

# 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.

#### ARE THERE EVIL SPIRITS?

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER  
BY V. O. T.

In making this inquiry, we first disavow unqualifiedly any belief in evil as a fixed or positive principle; but that it exists negatively during the temporary undevelopment of good, as darkness exists in the absence of light, we have undeniable proof of. That any individual, however, who can appreciate a certain measure of good, would voluntarily choose an opposite course of evil for the sole and absolute love of it, is contrary to the dictates of reason and the principles upon which both good and evil are founded. Through the revelations of Mr. Davis, the Harmonial Philosophy at first assumed that beyond a life in the body there was no real disposition to perpetuate the exercise of misdirected earthly affections; while through the disclosures of works like the Celestial Telegraph, the Night Side of Nature, together with the concurrent evidence derived from numerous instances of spiritual manifestations, a class of *effects* are discovered which are explicable only by the admission of such *causes* as evil or immoral spiritual agencies. Here a perplexity exists which has subjected the concordant elements of the New Philosophy to a disturbance which the inherent love of harmony among its friends would fain remove. Under existing circumstances, some look upon the attestations of Mr. Davis as wholly unreliable, while others, wishing to believe that the realities of the next life are in all respects as perfect as their universal love would desire, shut their eyes against all appearances which conflict at all with their cherished prepossessions. In this dilemma the real desideratum is expressed in the question, *what is truth?* and with an earnest endeavor to arrive at this, we venture—difficult as the subject seems to be—to proffer the following observations.

First, then, we may inquire as to whether Davis, Gordon, Howard and other known clairvoyants having a marked speciality for spiritual revelations, are to be discredited on account of their omitting to declare their knowledge of the existence of such spirits in the Spirit-world as might be termed evil. As Mr. Davis is the chief authority in the case, we will confine our remarks to him alone, since the revelations of the others are mainly coincident with his, and their united testimony will be subject to the same general disposal. It seems to be established as a law of nature, that the mind in its abnormal or semi-spiritual state, in taking cognizance of objects, rarely observes else than what it is *requested*, or has a distinct individual *desire* to notice. For instance; a clairvoyant sent to a distant locality to examine a particular object—say an article of furniture in a room—might describe it with accuracy and withdraw his observations without in the least having noticed *another* object adjacent and quite as conspicuous, which a person in the normal condition could scarcely fail to have seen. What this difference of perception in persons in the two conditions is owing to, we are perhaps unable from our present knowledge of the laws of Psychology to determine; but it is a point worthy of inquiry whether the specific class of objects mentioned by Mr. Davis as seen in his superior condition or highest state of ecstasy, is not to be accounted for on this ground;—his observations taking naturally the direction they receive from the promptings of his particular affections, seeking truths and objects in the Spirit-world which naturally

accord with his own individual predilections and affinities. From the importance which this consideration seems to merit, we feel justified in assuming that while he might mistake or misapprehend in particular instances, his general disclosures relative to the Spirit-world, are, nevertheless, within the sphere of his observations, quite conformable to truth: and were he now to undertake a particular investigation to ascertain whether or not there are a lower class of spirits than those which upon leaving the body enter at once into the precincts of the Second Sphere, it is probable that he would discover and announce that such is the case.

Again; that there *are* spirits which, owing to their closeness and perverted earthly affections, are not at first, by the eternal and omnipotent law of spiritual affinity, attracted above the sphere and scenes of their rudimental existence, or, as the authoress of the Night Side of Nature expresses it, "are prevented temporarily by some circumstance which we are not qualified to explain, from pursuing the destiny of the human race by entering freely into the next state of existence," is a point, which from the vast amount of evidence we have corroborative of its certainty, *cannot reasonably be questioned*. In evidence of this, we will advert, as a single instance among the many which might be cited, to the disclosures of Thespisus which are related by Plutarch, as narrated by Mrs. Crowe in her work above mentioned. While in a state of trance Thespisus observed that "some spirits upon leaving the body, shot away at once in a direct line, with great rapidity, while others, on the contrary, seemed unable to find their due course, and continued to hover about, going hither and thither, till at length they also darted away." Again he mentions that "spirits, of the greatest brightness and radiance floated *further from the earth*." The inference to be derived from these observations is mainly in accordance with all the general information we have on the subject—which is, that all spirits of ordinary moral development, which undergo their transformation in a natural way, and are not at the time strongly bound to earth by any unusual or extraordinary tie—such as the desire to manifest themselves to and communicate with some particular friend or friends, or to complete some particular mission—are at once, upon leaving the form, attracted to the spiritual sphere; while on the other hand those who have had their affections riveted to sensuous things, to the utter exclusion of all desire or aspiration towards the realities of a higher life, *cannot*, by the laws of spiritual affinity and progression, be *immediately* freed from their misdirected and perverted earthly desires; and of these, it may be said in the language of one whose utterances were the words of truth and wisdom, that, "where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together." Earth, having been the theatre of all their former affections, must, for a period more or less long, continue to engross their desires; hence the great majority of spirits who continue thus in the earth-sphere, or "between time and eternity," are of a class possessing dispositions that would incline them, in situations where a *rapport* existed between them and mortals, to destroy property if they were provoked, to play tricks of mischief and deception, or if for the time they happen to be in the humor, they might perchance do things which for the moment their better, though undeveloped natures would prompt. The higher and more refined spirits, it seems, remain more generally within the confines of the spiritual sphere; and here they see us and read our thoughts, and as far as we are susceptible to their influence they impress us; but the supposition which many entertain that spirits of this class, whose degree of development would render the glories and beauties of the Spirit-world alone the legitimate and appropriate

sphere of their enjoyment, are frequently in our midst as personalities, is wholly incompatible with the very nature of that enjoyment, the realization of which must depend mainly upon a deliverance and exemption from the darkening and inharmonious scenes of earth. Solon, in his communication through Mr. Davis, expresses what seems both consistent and natural in illustration of the feelings with which good spirits would regard their visible separation from earthly friends by the process termed death;—he says; “I internally knew it would yet be well with them; and this knowledge made me wholly passive concerning their feelings and destiny.”

If the above observations appear unacceptable on the ground that they present only a *hypothesis* relative to the question whether there are temporarily immoral spirits, then let such revert at once to the *effects*, (as before mentioned,) which those at all conversant with spiritual manifestations are knowing to, and which *all must admit* precisely exemplify, as *causes*, the existence of such a class of spirits. But if it is established that there are spirits of this kind, the question reverts—what are we to do with the declarations of Mr. Davis?—for he discovers in the Second Sphere no society so low but that its purity exceeds that of earth—(see Nature's Divine Revelations, page 648.) To this we again reply, that at the point from which his observations were made, we do not doubt that all was as perfect and glorious as he describes; but, on the other hand, that his spiritual perceptions did not extend *below* the sphere of his affinities, or where the objects and realities became uncongenial to his affections, we think is equally true; hence if there is any retrenchment of confidence in his disclosures relative to the spiritual spheres or in what he avers is the condition of those who have passed from earth to a future life, we think it is manifestly attributable to the *supposed necessity* of receiving his revelations as constituting the *totality* of all the conditions which exist between the sphere of his observations in the Spirit-world and the earth. But it will be urged by some—“Mr. Davis is fallible, and if he errs in *one* part of his revelations he may in *another*! hence we do not know when we are warranted in receiving his statements.” A soldier may fight bravely under the greatest danger and yet feel insensible to his imminent peril—though the moment he becomes *panic* stricken, he quails at dangers which are wholly imaginary. Thus it is often with the mind in viewing other subjects; if it perceives *one real* cause for distrust in what is offered for its examination and credence, it will sometimes yield to the most imaginative objections towards all the *truth* even which that subject presents. While, therefore, it would be unjust to reject the entire teachings of Mr. D. because he cannot lay claim to infallibility, (a quality which no intelligence in the universe ever *can* possess as long as Progression is the governing law of spirits, and the Deity *alone* is *absolute* in perfection,) we do no more in reposing confidence in what *he* affirms, which our reason can subscribe to, than we do in believing that an accountant who is known *generally* to be correct in computing figures, is entitled to our confidence, although he may at times commit mistakes in the fulfillment of his office. We make these remarks with no intent to laud or compliment this writer on account of his peculiar endowments; we wish only to convey the impression, that in view of the vast amount of *truth* which his teachings evidently present, it is but a just desert that a too indiscriminate judgment be not passed upon them as a *whole*, simply because we are conscious of his liability to err. Individually, therefore, we feel constrained to say, that without the light he has shed upon spiritual science, the Harmonial Philosophy would have been materially delayed in attaining its present degree of advancement; for the main revelations which distinguish the new from the old philosophy, and which the most reliable communications from spirits have since coincided with, and which also reason assents to, it will be remembered were given to the world in “Nature's Divine Revelations,” and were received by many, some time before the spiritual phenomena, in its present mode of exhibition, were known.

