

THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

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

VOL. I.

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NO. 47.

The Principles of Nature.

THE AWAKENING;

Or Meeting of Wife and Husband in the Second Sphere.

[The following article is sent us, for the Messenger, by a friend who found it several years ago, "floating about on the great sea of Newspaperdom." Our friend says, "To be sure it is not exactly as it *should be*; but whoever wrote it had an idea of the 'good time' that is now dawning upon our earth. His opinion was in advance of the age in which he lived; and if he lives now, must feel to rejoice with 'joy unspeakable.'" The article is written in the conversational form, and is designed to represent the meeting of a husband with his wife who had passed before him to the Spirit-world.]

Wife. Thou hast slept well?

Husband. As never before. Not even in childhood did I experience such a deep, soft, refreshing slumber. My old father—thou rememberest him well—when he stepped into the room in the morning, where we were waiting for him, used to say, in answer to our inquiry how he had slept, "like the blessed." Like the blessed, I might say, have I slept; or rather, like the blessed have I awakened. I feel myself new-quickened, as if all weariness and all need of sleep were gone forever. Such vigor is in my limbs, such elasticity in my movements, that I believe I could fly if I would.

W. And you are pleased with this place?

H. Indeed, I must say we have been in many a beautiful place together; but this is wonderful and beautiful beyond description. What trees!—actually Heaven-high. They bear blossoms and fruit together. Their branches swaying to the morning wind, cause the tree-tops all to give forth melody, as if a host of feathered singers dwelt in them. Behind the trees, the mountains tower up. Their majestic forms rigidly defined in the pure air, and here and there glowing with all the hues of sunrise and sunset, stretch along their sides, or float over their summits. Upon their highest peak, out of a milk-white, translucent shimmering mist, there springs, as it were, the gates and towers, and palaces of a splendid city. From this peak nearest us, there seems to gush a mighty water, which I may call a sea rather than a stream, and which, nevertheless, leaps down the numerous terraces of the mountain, not with fearful roaring, but with a melodious sound. Wide about us are sprinkled the drops which water the trees and flowers, and impart a delicious coolness to the air, making it ecstasy to breathe here. Look, too, at this bank whereon we stand! How luxuriant, and how thickly strown with wonderful flowers. We wander over it, and yet the spires of grass are not broken, nor are the flowers crushed by our footsteps. 'Tis a solitary place, yet on all sides vistas open to us, and the horizon tempts us further and further on.

W. Hast thou seen all this often before, or dost thou see it to-day for the first time?

H. Notwithstanding all is so home-like to me here, and though every thing greets me as something long beloved, yet when I think of it, I must say no, I have never been here before.

W. And dost thou not wonder to see me again at thy side?

H. Indeed, and hast thou not, somehow, always been near me?

H. In a certain sense, I have; but in another, not so. 'Tis long since thine eyes have seen me. I disappeared from them once.

W. Ah! now there sweeps over my memory, as it were, a dark cloud—days of anxiety, and nights spent in weeping—only the painful thoughts and emotions which so recently absorbed me. Now they elude my grasp; I cannot distinctly comprehend them, they appear to me something mysterious.

W. Think on the fourteenth of February.

H. Now it is clear to me. It was near noon. Four days hadst thou been sick. We had feared much for thee, but still had hope. Suddenly a faintness came over thee; thou didst lean thy head upon thy breast; didst sink back with a deep sigh; thou didst—yes, it is all over; thou art dead.

W. I am dead; and yet see, I live.

H. If thou art dead, and if I see thee, then do I really dream?
W. Thou dreamest not, for thou art awake.

H. Or, art thou sent down from Heaven to earth, that I should see thee again for a short time, and then anew, through long years, lament thy disappearance?

W. No; henceforth we shall never separate. I am indeed sent to thee, but not down upon the earth. Look around thee here;—where upon earth hast thou seen such trees, such waters. Look at thyself;—thou didst go about yonder bowed beneath the weight of years. Now thou art young again. Thou dost not walk—thou floatest; thine eyes not only see, but see immeasurably far. Look inward upon thyself; has it always been within thy heart as now?

H. Within me is a deep, unfathomable, ever-swelling, and yet entirely still and peaceful sea. Yes, when I look about me here, and when I feel thy hand in mine—then I must say I am blessed—I am in Heaven.

W. Thou art.

H. And then I must be actually dead.

W. Thou art. Hast thou not lain sick in that very chamber where I died, and whither thou didst long to be brought. Has not thy son, day and night, without leaving thy side, sincerely and tenderly nursed thee? Hast thou not, by day and night, found open the blue eye of thy daughter, in which she vainly strove to hold back the forth welling tears? Was there not then a deep mist, and utter darkness spread over the faces of thy children, and over every thing around thee?

H. I AM DEAD! Lord of life and death, upon my knees I thank thee that thou hast fulfilled this so great a thing in me—that thou hast led me to such high happiness—to such great honor;—*dead and happy to be dead.* Thou knowest, oh Lord, how often that moment stood before me; how often have I prayed that Thou thyself, since I was not able to do it, wouldst prepare me for that hour; that thou wouldst send me a soft, blessed death. Now, oh Lord, thou hast heard this, and as in all things, eternally shown thyself gracious and pitiful. What stood before me is now over. Truly, though dead, I have not yet learned exactly what death is; but this much I know, death is sweet. As one bears a sleeping child out of a dark chamber into a bright spring garden, so hast thou borne me from earth to heaven. But now, loved one, hold me no longer back.

W. Whither wouldst thou go?

H. Canst thou ask? To whom else but to the Pattern of purity on earth? All is beautiful and lovely here; these trees, these flowers, this down-streaming water, this coolness which breathes over flowers and trees, and deep into my heart; thyself, thy presence, which, after so long a separation, after so many tears, I enjoy again; but not even all this satisfies me. HIMSELF I must see. Where is the little earth? Yonder it spins, how far from here! In what darkness it is veiled! I would not again return to it. Much that he has done for me have I already learned upon the earth; now I know more; and I shall know still more in the future, when together we recount the whole. But now I have no time for this. Emotion within me is too strong; my heart will burst; I must away to him, see him, thank him—if I am capable of thanking him—if, in this overpowering bliss, thanksgiving be not swallowed up.

