

# 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.

### SIGNS OF PROGRESS.

The "Golden Age" was formerly supposed to lie in the distant Past; and men were, therefore, called upon to look backward sorrowfully, rather than forward in hope. "Hesiod," says Charles Sumner, "sang the descending mutations through which mankind had passed. First came, so he fabled, the Golden Age, when men lived secure and in ease, without toil, and without the ills or the weariness of life, in peaceful, pleasant association, with all manner of good, upon the plentiful fruits which the earth spontaneously bore. This was followed by the Silver Age, when a race inferior in form and disposition, dwelt upon the earth. The next was the Brazen Age, still descending in the scale, when men became vehement and robust, strong in body and stern in soul, building brazen houses, wielding brazen weapons—prompt to war, but not yet entirely wicked. The last, and unhappily his own, according to the poet, was the Iron Age, when straightway all evil raged forth; neither by day, nor yet by night, did men rest from labor and sorrow—discord took the place of concord—the pious, the just, and the good were without favor—the man of force and the evil doer were cherished—modesty and justice yielded to cruelty and wrong. War now prevailed, and men lived in wretchedness."

This opinion of the retrograde of mankind seems to have woven itself into the history, literature, philosophy, poetry, and religion of many ages. The Theology of Christendom has also frequently taught it, telling us that in the Garden of Eden we see the perfection of humanity. But some of our modern scholars assure us, that the farther we trace any nation back in the Ages, the nearer do we approach to Barbarism. They contest, therefore, the popular doctrine of the fall of man from a perfect state, and insist that he has crowded his way up to his present acquirements and position, through successive stages of development and growth. Hence the present, with them is the Age of ages—greatly superior to any of its predecessors, and consequently brightening our prospect, that through the action of the eternal Law of Progress, we shall yet reach perfection in Wisdom and Love, and, therefore, universal harmony and happiness.

But whatever may be said of these theories respecting the origin and destiny of mankind, none will deny, perhaps, that *intellectually*, at least, man was never before so far advanced as today, and never morally since he lapsed—if lapsed he have—into self and sin, thereby losing his knowledge of God and the higher spheres. Science, Literature, mental and moral Philosophy, Theology and Philanthropy, were never so nearly perfected and well understood as now, and never so practically applied to life. In every department of thought and study, as well as in more material pursuits, there is improvement. Wise men as were Plato and Socrates, and other eminent philosophers of former times, most of our school-boys, twelve years old, are in advance of them in some very important respects. Men who point us to the Past, bidding us to seek the living among the dead, and who do nothing but to repeat the Fathers and Founders of established Parties, not daring ever to soar upon the wings of their own thought—they no longer speak to our edification and our wants, and their systems are being thrown aside as worn-out garments. The opinion is fast passing away that the creeds of those Fathers and Founders were designed by the Creator to be stereotyped for all future ages to accept and be guided by. Great men and wise, as many of them were, in their times, still greater and wiser are now looked for, and not even a Priest, a Bishop, or a Pope, will be allowed, by the increasing multitude of

free minds, to exercise dominion over their faith. The lordly dominion of these canonical officials is fast coming to an end.

Now in all these evidences of progress and improvement, we find great strength and encouragement; and when we consider them alone, it would seem as though we must be rapidly approaching the era of universal redemption. We look joyfully and hopefully to the students and scholars of the age—to the literary men, the philanthropists, poets, orators, spiritualists and reformers of the age, and also to the executive men, who constantly put in motion the machinery that moves the world—our steamboats, railroad cars, and manufactories of various kinds. We respect, honor, reverence both classes, different as are their talents—and likewise their works, different as they are. The class chiefly devoted to thought and study and the class chiefly employed in action, are both needed and may both benefit each other and the world. It is a variety in unity that seems to us beautiful and essential. This world would not have been so far as it now is, had it not been for the thinkers and speakers—and what a chaos should we behold had there been none but thinkers and speakers—none to put ideas into institutions and into actions. All thinkers should, indeed, be actors, and all actors thinkers, and to a far greater extent than is the case now. All should labor with their hands. But there are those who are constitutionally and peculiarly adapted to each department of life as a primary employment, and they should therefore be encouraged by society to follow the direction of their genius. And the honest and earnest thinkers who communicate their thoughts to the world are really as *practical* a class of men as any other. They do much toward giving motion and direction to society. Many an executive man is acting under their guidance continually. Both classes, therefore, should be equally honored and encouraged, when they are equally honest and earnest in their spheres. The work of each represents the superiority of the Age.

But there are those who deny that mankind is, as a whole, advancing. All the fine essays and poems, and orations, and sermons and prophecies which declare this progress, are said, by some, to be altogether ideal and fanciful, with no foundation in fact. Certain classes of theologians stand in the front rank of these doubters and deniers. Our Millerite friends are foremost amongst them. The human race, they say, has nearly filled up "the measure of its iniquity," and is soon, "suddenly to be destroyed, and that without remedy." Some other sects differ from them only as to the point of time—looking forward to the close of our century for the terrible termination of this great drama of human life. And others, who possess no definite views respecting the final result of things on earth, see discouragement in many things which inspire our reformers with hope. They see their old sectarian landmarks removed, their most cherished doctrines falling into disrepute, the dust gathering upon the volumes of their favorite and most orthodox authors, and new teachers leading the way into many and alarming heresies.

But if this thought of human progress be a dream, it were well for us to dream on forever, for it is a thought that gives infinite worth and beauty to existence, and inspires a hope and courage, which will themselves do much toward realizing the glorious ideal. Without the prospect, human life would be comparatively a worthless boon, and the Creator might well repent himself for the bestowment of it.

