

# THE SPIRIT MESSENGER

## AND HARMONIAL GUIDE.

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

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### The Principles of Nature.

#### THE LIFE-PRINCIPLE.

BY FRANCES H. GREEN.

This has been a favorite subject of study and discussion in every age of the world. Its mysterious existence—its wonderful and multimodal modes of action—its interesting and beautiful phenomena—must very early have arrested the attention of that Spiritual Intelligence, which is ever manifest in the human being; and on these observations the primitive classification by which the three great Kingdoms of Nature have been defined, was founded.

It is my purpose, in the present article, to trace this principle through the early periods of its refinement; whence it will be seen, that the Spiritual Essence is, and ever has been, the single point toward which every element, and every atom, through all the successive gradations of development, has truly and undeviatingly converged, and which every condition, every being, every intelligence, manifesting itself in higher, and still higher spheres, has been elaborated to produce.

As in the beginning, the great Author and Creator of all things, by virtue of his inherent Power, implanted so much of the Life Principle in gross matter as invested it with Motion, so that motion was continually generated, and re-generated, ever taking to itself more complicated forces, ever clothing itself in finer forms, until the mediate species became sufficiently refined to receive the Spiritual Presence—the true Image of God—which, bringing Life and Immortality to light, for the great purpose of education was clothed in the corporeal organism of Man. And thus the End is joined to the Beginning, and the great Life-Circle is made complete.

Let us now go back to that early period, which has been described by the Sacred Historian, in these memorable words—"The earth was without form, and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep." Here, then, was the primitive Chaos. Here was nothing but matter in its grossest forms, which probably existed in a semi-fluid state. But we are told "the Spirit of God moved on the face of the waters;" and then were implanted the first Principles of Life. A conglomeration, condensation and concretion of masses immediately began; and thus, by a separation of the solid and fluid parts, the great nucleus which constitutes the heart of our globe was formed, and the water was distributed into seas, with their inlets and outlets.—Then were manifest the primitive mineral conditions. By the accretion and superposition of particles, or masses, vast and irregular bodies were formed; but no appearance of organism, or even of individuality, was yet attained. Still the Life Principle, even then began to operate. Down, far down in those chaotic depths, it was silently, but not the less surely, working out its problems.

Most writers consider the vital principle as necessarily dependent on Organism—that is, on its connection with a form composed of certain parts, each of which has its specific use and function, and its predetermined relations to the several other parts, and to the whole. Hence they separate chemical from what they term Vital Action. May we not venture to go one step farther back, and pronounce chemical action to be, in itself, a kind of vitality, which belongs primarily to mineral substances? Hence it may be defined as Mineral Life.

Let us now look at some of its higher operations, and we shall see more clearly that the laws by which it acts, are, and must be, vital. One of the most remarkable attributes of Life, is that of clothing itself in specific and determined forms. Whenever this invariably occurs, there must be an inherent predetermination of the elements, governed by a fixed law of development, demanding certain results. Who shall say, then, that the formation of crystals is not governed by a vital law? If it be not so, why is the perfect diamond always rhomboidal, rather than of any other shape? You may seek it beneath the waters of Borneo, or in the mines of Brazil—in the East or in the South—and it will be always so. Collect thousands of specimens, and they will have this precise form, and no other. So with all the innumerable species and varieties of crystal. You may gather them by millions, and every one will have the due number of angles, planes, and truncations, proper to itself—neither more, nor less; and however irregular, or varied, these may be in regard to each other, in regard to the species they are always the same.

The elements necessary to its condition being given, a sapphire, or a ruby, will be produced, just as certainly, and just as absolutely, as, under its proper atmospheric influence, and earthly relations, a violet, or a rose, will spring from its own germ. If there were no life-principle involved in the case, could this be so? We mean by the life-principle, as here used, that predetermination to certain and fixed results, which demonstrates them to be governed by constant and incontrovertible laws. It is true that the vitality of the mineral, even in its finer forms, exists in more simple conditions than are found accompanying organic life—that its substance is homogeneous, and its structure goes nothing beyond the accumulation of similar particles, within a prescribed outline. Yet this very outline being prescribed, determines the question; for why should it be there, and how is it measured, and determined, with such mathematical precision and nicety, but from an inherent necessity in the nature of the crystal? And this inherent necessity of determination, itself, constitutes the vital law, which is easily distinguishable from mere inert material, that may be acted upon directly by any foreign Intelligence, or outward mechanical forces; but it is vitality in its lowest, and simplest condition, being manifest only in the production of Form.

If any one could still have doubt in regard to the truth of this, let him subject any crystal to the minutest subdivisions. Let him, if he will, reduce it to the finest powder. Then let him examine the particles of which the crystal had been composed through a microscope; and what will he find? What but this astounding fact—that every atom is, in all its proportions—in all its planes, truncations, and angles, a perfect crystal!—in short, that the form of the complete work pre-exists in each of its component parts, just as that of the plant sleeps in its own germ. Now, it is very clear that all mineral particles do not produce diamonds, nor yet emeralds, nor yet even common quartz. Hence we see that there must have been, previous to the formation of any crystal, a preparatory refinement of its materials from gross matter, in order that the elements, themselves, should be fit for use; and that every particular species must have its own special processes, and laws of condensation. Here, then, is not one law only, but a whole code, or set of laws. Are not these wonderful truths permitted to be shown, that the scoffer should no longer say in his heart, "There is no God;" and that they who would limit the range of his vitalizing influence, should, perforce, acknowledge that the Spirit of God, which is Life, is present, even here!

By another advance we arrive at the first production of Organism, toward which, as we have seen, crystal formations closely converge. As the mineral masses became more condensed and refined, and the surrounding elements more purified, God again breathed forth a more highly vitalizing life-principle; and the Atmosphere awoke; for without this there could be no vegetation, nor any organic life.

We find in the Geological History, that is legibly written on the strata of which our earth is composed, that the first vegetable productions were simple in their structure, and gross in their forms. The cellular texture at first universally prevailed, such as is now seen in those spongy bodies which belong to the lowest tribes of Cryptogamous or flowerless plants, among which are mushrooms and lichens, while the great waters teemed with algae, or sea-weeds. By the continual operation of the refining process, at length the vascular or fibrous tissue was produced; and then arborescent ferns, and other plants of the same family, covered with their rank growth the wide and desolate marshes. But in the fullness of time, when the common elements were fitted to produce all that is lovely in form—all that is soft and brilliant in coloring—the Rose blushed into being, as if at the full consciousness of her own queenly beauty, and the majestic Lily lifted her peerless head, the symbol of purity and truth.

To the Vegetable Tribe was evermore committed the most important process in nature, that of vitalizing more perfectly what was before comparatively inert—or, in other words, of converting inorganic substances into organic forms. As we rise in the scale of being, we see a continual effort, as it were, to produce individual character. This does not exist with the crystal; for, with some few exceptions, in point of size or brilliancy, which are observable in very rare and costly specimens, one is like all others of its species; and it is but faintly shadowed forth in the vegetable world. As any one is, so all others of its species, under similar conditions, would be. The healthy Individual is, in all respects, a representation of the Species—and nothing more. The only exception to this law is found in Trees, many of which are so distinguished as to have acquired a kind of individuality; but this, as a general thing, goes no farther than form and size.

As the Crystal foreshadows the Flower, so is the Animal figured in the Vegetable. Here we find a nutritive apparatus, which imbibes nourishment—a digestive apparatus, which prepares and assimilates it—a circulating apparatus, by which it is diffused and vitalized—an excreting apparatus, which throws off whatever is hurtful, or unnecessary—and a secreting apparatus, which deposits the remainder in the appropriate cells, and tissues. We find also a skin, which circumscribes and determines the form; and this has layers, and other qualities, precisely corresponding with the animal envelope.

Here the vital principle exists under new and surprising forms, and chemical laws are for the first time arrested, and held in abeyance to the superior Vital Energy. We find the sap ascending, in direct opposition to the law of gravitation; and by the agency of solar light, acting on the green substance of the plant—oxygen liberated at the ordinary temperature of the air, although the most skillful chemist can effect this process only by the help of the most powerful reagents, or by the application of heat equal to that of red-hot iron. We find, also, the living being, whether animal or vegetable, capable of resisting both higher and lower degrees of temperature, than any inert substance can bear, without being acted upon detrimentally, and either scorched, or frozen. Thus, while life exists, the Life-Principle being the higher power, always maintains a successful antagonism against the mere Chemical Forces; and a thousand interesting phenomena may be observed. The Living Plant abstracts from the soil and atmosphere its proper nutriment, rejecting, or avoiding, what is unnecessary, or pernicious. We find it constantly accommodating itself to new circumstances; nay, we see the mild and esculent Potato, the caustic Arum, the fragrant and healing Mint, the nutritious Corn, and the deadly Cicuta, growing side by side, and drawing from the same soil, and the same atmosphere, principles utterly discordant in themselves—in short, the elements of life, or death. We see, in life, the fluids of the plant separated, and kept distinct, by the finest

tissues, the most delicate membranes,—and all the beautiful processes which are essential to the support of organism, going on steadily and harmoniously; but no sooner does a complete interruption of these functions take place, than death ensues—disorganization and decomposition commence—and the whole body is surrendered back to the Chemical Forces—to be once more resolved into the elements of a New Life.