W. Thou wilt see him, but not until he comes to thee. Until then, be patient. I am sent to thee to tell thee that such is his will.

H. Now I know for a certainty that I am in Heaven, for my will yields itself implicitly to his without a struggle. I had thought it wholly insupportable not to see him here. Yet I not only bear it, but bear it cheerfully. He wills this; I will it also. Other than this seems now impossible to me. So readily could we not submit below. But if thou art sent to me from him, then must he have spoken with thee. Canst thou tell how it was with thee?

W. As it has been in my heart each following time. I am using an earthly language with thee, in which these things cannot be described.

H. As thou sawest him for the first time, didst thou instantly recognize him?

W. Instantly.

H. How?—By that particular glory in which he outshines all angels?

W. He has no need to clothe himself in splendor; we know him without that.

H. Dost thou mean that I will immediately recognize him without any one saying to me, that is he?

W. Thine own heart will tell thee.

H. How will he really seem to me—severe or gentle? Below, when I cried to him out of the darkness of my earth life, he often answered with sternness.

W. There below he is constrained to do this with his best beloved. Here it is no longer necessary; here there is no need that he should do violence to his own heart; he can give free expression to his love. This love is infinite; on earth we would not fathom it,—as little can we do so here.

H. Do there exist among you here differences in glory and blessedness?

W. In endless degrees; but then the highest are even as the most lowly, so they stoop down to the humblest. And this does he require of them; for he who ranks above the highest is himself the humblest of all. So, then, these diversities become swallowed up, and we are all as one.

H. Lo, I have often thought me, if I only reach Heaven, I shall be content to be the very least of all there. Thou, methought, wouldst soar in a much higher circle, and our children also, when they left the earth. But then, if only once in a thousand years I might be worthy to see him whom my soul loves—still methought it would be enough for me.

W. Be trustful. Whom he receives, he receives to glory. Knowest thou not by what wonderful way he has called us?

H. Well do I know all that, and I see with what glory and honor he has crowned thee. Between thine image in thy last sickness, and that which now stands revealed to me—between that perishable flower, and the heavenly blossom—what a difference! No, this bloom upon thy cheek can never fade; this light in thine eye can never be dimmed; thy form shall never bear the impress of age. Thus ever wilt thou wander about with me here; thou wilt show me the glory of these heavenly mansions, and also will lead me to those other blessed ones who are dear to me.

W. Thou wilt see them soon.

H. How delightful was it of old when we sought our aged father in his cot. Our carriage rolled up; all came running out before the house, and among the whole troop we sought first his dear honored countenance. How much more delightful to see him here! He whom the smallest favor filled with thanks to the giver,—he who would find beauty in a single spire of grass, who smiled at a brighter sunbeam, he who went forth so joyfully under the starry heavens, and adored the Creator of these worlds—what must he experience here, where the wonders of Omnipotence lie all open and unveiled before him! He who in the silent joy of his heart thanked the Lord for his beneficence, and for the least refreshing which was granted him on his weary earthway—what thanks will he now pour forth to his Redeemer? “We shall meet again,” he said to me, in his last sickness, as he pressed my hand with all his remaining strength, “we shall meet again, and together thank God for his grace.”

W. Thou wilt soon see him and thy mother also.

H. My mother, who loved me with such unspeakable tender-

ness, and whom I have never known. I was but three years old when I lost her. As she lay upon her death-bed, and I was playing in the garden before the house,—“What will become of my poor child?” she cried. Good mother! all that a man can be, thy son has become,—an inhabitant of heaven.

W. It is even so. I have often spoken of thee with thy father and mother.

H. Is X—here? *W.* Yes.

H. I had not expected it. That, however, was wrong; *why am I here?* But the dear souls whom I left behind me on the earth—I would have some tidings of them; or is the perception of them lost to us until the moment of re-union?

W. This question thou mayest speedily answer for thyself. Look longer in this direction, and you will surely see. Dost thou see now?

H. Perfectly. The place is familiar to me. It is the church-yard where I placed thy mortal part, which was given back to the earth. The place became dear to me; I often sought it, and kneeling upon thy grave, raised my eyes hitherward to heaven, where we both are now. Among beautiful trees and flowers, I thought, may she be wandering here. Among trees and flowers shall her body rest here. So a flower garden and a wilderness of blossoms sprung up, and every beautiful thing which the anniversary brought with it adorned thy grave.

W. I knew it well. Look thitherward now. What seest thou?

H. Near thy grave another is open. The church-yard gate stands open, a corpse is borne forward; our children follow. Do ye weep, loved hearts, weep so bitterly? Could you see us, as we see you, you would not weep, or at the most, only for long-ing. The body—my body—is lowered; now they cast a handful of dust upon the coffin. The grave is closed; now rests my dust by thine. Go home, now, ye loved ones, and may the fore-taste of that heavenly peace which we now enjoy glide to your souls. But return hitherward often, and seek the grave of your old parents. When ye meet and pray there, we will be near you and bring you heavenly gifts. We will guide you safely, and one day will bring us all together again.

W. Amen. Thus will it surely be.

H. Hearest thou those sounds? What may it be? Strange and wonderful, like the mingled roaring of the sea, and the sweetest flute notes, they come from that quarter and float through the wide heaven. Hark! now from the other side melody arises, a wholly different note, and yet just as strange and enrapturing. What may it be?

