

NEW-ENGLAND SPIRITUALIST.

A JOURNAL OF THE METHODS AND PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRIT-MANIFESTATION, AND ITS USES TO MANKIND.

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"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT STILL!"—COETIVE.

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No. 1.

Phenomenal & Philosophical.

For the New England Spiritualist.
THE PAST.

MR. NEWTON:—In your recent prospectus for the second volume of the *Spiritualist*, contributions are cordially invited from those who write "with a due appreciation of the value of the Past, notwithstanding its errors." This hint may properly invite many of us to examine ourselves, and see whether our faith in Spiritualism has not often driven the pen on to rashness in its attacks upon the opinions and institutions of the generations gone.

Has all been wrong in the past? No. For who ruled over the ages then? Yes, *Who?* The same God and Father who governs here and now. He was as wise, as beneficent, as omnipotent, when the morning stars first shone, as in our day. To argue that man's opinions and institutions have been nothing else but errors and cramping chains, comes near, very near, to arguing that God has been a fool. Progression seems to be his rule, and under that the human race may have ever been as well supplied with truth and blessings, its capacity to receive and enjoy being considered, as it is or can be in this hour of increasing light and growing freedom. We stand upon foundations which God and our fathers have laid; we can build no other, we can have no other, that will stand. Errors there may have been—errors, cramping, dwarfing, paralyzing errors, there have been and there are in the creeds of every sect, and measurably in the faith of nearly or quite every man. No doubt of this—but what then? Are there not truths also?—Take the Christians and Jews of the world; and in their creeds you will find them not only believing in Jehovah God, but also that this God sent his angels, through whom the world has been taught the angelic lessons which met the ears and eyes of Abraham, of Moses, and the illuminated Prophets. Words of wisdom—and of love descended from the spheres above, far, far away back in the distant past; those words have sunk deep into the world's mind and heart, and have been measurably wrought into man's foundations of his creeds and his institutions. In the deep foundation walls on which the present rests are many granite blocks, well laid upon each other, and most firmly imbedded and cemented. Rash the hand that would disturb them!

The lawgivers, the poets, and the prophets of Israel were the pupils of heaven. Some lessons and commands to them were temporary and local in their proper application. Others were eternal and universal; these last are as fresh, as valuable to day as when angels first clothed them in the language of earth. And if spirits come with words of wisdom to us, how doubt their visits to Joseph, to Daniel and to Isaiah? If evil spirits come in our times, why say the record does not harmonize with our experience, when it tells us that "an evil spirit from the Lord" troubled Saul, the king of Israel? Away in the land of Judea—back in the days of Abraham, and farther, were laid the foundations of the temple of Spiritualism. Moss and rubbish may have gathered thick upon and around the stones that then were put in place; and it is a good and profitable work to remove the unsightly appendages—to find the exact height and thickness and strength of the wall proper, and thus determine the dimensions of the superstructure it can take on and sustain. Remove the rubbish, but let the wall stand. Time has strengthened it—you can have no better material and no better workmanship.

When Jesus came, his work was not to destroy but to fulfil. He added much to the walls which the Prophets had commenced. He gave beauty, symmetry and grace to the parts added in his day. There was strength—immortal strength—in his additions. Moses and Elias, and others of the hosts above, were his counsellors and friends; and the wisdom of the spheres on high shone forth in his every word and act. He brought "light—more light"—into the world, and its rays have never ceased to guide the steps of countless hosts along genuine paths of progression—nor to enkindle the flames of philanthropy and piety in the souls of many millions who have opened their hearts to sympathy with his loving nature.

The past gives to the present many noble legacies—it gives us our *very lives*—and we are nursed on its bosom. Turn vipers, shall we? Let us not. But from our nursing mother, let us take in thankfulness all the truth and good she has to impart—and if in her ignorance she should give her child some things unwholesome, unsond, unpalatable—let us kindly, quietly, even secretly, set such aside, and continue to receive and to use all that can give us true spiritual nourishment.

Down through the Catholic Church, and in all the seats of Christendom, and in every religion of the wide earth, there have ever been flowing some of the Waters of Life—some eternal and elevating truths; *no where* has God left himself without witness. True, the streams have been choked and diverted, and buried often, by the errors and corruptions and wrongs which man has cast into the channels—but the waters are there, percolating, and meandering, and yet creeping on, and making here and there some little pool at which the thirsting can drink, and gain new strength with which to mount heavenward.

The past is full of good—for God was in it all. Yet even He let grow and gather there much which man calls evil. Calling it such—feeling it to be such—let this not cause man to overlook or to reject that which is well suited to give him freedom, purity and elevation, however long it may have been an element in the creeds or institutions of men. Prove all things—hold fast that which is good. If angels speak now, they may have spoken in the past. If they are wise teachers now, they may have been so formerly. If they are safe guides

now, they may have been such in the ages gone. Therefore, we do well to remember what was said by those of old, and compare it with the teachings of our days; and as far as the words of the ancient ones commend themselves to our interior judgments as true and right, let the old friends be as dear to us—let their words be as persuasive with us—let their lessons be as welcome to us, as those from spirits who are less tried by the lapse of time. While we receive and welcome the new, let us look kindly upon the past as the school in which God has trained our present teachers, and as the field upon which he made to grow the sweetest fruits which we are now permitted to taste. Varying a little the poet's words, and applying them to the past, one might say:

The clouds ye so much dread, are big with mercy,
And may drop rich blessings on your head.
The blessings are in them, and should not be despised.

From the Journal of Medicine.
SPIRITUAL WRITING, CONSIDERED AND ANALYZED PHYSIOLOGICALLY.
BY JOHN C. NORTON, M. D.

Seating myself, one day, by a table alone in my office, I determined to try an experiment. I had heard much and seen a little, of the so-called spiritual writing, and did not wish to cry out humberg until I had fully investigated the matter, being well aware that though I might, by observing the operations of the mediums, and applying to them appropriate tests, satisfy myself that the communications were not from the spirits of the dead, I could not form a definite opinion as to their real nature, without testing the matter in my own person.

