

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.

A GLANCE AT THE AGE

BY MRS. J. C. WALDO.

Wonder has little need, at the present day, of looking over the history of past ages for food, with which to satisfy the cravings of her most devout followers. The present is, indeed, an age of wonders. The every day occurrences of life, are but the realization of former romances; and things which were talked of in olden times, as giant stories and fairy tales, are to-day facts, bona fide, tangible facts. It remains for time alone to prove whether the present age is capable of imagining anything which its successor will not accomplish. Were I to set myself the task of enumerating even the physical improvements which have characterized the last half century, volumes would grow under my hand. Although this is not my present purpose, yet many of the improvements would seem the results of great moral tendencies, each of which is skillfully laid down by the great Architect, as an additional step to a colossal temple.

With the velocity acquired by a prosperous run upon the inclined plane of progress, we have seemed almost to rush into new and startling discoveries. Still, we have no evidence that the most trivial law of nature has been broken—that the slightest principle of truth has grown rusty, and given out, leaving us at the mercy of the confusion which would inevitably follow.

All discerning minds will perceive, that every step forward, however rapidly taken, has followed another in the most perfect order. No miracle has been wrought. A growing knowledge of the laws of nature, of their susceptibility of adaptation to the increasing wants of society, has almost revolutionized the better part of the world. Taking for granted, what I think no one will be disposed to deny, that the progress dependent upon improvement and exertion, has already exceeded the expectations, even of the enthusiast—with so many triumphs completed, and so many still before us, let us pause for a moment, and consider whether man's moral nature has remained stationary, retrograded, or advanced. I do not appeal to the superficial observer, whose opinion would probably be based upon a few years of individual experience. I ask the candid and enlightened mind, if man's mental and moral faculties have not been proportionably developed.

Perhaps the most speedy way of answering this question, will be to glance at the history of that great foster-mother of morality, the Church. It will be sufficient for my present purpose, to note the outlines of her character. Mark her in her apostacy, when engrafting unholy rites and ceremonies upon the pure and simple doctrines of Jesus, until the original and legitimate fruits were all but exterminated. Engaged in one continual scene of persecution, nothing short of blood could satisfy her unnatural cravings, and countless martyrs were sacrificed to her morbid appetite. What was the morality of that age, in which its highest standard consisted in the suppression of every christian feeling—when popery, priestcraft, and bigotry reigned triumphant, and the wretched panderers of the Romish Church stood at the sacred altar, the vendors of indulgencies? The excesses of the Church finally brought on dissensions among her followers, and from the remnant of her own vitality sprang the elements of the reformation. To suppress this, she taxed the strength of her ingenuity in devising the terrors of the inquisition. One single word uttered against her infallibility, was a crime of sufficient magnitude to condemn the perpetrator to the severest penalties.

Slow indeed was the progress of moral improvement, even after the reformation commenced. If Protestantism abjured the absurdities of the infallibility of the Church, the sale of indulgencies, and the doctrine of the Real Presence in the Eucharist, how much better than the Catholic Purgatory was the tenet of Predestination, as taught by Calvin? How much less severe the penalty of fire and faggot, than inquisitorial tortures.

But the cruel persecutions, with many absurd points of doctrine, both among Catholics and Protestants of former ages, have passed away—not, however, without leaving their distinct landmarks; for when will even the indifferent reader forget the history of the sufferings of Michael Servetus, or of those scenes of indescribable horror, which gave a title so sanguinary to the unhappy daughter of Henry the Eighth.

With the gradual development of science and the arts, the higher and better nature of man has also developed, until we find the spirit of persecution and intolerance, which characterized the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, giving place to the crude morality of the Pilgrim Fathers. Another, and still another science dawned upon the world, reflecting more and more distinctly the light of divine truth, refining and ennobling the nature of man, and causing the ascetic and rigorous principles of the Puritans, to yield in their turn to the sublime and elevating theories of Murray, Ballou, and Channing. If many of the absurd dogmas prevalent in the past church, are still found in the creeds of modern christians, the spirit which dictated them has vanished, and their existence is comparatively nominal.

At the present hour, side by side with those physical and mental improvements which, almost annihilating time and space, have made but one neighborhood of the earth, stands conceded the great moral doctrine of the universal brotherhood of our race.

There will no longer remain a question in the reflecting mind, whether the mental and moral improvements of our nature have been proportionate. We cannot doubt the existence of facts, the influence of which has so materially changed the aspect of the world, but more emphatically of our own country. In America, improvement finds less prejudice to overcome than elsewhere. Here no hereditary aristocracy frowns upon the freedom which she promises. No long established hierarchy excludes her from the church. Shall we, now that we have ascended so high in the scale of improvement, be wonder-struck to find a change in the atmosphere?—to find it possessed of qualities undiscoverable in a less elevated position? Shall we believe that the prospect from this point is a mere phantasmagora, because we have never beheld it before? Clinging to the types and shadows of the past, shall we reject the substance which is before us, and within our grasp? The time for rejecting the strange and the new has gone by. The march of the human mind is onward—and who but the Disposer of all events shall dictate its course? Who is there that believes the visible world contains all that is true? That this small speck in God's boundless universe, limits the capacities of the spirit?

When Jesus saw the sorrow of his chosen disciples, that he must leave them, he told them it was expedient that he should go, but he would not leave them comfortless—he would send them another comforter, "even the spirit of truth." Said he, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit, when he, the spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth." With this assurance from so high a source, is it not our duty to investigate candidly and soberly, all new theories on principles which are offered to us? Why need we fear investigation? If truth is our object, by diligent and persevering scrutiny, we are sure to possess it, if it consists only in the detection of error. How often is the skeptical but candid

investigator, either in mental or moral science, rewarded far beyond his most sanguine expectations, by the discovery of new and important facts. Is it consistent that we should grudge the time and labor necessary to the establishment of the truth, one grain of which will far outweigh all the gold for which thousands are daily bartering their physical energies, and even life itself?