But whilst we are strengthened, and encouraged, and inspired with hope, by the superior mental, moral and spiritual illumination, and the various physical improvements of the Age, the degraded position of the masses presses upon our attention,

and we confess to a no small degree of sadness and despondency. The culture, the improvement, and the theoretical and practical wisdom of which we boast, and their principal earthly advantages, are almost exclusively confined to the few. It is only the few that are exempted from excessive toil, and favored with positions in which they can devote themselves to study and thought, and freely drink from the celestial springs of Wisdom. And even this few are not generally working for the elevation of our common humanity. The scholars particularly are too abstract in their lives and labors, and seldom make the practical application of their acquirements that is demanded by the pressing wants and woes of the world. Sometimes they hold their places of ease and plenty—especially those of them that occupy the Pulpit—by the compromise they make with reigning abominations and barbarisms. We cannot hope much, therefore, in the way of radical, unpopular reform from them. A class of mere amateur students and scholars they are—a class of dilettanti, which dazzles but does not substantially benefit mankind. They must become more practical before they will effectually help mankind forward towards a state of universal harmony. And yet there never was a Literature having so large an infusion of humanity in it as the Literature of the present Age. It recognizes the brotherhood of mankind as no other Literature ever did, and teaches Freedom, Peace and Equal Rights to all. Its most eloquent chapters are on these topics, and the literary man who ventures to write against them is considered as destitute of the spirit of the Time, and far behind it. Still, this Literature is too exclusively ideal as yet, and must be differently used before society will extensively feel its regenerating and elevating influence. In order to make it effectual to this end, it must be baptized into the benevolent, self-sacrificing Spirit of Christ and Christianity. But the time will come when it will be; for that spirit is entered into it more and more largely continually. So of many other instrumentalities of good, and we will hope on and ever.—*Practical Christian.*

### CAUSE AND CONSEQUENCE.

A settled faith in the universality of the connection between these, must ever stand in the first article in every sound philosopher's creed; and also that every cause will produce its own proper consequence or effect, and that every event which ever has or ever will come to pass, is an effect, and must have some adequate cause which produced it. And it is equally true that effects, in their turn, become causes, and produce their proper consequences.

It was by a strict adherence to these first principles of philosophical truth, that Newton first learned the existence of the great law of gravitation from the falling of the apple. It has been by an observance of the same rule, that Paley and Combe have been enabled to demonstrate so clearly the existence of a God who created and who governs the universe. Every man therefore, who wishes to make any advances in the attainment of truth, must take this doctrine as his *polar star*, and keep it continually before his eyes.

There is now no controversy in the learned world as to the universality of the operation of the law of cause and consequence in the material universe. The fact is admitted by all. But there are some eminent philosophers who suppose that it will not do to be guided by this rule when we approach the operations of the human mind.

Since, at the very threshold of this most important investigation, these men leave their guide, it would not be strange if they should miss their way. Hence one argument against the doctrine that human thoughts and actions are produced and governed by their proper causes, is, that we cannot foretell what a man's future conduct will be, with as little liability to mistake as the astronomer foretells the coming eclipse. Indeed! what if Newton had come to the same conclusion about the falling of the apple, because he could not tell which apple would fall next, or why that apple fell before another? Suppose we should apply the same rule to the winds and storms, and say that they are not produced and guided by certain causes, be-

cause we cannot tell whether to-morrow will be a calm or a windy day; or whether we shall have storm or sun-shine. It is assuredly quite too much to deny the existence of causes, because we have not yet learned so to understand them, as to be able to predict with unvarying certainty, all their future operations.

But the reason here noticed, is not the only one that is offered to sustain the ground that God, while

"Binding nature fast in fate,  
Left free the human will."

It is supposed that a denial of this doctrine is equivalent to reducing man to a mere machine, unworthy of either praise or blame, and therefore incapable of accountability. But all this does not necessarily follow; for whatever view we may take of this subject, it must be evident that men differ from machines in the following important particulars, viz: In a consciousness of existence, in a sense of accountability, a capacity of feeling pleasure or pain, in the possession of propensities and moral and intellectual faculties, and in the fact they are subject to the influence and control of their mental powers.

Now if any one is disposed to add to all these qualities in his interpretation of the meaning of the word machine, then I have no objection to his calling man a machine; for I am just as well satisfied that every operation of the human mind and all the moral actions of men, are produced by their proper causes, as I am that water, wind, and steam have power to propel machinery.

It is by an exhibition of the curious machinery of the human body, and of the mental power that governs and propels it, that we are enabled to produce the most conclusive arguments in favor of the fact that man is the production of an intelligent Creator who must, on that account, be regarded as the first and grand producing cause of his existence, and of all the circumstances of that existence; consequently of all the thoughts and actions consequent upon his existence, his bodily and mental faculties, and the circumstances by which he is surrounded, and with which he is associated. In other words, God, as the first cause, has produced all those secondary and subordinate causes which operate in the production of all the thoughts, feelings, and actions of men. I can see no possible way of a voiding the conclusion to which I have arrived, unless it can be made to appear that we have *some thoughts, feelings, or actions that have no cause*. The wise man tells us that "the curse causeless must cease." And I am much inclined to believe that thoughts, feeling and actions that have no cause, must cease before they begin.

However zealously some men may contend against the governing power of causes in the operations of the human mind, because they see that it cannot be made to harmonize with their favorite theory of free agency, yet if we can be allowed to suppose that they, like the apostle, are in the habit of showing their faith by their works, it would be no difficult task to prove that they are, after all, quite steadfast believers in the doctrine. For when they wish to produce a change in the minds or moral conduct of themselves or others, they immediately resort to the use of means (i. e. *causes*), such as they deem best calculated to produce the desired effect. And when their efforts are crowned with success, they congratulate themselves on the wisdom and efficiency of the means (*alias, the causes*), that have been productive of such happy consequences. Hence the reader will perceive that he who would attempt to do any thing for the intellectual or moral improvement of mankind, must practically, at least, renounce the doctrine of an uncontrollable free agency, and adopt that of cause and consequence operating on mind, as perfectly as on matter.

J. F.

THE MOON.—Several observers have witnessed luminous points on the dark part of the moon, which are supposed to be volcanoes in action. The appearance resembles a small piece of burning charcoal when it is covered by a thin coat of white ashes, and it has a degree of brightness about as strong as that with which such a coal would be seen to glow in faint daylight.

