

THE SPIRIT MESSENGER

AND

HARMONIAL GUIDE.

"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.

THE INNER LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER

BY R. P. AMBLER.

Various subjects relating to the spiritual life of man, as the new birth, regeneration, and the joys of heaven, have been extensively expatiated upon by enthusiastic religionists. Moved, however, by a blind and fiery zeal, these individuals have degraded all themes of this nature by sectarian artifices, and have presented them, as they were received, enrobed in the darkness of church mystery. It has been taken for granted that all subjects which pertain to the interior life—the development and progress of the soul, must be examined only through the vision of faith; that that which is unseen and comparatively immaterial in the constitution of man is not a suitable object of philosophical investigation, and can only be understood through some special and mysterious operation of the Divine Spirit. Now while we may readily concede that the prominent conceptions entertained of a spiritual being, reveal the shadow of a great truth and exhibit a noble aspiration towards the interior reality, it is of the highest importance that a theme so really grand and beautiful in its nature, should be relieved of the burdensome rubbish of superstition and error with which its true value has been long concealed.

The first important idea which should be impressed upon the mind is, that as the human soul is a real and substantial entity, even in a higher sense than mere external forms, so the inner life, being no frail creation of the fancy, should be studied with a calm and philosophical spirit. Let us look for a moment at the rationale of this subject. Accustomed as we are to test the real existence of all things by the testimony of the senses, it may not appear at once to the external perceptions that the soul is really a substantial existent; yet when we allow reason to follow the course of induction and determine the nature of the cause from the effects which follow, we shall find the evidence to be satisfactory and conclusive in favor of this rejected truth. When the trees move their lofty branches and the leaves are stirred with a whispering sigh, we know that the spirit of the winds is breathing there, though it is itself unseen; and when the muttering thunders read the sky, rolling from cloud to cloud through the great deep of heaven, we are assured, though there gleams no lightning flash, that these are but the echoes of the electric element in its rapid and fearful course. When, therefore, we observe the apparent effects of an inward principle in man—when we behold those noble monuments of art which stand as the evidences of creative skill—when we admire the generous and godlike deed which rises before us as the expression of a divine thought—when we see the kindled fires of genius flashing from the eye, or listen to the low, sweet voice of love breathing from the heart, then may we know, if the teachings of Reason are accepted, that there dwells in the human frame a soul which is the sun and center of all thought, feeling, and action,—of which indeed the external organism is but the frail and temporary embodiment. If, then, we are satisfied that the spirit is a reality—that it is the living presence which imparts animation and strength to the physical structure, we may be positively assured that there dwells also in its recesses an inner life, which may be known as truly and felt as deeply as the fact of our material existence; and as a natural consequence of

this assurance, it becomes our privilege to seek for this life and investigate all its principles, in the same rational and philosophical spirit with which we search into the laws of the visible creation.

I am aware that to such a course of investigation an obstacle would arise in the long-cherished theological error that the spirit is absolutely immaterial—that it is only as a shadowy breath from the Divine Mind, which, being without form or parts, can neither be defined nor understood. Yielding, however, to the guidance of Reason, we shall discover, in opposition to all such conceptions, that the inward being is the positive and controlling power—that it is the perfected and concentrated essence of all that exists in the external world—in short, that it is the godlike and divinely illuminated form, of which all the beauty and glory in visible Nature is but the fitting shadow. If, then, the astronomer may go out in the still night to read the scriptures of the skies, ascertaining with a degree of certainty the laws and movements of the starry worlds; if the geologist may search down into the bowels of the earth, viewing in all its hidden treasures the outlines of a history which no human hand could write; if the chemist, entering into the great laboratory of Nature, may analyze and define the elementary substances of bodies, and discover the beautiful processes which are going on in the production of existing forms,—if these may exercise the freedom of exploring the material creation, shall not the spiritual philosopher, entering into a still higher domain, investigate the divine principles that govern the inward life, and become acquainted with the powers, the aspirations, and the joys, that dwell, perchance unknown, in the recesses of the spirit?

Another obstacle which lies in the way of a just appreciation of the inner life, may be seen in the grossness and sensuality of man. Materialism stands at the very courts of the temple into which the aspiring soul would enter. From all the habits and customs of the past, man has learned to regard himself as a being of mere vitality and sense. To cultivate the physical powers, to obtain the means of subsistence for the body, to enjoy the pleasures that are derived from the outward world, and find repose amid the abundance of earthly wealth,—these have been deemed the prominent objects for which mortals should toil and suffer. Thus has the mind become sunk as it were in the corruptions of sensualism—a robe of darkness has been thrown over its noblest gifts, and while at times sweet glimpses of an inward glory have flashed upon its view, it has been left to follow its uncertain way amid the shadows of the earthly world. In this condition it is evident that man is entirely unprepared to appreciate the realities of a life within. Everything which has relation to the development and inward happiness of the soul, has appeared as an unreal vision whose substance he may not grasp. To express the sentiment of another, 'the flesh soaks up the spirit as a sponge does water;'—the fire that burns in the censer of the soul grows dim and low, and earth enshrouds the glorious beacon-light that gleams across the stormy waves of time.

If we desire an illustration of this truth, let us glance for a moment at the scenes of the gay metropolis. Behold the votaries of pleasure as they repair to the hall of revelry. Wealth and fashion are the deities of the excited throng; Luxury has spread out all her dazzling gifts, and everything is prepared to intoxicate the senses and enslave the soul. Gorgeous lights, shining upon the robes of beauty, are reflected from sparkling eyes and ruby gems; strains of enrapturing music fall upon the ear, weaving in the heart the fading dreams of bliss; graceful and voluptuous forms flit before the vision, awakening the fires

of passion from their slumber,—and thus amid the fairy movements of the dance, or at the festive board where the sparkling wine goes round and peals of laughter ring aloud, the solemn hours of night pass swiftly away, while the heart is bounding with its transient joy. Scenes of this nature may appropriately represent the agencies by which Materialism maintains its conquests over the human mind, and by which, also, dark shadows are thrown upon the inward life. While the senses are thus made the chief source of pleasure—while men are content to grovel in the grossness and dissipation of the social world, it is no subject of wonder indeed that the joys which cluster around the altar of the soul, and the sweet, blissful peace which reign in the unseen temple, should be forgotten and unknown. Yet there is a voice which calls man onward to his higher destiny. There are ministers from heaven which would lead him up from the darkness of sensuality to the light of a superior world. Realities which have been long hidden from the view, are now presented as the inspiring end of this great life-struggle; and beneath the radiance of a light which shines forever—with the guidance of those pure whisperings that flow from angelic spheres, the inhabitants of earth are invited to seek higher glories in the sanctuary of the inner life.

We are now prepared to bring this subject more immediately to the comprehension of the reader. In this it is primarily important that the appropriate signification of the inner life, should be duly understood. This life, then, we may observe, is to be distinguished from the external, in that it relates, not to the outward organism, but to the indwelling spirit; it is not dependent in any manner on the enjoyments of sense or the exercise of the physical powers, but consists in that interior consciousness of power, and peace, and joy, which results from the harmonious development of the spiritual nature. The sphere of this life extends within and beyond the whole external world,—reaching far away into the boundless infinitude. A limit which cannot be traversed may confine the outward vision, but the soul can reach beyond the farthest stretch of sense, and explore the regions of the great immensity. As the external being has relation to the physical world, so the internal being corresponds with the spiritual world. Hence that soul which is expanded with its divine life, or, in other words, whose thoughts and affections are elevated to the plane of an immortal existence, is enabled to perceive that which is spiritually discerned, beholding in all things the living presence of the Divinity, witnessing the bright reflections of his glory in the shining firmament, and recognizing the invisible elements and forces which constitute the universal Life. Then, rising as on wings of light, it can soar upward to the circling spheres, and hold blessed communion with the immortal throng, breathing in the pure, celestial atmosphere that diffuses joy through all its powers, and imparts fresh vigor to its every energy.

The spirit which is animated with the inward life becomes conscious of its own deathless vitality. As the warm life-currents pour through the veins and arteries of the physical system, quickening all its powers into delightful action, so from the exhaustless source within, flow on in swift and gushing streams the divine affections of the spirit, thrilling through all its deep and secret chambers, and mingling as it were with the very breath of Deity. Sweet and hallowed are the joys of this glorious life! No pen may relate, and no tongue describe the blessedness that pervades the unfolded spirit. Calm and tranquil as the unruffled waters, it mirrors in its depths the heaven that is spread on high;—it has entered into a world of beauty such as the eye may not behold, and though the crushing storms of time may rage around,—though the bright flowers of hope may fade, and blighted joys may fall as autumn leaves, yet nestling close to an angel's bosom and triumphing in its own deathless life, it can look serenely forth on all the desolations of time, and soar far beyond the overshadowing clouds. One of the prominent characteristics of the inner life, therefore, is serenity. It is manifested in no transient enthusiasm, no fanatical and overheated zeal, but it is the result of a calm and harmonious exercise of the internal powers. This life is higher and more important in its nature than all the enjoyments of a material existence. It

is this which maintains the true relationship of the soul to the great Spirit-Father; it is this which lifts it up into communion with spheres of light, and opens within its depths the fountain of unending bliss. This is the ever-blooming life whose glory never fades; it is the expanded realm of thought and feeling where the smile of the Infinite rests continually—it is, in brief, amid the transient dreams of earth, the substance of that which Hope has pictured, and the evidence of things which are not seen.

