

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.

PRINCIPLES OF EDUCATION.

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Since the inauguration of the mechanical philosophy, metaphysical theorists have been endeavoring to derive all general ideas from the particular ones which they seem to include. In the field of physical experiment, items and atoms are painfully gathered into aggregates, and general deductions are made from special instances. Observing that mental activity in childhood begins, in point of time, with the perception of external material things, and that practical knowledge is conquered only by patient observation and thorough experience, they hastily conclude that the most general conceptions, or abstract ideas, of every kind, must be somehow elaborated from the most particular; and so the external senses come to be the only orthodox inlet of truth to the mind. Locke taught that all ideas of reflection are derived from ideas of sensation, and so laid the foundation of the grossest form of materialism. Under the rule of this system, whatever opinion or feeling could not justify itself by the judgment of sense was condemned, and life and spirituality perished out of philosophy, and even religion grew shy of its vital assumptions.

It was a very bad logical blunder to make any one mental faculty do the proper work of another, as it would be to employ the eye to hear with, or the foot in the offices of the hand. To ascribe the religious sentiment to the reasoning faculty, and try its truth by the testimony of reason, was indeed unmatched in error and mischief, until an equal absurdity was achieved in the philosophy of the senses. The visible and tangible forms of things were observed to differ, and as it is true that only the tangible corresponds to the occupation of space by natural objects, metaphysicians drew the conclusion that the touch modifies the function of sight, and rectifies its impressions. A straight stick thrust obliquely into water, appears to the eye bent at the surface of the water, while the touch is not so deceived; but it is plain that the vision is not thereby corrected, as it is said to be, for the most enlightened philosopher will see it still just as much bent as will the most ignorant child. It is, indeed, very absurd to suppose that any faculty, sensitive, affective, or reflective, can take the place and perform the function of any other; each was appointed to minister to the general end in its own way, and no other is employed or permitted by the laws of our constitution to replace it. The eye is not untrue in its own office because the touch takes a different impression in particular circumstances. When a hawk strikes his prey in the air, vision measures distance and direction perfectly where touch could give it no aid and no previous instruction; moreover the eye distinguishes colors, which the finger is utterly incapable of. Every faculty is properly addressed to its own office, and must not be subjected to the incompetent criticism of any other. Reason has no just authority against the teachings of feeling. Our loves and hates must not ask its leave to be, though they should accept its light in the manner of their action. Intellect did not discover emotion; reason did not produce fear or anger, or gratitude, or pity, or devotion or remorse, or hate; and how can it nullify either of them without stultifying itself?

It results that every kind of feeling is the function of a special faculty—that each bears a divine warrant for its own exercise, and that the existence of each argues the existence of a correlate object, and either proves it or disproves all design in the creation.

Whatsoever is positive in our mental structure corresponds to and implies something real in related existence; as the eye-ball intimates light and the lungs air.

The fact that the intellect does not and cannot generate the general idea of divinity and of a spiritual hierarchy, is the reason why neither the Jewish nor Christian Scriptures, nor, indeed the oracles of any other revelation that is either true or probable, attempt the logical demonstration of those first principles of religion. "In the beginning God made —." There! the assumption of a Divinity in its own proper self-reliant majesty is addressed with authority to the expectant instinct of worship in humanity, and the dictates of the theological system which occupied with the specific attributes and administrative functions of the Deity, are steadily restrained from arguing his existence.

The faculties which relate us to supernatural beings, give us our properly religious ideas and conceptions, but the intellect, with the moral feelings and the propensities, modifies and forms them in particulars. Our Divinity will take the character of every thing in our humanity. The God of a just, benevolent, and affectionate man is a very different being from that of a revengeful, austere religionist. Oracles and sacred books, however reverently received, will not secure uniformity of apprehension; they will more or less modify the conception, but under the general law, every creature brings forth after his own kind, and the intellect is so little adequate to the original production of this great idea, that it has, in fact, less influence upon it than any passion or propensity of our animal nature. The impulses which generated the mythology of Greece are active in every age and under every form of faith.

The necessity, and therefore the existence of such *a priori* general ideas, in the intellectual and higher moral and religious faculties as our theory assumes and affirms, is further apparent from these considerations:—

Human nature is put under the law of indefinite development. The mind is not brought into being in the full maturity of its powers; its end and beginning are not joined in stereotyped perfectness of capacity and action—it has a future stretching ever forward into the infinite; and it claims eternity and the universe for its sphere and range. In the endless and boundless unknown it must be directed by the light of such certainties of knowledge, and such tendencies of affection as rule in the system to which it belongs. It must have capacities adapted, and activities correspondent to the scheme of things which lies in the scope of its relations and experiences; and must carry with it for direction as much of the universal truth and eternal life as will ultimately achieve its own destiny; or else the highest parts of the creation are left to organize lawless confusion into order, without light, power, or determinate drift—a state of things conceivable only of a chaos, but absolutely impossible in a creation.

Unity of the supreme power, unity of the general system of existence, imply impulses and attractions in every atom and every agent which shall at all events achieve the grand design of the universe. If the animal must be born fully provided for the limited range of its routine life; if the faculties which are conversant only with the facts of physical being that lie within the immediate reach of the sensitive organs, need to be furnished with powers and appetencies whose apprehensions answer truly, without previous instruction or experience, to the facts of their existence; much more do those faculties and tendencies of high humanity need to be furnished with powers and appetencies, and guidance, whose appointed functions are to apprehend all the truth of fact and principle, and reciprocate the loves of the Creator, and know and enjoy the Creator for ever.

be fitted to apprehend causes and relations just as they stand in the omniscient philosophy; and the affections and sentiments must go out after their objects with the regards which the creative purpose assigns to them by the laws of universal harmony. And how else than by such previous adjustment even in the constitution of the individual, could the demands of selfishness be balanced by the concessions of benevolence—the instincts which cherish the life, with the impulses which devote it to the race—and the relishes of appetite with the luxuries of the soul, in such symmetry, self-adjustment, and unity of action and end?