W. They are angel choirs, which from immeasurable distance answer one another.

H. For some time already a form moves about there.

W. Observe it more closely, and then tell me why it attracts thee so.

H. Gardon me, who am so lately called from the earth, an earthly childish comparison. At the home where I was born, thou knowest it well, though at the time thou wast no longer upon earth, I had planted a garden. As the spring came I devoted myself to its cultivation, and enjoyed myself over my plants, and their beautiful unfoldings. There were many trees there, much shrubbery and many flowers; yet I knew every shoot; I had myself planted and watered it; each in its turn came under my inspection, and when it had put on its bright green and blossomed beautifully and grew thriftily, then found I a heart-friend in it. Thus seems to me that man is to be the gardener in this heavenly garden. He moves hither and thither quietly, and in mildest radiance; but one can see that every thing here is familiar to him. He casts around on all besides a satisfied and friendly glance, and appears to find joy in all creation here.

* * * My soul burns with longing to approach him. Yes, he is indeed one known to me, though never before seen face to face. Now he turns hitherwards, and looks upon us. He appears to rejoice over us. His eyes glisten with tears of joy. I can no longer restrain myself; I must away to him. I must say to him that I love him as I never loved aught before. He raises his hands—how? in those hands a mark, and from the mark rays darting forth? Yes, those are the pierced, the bleeding hands. He blesses us! Deep in my heart I feel his bless-

ing. Now know I that I am in Heaven; now know I that this is he!

W. Away, then, to him.

Psychological Department.

ORGANIC PREVISION.

REPORTED BY A COMMISSION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MEDICINE.

Pierre Cazot, twenty years of age, a working hatter, born of an epileptic mother, has been subject, from ten years of age, to attacks of epilepsy, which have recurred five or six times a week up to the time when he entered the *Hopital de la Charite*, in the early part of the month of August, 1827. He was at once magnetized by M. Foissac, was placed in the magnetic sleep at the third sitting, and became somnambulist at the tenth, which took place on the 19th of August. It was on that day, at nine o'clock in the morning, that he announced that on the same day, at four o'clock in the afternoon, he should have an attack of epilepsy; but that it might be prevented if he was magnetized a little before that period. The verification of his prediction was preferred, and therefore no precaution was taken to prevent the paroxysm; we contented ourselves with observing him, without his having any suspicion that we were doing so. At one o'clock he was seized with a violent headache;—at three he was obliged to go to bed—and at four o'clock precisely the paroxysm attacked him, and lasted about five minutes. Two days afterwards, Cazot being in somnambulism, M. Fouquier suddenly thrust a pin, of an inch long, between the thumb and the fore-finger of the right hand; with the same pin he also pierced the lobe of the ear;—and the eyelids being separated, the white of the eye itself was repeatedly struck with the head of the pin without occasioning the smallest indication of sensibility.

The commission met at the *Hopital de la Charite* on the twenty-fourth of August, at nine in the morning, in order to observe the experiments which M. Fouquier, one of its members, proposed continuing upon this invalid.

At this seance, M. Fouquier took his station about six feet in front of Cazot; he looked at him firmly—made use of no passes with the hands,—observed the most perfect silence, and Cazot was asleep in eight minutes. At three different times, a bottle of ammonia was held under his nose—the countenance became flushed—the breathing quickened, but he did not awaken. M. Fouquier thrust a pin an inch long into the fore-arm; afterwards, another pin was thrust to the depth of two lines, obliquely under the chest;—a third was similarly inserted into the pit of the stomach, and a fourth was thrust perpendicularly into the sole of the foot. M. Guersent pinched him in the fore-arm so severely as to leave a bruise mark;—and M. Itard leaned the whole weight of his body upon his thigh.

We endeavored to tickle him by lightly passing a little piece of paper under the nose, upon the lips, upon the eye-brows, the eye-lashes, the neck, and the soles of the feet, but nothing could awaken him. We then urged him with questions. "How many more attacks will you have?" "During a year." "Do you know whether these attacks will be near to each other?" "No." "Will you have one this month?" "I shall have a fit on Monday the twenty-seventh, at twenty minutes before three o'clock." "Will it be a strong one?" "It will not be half so strong as the last." "On what other day will you have an attack?" After an expression of impatience, he answered—"A fortnight hence, that is to say, on the seventh of September." "At what hour?" "At ten minutes before six in the morning."

The illness of one of his children obliged Cazot to leave la *Charite* on that very day, the twenty-fourth of August. But it was agreed that he should return on Monday, the twenty-seventh, early in the morning, in order that the fit which he had declared to be impending on the afternoon of that day, at twenty minutes before three, might be accurately observed.

The steward having refused to take him in when he presented himself for admittance, Cazot repaired to the house of M. Foissac,

in order to complain of this refusal. M. Foissac, as he afterwards told us, preferred dissipating this attack by magnetism, to being a solitary witness to the occurrence,—and consequently we were unable to establish the exactitude of this prevision. But it still remained for us to observe the paroxysm which he had announced for the seventh of September. M. Fouquier having caused Cazot to re-enter the hospital on the sixth, under the pretext of paying him some attentions, which he could not pay out of that establishment, had him magnetized in the course of the day of the sixth, by M. Foissac, who put him to sleep by the simple act of his will, and by steadfastly looking at him. In this sleep, Cazot repeated, that the next day he should have an attack at ten minutes before six in the morning, and that it might be prevented if he was magnetized a little before. At a signal agreed upon, and given by M. Fouquier, M. Foissac, of whose presence Cazot was ignorant, awakened him in the same way as he had put him to sleep, by the sole act of his will, notwithstanding the questions which were addressed to the somnambulist, and which had no other object than to conceal from him the moment in which he ought to waken.