Yet let us not imagine that this life, so exalted and glorious in its nature, is to be obtained at once. It is not the instantaneous outbirth of a moment's thought. It cannot be enjoyed as the effect of any sudden resolution, by virtue of any verbal vow, or by subscribing to any creed. This is not, we should understand, any foreign or external gift which can be derived from a mere negative virtue, or which may be received as the special answer of a heartless prayer. On the contrary, the life within is a positive condition of the soul which is dependent on its own natural growth. Like the vital principle of the plant, it is developed gradually as the organization to which it is attached expands. To obtain this life, therefore, it is necessary that the soul should be surrounded by the most genial influences—that it should be lifted up beyond the low sphere of the material world—that its glorious faculties should be exercised, cultivated, and expanded, and that the immortal germ which is there implanted, should be unfolded into a beautiful, celestial flower. This idea may perhaps be illustrated by analogy. The worm, for instance, which represents the lowest stage of development, makes its dwelling in the gross earth; the fish, which occupies a higher plane of being, lives in the dark waters of the deep, while the bird, in which is presented a still more perfect structure, soars through the clear air and warbles in the golden light of Nature. In this illustration may be seen the course of advancement to be pursued, in passing from the lowest stages of materialism to the enjoyment of the spirit-life. As the inferior animals rise through the gross spheres of matter towards the sunlight of the skies, so man must advance, by successive gradations, through clouds and darkness, before he can rejoice in the freedom and glory of his expanded nature.

Again, let us not suppose that any mere external demonstration of spiritual life, can of itself impart the inward reality. We may witness the strange manifestations of invisible power that startle the senses; we may listen to the wondrous sounds which reverberate from the unseen world as the expression of a divine intelligence,—and yet this privilege, exalted as it is, cannot constitute that interior life which is the sublimest ultimate of human desire. Manifestations of this nature are but the initiatory lessons of divine truth—the stepping stones that lead up to the great spiritual temple; and while we are duly grateful for the assistance they afford, let us not linger there in idle wonder, but seek to worship in the hallowed sanctuary of the spirit, around whose altar burns the pure incense of Heaven. Then shall we enter into that rest which earth may not impart; then shall we advance to the perception and enjoyment of celestial glories, ascending ever higher and higher in the radiant pathway of progression, towards the home and throne of the Eternal.

Wonders of the Heavens.

Sir John Herschel, in his essay on the power of the telescope to penetrate into space, says there are stars so infinitely remote as to be situated at the distance of twelve millions of millions of millions of miles from our earth; so that light, which travels with a velocity of twelve millions of miles in a minute, would require two millions of years for its transit from those distant orbs to our own;—while the astronomer, who should record the aspect or mutations of such a star, would be recording, not its history at the present day, but that which took place two millions of years gone by. What is our earth in space so almost infinite; and still more, what is man, that he should be the special object of regard to the infinite Author of this system of worlds!

SKETCHES OF INTERIOR VISION.

BY FANNY GREEN.

THE INITIATION.

With such as are skeptical in regard to the higher manifestations, induced through the power of human magnetism, I have no disposition to enter into any controversy at the present time. My intention is not to establish principles, or to form a theory, since higher powers than mine are already brought to that work, but simply to relate my experience as a subject of spontaneous clear-seeing.

It is unnecessary to describe the several gradations through which I passed previous to my initiation into the higher mysteries; but I take the reader by a single step to the point where I first fell into the state alluded to above.

I was alone, walking in a pleasant and solitary place, on a lovely day in June. The deep, scorching Noon, that most potent of magnetizers, was bending over me, and seemed breathing through the inmost soul; and yet I slept not; though from the deep and almost breathless silence, I knew that Earth had yielded herself, a wanted and willing subject, to the ardent-eyed Sun; for she was slumbering so deeply, that even the small children that fed upon her bosom might hardly be placed in communication with her. I knew not that the influence which I had marked in others was overwhelming me, nor was I sensible of the least drowsiness; but gradually, even while I gazed, the scene changed.

I remember that there was a little brook that went jumping down the slope, singing like a happy child, and on the opposite bank stood a fine elm. I was reclining against the stem of a large tulip-tree, in full bloom, and my eyes were continually turning from the splendor of its magnificent flowers to the graceful proportions and drooping branches of the elm, wandering away to the beautiful heart-shaped leaves and pea-green bractes of a linden just beyond, resting at length on the rich and glossy foliage of a magnolia tree yet farther on, whose swelling buds were tipped with a gleam of snowy whiteness. I remember my attention was fixed by one of these which seemed near bursting into bloom; and yielding to an unaccountable attraction, I gazed at it until the eyes lost all power of motion. A single white star, radiating lines of fairest light, shone on a ground of deepest blackness; then all was dark, and a period of complete unconsciousness, or total absorption of the senses doubtless intervened.

With returning consciousness I did not wake; but I was, as it were, translated into another state. Beauty in all its loveliest features was represented in the landscape that surrounded me. It was as if a painter, while delineating and grouping forms of rarest beauty gathered from the fairest places of the wide earth, had, the moment he finished the picture, and even while he was overwhelmed with the loveliness and magnificence of his conception, had beheld it taking a concrete body, and an actual being. It was as if a dream of heaven had been endowed with a real presence. The singing streams, the waving trees, the blooming flowers, and the living waters that mirror the bosom of clearest fountains, which the spirit beholds in blissful perspective, as it is led by angels through the bowers of Paradise, were then first opened to the view, in all the tangible certainty of actual being. As the eye wandered from one enchanting object to another, the soul expanded with the continually growing beauty, as if its nurture and its growth were simultaneous.

The surface of the country was sometimes undulating, then hilly, and in the far view mountainous. Nestling among the hills, or peeping out from the copse, the eye caught glimpses of the sweetest little dells, and the loveliest nooks and valleys, while every tree and shrub was waving welcome, and every clinging tendril, as it was stirred in the soft air, seemed to put itself forth like a fairy hand, and beckon me to approach. The turf where I reclined was not shorn, though the grass was very short, for it seemed to vegetate in the form of a rich green velvet, exquisitely embroidered with the most delicate mosses, and

the loveliest flowers, producing a carpet infinitely more beautiful than was ever wrought in the looms of Turkey.

There were trees in every variety of form and foliage, and every stage of life, from the just up-springing germ, to the patriarch of a thousand years. If there is any object in nature I could be tempted to worship, it is a beautiful tree. I wonder not that the simple African bows down to the Mazamba tree as the familiar idol of his domestic worship. There is a thought of protection, guardianship, in the bending covert of its branches; there is a presence of love in the refreshing coolness of its shade; there is a visible life in the ever-stirring branches, thrilling as if with conscious feeling at the touch of the invisible wind—and these three, protection, love, and life, are attributes of God. Far in advance, then, of him who worships images of wood and stone, or even of gold—though it be coined never so legally—is he who bows down to the all-pervading life, as manifest in trees. When I stand beneath the shadow, and behold the mighty arms, that have grown strong with the storms of centuries, and the lofty head that looks on nought but heaven, and see the mysterious Light, like a spiritual presence, stealing among the leaves, and hear the strong branches stir, and the lighter stems bow themselves, at the coming of the Wind, as if worship were an instinct, there is a feeling of reverence, of awe, comes over me, which no other earthly thing excites; and I blush to think of my fellow-man, with his heaven-born brow bent into the dust—his soul corroded with the mining damps, and the very hands, which are a master-piece of divine mechanism, soiled and polluted in their unremitting search after gold. Let the Groveling of earth consider this, and lift himself up out of the dirt, that he may grow in the erect stature of Man, as he was originally created—in the IMAGE of God.

Mountains succeeded hills, until their blue tops, stretching far away, melted into the horizon; and clouds, white as robes of innocence, sometimes bordered with darkness, sometimes fringed with gold and purple, or amber-colored light, floated in the pure serene—airy palaces of sojourning angels. There is a charm in the mist which envelopes distant mountains that we never find elsewhere. It introduces a barrier where all else were boundless. It excites the curiosity of the soul, inviting it to look beyond; and even when the eye can penetrate no farther, the spirit of discovery is still unsated, and we continue to gaze, as if momentarily expecting that the shadowy veil which curtains the Infinite will be withdrawn; until at length it melts in the warm glances of the Spirit-eye, and we soar away into the Boundless—we revel in the full light of the Shadowless.

A fine stream girdled the land with its zone of silver set with brilliants; for the pebbles flashed up from the clear water like living gems. After making a graceful bend the narrowed river went dashing down a precipice through a ledge of rose quartz, whose warm coloring tinged the snow-white spray with a ruddy hue, as it was furled over the cliff-brow, like those soft snowy vapors that sometimes wreath the forehead of Sunset.