The harmonies of relation which traverse the whole creation, and accomplish its unity, are effected by the correspondences distributed throughout the various orders of being. Each class or kind is adapted and adjusted to all that is below and around and above it by characters common to all. Our union with our race is in possibility exact and perfect. The less nobly endowed species are associated and harmonized with us in those things in which they have likeness of nature. To the extent of parallelism and correspondence unity is secured, and there is no antagonism in that in which we transcend them; we only depart from and do not conflict with them, for all in us which excels them is at harmony with all in us which resembles them, and therefore with them also. In like manner our union with all that is higher than we, is limited to the points in which we resemble them, and beyond there is no conflict, for there is nothing to oppose.

For all the purposes of coherence in the general system of being—for all the necessities of the general government, and to effect that ultimate harmony which the completed plan of Divine Wisdom supposes, our intellectual action must be determined in essential correspondence with the universal truth, and our affections impelled into substantial conformity with the all-pervading goodness. Right and wrong, truth and falsehood, good and evil must be recognized in all worlds. From center to circumference of sentient being, thought must answer to the attraction of divine truth and feeling and have polarity to the divine goodness—the broad basis of all knowledge must be laid in intuitive truths interwoven with the very texture of the intellect, and emotion must be trained upon the frame-work of the universal loves.

Right may be confused with wrong in form and ultimate fact, but in essence it must be, and be felt to be, antagonistic, else all appeals to it must be unavailing for development and for duty; and good must be distinguished from evil and have constancy of character, or all discipline of reward and punishment must utterly fail; and there could be no reliance in legislation, no calculation in conduct, no science of character. The mental and moral constitution, to be the subject of a uniform and permanent moral law, must be as stable and constant as the organic anatomy, which is found to be identical in the Egyptian mummy and the latest born individual of the race. This can be obtained in detail only by ideas and feelings fundamentally alike in all, and the actual uniformity seems explicable only by the assumption that they are imbued by creation into the functions of the soul, and are so far the transcript and image of the divine wisdom and love. All of which is only saying that the Infinite Providence has not taken care to feed the birds and clothe the lillies, and utterly abandon the noblest part of all his works to the blind hazards of chance.

Self-Government.

Those only are fit to govern others, who are able to govern themselves. A thorough knowledge of one's self leads directly to the knowledge of mankind at large; for inward examination is the parent of outward observation. The last thing we ought to resign in life, is the right of thought—the first thing we ought to resist, is any attempt to enchain it; and acting thus, we may be assured that however confined its energies for a while may be, the light will break in upon us at last.

Spare the child in toys, in silks and ribbons, as much as you please, but be not sparing in his education.

UNIVERSAL ACTIVITY.

We regard it as a law of creation, "that every thing manifests all that it is calculated to exhibit of the divine nature, by developing or working out its own nature." A creation devoid of regulated activity would be no manifestation of an ever-living and ever-active Creator. It is only by a universe of activity that He can be manifested to whose activity the universe owes its existence. Still more may an active nature be expected in that order of creatures whose distinction it is to be, that not only by them, but to them, the manifestation will be made. For such activity may be looked for in them, if only to help them to understand, by sympathy, the same property in the divine nature. Accordingly, man is constituted a self-regulating force, pressing like the power of a spring on every resistance, and requiring unlimited time and space for the development of his energies. Every thing within him and around him indicates that he is designed to occupy a sphere of activity which circumscribes, and indefinitely exceeds every sphere of activity known to the prior creation. We know only as we act. Our notions of time, space, and all their modifications, involve a certain activity of mind. Activity is the condition of all knowledge. What, also, is the object of emotion but action? What is the office of volition, but to determine the direction our activity shall take? What the design of conscience but to indicate the course which it ought to take?

Let us pass from the constitution of man to the constitution of the world around him, and to which he is preconfigured. Here, we find "all things full of labor;" thus sympathizing with his own susceptibilities of activity, as well as inviting and inciting him to it. That sensibility to the varieties of temperature, which is seated in the skin, is, the physiologist informs us, a never-failing excitement to activity, and a constant sense of enjoyment. Those objects which appeal to man's appetite, promise gratification only on the condition of his muscular exertion to appreciate them. A world of raw material surrounds him. Nature sells every thing good, and effort is the price. As a social being his affections are kept in constant play to provide for the safety, comfort, and well-being of their objects. As an intelligent being, the objects of knowledge lie around him in apparent disorder. If he would perceive, he must approach them; if understand, he must compare them; if reason, he must arrange and classify them; if believe, he must call for and examine the necessary evidence. The physical points him forward to the metaphysical; and from phenomena he finds himself beckoned onwards to the reality of ultimate facts. Every relation which he discovers, and every law which he verifies, proclaims his patient activity, and is its precious fruit. Even his knowledge of duty is not a spontaneous growth, but comes to him as the result of consideration, and has to be guarded with jealous care. While as the subject of emotion, objects and events are constantly awakening fresh susceptibilities, and thus making him known to himself.

The power of volition with which man is endowed is never allowed to rest; for he finds himself constantly solicited by different objects, or attempting to master the difficulties which lie in his path. If the difficulty relate to an object of knowledge, spontaneously the mind tasks its power to pierce the obscurity. These external opposing agents are necessary in order to acquaint him with his own causative power, and to develop it. And in this essential sphere every thing in turn appeals to our causative power, and challenges us to exercise it. Calls to vigilance, gratitude, and usefulness, appeal to our sense of obligation; and make activity a duty, and a means of moral excellence. But if activity be thus a law of our nature, how hopeless is the task of some, in aiming to combine happiness and inactivity! How infatuated those who regard the enjoyment of the heavenly world as consisting in luxurious indolence? The rest of heaven is a calm opposed, not to activity, but to suffering. Relative to the activity of "the living creatures," the many-winged and myriad-eyed symbols of the highest celestial life, it is said that "they rest not." The perpetual striving after self-development, the struggle to bring into actual existence all that lies potentially in our nature, which here encounters so many obstacles, is there resumed, and resumed under advantages which are here unknown.—*Man Primeval.*

Psychological Department.

MENTAL PHENOMENON.