I had been told in one of the circles which I had had the curiosity to visit, that I was both a writing and a rapping medium. I therefore resolved to try my hand at conversing with the dead, if such a thing was possible; so, taking my pen in hand, and placing it upon a sheet of paper before me, I called upon the spirits, if any were present, to move my hand. To my astonishment my hand immediately began to move, but made no intelligible characters. I then said, if this is a spirit, write the letters, A, B, etc., which was done, until nearly the whole alphabet was written. My hand moved very slowly at first, but the movement was altogether involuntary. I did not stop here to inquire the cause of the movement, but, my curiosity being fully aroused, I continued my invocations to the spirits. I asked the spirit to write its name; and at the word, in an old-fashioned hand, was

there any communication of any kind? I was told that the spirit was "Come to Ireland; Wm. C. is dead, and has willed you all his property, amounting to thirty thousand pounds." I did not stop to ask myself the question, whether such a thing was possible or probable, but continued my conversation with the supposed spirit. I was informed that on the next Monday evening I should receive a letter from the executor of the will, J. Crawford, of Dublin, making me acquainted with all the circumstances. In a short time I began to receive communications purporting to be from other spirits, suggesting that I might never receive the property after all, as the will would probably be destroyed. "Oh, no!" says another spirit, "Crawford will never give up the will. It is safe in his hands." And so, for my edification, the spirits would hold animated and lengthy discussions upon the subject; but soon came the announcement, "The will is destroyed, and the property is taken." My spirit-friends, however, informed me that I might obtain possession of the legacy by commencing legal proceedings, and were kind enough to write for me the names of some fifteen or twenty persons whom I must employ as witnesses in my great suit. Of these, the places of residence and occupations were detailed with the greatest minuteness. I was not a little surprised to find among my list the name of a college class-mate of yours, Mr. Editor (T. R. C.), who, I was informed, was teaching in South Down, and who, you will no doubt be glad to learn from the spirits, is doing very well. Now came the important intelligence that "Thomas Trumy" (the principal witness) "is dead; he has been thrown from a carriage, and is now being carried home." I was shortly, however, convinced that no more dependence can be placed upon the reports of the spiritual telegraphs, than upon our material ones in this lower world; for soon came the following despatch:—"Thomas Trumy is not dead; he was only stunned, and is now better." I should weary the patience of my readers if I were to mention one-tenth part of the communications that were written upon this one subject. The congratulations, the counsels, the plans for the future, the jokes, and the sober suggestions were without end.

In addition to these, I received a great number of communications, purporting to be the prophecies of future events. I was told that the millennium was shortly to dawn upon the world, and the glorious "thousand years" would commence in 1856; that before that time there would be wars, such as had never before been known. These wars would commence in Germany, and rapidly spread over Europe and Asia, and would result in the universal diffusion of civil and religious liberty. Kings and emperors would be hurled from their thrones. Louis Napoleon would be assassinated in his bed-chamber, and France be deluged again with blood. The princes of the world were emphatically termed the princes of the power of darkness, and that darkness was explained to be ignorance.

I was told that I must believe in the spirits and their philosophy. I requested that they would communicate to me that philosophy; and, accordingly, I received six or seven communications, each covering from three to four pages of foolscap; each commencing with a series of aphorisms, and closing with poetry; and I must be permitted to say that the idea and the style of these productions were of the most remarkable character. Many

to whom I showed them, declared their decided conviction that they could not be the composition of any human being. The style was not vivid merely, but fiery and impetuous. I must confess that I was utterly bewildered, and knew not what to believe or say. I called upon different poets to write for me, upon subjects which I should designate; and in this way, in one afternoon, I wrote more than ten pages of poetry, and that while I was engaged in conversation upon other subjects, disconnected with those upon which I was writing.

I also invoked the spirits to explain many obscure points in physiology, and explanations were immediately given. I supposed cases of disease, and prescriptions were forthwith given, with full directions for the management of the cases; upon my inquiry whether cancer was a curable disease, I was answered in the affirmative and was told that sulphur was the remedy.

I called for the autographs of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and of the deceased presidents, as well as of many of my deceased friends; and in many instances the signatures thus obtained were very good imitations of the true signatures. So you see that I have had all the evidences, so far as writing is concerned, which were necessary to convince Charles Beecher of spiritual agency. I may say, indeed, that I have had additional evidence, for he mentions nothing about this writing of autographs. It may be asked, was I not convinced by them? I answer, I did not made up my mind in any way, until after I had taken time, calmly and carefully, to consider and compare all the circumstances. I was engaged in writing these communications for about one week, during which time it may well be supposed that I was not in a condition for calm and sober reflection. At the end of this time I made up my mind to stop and post up, square my books, and see where I stood. I assure you it was no easy matter for me to stop. There was a kind of enchantment about it, which it is impossible for me to describe; and I was bound by a spell more potent than that by which the son of Ulysses was kept upon Calypso's Isle. But, thanks to my watchful mentor, I did break away, and that entirely. I now proceed to give you the result of my reflections and self-examinations.

I venture the assertion that no one has had any stronger evidence of spiritual intercourse than myself. The writing was altogether involuntary; not only so, but the mental operations which accompanied the writing were equally involuntary. Almost any one may write, or rather scribble, upon a sheet of paper, and the writings were his own, and would have immediately attributed them to disembodied spirits; but my conclusions were far different. It may be said that my mind was influenced by prejudice in forming my conclusions—that I had previously determined not to be convinced of the truth of spiritual communications; but I solemnly aver that this was not the case. On the contrary, I was disposed to treat the subject fairly, and was anxious to satisfy myself whether there was anything in it or not. It seemed to me that if it were possible to hold converse with our departed friends, it would be the most pleasing thing in the world. But let us see how my conclusions were drawn, and what were the premises upon which they were founded.

In the first place, that the ideas originated in my own brain, was evidenced by the waste to which my whole nervous system was subjected, and the effect upon the process of nutrition and secretion throughout the body. Although engaged in writing only one week, during that time I lost ten pounds in weight; my whole nervous system was so affected that I could scarcely hold a pen. I was affected with palpitations and tremors, loss of appetite and constipation, disturbed sleep and frightful dreams. Involuntary muscular movements and inability to fix my attention, with giddiness and headache. Any one to have seen me would have said that I had passed through a long siege of sickness. In fact I am satisfied, by looking back upon my condition, that I was on the very borders of insanity. Every medical man knows that these are precisely the effects of long-continued and severe mental exertion. Now, if the motion of my hand was produced by the influence of spirits external to my body, I do not see how the effect upon my body and mind should have been so great. How should the mere exercise of moving my hand, when produced by the agency of another person, thus affect me? It may be said that I was frightened, and that my nervous system was thus operated upon; but this was by no means the case. I could talk as familiarly with the supposed spirit as with an intimate acquaintance. I could joke as much as I pleased, and really enjoyed those conversations remarkably.

