

# THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

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

VOL. I.

SPRINGFIELD, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1851.

NO. 28.

## The Principles of Nature.

### THE MASTER PRINCIPLE.

CONTRIBUTED FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER,

BY FRANCIS H. GREEN.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 210.]

What are the impulses to which the masses of men most readily respond? An answer is given in the signal instance now before the world. The cry of "Gold!" came booming over land and sea, from the distant promontory of California; and the whole earth is electrified. "Gold! Gold!" The cry rang—and still rings—over continent and ocean. It is echoed from the Cordilleras to the Alleghany—from the Andes to the Alps! Thousands are leaving society—home—family—duties the most imperative—affections the most endearing—to brave the dangers of the most dangerous of seas—that they may sift the barren sands of California for the yellow dust! Is it because gold can be wrought into delicate tracery, splendid ornaments, and a thousand beautiful forms? Alas! no. The love of the Beautiful can be gratified at far less expense. It is because it can be coined—because it can be wrought into money—that all things are thus made to bow before it. It is certainly necessary, and proper, that men should seek to make themselves independent and comfortable; and one may innocently cluster around himself the blessings and adornments of life—not, indeed, to make himself more valuable—but that he may be more happy. The idea that the value of a man is invested in the Stocks, is degrading in the extreme; and the love of money as money, is the most debasing of all passions.

There must be a truer distribution of things—more equal divisions of property—and juster relations between Labor and Capital, before this unnatural contest will have ended. But these things must not be considered as causes. They are merely results; and therefore no blow aimed directly at them, will ever be effective. When the mental and moral powers take their true position in the ascendant, all other faculties will necessarily flow into harmony with them. But these desirable changes cannot be wrought, until a sufficient number of minds are prepared to act as pioneers in the labor of human redemption. When the Israelites were to be led forth from the land of Egyptian darkness and bondage, they were not called *en masse*; but a Moses, and an Aaron, were summoned to remind them of the promise made to their fathers—to unfold the excellency of Canaan, and to lead them through the wilderness.

There will be always, in every society, minds above the common level, that will naturally, and necessarily, act as leaders. To such it may be that I now address myself; and I beg leave to suggest that it is always the especial duty of such to investigate every subject which has a bearing, either directly or remotely, on the happiness of man. We should remember too, that by our very position as American citizens, we occupy advanced ground. It would be a mere truism to say that nowhere in the world are the conditions of life so favorable to human development, as here; and it follows, as a matter of consequence, that we should be the first recipients of light, the leaders in every good work.

The great majority of American citizens belong to that class which has nurtured almost all of the greatest men—the middling class: For while great learning has always inclined to the side of wealth as one of its dependences, great genius, which is more completely self-relying, and self-dependent—has, almost uniformly, been developed among the poor. Hence with the latter have originated most of the reforms in the world. And this, also, is

a philosophical necessity; for though some external circumstances are certainly more favorable than others, yet every man, and every class of men, must put forth the vital energies out of which any real advance is to be wrought, just as one must eat and digest, to nourish his own body, or study and think, to strengthen his own mind. All true progress must be based on character; and the formation of that must be the work of the individual, and through the individual, of the class, or masses. For as in the case of physical disease, the intelligent physician perceives that the best, and all that he can do, is to remove the obstacle, and then leave nature to do her own work of healing, so the Philanthropist knows that the best, and only thing that can be done, is to remove the load—to take off the unnatural pressure—and thus give scope to the natural development of human character.

We all know that the body must be fed, and clothed, and sheltered, before the mind *can*, in any considerable degree, be developed. Or, in other words, a man must be, externally, at least comfortable, before he can devote himself to those higher pursuits, which lead to any considerable excellence, in any science, or art. The abject poor are in the most pitiable condition of all animals; because however low and degraded they may be, they are yet conscious of their fall. They have always an innate perception of their false position. Externally they are slaves; and at length internally, and intrinsically, they become so. Because it has been forced on them to an unnatural degree, they at length come to consider Labor, which is truly the greatest blessing in the world, as the direst curse; and such it really is made, in its unequal distribution and pressure.

Thus we see that neither he who has made himself very rich, nor his unfortunate neighbor, whom at the same time he has contrived to make, and to keep, extremely poor, can be rightly developed as man. Both positions are almost alike unfavorable to the uniform and equal growth which the true human being naturally demands. The voice of insatiable Avarice, which amid the din and tumult of the strife, is ever crying, "More!"—drowns all better and happier voices; and the necessity of bread is, to the poor man, a stronger demonstration than ever grew out of any problem of Euclid. Hungry children will, and *must* be heard; and incessant labor must answer their claims.

What avails it to the poor, deformed operative of Manchester, or Birmingham, that an Arkwright went out of his barber's shop, and wrought his wonders of mechanism? Has not the very machinery which he invented, been brought to strengthen the forces that are crushing him? As he drags his weary frame in the unequal race, between wasting human strength, and the ever renewed energies of steam and water power, can he think of any thing but the horrors that envelope him in their pestilential atmosphere? Do you see in those cramped and dwarfish limbs—in the loose and driveling mouth—in the eye which, in its half-conscious anguish, burns in the socket like a heated stone, any feeling of pride that Arkwright was his countryman? Nay, he may never have heard his name. What business have the like of him with names, other than those of the implements with which their hands have to do? Are the denizens of the work-houses, and penitentiaries, and all the outlaws who were aliens born, and who have no home—no shelter on their native soil—and no means of sustaining life, but in theft, robbery, and petty fraud, wiser because a Newton experimented, and taught—and a Bacon made the whole intelligent world luminous with the revelation of his great thoughts? Are they better or happier, because a Milton and a Shakspeare sung? Do they thrill with pride and pleasure at the mention of these sainted names? Alas! no! They probably never heard them. Even patriotism is dead; though something wearing the shape and semblance of it, is made to clamor riotously, in sight of royal processions: "God save the King!"—or "Queen!"—as the case may be.

