

# THE SPIRIT MESSENGER

## 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.

#### FIRST PRINCIPLES OF PHYSIOLOGY.

BY FRANCIS H. GREEN.

##### CHAPTER II.

As the earliest manifestation of life is exhibited in motion, so its continuance must depend on a certain series of actions and reactions which, through all their variety are ever tending toward definite ends. Constant mutation is the fundamental law, of living matter. It is obvious that the vital as well as the mechanical functions, require certain *instruments* for the execution of their various objects, and that these must be of appropriate mechanical structure: hence, life precludes organism.

It has been said that animals are not endowed with the power of converting inorganic substances into food, and that vegetables which either directly or indirectly constitute the great bulk of animal nutriment, furnish the medium of preparation, by assimilating inorganic matter to their own substance, and thus adapting it to the nourishment of higher forms. The same writer also has told us that living bodies have a common structure, or that their tissues are fundamentally the same. As Vegetable Physiology will be treated at sufficient length in that series, this allusion will be found sufficient for my present purpose; and I pass to the philosophy of the animal structure.

However simple the living organism may appear, it is really complex and artificial, to a wonderful and almost incredible degree. If we take for example, the central part, or crystalline lens, from the eye of a fish, which appears nothing more than a little white transparent globe, of uniform composition and structure, we may, by the aid of a powerful microscope, discover a most elaborate and wonderful conformation. Brewster found that this minute body is composed of upwards of five millions of minute fibers, which interlock each other, by means of more than sixty-two thousand five hundred millions of teeth! And if this comparatively gross part requires so exquisite elaboration, what must be the finer textures of the eye—what the refinement of workmanship of the nerves and brain, whose more subtle and delicate functions regulate the phenomena of sensation, perception and intelligence? In view of these and like wonders, the exclamation is involuntary; "Who knoweth not, in all these, that the hand of the Lord hath done this?"

As the functions of vegetable life are limited to nutrition, growth, and reproduction, the organs adapted to them would be quite inadequate to the exercise of the more complex action, and the higher energies of animal life; but still we shall find a striking analogy running through the two great classes of living forms, which at a more advanced stage of progress we shall have occasion to notice. Here it is sufficient to say, that as vegetables derive their nourishment wholly from fluids, so every animal texture seems to have been formed of matter prepared for the purpose, by passing into a fluid state, when its particles are again concentered, by a process which has been termed *animal crystallization*.

Many of the lowest order of animals, in fact, never far transcend the fluid state. The whole order of the *Acalepha*, of which the *Medusa* is the type, are floating masses of soft transparent jelly; yet on closer examination, they will be found to consist of a kind of spongy texture, formed of fibers so small that they can with difficulty be detected.

As in plants so in animals, we find the element composing the largest part of their substance, is that which has been called the cellular texture; yet this texture is essentially different in the animal fabric, both in its structure and mechanical properties. It is not here, as in plants, composed of a mass of vesicles, but formed of a congeries of extremely thin plates, connected together by fibers, and by other plates, which cross them in various directions, leaving cavities or cells between them.

The cellular texture is not only the essential element out of which all the parts of the animal fabric are constructed, but in its simplest form, it serves as a connecting medium between circumjacent organs, and also between different parts of the same organ. Wherever this substance is required, it is always modified by the circumstances of its position, so as to ensure a completion of the required end. That which connects the muscles, or surrounds the joints, and such parts as require freedom for the exercise of their motive powers is of a looser texture, being formed of broad extensible plates having few lateral adhesions, while in the more quiescent organs the plates are small and thin, with short and slender fibers, and a composition far more dense. Thus we see that the cellular texture has flexibility and extensibility. It is also highly elastic, for it not only resists the displacement of parts, but if any are displaced it assists in restoring them to their true position.

As the cellular integument in its simplest form admits of the ready transmission of fluids, and it is sometimes necessary to interpose a barrier to their passage, *MEMBRANES* are provided. These are composed of the same substance, of a closer texture, spreading out into continuous sheets, in which the plates cohere so closely as to obliterate the interstices or cells, and thus become impervious to fluids. Membranes are equally flexible and elastic with their original substance; and besides, their greater condensation gives them a far higher degree of strength and firmness, qualities which their important functions especially require.

Membranes are employed to line all the large interior cavities of the body. They also connect distant organs, and determine the direction and extent of their relative motions. Their inner surface is smooth and polished, so that the organs contained in the cavity may move without difficulty. To facilitate this a thin fluid, called *SERUM*, is provided, which lubricates the surface, and prevents injury from friction. Hence the linings of these cavities are termed *SEROUS MEMBRANES*. Friction is also removed, and motion facilitated, by a similar but more highly lubricative fluid, termed *synovia*, which is poured out between the membranous lining of the small cavities that occur in the neighborhood of joints.

As membranes are impervious to fluids, they are extensively employed as means of retaining them. These first appear in the form of sacs or bags, of which the stomach and gall-bladder are familiar examples. Again we find a wonderful and ingenious hydraulic apparatus, in the membranous tubes which traverse the bodies of the higher animals for the purpose of conducting their various fluids. When these are subdivided in branches, or united in trunks, they are called *Vessels*.

These fluids are never stagnant, but are generally carried forward in one direction. To prevent the retrogradation, which may occur by a derangement of the system, we find a most ingenious and wonderful provision in the *VALVE*. The inner membrane of the vessel is extended into a fold of a crescent form, adhering by its convex edge to the side of the tube, while its other edge floats loosely in the cavity. Should the fluid at any

time be impelled in a direction contrary to its proper course, it raises the loose edge of the valve, and this being pressed to the upper side of the vessel, closes the passage. Thus, the required end is obtained; while under ordinary circumstances, the valve itself offers no obstacle to the transmission of the fluid. Frequently two, and sometimes three valves occur in the same part, their edges being made to meet in the middle of the passage, like the lock-gates of a canal. Perhaps there is not in the whole animal economy a more interesting or beautiful fact than this!

If we trace the series of animal structures in the order of their increasing density, we shall find that a larger proportion of albumen enters into their composition, with less of gelatin and mucilage. In the *FIBROUS TEXTURE* there is a much larger proportion of albumen than in membranes, of which gelatin is the basis. The substance of fibrous tissue is of an opaque, glistening, white color. Fibers have neither extensibility nor elasticity, but they have the flexibility of the membranes, and they greatly exceed them in strength. Hence they form suitable tunics for the investment of such organs as have no variation of size. Sheets of fibers are frequently employed as bandages to brace the muscles, or retain them in their relative positions. The joints are surrounded by similar bandages known as *CAPSULAR LIGAMENTS*.

When the fibers are bound into bundles they are called *TENDONS* and *LIGAMENTS*. The strength of these ligaments is almost incredible, as they will yield, in no sensible degree, to a force operating to extend them, until the whole texture is completely dissevered. Nor is their beautiful and complex structure less a subject of wonder. This can only be seen after long maceration in water. Then we find that the fibers are not only disposed as in a rope in parallel bundles, but they are found to be wrought together by other fibers running in oblique directions, and interlaced with a subtle delicacy which no art can imitate.

The mechanical properties of ligaments, and all these fibrous structures, finely adapt them to purposes of a connection between parts where restraint of motion is required. But sometimes a ligament is called for which shall unite compactness and strength, with a considerable degree of elastic power. For this purpose we find a fabric of twisted fibers, whose structure is favorable to elasticity. Such are the *ELASTIC LIGAMENTS* of animals, which are employed for the support of those heavy parts which are liable to suspension. A strong ligament of this kind passes along the back and neck of quadrupeds, which is fixed to the head, and serves to support its weight when the animal stoops to graze or drink. This ligament is very strong in the camel, whose great length of neck requires extra support. Many birds have strong elastic ligaments connecting the vertebrae of the back with those of the neck. The wings of the bat are also furnished with them, and they are found in the substance which connects bivalve shells, as the oyster and muscle, in the claws of the lion and other animals of the cat family; and they very extensively occur in the fabric of insects.

Next in the order of density we find *CARTILAGE*. This is the substance popularly known as gristle; and its properties are firmness, with a considerable degree of elasticity. It is composed almost entirely of albumen, with a small proportion of calcareous matter, and is of a finer and more uniform material than any of the preceding textures. Its office is to support softer or more flexible parts. It contains no fibers; and, on being cut, presents an appearance of a dense, homogenous substance of a pearly hue and luster.

In all the inferior classes of animals cartilage supplies the place of bone. The whole skeleton of a very extensive tribe of fishes, where we find the shark and the sturgeon is composed of it. The first form of the bone in young quadrupeds is that of cartilage; and many parts of the adult animal, as the nostrils, eyelids, and the external ears, are wholly composed of it. In all these cases, where a determined shape and firmness are required, cartilage is peculiarly adapted to the want, whereas bone would be three times heavier, void of elasticity, and liable to fracture. In the structure of cartilage, the utmost degree of density which could be elaborated from the usual animal con-

stituents, seems to be attained. But a frame-work is wanted in many cases, uniting still greater hardness with perfect rigidity. This we find in the *OSSEOUS STRUCTURE*, or *bone*. Here other materials are required, and the want is supplied by salts of lime. Sometimes the carbonate, and at other times the phosphate of lime is employed; and again both of these are combined in different proportions, in the formation of different osseous structures. When the carbonate is the principal, or sole earthy ingredient, a *SHELL* will be formed, as in the oyster; but when there is a greater proportion of the phosphate, a *CRUST* is the result, as in the lobster: and when the earthy matter consists almost entirely of the phosphate of lime, the product is *none*.

