

THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

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

VOL. I.

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The Principles of Nature.

APPROACHING UNITY OF THE RACE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

BY R. P. AMBLER.

No truth is more apparent to the contemplative mind, than that humanity, though now seemingly disjointed and divided, forms one grand body, of which each individual is a part, and each society a member. It seems equally evident, also, that all the different members of this one organism are formed to preserve an intimate relation to each other, and were designed to act harmoniously in the accomplishment of the same general objects. As in the physical system, each organ is joined in sympathy to all other parts of the body, so in the great brotherhood of man, all the different grades and classes of society have an inseparable connection, and all are necessary to form one concordant whole. In accordance with these principles, unity seems to be the ultimate end proposed in all the progressive movements of the race. From the darkness, discord, and confusion which have reigned in all past ages, mankind is rapidly advancing to that state of interior light, harmony and peace, which forms the great object of human existence. Subject to the eternal law of progress, the world moves on, approaching the mighty cynosure which shall constitute its millennial glory. Already has it reached an exalted point in the course of its advancement, and through the dim shadows of the Past gleams the cheering light of the Future, betokening the dawn of a glorious day. The sympathetic relations which all human beings sustain to each other are gradually being disclosed; the mutual, spiritual affinities existing between the different classes of society are beginning to be felt and understood; and the mighty chain of love, descending from higher spheres, is destined to encompass and unite in one vast brotherhood, the numerous children of humanity. It is evidently impossible for the world to progress except in the direction of this end; and in the continued advancement of the race, the end must be inevitably attained, inasmuch as it represents the essential perfection of the social economy. In the imperfect and undeveloped state of man, confusion and inharmony are the prevailing elements; but in the progress of mankind towards a higher and more perfect condition, unity is the ultimate object to be attained.

Here it will be necessary to understand the nature of that unity towards which the world is advancing, and by which it is to be moulded into one grand, harmonious body. We are not to suppose that the world is to be perfectly united in an *outward* sense, or that it is to be bound together by the strength of any merely external tie. True unity, which is the end of human progress, is a unity of *heart and soul*; in other words, a unity which results from that inherent affection and spiritual affinity which are established in the internal being. This embraces both the outward and the inner man; it reaches down to the very fountains of feeling and action; its end is to blend and harmonize the elements of human character, and to form a perfect basis of power within the spirit-depths of our nature. This is the only true conception of unity. An outward organization may indeed externally unite its members, and concentrate a physical force; but a unity of this nature is evidently incomplete, because while it may produce a concurrence of *action*, it has no power of itself to effect a harmony of *feeling*. Still less than this can a mere *name* in itself produce a complete unity; for though this may be applied to a multitude as one body, and serve as the grand canopy beneath which they may unitedly gather, still it is an obvious truth that this can embrace but the mere *professions* of men,

while it may tolerate a wide diversity of *spirit*. But farther than this, we may affirm, that even unity of *faith* is not in itself a perfect unity. This indeed may be regarded as a precious ground of union—as a holy tie that unites in sweet communion believing minds; yet with all this, it is usually of a superficial and theoretical character, and fails to reach the inward springs of action. Now in all these different modes of unity, we observe but the lifeless form—the external bond, destitute of the animating spirit. We may perceive, therefore, that the true and perfect unity is that which is inward and spiritual in its nature. No other unity can reach so deep as this; no other can bind so closely; no other can aim at ends so high, or possess such vital, concentrated power. This, then,—a oneness of heart and soul—a union of the elements of our spiritual nature, is to form the prominent feature of that vast community in which the race shall dwell. Possessed of this, it shall need no outward fellowship to connect its members; it shall need no party name to secure its union; it shall require no conventional rules to preserve its harmony and peace; for the true unity in which it now rejoices has its seat in the eternal well-springs of our being, and though the external bond should be broken asunder, and the lifeless organization should be dissolved, this may still remain to exert its attractive influence, and unite by its invisible tie the hearts of the pure. This, we may suppose, is the unity of Heaven. It is known in the bright spheres of celestial love; it exists between the Father and his spirit-children; its cords unite in harmony the angelic hosts, and create the gladsome melody of the eternal anthem.

As to the particular manner in which the unity here mentioned is to be attained, it seems evident that this requires a complete reform and re-organization of society on the principles of truth and justice. In observing the present condition of the world, we witness the utmost diversity of feeling and action. We see men every where governed by selfish views, acting on unrighteous principles, and pursuing a countless variety of conflicting ends. We see every where the common bond of brotherhood broken by discord, and the chain of charity and love severed at every link. Antagonistic principles prevail in all the departments of society. The interest of the clergyman consists in the prevalence of ignorance; the interest of the lawyer in the extension of wrong, and the interest of the physician in the ravages of disease; while it is the business of those engaged in the marts of trade, or contending for the prize of fame, to overreach, deceive and injure each other. These evils are not merely superficial appearances, but are interwoven into the very structure of human association; and hence, to establish that spiritual unity towards which the race is destined to progress, it is required that the present organization of society should be changed and renovated—that Reform should go forth in its triumphant power, reaching down to the corrupt foundations of error, overturning the monuments of human pride, and harmonizing the interests, feelings, and actions of men. The measures which are intended to merely suppress the manifestations of evils, can be effectual in securing them, but not in their removal. Only a thorough and radical revolution, which will alone complete the work, will alone complete the work, and dispel the confusion of the present age. The circumstances of the world must be such as to lead the mind to evil, and should be such as to lead the mind to good. It is by which the mind and body of man are united with

the principles of distributive justice, realizing that all have equal rights and that the interest of the whole depends upon the welfare of the individual; they should moreover seek and find their appropriate spheres of action, receiving happiness from the adaptation of their faculties to their employment, and exercising a constant affection for those who have arrived at different stages of moral and intellectual elevation. Thus light, more light on the great subjects pertaining to human welfare; the revealments of truth regarding our relation to each other and to God, and the operation of that divine principle of love which brought Creation forth from its chaotic being, are the essential, preparatory means whereby to attain the blissful state of unity, harmony and perfection.