## Psychological Department.

## PREMATURE INTERMENTS.

History furnishes a number of cases of premature interments in different countries, and some of the most curious and well-authenticated may be found below.

The following case is mentioned by Maximillion Messon. The wife of one M. Mervache, a goldsmith of Poitiers, having been buried with some rings on her fingers, which she had requested to be put on while on her deathbed, a poor man of the neighborhood, acquainted with the fact, proceeded on the following night to open the grave and obtain possession of the rings; but being obliged to use considerable exertion to effect his object, he roused the woman from her death-like torpor, who spoke to him, and began to complain of the injury he had done her. The robber, alarmed and terrified, made his escape, and the woman rose from her coffin, which he had left open, returned home, and in a few days was again in perfect health. She is said not only to have survived this misfortune for many years, but to have afterwards been the mother of several children.

Messon gives another instance of a nearly similar character:

In the year 1571, the wife of one of the magistrates of Cologne being buried with a valuable ring upon her finger, the gravedigger the next night opened the grave to take it off, but what was his consternation, when the supposed dead body squeezed his hand, and laid hold of him, in order to get out of the coffin. The thief, however, disengaged himself, made his escape in great haste, and the lady relieving herself in the best manner she could, hastened home and knocked at the door, and called one of the servants by name, to whom she gave a brief account of what had occurred; but he regarded her as a phantom, and filled with horror, ran to his master to relate the terrible occurrence. The master turned it into ridicule. The lady, in the meantime, stood shivering in her shroud till the door was finally opened to her. After being warmed, and treated in a proper manner, she was soon restored to as perfect a state of health as if no such misfortune had befallen her.

A still more curious and interesting case of premature interment occurred several years ago in Paris:

Two wealthy merchants lived in the same street, and were united together by the closest bonds of friendship. The one had a son, and the other a daughter, of nearly the same age. By being often together, they formed a strong attachment for each other, which was encouraged and kept up by frequent visits, authorized by both fathers, who were highly gratified at the evidence of mutual attachment in their children, and which was in harmony with their desire to unite them in the bonds of matrimony. Accordingly a marriage was about to be concluded between them, when a wealthy collector of the King's revenue saw and loved the daughter, and asked her in marriage. The charm of a superior fortune which he possessed soon induced the parent to change his resolution with respect to his neighbor's son; and the daughter's aversion to her new lover being overcome by her filial duty, she married the collector. The melancholy induced by this painful arrangement, so fatal to her happiness, threw her into a disorder in which her senses were so locked up as to give her the appearance of death, and she was buried as dead. Her first lover heard with profound grief of the event; but as he remembered that she had once before been seized with a violent paroxysm of lethargy, he conceived that she might have been attacked by a similar disease. This opinion not only alleviated the excess of his sorrow, but induced him to bribe the grave digger, by whose assistance he raised her from the tomb, and conveyed her to a proper chamber, where, by the application of all the remedies he could think of, she was happily restored to life again. The young woman was, probably, in great consternation when she found herself in a strange house, beheld her darling lover sitting by her bed, and heard the

detail of all that had befallen her during her paroxysm. Her grateful sense of the obligations she lay under to him, and that love she had always borne him, proved an irresistible advocate in his behalf; so that, when she was perfectly restored, she justly concluded that she owed her life to him who had preserved it; and as a proof of her affection, consented to accompany him to England, where they were married, and lived for several years in all the tender endearments of mutual love. About ten years after, however, they returned to Paris, where they lived without the care of concealment, because they conceived no one could ever suspect what had happened. But this did not prove to be the case, for the collector unluckily met his wife in a public walk, where he at once recognized her. He immediately accosted her, and though she endeavored to divert his suspicions, he parted from her fully persuaded that she was the very woman to whom he had some years ago been married, and for whose death he had gone into mourning. The collector, by great perseverance, not only discovered her residence, in spite of all the precautions she had taken to conceal herself, but claimed her as his wife before the court authorized to decide in such cases. In vain did the lover insist upon his right to her on the ground that he had taken care of her; that but for his efforts and the measures he had resorted to, the lady would now have been rotting in her grave; that her former husband, who now claimed her, had renounced all claim to her by ordering her to be buried; that he might justly be arraigned for murder, in not using the precautions necessary to ascertain her death; and urged a thousand other reasons, suggested by love: but perceiving that the court were not likely to prove favorable to his claims, he determined not to await their decision, and accordingly escaped with his wife to a foreign country, where they continued to live in the enjoyment of peace and happiness till death closed their singular and romantic career.

A case of a very similar character is stated to have occurred in Paris, in 1810. Mademoiselle Lafourcade was a young woman of great personal beauty and illustrious family, who possessed great wealth. Among her numerous suitors was a young man named Julien Bosuet, a poor *litterateur*, or journalist of Paris, who proved to be her lover. But her high birth induced her finally to reject him, and to wed a banker and a diplomatist of some distinction, named M. Rennale. This gentleman, however, after marriage, neglected and treated her with cruelty. She passed with him some years of wretchedness, and died,—as it was supposed; for her condition so perfectly resembled death as to deceive all who saw her. She was buried in an ordinary grave in the village in which she was born. Bosuet filled with despair, and still inflamed by a profound attachment, hastened from the capital to the province in which the village lay, with the romantic purpose of disinterring the corpse and getting possession of her luxuriant tresses as a memento of her. At midnight he secretly unearthed the coffin, opened it, and while in the act of detaching the hair, he was stopped by the unclosing of the eyes of her so tenderly and ardently loved. She was aroused by the caresses of her lover from her lethargy or catalepsy, which had been mistaken for death. He frantically bore her to his lodgings in the village, and immediately applied the restoratives which his medical learning suggested. She revived and recognized her preserver, and remained with him until she slowly recovered her original health. She bestowed her heart upon her preserver, and returned no more to her husband, but, concealing from him her resurrection, fled with her lover to America. Twenty years afterwards they both returned to France, in the persuasion that time had so greatly altered the lady's appearance that her old friends would not recognize her. But it would seem that they were mistaken. Her former husband, at the first meeting, actually recognized and immediately laid claim to his wife. Of course this claim was resisted, and a judicial tribunal sustained her and her preserver. It was decided that the peculiar circumstances of the case, with the long lapse of years, had annulled the original contract, and the legality of the authority of the first husband, and that the man who had rescued her from the tomb, and with whom she had lived for so many years, was alone entitled to claim her as his wife.

## THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

R. P. AMBLER, EDITOR.

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## NOTES BY THE WAY-SIDE.

NUMBER SIX.

If in any thing thy enemy wrongs thee, strive to forget—or rather forget the wrong by the natural growth of a spontaneous and luxuriant soul, even as the earth forgets its scars, and wipes out its stains by the natural growth of its fields, the flowing of its streams, and its visitations of dew and rain.

How pure and cleanly is every thing in nature! The way-side flower, whose leaves had become the depository of the surrounding dust,—how cleanly it becomes by the descent of the rain and the falling dew. And see how the plant growing out of the dust and mould of the earth, rears its pure enameled leaves and gathers from its roots nothing but that which can add beauty to its growth and perfume to its flowering. So let it be with the soul—let it gather amid even the surrounding forms of decompositions and corruptions of society, only that which can add to its beauty, give symmetry, to its development, and fragrance to its life.

God warms the earth with snow;—can He not also calm the soul with grief?

There is a unity in all things, and even so in obedience. He that is faithful in one thing is faithful in all. The principle of right is a central position. He that bases one act on wrong, makes shipwreck of the whole.

There is a divinity in form, and every thing must have a form—and that form, whatever it is, is the expression of the internal life of the thing itself, and the higher the creation, the higher and more complete the external form. Now Harmony is seen in the perfection of form, and when that perfection is attained in society, what lips can express the delights that will flow from the blissful homes of that prophetic Future?

Experience and culture are essential to the soul, to enlarge its capacities, to subvert its errors, and to insure a true development. Sometimes we imagine in our ignorance that there is something so peculiar in our experience, that we have arrived at a phase of thought to which no man has heretofore attained, and thus a sense or feeling of lonesomeness is engendered. But we must not forget that though oceans may separate one land from another, yet the same sun that is producing particular plants and flowers in our own clime, is doing the same in other places,—so that while we may be separated in our individualism from others' experience, still the same thoughts may come to each, and exist as spontaneous and natural as the same flowers lift up their buds in different lands.

God draws all hearts to himself by the natural influences of his spirit, just as every flower and every leaf of the fields turn towards the sun by the natural influences of its rays.

Fear is the angel of a flaming sword, who occupies the outskirts of the temple to warn the unwary traveler that Love only can introduce us to the Temple and the Father.

Nature can never be cheated. She accepts no apologies. We may apologize for ourselves, or others for us, for our shortcomings or distortions of character, but those apologies can never satisfy ourselves or the world. The demand is perfect symmetry and entire success in every thing we undertake.

What a gospel there is in the doctrine of Use! How every

thing fits its circumstances and conditions. It is a saying worthy of Scripture, that "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." See, too, how the little birds that build their nests upon the ground, are given a warmer robe of leathers for the winter, or are led to balmy fields and more fragrant groves. Truly, the Love that is displayed in so small a thing as this must overcome the soul with joy, when it contemplates that it also presides over us in the most minute and secret things that belong to our existence.

There is nothing ultimately in store for all but universal deliverance and joy. Heaven is not open to one if not to all! Before the first sun took its place in the firmament, or the first star spangled the sky, the principles by which they were produced were such that not one could exist without those laws of universality and unity that should fill the universe with their existence, and introduce order and harmony in the whole.

Some people affect us disagreeably, both in the world of thought and in the sphere of social life,—those whose minds are so concentrated upon themselves that they are led by their dispositions and experience to accept a distorted philosophy and to become disagreeable associates. We must look at every thing in the light of a great whole, and so far from building up a religion or philosophy from such an isolated position, we must learn that it is only by a broad sympathy and such an expansive field of investigation, that we can attain to a harmonious development in thought and action.

Success in a bad cause is always a failure, while a failure in a good cause is always, nevertheless, a triumph.

There is an immortality in goodness, worthy to be considered. He that forms an act or thought in Love, that thought and act take with them the germs of future good and so on forever, as there is a plant whose vine continually grows from the center of its leaves, and thus perpetuates its growth.

We must not think that an individual sustains the same character in the estimation of every other person. Some call out of us the exercise and manifestation of one set of faculties, while others call out the manifestation of different ones. While also there are those before whom, at times, we instinctively hide ourselves, just as the Mimosa closes its leaves by the touch of a hand, or at the approach of the wind and cold.

The good and the pure, the beautiful and the intelligent, draw all hearts to themselves, just as the flowers all bend towards the sun.

There are persons who think by the diversity of human opinions, and the different organization of thought and principles of action, that these antagonisms and differences will always remain. But this cannot be. Not only do all these differences point in all their tendencies and development to a central position to which they are all approaching, and to which by the ordinary rules of progression they must attain, but the unitary idea of Truth itself compels such a result. That there will always be different spheres of investigation and different presentations of the same thought, there is no doubt, and different organizations also, as there exist in the roots, stems, leaves, &c. of the plant; but none of these militates against the unitary idea of Truth itself. The landscape exists as a separate thing and as a reality, though the artist may give you its different presentations from varying positions. The plant exists as a whole and as a unit, though it has separate laws for its parts, and each department its peculiar functions.

An injury done to another is an injury done to ourselves, in this way: If any member of the constituted body is injured, it enfeebles all the other members, and they must send to it contributions of their strength and healthfulness. If the members refuse these, they must not complain if the evil is retaliated up-



on themselves. Thus are we all interlinked to one fate and joined to one destiny.