Returning now from this digression from our main subject, if it is incontrovertibly established that there are round and about

us such agencies as immoral spirits, it becomes a matter of serious inquiry how we are to conduct our intercourse with those who purport to be the spirits of light or of a higher grade of development. In reply to this, we would suggest, that in submitting any question to spirits for the purpose of eliciting instruction, we should always first “*try*” them, or firmly and solemnly adjure them not to approach or influence us unless they come faithfully to declare what they *know* to be *truth*. Such a course only was pursued by the author of the Celestial Telegraph in all his intercourse with spirits through his various clairvoyant mediums, and until the same is adopted and faithfully followed by those communicating through the different modes practiced in this country, we may look in vain for anything like reliability or truthfulness in the results of our spiritual intercourse. Suppose that at one time we may have received from a spirit which we have called for, a “signal,” and we imagine that by the use of this we cannot be deceived with respect to the identity of the spirit in a subsequent interview; as easily as we can see any material object in open day, can a troublesome spirit see that “signal” in our minds and can counterfeit it. There is not a particle of reliance to be placed upon any such means to free us from the danger of being misled and deceived under such circumstances. Let the reader who doubts it refer to the article written for the Messenger of Oct. 4th on page 102, by G. B. Mc. L. Let him remember the mischievous and malicious doings at Stratford, Ct., which have never yet been satisfactorily accounted for on the hypothesis of non-existing troublesome spirits; and if he has not a personal knowledge of the matter, as *we* have, let him inquire about a series of low and disgusting tricks, which were some months ago practiced through a gross and unprogressed medium at Hartford. Let him look around the country and see the St. Pauls that are preaching [to the no small meriment of themselves doubtless,] through various mediums, what they read in the minds of their interrogators and give back to them as the everlasting word of truth; confirming their prepossessions and leading them deeper and deeper into the mazes of error and superstition. It seems that a glance at these things should suffice to convince the believers in spiritual communication, that there are *positively* such beings as temporarily evil spirits. They may not, it is true, be as deeply imbued with evil propensities as when in the body, but they are of that class, unfavored by birth and education, which, while dwellers in the form, we would have called unsafe or dangerous to society; and their transformation being to them only a change of circumstances for the better, and not an instantaneous change or improvement in disposition, they consequently continue for a while in the love and practice of evil.

The liability of receiving incorrect and contradictory communications, does not cease either with the absence of troublesome or deceptive spirits: the spirits of light may be interrogated on subjects which they honestly *think* they understand, and two of them if consulted on the same subject might give entirely different answers. This appears reasonable if we keep in mind that, by the law of Progression, there must *ever* be things which the spirit does not at *present* understand; if it is not so, then a spirit's progress in knowledge must ultimately cease from its having attained the goal of perfection and omniscience. In the Spirit-world, as in the material, there are certain *general* truths with which all are familiar; as, for instance, they know that the spiritual organization is the same in form as the body—they know whether the physical wants appertain in any sense to their spiritual existence—they know that the spiritual vision penetrates without obstruction material substances, &c.; but suppose, furthermore, that the question be propounded to a Calvinist, who has not been long enough a resident of the Spirit-world to have disrobed his mind of earthly error, whether there is a Hell;—he will quite certainly answer, “yes,” for the reason that he always believed in one while on earth; and the tenacity with which he cherished this belief constituted an *affection*, manifesting itself in a strong sectarian prejudice towards all who differed with him, which caused him upon leaving the body to be attracted to a society in the Spirit-world of the same belief, which had not yet relinquished the love of earth-

ly opinions. The society of which he is there a member, comprehends perhaps some hundreds of millions, and with his present circumscribed views of infinity and the number of spirits that people its boundless realms, he will look upon himself as in the very center of heaven; and not discovering in his associations any whom he considered on earth as destined to go to his imaginary perdition, he looks around him and says within himself—"surely this is the extent of heaven from center to circumference that I now dwell in—it is indeed a place of infinite happiness, and the unbelieving and heretics whom I knew on earth are not here in this heaven—and there is but *one other place*;—yes," he answers to your question which reaches him in his present narrow and imperfect state of knowledge, "there is a hell."—But when his self-love subsides, and he begins with higher aims to "seek truth for *truth's sake*, and not to confirm his former opinions," he will then see with unclouded vision the great and glorious realities of the celestial world with all their infinite variety of conditions, just as it is; and in the wisdom and understanding which the light of *truth* imparts, his spirit will then be set free; and then if questioned on a subject, he would answer according to *knowledge*, and not by the vague imaginings of a blind earthly faith. In reference then, to such spirits as leave the earth with strongly cherished sectarian beliefs, from a general summing up of all the evidence of the case as derived from the Celestial Telegraph and other sources, the following *theorem* seems plainly to be established:—*Whatever religious belief an individual entertained while upon earth so blindly and firmly as to amount to an affection, he will for a longer or shorter period continue in, after entering the Spirit-world.* This explanation of the liability of the higher class of spirits to err unintentionally in communicating, together with the actual existence of temporarily deceptive and mischief-loving spirits of the grossest order whose present sphere is within, or adjacent to, the atmosphere of our earth, seems amply to suffice as a solution for every variety of discrepancy which has thus far embarrassed and obstructed the true interpretation of the spiritual phenomena.—

The admission of temporarily evil spirits, it will be understood, does not in the remotest degree lend assent to any of the old theological doctrines as being true which are repudiated by the new philosophy; but on the other hand, the works on spiritual manifestations from which this evidence in part is derived, *denies* unqualifiedly these claims both literally and inferentially. Through the medium Adela, as stated in the Celestial Telegraph, Swedenborg is several times consulted at length and with the most minute particularity and exactitude on all these theological questions, and while he says in reference to certain errors contained in his various works—"I was but a man when I wrote them," yet he is positive and explicit in pointing out the errors of Biblical theology, and admits nothing as true which does not in the most perfect manner harmonize with the infinite wisdom, beneficence and universal attributes of Deity. When asked if Christ was the Son of God, he replied, "yes, but *only* in the same sense that *all* spirits are." He also affirmed what will appear rational to a believer in the new philosophy; that all forms of worship are equally acceptable to God, where the motive is solely and purely to honor and adore him. There is nothing in the circumstance of temporarily existing evil spirits that need in the least disturb the tranquillity of any whose felicity may hitherto have been augmented by the supposed absence of such beings; for the eternal and omnipotent law of Progression, under whose dominion every created intelligence exists, is a sure and abiding guaranty that all will yet journey in their immortal career upward and onward through the same bright pathway, rejoicing alike in the same divine glories, and approximating alike in the same divine perfection.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Oct. 24, 1851.

The intellect was created not to receive passively a few words, dates and facts, but to be active for the acquisition of truth.—Accordingly, education should labor to inspire a profound love of truth, and to teach the processes of investigation.

There are no monuments so enduring as good works.

## SKETCHES OF INTERIOR VISION.

BY FANNY GREEN.

### THE FIRST TRIAL.

With my first consciousness the gentle presence of Noema appeared before me; and as I rose from the earth, she extended her hand encouragingly, thus speaking: "I have come now to test thy strength; and finding it true, to make thee mine forever. The Seven Trials of Genius are now before thee. Many have sunk, and many have died, even from the first and weakest of these. I will not ask if thou hast courage. I read it in the soul, which, clear as the page of heaven, now lies open before me. Summon all thy strength; and in doubt, or weakness, think of thy own unconquerable divinity, wherein, if thou art true, sleepeth an invincible power, which was breathed into thee, and impressed on thy whole being, with the breath and image of God; and the Spirit of the Eternal himself, shall sustain thee."

She vanished from my sight before I had time to reply; and, indeed, the tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, and refused utterance.

I was wandering over a desolate region, dark, sterile, and cold. Myriads of poor wretches, clad in the coarsest garments, or hardly clothed at all, faint from want of food, or sinking from illness, were toiling, toiling, toiling, day after day, as they had done all their days, and their fathers had done before them, with no hope in life, but to keep the shreds of their coverings patched together, to find some shelter from the winter storms, or summer dews, and to stifle the cries of hunger with the coarsest food. Some of these wore heavy chains, and were driven to their work by cruel task-masters; others wore no external chains; but the eye that could look into the mind, might perceive the most cruel fetters there.

Many were whistling vacantly, or singing bacchanal songs, with a levity which it was sad to witness. But by far the greater portion appeared conscious of wrong, of waste. Such were restless in their labor, and uneasy in all their motions; and there was a most sorrowful look in their gleaming eyes, as they turned hither and thither, perchance seeking somewhat which was not to be found in their unceasing toil, neither in their few waking hours of rest, though it sometimes stole in upon the visions of their deepest slumber, in its mournful beauty smiling patience on the sleeping laborer, smiling hope for that better sphere, when the overtaken muscles would be dissolved into their eternal rest, and the enfranchised and renovated soul, casting off its unnatural load of wrongs, should soar into the full inheritance of its birthright, then but dimly shadowed forth. But for these glimpses they could not return so patiently to the unchanging round of toil; but for these glimpses they could not live; for else the burden would become intolerable, and the outraged spirit would cast off its load before the time.