Through the medium of these influences, the end, so desirable and glorious, shall be attained. As the principles of truth and righteousness become generally diffused, the walls of partition erected between the different classes of society, shall be broken down. The spirit of strife and discord which has so long agitated the stream of human life, shall be lulled to an eternal rest. The commotions of war which have marred the beauty of earth, shall be hushed, and the gleaming arms of the warrior shall be changed to the implements of peaceful industry. A vast and glorious scene is thus unfolded to our view. The dark veil of the Future is withdrawn, and, behold, in the shadowy distance the eternal sun of Truth is shining upon all nations, and the children of God stand beneath its pure light, joined together by a mighty and indissoluble tie. No scheme of policy, no dream of ambition now diverts men from the common interest; no discordant feelings disturb the general harmony, but humanity is brought together as in one body, and is moved by the throbbings of one mighty heart. Thus the dreams of seer and prophet in their highest states of mental illumination, shall be fully realized. Unity, coming forth from the bosom of Love, shall arise to rule the world, and Peace, like a ministering angel, shall throw its smile into the heart of humanity, and every where diffuse its gladdening gifts.

INVISIBILITIES OF NATURE.

Our eyesight cannot be taken at any time as an absolute criterion of the existing. The apparent rising, semicircular journey, and evening departure of the sun, are a daily testimony to our judgment, that our vision alone is not the certain teacher of the true. Nature is always indicating this circumstance to us, that we may not be led to call her invisibilities into question.

We never see the warmth that delights us so often in a vernal day, when the cloud conceals from us "day's garish eye;" nor the cold which freezes us, although he is shining as gayly on his winter throne. Thus the perception of the visible never authorizes us to confine every thing to it, nor to deny the existence of what is otherwise.

Some have from singularity chosen to limit the knowable by the visible; but this would be only willingly consigning ourselves to ignorance of some of the grandest realities of existing things; and whenever this feeling operates, it is the weakness, not the strength of the individual mind, that leads any one to indulge it.

Nature consists of both these descriptions of beings; of the unseen as well as of the seen; of that which is perceptible by our senses, and of that by which they are not affected. Nothing exists because we are conscious of it, nor depends upon our acquaintance with it, nor ceases to be or never has been, because it has not become a subject of our censorial excitations.

Invisibility is as much a character and state of creation as visibility and tangibility likewise are. Many things exist which we cannot touch, as well as others which we cannot see. Matter is in some of its forms as invisible to us as spirit, and even often imperceptible in its tenuity by any of our senses. But to be attenuated is no more non-existence than to be unseen. It therefore resembles a childish error to disbelieve what we cannot see, or to suppose that nothing exists but what our eyes can behold. This seems so obvious, that it is almost chimerical to allude to it; and yet I have known that it has been recommended,

and very earnestly, in France, to educate from infancy on this principle; a strange condemnation of the young, ingenious mind, which naturally loves truth, and all truth, and would willingly cherish it in all its shapes, to be narrow and contracted, and imperfect, both in its knowledge and its judgment.

The visibility of which we are conscious is no natural quality of any thing, for all things naturally are invisible to each other. It is an artificial effect produced on our frame, and in that of all the animated classes, by the wonderful laws assigned to the luminous fluid, and by the as wonderful construction and adaptation of the optical organ. Nothing is visible where no light thus acts, nor to what has no nervous matter in its frame. Nothing is visible to the living principle in plants, any more than to the limestone, to the diamond, or to the dew-drop, although in the two latter a marvellous agency of the matter of light so brilliantly operates. But it is a part of our Creator's plan of his animal kingdom, that we and our fellow brutes should have that knowledge of external things which arises from the impressions that constitute sight; and he has therefore contrived and placed within us a most delicate and complicated organization, by which outward substances should be caused to become objects of our consciousness.

Visibility is therefore merely that artificial result of these admirable and benevolent provisions as to light and our material eyes, and the association of our mental principle with them, which makes this to have such a sensation from external things, and to form the perceptions from them, which become our sight and the knowledge we derive from it. No visibility can therefore extend beyond the extent of these special provisions. Our Creator has extended them to every thing which he designs us to be thus acquainted with in our present age and world; but he has not carried our power of seeing farther. It is our deficiency, and not our merit, that we cannot see what is smaller or finer, or more distant than that which so affects us, or which, from being immaterial, never can act upon us.

But nature is always warning us not to commit the mistake of disbelieving because we cannot see. Her largest expansion of material substance, though everywhere enveloping us, the air, which ascends so loftily above us, and presses so densely upon us, yet is always invisible to us. The wind which tosses up like a football the ponderous masses of the ocean, and breaks down the mightiest trees, cannot be seen, however dreadfully its moving force is felt. All the component elements and primary combinations of the most solid substances are in the same predicament. Thus the invisibilities of nature are an essential and universal portion of it; and it will be always unphilosophical to make our sight the sole judge or standard for our belief as to external things.—*Turner's Sacred History of the World*

The Mind during Sleep.

During the hours of physical repose, while the parts of the system are recruiting and reproducing new strength and energy, and while the organs of sense are closed to all external impressions, the mind, free from all obtrusive and disturbing influences, makes imaginative excursions to different places and contemplates different things in existence. It supposes it sees or hears; while sometimes it is arrested in its travels by the sound of beautiful music, or by various pleasing scenes which it appears to enjoy. Sometimes it supposes it walks, feels, tastes, or suffers excruciating pain. It also appears to be irresistibly in many places, where it had no previous desire or intention to be. During all these peregrinations, the wave of sound, the reflection of sight, the susceptibility of feeling, the pleasures of tasting, are all supposed to be enjoyed. This cannot be *Spirit*; for if it were, it would be distinguished by the perfection of all its qualifications during its disconnected state from the body. This is *Mind*, connected with the body; and the impression which it receives through the disturbed condition of the nerves of sensation. This proves that there is an *internal* medium of sensation by which the mind enjoys its capacity as if the external were in connexion with the world.—*Principles of Nature.*

Psychological Department.

THE INTERIOR NATURE OF MAN.

It is indispensably necessary, that the rational spirit of man, which is immortal, and proceeded forth from God, should have an organ by which they can act upon other beings, and they in return upon it; without this, it would have no knowledge of any thing out of itself, and would be itself a pure nonentity to every other being. Now this organ is ether, which is indestructible by any natural power, and is eternal and unchangeable. The spirit, during its sensible existence upon earth, forms to itself a spiritual luminous body, with which it continues eternally united.