But speak the names of Washington, or Franklin, to the low-est American you may chance to meet, and see how his eye brightens, and his bosom dilates with honest pride, when he feels that they were his countrymen! Is this because the poor American is naturally a more exalted being than an Englishman of the corresponding class? By no means. The former has been simply placed in a more favorable position. He has grown somewhat into the measure of the greatness he admires; and therefore he can perceive at least its bolder features. In a national point of view, we are making the grandest experiment the world ever saw; but as individuals we have yet a higher, and a nobler work to achieve. Every true and enlightened American citizen, should make himself, what he ought to be, an apostle—not merely of liberty—but of the light, and intelligence, and refinement, which are the lineal offspring of Freedom. By this I do not mean that every, or any man, should leave his business to go out and preach to the world. That would not regenerate, or redeem it, if he should. But let him live the life of a true man, in all the dignity and holiness of the human character. Let him manifest his political, as well as his social and moral faith, by consistent action. Every such life, however humble it may be, will have its sphere of influence; for never was a true word spoken, or a good deed done, that fell inert to the ground.

Let us, then, no longer give the lie to our national creed, that "all men were created free and equal," by cramping, in any wise, the freedom, or disturbing the basis of equality, even among the most dependent. I do not ask you to take the poor laborer who saws wood at your street door, to your table or your drawing-room; you would only make him uncomfortable if you should. But in all your dealings with him, treat him with the respectful courtesy which is the common right of every man. By thus doing you rouse his pride—his manliness; and henceforth he may, even for a single word—a look that seemed to recognize his common fraternity, have higher thoughts, and nobler impulses. If you look only at externals—the dress—the coarse manners, and the hard hands—you will get only a response from the animal; but if, under all these, you earnestly seek and address the Man, you will seldom fail to find, and reach him; nay, in the most degraded serf you may thus create the manhood which has been crushed out of him!

We are wont to mouth a few sonorous phrases on the Fourth of July; and then make the Declaration of Independence a worse than dead letter all the rest of our lives. But we must grow more into the likeness and character of our own faith, before we can attain to true greatness as a people—before we can, in fact, fulfill our mission as a nation of freemen. But, above all things let us dethrone the *golden calf*, which we have set up—and worship with all unholty orgies, in the temples of Mammon! Let us learn of the slave, *Æsop*, "that it is not the exterior of the vase we should regard, but the wine which it contains;" and of the ploughman, *Burns*, that

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp;  
The Man's the gold for a' that."

### Inward Strength.

Great responsibilities may seem to rise before the soul, as it looks onward to the future; but fidelity in previous discipline, shall tell it what to do and to speak. Out of its previous life shall come its all-sufficient aid. Great sacrifices may be before it; but the way shall be made smooth at each step of advance. Why do we lament over the scenes where faithful hearts are called to sadness, or martyr-souls are led to suffering? There can be no visitation the *faithful* soul may not bravely meet. Its tears shall all be wiped away as they flow. Its martyr-suffering shall be its especial triumph. The great words of hope spoken by Jesus to his followers, may be applied to every faithful heart in all their promise. Over all the power of the enemy, in whatever form his attacks may come, and through all its experiences of trial, it may walk with unflinching feet toward its enduring rest. I see how strength may come according to our day, by a beneficent law of an unchanging Providence. Scenes of appa-

rent gloom, days of grief and tears, all that is bitter in experience, as well as all that is joyous, may share the blessing of the same benignant law.

### Poetry and Philosophy.

It has been observed, that it seldom falls to the lot of one man to be both a philosopher and a poet. These two characters, in their full extent, may be said to divide betwixt them the whole empire of genius; for all the productions of the human mind fall naturally under two heads—works of imagination and works of reason. There are, indeed, several kinds of composition, which, to be perfect, must partake of both. In our most celebrated historians, for instance, we meet with a just mixture of the penetration that distinguishes the philosopher, and the ardor of the poet: still their departments are very wide of each other; and a small degree of attention will be sufficient to show, why it is so extremely difficult to unite, in a high degree, the excellence of each. The end of the poet is to give delight to his reader, which he attempts by addressing his fancy and moving his sensibility; while the philosopher purposes merely to instruct, and therefore thinks it enough if he presents his thoughts in that order which will render them the most perspicuous, and seem best adapted to gain the attention. Their views demand, therefore, a very different procedure. All that passes under the eye of the poet, be surveys in one particular view; every form and image, under which he presents it to the fancy, are descriptive of its effects. He delights to paint every object in motion, that he may raise a similar agitation in the bosom of the reader. But the calm, deliberate thinker, on the contrary, makes it his endeavor to seek out the remoter causes and principles which gave birth to these appearances.

It is the highest exertion of a philosopher to strip off the false colors that serve to disguise, to remove every particular which fancy or folly has combined, and present to view the simple and naked truth. But the poet, who addresses the imagination and the heart, neglects no circumstance, however fanciful, which may serve to attach his description more closely to the human mind. In describing the awful appearances of nature, he gladly avails himself of those magic terrors with which ignorance and superstition have surrounded them; for though the light of reason dispels those shades, they answer the highest purpose of the poet, in awakening the passions. It is the delight of poetry to combine and associate; of philosophy, to separate and distinguish. One resembles a skillful anatomist, who lays open every thing that occurs, and examines the smallest particular of its make; the other is like a judicious painter, who conceals what would offend the eye, and embellishes every subject which he undertakes to represent. The same object, therefore, which has engaged the investigating powers of the philosopher, takes a very different appearance from the forming hand of the poet, who adds every grace, and artfully hides the nakedness of the inward structure under all the agreeable foldings of elegance and beauty. In philosophical discussions, the end of which is to explain, every part ought to be unfolded with the most lucid perspicuity; but works of the imagination never exert a more powerful influence than when the author has contrived to throw over them a shade of darkness and doubt. The reason of this is obvious: the evils which we imperfectly discern, seem to bid defiance to caution; they affect the mind with a fearful anxiety, and, as they present no limits, the imagination easily conceives them to be boundless. These species of composition differ still farther with respect to the situation of mind requisite to produce them. Poetry is the offspring of a mind heated to an uncommon degree; it is a kind of spirit thrown off in the effervescence of agitated feelings; but the most steady composure is essential to philosophical inquiry. Novelty, surprise, and astonishment, kindle in the bosom the fire of poetry, whilst philosophy is reared up by cool and long-continued efforts. There is one circumstance relating to this kind of composition, too material to be omitted. In every nation it has been found that poetry is of much earlier date than any other production of the mind; as, in the individual, the imagination and passions are more vigorous in youth, which, in mature age, subside, and give way to thought and reflection.