The protection of the whole form from external injury is secured by the *INTEGUMENTS*, which include the skin, and all parts immediately connected with it. The skin generally consists of three parts, which by some authors are considered as distinct membranes. Of these the *CORIUM*, or true skin, is the most important, as it also composes the chief bulk. It is formed of very tough fibers, closely matted together, and pervaded by an immense number of blood vessels. It has great elasticity and flexibility, qualities by which it accommodates itself to the changes of outline that occur in most forms. It is connected with the muscles beneath, and other parts, by a large supply of cellular texture, which, according to an inherent quality of itself, sometimes binds it closely, and at others permits a free and extended motion. The latter property is remarkable in the racoon, an animal whose skin hangs loosely on the limbs, like an over-large garment; and in the frog the skin is attached only by a few points. A thin layer of muscular fiber is often found immediately under the skin, which adapts it to motion over the subjacent parts. In all animals that roll themselves into a ball, as the hedgehog, these muscles are very conspicuous.

Next above the corium there is often found a soft animal substance, called the *rete mucosum*, composed of a net-work of extremely delicate fibers, and containing the matter which imparts color to the skin. The external envelope is called the cuticle, epidermis, or scarf-skin. This is a thin membranous expansion of albumen, of apparently homogenous texture and composition. The cuticle is thin and delicate on the face; but wherever there is to be much friction it is thickened, as in the palm of the hands, and soles of the feet. As it is not nourished by vessels, it frequently wears away, when it is speedily repaired by a new growth elaborated by the surface in its immediate contact. Sometimes this rejection of the old cuticle occurs periodically, a conspicuous instance of which is to be found in the molting of serpents. In order to defend the cuticle from injury, a kind of oily fluid is prepared in cavities contained in itself, furnished with minute ducts opening to the surface. These cavities are distributed over the whole surface of the body, but are most numerous where folds occur, and consequently there is much friction. In fishes, and other aquatic animals, the skin is protected from the action of the water, by a glutinous secretion, which is poured out in great abundance from ducts which are visible to the naked eye.

The skin has also various appendages, which are elaborated from its own substance, and which either furnish clothing, weapons of defence, or instruments of progressive motion.—Such are all the varieties of hair, as fur, quills, feathers, spines, bristles, and common hair. All these substances resemble the cuticle in composition, only differing in their degrees of hardness. Horn also, in all its varieties of nails, claws, hoofs and scales, is formed from the skin. The integuments of insects, are formed of a peculiar chemical substance, termed *entomoline*.

### Forms of Mountains.

Mountains sometimes shoot up into points like needles, and again they take the shape of enormous crystals. Sometimes they have sharp angles, with immense and projecting cliffs; then they rise into abrupt steep, with yawning chasms between, laying open, as it were, the bowels of the earth. Another vari-

ety is the circular form, which greatly predominates among the mountains of New England. Such mountains have an aspect of peace and beauty, which, to most persons would more than atone for the want of grandeur and sublimity.

### SKETCHES OF INTERIOR VISION.

BY FANNY GREEN.

#### ENVY.

The summit of my desires was reached; my warmest hopes, my brightest dreams, were more than realized. I drank the Waters of Life daily, yet with still deepening thirst. The intense desire of knowledge was living within me—a fire that burned without consuming—and burned forever. I plunged into the hidden stories of the Past, and read the living mysteries of the Present. Spirit had become to me a tangible reality; and I went down into the laboratories of Matter, and perceived the laws of its various combinations, of its beginning, and its preservation. The imagination penetrated where Reason turned back aghast; and I met with no obstacles, but such pleasing ones as give pleasure to the pursuit, and triumph in the acquisition.

I was standing in a high place. There were pleasant sounds in the air, for it was musical with voices that only spoke to praise me. Wrought by the hand of genius, my features came out living from the canvas, my form expanded in the almost breathing marble, and by the Gifted and the Free my name was incorporated with song. Tones like the voice of trumpets, both sweet and loud, came from far places of the earth; and they bore that name in music that woke every where responding echoes. I received rays of joy direct from the full fountain of life and glory. I was penetrated with a thrilling, a perfect appreciation of the True, the Beautiful, the Lofly, the Divine. The soul seemed to expand with these influences, until grasping the whole range of conscious being, it embraced the Infinite.

From this sweet sense of harmony I was startled by a discordant sound, and looking down a precipice, which I had not till then perceived was yawning at my feet, I saw the most hideous object ever beheld. An old hag, uglier than all previous conception of ugliness, was sitting on a fragment of a black and uprooted tree, which had grown in a cleft of the rock, but had been thrust outward by the action of some internal fires and now partly rested on a jutting crag, partly hung over the dizzying point, with a look of frightful insecurity. She was sitting perhaps fifty perpendicular feet below me; and as I looked down the awful chasm, I was seized with a dreadful giddiness; and yet I could not resist the horrible attraction that bent me forward.

Every fiber of her long and grizzled hair, seemed invested with an individual life—life in its most loathsome aspect. The strongest and most venomous of these fibrous monsters were continually coiling and knotting themselves together, occasionally thrusting forth their forked tongues, and biting each other.

Her face had the malice of a fiend, the deep furrows cutting and crossing each other, as if streams of liquid fire, generated by corroding passions, had exuded from her deadly bosom, and crept along the surface, until the streams met, and counteracted each other.

Nestled in the wrinkles, which made a focus on her low, projecting brow, sat an enormous toad; swelling and spitting forth its venom on everything that was fairer than itself; and its eyes gleamed with a deep, unearthly luster, as if their small sparks had been fused and ignited by their own malignity. They were like in expression to those below them, but far less terrible, the last being very small, and in color nearly blood red. As they turned, quick and restless they emitted liquid fire, flashing with a blue flame like burning sulphur, and the little snakes that hung above them, were striving with each other for the best places to bask in that scorching light.

When the hag saw me she laughed; and at the sound of her voice the snakes lifted up their heads from their tangled meshes, and hissed in accompaniment. They spat forth venom as they

did so, and many fair things where it fell turned livid, and then black, and quite perished.

The hag stretched out her skinny hand, and beckoned to me. Every finger was a serpent; and they all thrust forth their barbed tongues, and hissed at me. Looking over the crag I perceived that this horrible creature was rising in the air, as if she scaled the rock by mere volition. By a horrible fascination my eyes were fixed on hers, until at length I saw nothing but two small red sparks—and then only one.

Upward she came—up—up—nearer and nearer—undeviating from the right line between me and her, as if I had attracted her by some magnetic principle. I strove to turn my eyes; but they were fastened as by a cylinder of iron! I tried to move my feet; but they were chained to the rock! There I stood paralyzed, but conscious—perfectly alive to the horrors of my situation, and yet unable to change it—as if my whole consciousness had been resolved into one single, all pervading nerve, and that were lying, naked and quivering, under the adversary's knife. There I stood, until that horrible form, with those fearful eyes, and the hideous snakes, and the black spitting toad, stood before me, face to face.

I felt the cold slime upon my hands and cheeks—that venomous slime that infected everything it fell on, as if with leprosy. I heard only the hisses, and the voice of the foul hag uttering curses still more malignant. My eyes were glued to hers.—The blue flame expanded, and covered her whole person. All those horrible lineaments, and the toad, and the serpents, all burnt blue—their eyes shining still more fiendishly through the purple flames. The horror of that moment would wither flesh to ashes. Only pure disembodied spirit could have sustained it.

Just as she was about to grasp me, and all those hissing tongues and fiery eyes, seemed gloating on their defenseless prey, a principle of renovation was roused within me. I was no longer in a simple negative condition, but the positive forces which had, till then, been lying dormant, were called into action. I felt my eyes suddenly irradiated with a consciousness of this power, and no longer seeking to avoid hers, I fixed my own firmly upon them and the spell was broken. Feet, and limbs, and Will became, in one moment strong and free. With a deprecating, but at the same time determined gesture, I stepped aside from the charm-ed circle. Again fixing my gaze on the being before me, I addressed her in tones which seemed at once to disarm her of her malignity—or at least of her ability to injure.

"I know thee, Envy! for no other could be what I behold in thee! But hideous and revolting as thou art, I can only pity thee—for dost thou not nurse serpents to sting thyself?—and is there not a scorpion in thy bosom, whose venom continually maddens thee? As the refining fire to gold so art thou to Truth. Thou canst not infect what is pure. Thou canst destroy nothing which has life in itself.

Then a snakey finger was pointed at me, hissing in scorn. I looked on myself, and perceived some black spots on my own person. I looked into my own heart, and saw there pride in my good gifts was stronger than gratitude to the bounteous Giver. I saw that the LOVE OF PRAISE was often greater than the LOVE OF TRUTH, and that I had labored for FAME, rather than for GOOD.