The nineteenth century is indelibly marked by the dawning of a Spiritual Philosophy, purporting to involve and corroborate the fundamental principles of Christianity. It is true many instances of spiritual manifestations have been recorded in all ages and countries, even as God spake of the Gospel by the Prophets "at sundry times, and in divers manners," centuries and centuries before its acknowledged advent. But it has been preserved for the spirit of the present age to receive with thankfulness, and as the results of fixed laws, those phenomena which at a less enlightened period would have been attributed to a far different source. It requires no remarkable degree of penetration, to perceive that all necessary preparation was made to render the human mind capable of receiving and appreciating this new philosophy, in the successive developments of Phrenology, Magnetism and Electricity. It is true there are comparatively few minds in which the good seed has become sufficiently matured to bear fruit; therefore this, like every other new principle, must be submitted to the ordeal of public opinion. To the ore of truth it is a refining process, enhancing, by rendering more apparent, its real value; for it is only in the crucible of honest criticism that the dross of ignorance is separated from the pure principle. Candid opposition is not only expected, but is absolutely necessary to the completion of the process. It is, however, unpleasant to observe the sickly and puerile argument of a certain class of community, against the particular phenomena of which I speak—a class composed of such as, having no sympathy with the pioneer in intelligence, are contented with second-hand opinions, providing their origin is patrician. They are ever ready to exclaim, with the haughty and aristocratic Jews of old, who rejected the Messiah because his advent was not in accordance with their preconceived and mistaken notions of royalty—"Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" With such, the plebeian origin, (speaking after the fashion of the world) of many of the present mediums of spiritual manifestations, will be sufficient to cast an odium even upon a revelation from heaven. But it is not to a soil so uncongenial as the hearts of such, that the good husbandman has entrusted his most precious seed. Allowing these to possess all the wisdom and prudence of which they so loudly boast, to assert these claims we have the testimony of the erudite apostle of Jesus, who wisely remarks—"For you see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many noble, not many mighty are called: but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise: and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in his presence." Perhaps there is no recorded saying of the inspired writers which has been more literally fulfilled than the above. It is a fact which the intelligent observer will readily acknowledge, that almost all the great and momentous discoveries have originated, not among the votaries of fashion, the luxurious and sensual, but with the hardy and unsophisticated children of Nature. Her constant companions, she has yielded them her confidence, and revealed to them her hidden treasures.

The partial development of spiritual philosophy at present, renders it difficult even for the believer, unless indeed he is a prophet, to speak definitely of its peculiar characteristics and appointed mission. We have yet but a twilight view of this philosophy, and objects thus dimly seen, may, with increasing light, become greatly changed. The believer should speak cautiously. He is certainly privileged in the enjoyment of his opinions, and should vindicate, when called upon, without urging them upon others—recollecting there are honest and candid minds, their sphere of action having been confined entirely to the earth and its every-day concerns, whose usefulness here might be

seriously impaired by too sudden a revelation of spiritual truth. Every preliminary step must be taken, in order for the mind to receive with profit any important fact. The reflecting, tranquil, and spiritual mind, will acknowledge with gratitude, and as matters in course, these manifestations, which to the worldly and uninitiated, will prove a stumbling block.

It would be well for all to reflect seriously upon the fact that no truth has ever been developed, which was not calculated to make the world wiser and better. The most sanguine advocates of the new phenomena have no fears that they are designed to disturb the harmony of society, or inspire us with feelings above the performance of our righteous duties. On the contrary, they believe through this medium we shall be enabled to appreciate more justly the importance of all our social relations, and that happiness will be proportionably increased.

I am no prophet, or the daughter of a prophet, but constituted as I am, with the evidence before me, I cannot doubt that the time is fast approaching when the great mass of comparatively inert humanity will move onward and upward, as by a common impulse: when spirituality will no longer be considered the fantastical dream of the few; and the immortality of the soul will be as firmly established, and as well understood as the fact of our present existence. Then will those principles of Christianity which many look upon with the same interest they feel in gazing upon the embodiment of the sculptor's vision, the beautiful, but cold and lifeless marble, becoming to their understandings endowed with vitality, purify and cheer the most desolate chambers of the heart.

Then shall these middle walls of partition, the *schisms* and *isms* which have so long divided the members of one family, the children of one Father, be known only as the things which have been. The human heart, the same whether throbbing beneath the purple of a monarch, or the rags of a beggar, has been for ages tending towards this great result. It must be accomplished. The fiat has gone forth, and the combined powers of earth could not prevent its execution.

Those who are already so fortunate as to discern the harbingers of that spiritual morrow, whose meridian splendor shall burst upon some future age, have no doubts of the fitness and efficiency of the means employed to produce these great and happy results. They know that the weakest instruments are mighty in the hands of God, in the accomplishment of his purposes. They feel the assurance that He will yet dedicate the earth to himself, as a temple of prayer and praise—that he will scourge the money changers from his precincts, and no hypocritical, ignorant, and doubting priesthood shall encumber its sanctuaries. Every heart shall become an altar from which shall ascend perpetually the incense of devotion.

Beautiful as has been the imaginings of the poet, often sublimely so, from their prophetic character, he has written in the night time on the gray of the morning. Hereafter his spirit shall go forth, baptized in the pure light of celestial truth, and his lyre shall be tuned to the melody of higher and holier spheres. Unchecked by the scoffer—heedless of the thousand voices that would allure us back—let us press forward until our "Excelsior" shall mingle in the everlasting harmony of the grand choir of Nature.—*Christian Ambassador.*

Beauty.

There is a divine contagion in all beautiful things. We alternately color objects with our fancies and affections, or receive from them a kindred hue—

"Like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor."

This principle pervades all nature, physical and moral. We involuntarily adapt our aspect to our emotions, and long habits of thought and feeling leave a permanent impression on the countenance. Every one believes thus far in physiognomy, and acts more or less decidedly upon this belief. But even the effect upon the features of a transient emotion is truly wonderful. A

fierce man often looks beautifully tender and serene when either caressing or being caressed, and deceives us like the ocean in a calm, which at times is "the gentlest of all things."

Psychological Department.

CLARA MAY;

OR, THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A PHYSICIAN.

BY WILLIAM STANLEY.

CHAPTER I.—THE PROMISE.