In order to be witnesses of this second attack, the commission met on the seventh of September, at a quarter before six in the morning, in the ward St. Michel, at la *Charite*. There they were informed that the evening before, at eight o'clock, Cazot had been seized with headache, which tormented him all night,—that this pain had occasioned the sensation of beating in his head, and that he had had some darting sensations in his ears. *Ten minutes before six o'clock* we witnessed the epileptic attack, characterized by contraction and stiffness of the limbs—by the repeated and forcible tossing of the head backwards,—by the convulsive closing of the eyelids,—by the retraction of the globe of the eye towards the roof of the orbit,—by sighs,—by screams,—by insensibility to severe pinching, and by the biting of the tongue between the teeth. This set of symptoms lasted for about five minutes, during which, he had two remissions of some seconds each, and then a painful relaxation of the limbs, and sense of general exhaustion. * * * *

We see in this history a young man, subject for years to attacks of epilepsy, for which he had been treated successively at the *Hopital des Enfants*, and at St. Louis, and in consequence of which he had been exempted from military service. Magnetism acted upon him, although he was perfectly ignorant of what was going on,—and he became somnambulist. The symptoms of his disorder were ameliorated; the paroxysms diminished in frequency;—his headaches, his oppression disappeared under the influence of magnetism; he prescribed for himself a treatment appropriate to the nature of his malady, and from which he promised his restoration. Magnetized *without his knowledge*, and from a distance, he fell into somnambulism, and was aroused from it with the same promptitude, as if he had been magnetized close at hand. Finally, he indicated with extraordinary precision, one or two months beforehand, the day and the hour of the return of the epileptic attack.

The commission would draw your attention to the fact that the previsions of Cazot related only to his attacks:—that they are reducible to the knowledge of organic modifications in himself, which were preparing, and which would arrive as the necessary result of the *interior functions*; that these previsions, although of greater extent, are really precisely similar to those of certain other epileptics, who recognize by divers premonitory symptoms, such as headache, giddiness, irritability, the *aura epileptica*, that they shall soon have an attack. Is it, then, surprising, that these somnambulists, whose sensations, as you have seen, are extremely acute, should be able to foresee their attacks a long time previously, according to some symptoms, or interior impressions which escape the notice of waking men? It is in this way, gentlemen, that we may understand the prevision attested by Artæus in two parts of his immortal works,—by Sauvages, who also records an example,—and by Cabanis. Let us also add that the prevision of Cazot was not absolute and unalterable, but conditional; since in predicting an attack, he announced that it would not take place if he was magnetized, and that in point of fact, it did not take place:—the prevision is *wholly organic, wholly interior*.

THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

R. P. AMBLER, EDITOR.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., JUNE 28, 1851.

DIRECTIONS FOR CIRCLES.

*From a Guardian Spirit of Harmonial Circle A, of Philadelphia,
for the Spirit Messenger.*

Spirits in the body converse together with natural organs appropriated to that use. This mode of communication is very imperfect, as it does not reveal all the thoughts of the speakers; and thus misunderstandings and deceptions take place among the inhabitants of the earth. In the course of human progress, the mode of communication will gradually be improved, and then happiness and confidence will increase among men;—there cannot be perfect happiness where misunderstandings and distrust exist.

Society will be organized upon different principles from what it now is, when the truth of spiritual communications is generally received. We can then teach man his duty to his brother man. We can teach him that the interest of one should not conflict with that of another, but that all should harmonize together. Then there will be no jealous feelings, and no toiling to get more of the world's goods than a neighbor has succeeded in acquiring. We can teach him that it is each one's duty to take as much care of the affairs of his neighbors as he does of his own—when he can benefit them by so doing. Then will confidence in each other, and love to God and man, grow and flourish to an extent never before known on the earth. We can teach man that it is his duty to comfort the afflicted, soothe their sorrows, and direct them to seek us for comfort and consolation. None shall come to us in vain, for we will freely soothe, advise, and guide all who will give us the power of doing so, by coming to us in a proper spirit. We cannot approach them if they do not confide in us, for distrust repels us; all is harmony with us, and we cannot come where harmony does not exist.

A want of harmony in the circles prevents our communicating to them now as freely as we wish. Nothing should be allowed to disturb the harmony of the circle. The minds of the members should be fixed on one subject; they should not converse on trivial matters; but should place their thoughts on subjects of a spiritual nature. There should be no controversy in the circle, for there is no harmony between persons opposing each other's opinions. There should be no skeptics admitted that are not *candid*, for if they come determined to ridicule what they see and hear, or not to be convinced, there can be no harmony between them and the rest of the circle. The circles should be very careful about admitting strangers, especially before they obtain the responses, as harmony *must* be preserved, if they would have mediums prepared in a short time.

Circles should not despair of getting responses, if they meet several months without succeeding in obtaining any; for it requires a longer time to prepare mediums in some circles than in others; but if all the directions given are observed, they may rest assured that they will have responses as quickly as possible. The circle should consist of from twelve to sixteen members; if sixteen cannot be found at the beginning that are willing to investigate the matter candidly, then it is better to commence with a smaller number, and enlarge as opportunity offers for admitting persons of the right character.

The circles should open and close their meetings with singing, and also have singing occasionally during their meetings; they should also read something suitable,—Davis' works are the best. Such employment fixes the mind on the same subject, thus producing a greater degree of harmony than could otherwise be obtained.

In some circles it is necessary for the spirits to put the undeveloped mediums to sleep, in order to develop them. When such is the case, they should be left *entirely* alone—not touched at all.

During the time they are asleep, it is very important that the circles should read and converse as before directed;—nothing should be said about the persons sleeping, and no impatience manifested;—they will wake up at the proper time.

The circles will generally have responses during the reading and singing, while the undeveloped mediums are asleep, for some weeks before they can have answers to questions.

The magnetic cord spoken of by Davis may be used if liked, but it is not necessary. If this is not used, the undeveloped mediums should sit at equal distances around the table; it does not matter how many of them there are in the circle,—a number can be prepared as well and as quickly as two.

The mediums should be of a high moral and intellectual cast, in order to have communication with a high order of spirits. We cannot approach low mediums, and cannot respond correctly through them; even if a low medium is surrounded by a good circle, none but low spirits can respond. The circles should be in harmony with the mediums, and this cannot be the case when the mediums are low and the circles high. The circles should be of as high an order as the mediums, and then more harmony will be preserved than if this condition be not obeyed. They should also confide in us, and should be willing to follow all our directions without complaint.