## Psychological Department.

## FULFILLMENT OF DREAMS.

The prophetic powers of the soul, with the whisperings of guardian angels, have in many instances foreshadowed to the mind in sleep, the realities embosomed in the future. We present the ensuing interesting accounts as illustrations of the fact here stated :—

“Mr. D—, of Cumberland, when a youth, came to Edinburgh for the purpose of attending college, and was placed under the care of his uncle and aunt, Major and Mrs. Griffiths, who then resided in the castle. When the fine weather came, the young man was in the habit of making frequent excursions with others of his own age and pursuits; and one afternoon he mentioned that they had formed a fishing party, and had bespoken a boat for the ensuing day. No objections were made to this plan; but in the middle of the night, Mrs. Griffiths screamed out, “The boat is sinking!—oh, save them!” Her husband said he supposed she had been thinking of the fishing party, but she declared she had never thought about it at all, and soon fell asleep again. But, ere long, she awoke a second time, crying out that she “saw the boat sinking!”—“It must have been the remains of the impression made by the other dream,” she suggested to her husband, “for I have no uneasiness whatever about the fishing-party.” But on going to sleep once more, her husband was again disturbed by her cries: “They are gone!” she said, “the boat has sunk!” She now really became alarmed, and, without waiting for morning, she threw on her dressing-gown, and went to Mr. D—, who was still in bed, and whom with much difficulty she persuaded to relinquish his proposed excursion. He consequently sent his servant to Leith with an excuse, and the party embarked without him. The day was extremely fine when they put to sea, but some hours afterward a storm arose, in which the boat foundered—nor did any one of the number survive to tell the tale!”

Another instance, similar to the foregoing, is related as follows :—

“A professional gentleman was at the seaside with his family, and, among the rest, he had with him one of his sons, a boy about twelve years of age, who was in the habit of bathing daily, his father accompanying him to the water-side. This had continued during the whole of their visit, and no idea of danger or accident had ever occurred to anybody. On the day preceding the one appointed for their departure, Mr. H—, the gentleman in question, felt himself after breakfast surprised by an unusual drowsiness, which having vainly struggled to overcome, he at length fell asleep in his chair, and dreamed that he was attending his son to the bath as usual, when he suddenly saw the boy drowning, and that he himself had rushed into the water, dressed as he was, and brought him ashore. Though he was quite conscious of the dream when he awoke, he attached no importance to it; he considered it merely a dream—no more; and when, some hours afterward, the boy came into the room, and said, “Now, papa, it’s time to go—this will be my last bath”—his morning’s vision did not even recur to him. They walked down to the sea as usual, and the boy went into the water, while the father stood composedly watching him from the beach, when suddenly the child lost his footing, a wave had caught him, and the danger of his being carried away was so imminent, that without even waiting to take off his great-coat, boots, or hat, Mr. H— rushed into the water and was only in time to save him.”

In these accounts are presented obvious cases of clear-seeing, or second sight, in sleep. The spirit, ever wakeful and active, was enabled, in the temporary slumber of the body, to perceive the impending danger; and the vision which seemed to be only a dream, was the unerring prophecy of that which was to actually occur. Here, as we are disposed to think, is something more than a mere coincidence—a phenomenon which can be explained only by recognizing a remarkable, intuitive faculty of the soul.

## Spiritual Developments.

Since the two worlds have been introduced through the agency of Spiritualists, daily communications are had between the living and the dead. At this time in different parts of our city, these communications are going on, and revealing some things too strange for our philosophy.

A German clergyman had the curiosity, the other day, to visit a clairvoyant who, it was reported, was familiar with inhabitants of the spirit land. He inquired after a departed friend, who, in the old country, had been his college mate. He was astonished to find his spirit here hovering about him, and through the clairvoyant, actually conversed with him in his, the spirit’s native tongue, *Italian*, not one word of which language could the clairvoyant speak in a waking state. The German also spoke the Italian, and had a most interesting interview with his long lost friend. The circumstances were so strange as to quite overcome him, and he wept like a child.

Another case is reported where a mother was inquired for of two clairvoyants, disconnected in time and place, and at the time unknown to each other, who both concurred in the description of her, and both represented her as being absent with another brother, under such peculiar circumstances as to excite astonishment and belief.

Another more remarkable case occurred but a few days ago. The inquirer had lost some friends in one of the Atlantic cities, and wished the clairvoyant to look up their spirits and learn the cause of their death. She did so, and said they had died with the *small-pox*, which was true. The inquirer was an unbeliever, and introduced this strange circumstance as a test, knowing that the clairvoyant could have had no previous knowledge of the event.

Another case is known, more remarkable still, and which borders too much on the miraculous to ensure belief. A little boy, three years old, living on Johnson street, has frequent spiritual impressions from his father, who died a few months ago. The first that was known of it, he came running into the house one day and told his mother that she must go right off and pay a neighbor, calling him by name, a certain sum of borrowed money which his father had just told him was due. The mother questioned him about the matter, as being a mere freak of the child’s fancy, but she soon ascertained that said money was due, and the amount as stated. The lender says he had never mentioned the fact to any one, and the amount being so small, he never intended to mention it.

At another time he was found, in the dead of night, sitting up alone with an empty chair beside him. His mother, alarmed at this, knowing he was a great coward, and never dared to sleep alone, much less be up in a dark room alone, called to him several times, but got no answer. At length the mother got up and lighted a candle, when suddenly the boy spoke and asked his mother what she wanted to light the candle for? He said his father had been sitting beside him in the empty chair until the light came, and then he fled.

To some, these revelations appear like sublimated nonsense, to others, the unsealing of divine mysteries; to the Greeks foolishness, to the Jews a stumbling block. He is wisest who penetrates the future deepest.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

## Psychological Fact.

Mr. Hough, of this city, is a well known young man of 30. He does up our mail for us. He has but one hand, the other has long since been amputated at the wrist, and he wears a wooden one. He says he felt an entire hand in the place of the amputated one, as sensitive as his hand of flesh. Because he has no use for it, it gets to sleep, and he has to stretch the fingers, and exercise it to make it feel comfortable, as if it in fact was bone and muscle.

What we would put to the learned, is, if the whole body is destroyed, will the spirit remain a spiritual body, as perfect and sensitive as before? If the spiritual hand and leg remain, is it not to teach us that the whole spiritual body survives the wreck of matter that now clothes it?—*Liberty Party Paper*.

## THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

R. P. AMBLER, EDITOR.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., FEBRUARY 15, 1851.

## NOTES BY THE WAY-SIDE.

NUMBER TWO.

The absence of vision is no evidence of the non-existence of a thing. The vision of an object is dependent upon the peculiar construction of the organ of sight. The organ of vision is different in persons, according to the state in which they are in. It may hardly be questioned whether there are not as many things common that are unseen, as are seen. The principle of life every where is unseen. The wind is unseen, and so is thought, which is the motive of the living substance of the mind. Our present external organs of sight are adapted merely for external purposes. When the present body dissolves, the organs of vision will be found adapted to the spiritual body which we shall then possess. Some glimpses of the glory of the life that shall then crown us, by an enlarged vision, may be seen in the varied psychological phenomena, so peculiar to our age, such as Somnambulism, Clairvoyance, Trance, &c.

What great changes that which we generally call death is yet to effect in us, we may see in the analogies of the caterpillar and butterfly. See how much the caterpillar has gained by the winged life to which it has progressed. Must not the changes that the transition is to effect in us, be proportionate to the elevation of our natures above that of the caterpillar?

The religious element is as natural to man as it is for the fields to rear their altar-flowers and the grass to grow. The extent and difference of our attainments in religious knowledge, are proportionable to the extent of our culture, and the general harmony of our characters.

Every thing in life will regain its level, just as a stream always finds its. So it is not best for us to assume a character we do not possess, nor despair of the eventual triumph of Goodness, Justice and Truth. God being the Fountain of life, it is thus that all things are, and continually will be, advancing towards Him.

Whatever you do, or wherever you are, always preserve a sweetness of soul, as well as a fixedness of purpose. He who forgets this in his efforts of reform, is like one who throws himself, and not his cargo, overboard, to save his ship.

True knowledge and true humility are not antagonistical. The tree that is most laden with fruit bends the most lowly to the ground. Humility, however, must not be separate from knowledge, for then it ceases to be manly and angelic.

He whose ears have once drank in the music of the Celestial Harmonies, can no more be drunk with the wine of the world. Though he may at times vascillate, he will soon find his center in that sphere from which the light of his soul proceeds.

Wealth is no more to be despised than luxury and magnificence in Nature; only the debasement of soul which men too often resort to, to gain its possession. The soul may come in possession of Truth and Heaven by two different processes. First, through the Garden of Sorrow, the Transfiguration, Calvary, and thence to the Ascension. It may also ascend there through the royal road of success, beauty and development, and all outward means of harmony. Flowers are beautiful by the cottage door, but shall we not have a new variety and far surpassing these in beauty (as nature and society advance together), when men shall dwell together in unity, in one grand united Palace, and Art and Beauty, and Truth and Goodness, are organized in

one grand unitary and harmonic Society? The age of many-dom is passing away, and the eyes of the nations turning from the crucified to the resurrected and glorified Christ and Redeemer.

Learn not to call any thing new in Art, Science, or Religion, presumptuous or false. We know but little. There is yet as much for us to find out, as God knows more than we. The law of our existence is that of perpetual and multiplied knowledge. Society is never permanently crystalized.

As naturally as the hart panteth for the water brooks, so pant we for God, and as naturally are we filled. Thus ever "He that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." At every door at which we knock, there are angels to respond to us. In every road in which we walk, are angels to point the way.

Nature and circumstances seem to predetermine what course we are to pursue, and doubt is always but momentary. Nature teaches and circumstances compel us to take hold of that which is next to us, and thus within our reach. Through the shoots, stems, leaves, &c., the roots ascend to the flower. Thus as naturally, from step to step, do we ascend up towards our Ideal and to this are all our actions related. It is thus also that we see the sacredness of all history, and the steps that society has taken in its advancement. Thus also the Present always prefigures the Future, just as the unfolded bud prefigures the rose.

That which people generally call piety, is but an abortion of the religious element. It is ghostly, not manly or angelic. God in his great temple of the Universe, shows us on an infinite scale the idea of a true life. We have there not only the majestic voice of the ocean, the pensiveness of the woods, but the play of the rivulet, the carols of the birds, the loves of the flowers, the dance of the sunlight, the waltz of the stars, and over all, the calm blue of the ever beautiful and sparkling sky. We see in Nature no one note drowning all her other voices, but one rounded voice in which all her thoughts find expression, and all her sounds are included—a variety in Unity.

He who has the true philosophy, can never be permanently cast down. He will see in the dark clouds about him, elements that will yet expand the bow over his brow, and make his soul more beautiful by their presence. The flowers bend their head when the rain-drops are pelted their leaves, and drink in the sunshine more joyously when the clouds have passed over them. But from this we must not infer that sorrow is to be perpetually needed as a means of culture, any more than it is necessary for us always to be subject to the weaknesses of childhood, or that the earth should continually have its volcanoes. Volcanoes are necessary when the grossness and transition state of the earth require them for its development, and so sorrows are beneficial as connected with the laws that govern the transition state in which we are in, and by which we are being perfected for a harmonial life on earth, and a celestial residence in the higher spheres.

Some people affect to regard a certain class of investigations as diabolical or whimsical—as prying into the affairs of the Infinite, which do not concern us, as though Knowledge, which is the key the Father places into every hand to unlock the door that leads into his presence-chamber, were too unworthy to be touched. God is Wisdom and Love. To be like God, our lives must be parallel with His, and the distance between us and Him is the way in which our progress lies.

Those who are bowed to the earth by sorrow and fear, and ignorant of the joys that await us, are like the roots of a plant, buried in the earth, and ignorant of the fact that every moment the process of flowering is proceeding.

Good actions proceed as naturally from good thoughts as roses from their bushes, and bad actions from bad thoughts as naturally as unwholesome weeds and plants from the unhealthy and impure places of the earth.

S. H. LLOYD.



## VOICES FROM THE SPIRITS.

GREEN POINT, L. I., Feb. 3d, 1851.