## SKETCHES OF INTERIOR VISION.

BY FANNY GREEN.

### THE SECOND TRIAL.

Every thing, in my new state of conscious, wore the aspect of elegance melting into luxury, and ease into voluptuousness. Orchards, heavily laden with the most delicious fruits, stretched along the land-scape. Hot-houses, filled with the luscious and gorgeous products of sunnier climes, melting and glowing in their ripeness and beauty, enclosed their peerless treasures; vineyards groaned beneath the weight of their purple clusters; fish-ponds were gathered in artificial basins, in whose clear waters the trout, the perch, and the salmon might be seen, vying with each other in brilliancy. Scattered through the spacious grounds, were gardens, bowers, alcoves, grottoes, terraces, and towers,—and all that gives one human being a fancied right to oppress another, was represented in the scene. The lands thus adorned, were seen stretching away like a vast amphitheater; and a lofty palace crowned the fair eminence that stood in strong outline against the eastern horizon. Sounds of revelry, the low, sweet whispering of the sighing lute, and the exhilarating music of the viol issued thence, borne upon the air which was already oppressed with perfume.

"And all this has been wrung," I thought within myself, as I looked around, "from the myriads of suffering laborers I have left behind, to be lavished and wasted for the pleasure of one."

As I thought thus, a young man of pleasant mien approached me. His graceful air and cordial manner, were quite refreshing after my late interview with the vixen, Poverty.

"I perceive you are a scholar," he said, regarding me with a smile, which, spite of his civility, had an expression of pity.

"Few such have entered the domain of Wealth—for such is the name of him I am happy to call my lord," pursued my informant; "and, truth to say, he has, in general, very little respect for people of your profession. Yonder lies the path which most of you have taken. It leads, as you will see, over the hill yonder, to a bit of building they call a temple; though they had better call it bedlam; for, if truth is told, its inmates are all but gone, or, at least, going mad. Small companies of pilgrims go there from all parts of the earth. How they ever find it is more than I can tell; for, certainly, that spot must be clear out of sight on the map of the world." Here he smoothed his mustachios, laughing at what he supposed his own wit, with a great deal of self-complacency.

"When they arrive there," he continued, they have nothing to do but talk about the Mind, the Soul, Eternity, and all such trite and common-place subjects, which have been preached to us every Sunday since Moses. It is even said that they will go into fits of ecstasy over the cheapest and commonest things, that may be picked up any where, such as shells, birds, worms, bugs, bits of earth, stones, and flowers. Flowers! they are nothing but weeds! Some people believe that they are more than half heathen, and that these things are idols. Certain it is that when they find one they have not found before, they absolutely rave over it, sometimes, even, bowing down, and performing their devotions in unknown tongues. Thus a new idol always calls forth more zealous worship than the old ones. I have been an eye-witness to this. You look surprised, but I will tell you.

"One day, going on business across the land of our next neighbor, Poverty, while passing through a hideous swamp, I was attracted by cries of the most extraordinary character.—They did not appear to be actually sounds of distress, and yet they seemed to express a kind of agony; and thinking, at least, that there could be no danger, I approached. But what was my

surprise to find three men, apparently in the act of worshipping something, which I could not at first distinctly see. Two of them were on their knees, and the other was entirely prostrate. I stood by, in the shadow of a cypress, to observe them. They would shout, and laugh, and clap their hands, uttering the strangest incantations, with the queerest gestures, sometimes, in spite of bush or brier, rolling themselves over and over, quite on the ground, then starting erect, then again falling prostrate. The object of their attention, I soon perceived, was a plant about twelve inches high, with a few large yellow flowers, but nowise remarkable for beauty. This, then, was one of their idols; and they frequently seemed addressing it in some barbarous language. As soon as I discovered this, I fled quickly, lest, if they believed in human sacrifices, they might make an offering of me, as an acceptable victim, to the new-found god.

"Such are the inmates of yonder temple; and over all presides a sort of half-witted woman, whose name, I think, they call Wisdom; but I have no acquaintance with her, whatever, I assure you!" and, bowing, he stroked his moustache with an air of infinite self-satisfaction.

I could not forbear smiling at the simplicity of this declaration; one which gave such unconscious testimony in behalf of the old proverb, that "ignorance is bliss."

Presently he went on to say that most of the information he had given concerning the *terra incognita*, about which he appeared so much interested, had been gathered from a young gentleman, who had returned, homesick, and almost starved, from the domain of Wisdom; and this young person he promised to introduce to me, with the assurance that his story would be enough to cure me of all inclination to visit that sterile and meager place. He said further, that if I could make a tolerable noise on any kind of fashionable instrument; if I understood dancing, embroidery, paper-cutting, and making wax flowers, he would venture to promise me a situation, where, to say the least, my fortune was made—nay, I should never be sensible that I had not one already; for if the Lord of the Palace could procure such a person to superintend the education of his daughters, no expense would be withheld; though, he added, *entre nous*, that as I was known to hail from the land of Poverty, there might be a disposition, at first, to cheapen the advantages, since Necessity is not often a regulator of terms.

"You will bear this in mind," he said, lowering his voice; then bowing with an air of gallantry, he added: "I am somewhat interested in this arrangement, myself; for, from some reason or other, beauty is a cash article on this estate. They tell us over in the temple yonder, that this unpleasant fact is owing to luxury and dissipation; but, of course, what fools and mad men say is not worth regarding. I must, however, except her ladyship from the above charge. She was handsome as a picture when she first emigrated from the land of Poverty; but now, poor lady! she is just on the borders of the grave—and, of course, your position, if you choose, will have every advantage."

The latter suggestion was rendered emphatic by a very expressive wink; and after a moment's pause, again he resumed the subject:

"Remember that books and thinking are all out of the question. They are bad, both; very bad. There ought to be a law against them, as far as women are concerned, at least. They dim the eyes, by keeping one awake nights; they spoil the complexion by confining one within doors; they wrinkle the brow, and, not unfrequently, give a stoop to the figure, which I see you have slightly acquired, already. Pardon me; but you will soon correct it."

By this time I began to feel so weak I could scarcely stand.

"You are faint and pale," he added, with a look and voice of real concern. "Refresh and rest yourself, and to-morrow I will visit you again. Remember I ask nothing for advice; but do not reject it because it is cheap. You will find, here, that all obey your orders, and will attend to your slightest wishes."

He touched a little silvery-toned bell as he spoke. Two massive gates were swung open, by pages in the most picturesque costume; and a short, but exquisitely sweet, melody was called

forth, probably from some machinery within the golden hinges of the swinging gates. We entered a bower, where female attendants, in the attire of fairies, were adjusting a small table, which was spread with the most tempting viands. Here my guide left me, wondering much how so fine a polish of the external man, could cover such broad vulgarity of mind. But upon better acquaintance with the minions of Wealth and sensual Luxury, my wonder would have ceased.

I was weary with labor, and faint from want of food. Shelter, rest, and refreshment, in their simplest forms, would have been welcomed with the keen zest, which only luxuries are accustomed to awaken. How, then, should I be able to withstand so great temptation? Indeed, how was I better than others, who could seek these things as their greatest good? and why, then, should I reject them, when they were proffered unasked?

"And is it really wisdom," I questioned within myself, "to sacrifice one's whole life for that which is not bread? While we live, we must have, by some means, whatever is necessary to support life; and how can I be assured that I shall find even this? Can it be right to cast aside these proffers of good, without any thing certain, as a dependence, to be seen in the reversion? Has not the Great Father, himself, in giving us a love of delicacy and beauty, sanctioned the desire to possess them? And may not the mind retain its strength, the spirit its truth, the heart its love for all that is good and true, even here?"

These questions were rendered more imperative by the condition I was in; and, from experience, I can testify, that to be hungry, and cold, and faint, without shelter, and without food, is not to be in the best armor against the acceptance of relief, in any form. How, then, are they to be condemned, who, in the overwhelming necessities of the body, forget to nourish the higher nature, which can be starved without so much repining? Pitiful it is, to think that, in a world of struggles for a mere physical existence, this must so often be done! But if I have been saved from this, it was from promptings out of myself; for how else could I have been sustained in my extreme weakness?

Suddenly I became sensible that the very sight of those delicious viands, laden as they were with all savory odors, had an enervating influence; and it seemed as if the perfumes with which the air was laden, had some narcotic, or soporific virtue. I was conscious that the soul was yielding up its super-sensuous power, while the senses were, in like degree, attaining strength. Already did I perceive the mental light growing dim, and the nerve which had sustained my former labors, relaxing its tension. I sank upon a couch, unable to resist the growing weakness. The downy cushions closed over me; and I felt myself bound by a slight but irresistible thrall. I knew that the crisis of my fate was near at hand. The soul was over-powered; and with a groan, as if in the death-agony, I stretched out my hand to a goblet of pure gold, where the ruby wine sparkled within a circlet of ruby gems. As I raised the cup, and looked into its glowing depths, forgetting even my own faintness in a thought of wonder at its rare beauty, a hand, minute and fair as the daintiest pearl of the orient, yet exquisitely perfect in its proportions, hovered a moment over the flashing brim, as if it were beckoning me away; and then I saw a face of mournful beauty, looking out from the rich wine, with an expression of sorrow such as loving angels have, when their soft eyes weep at the sight of human weakness.