Still they cannot avoid seeing that life is wearing away, with the struggles of something that will not be satisfied with black-bread and sack cloth; no, nor with any cloth, or any bread, though it be the finest; for they know that deeper than all these, there is a want which can only be appeased by the word that has proceeded forth from the mouth of God, but which for them is voiceless. Thus, in their dumb sorrow, they still work on, half suspecting that they have lost their way in the blank dark, yet finding no one who will direct them in their true course. There were little children of this character; and while their companions were happy in their miserable condition, even as the lower animals, they neglected the sports common to their age, as if their instincts had foreshadowed the future. And their little slender limbs, and wan complexions, and large melancholy eyes, looking out from the matted hair, as if for something they might never find, were pitiful to see.

"Is it possible," I exclaimed, "that these poor children of labor and bondage, are gifted with the same powers, and inheritors of the same promises, as this divine Me?"

And a voice, as within my own soul, answered: "Yes; these are all thy brethren. Labor—help them; for they cannot help themselves."



But at this moment my eyes were attracted by a distant object—a fine temple, which crowned a lofty eminence on the distant horizon. Far off as it was I had a telescopic view of it; for faith and hope were the lenses that assisted and strengthened my vision. The noble courts, and spacious halls, I could perceive were filled with specimens of all life, all growth; for every form of material embodiment was represented there. And there was gathered everything wonderful and curious in Nature, or exquisite and divine in Art. Libraries of the choicest books appeared illumined by an inner light, that shone out from their own pure truths. These bore the dates of every age, and were written in the characters of every clime. A lovely Spirit, whom I instantly knew to be Wisdom, presided over all; and she stretched out her fair hands, and beckoned me to approach.

As I rose, and girded myself, with the intention of obeying, an impassable mountain seemed to rise up between us; and only through niches and clefts of the rough granite, and piled up crags, could I catch the remotest view of that beauteous temple.

"Merciful Heaven!" I exclaimed, as I sank upon the ground, overcome by fruitless exertions to ascend. "Is the soul to perish of hunger and thirst, even here, where the bread and the waters of life are seen, refreshing and cool, almost within reach of my vainly outstretched arms?"

"And why art thou better than all these, my children?" enquired a voice, which seemed to have grown harsh from chiding, or from too much exercise in the cold and rough air; and a being appeared, whose stolid visage withered everything she looked upon.

She needed not to say, "I am Poverty;" for I knew her.

"All this region is mine," she continued; "and here my power is absolute. Turn thy thoughts from Wisdom, and seek to employ thy hands in some useful work."

"I have not merely hands," I replied, "but a heart and a soul, affections and reason. These also must find employment and nurture; or the better part of life will perish."

"Yield thyself willingly," she resumed, "and we are friends. Hesitate, and I have agents that shall constrain thee. Hunger shall gnaw thy vitals; nakedness shall cover thee with shame; and thirst shall drive thee mad."

"Not while there are broad rivers, and purling fountains, and running brooks," I interrupted hastily. "I ask no artificial beverage; but surely one need not go athirst in this land of springs."

She did not seem to heed me, and went on. "It was I who wore away, atom by atom, the great heart of Johnson. It was I who quenched the fiery spirit, and brought down the soaring thought of Burns. It was I who broke the empyrean wing of Keats, and poured darkness on the soul of Chatterton: and millions of purer lights have I quenched, even in their dawn; and they have gone down into the silence and darkness of the grave, unnoted and unknown, forever."

"Avaunt, hideous Shape!" I returned, gathering courage.—"I defy thee, and thy power. Do not the names of Burns and Johnson, of Keats and Chatterton, stand where even thy malignant shadow only enhances their splendor? And those millions of soul-beams thou hast vainly essayed to quench—shall they not be reillumined, and they who bare them quickened for the race, with the highest, and the strongest, where the curse and blight of thy baleful shadow can never more reach them—in the presence of God? Can any doubt that the temporary check received here, may be overcome by the truly gifted and sincere spirit, and the time lost regained, until the soul, in its sublime soaring, may outstep the present ken of angels?"

"All this is very fine talk," she answered with a malicious sneer; "but words quell neither hunger nor thirst, neither will they robe, or shelter the cold and naked body. Show thyself truly wise then. Most of the avenues to the kingdom of Wealth, which is near by, are found in my dominions. Many, by my advice, have trod them to a happier region than this; and they have returned to bless me."

"Tempt me not," I replied. "I will make my bed upon the bare flint; I will clothe myself in husks, and subsist on roots,

if it needs must be; but I will never consent that this soul-light, which God has placed in my bosom, and commanded me to replenish, and keep bright, even until the last day, shall be quenched by thee. Labor is the true remedy. I will work; but I must also think. There is a strong will that can compel even thee to assist its flight. I will wrench those hard sinews from thy limbs, that they may strengthen my own. I will compel that stern spirit of endurance, which only thou canst give, to labor for me. Does Truth dwell only in certain places? Behold, is not Wisdom even here? Wherever the footsteps of the Eternal may be traced, there is Truth, and there is Wisdom."

I felt myself growing stronger as I spoke. The Spirit vanished, and relieved of her presence, I immediately recommenced the labor of making a path for myself, over the mountain that lay between me and the object of my wishes. Fragment after fragment was removed with still increasing strength, until more than the fabled power of Hercules acted in my single arm. Still was my steady eye turned to the bright being in that far-off temple; and I knew not that my present labor was completed, when the scene changed to the very reverse of the last; and yet it was hard by.

## Psychological Department.

### PREMONITIONS.

That men have, in all ages, received intimation of future events, of a marked or painful character, is susceptible of the clearest proof, both from recorded history and the experience and traditions of almost every family. It is true that a mistaken idea has long been attached to either side of these circumstances. By the vulgar they were considered as preternatural; and by those who claimed to possess the philosophical spirit in a higher degree, they were unceremoniously set aside, as whims of a dis-tempered fancy, or illusions of the senses. But notwithstanding this summary mode of treatment, the facts stood there, in all the stubborn severity of their nature; and they would not be laid at rest, though all the philosophers in the world might use their utmost endeavor to exorcise them. Neither could the great Enchanter of the North, Sir Walter Scott, conjure up a spell of sufficient power, to subdue these pernicious truths. They would not, at his bidding, potent as it was, hide themselves in the Red Sea, or in any other unsearchable place. They were not born for oblivion; and so to fulfill the law of their being, they must live. And here let me observe, it is a curious fact, that among the numerous instances which the above distinguished author brought together, in his work on "Demonology and Witchcraft," there are very few cases of this kind which can be explained away—or which he attempts to account for, by any philosophy; so that the main lesson of his two most interesting volumes seems to be that there are certain circumstances interwoven with human affairs, about which philosophers had better remain silent, since they can neither understand nor explain them. Indeed, if the believer in premonitions and spiritual appearances wanted authority to sustain his doctrine, he could hardly expect to find better than in these two volumes of assumed confutation. This much by way of preface.

My paternal grandfather was a man of that patriarchal mold of character, that combines great benevolence, and natural urbanity, with a conscientiousness and firmness, which, but for these tempering principles, would have been severe. He was not imaginative, and he had also a large share both of moral and physical courage. Hence his truthfulness was undoubted, and he was neither liable to be easily frightened, nor imposed on by any trick of fancy.

One summer evening, just before sunset, as he was returning from the neighboring town, and riding leisurely and thoughtfully through his front yard, he chanced to look into a garden adjoining, and there he saw two of his daughters walking along the central avenue, not side by side, but one following at a little distance after the other. These girls were then supposed to be sinking with the consumption, a malady which had carried off

several of the family. Fearing they might take cold by exposure to the evening dew, my grandfather called them by name, and desired them to come directly into the house. Upon this they quickened their pace; and passing through a gap in the wall, that opened into a large peach-orchard beyond, they disappeared from his view. There was a row of trees standing along the wall between the garden and peach-orchard, and these, as well as the wall itself, were covered by a luxuriant grape-vine, which in fact nearly closed the passage also, with the delicate tracery of its young and tender branches; so that all beyond the space where the figures seemed to enter lay in deep shadow. My grandfather thought this conduct very strange; for he was accustomed to strict obedience and respect, from all the members of his family. Full of anxiety he hurried into the house: and proceeding directly to my grandmother's sitting room, he earnestly addressed her, in his accustomed manner:

"Mother, why do you let the girls stay out so late? Don't you think they will take cold?"

"What girls?" she asked.

"Why Susan and Hetty;" he replied. "They are walking in the garden, and in very thin white dresses."

"What makes you talk so?" returned my grandmother; "they are not in the garden; and have not been there for a long time; neither are they dressed in white. They are up stairs."

"Why mother!" he responded, "I saw them with my own eyes, and just as plainly as I see you, at this moment. They were walking in the garden; and when I called to them to come in, they turned round and looked at me; and then they went off into the peach-orchard, when I lost sight of them. I certainly thought their conduct very strange."

"You *must* be mistaken, father. They have not been down stairs for several hours. I will go and speak to them, in order to convince you of your mistake."

As she spoke she stepped into the hall, and called the girls to come down, when they immediately came, and both of them in dark dresses. They looked very pale and miserable: and my grandfather found it difficult to conceal his secret anxiety on their account. But he questioned them very closely, whether they had been out walking, or had lately changed their dresses; when they both averred that they had not changed their clothes since morning, or been in the garden during the day.

