



OR HEAVEN OPENED TO MAN.

DEVOTED TO THE NEW DISPENSATION.

VOL. I.

BOSTON, MASS., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1853.

NO. 1

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

[For The New Era.]

The Resuscitation of the Spirit.

Swedenborg vs. Davis.

BY W. S. COURTNEY.

Among the various interesting topics of investigation, growing out of the New Spiritual Science and Philosophy, none perhaps, will afford more pleasure and profit to your readers, than the resuscitation of the Spirit of man, into the World of Spirits, at the period of physical dissolution. It is a point in our eternal history, which rests upon this, and extends it from this world, to the next, with a kind of mysterious dread, or cold horror, and the very mystery which enshrouds the process of dying, excites our intensest and sharpest inquiry. Since the world began, this has been the case, and yet after all, little has been learned or known respecting this process of death and resurrection into life eternal,—little, up to modern times, when the disclosures of modern Seers have approached the subject, and thrown some light upon it. On conceptions relative to this process, may be cleared up, and rendered more determinate and satisfactory, by comparing the views of our best Seers and, briefly canvassing their different merits.

It seems to be conceded on all hands, that the Spirit is the man himself,—the affectional and intelligent entity, which vitalizes the body, thinks, feels, desires, loves, hates, remembers, suffers, enjoys, &c., &c., without which the body is a corpse, and utterly lifeless, cold and dead. That this spirit is an *organized* entity, and that personal identity can alone be predicated of it. Hence the spirit which lives after the dissolution of the body, is the very man himself, perfect and entire, with all his memory, capabilities, faculties, susceptibilities, character, loves, desires, hates, beliefs, proclivities, idiosyncrasies, sensational perceptions, appetites, passions, and all those things predicable of a human being, and which characterize and identify the particular man. All that does not go into the tomb with the corpse, lives and exists as an identical organism, in the World of Spirits, and is called a Spirit. But how this spirit casts off the material body,—how it is eliminated therefrom,—how it expels the body or the body expels it: or how it is attracted from, or drawn out of the body is the question now to receive our attention.

Davis says that death is but a change in the situation of the Spirit—only an event—only a circumstance in the eternal life and experience of the human soul. That it is a *birth* into a new and more perfect state of existence—a transit from a lower sphere of existence to a higher one. That there is no extinction of life, no annihilation of the personality of any human organism or principle, in all the interminable universe: it is merely the *mode* of man's existence that is changed. Death is but a *Door* which opens into a new and more perfect

existence. It is a Triumphant Arch, through which man's immortal spirit passes in. Vide his chapter on "The Philosophy of Death, Great Harmonia, vol. 1st., pages 157, 8, 9,—160, 1, 2, 3.—Vide also Nat., Div. Rev., page 643 &c. Swedenborg says that death is only the separation of the spiritual part of man, which he has from the spiritual World, from this corporeal part which was of use to him in the world. That when man dies he only passes from one world into another. That when the respiratory motion of the lungs and the systolic motion of the heart ceases, there is immediately a separation &c. Vide H. & H., page 245, &c., n. 445, chapter "concerning entrance into eternal life."

So far I am unable to find any disagreement, as to what death is, abstractedly considered: substantially they agree.

But in regard to the manner of this change. In regard to the process of this separation—the *modus operandi*, they differ, essentially and widely; and this is the point to which I wish to direct your readers' attention.

Now, Davis says that there is, in the process of death a disorganization of the spirit, a resolution of its elements into a state of dispersion or separation or diffusion, and that after all its elements are eliminated from the body, there is a *reformation* of the spirit—or a reorganization of it, immediately above the body. I shall not encumber your columns with lengthy extracts, but give only the substance of what he says, in his chapter on "the Philosophy of Death," Great Harmonia, pages 165, &c., and your readers can refer to it for the detail of particulars. In describing the death of a female about 60 years of age, after shewing how the brain became positive to the rest of the system and attracted to itself all the elements of electricity, magnetism, motion, life and sensation, making the head intensely brilliant, and leaving the extremities of the organism dark and cold, he saw in "the mellow spiritual atmosphere, which emanated from and encircled her head, the indistinct outlines of the formation of another head! which new head unfolded more and more distinctly and so indescribably compact, and intensely brilliant did it become, that I could neither see through it, nor gaze upon it as steadily as I desired. While this spiritual head was being eliminated and organized from out of and above the material head, I saw that the surrounding aural atmosphere which had emanated from the material head was in great commotion, but as the new head became more distinct and perfect, this brilliant atmosphere gradually disappeared." "In the identical manner in which the spiritual head was eliminated, and unchangeably organized, I saw unfolding in their natural progressive order, the harmonious development of the neck, the shoulders, the breast and the entire spiritual organism." The innate tendencies which the elements and essences of her soul manifested by again uniting and organizing themselves, were the efficient and immanent causes which unfolded and perfected her spiritual organ-

nization." That while this *formation* was going on the body manifested the symptoms of pain and uneasiness, &c. That the spirit arose at right angles over the head or brain of the deserted body, &c. It hence appears, that according to him, there is during the process of death a *disorganization*, or *dissolution* of the spirit, and a *reorganization* or *reformation* of it immediately afterwards.

