

# THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

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

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## The Principles of Nature.

### THE PHILOSOPHY OF CREATION.

BY R. P. AMBLER.

The important object to be held in view in all mental investigations, is the attainment of Truth; and the appropriate means by which this object is to be accomplished, may be found in the highest faculty of the human mind, which is Reason. No arbitrary, assumed authority should be obeyed as the sole revealer of that which it is the province of every mind to grasp; no musty record whose origin can be traced to the fountains of earthly wisdom, should be recognized as the infallible oracle; and no human teacher whose voice is but the echo of ancient superstitions, should be received as the expounder of all mystery. Reason—the noblest gift of man—the most godlike attribute of the soul, should be recognized alone as the guiding principle of investigation. Here is the authority—the oracle—the teacher, whose instructions are imparted as the shining light that beams upon the pathway leading to immortal Truth.

Seeking, therefore, the aid and direction of this principle, which is the inherent endowment of every individual, I would now invite attention to the investigation of a subject which has long taxed the intellectual powers of man, and which, perhaps, even now to the majority of minds, is involved in profound mystery. It is a theme which relates to the primeval birth or origin of the material forms that constitute visible Nature—to that mighty and wondrous process by which Creation first came forth from its chaotic gloom, to assume the order, harmony, and beauty which now everywhere prevail. Laying at the foundation of a beautiful and stupendous system of philosophy, this subject is naturally presented for the investigation of the aspiring and truth-seeking mind. It is not sufficient that we admire the beauty and perfection which universally exist in the present constitution of things, but it is proper to trace the line of induction from the visible effects that surround us to the primitive causes by which they were produced, and thus arrive at some definite conception relating to the origin and beginning of the world.

It is worthy of remark that the ideas which have been commonly entertained on this subject, are derived chiefly from the mythological and traditionary accounts of ancient writers. The imperfect notions originally conceived in minds unilluminated by the truths of Nature, have been deeply impressed upon each succeeding generation. Men have been satisfied to yield to their progenitors the power of establishing the prevailing principles of Cosmogony, and have been willing to receive the mere transcript of traditional history, instead of searching with their own reason to obtain the truth. The world, however, seems to be nearly prepared for the reception of more expanded views. Scientific investigations and geological researches have combined with the intuitions of the soul, to explode the prevailing errors, and reflect light upon the subject so long obscured, which involves the origin and formation of the Universe.

In scanning the history of Creation, the mind naturally roams back through the distant ages of the past, until it arrives at a point which may properly be termed the *beginning*. It cannot be reasonably supposed that the innumerable forms of beauty that now meet our view have existed forever. The evidences of design and the manifestations of progressive growth which are everywhere displayed, distinctly point backward to a specific period when the present form and arrangement of the universe began to be. In the contemplation of such a period, the mind of man can easily engage without any undue exertion of its powers. The problem, however, which it is most desirable to solve, reaches

back of this. Whence came the first dawn of Creation's morning? Whence came the first mighty orb that was ushered forth into unlimited space? Whence came the original formation of the innumerable systems of worlds that now roll in the bosom of immensity? These are the questions which lie at the very threshold of our investigations with regard to the philosophy of Creation.

The prevalent theory which has been advanced in answer to these inquiries, teaches that the visible universe, including the earth and all the mighty constellations of suns that illumine the heavens, was originally created from *absolute nothing*, and that previous to their introduction into being, the whole immeasurable expanse of space represented one empty and unbroken void, in which no form of matter had ever existed. This theory, which has been interwoven with the educational impressions of the mass, is thus boldly expressed by Dr. Goon, who may be considered as a proper representative of the popular teachers on the subject of Cosmogony. He says, "So far from intimating any absurdity in the idea that matter may be created *out of nothing* by the interposition of an almighty intelligence, reason seems, on the contrary, rather to point out to us the possibility of an equal creation *out of nothing* of ten thousand other substances, of which each may be the medium of life and happiness to infinite orders of beings." Again, he says, in concluding this part of the subject: "Matter, then, we are compelled to regard as a substance created *out of nothing* by an intelligent first cause." It would seem to require but a small degree of discernment to discover the innate and essential absurdity of the proposition here stated; and it appears not a little singular that a philosopher who professes to *reason* on a subject of so important a nature, should unblushingly advance a theory which never can be reconciled with this faculty. To suppose that matter, either visible or invisible, could ever be created from a nonentity or some thing which does not exist, must be regarded by every reasoning mind as an apparent solecism. In view of such a supposition, well might the exclamation arise spontaneously with an ancient writer: "O ye whose hearts are pure! how could *something* arise out of *nothing*?" It is perfectly evident that a substance cannot be created from nothing, because there exists no essence or element in the one from which the other can in any manner be derived. We can conceive of a large quantity of matter proceeding from a smaller quantity, as a tree is produced from the plant, or the grain from the seed; but here, it must be observed, is *something* out of which the larger substances may be created, there being a germ and living principle within, from which these are naturally developed. But in absolute nothing there can be found no germ or essence of any thing to be developed, and hence in the very nature of things no substance of any kind could ever be produced from it. It is a perfect and obvious truism that nothing from nothing springs. We might multiply nothing to infinity, and yet we should be no nearer the production of substance than when we first commenced. So the same might be operated upon by infinite Power, and yet no tangible result could ever be produced, for there is no germ, essence, or principle in *nothing* by which matter could by any possibility be created. If, then, any substance can be produced, it is a legitimate conclusion that the *something*, or, in other words, the germ, must have existed from eternity in an unbroken period beyond the period which we cover an eternal *nothing*—a necessity which constitutes then, the

expression of the Supreme Mind, which is without beginning and without end.