DEAR SIR:—I desire to inform you of some spiritual manifestations, which have occurred in the family of Mr. Almon Roff, of this place, who is now confined to his bed, having received a very serious injury by a fall, about four weeks since. Mr. R. and family appear to be especial favorites of the inhabitants of the spirit-home, and it is often remarked by visitors, that they have never at any time or place, witnessed such wonderful manifestations, as at his house. Among the many astonishing developments occurring here, are those produced by the agency of a deceased daughter, whose efforts to exhibit her unbounded affection are truly remarkable. Every opportunity seems to be embraced with delight, to manifest her regard and minister to the comfort of her invalid parent, by combing and smoothing his hair, soothingly patting his head and face, and, on one occasion, by kissing him on the forehead. Indeed, so regular is she in her attendance upon him, that much disappointment would be felt should she fail to manifest her presence in some way, whenever an opportunity is offered by the presence of a medium.

An interesting incident occurred some months since, which I will mention. On one occasion when a family circle was formed, this loving and much loved daughter, in addition to other manifestations, actually *spoke to her mother* in whispers sufficiently loud to be heard by all in the room. Mrs. R. being somewhat agitated, the voice whispered: "Dear Mother, all is well. Dear Mother, do not weep,—it grieves me to hear you weep;" and on the instant a most pitiful cry was heard—whereupon the mother said, "My dear child, if it grieves you, I will not," and again was heard, "Dear Mother, all is well,"—and thus the spirit-daughter continued to speak to her father and mother, during about fifteen minutes.

Before closing, I will relate to you some communications and manifestations, received on Sunday, 26th ultimo, in the day time, in the presence of Miss Catherine Fox, and her mother. Mr. R. requested that a table should be drawn close to the bed on which he was lying, and that the family should seat themselves around it. This being done and a few unimportant questions being asked and answered, sounds were heard resembling sawing, boring, and driving screws, which appeared to be made under the table;—whereupon it was asked if the spirits were making a coffin, to which an affirmative answer was given. These sounds then ceased, and it was spelled by the alphabet, "Now we must go, a lady is dying." All communication was now at an end, and we could get no responses for about one hour and a half. At the expiration of this time, the presence of the spirits was manifested by raps, and the first question asked, was in relation to the name of the lady who had died, to which the answer was, "Maria Groven, of Ohio."

Again a call was made for the alphabet, and a spirit spelled out, "I am a little Albino." At this the family were much astonished, and asked what was signified; whereupon Mr. R. proceeded to explain, and had uttered the words, "it is a white child," when the alphabet was called for, and the sentence finished by the spirit, as follows: "born of black parents."

Question by Mr. R. Were you born in Africa?

Answer in the affirmative.

Q.—How old were you when you entered the spirit world?

A.—Two raps.

Q.—How long have you been in the spirit world?

A.—Three raps.

Q.—What circle of the second sphere did you enter?

A.—Seven raps.

Mr. R. here paused as if in reflection, and the following was spelled; "Did you think that an *Albino* could not enter so high a circle?"

Mr. R. replied that he believed that the spirit of the negro, was as pure as that of the white man; to which an affirmative rap was given. After a few more questions were asked and answered by raps, the alphabet was again called for, and was spelled "good-bye, Sir."

These communications were related to me by Mr. R. and he considers the latter a very important lesson to him, inasmuch as he had felt a great desire to hold communication with some one of the occupants of this circle, and had been seeking for such an one among those who had been held in high estimation as men of science or philanthropy, but had so far utterly failed.

Yours truly, J. H. B.

## Impressions of a Clairvoyant.

The following communication was given by Mrs. Mettler while in the abnormal condition, in the presence of a small circle of friends. It forms a part of one of the lectures which this lady has recently delivered when entranced by the spirits.—Ed.

How minute is the past compared with what lies before us in the future! Men have sought to construct and build up sciences and arts by means of their own judgment; but in the future there will be developments brought forth by the intuitive powers, and things shall be seen, before constructed, by the intuitive mind, so that the end can be discerned from the beginning.

That which now gives us breath and life will ultimately be the great resource; this is destined to be the propelling, motive power, and men will resort to it as a substitute for steam and water; but beyond this is the intuitive mind of man.

For a moment let our minds dwell on the beauty of the Creator of all things. Viewed in the light of that mind which dwells in all, let us, casting away all thoughts of the earthly, look on that Spirit—that Mind which pervades the Universe, as moving and acting on the noblest of all creating things, which is *man*. We may see that Mind working in him as its agent to develop and bring forth the grand constructions which are to be formed through the means of which I have spoken; and how beautiful, how holy, and how wise appears that Mind in the light of this idea, compared with the conceptions of past generations.

I have spoken of the question so frequently asked, "why does the spirit of my friend stoop so low as to appeal to my senses by light sounds or tapplings on the floor?" As I have before stated, this is the commencement of a grand and glorious era. Men cannot conceive of the end of this, the beginning of the great change which is about to take place. It is not only the change of sects and of the plans which man has laid, but it is the overturning of minds which have been formed to remove preconceived opinions, to cause man to look and examine him self, to know for what he is created, and what he is to be, in this sphere, and in the spheres which he is about to enter.

We have read in the ancient history that "I create good, and I create evil; I the Lord do all these things." Men are often led to question the authority of the Great Mind by which these things are created. They have formed wrong conceptions of the evils that exist, and have imagined that the spirit may be as imperfect as the earthly tenement in which it resides.

When the spirit is entirely freed from its outward organization, it enters into a state which is in itself pure; but it is only an *atom* helping to compose the main body of the Infinite Mind. As the child looks forward to old age, the years seem to be innumerable; and even when he has arrived at manhood, the path before him appears still to be long, and time passes but slowly; so to this *atom of mind*, after it leaves this sphere, it seems, in looking forward to the ages before it, that the time will never arrive when it shall have attained to the great Positive Mind. The spirit is also affected with regrets for its past neglect, and this tends to mar its enjoyment. Hence we hear the expression of "the worm that never dies," which, in its true and literal sense, is the conscience of the intuitive mind.

The expression that "there is nothing new under the sun," will apply only to the elementary principles which have been established in the Universe. In the wide world of matter and mind, we see everywhere the manifestations of constant change; and as the surrounding elements are undergoing the process of transformation, new developments are constantly being made, and higher revelations of truth, bright with the radiance of Heaven, are illuminating the benighted earth.

**Remarkable Phenomenon.**

SPRINGFIELD, February 10th, 1851.