The following beautiful remarks, by Sir William Smith, a late Irish jurist and scholar of high character and attainments, well describe a mental phenomenon which many of your readers must have, at some time in their lives, experienced. He says:

"In connection with the phenomena of memory, may I be permitted to take notice of a certain mystery, or marvel, which has occasionally presented itself to me, and in voucher of the existence of which, I have the experience of others, in addition to my own. I mean that strange impression, which will occasionally come with unexpected suddenness on the mind, that the scene now passing, and in which we share, is one which in the very place, and in the very words, with the same person and with the same feelings, we have accurately rehearsed, we know not where, before. It is the most extraordinary sensation, and is one which will occur where in what is going forward there is nothing remarkable or of particular interest involved. While we speak, our former words are ringing in our ears, and the sentences which we form are the faint echoes of a conversation had in the olden time. Our conscious thoughts too, as they rise, seem to whisper to each other that this is not their first appearance in this place. In short, all that is now before us seems the apparition of a dialogue long departed; the spectral resurrection of scenes and transactions long gone by. Or we may be said, in the momentary gleam of a flash of reminiscence, to be reviewing in a mysterious mirror the dark reflections of times past, and living over, in minute and shadowy detail, a duplicate of the incidents of some pre-existent state."

In confirmation of the foregoing, I will mention a case in my own experience, which may be given in illustration of the mysterious phenomenon which has often presented itself unexpectedly to me, in a similar manner as described by Judge Smith in the above quotation.

In the fall of 1829, I lost a brother, who died at Middlebury, Vermont. Being sent for, I went from my place of residence, in Massachusetts, by a hurried journey, and arrived at M. a few days previous to his (my brother's) death. Although I had never been in the place before, when I entered the room in the hotel where my brother lay sick, I was suddenly struck with astonishment at the scene before me. The room, with every part of the furniture—the situation of the fire-place—the table containing the medicine vials—the chairs—curtains—paper upon the walls of the room—the bed upon which my brother lay sick, together with the strangers in attendance,—all familiarly presented themselves to my vision, as a kind of reminiscence of a former scene, as having been apparently daguerreotyped upon my memory with a very strong and vivid impression, though the time when and where could not be called to recollection.

At many other times similar impressions have presented themselves when things and scenes of no particular importance were occurring.

G. H. L.

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Silent Lovers.

An eminent clergyman one evening became the subject of conversation, and a wonder was expressed that he had never married. "That wonder," said Miss Porter, "was once expressed to the reverend gentleman himself, in my hearing, and he told a story in answer, which I will tell you; and perhaps, slight as it may seem, it is the history of other hearts as sensitive and delicate as his own. Soon after his ordination, he preached once every Sabbath for a clergyman in a small village not twenty miles from London. Among his auditors from Sunday to Sunday, he observed a young lady who occupied a certain seat, and whose close attention began insensibly to grow to him an object of thought and pleasure. She left the church as soon as service was over, and it so chanced that it went on for a year without knowing her name, but his sermon was never written without many a thought how she would approve it, nor preached with satisfaction unless he read approbation in her

face. Gradually he came to think of her at other times than when writing sermons, and to wish to see her on other days than Sundays; but the weeks stepped on, and though he fancied that she grew paler and thinner, he never brought himself to the resolution either to ask her name or to speak with her. By these silent steps, however, love had worked in his heart, and he made up his mind to seek her acquaintance and marry her, if possible, when one day he was sent for to minister at a funeral. The face of the corpse was the same that had looked up to him Sunday after Sunday, until he had learned to make it a part of his religion and his life. He was unable to perform the service, and another clergyman officiated; and, after she was buried, her father took him aside, and begged his pardon for giving him pain, but he could not resist the impulse to tell him that his daughter had mentioned his name with her last breath, and he was afraid that a concealed affection for him had hurried her to the grave. "Since that," said the clergyman in question, "my heart has been dead within me, and I look forward only to the time when I shall speak to her in heaven."

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Sympathetic Clairvoyance.

Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, Bart., having received a letter from a lady in London, in which the loss of a gold watch, supposed to have been stolen, was mentioned, sent the letter to Dr. H. to see whether E. could trace the watch. She very soon saw the lady, and described her accurately. She also described minutely the house and furniture, and said she saw the marks of the watch (the phrase she employs for the traces left by persons or things, probably luminous to her) on a certain table. It had, she said, a gold dial plate, gold figures, and a gold chain with square links; in the letter it was simply called a gold watch, without any description. She said it had been taken by a young woman whom she described, not a habitual thief, who felt alarmed at what she had done, but still thought her mistress would not suspect her. She added that she would be able to point out the writing of the thief. On this occasion, as is almost always the case with E., she spoke to the person seen as if conversing with her, and was very angry with her. Sir W. Trevelyan sent this information, and requested the writing of all the servants in the house to be sent. In answer, the lady stated that E.'s description exactly applied to one of her two maids, but that her suspicion rested on the other. She also sent several pieces of writing, including that of both maids. E. instantly selected that of the girl she had described, became very angry, and said, "you are thinking of pretending to find the watch, and restoring it; but you took it, you know you did." Before Sir W. Trevelyan's letter, containing this information, had reached the lady, he received another letter, in which he was informed that the girl indicated as the thief by E., had brought back the watch, saying she had found it. In this case Sir Walter Trevelyan was a great distance from Bolton, and even had he been present, he knew nothing of the house, the watch, or the persons concerned, except the lady, so that, even had he been in Bolton, and beside the clairvoyant, thought-reading was out of the question. I have seen, in the possession of Sir Walter, all the letters which passed, and I consider the case as demonstrating the existence of sympathetic clairvoyance at a great distance.—Dr. Gregory.

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Mysterious Behavior of a Church Bell.

A Mr. Fry, writing from Crawfordsville, Indiana, May 19th, to the Lafayette Courier, communicates the following:

"For the last three nights our good citizens have been startled from their quiet slumber by the mournful tolling of a bell on the New School Church, which commenced precisely at twelve o'clock and continued some minutes. Last night the trustees of the church watched in person, in order to discover the cause of this phenomena, but were unsuccessful; and in their report this morning, they attest in the most solemn manner, that not the slightest visible power could be discovered whereby the bell was moved. The excitement to-day is beyond any thing that I have witnessed in regard to spiritual manifestations. A large number of the citizens intend witnessing the singular phenomenon and solve it if possible."

## THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

R. P. AMBLER, EDITOR.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., JULY 12, 1851.

## SPIRIT-RAPPINGS IN PROVIDENCE.

The following account of spiritual manifestations in Providence has been recently published in the Post of that city, and presents a plain statement of some of the wonderful developments which are now taking place. In prefacing this article, the editor remarks:—"It is time wasted for us, or for any one, to comment on these wonderful demonstrations. We have not witnessed them ourselves; but those who have, cannot, it seems to us, be deceived as to the source from which they proceed. They are positive and correct in their assertions; and even if they were not known amongst us as people of candor and truth, we should shrink from denying the statements so openly and fairly made, and under circumstances which offer no inducement for the practice of deception. We will not say, and cannot easily believe, that four or five persons meet nightly, and shut themselves in a dark room, and remain there two or three hours, for no other purpose under heaven than to play over and over again the same tricks upon themselves—there being nobody present to astonish or make a convert of, and no possibility that any one in the room can be deceived by any one or by all the others."

MR. EDITOR:—In spite of Burr and the Buffalo doctors, the spirits in Providence keep up their incessant rappings and have begun to do other things still more marvelous. And as I wish to keep some of your readers posted up on this new and strange development of the Spirit-world, I will tell you briefly what I have witnessed within the last two or three weeks.

I wish it to be understood by all who read this communication, that I *know* every one of its statements to be true. I *know* that the things done were not done by any human being in the flesh, but by some invisible intelligence. I *do know*, even as I know that I am now writing, that every particular occurrence here put down, took place without the agency of any person in the room at the time. To this we are willing to make oath. Most of the things were done in my own house—some of them in the houses of two of my friends. Four, and sometimes five persons besides the medium, have been seated around a small table in a darkened room, when the spirits have rapped out to us to "join hands and harmonize our minds." We of course obeyed the direction. Upon the floor, under the table, we had previously placed a guitar; and on the table we had placed another guitar and a common sized house bell. After sitting quietly a few moments, we inquired if the spirits would make music for us upon the guitars? The answer came promptly in the affirmative, and then the strings of the instrument which lay *under* the table were struck as if by human fingers. The instrument was then drawn slowly out from its place and deposited near the center of the room. The guitar which lay on the table was then lifted up and carried off in the direction of the first. Both guitars then commenced playing in harmony, but only for a moment. They stopped suddenly, and one of the instruments flew up over our heads, playing some tune to us unknown. We asked the spirits to play some air familiar to our ears. They immediately struck up Yankee Doodle, occasionally knocking the guitar against the ceiling, and then bringing it down close to our heads and around our ears. The spirits then played the accompaniments to several tunes sung by the company—the instruments moving, and sometimes in double quick time, from one end of the room to another.

Sometimes the guitar would fly from one side of the room to the opposite, and from the floor to the ceiling and then back again—now tapping on the window and then on the door—now glancing athwart our shoulders, and then patting us on our heads in the most familiar and loving manner. All this while our hands were firmly clasped and our circle was kept unbroken.

True we could see nothing; but all that I have stated we both heard and felt. After this had been going on an hour or more, we asked the spirits to ring the bell—the guitar they laid with considerable force upon the table. The bell was seized, almost with rudeness, and furiously rung all around the room, sometimes passing over our heads, and sometimes near the floor; flying rapidly from one angle of the room to the opposite—one moment behind the chairs, and the next close to our noses.

When the spirit had rung the bell sufficiently, he placed it on the table—took the guitar again, and re-commenced the music—playing several lively and popular tunes. To vary the experiments, we asked the spirits to open a backgammon board which lay in one corner of the room, and place the men ready for playing. The board opened instantly; we heard it lifted from the floor and shaken violently, and then men, dice and boxes were all tossed into the air and fell in a shower around the apartment, and the empty board was placed upon the table. Another thing we desired was to hear the spirit walk. In a moment or two we heard footsteps distinctly falling, as if a man were pacing back and forth in the apartment. Another time, when we asked to hear the tread of feet, we heard, instead, the rustling of silk, as if a lady dressed in that material were gliding about the room. Books, dresses, shawls, fans and other articles were brought or thrown from distant parts of the room into the laps of some persons in the company. On one occasion the guitar was taken from the table and stood with a remarkable degree of care upon the floor—the large end resting against my own hand and arm, and the hand of the medium which I held in mine. After considerable fixing of the instrument in this inverted position, the spirit began to entertain us with making sounds upon it. At first the wood part of the instrument was gently knocked by what seemed to us to be a common nail hammer, growing louder and louder until it blended into a sound like that of the ends of a man's fingers drumming upon the wood. Then the sound changed to that of the knuckles, then of the fist, then back again to the hammer. These were succeeded by imitations, more or less correct, of the sawing of boards, driving of nails, planing, boring, and filing. Then these were followed by imitating the singing of birds, and by sounds that I should suppose would resemble the splitting of guitar strings into innumerable fibers. After this curious demonstration, the instrument was carried by the spirit towards a window, through the upper part of which a dim moonlight shone; and then we could see the guitar perform sundry fantastic tricks for our amusement. It would move sometimes horizontally and then vertically; it would dance, and then remain at rest; dart back into the darkness, and then push forward into the dim moonlight, until we were perfectly satisfied with its lively performances; when it was gently laid upon the table as if the operator wished for further orders. But none being given, the spirit lifted the guitar off the table, turned the latter half way round, and opened and shut the leaves some dozen times; and this could all be seen, though indistinctly.

Now, Mr. Editor, though most of your readers will say that these are hard stories, yet there are more of them to be told that exceed these in toughness by some ten or twenty degrees—to be told, too, from a source entitled to the highest confidence. I have hardly given you a *specimen* of the occurrences that are taking place nightly in this city. At some future time, if you will permit me, I will tell you something more. Most of the persons who have sat in the circle with me have often felt spirits touch them. I have been particularly favored in this way. Many a time a human hand has pressed my head, my shoulders, my knees, and my feet, and I *know*, if I know any thing, that it was done by no person in the room, or in this world.