In a very short time these girls fell a prey to the disease which was then corroding their vitals; and the order of their death was that of the appearance and disappearance of their forms, as seen by my grandfather. This story was often told in the family, as one of those unaccountable events which were, in those times, called very strange, and wondered at—but never accounted for. The character of the witness precluded all question of the fact; but no one, in those days, ever dreamed that the occurrence might be explained on philosophical principles.

To the above account I will now add another, which was related to me by a friend, who well knew the circumstances; for they occurred in her own family. My narrator had an aunt, who was the wife of a sea-captain, residing I think in Bristol, R. I. One day while her husband was away at sea, as a little girl of six years old, daughter of the above lady, was standing in a chair by the window, suddenly her eyes were fixed, and her whole person became rigid, as if she were about passing into a fit, when she uttered a fearful screech, her whole countenance wearing the expression of one who was looking on some fearful and distressing scene. Her mother and other friends, hurried to her relief; and inquiring what ailed her, strove to withdraw her from the window. But she clung to the casement, begging not to be taken away. In the meantime, redoubling her screeches, she cried out in the intervals: "O, my father! he is drowning in the water!—he is drowning in the water!" In this state she remained a half an hour; and during this time no effort could soothe, or pacify her; but afterwards she sunk to sleep from mere exhaustion. The circumstance was so remarkable that the exact time of the paroxysm was noted down; and when

the next news from the ship arrived, it was found that the father of the child had, at the precise time of the attack, fallen overboard in a storm. For one half hour he was swimming after the vessel; and those on board being unable to save him, he was drowned.

The little girl who manifested this high degree of natural clairvoyance, was a very beautiful and precocious child—one of those sweet angel natures, that sometimes shine over the dark ground of life, a ray of peerless light, which is too soon absorbed by the heaven, from whence it had stolen away. She died very early.

F. H. G.

## Voices from the Spirit-World.

### A Characteristic Sermon.

MR. AMBLER, Sir:—Below you will find a communication received under circumstances which add somewhat to its interest. A clergyman and wife, desiring to investigate the truth of spiritual presence and communication, visited a medium, but only obtained a promise that at some future time, which was to be named by them, a person not connected by ties of consanguinity, would give them a sermon in his own peculiar and eccentric style. Accordingly, at the appointed time, the medium announced Lorenzo Dow, as the person who was to dictate the discourse, which was as follows, word for word.—J. S. A.

"*Fear not; for thou shalt not be ashamed.*—Isaiah, 54: 4.

Go on in the cause boldly, uprightly, and hopefully; and the drops of joy, as they fall from heaven, will not become frozen on their way, and fall on your heart like hailstones of ill. Deal fairly with your fellow creatures. Show kindness to all. If your neighbor take any thing without liberty, consider it an act of necessity on his part, and furnish him with funds to make him comfortable for the future. Be not anxious about the world's goods, nor make yourselves unhappy because others are more prosperous. The best way to get along is to enjoy life like rational beings, and bear up beneath its ills with all the composure and fortitude in your power. You must not give up in despair when the storms of misfortune rage; you must not rave and fret while you are visited with your respective portions of trouble; but keep cool, and live low on the diet of patience and forbearance, and all will soon be right again. When you look around on the great mass of mankind, and see the miseries they are heir to, then you will see you have only just your share of them. But if you fancy yourself particularly selected as a mark for the arrows of ill fortune, then you will have as much trouble as frail human nature can endure. When the star of hope is hidden behind a dark cloud of despondency, you ought to trust that it will, in the nature of things, shine forth again with its wonted brightness. All you want *now* is to persevere for the present, with full confidence for the future, and your big stumbling blocks will soon be removed out of your way. But O, you weak and sickly children of doubt, you lack strength of mind and determination of purpose to push your way through the briars when you find yourselves in the midst of them. If love prevailed among earth's inhabitants, then would peace, harmony, and happiness prevail on earth, and joy among the angels; then would your thorn-covered ways be turned to flowery lawns, and the rank weeds of hatred put forth sweet blossoms of friendship. There is too much spurious morality in the world. All outward show and improvement is of little use to man, or benefit to the world, unless the internal arrangement be improved also. It is the mind that ought to be improved first of all, because on that hook is hung your future as well as present happiness. 'Fear not; thou shalt not be ashamed.' You have got it in few words, but it ought to better answer the purpose of more. You regard these brief instructions, and you will be sure of a safe transport to the Spirit-land, where happiness lies piled up in heaps, and blossoms of bliss forever bloom. Now whatever conscience dictates to be done, do it, and tell the devil (if you see him) to go home and attend to his domestic affairs. So mote it be.

Oriskany Falls, October, 1851.

## MESSENGER AND GUIDE.

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

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., NOVEMBER 1, 1851.

## THE RELIGIOUS DESTINY OF THE WORLD.

## A BRIEF DISCOURSE.

The friends of progress should always be able to read that greatest of all chapters in Creation—the condition of the human world. It concerns everybody; because the world is composed of individuals. And if those who stand upon the summit of the hill are incapable of seeing the broad extent of humanity that surrounds them, then who shall go to the contemplation?—The whole world, as a general thing, sees future events through the eyes of a very few persons. Indeed, it is almost true to say that, considered in the historical sense, the entire body of mankind has but two eyes or mediums through which to contemplate the condition of things—namely—*Politics and Religion*.

On this occasion, let us look at the world through the medium of *RELIGION*. My impressions upon this subject may be briefly written. I, therefore, solicit your clearest discernment to the following points: It is well known by all the inhabitants of Christendom that the world is full of sectarian jargon and bitterness; and that very conspicuously before the world are arrayed, in bitter and uncompromising hostility, two powerful forces, viz.: *Protestantism and Catholicism*.

In order to bring these religious institutions distinctly before your minds, I will describe their leading characteristics.

*Catholicism* is a system of supernaturalism. It claims to be the "One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church"—based upon supernatural authority, claiming unending infallibility. It denies the right of individual judgment upon religious subjects; but inculcates the virtues, charities, and hospitalities of Christianity through the agency of *popes, bishops and priests*, who profess to have their authority direct from the supernatural source.

*Protestantism* is also a system of supernaturalism—I mean when considered as a whole. It claims to have discovered the true import of the Sacred Scriptures. It is based upon a supernatural foundation, but encourages the right of private judgment upon all subjects pertaining to religion and conscience. It likewise inculcates the virtues and charities of Christianity through the medium of *clergymen, schools, and colleges*.

Now, I am not impressed to consider the minor points of either Catholicism or Protestantism, nor the different views which one party or the other entertain concerning the truest methods of biblical interpretation. For there have already been too many churches built, and too many salaries paid, to have these small and insignificant affairs discussed. But I have only to do with the foundation upon which these two very popular institutions stand. It is essential to understand here, what is very generally overlooked, that both of these gigantic religious organizations are struggling to maintain an everlasting position upon the same, identical basis. There is *one* foundation; and it is not large enough to sustain two such stupendous and inharmonious superstructures. Hence it inevitably follows that one or the other, or both, must fall forever—leaving the ground to be occupied by one only. Now the question is, which of these religious institutions is first destined to decay?

Let us leave this question unanswered for a few moments, and turn our thoughts in another direction.

It is well known by the clergy and people generally of the present day, that there is rapidly growing a spirit of rationalistic or philosophical Christianity. This is the Harmonical Philosophy. It stands upon the revelations of Nature, and upon the foundations of the highest form of Reason. It does not deny the virtues, charities, truths, or liberalities of any known religion; but simply rejects every thing which claims to be intrinsically based upon the miraculous or supernatural. It looks

upon the moralisms and precepts of Christianity as a natural development of a well balanced mind—or more properly as an unfolding of *truth* in the general progress of mankind. It regards all the real miracles, prophetic powers, &c., as explainable upon philosophical principles; and holds to the doctrine of human progress and universal improvement in the constitution of things.

Now it will be perceived that the declarations and positions of this Philosophy are clear, and positively antagonistic to both Protestantism and Catholicism. It is essential that you keep your minds now upon this point. I say—the rationalism of this day is positively opposed to the two great forms of religious belief. Because, as I before said, the quarrel between Protestantism and Catholicism is sustained on the desire which one party has to *supplant and transcend* the other. For they stand upon the same foundation. A *supernatural religion* based upon and supported by *miracles* equally supernatural, is the basis of both superstructures. There is no denying this plain fact. I would not be understood to consider Catholicism as good in all respects as Protestantism; for it is clear that the latter has wrought many improvements in the form of religious worship, has abandoned many expensive and unnecessary ceremonies, and encouraged individual education and private judgment in scriptural reading.

But mankind are now more civilized and advanced in arts and sciences than in any former era. Men understand each other better and the great laws of nature are more easily and generally comprehended. The shackles of bigotry and intolerance drop off as the cause of freedom advances; and all members of humanity—of Christendom especially—are becoming more thoroughly reasonable and baptised in the pure waters of wisdom.

Now here is the point—men are becoming more reasonable! The fate of Christendom depends wholly upon this one fact—that men are *realizing* their manhood and becoming intelligent and strong.