Still farther, on the verge of the horizon, toward the southwest, lay the ocean, mighty, fathomless, chainless—an image of eternity—a material revelation of the Infinite. Close at hand there were bowers decorated with creeping plants, whose flowers were so exquisite, their beauty could only be rivaled by each other, and grottoes adorned with the most delicately tinted shells and brilliant fossils, where sister corals twined together their arms of ruby red and pearly white, and the sea-fan waved its purple banners, in soft response to the low chaunt of the ocean breeze. There were brooks, and falls, and fountains, whichever way the eye might turn. Just before me, and girdled with a bower of clematis and eglandine, welled up the waters of a living spring, which, acted on by some internal force, rose into the air, forming a jet of wonderful beauty, that sent the sparkling waters far abroad, until they were diffused in the form of vapor, giving to the whole atmosphere a refreshing coolness.—Condensed again, the water fell into a marble basin, which was sculptured with such peerless forms of grace and beauty, it seemed as if the soul of a Praxiteles must have been elaborated in their production. Busts and statues flashed through delicious openings of the shadowy glen, all wrought to such exquisite pro-

portions of outline, such expression of all that is lovely and beautiful in life and character, as no mortal hand ever chiseled, unless it had first removed the drapery of the Eternal, and drawn deep from the living fountains of the Infinite. The light was not like that of any sun or star; but it was as if the inner light of being were shining forth, radiating from the center outward.

I saw no living creature, and knew not that any was near, till I heard a low murmuring, as of a human voice, calling my name in such tones as took the heart captive with their sweetness. I turned quickly; for the voice had a strange power, as if some spirit had spoken through the most musical cadences of the wind, or breathed intelligence into the tenderest harmony of the waters; and as I did so, I caught this sentence: "Behold the first revelation of the divine in nature to the gifted soul."

Just beyond the shadow of the linden where I still reclined, stood a female figure; but whether woman or angel I knew not, so loving, and so holy did she appear. Her garments were lucid as woven light, tinged with the softest hue of rose, and her features were so radiant with the expression of a truly developed nature, that my eyes fell blinded; and I could not look upon her.

She drew near, and spoke again. "Sister, shrink not. I come to bless thee. From a little child I have watched over thee, and led thee, until the present time; and now I stand before thee, face revealed to face, and spirit to spirit."

"And thou, beautiful one!" I exclaimed with rapture, "art thou, indeed, the guardian angel who has often blest me in my dreams, and made my waking visions glorious with the light of her sublime countenance? Art thou the Spirit whose utterances I have felt—whose messages have been whispered in the soul?"

She smiled assent; and as she spoke once more, the voice seemed to be filled with a still deeper harmony. As I listened, the senses, one after another, as if at the touch of some lulling and soothing hand, seemed to fall asleep, while the mind gathered strength and activity of which it had not before been conscious, until only itself remained awake.

"Child of earth," she continued, "bathe in the fountain before thee; for not yet art thou fully redeemed from the thrall of the senses, so that pure spirit may approach thee without shrinking."

With still deepening astonishment I went down into the water, and obeyed. As I re-ascended the bank, she again approached me, and dipping her hand in the neighboring basin, she bathed my brow, saying, "Mortal, receive the baptism of the Spirit."

I was sensible of transition. My sensations were not, perhaps, entirely without pain; and so intense were they that I could not then analyze, nor can I now describe them. But the instant the water touched my forehead, I became conscious of the presence of Spirits. Numerous beings surrounded me—all lovely—none lovelier than my Spirit-Friend; and the harmony of their voices seemed to fill the air.

"Mortal, or rather Immortal!" said my new friend, with a sweet smile, tempered by an expression of pity, "thou wonderest at the forms thou seest, and believest they are all strangers; yet listen. Have not such voices murmured in thy dreams?—and behold, have not such beings glided among the imagery of thy purer visions? Thy senses are asleep, or their obtuseness would cast a shadow on the spirit presence; yet these, and such as these, hover continually around the paths of men; and often the very air that fans the feverish brow, is stirred by the plumage of angels. Were men only true they would be sensible of the presence of pure spirit. But I must speak now of mine errand.—My name is Noema. I preside in that super-radiant sphere where the spirits of the Gifted, who have emerged from this planet, are assembled. I come to introduce thee into my dominions; but first thy strength will be tested. Now, thou must find repose.—Lie down and sleep." I sank on the mossy ground, as if her very words had given impulse to my declining form, and relapsed into unconsciousness.

Psychological Department.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY MRS. C. R. WILLIAMS.

It is my fixed belief that signs and sounds have been made use of in all ages of the world, to foreshadow great, important, or solemn events; and at the risk of being ridiculed by people who claim, in this respect, to be pre-eminently philosophical, I will give an instance of the kind, drawn from my own personal experience. It is vividly remembered to this day, though it occurred a long time since.

Something more than twenty years ago, I had conceived the design of settling in some pleasant and quiet country village.—Stopping for a few days at a remarkably pretty hamlet in one of our New England towns, I inquired the price of lots, and especially of one on the banks of a beautiful stream, with a dark pine wood a little in the rear, and the remains of a cottage yet standing on the premises. The building, though much dilapidated, had quite a picturesque appearance; and the situation, on the whole, was remarkably pleasing.

Upon enquiring in relation to the matter of the friend with whom I was stopping, I learned that it could be bought very cheap, as the bad reputation of being *haunted* had greatly depreciated its actual value.

"This," I laughingly answered, "will make no difference to me; and indeed I think I should rather like the piquancy and excitement of living in a haunted house;" for then I was no more superstitious than some other people.

Hearing this, my hostess, Mrs. H., who was interested in getting me for a neighbor, volunteered to escort me, after tea, to the place, which was near by, that I might better understand its capabilities of answering the desired end. Toward sundown of a bright summer day, we set out on our walk, for a nearer view of the premises. We found the frame work perfectly sound, and entire, though floorings, ceilings, and partitions, were so far demolished that we could, in some places, look up through the roof and down into the cellar. A spacious garden lay on two sides, dividing it from the wood above mentioned. The whole scene lay in perfect repose, the glorious beams of the setting sun gilding the landscape, and lighting up the dark old pines with unwonted beauty. As the last level glances shot from the horizon, slowly withdrawing from earth, we left the window, where we had stood admiring the effect, and directly passed into the basement kitchen, conversing as we went on the probabilities of getting the place at a cheap rate.

Pausing about the middle of the room Mrs. H. said "you see that the frame is good, indeed, as good as new; for the house was never lived in but a short time. It has been torn to pieces by idle boys and men, probably out of spite to the evil spirits that are supposed to molest it; and so far it is easy enough to see it has been haunted. The garden is large and excellent.—The situation is very fine, as you perceive; but, in consideration of the ill fame attaching to it, I have no doubt you might get the place for fifty dollars, which is but a tithe of its actual worth."

"If it is to be bought for that money," I returned promptly, "I will take it, without the least hesitation."

"You know I wish you to come," responded Mrs. H., "but I wish you also to act with your eyes wide open: therefore I will not in the least attempt to disguise any of the facts in the case. Indeed I cannot number the families who, years ago, have moved into this place, and almost as soon moved out again.—For some reason or other, nobody has ever been able to stay here; notwithstanding I never believed a word about the stories," added my fair informer.

"O, fie!" I answered; "that is all moonshine! Superstition has wrought out of some accidental circumstances a bad name for the house; and imagination could very easily do the rest.—I will have the place so nicely fitted up that the ghosts themselves will not know it when they come; or if they do, they will

not dare disturb it. I am determined if I can get the place for fifty dollars, that I will take it, at all hazard."

At the very moment these words were uttered, our attention was arrested in the most singular and astonishing manner. It seemed that a large, heavy ball had been hurled by some gigantic force, and was rolling over the floor where we stood. It jarred the whole building, waking the deep and hollow echoes which had been of late but seldom disturbed. So strong was the impression that something was really there, that we simultaneously sprang from each other, to let the ball pass between us, for we had been standing near together, face to face. We could see nothing; but we heard it roll on, clear to the other side of the house, where it suddenly stopped.

"Well," said I, "this is something to be sure, but what is it?"

"Sure enough, what is it?" responded Mrs. H., running to the windows to ascertain if any one was near, while at the same time I entered into farther examinations of the cellar and roof, which were visible through many apertures; for I imagined there was something; and then we went out together, and took a full survey of the premises, walking round and round the house. Nothing could be seen to justify my suspicions. Every thing was calm and still as the almost breathless summer evening, whose gorgeous splendors were yet painted on wood and stream. And if we had thought about it at the time, we should certainly have known, what became so apparent afterwards, that the sounds, whatever agency might have produced them, were directly in the room where we were, the forces, operating, apparently, by immediate contact with the substance of the floor; and certainly no mere embodiment of human bone and muscle, could have wielded such a force, without betraying some indication of its agency. The weight of the body seemed equal to that of a large cannon ball, and the projectile force sufficient to move it with extreme velocity. So far were we from having our imaginations excited, that neither of us had the least faith in the stories told, nor the most remote idea of witnessing their confirmation. We were, indeed, like most people of those days, when such inexplicable things transpired; we pronounced them *very strange*—*EXTREMELY SINGULAR*, and thought no more on the subject.