Circles should be willing to meet for the good of the whole, and not each member merely for his own good; they should be as willing to meet when they are assured they shall have no responses, as when they are sure of having them. If they are not willing to do this, they had better leave the circle; for if they take a proper interest in this cause, they will be willing to sacrifice their own wishes for the welfare of others. A proper interest in this matter will make a person entirely unselfish in regard to his own particular good. All persons that do not feel thus unselfish, may know that they are not in the proper mood of mind. Many persons are willing to meet till they get the responses, and after that they do not desire to meet at all, unless they are sure of obtaining them,—this is not right;—they do not come to the work in the proper spirit, for they ought to feel as willing to come afterwards as they did before.

If the circle meets when the developed medium is absent, it gives the undeveloped mediums an opportunity of receiving their preparation, as well as when the medium is present, and in the end the whole will be benefited. If the members of circles attend them in a proper spirit, they will be impressed with the importance of them, and they will learn to value them so highly that it will be hard to induce them to stay away upon any consideration, whether they expect there will be responses or not.

The members of the circle should not yield to natural sleep, but should endeavor to overcome it by all the means in their power; the condition of the members in this respect, has an influence on the sleep of the undeveloped mediums, because they are not in harmony with the rest, and when there is not harmony the mediums cannot get into as favorable a state as we wish them to do. It is better to remain out of the circle than to come there to sleep, as we cannot respond well while there are any of the members in this condition;—therefore, if they desire good responses, it will be necessary for them to keep *awake*.

The circles should meet twice or three times a week, as the oftener we have a chance of operating on the undeveloped mediums, the quicker we can prepare them; the circles will also feel more interest in the meetings if they meet thus often. As the more people are associated with virtuous persons, the more they admire them, so it is with these spiritual communications;—the more people hear and learn of them, the more will they become impressed with their sacred character.

If circles follow these directions, they may feel sure of getting responses in as short a time as possible. A circle meeting without a developed medium, will do well to call in a circle that has one;—this should be done occasionally to cheer them up, and encourage them to continue their meetings. And a circle that contains a developed medium should be willing to go wherever it can do good. The members should feel that they are all engaged in the same great cause, and should be willing to co-operate with each other; although they may sometimes receive

unpleasant treatment by thus going out, they must be willing to endure it for the sake of truth.

Treat your opposers in all cases with respect; try to show them their folly; but do not be anxious about their conversion,—they will believe in due time. Then they will be ashamed of their former conduct, and seek to make reparation, but accept none;—tell them it was their ignorance that caused them to conduct as they did, and they are freely forgiven by you and us.

The veil will soon fall off of many eyes, and they will see these communications in their true light; then will be a glorious era for the world.

The friends of this cause should use every endeavor to form circles, and they will be abundantly blessed in a short time.

The circle having a developed medium should always seek our advice before accepting any invitation to visit other parties. It may not be advisable in all cases to go where they are invited, but if we see a circle really trying to follow our directions, we will be glad to give our consent to accept an invitation from that circle. Sometimes circles have been invited in this way merely to be ridiculed. In such a case they ought not to go, for they can do no good at such a place. We cannot respond there, and that gives opposers a greater chance to quibble. But if circles should get into such a place, they should not become excited, but leave all to us. The mediums should keep perfectly calm and composed, and not allow themselves to be disturbed by any remarks that may be made by any of the company; if this is not done, it decreases our power of communicating, and we cannot do as well as we otherwise could.

Now let all these directions be observed by all circles, and they will generally succeed well.

LAW OF CORRESPONDENCE.

Our spirit-friends confirm the doctrine of a universal correspondence and a trinitarian development of nature and man. There is a philosophical and harmonious relation existing between the inhabitants of our earth and those of the Spirit-world, or as some term it, the second universal Sphere. No person conversant with the intercourse already established between different circles in this and the Spirit-sphere, and the communications made to individuals by corresponding friends, can doubt for a moment that there are societies of spirits, ignorant, deluded, and undeveloped, with which corresponding minds can establish communication, and receive confirmations and approbations of their own views and feelings. It is not strange that individuals should have their opinions confirmed respecting their neighbors and brethren, and to some extent on philosophical inquiries, nor is it inconsistent that such persons should believe all other and conflicting statements to come from wicked or deluded spirits; it has ever been known that those who "look through maudlin eyes see every body drunk," and it is certainly not less so in other variations from nature's true life. Ask the drunkard his opinion of the use of alcoholic drinks, and of the prejudices of temperance men;—ask the man who makes his body an unfit temple for a spirit to dwell in, by smoking, chewing, and snuffing tobacco, his opinion of the filthy weed, and the prejudices of those who reject it;—ask the person whose system is kept constantly stimulated by the use of strong tea, coffee, and the condiments used in the culinary department of civilization, his opinion of what is, and what is not, the proper and natural food for man, and what reliance can be placed on such testimony, even though, as is often the case, the precept conflict with the example? The men who "know the right, and still the wrong pursue," are not the reformers to be relied on. It is natural and reasonable that persons, in whatever state of mind, should find sympathetic and corresponding friends in the Spirit-world, who, through certain circumstances and strong sympathy, will confirm their errors. Man is not to lay aside his reason because an intercourse has been opened between this and the Second Sphere. Nature is still the standard for truth, and harmony for per-