Secondly, I always knew what I was writing; and, although the thoughts passed through my mind unbidden, I could always tell before I finished a sentence what it was to be, and often, when asked a question, I could answer it just as well without writing at all, as after the writing in the answer. Some may say that these were impressions made upon my mind by the spirits. I reply, it is an assumption to say that the spirits had anything at all to do with these impressions, and I shall show further on, that they may be accounted for far more philosophically, without referring them to any such source.

Thirdly, if I was requested to write a name which I did not know, I could not do it. I was told to call upon the spirit of Lewis Hanchett, and request it to write its name. It was immediately written "Lewis Hanchett." He had a middle name, says the person, tell him to write it, "Lewis George Hanchett." "Not correct." "Lewis William Hanchett." "Still wrong; the name commenced with B." "Lewis Benedict Hanchett." "Not right." "Lewis Burton Hanchett." "Wrong again; the name was Lewis Beebe Hanchett."

It was then immediately written correctly. Numerous other experiments of the same kind were tried, and always with the same result; showing that it was absolutely necessary that I should have the idea in my mind before it could be written. Did not that spirit know its own name? If it did, why did it not write it without being told what it was? Here is another fact bearing upon the same point, which I have just been illustrating. In regard to the signatures which I wrote, whatever idea I had in my mind of those signatures, was faithfully written out. If I had formed a correct image within, that image was immediately transferred to paper, and in this instance the autograph was correct. On the contrary, if I had a wrong impression of the handwriting, the autograph would be wrong. If I never had seen the signature, the writing would be nearer like my own than anybody's else. Hence it was that, although some of the signatures were strikingly correct, a great majority bore not the least resemblance to the true one. Upon this principle we may account for the fact (if fact it be) that children, and persons not knowing how to write, will make very good autographs, while calling upon the spirits. It is the idea which influences the muscles, and thus imparts its image upon the paper.

Fourthly, to test the reliability of the prophecies, a record of the weather for a week to come, was called for and written. The sequel showed that either the spirits were most infamous liars, or else they were miserable almanac makers, for they did not come within forty rods of the mark. In fact, my spirit friends never gave me one particle of information in regard to matters of which I was ignorant, upon which I could place the least dependence. I need not say, that the whole story about the legacy was a fabrication; the letter which I was to receive, somehow, never reached me, and the dead relative was only spiritually dead, for he is now alive and well. "Ah!" says the Spiritualist, "I see you have been imposed upon by lying spirits." Very likely; but how, in the name of all that is sacred, am I to decide what the character of my communicating spirit is? I call upon the spirits of those whose character for veracity and candor on earth was unimpeachable, and relying upon their statements, I find myself most egregiously deceived. "By their fruits ye shall know them," says the Spiritualist. "True spirits speak of things divine; false spirits talk of things of time." What you mean to say then is this, that those spirits who tell us of anything, are lying spirits, and I shall never see them again, which no traveller returns, are true spirits. But now do you know that even these are true? Does not Satan often transform himself into an angel of light? What useful information can we then obtain from the spirits? They lend us no assistance in regard to the things of time; and in regard to the weighty matter of eternity, they tear our chart to pieces, take away our anchor, and leave us in the midst of a fearful storm, to be driven about by the waves of conjecture among the rocks and shoals of error. But enough of this, let me not hear again the plea that there are lying spirits.

Fifthly, I have been told that if we called upon the spirit of a person still living, we should get no answer. I can assert, from positive experience, that this statement is false. I have repeatedly called upon the spirit of a person now living, and held long conversation with it. The only reason, then, why mediums say they cannot converse with the spirits of the living is because they think they cannot, and, therefore, do not try. What does this show? To my mind it is conclusive evidence, that we no more converse with the spirits of the dead than with those of the absent living; in other words, that we commune not with the dead at all!

Sixthly, I am satisfied that the ideas contained in my philosophy and poetry were my own; and one thing that leads me to think so, is the fact that I could recognize trains of thought that had formerly passed through my mind; moreover, the style of the composition only differed from my own, in being much more vivid and forcible. Besides, my philosophy was unlike any other system of philosophy, purporting to be from the spirits, which I have seen. There were some ideas, it is true, in reference to mediums, spiritual intercourse, etc., which correspond very nearly with what we find in works upon spiritual philosophy; but those I had no doubt derived from others. One thing is worthy of particular notice. Take any two mediums unacquainted with the system of spiritual philosophy now in vogue, and let them, without any opportunity of comparing their views, call upon the spirits for a system of doctrines, and these systems will not only differ from the prevalent system, but from each other, and that most materially; and this I have often remarked, a Universalist medium will obtain a Universalist philosophy, a Methodist medium, a Methodist philosophy, and so on. This is evidence that the doctrines obtained are not those of the spirits, but those of the mediums.

A few words by way of explanation of the phenomena of spiritual writing. Being careful to avoid any voluntary acts, the will is placed in abeyance, and thus full play is given to emotional and other mental acts. It must be remembered, that emotions may have an internal as well as an external origin. Intellections give rise to emotions, and emotions in their turn, render the process of thought more rapid and clear. I have no doubt that much of the writing will come under the denomination of emotional action, and it may be a question whether the intellectual operations which precede the writing, do not, in every instance, influence the muscles through the medium of emotions. We have been here before accustomed to class these actions, to which the mind gives rise, under two heads—voluntary and emotional. Shall we introduce still another class, to cover those actions which are the direct result of intellection?