D. B. H.

Beautiful words without corresponding actions, fall upon the heart like gleams of wintry moonlight upon a frozen lake—they dazzle, but they warm not.

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not.



## THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

Within the Trinity of the Past, Present, and Future, humanity existeth. The centripetal spirit continually urgeth on life-processes in keeping with past developments, yet bringeth in advance unto us a consciousness of a future superior condition. The soul ever anticipates, that henceforth and forever its instincts, intuitions and inspirations are forthcoming gloriously. And how shall we co-operate and bring forth this attractive ultimate? Therein lieth wisdom in consenting unto the law of rectitude, as the Eternal Spirit willeth from the inmost recesses of our being. Are not the brains exquisite nerves, in passive unity with the great central Source of light, life and love? And who shall utter the sacrilegious notion, that human existence hath no receptive medium therefrom? Is it not thus the child of progress becometh spirit-educated, and so finds itself in harmonic association and intercourse with the high, higher, anticipating even the highest.

As the germs of intent sown to-day so augereth of the morrow, whether we reap of wheat or other substance—of mental perception, or celestial being. Step by step, here a little and there a little—so the human spirit ascendeth. "There is nothing new under the sun" but new humanities, yielding themselves unto the Primitive Spirit—suffering themselves to be wrought upon and developed after its universal harmonies. Who hath power, who hath wisdom, who hath holiness but of the Lord? Whoso believeth in him as the aggregate of humanic development, and consenteth to be inlawed into being thereby, is discovered of his spirit in primitive unity therewith, and inwrought into its organic existence. And yet how so? That which we cordially expect that the spirit shall do, that same it somehow contriveth to execute for us, and that harmoniously. Learn this—that he who striveth to do that which belongeth to the spirit to do for him, will be found ere long without in the path of superstition, bigotry, or skepticism.

The Genesis of the fathers in these days may become the Revelations in the child. The older canon hath not nursed the spiritual element hopelessly in his breast, yet unconscious he of the ultimate of its ingrowth. In its own good time and way, the world's great heart developeth its organic functions, and thus harmoniously utters itself. The base live below the spiritual inheritance, but yet somehow the spirit contriveth there shall be no universal retrograde. Do all divine "the wind bloweth where it listeth," that the fitness of in-being ever seeketh a corresponding outgrowth? Life's heart-work goeth on, and happy he that hath harmonic intercourse with kind and Deity.

The wisdom-spirit showeth itself near only to him that keepeth himself in cheerful and willing obedience to his highest consciousness of the pure, true, and good. "Whosoever would know of the doctrine" must first do it. Aye, let such an one err, and it but developeth its obvious proportions. Every thing hath turned to right account that hath sprung from right intent, and thus, and thus alone, is progress verified.

Doth not our being seek for happiness?  
Indulge it then aright, and bless  
Our neighbor; and purer then his blood  
Will run in action; and our own will flood  
Society with such thoughts and deeds  
As we may utter. And if virtuous intent,  
In places high and low, is lent  
To shed its luster, warm and clear,  
Then hearts before both cold and drear,  
Are blest. Thrice blest are they  
Whose left hand knoweth not  
Of recompense—whose right hand willeth  
The doing for its worthiness, and thus  
Loving sweet Charity for her dear sake,  
And heaven's transcendent goodness do  
Before we goodness trow, and rejoice  
In the contentedness whose voice  
Is gratefulness in action.

I observe that great unbelief existeth every where; that man

trusteth not in the recuperative powers of his being to restore him into unity and unison with himself and Deity, and thus wastes his fitful energies—borrowing of his better self its loves and faiths, to spend in low and lowering practices. Are we not chided of our sense of life's high hopes, in cherishing not the Holy Spirit as it stirreth within us, urging us in sweet words of harmony and wisdom, to yield our venal powers cheerfully unto its superior bidding? Incline thine ear, then, O Man, unto wisdom, and listen unto the voice of the Eternal, which ever inhabiteth thee, and at thine own willingness, cworketh with thee in its own blissened life and love. Why doubt we yet longer the efficiency of our being to restore unto us the everlasting presence of the Pure, True and Good, and initiate us into harmony with Creation and her laws! "Behold I say unto you the kingdom of Heaven is within you," and the Great King presideth over all its hallowed mysteries. Who, then, shall presume to teach us successfully, aye, harmoniously, if we had not the admonitions of the Most High, as his spirit-thoughts ascend from out the depths of our being, asking our cheerful obedience thereto? Who then shall assume the guardianship of thy spirit, O my neighbor, if thou heedest not the winning and celestial teachings of heaven's own Germal Spirit? The good is ever seeking us, and why yet longer obstruct its outflow into our very selves, and so transform us into celestial existence.

In-lying my being  
I am constantly seeing  
A correlative Spirit,  
Whose love I inherit,  
Whose light I receive,  
Whose life I believe  
Extending to me  
Unto Eternity.

Oriskany Falls, June, 1851.

J. S. ALCOTT.

## A Thing of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

Under this title an interesting and instructive article has appeared in the *Cleveland Plaindealer*, which we are moved to insert for the benefit of our readers. It is as follows:—

A happy little incident, trifling, perhaps, except to the few who participated in it, occurred the other day in this city, and which we relate, not so much in the hope of making an unbelieving world wiser, as to make the believing few better.

Reverence for the dead has been a characteristic of mankind in all ages of the world—costly monuments, statues, slabs and graven mementoes on the most durable material, everywhere attest this fact. What living person has not treasured up some lasting keepsake of a departed friend—some trifling article worthless to all but its possessor, and good for nothing to him, except to awaken recollections which time in all its changes might blot out? But after all, this homage of affection is not designed to be paid to the senseless dead, but to the spirit of the departed, whose continued existence is acknowledged in these very acts, and whose power to recognize such acts is in this candid and serious manner most solemnly admitted. Not to the mortal remains, the lifeless body, are these memorials given, but to that immortal, never-dying part which thinks, wills, remembers, and reasons, as when coupled with the flesh.