Magnetic facts and experiments prove to a demonstration, the existence of this spiritual luminous body, or the human soul: they further prove that this human soul has need of its gross and animal body, solely with reference to its earthly life, in which man must necessarily stand in reciprocal operation with the sensible or material world, but that it is able without it to think and feel, and to act upon others, both near and at a distance, in a much more perfect manner, and is also more susceptible of suffering and enjoyment. This conclusion must unquestionably arise in the mind of the impartial observer, when he assembles all the various exhibitions which magnetism produces, and then calmly and rationally reflects upon them.

If the human soul, during its existence in the material body, from which it is not entirely detached, be capable of such wonderful things; what will its capability be when totally separated from it by death! Let the reader reflect upon this. In dying, the person loses his consciousness, he falls into a perfect trance or profound sleep. As long as the mass of blood is warm and not congealed, all the members of the body continue pliant: as long as this is the case, the soul remains in it; but as soon as the brain and nerves lose their warmth and become frigid, they can no longer attract the ethereal part of the soul, nor retain it any longer; it therefore disengages itself, divests itself of its earthly bonds, and awakes. It is now in the state of a clear-seeing magnetic sleeper, but being entirely separated from the body, its state is much more perfect; it has a complete recollection of its earthly existence from beginning to end; it remembers those it has left behind, and can form to itself a very clear idea of the visible world, of which it is now no longer susceptible, while on the contrary, it is conscious of the invisible world and its objects: namely, that part of it to which it belongs, or to which it has here adapted itself. The candid inquirer will easily find that all this follows logically and justly from magnetic experiments, if he be acquainted with them and duly considers them.

The objection may, and doubtless will be made, that it is still not altogether certain that the somnambulist, in a state of clear-sightedness, makes no use whatever of the brain and nerves in the ideas he forms. The answer to this is, that he certainly does not use his eyes for the purposes of vision, and that he makes just as little use of the other organs of sense for the purpose of feeling: now as the brain is excited merely by the impressions of the outward senses, it is impossible that this can be the case here. However, in the following pages facts will be stated which undeniably confirm my assertion.

The somnambulist has no perception of any thing in the visible world, with the exception of the souls of those individuals that are brought into a corresponding connection, or into rapport with him; through these he learns what passes in the visible world. The soul, after death enters into connection with those that bear the greatest affinity to its own nature: if it enter into this kind of contact with others, it feels a pain, the extent of which corresponds with the degree of difference. * * * In this manner, also, those friends who much resemble each other in their moral character, will there abide together, in eternal connection and harmonious union. From the preceding observations, we may therefore comprehend what will be the nature of communication in the world to come. The somnambu-

list reads in the soul of him with whom he is placed in rapport; there is no need of language for the purpose, and such also is the case after death, that one reads in the soul of the other.—*Jung Stilling's Pneumatology.*

SPIRITUAL IMPRESSIONS.

DANVILLE, N. Y., December, 1850.

GENTLEMEN:—In one of the numbers of your paper, you invite those who may be acquainted with any extraordinary occurrences in harmony with spiritual philosophy, to communicate the same to you. A gentleman of my acquaintance, residing in this place, whose name is Edwards, being in our store a few evenings since, related to me the following facts, which may be relied upon as authentic.

About a year ago, while stopping at Pittsburg, Pa., he took a violent cold, which settled on his lungs, and caused him to be confined to his room for some weeks. His physician told him that he had the consumption. One night, as he relates, he had a dream or impression, which was, in substance, that if he would walk out in a certain street, and enter a certain drug store, he would see bottles of medicine done up in yellow wrappers, and labeled "Expectorant." This medicine he was directed to obtain as the means of his restoration to health. So strong was this impression on his mind, that, the next morning, though very feeble, he determined to walk out and see the result. He had proceeded but a little way, when he came to the building he had dreamed of seeing, and on entering it, he observed that the whole interior arrangement corresponded precisely with what he saw in the dream. Turning his eye to the place where he had dreamed that the bottles were stationed, he saw them, to his great astonishment, in the same wrappers, and labeled exactly in the same way as they had before appeared to his nightly vision. He bought the medicine, took it, regained his health, and ascribes his cure to this cause. Do you think this was a mere dream, or was it the voice of a guardian angel whispering in his ear?

Some years ago, an uncle of mine, by the name of Samuel Marsh, a farmer, who resided in Canada—where his family still reside (a few miles above Port Hope), was taken sick, but not supposed to be in any immediate danger. After being sick a few days, he was suddenly seized with a fit, or swooning, and died in a few moments. His son, a young man about twenty years of age, was ploughing in the field a short distance from the house, and, happening to cast his eyes toward the house, he saw a luminous bow or arch, one end of which apparently rested on the top of the chimney. While watching this unusual appearance, he saw what seemed to be his father, ascending through the chimney, walking on the bow to the end, and disappearing from his view. He immediately left his team, and ran to the house, where he found the family in the greatest confusion on account of the sudden death of the father. As he entered the door, they told him that his father was either in a fit or dead. He at once replied that he was dead, and then related what he had just seen. The young man—my cousin—has repeatedly related the above to me, and he never could be persuaded but that he really saw his father in the manner described.

A little incident of my own experience may be interesting. When I was about sixteen years of age, as I was one time paying a visit to the house of a relative, about ten miles from home, I was taken in the night violently ill. In the morning, being carried home in a carriage, we had gone about half of the way, when we met my mother, who was coming to see me. She said she knew I was sick, for she had seen me in that condition in the night, and so strong was the impression on her mind of the reality of the vision, that she could not rest until she had come to me.

H. S.

☞ When the darkness of night gathers around us, and the body is lulled to repose, the mind soars away into some fairy land, and when it returns we say we have dreamed. But is not this life all a dream? Surely we are surrounded with shadows, and are enraptured with those fading visions which are but the reflection of the real life that lies beyond.

R. P. A.

THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

APOLLOS MUNN AND R. P. AMBLER, EDITORS.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., DECEMBER 14, 1850.

THE MAGNETIC POWER OF SPIRITS.

