition of disturbance of their molecules, and their re-arrangement in new groups, is in the contact of some substance which is itself in that state. This rapid change we recognize conspicuously in all contagious and epidemic diseases. If we apply a piece of flesh in a state of decomposition to that which is fresh, we observe that the latter will soon become affected; its molecules will commence arranging themselves in other and simpler groups, and decomposition will soon have been communicated to the fresh from the tainted flesh.

If a small quantity of yeast, which is vegetable matter in a state of decomposition, be added to any fluid containing saccharine matter, the moving molecules of the yeast will communicate their motion to those of the fluid, and rapid fermentation will ensue. It is so with the system during epidemics and contagions. Malaria is small particles of organic matter in a peculiar state of decomposition. These particles are inhaled with the air in which they are floating, and coming in contact with the lungs, communicate their molecular motion to the blood. This passes through its peculiar change, and an epidemic, or contagious disease is the consequence.

Thus we see, that irrespective of the internal change which is constantly going on in the system, it is continually liable to meet with external causes whose influences are more strongly felt. Every change without the system is felt more or less within it. If the air change in its density, or its disturbance be greater or less, or its electrical condition in the least altered, a corresponding change takes place in the delicate organization of the system. Although change is constantly at work amid the minute fibers of our organization, still this is accelerated, retarded, or modified by these external changes; and therefore, after all, we are but the playthings of invisible forces, subject to change hourly from health to disease, or from buoyancy to depression, as may change the idle winds.

The great subject of *CHANGE* has been, as yet, scarcely touched upon; for, in taking cognizance of it, we review the whole operations going on in the organic world, from the minute groupings or disturbances of a molecule, to the convulsions of the earthquake, or the fury of the hurricane. We have learned that change is ensuing constantly and everywhere; that nothing is free from it, but that every sphere and its satellites, and every particle of matter ever created, is the servant of change. Then why should we complain of change, as it bears us to the grave? This change is a necessary end, having for its ultimate the regeneration of matter and the progress of mind. Would it be wise that matter should stagnate, and the mind be imprisoned forever upon this most sterile of planets? This could not be, otherwise there would be no regeneration—no creation of new forms—no beauty from deformity—no fragrance and loveliness from putridity—no *CHANGE*.—*Western Quarterly Review*.

A life of duty is the only cheerful one—for all joy springs from the affections; and it is the great law of nature, that without good deeds, all good affection dies, and the heart becomes utterly desolate.

## Psychological Department.

## SPIRIT-FORMS.

Acceding to the proposition that spirit, being derived from matter, must partake of its nature, we may rationally infer that it is possessed of a definite and substantial form corresponding with the physical body. Such being the case, it is not impossible, but highly probable, that this form, under certain favorable circumstances, may, either by impressing its image on the mind, or by attracting to itself the refined elements of the atmosphere, become visible as a material substance. Certain it is that there are various well authenticated accounts of the appearance of spirit-forms, known to be such from their identity with individuals who had previously died. The following interesting facts illustrative of this subject, are related by Mrs. Crowe :

"In the year 1785, some cadets were ordered to proceed from Madras to join their regiments up the country. A considerable part of the journey was to be made in a barge, and they were under the conduct of a senior officer, Major R——. In order to relieve the monotony of the voyage, this gentleman proposed, one day, that they should make a shooting excursion inland, and walk round to meet the boat at a point agreed on, which, owing to the windings of the river, it would not reach till evening. They accordingly took their guns, and as they had to cross a swamp, Major R——, who was well acquainted with the country, put on a heavy pair of top-boots, which, together with an odd limp he had in his gait, rendered him distinguishable from the rest of the party at a considerable distance. When they reached the jungle, they found there was a wide ditch to leap, which all succeeded in doing except the major, who being less young and active, jumped short of the requisite distance ; and although he scrambled up unhurt, he found his gun so crammed full of wet sand that it would be useless till thoroughly cleansed. He therefore bade them walk on, saying he would follow ; and taking off his hat, he sat down in the shade, where they left him. When they had been beating about for game some time, they began to wonder why the major did not come on, and they shouted to let him know whereabouts they were ; but there was no answer, and hour after hour passed without his appearance, till at length they began to feel somewhat uneasy.

Thus the day wore away, and they found themselves approaching the rendezvous. The boat was in sight, and they were walking down to it, wondering how their friend could have missed them, when suddenly, to their great joy, they saw him before them, making toward the barge. He was without his hat or gun, limping hastily along in his top-boots, and did not appear to observe them. They shouted after him, but as he did not look round, they began to run, in order to overtake him ; and, indeed, fast as he went, they did gain considerably upon him. Still he reached the boat first, crossing the plank which the boatmen had placed ready for the gentlemen they saw approaching. He ran down the companion-stairs, and they after him ; but inexpressible was their surprise when they could not find him below ! They ascended again, and inquired of the boatmen what had become of him ; but they declared he had not come on board, and that nobody had crossed the plank till the young men themselves had done so.