Accordingly, after being fully satisfied that there was nothing near, we mutually agreed to spare ourselves being laughed at, by keeping the whole affair secret; and so little were we impressed with the mysterious character of the sounds we had heard, that on returning to the same room, the subject of the purchase was renewed.

"Yes," said Mrs. H., "I have no doubt you could get this place for fifty dollars; and it certainly will be a great bargain."

"So it will," I answered; "and if I can have it at that price, I am resolved to take it."

As if to forbid me, in the most solemn and awful manner, and in direct response to my words, again that deep and terrible sound was heard, which was now almost deafening. Again we received the same impression, and sprang apart, to let the ball pass between us. But nothing could we see; and again it reached the farther side of the house, and stopped.

Never shall I forget the pale face of Mrs. H., as her eyes wildly followed the noise, nor the bound with which she sprang through the open door, where the remains of a rusty hinge caught in the skirt of her black silk dress, tearing two full breadths fairly off; nor the force with which she leaped over the bars—while I, being less agile, or less frightened than herself, in attempting to save her from a fall, provoked that very disaster: and we both rolled over the fence together. Without further accident we arrived at the next house; and having recovered sufficient breath, related our adventure. The master of the house protested that no living thing had entered the house during our stay; for he had been watching us with a great deal of interest and curiosity, wondering what motive we could have for examining it so closely, and doubtless canvassing the probability of having a new neighbor. But he would not be convinced that we had heard any noise at all. He said it was an old forsaken place; that superstition had given it a bad name, and we fancied things to correspond with its character.

The next day I left the village, without seeing the owner of the haunted house; and well for me it proved that I did not settle down in that region, since the advantages that have been the result of a settlement elsewhere, have been quite obvious.—On mature reflection the conclusion seems inevitable, that a kind Providence thus shielded me from some unknown evil, by whatever agency it might have been brought about. Not long after this the house was pulled down, the cellar filled up, and a beautiful mansion was erected on the farther side of the lot; since which I have never heard of any disturbance there.

What I have told is the plain, unvarnished truth; and, in conclusion, I would observe, that there seem to be places besides those mentioned in Scripture, and even to this day, over which a prophetic doom of desolation has been pronounced; for amid the silence of their ruins we still hear the solemn voice of warning: "From henceforth let no man dwell in thee."

Voices from the Spirit-World.

Communications from the Departed.

SPRINGFIELD, Oct. 22nd, 1851.

At a circle recently held in this place for the purpose of receiving communications from departed friends, the desires of several individuals were gratified in being furnished with the pleasing indications of spiritual presence, and in obtaining messages from their kindred in the Spirit-home. On this occasion, the spirits, seemingly attracted by the prevailing harmony of the circle, communicated to its several members with more than usual readiness, in which they appeared to manifest a delight corresponding to that of the friends whom they addressed. The first communication, received by sounds through Mr. Gordon as the medium, was given to the editor of the Messenger as follows:—

"We have a message for the Messenger. APOLLOS MUNN".

"Earth has received joyful tidings. The spirits are willing to impart still higher truths, when you are willing to receive them. I have progressed in wisdom and glory. Proclaim the glad tidings to all mankind. Teach them to progress, that they may know the glory of Heaven, and the love of God.

LYMAN PHILLIO."

When this communication was finished, Mr. Gordon, having passed into the magnetic state, was impressed to deliver the following message to another member of the circle:—

"My child, we have seen that you are desirous to receive communications from us. Your father and mother are here—they have come to tell you of your vision. The light which expanded, forming as it were a part of a wheel, signified that you should receive more light. The cloud which passed before you was the darkness which intervened between the light which your eyes beheld; and this was a signification of what took place at the close of the circle. Others received similar views which have been demonstrated to them in the things which have transpired. Your children are with you—they sing."

By the same mode of communication, a message was subsequently delivered to Mrs. Frances H. Green, purporting to come from the spirit of her mother, in the following language:—

"We rejoice to see you undertaking with us the glorious enterprise of shedding light on those who are in darkness. I will impress you, my child, when you are alone—when you are preparing the sheets of the Messenger. We, the spirits, promise to support and assist the Messenger; we have an interest in it, and desire to see it prosper—that it may become a shining light, a bright, unfading light, to illuminate the dark and benighted sons of men, to the end that truth may be diffused in the earth, and spread like oil in the human breast. We will strive to cheer you, and we desire you to attend the circles that you may receive impressions; for you are an instrument in the work. My daughter, you are not alone; your mother is often near you—think not you are forgotten. Strive to be faithful till you reach your desired home, where you shall leave the cares of earth below, and where higher bliss and more joyous blessings await you."

MESSENGER AND GUIDE.

R. P. AMBLER AND FRANCES H. GREEN, EDITORS.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., OCTOBER 25, 1851.

SOCIAL WRONGS.

Few have realized how important it is that reformers, whatever may be their particular part, or work, in the common duties of the day, should, in all they do, and all they say, act and speak with a full sense of accountability, both to God and man, that no expression of unmerited acerbity, or misapprehension of another, no unjust condemnation—no unwarrantable prejudice or inclination toward any class, or party of men, may be permitted to sway his feelings, or bias his judgment.

If in the merciful providence of God one may be made, or can make himself, an instrument of relief to the suffering—of hope to the hopeless—of faith to the unbelieving, let him not arrogantly assume any peculiar merit in thus being favored; but let the glory and the praise be His alone who has inspired him with such a love of his fellow creatures, as may find no blessing but in the ministry of kindness—in walks of active usefulness—in sacrifices for the help of others. Thus, by their good works, shall they who labor in the right spirit warm and quicken the germs of hope, and thought, and strength in many souls, until that time arrives when the goodly tree, whose root is love, whose shaft is strength, whose branches are protection, and whose fruits are peace and holiness, shall expand beneath the beams of a millennial Sun, and spread abroad over the wide earth, so that all mankind may be equally sheltered from wrong, and equally partakers of the Divine Bounty.

It was this sublime idea that fired the soul, and was fused in the song of the prophet-bard, Isaiah, as he beheld, in vision, the reign of Justice, when the mountains and the hills should break forth into singing, and the trees of the field should clap their hands—when a *man* should be more precious than fine gold—even a *man* than the gold of Ophir!—when the weak should increase their joy, and the poor among men should rejoice! Was it not to the people of this generation that he sang: "Thus saith the Lord—Keep ye judgment, and do justice; for my salvation is near to come, and my righteousness to be revealed." Let the faithful believe so, and in their sublime faith they may come near to accomplish the prophecy.

We have the following important testimony from one who for thirty years has devoted himself to the study of human society in all its phases, from the palace to the rude hovel. He says:

"I have visited almost every clime of the habitable earth, and pondered on the great questions of Human Rights and Human Wrongs, in every stage of development, from the wild hordes of Arabia, Tartary, and Western America, to the solitary prisoner working amid the blank silence of years, in a convict's cell. The results of my experience have led to the inevitable conviction, that no class, or party, is exclusively responsible for the wrongs under which the world is at present laboring."

It is true that all monopoly had its origin in the aggressions of brute force—that might prevailed over right—and the law of the strongest, instead of the law of justice became paramount. Hence all distinctive signs of hereditary rank, and nobility, so called, are really badges of disgrace, and not of honor, because they were first established by violence and wrong. They are properly badges of robbery, murder, and piracy; for he who, by strength of arm, or skill in the use of weapons, overcame his neighbor, was also able to grasp his goods, his lands, his wives, his daughters, and maintain them most successfully against others;—yet they who inherit and wear them, are not to be despised on that account, any more than they who covet, and give them undue honor. Let it be remembered that human society is subject to the universal law of development, and that the undeveloped man is, to all intents and purposes, an animal; and it is as natural for him to manifest his brute instincts, in forcible oppression of the weak, as for other animals.

Again; society is but an aggregate of individuals, and therefore must be governed by the same laws of development and progress. But in good time it must receive a new impulse through the individuals which compose it; and I believe that time is near at hand.

Whatever is most truly valuable, whatever is intrinsically good and true, whatever deserves the name of happiness, exists in the mind, and nowhere else. Consequently no class or section is especially the injured, or suffering one—no party is exclusively the offending and guilty one; but in the present unfortunate and unequal arrangement of the social conditions, he who consumes the fruits which others have gathered in, is equally unfortunate, because he stands in equally false relations with him who is allowed but a bare tithe of the bread which has been elaborated from his own overtasked muscles, or nerves, or brain.

Let us cast aside all passion, all prejudice, and take a calm, philosophical view of this great and important question; and we shall see that plethora and depletion are alike diseases of the social, as well of the physical system.

We will take three instances drawn from extreme points; but they will cover a very large portion of civilized society.