I leave this question open for discussion. I beg leave, here, to refer my readers to the chapter on the Nervous System, in the fourth edition of Carpenter's Physiology, as they will find it reviewed in the July number (for year 1853) of the British and Foreign Medical Chirological Review, where he takes the ground that there is such a thing as involuntary cerebration, as automatic thought. This idea is comparatively a new one, though I think not altogether so. I find in Uoham's Mental Philosophy, under the head of "Dreaming," the following words: "A train of conceptions arise in the mind, and we are not conscious of any direction or control whatever over them. They exist whether we will or not." Here we have the same idea of involuntary cerebration, although expressed in a little different language from that which Carpenter used. Dr. Carpenter, however, goes still farther, and takes the ground that cerebration may go on without either volition or consciousness. This would seem to be true with regard to the somnambulist, whose actions are doubtless the result of cerebration, although he is entirely unconscious of what he is doing. If he is unconscious, of course the actions must be involuntary; for there can be no volition without consciousness. The dreamer is conscious of his intellectual operations, although he "possesses no control over them." The intellectual operations of the writing medium come under the head of cerebration involuntary, but accompanied by consciousness. I say involuntary, but do not mean to be understood by this that the will is incapable of controlling those operations; I mean that the will stands aloof from them, as it were, and they go on without the direction of volition. The same remark will apply to the act of writing. It is involuntary, only, as the will is kept in abeyance, and the hand moves without its control. There was no time while I was engaged in writing, when I could not stop the motion of my pen, and direct my thoughts into a different channel, if I choose to do so. I cannot help thinking that in my mental state, while receiving communications, there was something very analogous to dreaming, and that my involuntary muscular movements were much like those of the somnambulist.

This assertion must, of course, be taken with some limitations. What a beautiful dream was that of the legacy! Alas! it vanished just as all our dreams depart! The rapidity with which the long-forgotten thoughts of former years were recalled to my mind, the glowing

I said that I wrote much poetry, and this is just what might have been expected, when we consider that poetry is the language of strong emotions; and these were continually agitating my mind as the tempest stirs the ocean's waters. I can now look back and see how, in the storm of my mind, many principles of psychology were beautifully illustrated. Here, I may study, at pleasure, the operation of association and suggestion, memory and recollection, comparison and reasoning, doubting and dreaming, and all of those as going on without the control of the will. Here I may analyze the various emotions, and view their connection with other mental actions. When I look at all these things, and see what a boundless field of inquiry is thus opened up before me, I confess that I know not when to lay down my pen. But remembering that I have already trespassed too much upon your good nature, I close without further remarks.

[For a review of the foregoing article, see inside.]

JOHN BUNYAN.—His spelling was bad. He frequently transgressed the rules of grammar. Yet the native force of genius, and his experimental knowledge of all the religious passions, from despair to ecstasy, amply supplied in him the want of learning. His rude oratory roused and melted hearers who listened without interest to the labored discourses of great logicians and Hebraists. His works were widely circulated among the humbler classes. One of them, the Pilgrim's Progress, was, in his own life-time, translated into several foreign languages. It was, however, scarcely known to the learned and polite, and had, during near a century, the delight of pious cottagers, and artisans, before it was publicly commended by any man of high literary eminence.

"At length critics condescended to inquire where the secret of so wide and so durable a popularity lay. They were compelled to own that the ignorant multitude had judged more correctly than the learned, and that the despised little book was really a masterpiece. Bunyan is indeed as decidedly the first of allegorists, as Demosthenes is the first of orators, or Shakspeare the first of dramatists. Other allegorists have shown equal ingenuity, but no other has ever been able to touch the heart, and to make abstractions objects of terror, of pity, and of love."—Macaulay.

Thus speaks the great historian of to-day, respecting a humble writer of "spiritual literature," who in his own time was thought worthy only the contempt of the learned. May not this example suggest a wholesome lesson to some of the haughty critics of our time, who are wont to speak so contemptuously of "spiritual trash?"

Bunyan's spiritual experiences, and the method of his writing, as appears from his works, were markedly analogous to what we have witnessed in modern mediumship. There can be little question, in a well-informed mind, but that his masterly allegories or "dreams" were psychologically impressed upon his brain by spirit-power, precisely as similar symbolic visions are now presented to mediums of that class; and that his writings to a great extent were as truly spirit-communications as those which are now written by impressive mediums. We have often listened to allegories given in this way, which, to say the least, fell in no degree behind, either in ingenuity, beauty and wealth of imagery, instructiveness, or power to touch the heart, any which this "first of allegorists" has left on record. And the day will surely come when our supercilious critics will look with truer eyes than they are now wont to do on many of the productions of modern mediumship.—Ed. N. E. Sp.

The Spiritualist.

A. E. NEWTON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

There yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now.—Jesus.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1856.

We send this number of the SPIRITUALIST to several persons who are not subscribers, and to a number of former subscribers who have not renewed their subscriptions.

THE MISSION OF SPIRITUALISM.

In our prospectus for the second volume of the SPIRITUALIST, which will be found elsewhere in this paper, we have made some statement of the aims and ends of the modern Spiritual Movement, as apprehended by ourselves.

We deem it not out of place, in this initial number of the new series, in order to guard against mistakes and misapprehensions which are prevalent on every hand, to make an explicit declaration of our views regarding the mode in which Spiritualism is to promote the several ends specified, and the extent to which it may be properly identified with them.

Adopting as our definition of Modern Spiritualism, the broad and unsectarian statement included in the four propositions laid down at the commencement of our prospectus, we distinguish between it and the various moral, theological and reformatory questions to the consideration of which it usually leads.

How then is Spiritualism to benefit the world? We will endeavor to give our impressions clearly.

We understand truth to be eternal and unchangeable. What was truth three thousand or three million years ago, is truth now, and will ever be truth; so what is truth to-day was equally so in any age or cycle of the past.

can distorted and unbalanced minds perceive its beauty and its harmony. A revelation, embracing all the details of man's duty and destiny, with the most perfect forms of all institutions for earth's inhabitants, given in most exact language, from the most exalted spirits, from the very mouth of the Infinite One himself (were such a thing conceivable), would yet be subject necessarily to misconceptions, limitations and distortions, in all narrow and imperfect minds.

Human advancement, then, is dependent, fundamentally, on interior growth and development, not on external teaching. As the soul's capacities enlarge, the boundless universe of truth is within its reach, to be appropriated just so far as it is "able to bear" it.

If, therefore, the world is to have a truer Philosophy of man's Spiritual Nature, and a more rational Theology, it must be attained, not by writing out a statement of revelation in a book, but by the harmonious development of men's intellectual, spiritual, moral and emotional capacities, sufficiently to enable them to grasp higher conceptions; in other words, by a revelation within the consciousness of the individual soul.

laws of its being and its growth. In its interiors are enfolded, as in the germ of the flower or the tree, the latent Divine impulses and energies which, as obeyed, will impel it towards all good, all truth, all reform.

Such we conceive to be the true philosophy of Reform. Now how does Spiritualism, as we have defined it, tend to its promotion?