Having arrived at this stage of the investigation, we are now prepared to contemplate the original condition of matter at the time when the present order of creation was ushered into existence. It must be acknowledged that this branch of the subject has been entirely unelucidated by any of the mythological teachings of the past. Startled at the profound gloom which brooded over the bosom of ancient chaos, the mind has turned back without daring to roam amid the unexplored regions from which the mighty structure of creation derived its being. It is possible, however, that the clear light of Nature may serve to dissipate the darkness, and that a proper understanding of the subject may be attained by yielding to the guidance of an unbiased judgment. To this end, I propose to employ the inductive method of reasoning, and endeavor to trace causes from their visible effects. From the fact, then, that earth and all other planets with which we have any acquaintance, are discovered to possess a spherical form, we conclude that the materials of which they were primarily composed were in a *liquid state*, inasmuch as no solid and compact substance could ever naturally assume this figure; while, on the other hand, it is precisely the form into which a liquid mass whose particles are free to move among themselves, would be necessarily moulded by a revolution upon its axis. The characteristics presented by the earth in the flattening of the poles, and the fulness at the equator, serve to confirm the same truth; for the only way in which this peculiarity can be rationally accounted for, is to suppose that the whole body was originally in a state of fluidity, subjected to the action of the inherent forces created by its revolving movement. But again: from the fact that the great centers of the solar systems of the universe which are termed suns, constitute the innate sources of light and heat; and also that the earth, which is the representative of other planets, contains within its heart, according to the opinion of geologists, those central fires which are the obvious *remnant* of what primarily composed the entire substance of this body, we arrive at the conclusion that the original matter of which all things were created, was not only liquid, as we have before seen, but was also of a fiery, or igneous nature.

Gazing, therefore, into the immeasurable depths of time, and drawing aside the curtain which conceals the primitive elements of matter, we discover extending throughout the limitless expanse, one mighty, undivided, and boundless mass of liquid, fiery substance. This great mass is inconceivable in magnitude, unimaginable in appearance, and constitutes an unparticled, inseparable Whole, containing within itself all the elements, powers and forces which are essential to develop all subsequent creations. Here we are enabled to contemplate the germ from which all the higher forms of matter were created; here lies the productive seed from which the unbounded universe was born. To gain some conception of this, let us suppose that the present structure of the material world were resolved into its primitive elements; that the innumerable suns which fill the immensity of space, with all their attendant planets and revolving satellites, should, by some unaccountable impulse, rush from their orbits, fly to one common center, and there being melted by the consuming breath of Omnipotence, should flow together in one limitless, unimaginable ocean of liquid fire. This, if the human mind has the capacity to comprehend such a result, would represent the original condition of matter.

It should be observed now that this mass of eternal substance, was pervaded, moved and governed by an inherent and immortal Principle or Power, which is termed the Supreme Mind. Matter and God have thus existed from eternity. To speak philosophically, it is impossible for one to exist without the other. Mind, on the one hand, must have its vehicle, or outward expression; matter, on the other, must have its indwelling soul. Now the Supreme Mind was and is the great Positive Power, in reference to which all matter sustains a negative relation. The action of this Positive Power, therefore, was suitable to affect, impel, and control the chaotic elements; the desire and purpose formed in the Eternal Mind became the active and established law of subordinate matter; and in this manner the principles of motion,

association, and progression, were introduced as the essential causes of new existences and higher forms of creation.

At a period of time which for the sake of distinction may be termed the *beginning*, a beautiful and sublime process was completed, by which superior and more perfect developments of matter were to be evolved. By an inherent and eternal movement among the particles of the original substance, which movement resulted from the action of the Supreme Power, it is reasonable to suppose that a dense emanation or atmosphere of light and heat was formed and thrown out into the expanding infinity. This emanation contained a quantity of matter sufficient to compose innumerable worlds; and in the gradual process of condensation to which its component elements were naturally subjected, those particles having a mutual affinity, and suitable to enter into the same combination, were attracted and became associated in one body; while, on the other hand, those particles which from dissimilarity of nature or degree of density had no inherent attractions, were naturally and necessarily repelled, and were left to enter into the composition of other bodies. In this manner, after the lapse of unnumbered ages, separate worlds or suns were introduced into being, which, through the action of the same laws by which they were created, became also the parents and centers of countless other orbs, now recognized as planets and satellites. These worlds or suns which were evolved from the Parent Body, were, of course, in relation to the latter, as mere sparks or atoms; and when, as regards our idea of number, an infinity of these worlds had been created, there would still remain in the original mass materials for the formation of other innumerable universes. So, for an eternity of time, the process of creation was carried on, and mighty systems of worlds were ushered into space, and yet the great Fountain from which they sprang was unexhausted. Indeed, it is not too much to presume, that from the bosom of the same illimitable, eternal substance which dwells in the unseen depths of immensity, suns and systems are still being born; especially as it is an established fact that occasionally new worlds, springing from some far off and invisible source, suddenly burst upon the view of the admiring astronomer, and take places among their sister orbs.

From these views we arrive at the conclusion that Creation was a gradual and progressive work; that it resulted, not from the direct interposition and instantaneous operation of Almighty power, but rather from those natural, established processes which were developed from the inherent laws and tendencies of matter. The supposition that all the majestic worlds of the universe were brought into being, as it were, in a moment, by one imperative command of the Almighty, it would seem can scarcely be entertained by the reasoning mind. *This, let it be observed, is not the method in which God works.* While it is freely acknowledged that Deity is omnipotent in the performance of his will, it is evidently impossible that He should act inconsistently with his own nature, or that He should pursue any course different from that method which is the natural and eternal expression of his own mind. Now all the evidence which can be obtained from the present order of nature as to the peculiar mode of His operation, clearly shows that every result is accomplished—every effect produced, by the progressive action of established, invariable laws. Since, then, there is no proof that the Divine Being, who is immutable in His nature, has ever changed his mode of action in relation to the universe, it is clear that the obvious method by which all spheres and existences are now governed, represent also the beautiful process by which they were first brought forth from the womb of chaos.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

### Transmission of Sound.

Sound, as one of the senses, may be defined as the sensation produced in the *tympanum* or drum of the ear by the vibration of the air put in motion by external bodies; as a bell or musical instrument.

Sound cannot be transmitted through space without some medium, either solid or fluid. Air being the medium commonly in contact with the ear, is the usual vehicle of sound; but denser

fluids and some solids are far better adapted, as any person may prove by simple experiments. If the head be plunged in water and two solid substances as hammers of stones be struck together, the loudness of the sound will be much increased. If the ear be placed in contact with one end of a long pole, the scratch of a pin on the other end will be distinctly heard, though inaudible to the person who makes it. As bodies denser than air are better, so rarer fluids are poorer.