fection;—Wisdom still occupies her throne, and Science has still her work to do. We need not look to the spirits to correct and harmonize the conflicting sentiments and communications which come to different persons—sometimes even purporting to be from the same spirit. The rule to measure truth by is within our reach. We should not employ a crible for athletic exercises, or a fanatic to teach philosophy. There is little difficulty in establishing the fact that the person whose mental and physical system is most in harmony with nature, is most perfect, and hence will correspond to, and converse with (if at all), the furthest developed spirits, and of course get the most truthful and reliable information; but even the best he can get may be, and doubtless is, faulty to some extent. The person who is most out of harmony with Nature, will correspond to the most undeveloped spirit, and doubtless (if at all) get communications from that society. To know, then, what reliance can be placed on any communication from the Spirit-world, we must know from what sphere of development it proceeds, and the best testimony we can reach is the character and correspondence of the friends to whom it is made;—for this we have the best of rules—"by their fruits ye shall know them." The man who is prompted by motives of universal good—who, aside from all selfish aims, labors in every sphere within his reach to develop and harmonize his fellow beings—who loves his neighbor as himself—who harbors no spirit of envy, jealousy, or hatred—whose physical system is free from all contaminating and unnatural substances, thus rendering it a fit temple for the spirit, will be acknowledged by most persons to produce the best fruit, and therefore to correspond to and with highly developed spirits. On the other hand, the man who has never manifested to the world any motive to act but a selfish one—who has isolated himself within his shell like the tortoise—who hates and despises his neighbors, as unworthy of his intercourse or sympathy—who believes himself to be first in the kingdom of heaven, and those he hates to be brutes—whose physical system is adulterated by the filth used in civilization—, will be acknowledged to bring forth fruit of the opposite character, and to correspond to and with a very low plane of development. To know, then, what reliance can be placed on spiritual communications, we must ascertain the character and correspondence of the persons whose friends (for all have friends there) have delivered the message; and also compare the messages with Nature, and apply our reason to the examination. So far as my experience has gone, the character of the intercourse has been in accordance with this rule of correspondence. Persons whose lives are absorbed in a cold world of skepticism, receive communications truthful in some departments of science, but showing the same deviation from harmony and nature that the individual does. Persons whose lives are one entire catalogue of selfish acts and motives, get beautiful and truthful communications on some subjects, but on others connected with the strongly imbued errors, get their character and motives confirmed as a proper right. Persons who set themselves up as superior to their fellows, but whose lives and character bear testimony to a very low development get their absurdities confirmed in direct contradiction to Nature and Reason. Persons who have strong sectarian characters get confirmations of their theological errors. These circumstances do not afford an argument against the ultimate and universal development of all spirits into harmony and happiness; nor do they warrant us in attacking with malice, hatred, or revenge, any brother for being in error. Pity is the salve for the deluded mind. It is not best to strengthen and encourage errors, or to rebuke when it confirms the erring in prejudice. Any person who feels envious, jealous, or revengeful, has enough to suffer without being goaded; and even if their spirit-friends know their errors, it may not be best at once to correct them and take away their idols. We shall ere long know more of spiritual intercourse. w. c.

Ceresco, Wis.

Men are to be estimated, as Johnson says, by the mass of character. A block of tin may have a grain of silver, but still it is tin; and a block of silver may have an alloy of tin, but still it is silver.

A Test of Spiritual Realities.

NEW YORK, June 19, 1851.

DEAR BRO. AMBLEE:—Deeming my communication as one of many tending to prove the truth of spiritual intercourse, with the great mass of others which have already been presented, to be of sufficient importance to appear in your paper, I take the liberty of transmitting it to you:

While at Troy, in November, 1850, I became deeply impressed with the spiritual manifestations which were being unfolded in various parts of the country; and this impression grew upon me, until at last I cried out from my inmost soul, "Can it be possible—and if so, why will they not manifest to me!" This feeling continued in my thoughts by day and my dreams by night, up to a certain evening in the month above alluded to, when I determined to test the matter by becoming passive, and desiring the spirit of my father to manifest himself to me in such a manner as would convince me of its tangible reality. It was not long before I felt the hand of my father pressed upon my brow, which electrified my whole being. The influence soon left me, but again I desired to feel it, in order that not a doubt might remain on my mind, and that I might be sure that it was not an effect of the imagination. It came as before, and more powerfully affected me. I could only exclaim, "*I believe—thank God, it is true!*"

In the latter part of the month of March, last, I visited the small but pretty village of Morris, in Otsego County, in this state, where, I was informed, there were some twenty mediums. Not long after my arrival, I was gratified with several communications from the spirit of my father, of a most satisfactory nature. And among other things, I learned that the spirits were not only cognizant of all our thoughts, but that they could write out answers to questions asked mentally. I determined to make this a test. The next day I had the pleasure of being introduced to a young girl, who was an excellent medium, but not gifted otherwise, and possessed only of a limited education. She was soon in communication with my father, and I asked the question, mentally, "If it was really my father that placed his hand upon my brow while I was at Troy in the preceding November?"—when the spirit of my father immediately wrote out, through her,—

"*Yes—and it imparted joy and happiness in me to know that you realized it!*"

It was enough. My heart was full, and I felt to rejoice with exceeding great joy. Since then, I have been happy as a mortal can well be here, surrounded as he is by so many cares and perplexities; while I have almost daily communications with near and dear friends who have long since taken up their residence in the Spirit-land. But more anon.

Yours fraternally.

J. L. B.

Letter from Philadelphia.

We take the liberty of presenting to our readers the following letter from a friend in Philadelphia, which will serve to show the progress of spiritual truth in that city:

DEAR SIR:—Perhaps it would be interesting to you to know somewhat of the history and progress of Harmonial Circle A, of Philadelphia.

When we first commenced our meetings, we did not take the precaution of forming a regular circle, and admitting none but the members. After meeting in this way some three months, without success, we adopted a different course, and had the circle composed of more harmonious individuals, and obtained the responses in a few weeks.

We had the first responses on the tenth of February, when a number of test questions were satisfactorily answered. Since that time we have advanced very rapidly. From the time we have had communications, we have been directed to become passive, so that our guardian spirits might prepare us to become mediums. About half of the circle have thus been operated on, being fitted to perform certain duties.

My sister has been directed to devote the most of her time to spelling out communications by card. She commences by moving her hand voluntarily over the card containing the Alphabet printed in large characters. After one or more passages she loses control, and the spirits direct her hand to the letters they design to use. This is done as rapidly as a person can write what is communicated. A number of tests have been spelled out in this way. We are informed that this is to be one of the most reliable modes of communication.

We are doing all we can, by encouraging the formation of circles;—several have already been organized.

Respectfully yours,

G. D. B.

Joy and Aspiration.