That look went through my soul with an electric power, and, rousing with sudden energy, I cried aloud:—"Shall I, who have performed such almost miraculous labors—I, who have resisted such fearful power—be made the victim of unnatural softness? Never!"

And then that word was repeated by the form before me, in tones so deep, they hardly woke a vibration of the air, and yet they inspired a thousand echoes; for every object around me—all those exquisite forms of sensuous beauty, which adorned that fair alcove, repeated and prolonged them, till from the vaulted arches of the sculptured ceiling, came back, with a more sonorous energy, that thrilling, and all-potent word, "Never!"

The whole atmosphere changed; and directly I became strong



again. I arose, wondering at my own power; and the attendants, seeing me flee so precipitately, and, doubtless, thinking I might be a repulsed beggar, swung open the gates, which, by some unknown magic, had now lost their musical power; and the menials cheered me along with such phrases as they are wont to bestow on the class I have just mentioned. At the same time, a bracing wind, from the sterile but comparatively healthful region of Poverty, reinvigorated, and quite refreshed me.

Just outside the gates, I encountered a female figure, with a very pale countenance, in which a native sternness was softened by habitual benevolence. As I drew near, she turned and embraced me affectionately.

"Heaven be praised!" she whispered, "you are safe!"

"Is it possible," I exclaimed, as I partially recognised her—"is it really possible that you are the same?"

"Yes!" she replied, smilingly, "the All-wise has ordered that the features of Poverty should be harsh, and her trials severe; but though stern, she is true-hearted; and her severest monitions are for good. Go, now, my daughter. There are berries by the way-side. Eat, and be refreshed; for he who sent the ravens to feed his holy prophet, will never forget thee." She again embraced me; and I found myself alone.

## Voices from the Spirit-World.

### INTERVIEW WITH REV. COTTON MATHER.

The reader must bear in mind that the more advanced spirits use the language of the Society of Friends, or the scripture language. When addressing one person singly, they use the singular pronouns thee, thou, they, etc. But when communicating with one singly, and classing him with the race of man generally, they say ye, or you of the earth, or of the world. I mention the fact that the reader may see the consistency of their language.

*Question.*—Is the Spirit of Cotton Mather present?

*Answer.*—Yea; what would'st thou know of me?

*Q.*—Was there a power exercised in New England, in your time, called witchcraft?

*A.*—There was not—no such power ever existed, as was then supposed.

*Q.*—Did you not believe in such a power at that time?

*A.*—I did, and believed many other gross errors, for which I thought I had scripture evidence; but I was very ignorant of the divine revelation then, and believed and taught false doctrines.

*Q.*—What was the nature of those manifestations that were supposed to be the effects of witchcraft?

*A.*—Many of them were produced by natural causes which might have been discovered with little trouble, but some were produced by inhabitants of the celestial regions, seeking to communicate with men. The Puritans, as they were called, had made more progress than any other people, at that time, who professed the religion of Christ, but even they were bigoted, superstitious and full of prejudice and self-conceit. When some of the inhabitants from the spirit world perceived that the early settlers of New England had shaken off many old errors, they sought to open a free communication with them: but the Puritans were filled with superstitious fear, and believed the manifestations of friendly spirits were the effects of witchcraft or wicked spirits from the prison of the unhappy. They never once imagined that a good spirit would attempt to communicate with mortals. If they had used their faculty of reason, given them by their Creator, they would have understood that friendly spirits earnestly seek to communicate with mortals, and will freely communicate with all who are in a condition to hold such intercourse.

*Q.*—May I understand that there is no such power as witchcraft?

*A.*—Yea; that will be a right understanding. When you of earth ascribe to mortal beings the power called witchcraft, conjuration, foretelling future events, and other marvellous things,

you ascribe to them a supernatural power which no mortal can possess—even the most advanced spirit hath no supernatural power. The Great Divine Mind of the universe is supernatural in power—all other beings have but natural power, each one according to its nature, and none have more, except when granted by him who has power over all. He sometimes grants such power to accomplish some purpose of his divine will, but never to gratify the curiosity of mortals about future events.

*Q.*—Why have not spirits communicated with mortals before the present period?

*A.*—There have been a few instances when communications were made and received—they are much more frequent now, because a great number have reached the necessary condition for spiritual intercourse. Such intercourse will increase as mortals overcome their self-conceit and prejudices, and become willing learners like little children. We, of the spiritual regions, are continually learning more and more of the holiness and harmony of the divine government of our Heavenly Father.

*Q.*—What is the great error of the professed christian church?

*A.*—It is in imagining that the Omniscient Mind revealed a fixed religion for a people destined to continued progress. The Bible, as it is called on earth, plainly inculcates the doctrine that the human family were created for continued and endless progress, and he who halts in fixed opinions, sins against that progressive law that the Divine Mind has ordained for his government. But the primitive revelation, which was adapted to the condition of man at the time it was made, is grossly perverted by all the sectarian churches, causing uncharitableness, envy, discord, and often revenge. The teachers of revealed religion on earth have but a vague idea of the progressive law inculcated in revelation; hence they have sought out disjointed passages with which they have built many strange doctrines making their All-wise Heavenly Father as inconsistent and whimsical as themselves. They cannot comprehend their Heavenly Father as he is; therefore, instead of humbly trying to learn of him, they bring him and revelation down to their own standard of mind, and then proclaim what God hath told us in the scriptures, when it is only their own conceited imaginations that tell it. They proclaim the laws of Sinai, and the atonement that has been made for violating them, while they are ignorant of the law of progress, and continually teach disobedience to it, by inculcating the doctrine that moral and social science must ever remain stationary.

I must now leave thee—ponder and reflect upon what I have told thee. God has given thee reason and judgment—use them freely—let them be unfettered by any doctrines built up with fragments of the primitive revelation, the imperfect work of men; but love and obey the progressive law of thy moral nature and thou shalt rise higher and higher in spiritual wisdom, moral purity and social perfection.—*Philadelphia Sunday Mercury.*

### A Friendly Greeting from the Second Sphere.

The following is the substance of a communication, given, some weeks since, to G. W. W., from his Spirit Friend and associate, George W. Burroughs, who was born into the next higher state of being about seventeen years since. The intelligence was transmitted through the medium of H. C. Gordon, while in the abnormal condition, induced by spiritual influence.

"I always rejoice to meet you here, that I may communicate with you more freely. I am often with you, and you are frequently aware of my presence when in the privacy of your own chamber. I was with you this morning, in your counting room when you thought of me; for I impressed you with my name I have made sounds to you, and touched you when alone; and will do so again, whenever conditions are favorable.

I have seen your efforts and desires after spiritual truth, and have endeavored to aid you. You have made much progress, friend George,—and if you persevere you shall know much, very much more. There are truths in store for you that exceed your brightest dreams. But do not expect to know all at once. Progression—eternal progression—is your destiny. I have

passed the change, and ascended to the higher glories of which I told you. But I cannot now gratify your desire for more particular and explicit information. I find, however, as I mingle in its scenes, no tortures, no agonies, or wo, in the spirit world. but "peace," bliss, and glory, bright and refulgent beyond description—beyond your powers of comprehension, or conception: and it grows more pure and glorious, as the time recedes when I left the body.

"Our friendship was an early one, and is destined to be perpetual. I love you none the less because I better understand you. I do not expect that you can see things as we do. It would not be well if you could. You are yet in the body, and by it you must, for a while, be fettered. But wait a little, and you shall see as you are seen, and know as you are known. I will not bid you good night, because I shall go home with you."

Are people really wilful, and going mad in their blindness, that they cannot see the divine beauty of such communications as this?—communications which, in continually new, and more surprising forms, contribute to unfold the great spiritual idea, with which the world is now rife, and teeming? Let those who can perceive nothing but vanity or deceit in "raps, and taps, and an uproar among chairs and tables,"—who consider that such manifestations "degrade the ascended and ennobled beings, who have put off the fetters of mortality, and entered into a purer and diviner life"—read and hear, the evidences which are continually being given; and if they have either feeling or reason, they must be satisfied of their super-sensuous origin. To me there is a very beautiful idea associated with these much-despised evidences. They are not alone for the refined, and the highly educated, through whom most other changing influences have been wrought; but they can be understood and appreciated, even by the common mind—for this is, emphatically, the GOSPEL OF THE POOR! F. H. G.

### NEW MODE OF SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATION.

The kind friend who sent us the following beautiful instances of spiritual presence and intelligence, would confer a signal favor by furnishing others from the same source, should he be so highly privileged as to obtain them.—Ems.