"I will not spurn the truth," I cried, "even from thee, vile and loathsome as thou art! As the bee sucks honey from the deadliest poisons, so may the true and earnest soul extract good from the foulest sources. These plague-spots I will cast forth. They shall be cleansed in the waters of penitence, and healed in the balm of mercy. Thou hast brought me good, instead of EVIL. Go now in peace; for why shouldst thou hate one who has never done thee wrong? Go, quickly, lest, in memory of the truth thou hast outraged, of the purity thou hast sullied—of the hearts thou hast broken—I should grow angry, and exorcise thee."

As I spoke, uttering a cry as of a dying demon, she sprang over the frightful precipice. I durst not look down the dizzying height; but sounds came up, as of a heavy body falling fast and far, accompanied by a noise like that of hard scales grating



quickly against the bare rock. Then there was a plunge, as into some deep quagmire; and from the yawning chasm came up hisses, and the voice of many tongues, uttering curses too foul to mention. In the next moment all was still.

### Remarks on Animalcules.

These creatures, the smallest with which we are acquainted, are called *animalcules of infusion*. They are thus named because they are produced in infusions and are such diminutive animals. For their production, nothing more is required than to pour water on any animal or vegetable substance, and let this infusion stand four or five days in a moderately warm room, when a species of fermentation will take place in the liquor; a slimy skin will grow over it, and an immense multitude of these animalcules, visible only by means of the magnifying glass, will be found in the fluid. They may be obtained from different vegetable substances; but from some more, from others less.—Of the numerous infusions, however, with which experiments have been made, none have afforded such multitudes as thyme. If you put as much thyme as may be taken up between the ends of the thumb and two fingers into a wine-glass, fill the glass with pure water, and let it stand for four days, you will be truly astonished when you look at a drop of it through the microscope; millions of animalcules swim about, and the celerity of their motion is so great that it makes the eye almost giddy.—The usual form of the animalcules, when at rest appears to be spherical, or a little longish, or egg shaped. When they are in motion, their bodies are more or less elongated, accordingly as they swim about with more or less celerity. Some are seen darting along with great swiftness, the figure of which is nearly linear or resembling that of a small worm. Nothing can be conceived more lively; the bustle of a nest of ants, or swarm of gnats, is sluggishness to it. They dart in all directions, like an arrow from a bow, across the field of the microscope, in straight lines, when their bodies are drawn out greatly in length. Sometimes they conceal themselves under the slime of the liquor, as if they were seeking their nutriment there; then they reappear, swimming in various directions, and dexterously passing each other when they meet. Sometimes they draw their bodies up together in a spherical form and then stretch them out again, in the same manner as a leech. Now they appear to dive down towards the bottom of the drop, as only their hinder parts are visible; presently they spin round like a top, with incredible velocity. When one of these animalcules has entangled himself in a particle of slime, it is pleasing to see how he whirls himself round with it in order to extricate himself. It is equally pleasing to observe the motions which they frequently make with the head or pointed fore end: when they give themselves a spring to dart forward, they frequently turn the head quickly on one side, as if they were biting at something, and swim forward with the head in this oblique direction.

Curious readers will ask, how big the largest of these animalcules may be? An idea of their size may be given by observing, that upwards of 200 of the largest may be contained in the space occupied by one of the smallest grains of sand. A little mite is to one of these animalcules much the same as the turkey is to the sparrow.

The longevity of these animalcules cannot easily be ascertained. Those that we contemplate under the microscope do not die a natural death, but are destroyed by the evaporation of the fluid, which leaves thousands of their dead bodies on the glass side, in the shape of a little, scarcely perceptible dust. It is observable, that in an infusion that has stood a week or more they become smaller, and at length seem to disappear; whether, however, these smaller animalcules are the same which have gradually diminished in size, or whether they are a more diminutive species which at last remains, cannot be ascertained.—*American Repertory*.

GRATITUDE is the music of the heart, when its chords are swept by the breeze of kindness.

### Psychological Department.

#### SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

LEBANON, Oct. 21, 1851.

MR. EDITOR:—Knowing that you sometimes publish accounts of the rapping and tipping phenomena which are creating so much sensation in society, at the present time, we, the undersigned, desirous that truth may prevail, give you a statement of facts in relation to this matter; knowing that facts, and facts only, can convince candid minds of their truth or falsity.

Last evening we met at the house of Mrs. D. Blanchard for the purpose of having an interview with the spirits of the second sphere, and after conversing familiarly for a short time, an ordinary cherry table was produced and placed nearly in the middle of the room around which we arranged ourselves, the medium (Mr. Daniel Hume,) sitting at one end against the bed of the table, and all placed their hands upon it. Very soon light sounds were heard upon the table, which soon increased in loudness so as to be distinctly heard by all in the room, during which time various tunes were sung by those present, and the time correctly kept by the Spirits. The singing was at the request of the Spirits, for the object of harmonizing the circle.

After several communications had been spelled out, a request was made that the table might be moved, in order to convince some present that they were skeptical. Accordingly very soon slight movements were perceptible, which soon became very rapid.—A light was then placed upon the floor under the table, and one remained on the table. Our hands were then raised so that the ends of our fingers only touched. One end was then moved out so that it was poised on the two opposite legs upon an elevation in the floor, and in this position it remained for awhile, keeping time with music, by rocking, and in the same way questions were answered, three movements being considered an affirmative and one a negative—and after numerous questions were given and as many satisfactory answers received, three gentle raps were heard at the door by a part of the company, and the question was asked if any one was rapping at the door? and immediately three decided movements of the table were made and accompanying them were three decided raps at the door.

An emphatic call for the alphabet followed and spelled out—"Spirits—Door;" the question was asked if there were spirits at the door that wished to come in? Three raps.

It was suggested that they were to help in moving the table and an affirmative reply immediately followed. Then commenced larger and more decided movements—the table being slid freely about the floor and raised alternately one side and the other several inches, and at one time it was raised nearly to an angle of forty-five degrees, poised on two side legs, and then by oscillating movements the time was correctly kept to several tunes that were sung by the company.

Several unsuccessful attempt were made to bring the table to the floor which were relinquished for the fear of breaking the leaves. By request it was carefully let down on to one side and in a moment raised again to its proper position. One of the company then seated himself upon the table, and it was moved about and raised up so as to render it necessary to hold on, and this too, with as much ease, apparently as before. Again, by request, it was slid while one was pushing against them to the utmost of his strength; various other tests were applied which were equally satisfactory.

The question was then asked,—how many spirits are engaged in making these movements? The answer was given by raising the table several inches and bringing it to the floor with such force as to jar the room, twelve times, and all the while nothing was touching it except the ends of our fingers upon the top of it—the light still remaining under the table and a strict watch kept that no deception should be used. [Signed:]

E. F. Brewster, Ohio; S. O. Hatch, Franklin; J. C. Hatch, S. H. Williams, J. C. Bill, Julia A. Blanchard, Fidelia Blanchard, Caroline Hatch, Julia A. Williams.

WILLIMANTIC, Oct. 28, 1851.

MR. EDITOR:—By request of the Spirits I send you this note

of some of the manifestations we witnessed at the house of Mr. S., in this place.

By a special invitation from Mr. and Mrs. S., a friend and I went to the place of the manifestations. We there found some of the family around a common stand, receiving communications from what purported to be spirits. We joined the circle. The raps soon recommenced, and the stand began to move about, rock, tip, and dance about the floor. We then left and went into another room to a large heavy table, and formed a circle there. The circle numbered eight persons, all mediums but one. We called for the spirits in the usual way, and received a response by three raps and the moving of the table about six inches and back. Two of the men then went and brought the stand into the room, and formed a circle round it by themselves, and had some communications. Here were two circles in the same room, and unmistakable demonstrations were going on simultaneously with both. Both table and stand kept up a continual motion and noise. I then sat back from the table and put both my feet on the chair round, my arms folded up and my head leaning back. Three mediums laying their hands on the top of my chair, the Spirits were requested to move me. The chair moved off about ten feet. Two of the mediums then left, on which I said, the spirits could not move me with one medium, she being but a child only eight years old. This child laying her hand on the top of my chair, it began to hitch, then whirled clear about, rocked sideways, backwards, and forwards, more than the power of two men. After rocking awhile it moved back to where it first started from. Then it tipped forwards and backwards, sideways, and every way, as if determined to get me out of the chair, but I kept my feet snug to the round and maintained my seat. At last, however, it tipped me out on to my knees.

I made one or two inquiries in conclusion as follows:

"How many spirits are there in the room?"

"Eleven."

"Had you all a hand in moving me?"

"Yes."

"Do you want this published to the world?"

"Yes."

"Shall I put it in the Public Medium?"

"Yes."

This statement will be attested, if required, by a certificate signed by all present.

JABEZ BARROWS.

—Public Medium.