Among other revolutions which await the higher portions of mankind, is a religious one, which will be more powerful than any known to history. And it will principally all be effected by *reason*. One party will reason philosophically, the other theologically; both will reason correctly from the premises assumed. You may be assured of the truth of this startling event.—I say startling, because it will be accompanied with war; for politics are inseparably connected, all over the world, with religious systems. Religion will develop reason; but politics will impel the masses to unsheath the sword and to stain the bosom of Nature with blood! Friends of progress! be not discouraged; for the final crisis must come!

Concerning so called revealed religion, the majority of the people will reason thus: We believe Christianity to be a *supernatural* development of truth. There are truths our feeble reason could never have discovered—such as the character of God, the doctrine of immortality, &c. Hence, they say, a *supernatural* revelation is essential to our safety and enlightenment.—(Remember, friends, that thousands of Protestants will and do reason in this way.) And looking about on either side, they will say—but what means all these sects? Is this the result of religious liberty? Nay, it is religious anarchy! And wherefore? Because all Protestantism is in error. We have a *supernatural* religion, but we have been striving to comprehend a supernatural matter, with our common, natural judgments!—This is unreasonable! I say—this is unreasonable; and it is all chargeable upon Protestants. They have been very inconsistent. They believe that Christianity is a *supernatural* revelation of supernatural truth; and yet they have the presumption to think, that every man should read this supernatural revelation to please himself. Now I am impressed with the conviction, that no natural judgment is adequate to the just understanding of supernatural things. If Christianity is a system of supernatural truth, then it requires a supernaturally illuminated mind to comprehend its import and areneal bearings.—In this matter, the Roman Catholic religion is altogether more consistent than the Protestant religion.



But it may be said that Christianity is only natural truth, supernaturally revealed. Now, by taking this position, you clearly admit that the entire system would eventually have been unfolded by the general progression of humanity. If Christianity is a system of natural truth, then it would have naturally come forth like the sciences of Astronomy, Geology, &c., in the common course of things.

But if it came through a miraculous channel, or was divulged through the agency of supernatural means, then it evidently requires the same means to enliven it and spread it triumphantly over the earth. Friends, do you apprehend the full bearing of this reasoning?

Let us take an example. Suppose you construct an engine; you adjust the parts, introduce the vapor, and the wheels turn. Now what would you think of the mechanic who insisted upon making a steam engine go by *water power*. You would doubtless consider him ignorant or insane. Now, apply the same reasoning to Protestantism. Protestants believe that Christianity was introduced and set in motion by supernatural and miraculous means; and yet they reject the means by which the whole system was originally moved, and try to keep it in action by *natural and common causes*. In this matter of theoretical consistency, I affirm, Catholicism has always been, and is now, far in advance of Protestantism. For if we have a *supernaturally revealed religion*, we should have a class of men *supernaturally endowed*, or ordained, to understand it, and to impart its wonderful truths to mankind. While Protestantism is divided and subdivided into many conflicting sects, the One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church stands perfectly unmoved and unchanged. Now, why is this? The reply is plain, simply because that church is, and always has been, perfectly consistent with its assumed premises. It stands, like Protestantism, upon a supernatural foundation. Its doctrines are derived from the Bible, which is claimed to be a supernaturally derived book; hence it requires a class of regularly inspired men to divulge its great teachings to men. This class of men should take charge of our souls; and we should not interfere with religious doctrines, only so far as the supernaturally inspired men shall desire and command. Now, be it remembered, the Catholic Church is in possession of this class of inspired men.—There are a great organization of *Popes and Bishops* who claim to have *supernatural authority*, from *PETER the first*, to the present time. The supernaturalistic chain is complete. To be consistent then, let us leave conflicting Protestantism, and *go back* to the bosom of the Mother Church.

Here, friends, you have a brief synopsis of the simple process which will take place in thousands of Protestant hearts. It is now occurring, privately, all around the world. There will be a *great reaction in favor of Catholicism!* The One, Holy, Catholic Church, is destined to spread rapidly throughout many of the territories of Christendom, simply because one party in Protestantism will see their inconsistent position in matters of religious theory. But another party has appeared—the Rationalistic Christians; or *Harmonial Philosophers!* This form of religion unqualifiedly rejects all supernaturalism. Hence, Protestantism and Catholicism as religious institutions, are alike repudiated. It does not make every man's judgment his only guide in matters of importance, but asks—"Where shall we find the *most truth*, the highest wisdom, the noblest religion?" It has this desire for its eternal magnet—hence it interrogates the boundless fields of Nature with an honest soul and lofty brow! This is perfect and immutable freedom! Anarchy can never invade the principles of this party, for it is based upon *NATURE* and upon *Nature's God*.

We have now obtained the final reply. *Protestantism will first decay*; because it is to be divided into two parties—one party will *go back* into Catholicism; the other will *go forward* into Rationalism. And then, after a succession of eventful years, a *political* revolution will hurl the Catholic superstructure to the Earth, and the prismatic bow of promise will span the Heavens. The Children of Earth will then be comparatively *free and happy!* For the Millennial hour will have arrived, and there will be something like a realization of peace on Earth and good will towards all men!

[The foregoing discourse, which we extract from the Hartford Times, was recently delivered by A. J. Davis before the Harmonial Brotherhood at Hartford, where it created a profound and exciting interest. To say the least, the course of reasoning pursued is apparently natural and conclusive, and the results portrayed in the downfall of old systems and the erection of the everlasting Temple, are glorious and stupendous in their nature. It must be evident to the discerning mind that some grand crisis in the religious world is rapidly approaching; and it becomes the friends of Reason and Humanity to gird on the invincible armor which Nature has supplied, and be watchful as children of the light.—Ed.]

## A CHAPTER FOR THE MONTH.

Not for sweetness and amiability of temper, has thy name been sounded abroad, dark and lowering November; and yet who shall say that thy mission is not a true one, or that thy place had better be filled by another? Is not thy voice sounding abroad to bid us prepare for winter; and dost thou not remind us, in thine own rude way, of the suffering poor—the disheartened wanderers for whom no pleasant fireside casts its inviting gleams over the cheerless waste of life? It is roughly done, to be sure; but none the less honest is thy motive—and none the less willingly should we act on thy suggestion.

Thou hast been keeping holy-day amongst the woods and orchards, sometimes whirling the brown leaves in a playful but dizzying waltz, and again wrenching the old trees, until they groan and creak in the straining blast. The roused squirrel takes a run up from his snug winter quarters, to learn what is going on, and the chubby little marmots tumble over each other, in their hurry to get to the surface, and know if there is not a sight to be seen; for may not the young marmots have curiosity as well as other little ones? Meanwhile the gentle rabbit, creeping softly from her burrow, sits quivering among the dried ferns, her large ears erect, and her timid eyes dilated with wonder. But when she sees how all things quake beneath thy power, she turns meekly to her winter home, there to dream of fairer days, and gentler spirits than thine, November.

Thou art the very pattern and archetype of a notable housewife, at her annual house-cleaning—even like her driving every living creature in dismay from its accustomed quarters; now drenching us with floods of water, then uncorking a hurricane; and again letting off a whole artillery of small arms. Almost every animal has fled from the bare and shrieking forest. But the fierce-eyed hawk still describes his curving flight over the desolated domain; or sitting on the summit of some blasted pine, surveys the scene with a pleased expression, as if Decay and Death were his boon companions. Now and then a solitary raven utters her discordant screams; and even the jay seems to forget his foppery, while he is shorn of his spring honors, as he sits on some dead branch, muttering a harsh cry, in notes half mournful, half angry, as if he would quarrel with the times, only that he has lost the power to do so.

And thy voice, too, has a strange and wild compass, that chimes with the discord right sturdily. Sometimes it is so sharp and biting in its quality, one would think thou hadst taken lessons of the Frost-Minstrel; and again it pours itself into the blast with a depth of surliness that curdles the very blood to hear.

But thou dost not always show thyself in these dark and ungenial moods, wild and eccentric spirit of the Autumn; for thou hast a summer of thine own, and when the whim takes thee, thou canst give us zephyrs as bland, and sunshine as warm and radiant as ever followed in the steps of June. Pleasant it is during this melancholy, but most tender and thoughtful season, to walk out along the hill sides, or through the deserted alleys of the wood. How sadly the stricken leaves fall through the deep stillness, without a touch—emblems of mortality!—emblems, too, of life! for are they not sent downward to cover the tender germs in their swaddling garments, and keep them from the

winter cold? and will not the very elements of their decay go to nurture the forests of another age? In this deep repose, every sound seems to have intense meaning; and even the rustling of a dry leaf, or the low vibration of our footsteps, wakes the still air, as with the solemn echoes of eternity. And thus may we cherish the spirit-life by looking beyond and through, the old Decay where it is nurtured.

#### CANZONET.

Sad lingerer of the passing year,  
Mid stricken woods and meadows sere,  
And lowering storms and shadows drear,  
November.

Ah, mournfully that hollow strain  
Comes piping o'er the cheerless plain,  
To tell us thou art here again,  
November.

The aching heart must vainly try,  
From thy dark influence to fly,  
While tears o'erflow the swollen eye;  
November.

O there are moments when we feel  
It would be blessedness to steal  
Away from earthly woe or weal,  
November.