NEW BRIGHTON, Pa., October 27, 1851.

DEAR EDITORS:—I promised to give you some account of the spiritual manifestations in the family of Judge Whippo, of New Castle, Pa., which have been of the most convincing and interesting character. The Judge is a prominent man, and is distinguished for his superior intelligence, intellectual attainments, and high moral worth. He was educated a physician—though for many years has not pursued that profession. Possessing a large development of "Causality" (to speak after the manner of Phrenology), he has been much given to inquiring into the cause and effect of things, and hence could not see the rationality and philosophy of the abstract and repulsive doctrines of the prevailing theology; and demanded a higher and more ennobling faith, which his investigating and sincere mind, has found—in common with thousands of other thirsting souls—in the radiant light, and the perpetually-unfolding beauties of the Harmonial and Spiritual Philosophy.

The medium through which the responses are made in this case, is his daughter, an intelligent young lady of about seventeen. The communications that have been made, are, in almost every instance, of a high order. Perhaps one principal reason which has been instrumental in producing this agreeable result, is, that the Judge has followed very closely the instructions and injunctions of the spirit of Dr. Forbes, who is highly intelligent and communicative. These injunctions are, that no person shall be invited or permitted to hear the sounds, except the Judge's immediate relatives; and only certain individuals among those.

Last week I spent a night with the Judge, and he gave me a very interesting detail of his experience in these spiritual phenomena, which I trust he will present more fully to the world. He has made some experiments which, I believe are entirely original. He has written several letters on various subjects, en-

closing and sealing them in an envelope, directing them to his spiritual correspondent, and then placing them in the hand of the medium,\* without a single human being on earth knowing any thing as to the contents of the letter. The alphabet is then called for, and very interesting and pertinent replies are spelled out. The following is in answer to a question which one of the letters contained, in regard to the Deity, addressed to Dr. F.:

"There is a God—a Supreme Being. And the great absorbing element of his being is Love. But, if you would be wise, think no more of him as an abstract Deity; but associate him with your daily walks and conversation. Think not he dwells above the skies in the heaven of the theologian, or in the infinity of space. But, if you would serve him—if you would be truly good—govern your passions, forget self, and let the aim of your existence be to happiness your fellow man; for in the practice of this virtue, man finds the greatest felicity which earth can bestow."

On another occasion, the following was communicated, as a reason why the spirit of Judge Whippo's mother had been present to communicate so seldom:

"There is a point in the Spirit-world, to which spirits having attained, are so wrapped up in the perfect and glorious fruition of Heaven, that they care not to communicate with earth, and are very slightly attracted to their friends. But, as they progress, their minds become expanded, and they sometimes communicate their thoughts to men."

Judge Whippo gives it as his impression that a letter thus written and addressed to any congenial and good spirit, would be promptly and reliably answered—especially, if a strong and sincere desire were felt to communicate with such spirit—the fact of *writing* giving more tangibility, or shape, to a *thought*, and the desire attracting the spirit, or conveying to it through some imponderable agency, or by a *spirit-agent*, the thoughts and contents of the letter. There may be true philosophy in this. At any rate, I would suggest that the experiment be made, wherever an opportunity presents; and then we can see what will be the result.

The spirit of Socrates, the Grecian philosopher, one evening communicated the following excellent advice, responsive to an earnest desire which the Judge had been for some time cherishing:

"He who has the principle of love, is kind, considerate, charitable, patient, and long-suffering; for love endureth much and is meek. Now hear my voice and attend unto it. Theorize less, talk less, write less; practice more. Activity is the life of man; inactivity his moral death."

I have said the foregoing was communicated by Socrates. And in the language of Judge W., I would say, "Why should it not be? Is it not entirely worthy of that great man? And what *motive* could any spirit have in giving such advice, under an assumed name, for the purpose of deceiving?"

I confess I have been troubled at times, when I see there is such a want of reliability in many instances, as to the identity of the communicating spirit; and in reading the "Spirit-World" latterly, I have been ready to ask: "Has there been a single spirit communicated, of whose identity we were entirely certain?" Bro. Sunderland seems very doubtful, and makes others doubt. How far this doubt and suspicion should influence us, I cannot tell; but may it not sometimes be the case, that when we are so suspicious of being imposed upon, we render ourselves more liable to be deceived, by attracting undeveloped and suspicious spirits. Perhaps faith, confidence, and simple-heartedness are essential qualities to a truthful communication with the Spirit-world. Still, too much credulity will not do. What are all the proper conditions, I do not know. But, my candle is fading in the socket, and it is near the "noon of night;" so adieu.

Faithfully yours for the world's illumination, M. A. T.

\*The daughter is not a clairvoyant, and is not in the magnetic sleep when these manifestations are made.

## MESSENGER AND GUIDE.

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

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., NOVEMBER 8, 1851.

The following is published during the absence of Mr. Ambler. As it was left among the articles intended for publication, it appears; but I cannot endorse the general sentiments of the article. F. H. G.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER

## ERRORS OF THEOLOGY.

Among the prominent errors taught by the Clergy and their press, is one respecting the form of God's government. They teach the people that God is a King—a Monarch—a Ruler,—and that his government is an absolute monarchy; whereas nature, reason, and experience, teach that God is the great moving Cause, and supreme Intelligence—eternal in duration, infinite in capacity, and unbounded in extent,—that the same system of laws which governs him, governs his works, and being eternally inseparable from nature and her laws—having the living principles which cause nature to germinate, and bring forth forms, he is the *parent* of man, and all finite living forms, but not a King, or the creator of himself, or the infinite system of immutable laws, which govern alike him and his children.—Hence, his government is a Democracy, if he can be said to have any government.

If Christians would have learned by experience, they might, long ere this, have had this point clearly demonstrated; for, in no single instance, have the laws of nature yielded to their earnest prayers or concentrated supplications; and never has their King given an answer to their petitions, except in accordance with natural laws; and the only change their prayers have ever made, for the better, is in restoring themselves, and their converts, to a harmony with nature, and, thus, with God. It is, indeed, told with some degree of seriousness, that, in olden times, God did cause the Sun to stop, or the Earth, until a certain number of souls could be disembodied in a battle—that the Sun was darkened at mid-day—graves were opened, and the dead arose. But these accounts are not so well authenticated as to secure the belief of any but the ignorant. The learned explain them into an imagined harmony with nature's laws, and thus pretend to believe them.

Whatever may be the authority, no amount of faith, or virtue, or prayers, can enable the most devoted worshipper of the Christian's, or the Pagan's God, to drink any deadly poison, or take up serpents, without faring, as the infidel would fare, under similar circumstances. The pagan, the christian, and the infidel, suffer and die, alike submissive to Nature's laws, whether under the car of the Hindoo, or the rack of the inquisition, or by the guillotine. The universal laws of nature are absolute in their control of all material and spiritual forces and formations, throughout the great univocoelum, and are no more controlled by God than by his children; nor are the children governed or controlled by him, except in thought, and by these laws. Hence, God is no King, Governor, or Ruler, any more than man, or the kingdoms below. The vegetable kingdom does not govern the mineral, although a higher development of the living and divine principle; nor does the animal govern the vegetable; nor the human the animal; nor the spiritual the human; nor God the spiritual.

If, then, God has any system of government, it is a Democracy, or one that allows the people to govern themselves, under the same system that governs his being and acting. Mankind may, as they ever have done, and shall do, violate and abuse these immutable laws of nature, for which there is no punishment established as a penalty—but a consequence ever following, as effect follows cause; and they must, therefore, suffer that consequence. Or they may restore themselves to those laws, and act in harmony with them, and be, as God is, happy to the extent of their capacity—for harmony is happiness.

God never interferes to reward or punish the human family, or any nation of the human family, for obeying or disobeying the laws of nature—nor can he do so. Nations rise and flourish, or fall and decay, as they obey, or disobey, in the majority of their institutions, and doings, the laws of nature: and whether they are pagan, christian, mahometan, or infidel—whether they worship, build temples, and pay tithes, or trample all religious rites and ceremonies under foot, their fate is the same. They come; they go. They make their rewards, and their punishments, themselves, in and by their own acts, as the people in a Democracy make their own statutes; and no God, or King, interferes.

Neither a nation, nor the whole race, can cause it to rain, or shine, on a particular day, except through natural laws. So God can neither cause a nation, nor a religious sect, to rise or fall, except through the same unalterable system of laws. As it is with nations, so it is with individuals. Each man has a sort of individual control of himself; but not as a *free agent*; for he is bound, as God is bound, by the same laws, operating in a limited degree. Yet he may get out of harmony, as God cannot, and may burn or freeze, drown or starve, and doing thus, receive no punishment from God, or his nation, or society; but he will *be* where he places himself, either in, or out of harmony or happiness. He may regulate and develop himself, physically and spiritually, in harmony with nature's laws, and progress rapidly in the early part of his eternal life; or he may abberate, retrograde, and perform a zigzag course, during his term of life in this sphere of being, and thus go undeveloped to the next; and yet God *never* pays any regard to his actions; nor have we any reason to believe he ever will, either in this, or any other sphere.