### Effect of Association.

In the course of conversation, a case was mentioned to me as having occurred in the experience of a highly respectable physician, and which was so fully authenticated that I entertain no doubt of its truth. The physician alluded to had a patient, a young man, who was almost idiotic, from the suppression of all his faculties. He never spoke, and never moved voluntarily, but sat habitually with his hand shading his eyes. The physician sent him to walk as a remedial measure. In the neighborhood, a beautiful young girl of sixteen lived with her parents, and used to see the young man in his walks, and spoke kindly to him. For some time he took no notice of her; but, after meeting her for several months, he began to look for her, and to feel disappointed if she did not appear. He became so much interested that he directed his steps voluntarily to her father's cottage, and gave her bouquets of flowers. By degrees he conversed with her through the window. His mental faculties were roused; the dawn of convalescence appeared. The girl was virtuous, intelligent and lovely, and encouraged his visits when she was told she was benefiting his mental health. She asked him if he could read and write? He answered no. She wrote some lines to him to induce him to learn. This had the desired effect. He applied himself to study, and soon wrote good and sensible letters to her. He recovered his reason.—She was married to a young man in a neighboring city. Great fears were entertained that this event would undo the good which she had accomplished. The young patient sustained a

severe shock, but his mind did not sink under it; he acquiesced in the propriety of her choice, continued to improve, and at last was restored to his family cured. She had a child, and was soon after brought to the same hospital perfectly insane. The young man heard of this event, and was exceedingly anxious to see her; but an interview was denied him, both on her account and his own. She died. He continued well, and became an active member of society. What a beautiful romance might be founded on this narrative!—*American Repository.*

## Voices from the Spirit-World.

### Communication from Philadelphia.

Since it seems necessary for me to write thee, I feel disposed to copy a communication received a few evenings since, at one of the meetings of our circle. We have had many to us deeply interesting and instructive communications. Indeed all the communications and answers to questions we get, are worthy of the source from whence they come. I would remark that during the day previous to the evening on which the following communication was received, one of the members of our circle, a young man, had buried a young brother. He was not at the meeting—nor had the occurrence of the death been alluded to in the circle.

#### COMMUNICATION.

Children, abide in the truth. Know ye not God loveth all his works? Why, then, should suffering be the portion of so many of his intelligent creatures while in the flesh? The blossom, in the process of development, may be blasted, and yet the parent plant still appear to flourish; but know ye even one failure in the perfect development of the blossom is an evidence of disease. Thus throughout the human family one case of suffering is an evidence of imperfect health in the social organization.

When the lower animals suffer, man seeks to ascertain the cause thereof; but he witnesseth the sufferings of his fellow man, and wonders not thereat; but calmly labors on for his own individual advancement. This should not be. All should strive to ascertain the cause of this disease in the social body. Could man more fully know himself, then would physical suffering decrease. Strive, then, to study well the laws which govern your physical organization. Know ye not that one of your band is suffering? The blossom should not have been thus early blasted. It is not in accordance with the laws which God has established, for a spirit that exists in the flesh to be forced therefrom, until the fullest development of which it is capable while in the body is attained. In the case alluded to, the physical being could no longer perform its functions. It could not overcome the impurities surrounding it. Disease existed in the atmosphere—

*Question.*—Does this communication allude to S— S— and his young brother?

*Answer.*—Yes.

*Q.*—Has the spirit communicating seen the spirit of the child?

*A.*—We joined the band that bore the infant spirit home.

*Q.*—What spirits composed the band that bore the spirit home?

*A.*—We cannot tell.

*Q.*—Then you cannot tell the names of spirits?

*A.*—Names are not a spirit's attributes."

### Cheering Message.

The following very beautiful communication was given by moving the medium's hand, and thus indicating the letters of the alphabet. It was received on the 14th of August, from a young lady who has been in the Spirit-land one year:—

"I am progressing in wisdom. I rejoice in your progress in spirituality. Delightful scenes prepared beyond this world have filled my enraptured soul with joy unspeakable. Love and adorn our Father's mercies evermore! Happiness reigns throughout our heavenly home! Oh the bliss—the peace—the glory of our celestial city! No language can portray the beauty of the Spirit-home. I am happy, beyond description! Oh how delicious and sweet are all our enjoyments!"

## MESSENGER AND GUIDE.

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

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., NOVEMBER 22, 1851.

## THE PRIMITIVE THANKSGIVING.

This, too, was a November day, 1621. On the wild shore of Plymouth a group of low log cabins, each with its bit of garden plot in front, ran parallel with a range of hills that sheltered them from the north. These were the homes of the May-Flower Pilgrims—the Fathers and the Mothers of New England. A prattling brook, of which early and honorable mention is made in their history, wound along down the declivities, turning hither and thither in its course, as if seeking to come nearer some more genial spot; and in nooks of the highlands, and along the narrow belt of the valley, lay their corn-fields, dun and solemn in their loss of treasure, which seemed to be lamented by the moaning winds, as they swept over the dead stubble, and then went whistling off among the bare and shivering trees.

In a little sheltered nook near by, lay a mournful cluster of low mounds. There, underneath the grass of but a single summer, slept their Dead. In the short space of four months, they had parted with more than half their original number—with what anguish it is difficult for us to conceive. Oh, how unspeakably dearer were those brave hearts for all they had hoped, believed, sacrificed, and suffered together.

Which ever way the eye might look inland, the dark old forest stretched with an unbroken shadow, hiding within its awful depths, difficulties and dangers unknown. Dashing against the abrupt shore, and rounding off the eastern horizon, opened the great and terrible sea; and the deep echo of its surging chime went up ever through the woods, even in the calmest seasons swelling the sharp notes of the bending pines to a sublimer music; but in storms, the same wind that lashed the waves, swept over the wrenched and groaning woods with a prolonged roar, like one continuous peal of deep and angry thunder. And over all hung the leaden sky of a chilly November day.

It would be difficult to imagine a situation more dreary—more forlorn than this. A dot of pasture and plough-land, on the very verge of the sterile coast, with no road inland, and not even a boat in the harbor, had sufficed, thus far, to sustain and comfort that heroic little band, who were by their position completely isolated, with an ocean of woods behind, and an ocean of waves before. But in the spirit of that faith which taketh hold of trials in such a way that they become blessings, they rejoiced in the present, and devoutly trusted for the future.

The hand of the Destroying Angel had been stayed. A season of comparative plenty had succeeded the early famine. The harvests were gathered in. It was but an act of filial gratitude for past and prospective mercies, that they should meet together, and keep a general feast of Thanksgiving.

At the house of Good-wife Chilton, and late the residence of her excellent husband, James, which stood nearly in the center of the group alluded to above, was held this first celebration of the day.

A slight partition between the two principal apartments had been removed for the occasion; and the spacious fireplace was bright with blazing logs.

The room was so filled with guests that its bareness of furniture could not be so sensibly felt as would otherwise have been. It contained but one proper chair; and that, being the post of honor, was conceded to Mistress Carver, who besides being their Governor's widow, was in delicate health. The other seats consisted of rough benches, stools, blocks, and a high-backed screen, or "settle," as it was then called, with a box under the seat, divided by partitions, for holding tools, and a variety of other articles in common use.

There were a small stand and table, evidently of home manufacture; but the board that was spreading for the approaching feast, consisted of a series of squared logs, each one elevated on

stout legs, and the whole fitting so well together as to leave no objectionable gap between. This ran nearly the whole length of the apartment, and parallel with its outer wall, along which was a bench for seating a portion of the guests. It was covered with linen damask, which, for fineness and whiteness, was the pride of the good dame's heart, having been manufactured by her own thrifty hands during their long sojourn in Holland.

The walls were entirely bare, consisting of the hewn sides of the logs themselves, rough, but fitting so well together by their horizontal surfaces, as to make the apartment tolerably secure from the outer air. They were, however, garnished with a variety of ornaments in the sylvan and agricultural line. The antlers of a deer, inclining gently forward, were spread imposingly over the fire-place, and above the front entrance opposite, were expanded the wings of a large eagle. Bunches of Indian corn of various colors, white, yellow, red and blue, were suspended at intervals, from wooden pegs in the ceiling, interspersed with a variety of squashes, pumpkins, hats, caps, and various garments. The only foreign ornaments were those contained in a beaufet, and a round mirror of perhaps six inches in diameter. The curtain of the beaufet was studiously drawn aside, displaying a small but choice tea-service of Delft ware, with the plates disposed edge-wise on the shelves, and every cup set into its own saucer, as if with an eye to making the most of itself. The whole was a perfect miniature to any thing now known, and looked more like the service of a baby-house, than any thing designed for the refectory of living and grown-up people. The mirror was adorned with a festoon of red and green peppers, strings and clusters of red berries, with some beautiful feathers, grasses, and amaranthine flowers stuck in the frame. The table, which was already in the course of being laid out, was spread with wooden trenchers, and platters of the same material, the halves of gourd and squash shells, serving to contain many of the vegetables, with smaller ones for the salt, which was their only condiment. A range of shelves, in a recess on each side of the fire was furnished with wooden boxes of various dimensions, and vessels formed of gourd and squash shells, all of which were filled with different varieties of dried corn, beans, and pease.

Yet rude as were their present accommodations, all these people had been more or less tenderly nurtured; and many of them were of gentle blood. What better gauge can be given of the strength of their principles, than their having voluntarily relinquished comforts, conveniences, and luxuries, which long habit had rendered necessary, for privations and dangers such as even then surrounded them.

Although it was as yet scarcely mid-day, the pale and often clouded sunbeams came but obscurely through the oiled paper, which supplied the place of glass to the high and narrow windows, lending a dim religious light which heightened the solemnity of the scene. But the ruddy glow of the fire, well symbolizing the "inner light," which that devoted band had made so gloriously manifest, fell on such a group of faces as perhaps never were gathered on any other merely festive occasion.