Oppressed with pain and weary care,  
Our sorrow seems too great to bear—  
No comfort looks forth anywhere—  
November.

Yet these dark shadows pass away  
Before a brighter, happier day;  
And ev'n from thee we catch a ray,  
November.

We'll cherish, then, the inner light,  
Whose living beams no cloud or night,  
Can shut out from our raptured sight,  
November.

F. H. G.

#### Principles of Education.

Children are always true to Nature; and the demands of Nature must be met, or there will be a revolt; hence they are always most attracted to that teacher, whose enlightened and liberal philosophy, by entering into their sports, as well as their studies, recognizes them as proper human beings.

It is a great law of Nature, that the proper exercise of any faculty, or set of faculties, always gives pleasure, while the undue, or disproportionate exercise of any, inflicts pain. Thus if the whole development is harmonious, the whole process of Education would induce only pleasurable emotions, and delightful associations. Study, then, as well as physical labor, would be only another form of play; for the same law of Nature which demands exercise for one faculty, demands it also for another, and for all; and where there is no disproportion, there can be no deformity.

But there are few teachers, whose own development is so harmoniously attuned to the laws of Nature, that they can perceive the true relations between the Material and the Spiritual; and even they are hardly understood and appreciated. Were there such, they would wield a power as yet undreamed of. Coercion would be dispensed with, in almost all cases; for the tendency to harmonious development would be governed by as fixed and determined a law, as that by which the plant puts itself forth into leaf, stem, bud and flower. In short, Education would simply respond to the necessity of our Nature, which requires that the human being should live, and grow, and aspire toward all

Perfection. A teacher who understood this would attract his pupils, and attach them to himself, so that by love alone he could control and guide them. He would always keep the balance even, by stimulating the sluggish to action, hardening the morbidly sensitive, and restraining the wayward. We must have a system of Education based on philosophical principles. This the preservation of the race, and the spirit of the age, alike demand.

F. H. G.

#### Crayolithic Painting.

If there is any one in our good town of Springfield unacquainted with the above term, let him, or her, as the case may be, visit forthwith the room of Miss Lizzie L. Butler, in Foot's Building. To this young lady the world is to be indebted for one of the most remarkable inventions of the age. With an energy, perseverance, and good taste, which are alike characteristic of true genius, she has been patiently experimenting for several years, unwearied by the severest labor, undiscouraged by the most formidable difficulties; and the fruit of her exertions is now seen, in the improved mode of drawing which she teaches.

The pictures are executed in crayons, upon a kind of marbled surface, which also was invented by Miss Butler, being most appropriately named by her, the *PARIAN CANVAS*. This article is equally valuable for all other kinds of drawing and sketching, and is, in itself, a most remarkable improvement, requiring far less labor than the old canvas, in order to produce any given effect. Nothing could exceed the beauty of coloring in these pictures; for they are not only susceptible of the most splendid and gorgeous hues, but the tints can be made to melt away into an exquisite softness; and again they seem to hover and float over the surface, in touches of aerial delicacy.

The whole graphic process is here reduced to a few simple principles, which may be acquired in a very short time, even to sketching from Nature; and that too, without any previous knowledge of drawing. The work is, moreover, so rapidly accomplished, that a picture, having the effect of the finest oil painting, may be produced in a few hours. It seems, indeed, more like enchantment, than any mere human labor; and one would certainly think that the fair Artist had always made use of Aladdin's lamp to study by, so easily does she bring around herself all the beauties of the world. May she reap a reward large and generous as the spirit which animates her, with honor true, and high, and noble, as she deserves.

F. H. G.

#### Source of Encouragement.

We hail it as a happy omen for the success of the Messenger, that a great majority of the subscribers to the first volume have continued their patronage. The fact serves to show that in the truths of the Harmonical Philosophy there is a nutriment for the soul, which is so perfectly adapted to its wants as to be unwillingly dispensed with after its refreshing presence has been once experienced. An instance in illustration here comes to mind, which may be properly referred to. An individual who subscribed for the first volume of the Messenger, discontinued his patronage, supposing, doubtless, that its weekly visits would not be greatly missed, or that he could derive from other sources an equal amount of spiritual gratification. A short time since, however, being impelled by the cravings of his interior nature, he requested that the paper should be again sent to his address, stating that he had "tried to do without it as long as he possibly could." Every testimony of this nature is a source of real encouragement, in that it reveals the intrinsic value of the truths which this journal is designed to unfold, as well as their peculiar adaptation to the wants of the inward being.

R. P. A.

We find our horizon every day extending its limits. It has now nearly met the region of sunset, our last call having been from the Territory of Utah, which almost projects its shadows over the waters of the Pacific.



## Poetry.

## A VISION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

DEAR SIR:—These lines were suggested by what I supposed to be a vision of a man standing by the side of my bed, leaning over me, his eyes beaming with a luster which I could never conceive of, when fully awake. His features were fair and beautiful, with a dignity superhuman. I had but a glance at him, and he disappeared from my sight. The eyes and hair were black as jet, but the former, more especially, attracted my attention, as they shone like diamonds. Whether this was a mere dream, or a living spirit presented to my view, is more than I can say; but the impression of that face I can never forget. The face was one I had never seen, unless it was that of a brother, who was still-born more than fifty years ago, whose infant corpse I still remember.

R.

Who art thou, bright spirit, and camest thou here  
To guard me, while sleeping, from danger and fear?  
My sleep was so gentle, I dreamed not of thee—  
I dreamed of no spirit then watching with me;  
But when I awoke, I beheld with surprise  
The form of thy face by the light of thine eyes;  
And O, from those eyes what a luster was shed!  
While I saw thee bend over the side of my bed.

I glanced at thy features, so fair and so bright,  
But they instantly vanished away from my sight:  
Who art thou, bright spirit?—and art thou still near,  
To soothe my afflictions, my sorrows to cheer?  
To shield me from danger, temptation, and sin,  
And to virtue and love my affections to win?  
Then tarry, pure spirit, I pray thee, awhile,  
And light up my vision again with thy smile.

Go with me, bright spirit, my pathway illumine  
In my seasons of joy, in my shadows of gloom—  
Wherever I go, and whatever I do  
Thy presence will aid me, my strength will renew.  
“Breathe over my slumbers sweet dreams of delight  
‘Till I wake but to sigh for the visions of night;”  
And when the light beams its last ray to my eyes,  
Be thou my attendant from earth to the skies.

Boston Melodeon, page 145.  
*Dedham, October 16, 1851.*

## THE ENFRANCHISED.

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

Rejoice, rejoice, for the bird hath flown  
From the cage where on earth it pined:—  
Rejoice, rejoice, for the gem hath beamed  
From the night of its ocean-mine.  
The soul exultant hath spread her wings  
In the beams of of a beauteous day;  
And swept on her lyre the trembling strings,  
As she soared to her home away.

The grave is dark, with an icy mist,  
And the monarch-worm is there;  
Right royally, with a horrid mirth,  
He feasts on the heart of the fair.  
And hushed, how hushed is the voiceless hall,  
Where the shrouded form is laid!  
The silent breath of Decay is thrown  
On the flowers that were born to fade.

But glorious, triumphant, the living soul  
Hath soared o'er the grasp of the tomb,

And bathes in the beams of Eternity's sun,  
All fresh with Empyrean bloom;  
Now she wakes the glad song of the freed,  
As she soars through the realms of day,  
And shouts for the exile welcomed home,  
From the chains of its prison-clay.

## Miscellaneous Department.

## THE YOUNG ARCHITECT.

BY FANNY GREEN.

## CHAPTER II.

I now pass over an interval of ten years. How much of anxious feeling, of almost hopeless search, and yet of unconquerable faith in the ultimate success of my efforts, I had wrought into that passage of my life, there is but One—the All-seeing—can know. But Time had not flown without leaving behind salutary traces. In short, the severe discipline I had undergone had refined, strengthened, and exalted my character. Had it not been for my sudden arrest of thought and feeling, I should probably have fluttered away my life in the heartless and soulless vanities of fashion. I should have been satisfied with no higher degree of spiritual nurture than the volatile product of the drawing-room—with no higher degree of usefulness than to escort some tonish lady to opera, ball, or church—to lift a fan gracefully—to extract from flattery its most refined essence, and give to complimentary nothings the most delicate point—all these, and a thousand other things equally characteristic of that much admired and petted animal—a fashionable beau, would probably have sufficed me. How, then, can I look save with pity, on those I have left to flutter far behind, seeing that they, too, may, perchance, have some shadow of common sense hovering over their follies—they, too, may have the undeveloped germs of something better, truer, nobler, still sleeping in some unexplored cavity of heart, or brain—they, too, might have been men, instead of dwindling into proportions of which intelligent apes should be ashamed. Let me, then, eschew all vanity in myself—all contempt of the more unfortunate—believing that by a divine call I have been led forth out of the waste places, and taught to labor, truly and diligently, in the fertile field of Life.

The idea of that young brother in his deep poverty—his loneliness—his utter defenselessness amid a world of dangers, yet with such a calm reliance on his own strong faith—leaning on himself so heroically—stood out with an unconscious rebuke on my own idleness and uselessness.