One evening while sitting in my office, in company with two professional friends, my bell was rung violently, and on opening the door, I received a summons to call immediately at the house of Mr. David May, No. — Green street, as a member of his family had been suddenly taken ill.

The rain was falling in torrents, and I was excessively fatigued, having been up the previous night; added to this the numerous calls which I had made during the day, and the fact that I never before attended the family of Mr. May, made me extremely unwilling to venture out on such a night. But, as I always consider it the duty of a physician to go whenever and wherever humanity calls, I hastily followed the person who came for me. We soon arrived at the house, and on entering, I was ushered into the apartment where lay a young and beautiful girl, of about eighteen years of age. She was suffering severe pain from a sudden attack of pleurisy, I prescribed for her, and left, promising to call again on the following morning, which I did; but she was not as well as on the previous evening. Again I called, in the afternoon, but there was no improvement. She grew worse, and for fourteen days it was extremely doubtful whether she would ever recover. For hours, day and night, when not engaged elsewhere, I sat beside her bed, gave her medicine, and watched every change which took place, for I felt a strong interest in one so young and lovely, the only child of a doting parent.

On one occasion, on entering the room, she was sitting up in bed. I had hardly seated myself, and inquired after her health, when she said:

"Doctor, I feel grateful for the kindness and attention you have shown me. Had it not been for your extraordinary care, I do not think I should have lived until the present time."

Her heart seemed to overflow with gratitude for what I had done. Her eyes filled with tears, and her utterance became choked. I assured her that I was amply repaid for what I had done, by seeing her apparently out of danger. She continued to improve rapidly, and took short rides daily in the suburbs. I often attended her.

One morning, on calling, I found her low spirited. I asked her the cause of this sudden depression of the mind. Reluctantly she informed me that she had had a dream the previous night, which she believed an intimation that she had not long to remain in this world. I had so often seen persons, when convalescent, in this state of mind, that I thought but little of it at the time, and endeavored to dispel the gloom which seemed to hang over her, but to no purpose. Upon calling again, she seemed in much better spirits. Before taking my leave, when we were alone, she said, in a pleasant manner:

"Doctor, my father thinks of removing West, as far as Detroit, as soon as I am sufficiently recovered to undertake the journey. I wish to say to you, that in case I should suffer a relapse, and not regain my health, or if we should not be permitted to meet again on earth, that the one who enters the Spirit-world first, should, if permitted, visit the other in this."

This was a strange proposition, but I readily agreed to humor her fancy.

Not long after this she called at my office, and informed me that "she had come to bid me farewell. She and her father were to commence their journey for the West, on the following morning—that she had a small token for me;" so saying, she presented me a beautiful ring, with her own and my name engraved on the inside, and placing it on my finger, said:

"When I am dead, and I have a presentiment that life is short

with me, this ring shall at times become like a circle of fire; and when you see this sign, know that Clara May is no more."

I thanked her for the valuable present, and replied that "I thought there was a long life in store for her."

She shook her head sorrowfully, bade me farewell, and departed. I never saw her more.

CHAPTER II.—THE FULFILLMENT.

One evening in the latter part of November, 1830, at the earnest solicitation of a number of personal friends, I consented to attend a grand ball, given in honor of some anniversary which I do not now remember. Suffice it to say that I went, however, much against my will. I did not arrive until a late hour, in consequence of my professional engagements. On entering the hall, I found all in motion, gliding through the mazy waltz to the music's inspiring strains. Beautiful forms and smiling faces were floating through the dance. All was joy and life.

As I gazed on the lovely scene before me, I could not help contrasting it with that I had so recently left. Forms which were now wasting with disease, but a few months before were as healthy and fair as those which now passed before me. All earthly pleasures must have an end—the fairest must fade.

At the moment the dance was concluded, I felt a hand laid upon my shoulder; turning to see who had placed it there, my eyes fell upon my dearest friend, Henry Warren. He had been my classmate in college, and was as dear to me as a brother.

"Stanley, my dear boy," said he, "why don't you dance?—you stand here gazing on the company as if you deemed them so many *subjects*, and were making up your mind which was the most fit for the *knife*. Don't stand here. Let me introduce you to one of the fairest creatures the rays of a gas light ever fell upon—a perfect angel, with whose sweet face I must own I am already half in love."

"Why Henry!" said I. "Is it possible! I thought you were invulnerable to female charms."

"So thought I, before to-night," replied he, "but this celestial creature is so bewitchingly beautiful, that I fear I am lost beyond redemption, and shall have to become her slave, if she permits me to be so happy."

I could not but smile at his enthusiasm.

"Ah, you may laugh now, but it will be my turn when you have seen her."

Saying this he led me to the upper end of the hall. As we passed those who were taking their places for the next dance, I said to Henry:

"Who is this Venus with whom you are so captivated?"

He stopped, seemed confused, and then replied:

"I have forgotten her name."

"It seems very strange," said I, "that you should so soon forget the name of one with whom you are so enamored."

"I cannot myself imagine how it should have escaped my memory," said he, "as I am desirous of giving you an introduction."

"How long have you been acquainted with this beauty?" said I, laughing.

"Only since the commencement of this evening."

"So recently!" I exclaimed. "I thought by the way you referred to her, that you had enjoyed her acquaintance a year at least. Will you have the goodness to inform me who introduced you to this belle of the ball?"

At this inquiry, he seemed more confused and perplexed.

"I believe my memory is forsaking me," said he, "but it was a gentleman with whom I am very well acquainted. I will go and find him, and return in a moment."

And away he went. At first I thought he must be indulging too freely in the wine cup, but on second thought came convinced of my error, from the fact of his advocate of temperance. During my long acquaintance I had never, on any occasion, known of his indulging in drink. I must own that I was at a loss to account for his conduct.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

R. P. AMBLER, EDITOR.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., MAY 42, 1851.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.—No. 3.

TEMPTATIONS TO DECEIVE.