To the same point is the case of the Irishman buried beneath the earth, which caved in on him while at work in a well. He says he saw "an entire suspension of his consciousness—a *fusion*, so to speak, of all the elements and ethereal constituents of his spiritual constitution—bright, solid, having a most harmonious harmony." "Immediately, however this glowing, luminous, most refined kind of fluidity began ascending from the brain through the solid substances above it, into the atmosphere, some six feet above the heads of the workmen, laboring to extricate him, where it formed a luminous space, of about three feet in diameter, which seemed to pulsate with an indwelling animation, &c." Then this luminous, living space commenced organizing into the spiritual form. First in the center was discovered the distinct outlines of a head, then the other members elaborated themselves until the whole spirit was formed. "Particle sought particle, atom sought atom, element sought element, principle sought principle in accordance with the principles of association, progression, and development; and the whole process of organizing went on with that silent order and undeviating precision which characterizes the growth of trees and the development of flowers." Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse, page 130, &c.

The case of the man buried alive in a vault in one of the cemeteries of New York, is another illustration of this *fusion* of the spirit at the time of death. In this case the man was placed in his coffin in the vault before he had died; and the particles or elements of his soul, after fusing, and passing through the coffin, organized within the vault; and it organized *within*, because the "means of escape were at hand." Had not such been the case, then the spirit would have organized itself *out of, and above* the vault, after passing in a dissolved or elemental condition through the substance of it. *Ibid*, page 135.

From the above it abundantly appears that according to Davis' revelations, touching the process of death, and the resuscitation of the spirit, there is a *dissolution* or *disorganization* of the essences and elements, constituting the spirit of man during the process—a *fusion* of its properties and principles in order that they may pass out of the material body, and that afterwards these essences and elements, properties and principles again unite, associate and organize into the complete spiritual form and entity. During this state of fusion of the spirit, it is, of course, unconscious, non-personal, and in effect destroyed. This period of dissolution and unconsciousness Davis de-

nomines the "valley and shadow of death."

Now whether this be true or not, I cannot say. There are many cogent objections to it, and I contemplate it with a degree of horror and dread. No man but fears to lose his identity, but for an instant. Our instinct of a continued existence rebels against this, even temporary dissolution. It is terrifying to think that the only way of getting into the World of Spirits, is by a complete dissolution, not only of the material, but of the spiritual organism: a surrender of our conscious being, and its resolution into elemental confusion, in order to pass the portal; and its re-formation

of the human spirit, once individualized, identified and organized, is by any law, subject to disorganization and dissolution, but for an instant, why not forever? When once dissolved by virtue of a law of its being and by powers adequate thereto, why may not they operate to hold it in dissolution? Are they not still in being and potent as ever? If there is a power and a law adequate to sunder the human spiritual organism, that power and that law are sufficient to keep it disorganized. I remember when first reading this exposition of that process of dying an inner voice was continually saying unto me "once dissolved, forever dissolved." "once dissolved, forever dissolved." The continuity of the spirits' being is here cut short, and it goes back to its original elements! It emphatically and truly *dies*: It falls back into a cold and unconscious elemental derangement, and disorder!—And is there any contingency in all our future history, that will require the interposition of a law, that will scatter our being into a chaotic mass? This hypothesis finds no analogy in Nature. We find that the inner essence and organism of all things, as they are eliminated from the outer, gross covering, continue, without interruption, their identity and growth. The bud bursts its enclosing covering, and the flower expands to the sunshine, while the gross covering is cast off. The chrysalis bursts its encasement, and flies forth into the purer air. The chick comes forth from the egg, which it puts off, &c. The elimination of the inner and higher life from the lower and outer gross form, takes place everywhere without any disorganization of the inner organism. And what is a "birth"? Surely not the temporary disorganization and the re-formation of that which is born; but the elimination of the inner from the outer.—And what is an "exit" or "transit" from one state of existence to another? Not a dissolution of the identity of the spirit, but the coming out of one state and passing into another. My intuition is, that the spirit is one continued growth, without any interruption or chasm, throughout all the eternities! And that no contingency ever arises, when the human spirit is for an instant dissolved. That the spirit of Man is compounded and constituted of such essences and properties, and is an organization so compact and perfect, and withal so permanent and indissoluble, that no law or power in the

Universe of Divine Order could ever infringe upon its identity or scatter its organism. Of this opinion Davis himself appears to have been when he said, "Each human spirit possesses within itself an eternal affinity of parts and powers; to which affinity there exists nothing sufficiently superior, in power and attraction, to disturb, disorganize, and annihilate."—Great Harmonia, Vol. 1, page 189.

Moreover, Mr. Davis says Great Harmonia, vol. 1, page 162 and Nat. Div. Rev. page 645 in speaking of the process of dying, "It is given me to know these things by daily experiencing them, and having them verified in the frequent transitions that occur within my being, from the outer to the inner world, or from the lower to the higher." He speaks, therefore from personal experience, which is knowledge fully confirmed by the unvarying sensations and phenomena that occur." And yet in the exposition of his "Superior Condition" as given in Nat. Div. Rev., page 35 to 40, he says nothing whatever about this disorganization of his inner organism. And it is difficult to believe that in his daily transit from one sphere to the other, he experiences the dissolution of his spirit!