S. H. LLOYD.

### THE DEPENDENCE OF WILL.

*A Spiritual Communication given through the medium of C. Hammond, for the Spirit Messenger.*

Will is only the result of circumstances which are contained in Nature. Will is the spirit of Nature exercising its legitimate and organic wisdom, as all observation and history successfully demonstrate. No mind can will, therefore, any thing conflicting with the circumstances which control it, or do any thing beyond the limitation of its powers. No mind can will any thing conflicting with what its understanding unfolds as the only way to widen all the avenues of social and individual enjoyment. No mind can will that which its wisdom tells can only work its ruin, and defeat its own desire for more happiness. No mind can will any thing that never did or can have any substantial motive, apparent or real, which will and does control all with more or less power. No mind can will what all influence opposes, nor second any call which operates against all spiritual enjoyment. No mind can will what circumstances, real or imaginary to it, do not seem to justify; so that what is will is circumstance, or what is the same thing, conditions in which the mind is circumstanced. No mind can will what nature and reason, guided by wisdom or ignorance, do not seem to justify,—so that all will is but the will of surrounding conditions and influences, serving to make what is sometimes called the machine of the human soul. No mind can will what is not within the jurisdiction of its authority. No mind can will what it will never know or see, since *all will* must be a will in harmony with nature.

No mind can will what it never thought or dreamed of, nor what it never imagined or sought for, so that all conditions in nature—all influence, spiritual or otherwise, must serve to make the will a mere machine and controller of individual selfhood. No mind can will what its reason and comprehension of things, or circumstances, do not seem to make valuable. No mind can will what all conditions disapprove. No mind can will to die “a death that knows no waking,” and for the reason that the conditions which surround it can not and will not justify it. No mind can will what never was or can be, because conditions in nature make it impossible to will a thing contrary and hostile to itself. No mind can will what is not and never will be, because all nature, all circumstances, all conditions are opposed to it. Hence all will is but the exercise of spirit. No where in nature, no where in society, public or social, can will be found without the circumstances. Hence will is but the echo of circumstances. It is the power of mind in exercise; it is the voice of condition—of nature—of God.

No mind can doubt the truth which Nature reveals, nor reject the facts which Reason approves; and hence all will admit that no will can overthrow the power which enables it to exist—which gave and continues its existence, and which will not yield to what is vastly its inferior, and forever its dependent. No mind can will to die never to live again. No mind can will to part forever with relatives and friends where the mildews of earth and mind mingle in one common receptacle, where the sympathy of dear and loved spirits will all moulder and decay, where the spirit-breathings of hope will moulder in sunshine, where the respiration of immortality will cease, where the bright and the beautiful shall never behold the things of earth, where the silver stream and the wild-wood songster never more shall chant with harmony the song of melody, where the voice of kindness will never more waken visions of friendship, bright with rainbow colors, with smiling skies, with angelic wisdom, with worlds on worlds of truth; but every mind wills to reach that Sphere where no tears flow, no sorrow comes, no anguish revisits, no wails rend,—where the sun never sets, the storms never lower, the winds never blow, the waves never rise, the ship never sinks, the mind never wearies, the world never fades, the stars never wander, the spring never winters, the inhabitants never mourn,

the sick never pine, the widow never wants, the orphan never hungers, the wise never boast, the great never control the ignorant nor oppress the needy,—where industry flourishes, and poverty never comes—where pain and woe are unknown, and scenes of earth spirits wish no more to share—where the scenes which captivate and charm the soul no more seduce, no more interrupt the harmony of social enjoyment—where will is law, and law is circumstance—where circumstances weave a chain, a golden chain, whose interstices will never work the wretchedness of a spirit,—where mind is unfolded to the realities of the bright Spirit-world.

No mind wills what it can never realize by industrious effort. No mind wills industrious effort unless conscious that some value must result in the same. No mind wills industrious effort unless anticipation swells the prospect with reward or gain. No mind wills industrious effort unless industrious effort promises some good. No mind wills unless motives are presented to wield the will as will. No mind wills industrious effort when motives are presented which are adverse to its industry. No mind wills industrious effort when such effort will invalidate the harmony which is indispensable to individual success. No mind wills to want what it does not need, under the circumstances, to widen the social domestic enjoyments of life. No mind can will what no mind can want. No mind can want what it does not need under the condition of its wisdom and development, or, which is the same thing, no mind wills what circumstances encourage the mind to suppose is unnecessary, and detrimental to its happiness. No mind wills what will never contribute, or what it supposes never will contribute, to the happiness of the mind.

You may send this to the Spirit Messenger, this afternoon, so that you can not will what I have directed or advised you to do.

BY A SPIRIT IN THE SECOND SPHERE.

### Interesting Correspondence.

The following letter was received by A. J. Davis from a friend residing in New York. We readily accede to the request to publish it in the Messenger, as it illustrates the elevating influence of our beautiful faith, and may be a source of encouragement to others to press forward in the shining pathway of Progress.

NEW YORK, June 11, 1851.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I again feel attracted to your sphere, and should, if time would permit, apart from my daily vocation, write you weekly, not to impart knowledge, but to commune with sympathizing and progressed minds who can share in the blessed delights of contemplating the harmonial and eternal truths of our being, and the great universe above and around us. It is with difficulty that I can control my feelings at times, to make them subject to the dictates of wisdom—to keep down the strong gushings of a heart filled with joy, exalted by the companionship of minds from the superior country, whose elevated knowledge is becoming infused gradually into my inner self. It is a happiness known only to those whose minds are raised by celestial truths, to feel that harmonial sympathy pervading each, and uniting all such into one brotherhood. Like our departed Brother Wilson, I am filled with unspeakable joy in the contemplation of these things, and as yet I have but a glimpse of the dawning day that is approaching, and shall not, while in this sphere, behold the beauties of Truth, full orb'd, enlightening the inhabited earth. But the time will come;—the silent law of progression is now moving with accelerated motion to hasten the advent, and the prophetic intuitions of the Past and the great pioneers of the Present, who have given us a chart to guide us upward, with the assistance of our departed friends, will witness soon a germ of that which inspired minds in almost all ages of history have looked for—the kingdom of Peace and Righteousness established on earth.