The very unphilosophical idea that spirits out of the body have not the power to magnetize spirits in the body, appears to have originated lately among certain metaphysical theorists, who assume to be the teachers of the public on all matters relating to the natural and spiritual worlds. How such a thought could ever obtain existence in the mind of a single spiritual philosopher, or of any individual who has investigated the various phenomena of psychology, trance and clairvoyance, is to me a problem yet to be solved. Ten thousand experiments, by a thousand different individuals, upon different subjects in various parts of the world, have demonstrated that these phenomena are the result of *mind acting upon mind*, and that they can be produced upon susceptible individuals without bringing in contact any portions of the material organisms! If I am enabled from a positive condition of my mind, to produce mental impressions and actually stamp my thoughts upon the mind of another less positive than myself, by the mere force of my WILL,—if I can *touch his mind with mine*, while standing at a distance from him bodily, and make him *feel* pain or pleasure, as I please—is not the conclusion irresistible THAT THE ELEMENTS OF MIND ARE MATERIAL, and that this matter is capable of indefinite expansion, by its refinement and subjection to the will, by which it can come in electrical contact with corresponding matter, and produce the legitimate effects so often manifested in mesmeric and psychological experiments? I do not fear to make the assertion that these phenomena cannot be correctly explained upon any other hypothesis, than that the SPIRIT, and its manifestation, MIND, are material.

Every substance conceivable, of whatever degree of refinement, sustains an electrical relation to all other substances. All the movements of nature—from the incessant changes in the gross mineral, up to the unceasing motion of the highest perfected state of matter—are the consequence of a complete system of positive and negative electrical action. It is that which controls the circulation of the blood, and regulates with perfect accuracy the movements of the planetary world. It is that, also, which enables mind to stamp its impressions upon mind, and which causes lofty thoughts and aspirations to flow into our souls through ten thousand avenues, from the exhaustless fountain of light and knowledge—the spirit-world.

If a mind clogged with the material form, can impress its thoughts upon another, that same mind, when freed from the body, can exercise in a greater degree the same magnetic powers; and when all outer circumstances are favorable, it can make itself *felt* and *understood* by the susceptible subject of its action. In this way beautiful and truthful revelations have been made to man from the world of spirits. It was thus that the sublime truths contained in the Great Harmonia were unfolded to the mind of DAVIS. When this distinguished clairvoyant desires light and knowledge on any subjects of value to the human family, he at once feels the magnetic influence of the Heavenly Spheres, which alone opens his mental vision, and enables him to commune directly with the angelic hosts above, where he is enabled to store his mind with the knowledge sought. I know, *personally*, many of the best clairvoyants in the Union, who are often magnetized by spirits, and thus enabled to receive the most elevating and truthful impressions from the sphere of causes. Indeed, a most striking illustration of the magnetic power of spirits has been manifested in the family of the writer. I have a little daughter, now in her twelfth year. Some time during the last spring, I was attempting to magnetize her for the first time for many months. I had never, previously, been able to produce insensibility to outer disturbances, but on this occasion she soon became very rigid, and insensible, and her whole

appearance was death-like. I endeavored by every means in my power to restore her to the normal state, without effect. She was finally placed upon a bed, where she remained nearly half an hour with but little appearance of vitality. Finally, after a convulsive motion, a smile played upon her countenance, and she extended her hand and exclaimed—"OH HOW PRETTY! HOW BEAUTIFUL!" I inquired, "What is beautiful?" She replied, "THE SPIRITS—Mother, Nelly, Johnny—all are here—oh how happy they are!" After a moment's pause, she remarked—"Mother says, 'tell father not to be alarmed. She brought me into this state, and will soon safely restore me.' I have an ENLARGEMENT OF THE HEART, and am liable to leave the body suddenly. Mother says she will put me into this state two or three times a week, and give directions for my relief. She says I must be bathed in cold water, and avoid excitement." In a few moments, without any agency of persons in the body, she was restored to the normal state, with impressions of the beautiful visions she had seen still stamped upon her mind. Up to the moment of receiving the message, not a member of my family had suspected that my little daughter had a disease of the heart. She had complained occasionally of a pain in the side, which we supposed was occasioned by exercise in play, or by slight cold, or inflammation upon the pleura. We immediately had an examination of her chest, by Dr. VAILLE, one of the most experienced and scientific physicians of the old school, in Springfield, and without any previous knowledge of the clairvoyant's statement, he called me into another room, and said—"your daughter has an enlargement of the heart, and symptoms of a softening of the spleen." From time to time, as promised, the child has been magnetized by the spirit of her mother, until her disease is nearly or quite removed. It is now several weeks since she has been thus entranced—she having told us that "Mother says, as my health improves, my clairvoyance will diminish."

This case not only demonstrates the power of spirits to produce mental impressions, and often psychological effects, but it illustrates the good that may be derived from the direct magnetic influence of the spirit-world.

It not unfrequently happens that when a circle of friends meet together for the purpose of getting communications, through some medium, by the rappings, that if a clairvoyant is present, he will be magnetized by the spirits, and communications will be made through him. We have known it to be so with Mr. GORDON, of Bridgeport, and Mrs. TAMLIN, of Auburn. We have before us a copy of the Cincinnati Times, of Nov. 28th, 1850, which details a beautiful case in point. As it will not fail to be interesting, we copy it. The writer in the Times, says:—

"We were one of a small circle in which were two clairvoyants. The mysterious noises were heard frequently with more distinctness than any rappings that it had been our privilege to hear previously. The floor of the room seemed to vibrate. The company gathered around a table, when in the usual method, by questions and raps, at the call of the alphabet, the following communications, addressed to us, were received:

'Will you publish all I tell you? I am your brother James. I am satisfied with my treatment on the way to California. I have been home often. I am with you often. I died of cholera. I am entirely satisfied with my death, and have seen the justice of your course about it. I have made manifestations about your house. I will speak to you through a clairvoyant.'

In a few moments one of the clairvoyants was thrown with a shock into the magnetic state, and spoke nearly as follows:

'You will understand that it is me, your brother James. To converse by sounds is irksome and tedious. I cannot tell you all I wish by rappings, and I cannot speak to you except through the organs of clay; therefore I impress a clairvoyant, who speaks as I dictate.

I wish you to remember what I say, and publish it. Say that it is from your brother. When I left my friends for a distant country, I was led by strong ambitious impulses. I had a great anxiety for novelty—a burning desire to see the sights and engage in the adventures of the journey. I wished to make myself rich in California. I felt deep regret to leave my friends, but

the desire to reach California was stronger. You have had apprehensions that all was not right about my death. I want you to be satisfied. I did not die at Fort Laramie, as you heard, but at a place three days' journey distant from the fort, near an Indian settlement which has no English name.