But what does Swedenborg say on this all-important subject? Let us see by referring to his chapter concerning man's resuscitation from the dead, and entrance into eternal life,—H. & H., n. 445, &c.

"n. 447. The spirit of man after the separation, remains, a little while in the body, but not longer than till the total cessation of the heart's action, which takes place with variety, according to the state of the disease, of which man dies; as soon as this motion ceases, the man is resuscitated. By resuscitation is meant the drawing forth of the spirit from the body, and its introduction into the Spiritual World, which is commonly called resurrection." There it is!—"the drawing forth of the spirit from the body"—Its elimination into the Spiritual World, perfect and complete, and without any dissolution and reorganization. The spirit is drawn forth from the body and the body cast off. But as to the manner in which this is done, hear him.

"n. 448. How resuscitation is effected has not only been told me, but also shown by living experience. The experience itself was made with me, in order that I might fully know how it is done.

"n. 449. I was brought into a state of insensibility, as to the bodily senses, thus almost into the state of the dying; yet the interior life, with thought remaining entire, so that I perceived and retained in memory, the things which occurred, and occur to those who are resuscitated from the dead. I perceived that the respiration of the body was almost taken away, the interior respiration which is of the spirit, remaining conjoined with a slight and tacit respiration of the body. Then there was first given communication as to the pulse of the heart with the Celestial Kingdom since that Kingdom corresponds to the heart, with

man. Angels thence were also seen, some at a distance, and two near the head, at which they were seated. Then all proper affection was taken away, but still there remained thought and perception. I was in this state for some hours. The spirits then who were around me removed themselves, supposing I was dead.

The angels who were seated at the head were silent, only communicating their thoughts with mine; and when these are received, the angels know that the spirit of man is in such a state, that it can be drawn forth from the body. The communication of their thought was made by looking into my face; for thus communications of the thoughts are made in Heaven. I perceived that those angels first inquired what my thought was, whether it was like the thought of those who die, which is usually about eternal life; and that they wished to keep my mind in that thought. It was afterwards said that the spirit of man is held in its last thought when the body expires, until it returns to the thoughts which are from its general or ruling affection in the world. Especially it was given to perceive, and also to feel, that there was a drawing, and as it were a pulling out of the interiors of my mind—thus of my spirit from the body." Then he goes on to show how when the spirit is fully drawn forth from the body, the Celestial Angels, whose ruling quality is Love, welcome him to their world, and treat him with all the affection and kindness imaginable; and that afterwards, the Spiritual Angels whose ruling delight is Truth receive him, and intromit him into the light of the Spiritual Kingdom.

Now here is no dissolution and reorganization of the spirit; but emphatically a *birth*—the evolution, or elimination of the inner being into its appropriate world; and the casting off of the outer matrix, in keeping with the analogies of all nature. This, surely, is the most acceptable, satisfactory and rational exposition of the matter. Just as the spirit leaves the body, or in proportion as it is drawn forth, its outer perceptions and sensations cease, and it lives to inner perceptions and sensations. How often have we witnessed the departing spirit, as it ceased the cognizance of its friends around its bedside, busy itself with converse with inner and invisible beings, and disclosing that "communication of thought" by tacit lispsings, sweet smiles, gentle nods, clasped hands and folded arms! The retiring spirit is waited for by a mission of angels, whose bright faces, and thrilling hearts allure it away from the cold and cheerless earth, and sad and weeping friends, and gently "draw it forth" into its kingdom of perpetual harmony!

Pittsburg, Jan. 23, 1853.

The Revelations of Pain.

Pain has its revelations as well as Pleasure. And it speaks of the Love of the Infinite to all who have ears to hear. It tells of violated law, and opens the eyes of those who do not see that. Is not love at the bottom of that result.

NEW ERA.

"Behold I make all things New."
"Hereafter ye shall see HEAVEN OPENED."

S. C. HEWITT,
Editor & Proprietor.
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BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 2, 1853.

Nature and Spirit.

There is a high sense in which Nature and Spirit are one: there is another sense in which they are not one, but two. When we consider that the Universe springs from the infinite fullness of Deity; when we look at even the world of things, as we call them, as being, on the whole, *phenomenal*, rather than essentially substantive—in so far as what is seen is concerned—we find that what we call Nature, is but the active expression of Spirit, in its endlessly varied life in earth and air, in sense and soul. In other words, the Universe is an outbirth of the infinite and eternal Spirit—an unfolding of the exhaustless resources of Deity. And in this point of view, there is an intimate blending of the substantive with the phenomenal Universe. God and Nature here are one—not in any gross and merely material sense—but in the high sense of serial gradation of substance, from highest to lowest, through which the phenomena of the Infinite thought and affection flow in similar degrees of development and expression, from first to last.