1. It gives men a present realization of spiritual verities. Thousands have not even a speculative belief in anything beyond the cognizance of the external senses; while thousands more, even in the churches, have only a speculative belief, too indefinite and unsubstantial to produce much influence upon their daily lives.

2. It frees the mind from bondage. The religions of the world, almost universally, throw fear and terror over everything pertaining to the spiritual realm and the after-life, and teach mankind that knowledge and safety can be attained only through certain authorized priestly or ecclesiastical channels.

and opens the soul to their reception. In realized communion with the departed, all that is sweet and tender in purified affection,—all that is gentle and ennobling in angelic, unselfish care,—all that is enlarging and exalting in the wisdom and benevolence of minds serenely raised above the discords of earth,—together with that silent interior power or magnetism, called the Holy Ghost in ancient times, which is ever shed from the presence of all pure beings, and descends like the dew upon all truly aspiring souls,—these, all these may be enjoyed and appropriated by those who have the proper dispositions for their reception.

4. It opens a channel of communication, through which suggestions, relating to all topics of human inquiry, interest, or welfare, and embracing the wisdom of higher intelligences, may be submitted to our consideration. These, of course, we are to accept, or reject, as they commend themselves, or otherwise, to our perceptions of truth and wisdom; but the consideration of them cannot fail to excite a high degree of mental activity.

5. From these several sources,—the realization of spirit-presence—the freedom from mental bondage—the experience of elevating spiritual influences—and the suggestion of new thoughts—as every one must see, proceeds a mighty agency for arousing into activity all the powers of the human soul. This activity inevitably produces growth; and harmonious growth unfolds all capacities, develops all latent energies, and must sooner or later result in bringing forth to view the divine image—the "I AM"—which constitutes the inmost of every being.

Such, as we view it, is the mode in which Spiritualism is to operate—such its mission as a reforming power on earth. As will be seen, it in no sense opposes or supersedes Christianity, but on the contrary, includes it and all other truth, adding an immensely accelerating power.

Will any one venture to deny these positions, or attempt to show that any other agency existing among mankind, is competent to equally beneficent results?

A CONCLUSIVE FACT.—We have the best authority for the following statement: At the house of Dr. Main, in this city, one of his assistants (Mrs. Jenness) being one evening in a trance, said that a spirit whom she saw present wished to communicate something by writing. Her hand was then moved to write as follows: "A letter, asking for a medical prescription, containing a lock of hair and money, has been sent from Norwich, Conn., but has never been received by you." Mr. George, to whom the communication was made, inquired of the spirit how the fact could be ascertained. "Write to Mr. Gifford Parker, of Norwich," was the answer. Neither Mr. G. nor any of the family knew that any such person existed; but he immediately forwarded a letter to that address. In due course of mail, an answer was received from Norwich, signed Gifford Parker, and stating that he had some weeks before sent a letter to Dr. Main, with contents as described, but had received

no return. The spirit, in answer to inquiries, stated that he was present with Mr. Parker when the letter was prepared, and knew that it had not come to hand, though he was unaware what had become of it.

DR. NORTON'S "EXPLANATION."

We had always a strong desire for "hearing both sides" of any question, and that idiosyncrasy has followed us into Spiritualism. We like to meet boldly and frankly the strongest things which can be urged against anything we believe to be true. We presume that this feeling is shared with us by the great majority of our readers, and that they will therefore thank us for laying before them in full, in this paper, the "Physiological Analysis" of "Spiritual Writing," by Dr. JOHN C. NORTON, as published in the *Peninsular Journal of Medicine*, at Ann Arbor, Mich. We do this, not so much because we find anything new or particularly forcible against Spiritualism in this Analysis, as because of the great consequence which seems to be attached to it in certain quarters, mainly for the reason, doubtless, that the author has the inspiring initials, "M. D.," attached to his name. (A highly respectable "journal" we have noticed, (the *N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*) which has hitherto persisted that Spiritualism was a "monstrous folly," and mediumship an arrant "imposture," is now willing to admit that there may be "something in it," after all.

Of course, all other explanations, from the knee-and-toe-joint theory of the Buffalo M. D.'s, and the "detached vitalized electricity" of Dr. Taylor of Peterborough, to the Odylic Force, of Pres. Mahan, must now leave the arena, while Dr. John C. Norton trots out his "involuntary cerebration," and exhibits its wonderful feats to the gaping multitude. But the discerning will at once see that the animal is no novelty—it is only the "automatic cerebral action" of Dr. Rogers, with a slightly different name, but without the definitely described features, or even half the capabilities, long ago assigned to that prodigious creature of a materialistic imagination.

But few words seem to us to be necessary to show the entire futility of this last attempt to dissipate the evidences of spirit-communication. It is wholly inconclusive for the following reasons:

I. Dr. Norton's explanation has reference to but a single phase of the phenomena—that of conscious impressionable writing. All other modes of spirit-manifestation, either of which may be sufficient to demonstrate its reality—such as communication by raps, exhibitions of physical power, unconscious writing and speaking, the vision, hearing and touch of Spirits, writing without human agency, etc., etc.—he does not attempt to explain.

II. His conclusion is based on a very limited experience, even in that one department—the doctor having tested the matter but for a single week, and according to his own showing under the tuition of a very questionable set of teachers; while others have based a contrary conviction on the broader experience of years, and under obviously more advantageous influences.

III. The explanation given does not afford a rational respecting every

the whole ground. This may be readily seen by glancing at the several points of his statement:

In the first place, he thinks the supposition "that the ideas originated in [his] own brain was evidenced by the waste to which [his] nervous system was subjected," etc. Does our author mean to imply that ideas always or ever originate in brains? In other words, is he a materialist, considering brain and mind as synonymous words? He uses them throughout his statement, (as do many superficial writers on these topics,) as convertible terms. If ideas originate in the brain, then we may suppose that they are merely phenomenal, and that they come to an end when the brain ceases to act. Then there is no immortal mind, to live after the death of the body,—no disembodied spirit to manifest itself. But our author seems to admit, all the way through, that there are disembodied spirits;—he names at least one, i. e. "Satan."