It is not probable, or reasonable, to suppose that any human spirit will ever know any more of the personality of God, or of his direct government, than we can know in this life. Every individual's spirit may work out its destiny, and its place—its condition and happiness in the universe of God, under nature's laws, and unfold and widen in capacity, to all eternity—and yet, never reach, or comprehend, the personality of the Infinite Father of all living forms.

How different is this from the system taught in our pulpits, of a King, in human form, sitting in one locality, on an ivory throne, in a walled city, with gold-paved streets, and surrounded by servants and worshippers, bearing palms of victory, and clothed in robes washed *white in red blood*! What an idea to an expanded intellect! What a place for a comprehensive mind to expand and unfold forever! Nay, this is not the government of God, but the narrow-minded contrivance of sectarianism, established long ago; but now nearly run through its course and well nigh ready to fall, with all its superstructure of logic, based on false premises. Ere long, man will seek heaven and happiness, by living in harmony with nature, and not by soliciting it of a King, by prayers, sacrifices, and fastings.

w. c.

Ceresco, Wisconsin, Oct. 25th, 1851.

## Translation.

In all men there is a thirst for the beautiful, and their souls must drink at this source of life, or they perish. Human organizations differ; some aspire to the ideal by the spirit, others by the heart, others again by the senses. If you would have these organizations perfect, and in beautiful equilibrium, let them conceive the ideal equally by heart, the spirit and the senses. Extinguish none of these faculties—for all men cannot be led to truth by the same means. Give to those who perceive ideal beauty only by the senses, the sacred nudity of the Venus of Milo, as a preservative against sensuality. If you comprehend art, you will know that the beautiful is chaste—for it is divine. The imagination recedes from earth, and mounts heaven-ward, in contemplating the production of a celestial inspiration; for this is the ideal.—*From The Seven Chords of the Lyre.*



## SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

The following is the third in number of a series of papers, comprehending a very interesting collection of facts in his own spiritual experience, which the writer is now publishing in the New York Tribune.

On the evening of the 21st of May last, fifteen or twenty persons met at my house, among whom were four mediums. Of the persons present I am at liberty to give the names only of Judge Edmonds, Dr. and Mrs. Gray, E. Fowler and sister, Mrs. Fox and daughters, Messrs. Gordon and Cooley, Josiah Parttridge and my family.

We were requested by the spirits to play upon the piano, and while one of the gentlemen was playing and the spirits beating the time by raps, Mr. Gordon was put into the mesmeric or trance state, without any intervention on the part of any person present, and said: "And again thou hast approached me, and brought messages from the Spirit-land. Behold the countenance of that shadow (pointing to my brother's portrait), the form that sat for that is here." My brother through him then said to me: "I am often with you to impress you. Seek to attain knowledge and wisdom, and you will be aided by the spirits. I longed to see my dear friends once more before I took my departure, but my time had come. Tell them to rejoice that the earth is not the resting-place of the soul, for the spirit dwells in Heaven above. The change from that state of existence to this was one of great joy. For a long time I could not realize my situation, but at length I saw the beauties and glories of the spheres. I awoke in bliss. Mourn not my departure, for it was a glorious change.....The Spirits' direction to their friends on earth is, that they should dwell harmoniously together. Follow the example of Christ, for it will do you good." The seer observed two little children approach, and called them by name, and then added: "My mission is to educate the children as they join the spheres. Spiritual attractions have been my study, and the minds which are impressible I will try to impress with truth. Fear not to do good in preaching the immortality of the soul, and the visitation of the spirits. Strive to gain the victory over theological theories and superstitions of past ages, which must fall, and priests and demagogues must be laid aside for the pure influx of the Holy Spirit." After a pause in profound silence, he said in a low gentle tone: "Sing, 'Hark! Hark! Angels are whispering, are whispering to me,' &c."

At this stage, Mr. Gordon was impressed to come and sit by me at the table where I was writing down the communications, and took my pencil and wrote: "The blessed spirits the angels are with you; fear no harm."

This appeared to me to be communicated by another spirit, and I asked, "Who says this?" The medium wrote the name, "Miranda." I said, "Miranda, who is she;" to which he replied in writing, "A cousin—have you forgotten me? Believe me, we parted to meet again, cousin Charles." This cousin left the form in Boston about thirteen years since, and, to my shame, I confess that she had passed from my recollection, so much so, at least, that I had never, up to that time, asked to communicate with her, or even asked a question about her, or thought to put her name upon any list I had ever made of deceased friends; neither had I ever spoken her name or thought of her while in communication with spirits; and I am sure that neither Mr. Gordon nor any other persons present, except my brother and my wife, knew her, or that I ever had a cousin by that name. And when her name was given, I did not think it belonged to a relative, until I asked the question, and she said, "Have you forgotten me, cousin Charles?"

While these things were going on, sounds were occasionally produced on the door and sides of the room, apart from any person, as loud as could occur from a violent pounding with a man's fist. The table at which I was writing was several times moved. A chair which stood outside of the circle and several feet from any one, was moved up to us and back again, laid upon its side, &c., &c.

Judge Edmonds had then been engaged two or three months investigating the subject of Spiritual Intercourse. He had been

very skeptical, and had asked for proofs—not only that these things were super-terrestrial, but proofs of the identity of those who professed to speak to him from the Spirit World. He had refused to name what proofs he wanted, because that would be telling them what to do. The spirits, however, had finally promised him proofs that should be entirely satisfactory. And it seemed as if this evening had been selected for the purpose of producing those proofs.

At about this stage of the proceedings, a suggestion was made to darken the room, to enable us to see the lights which are sometimes produced by the spirits. We accordingly did so; and the lights which had been desired, were at different times and in different places seen, sometimes resembling phosphorescent flames, occasionally forming luminous clouds moving about the room; sometimes they appeared like bright, glistening stars, and at other times like sparkling crystals or diamonds, &c. Physical manifestations increased in variety and force, and continued for three hours during the whole of which time the Judge seemed to be in the possession of the spirits. Many things occurred to him (which he mentioned,) that he alone could be conscious of; though we could perceive that something extraordinary was going on within and around him. Many things, however, occurred, which all could witness, and did.

The card table before mentioned began to move with violent force from one side of our circle (which was large) to the other, rocking and raising up and coming down, and finally the leaf was shut up, the cover turned round to its place, the table was gently turned upside down and laid at our feet. In this manner myself and others took hold of it and ascertained its position; and, after a short interval, it was turned up, the leaf opened, and the table placed as before. A chair, which stood outside of our circle and several feet from any one, was suddenly moved up to the circle and back, rocked, and finally, with great rapidity, conveyed from one end of the room to the other, winding its way among the people who sat there without touching them; and yet at times passing with fearful rapidity within an inch or two of our persons.

We were touched on different parts of our persons, simultaneously, as by a human hand, so distinctly that its size and temperature could be felt; and this was repeatedly done to different persons under circumstances in which it was not possible that it was done by any one in the form. Mr. Gordon was required to go into a closet, and the door was shut by some invisible power.

Some of the party, among whom was Judge Edmonds, were requested to go into another closet from that where Gordon was, where there was a guitar, bass viol and violin, all of which were played upon, separately at first, and finally all together, in marked time, which was beat out by raps, sometimes upon the viols, floor, ceiling, &c., the bow often touching the persons there.

Afterward, the bass viol and violin were raised above their heads and out of their reach, (except one end, which sometimes rested on their hand, head or shoulder, often changing,) and in this position they were played and rapped upon as by human fingers, and the time marked as before.

A dinner bell on the shelf was raised up, and rung over their heads, then taken out into the parlor and carried round the room, ringing over the heads of fifteen or twenty persons sitting in the circle there, and then into the adjoining parlor, (where there was no person,) and carried nearly its length and dropped on the floor some fifteen or twenty feet from any human being. Another small bell was taken off the shelf, rung, and placed into and taken out of the hands of several persons successively and taken out again, and their hair brushed with it.

Such things, I repeat, went on for a period of about three hours, and it was asked: "Why are these strange and apparently inconsiderable things done?" it was answered: "That you may know it is super-terrestrial, and not the work of mortal hands."

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

## SUPERSTITION.

[The following communication possesses double interest and value from the fact that the author was not certainly at the time when it was written, a disciple of our philosophy. We tender our cordial thanks for her testimony; and at the same time beg leave to suggest, that any facts or principles, which she may elicit in the course of investigation she is now pursuing, would be always most gratefully accepted for publication.—Eds.]

This word, superstition, is the short answer to every principle which is suggested, and every fact that is presented, in regard to the communications which many believe exist between this and the world of Spirits. Let a man once express his belief that there is a connecting link between this and the Spiritual-world, whose portals, we would fain believe, are sometimes unfolded to the clear eye of Faith, and although such opinions are sustained by the plain and positive declarations of Scripture, he is fortunate if he can explain, or laugh away his heresy, before he is set down as insane, and some rational person is appointed to the guardianship of his person and estate.