The great error of the Pantheists has been the conception of Deity as no higher than what is called matter, together with their denial of Personality. Now the all-pervading God, as the immanent, living and ever-present Spirit, may include what is generally esteemed matter, and still not be matter in any exclusive, or common acceptance of that term. The whole question turns on this—Whether matter is from eternity?—or, on the other hand, whether it is an outflow from Deity. If the former, then it is self-existent, and, in some sense, independent of God, and may therefore be his eternal antagonist; which, of course, makes it, of a sort, equal with God, while, at the same time, it is of a grosser make. And if the latter, then it is one with God, on the same principle that the outward body of flesh and bones and blood, is one with the essential man, while at the same time, the said body is not the essential man.

From this point of view, all Matter, so called, is Spirit—spirit made dense—spirit exhibited most outwardly—spirit brought down to the lowest plane—the descent of the Infinite to the absolutely finite, for the purpose, perhaps, of forming the circle of infinite movement, and, in the ascent, change the circle into the Spiral—that the return shall be upward as well as onward,—gathering the fruits of an infinite increase, in variety of manifestation, and in the joys of the beautifully unfolding life.

But when we look at Nature and Spirit from an opposite point of view, we see them as two. We then stand on Nature's plane alone. We now use our senses mostly and reason from the merely natural man. We comparatively overlook Spirit—especially in its higher phases of development, and look mostly at rocks and trees and earth. From this point of view, Nature is one thing and Spirit another. This is according to the law of appearance, but not of essential and permanent reality. But in this sense, however, Nature is distinct from Spirit—is seen and believed to be so. It is here, as it is with the rising and the setting Sun—everything looks as though it were really so, and in the sense of seeming, is really so. But at the same time, as the Sun does not rise nor set in reality, so, in the same sense, matter or Nature is not exactly what it seems. It is what a keener than a sensual Philosophy determines it to be.

It is thus that Nature and Spirit really blend into oneness and unity, while what seems Nature, and what we commonly term such, is only the outermost verge of Spirit—Spirit descending to its lowest point, that the great work of Formation in endless variety, and ever-ascending life, may be best and most fully accomplished in the thoughts and works of the Infinite.

The Bible and Nature.

The truths of the Bible are a transcript of Nature. But in saying this we give a *higher definition* of Nature than the schools dream of. All substance, all law, all things are Nature. And all Nature represents God, who is above and within Nature, as the man is within the body.

And Nature, in this high sense, is the Book of God—a perfect Book. It is the Book which Angels read, and which is read also by elevated human souls, whose eyes are opened. But there are others whose eyes are shut to Nature, and they cannot read, for the time, the lesson God teaches there. Therefore God does what the wise Teacher does—prepares a Book of "primary lessons for children," and bids them read that, till their sight becomes clear enough to read the Source of the book itself. Thus the Infinite adapts Himself to the finite.

A Sign of the Times.

The Rev. Charles Beecher, of Newark, N. J., has been appointed, by his Orthodox brethren, to report on Modern Spiritualism, to an influential ecclesiastical body of that general order, in the Spring. Mr. Beecher is a believer in the *Spiritual* cause of these wonderful phenomena, but thinks it is the Devil!—What a convenient "scape goat" his Satanic Majesty is in this terrible dilemma of the Old Church. But it is not wonderful at all that they who have so much faith in the Devil, should be so ready to attribute these wonders to him. What else could they do?

This is the first instance, we believe, in which there has been any "ecclesiastical action" in reference to spiritualism. It is a fact that argues well for the future—the new thing gets attention!

The Revelation of Character.

Those who find the most fault with the modern Revelations, do not like to have Heaven Opened, lest the light of it should reveal many things they would keep secret. But we say unto them, the day cometh speedily now, when the "secrets of all hearts shall be made known." And why does any one object? Is it not best that it should be so? Will not those most evil now be more likely to cherish secret thoughts and affections of evil? So we think, and we therefore say—GOD SPEED THE LIGHT!

[For The New Era.]

Local Histories.

NUMBER FOUR.

FRIEND HEWITT:

To the question, "What good can result from these delusions," I answer,

Secondly, They will enable us to dispense with a very unnecessary, injudicious, and exceptionable practice, which has so long prevailed with some of our Orthodox clergy. I allude to that which sometimes takes place on Funeral occasions, when those very men whose paramount duty it is (among others), to soothe the afflicted, and heal the broken-hearted. They should be the very last persons to wound the feelings of those whose hearts are already lacerated and bleeding. The circumstance of a bereavement in a family, whatever may be the age, sex, or condition, is an event more or less calamitous. It is always uncourteous to those present, and extremely afflicting to near and dear relations, to hear the officiating minister doom, under any circumstances, the departed spirit. To say, that notwithstanding the exemplary and moral conduct of the deceased, we are left in doubt as to their present position in the next world, and that for the departed spirit there is no hope, is certainly, to say the least, very objectionable. For such remarks there cannot be excuse or justification. In truth, what do they in reality know of this important matter? Such gratuitous remarks seem to answer no other purpose than to subserve a little petty malignity, because, forsooth, the deceased was not a member of their church, or perhaps of any church. If this is doing good, it is desirable to know who are recipients. I speak not without provocation. Several cases have occurred in our Community, indicating the prevalence of this reprehensible practice. I have one in my mind which I shall not easily forget. It is a case in point. The deceased was a dear relative of mine—a young woman about the age of fourteen, and one of a large family. Her

avocation was that of assisting her mother in the discharge of domestic duties. Being of a sedate and serious turn of mind, she very rarely trespassed beyond the boundaries of home, and then it was to attend some religious meeting for which she had strong predilections. Of her the poet violated no truth, when he said

"Words are wanting to say what,
To think what, a good girl should be—she was that."