Confounded and amazed at what appeared so inexplicable, and doubly anxious about their friend, they immediately resolved to retrace their steps in search of him ; and, accompanied by some Indians who knew the jungle, they made their way back to the spot where they had left him. Thence some foot-marks enabled them to trace him, till, at a very short distance from the ditch, they found his hat and his gun. Just then the Indians called out to them to beware, for that there was a sunken well thereabouts, into which they might fall. An apprehension naturally seized them that this might have been the fate of their friend ; and on examining the edge, they saw a mark as of a heel slipping up. Upon this, one of the Indians consented to go down, having a rope with which they had provided themselves tied round his waist ; for, aware of the existence of the wells, the

natives suspected what had actually occurred, namely, that the unfortunate gentleman had slipped into one of these traps, which, being overgrown with brambles, were not discernible by the eye. With the assistance of the Indian, the body was brought up and carried back to the boat, amid the deep regrets of the party, with whom he had been a great favorite. They proceeded with it to the next station, where an inquiry was instituted as to the manner of his death, but of course there was nothing more to be elicited.

I give this story as related by one of the parties present, and there is no doubt of its perfect authenticity. He says he can in no way account for the mystery—he can only relate the fact ; and not one, but the whole *five* cadets, saw him as distinctly as they saw each other. It was evident, from the spot where the body was found, which was not many hundred yards from the well, that the accident must have occurred very shortly after they left him. When the young men reached the boat, Major R—— must have been, for some seven or eight hours, a denizen of the other world, yet he kept the rendezvous !"

## Premonition.

There are times when the interior perceptions of the soul extend beyond the feeble senses of the body, and arrive at the unfolding events of the future, even when the causes or circumstances by which these are made to occur, are yet unknown. This faculty which is termed *premonition*, exists in some individuals in a high degree of perfection, and is manifested in the most wonderful displays of spiritual foresight. An instance of this nature is related by Macnish as follows :

"Miss M——, a young lady, a native of Ross-shire, was deeply in love with an officer who accompanied Sir John Moore in the Peninsular war. The constant danger to which he was exposed had an evident effect upon her spirits. She became pale and melancholy in perpetually brooding over his fortunes ; and in spite of all that reason could do, felt a certain conviction that when she last parted with her lover, she parted with him for ever. In vain was every scheme tried to dispel from her mind the awful idea ; in vain were all the sights which opulence could command unfolded before her eyes. In the midst of pomp and gaiety, when music and laughter echoed around her, she walked as a pensive phantom, over whose head some dreadful and mysterious influence hung. She was brought by her affectionate parents to Edinburgh, and introduced into all the gaiety of the metropolis, but nothing could restore her, or banish from her mind the insupportable load that oppressed it. The song and the dance were tried in vain ; they only aggravated her distress, and made the bitterness of despair more poignant. In a surprisingly short period her graceful form declined into all the appalling characteristics of a fatal illness, and she seemed rapidly hastening to the grave, when a dream confirmed the horrors she had long anticipated, and gave the finishing stroke to her sorrows. One night, after falling asleep, she saw her lover, pale, bloody, and wounded in the breast, enter her apartment. He drew aside the curtains of the bed, and with a look of the utmost mildness, informed her that he had been slain in battle, desiring her at the same time to comfort herself, and not to take his death too seriously at heart. It is needless to say what effect this had upon a mind so replete with woe. It withered it entirely, and the unfortunate girl died a few days after, but not without desiring her parents to note down the day of the month on which it happened, and see if it would be confirmed, as she confidently declared it would. Her anticipation was correct, for accounts were shortly after received that the young man was slain at the battle of Corunna, which was fought on the very day on the night of which his mistress had beheld the vision."

IMAGINATION.—A Cambridge student coming into the room of one of his fellows, observed a glass of wine standing on the table, which he immediately drank. Presently the owner coming in, and missing his liquor, observed that it was antimonic wine. The other began to retch, and soon after to vomit. Such was the power of imagination, that it had all the effects of an emetic, for the wine was not antimonic nor medicated.



## THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

R. F. AMBLER, EDITOR.

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## THE WORLD WITHIN.

Man being composed of matter and spirit—possessing both a physical body and a corresponding spiritual organism, is naturally related to two worlds—the outward and internal. The physical body is intimately associated with the countless visible objects surrounding us in Nature, while the spiritual form is allied to the invisible essence that dwells beneath the surface of all existing things. In this first and lowest state of being, such is the predominance of the faculties belonging to the material body, that the whole man becomes engrossed in the contemplation of external objects—the outward senses are employed as the only organs of perception, and the enjoyment received through this medium is regarded as the real, substantial happiness. Thus we revel in the beauties of earth and heaven; we delight in the sweet sounds that flow from human lips, or echo in the solitudes of Nature; we breathe the rich fragrance of the flowers that bloom in the spring-time, and taste the delicious fruits that are yielded by the productive earth, and in these pleasures we imagine that we have become acquainted with the reality of human existence, and have experienced the sum and substance of human joy. We forget, however, that there is a world *within* as well as a world without—that there is a sphere in which the spiritual senses, so long dormant and inactive, may receive their appropriate exercise. That is but an imperfect conception in which the expanse of existence is confined to the limits of physical sense. Beyond what eye hath seen or ear hath heard, are the beauties and voices of an inner universe. An invisible world of refined, unparticled substance, and a boundless realm of thought, feeling and aspiration, are unfolded to the clear vision of the soul when no longer obscured by the outward casing. The mere external in which we are wont to worship so devoutly, is thus discovered to be but the *vestibule* of that glorious temple whose shrine and sanctuary are within. The outward universe is its immensity and grandeur—with its flowery earth, its broad canopy and gleaming stars, is found to be but the entrance or gate-way to that more beautiful world, on which the material eyes may never gaze.