In the New Testament it is said that the people of the last days shall dream dreams, and see visions. What are the last days? All persons who pretend to understand the Bible, consider the days of the last Dispensation as the ones spoken of.—Consequently these are the days. "But," say our sapient opposers: "There is no revelation to be made after the New Testament." Very well; dreams and visions are no new revelations. They are methods of communication, if we may believe the whole course of history and human experience, both of the old Testament and the New, which have been made use of from the beginning, to convey extraordinary information, or instruction, to the minds chosen or appointed persons; and doubtless these have been much more numerous than the records bear witness of.

"But," again say our antagonists, "they have ceased altogether." Well; when did they cease? Can any one point out the precise point of time when they were annulled by Divine Authority, and stricken from among the phenomena, which were still permitted to distinguish the annals of Human Life? They grant it would be very difficult to do this; yet flying to another refuge, they demand instances of visions, or other super-sensuous phenomena, which cannot be explained by purely natural laws. We call these natural laws, and they do not; and here the controversy ends—or is suspended, as we believe, until that period arrives when conviction will be forced upon the common mind in all the lucid evidence of noonday light. There is certainly, at the present day, a belief gaining ground among all nations, that the minds of the multitude have been kept in darkness too long, in regard to this intensely interesting subject. Science, itself, is aiding us in this respect, as a very gifted woman, and one of the most excellent authors of our day, not long since remarked—that "Science is restoring what skepticism has robbed us of."

Again we are asked how is it to be known that we are thus favored, when we see, or hear, any thing we cannot account for upon common principles. How are we to know whether we are actually addressed by spirits?—how are we to distinguish sounds proceeding from familiar causes, from those which may be produced otherwise?—how are we to separate dreams which may be induced by a disturbed state of the mind, or body, from those spiritual breathings which inform the soul? We answer that nothing spiritual could be the work of caprice; and it is not to be supposed that God, or his agents, would play such vagaries with us, as we do with one another. The Supreme Being, in all he does, has a motive; and that motive being governed by a fixed law, must, in such cases, always be explained by the event. The sword that was suspended in the heavens warned the persecuted Christians in Jerusalem to flee from the city. The *superstitious* fled, and were saved; but the skeptical Jews rejected the warning probably explaining it according to the principles of *their* philosophy—remained and perished.

C. R. W.

## Notices of the Press.

THE ARREST, TRIAL, AND SIX YEARS' INCARCERATION IN THE PRISONS OF GEORGIA, OF LEWIS W. PAINE, written by himself.

Among all the books which have appeared, on the subject of Slavery, I have never seen any written in a better spirit than this. Though the writer, having suffered most poignantly in his own person, has the best excuse for severity, yet he never seems willing to admit the bias of prejudice, or to allow his feelings to sway his judgment. In all cases he appears anxious to hold fast the scale of Justice, and keep the balance even.

In this he certainly takes the right ground, making Circumstances, rather than Men, the censurable party. It is a truth often lost sight of, that we should not be in too great haste to condemn others, until we know, to a verity, how we should act in the same position. Had we the art of reversing conditions, so that we could see ourselves in that mirror, where the action of another is portrayed, we might spare ourselves much useless, and, even injurious, expenditure of bile, which had far better go to help the digestion of our own food, than be wasted, by casting unnecessary bitterness into the mouth of another.

In spite of the cruel history of the Imprisonment, which is portrayed with such terrible truth and earnestness, we feel as if every line had been written in anguish, drawn from the breast's intensest agony—in spite of all this, Mr. Paine has given us a very readable, and, in fact, agreeable book. The pictures of life which it gives are exceedingly natural, graphic, and apparently truthful, especially those which delineate the slave character and amusements. And, what is better, the Author has shown us that he can endure the bitterness of six long years' imprisonment, for the crime of assisting a fellow-man to regain his manhood, without being unjust to the authors of his suffering.

It seems most probable, that, setting aside all Mr. Paine has dared, done, and suffered, in behalf of our common humanity—and this is certainly not to be forgotten by any consistent lover of freedom—one would be very likely to find a stray quarter of a dollar, that could not go better for any other purpose, whenever this truly original book, on a common, if not a trite subject, is circulating around. Price 25 cts. pamphlet form, 37½ cts. bound in muslin. It is for sale by the Author, who is ready to give equally striking EPISODES OF THE STORY, in the form of LECTURES, whenever, and wherever, he may be called upon for the same.

HYDROPATHIC ENCYCLOPEDIA, by R. T. TEALL, M. D. Fowler and Wells, New York.

The complete work is to consist of eight parts, four of which we have received. Each of them is a handsome pamphlet of 120 pages, 12 mo., copiously illustrated. This work embraces a wide range of subjects, the outlines of Anatomy, Human Physiology, Hygienic Agencies, Dietetics, Theory and Practice of Water Treatment, and others equally important. The material of the Physiological department is drawn from the highest sources, embracing facts and principles elicited by the study and experiments of such men as Dunglison, Peoget, and Liebeg. The liberality of the publishers has enabled the author to obtain a digest of all that has been published either in this country or Europe, on the subject of Hydropathy, while many important principles and circumstances, which have been drawn from an extensive range of private correspondence, have infused their spirit into the work, and shed their light on its pages. To say that the subjects are judiciously chosen, and ably treated, would be saying very little of what is actually true. It is, in fact, a book which no family should be without, whether they believe in the Water-Cure, or not, since it furnishes a cheap, concise, and excellent manual, on other hygienic subjects, embracing more valuable information within a small compass, than can be found in any other work with which I am acquainted.



## Poetry.

## WATER.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

LIFE-BLOOD of the mighty earth !  
 Flowing from creation's birth ;  
 Throbbing, infinite and free,  
 In the heart-beat of the sea ;  
 Pulsing down each river-vein  
 Of the green enamelled plain ;  
 Stealing up from deep repose  
 Through the crimson-bosomed rose ;  
 Glorious thou in all thy forms !  
 Whether whirled in midnight storms,  
 Or by wavelets rocked to rest  
 On the snow-white lily's breast.

On thy pearly curtain fold,  
 Fringed with amaranth and gold,  
 Sunset, as her coursers linger,  
 Writes her tale with rosy finger ;  
 And a blush is on thy mist,  
 As its brow is warmly kiss'd  
 By the opening lips of morning,  
 In the fresh love of its dawning ;  
 Midnight saw its waveless deep  
 Like an ocean stretched in sleep,  
 With the dark green trees and highlands  
 Rising o'er its breast like islands.

Bride of Light ! O, Protean water,  
 Lo ! the rainbow is thy daughter,  
 Clasping thee in radiant arms,  
 Even in thy hour of storms ;  
 And in many glittering hues  
 See the million-orb-ed dews,  
 Sisters of the glorious arch,  
 Dance along thy showery march ;  
 And the grass gives odorsweet,  
 Bathing all their "twinkling feet,"  
 As it bends along their track,  
 Till the light winds call them back.

Every old and gnarl-ed trunk  
 In whose roots thy stream is drunk,  
 Feels along its breast a thrill,  
 Creeping, unperceived and still,  
 As the sun with magic art  
 Melt into its frozen heart ;  
 Till its warm and hueless blood,  
 Crowding into leaf and bud,  
 Clothes in green each giant limb  
 Gorgeous as the hues that swim  
 Round the knights of Fairy-land,  
 By the breath of roses fan'd.

O, thy coming down is sweet,  
 When, oppress'd by summer heat,  
 Bowing, every herb and flower  
 Prays thee for the pleasant shower ;  
 See ! each thirsting plant holds up  
 For thy gift its little cup ;  
 While on every grassy spear,  
 Hangs in light a grateful tear,  
 Orbs of beauty bathed in gold  
 On thy sunlit-way are rolled,  
 Each fair orb a mimic world  
 Through the sky in splendor hurled.

Dripping from the mossy well

Where the cold frog loves to dwell ;  
 Bubbling in thy granite urn  
 Where the day-beams never burn ;  
 Tinkling in the pebbly run,  
 Grass-defended from the sun,  
 Rustling in the little fall,  
 Thou art sweetly musical ;  
 Never bird, or voice divine,  
 Hath a gladder tone than thine,  
 Man hath richer earth-gift never—  
 Ne'er more spurned was gift or giver.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

## ALONE.

BY GILBERT THAYER.

Addressed to a dearly-loved wife, who was born into the Spirit-World  
 some eighteen months ago, aged twenty-two years.

Within my closely-curtained room,  
 I'm sitting all alone to-night,  
 And on the deep external gloom  
 There comes no ray of cheering light.

The breeze has rocked itself to sleep  
 On the blue bosom of the sea,  
 And stillness reigns supremely deep  
 As if the world had ceased to be.

O, if one word was ever spoke  
 By angel lips in mortal ears,  
 I would this silence might be broke  
 With voices from the seraph spheres.

Come thou, my heart's first, only love,  
 Thy chair is vacant by my side,  
 Come from the spirit realms above,  
 Come thou my soul's unchanging bride!