While living it was her province to make all around her happy. Father, Mother, Brothers and sisters, relatives and friends had each and all a friend in her. About six months previous to her death, she took the necessary steps to become united with one of the religious societies of the place, by having her name entered on their books. For reasons of a domestic nature, over which she had no control, she was prevented from going forward, so as to become a full member of the society. I was present at her funeral. The minister who was at that time the regular incumbent, had the effrontery to say on the occasion, that "for the departed spirit there was no hope." For the exercise of this outrage on parental feeling, for this wide departure from the dictates of common humanity, no reason could be surmised, other than because she had not consummated her membership. Judge of my feelings. The deceased was my only sister's daughter, and thus as it were, to hear that her loved child was irretrievably doomed, she was almost inconsolable. Welcome had been the pains and cares of maternity, welcome had been the inconveniences of infancy, welcome had been the anxieties consequent on the approach of womanhood.—Was it not enough that she had lost a beloved child, one that gave promise of a disposition to be her solace and her consolation in declining years?

"The flesh will quiver where the pinner tear,
And the blood will follow where the knife is driven."

It is not pretended, neither is it supposed, that, with all the Light and Truth which Modern Spiritualism teaches, that Religious instructors will become perfect and keep within the boundaries of reason and consistency, but we do contend that when the living become better acquainted with the dead, there are some times very questionable. The writer of this article disclaims the design of casting reflections on any society. It is individuals, and not societies, that are to blame.

I have another answer to the great question which will be forthcoming and in season for your next number.

Yours,

T. H.

North Adams, Jan. 28, 1853.

[For The New Era.]
Heaven Opening.

Detroit, Mich., Jan. 15, 1853.

BR. HEWITT:

The people in Detroit do indeed see "Heaven opening and the angels descending." A large number of persons have quite lately become Mediums, and many respectable and enlightened persons are anxiously investigating and searching "to know if these things are so." Many of these mediums write quite rapidly; and some who are almost entirely uneducated have written articles that are profoundly philosophical, and elevating in their tendency. It is worthy of remark that most of these Spiritual communications set forth the truthful and soul-elevating views once taught by the immortal SWEDENBORG. Spiritualism has been a common topic of conversation for some time past. Believing that incalculable good will result from these Manifestations,

I remain yours,

In the cause of Truth,

A. V. VALENTINE.

We should be happy to receive the communications of which our friend Valentine speaks in his private note—Ed.

Letter from Pennsylvania.

MR. HEWITT:

Dear Sir:—Spiritualism is progressing so rapidly in this part of the vineyard, that I have strong hopes I shall be able to procure you several new subscribers in a short time. We had some strong demonstrations here a few evenings since. One of the most determined skeptics of the town was induced to sit at a table with three or four of my family, and was, or seemed to be, anxious to wager ten dollars that the table would not move if he was one of the circle, or if he was

present. But lo! in about thirty minutes, away went the table round the room. After following this till he was satisfied there was no deception practiced, he left the circle and seated himself quietly in one corner of the room; the rest of the company, four in number, seated themselves around a smaller table. In about five minutes that went off rapidly, moving in almost every direction, wheeling round on one leg, &c. Our skeptical friend, after watching its movements, with intense interest for some time, at length said, "If it is spirits moving that table, move it right up against me." As soon as this request was made, the table slid swiftly over the carpet, and struck with some force against his chair; and this was repeated six or eight times at his request. Many questions were satisfactorily answered by the tipping of the table, one side rising six or eight inches for an affirmative, and the other for a negative. I could relate many similar instances, but do not wish to trespass on your time. The opposers of spiritualism, went into the table moving, with alacrity, believing it nothing but electricity; but the intelligence they find connected with it, and which they cannot deny, is giving them the horrors.

Fraternally yours,
ISAAC GILLAM.

Somnambulism—Education of Children.

To those who have witnessed the phenomena of clairvoyance, it is a subject of high and absorbing interest. We risk nothing in asserting that no other condition of a human being throws such a clear and glorious light upon the nature and capacities of the soul, or presents it in such close alliance with angelic natures. If spiritual teachers could be induced to avail themselves of the light to be derived from this source, how much more rational and effective would be their teachings in relation to the destiny of that spirit which is the great subject of their teaching, but about which, many of them know and seem to care to know, so little. What they dimly conjecture and speculate upon—the expansive powers of the immortal spirit, clairvoyance might place before them in its living, glorious reality. In order to guide, it is necessary to understand the nature and capacities of a child. To guide and instruct adults, no less a qualification ought to be required. The following article was recently written in this city, in the state of spontaneous somnambulism or trance.—The circumstances of its production are as follows:

It was found in the morning, in the somnambulist's hand writing. It was not written before retiring to bed and to sleep. The somnambulist has no consciousness of having had any agency in it, and no recollection of ever having seen, heard or thought of its contents. It must have been written in the dark, for the candle of about an inch in length, which was blown out on retiring, was of the same length in the morning. It was written on a cold night, by a slow writer, without a fire. The temperature was such that it would seem impossible for one to have sat in a fireless room in the natural state, for a sufficient length of time to have written it. The only consciousness in the matter is, that on waking at the usual hour in the morning, there was a feeling of fatigue and want of sleep which induced the writer to sleep an hour or two later than usual.