The first is taken from among the extreme poor. He is born in the atmosphere of physical and moral pollution. He has no parents in the true sense of that term. There may be some human tigress whom he calls mother—some growing wolf or sotsish bear who claims the name of father; but he has no guardian—no guide. The voice of love never entered his ears. A word of kindness is a stranger in the place he haunts. No mother's prayer rises on dove wings, from a kneeling form beside the couch of his childhood. No father's blessing dismisses him from the sacred shelter of home, when he is to make his advent in the great world. He has no home, he knows nothing of the charms—nothing of the repose—nothing of the comforts and blessings that cluster around a happy fireside, even of the poor. He knows not where home is. That sweetest and dearest of good old English words is, for him, written in unknown characters. The miserable cellar holes where, he creeps for shelter in the night season, are all fetid with corruption. He hears only the language of obscenity, or profanity.

He is driven forth by his own wants, and the wants of those about him, to beggary—to theft—and crime in every shape he is capable of achieving. The brand of Cain is set on his little, and prematurely withered brows. The curse of Ishmael is graven in letters of fire on his young heart. By his necessities he is goaded into crime, and sooner or later, his liberty or his life pays the forfeit of his evil deeds: and society, and not himself, must be held accountable for his deeds.

Again, take a youth from the middle rank of life. With his first perceptions he sees that wealth, alone, is considered honorable, and poverty is treated as a crime. This is the great sentiment which is unfolded by all with whom he comes in contact. He must gather money, this is what all his comrades are striving after; and in the excitement of the great "game of life," it is not strange that he should lose sight of true probity—that he should resort to petty frauds, and meannesses, when they can be well covered from the public eye. He must be rich. This, in fact, the highest ultimatum of the sphere in which he moves; and to accomplish it, he must sacrifice all other good on the altar of Mammon. To this end the intellect, morals, and even religion, are made subservient. Character and respectability are essential parts of the machinery by which success is to be attained; and therefore he must be honest and pious, in just so far as these conditions will help him on, and no farther.

He achieves his work. He heaps up thousands—perhaps millions. He joins land to land. He stretches his stately piles of buildings along streets and squares. But the *gift* of Midas brings along with it the curse of Midas. The ass's ears cannot be hidden, even from vulgar eyes; and his revolting deformity of heart is equally apparent. That he is not happy, is a proposition that is written legibly on his care-worn brow. Neither is he to be held accountable for all his misdeeds. He knows nothing of the joys that spring forth, as on angel wings, from the

exercise of benevolence; and why should he feed the hungry, or cease from extortion, or abstain from grinding down the face of the poor? A false sentiment, and false positions, have made it appear that mankind are his natural enemies; and how should he, except by miracle, come to regard them as friends? he is the victim of circumstances almost equally adverse to true human development, with those just described. Indeed there is not one among all the laborers he has defrauded of their just hire—all the widows and poor mothers he has starved on a moiety of their real earnings—all the orphans he has driven to want and shame—more truly to be pitied than he; and the more insensible he is of his true condition, the more pitiful his case becomes.

Here is a young man born to such a measure of wealth, as wholly to preclude the necessity of labor. His first mental perceptions are distorted by the system of injustice, which is made the ground principle of the clique to which he belongs. He has never learned to look into the intrinsic meaning and spirit of things; and he mistakes the factitious for the real. He is captivated, and led away, by all outside fairness, gloss and gilding. He is completely arrested by the superficial.

He imbibes with his mother's milk an idea, that he was made of finer and better clay, than the starveling baby of the poor laundress, or seamstress, that pines at home for its natural food, which is getting heated and fevered, by over-exertions of the mother, in a foreign service. As he advances in life, every circumstance by which he is surrounded, strengthens this sentiment. He absorbs it from conversations at the domestic fireside, and in the social circle. He catches it, instinctively, from the whole spirit of the life about him. It is practically taught him in all dealings between his parents and their friends, with the so called inferior classes—in every compact between Power and Labor, in which the first always fills out, and enforces the bond.

He hears from every quarter, strengthened by the highest sanctions of moral respectability, and even religion, the gross slander against Deity, that God has made some rich, and others poor; and that such conditions are inevitable. No one but the despised Agrarian, the incendiary Leveler, has ever told him that God had filled the earth with abundance of good things enough for all; and that an unrighteous monopoly had wrested them into the hands of the Few, and they excite only his anger, or his contempt; for there is nothing particularly convincing in abuse, which he directly sets down to the account of envy.

Thus a spirit of gross selfishness, of sheer injustice toward others, is planted, and fastened in his bosom. Every element of natural feeling—every principle of justice, or of simple integrity, re-annealed, and hardened by the fires of selfishness, is converted into a weapon of offense against the natural rights of others. The tendency to abuse power, which is one of the almost inevitable results of such training, and is always a trait of the strong animal-human character, is one of the prominent features in those he most highly esteems; and it would be quite wonderful if he did not fall into the common error. The malformation of character grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength. He is led to believe that the necessity of labor is an unfortunate condition, to which the poor alone are subjected, and from which the wealthy are, by divine right, exempted. He knows nothing of the great law of Nature, which demands that every faculty shall have full and free scope, and exercise. He has been taught nothing of the three-fold nature of man, or the necessity of preserving a perfect equilibrium among the physical, mental, and moral powers—consequently there can be a healthy development of neither. He sees on the working man's hands only the badges of serfdom, and is far from comprehending the great truth, that free, intelligent labor, is the broadest distinction between man and the brute animals.

It is true that his physical nature may obtain a great ascendancy in the paramount nurture of the senses, and animal appetites; but this will not strengthen—it will only the more weaken and degrade him. The moral sensibilities are warped and blunted from the beginning, while the mental powers, wanting that discipline which can only be obtained from actual contest and struggle—from grappling with difficulties, in some form or other—from high aims, and noble purposes, become weakened—

and fall far below their true medium. In short, his human intelligence, and properties, only make him a more cunning, a more powerful animal.

But is he to bear the exclusive blame of all the wrongs which may have been done in his name—of all the sins of commission and omission with which the meager story of his life may teem? By no means. He also is a victim of Circumstances, which have contributed to make him what he is.

All this while he is not wholly blind. He has a kind of uneasy consciousness of wrong. There is a faint gleaming of the "inner light," sufficient, negatively, to mar his happiness; while all the positive forces go directly against such a state.—And inasmuch as it is better to suffer, than to do wrong, is not this the most deplorable—the most pitiable, of all conditions?—Yet who can say that, under like circumstances, he might not have been the same? Doubtless, if either of the above described could have seen a true map of human life, he would not have chosen to be what he was. By tracing all the net-work and intertortures of commingling interests, stretching out from every particular point—from the individual into the social—the common—the universal—he must have perceived that the human family, however much it may be cramped, maimed and deformed, by unnatural subdivisions, is yet one. By the next step he would see that the good of each is the good of all, since the individual and common interests and relations are so intimately conjoined, that any attempt to separate or disturb them, must essentially disturb the functions, and act detrimentally on the spirit of the whole social system. He would have seen that the legitimate fruits of wrong are sorrow, and remorse, and shame—while peace, and comfort, and divine joy, even against every obstacle, spring forth from the bosom of Love.

It has been much the fashion, especially among reformers and philanthropists, so called, to heap anathema and execration on the heads of the rich, as if the very fact of their being so, were always, of necessity the effect of their own voluntary wrong or crime. Let them learn the higher, the more Christian philosophy of casting circumstances into the scale that weighs men's actions—of separating the voluntary from the involuntary—and of rejecting all arbitrary rules as tests of innocence or guilt, in any given case. Let them, in short, live in the spirit of their doctrine, nor imagine that any number of bombastic paragraphs, or high sounding periods, whether promulgated from the press, the pulpit, or the platform, will ever do much towards setting things right, unless they are dictated by a true spirit of love, so shining out through every action, as to make the whole living character luminous with evidence. The true life, after all, is the greatest teacher; and ten such to every thousand, would regenerate the world.

The Poet's Ministry.

Among the various agencies which are being employed to elevate and refine the human mind, the expression of poetic thought and feeling as it gushes forth from the inspired soul, is one of the most efficient and divine. There is a power in true poetry to charm the mind—to awaken holy and exalted emotions—to refine and spiritualize the inner being, which the great mass have yet failed to appreciate. The fires that are kindled in the spirit of the true poet, gleaming forth as the divinest inspiration, are transmitted with electric energy to a thousand hearts, where they burn to purify and save.

Poetry must not be confounded with the sickly sentimentalism which has been too frequently dignified with this name. It is rather the incarnation of the true and beautiful—the expression of great living realities—the lofty soaring of the mind in realms of light; and its design is not merely to please the fancy for a moment, but to give utterance to divine thought, whose stirring voice may wake the slumbering echoes of the soul.