It is an erroneous idea which has too extensively prevailed, that what is visible is alone substantial, while that which is *unseen* must also be *unreal*. So far from this being the case, it should be known and understood, that that which is outward is only the transient form or expression of the internal—that all which pertains to the visible is designed to answer but a temporary purpose, and is subject to decay and death, while the unseen essence which dwells within—the mighty world of constellate thoughts, and the living principles which form the most beautiful and enduring of the divine creations, are the “real reality” which never fades. We are permitted now to perceive only the outward casing of the internal, because in our rudimental state we are best prepared, like those who have dwelt long in darkness, to see at first but the passing shadow of that light which flows from within. An ancient writer has well observed, “That is not first which is spiritual but that which is natural, and afterward that which is spiritual.” With the aid of the grosser senses we become acquainted with the physical world, which embraces the lowest and most unsubstantial of created forms, before we are sufficiently advanced to commune with the interior reality—the unfading creation, which is filled with the freshness of immortal life. It will not do, therefore, for us to disbelieve the existence or reality of the inward world because we may not view it with the outward eyes, as before us lies a boundless expanse of being which is not yet traversed, and brighter glories are reserved for the advancing soul, than those which now delight the material sense.

I would remark, first, that there is an unseen world in Nature—a realm of superior beauty and refinement lying beneath the

surface of the visible Universe. This world, which no merely outward investigations may disclose—which Science and Philosophy in their most profound researches have but dimly shadowed, is to be known and appreciated by that intuitive perception which exists inherently in the human soul. It may be explored by those whose spiritual senses have been opened—who are not blind to the internal light which pervades the mighty world of matter, and can listen to the impressive voice which comes in the stillness of the wild solitude, or from the fathomless deep of the radiant heavens. The idea which I desire to convey is not of a merely fanciful nature, but is based on substantial truth. As beyond the blue canopy of earth lie the realms of infinite space, so beneath the surface of material things are concealed the wonders of an invisible creation. Passing in our investigations from the grosser forms of matter to the minute animalcules that animate each living substance, and from this to those refined fluids which pervade the expanse of material existence, we come at last to the recognition of a spiritual principle, which dwells in the hidden depths of Nature. Within each external object is an internal, pervading essence, which is manifested in the various developments of matter, as motion, life, sensation, and intelligence. The germ of spirit exists in every undeveloped form, and as matter undergoes the process of unfolding, it is presented in each successive gradation in a state of superior refinement, while through all the mighty scale of being is unfolded that interior beauty, which glows with an unseen, but ever increasing luster. In this world of refined substance, the glory of the pervading Mind is eminently manifested; and from the rays of this great Sun, every recess is enlivened with a brighter radiance than beams on the bosom of earth. It is true that God is manifested in all his works, and His smile may be seen in the golden light resting on each outward object, but we seem to approach nearer the Divine Presence, when we pass from the external to the world within, and examine the refined essences and elements of invisible Nature. Here we come into communion with the inward reality—the germ, which is the life and soul of each visible form, without which it would crumble into dust. Being chained no longer by the material, we can behold the spiritual rising as it were from every object, and, gazing upward, we can listen to the sweet music which flows from the harmonies of revolving worlds.

But again I remark that there is an inward world in the sphere of the human soul—in the realm of thought, feeling, and aspiration. Retiring from the beauties and attractions of the external universe, we meet with the superior glories which break upon our view from the inner universe of mind. It is here that the soul finds its true sphere. It is not satisfied to take cognizance merely of external things. These are the appropriate objects of sense, and bear relation to the physical organism. The soul has a wider range. It roams in the world of thought—it revels in the luxury of feeling—it traces its upward pathway to the skies. Now it depends not on the organs of sense. It sees with a clearer vision, and hears with a more acute sensibility. New beauties are ever rising to its view; a still brighter light greets each advancing step, and the voices of angelic visitants echo in the silent abodes of Thought. Beautiful indeed is this world of the soul! Its earth is clothed with the flowers of reason, its sky is radiant with star-like truths, its atmosphere is the breath of angels, and its light the reflection of Heaven's own glory. Pure and exalted is the joy which is here afforded. Each feeling leaps in ecstasy as some great truth flashes upon the soul, or as some mighty thought comes forth from its inner chamber. Columbus felt a joy when he had crossed the ocean-deep, and placed his foot on the discovered land, and the astronomer rejoices when he has descried some new world in the fields of space, but a higher happiness is yielded to the searching mind, whose progress is welcomed by the unfolding beauties that rise in the wide sphere of thought and feeling.