It should not be disguised, that a matter of so great and vital importance as the advent of spiritual communications, and one of such a nature as to produce an intense excitement in the minds of the unthinking and falsely educated, will be counterfeited by wicked and designing persons, both for the purpose of gain, and to show how easily men may be deceived in regard to the responses. Many persons who pour out vials of wrathful epithets upon all believers in the spirituality of the "rapping," and who denounce all mediums as deceivers, do not hesitate to boast of having deceived a whole company, including the medium, at various times. These philosophers do not see that the fact they have made a medium believe, is fatal to their charge of deception; for, if the medium supposes the sounds to be genuine, it is a good proof that he did not make them.

But deception there is, and has been, in various places, and all observation thus far, proves that in a vast majority of cases it has been practiced by entire unbelievers, who have carried on deception for a time, in order to make a pretended exposure, and assume that all was deception because they had succeeded in deceiving others. But the deception is not confined to this class entirely. The next class of deceivers are those who enter into the business for the purpose of picking up a few pieces of silver, or more often copper, in which they generally fail after a very short trial. And here it may be remarked that one strong proof of the general honesty of those who have been known to the public as mediums, is the fact that no case of deception has ever been attempted for any great length of time without a full and minute exposure of the trick, without any vagueness in regard to the *modus operandi*. Most of those who have been detected before they made a boast of it for the sake of ridiculing believers, so far as the observation of the writer is concerned, have been quite young boys or girls—mostly boys—who have been hired by the believers who were too hasty to wait, and too confiding to "try the spirits," to sit with their circle for so much an evening. This, with a boy of from eight to fifteen years, is quite a temptation, especially if he has been rather short of convenient pocket money for things attractive to his boyish fancy. But in one way is it possible for this kind of deception to be carried on, and that is to keep aloof from persons who have had any considerable experience, and remain among that class who will make but few tests to find whether they are liable to be deceived or not, or whether it is spirit or flesh that is making the demonstrations. The confidence of the believers and the rewards they have paid to an occasional false medium of this kind, have encouraged them and others, to make the attempt to deceive, until they came in contact with some more skeptical believer, when their tricks have been promptly exposed. Persons who have never been acquainted with the manifestations for any considerable time, may be led into a belief of the reality of the sounds when they are thus counterfeited; but those who have had abundant experience will not take their bungling demonstrations for the genuine. There is yet another class who have been guilty of occasional deception. It is those who, being real mediums, are disappointed and chagrined at not getting ready responses when some particular friend or some important stranger is present. It is then that some real mediums have been tempted, and in a few cases absolutely yielded to the impulse, to make some sounds that will satisfy their anxious listeners. Some of the believers in the spirituality of these phenomena, contend that it is not expedient to thus plainly state the facts, as it may injure the cause. Let such bear in mind that the greatest evils result from allow-

ing such things to go unexposed. It is a policy long pursued by corrupt parties in politics and religion, to cover up all the sins and errors of their party or sect. Let us not fall into that error. First pure and then peaceable—or always peaceable, even while purifying—is the motto to be acted upon by those who have been made the pioneers in announcing this new mode of communication between this and the next sphere of existence. Let us harbor no deception, or deceivers, out of fear that a timely warning will injure the cause.

The ways to avoid and detect imposition are various and simple. No one need be deceived for many minutes in succession when a fair test is applied. We would not be understood to say that any answer that is not correct is proof of fraud on the part of the medium. This is not the case; but it may be easily ascertained whether the sounds are produced by spirits in the flesh, or by other agency, in a variety of ways. To those who have signals, it should be required that they be given as a test; and if they are not given, although it is not positive proof of fraud, it is proof that no dependence can be placed upon the communication obtained under such circumstances. A rigid, uncandid skepticism is as little to be commended as implicit faith, but every one should be skeptical enough to "try the spirits," so far that they can say they have received nothing on faith, but that what they have received is upon absolute knowledge. In this way, all the disagreeable feelings of having been deceived will be avoided, and the philosophy of spiritual intercourse will progress on a solid and sure foundation which cannot be shaken by the weak attempts of itinerant lecturers, who are attempting the work of demolition for twelve and a half cents for each hearer. Such will ultimately fall to the ground as base calumniators themselves, and will finally be forgotten, when spiritual communication shall be common among men, and when to dispute it will be to dispute a fact of universally acknowledged existence.

Bigotry and Intolerance.

Man is endowed with reasoning powers. This is an age of improvement, and mankind are generally awakening from the gross ignorance which has engulfed them for centuries in darkness. The dogmas of an arrogant philosophy, full of contradictory assumptions, are followed by the harmonious discoveries of inductive reason. The glittering forms of architecture and barbaric idols of gold, give place to the book of knowledge and truth, which is spread open to the view of every one. His conscience is not restricted to a certain creed or belief, nor is he compelled to fall down upon his knees and offer up his devotion to the beasts and reptiles that crawl beneath his feet. He can read, and from the truths which he finds, make up his mind according to the dictates of his own reason, and proclaim his sentiments to the world without being impressed by an inquisition, that upper hell of intolerant bigotry, and fanatical vengeance. Let a man's creed rest between his conscience and his God. Give him all the lights of information in your power, but do not torture him into a confession of your particular tenets. There are no engines of belief in heaven, nor in this world of untold sorrows. The arch-apostate finds no redeeming creed awaiting his burning signature. Compulsion in a man's faith, like force in his will, violates our most sacred right, and the assent which it compels is as destitute of virtuous merit, as the yielding of one's purse to a robber. Such violence will always in the end react on its source. The robber will be sent to the prison, and the inquisition to the contempt of mankind.

Truth is free. All participate in its precepts, which are admirable in beauty, and irresistible in force. Simplicity is the characteristic of truth. Error loves to hide deformities, and disguises her purposes in ambiguity. The time is not far distant, when all mankind will force from them those secret feelings and prejudices towards those who differ in sentiment. They will throw off the galling yoke which has been placed upon them by superstition and ignorance, and meet together in harmony, and discuss the differences which part them in their belief. Then, in the language of Milton, "though all the winds of doctrine were

let loose to play upon the earth ; so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple ; for who ever knew Truth put to the worst, in a free and open encounter. Her confuting is the best and the surest." The simplicity of this text has been proved to the world by the freeness with which opinion has been made known. When bigotry and intolerance shall have sunk forever in oblivion, then will man be what God designed him to be, the greatest of His works.

x. s.