Come when the toils of day are done,  
 And bring forgetfulness of pain,  
 For I have loved thee, dearest one,  
 As I shall never love again.

## Guardian Spirit's Warning.

BY ANNA MARY FREEMAN.

A silvery voice floats on the air—  
 But its music fills me with despair,  
 For it lures thee from Purity,  
 And drowns my low and earnest prayer  
 With its wild and siren melody !

'T is sweet as the song of a summer bird !  
 But that voice hath never an angel heard  
 In a single prayer for thy welfare—  
 Oh never *thus* have its rich tones stirred  
 The starry folds of the midnight air !

Trust not that bright and winning smile—  
 It charms thee only to beguile—  
 Those glances fall alike on all—  
 Do they ever rest on thee the while  
 Love's holy tears from her eyelid's fall ?

Does thy proud soul yield to the fatal charms  
 Of that heaving breast and those snowy arms ?  
 Wilt thou be the first they'll have fondly nursed ?  
 Ah ! a holier glow thy temple warms !  
 Now, now, ere it pales, from thy bondage burst!

Univercalum

## Miscellaneous Department.

## THE YOUNG ARCHITECT.

BY FANNY GREEN.

## CHAPTER III.

"Ay; thereby hangs a tale," he answered; "and in default of your confession, I must even become what few preachers are, a practical exponent of my own doctrines. The fact is, Ned, the balloon has found a rival—and really burst up. My life-insurance policy has taken a sudden rise in value of at least a hundred per cent; or else, instead of this bona fide, and real embodiment of Tom Howard, that you now actually see, you might have met me some night before long, draped in the most sentimental moonshine for such cases made and provided; or, in default of that, have received an epistle like those of Mrs. Rowe, from the dead to the living; for of course I should have taken advantage of all the availabilities of this age of spiritual appearance and discourse.

"But judge whether I am likely to suffer by the arrangement;" he continued, drawing a miniature portrait from his bosom, which having kissed most devoutly, he reached over to me, murmuring at the same time, with an air that seemed to show he was trying his best to make a joke of that also, "it was to be!"

The picture represented a singularly lovely face; and he read my involuntary admiration with a pleased look, as he added; "Tis a long lane that never turns, as most truly saith the proverb; and, sure enough, I plunged head and heart against an angle I never dreamed of being in the way—Heaven forefend it may be a *right* one! In short, there was a little divinity in just about this form, only a thousand fold more lovely. 'As a matter of course,' you seem wishing to say; and as I have a greater gift of the gab, I'll say it for you!—Well, so it may be. I was brought to, at any rate—even under full sail. I hinted something of my long talked of ascension; but Mary,\* for she, too, rejoices in that exquisite little tear-drop of a name, dropped a tear, and dissolved the whole concern."

He paused but a moment, and then went on again. "These dangerous flights may do well enough for an old bachelor, or such like odd pieces of unmatched or unmatchable humanity; for even in the event of death, he would win a blessing he never had in life, that of his heirs. But for a married man—one thus invested—" here his voice took a deeper tone, and his countenance a more solemn expression—"I repeat, one thus invested with all the tremendous responsibilities of domestic relations and through these with a higher value both in a social and political point of view, should be more careful of himself, not only for the sake of the dear ones at home, but for the honor and safety of the State. It should be the first business of every Legislature to enact laws—ay, positive and stringent laws, my dear Ned, against any wanton exposure of life by married men, in whose safety not only private, but the public weal is so closely bound up. When I get into the Senate—I shall be there presently—for you must know I am already so completely conscious of the new value which belongs to myself, that I have permitted my name to be used as a candidate for Representative to the General Assembly of the State. When I am in the Senate, as I was going to say, I shall make a bold push to do something of the kind."

I could not but smile at this rattle, which was so natural and characteristic; but grasping his hand warmly, I wished him joy of his happy prospects.

"And here," he resumed, after drawing in a long breath, as if for the explosion of another verbal volley; "See the beautiful cage I am preparing for my bonny bird." As he was speaking he took from his wallet, and unfolded a paper.

"I fancy this cottage will please you," he continued. Look at the design, and tell me if it is not exquisite."

I snatched the paper from his hand, exclaiming, "In the name of mercy tell me, where did you get this?" The drawing

was almost a fac-simile of the cottage model I had seen in the hands of my brother so many years before. I knew it by a single glance, for every feature in its remarkable peculiarities of style was indelibly stamped on my memory.

"Why, what new crotchet has possessed you?" replied my friend, "you are the greatest enigma in life! Good heavens! you are pale as marble! What can there be in that bit of paper, which thus affects you?"

"Tell—only tell me where you got that design, and who is the author of it!" I gasped out.

"I wish I could show the young artist himself, to you," returned Howard. "And so I will, if you will just come to Philadelphia—which you will do—for, of course you will be present—"

"Who is he?" I interrupted; "say instantly, if you really do not take pleasure in racking me!"

"Most surely I will," he answered very moderately, and at the same time surveying me with a puzzled look. "But have I written you anything about him? He has made quite a sensation lately—called a new star just risen on the world of Art—and all that sort of thing."

I was perfectly maddened by this suspension, and clenching him by the throat, I held him till he almost grew black in the face, crying out at the same time, "stop your infernal chattering, and tell me, or I'll put a final stop to your prating!"

"The feeling which had prompted this was instantaneous; and regret for my violence came over me as suddenly. I released him, and we mutually staggered back."

"Hands off!" he exclaimed, with a voice and look curiously compounded of mirth and anger. Keep your distance, sir, if you please, and I obey with all possible expedition, first premising that that grip you gave me was better than a dozen lectures, on the effects of hard labor in developing the muscular system. It was like the grasp of a vise."

"I beg your pardon," I said, really ashamed of my violence. "I pray you forgive me, my dear Thomas. But indeed I can not bear this!"

I felt the blood rushing to my head. Everything seemed whirling around me. He did not perceive my actual condition, but again went rattling on—

"Certainly, Ned! certainly. No offence at all. You seem to have an interest in this young artist. He has, I believe, lately emerged from obscurity—made a great stir in the quiet and sober city of Brotherly Love. By the way he has your name, too—queer, isn't it?—with Angelo or some such romantic prefix strung on to it. Curious, on my word! Who knows but he may be a relation of yours? Who knows—" he added, breaking off suddenly and looking me earnestly in the face, as if he, too, had an intuitive perception of the truth; for the conviction which had blazed through my mind, had seemed to reach and kindle his with the same idea.

I heard no more; but seizing hat and cloak, I rushed from the shop, scarce waiting to put either on. I threw myself into the first carriage I came across, calling out to the coachman; "to the foot of Courtlandt Street! To the Jersey City ferry, for your life!"

Just at that moment, though hardly in time to arrest the carriage, Howard came up; and plunging headlong into the coach that hardly stopped for him, and this only by my express orders, he kept muttering to himself—because to speak, in some way, is one of the highest laws of his nature, as he good naturedly will own, should this paragraph ever meet his eye.

"Better give an order to pull up at the Lunatic Asylum!" he said, rolling on to the front seat. "I'll undertake to furnish a ticket of admission gratis. Why if ever I *did* have any doubt concerning that mental flaw, hear me, all ye deities of common sense and reason! I recant my error! I doubt no longer! I here solemnly abjure my infidelity!"

"Where are you going?" he added, fetching a strong inspiration, in order, by a deep draught of air, to make all proper atonement to his lungs, for the free breathing out of which they had just then been cheated.

"To Philadelphia," I replied. "To my brother;" for I had

\*Mary is derived from the Hebrew, and signifies a *falling* tear.

now reached that point of desperation which knew nothing of fear.

"And this is truly a fine reception you have given me, after a twelve months' absence!" he responded, with something of real pique, unconsciously perhaps, casting a shadow on his accustomed good humor. "And this, after all the pains I have taken to see you—and all the fine sentiments I have been studying this week—more or less—to drink to you—in a cup of real Mocha served *a la Français*; for I suppose your temperance ship will admit of no stronger beverage, among the ways and means of conviviality! Do you know that I was to give a supper in honor of my approaching nuptials, to you and about a dozen other choice spirits?—that the guests are all invited, and the same was to come off to-morrow night? On my word, I must send back a note of explanation, or I shall be advertised in all the papers—to wit, 'Disappeared suddenly, a young man—' mark that word, *young*—it would 'nt have gone one month ago; but now it is the only currency for the age of your humble servant—' Item, agreeable and gentlemanly manners—fine form—dark hair—' *entre nous* the gray ones all retinged by Davis's wonderful preparation for renovating antique tresses—charmed back into their original nut-brown. I patronize Davis, you know; and if I were there, instead of among the missing, I might give them a hint to say a word of his 'HYPERION,' into the bargain; for with some magic, peculiar to itself, it converts horsehair into silk. I should have his number put in, by all means—' 58 1-2 Ludlow street, New York'—you will have the kindness to mention it to your friends. Though, on the whole, it might be well to keep all this *sub rosa*, at the present time, at least as far as I am concerned."