MR. EDITOR:—H. C. Gorden is again in town, and spiritual manifestations, through him, have re-commenced. Yesterday, according to previous promise by the spirits, he was thrown into a state of deep trance, in which he is to remain *three days*! I have just come from his room, where I was directed by the heavenly messengers to write this article for those papers, (and yours in particular,) whose readers could somewhat appreciate the scene I shall now attempt to describe. In the circle on Saturday evening, while Mr. Gorden was in the magnetic sleep, this event was predicted by the spirits, and four persons were designated—one of them a physician—who were to be present when he was to be thrown into the trance. Ample directions were given with regard to admitting persons to his room, the temperature of the room, &c. His temples were to be bathed occasionally, his mouth and throat wet with water, but no sustenance whatever was to be given him. Most of the time his animal functions seem almost entirely suspended. He, however, occasionally partially revives and utters a few words expressive of his ecstatic joy, some of which are as follows, confirmed by the rappings about his person. "Countless millions of spirits are passing through the shafts of light from above." "The light of heaven is dawning upon the inhabitants of the earth." "The day is fast approaching when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, when there will be peace, happiness, and harmony." "These lights which are seen, are to fill us with love." "Man cannot conceive—Earth has no conception of the Spirit-world." "Heavenly messengers reveal things which were prophesied." "Angels are now our companions." "Heaven's gates are now open, and the sun-light of glory dawns upon the soul," &c., &c.

In examining his person, I observed the prints of a man's arm and hand on one of the sheets of his bed, and also several sentences written, as well as characters, which I did not understand. There was also written on his shirt bosom, "Love God." His attendants all declare that they do not know by whom or when these things were done. It is proper for me to add, that I have no possible selfish interest to secure, by relating these facts, and the only reward I expect, is the odium and obloquy which is always attached to those who have the temerity to proclaim new and unpopular truths.

RUFUS ELMER.

**Letter from Abington, Mass.**

MR. EDITOR:—Thinking that it might be cheering to you, who are "bearing the heat and burden of the day," to know what progress spiritual truths are making in different localities, I have thought it might be well for each one, as he is writing on business, to say a few words upon the subject. As it regards this vicinity, I would say that the consoling and elevating truths, which are beginning to be known under the name of the "Harmonial Philosophy," are gradually finding their way into the hearts of the free-thinking portion of the community—of all who are not the degraded slaves of Sectarianism. The "Rappings" (the great question of the day) are calling the attention of many individuals, who, owing to the undeveloped state of their interior perceptions, could not be attracted to as piritual subject, except it come in a form which the "gross ear could hear." By this means the dwellers of the upper spheres condescend to meet us in our low estate, and give us the most tangible evidence of their nearness, of their sympathy and love; that thereby they may draw our thoughts and affections, from the low, the gross, and the evanescent, to the elevated, the pure, and the enduring.

We have no organized Harmonial Circle here, but those of us most interested in spiritual subjects, often find ourselves "with one accord, in one place," to commune together upon things pertaining to the kingdom of joy, peace, and harmony, which we fully believe is dawning upon the world; and to listen with patient ears for those audible communications from "the blest immortals," who, "near us, divine, with love's pure beauty stand,"—fully confident that they will be vouchsafed to us in due time, when a suitable "medium" shall have been established.

I sincerely hope that you will meet with sufficient encouragement to enable you to continue the Messenger after the close of the present year, for it is an invaluable publication, at the present time. And although you may not be remunerated in a material point of view, for the sacrifices you may be called upon to make, yet the consciousness of having been the means of diffusing among the sons of men, a knowledge of the heaven-born principles of harmonial truth, must afford you a diviner joy than all earthly things.

Fraternally yours, M. H. C.

**Investigation.**

Every subject which is worthy of examination should be investigated in a candid and impartial manner, with an eye single to the discovery of truth. There are two extremes to be avoided; the first is that sneering skepticism and obstinate bigotry which refuse to investigate at all; and the other is that fiery enthusiasm and blind credulity which yield to every vain pretension, and see gold in every glittering object. The medium of these extremes consists in a calm, patient, and thorough examination of the merits of any theory or phenomena which may be presented. It is only by such an examination that we are able to arrive at an intelligent judgment. We may indeed presume to say that we believe or disbelieve, when we have taken no pains to investigate; but such an expression will be found to proceed from ignorance and prejudice, while it shows that the opinion we have formed is based on no substantial reasoning. Faith, we are reminded, is not a voluntary action of the mind, but depends on evidence; and the latter can only be obtained as the result of a suitable investigation; so that to form a rational and truthful belief on the varied subjects claiming our attention, it is necessary that we should carefully "prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good."

R. P. A.

☞ The ensuing remarks are made by a correspondent of Leesville, Ohio: "The Messenger is welcomed by us weekly as a harbinger of light and gladness. The truths it is designed to promulgate will ere long remove the darkness now brooding over the spiritual life of man, and their reception, by making true and peaceful the course of every individual, will cause to be more than realized the brightest visions of bard and prophet. Even now the veil of uncertainty which has concealed the future is being raised, and we can catch glimpses of the glorious path which is to be trod by all earthly pilgrims. What can so enhance the value of existence, present such incentives to goodness, or so awaken that great hope in the heart of humanity which will ensure the redemption of the race, as these truthful revelations!"

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES: comprising a history of the Spirit Rappings, in Cincinnati and other places; with notes of clairvoyant revelations, by Wm. T. Cozeshall.

The above is the title of a work which has been recently published by the author in Cincinnati. As here indicated, the design of the publication is to give a history of the mysterious noises and manifestations which have occurred in various parts of the country, together with the recent revelations which have been made through the medium of clairvoyance. The author has arranged a great variety of interesting and remarkable facts connected with these developments, which serve to prove the reality of spiritual intercourse and the opening of a new era on the earth. These facts interspersed with many philosophical reflections, render the work peculiarly attractive, and we would earnestly commend its perusal to all who are seeking for light and truth on the subject which is here discussed. Bagley and Freeman, Cincinnati, may be addressed as agents.

☞ The health of Mr. Munn, with whom our readers have held converse in times past, still remains in a very feeble and precarious state. In his case, the ties which bind the soul to its earthly form are greatly weakened, and the bright immortals seem to be already waiting to welcome it to celestial spheres. May the light of a glorious faith illumine our brother's heart, and his hours of pain and gloom be cheered by the presence of the angels.