When I knew that I must die, it seemed hard, indeed, that I must give up my life away from friends, and be buried in that wilderness. I thought of all my friends, but especially of my mother, and of her feelings when I left home. It was so grievous that I must die away from home, and that the news must go back to her. I feared she would grieve peculiarly, believing that there was something dreadful about my death. I feared death, but the pain in my bowels and stomach was intense, and soon killed me. All was dark for a moment; then I was happy.

In a moment I was with you and at home. I am happy. I am satisfied with the change. I will tell you much of spiritual influences and conditions, but cannot do so now. My deceased friends are with me;—we are all happy. I shall make manifestations to your family. I have a word to say for another spirit: James H. Perkins wishes you to send word to his family that they must not grieve about his death, nor the manner of it. Good evening.

We inquired if the spirit of Mr. Perkins was present. In reply there was a distinct *rap* near the floor, very different in sound from those made on the table which it was declared were by our brother's spirit. James, to our knowledge, knew nothing of Mr. Perkins in life. The reference to our fears in relation to James' death were just, but it is a matter that has not been talked about any where except in our own family. The clairvoyant knew no more about his death—the place or manner of it—than the readers of the Times generally."

These facts, and the views we have presented, should be carefully considered by all anxious inquirers after truth. There is no link in the perfect chain of the Harmonial Philosophy more important than that which connects the spiritual with the natural world, and which enables us to receive *impressions* and feel *influences* directed by the intelligence of our guardian spirits. Destroy this link, and the whole system is broken and disfigured; preserve it, and it is RATIONAL, BEAUTIFUL, AND DEMONSTRABLE.

A. M.

Facts and Theories.

It is the opinion of one of our correspondents, that "one fact is worth more than forty pages of theory." Considered in a certain point of view, this opinion may be correct; but in a general sense, the relative value of facts and theories can only be determined by a reference to their intrinsic character. Both of these are essential in the formation of every system of truth. The wonderful and mysterious facts in Nature, without the aid of illustrative and explanatory principles, would be comparatively valueless; so the most beautiful and stupendous theories, if not founded on reliable facts, would be equally vain and unimportant to man. To illustrate this idea, we may be made acquainted with the fact that the electric element pervades all material things, yet without some philosophy to disclose the laws, uses, and application of this element, the simple fact could be of no special service. On the other hand, an individual might have conceived the most splendid theory, relating to an instantaneous communication with distant places, and yet if he had not a previous knowledge of certain established facts, his speculations would have ended in fancy, instead of producing the magnetic telegraph. It is proper, therefore, in rearing the structure of Truth, to combine both facts and theories. One is the foundation and the other the superstructure, but both are important when properly united. Truth is to be derived from all sources, from the visible and the invisible—the actual and the ideal; so that, though we should sometimes give license to the imagination, and gaze on the visions of beauty that pass before us, we shall not be led far astray if our theories are based upon facts.

B. F. A.

Correspondence of the Messenger.

DEAR BRETHREN:—In opening this correspondence, I need not express the deep interest I feel in your personal prosperity, and the success of the cause with which we are mutually identified. I am deeply conscious that, to the new sphere of thought and action, we are bound by a relationship that is founded in nature, and sanctioned by every faculty of the soul. From this cause no conscientious disciple will be divorced by the world's flattery or its frowns. I have looked for the dawning light of the new Day with an interest that has often won me from my pillow, and made the night-watch the occasion of wakefulness and meditation. That interest increases, with each succeeding hour, as Morning sheds from her purple pinions the light of her rising.

The Present is signalized by an important transition in the earthly condition of the race; one which will ever be distinguished as the beginning of a new Era in the history of Man. The most illuminated minds are rapidly ascending to the exalted plain of intuition, where the soul no longer follows in a dim, earthly light the devious line of induction, but reads with a clear vision the unwritten language of the spiritual universe. The chain that once bound the creature to the domain of physical existence is being severed, and we are now approximating the sphere of invisible causes with which we are soon to be in intimate correspondence. Those who have restricted the Divine sanction to a single Book, and have arrogated the exclusive and Apostolic authority to expound its mystic lore, are emphatically reminded, by the course of events, that there are other sources and mediums of spiritual instruction. While these saintly Rabbis are left to nurse their gloomy phantoms, the world will rejoice to know that the spirit of Inspiration is not dead and buried, but was only silent while men were lost in their selfish and material schemes. That spirit still broods over the earth, inspiring the loftiest thoughts and quickening the elements of our humanity into a divine life. Inspiration is only restricted by the disposition and capacity of the soul; it is the gift of all ages, but especially of those periods which are characterized by outward simplicity and inward growth.

But while we rejoice as the day advances, the solemn reflection comes up that in proportion to the light of the age must be the responsibility of its living actors. If ours is a high position, it should inspire a lofty purpose and a noble effort. If we are raised to heaven in the sphere of thought, and the means of spiritual culture and advancement, our modes of action should be correspondingly refined and exalted. Our *idea* is surpassingly beautiful, but it yet awaits the hour of its incarnation. Who shall embody it in the glorious forms of a new and Divine Order? Who shall rear the temple and the shrine, and make the principle itself the indwelling spirit of Institutional Reform? Our light will be measurably concealed, unless a practical result is secured. Where, then, is the builder who will silence the cavils of skepticism and realize the hopes of Humanity, by presenting to the world in *fact*, what the most advanced minds have formed in *theory*? The man who will do this will perform the noblest service, for which his name and memory will be forever enshrined in the hearts of the thousands whose woes he may remove or alleviate.

It is not enough to seek spiritual instruction and direction, and then go out to follow our old ways; nor will the earnest man sit down and spend his time in merely weaving a fabric such as

"dreams are made of."

The true Reformer is a *working man*; he is always moving and would not be still even in Heaven. And yet, with his might and resolve and his ceaseless activity, the Reformer of To-day be scarcely equal to the work assigned him. The individual fall if left to battle alone, though the cause may draw strength from the blood and ashes of its martyrs. The efforts of the Reformer eminently successful necessary to concentrate the means and agents. There are latent elements of power, which, if joined and employed, would develop the most successful results. But little, comparatively, can be accomplished while we disregard the laws of organic reformation.