The following are some of the queries respecting it: It has been suspected that it was borrowed—one has thought from Beecher, though he was not able to lay his finger on it. But it is certain that none of Beecher's writings were ever in the possession of the writer, nor has he the least recollection of ever having read a line of that author. If borrowed from him or any one else, how was it obtained? We know that Davis, in his state of trance has a knowledge of what is contained in the works of writers of all ages, and frequently quotes from them though he never read or ever heard of them. If borrowed, the means of obtaining it are as wonderful as any phenomenon alleged of the clairvoyant state. How were the ideas suggested to the mind in the somnambulist state which never entered it during the waking state?

The ideas and the language are much above the idea and language of the writer in the waking state. What proves the possession of accurate vision, though in the dark, is the fact that the lines of the ruled paper are accurately followed, and some words which were first incorrectly spelled, are erased and interlined. It is possible that the writer may have heard

it or read it somewhere, that it had entirely passed from the memory, and was revived in the somnambulist state. The following is a copy of this writing—the composition or extract whichever it shall prove to be:

"It were better, far better, that the Atheist and the blasphemer, he who, since the last setting sun has died a parricide, or sunk his soul in sacrilege, should challenge equal political power with the wisest and best, than that the great lesson which heaven, for six thousand years has been teaching the world, should be lost upon it—the lesson that the intellectual and moral nature of man is the one thing precious in the sight of God; and therefore, that unless this nature is enlightened, refined and purified—neither opulence, nor power, nor learning, nor genius, nor domestic sanctity, nor the holiness of God's altar, can be safe until the immortal and God-like capacities of every human being that comes into the world, are deemed more worthy, are watched more tenderly than any other thing. Otherwise, no dynasty of men, no form of government shall stand upon the face of the earth; and the force or fraud that shall seek to uphold them, shall be but as fetters of flax to bind the flame.

"Let those who are jeopardized or lost by fraud or misgovernment; let those who quake with apprehension for the fate of all they hold dear; let those who behold and lament the desecration of all that is holy; let rulers, whose counsels are perplexed and whose laws are violated and evaded; let them all know whatsoever of ill they feel or fear, is but the just retribution of righteous Heaven for neglected childhood.

"Remember, then, the child whose voice first lisps to-day, before that voice shall whisper treason or thunder sedition at the head of an armed band. Remember the child whose hand has just left its tiny bauble, before that hand shall scatter firebrands and arrows of death. Remember those sporting groups of youths in whose halcyon bosom there sleeps an ocean as yet scarcely ruffled by the passions, which will soon heave it with tempest strength. Remember that whatever station in life they may fill, these mortals—these immortals are to be used, consecrated, devoted to the work of their improvement. Let us pour out light and truth as God pours out rain and sunshine. Let us not seek knowledge as the luxury of a few, but dispense it as the bread of life to all.

"Let us learn how the ignorant may be instructed, the innocent preserved, the vicious reclaimed. Let us call down the Astronomer from the sky, invoke the Geologist from his subterranean explorations; summon, if need be, the mightiest intellects from the council-chamber of the Nation; enter cloistered halls where the Scholastic muses over his superfluous annotations; dissolve conclave and synod where subtle polemics are vainly discussing their barren dogmas; collect whatever talent, or erudition, or eloquence, or authority, this broad land can supply, and go forth and teach the people. For, in the name of the living God it must be proclaimed that vice, crime, and misery must be the liberty, and violence and chicanery the law, and superstition and craft the religion, and the self-instructed indulgence of every sensual and unhallowed passion the only happiness of that people who neglect the education of their children."

The following, evidently a continuation of the preceding, was subsequently produced under precisely similar circumstances, by the same person:

"Yet a moment; the child is still before us. May we not see about it, contending for it, the principles of good and evil—a contest between the angels and the great fiends of society? Come hither, statesmen, you who live within a party circle; you who nightly fight some selfish phantom, struggling for power and place, considering men only as tools—the mere instruments of your aggrandizement. Come hither in the streets, and look on God's image in his childhood. Consider this little man. Are not creatures such as these, the noblest, grandest, best things on earth? Have they not solemn natures? Are they not supremely touched from the hand of Omnipotence? Are they not made for the highest purposes of human life? Came they not into this world to dignify it? There is no spot—no coarse stuff, in the pauper flesh before you that indicates a lower nature. There is no felon mark upon its now natural formation, indicating the thief in its tiny fingers—no inevitable blasphemy upon its lips. It stands before you a fair unblemished creature, and

unprotected, uncared-for thing, fresh from the hand of God, until you, without an effort, let the great fiends of Society stamp their fiery brands upon it. Shall it, even in its sleeping innocence, be made a trading thing by misery and vice?—a human being—a living creature borne from the streets, a piece of living merchandize for mingled beggary and crime? Say, what, with its awakened soul, shall it learn—what lessons? The lessons of purity, benevolence, righteousness and love, whereby to pass through life, making an item in the social sum? No! Cunning will be its wisdom, hypocrisy its truth; theft its natural law of self-preservation. This child, so nurtured, so taught, your whole code of morals, nay, your neglect and wrong is written, in stranger figures than Egyptian hieroglyphics upon its brow. Time passes, and you scourge the creatures never taught, for the heinous guilt of knowing nought but ill. The good has been a sealed book to him, and the dunce is punished with the—