I had beheld him with his clear eyes fixed on a single radiant point in the far and clouded distance, toward which he was to strive through every difficulty, and despite of every obstacle; and henceforth there must be a worthy hope, a worthy aim for me, also. I felt that I should at some time recover him; and I was roused by an ambition to be worthy of him—that I might clasp him in my arms—heart to heart, and soul to soul—an equal; for I was confident that such a true and noble determination as had flashed out from his few words, and seemed to inspire his whole being, must contain within itself elements out of which should be wrought the fulfillment of his own high destiny. The common mind may be controlled by circumstances; Genius creates and moulds them to its pleasure, working out of the most adverse conditions the materials of progress.

Animated by this sublime faith, I withdrew myself entirely to study, and the cultivation of mind and morals. Nature had not dealt niggardly by me; and I grew up into a greater satisfaction with myself, and all the world, when I returned to true conditions. The human intellect tends to development just as naturally as the instinct of the young bird tends to flight, or song, as the waters to equilibrium, or the plant to growth, bloom, and fruitage; and if this original law is subverted, deformity and infelicity are the inevitable results. Human nature being threefold, and consisting not only of physical but of intellectual and moral powers, if any one set is developed at the expense of the others, the proportions and harmony are destroyed. Thus if the

physical or sensual faculties become paramount, the balance is disturbed; and it is of little consequence whether the instance be taken from among the squalid wretchedness of swarming cabins and noisome cellars, or from the externally polished and gilded mazes of fashionable libertinism, the deformity is equally revolting; nay, it is more loathsome, because evidently less a fixed necessity, in the last. Though there may be a kind of bestial enjoyment, yet in neither case can be found more than the merest shadow of any thing like the rational happiness or condition which properly belongs to the character of such a being as man: and too often even that is not perceptible to the common eye. Nature is a jealous guardian of her own laws; and she punishes every infringement of them with the utmost rigor. What is most to be regretted, is, that the innocent have to suffer, not only along with, but sometimes, apparently, instead of the guilty.

For the sake of that poor boy I first became truer to myself; and then for my own sake, and the social and moral obligations that were bound up in me, I strove to keep the place good, which, in the beginning, had been taken from a mere impulse of feeling. I was a friend to the needy artist, and as far as my means would allow, a father to the fatherless, and a brother to the brotherless. If in this, or any other way, I have done good for the world, I owe it all to him; since he first unfolded to me the great secret of my own destiny, teaching me what I should be—what I might become. And though there seemed little outward prospect of my ever recovering him, yet in obedience to the inner light of faith that shone through me, my first step, after recovery from the illness which his loss occasioned, was to institute an exact division of all my estate, and ever after I religiously kept for him a moiety of their income.

Having naturally a very decided taste for mechanics, I devoted myself to their study; and he who had hitherto exulted in the ignoble life of fashion, falsely called a life of pleasure, flitting like a painted butterfly through its gilded but hollow mazes, was suddenly transformed into a WORKING-MAN. For some months I spent my days in the shops of artisans, as my evenings were occupied in studying the philosophy which was the basis of their work, that I might understand at once, principles and their application.

In these rounds I was often struck with the true dignity and manliness, nay, even with the polished courtesy, gentlemanly bearing, and scientific attainments which are to be found sometimes even in the humblest mechanics' shops. Thus I became more and more convinced that true labor is intrinsically good and honorable. And if there is not always as much refinement and learning among working-men as there should be, it is not the fault of the work itself, but because the unequal and unhealthful distribution of labor which at present exists in society, as a general thing, confines each class of men to the cultivation and exercise of a single set of faculties. But from all observation it appears to me, that hand-work professions, of whatever kind, are truer to nature, and therefore more ennobling, than merchandise, in any form, inasmuch as not only the physical system is far better developed in most trades, but the higher mental faculties, such as Imitation, Constructiveness, Invention, and Causality, have a larger scope, and freer exercise.

All this while I was studying the philosophy of Life, seeking always for that way in which I might become most useful to the world, and therefore most honorable to myself. At length my mind was fairly made up on the subject; when in willing obedience to its dictates, I took a shop, and devoted myself to the study and practice of Mechanics.

Here let me throw in a word concerning the false estimate which prevails in the world in regard to the exercise of handicraft, or manual labor; for there must be a total revolution in this sentiment before society can, to any considerable degree, be relieved of its present burdens. It has become the fashion to regard the Mechanic, or any other manual laborer, as belonging, of necessity, to a lower social plane, than he who merely exists on the labor of others, whether past or present. Thus intelligent Labor is degraded below unintelligent Wealth, of which it is the only legitimate source. This great fact to which the majority

of people are so blind, may be seen, if you will, at a single glance. All the material in the world is perfectly inert without an application not only of the human intellect, but of human hands, in the form of concentrated thought and action. Thus we see that labor is the only true capital; yet we estimate the producer below the thing produced.

There is a fashionable abhorrence of hard hands in what are called the upper, and more intelligent circles; but to every mind capable of reasoning *a priori*, or from cause to effect—or in short capable of perceiving the intrinsic value of things, a coal-bearer, though he be never so much besmeared and darkened externally, by the signs of his calling, is, so far as he contributes his full share to the common comfort and happiness, working in the sphere appointed him with a true heart, and a strong will, a better and more honorable member of society than the idler, who does nothing but exhaust the wealth which others have gathered in. If working-men, themselves could only be brought to feel this—if they could only understand the absolute dignity of any and every kind of honest and useful labor, they could not be long degraded as they are; and the first and hardest step in their elevation would be taken. They would then perceive that every man is honorable just in proportion to the amount of good work which he accomplishes; and therefore, he who does any thing useful, though he be only a scavenger, or a street-sweeper, is better than he who does nothing, though his bond were good for millions, and he may revel in all the luxuries, and put forth all the authority of wealth and power.

How truly spoke Burns, the Scottish ploughman. He was not blinded by the moral darkness in which he dwelt; but his keen eye pierced, with a prophet-like ray, the dimness of the future, when his noble sentiment should be universally recognized, as he invested with all the melody of song the great human and everlasting truth, that

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man's the gold, for a' that!"

To place Labor, then, on its true basis, and invest it with all its rights, honors and emoluments, would be to reform the world.

But to return to the immediate subject of my narrative. It was a dark and cloudy afternoon, the last day of December. I was sitting alone in my shop, where I worked daily. Before me stood the model of a new plow, which I had invented, and made with my own hands. I was comparing it with the design from whence I first set out, and observing the many new touches of improvement which had suggested themselves as the work advanced. By a natural turn of thought, my mind reverted to the gifted boy, who was never long absent from my more quiet meditations. And then a form seemed to glide between me and the object I was observing; and he stood there, as if in actual vision, between me and the plough—not as I had seen him, but developed, and expanded into a being worthy of his glorious boyhood. So real, so perfect was the idea, that I involuntarily sprang forward, with outstretching arms, seeking to clasp him to my bosom, ere he should again be torn away from me. But I checked myself, and drew back, conscious that the hallucination was but a picture of my own thought. But though I had often been able to recall his cherished image, never had it exhibited that growth, and progress, never had it come so near, or been presented so vividly, before. Never had my whole being so yearned to recover him; never had I so longed for that companionship, and fraternal sympathy, the hope of which I could not relinquish, but had obstinately persisted in cherishing, even against all hope.

"By this I know at last I shall find thee!" I exclaimed; "and by this I see that I shall find thee worthy of all I have sacrificed, of all I have made myself for thee!"

Thus spoke my intuitions; but with how much more power and truth than they had ever done before! I became conscious of his presence. It seemed as if his soul had transfused itself into mine—that he had entered and filled my heart—that he was whispering to me, low, soft words of love and fellowship. The two sweet syllables that make the name of brother, which I had never heard, but so longed to have addressed to myself

by one of real kith and kin, vibrated in the air, and thrilled through me — not in audible sounds, but with the power and conviction of a spiritual influence, that spoke only to the spirit. I had often indulged in these vagaries of fancy, as I was disposed to consider them ;\* but never had they been invested with such an evidence of truth as now! An instantaneous presentiment that the happy hour of re-union was near at hand, possessed me! I was seized with a kind of ecstasy. I felt, although I saw not, that some one was approaching me; and these words were distinctly whispered in my ear: "Brother! dear brother! at last have I, indeed, found thee!" and then they seemed repeated by voices in the air, as if there were a chorus of angels reiterating the joyful sentiment.

My first impulse was to rush out — where I knew not; but I was absolutely certain that I should find him. Springing from my seat, I overturned the plough, which had, apparently, been the exciting cause of the paroxysm; and before I knew that any one was present, I sprang almost into the arms of an old acquaintance.

"Why, what has possessed the fellow?" exclaimed my friend Howard, with a hearty laugh in accompaniment to his speech, as I took him by the hand.

"Let me ask where you came from, and how long you have been here?" I returned, with an effort to conceal my agitation, as I always chose to veil dreams of this kind, especially from him; for he had a spice of humor not entirely void of irony; and I could not endure that what was so sacred to me, should be made the jest of another. I had laid my hope on the fraternal altar that was set deep in the inmost foldings of my bosom; and there in the holy silence and secrecy of the heart, I fed it with the fires of an undying love, an undiscourageable faith. The slightest approach of ridicule to this cherished idea was to me sacrilegious; and therefore did I keep it thus closely shrined.