## Psychological Department.

### Simulated Death.

A very extraordinary case of this nature occurred a few days ago, at Hammersmith, in the person of Harriet Smith, a young woman of interesting appearance, who served as house-maid in the family of Robert Emerson, Esq., of Oxford street. This girl, it seems, had, about three years ago, been thrown from the top of a stage coach, and received many severe contusions both internal and external, which seriously affected her strength, and brought on a gradual decay of nature.

Being incapable of performing her customary business, she relinquished her situation, and obtained an asylum beneath the roof of a female relative at Hammersmith. Here, notwithstanding her total cessation from all corporeal labor, her complaint still advanced; she every day grew weaker, and was frequently subject to long faintings. Through the kind attention of some ladies with whom she had formerly lived, every aid that eminent professional advice could afford, was rendered her, with a constant supply of such necessities and comforts as her helpless situation demanded. On Thursday week she had been taken out for an airing, and returned home with renewed strength, in rather better spirits than usual. After taking some refreshments, she complained of excessive inclination to sleep, and was therefore placed in a bed between the hours of six and seven in the afternoon. In apparent enjoyment of profound repose, she remained until a very far advanced hour the following day, when on attempting to arouse her, she was found to be quite cold; her lips were colorless, and her eyes glazed; all sensation had ceased; every thing bore testimony to the power of the destroyer, death. The last office to her remains which were directed by decency, were then performed; the corpse was attired in the usual grave clothes, and laid on a bed, where it remained from Friday noon until Sunday morning, the afternoon of which day was fixed for the interment. Happily, however, the horrible event, which we fear occurs but too often, was frustrated. On the removal of the body from the bed to the coffin, one of the persons engaged, inadvertently placed her hand on the bosom, and fancying its touch imparted a sensation far more warm than the damp and clayey feel of a corpse, she naturally expressed her opinion to those who were assisting in the melancholy office; a closer examination convinced them that they were about to commit to the grave a living subject. The cheeks and lips were still livid and colorless; the eye exhibited no sensation of vision, but the vital principle reigned about the region of the heart, and on the application of a glass, breathing was once more perceptible. The physician who had attended her during her illness was instantly sent for; on his arrival signs of returning animation were so manifest, that he concluded bleeding and the application of warm bricks would be productive of immediate restoration. He therefore opened a vein, first in one arm and then in the other, but without effect; every other effort proved equally unavailing until about five o'clock in the evening, when a rapid change took place; the throbbing of the heart and pulse became audible, the cheeks and lips partially regained their crimson, respiration returned with ease and vigor, and in a few moments all the animal powers assumed their functions. During the interesting interval, the various insignia of death were removed in order that she could not be terrified by their appearance when perception returned, but being questioned as to her health, which was customary, she had no knowledge of what her situation had been, merely saying that she felt cold and weak, with an extraordinary oppression and sensation of fear,

not unlike that which is experienced in dreams, when afflicted with the complaint commonly called the nightmare. She has improved not only in health but in spirits every day since her visit to the other world, and is now likely to be long an inhabitant of this.—*London Farmer's Journal.*

### Influence of Mind.

The experience and observation of mankind bear abundant testimony to the fact that the mind exerts a direct and powerful influence on the physical system. Whether this influence be beneficial or otherwise, seems to depend entirely on the nature and degree of mental action. A calm, peaceful and harmonious state of mind tends naturally to produce a similar condition in the body, while an indulgence of any violent passion or emotion is well known to be destructive to health, and not unfrequently produces death itself. "Sometimes the heart is completely overwhelmed, and all its vital powers instantly yield under the sudden impulse of extravagant grief. In the war which King Ferdinand made upon the dowager of King John of Hungary, a man in armor was particularly taken notice of by every one, for his extraordinary gallantry in a certain encounter near Buda, and, being unknown, was highly commended, and much lamented when left dead upon the spot, but by none so much as by Raisciac, a German nobleman, who was charmed with such unparalleled valor. The body being brought off the field of battle, and the count with common curiosity going to view it, the armor of the deceased was no sooner taken off, but he knew him to be his own son. This increased the compassion of all the spectators; only the count, without uttering one word, or changing his countenance, stood like a stock, with his eyes fixed on the corpse, till, the vehemency of sorrow having overwhelmed his vital spirits, he sunk stone dead to the ground."

### An Interesting Fact.

Henderson asserts the following to be a fact. When his brother was ten, and he not more than eight years of age, their well-being depended on the life of their mother. She was afflicted with a violent nervous disorder, which had sunk her into a deep melancholy. While suffering under this, she, one morning, left her house and children, at Newport Pagnell, who waited her return with impatience. Night approached, but their parent did not return. Full of terror, the two boys went in search of her. Ignorant what course to take, they wandered until midnight about the places where she used to walk, but wandered without success; they agreed to return home, but neither of them knew the way. Fatigued, alarmed, distressed, they sat down on a bank to weep; when they observed, at some distance, a luminous appearance, and supposing it to be a candle in some friendly habitation, hastily directed their steps towards it. As they moved, the light moved also, and glided from field to field for a considerable time. At length it seemed fixed, and on their near approach, vanished on the side of a large piece of water. *On the margin they found their mother* in a state from which she was roused by the presence and tears of her children!

### Inspiration of Genius.

It is only necessary to read Mozart's account of his own moments of inspiration, to comprehend not only the similarity, but the positive identity, of the ecstatic state with the state of genius in activity. "When all goes well with me," he says—"when I am in a carriage, or walking, or when I cannot sleep at night, the thoughts come streaming in upon me most fluently: whence, or how, is more than I can tell. What comes, I hum to myself as it proceeds. Then follow the counterpoint and the clang of the different instruments; and, if I am not disturbed, my soul is fixed, and the thing grows greater, and broader, and clearer; and I have it all in my head, even when the piece is a long one, and I see it like a beautiful picture—not hearing the different parts in succession as they must be played, but the whole at once. That is the delight! The composing and the hearing are like a beautiful and vivid dream; and this hearing is the best of all.—*The Night-Side of Nature.*

## THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

R. P. AMBLER, EDITOR.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., MARCH 29, 1851.

## THE BASIS OF REFORM.

The systems of reform at present in most active operation, can never attain the end to which they professedly aim. In producing a thorough reformation in the body of humanity, moral, social, and political, the mission of these systems will prove mostly inefficient. The reason of this is seen in the fact that they are too superficial, and do not lay the axe at the root of the evil. As well might one attempt to restore to soundness and fruitfulness, a tree, by pruning its branches, while a worm is gnawing at the root; as well attempt to restore healthfulness to the human frame while gangrene is working at the vitals, by mere external applications, as to expect that the deep-seated diseases of society can be removed by those reforms which have reference only to the outward symptoms.