Adjusted comfortably as might be, in the most sheltered corner, sat good Mistress Carver, relict of their late lamented Governor; and on either hand were Stephen Bradford and Isaac Allerton, who, doubtless by the sympathy of similar bereavements, were attracted to her side. A little removed from these were Edward Winslow and his new wife, late the widow of William White; they having lost their early companions had turned to comfort each other. On an Indian mat at the feet of the dame, sat the little orphaned Peregrine, chirping, and crowing, as merrily as if he had had a Turkey carpet, instead of a rough mat of wooden fiber, to tumble and roll upon. In happy unconsciousness of either loss or inconvenience, and wholly unsuspecting the important position in all the future history of his people, with which the circumstance of his birth would invest him, he already betrayed that sprightly roguishness, for which he afterward became quite noted. With instinctive quickness he seemed to have already discovered that he was a favorite; for as he was the first white child born in this land, the good people had cause to regard his life as something rare and sacred.



In spite of all his mother could do, he would creep away, on to the bare floor, and tug away at the frock of a babe, who, though only a few weeks older, was a vast deal graver. This was Oceanus, son of Stephen Hopkins, who was disposed to sit quietly on his father's knee, looking up occasionally with a serious and thoughtful face, and then down at young Master White, as if wondering how that young gentleman could be so exceedingly volatile, when every body else was thinking and acting so very soberly! His, too, was a remarkable birth,—he having been the only child born on the passage of the *May-Flower*. Close by stood the pale widow of William Mullins, mournfully caressing the children. Just beyond, and nearly in the middle of the room, sat Elder Brewster; and on either hand his worthy coadjutors, Dr. Samuel Fuller and Captain Miles Standish. Rounding off to the other corner, was a group of young people, now and then whispering together, but evidently held in constraint; and moving about among them was John, the mischievous son of Francis Billington, a boy of fourteen, who, from his sly looks, had evidently some business of his own in the course of operation. And presently one of the young women, in attempting to move, revealed the nature of his designs; for it was ascertained that a whole row of girls, and three young men were pinned together by their kerchiefs and coat-skirts. A suppressed titter was followed by a grave rebuke from the Elder, with a somewhat sharper one from Captain Standish; and the young offender was seated for punishment in a remote corner of the room, from which, however, he soon contrived to steal out, with a look that seemed to say he would make it all up to himself presently.

The good hostess was moving about in all directions, seeking what could be done for the comfort of her guests; but mostly active in the remote portion of the apartment, where, by another fire place equally huge, her culinary affairs were progressing.

In spite of all these little incidents, a spirit of deep sadness hung over the scene; for although the occasion was avowedly a festive one, did not their very coming together remind them more forcibly of the lost ones, who were sleeping so quietly in their new graves? They were a company of bereaved ones; for few indeed were there, who had not in the course of the last bitter year, been invaded by Death—and often more than once, in the very bosom of their own household. But while they had held themselves in readiness to surrender their own lives, if need were, to the necessity of sustaining their faith, they had meekly bowed themselves beneath the infliction, whenever kindred lives were laid on the altar of sacrifice. And thus, while every overt expression of sorrow was studiously avoided, their joy also was chastened by the sufferings they had passed through.

But the cheerful fire sent out its warm glow, and presently infused a more genial spirit. Yielding to the benign influence, and a sense of religious obligation to lay their sorrows by for the present, the shadows fell from the fair and pensive brow of Mistress Carver; and she spoke pleasantly to those around.—Then Captain Standish, calling upon Stephen Hopkins to sustain him, gave an animated narration of some of their late adventures among the Indians. After this, Elder Brewster read a letter from their late beloved pastor, John Robinson, who had remained in Holland, and, at length, the conversation became general.

In a brief pause, Edward Winslow, approaching the hostess with that air of courtly elegance, which was alike native, and the result of refined association; and, bowing low, said: "Permit me, Mistress Carver, to enquire why the fair star of this evening is so late in making her appearance? Methinks if she could not have seen how anxiously I have been looking for my sweet young sister-in-law, she might have felt the attractive power of other eyes, which, for the last half hour, at least, have seen nothing worth looking at, save the bobbin that pertaineth to the opening of yonder door;" and as he spoke, his eyes glanced on his young brother John, who, blushing like a girl, rose and went to the window.

He was followed by Stephen Hopkins, who remarked, pointing to the woods: "Yonder is hunting, my boy, such as the

sportsmen of Europe never dreamed of." "Yes," said Captain Standish, "four of our men have gathered, in one day, game enough to supply our whole company for a week."

This was said to give an idea of their resources; for the younger Winslow had but just come over, having arrived in the ship *Fortune*, which then lay in the harbor. But little heed did he give, for at that moment the door opened; and the fair Mary Chilton, who was on that very evening to become his bride, entered, escorted on either hand by her maidens, Deborah Hopkins, and Mary Allerton.

The blushes of the fair bride were happily thrown into covert by the call to dinner. After an appropriate grace, they sat down to a feast of all the good things their position afforded, which received an additional zest from the housewifely arrangements of Dame Chilton.

But one interruption occurred during the feast. John Billington, who had taken that opportunity to return, placed an elder stick, charged with gun powder between the two babies, who sat playing amicably together on the floor; and presently touching it with a lighted twig, produced an explosion, which delighted the little Peregrine, astonished his graver companion, and electrified the whole company, besides. The mothers flew to their babies; and a general excitement ensued, during which the young offender escaped, not without many grave prophecies of his future ill-doing, which, in the process of time, he took good care should be fulfilled.

Equanimity being restored, they returned to table. And after the feast was over, they sat by the fire, which was now supplied with the addition of pine torches, for light. They sat and conversed pleasantly together, until near seven o'clock, when the marriage tie was consummated; after which the social atmosphere sensibly brightened. And thus did our Pilgrim Fathers keep their first solemn feast of THANKSGIVING. F. H. G.

### THE PRESENT THANKSGIVING.

This is the only social festival peculiar to New England; and certainly it becometh us to hold it ever in grateful remembrance—not, indeed, merely as a period when poultry commands the highest market prices, and pumpkins are considered a cash article, but as the embodiment of a great religious principle—the Passover of Spiritual Freedom. Whatever were the faults and errors of the later puritans—and proud as we may be of our illustrious descent, we must acknowledge they were many and grievous—the primitive pilgrims were, beyond all question, sincere. Believing they had found the pearl of great price, they purchased and held it fast, by the sacrifice of everything else that is most precious and attractive, and essential to human happiness. And they sealed their sincerity by social and political degradation, imprisonment, expatriation, long years of hardship, and servile labor, in a foreign country—and finally, by daring a perilous voyage, and sufferings inconceivable, on a far-off wintry coast, in a wild and savage land. And was not this great principle, thus heroically maintained, the first germ and life-spring of that peculiar spirit and genius which distinguishes the American people?

On the eleventh of November, 1621, while the sea-worn *May-Flower* rested in the sheltering haven of Cape Cod, the Pilgrims entered into a solemn compact, thereby constituting themselves a civil body politic, with power to frame, enact, and enforce such laws and obligations, as should be for the general good of the colony. Here, for the first time in the history of the world, we behold a community based on purely social principles—allowing no personal immunity, or individual privileges, to infringe the common welfare. In this first corporate act of our progenitors, were distinctly foreshadowed our Declaration of Independence, our Constitutions, and our since famous, and far-spreading Democracy, itself. And all these are but the external forms, the corporeal lineaments, of that Spiritual Freedom, which has been the special outbirth of this age. Europe, with convulsive throes, is making repeated, and often abortive efforts, toward this very point—physical, social, moral, and spiritual emancipation. It is now beginning to be understood, even by the masses, that

men must be free from any unnatural external pressure—unen-slaved by their bodily necessities—before the spiritual powers can rightly and healthily unfold, and expand themselves. There must be, at least, food, and clothing, and shelter, and the rudiments of Education, before Conscience and Reason can be invested with their inalienable rights to enquire, investigate, accept, believe, and act upon their own absolute convictions. It was upon this principle, precisely, that the pilgrims acted, when they gathered to the deck of the May-Flower, and set their faces toward the freedom of a new world.

And at this genial season of Home gathering, when our arms are filled with plenty, and our hearts with love and joy, may it not be well to give at least a passing thought, to all they sacrificed, and dared, and suffered, for this great principle, counting all other things but dross, making life itself as dust in the balance, when weighed against it? Let us enquire what we have done, to make us worthy to stand in the presence of their august archetypes! The period of daring, and suffering, and sacrifice, has not yet entirely gone by. Teachers of the highest Spiritual Truth are not yet so far recognized, as to be sustained by common, or popular consent. As a people, we are yet absorbed in the external. We are working out miracles of art; but they tend, specifically, to corporeal ends—to the convenience, comfort, and luxury of the bodily conditions—and generally to the public wealth and power. And in so far as they ameliorating the condition of society at large, they are doing much and lasting good.