Nature, in all the superior gradations of being, performs her operations by organized action. The Life functions every where—at least within the sphere of human observation—depend on an organization adapted to promote the ends of that existence. Until something is done in this way, only those whom fortune has blessed above their fellows—and such as are sufficiently ethereal to subsist on faith—can devote themselves exclusively to the peculiar work to which Nature and their affinities have called them. We should not fear organization because some have made it the engine of oppression. Men have played the tyrant in their individual capacity, and may do so again. We must not hesitate because the old organisms are dying, since they have answered the end of their being, and now only disappear that the creative genius of the age—sanctified by a love of the divinely beautiful—may people the earth anew.

The forms of the new creation will soon appear and possess the earth; but passive waiting is as powerless as mere oral prayer to hasten the time. There must be *action*, or there can be no *transformation*; and the most acceptable petition ever offered before the supreme Majesty, is that in which the earnest soul embodies its aspiration in a great humanitarian Work. Indolence, selfishness, and hypocrisy, may profane the cathedral worship, but when the spirit is so moved that every fiber of the heart is smitten, and each nerve of motion vibrates in one great struggle for Man, there is no room to question the sincerity of the service. There is such a marked difference between the *praying* and *acting* of our time, as to awaken the suspicion that the chief element in many prayers is the carbonic acid gas exhaled from the lungs. But the convulsed nerves—the quivering muscles—the tears—the sweat—the blood—these constitute a libation which only the devout worshiper will ever offer.

Nature, in every department, performs her work by a succession of progressive movements, often so gradual as to escape observation—and when, occasionally, an extraordinary convergence of her forces, develops a sudden revolution in the forms of material existence, the results are often destructive of property and life. The gentle dews and showers clothe the earth with a vivid beauty, but the tempest and the flood leave a record of ruin in their awful march. While Nature, by her prevailing modes, would forbid sudden or spasmodic effort, she sanctions, by unnumbered examples, a gradual transition. It appears to me that those who have labored to institute a new order of society, have violated the principles of Nature, and disregarded the lessons of experience, in attempting *too much* at a single move. To change the entire structure of society is not the work of a day; nor can the transition be accomplished without a suitable preparation of the social elements. Those who aim at the *ultrimum*, without the appropriate preliminary and intermediate steps, are, as I humbly conceive, engaged in an unnatural and revolutionary movement which must be productive of confusion rather than harmony.

But I apprehend that the time has at length arrived when important changes in our social economy may be made without exposing society to any of the evils of anarchy. To prescribe the *best modes* of action in this case, may be a difficult task. Distrusting my own abilities, I have waited with no little anxiety in the hope that some one qualified to direct the movement would appear. I shall hereafter devote some time to the details of a plan, that will secure numerous and important advantages—not now enjoyed—while it will obviate the greatest evils under which we suffer. I can not withhold an expression of regret, that we have not some great spirit, baptized with the fire of the divine philosophy, to guide the wheels of progress. We only require a second Luther—a man adapted to the time and the movement—and a revolution would follow, which, by the divinity of its principles and the splendor of its achievements, would darken the past, and compared with which, the glory of the Reformation would disappear, as the moonlight is lost in the effulgence of day.

Fraternally thine,

S. B. B.

Oriskany Falls, Dec. 2, 1850.

☞ Nothing is more beautiful and divine on earth than the aspirations of a loving heart, and the breathings of a free spirit.

Harmonial Philosophy in Hartford.

Bro's MUNN & AMBLER:—Since your recent visit here, our friend, A. J. Davis, has received a second communication from James Victor Wilson, on the subjects of the Universe, Spheres, Spiritual Affinities, etc., which is so *transcendently grand and sublime*, that any attempt at a description of it, by even the most enlightened and exalted mind of earth, would prove (it would seem, after listening to it,) vain and ineffective. It is considerably more lengthy, I should judge, than the one first received, which is contained in the "Great Harmonia;" and will appear in the second volume of that work, which the author (Mr. D.) informs me will be completed and published sometime during the spring of 1851. This sublime production was read last evening here, by Mrs. Davis, before a numerous and highly intelligent assemblage of the friends of the Harmonial Philosophy, and was listened to with a degree of attention and interest which we think we never saw equaled on any other occasion that we remember. O! that mankind could but know and realize the importance of such stupendous and glorious truths;—how insignificant and worthless would then appear to them the groveling and debasing objects of sense from which selfishness and the lower attributes of our nature in vain seek delight and benefit. But we feel that we have not the least reason to despair,—that the happy and redeeming influences of the cause of harmony and advancement will in due time work out for us, in the amelioration of the race, "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory" than our former misgivings and but half-cherished hopes had permitted us to anticipate. Indeed, if evidences of the most decisive nature may be received by us as indices of a most thorough transformation in the mythological theology of the day, as well as a radical re-organization of society in general, we think that we are not without a reasonable hope and expectation that such a change ere long awaits us. A system of belief so irrational and nonsensical that the only *possible* way of making it obtain, is to inculcate the dogma that all mankind are monomaniacs—*rational* on all other subjects, but *insane* when attempting to "*reason*" on matters of theology—is too fast exhibiting the evidences of its own unsoundness and rottenness to maintain much longer its supremacy over the infallible teachings of Nature, and that most exalted endowment of our mental constitution—*Reason*. We may well be decided in our abhorrence of a system so discrepant, inharmonious, and God-dishonoring as that maze of error, superstition and benightedness, out of which we, as devoted followers of harmonial truth, have now emerged. Still, let us never depart from an adherence to the heaven-born principle of *charity* for those we have left behind; for this constitutes the true "love for our neighbor," an emotion, from which spring up in the spirit's undying and immortal consciousness, the pure and holy breathings of celestial sympathy. An extensive communication from the spirits received here within the past week, through the medium of Mr. Henry Gordon, on the subject of theology and the re-organization of society will soon be forwarded to your paper, by request of the spirit of Benjamin Franklin, who says that its publication will interest and benefit mankind.

Yours in Love and Truth,

A MEMBER OF THE HARTFORD HARMONIAL SOCIETY.

To Correspondents.

The offerings of "S. B. B." in the present number, are peculiarly gratifying to us, as we doubt not they will be to our readers. We trust that the spirit which prompted his effort in this instance will continue to move.