Yet, though all possess the germ of spirituality, all do not fully enter this inward world. Those who are fitted to enjoy its beauties are such as have undergone an interior preparation. The gross and sensual, who can appreciate only the enjoyments of sense, and whose sphere lies chiefly in the contemplation of

the outward, may not know the delights which spring up like flowers in the pathway of the soul. To enter the world within, it is necessary that the attractions of the external should be lessened—that the faculties of the soul should be elevated and refined, and that its vision should be turned, not outwardly through the windows of sense, but inwardly to its own hallowed sanctuary. Thus shall the pure joys for which man has sighed flow to his heart, and visions of celestial beauty shall allure him onward to his home on high.

R. F. A.

### PROGRESSIVE HISTORY OF MAN.

The progress of the race seems to be a lesson written upon the very face of humanity, in characters too plain to be misunderstood. Records relating to the earlier stages of human existence, prove the nature of man to have been originally gross and undeveloped, as, in the established constitution of things, must naturally have been the case. At first, the animal nature was measurably perfected, accompanied with just enough of the intellectual and moral to remove him from the most elevated brutes. He was an animal, standing erect; they were endowed with a less perfect form. Both naturally possessed groveling propensities; both would follow their blind impulses—the brutal race more than the human, from the want of any higher development, whose legitimate manifestations could ever appear.

In process of time, the mental faculties became more fully aroused and perfected, when man became an intelligent animal, with perhaps an expansion of the moral faculties in an inferior degree. Now with his intellect he could devise plans, and with his animal strength could execute them. But in proof that this power was not to any great extent under the control of the higher faculties, is the fact that it was not, as a general rule, exercised for the good of its possessor or his fellows.

As the intellectual man progressed, he found himself burdened with wants and desires—mostly artificial, it is true, but still none the less peremptory—of which the mere animal was ignorant. Then suggested itself the idea, that the manner in which the necessities of nature had been heretofore supplied, might be unreliable, or in some way insufficient. Hence arose social organizations, and the accumulation of property, out of which naturally grew divisions and subdivisions of every thing available for that purpose, by which, also, the *thine* and *mine* system became established, extending over almost every tangible substance on the earth. And the constant exercise of the selfish propensities, of which this system is an outgrowth, has finally made the *mine* far stronger than the *thine*.

A few of the race, comparatively, possessed more intellect, or rather were farther and sooner developed, than the rest, which enabled them to take advantage of their less fortunate fellows, in matters of government and property. The former were subtle, and could plot—were cunning, and could manœuvre—were skilful, and could manage: the latter possessed physical strength, and could execute; but this strength was soon monopolized by others, and made to subserve their own purposes and uses. Thus those who were strong in body, became passive tools to such as had cultivated the intellectual powers.

In this manner were begotten those *castes* in society, so terribly subversive of its true prosperity, which have been fostered and nurtured to this day, until with giant force they threaten to subdue and trample all that is beneath. The power by which one man governed or controlled others, soon generated a belief in the right to do so—for those who submitted to authority soon lost the ability of discerning whence the power arose, or why it was wielded, so that they could be easily made to believe in, and help to sustain the principle of, the "Divine right" of kings, or submission to those "in authority" as "ordained of God." And so this superstitious belief in, and tenacious clinging to, laws, their framers, and executors, has in some form or other fastened itself upon the human mind, until the reason is fettered and the judgment cramped, almost beyond control or relief.

But this superiority of intellect was not confined to single individuals;—here and there others possessed of similar advantages appeared, and either contested the authority or disputed the

rights of those already in power, which led to serious inroads into the established condition of things. Then arose contentions, disputes, and quarrels, mostly to be settled by physical prowess and force. This was followed by "wars and rumors of wars," until people forgot their bloodshed, carnage, groans, and sufferings, in the bustle, the parade, the excitement and splendor of martial arrangements; and so war came finally to be regarded not as a calamity, but as a means of acquiring greater blessings. Thus the nation that engaged in most wars, was considered most honorable, and the warriors engaged in most battles and winning most victories, were eminently glorious. So a soldier's life became more desirable than that of the husbandman, and it is no subject of wonder that the habits of cruelty, plunder and murder, fostered in the camp and field, should finally insinuate themselves into the social and domestic concerns of life.

Out of such a state of things, unavoidably grew many other and great evils. A tree whose trunk and roots were so corrupt, could not produce fragrant blossoms, or bear savory fruit. Man's physical system became vitiated, which was manifested in painful disease and early death. His mental constitution was also corrupted, and consequently vice and crime of every description were prevalent. This induced a supposed necessity for physicians, both bodily and mental; and so came lawyers, and doctors, and priests, who, under the sanction of a title, have made victims of the rest of mankind, and flourished and fattened on their misfortunes and follies, through long ages past.