Intemperance, in all its varied forms of drunkenness, gluttony, obscenity, licentiousness, and prostitution, as well as more legal crimes, such as slander, lying, fighting, theft and murder; together with those terrible vices rendered tenfold more base and destructive by their under-handed and secret machinations—I mean overreaching in bargains, unjust monopolies in trade, exorbitant prices on merchandise, defrauding the poor, unrighteous speculations in lands and stocks—all these, and every species of injustice and wrong, are but the natural consequences of the mental and physical condition of their perpetrators. Influences existing external to an individual, affect him only through the medium of his own organization. This, therefore, is the thing to be corrected. Make this right, and external causes of a mountain's weight or a torrent's force, could not move a person to do wrong. But create the organization badly, and by every regulation to which it is subjected make it worse and worse, and is its owner responsible for its legitimate operations? For a person born with a depraved or diseased organization, and whose education only increases its deformity, to do right, would be as miraculous as for grapes to grow upon thorn trees, or figs upon thistles. The principle is as true now as in former times, that good fruit cannot grow upon corrupt trees.

Now the truth is, that few, if any, children are born with comparatively perfect organizations; and for this reason—their parents were first badly organized, then improperly educated, and lastly unrighteously wedded. Thus, through the long vista of past ages, down to that point where the faint glimmerings of light are lost in the deep darkness of oblivion, these same evils have existed, increasing and accumulating, until now a burden of enormous weight is heaped upon the present and rising generation. Truly the children are made to suffer for parental misdemeanors and transgressions!

And yet, until this late day, few, comparatively, seem to have discovered the true cause of all these evils. The majority have merely seen the external manifestations—have imagined these to be the real evils, and directed all their energies for their extermination, while the root of all the mischief has remained untouched, because undiscovered.

Now the true basis of reform by which the organization is to be perfected, may be traced ultimately to the union of the sexes. What is marriage? Young man or woman, do you believe that the church or state ceremony, which consummates that act, constitutes a real union? Do you believe because the priest or justice declares with great solemnity, "what God hath joined together let not man put asunder," that the union is really sanctioned by Heaven? I fear you do. To many seem to believe that the mere ceremony really constitutes marriage. It may be *wedlock*, but never *marriage*. That is too high and holy an institution for priest or layman to create. Their wordy form is resolved into mere senselessness, so far as the reality is concerned. If from conscientious scruples a public formality is desired, it

may be observed without harm; but do not think that it really marries you.

Again: have you been instructed to make personal appearance, station, wealth or rank, a consideration in your choice of a partner for life; and, if it be a true choice, not only for time but for eternity? If you have, it was bad instruction; and came it from parents, teachers, friends, or whatever source, it is pregnant with the direst mischief. When these are held before you as motives to bias your choice, heed them not; let your own pure heart choose: if you have not this to guide you, sad indeed may be the results.

Have you heard of attractions and repulsions? Do you know their teachings, so full of mighty import? A true marriage is an attraction of heart to heart, of spirit to spirit; and this results in consequence of their likeness to each other. The true spirit seeks its like and cannot live without, except in unhappiness and misery. But having found its companion—its counterpart, it readily and naturally assimilates itself thereto, and so forms the only true marriage. In this there is no repulsion. Two, thus united, live but for each other, being one in thought, in aim, in wish, in hope; their lives are blended in a holy union, and true harmony is the unavoidable result.

From the true marriage of persons of good physical organizations, high moral and intellectual development, and an exalted spirituality, will spring a race which shall have no natural inclination to go astray, no propensity for wrong doing. Temptation to such would have no power; and if no artificialities are allowed to exist, in the form of a false education, we should have a race as perfect as is consistent with the nature of this rudimental sphere. Individuals would then possess a firm and healthy constitution, which of course would not become vitiated or diseased by improper indulgencies, and which, consequently, would find no trouble from the "thousand ills which flesh is heir to" at present; they would attain a well-developed intellect, which would lead to that knowledge for which every mind yearns, being free from the prejudices, bigotry, and superstition, which now press like an incubus upon the soul. Then, also, a sufficient degree of moral principle would be possessed to regulate all other faculties, so that no wrong could exist between man and man, and no one could stoop to wrong himself; this being added to an active spirituality, which is essential to form the connecting link between the earthly man and the dwellers in a higher sphere, and to render the former susceptible to the holy influence of the latter, we have as perfect a state of society as could be reasonably desired upon this earth.

Is any one so skeptical as to disbelieve in the possibility of such a condition of being in the present life? Let him reflect wherein exists the impossibility of such a state, and remember that this was the ultimate result foreseen in our creation. Blessed be those great and philanthropic minds which shall labor in might and sincerity, to bring about a result so greatly to be desired. To such I would say, encourage yourselves with firm faith, not only in the possibility, but in the entire practicability, of such a consummation. It will, it must, ere long prove a reality, as it now is the ardent desire of every true, earnest heart.

But let it be always remembered that, all else being favorable, the perfect end cannot be attained without the true marriage. That under lies the whole; it is absolutely necessary as the basis of that reform which is to end in complete harmony.

Akron, Ohio.

F. M. B.

## The True Power.

In all ages the human heart has been actuated by a restless longing after power; and the imperfect conceptions existing in relation to this object of attainment, have been manifested in corresponding action. Moved by the tide of ambitious feeling, the worldly hero has mingled with the mighty host, and gained bloody victories on the field of death. He has thus gained a power for which the vain heart sighs in its dream of bliss. It is a power which is founded on the crushed hopes and blighted joys of thousands; and the dreary and desolate waste where fallen foes expired, presents the direful tokens of its presence. But is there no higher power than this? Are all the living en-



ergies existing in the human form concentrated in the physical body! Nay. There is a power within the soul more glorious; there is a might, with which no arm can compete, in the simple movements of the wonder-working mind. The true power is interior, not outward. It consists in the perfect development and harmonious action of the individual soul, while its aim is to arrange in blissful concord the confused elements of the moral and intellectual world. The thirst for such a power as this, is but a heavenward aspiration; and he by whom it is attained, is guided by the whisperings of that inward voice, which speaks of a sublime victory over self, and leads to the heights of spiritual progress.