The perfect harmony or consistency of the Harmonial Philosophy, I find apparent in all its parts; the revelations now made from the celestial Spheres, are adapted to the present progressive state of earth's inhabitants, and just as fast as they are capable of receiving more, just so far will they be favored. By a due and proper knowledge of the laws of progression, we can

attain to considerable wisdom, for this law, like Jacob's ladder, reaches from earth to the highest Sphere, and every round contains a truth, so that each step not only reveals the truth inscribed, but it also extends our vision over a greater field of knowledge—it enables us to comprehend all below, and teaches all to press upward for more and higher truths. I am constrained, both from desire and the admonitions of my superior friends, to reach upwards, and to press onward, and to falter not;—all that I ask for (which is proper for me) I receive, and my questions are promptly answered.

Since I saw you, I have gone into a partial examination of spirit matter, and the *degrees of spirit*, as it is termed. I find them to be five in number. The first, or lowest, is Electricity, the second Magnetism, the third Vitality, the fourth Sensation, and the fifth Intelligence. In the various examinations or investigations which I make, there are many collateral truths which unfold in the progression, that enrich my mind beyond the object under examination,—so, dear Brother, I am “becoming rich equal to my desires.”

My fervent regards to our brethren, and my grateful affections to you both.

Fraternally thine,

c. c. w.

### Letter from New Bedford.

BRO. AMBLER:—

I am happy to say that I have had an opportunity of witnessing demonstrations that have been of such a character as to produce the greatest confidence in my mind of the truth of the spiritual sounds. I was invited into the presence of a medium whom I had never before seen or heard of, and where all the members of the family were entirely destitute of any definite knowledge of my previous domestic affairs. An inquiry if there were any spirits present who would communicate was made, which was immediately answered by a hearty affirmative response. The following dialogue then took place:

“Is the spirit of my first wife present?” “Yes.” “Have you any message?” “Yes.” “Do you wish for the Alphabet?” “Yes.” “I am happy,” was then spelled out.

“Will you inform me how many years you have been dead?” “Seven.” “Did you die in the State of Maine?” “No.” “Vermont?” “No.” “Massachusetts?” “No.” “New York?” “No.” “Pennsylvania?” “Yes.” (Correct.)

“Will the spirit of my second wife communicate?” “Yes.” “Please to inform me the number of years that you have been dead.” “Three.” “Did you die in Massachusetts?” “No.” “Connecticut?” “No.” “Rhode Island?” “No.” “Pennsylvania?” “No.” “Maine?” “Yes.” “How many brothers have you living?” “One.” “Sisters?” “One.” I then requested a response to the names of her friends, when called in connection with others. All of which was answered correctly. And it is certain that all present must have been entirely ignorant of her family relations, they being residents of Maine.

I am aware that there are many who do not dispute the correctness of the answers to our interrogations, but nevertheless ascribe it to mesmeric influence. I would respectfully solicit of such to enlighten me on the following circumstance, which occurred in the continuation of the above dialogue:

“Will you inform me your age when you died?” “Between twenty-four and twenty-five.” “Are you correct?” “Yes.” “I think not.” “Yes.” “You was between twenty-five and twenty-six.” “No.” “I am sure you was.” “No.”

I regarded the answer in this case as being untrue, and on returning home, I looked at the family record and there found that I had recorded her age as being twenty-five years and ten months. The evening of the same day I had another interview, and inasmuch as the other questions were all answered correctly (many of which I have not named), I again interrogated upon the same point, and each response continued to insist that she was correct in her age. I then resorted to various methods of investigation, to see if I could not obtain a correct answer to this question. But my effort was abortive;—and you may well imagine my surprise the next day, when on examining the records I learned that I had made a mistake in recording her age, of

one year and one month. Truly she was twenty four years and nine months, instead of twenty five—ten, as I had supposed.

I have propounded the above questions and many others, and upon other subjects *mentally*, when no one knew any thing in relation to either the subject or the interrogations which were passing through my mind, which were answered with equal exactness.

Our city is truly behind many other places, both in the point of credulity, and the amount of demonstrations; but no small degree of interest is beginning to be manifested here. I made the announcement from the desk here, and also at Mattepoisett, which I am happy to learn has aroused some spirit of inquiry in relation to this new demonstration of our immortal existence.

In the above I have only stated a few facts, selected from many, and shall leave the reader to make his own comments. But the interest which is now manifested from Maine to Georgia—from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and the thousands of critical investigations which have been made upon as many mediums, without any detection of deception on their part,—those mediums embracing all classes—the high and the low—the young and the old,—some of them being children who can hardly lisp their own name; all this, I say, is strong evidence to my mind, that this is the commencement of a new era, which will revolutionize the world by causing our swords to be beat into plowshares, and our spears into pruning hooks, and the partition walls of religious faith to be forever pulled down.

B. F. HATCH, M. D.

New Bedford, Mass.