"Doubtless there are great statesmen, wizzards in bank paper, profound thinkers in cotton and annexation and war, and every turn and variation in markets at home and abroad; but there are statesmen yet to come—statesmen of nobler aim, or more heroic action, teachers of the people, vindicators of the universal brotherhood of man—apostles of the great social truth—dispensers of that knowledge which is the spiritual light of God, that like his material light was made to comfort and bless all men. And unless these men arise, (and it is more than weak, it is sinful, to despair of them, for the spirits of noble men that now beautify the spirit-spheres will impress the minds of men to think of their brother men,) the yearning poor will still be bound upon the very threshold of human life. There is not a child in the public streets or in the African hut—the unconscious victim of neglect left to ripen into the criminal, that is not a reproach to the States, a scandal and a crying shame upon men who study all politics save the politics of the human heart. Clergymen preach distinctions, and so long as they do, so long will vice exist; and so long as they array the minds of men against the free exercise of the mental faculties, so long will immorality despise and abhor each other. And so long as clergymen preach truths and do not practice them; and so long as they fear to preach truth, from the apprehension that they will lose their place in society, so long crime and vice and persecution, and ignorance and misery will exist. Will you not arise to your station and be what the Divine Mind would have you, or will you continue to despise every new idea advanced? Every new idea is like a bud, and its full expression is like the rose."—*Spiritual Telegraph*.

Strong Cases.

Dr. R. B. Barker, of Beaver, Pa., a gentleman of vigorous mind and energetic will, is a writing medium, and his personal experience furnishes some most convincing proofs of Spiritual intervention in the affairs of men. I will here adduce a single example, extracted from a letter which I received from Dr. Barker about the first of September last:

On Saturday morning, July 24, 1852, I awoke unusually at about three o'clock. I tried to compose myself to sleep, but was prevented by a cacophonous scribbling,* saying, "Write, write." I resisted this, for I had lost faith—though "write, write," was as pertinacious an impulse as mine to sleep. But this propensity, proclivity, or whatever else you may deem it, was so strong, that I finally yielded. I rose, lit my candle, and sat down to ink and paper. I adjured that both name and truth should only be given. Instantly my pen went off, unwilled by me, and the following was written: "James W. Barker: U . . . J . . . is ill, and will die soon. You will be summoned to New York in a few days. Let this be the test." . . . About the same hour on Sunday morning, July 25, I was awakened, and urged mentally to write. This I steadily resisted, though the importunity was strong. I refused as strongly as I was urged, and morning sent me to my avocations. . . . At three o'clock, P. M. July 26, the Telegraphic Agent came with two dispatches. The first had been sent on Sunday, July 25, and had been detained by some disorder on the line beyond Syracuse. It announced the illness of U. J., and that he would not survive many hours. The second dispatch, July 26, 1852, contain-

*A diseased propensity for writing.

ed the following: "U. J., died fifteen minutes past nine, this morning. Come on immediately."

Mr. Edward Hooper, of Fitchburg, Mass., is a writing medium, and has been favored with many unmistakable proofs of a more than mortal intelligence, one of which, communicated in a letter to Charles Partridge, Esq., I will introduce in this connection. This fact, though of a convincing nature and well authenticated, has been withheld from the public until now. Mr. Hooper writes that, "On the 18th of March last, (1851,) the spirits caused me to write as follows: '*Your father, Thomas Hooper, is dead.*' I could hardly believe this, as I had just received a letter from Europe informing me that my father was in good health. But the spirits insisted that my 'father died on the 13th of March, 1851.' This communication was made known to several individuals, at the time, among whom I will mention Rev. Charles Woodhouse, of Fitchburg. My father was an Episcopal clergyman, and lived in England. About three weeks after the spirits announced his death, 'I received a letter from my sister communicating the intelligence that my father was taken suddenly ill and died on the 13th of March—the precise time given by the spirits.'"

Mr. Woodhouse is also a minister of the Episcopal church, and if I am rightly informed, pastor of the society whereof Mr. Edward Hooper is a member. A letter of inquiry, respecting the facts narrated above, was addressed to Mr. Woodhouse, which was promptly responded to by the Reverend gentleman, in the following letter:

"Fitchburg, Mass., Feb 22, 1852.