But we, who have felt the inspiring presence that beameth out from the inner shrine, should not be content to stop here.—Every one of us has a work to do. Every one of us, in some form or other, has a mission to fulfill. And now, if we cannot act directly in our own persons, let us, by every means in our power, aid those who are able and willing to work in this great and good cause. At this season of gathering in, should we not count our tithes, and consider what we can bestow, to cheer the hearts, and strengthen the hands—ay, and sustain the life, of such as have *cast their all into the work, and LABOR WITHOUT PAY.* It is a glorious privilege to live and work—ay, to labor early and late, and sacrifice much, in this age of unprecedented light and progress. Let us, then, strive, with a steady hand, a true heart, and a strong will, to be worthy of our position in the scale of time. If we do only this—living and acting conscientiously, according to the light and capacity of our several spheres, even before the shadows of the next change settle on our eyelids, we may behold the Spiritual Enfranchisement of Man—not indeed as a distant and prospective event, but as a living and present certainty. By this I do not mean that the whole world will be enlightened, and redeemed, in that period, but that the necessity, and therefore absolute certainty, of such an event will have been perceived, and recognized, by the great Movers of human destiny. And then, when they who have power to enlighten the world, and whose duty it is to do so, are themselves disenchanted of their long sanctified errors—when the pride, and prejudice, and false philosophy, in which they have hitherto shrouded their beams, are penetrated and scattered by the action of imprisoned truth, their light must shine forth—and how can all the Powers of Darkness hinder a UNIVERSAL ILLUMINATION?

F. H. G.

### Knowledge.

Pleasure is a shadow, wealth is vanity, and power a pageant; but knowledge is extatic in enjoyment—perennial in fame—unlimited in space, and infinite in duration. In the performance of its sacred offices, it fears no danger—spares no expense, looks in the volcano, dives into the ocean—perforates the earth—wings its flight into the skies—enriches the globe—explores sea and land—contemplates the distance—examines the minute—comprehends the great—ascends to the sublime—no place too remote for its grasp, no heavens too exalted for its reach.—*De Witt Clinton.*

The sum of morality and christianity is, give and forgive, bear and forbear.

### MESSAGE EXTRAORDINARY

FROM THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

Patrons, and Friends—Not as an alien asking alms, trembling in the fear of meeting a cold repulse; but as the loving Child of your adoption, confident of obtaining, at least, a candid hearing, do I now come before you, with an account of the difficulties which, at present, are undermining my constitution, and threatening my very existence. In a word, the means of support have not been tendered as freely as my inexperience had hoped for, and even confidently expected. The reasons of this are manifold. Hard times have, undoubtedly, something to do with it. In addition to this, the world at large is not yet wholly prepared to receive me; and therefore a general support could not be expected; while the enlightened and liberal Few, who can fully appreciate my merits—I endeavor to speak with all proper modesty—have not always power commensurate with their expansive minds, and large hearts. The means of subsistence are thus circumscribed within a narrow compass.

One individual whose name has been associated with mine from the earliest moment of my existence, has hitherto sustained me, by his own unceasing labors, and by a sacrifice of all the means he could command. He has made me a messenger of comfort to the afflicted—of hope to the despairing—of light to “such as sit in darkness and the shadow of death”—a herald of glad tidings to the comfortless—a bond of harmony to the disunited—and an avenue through which angels are continually unfolding the portals of light and love, that the glory of the celestial spheres may illumine the shadow of death, and penetrate the cold, blank darkness of the grave.

In this hour of extreme peril, my kind physician, who furnishes advice and prescription gratis, has devised a very simple ANTIDOTE, which, could it be carried into operation, would fill me with new life, and joy unspeakable. The remedy is this—that each one of you should, beyond and above the subscription for this current year, add the trifling donation of ONE DOLLAR,—trifling, indeed, to you, my dear friends—but LIFE to me!—There are individuals, doubtless, who would not be able to do even this—then let them each try to procure one subscriber—which would be an equal help. And they in whose hearts I have nestled so warmly, that their love could not flow forth in so small a stream, will act in this measure, according as their means enable, and their affections urge them.

My kind Foster-Father, the Printer, has generously, and nobly, offered to furnish my weekly clothing at bare cost, to a sacrifice of profits amounting to about four hundred dollars a year. I mention the circumstance that you may know I am capable of inspiring at least one zealous and active friendship.—Do not think me, however, vain and extravagant in dress. The utmost economy is used which may be consistent with that neat and tasteful elegance, which is, I trust, a type of my character.

And thus, in the simple confidence of a child, I have laid my filial heart bare before you. For the sake of the comfort I have been to you—for the comfort I may be to others—for the light I am spreading abroad—for the love I am making manifest—for the spiritual harmony, and peace, and joy, I am widely diffusing—for all that I have done—and all that I shall be enabled to do—I must hope—I believe—that you will not let me perish—that you will not even permit me to suffer want. Grant but this small boon, with such promptness as may be convenient; and, filled with renewed life and strength, I shall continually revisit you, as the reflected angel of your own sweet and loving kindness.

☞ We, the undersigned, do hereby testify that the above appeal of the Spirit Messenger contains an amount of truth which should entitle it to the candid consideration of all to whom it is addressed. And we would further state, that, could the paper receive the assistance which it needs in its present emergency, it would, in all human probability, be soon established on a permanent and indestructible basis.

R. P. AMBLER,  
FRANCES H. GREEN.



## Poetry.

## THE SPIRIT-MOTHER.

BY MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE.

Not to night I'll kneel beside thee, to repeat my evening prayer,  
But within my curtained chamber, Father, I will say it there;  
With my cheek upon the pillow, and my hand upon my breast—  
Just as lay my beauteous mother, in that deep and dreamless rest.

Nay, my father, do not follow, with that taper's waning light;  
I can find the way without thee, and I'll pray alone to night.  
And I fear not though the darkness groweth deep as midnight  
gloom,  
For a bright and radiant angel giveth light within my room.

List thee, father!—'t was last evening, as I lay upon my bed,  
Thinking of my sainted mother, whom they hid among the dead,  
Till my tears bedewed the pillow, as though wet with dropping  
rain,  
And I prayed aloud in anguish that she might come back again—

'T was just then, as I lay weeping, that the beauteous angel  
came,  
And her voice was fraught with music as she called me by my  
name—  
And her robe seemed woven moon-beams, 't was so soft, and  
clear, and bright,  
And her fair, high brow was circled by a diadem of light.

And the room was filled with brightness, all around and over-  
head,  
Beaming from that shining angel who sat by me on the bed—  
And I was not frightened, father, as she sat there by my side,  
But I felt so calm and happy, I would willingly have died.

Then her eyes, so mild and dove-like, gazing down into my  
own—  
And her voice, so soft and silvery, having music in its tone—  
And the kiss which she imprinted on my lips and on my brow—  
Oh, my heart with rapture trembles as I think upon it now!

And she spoke, I cannot tell thee all the blessed angel said,  
As she bent above my pillow, and kept watch beside my bed;  
But of heavenly things she told me—of a bright and lovely  
land—  
Where there dwelleth angel children, many a fair and spotless  
band.

And she said, such flowers bloom there, as we never see be-  
low—  
Rosier than the hues of sunset, brighter than the rain's fair  
brow;  
And such strains of gushing music swell along the fragrant  
air  
As will soothe the ransomed spirit when released from earthly  
care.

Father, dost thou know the angel?—how they called her earthly  
name?  
'T was the mother I have mourned for!—yes, my father, 't was  
the same!  
For she called me "little daughter," and forbade me longer  
weep,  
And with songs she used to sing me, lulled me, till I fell asleep.

Now, good-night! I will not linger; let me have my good-night  
kiss:  
Was there e'er a child so little, blest with so divine a bliss  
As to have a spirit-mother, when the earthly one is dead,  
Come each night when darkness falleth, to keep watch beside her  
bed?

Nay, I'll go alone, my father, for I do not fear the night,  
Since the angel came to guard me—so again, good-night! good-  
night.

*Ladies' Repository.*

## WOOD SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER

BY FANNY GREEN.

There is a holy stillness here,  
Amid this wild majestic scene,  
Where not a leaf is turning ere,  
But all is calm, and still and green.

On mossy rocks we'll sit us down  
And weave our coronets of flowers,  
While swiftly, as on wings of down,  
Shall fly the bright and happy hours.

We'll trace afar the babbling rill,  
Finding new beauties as we go,  
By wooded vale and rocky hill,  
Where eglantine and violets blow.

We'll chase wild Echo through the glades,  
And chide her for her mocking tones,  
Seek gentle Peace in her own shades,  
And find the grot Contentment owns.

The foot of Guilt hath never been,  
To leave on this bright moss its stains;  
But all is holy in this scene,  
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

## MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

"There's a vision that lights on the mind's inward sight,  
As sunbeams fall gently when gathers the night,  
And its radiance, like starlight, though the sky be o'ercast  
Is the light of the soul when it dreams on the past."—J. L. FORREST.

My own guardian angel! one glance at thy face  
Has stamped an impression no time can erase;  
Thine image, indelibly fixed in my heart,  
Giveth joy such as no earthly pleasures impart.  
'T was not like the flash of the lightning's wild glare;  
'T was not like the meteors that stream through the air;  
Like the rays of the morn that illumine the skies  
Was the light that beamed forth from thy beautiful eyes!