### Progress of the Age.

MR. EDITOR:—I have had the pleasure of perusing several numbers of the Spirit Messenger, and feel impressed to say that, as a religious and philosophical journal, it is not surpassed by any within the scope of my acquaintance; and every anxious and candid inquirer after the truth who wishes to keep pace with the discoveries and developments of the age, should avail himself of the useful hints and instructions with which every number comes laden. For the past year I have been much engaged in examining the writings of A. J. Davis, and while I have been much interested and instructed, I must yield my unequivocal testimony in favor of the high moral tone which pervades all his works, and the sublime and truthful principles which he has presented for the deliverance of an enslaved world, which has been long bound by the withering influence of Ignorance, Superstition and Bigotry. The union of church and state is now dissolved, and the truth-loving and free-born man is no longer bound to support a certain creed or sect, whose doctrines and dogmas are in direct opposition to the dictates of Reason and Nature. This is indeed an age of mystery as well as of improvement. The rapid strides of the arts and sciences, and the important discoveries which are being constantly unfolded, stamp this as an era of mental illumination which has never before been reached by man in his ever onward and progressive career. There has been a Gall, whose analysis of the human brain was truly astonishing and scientific;—there has been a Mesmer, who discovered and applied the science of Human Magnetism, in which is unfolded many interesting truths relating to the powers of mind, and now we have an Andrew Jackson Davis, whose truly philosophical disclosures have elicited a spirit of inquiry which will never slumber, leading the world onward and upward by the power of mighty truths, into the glorious light of spiritual communion. Step by step can we trace the progress of man from ancient mythology and beaten darkness through the various changes of past ages, until he arrives at the dawn of the nineteenth century, when we behold him controlling at his will the subtle elements of nature, and employing them for purposes of scientific and intellectual advancement. In view of the many important discoveries which mark the present age, men of intelligence who are true to themselves, will give every new development a candid and impartial investigation before deciding upon its merits or demerits. Such men as these, who have the noble daring to search, investigate, and declare their

opinions to the world, will in time be duly honored;—their names will live in the hearts of a grateful generation, long after those fawning sycophants who cringe at the shrine of popular Theology, shall be buried in oblivion. H. B.

Ware Village.

☞ The promised notice, in relation to the "Spirit Harp," is unavoidably crowded out of the present number. We may say that this work is now rapidly progressing, and that all orders will be soon promptly supplied.

## Poetry.

### THE CELESTIAL TELEGRAPH.

BY REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, L. L. D.

Along the smooth and slender wires  
The sleepless heralds run,  
Fast as the clear and living rays  
Go streaming from the sun.  
No peals or flashes, heard or seen,  
Their wondrous flight betray;  
And yet their words are strongly felt  
In cities far away.

No summer's heat, nor winter's hail,  
Can check their rapid course;  
They meet unmoved the fierce wind's rage—  
The rough wind's sweeping force:  
In the long night of rain and wrath,  
As in the blaze of day,  
They rush with news of weal or woe,  
To thousands far away.

But faster still than tidings borne  
On that electric cord,  
Rise the pure thoughts of him who loves  
The Christian life and Lord—  
Of him who taught, in smiles and tears,  
With fervent lips to pray,  
Maintains high converse here on earth  
With bright worlds far away.

Ah! thought nor outward wish is breathed,  
Nor outward answer given,  
The sighing of that humble heart  
Is known and felt in heaven:  
Those long, frail wires may bend and break  
Those viewless heralds stray,  
But Faith's least word shall reach the throne  
Of God, though far away.

### LIBERTY.

O, could I worship aught beneath the skies,  
That earth hath seen, or fancy can devise,  
Thine altar, sacred Liberty, should stand,  
Built by no mercenary, vulgar hand,  
With fragrant turf, and flowers as wild, as fair,  
As ever dressed a bank, or scented summer air.

Comper.

### HARMONY.

Thou, omnipresent Harmony!  
Shades, streams, and stars are full of thee;  
On every wing—in every sound  
Thine all-pervading power is found;  
Some chord to touch—some tale to tell—  
Deep—deep within the spirit's cell.

## Miscellaneous Department.

### THE TEA ROSE.

BY MRS. H. E. BEECHER STOWE.

It was a very small room, and lighted by only one window. There was no carpet on the floor; there was a clean but closely covered bed in one corner; a cupboard with a few plates and dishes in the other; a chest of drawers; and before the window stood a small cherry stand, quite new, and indeed the only article in the room that seemed so. A pale, sickly looking woman of about forty, was leaning back in her rocking chair, her eyes closed, and her lips compressed as if in pain. She rocked backward and forward a few moments, pressed her hand hard upon her eyes, and then languidly resumed the fine stitching on which she had been engaged since morning. The door opened, and a slender little girl about twelve years of age entered, her large blue eyes dilated, and absolutely radiant with delight, as she held up the small vase with the rose-tree in it.

"Oh see! mother, see! there's one in full bloom, and two more half out, beautiful buds!"

The poor woman's face brightened, as she looked first on the rose, and then on her sickly girl, on whose face she had not seen so bright a color for months.

"God bless her!" said she, involuntarily.

"Miss Florence! I knew you would feel so, Mother; don't it make your headache better to see this flower? Now you will not look so wishful at the gardeners' stands in the market, will you? We have a rose handsomer than any of theirs. Why it seems to me it is worth as much to us as our whole little garden used to be. See how many more buds there are on it, just count, and only smell the flower! Where shall we put it?" and Mary skipped about the room, placing her treasure first in one position, and then in another, and walking off to see the effect, till her mother gently reminded her that the rose-tree could not preserve its beauty without sunlight.

"Oh yes, truly!" said Mary: "well, then it must stand here on this new stand. How glad I am that we have such a handsome new stand for it, it will look so much better." And Mrs. Stephens laid down her work and folded a piece of newspaper, on which the treasure was duly deposited.

"There," said Mary, watching the arrangement eagerly, "that will do now, though it does not show both the buds—turn it further round—a little more—there it's right; and Mary walked round the room to view the rose in various positions, after which she insisted that her mother should go round with her to the outside to see how it looked there. "How kind it was in Miss Florence to think of giving this to us," said Mary, "though she has done so much for us, and given us so many things, yet this present seems the best of all, because it seemed as if she thought of us, and knew just how we felt, and so few do that."

"Yes indeed," said Mrs. Stephens, sighing.

What a bright afternoon that small gift made in that little room. How much faster Mary's tongue and fingers flew that livelong day, and Mrs. Stephens, in the happiness of her child, almost forgot that she had a headache, and thought as she sipped her evening cup of tea, that she felt stronger than she had done for some time.