Now all this naturally created partial arrangements and unjust distinctions, which produce prejudices, antipathies, jealousies, envyings, and strife, so that the whole social fabric is made up of jarring, discordant, heterogeneous materials, swaying to and fro, as one or another gains the ascendancy, and threatening momentarily to fall and crush all beneath its ruins. Nor does this state of things contain within itself the means of its own renovation and salvation, for the superior in skill and strength, of whatever grade, constantly strive for increasing superiority, which they can only attain at the expense of those beneath them; consequently every degree of increase in the one, is but a decrease in the powers of the other; so that one is constantly striving—it may be unintentionally—to crush to the earth and trample in the dust another less fortunate, who makes, it is true, some desperate struggles, but alas, too often in vain!

But, thank Heaven, there is within man a power sufficient to overcome all obstacles, to destroy all evils, and restore society to its proper level, while it develops the real excellencies of the human heart. It was given him at creation, and is possessed by every individual as a germ which can never be lost; for, amid all unfavorable circumstances, it has ever lived, ready to germinate and blossom beneath any genial influence. Indeed, in some individuals, it has always done so, in the face of all opposition; and such have been indices to point their fellows to a better way—pioneers to lead them in more pleasant paths. That all possess this power, in various stages of development, seems evident from the circumstance that the mass have sustained themselves so well under such a load of oppression, cruelty, injustice and deception, as has been continually weighing them down. External circumstances would grind them to dust; only this internal force has saved them.

This internal force, this saving power, this germ, mostly in embryo—this spark, with light barely sufficient to render itself visible, is the divinity, the spirituality, in man. It is no fortuitous possession; it is his own, as part and parcel of his being; no individual or circumstance can deprive him of it. Like many a poor plant, it has been neglected, chilled, or crushed, the instant it showed itself to the light; but like the plant, its roots have only been invigorating and extending themselves the more, from having no external branches to support; and hence it is now prepared to come forth and quickly expand into a mighty tree, whose branches shall overshadow all nations, while its roots shall extend to the uttermost parts of the earth.

This principle is now actuating the masses; already they feel its throb in every pulse—they quaff it in every breath. It causes them to surge and heave like the ocean before the whirlwind; and with such a power aroused in the soul, this down-

trodden, much-injured humanity, must rise and expand, overturning and destroying every thing in the way of its vital regeneration—its upward and onward progress to perfection.

Nothing short of this inherent, living principle, could do this. Total depravity would tend only to press down, and still farther down, the already sinking, and hold them with a force which nothing could overcome. But we see plainly the operation of an entirely opposite power;—the lowly are rising, the vicious are reforming, and the virtuous are encouraged. Thus the divinity in man is fast proving its own existence, and hastening the "good time" which is in store for the race.

F. M. B.

Akron, Ohio.

### Mystery of the Rappings.

The subject of the spiritual sounds and manifestations continues to attract the attention of the public, and, with all the searching investigations which have been made thus far, it still remains impregnable to the keen scrutiny of the skeptic, or the cold sneer of the materialist. While those who have thoroughly and candidly examined these mysterious developments have usually received the most convincing evidences of the spiritual presence, those who have labored only to detect imposture, and expose what they profess to deem a willful fraud, have enjoyed a fruitless search after a fancy of their own creation. To the latter, the mystery remains as deep and impenetrable as ever. The most skillful efforts for its solution on the supposition of human agency have proved unsuccessful, and that which so many desired to expose to the scorn and ridicule of the public, stands secure in the fortress of eternal Truth.

It is true that some individuals of the wiser sort, have professed to be in possession of the whole secret of the rappings, and have boldly pretended to expose the same in newspaper articles and public lectures. Such persons, however, while they may strengthen for a time the prejudices of the mass, will have but little effect on serious and reflecting minds; and when at last the spirit of investigation shall be fully awakened, the weapons which they are now using to battle with the truth, will rebound with ten-fold force upon their own heads. Without farther remarks on this subject at present, we shall cull an extract from a communication which recently appeared in the "Mechanics' Reporter," under the signature of a well-known and respectable individual of this place. In referring to the proposition of Mr. C. C. Burr to explode the whole rapping phenomena in the city of New York, the writer says:—

"Mr. Burr says he can produce the same things, which he alleges are produced by these 'mediums,' in the same way. Very good. I have a job for him. I will prove by six intelligent men, citizens of this place and entirely disinterested, that the following phenomena were witnessed at the house of one of the most respectable gentlemen in town, not three days ago. Some eight of us were seated around a common card table. Numerous rappings were heard on the table and on the floor in various directions, in answer to different questions. Some most beautiful sentences were spelled out in the usual way. Soon the table was observed to move, and at the request of the company, it moved from one to three feet, more than fifty times, while the feet and hands of the 'Medium' were held fast by some of the company! The table was frequently raised from the floor more than a foot. In one instance it stood poised on two legs more than five minutes, while an examination was going on underneath for the purpose of detecting the agency by which it was moved. I took hold of it frequently while it was in this position, and found it stood quite firm. When I succeeded in bringing the side that was raised down towards the floor again, it would invariably fly back as soon as my hands were off. The 'Medium' be it remembered, was all this time held perfectly still by one of the company. There was not a person present who does not know that these physical demonstrations were made by some invisible power. One individual heard and felt rappings on his own person when no one was near enough to touch him, and they were sufficiently violent to be seen and noticed by others. Now, Mr. Editor, if Mr. Burr, or any one else, will produce the same results, and then show how they are produced, he is 'a made

man," and the genius who is about to set all our rivers on fire is a fool to him.