These remarks will properly form an introduction to a more special subject which may be mentioned in this connection. It should be known to our readers that proposals have been recently issued by Mrs. Frances H. Green for publishing in one volume of 300 pages, a work entitled "NANUTENOO; A LEGEND

OF THE NARRAGANSETTS, AND OTHER POEMS." Price \$1.50. This arrangement will enable the numerous friends and admirers of Mrs. Green, to obtain a collection of her most choice productions in a beautiful and convenient form. The principal poem indicated in the title of the work, has been pronounced by several eminent critics to be "one the most successful compositions, of its class, ever written in this country;" and the other poems are of such a character as to entitle their author to a high rank among the writers of this age. The work will be published as soon as sufficient subscriptions are obtained to meet the necessary expense. A general invitation is extended to such as may desire the work to send their names to this office. R. P. A.

SCRAPS FROM MY PORTFOLIO.

The principle of eternal progression implies eternal imperfection. . . . What a prospect there is before us! What an infinitude of thought!—what a fathomless ocean of knowledge, yet unsearched, yet unexplored! If we have an Eternity before us—an endless duration of time, in which we are to go forward, learning, exploring, and progressing, our knowledge, consequently, from this point of the vast universe, is exceedingly limited—only just starting as we are on that endless journey.

The truly wise man will ever cultivate an inquiring and receptive state of mind, and hail with joy the discovery and evolution of every new truth—knowing what folly it is to set bounds to the eternally-progressive nature of man, to attempt to limit the infinitude and the immeasurableness of God's universe. He will cultivate a love for the beautiful, the symmetrical, the harmonious in Nature and Art. He will seek to render himself a medium for the influx of great and elevating truths from the higher worlds—to assimilate himself to the character of the pure in heart, the heroic in purpose, the noble and magnanimous in life, the gentle and beautiful of soul!

The bigot and the sectarian must be left to follow in the rear. They have ever been on the side of the persecutor; ever on the side of the strongholds of power. But they cannot, in the nature of things, remain forever stationary. The mighty tide of Truth must bear them slowly, but *irresistibly*, onward. . . . Were the world filled with only this class of men, where would have been the wonderful improvements and discoveries of this and by-gone ages? Where would have been the magnificent steam vessels that adorn the rivers, lakes, and oceans, like "floating palaces?" Where would have been the dashing locomotive to bear us onward from city to city, and from village to village, with a rapidity transcending the flight of the eagle? Where the lightning-talking telegraph, flashing intelligence from mind to mind with almost the celerity of thought? Let the persecution of Gallileo, of Hervey, of Mesmer, and the crucifixion of Jesus, answer.

It seems to me that if the doctrine of eternal misery were true, all nature would be mourning, instead of rejoicing—that the breezes would be wailing in sorrow—the rivers would stop in their course—the sun stand still, and the stars fade out—the moon become darkened—the birds cease their songs of joy—and man, to be consistent, and to show that he believed what he professed, and that he had a spark of sensibility or humanity in his soul, should relax his hold on all earthly joys, and sit down to weep forever. His business should be suspended; offices, and workshops, and manufactories, in every department of industry should be closed; scenes of festivity and enjoyment should be banished; every strain of music and every voice of song should be heard no more, in view of such 'an awful and interminably agonizing doom—a doom which would consign to "unquenchable fire" vast myriads of human beings, through the everlasting ages of eternity! Believe such a doctrine, who can? Is not the person who thinks he believes it self deceived? Of the law of development and progression, and of the character of Him "who doeth all things well," he has, at least, yet to learn. The Universal Father could no more curse any living being to all eternity, than he could indict misery on himself; nor could He have instituted a government which would, in any way, result in the ultimate misery of the beings whom He has created. I could not

be happy if I thought a single human being was to be eternally wretched, and I know God could not, whose Love and Wisdom are infinite, and "whose mercy endureth forever."

O, this music!—how has it calmed my troubled soul—lulled my care to rest, and carried me upward as on eagles' wings. Visions intensely beautiful has it presented to my spirit's eye. Bowers of ambrosial brightness—flowery islands far away, sleeping in placid glory beneath the mellow tinge of summer's sunset skies—a kindred spirit, whose love has enveloped me as with a mantle, and whose soul spake joy and goodness in the gaze of an all-radiant and ever-eloquent eye—rose-shadows and silvery rivers, and Peace and Harmony, like beautiful doves descending from the world supernal—such have been the visions presented to my view, as I have dwelt entranced under thy soothing and exalting power, O, thrice glorious and ever-blessed Music!

We need sympathy, and cannot live without it. It is like "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," or a fountain by the way-side to the weary wanderer. It is more precious than rubies to the true and loving heart, which yearns for the advent of a happier day, when we may wander on the sunny margins of the soft-flowing rivers, and through the green pastures, with nought to molest or make afraid; when the sun shall look smilingly out from the golden portals of morning, upon a land where no slave shall clank his chains, nor war-horse tramp the plain; but where Love shall reign, and Peace and Beauty sit smiling on the mountain-tops!

New Brighton, Pa., Oct., 1851.

M. A. T.

A Radical Idea.

This article, though concise, embodies a principle of such importance, as will, we trust, meet with all due attention on the part of our readers; and at the same time it is so nicely adjusted to the several facts in the case, that its proper application will be understood, instinctively. This principle lies at the very basis of all our operations; and through its prevailing power, alone, can we hope to promulgate our peculiar principles, and enlighten the world by a diffusion of our philosophy. In the whole vocabulary of language, there is, perhaps, no term better adapted to express this idea, than the good old English word, *Money*.

To come closer to the point. There are, at least, several hundred of our subscribers who, for some reason which as yet does not appear, have neglected to make their proper remittances.—To suppose that they have any wish, or intention, to defraud us of our just dues, is to imagine a thing wholly unworthy the character, not only of reformers, but of upright, honest men.—In the multiplicity of their engagements, or the pressure of business, the small matter of an obligation to pay their annual subscription of two dollars, has, doubtless, escaped their notice.—Let this, then, merely serve as a suggestion, that to put down one's name for a paper, that is issued, necessarily, at a great expense, and then, *for any reason*, neglect to pay for the same, is *not* the best way of assisting in the objects of that publication, nor among the happiest means of illustrating right principles, to Society, the World,—and especially to the *Printer*. Let our patrons, then, give us *substantial* evidence, that while we are weekly catering for the nutriment of their spiritual nature, they are equally prompt to assist us in sustaining the corporeal necessities of our own.

A.—G.

☞ We take the liberty of sending the present number of the Messenger to many individuals who are not subscribers, but who may be supposed to be interested in its general objects. If the approbation of these persons should be secured by the various attractive features of the paper, they may imagine themselves to be personally addressed with an invitation to *subscribe*; or at least we shall indulge the hope that a friendly effort will be made on their part to introduce it to the notice of such kindred minds as may be attracted to the philosophy which it proposes to unfold.

Poetry.

THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER
BY J. B. WEBB.

I know a lone spot, sad and lone,
Within a pleasant wood,
Where seldom has a footstep come
To break the solitude.

There, when the summer skies were bright,
They brought the stranger's bier,
And heaped the green turf o'er him light,
Unmoistened with a tear.

Long years have since that rolled away,
For I was then a child,
And wondered why the stranger lay
Within a place so wild.

And oft I roamed there, half afraid,
Returning from the school;
For well I loved that gentle shade
In evening bland and cool.

And schoolboys now will gather round,
And speak in whispers low,
Of him laid in that quiet mound,
In summers long ago,

And wonder where his home may be,
Who lies so lowly there;—
Perhaps far o'er the lone blue sea,
In lands forever fair.

Perhaps a sister, loving, kind,
With breaking heart may weep;
Her brother hoping still to find
Returning from the deep.

And one more beauteous than the rest—
A sweet and gentle girl,
With calm, blue eyes and peaceful breast,
And hair of sunny curl,

Did plant upon the stranger's tomb
A wild-rose, fresh and fair,
And gathered flowers of sweetest bloom
And carefully strewed them there.

"For well," said she, "were I alone
In distant lands to lie,
I'd wish my lonely grave to bloom,
With flowers of fairest dye."

These struggling moonbeams, coldly pale,
Slant through the greenwood's gloom,
As though they'd learn the mystic tale
Of him who sleeps alone.

And then the gentle-hearted Spring
Comes oft to deck the spot,
And for the nameless sleeper brings
The bright forget-me-not.

And there, when clouds of autumn rise,
Before the fitful breeze,
And gorgeously the sunshine lies
Upon the golden leaves,

The wild-bird comes with chirping song,

And picks the berries red;
Unconscious that the grassy mound
Infolde the silent dead.

And through the dark and wintry hours,
The lonely night-wind sighs,
And ceaseless drift the snowy showers,
Where still the sleeper lies.

And thus the seasons ever run
In their perpetual round;
And still the stranger slumbers on
Within his peaceful mound.

O Earth, it is a fearful deed
Such mysteries to hold!
How many a broken heart thou'st hid,
Whose tale shall ne'er be told!

TO CAROLINE.

On the sickness and final recovery of her sister Mary.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER
BY T. M. NEWSON.