That rose! its sweet influence died not with that first day. Through all the long cold winter that followed, the watching, tending, and cherishing of that flower, awakened a thousand pleasant trains of thought that beguiled the sameness and weariness of their life. Every day the fair growing thing put forth some fresh beauty; a bud—a leaf—or a new shoot, constantly excited fresh delight in its possessors.

As it stood in the window, the passers-by would sometimes stop and gaze, attracted by its beauty, and then how proud and happy was Mary, nor did even the serious and care-worn widow notice with indifference when she saw the eye of a chance visitor resting admiringly on their favorite.

But little did Florence know when she gave that gift that there

was twined around it an invisible thread that reached far and brightly into the web of her destiny.

One cold afternoon in early spring, a tall, graceful young man called at the lowly room to receive and pay for some linen which the widow had been making up. He was a wayfarer and a stranger in the place, recommended through the charity of some of Mrs. Stephen's patrons. His eye, as he was going out, rested admiringly upon the rose; he stopped and looked earnestly at it.

"It was given to us," said little Mary, quickly, "by a young lady as sweet and beautiful as that is."

"Ah!" said the stranger, turning and fixing upon her a pair of very bright eyes, pleased and rather struck by the simplicity of the communication; "and how came she to give it to you, my little girl?"

"Oh, because we are poor, and mother is sick, and we never can have anything pretty. We used to have a garden once, and we loved flowers so much, and Miss Florence found all this out, and she gave us this."

"Florence?" echoed the stranger.

"Yess, Miss Florence l'Estrange, a beautiful young lady,—they say she was from foreign parts, though she speaks English just like any other lady, only sweeter."

"Is she here now? Is she in the city?" said the gentleman eagerly.

"No, she left some months ago," said the widow; but noticing the sudden shade of disappointment on his face, she added, "but you can find all about her by inquiring at her aunt's, Mrs. Carlisle's, No. 10 ——— street."

As the result of this Florence received from the office in the next mail, a letter, in a handwriting that made her tremble. During the many early years of her life spent in France, she had well learned that writing; had loved as a woman like her loves, only once; but there had been obstacles of parents and friends, separation and long suspense, till at length, for many bitter years, she had believed that the relentless sea had closed for ever that hand and heart; and it was this belief that touched, with such sweet calm sorrow, every line in her lovely face. But this letter told her he was living, that he had traced her even as a hidden streamlet may be traced, by the freshness, the greenness of heart which her deeds of kindness had left where ever she had passed.

And thus much said, do our fair readers need any help in finishing this story for themselves? Of course not.

### Experience.

As "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth," so may it be said that a man's age consisteth not simply in the number of years that have rolled over his head. Years, it is true, give experience, and furrow the brow with wrinkles, and make men old in days. But some become far richer in experience at middle life, than others do at three-score and ten. Some live more in a single year than others do in a score of years. An hour of some men's lives is worth more than the whole existence of other men. Nay, in our own existence, we find that some single hours do more to give us experience, wisdom, power—more to put the stamp of age upon our forehead, and its feeling in our heart, than whole years have done.

"There are swift hours in life—strong, rushing hours  
That do the work of tempests in their might."

They uproot long-standing opinions. They open new mines of thought. They tear aside the veil which has been obscuring our vision, and disclose to us great truths. They awaken slumbering fires within the soul—fires of passion it may be, which rage with volcanic fury, and scathe all that is around them, and mark with ineffable traces the flowing of their fierce lava.

The diseases of the body are better discovered when they increase, but the diseases of the soul grow more obscure, and the most sick are the least sensible.—*Seneca*.

### Gems of Thought.

We have all felt, when looking above us into the atmosphere, that there was an infinity of space which we could not explore. When I look into man's spirit, and see there the germs of an immortal life, I feel more deeply that an infinity lies hid beyond what I see. In the idea of duty, which springs up in every human heart, I discern a law more sacred and boundless than gravitation, which binds the soul to a more glorious universe than that to which attraction binds the body, and which is to endure, though the laws of physical nature pass away. Every moral sentiment, every intellectual action, is to me a hint, a prophetic sign of a spiritual power to be expanded forever; just as a faint ray from a distant star is significant of unimaginable splendor.—*Channing*.

The love of the beautiful and the true, like the dew-drop in the heart of the crystal, remains forever clear and liquid in the inmost shrine of man's being, though all the rest be turned to stone by sorrow and degradation. The angel who has once come down into the soul, will not be driven thence by any sin or baseness even, much less by any undeserved oppression and wrong. At the soul's gate sits silently, with folded hands and downcast eyes; but, at the least touch of nobleness, those patient orbs are serenely uplifted, and the whole spirit is lengthened by their prayerful lustre.—*J. R. Lowell*.

HOME.—Let no man ever think of happiness distinct from the happiness of home. The gayest must have their sick, languid, and solitary hours. The busiest must often relax their labor, and there must be some retreat for them where they may seek refreshment from their cares, and collect the spirits that disappointments so frequently depress. They who live the most for the public, still live for the public, but in a small part, and they are apt to find the public service a heavy burden which gentler encouragement than that of ambition must furnish the strength to support.

A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather. To make a sick man think he's dying, all that's necessary is to look half dead yourself.

Resentment is the very bane of society, smiting not only its objects, but him who resents, whilst forgiveness is its inspiring cordial, the elixir of happiness to both alike.

Heroism is active genius; genius, contemplative heroism. Heroism is the self-devotion of genius manifesting itself in action.

Oh, the blessings of a home where old and young mix kindly, the young unawed, the old unchilled, in unreserved communion.

☞ The BOOKS and CHART of Mr. Davis, comprising all the works on the HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY that have been published, can be had at our office, and forwarded by express or otherwise, to any part of the Union. PRICE—REVELATIONS \$2; GREAT HARMONIA, Vol. 1, \$1.25; CHART, exhibiting an outline of the Progressive History and approaching destiny of the Race, \$1.50 PHILOSOPHY OF SPECIAL PROVIDENCES, \$0.15. THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE; being an explanation of modern mysteries—50 cts.

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