One remark more. If any one supposes that the company alluded to above were under some mesmeric or psychological influence, he may satisfy himself; but if we know anything, we know better. Some of these "mediums" are mesmeric subjects and some are not, but none of them to my knowledge, are operators. My opinion is that whoever undertakes to explain the rappings satisfactorily to one who has witnessed them to any extent, 'has a job on hand.'

### Spiritual Instructions.

The following messages and directions were recently given to the Springfield Harmonical Circle by a spirit purporting to be Dr. Channing, through the medium of Mr. Gordon, while in the clairvoyant state. It is extremely pleasing and satisfactory to receive instructions which are so beautiful in themselves, and so worthy of the inhabitants of the Second Sphere.

"All glory, unity, and harmony dwell with angels. They will impress you with truth that shall stand, and all error shall fade before it.

The dark cloud that is hanging over you now will soon pass, the sunshine of the spheres will dawn upon you, and your doubts will fade away.

#### DIRECTIONS FOR THE CIRCLE.

*First.* Let none join your circle but those who feel attracted. Invite none but those who feel a desire to search for truth, and would be congenial with you.

*Second.* When you have a medium present, communications are promised conditionally. If you come with candid minds and a desire to know the truth, the spirits will endeavor to communicate.

*Third.* Let one among you be appointed to repeat the Alphabet.

*Fourth.* Your meetings should be opened with singing, and close with singing; and all should pray, cherishing an inward desire to have good spirits with you, or those who are most progressed.

*Fifth.* In the absence of a medium, the Circle should be formed with the same harmonious feelings; and the spirits will be with you, and impress you with truthful thoughts.

*Sixth.* Those who unite with the Circle must not indulge in inharmonious feelings, strife, or bitterness, but follow the example of Christ in doing good.

*Seventh.* All strive to live cheerful and happy, and there will be a corresponding harmony between you and the Spheres.

The sunlight of the soul is the light of Heaven—the atmosphere of angels.

Glory, harmony and peace, are in the mansions of Heaven, where all dwell together in unity."

### Message to the World.

The reader will find below an interesting communication from an inhabitant of the Spirit-home, which was received through a clairvoyant residing in Rochester, N. Y. Being addressed to the world, it is proper that it should be presented in this way, that the public may derive the benefit of its teachings:

"I hear it said, 'Let the children of men hear what the Lord shall say:—He openeth the mouth in parables, because they are slow of heart to believe. Witness how silently and regularly the day breaks on the listening world. Not more surely does it light up the eastern sky, than does the heaven of God's truth work in the minds of his people. That heaven which now seems to be hid, is waiting to be seen more clearly; and light and truth are working their way in many portions of earth, where darkness has prevailed. The day of the Lord is preparing—the harvest of souls is near at hand. Wisdom is being known and appreciated by her children—the folly of darkness is becoming visible, and men are going to be taught of the spirit. And the God of truth is preparing his own seed-ground, on which seed shall be sown springing up unto eternal life. The borders of His

kingdom are being enlarged, and his ancient people preparing to return to his fold—guided in the way hitherto unknown; and the truly wise shall profit by the Signs of the Times."

### Test Questions.

Letters have been received from different individuals, in which we are desired to ask the spirits certain questions, the answers to which may be regarded as a test of the truthfulness of the spiritual theory. If such individuals will reflect that their private affairs are best understood by their own guardian spirits, and that the latter associate according to the natural law of affinity, they will perceive that all questions relating to themselves or friends, should be asked by them in person, in order to secure prompt and truthful responses. We would advise, therefore, that those persons who desire to become convinced of the spiritual origin of the rappings, should visit some place where a medium has been already established, or if that is impossible, that they should wait patiently for the dawning of that light which is soon to burst upon all.

### Discussion.

A public oral discussion is to be held at Bridgeport, Conn., on the subject of Psychology and the Rappings, commencing on Monday evening the 27th inst. The parties are S. B. BRITTON, and C. C. BURR, both speakers of distinguished ability. An interesting time is anticipated, the result of which will be duly announced.

## Poetry.

### GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT LAND.—No. 4

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

#### VISIONS.

I have had dreams, should I attempt to speak  
In vain my lips would now essay to tell,  
As would the stars should they begin to teach  
The loveliness that in their bosoms dwell.