But is there any proof that a distinct mind was the actor? Here hinges the whole question. We think there is; and in this way it may be shown: The basis of all knowledge is self-consciousness. We know that we have an individual existence, because we are conscious of such an existence. We know that we act as individuals, because we are conscious of willing and doing from our own self-hood. This consciousness is the basis of all responsibility; we naturally protest against either praise or blame for that which we have no consciousness of willing and performing. When, therefore, things are performed through the agency of one's physical organism (which is the usual instrument of his own will), that he has no self-consciousness of willing or executing, he does not and cannot properly consider them his own acts. Every one knows, for example, that he did not originate and does not sustain the action of his own heart, or lungs, though it may be in his power to stop that action. Hence this action is ascribed to a will and a power above and beyond one's self. Now, if the brain, or the machinery of expressing thought, is put in action independently of the will or conscious effort of one's mind, such action must be attributed either to disturbed automatic play, or to some other conscious mind making use of it.

But how can mere automatic play be distinguished from real, conscious, active, mental control and guidance? By this plain difference: automatic play, or involuntary cerebration, being not under mental control, and resulting from disorder or disturbance of some kind, will produce only broken, fragmentary, incoherent, disorderly, aimless and meaningless results; as in certain classes (not all) of dreams, and in the incoherent ravings of a lunatic; while conscious mind will exhibit its presence and control by productions worthy of mind, by connected and significant language or ideas, by the exhibition of logical statements (whether true or false), by the exhibition of reasoning power, of purpose or design, and of the other distinctive attributes of mind. When these are expressed through one's organism, and he knows they do not originate from his own self-hood, the necessary inference is that they came from some other conscious, self-acting mind. There may be cases where it is difficult determining between the two, but such cases may be thrown out of the account entirely. There are plenty left, in which the distinction between automatic cerebration and self-conscious, personal, mental activity, is

as distinctly marked as that between a heterogeneous pile of bricks, lumber and lime-casks, and a splendid, complete architectural structure, with its obvious plan and adaptations.

Now this distinction was plainly evinced in the communications given through the hand of Dr. Norton. They evidently had purpose and point—they embraced clear and specific statements (false they may have been, and contradictory, but none the less indicative of conscious mental action for all that),—they embraced prophecies, philosophy and poetry "of the most remarkable character," written to some extent while his own mind was "engaged in conversation upon other subjects," and altogether involuntarily upon his own part. If all this does not evince the action of a distinct personality, a separate mind, we would ask what could? In claiming for himself the authorship of all those "most remarkable" productions, together with the "lies," Dr. N. not only mystifies all mental philosophy, but presents himself as an intellectual prodigy, with a very doubtful character for veracity! Those "familiar conversations" and jokes between him and himself must have been intensely interesting and amusing!

But we pass to the Dr.'s "Secondly." The fact adduced under this head only shows that the Dr.'s brain was in partial rapport with the communicating intelligence, by which means his mind became possessed of the thoughts or words in the spirit's mind before they were written. This is often the case; but there are those who have a totally different experience, to whom his philosophy would not apply at all.

"Thirdly." Here is further evidence that the Dr. was simply in rapport with some spirit that endeavored to personify various individuals who were called for, obtaining information from the Dr.'s mind when he could, and guessing at it when he could not. Such experience weighs nothing beside that of hundreds of mediums through whom names have been given, and signatures imitated, of which they had no previous idea whatever.

"Fourthly." Similar remarks apply equally well to what is urged under this head. The Dr. energetically and very pertinently asks, "How in the name of all that is sacred am I to decide what the character of my communicating spirit is?" We think that if he had continued his investigations for a reasonable length of time, and conducted them in a calm and rational manner, instead of yielding to such unmanly excesses as brought him to the "very borders of insanity," his own experience would have furnished a proper answer to this question. We think he would have found, that by cultivating his own mental, moral, and spiritual discernment, he would at length have become capable of distinguishing (at least sufficiently for all practical purposes) between the deceptive and the true, between the wise and the frivolous; and would have learned that it is possible to cherish so supreme a love for truth, purity and goodness, that one's presence will not be tolerable to the lying and the impure.

That our author is sadly lacking in some kinds of discernment is abundantly evinced by the remarks toward the end of this paragraph. "They tear our chart in pieces, take away our anchor, and leave us," etc. Who are "they" that do this? "The spirits." But he is

it was himself, as he claims, (acting involuntarily) that wrote the communications. This pious ebullition, then, against destroyers of ancient charts and anchors, falls on his own head! Very perspicuous philosopher, he! We would suggest that, if he is trusting the "weighty matters of eternity" to any chart or anchor that he is in danger of losing by "involuntary cerebration," or even at the dictum of any spirit whatever, the sooner such chart is torn in pieces, and such anchor taken away, the better. He might then learn to consult the chart and compass within himself, God-given for his guidance, by which he may safely navigate the boundless ocean of experience which lies before the human soul. If he has obtained no "useful information" from the spirits, either as regards the things of time or eternity, the fact only shows the meagreness of his experience as compared with that of others, and the folly of putting it forth as furnishing an "explanation" of the spiritual phenomena.

"Fifthly." "I have been told" is very poor authority for anything. It is of course as easy for a spirit of the class with whom the Doctor seems to have got in communication to personate and claim to be one who has not left the body, as one who has, and hence his fact has no conclusiveness at all.

"Sixthly." The doctor is welcome to claim the "philosophy" and the "poetry" as his own, if he thinks they fairly belong to him (though in the light of what he has told us of their "most remarkable character" the claim does not commend his modesty), but what does he do with the false prognostications, the contradictions, the "lies," the tearing in pieces of the chart, etc.? Are not these equally "his own"? Where is the fairness of shirking these off, on to imaginary spirits, and not the rest? The different philosophies presented through different mediums prove nothing against a spiritual origin, unless it can be shown that all spirits think alike—a notion quite as absurd as the expectation that all men in this world can be made to think alike.

"HENRY WARD BEECHER'S POSITION."

KENNEBUNK, Mar. 22, 1856

Editor of the N. E. Spiritualist:

SIR.—In your paper of Feb. 16, is an article mainly copied from the *N. Y. Courier*, in regard to Mr. Beecher's views of the Inspiration of the Scriptures. My attention having been called to it, and believing from what I know of Mr. B., that it did him great injustice, I took the liberty of sending it to him and asking if it was or was not a correct expression of his sentiments. I have just received the following reply, which justice to him as well as to any of your readers who may have been at all influenced by your previous article, seems to ask you to insert in your columns. Allow me, moreover, to say, that the views expressed by Mr. B. in this note, are, so far as I am aware, such as the entire body of the clergy, (of N. E. at least) with but very few and lamented exceptions, would most heartily endorse. The last thing which the scriptures have to fear is candid, thorough investigation. They themselves ask and command it. They no more shrink from it, than the flowers shrink from the sunlight. The main difficulty that we have to find with men is that they will not examine the claims of the Bible with thoroughness and candor, and a humble desire to see and embrace the truth. W. H. W.