My own guardian angel, that glance of thy brow  
Has filled me with peace never dreamed of till now;  
When I rise to my labor, or go to my rest,  
I rejoice in the love of my heavenly guest!  
While I walk the rough paths of this Valley of Life,  
Amid trials, and sorrows, and error, and strife,  
Be thou my companion, to guide me aright,  
And lead me at last to the regions of Light.

R.

*Dedham, Nov. 12, 1851.*

Between two worlds life hovers like a star,  
'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge.  
How little do we know that which we are!  
How less what we may be!—the eternal surge  
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar  
Our bubbles; as the old burst, new emerge  
Lashed from the foam of ages; while the graves  
Of empires heave but like some passing waves,—BYRON.

## Miscellaneous Department.

## MYTHIC STORIES.

BY FANNY GREEN.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 238.]

## ASLOG.

As may well be imagined, Aslog was overwhelmed by this catastrophe. For many hours he lay in a great stupor. When he woke, he stalked off to the coast and stretched himself on the beach. The sun was shining high in heaven; and the light fell, with vivid radiance, on some yellow grains that were mingled with the sands where he lay. No sooner did he behold, than a strange desire to gather them took possession of him. He arose, and attempted to pluck them from the sand; but their minuteness made that process a very difficult one for his large fingers. He again lay down, gazing on the flashing metal, until every ray ignited a corresponding fire in his soul. He was wholly absorbed, and indeed quite distracted by the suddenly awakened energies of this new passion. If Astaroth could only have known how readily she was forgotten—how quickly he was engrossed by a rival charmer—her pride must have received its death-blow. But little care would the disenchanted Giant have given to that circumstance; or he would only have noticed it as a puerility quite unworthy of himself, and his vastly more important affairs. For when he had discarded all tenderness—all affection—when he became wrapped in the huge bundle of his own selfishness, he imagined he was growing in consequence—a mistake into which less massive bipeds have fallen, since his day.

As the Giant was lying prone among the sparkling sands, clutching hither and thither, what appeared to him a very bright thought suddenly flickered in the dark cavity which had been formed by his shrunken brain. It might have been, and probably was, a reflection of the metal itself. But however originating, it was there; and by the help of it he groped along to a thought something like the following.

"The Dwarfs can do this work to advantage. They are small, and weak. I have only to compel them; and I shall be to them in the place of God."

Thus saying he arose; and turning his face inland toward the long chain that was stretching to the east, he curved his enormous hand into a tube and putting it to his mouth, blew a blast that rolled away over the hills like thunder. Scarcely had the reverberations ceased, when from a thousand coverts appeared swarm after swarm of living beings. So diminutive were they that individually they could not be seen at any considerable distance, but the moving masses as they wound down the declivities, in the direction of the shore, appeared one dense and overflowing stream of life. A stream of life with a thousand branches—down, down, down, it rolled, until spreading over the desert coast, the uniting flood became a sea of breathing forms. Gathering at the call of the Giant, thus came myriads without number; and Aslog when he saw them was well pleased with his own power, of which they had given so flattering a measure. And when the nearest of the Dwarfs saw that the Giant had a smile on his face, a low gurgling sound expressive of their own satisfaction, came up from the stirring masses, like an infinitely multiplied murmur of bees.

But there was one present who knew that beneath that ominous smile slept the cold iron of a dark and deadly purpose. It was Ebberich, who, though a Dwarf, had more wisdom than any being as yet created to dwell on the face of the earth.

To him Aslog explained his purpose in a few words, charging him with the responsibility of extracting from his people the greatest possible amount of labor. And thus in the beginning the poor Dwarfs were brought into a hard and bitter bondage, working without reward, without thanks, and almost without ceasing; for brief were the periods allowed them for either rest or refection. It is not strange that under such circumstances they lost their natural vivacity, and that their wonderful genius,

which had wrought unnumbered forms of rare delicacy and beauty, for the want of proper scope and exercise, lost all its creative and beautifying power. In short their whole character gradually sunk to a level with their state—the ignoble condition of slavery.

Thus Aslog heaped together his ingots; but in the path of the Gatherer forever trod the Scatterer; for the cunning Olog, perceiving that with this substance the strongest chains could be wrought—chains which should endure through all time—and fearing lest peradventure Aslog should put forth his hand, and enslave him also, continually distributed the accumulated treasures of his rival; nor could any place hide them from his penetrative search.

In this extremity Aslog resolved to build himself treasures, which by their massive strength should resist the cunning of his subtle foe. Looking about one afternoon for that purpose, he descried a long reef of rocks stretching far out into the sea.—This fund of material was indeed a treasure, as he had piled nearly everything in the shape of a stone, on his former structures. He went resolutely to work as soon as it came night, and long before day a range of continuous vaults, covered by a huge pile of rocks, stretched, mountain-like, away to the northeast. All these had but one outlet; and the massive door was fastened by a lock, which had been wrought with the finest skill of Ebberich. He alone, among all his brethren, retained his native genius, for the simple reason that he only, oppressed though he was, was not enslaved. Two monstrous lions furthermore guarded this passage. Their fierceness was increased by a charm which kept them continually hungry; and their terrible roarings made the grim solitude still more desolate—thus giving name to the range, which through all time shall be known as the "Mountains of the Lions."

This plan succeeded beyond all hope, for although a lion would have been no more in the grasp of Olog, than a sparrow in the hands of an ordinary man, yet by some magic power in the possession of Ebberich, they had conceived a longing desire for a taste of the Giant, himself; nor would they taste any other flesh. Thus by long fasting they had become rabid. They did not seem sensible of any other person's approach; but if he attempted to come near, they raised themselves on their hind feet, one on each side of the narrow entrance, and thus stood, foaming at the mouth, with fiery eye-balls rolling in their sockets, sometimes protruding their tongues, on which the rigid spines stood erect, and then gnashing their fangs, while the curving talons, unsheathed, and spread for the fatal clutch, made altogether, a somewhat formidable picture to say the least; and the giant heart of Olog, though it was not by any means to be accused of cowardice, rather shrunk from the desperate experiment of an attack.

Aslog, who was not naturally suspicious, believed that his troubles were quite at an end; and if possible he became every day more hard-hearted and exacting. His poor dwarf-slaves worked on; and at length the last treasury was filled. But silently as the miasma that pours its noisome breathings on the dew, and lades the atmosphere with its poison, a spirit of mischief had been at work also. Yuyule, the most cunning and sagacious of Olog's Dwarfs, had been down into the bowels of the earth, and brought thence a fragment of its great key-stone. This had the property of dissolving iron. Fixing this nicely in a cylinder of wood, he crept softly up the side of the rock. Having climbed to a suitable height, he escensed himself snugly behind one of the spires of that cactus which is known as the prickly fig, and reaching forward, touched the iron with his solvent charm, and then repeated the process on the other side of the way.

An electric shock was communicated by the touch; and the maddened beasts wrenched at their chains, which broke; and the creatures fled, roaring and raving to their native deserts.

The work of spoil was completed that very night. It is true that the riches of Aslog had, as the heirs of many a wiser have since proved, been long years in the gathering, but scattering them is quite another affair. Olog ground the precious ingots to powder, and mingled them effectually with the sands of the shore; and long afterward that place was known as the Gold

Coast—the famous Ophir, to which the ships of ancient Phœnicia were sent, to be returned laden with the treasure.

No defenses could secure Aslog against the depredations of his cunning foe. He became quite disheartened; and when he went into his plundered vaults, one after another, and found them all empty, he was so overwhelmed, that for a time he became almost unconscious. In this state he strode off toward that portion of the Lunar Mountains now known as the Kong range; and there, when he was made fully sensible of his loss—for at first it had seemed like an ugly dream, or kind of nightmare—he stretched himself along the cliffs, and though he did not often indulge in the melting mood, he wept such floods of tears, that a new river was produced. The stream flowed down from the mountains—and continues flowing to this day—under the name of the Gambia—which is a corruption of a word in the original language of the country, signifying “All gone,” which were the only syllables poor Aslog could find heart to utter.

This unwonted indulgence, however, relieved him. He arose and returned back to the summit of the despoiled treasury, which projected immediately over the Atlantic, and sat himself down, like a considerate Giant as he was, to devise some means of escape from the depredations of his cunning foe. He would have slain Ebberich in his rage to find that the cunning of Youyu had surpassed his own, only he knew he could do nothing without him. And this advantage, genius, however poor and weak, always has over mere physical force, however massive and rich.

But something must be done; and that immediately. So very reasonably thought Aslog. He was reclining on the highest portion of the crag, and his feet nearly met the receding waves. Again making a tube of his hand, he looked for some time steadily over the water.

“And what would your Greatness be gazing at, this fine morning, away over there?” whispered a little squeaking voice.

Aslog brushed his shoulder, for something tickled him, and he thought a fly had settled there. It was nothing however, but his favorite dwarf Ebberich, who had been making a rope ladder of of the Giant's hair, by means of which he had climbed up to the rim of his ear, where he was standing on tiptoe to speak to him; and of which Aslog had not perceived, because he had been so much absorbed in his long gaze.

“Ah! is that you, my pretty Ebberich!” he cried, well pleased at the interruption, and in wondrous good humor, at the same time holding out his thumb nail for the dwarf to perch on. “Thou art the very thing I most wished to see,” he added.