Whisper, gently whisper, brother,
For our little Mary sleeps,
And around her couch dear mother
Lingers while in fear she weeps.
'T is the holy hour of midnight,
And the silvery moon-beams play,
Softly weaving with the starlight
Brighter hopes for dawning day.
But our little Mary heeds not!—
Will she never hear again?
Mother! wake her!—let her sleep not!
Wake her, mother, from her pain!

Even then, while hope was failing,
Struggling still with doubt and fear,
As the lily cheek seemed paling,
And the death-doom drawing near,
Woke a voice of tenderest gladness,
Thrilling on the midnight air—
Woke to banish fear and sadness:
"Only sleeps the maiden fair."

Angels guard her tiny footsteps—
Angels hover by her side—
Angels whisper through the midnight—
Angels on the ether glide,—
Ever watching o'er the lovely—
Ever breathing music clear—
Ever calling back the wayward—
Ever round us—ever near.

Birmingham, Conn., Oct., 1851.

TRUST.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

The hope of a wise heart is prophecy;
God tortures not the souls that purely aspire,
With a vain hunger and a bootless fire;
Love lives to bless us, though for love we die;
Beauty to fill her darling's longing eye;
And every good, for every good desire:
Want is the garner of our bounteous Sire;
Hunger, the promise of its own supply.

That which we dare we *shall* be, when the will
Bows to prevailing Hope, its Would-be to fulfill.

Miscellaneous Department.

THE YOUNG ARCHITECT.

BY FANNY GREEN.

CHAPTER I.

The following story is given as nearly as possible in the words of the narrator.

It was about eleven o'clock on New Year's Day, 1840, and I was sauntering up Broadway in the direction of Bond street. You may be assured I was quite a different figure then from what you now see me. You would scarce believe the truth that the delicate hands so delicately gloved, could ever have become calloused, dark, and brawny as these. I was, in fact, conspicuously fashionable; and the elaborately ornate style of my dress would have shown at a single glance that my tailor, seamstress, and even my laundress and shoe-black, were all, in their several professions, artists. It seems strange to myself when I think of it, that it could have been so—yet so it was. I might have been styled the Prince of Broadway—a primate among dandies; nor can I regret that it was so; for I now know from experience how much purer happiness, how much truer dignity, there is even in the poorest and meanest work that is useful, than in a life of utter uselessness.

But to return. I was revolving in my mind certain delicate points in relation to the calls which I was to make, and the propriety of giving to certain families and acquaintances a social lease of my most precious company for the ensuing year, and of withdrawing the faultless shadow of my garments from other circles, during the same length of time; for though a Yankee, you must know that acquaintances in New York, are either made, or unmade, on New Year's day. I was growing tired of the deliberation; for at that time any exercise of thought was painful to my undisciplined mind; and so, like many other vain and impatient young men—for then I *was* young—I was wishing I might add a feather to the wing of Time, or do something, at least, to hurry him along, when my attention was attracted by a light tap on the door of a house near by.

There are certain sounds which, without any external circumstance to mark them as peculiar, yet arrest the attention, and address themselves to the heart, with a force and power apparently not their own. They pre-echo the Future; and, as we listen to them, we know they have some mysterious connection with our future destiny. They are probably to be explained only on an electrical principle, by which the spirit, with the finer perceptions of its nature, recognizes the affinities which are hereafter to be developed, and wrought with the tissue of our affections—our hopes—our whole being. Such impressions, and such a train of thought passed through my mind, awakened by the little sound to which I have referred; though the process was far more rapid than that of repeating it has been.

I looked up; and a boy of some fourteen years was standing before one of our finest mansions, beating the door with such force, that I became seriously alarmed for his knuckles.

I wish I could set before your eyes the figure which just then filled mine, and, for the moment, drove Belles and Graces completely from my thoughts. My first impulse was to laugh; for then I was inclined to be thoughtless—or more definitely speaking, to that common disease of the juvenile brain, which is described by the prefix of *rattle*. But there was something about the child that instantly awoke a stronger interest, and a deeper feeling. He was dressed from head to foot in a homespun suit of the true butternut dye of the Green Mountains. The fashion of his broad-skirted coat, with shining new gilt buttons, would have done honor to the gravity of a patriarch; while cap, pantaloon, vest, and even leggings, were all of the same unchanging color. Add to the effect of this that they were, unquestionably, made to grow to—for they literally hung in folds—and you may have something of an idea; and yet, after all, not the full, nor exactly the true one. I verily believe that Brummel would have fainted away at sight of those garments; and if any of his

Broadway brethren had a glimpse of them, there is no doubt they must have had recourse to their salts, notwithstanding the mercury was several degrees below zero. The great wonder is how I bore it so well.

But evidently there was something about the child one does not meet every day; and as I gazed at him, all that bag-work of ugly coarse cloth, of the ugliest possible color, disappeared from my view, and the Mind seemed to come out and envelope the whole being. It was like the butterfly emerging from his chrysalis—a kind of transfiguration. His face, spite of the hideous cap, whose great, heavy leathern visor projected over it so unseemingly, was of the finest type of genius. The awkward country boy had vanished from my sight. A young Apollo stood there; and I addressed him as such.

"Ring the bell," I said, involuntarily touching my hat, as I spoke, so sudden, and so real, was the respect with which he had inspired me.

"What sir?" he asked, looking down curiously, and not ungratefully; for doubtless I had expressed the strange interest I felt, in the voice, if not in the expression of my face. As he turned those large, dark, gray eyes, with their long lashes, and finely arched brow full upon me, I felt that his conquest was complete.

"Pull that," I replied, glad to have an apology for coming beside him, he had attracted me so strongly; and I pointed to the knob.

As he did so, his face assumed an expression that told a whole volume of his character in a single glance. He was a mechanic, and had just discovered what was to him a new application of mechanical force. He would be a Designer—an Inventor—I saw it all in that one look.

By this time the door was open.

"Is Mr. G. at home?" asked the boy.

No, he is not—*of course* not to-day," replied the man, with that superciliousness of manner which pampered ignorance is wont to assume, in addressing one of a supposed inferior station. "If you've brought any thing, you can leave it though," added the servant, with an air which he intended to show off as wondrously gracious and patronizing, for, with the tact of his caste, he had perceived the interest I took in the matter. Still the boy hesitated. That "of course" was evidently a poser; but still he seemed revolving something else in his mind.

"I don't know but I may as well go in and wait; for I have no where else to wait," he said, at length, looking up timidly at the servant.

This was a point too much for the ideas of exclusiveness which had taken possession of that functionary; and he roared out a tremendous laugh. "There are two words to that bargain, Mr. Snuff-color!" he said at length, trying to be pompous—a state which it is extremely difficult to accommodate with a broad grin; and again he did homage to his own wit by another roar. The boy was perplexed and distressed; for he had all the sensibility of a finely organized nature, which heightened to an intolerable degree the diffidence one feels in a wholly new position, and that too, on a higher plane of exterior position than he has been accustomed to.

"Well," he said, "I guess I'd better go along, then."

"Well, I rather guess you had!" was the response, in a mimicking tone; and he so kind as to make quick work of it—Out of the way, vagabond! and let the gentlemen pass!" added the servant, as several gallants appeared at the door; and the poor little fellow, with tears in his beautiful dark eyes, turned to obey.

I shall never forget the look he gave me. It is strange; but I am haunted by it forever. The expression of contempt—scorn—which was the first impulse, passed quickly away; and then awoke a glorious self-reliance, that stood back on its own strength—its own dignity—with a feeling that *that* was invulnerable. I never until that time had much idea of human fraternity; but I felt at the moment as if I could have clasped that poor boy to my breast, and called him brother. Ah why did I not? How much anguish such a step would have saved me? But I am getting away from my subject.

The boy looked first up street, then down; and then into various cross-ways, which, by this time, for it was yet early in the day, had begun to be filled with carriages and foot passengers.

"Where are you going, young man?" I asked.

"Well, I guess—I do 'nt know—" he answered, hesitatingly and sadly. What a contrast did that simple answer make to the bustling forms and eager, happy faces that were all pressing forward to some scene of social joys! What a depth of shadow the "populous solitude" of the great, unknown city must have cast on that young and simple heart! The poor fellow tried to whistle, as if for company; but his notes were all quavers; and in spite of his efforts, the tears came."

"You seem to be a stranger," I said; for the attraction was so strong I could not leave him. "May I ask why you have come here, and whether you are alone?"

"I have come to see Mr. G.; and I am alone, because there was no one to come with me."

At the last clause his voice fell into a tone of pathos, which was most tender—most touching. It revealed a great deal to me of loneliness, self-dependence— orphanage.

"And why are you seeking Mr. G.?" I asked again.

"To study with him, if he will take me, and I expect he will. Do you not know he is a great Architect? And I, too, shall be an Architect!" Again that same glorious expression broke forth, irradiating his whole countenance—nay, his whole person. "I have come to seek my fortune," he added, "and I am pretty sure I shall find it!"

"Ah, my boy, it is a hazardous quest in this great and selfish city!"

"I know it," he said, "but I am never scared at trifles. Look here," he added, carefully unfolding the envelopes of a small package he carried under his arm, and taking out a model of a cottage.