A proper contemplation of the reality of spiritual intercourse, and the ineffable glories which are thus opened to our view in the celestial home, is calculated to awaken the deepest emotions of joy and aspiration. So full and perfect has become the realization of these things, and so elevating and joyous is the influence they impart, that one feels to break forth in exclamations of praise, and soar away to the brightness of the upper skies.

A friend writing from Philadelphia, where he has enjoyed the pleasures of spiritual intercourse, remarks as follows:

"I would like to tell you my feelings at present! But language fails! It is easier for you to imagine them than for me to describe them, when I tell you that I have long and ardently desired an interview with my spirit friends, and that my desires have been gratified far more abundantly than I had ever anticipated. I am reminded of one of ancient days, who had heard of the wisdom and glory of Solomon, and who thought it worth while to go and see for herself whether those things were so,—when lo! 'the half had not been told.'"

Another friend, residing in New York, in reflecting on the superior attractions of the Second Sphere, is led by his earnest aspirations to exclaim:—

"Oh, glorious thought! oh, blissful hope! How my spirit longs to soar away beyond the blue—to wander by the side of cool waters and beneath the shade of magnificent trees; to listen to the harmony of seraphs from surrounding groves, and yield to the calm delight which it imparts;—in short to dwell with God and participate in the joys of heaven. However, I must bide my time, and patiently wait the summons hence. In the meantime I trust to fulfill the mission for which I became a sojourner here."

Infinity.

Infinity exists in the universe as a philosophical necessity, while it forms a prominent characteristic of that inconceivable creation with which we are every where surrounded. It is impossible for the human mind to grasp, even in its boldest efforts, the boundless immensity. The eye may roam with pleasure over the wide expanse enclosed within the boundary of its vision; it may gaze over the broad earth with its hills and valleys, or look upward to the countless worlds that glitter in the nightly sky, --but how humiliating is the thought that all this multiplied a thousand times, is only a small and insignificant part of the illimitable Whole! A beautiful and instructive lesson is here imparted to man. Let him feel, as he contemplates the infinity of the universe, that he is embraced in the outstretched arms of the Eternal—not that he is the special subject of divine favor, but that Deity pervades equally every part of his creation, and that amid the inexhaustible treasures which are here contained, the soul may find a field for eternal progress.

B. P. A.

The little work to be entitled "THE SPIRIT HARP," for which many of our friends have been somewhat anxiously waiting, is now in the process of publication, and will be issued in the course of a few days. A more particular notice of this work may be expected in our next.

☞ "Notes by the Way-side," number six, are unavoidably deferred until next week, the manuscript not being received in time for the present number.

Poetry.

PROGRESS.

BY W. F. MULCHINOCK.

Hark! the iron age is speaking
With a mighty thunder tone,
Like the ocean surges breaking
'Gainst the immemorial stone;
Hark! the iron age demanding,
Not in anger, but in ruth—
"Care-worn Workers, are ye banding
In the cause of Right and Truth?"

Progress, Progress, ever onward
Fleet as lightning see you move,
Forms erect, and eyes cast sunward,
With proud Faith in God above.
Down with tyrants, and their lictors,
For the strife your armor don,
'Till a world shall hail you victors,
Toilers on, for ever on.

Progress, Progress, toil and sorrow,
Strife and danger—brave them all,
Lest the Future's coming morrow
Find each toiler still a thrall;
Every day some task beginning
You must close ere day is gone;
Day of rest is day of sinning!
Brothers, on, forever on.

Progress, Progress, friends and brothers,
Forward now, or die a slave,
Changing natures with your mothers,
Sinking into self-made graves;
Toilers, act like bold aspirants,
Freedom's garb of battle don,
Swerve not, crouch not, down with tyrants,
Brothers, on, for ever on.

Progress Progress! no man flinches,"
Hark! the earnest Toilers say,
"Though we now advance by inches,
Mile-stones soon shall mark our way;
And the watchword for the lowly,
Left by heroes dead and gone—
Shall be 'Progress,' high and holy,
Toilers, on, for ever on."

Life and Eternity.

Life is the veil that hides eternity—
Youth strives in vain to pierce it, but the eye
Of age may catch through chinks which Time has worn,
Faint glimpses of that awful world beyond,
Which death at last reveals. Thus, life may be
Compared to a tree's foliage; in its prime,
A mass of dark, impenetrable shade,
Which veils the distant view; but, day by day,
As Autumn's breath is felt, the falling leaves,
Opening a passage for the doubtful light,
Exhibit to the gazer more and more
Of that which lies beyond—till Winter comes,
And, through the skeleton branches we behold
The clear blue vault of day!

Miscellaneous Department.

LOCALITY OF HEAVEN.

An answer to the question of a niece who desired to know where Heaven is.

Niece. Dear uncle, can you tell me where heaven is?

Uncle. If you will tell me where God is, then I can tell you where heaven is.

Niece. Why—truly, God is everywhere—in all places and spaces;—but surely you cannot believe that heaven is every where?

Uncle. As God is a fountain of happiness, so I think it cannot be otherwise, but that where God is, there heaven is also. It is in God "we live, and move, and have our being"—but it is our mortal state which causes our misery and blindness. Could we at once be *quicken*ed, and made immortal, in what a glorious situation should we be! Then should we no more see as "through a glass darkly"—the vision of our eyes would be changed, and all things would appear glorious and lovely—our ears would be unstopped, and we should hear the singing of the angelic choir, even as the shepherds did at the birth of Jesus. To me it is plain, that if we could see as God sees, we should see that we are now in the midst of a glorious assembly of angels who were once our dearest friends, companions and children in the earthly nature, and who still retain a fond and pure affection for us, and have power given them to protect us from many evils which we are incident to. According to Scriptural accounts, spiritual angels were the inhabitants of the earth in the time of the prophets and the apostles. Many instances could be produced where angels of the invisible world were seen, and heard to speak with audible voices—and they were often known to administer to the necessities of the afflicted. When Peter was in prison, an angel went to him, and *talked* with him, and caused the chains to fall from his hands;—he said to Peter, "cast thy garments about thee, and follow me"—and when they came to the iron gate, it opened to them of its own accord. When Cornelius was praying in his house, a man stood before him in bright clothing, and told him what he must do. The angel which John was about to worship, was once a brother and a prophet.