“Thing,” repeated Ebberich very softly: and he laughed a bitter laugh, but said nothing, while Aslog was too much engaged in his own reflections to notice either the words or expression of the Dwarf. “I have seen, Ebberich!” he continued, “a great and beautiful country! There is gold in it,” he added, rubbing his hands together with such glee, he came near hurling the Dwarf from his perch, and crushing him into the bargain. “There is gold there,” he went on, musingly—and I must have it!”

The Dwarf shuddered.

“Art thou cold? Go, then, and warm thyself by doing thy duty;” said Aslog, with some perception of the true state of things. “There is nothing warms one like work.”

“What would your Greatness have done?” asked Ebberich, relapsing into his old submissiveness.

“Go; find Olog; and give him a peremptory invitation to dine with me.”

“Olog? your Greatness!” returned the Dwarf, in tones of mingled interrogation and wonder.

“Thou hast heard aright. But stop; name the earliest day we can prepare entertainment for so illustrious a guest.”

“Let me think,” replied Ebberich, putting a hand to his brow, as if the question had been a knotty and perplexing one. “Your Greatness would not think of a dinner without a mastodon; and to roast one thoroughly and evenly, would require at least a week. And to broil a saurus as it should be done—”

“Enough,” said Aslog, with a slight impatience, “thou shalt have a week for the preparation.”

“But,” pursued Ebberich, “pardon me, your Greatness, the Geysers have been out of order these twelve changes.”

“Tut,” replied Aslog, impatiently, while a dark red flush glowed through the heavy matted beard, whose thick shrubbery grew in clusters over the rough cheek; for he liked not the allusion to Astaroth.

“But the Caldeiras will do for the broil;” pursued the cunning Dwarf, perceiving his error; “and the great furnace in our kitchen on the island of Mokra shall be immediately cleared out, and put in order for the roast.”

“That is very well,” remarked Aslog, pleasantly; for he knew it was his interest to be conciliated. “But how are the ices? One cannot do in this climate without them;” and the giant dashed off a stream of perspiration, that was falling in torrents from his beetling brow.

“Hold me aside, if it please your Greatness!” said Ebberich, trying to avoid the stream of water that came down like a cataract—“hold me aside if you would not drown me, even before I can make ready for this famous feast.”

“Thou art a true and worthy little fellow;” returned Aslog, with an encouraging smile. “Thou hast gathered me many precious ingots, and wrought me many wonderful and useful things. Thy cunning is worth more to me than a mountain of gold. I could not find it in my heart to harm thee. See how bravely I can shelter thee both from the sun and rain!” and he held up his fore finger for an awning.

The Dwarf was pleased at his master's good humor; for it was long since he had spoken so familiarly, and so pleasantly; but the compliments of the Giant awoke the same bitter smile, before observed—so degrading is it to superior intelligence, to be esteemed merely as a machine. He knew that he had powers which the gross standard of Aslog could not measure—nor his gross eyes perceive—but through the medium of his own brute selfishness; yet he stifled the contemptuous expression that was springing to his lips, as many other fine spirits, in like positions, have done—and, unfortunately for the world, still do—as he replied:—“The great ice-house under the North Pole has been very much neglected of late, and that of the South Pole, is very little better, I fear. However, I will see what can be done. Her ladyship was very fond of ices.”

“Be off!” said Aslog, again seriously discomposed; “and be sure thou sayest it is MY WILL that the invitation should be duly honored.”

“That I shall,” returned Ebberich, deprecatingly; but there is one piece of good fortune.”

“Ah, what is that?” responded the giant, quite softened with the prospect of something pleasant.

“The old vats of Madeira, that were filled a thousand revolutions ago, come next change, are ripe and mellow, with the juices that have been so long untasted. So your Greatness will not want wine for the dinner—and that of the very best this earth affords.”

“It is well,” replied Aslog; “now away.” And stooping down as he spoke, he set the Dwarf carefully on the beach, when the little fellow seated himself in a tiny pearl shell, from the sides of which expanded a beautiful pair of wings; and spreading an iris awning over himself, away he went, like a butterfly through the air.

Olog, as you may well believe, was astonished at the summons, and would have been glad to avail himself of the common privilege, by keeping away from the presence of one he had so much injured; for the treacherous behold in every thing a snare. But as the invitation was expressed in the form of a command, being subordinate, he had no power to refuse.

It would be impossible to enter into the details of the splendid feast Aslog had provided for his great enemy. The table was laid on the Island of Teneriffe, and consisted of a large plateau of rock. Beside the covers already alluded to, a couple of young hippopotami made two very delicate side dishes; and there was such a garniture of fruits, roots, and especially sauces, as would, to say the least, astonish the palate of modern epicures. The wine, which did justice both to its own age, and the reputation it has ever since maintained, was drawn off into an air tight



cavern near by. The goblets were composed of rock crystal, of such wondrous clearness and beauty, that the flashing beverage appeared even richer through their soft translucence. Add to this a numerous retinue of giants, who were in constant attendance, directed by Ebberich, the prime minister of the feast, as well as of all his master's affairs. This was greatly to the chagrin of the giants, who liked not that such a little lump of clay should be set over their heads; but they durst not, for their lives, offer him the least injury, or even discourtesy.

As cup after cup was drained, the suspicions of Olog gradually melted away; and spite of himself, he was warmed into something like confidence. But Aslog was, for once, too shrewd for his enemy, and practised such abstinence that he remained quite cool. He was, however, in very gracious mood, and smiled on his attendants as he had been wont to do, when he gave suppers to Astaroth, in the halls of Mandara; and which, in his late cynical mood, he had quite forgotten. He had been so wholly absorbed in the utter selfishness of his pursuit, that every social tie had been abrogated, and every social feeling crushed. The whole atmosphere partook of his spirit, and appeared regenerated. They did not know that this was but a profounder depth of art—a gleam of momentary sunshine breaking through his great life-cloud—by means of which he should melt their chains, and thus rivet them more securely. All around him were happy, because they did not know this—all except Ebberich. His keener eyes, alone perceived the truth.

Aslog continued sitting with his guest, until the friendly Night spread her congenial shadows over the scene. It happened that her Ladyship just alluded to had taken a severe cold, by first overheating herself, and then being exposed to a draught from the breath of the envious Monsoons, who were always watching opportunity to do her mischief; and she had therefore wrapped herself in a large heavy shawl, before she came out. The darkness it occasioned was a very fortunate circumstance for Aslog, who intended to finish his entertainment by a grand display of fire works.

Making a sign to Ebberich, who was the profoundest chemist ever known, and had studied deeply into the virtues and forces of all the elements, he turned to renew his conversation, as the dwarf withdrew.

Presently there was an explosion; and then a stream of liquid fire shot up into the atmosphere, picturing its radiant curves on the folds of deep darkness that hung around.

Then a rumbling sound, like subterranean thunder, occurred; and by the light of the falling cluders, the astonished gazers saw that a large tract of land had arisen from the sea. Scarce had they turned to say, behold, when another, and another, shot forth—each attended by the same submarine sounds—and producing the same results. In this way were formed, in one night, many of the groups of islands on the western coast of Africa; none of them, except a few of the largest, having as yet appeared.—I am the more particular in making this statement, because it will be of great service to future geologists, who have innocently enough imputed to other islands a volcanic origin. A few of the rockets went quite over the peninsula, and quenched themselves in the waters of the Indian Ocean.

But the crown wonder was yet undeveloped. Up to this time, a lake whose depths no art, save that of Ebberich, could measure, lay enfolded in the center of northern Africa. Aslog stretched out his almost unseen hand into the gloom, simply saying: "Look yonder"—when an astounding spectacle was presented to the view. From the bosom of this lake had first come forth a rumbling sound, of tremendous depth and power. It seemed as if the giant Fiends below, had been disturbed in their long rest, and were thus bellowing forth their great anger.

Then rose an annular band of bluish light encircling the lake with a rim of fire. Converging from every point toward the zenith, flames shot upward until they formed one single burning dome, supported by pillars of solid fire. Terrace rising over terrace—arch stretching beyond arch—stood forth that wondrous pile—fit palace of the Fire-Demon. Through its depths might be traced long arcades, and chambers within chambers, with columns and towers, all of substantial fire. The flames, as if

they had been intelligent spirits, gifted with artistic skill and genius, wrought in their appropriate places, frieze, and cornice, capital and architrave, with ornaments simulating in their forms and colors, beast, bird, leaf and flower. Radiating in every direction from the summit of the structure, blazing banners streamed abroad, wrought with many strange devices, in many-colored flames.

They had seemed to gaze on this wonderful appearance but a few minutes, when the whole pile fell with a tremendous crash; while from the center came up a booming sound, so deep and terrible, that in the intense silence which followed it seemed as if the whole earth had been struck with utter dumbness. The exhausted fires after smouldering awhile in the great heap they had formed, again exploded, sending out a mass of cinders, so fine and light that they became easily incorporated with the air, shining like grains of ignited sand from east to west, for thousands of miles. The lake was completely filled up; and the great desert of Sahara marks the boundary where the ashes fell; and is to this day a monument of the wonderful power of Ebberich, the father of Pyrologists.

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