All this time he had been writing with a pencil, on a fragment of paper torn from an old letter, notwithstanding the motion of the almost flying carriage, nearly kept pace with that of his own tongue.

"There," he added, as he superscribed it; "if our friend Rivers may be psychologically, or otherwise, put into communication with these pot-books and hangers, my good hostess will be saved no inconsiderable anxiety, besides the expense of advertising."

By this time the carriage drew up; but to our dismay the boat had just left. While waiting for another my friend found time to add a few more legible words to his scroll, and to charge the driver with the very important commission of its safe and prompt delivery.

It seemed as if the Spirit of Steam had really grown tortoise-footed; but in due time—neither later nor earlier for all my impatience—a boat arrived—was unladen and reladen, and we pushed off, landing on the opposite shore, just, and only in season, to make our passage in the departing train a possibility.

"Now spring, for dear life!" I cried, as I took a rather desperate leap on to the platform, and at the same instant Howard came beside me. Then our "Fire Steed" was snorting away, almost in full career.

"You are a fine fellow for a race;" pursued Howard, as if he had but just that moment broken off his discourse; and you would, beyond a doubt, figure well in an elopement. One might as well chase a runaway comet! If there was the least obstacle between me and that coming event, I should certainly engage you! And you sneer at balloon flights! Believe me, dear Ned, there is no kind of gas so intoxicating as moonshine!"

So he railed on, with the benevolent intention of softening my disappointment, if there should be one. But it was all in vain. I would not listen to a single doubt; and yet, occasionally, when Reason was permitted to bear testimony, a misgiving would shoot through me, with a pang that seemed like the rending of soul and body. I saw, and knew, that all the coincidences on which I had founded my hope, might possibly lead me astray; and yet I had a fixed faith which could not, because it would not, be shaken. I made my friend describe the young Designer, over and over again. His age, his whole appearance—nothing was forgotten or omitted. In the course of the cross questionings Howard admitted that he had, at times, detected a resemblance of the eyes to those of my brother; for he had been present on

the memorable morning of my loss, and had particularly noticed the boy. I also drew from him, that he imagined he had perceived a resemblance to myself; but he would on no account permit me to cherish any thing like a hope of my wishes being fulfilled.

"I beg of you," he said, with a look of real concern, "I beg of you to realize the absurdity of thus chasing a Will o' the wisp, and expecting to find it all honest-eyed sunshine. Remember that a hundred—nay, a thousand chances are against you. Keep in mind that brain fever from which you once suffered so long; and labor to subdue your excitement."

"Yes, yes!" I interrupted impatiently; "I do remember what they told me afterward, that I declared constantly, that the time would come when I should find him! I believe that time has now arrived. I am determined to believe so, to the last moment—all your arguments to the contrary, notwithstanding. I cast my hope on this single die; and if it fails—"

"If it fails," he interrupted, his humor breaking out again, in spite of his earnestness, "that is, if you turn up deuce-ace, as you have often done before, I fear, instead of gathering wisdom from experience, you will keep on throwing to the last. Ah, my dear fellow! I doubt if you ever throw high doublets in this game! But I have faithfully borne my testimony, and if evil comes of it, your blood be on your own head;" he added, half rebukingly, but with such a depth of real kindness in his voice and manner, that, since that moment, I have loved him all the better for it.

Soon after this we relapsed into silence—a phenomenon that has seldom, either before or since, been observed in Howard.—But what a horrible mental warfare I endured in those long hours of intense anxiety! If I were going to rack a criminal, I would place his life-hope in a balance which a breath might stir, and compel him to watch it for hours, without turning his eyes away from the vibrating scale!

We arrived in Philadelphia in due time—and even a whole minute within that compass, as I was repeatedly assured by all the watches round me, whose several owners, being benevolently inclined to soothe my undisguisable irritation, took great pains to show me the fact, for they saw—ingrate that I was—my determination to cast the gross slander of inaccuracy on mine own good chronometer, which had so long served me faithfully, being sensible, even to fractions of minutes, and deviating as little as chronometer ever did, from the true time.

We arrived in Philadelphia, and with the first step I took in that right-angled and stably founded city, it seemed as if a reaction of the flying cars had possessed my brain. Every thing, wharves, warehouses, private dwellings, and churches, appeared whirling around me, as if engaged in a universal waltz, which made me dizzy but to look upon—a most unseemly and incredible fact, that they should so suddenly have lost their quaker habitudes. The bare linden trees, as they shot by, tossed up their naked arms, with a kind of half drunken gesture, as if soliciting me for a partner; while many of the spires had got so far out of the perpendicular, they each appeared making a low bow, as if seating theirs. And I, too, was going—whirling in the general whirl! A sickening sensation overcame me; and I nearly fell. Truly fortunate it was that my friend, with his cool and steady brain, and his kind heart—for he has both a cool head and a warm heart, spite of his rattle—had accompanied me. He began to perceive the intensity of my feelings, and forebore to annoy me with his remarks—an instance of delicacy for which I can never be too grateful. Gracious Heaven! was it strange that my brain was whirling—nay, absolutely fusing with concentrated passion? Was not the single hope I had cherished for ten long years, to be tested within that very hour; and might it not, now, be quenched forever? I could not disguise from myself the possibility of such an event; and the thought almost distracted me.

But I saw the necessity of rallying, and I resolved, at least, to meet my fate with the courage of a man. Every nerve was consolidated; every muscle was braced to its utmost tension.—Suddenly I became unnaturally calm and dispassionate; and as our carriage rolled through the streets, I even succeeded in



bringing out a few common-places about the city, its situation, origin, and capabilities.

The carriage drew up, and we alighted. It seemed, then, as if the whole scene, with the very next breath, would dissolve into the volatile elements of a dream, and I should find myself beside my own plough, back in the old shop, in New York. But Howard pointed to a modest little tablet, and there was a name, in fair and legible characters: "Angelo Bennett, Architect."

It had been agreed between me and my friend, that he should go into the studio first and see if he were there, and especially if he were alone, for I felt that what was impending must not be witnessed by strangers.

"Keep cool," said Howard, as he sprang up the stairs. But I only waved my hand for him to make haste.

I could not tell how long the time seemed, but probably it was not more than five minutes ere I heard the voice of Howard at the head of the stairs, saying, "Not now, my dear Bennett—must positively run off. Back again presently. Left a friend below. Bring him up, and introduce him! A right good fellow, and mad to see you!"

By this time I was up the stairs. How I traversed them I never knew; but I stood on the landing, opposite the door of his studio. Probably attracted by the sound of rapid steps, he came out. O, God! what were all those long years of doubt, anxiety, suffering, in that blessed moment! Did I not behold in the majestic form before me, the noble bearing and manly features of my father—the beauty and grace of my mother, waking the dead associations of long ago, as if their combined image stood, present by miracle, before me? All the intense energy of hope, feeling, thought, life, rushed into one single impulse of gratitude and love. I staggered forward, and clasped him to my heart.

How he was made to comprehend the truth. I cannot tell, but with my next consciousness we were in a shaded room, alone together. He was kneeling beside the sofa where I lay, clasping my throbbing hands in his. When I opened my eyes, he buried his face in my bosom, and as we wept together, he repeatedly called me by that dear name I had so yearned for, sobbing in his joy that most precious word, BROTHER!

His struggles and sufferings for the first five years after our separation, would fill a larger volume than I should care to write. In the sixth year he met with an artist who, attracted by the beauty of some of his designs, had given him every advantage of study, and he had spent most of the time since that among the classic scenes of Europe, in company with his benefactor, having but lately arrived in Philadelphia. But I had found in him all I hoped, and O, how far more than I had ever dared to imagine! And we shall never be separated—never more, while we both live—never more, in all that glorious eternity of love, and progress, that lies before us; for we are bound together by that truly fraternal tie, which is enduring as the soul itself!

### Evil Companions.

The following beautiful allegory is translated from the German:

Sophrionus, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown-up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

"Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda—"dear father, you must think us very childish, if you imagine that we should be exposed to danger by it."

The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn you my child; take it."

Eulalia did so, and behold her beautiful white hand was soiled and blackened, and, as it chanced, her white dress also. "We cannot be too careful in handling coals," said Eulalia, in vexation.

"Yes, truly," said the father; "you see, my child, that coals even, if they do not burn, blacken; so it is with the company of the vicious."

### The Pure in Heart.

The springs of everlasting life are within. There are clear streams gushing up from the depths of the soul, and flowing out to enliven the sphere of outward existence. But like the waters of Siloah, they "go softly." You must listen to catch the silver tones of the little rill as it glides from its mountain home; you may not witness its silent march through the green vale, but its course will be seen in the fresh verdure and the opening flower; its presence will be known by the forms of life and beauty which gather around it. It is ever thus with the pure. You may not always hear the "still small voice," or heed the silent aspiration; but there is a moral influence and a holy power which you will feel. The wilderness is made to smile, flowers of new life and beauty spring up and flourish, while an invisible presence breathes immortal fragrance through the spiritual atmosphere.

Every human being is intended to have a character of his own, to be what no other is, to do what no other can do.

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

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