"By my faith!" he responded, "I believe you are gone for it—a used up animal! as the young gentlemen of the Bowery would say;" and he surveyed me with a most comical glance of mingled humor and pity. "Come," he continued, "own it up frankly! you are in love! Confess that your bachelor heart, a veteran though it be, is now doing penance for all its sins of omission, and has at length yielded to the 'divine madness,' as one of our poets has termed that condition, into which every human heart, sooner or later, is destined to be precipitated by the catastrophe of a fall. I am sure I cannot be mistaken.—Indeed I have just witnessed two of the best marked, and most determined premonitory symptoms of a true case, soliloquy, and a fit of heroics."

"Did you hear it, then?" I asked eagerly, and at the same time blushing like a girl; for I was thinking only of the sounds which had been uttered so distinctly to me, just as he came in.

"Most certainly I did," he returned, exulting with a most mischievous delight in my confusion. "But your secret is safe, Bennett," he continued, with an encouraging tap on my shoulder; "for indeed, she might as well not have a name for all that I shall say on the subject! So cheer up, master Benedict! and put a bold face on the matter."

I saw by this that he was on the wrong track; and choosing rather that he should think I was in love with half the women in christendom, than have the slightest glimpse of the truth, I was suddenly reassured.

"Believe what you please," I answered rather abstractedly.

"Nay," he responded, "the conviction is irresistible. I shall only believe what I must. Here I have been watching you these five minutes, so absorbed in your own precious self, or the fairer half of that same honorable personage, that you had no perception of my presence, which, on true psychological principles—such as you believe in—should have been announced to you some hours before. You have more flourishes than Longeville, more gesticulations and sentimentalities than Malvolio. I shall expect to see you, by the next step, dashing through Broadway, with such dainty lemon colored kid gloves, and superb boots, as you used to glory in! Ah! I foresee that you will yet be a fortune to some lucky fellow of a tailor, whom

you will first bring into notice, for you will still adhere, in some degree, to your reform principles. You will poultice your hands every night to make them soft and delicate—you will practice drawing and whining before a professor of elocution; you will make up lost time, and be a pattern lady's man! Ah! I see you, at this very moment, a perfect reminiscence of old times! You will be regularly noosed in less than a year, or am no true prophet. I am gifted with prevision; did you know it, sir Biron, and can read beforehand your excellent reasons for loving. I can already hear you thus ejaculating—and be sure I shall agree with you, without bating a single jot:

"From woman's eyes this doctrine I derive;

They sparkle still the right Promethean fire:

They are the books, the schools, academies,

That show, contain, and nourish all the world."

Yes, you will be legally noosed—not hanged by the neck, indeed, but by the heart—and then what a heavy penance you are doomed to pay for all your sins of disloyalty, committed against the proper and honorable sovereignty of grown-up daughters, and manœuvring mamas, the Goth, the Vandal, the savage you have been, to keep yourself so long insensible to their charms, and their disinterested willingness to oblige you in the most signal manner!

"Come, my dear fellow," he added, after having taken a turn or two about the place, as if to recover breath, and as he spoke throwing an arm over my shoulder, with the familiarity which our old friendship justified; "come, now, make a clane brist, as our friend Pat would say; for that is the best way to find a safe an' aisy conscience. Here I am, ready to enact the Father-confessor; and even beforehand I promise you full and free absolution for all the bright dreams of matrimonial display you have, in your past life, so cruelly and wantonly dispersed. Confess, my son! Has not that heart of thine at last been caught noddling in the watch-tower? and is it not now quite gone—slipped, as it were accidentally, from between your old-bachelor fingers?"

I was willing he should hit on any explanation rather than the true one; for his wit had often made itself merry at the expense of what he called my Quixotic notions.

"Think anything you please," I replied—"say anything you please; but first tell me to what happy circumstance am I indebted for the unexpected pleasure of this visit? and how comes on your balloon expedition over the Alleghany; or rather has it come off? If a comet had fallen before me I should not have been more surprised, than at your appearance."

### The Fading Year.

The Autumn days have come again. Its gentle Sister of beautiful flowers and burdened fields, has passed away. The glossy green of the meadows no longer sways in the wind—the seas of harvest gold do not lift their yellow waves to the kiss of the breeze. The blight and decay of the passing season is mingled with the teeming promise of bounteous, loveliest Autumn. Beauty is blended with desolation—sadness with delight. There is a hectic flush upon the landscape, the language of decay written upon forest and field.

All Nature seems in a dreamy, half-slumbering state. Earth, air, stream, field and sky, appear like a dream. A dreamy haze, mellow in the dull and chastened sunlight of Autumn, hangs like a delicate golden gauze on the hills, and floats down the vallies. The Sun has lost its fierce glare, and struggles languidly through a sea of smoky vapor, and goes down in a sea of most gorgeous crimson. The very streams have a dreamy murmur as they flow—their music is like the liquid melody of our dreams. The winds are silent. The moonlight comes down in a milder flood and baptizes the night-curtained earth in the light of the land of dreams.

A soothing, saddening silence creeps over the earth and pervades the senses as we wander over the stubbled fields. The swallows are not wheeling through the air, or dipping their arrow-like pinions in the still waters. A hushed, tremulous an-



them lingers in the forest, lately so vocal with harmony, as the summer minstrels await their Southern flight. There is a dreaminess in the sound of the insects. The Autumn cricket sings until his simple and monotonous notes have a plaintive beauty about them as we set in the sunshine and listen.

How much of beauty there is in Autumn, and yet we contemplate it with sadness. The boughs rustle mournfully. Consumption is stealing over the earth as it does over the beauty of man. The leaves already rustle in the paths about our homes, and from the forest begin to whirl and dance in the winds. The forest sea of deep green, is fast cresting with the gold, and crimson and russet tinge, which follows in the wake of the frosting. And that sea of green will grow all the more lovely as the season glides onward. We know that such beauties are fleeting. The "sear and yellow leaf," is but a step from the waste of winter, but what a beautiful pathway to that realm of bare fields and leafless branches!

The flowers are all going--the wild flowers of nature. Their leaves are scattered upon their own earthly tomb like the hopes and affections of man. The poetry which has been trilled in sweetest harmony by the voices of the birds, and winds and streams, has left no record but in the memory where the fragrance lingers with undying freshness. We cherish that fragrance and know that the flowers will bloom again. They will burst from their wintry tomb! We know they will. The language of beauty will linger in the hidden germ to bear record of God's goodness again as another summer's Sun shall awake their leaves and petals to another life of fleeting beauty.

Beautiful, dreamy, saddening Autumn! Speeding away on a fading wing! Dying out as the winds die out--as the murmur of the streams--the singing of the birds--the beauty of the flowers--the light of the skies. All fading! So fades the vigor of manhood into the wasting infirmity of the winter time--Like its leaves, so fall the hopes of that manhood to the ground. --*Cayuga Chief.*

### Thoughts at Twilight.

BY MARIA A. ROLLES.

Oh, the lovely twilight hour! How I love it, with its calm, still influence, soothing the mind, and breathing its healing power on the wounded heart. After the day's labor, after enduring the many cares which each day brings with it, and the little perplexities of life, how welcome this hour. Sad memories of those we love hover over us, as we watch the setting sun:--those who were with us in the days gone by, long since laid low in the cold dark bosom of the earth, or from whom we are separated, building, it may be, airy castles of union and happiness with them, perhaps to be realized in coming days, perhaps not. It is an hour which Memory loves to dream away, traveling once again over the plain of life we have passed, and culling each "Gem of Beauty." Who does not love it?

If I might be allowed to choose the hour, when my spirit, bursting its bond of clay, shall soar far upward in the blue ether, it should be the calm of Twilight. As gently as sets the sun, his daily course completed, behind the sky-arched hills, so gently might I sink into Death's cold embrace! As silently as it draws its long shadows from the Earth, to arise in brighter splendor, so may my life be taken away, and the soul awaken in a brighter land. Yes:

"Let me die,  
When the sun slowly sinks to his rest,  
When his beams,  
Brightly play round his home in the west;  
As softly,  
As fades the day light's last trembling ray,  
So gently,  
My spirit would then pass away."

*White Flag.*

Knowledge is valuable in proportion as it is prolific, in proportion as it quickens the mind to the acquisition of higher truth.

### Gems of Thought.

Gaiety is Nature's garb of health.

Moral obtuseness is a lethargy.

What is equitable and good is the law of laws.

Freedom's light over the globe is but that of a star.

Innocence consists in a total absence of a mischievous will.

Liberty is enjoyed so long as it is merited.

Who alone is unchangeable but the Almighty?

Activity awakens mind, and opposition inspires to enterprise.

Competition and want have wrought triumphant successes.

Perseverance pushes many a principle from precept to practice.

Morality and mind attend each other, while vice and fatuity are concomitants.

One fear should always attend us--the fear of doing wrong.

To bring error to its origin is to see its last.

Random thoughts bear a resemblance to way-side flowers.

No man should part with his own individuality, and become that of another.

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