BROOKLYN, MAR. 19, 1856.

DEAR SIR.—As you suppose, the article in question does misunderstand my views. Whatever peculiar views I may have upon the doctrine of Inspiration, they are not of the school to which Spiritualists belong. It so happened that Rev. Dr. H. was present at the two lectures on that topic, and that he expressed himself as more than pleased, and you will agree with me that his judgment in such a matter would be conclusive of orthodoxy. That I am in favor of free thought, large and untrammelled investigation, and of the largest toleration in the expression of all honest views, is true. I am so, partly because of my faith in the truth of the scriptures, and of the evangelical views they teach, and partly because toleration is a duty, the liberty of thought and speech being a right. You will see in this week's Independent, an explicit denial of my being a Spiritualist. I never was one in the least possible degree, and I am less and less one, even in that minus quantity, every year.

Very truly yours, H. W. BEECHER.

The following we presume is the "explicit denial" to which Mr. Beecher refers:

BROOKLYN, March 15, 1856. DEAR SIR.—Your letter asking me whether I am a believer in modern Spiritualism, is but one of a number which are before me. And by publishing both your inquiries and my reply, it will serve to disabuse other persons who have been told the same stories which have been circulated in your neighborhood.

1. I have no doubt that there are curious and surprising phenomena witnessed in "spiritual circles," quite worthy of scientific attention and investigation. The fact that imposture is often mixed with such exhibitions; and that many peripatetic exhibitors are in part or wholly designing men, does not alter the fact, that the phenomena witnessed in these circles are often such as have never yet been adequately accounted for.

2. But I am a stout unbeliever in the spiritual origin of these phenomena either by good spirits or bad spirits, or any spirits whatever. This testimony I have borne again and again, in private and in public, by speech and by pen. And who they represent me as believing in modern Spiritualism, do so without any warrant whatever in the truth. The substance of the "communications" have quite rotted the stomach of my faith. Nor do the results of such faith in others incline me to it; for

3. Although many sincere and excellent people do believe in modern Spiritualism; and although there may be some who have been brought by it to a belief of the Scriptures, yet, in so far as I have had opportunities for observing, it has seemed to weaken the hold of the Bible upon the conscience and affections, and to substitute diluted sentimentalism and tedious platitudes instead of the inspired truth. And the general adoption of the modern spiritualistic doctrines, I should regard as no better than a march of infidelity in the garments of Faith. Without doubt, those who have represented me as a Spiritualist, have done so honestly; but, without any foundation in fact.

Truly yours, H. W. BEECHER.

Now, what is the amount of all this? Mr. Beecher gives us no statement as to wherein his views on the subject of Inspiration have been misunderstood. He

not of the school to which Spiritualists belong. Now it is well known that Spiritualists belong to a great variety of schools, and hence he may be more in agreement with them than he himself suspects. We will quote the important points covered by the statement which we copied Feb. 16th:

"Mr. Beecher said that the Bible was made up of separate books, written in different ages of the world—was in fact a library of books gathered together for convenience into its present form; that much of it, especially of the Old Testament, was history, written and collated by certain persons, of the particular times and incidents to which they relate; that the idea that the different books bound up within the title of the Bible are to be considered as the Word of God, is absurd; that with large proportions of these books no interference on the part of Deity was necessary."

Does Mr. Beecher mean to deny this? We think not. Again: "There were portions which his soul received as spoken by the mouth of God, and of this he had no doubt."

Of course he does not doubt this now. Once more: "With respect to intercourse between the natural and spiritual worlds, Mr. Beecher said that the Old Testament was full of it as well as the New; that if it occurred then, it occurred under the operation of a law, and that law was fully in existence now as it ever was."

Will Mr. B. undertake to deny this? We doubt it. Finally,

"With respect to inspiration, he declared it general; that every man who was good for anything in his calling, was to a greater or less degree inspired; that our relations to the Deity are such that the Omnipotent mind comes directly and indirectly and arduously in contact with our minds, operating upon them, and arousing them to effort, and inspiring them with high motives and thoughts."

Does not Mr. Beecher fully believe this? We are confident he does, with all other sensible men. Where, then, is the misunderstanding, and where is the difference, so far as he goes, between him and a large portion of those who are called Spiritualists? We regret he was not a little more "explicit" on this point.

As to "freedom of thought," "untrammelled investigation," and the "largest toleration," he owns up nobly. Of course, this freedom involves the recognition of a truth-determining power within man, superior to any supposed authority outside of him, in any book or collection of books whatever. For of what use is freedom of investigation, if man is not to accept that which appears true to him, and reject that which appears false? Here, then, he is on the same platform with intelligent Spiritualists, whether orthodox or not. And lastly, as to the modern phenomena. We know not that he has ever been represented as a believer in their spiritual origin, certainly not in our paper. He however, admits they exist, and that they have not been adequately accounted for. He cannot say, therefore, that a little more "investigation" may not bring him in this particular also to agree with Spiritualists. When he recovers from that sickness of the stomach to which he refers, which evidently prevents a proper reception and digestion of the evidences, and examines with that "thoroughness and candor, and humble desire to see and embrace the truth," of which our correspondent speaks, there is no telling what changes his views will undergo.

The expression that he "never was a Spiritualist in the least possible degree," may be set down to the penchant for verbal extravagance, which "the Beecher family" are wont to indulge. That the Rev. gentleman really means to deny the existence of spiritual beings, or that they have communicated, or (by the same law) can communicate with mortals, no one can suppose—and these points are severally very important

Interesting Miscellany.

THE SPEAKING DEAD.

When the hours of day are numbered, And the voices of the night...

Ere the evening lamps are lighted, And, like phantoms grim and tall, Shadows from the fugal fire-light...

Then the forms of the departed Enter at the open door; The beloved, the true-hearted, Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong, who cherished Noble longings for the strife, By the road-side fell and perished, Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly, Who the cross of suffering bore, Folded their pale hands so meekly, Spoke with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being beatific, Who unto my youth was given, More than all things else to love me, And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep Comes that messenger divine, Takes the vacant chair beside me, Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me, With those deep and tender eyes, Like the stars so still and saint-like, Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended, Is the spirit's voiceless prayer; Soft rebukes, in blessings ended, Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely, All my fears are laid aside, If I but remember only, Such as these have lived and died!

sible as a statue of iron, until the blaze subsided, when she commenced to walk around the smouldering embers, muttering rapidly to herself, in an unintelligible manner.