SINGULAR EDICT.

An amusing document from a Chinese publication, is translated by the Journal of Commerce, relating to an edict of the government respecting Christianity, which was issued on the occasion of the imprisonment of several native Roman Catholics in Kiaying Chan. The heathen author presents his argument with great originality and force of expression, and conveys some ideas which it may be well for the Christian to contemplate. Here is an extract :—

Wan, prefect of the inferior department of Kiaying Chan, translated to his present post from another of the same degree, raised ten steps, and recorded ten times, puts forth a proclamation in earnest language ; that the hearts of men may be rectified, and that the laws may be held in due respect.

Be it known, that there is in the western world a doctrine of the Lord of Heaven which originated with Jesus. So long as the barbarians propagate or practice this among themselves, expounding its books and worshiping according to its ritual, there is no occasion to take notice of it ; but it is not permitted them to enter the Inner Land to propagate this doctrine, and natives of the Inner Land who invite men from far places to flock hither—who, in league with them, inflame and unsettle the minds of the people—who inveigle females to join their sect, or commit any other offenses contrary to the law, are punishable under the statute still in force. The provisions of the code are still explicit ; who shall venture to act otherwise than in observance of it ?

You should be aware that Jesus, born in the time of Ngai Ti, of the Han dynasty, ranks no higher than Hwa To, Chuh-yu, and others of the same class, being merely skilled to relieve mankind by curing them of disease. His power of breaking seven cakes into food for three thousand men, is not either any more than the witchcraft of the Rationalists, by which things are shifted from one place to another ; in other ways he had no peculiar ability. As to his extravagant title of Lord who made Heaven, bethink you, the three sovereigns (B. C. 3369—2322), the five emperors (2169) Yau Shun, Yu, Tang (1743), Wan, Wu (1105), the Duke of Chan, and Kung (Confucius) the Philosopher (500), spread abroad civilization as the agents of heaven, during thousands and tens of thousands of years ; the different countries beyond the sea had from an early date rulers and people, forms of government, and laws to punish crime ; did none of these exist until Jesus appeared to create them in the time of the Han ?

Then, this doctrine pretends to the encouragement of virtue and the repression of vice ; but this is the language constantly held by the literari (Confucianists). Its dogma, that those who believe in the Lord of Heaven will be made happy, and that after death their spirits will ascend to heaven ; and that those who do not so believe will be visited with misery, and that after death, their spirits will enter the prison of hell, is of the same import as the saying of Wu Sanz, "Those who are good to me are good, those who are evil to me are evil." Suppose the believers in the Lord of heaven all robbers and vicious persons ; happiness is hereafter to be bestowed upon them all, while those who are not believers, although just men with a store of merit, are all to be hereafter subjected to misery. Never was the fair order of reward for virtue, and the punishment for vice, so inverted and confused.

It will next be found that of all nations beyond the sea, none believe so much in the Lord of Heaven as Germany, and yet its inhabitants are scattered, its power is in ruins, and more

than one partition of its territory has been made ; why, as believing in the Lord of Heaven, has happiness not been bestowed upon it ? Of those who do not believe in the Lord of Heaven, none can compare with Japan ; on a quay in their port is engraven a crucifix, and every merchant who repairs thither, and does not, as he lands, tread on the crucifix, is immediately beheaded as a warning to others ; there is, besides this, outside the city gate, an image of Jesus sunk in the ground, so that it may be daily exposed to the insult of being trampled on ; and yet this kingdom has endured two thousand years ; why has not the Lord of Heaven visited it with calamity ? It follows accordingly that the statement regarding the power to confer happiness and misery is utterly without foundation ; it will merely make the simple people in this life leave their ancestors without the power of enjoying the oblation of sweet-smelling incense, and of the offerings which should be set before them in sacrificial vessels ; while after death, they are to become blind ghosts, undergoing, in addition, the torments of burning till their bones are scattered in ashes. What happiness results from such a doctrine ?

NEW MOVEMENT AT HARTFORD.

It will doubtless be a matter of interest to our readers to be informed that the chaotic elements of mind which have been evolved by the power of Truth, are now gradually assuming form and order, and that a definite movement among the friends of the New Philosophy has been commenced at Hartford, Conn. New and important instructions have been received by Mr. A. J. Davis, in reference to the formation of a Harmonial Brotherhood, in which the sublime and beautiful principles of our Philosophy may be illustrated in practice. Being visited by a highly enlightened and advanced spirit in the Second Sphere, he is informed that the time has now arrived when an outward embodiment of the great truths of Nature should be presented to the world. Accordingly he has been furnished by this spirit with what is termed, in a spiritual sense, a *DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE*, which presents a compendium of the important principles involving the true basis of social regeneration and spiritual growth ; and in which, also, the subscriber declares himself free from all sectarian shackles and assumed authority, recognising Nature as the standard by which all things are to be judged, and enlightened Reason as the only true umpire. In addition to this, Mr. Davis has been presented, also, with a *Constitution* to be used in the establishment of the proposed Brotherhood. This Constitution is founded on the principles observed in the structure of the human body. It supposes that the organism of man presents the most perfectly developed structure in all Nature ; and that the more nearly the social organization is made to correspond with this, the more complete will it be in its arrangement, and the more successful in its operation. In accordance with this analogy, the Brotherhood is to select certain individuals, whose office shall be similar to that of the several organs in the human body ;—for example, a *Sensorium*, corresponding to the brain ; three *Mentors*, corresponding to the eye, ear, and tongue ; two *executives*, corresponding to the right and left hand, and two *promoters*, corresponding to the feet. This arrangement, though quite novel and original in its character, will be found to be perfectly natural and philosophical ; and, if fully carried out according to its original design, must tend to produce that state of social harmony which has so long been the object of human desire.