When sleep has come, and 'neath her dewy wings  
The angels find me folded on her breast,  
My soul before them like a tablet spread,  
With visions then have so my heart impressed,

That I retain the pictured scenes within,  
And all the raptures that my spirit knew,  
As lover's hearts the imaged face retain,  
Or as in leaves the flowers retain their dew.

And thus I muse on visions past I've had,  
The scenes that nightly bind me in their spell,  
Until the life I spend within in sleep,  
Becomes more real than that in which we dwell.

#### TRUE LIFE.

A life of beauty lends to all it sees  
The beauty of its thought;  
And fairest forms and sweetest harmonies  
Make glad its way unsought.

In sweet accordancy of praise and love  
The singing waters run,  
And sunset mountains wear in light above  
The smile of duty done!

Sure stands the promise; ever to the meek  
A heritage is given;  
Nor lose they Earth who single-hearted seek  
The righteousness of Heaven.

## Miscellaneous Department.

### SPHERE OF POETRY.

The Poet has a worthier purpose for his art than to sing soft ditties to the moon, or to moon-struck misses. He will sing love, but it shall be manly, womanly, pure, and worthy of beings who are souls withal. But let him not stand there in that one circle, nor yet waste his generous heart on the cold other extreme, in fancies that seek only to be brilliant. Let him speak out from his own human heart to the hearts of men, his brethren, and be, verily, what his name indicates, a Maker, to supply the wants of man with such high solace as he can create.

God gives the Poet's soul a nobler sense of truth and harmony—to his nerves a keener thrill of joy and suffering than to others, and weaves through his whole being those fine chords of sympathy which vibrate to the slightest breath of love and beauty. He sees before his fellows can, the want which is in every thing discordant, and the lurking beauty or worth in what is grossly ill, and yet more than all others, the perfection of the perfect, the sweetness of the sweet, the good in all.

The poetic faculty is the demand which rouses the perfecting power—it is God in the soul, crying with a low, but earnest voice—"More Good, more Beauty." It seeks completer harmony and finish every where; to the good which has delighted it, it adds a higher form, and to the ill, suggests a fair opposer. Rather than demanding separation from the moral element, the poetic is itself a semi-moral one, and asks for its complete development a mastering influence of the proper moral nature.

He needlessly deprives himself of the strongest weapon of power and effectiveness, who divorces his work from the noblest sympathies of our being. All our hopes and fears, our doubts and longings and despairs—our victories over the invisible fear, doubt, terror, anger, and heart's agony; and over the stubborn elements in which we work with mind and body, are fitter themes to shape into life-tragedy, poem and canticle, than all the visions of unlawed Romance.

It is the poetic element—the love of beauty which from the very wilds of barbarism, allures man into the glowing thought-world, and iron-armed activities of civil life. The savage, with his plumes and gaudy beads, is a rude lover of beauty—is less a savage for that love, and led by the growing sense of that fair presence, one by one his rude ways vanish—the chase, the cabin, and the horrid strife; and the hoe and loom, the cottage and the speaking page, displace them in his history; beauty and comfort bless him in his new estate. He is the cruel savage still, in many ways, but in all, to which he has gone forward by the impulse of that first love of harmony, he is better; and that is much.

Strange, then, if poesy, which is the tongue of this progressive force, should have nothing to do with human progress. Nay, it is there that it should speak, and be the clarion of reform, as well as the mild solace of sad hours, and the love-flute of sweet homes. Cold-blooded criticism, and mistaken theories, have kept it back from that field, where it is pre-eminently in its vocation, side by side with all the agencies that seek wisely the regeneration of Humanity. In the fore front of the march of man to his new good and harmony, the Poet's soul should blaze like a banner of fire, startling old midnight to its starless center. His voice should marshal the sacramental host to the bloodless strife, and endless victory of Good. His harp should ring out clear and loud, the highest tones of liberty and right, the purest lay of love and tenderness, the keenest utterance in rebuke of wrong. Let his song be a voice of hope and cheer to the depressed, a prophecy of boundless benefits, and a sweet soothing to inevitable wars.

The Poet, conscious of his high vocation, will not spend his vigor upon low pursuits, twanging his idle harp to an everlasting prelude, but ablaze with the fine lightnings of genius in contact with the iron bosom of wrong, he will flash out the burning truths of God, till they set the world aglow; and the sharp clang of his steel harp-strings will shake down the bastiles of old falsehood with a thunder-fit. Not less complete will be the low, soft



strain of his pity, making the wide wail of hungered souls articulate. O, to be a voice of man's dumb want, to shape the wordless prayer of suffering hearts, and thus bring healing to their pangs in their very utterance, is it not better than to have sung the ILLAD?