## Poetry.

## GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT LAND.—No. 6.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

BY S. H. LLOYD.

## CHANGE.

Why should we mourn that changes come,  
 When 'neath the cold and shrouded snow,  
 The grass and flowers may shelter find,  
 And in the darkness bud and grow?

Why should we mourn that clouds are formed  
 And o'er our drooping spirits fly?  
 The law that forms the clouds, expands  
 The bow and brings unclouded sky.

Our hopes may fall like leaves away,  
 As swiftly pass each winged hour,  
 But leaves ne'er fall until the fruit  
 Is formed within the bursting flower.

Then change is Angel of the Soul,  
 That keeps all things from swift decay,—  
 Through which the crystal here is formed  
 And life anew may spring away.

Thus when I muse upon my Change  
 That once awoke my brooding fears,  
 I see how Beauty's matchless soul,  
 In all with cheerful robes appears.

I see the worm upon the ground  
 With golden tints expand its wing;—  
 What, then, as more than worm I am,  
 Unto my soul shall changes bring?

## THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESS.

The gloomy night is breaking;  
 E'en now the sunbeams rest,  
 With a faint, yet cheering radiance,  
 On the hill-tops of the west.

The mists are slowly rising  
 From the valley and the plain,  
 And a spirit is awakening  
 That shall never sleep again.

And ye may hear, that listen,  
 The spirit's stirring song,  
 That surges like the ocean,  
 With its solemn bliss along.

Ho! can we stay the rivers,  
 Or bind the wings of light,  
 Or bring back to the morning  
 The old departed night?

Nor shall ye check its impulse,  
 Nor stay it for an hour,  
 Until earth's groaning millions  
 Have felt its healing power.

That spirit is Progression,  
 In the vigor of its youth;  
 The foeman of oppression,  
 And its armor is the Truth.

Old Error, with his legions,  
 Must fall beneath his wrath;  
 Nor blood, nor tears, nor anguish,  
 Will mark its brilliant path.

But onward, upward, heavenward,  
 The spirit still will soar,  
 'Till peace and love shall triumph,  
 And falsehood reign no more.

## Miscellaneous Department.

## THE NOCTURNAL VISIT.

The student sat in his lonely attic, beside his midnight lamp. The wind whistled shrill without, and the cold November rain beat loud against the casement of his secluded retreat. Yet neither the roaring tempest nor the dim waning light of his lamp, which told of time verging into the coming day, disturbed the meditations of that dark melancholy man.

It was a work of fiction, by one of those rare spirits who have made all time, past, present and to come, tributary to their genius, and rendered Fancy and Imagination, those lawless roamers of the universe, their willing slaves. The volume our student sat perusing was a fascinating and high-colored picture of fashionable life, with its seductive delights and refined enjoyments; and as he read the varied descriptions and piquant conversations, combining the most minute and extensive observation with the most delicate wit and profound knowledge of the world; and followed the hero of the tale in his graceful pilgrimage from drawing-room to boudoir, from promenade to soiree, and entered into the spirit of his remarks and his peculiar tone of thought; our student felt himself, as it were, identified with him, and took a personal interest in his ultimate failure or success. When the lovely lady Katherine G——, with her pure Grecian profile and lofty aristocratic bearing, addressed our hero, the student felt ready to answer in his stead; and when he solicited the hand of the charming countess of H——, as a partner in the voluptuous waltz, with a forced badinage that but ill concealed his dread of a refusal from one in whom he felt his peace to be bound up forever, our student caught the soft infection, and waited with no less anxiety for the reply. Thus, with an unwearied attention, and a sympathy which, to common, unimaginative readers, may seem incredible, the ardent student followed the course of the hero through all the glittering mazes of fashionable life, to the consummation of his happiness, and, for the moment felt himself exalted, ennobled, together with the idol of his imagination. He closed the volume, and sat awhile gazing vacantly upon the gray embers of the expiring fire.

"Fool! idiot! dolt that I am!" cried he suddenly, rising up and striding furiously about the apartment, "worse than idiot, to have thought myself, though but for an instant, a meet companion for the high-minded, noble and ethereal daughters of aristocracy, with their sylph-like forms and winning graces. Am not I rather a dull, inanimate clod, an unlicked, misshapen lump of humanity, bereft of every attribute that can render the homage and admiration of men acceptable to the titled and high-bred? This magic circle of fashion, what can it ever be to me, begirt, as it is, with the scorn of the purse-proud and the sneers of the exclusive?—what is it to me, that forms fair as angels glide around within its consecrated limits, or that hearts of unsullied purity glow there with ardent feeling and amiable sensibilities, awaiting but the fortunate movement to ripen into boundless love?—shall I pine away with gnawing melancholy and hopeless despair, because chance has classed me among a different order of beings, instead of casting my lot with the privileged of the land! No, my manhood shall not waste in vain aspirings after forbidden fruit; my imagination shall be curbed, my desires controlled, my—"

Here he was interrupted by a dry, husky laugh, that seemed to proceed from behind him, and turning suddenly around, he perceived a man sitting beside the fire, busying himself in stirring with the tongs the embers imbedded in the ashes.

"Uh! uh! uh!" were the guttural tones of this mysterious visitant, who proceeded to resuscitate the fire, without appearing to notice the student. At first a shudder of dread ran through the limbs of the youth, as he had not observed his entrance; still it was not impossible that he might have come in by the door, which lay exactly behind him, and he resolved, as the probability seemed greater, to address him as to the cause of his visit.

"Have you any business with me, sir, at this late hour?"

"Uh! uh! uh! very fine declamation that, sir student," replied

the stranger, in the same singular tone; "so you feel a little discontented, eh? rather uneasy in mind at the sad prospect before you, with no aristocratic faces, or rustling silks and satins to enliven it! I pity you from my heart, because, when a man thinks himself miserable, why he is so, and there is no help for him till his eyes are opened. Therefore, as I said, I compassionate you exceedingly." And the strange visitor commenced poking the fire with renewed vigor.