R. P. A.

### LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Though the chief and primary object of this paper is the elucidation of important truths and principles, rather than the views and experiences of any particular individual, yet from considerations of justice, and as a matter of interest to our readers, we are induced to publish, at the request of the writer, the following extracts from a letter which has been recently received:—

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., March 22d, 1851.

BR. AMBLER:—I have been led by a spiritual Providence to the re-investigation of Swedenborg's "Doctrine of the Lord." I do not say I accept all he says upon this point, but I find to my amazement that the person of Jesus Christ is literally and truly Divine, in a sense that no other person is. He was "God manifest in the flesh," and I accept him now, in his DIVINE HUMANITY, as the only Saviour of the world. I find that the whole Divine Trinity of the Scriptures centers in Him—"Father, Son and Holy Spirit." These are not, of course, three persons, but three principles in one God. I find that the Scriptures, so far as this is concerned, have indeed a high, consistent and interior sense, and that, as Swedenborg says, it is only the external—the letter, which has given rise to errors and disputes on this subject. Herein is a sublime mystery, but it is in full accordance with my highest reason, and I find it to be, as a distinguished follower of Swedenborg says, "the sum of all mystery and all simplicity." Of course I cannot argue or illustrate this point here, as I am doubtful if you would admit it at sufficient length, and my only object now is, to publicly confess my former error, and put those on an accurate and careful examination, who may, from any thing I have said, have been confirmed in error.

I feel it a duty to say a word here of "Davis' Revelations." Greatly indeed am I indebted to that work, and I thank God it is in the world. But, the mission of that book seems to me now, to lead men from the Egypt of sectarianism and gross sensualism, into the wilderness—that is, into much pure and rational spiritualism, but not to lead them to the Promised Land. I accept and rejoice in its truths, as ever; and I know that, without this book, I should never have been led to that, as I must deem him, more Christian Philosopher and Seer—the great Swedenborg. I do not now, and cannot accept the strong anti-biblical and unchristian character of Mr. Davis' book; and yet I find much truth in it, even on these subjects. I am of opinion that the book has been permitted by Divine Providence for the wisest ends, and if it has the same effect in others that it has had on me, I shall rejoice more and more.

Again, I cannot accept the description of the "Second Sphere," given by Mr. Davis in that book. I do most truly believe that the lower spheres of the Spirit-world are much lower, much darker, and much more imperfect, than what is there represented. I cannot view, as many do, the spirit of a man to be so pure, and the corruptions of his life to spring so much from the body and external circumstances. There is a great truth in this, but to me, the spirit is a body—is an organism—is, in fact, much more interiorly, than we imagine, inclined to evil; and it is, after all, the spirit that is the proper man—the man himself, acting through all the body. I acknowledge a most interior principle that will eventually, by Divine Agency, purify the whole man. But never until man himself wills right, will that purification be accom-

plished. And that, I believe, will require a much longer time, and frequently amid grosser and worse conditions, than is set forth by many who have recently awakened to the Spiritual Philosophy.

Yours, most truly, W. M. FERNALD.

### Remarks.

It will be perceived by the above communication that a material change has taken place in the opinions of the author relating to theological and spiritual subjects. This change, which may be a matter of some surprise to our readers, may be accounted for, we think, by referring to certain principles which seem to be established in the human constitution. It is well known that the constant and excessive exercise of the mind in any one particular direction, whereby the necessary equilibrium between it and the body is disturbed, is inevitably followed by weakness and derangement in the nervous system, and not unfrequently by an obscuration of the mental perceptions. The intellect of an individual in this condition, like eyes which have been enfeebled by gazing at the sun, is naturally blinded to the true reality of things, and is, from this cause, led to perceive many dark spots in the beautiful light with which it is surrounded. In making an application of these principles to the case of the individual referred to, we cannot but feel an emotion of pity when we reflect that an intellect so free and exploring in its aims, should be turned aside from its onward course, like a vessel which has once ventured on the deep ocean, but seems likely to be wrecked in shallow water. In relation to the particular views which Mr. Fernald has recently embraced, it is deemed proper to present no argument in this place. A more calm and patient investigation of the subjects involved in the Harmonial Philosophy, may serve to convince him of the impropriety of his present position, and establish him again on the divine principles of Nature which form the foundations of eternal Truth.

In addition to the above, it may be stated that the preceding letter was read aloud in the presence of a reliable medium, and that, after receiving some directions in regard to its publication, we were visited by the spirit of Emanuel Swedenborg, who voluntarily and without request, communicated the following intelligence:

"Brother Fernald is in the dark—he is in error, and his mind is troubled on account of seeming discrepancies in spiritual communications."

It is to be presumed that the discrepancies here mentioned have been a source of disquietude to many minds, which have not been able to comprehend the essential principles on which spiritual intercourse is based. To all such, including Mr. Fernald, we would earnestly commend the perusal of a recent work from the pen of A. J. Davis, which is noticed in another column.—ED.

### Discovered at Last.

A much esteemed friend has just given us information from which it appears that the honor of discovering the secret of the "rapping phenomena" is still to be contested. While our friend was traveling, a few days since, in company with a gentleman from New York, the mysterious manifestations became the subject of remark, when this gentleman announced the last important discovery. He had noticed that all the mediums lived near the telegraph lines, and, from a careful examination of the facts, he would venture to affirm that not a single medium could be found residing more than twenty miles from the telegraph. His theory is, that persons within that distance are liable to become charged with electricity from the wires to such a degree that they spontaneously explode! It is quite likely that some of our readers will find advocates among persons who entertain such a philosophy. Those of this class who desire to be discovered, would do well to form a circle round a telegraphic battery; while those living near the line, who have the sounds, had better "make tracks," or become loaded, and unexpectedly, without any warning, scare somebody!