But a change has come over the feelings of many in these latter days, in regard to the propriety of thus honoring the dead. No costly monuments, or pompous funeral arrays can benefit their being. They ask no sacrifice like this from us. Our duties and our charities are with the living. It is well to take a thought of that time when our earthly interchanges of sentiment will be intercepted, the congratulations of friendship cease, and this breathing frame, inanimate and cold, be laid where it can mingle with its native dust; but the slight memorials that may remain, and the few who may remember them, must soon follow, and the thronging multitudes of the living, on indifferent to what is gone, as the night breeze is to the withering of a single leaf.

Then why not dispense with costly monuments, and other things which are but a mockery to the living?

as we would old clothes, the used up and worthless habiliments of the spirit.

This brings us to our story. Whosoever visits our beautiful Cemetery on the Sabbath day, will find throngs of our citizens in attendance among the tombs. Among the crowd the other day, there happened to be Dr. W. and his lady, accompanied by Mrs. Fish, the celebrated Spirit-medium. The first grave visited was that of the Doctor's two little daughters, buried some years ago. They had lain without any special memorial to their remains but affection, and the frequent visits of the parents had effectually marked the spot, to them at least. The company had not halted but a moment, and were discussing the propriety of inscribing something more public to their memory, when the well-known spirit raps were heard. It was a call for the alphabet,—and in answer to the question, "What shall be written on your tombs?" the following sentence was spelled:

"A memento sacred to the memory of those you love."

The company tarried a while, and as night was approaching started to leave, when the raps were again heard, and the following tender epistle spelled out:

"Good night, dear father and dear mother."

This so overcame the parents that they fell to weeping, and again the little rappers called for the alphabet. This was an unexpected scene and an untried place to Mrs. Fish, who, with tears in her eyes and a trembling voice, repeated the letters of the alphabet, and the following sentence closed this grave-yard interview:

"You must not weep for us, dear father and mother—we are very happy."

To the uninitiated in spiritual mysteries, and to the uneducated in the new theory, this will appear like a fairy tale; "to the Greeks foolishness, to the Jews a stumbling block;" but to the real believers in this doctrine, it will be like manna in the wilderness, and to them we dedicate it.

### Shall Truth be Proclaimed, whether Men hear or forbear?

In advocating the claims of the Harmonial Philosophy promiscuously among those of a marked variance of predilection for or against its reception, a question might arise as to the utility of such a course, in view of what might seem, superficially, like "casting seed on stony ground." Let us, then, consider a moment whether any good is to be achieved by explaining our system to those who will not now, nor indeed may not, during their earthly existence, believe and embrace it. Here is an individual who affirms that the Bible is the inspired word of God,—that unless you believe its doctrines, no matter how good you may be, you cannot be saved,—that every sin you commit, unless repented of, is set down to your account in God's book of remembrance, and will be brought against you at the judgment day,—that the righteous are received into heaven through the open gate that is guarded by sentinels; and the wicked, after receiving sentence, are driven down to hell, etc., etc. Now we say to this person that his belief is wide of the truth, is neither calculated to improve him morally, nor admit of his enjoying any high or comforting hopes for the future. We tell him it is true there are many beautiful spiritual truths in the Bible, and with these an incomparably large amount of mythological error—that a mere *intellectual belief* of any principle, even of those that are good and elevating, never can in the least benefit an individual; but that it is what we *are* intrinsically, in purity and wisdom, that constitutes our true excellency and capability for a high and glorious state hereafter;—that Deity is *not* engaged in registering the sins of the human family—that no person is capable, in *any way*, of moving him from his fixed and eternal mode of being—that every spirit in the universe, instead of being subject to any special or immediate law of Deity, "is a law unto himself," and feels the action of no law *external* to himself—that all spirits, upon leaving the material form, gravitate to just that elevation and degree of refinement which their innate qualities or affinities naturally attract them to; and that this is done not by any direct, physical act of power, or oral

decree of the Father, but in accordance with the ever-living and invariable workings of the spiritual laws of the universe, which apply as rigidly and faithfully to spiritual things, as does gravitation to the physical world. We hold this argument with him; but so great is the influence of an educational bias and fear of a fabulous devil (should he depart from the "word and letter of the law of his Father"), that he lives on through this life, and enters the next, with the expectation that he will find all things in the future state just as his Bible, his minister, and his religion before told him it would be. Now, after arriving there, true to his orthodox professions, let him remember that we explained to him while with us, those which we are assured are the general truths of the future state;—what now must be the effect of what seemed *once* a waste of time and words in revealing to him the realities of his higher life? Can it be otherwise than that his experience, upon entering that condition, will be somewhat like this: "Why! it is just about like what those *infidels*, as I once called them, said it *would be*!" Has this individual now to remain in a stationary position, to "*unlearn*" his once erroneous ideas of the Father, and of his and our relation to the material, moral, and spiritual universe," (as Mr. Davis expresses it,) as long as he would had he never received, while in the form, his first *real* lessons of truth? We think not. If this opinion be correct, let us not withhold the disclosures of our new and beautiful religion even from those upon whom it may produce seemingly no immediate modification of belief.

V. C. T.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

THE SPIRIT HARP; a Gift, presenting the Poetical Beauties of the Harmonial Philosophy. Compiled by Maria F. Chandler.

A work bearing the above title has been recently published at this office, to which we desire to invite the attention of our readers. It consists of a collection of poems gathered from various authors, and arranged in three general departments, entitled "Voices of Nature," "Songs of the Spirit-land," and "Signs of Promise." While the world is being favored with a divine Philosophy which appeals irresistibly to the reasoning faculties of the mind, it seemed well that the heart should be touched with its softer beauties, as presented in the form of Poetry. There are stern and rugged souls which no power of argument could subdue, that might, in listening to the strains of the bright ideal, breathe in some sweet truths which form the pervading atmosphere of God. It was, therefore, deemed proper to present an embodiment of the poetry of our Philosophy, with a hope that it may serve to exercise the softer emotions of the soul, and draw forth its latent aspirations for the beautiful and true.