A poetical gem from the pen of S. H. L., has been received, and we shall look with confident expectation for that series of poems entitled, "Glimpses of the Spirit-land."

We have also on hand an interesting letter from Providence, R. I., which will be published in our next number.

Our correspondents generally are entitled to our thanks for their attention, and we shall hope that they will be induced to continue their favors, actuated by a fraternal love for humanity, and the inspiration of divine truth.

Poetry.

THE WATCHER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER,

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

By the graves of the mighty dead
He sat, and the winds were sighing,
As Night curtained the lowly bed
Of the dead and dying;
While 'midst the sable realms afar
Appeared a solitary star.

From the deep of the bending skies—
Adown through the shadowy gloom—
The Angels watched, with starry eyes,
The slumbers of the Tomb;
Bidding the mourner dry his tears,
And still the tumult of his fears.

O, gaze not at the silent urns
Where Mortality lies sleeping,
For the rapt Soul adores and burns—
Thou alone art weeping—
And Angels, clad in star-lit robes,
Smile out from their divine abodes.

The giant Wrong of earth expires,
And all the sons of Want are blest,
While brightly burn the sacred fires
To light the watchers' rest;
And Angel-voices from above,
Proclaim, below, the reign of Love.

The cumbrous forms of Earth and Time,
With shafts of purest light are riv'n;
Truth, in a victory sublime,
Descends again from Heaven—
While morning drives the shades away,
And ushers in the promised Day!

Oriskany Falls, N. Y., Nov. 21, 1850.

THE DYING CHILD.

Mother, I'm tired, and I would fain be sleeping;
Let me repose upon thy bosom seek;
But promise me that thou wilt leave off weeping,
Because thy tears fall hot on my cheek.
Here it is cold: the tempest raveth madly;
But in my dreams all is so wondrous bright;
I see the angel children smiling gladly,
When from my weary eyes I shut out light.

Mother, one stands beside me now! and listen!
Dost thou not hear the music's sweet accord?
See how his white wings beautifully glisten!
Surely those wings were given him by our Lord.
Green, gold and red are floating all around me—
They are the flowers the angel scattereth.
Shall I have also wings while life has bound me?
Or, mother, are they given alone in death?

Why dost thou clasp me as if I were going?
Why dost thou press thy cheek thus into mine?
Thy cheek is hot, and yet thy tears are flowing;
I will, dear mother, will be always thine!
Do not sigh—it marreth my reposing;
And, if thou weep, then I must weep with thee;
Oh, I am tired, my weary eyes are closing!
Look, mother, look! the angel kisseth me!

Miscellaneous Department.

THE STRANGE PROVIDENCE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"A strange, sad Providence!" sighed one of a company of mourners, assembled to pay the last tribute of respect and affection to a departed sister who had been cut down in the very flower of womanhood, and at a time when a thousand of the tenderest ties were binding her to the earth. "What a strange, sad, mysterious Providence."

"Strange and sad enough," was the sober response. "Ah me! the ways of Him who sitteth amid clouds and shadows, are dark and impenetrable. She was a thoughtful, loving mother."

"None could have been more so," answered the first speaker.

"And her little ones need her care now, perhaps, more than they ever will need it again. Tender, innocent lambs! the chilling winds will blow too roughly upon them."

"Ah me! it is strange! very strange!" added the other. "I cannot comprehend it. Why should God remove a true-hearted mother from the guardianship of her children?"

"Often and often have I asked myself that question; but there has come no satisfactory reply."

But while these friends of the departed one are vainly striving to penetrate this mysterious providence, let us glance back a little, and see if some incidents in her life will not throw light upon the subject.

It was an evening in early spring. The day was warm for the season; so warm that the lingering fires of the departed winter oppressed the atmosphere, and the windows and doors were in consequence thrown open to admit the fresher air without.

It was early in the evening, and Mrs. Carlton, a bride of a few weeks, had seated herself at an open window, with her neck and part of her bosom bared to the in-pressing air, that came in cool, and loaded with vapor.

"Why Clara!" exclaimed Mr. Carlton, on entering the room, and seeing the exposed position of his thoughtless young wife. "How imprudent you are!" And he came forward quickly to close the window.

"Oh don't shut it down, don't!" interposed Clara. "The air is so refreshing."

There was a slight huskiness in her voice as she spoke, which was perceived by her husband, who, without hesitating, closed the windows, remarking as he did so—

"It is wrong to expose yourself in this way, Clara, dear; you might take a cold that would cost you your life."

Mr. Carlton spoke seriously, and he felt as he spoke.

"Oh dear, no!" lightly returned the young bride. "I am not so tender as that. Fresh air will never kill me."

"No, not dry, fresh air, blowing upon your hands and face. But, this evening, the atmosphere is loaded with vapor, and you have thrown your handkerchief from your neck. Already I can perceive that you have taken cold."

But Mrs. Carlton made light of her husband's concern, and soon after, went and stood in the door, without protecting her neck and bosom with a shawl or handkerchief. The consequences were such as might have been naturally expected. On the next morning she had a cough, with slight febrile symptoms, and a pain and soreness in her breast. Her form being slight, her chest somewhat narrow, and her constitution by no means robust, the effects of this cold were more painfully marked than is ordinarily the case in such forms of indisposition. Several weeks passed before she recovered from its effects; or, we might say, from its apparent effects,—the seeds of disease, which had been sown in her system, remained.

A few weeks later, at a large party given to Mrs. Carlton by a friend, as a bridal party, she danced till nearly two o'clock, notwithstanding a slight indisposition which had manifested itself early on the previous day. Moreover she eat several times of rich cake, and other indigestible things, drank wine, and, to add

the last "pound to a camel's back," took freely of coffee and oysters at the close of the party.

On the morning that followed, in attempting to rise about ten o'clock, she felt a sharp pain through her left temple. Soon followed an attack of dim-sightedness, accompanied by a sense of numbness in her tongue and along one of her arms. Faintness and a deathly sickness succeeded; and Mrs. Carlton threw herself back upon her pillow with a groan. For hours she suffered from this sickness, which was accompanied by a most distressing pain through her left eye, that went deeply boring into her temple. When, at length, under the active treatment of a physician—which "active treatment" was added to the exhausting effect of the sickness—the violence of the attack abated, Mrs. Carlton was in a low, weak, nervous state, from which she did not recover for some time. The least exertion was followed by a tremor and a feeling of lassitude.