## Musicians Inocognita.

BRO. AMBLER:—On Sunday evening, the 16th inst., a circle was formed at the residence of L. D. Bidwell, in the village of Sandy Hook, on which occasion some remarkable displays of power and intelligence were witnessed. The members of the circle commenced singing, when the sounds were heard indicating the time with great precision. At the close of the piece, I incidentally observed that perhaps the invisibles would compose some music for the circle, whereupon a tune was rapped out, which was thought by all present to be singularly beautiful. Here the alphabet was called, and "*The Spirit's Home*" was indicated as the name of the piece. The request to furnish another tune was instantly complied with, and a second piece, scarcely less beautiful than the first, was played, which the spirits directed should be distinguished as —'s Song. These pieces were repeated—sometimes in different localities simultaneously—and with remarkable distinctness.

The writer inquired what spirits were employed in these manifestations, and received for answer, "Your friends." Among several especially designated, a brother who was *shot* at San Jacinto, Texas, was announced as present. Immediately after this announcement, there followed a succession of heavy sounds, closely resembling the discharge of artillery at a distance. The floor trembled at each succeeding shock, and these startling sounds occurred at intervals for half an hour. At my solicitation, the invisible band again played the last piece of music, giving the low notes in these cannon shocks. This part of the performance was truly amazing. For two hours and a half the various phenomena continued, with scarcely a moment's intermission, during which the tables were shaken and moved, and the vibrations, much of the time, followed with astonishing rapidity. Frequently the sounds proceeded from different points at the same instant, and in their frequency far exceeded the most rapid performance on a small drum. It was estimated that, during the evening, from ten to fifteen thousand sounds were heard, and their number and volume increased to the last. These unseen agents declared that nearly *one hundred and fifty spirits were present in the room, and that they had produced more than twelve thousand sounds!*

A short time before the sitting closed, I took out my watch, without permitting any one to see the dial, and inquired if the spirits would indicate the exact time by the same; whereupon they answered, "*nine o'clock and forty minutes*," which was the exact time to a second. The number, frequency, and power of the sounds, on this occasion, exceeded any similar exhibition which it has been my privilege to witness.

Yours,

S. B. B.

## A Suggestion.

BRO. AMBLER:—A thought has been recently suggested to my mind which is deemed of some importance, and may be useful to express. It is this:—that believers in the Harmonial Philosophy should institute some more agreeable mode of disposing of the body, when the spirit has departed, which shall be different from that adopted by people in general, who regard death as the "king of terrors," and who in their funeral obsequies clothe it with gloom and horror. It appears to me that something more in accordance with the spirit of our philosophy, should be introduced by those who view this important event in our existence in a more rational light. The tendency of this would be to disrobe death of its imaginary terrors, and produce more correct impressions on the minds of the rising generation, relating to the philosophy of this change.

I might here offer some suggestions as to the proper course to be pursued in this matter, but will leave the subject for the present, as I intended only to express a simple thought which may be taken up and improved by others.

M. A. T.

☞ Sickness in the family of the editor has occasioned an unavoidable delay in the publication of the present number.

## New Work by A. J. Davis.

The public are now presented with a new work from the pen of Mr. Davis, entitled, "*The Philosophy of Spiritual Inter-course; being an explanation of modern mysteries.*" Published by Fowlers and Wells, New York. So far as we are able to judge of its merits from a somewhat cursory perusal, we feel impelled to say that this work may be classed among the superior productions of its distinguished author. While in external appearance and mechanical execution it is rendered attractive to the eye, its contents are every where sparkling with beautiful gems of thought, which engage and captivate the mind. It would be impossible in the brief notice we design at present, to convey an accurate idea of the course of investigation pursued in this volume. We can only say that the most important subjects of a spiritual nature in which the inquiring mind is now chiefly interested, are here fully and satisfactorily elucidated;—embracing, among other themes, the Guardianship of Spirits, the Stratford Mysteries, the Doctrine of Evil Spirits, the Formation of Circles, the Resurrection of the Dead, &c., in addition to which are presented many beautiful communications from the Spirit-world, including an interesting statement from Benjamin Franklin relating to the origin of the sounds, and the second, most sublime message of James Victor Wilson. For a personal appreciation of the truths presented through this medium of spiritual instruction, we would refer the reader to the work itself, which may be procured, among other places, at the office of the Messenger. Price 50 cents.

☞ An esteemed friend, who cherishes a strong faith in the Harmonial Philosophy, but who, like many others, has been made sensible of the ills and vicissitudes of life, gives utterance to his thoughts in the following expressive language:—

"I had intended to write you something for publication, but I am not in the mood to-day. Though the natural sun shines out brightly, yet the sky of my inner being is clouded and obscure. I sigh for brighter hopes and more enduring joys. If this world—this life were all, it would scarcely be worth contending for. The constant struggle required to obtain the means of subsistence, enstamps a blight on this otherwise happy and beautiful world. Its shuts out the radiance from the World Celestial, and drowns the melody of angelic hosts, who would lead us up to "the golden sunshine on the eternal shore." Yet it is a consolation to the weary heart that we can sometimes get a faint glimpse of the bright fields and silvery streams that lie beyond the bleak shores of earth, and hear, in the quietude and hush of night, the gentle whispers of angels, and the half-audible tones of their golden harps."

☞ Mr. HENRY C. GORDON, and his associate, Mr. HORACE COOLEY, are now prepared to receive the visits of persons who desire to investigate the subject of spiritual manifestations, at their rooms on Armory Hill, three doors from Walnut Street, Springfield, Mass. Sittings for responses from the Spirit-world, will be held daily, at 10 o'clock A. M., and at 2 o'clock, P. M. The public are respectfully invited to embrace this opportunity to satisfy their minds in regard to the reality of spiritual intercourse.

☞ In answer to many inquiries, we would say that our friend Mr. Munn still lingers in this earthly sphere, and that a few faint hopes are entertained of his partial recovery. Though the body has been greatly weakened and emaciated by disease, his mind has been constantly cheered by the truths of the Harmonial Philosophy, and enabled to look forward with a confident faith to the time of his departure.

☞ We are informed on reliable authority that the electrical vibrations produced by spiritual agency are now heard extensively in Norwich, Conn. A friend writing us from this place remarks: "The spirit-rappings are increasing here every day. Many families are now blessed with the sweet presence, and believers are cheered and sustained. God speed the work!"

## Poetry.

## THE SLAVE—A TABLEAU.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER,

BY S. H. LLOYD.