Another important object contemplated in this work, is to furnish a suitable book for singing to be used in Harmonial Circles. A general want of this nature has been for some time deeply felt, to supply which the compiler has ventured to make such an effort as her opportunities and circumstances would admit. Though some of the poems may not be adapted to this purpose, it is hoped there is a sufficient number which may be used in singing to render the work valuable in this respect. Those who have fully imbibed the elevated spirit of our Philosophy, will readily appreciate the importance of blending the harmonial sentiment with the melody of song, that we may "sing with the spirit and the understanding also." The work will be presented in several different styles of binding, to suit the taste of those who desire to purchase, in accordance with which the prices will also vary—the lowest, in pamphlet form, being twenty-five cents. Circles will be supplied at a liberal discount. Apply at this office.

MR. DAVIS' LECTURES.—The following notice which has lately appeared in the Hartford Times, will reveal something of the interest prevailing in that city on the subjects of the Harmonial Philosophy. Referring to the lectures of Mr. Davis, the Editor remarks:—"It has been decided to divide these interesting lectures hereafter, during the hot season, into two parts for each Sunday—one part to be delivered in the morning, commencing at ten o'clock, and the other in the evening at half past seven.

Each lecture will thus occupy not more than thirty minutes. These discourses are full of interest to all sects and classes. They are eloquent and even beautiful in style, while their scope is usually comprehensive, and the ideas advanced are such as to command the profound attention of large auditories, composed of people of all denominations.

## Poetry.

### I AM DREAMING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER

BY J. B. WEBB.

I am dreaming, ever dreaming,  
Of a bright and pleasant land,  
Where the bowers with songs are teeming,  
And the air is soft and bland.

There the winds are gently breathing  
All the long and sunny day;  
And the bird is ever weaving  
Tales of beauty in his lay.

I am roaming, ever roaming,  
O'er its vallies and its hills;  
Where the fairest flowers are blooming  
By its brightly-sparkling rills.

And I'm cheerful, ever cheerful,  
For I deem I'm young again;  
And the eye is never tearful  
When the heart is free from pain.

There I sport in far-off meadow,  
'Mid the green and fragrant grass,  
Where cool and grateful comes the shadow  
Of the clouds that slowly pass.

And I'm dreaming, ever dreaming,  
That my life again is new;  
And the sun is brighter beaming,  
And the skies are softer blue.

Then the friends of boyhood's years,—  
Friends I deemed were ever gone,—  
When I saw them through my tears  
Lowered to the silent tomb,—

Then they come with kindly greeting,  
Clasp my trembling hand in theirs;  
And I feel their hearts are beating  
Warmly as in former years.

And their lips are ever telling,  
"Dearest brother thou shalt come,  
Here shall be thy happy dwelling  
In the pleasant Spirit-home."

And I'm cheerful—ever cheerful,  
For I know my time is near;  
And the eye is never tearful  
When the heart is free from fear.

### Beauty.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,  
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly;  
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud,  
A brittle glass that's broken presently.  
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,  
Lost, faded broken, dead within an hour.

Shakspeare.

## Miscellaneous Department.

### WHAT IS HOME?

There is poetry and painting in the name—there is music in the sound.

"'T is a spot of earth supremely blest,  
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

The Ethiopian thinks his home is made by God, while angels only made the rest of the world. The traveler in a foreign land far from his own hearth, will tell us, earth cannot ask a brighter gift—heaven cannot grant a sweeter boon—that 't is *en verité* a heaven itself; sunny climes, cloudless skies, and nature's loveliest scenes, only brighten his memory of home.

"The land of the east, where the flowers ever blossom, and the sunbeams ever shine," may interest but cannot occupy his heart, which is already full of the absent—full to overflowing, as the falling tear, or frequent sigh will testify. He longs to hear the merry prattling and the hurried footsteps of his little ones; and still more does he yearn to hear that voice, which is, to his ear, music's sweet tone—the voice of one who is a part of himself, whose eye ever brightens at his coming, and is tearful at his going; and who is usefully employed in his absence, like "Penelope," that the "wheels of time," may sooner bring round his return—but his spirit is with her—

Although his pathway may be traced,  
Upon life's dark and dreary waste,  
Memories of home his spirit will bless,  
With thoughts of life, love and happiness.

Like a star in the mist, his home flits by,  
Fancy sees it oft, wishing it nigh;  
It comes in his dreams, his spirit to lull,  
Making life seem all beautiful.

Every lovely path he treads, and every flower he sees, reminds him of the joy he is losing, the bright faces he has left—he cultivates no other flowers than hope and memory—no other music than the name of home! He recalls to mind—

"'T is sweet to hear the watch dog's honest bark,  
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home,  
'T is sweet to know there is an eye will mark  
Our coming, and look brighter when we come."

Home is man's paradise and woman's world. "The bird will drop into its nest, though the treasures of earth and sky are open to it,"—thus will woman make home her sphere, in which to think, to speak, to act; and a true woman never departs from it only to "raise those who fall, to comfort and help the weak-hearted," to sympathize with her fellow beings, and teach them how to be good and happy. Home is woman's empire! To influence, to brighten, and make happy one noble, worthy heart—should be the height and extent of her ambition—to make that one forget the strife and storms without for the light and love-lit smile within—should be her highest aim.

"Happy, happier far than thou,  
With the laurel on thy brow;  
She that makes the humblest hearth  
Lovely to but one on earth."

The youth who leaves his father's hall to search for wisdom, wealth, or fame, never forgets the home of his childhood; his heart will oft be sick to breathe his native air, to tread again his native hills, to gaze upon the gentle flowing river, to listen to the melody of birds, whose voices were familiar to his boyhood, and not more merry than his own—and whose soarings taught him to rise trustingly above the ills of life, even to the sky of Heaven.

He may win wealth, honor, and fame, but not without strife and toil, disappointment and vexation, which often weary his heart, making it long for peace and quiet. Then his mind wanders back with unerring instinct, to the happy home of his in-

fancy and boyhood; he pines to rest again beneath the roof which sheltered him in early years—to lave his parched lips in the spring near the cottage, or from the “iron bound and moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.”

“Sweet voices of home” then come in his dreams,  
And carry him back to his childhood’s scenes,  
To that fond mother, on whose faithful breast,  
His childhood was reared and gently caressed.