Undeterred by this serious reaction upon a delicate constitution, Mrs. Carlton, in the face of warning and remonstrance, on the part of her husband, continued to expose herself to cold, damp airs, while unprotected with proper clothing; and to over-fatigue, when tempted by the allurements of pleasure. And thus it went on, from month to month, and year to year, her frame gradually losing its vigor, her young cheeks fading away into a sickly paleness. Yet, strange to say, Mrs. Carlton was as little mindful of her health as before, and expressed herself with impatience when her husband sought to check her imprudence.

Three days after Mrs. Carlton's first sweet babe saw the light, her husband, on returning home found her sitting up in bed hem-stitching a fine cambric handkerchief.

"Why Clara!" he exclaimed. "Isn't that very imprudent?"

"Oh dear, no!" she returned. "I feel almost as well as ever I did. And it is impossible for me to lie here and do nothing."

"It is *very* imprudent. Mr. Carlton," said the nurse, seriously. "I have tried my best to induce her to remain perfectly quiet. But she will not listen to me. It will be all the worse for her. I've known many a woman to shorten her life by just such conduct as this."

"Come! Give me that work." And as Mr. Carlton said this, in a firm voice, he took the sewing from his wife's hands, and then with a gentle pressure, forced her back upon the pillow. This done, he added—

"How can you be so thoughtless, Clara?—Are health and life of so little value that you hold them in light estimation?"

"Oh dear! You are always croaking about health," returned Mrs. Carlton, in a half playful, half serious manner. "I'm well enough. It's all nonsense to keep me lying here."

"No, madam; take my word for it that it is not," spoke up the nurse. "Upon perfect quiet, freedom from excitement and bodily exertion, depends your future health. Disregard the injunction of your physician—he spoke very plainly to you to-day—and you not only shorten your life, but mar your happiness, by bodily pain and self upbraidings, during the brief years that are left to you."

The manner as well as the words of the nurse, rather startled the imprudent young mother, and she turned to where her sleeping babe lay by her side, and, taking it in her arms drew it, with an emotion of tenderness, to her bosom.

On the next morning, it was with Mrs. Carlton as the nurse had told her over and over again it would be. This over-exertion had produced a fever, and she was so sick that she could not raise herself from her pillow. When the Doctor came, and saw her condition, he looked sober, and rather sharply reproved the nurse, on learning the cause of this change, for having permitted his patient to do herself so serious an injury.

A day or two elapsed, and the worst symptoms abated; but Mrs. Carlton remained very weak, and could only sit up in her bed for a few minutes at a time. After that, her strength began to return, but it came back slowly. Imprudent as before, she over-exerted herself at every stage of her convalescence, so that at the time when full health should have been regained, she was yet a drooping invalid.

And so it went on. The wife and mother, upon whose life and health hung the comfort and happiness of the dearest objects

in life, continued, almost daily, to violate the commonest laws of physical order, and daily, in consequence, was she undermining the foundations of health.

Five years have elapsed since Mrs. Carlton became a mother, and again she had given birth to a lovely babe, the third that had blessed her union.

Four days have elapsed since the birth of this child, and earlier by some hours than is usual for him, Mr. Carlton has returned from business. He has walked the streets hurriedly, and his face wears an anxious expression. As he enters he meets the Doctor, who is just leaving.

"How is Mrs. Carlton?" he asks, in a voice of concern.

The Doctor looks serious, and shakes his head.

"No worse, I hope."

"She is no better."

"There seemed to be a favorable change at dinner time."

"So there was, but——"

There is a pause. The Doctor adds—

"But she would get up for a little while, insisting that she felt strong enough to do so. In consequence, all her worst symptoms have returned, and we have now every thing to fear. Keep her quiet, as you value her life. I will come around again before nine o'clock."

A long, tremulous sigh comes up from the oppressed and troubled bosom of Mr. Carlton, and he passes up to the sick chamber of his wife. He starts, and a cold fear runs through his veins, as his eyes rest upon her countenance, for he sees therein a great change. There is a deeper shadow upon it; and his stricken heart tells him that it has fallen from the wing of death. With his lips he touches her forehead—it is cold and clammy, and he almost starts at the chilling contact. He takes her thin and colorless hand—it, too, is cold. With a strong effort he masters his feelings, lest their exhibition should disturb, and thus injure his wife, in whose pulses life was beating with but a feeble motion.

The hours pass on. There is a stillness through the house, the inmates speak to each other in low whispers, or walk through the rooms and passages, stealthily and noiselessly. Alas! Hope had failed. The wife and mother is about to die. Hark! She is uttering something in a low, murmuring voice, and a sudden light has flashed over her face. What does she say?

"My children!"

She is looking around, eagerly.

One by one they are brought to her. Willy—sweet-faced, bright-eyed, loving-hearted Willy, is lifted, sleeping, from his little bed, and laid beside his dying mother. Grace, with her long, dark lashes resting upon her sweet young cheeks, and all unconscious of the sad loss she is about to sustain, is held for her to impress a last kiss upon the lips and brow and cheek; and then the feeble infant, to which she gave birth a few days before, and towards which her mother's heart is yearning with a most intense affection, is laid against her bosom. A little while she looks upon these treasures of her heart, and then lifts her tearful eyes to the face of her husband. Her lips quiver for a moment, and then come forth, sobbing, the words—"Oh, how can I leave you all! Who will be a mother to my children?—who will love them as I love them? Oh! it is hard! It is hard!"

Her lids have closed, and her voice has sunk into silence. But tears glisten on her cheeks, and the expression of her pale face is sad beyond conception.

For full half an hour a stillness like that of death broods over the chamber; and now the last struggle has come. The over-tried and over-worked physical system can no longer re-act upon the life of the spirit, and death quickly closes the brief earthly existence of one who hoped to live for her husband and children, yet committed daily some act of violence against the unchanging laws of health.

There is a bereaved husband and three motherless children left in the hushed and lonely house. "What a strange, sad Providence!" This is said on every side. Is it strange? Was it Providence? Let the reader glance back at the brief history of Mrs. Carlton, and answer these questions for himself.—*Arthur's Home Gazette.*