## MORNING.

The new-born light comes floating o'er the hill  
 Kissing the orange leaves upon its way,  
 And kindly ent'ring at my window sill,  
 Illumes my cabin with its feeble ray.  
 But not with joy I ope my slumb'ring eyes,  
 As flowers their leaves to greet the coming morn,  
 That drinking in the sunshine from the skies,  
 Feel all the pleasures of a life new-born.  
 I wake, but with the dawn, my restless heart  
 Feels no sweet dew or sunshine ling'ring there,  
 But griefs that cause each dawning hope to start,  
 And thoughts of outrage, wrong, and wasting care.  
 O God, when from Thy gates the light appears,  
 Should it awake such bleeding hopes and fears?

## NOON.

The noon-day hour has come; beneath this tree  
 I sit me down to eat my simple meal,  
 The winds come floating by, so wild and free,  
 They whisper thoughts that through my bosom steal;—  
 The stream is free that courses through the vales,  
 The waves whose music breaks upon our shore,  
 The clouds that spread their wings like crimson sails,—  
 All whisper thoughts that die in me no more!  
 Why should I thus be doomed to wear a chain?  
 To bare my back beneath the driver's whip?  
 To pour my sweat for him like drops of rain,  
 And ne'er have power to ope my burning lip?  
 Is this the boon for those who till the soil—  
 To reap such harvests for their willing toil?

## EVENING.

The golden sun has sunk all silently,  
 And dewy eve comes tripping by my side,  
 As by I pass each fragrant bush and tree,  
 Beneath whose leaves our little cabins hide.  
 With weary limbs, yet beating heart I go,  
 To meet my sweet and loved ones at my door,  
 Which smiling Hope has circled with her bow,  
 And where my Love has gathered all her store;—  
 And yet why o'er my soul this horror steals?  
 Why from my pent-up heart this death-like sigh?  
 The thought that e'er this bursting heart conceals,  
 Whene'er my home is pictured in my eye;—  
 The fear that hangs a cloud before my sight,  
 The wrong that shrouds my soul in folds of night.

## NIGHT.

No sound now steals upon the breathless air,  
 Save that of leaves that fan the sleeping flowers;  
 Our own north star ne'er seemed so bright and fair,  
 As through these vines it seeks these hearts of ours.  
 What hopes and fears now crowd my aching brain,  
 As by our sleepless breasts our children lie?  
 To make us free does night now pour her strain,—  
 For which the stars are beck'ning in the sky?  
 We snatched our babes, so young and fair they seemed  
 Like sweet-breathed blossoms clinging to our breast,  
 While sweetly in its blue the north star beamed,  
 And forth we went to seek a northern nest.  
 O God, what cloud is rolling at our back?  
 O keep the blood-hounds from our tear-stained track.

## Miscellaneous Department.

## A FRAGMENT.

Oh! it is a strange and wayward thing,—the heart of man!  
 "Harp of a thousand strings," how varied are the tones that  
 gush from it, and the strokes that cause it to vibrate. Now,  
 passion with a master hand sweeps over it, and loud and wild is  
 the response, now the gentlest touch brings forth sweet music;  
 and again both strike the lyre and it is silent still. There are  
 chords within it that for long years respond not; ye might al-  
 most fancy them unstrung forever; when suddenly there is  
 poured from them strains meet for an angel's ear. A mighty  
 change comes over the soul of man, as those, long dormant,  
 once again vibrate; emotions wild and startling rush tumultu-  
 ously forth, as the music now trembles in sweet cadence, then  
 rises in thrilling tone, and again bursts forth in one mysterious,  
 powerful swell. Oh! it is a strange, yet sweet—yea, glorious  
 economy of the human heart, that it hath those strange and va-  
 rying strings. Oh! touch but these, and you can sway at plea-  
 sure; but gently let the lyre be struck, or ye may list in vain for  
 music. I have seen passion and reason strike the chords in the  
 heart of one depraved and seemingly bereft of all man's feelings,  
 and they be mute; again, an almost etherial touch has swept  
 them with a thrilling gush!

Intemperance had bowed low a lofty soul. It had debased the  
 noble powers of intellect, and made as adamant the purest  
 and best affections. Friends had urged and entreated reforma-  
 tion. They had bade him seek the glittering prize that fame  
 held forth: they had besought him to remember that gentle  
 creature who had forsaken all that she might cleave to him.  
 They had spoken of his child, so lovely in young innocence:  
 they had striven with love's own eloquence, to lead him back in-  
 to that path from whence he had so strangely deviated;—but all  
 in vain. Deeper, and still deeper, did he plunge in fell satiety,  
 while a maniac's violence seemed oft to make him wild. The  
 wife bent low her head in grief, as the fury of his wrath swept  
 over her; while her fondly cherished offspring seemed daily  
 sinking to the grave, a victim to parental anger.

The long night waned at length. Still a fond mother held her  
 holy vigils. Scarce did she dare to breathe, lest the trembling  
 slumber of her child should cease. Her eyes were fixed with  
 strange intensity upon its snowy brow, where there dwelt beauty  
 not meet for earth. She gazes, thinking each moment the strug-  
 gle will be over. But once again those languid eyes unclosed  
 and glance upon the anxious watcher; once again the lips are  
 opened, and in tones low and sweet as angelic whispers, the dy-  
 ing boy begs that his mother's voice may be heard in gentle  
 song; and oh, that she will wrap him close within her arms, for  
 strange chills steal over him. He is clasped to that bosom, so  
 long his only refuge; and music, tremulous as that of a broken  
 lyre, scarce thrills the air. Its mournful cadence had not fully  
 died away, ere the spirit, borne on seraphic pinions, had mounted  
 into heaven. One loud, wild shriek of agony rose high, and then  
 laying the senseless, yet beautiful corpse upon a couch, tears  
 rolled thick and fast down the maternal cheeks. Long did she  
 bend over the cold form of him she had so fondly loved. But  
 now she kneels, and the solemn silence is broken by fervent  
 prayer. As she utters the words, "Mother, which  
 art in heaven, hallowed be thy name," she little deems  
 that other than the ear of the Almighty is listening to her voice. She  
 little thinks that her depraved and dying child has gazed  
 upon the scene with bursting heart, and that he has thrilled  
 with new and better feelings. The silent chord has been once more  
 struck, and music, sweet and true, has been heard in the  
 mourner's eye as she arose, and the spirit was restored unto great He-  
 aven, and the child gushed from his eye, and the change that stole across

better man. Ask ye wherefore? A strange, varying string had been touched, as it were, by the breath of Heaven.