The student felt, he knew not why, a creeping sensation of awe pervade his whole system. He made no further question, but began to examine keenly the face and dress of the stranger. He seemed to be between fifty and sixty years old, of a shrunken physiognomy, with a sallow face as yellow as a quince, a sharp, prominent nose, and small, grey, peering eyes. His coat was of snuff-color, of an ancient cut, and covered with a profusion of yellow metal buttons; his waistcoat was buff, his neither garments of the same hue, and his shoes of wash-leather, with large yellow buckles. He wore a queue tied with an orange ribband, and his head was covered with a broad-brimmed, dun-colored beaver hat. In short, he looked like a retired East-India merchant, who has returned to his native country with half a million dollars and half a liver. Hardly had our student taken this survey, when the unknown, apparently satisfied with the result of his labors, replaced the poker, and, crossing his leg, resumed his conversation.

"I suppose, young man, that you have come to the comfortable conclusion, after reading divers veracious chronicles like this, that you are the most ill-used of all God's creatures—a sort of predestined outlaw, born only for a foil to make others happy by self-comparison. At any rate, you seem determined to think so. You are, in your own estimation, a degraded outcast, a shapeless lump, a very clod. That is, you say you are, though I will not venture to predict your feelings, should any one else bestow upon you these agreeable epithets. Am I not right? why the color rises in your face at the very repetition."

"Who are you? and what is the cause of this visit?" impatiently demanded the student, whose fear was succeeded by anger, on observing the contemptuous smile of the stranger.

"You shall know all in good time," replied the imperturbable visitor, "when I have propounded a few questions to your humble self. And first, do you feel that you would exchange your present condition, for the splendor and bustle of fashionable life? Oh! I see I am answered in the affirmative. And will you avail yourself of my means before your determination is fixed, to explore the secret recesses which contain those you termed the privileged of the land?"

The student regarded the speaker with a doubtful, incredulous stare.

"I see I cannot make you understand without due explanation. My name, then, is Plutus. In times past the ancients erected altars to me, and offered sacrifices; but their temples and sacrifices were nought to those of the moderns. In olden time, I complied with the existing modes and wore a tunic; now I adopt the garb of the quakers, though I live, as formerly, in a house of Doric architecture. Oft have I heard your complaints, in passing over this house in my way homeward from Wall street, and having a time of leisure this evening, bethought me of paying you a visit. Now that you know my power, will you submit to my directions, which will surely result in good?"

The student, overpowered by conflicting sensations, bowed his head, and the god, putting his hand beneath the broad flap of his coat-pocket, drew out a golden chain, which he bound around the wrist of the youth, and grasping it firmly in his hand, they rose upwards together through the roof, which seemed to open for their departure. They mounted above the city, and after a rapid motion of a few minutes, alighted through the ceiling of a splendid mansion, in a chamber adorned with rich hangings of blue and silver, and dimly lighted by a taper placed in a fancifully-cut astral glass, and set upon a rose-wood stand. A bed, hung with purple silk curtains, fringed with golden tassels, occupied a portion of the chamber. They approached it, and beheld a young lady reposing, whose face the student had

before seen in Broadway, and whom he recollected as one of the most wealthy and fashionable belles of the city. He had often thought her beautiful, when in the crowded streets he had passed her, arrayed in all the splendid attire and moving with the indescribable grace which distinguishes the high-bred and fashionable. But now her beauty seemed a thousand-fold enhanced, as she lay with her cheek upon the pillow, with a few stray ringlets straggling from their confinement down her neck, while her white arm, interlaced with a tracery of blue veins, was extended at length above her head. Still she slept, and the gentle heaving of her breast caused a tremulous motion of the bed-clothes, while a flush of color would light up her countenance at times, as if a pleasant dream was delighting her imagination. Then again it would subside, and a slight sigh gave indications of awaking.

The student started; but the god placed his hand upon his shoulder, and said in a low tone, "Fear not, we are invisible; besides, she will not awaken. You see her while dreaming; attend now to her words. As soon as she is touched by my finger, she will begin to speak, and unfold the subject of her dream."

Saying this, the god bent over the bed, and gently touched her lips with his fore-finger. The lady, with a restless motion, turned around upon her pillow; a few unintelligible sounds escaped her as her lips began to move, and at last the student caught the following disconnected sentences, uttered with closed eyes by the unconscious sleeper:

"Did not you hear me ring the bell, Betty? Run and see if my new fawn-colored *poult de soie*, with the corsage waist, is come—it should have been sent by Mrs. B. two hours and a half ago. And my paradise-colored bonnet. This piping is delicious. How the M—s will be mortified, and their horrid fat mother—perfect fright—carries a yellow head-dress big as a bushel. Is the barouche ready? I'll put my two country cousins on the front seat, and drive to S—'s—then roll over the Macadamized patch. Remember to call on F—n and look over his new opera cloaks—wear a black lace mantilla in the private box, and get Frank to adopt moustaches."

The student turned in amazement to his divine conductor. "Has she no heart? nothing but this frippery and superficial levity? Will not your power draw forth any redeeming trait—no deep-seated feeling—no melting sympathy—no soul-kindling terms of endearment and affection? Has no one yet made an impression upon her heart, or pierced the icy marble covering of chilling formality? Some lover——"

"Hark, she speaks again," said the god, motioning him to be silent.

"Louisa, were you at the ball last night? I danced with the Count——. They say his fortune is immense. His letters of recommendation were lost overboard on the passage. With what a grace he handed me the jelly—then his superb whiskers! Makes an evening call to-night. Sing "Dalla gioia" to him. Sister Mary engaged to N—— and three hundred thousand—but the count's estates are worth thrice as much. His credentials will come in the next packet."

The student's eyes filled involuntarily with tears, as he gazed upon the beautiful form before him, animated by so frivolous a spirit. "'Tis enough!" he said, mournfully. "Let us go hence. This gorgeous display of wealth, with its costly appliances, sickens me by the contrast." And casting a parting look at the sleeper, so lovely, yet so heartless, he rose with his conductor through the disparted walls into the upper air.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

☞ The Books and Chart of Mr. Davis, comprising all the works on the HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY that have been published, can be had at our office, and forwarded by express or otherwise, to any part of the Union. PRICE—REVELATIONS \$2; GREAT HARMONY, Vol. 1, \$1.25; CHART, exhibiting an outline of the Progressive History and approaching destiny of the Race, \$1.50 PHILOSOPHY OF SPECIAL PROVIDENCES, \$0.15.

Printed for the Publisher, by G. W. WILLSON, Book and Job Printer, corner Main and State Streets, Springfield, Mass.