When Poesy shall have completed the new tendency which she has taken, and become a right evangelist, and teacher, as well as cheerer and comforter, her powers will find their best expression, and her work be filled with an immortal fire which shall be *blest* where it is praised, and win to her fair brows a crown of love's own lillies to glorify her laurel.—*George S. Burleigh.*

### THE TRANSPLANTED ROSE.

In a beautiful recess formed by the interwreathed branches of a thick wood, there once grew together a company of flowers. Although they were several kinds, they lived in great friendship with each other, and as they had burst forth in their sylvan retreat in the early spring, they were promised by the aged trees around, a long and most happy existence. Nothing could be more delightful than the summer days and nights which they spent in each other's society. There was no envy, no jealousy, no pride—those dreadful plagues of the fair flowers of the human race—and they were luckily ignorant of any degrading luxury and wasting dissipation to sap their young strength, steal the fine hues from their fresh and tender leaves, or to bend them out of that exquisite ease and graceful simplicity which they inherited from nature. The loveliest belle, while she envied their wonderful beauty, might have more justly envied their quiet repose and cheerfulness. The breeze came to them with equal love, and stirred them gently; the dew fell silently from heaven, and freshened their opening bloom; the sun kissed them and ripened every charming feature, and the golden bee hummed around them in the mellow afternoons; and when the wind and storms arose, they remained sheltered by the strong arms of a giant vine, which they had long cheered with their radiant glances, and which in return, bent over, and guarded them to the full extent of his power.

There is a glory about flowers which always touches me. They are types of girlish innocence. Every one that looks at them feels that, if they have any consciousness, they must be happy. They bear upon them such an unequivocal impress of supernatural care and love. They are so clearly nature's pride—her favorites; the freshest, the sweetest, the most perfect of her creations. Who that knows the world—its dark and awful tempests—its gloomy calms—its fierceness—its hatred—its anguish—its disease—who would not be a flower—ignorant of these things, to open and breathe a grateful joy, and pass silently away under the glory of a summer sky?

One day there came a lord, and he paused as he gazed on them. He admired, but most he admired a tall and superb rose, that spread out its half-uncurling leaves, with the simple delight of health and youth.

"I will have that flower," he said, "for myself. It shall be forthwith transplanted. It will be the surprise and delight of the great and the lovely. It will excel every other." And so he went away for his gardener.

The tall rose had listened with new feelings—strange thoughts of tremulous pleasure thronged upon her. She nodded her beautiful head, and rejoiced.

"Dear rose," said a little blue violet that peeped out beneath, "you had better be where you are, in my mind. I never knew any good to come from transplanting such tender creatures as you from their natural homes."

"Saucy and dull violet," replied the queen of all the flowers, "thou mayest remain, but I am inspired with a new existence. I wonder I never before knew what it was to be admired, or how much I excelled all of you. It is a delicious sensation—I am now the happiest of flowers."

She was interrupted by the gardener, who dug away the earth around her, and carried her to the place of his master.

For a few hours she was intoxicated with delight. Every body praised her. She wondered that she had been so long igno-

rant of her merits, and how gratifying it is to be praised; but in a little time she was neglected—her color faded—her frailest leaves grew dry and withered—she hung her head—all her charms disappeared. The lord took her and cast her into the road, and, as she was leaving her brief residence, she met the gardener with another rose, all dripping with dew, and blushing with pleasure.

"Alas!" she said, as she was dying, "alas, for my sweet and simple home. May all lovely flowers take warning by me, and shrink from the hand that would drag them from their happy seclusion to exhibit their beauties in the glare of public notice, and leave them, like me, afterwards to perish unpitied."—*Selected.*

### Winter of Age.

There is an even-tide in human life—a season when the eye becomes dim and the strength decays—when the winter of age begins to shed upon the human head its prophetic snows. It is the season of life to which the Autumn is most analagous, and which it becomes; and much it would profit you, my elder brethren, to mark the instruction which the season brings. The spring and summer of your days are gone, and with them not only joys they knew, but many of the friends who gave them. You have entered upon the autumn of your being, and whatever may have been the profusion of your spring, or the warm temperature of summer, there is a season of stillness, of solitude, which the beneficence of heaven affords you, in which you may meditate upon the past and future, and prepare yourselves for the mighty change which you may soon undergo. It is now that you understand the magnificent language of heaven—it mingles its voice with that of revelation—it summons you to those hours when the leaves fall and the winter is gathering, to that evening study which the mercy of heaven has provided. And while the shadowy valley opens, which leads to the abode of death, it speaks of that love which can comfort and save, and which conducts to those green pastures and those still waters, where there is an eternal spring for the children of God.

### Human Life.

Dickens has beautifully represented life as a visible river, flowing through green meadows and over sand wastes, now calm and now rapid and clear, toward the invisible ocean of eternity. To-day the waters dance in [the sunlight, to-morrow they glide under sedge and overhanging rushes, and in a moment the visible river leaps the barrier of death, and is lost in the invisible ocean. On the banks of this visible river spring beautiful flowers, and beside them weeds of the rankest poison, and the river kisses them alike, and flows onward forever. But the weeds are few, and the flowers are many, and the river, bright at its fountain, grows brighter as it approaches the barrier of death—mortal eye hath not seen its brightness in the ocean of eternity.

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