### The Goat and the Lamb.

"What misery," said a pretty lamb, after he had cropped his fill of the tender grass in a sunny vale, and was reposing upon a velvet bed of scented clover—"what misery is mine! I am tired of this lazy valley, thus buried from all human observation. Here I can neither see nor be seen. They say that Providence has shed equal blessings upon the beings he has created. Forsooth that is very well to talk about, but I will believe as much of it as I please. Blessings, indeed! what blessings? Here I am cooped up in a narrow valley, without any prospect, while yonder I see goats, who are no better than I, enjoying themselves wonderfully on the precipices—climbing the lofty crags, and overlooking, for what I know, all the world. Oh! that I might thus rise where I could survey a wider scene, and also where I could be viewed by all the creatures beneath, who would envy as well as admire me."

"Have thy wish," said Jupiter.

Immediately the discontented animal found himself elevated an immense distance above the plain, where he looked like a speck. The wind was here strong and chill, the earth barren and lonely; wild birds of prey screamed around. He stood trembling upon the edge of a giddy precipice, and already wishing but unable to descend. A hardy goat leaping near, the affrighted stranger thus addressed him:

"How is it that thou art fearless and happy in such a wild as this?"

"Alas!" said the goat, "I am not happy. I am a wretched creature, whom heaven has cruelly placed here in these dreadful wastes. I do not know what I have done to deserve it. True, I am formed to leap about from rock to rock; my feet, thou seest, are different from thine, and are constructed so as to receive no injury from the sharp crags. But I have often looked at the beautiful vale beneath, and upbraided Providence for not having placed me there."

Indeed, as the lamb gazed below upon his peaceful abode, he secretly acknowledged that it was lovely and happy, and that if he were once more there, he would never again abandon it. So, when ambition is even at the summit of its giddy height, and gazes upon the tranquil pleasures it has surrendered, they appear in the distance with new and enchanting beauty.

Something like these thoughts were gliding through the lamb's mind:

"I have learned a lesson, and experience, they say, is better than wealth."

But it may sometimes be too dearly bought; for at that instant a vulture, stooping from a cloud, seized the poor lamb in his talons, and bore him off bleeding to a yet higher cliff.

### The Charms of Life.

There are a thousand things in this world to afflict and sadden—but oh! how many that are beautiful and good. The world teems with beauty—with objects which gladden the eye and warm the heart. We might be happy if we would. There are ills that we cannot escape—the approach of disease and death, of misfortune, the sundering of earthly ties, and the canker worm of grief; but a vast majority of the evils which beset us might be avoided. The curse of intemperance, interwoven as it is with all the ligaments of society, is one which never strikes but to destroy. There is not one bright page upon the record of its progress—nothing to shield it from the heartiest execration of the human race. It should not exist—it must not. Do away with all this—let wars come to an end, and let friendship, charity, love, purity, and kindness mark the intercourse between man and man. We are too selfish, as if the world was made for us alone. How much happier should we be were we to labor more earnestly to promote each other's good. God has blessed us with a home which is not all dark. There is sunshine everywhere in the sky, upon the earth—there would be in most hearts if we

would look around us. The storms die away, and the bright sun shines out. Summer drops her timid curtain upon the earth, which is very beautiful, even when Autumn breathes her changing breath upon it. God reigns in heaven. Murmur not at a being so bountiful, and we can live happier than we do.

### Physical Truths.

How few men really believe that they sojourn on a whirling globe, and that each day and year of life is measured by its revolutions, regulating the labor and the repose of every race of beings! How few believe that the great luminary of the firmament, whose restless activity they daily witness, is an immovable star, controlling by its solid mass the primary planets which compose our system, and forming the gnomon of the great dial which measures the thread of life, the tenure of empires, and the great cycles of the world's change! How few believe that each of the millions of stars—those atoms of light which the telescope can scarcely descry—are the center of planetary systems that may equal, if not surpass our own! And how very few believe that the solid pavement of the globe upon which they nightly slumber, is an elastic crust imprisoning fires and forces which have often burst forth in tremendous energy, and are at this very instant struggling to escape; now finding their way in volcanic fires; now heaving and shaking the earth; now upraising islands and continents, and gathering strength seemingly for a still greater outburst. Were these great physical truths objects of faith as well as deductions of reason, we should lead a better life than we do, and make a quicker preparation for its close.

**BEAUTY.**—Let me see a female possessing the beauty of a meek and modest deportment—of an eye that bespeaks intelligence and purity within—of the lips that speak no guile; let me see in her a kind and benevolent disposition—a heart that can sympathize with distress—and I will never ask for the beauty that dwells in "ruby lips," or "flowing tresses" or "snowy hands," or the forty other et ceteras upon which our poets have harped for so many ages. These fade when touched by the hand of Time, but those ever enduring qualities of the heart shall outlive the reign of Time and grow brighter and fresher as the ages of Eternity roll away.

**THINGS LOST FOREVER.**—Lost wealth may be restored by industry—the wreck of health regained by temperance—forgotten knowledge restored by study—alienated friendship smoothed into forgetfulness—even forfeited reputation won by penitence and virtue. But who ever again looked upon his vanished hours—recalled his slighted years, stamped them with wisdom—or effaced from Heaven's record the fearful blot of wasted time?—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

☞ The Books and Chart of Mr. Davis, comprising all the works on the HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY that have been published, can be had at our office, and forwarded by express or otherwise, to any part of the Union. PRICE—REVELATIONS \$2; GREAT HARMONIA, Vol. 1, \$1.25; CHART, exhibiting an outline of the Progressive History and approaching destiny of the Race, \$1.50 PHILOSOPHY OF SPECIAL PROVIDENCES, \$0.15. THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE; being an explanation of modern mysteries—50 cts.

We have also for sale an interesting pamphlet, entitled "Philosophy of Modern Miracles, or the Relations of Spiritual Causes to Physical Effects." By "a Dweller in the Temple." Price 25 cents.

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