Audible voices were often heard from the invisible world. When Samuel was a boy, and "was laid down to sleep, the Lord (probably a spirit) called Samuel, and he answered, Here am I. And he ran to Eli (his father,) and he said, Here am I, for thou callest me; and he said, I called not; lie down again. And he went and lay down." "And the Lord called Samuel again, the third time. And he arose and went to Eli, and said, Here am I; for thou didst call me. And Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child."

When Jesus was baptized, a voice was heard to say, "This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased." When Saul was on his journey to Damascus, Jesus talked with him—"and the man which journeyed with him stood speechless, hearing a voice, but seeing no man."

Angels administered to Jesus—and they rolled the rock away from the door of the sepulchre. Two angels were seen in the sepulchre with shining garments. Moses and Elias, who had been dead many hundred years, were seen and heard to *talk* in the glory of heaven, and that glory of heaven was on this earth. While Jesus was on earth, he told the people that the kingdom of heaven was nigh unto them.

Thus I am led to believe that people in this life do often have a foretaste and a glimpse of the heavenly world. I well remember the time, when the face of nature appeared to be so much changed, that I thought the whole creation was praising God. Every thing I beheld had a glorious aspect—the winds that blew appeared to have a voice of praise and thanksgiving—when but a little time before, I thought they were shrieking and howling destruction to me and every thing about me. While my mind was in a state of darkness, the whole creation had a gloomy aspect—but when the light of heaven shone into my mind, all was

peace and harmony. In this life the veil of mortality is between us and the celestial sphere—"we now see but in part"—when that which in part is done away, then shall we see clearly the glory of the immortal world. Then shall we rejoice with the joy which has never entered the heart of man to conceive.

After Jesus had risen from the dead, he was of such a nature that he could appear in a room, in the midst of an assembly, even while the doors were shut; and he had power either to be seen, or to vanish out of sight. He is that spirit which has taken hold of our nature for the purpose of making us holy, even as he is holy—we are in him, even as he is in the Father—we all have a portion of his spirit, and are partakers of his nature—we are all baptized into one spirit, and have that true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. Though we have an earthly nature, which is called the "man of sin," yet we have also a heavenly nature which can never see corruption.

So fast as we go off the stage of this life, just so fast do we gain the victory over our earthly nature, which, like the chaff, returns to dust; our earthly nature must be destroyed—the same as the grain is destroyed, and while the old one is dying, a new and holy one comes forth, and emerges into the celestial world, the same as the grain emerges to the light and glory of the sun.

When the spirit of Jesus ascended into the heavens, his spirit-power was present with the disciples; because he told them (before his ascension) that he would ever be with them. And an apostle says, "It is no more ye that *speake*, but Christ that *speake*th in you." As the departed spirits are endowed with the same nature, they have power to administer to the wants and necessities of their dearest friends on earth, in a similar manner as angels administered to the wants of Peter, and Cornelius, and many others.

From what I can learn on this subject, I am led to believe that the following sentiment (which I have taken from the American Sentinel) is a glorious truth. "We imagine, not without reason, that all the great and good of ages gone, are still in alliance with us, and with human interest. We believe that

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."

And all that have yet lived and loved man; all who have sighed over his woes and follies, are still about us—interlinked with us, a select confederacy—a brotherhood of great and gushing hearts—so that they be for us, are more than they that be against us. To us there appears to be a tacit league between all the friends of goodness, living and dead, and yet to be born; that every begun work, having for its end the true interest of man, shall be carried forward to its consummation; and though days of darkness may intervene, and days of apparent retrogression—still we have confidence that each age is, upon the whole, wiser, and happier than its predecessor; that there is a decreed progress to the best interest of humanity; that light, and truth, and reason, and religion, are extending their influence; and that there is a steady approximation of man to man, and of all men to happiness and God."

L. H.

Effect of Beauty.

There is a divine contagion in all beauteous 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. Let those who would trace an expression of serenity and tenderness on a human face, watch a person of sensibility as he gazes upon a painting by Claude or Raphael. In contemplating a fine picture, we drink in its spirit through our eyes. If a lovely woman would increase her charms, let her gaze long and ardently on all beauteous images. Let her not indulge those

passions which deform the features, but cultivate, on the contrary, every soft affection. It will soon become an easy task, for one good feeling suggests and supports another. 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 his belief. A fierce man often looks beautifully tender and serene when either caressing or being caressed, and deceives us like an ocean in a calm, which at times is "the gentlest of all things."—*Richardson's Literary Leaves.*

Sands of Gold.

Common sense is genius in its working dress.

He that changes often his trade, makes soup in a basket.

The best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman.

It is surely very narrow policy that supposes money to be the chief good.—*Johnson.*

If Momus had made a window in my breast, I would have made a shutter to it.—*Southey.*

A critic's head should be wise enough to form a right judgment, and his heart free enough to pronounce it.

The seeds of love can never grow but under the warm and genial influence of kind feelings and affectionate manners.

There is only one objection to people who "mean well," and that is, they can never spare time to carry out their meaning.

The most benevolent intentions, and the most beneficent actions, often lose a great part of their merit, if they are void of delicacy.

How humbling to human pride is the reflection that man is the only species of the animal creation that wars upon its kind.

Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation; they do not take in anything for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.

Always be good natured if you can; a few drops of oil will do more to start the most stubborn machinery than rivers of vinegar.

All affectation and display proceed from the supposition of possessing something better than the rest of the world possesses.

Cato said he had rather people would wonder why he had no statue erected to his memory, than that they should inquire why he had.

Things should not be done by halves; if it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone. Every day is but a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.—*Bishop Hall.*

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