Such memories come over the weary spirit like the summer rain upon the withering flower; or like the dew of morning, beautifying and invigorating the drooping soul, raising our thoughts to a higher and purer sphere.

What an earnest and soul-thrilling pleasure is a homeward journey, after an absence of years! How the heart bounds with delightful anticipations! In fancy we meet our friends many times ere we reach them, hearing and saying a thousand kind words—the hopes and fears, the excess of joy which becomes almost painful, cannot be described; for the deepest and best feeling of our nature cannot be told. The first familiar object that meets our eyes has power to check, or hasten the beatings of the heart, which seem too large to find room enough for its breathings in this world, and it would break asunder its prison doors, were it not for tears, in which we may pour forth its earnest overflowings.

But we cannot endure to see a change, the shadow of a change, even an improvement darkens the spirit—it says, passing away! passing away!—that we and all else must soon pass away, and our places have other occupants. But sorrow and regret are forgotten in the pure and heartfelt joy caused by family meetings. The attachment of brothers and sisters, the devotion of mothers, is of no evanescent nature. It not only brightens the present, but occupies the memory with an undying influence, and is often to us in after life a “green spot,” an “oasis” in a desert. ‘Tis there we learn to govern ourselves, and banish every feeling which selfishness engenders; we there learn to exert ourselves for the happiness of others, and there we learn the value of existence.

In after life, when surrounded by trials and temptations, we find our rectitude endangered, perhaps shaken, how sweet and dear is the remembrance of that period when we enjoyed the highest delight from pleasures into which no doubtful or dangerous feeling ever entered. Their memory will strengthen our love of virtue and justify our thoughts—preserving us from every evil which may surround us.

The name of home may call up a different picture to every eye, a different feeling to every heart. Some may remember broad and lighted halls, massy stair-cases, large rooms, old pictures, portraits of their ancestry, extensive parks enclosing beautiful forests, and game of every kind. To others, that name may recall to mind a white cottage, far from crowded streets or lighted halls—in a green valley, covered with sweet creeping vines, with a forest of evergreens, shaded by trees whose boughs spread over it like a green tent—a place most beautiful in summer, with gay flowers, green leaves, and fragrant grass,—in winter, cheerful with its bright fires and love-lit faces—the happiness of earth and home.

How beautiful and touching is the return of ill-fated Ulysses, when, after being tossed upon the angry waves, passing through storms and tempests, shipwrecks and many dangers, he returns to his home, where his old dog meets him upon the threshold, knows him, and strives in vain to crawl and kiss his feet—

“Yet all he could, his tail, his ears, his eyes,  
Salute his master and confess his joys,  
Takes a last look—and having seen him, dies!”

The heart must be cold and callous indeed, that does not feel some emotion in re-visiting the home of its childhood—whether the scene be in crowded cities or on green prairies, surrounded by bluffs, watered by beautiful streams, the same feeling swells the heart, as the thoughts of the past rush over it, till every event of our youth is arrayed before us in colors bright and fresh as a spring morning. Past pleasures seldom grow dim in memory, and the present often suffers from the contrast. Every shrub

and tree have something to tell, and they speak eloquently to the heart. They are silent but living witnesses of many joyous hours. They remind us of many incidents, of many scenes in which we have borne a part; they recall the careless, happy days of childhood, the gay dreams of youth, transient pleasures, faded joys; we go back again to those sunny days when we gazed into the future as a fairy scene, and longed to tread its flowery paths,—but “distance lends enchantment to the view.”

Our playfellows, and the companions of our youth, in fancy pass before us; we see each well-known face—their histories are remembered—some, perhaps are in a distant land; others changed, alienated,—and friends, whose bright faces and warm hearts beamed on and beat with our own, have become indifferent to us, their time and minds have found new objects and new interests—but oh! how sadly does this thought come to our lone and weary hearts; who can tell its deep feeling of desolation? Yet, though there are some events painful to remember, some regrets, some wrecks of hope, there are some flowers which have bloomed in our pathway we would never forget, and their fragrance may still be ours.

We also meet new and unknown faces in every turn, which makes us feel like strangers in our native land. Those we left children, in a few years become actors themselves, playing their parts in the drama of life—but of all the changes that come over home, none are more sad than finding

“Some face beloved hath vanished from the social hearth,  
Some tones that gladdened it with music’s mirth,”

a vacant place around the festive board, where sat the dearest and most beautiful—for “the brightest things of earth soonest fade;” and it is a sickening thought that the form we so loved and idolized is now no more than the dust on which we tread. Well might we wonder why we were placed on this little dark planet to struggle with sorrow a while, then pass away and be forgotten, did not faith point out to us a home in the skies—an unchanging home—“where the rainbow never fades!”

“And they are there, whose long loved mien  
In earthly home no more is seen;  
Whose places where they smiling sate  
Are left unto us desolate!  
And they are where all longings vain,  
Trouble no more the heart and brain;  
The sadness of our earthly love,  
Dims not our heavenly home above.”

We may, in after life, form many local attachments; but they can never have the sweet associations of our first home which seems entwined with our very existence.

“Green forever be the groves,  
And bright the flow’ry sod,  
Where first the child’s glad spirit loves  
His country and its God.”

Home is oftener found in the cottage than in the palace, and always in the heart. ‘Tis to know that we are loved, that faces brighten in our presence, that *one* heart, at least, is ever true to us. It may be a mother’s or a sister’s, it may be a brother’s or a dear friend’s. If the lone heart be deprived of all these ties, if its sky be clouded over, its stars all set, not one ray of light left to guide it o’er life’s rugged way, till the star of faith rises—then it will not only find a home in the flowers which memory plants in its pathway, and waters with its tears, but in the beautiful dwelling place of the loved and departed, to those heavenly mansions the heart of the loved one will wend its way, for there its treasures are. In that home no change comes o’er affection’s glow—nothing is there to dim the loved one’s face.

“Dreams cannot picture a throne so fair,  
Sorrow and death may not enter there;  
Far beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,  
It is there”——

Ottawa Free Trader.

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