I took the little structure, which was delicate and graceful enough for a fairy palace, and examined it with a critical eye; for there was in me, too, a great taste for the arts, and of this one in particular. The style was wholly new, or rather it was a combination of whatever was most appropriate in several styles, yet modified and adapted with a completely original effect. And there was a philosophy and good sense in all its appointments, which indicated not only maturity, but depth of thought.

"And who is the author of this beautiful—this wonderful work?" I asked.

He blushed with a sweet modesty that tempered and beautified his proud look, as he replied, "I made it, sir."

"But this," I persisted, "gives evidence, not only of great genius and mathematical knowledge, but an intelligent study of the finest models in art, which—" I hesitated to suggest anything which might seem a disparagement to his appearance, and then added, "in the country where you have lived, I should hardly think you could find these."

"As to Mathematics," he responded, "I have the good fortune to be considered a pretty tolerable scholar in that study.—Our minister has taught me that, and a great deal more; but he doesn't know much about Architecture, either as an Art, or Science. I believe I took that out of my own head, and what few books on Mechanics I have read."

Was it possible that I heard aright—that I was really listening to this raw youth of the Green Mountains, speaking of these recondite subjects in such a truly artistic and manly style.

"Tell me something of yourself," I continued. "I already feel a great interest in you. What do you know of Mr. G.? Have you parents?"

"Mr. G.," he replied, "was a friend of my father. I am of English parentage. My father was lost by shipwreck on his passage to this country, before I was born. But my mother was rescued from the wreck, and carried into Boston. She survived only a few weeks, and died in giving life to me. I was then taken care of by a gentleman to whose house my poor mother had been carried, and treated with much kindness. But in my fifth year, my protector failed in business, at which he became

heart-broken, and died. I was then cast on the world—or rather on the town; for we had removed to the north-western part of Massachusetts. I did not long remain at the poor-house. A good widow, who had just lost an only child, adopted me; and though she was very poor, and earned her living by daily labor, she had a mind far above her condition. She was to me the kindest and best of mothers; and if ever I am anything, I am sure I shall owe it to her. As soon as I was able to do anything worth while, I used to work out on the neighboring farms, summers. Winters I went to the village school; and I also got Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, under the care of our minister, who was always very good to me. I used to study and recite my lessons to him, evenings. But my adopted mother died a few months ago, and now I am all alone in the world, and have got to look out for myself."

He saw how much I was affected by this simple narrative, and coming close to me, he took my hand, and looking up with an expression of innocent confidingness, he said; "You have spoken to me very kindly, sir, and you look very encouragingly—you cannot think how happy it has made me. You understand me; but nobody else has treated me, or looked at me, as if they believed me a human being, since I came here."

I was just going to hand him my card, and enjoin it upon him to call on me—nay, to come and stay with me, until I could find better protection for him, when I was accosted by two friends, who had come to take me in their carriage, through the tour of calls which ceremony had made the paramount duty of the day.

"Come," said one of them, "we have been seeking you this half hour. We are already late. I am afraid we shall not rejoice to day in the first bright smiles of our favorite, Miss S. Others will be on the ground before us! Why, it is already past eleven!" he added, taking out his watch. "See! here is the carriage? Let us make up for lost time."

Strange and incomprehensible weakness of human nature! Could I have been ashamed to say to those men, because they were rich and fashionable, that I felt an interest in that poor boy—that I did not care for Miss S. or any other belle—that the highest and deepest interest of my heart, for the present, centered in him. I blush to think that this was partially true. I suffered myself to be hurried away; and that without learning either the name, residence, or present stopping-place of that poor, friendless, but noble and generous boy—without having taken any steps which could secure his safety! I did not even bid him adieu! But I threw out my card to him; and as if to punish me for my vanity, and unpardonable neglect, I saw it crushed into the snow, under one of the horses' feet. I would have stopped the carriage, for the purpose of making good the loss, and giving explicit directions; but at the moment our vehicle locked wheels with another; and the whole street was but one close net-work of struggling and flying wheels. Before we got fairly out of the mesh, we were far up town. Why did I not stop then, and insist on going back, as my heart was loudly admonishing me to do? Why, but because we sometimes suffer our most important actions to be swayed by the most trifling circumstances. But the penalty has been a heavy and a bitter one. Amid all the festivities of the day an image of that poor, forlorn stranger, was continually present. It haunted me like a specter. I was dragged, through the formalities incumbent upon me, in perfect misery.

Early the following morning, I called on Mr. G.; but learned that he was absent from the city, having left on express business the evening before—and that he would not return in several weeks. No lover ever hung round the dwelling of his mistress, more fondly than I around that house, during the whole absence of Mr. G., still hoping to catch a glimpse of my young protégée, and making almost daily calls, to inquire when the gentleman would be home again. At length he came, and having obtained the earliest possible audience, I laid the matter before him.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "that must be the son of my old friend, George Bennett! The circumstances all agree; and, moreover, I have heard that he was coming to me!"

If a thunderbolt had fallen on me I could not have received a greater shock. I staggered back, and nearly fell.

"Pray what is the matter with you? Are you ill?" inquired Mr. G.

"He is my brother!" was all that I could utter. "He is my brother! and I have forsaken him!"

The effect on a highly nervous and excitable temperament was powerful. A brain fever was the result; and in the periods of madness, they said I continually raved for my brother, sometimes stretching out my arms to embrace him, and again deploring his loss in the most passionate expressions of grief; while in the lucid intervals I enjoined search---instant search---and advertising, on all who came near me.

My parents, nearly fifteen years before, had left England, with the intention of settling in this country; but my grandmother persuaded them to leave me with her, as it was her intention to follow, so soon as she could make arrangements in regard to some property she had to dispose of. The vessel was lost, and I never heard before of my mother's rescue from the wreck. There could be no possible mistake. The name, and all the circumstances, which he related of his parents, corresponded with mine; and the concurring evidence of Mr. G. came into strengthen the testimony. That gentleman had known my father well; though I had never before been apprised of the fact, or I should have made his acquaintance. He had heard, too, that his widow left a son---and that the child was a very remarkable boy---corresponding exactly in character and attainments with my young friend. But the persons who had given him these accounts were then absent from the country, and he knew not their address; neither had he ever learned anything of the protectors or place of residence, of the little hero; or if he had, they seemed irrecoverably forgotten.

It was, doubtless, the striking resemblance of the boy to both our parents, but especially our mother, that first attracted me. I had yearned continually after my lost kindred; and it would seem as if it were a premonition that some fragment was yet left, that had drawn me hither, with the first moment at which I could take possession of the liberal fortune I inherited from a maternal relative. I had longed so for these dear family ties! and when I had found a brother, in the glorious young spirit I have described, that the blessing should be dashed from my heart, before I could have once embraced it---nay, that my own accursed folly and vanity had thrust the treasure from my arms, was too bitter! The thought was a continual torture---an everlasting madness.

No exertion was spared. As soon as I was able to stir, I recommenced my search. Artists' rooms, but especially those of architects, were visited again and again; and a description of the boy left with all. He was advertised in every quarter.---There was no boarding or lodging-house, but I haunted for years. I have continued---and still continue my quest, though it is well nigh hopeless. And I am rich, while he was very poor. I loathed every luxury in which I once reveled. I directly established myself in plain lodgings, fed on the coarsest viands, and slept on straw; for how should he have better than these? With every return of the holidays, I keep solemn fast, and mourning for my great, my irremediable loss. Ah, my brother! why was there not some kind spirit near, to whisper thy name, and claims, more intelligibly to my heart! But something still assures me that thou art living. I see thee often in my dreams, virtuous and honorable; and I rest my weary head on thy noble and fraternal heart. Waking, I stretch out my arms to thee, into the great void, which thy presence would make so beautiful!

Beautiful Sentiment.

A mother's love! How thrilling the sound! The angel spirit that watched over our infant years and cheered us with her smiles! Oh! how faithfully does memory cling to the fast-fading mementoes of a parent's home, to remind us of the sweet counsels of a mother's tongue! And oh, how instinctively do

we hang over the scenes of our boyhood, brightened by the recollections of that waking eye that never closed while a single wave of misfortune or danger sighed around her child! Like the lone star of the heavens in the deep solitude of nature's night, she sits the presiding divinity of the family mansion, its delight and its hope, when all around is overshadowed with the gloom of despondency and despair.

What is Poetry?

All that is good, beautiful, or heroic in this our world, is poetry. All that the ideal soul thinks, of an elevating tone and character, is poetry. All that bright spirit's deepest and most intense sentiments, affections, and feelings, are poetry. All that is, or ever has been, said or achieved by man, worthy of record---all the monuments of thought and action handed down to us from the dim past, are the spirit of the beautiful acting upon and working in man. Poetry may be termed the beautiful, as this is the source or fountain of all true and living poetry---the palpably and the ideally beautiful---the beautiful in thought and in action.

More pleasing than the dew drops that sparkle around us, are the tears that pity gathers upon the cheek of beauty.

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