Having now completed the second volume of the "Great Harmonia," Mr. Davis has been directed to devote his energies to the work of social organization, as above specified, for about one year ; and it is proper to remark that the particular mission which he now feels obligated to perform, was entirely unsought and unanticipated by him previous to receiving the instructions which are here related. Obeying, however, the heavenly mandate, he has already entered his new sphere of labor, and is now engaged in making a practical application of those mighty principles which reach down to the very basis of the social structure. The friends in Hartford, in obedience to the instructions recently received, are becoming united in the bonds of a harmonious

brotherhood, holding regular meetings on the Sabbath, and on Tuesday evening, which are characterized by a free and earnest investigation into the truths of Nature. This new movement, so far as we understand its objects, is designed to perform a great humanitarian work, and seems to promise the most eminent success. The present article is designed merely as a bare announcement of the work which has been commenced, leaving the details for future consideration. We shall probably commence the publication of the "Declaration" in our next number, which has been kindly offered for this purpose.

M. F. A.

Messages from a Spiritual Friend.

BRO. AMBLER:—The following are brief, but to me consoling and significant communications from a dear young female friend, who has been about fifteen years a resident of the "Celestial Lands." She was a pure and lovely being, who passed away from earth when about eighteen years of age. I never met her but once, but the circumstances attending our meeting were peculiar and happy, leaving an impression ever after on my mind, that there was a strong spiritual affinity between us. Her first communication was—

"I love you as I did when alive upon the earth. I will ever be with you, and see no injustice done you."

This was spelled out to me, as well as what follows, when alone in the presence of Mrs. Bushnell, the medium. At our second or third interview, I manifested some doubt of her presence, when she called for the alphabet and spelled out these words:

"You must not doubt my presence. I promised to communicate with you, and have come to do so. Although we were but little acquainted on earth, yet there was a connection established between us which death cannot sever. I am very often near you."

The time of our interview on each occasion being quite limited, brief sentences only could be spelled out, but many questions which I had previously prepared, were very satisfactorily responded to. Requesting a few words at a parting interview, (Mrs. Bushnell being about to return to Cincinnati), she thus responded by the alphabet:

"I have told you many things. I will always be with you, and cheer you in all your troubles."

Those to me were "silver sounds," conveying precious words of hope and joy immortal!

Some of the questions and answers from this angel-friend are as follows:

"How shall I know in future of your presence?"

She called for the alphabet, and spelled out,

"By one gentle vibration near your ear."

(This vibration, or wafting of air near my ear, I had frequently felt before, and had been informed that it was produced by spiritual beings. I have it more frequently since receiving these communications—this depending, however, very much upon the state of the atmosphere and my own mind.)

"When I am thinking upon any subject which will take the form of an affirmative or negative, which shall I regard this vibration to indicate?"

Ans.—"The affirmative."

"Shall I understand it thus,—when the vibration is made at my right ear, as an affirmative?" "Yes." "At my left as a negative?" "Yes."

"Will you manifest yourself to me more palpably within two years?" "Yes." "In what way?" She spelled out, "You will see me."

"Why have I never dreamed of you?"

Ans.—"We never were together sufficiently on earth to produce attraction in the natural sleep, from remembrances and associations of the past."

"What are the chief delights of the Spirit-home?" In putting this question, I requested her to answer it as briefly as possible, and the word "Love" was spelled out.

"How are those waftings or vibrations near my ear produced?"

Ans.—"By the will of the spirit acting electrically on the air."

This vibration I feel most frequently when writing or thinking on spiritual subjects; have had it several times while writing this. I have many more questions and answers, of general interest, which I may send you at a future time.

Fraternally thine,

M. A. T.

Interesting Correspondence.

We copy the following extract from a communication addressed to Mr. A. J. Davis, which contains some interesting notes of personal experience, illustrating the higher modes of spiritual intercourse. We trust the writer will excuse us for taking this liberty:—

NEW YORK, April 23, 1851

MY DEAR BROTHER:—Again I feel impressed to write, as my thoughts are often turned to thee, and writing gives vent to feelings which flow from the many joyful circumstances connected with my acquaintance with you. I am thankful from my inmost soul that fortuitous causes made me known to you, and also that I have been attracted to your harmonious teachings, which have and are leading me to so much happiness, by the gradual unfolding of my interior faculties. Day by day do I feel the divine influence of harmony permeating through every fiber of my system. The sorrows of earth are passing away as the mists of morning before the glorious sun. I can lay my head on my pillow at night, at peace with myself, and that is saying much. If sleep does not close my eyes, I am in immediate communion with friends from a higher sphere, responding to every thought and also impressing me with harmonious and beautiful sentiments. I am never, dear brother, alone, and my companions are of such an order that I am daily improved and elevated by their society. Since I saw you, I have discovered a new (to me) method of manifestation. By abstracting my mind, I become impressed with beautiful and consoling sentences, which I write out and preserve, and my guardian friends assure me that I shall become more and more impressible. They tell me "neither to faint nor be weary, but to press onward, be steadfast and patient, and all things will come in a fitting season; that soon great truths will be unfolded to the inhabitants of the earth—to those whose minds are prepared to receive them; therefore to have faith and be ready for their reception, for the kingdom of peace is at hand."

I have received, also, among other communications, a beautiful admonition. In one part they tell me, "when temptations beset thee, think of thy guardian friends, and the pain that a dereliction from duty would give them. The care with which they watch over thee, should inspire a determination to be governed by wisdom; Truth should be thy polar star to lead thee onward; swerve not, but place entire confidence in Deity, and be thankful for the blessings you enjoy." The simplicity and beauty of this admonition has left an indelible impression on my mind, for it came in a "fitting season," and took deep root. Good friend, do not suppose that I am altogether in the circle of self-love because my theme has been so far on self. The real fact you will readily divine, which is, I now experience so much real pleasure that I wish you to know it, and share a part with me. You must recollect that I had been wandering in the wilderness four years longer than the children of Israel, before I tasted of the fruit from the promised land, or even slaked my thirst from the gushing waters of the smitten rock; but as I now have the Chart and Geography which you first gave me, I am pressing onward to obtain a knowledge of that fair country where you and I will again meet to rejoice in those blessings which we and all will experience.

Thine fraternally,

C. C. W.

Some of our subscribers complain that they do not receive their papers regularly. We can only say that they are usually mailed in season to reach their destination on Saturday, and that such is the care and method with which this is done, that the fault can seldom rest with us.

Poetry.