Mr. H. gave me a triumphant look, and asked what I had seen? "Was there any deception in what I had seen?" I only succeeded in convincing him that I was a perversely obstinate man, by suggesting that the Sukia was probably acquainted with some antidote for the venom of the serpent, and that her endurance of the fire was nothing more remarkable than that of the jugglers, "fire kings," and other vagrants at home, who make no pretence of supernatural powers.

Antonio had been an attentive witness of the tricks of the Sukia, and expressed to me the greatest contempt for her pretensions. Such exhibitions, he said, were only fit for idle children and were not to be confounded with the awful powers of the oracles, through whom the "Lord of Teaching and the spirits of the Holy men" held communion with mortals.

The Sukias of the coast are usually women, although their powers and authority are sometimes assumed by men. Their preparations for the office involves mortifications as rigorous as the Church ever required of her abject devotees. For months do the candidates seclude themselves in the forests, avoiding the face of their fellows, and there, without arms or means of defence, contend with hunger, the elements, and wild beasts.

These Sukias are the "medicine-men" of the coast, and effect to cure diseases; but their directions are usually more extravagant than beneficial.

The opportunity occurred, not long after, for an excursion to the residence of this wonderful Sukia of the mountains, in company with Antonio and Mr. H. On arriving in her vicinity it was found that the extraordinary woman had, in some mysterious way (which believers in spirit-intercourse can readily understand), been apprised of their coming, and had sent a messenger to meet them at a village in the vicinity, prepare for their entertainment, and then conduct them to the mountain lodge.

A few minutes walk brought us to what, in the dim light, appeared to be a building of stone, and soon after to another and larger one. I saw that they were partly ruined, for the stars in the horizon were partly visible through the open doorways. Our guide passed these without stopping, and led us to the threshold of a small one-built hut, which stood beyond the ruin.

There she stood immovable, and apparently as insens-

one extremity of the low apartment, seated upon an outspread tiger skin, was a woman, whose figure and manner at once marked her out as the extraordinary Sukia whom we had come so far to visit.

She rose when we entered, and, with a faint smile of recognition to H., spoke a few words of welcome.

I had expected to see a bold pretender to supernatural powers, whose first efforts would be directed to work upon the imagination of her visitors, and was surprised to find the "Mother of the Tigers" was after all only a shy and timid Indian girl. Her looks, at first, were troubled, and she glanced into our eyes inquiringly; but suddenly turning her gaze toward the open door, she uttered an exclamation of mingled surprise and joy, and in an instant after, she stood by the side of Antonio.

Our author here inserts a line of asterisks to indicate the omission of what followed, which was doubtless of a character of the highest interest to us. He proceeds:—

I hesitate to recount what I that night witnessed in the rude hut of the Sukia, lest my testimony should expose both my narrative and myself to ridicule, and unjust imputations. Were it my purpose to elaborate an impressive story, it would be easy to call in the aid of an imposing machinery, and invest the communications which were that night made to us with a portentous significance.

Among the ruling and priestly classes of the semi-civilized nations of America, there has always existed a mysterious bond, or secret organization, which all the disasters to which they have been subjected, have not destroyed.

It was past midnight, when, with a new and deeper insight into the mysteries of our present and future existence, and a fuller and loftier appreciation of the great realities which are to follow upon the advent of every soul into the universe, and of which earth is scarcely the initiation, that H. and myself left the sanctuary of the Sukia.

Silently we followed the guide, who had conducted us up the mountain, into the narrow path which led to the village. She indicated to us the direction we were to pursue with her hand, and left us without a word. I was so absorbed in my own reflections that it was not until we had reached our temporary quarters that I missed Antonio.

*The boy had reference here to a talisman which he wore suspended from his neck, by consulting which he had received singularly correct intimation of future events.—Ed.

of the tiger in the stillness of the night, betraying the approach of those injured men, whose relentless arms, nerved by the recollections of three centuries of oppression, now threaten the utter extermination of the race of the conquerors!

HISTORY OF NEWSPAPERS.

The first newspaper was issued monthly in manuscript form, in the republic of Venice, and was called the Gazzetta, probably from a farthing coin peculiar to Venice, and which was the common price at which it was sold.

It was long supposed that the first newspaper published in England was at the epoch of the Spanish Armada, but it has been discovered that the copies of that bearing the imprint of 1538, in the British Museum, were forgeries.

Periodical papers seem first to have been used by the English in the times of the Commonwealth, and were then called 'weekly news-books.' Some of them had most whimsical titles. It was common with the early papers to have a blank page, which was filled up, in the paucity of news, by selections from the Scriptures.

The first newspaper printed in North America was printed in Boston, in 1690. Only one copy of that paper is known to be in existence. It was deposited in the State Paper Office in London, and was about the size of an ordinary sheet of letter paper.

In one of the early numbers there was an announcement that by order of the Post-master General of North America, the post between Boston and New York sets out once a fortnight. Negro men, women and children were advertised to be sold; and a call was made upon a woman who had stolen a piece of fine lace, worth 14s. a yard, and upon another who had conveyed a piece of fine calico under her riding hood, to return the same or be exposed in the newspapers.

This pioneer paper was published for 74 years; it was the leading Tory paper, prior to the Revolution. The Boston Gazette was the organ of the patriots, and was issued at Watertown. At the commencement of the Revolutionary war, there were but thirty-seven newspapers in the United States.

The oldest existing newspaper in Massachusetts, was the Worcester Spy, first published in this city during 1770, but removed to the western part of the State on the occupation of Boston by the British troops.

Our country although the youngest in the world, outstrips all others in the number of publications and newspapers sold. The number of copies of newspapers printed here is four times greater than in Great Britain, though England has twice as many magazines. The number of religious newspapers here, and the extent of their circulation, form a striking social characteristic.

A lady in Paris has discovered a process for liquifying ivory, and casting it in moulds. A photographer has also discovered a method for fixing on any canvass, prepared for oil painting, a likeness of the size of life, so that all an artist needs to do, is to ask one sitting of the person who desires his portrait, and the portrait may be completed at leisure.

Truth is like a torch—the more you shake it the more it shines.

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