SPRING AND CHILDHOOD.

BY S. H. LLOYD.

Old Winter, with his blighting blasts and chills,
Has gone at last, and o'er the fields and hills
Has gathered up his flowing robes, that hid
The grass and flowers beneath his icy lid;—
And now the fields with verdure start anew,
And ancient streams their solemn chants renew,
While from their darkened homes the plants look up,
And on their stems engraft their dewy cup,—
That vestal urn in whose baptismal dew
Is orb'd the image of its native blue;—
The birds with music fill the listening wood,
And trickling rills invade the solitude;
The youthful year now greets the smiling earth,
And countless buds are bursting into birth.

Such thoughts as these prepare our minds to see
How Spring's young buds and melody,
With childhood's days go walking hand in hand,
And rhyming go throughout the dewy land.
Mark how the dust and stains the earth had worn,
Now disappear beneath this vernal morn;—
Where blood had flown, and war and carnage rife,
No blade is left to tell the angry strife,
No wind has tarried long the tale to tell
To list'ning founts and fairy woods and dell,
But on their stems, beneath baptismal snow,
The spring's young buds and fresher blossoms grow,
So from the past, with all its griefs and wrongs,
Come childhood's shouts and angels' welcome songs,
Who 'round its cradled homes their censurs swing
O'er life's young hopes and better spring.

As spring appears and viewless blossoms brings,
The child is born, a soul with viewless wings,
But born, as are the flowers, the birds or trees,—
One law is writ in all the spirit sees!
From clime to clime the fields are sown with seeds,
From plant to plant the harmony proceeds,
And as the birds and flowers reveal the sky
In whose fair lands their homes and nestlets lie,
So does the child its parents image bring,
And thus the soul perpetuates its spring.
But mark, how nature's laws together chime,
And how the child and plant advance in rhyme;—
As from the roots unto the leaves so fair,
The plant lifts up its blossoms to the air,
Until it learns to drink the dew and rain,
And pour its perfume o'er each hill and plain,
So nature's law from step to step proceeds,
And thus the child its youthful footsteps leads,
And those who trust her laws advance with her,
While she in turn her blessings all confer.

Then should we thirst for wisdom and its laws,
For Love, its fountain, and its brimming cause,
Should thirst as thirsts the fountain for the rain—
As for the clouds the grass upon the plain.
Let no ambitious wrongs our souls profane,
Where Truth has built her altar and her fane,
Nor pride nor hate lift up our minds to scorn
On which has dawned a newer, brighter morn.
Then shall our hearts, like flow'rets in their dells,
Be fair and sweet as are their fairy cells,
And rich aromas from our spirits rise
To breathe their incense on their native skies;—
And while by laws as beautiful as true,
Must like to like its brimming life renew,
So while as blossoms differ as they grow
Our rhythmic hearts may yet in music flow.

Miscellaneous Department.

AN ANTEDILUVIAN ROMANCE.

Mortals saw, without surprise,
In the 'mid air, angelic eyes.—LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

In those far away times, when the mammoth shook the ground
with mighty tread, and ere the solitary dove floated over the
waste of waters, vainly seeking rest and finding none, there
dwelt upon the earth a fair woman, with two beautiful daughters,
whose names were Adah and Naamah.

Their home nestled in the bosom of a fertile valley, where
bright mountains leaped and sparkled in the undimmed sun-
shine—where floods of delicious roses wafted faint odors on the
balmy air—where cedars frowned in towering grandeur, and the
dark funeral cypress scarce revealed the azure skies between.
White tents glanced on the distant plains; flocks and herds pas-
tured there, and the moon arose in calm radiance from behind
the green swelling hills—those hills from whence celestial melo-
dies were softly heard to float—from whence favored mortals often
heard strange wild echoes, as of voices whispering to each other
—beheld meteors dart—traced them dissolving away in the sil-
very light bounding the clear horizon, or with mute awe watched
their downward shooting to the transparent lake hidden amid
mountain solitudes: deep, mysterious waters, on whose pure bos-
om reposed innumerable wan lotus lilies, dim and dream-like
flowers, over which angels loved to hover and disport in the
holy moonlight. Gems of night; blessed and beautiful lotus
lilies!

In those days noble young damsels brought water from the
pellucid fountains, and rested pleasantly in the refreshing shade
beneath spreading boughs, and thither came Adah and Naamah
to fill their vases. Wreaths of fresh green leaves encircled their
brows; light, snowy drapery, looped up, revealed the rounded
alabaster limbs, and delicate feet, protected by richly embroidered
sandals.

They were twin sisters, alike yet dissimilar. Adah, seen alone,
would have been pronounced one of earth's loveliest daughters;
but Naamah, a wandering angel, with paradise airs, yet breathing
round her the tender halo of a subdued melancholy, as if she la-
mented absence from her starry home.

"What meaneth that ancient woman?" whispered Adah to
her sister, as they rested their water vase on the emerald turf.
"What meaneth she? I overheard her to-day in converse with
our mother, beneath the cedar dome, bemoaning the *doomed one*,
and methought thy name, sweet Naamah, was murmured. Our
mother smiled, and I flung myself into her dear arms, and asked
the meaning of those words I had unwittingly given ear to. The
woman of a hundred summers raised her hands as if in prayer;
my mother knelt beside her, and I cared not to press my ques-
tioning."

"Would I were like thee, my sister Adah!" responded Na-
amah, with a sigh. "Would I were like thee, with earthly affec-
tions garnered within my throbbing heart! Thou alone know-
est—yet but in part—how I have ever felt estranged from world-
ly sympathies. Harken, Adah! and I will now confess that I
divine the fate and know the tale, thou, in thy innocent simplici-
ty, dreamest not of. The woman of an hundred summers be-
wailed the *doomed one*, ye say? High and glorious doom—oh,
that it may be mine! Snatches of whispered communings, mur-
murings, wild melodies, and prophetic teachings, have revealed
the mystery to me—wondrous and entralling! Thou seest our
mother, how beautiful she still is—how holy, pure, and noble;
thou hast often marked the peculiar tenderness which floateth
as a transparent veil, around her. Her mother was far more
beautiful; and they say, Adah (thou knowest I have not vanity),
that I bear perfect resemblance to our ancestress."

"Dearest Naamah," exclaimed Adah, embracing her, "what
human words may paint thy loveliness! Cease not to remember
whose hand fashioned thee so beautiful; cease not to remember
whose hand fashioned thee so beautiful; cease not to remember
whose hand fashioned thee so beautiful; continue thy speech, for I
am impatient to hear more of thee."

Naamah sighed, as if overwhelmed with the immensity of the theme, and in a low voice obeyed her companion.

"A shining meteor, otherwise a paradise angel—wandering over the earth one starry night, folded his glittering wings, and rested beside our beloved waters in the mountain solitudes. On the banks of the moonlit lake also roved our ancestress—pure and beautiful as the lotus-lilies. The angel encountered this fair daughter of men; loved, wooed, and would have won, but that she was previously betrothed. Her marriage was hastened by her terrified sire, to avert the curse ever said to rest on angel love for mortal woman! But alas, Adah, an Angel's kiss had been imprinted on that woman's lips—an angel's sparkling fires have flung around her and within her soul their unspeakable pervading essence. Invisibly, that disappointed, lovelorn, celestial one hovered about her path through life, received her parting spirit and bore it to heaven's gate—hath ever watched over our mother, and watches over us, Adah—our guardian spirit! Changeless are the sons of paradise, ever blooming, ever young; years with us, are but days with them—nay, moments of eternity! On me, Adah—on me, this angel's regards will again be fixed. I am doomed to be his bride! Night after night, when thou art sleeping, I wander away to the mountain's solitudes, beside the lonely lake.

"I feel the fanning wings of invisible spirits. I hear the dulcet songs of bliss; and I know that angel eyes are gazing; and I weary—oh! I weary for my spirit love to come and claim me as his own! For never (mark me, Adah), never shall mortal man call me bride!"

Time glided on. Adah was married to one of the young nobles of the Lebanon; but in her distant, happy home, her affectionate heart yearned toward her twin sister. Still Naamah wandered in search of her Angel-love; earthly suitors were dismissed; she turned coldly and disdainfully from them all.

It was on a night of singular beauty, even in that favored clime, that Naamah, pale and languid, rested on the banks of the haunted lake, like a slanting moonbeam, white and pure; her rich voice poured forth strains of melody, such as cannot be imagined now, on this changed earth.

Suddenly there stood by her side a youth, apparently travel-worn and fatigued with long journeying; his voice was deep and thrilling; his demeanour was high, courteous and noble, while the halo of grand and pre-eminent intellectual beauty shone in his dark eyes, and illuminated his thoughtful countenance.

"Long, long loved, long sought for—found at last!" he exclaimed, casting himself on his knees before the agitated Naamah, and pouring forth those ardent words she had so long pined to hear.

Could she doubt that her angel lover had thus sought her side at length, not in brightness and glory indeed, but in plain, earthly guise—in pity to her weak mortal senses?

Could she not discover in the ineffable perfections the immortal essence? Could they be hidden from her? Ah! no; Naamah had not a doubt: and to her mother's dwelling she led the graceful youth, where the stranger and wayfarer are sure to find a ready welcome.

The woman of a hundred summers exchanged mysterious glances with the tender mother, who silently watched the enamored pair.

When on the same spot where he had first found her, at the same hour, the wanderer demanded of Naamah in the trembling voice of true love, if she would leave her mother's side, and her own people to follow him, what replied she? "Long loved—long sought for—I have found thee at last—I am thine."

To a distant brilliant home the beautiful Naamah was conducted by her husband. And there the precious gems of earth were sparkling—where all the untold glories of the ancient world had shone around her, seated on a golden throne, costly incense burning, and peerless flowers strewed beneath her feet, and paradise opening before her in the dark eyes whose light she lived in, Naamah learnt that to mortal love she had devoted her existence—plighted her faith;—that the wandering spirit of the haunted lake, who had sought her by the lotus-lilies, was the brother of

Adah's husband—Adah, who had dwelt on her sister's loveliness, until, as the youthful prince listened to her description, he yearned to behold it himself, and set forth on his venturesome expedition, was almost tempted to believe that he had discovered an angel beside the solitary mountain-lake, when personating one.

An earthly throne Naamah gained—a mortal heart's fond devotion; but there were whispers on the Lebanon to hint that she revered her early dreams, and cherished, with somewhat of saddened memory, the illusions of the past.


Our Higher Destiny.

We come into this world to spend the careless, fleeting moments of childhood; to drink in the elements of being; to learn the rudiments of life. As the mother dresses her laughing child in a loose homely garment, fitted to its thoughtless sports, and playful business; so God has clothed us all in frail, perishable bodies, fitted for the childish business of mortal life. We are not always to be pressed down in the chafing bands of childhood—we can not always wear the homely garments of mortality. Earth has many bright attractions, it has a thousand precious blessings, and yields us all, perhaps, that our present capacities can appreciate. But earth is not our home. It was not given us as a sphere in which we could find consummate satisfaction; a sphere in which perfect happiness, and holiness, and wisdom could be found, nor a sphere in which we would choose to "live away." We are only sent to bud and blossom here, and then be transplanted in some friendlier climate, some purer region, some holier atmosphere. We cannot go away until this body, this infant garment is put off. It can not be taken with us—we shall not want it, we shall not need it in our final home. The butterfly would be pained to wear its parent covering. The eagle could not follow the sun in his course, if his narrow shell were not exchanged for wings. Immortal spirits would be pained and circumscribed in their beatific sphere, if hampered down in the swathings of mortality.

The Fairest Christian.

Imagine a female who ever looks up confidently to God, amid the deepest afflictions, and though her heart bleeds and aches, even unto bursting, yet wears a countenance of joy before the world: who changes not, nor is disturbed by the storms of life! Where is her like? In the heavens!—there appears the rainbow, that is neither moved by the winds, nor obscured by the clouds, but shines in the air like the glittering morning dew of a fairer world.

OLD MEN.—In truth they are long shadows, and their evening sun lies cold upon this earth, but they all point toward morning.

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