"MR. CHARLES PARTRIDGE:

Dear Sir: In reply to your letter of inquiry concerning Mr. Hooper's statement to you, I will say that, on or about the 20th of March last, Mr. Hooper told me that he had, for a number of days, been impelled to write '*Your father, Thomas Hooper, is dead.*' and that, on inquiry of the Agency which influenced him to write this, when his father died? he was further impressed to write, '*March 13th.*' He also told me that, 'he thought he was wrongly impressed, because he had but a short time before his father lived, and at the time the letter was written, his father was in his usual health.'"

"A few weeks after Mr. Hooper made these statements to me, he showed me a letter from a sister in England, informing him that his father died 'the 13th of March.' Of the genuineness of the letter from his sister, I will also add, there can be no question. These are the simple facts in relation to this case, as I know them, and further 'this deponent saith not.'"

"Yours respectfully,
CHARLES WOODHOUSE."
—Brittan and Richmond's Discussion.

Mrs. Catherine Crowe's Views of the Future.

Thus, I think, we have arrived at forming some conception of the state that awaits us hereafter; the indestructible moral law fixes our place or condition; affinity governs our associations; and the mask under which we conceal ourselves having fallen away, we appear to each other as we are;—and I must here observe, that in this last circumstance must be comprised one very important element of happiness or misery; for the love of the pure spirits for each other will be forever excited; by simply beholding that beauty and brightness which will be the inalienable expression of their goodness;—while the reverse will be the case with the spirits of darkness for no one loves wickedness, in either themselves or others, however we may practice it. We must also understand, that the words dark and light—which, in this world of appearance, we use metaphorically to express good and evil—must be understood literally when speaking of that other world where everything will be seen as it is. Goodness is truth, and truth is light—and wickedness is falsehood, and falsehood is darkness; and so it will be seen to be. Those who have not the light of truth to guide them, will wander darkly through this valley of the shadow of death; those in whom the light of goodness shines will dwell in the light, which is inherent in themselves. The former will be in the kingdom of darkness—the latter in the kingdom of light. All the records existing of the blessed spirits that have appeared, ancient or modern, exhibit them as robed in light, while their anger or sorrow is symbolized by darkness. Now, there appears to

me nothing incomprehensible in this view of the future; on the contrary, it is the only one which I ever found myself capable of conceiving or reconciling with the justice and mercy of our Creator. He does not punish us—we punish ourselves; we have built up a heaven or a hell to our own liking, and we carry it with us. The fire that forever burns without consuming, is the fiery evil in which we have chosen our part; and the heaven in which we shall dwell, will be the heavenly peace which will dwell in us. We are our own judges and our chastisers. And here I must say a few words on the subject of that apparently (to us) preternatural memory which is developed under certain circumstances, and to which I alluded in a former chapter. Every one will have heard that persons who have been drowned and recovered, have had—in what would have been their last moments, if no means had been used to revive them—a strange vision of the past, in which their whole life seemed to float before them in review; and I have heard of the same phenomenon taking place, in moments of impending death, in other forms. Now, as it is not during the struggle for life, but immediately before insensibility ensues, that this vision occurs, it must be the act of a moment; and this renders incomprehensible to us what is said by the Seers of Prevorst, and other somnambules of the highest order, namely, that the instant the soul is freed from the body, it sees its whole earthly career in a single sign; it knows that it is good or evil, and pronounces its own sentence. The extraordinary memory occasionally exhibited in sickness, where the link between the soul and the body is probably loosened, show us an adumbration of this faculty.

But this self pronounced sentence we are led to hope is not final; nor does it seem consistent with the love and mercy of God that it should be so. There must be few, indeed, who leave this earth fit for heaven; for, although the immediate frame of mind in which dissolution takes place is probably very important, it is surely a pernicious error, encouraged by jail chaplains and philanthropists, that a late repentance and a sullen by years of wickedness. From us at once receive such a one into our intimate communion and love? Should we not require time for the stains of vice to be washed away and habits of virtue to be formed? Assuredly we should. And how can we imagine that the purity of heaven is to be sullied by that approximation which the purity of earth would forbid? It would be cruel to say and irrational to think, that this late repentance is of no avail; it is doubtless so far of avail, that the straining upward and the heavenly aspirations of the parting soul are carried with it, so that when it is free instead of choosing the darkness it will flee to as much light as is in itself, and be ready, through the mercy of God and the ministering of brighter spirits to receive more. But in this case, as also in the innumerable instances of those who die in what may be called a negative state, the advance must be progressive; though, wherever the desire exists, I must believe that this advance is possible. If not, wherefore did Christ, after being "put to death in the flesh," go and "preach to the spirits in prison?" It would have been a mockery to preach salvation to those who had no hope; nor would they, having no hope, have listened to the preacher. I think these views are at once cheering, encouraging, and beautiful; and I cannot but believe, that were they more generally entertained and more intimately conceived, they would be very beneficial in their effects.—*Night-Side of Nature.*

Spiritual Manifestations—Insanity.

We notice that a coroner's jury in the State of New York, setting upon the body of a man, who had become insane and lost his life through the influence of a zealous attendance upon the phenomena of spiritual manifestations, has recommended to the grand-jury the presentment of *circle-meetings*, as an evil which ought to be abolished.

We should like to inform these astute jurymen that they live in the middle of the nineteenth century—that the more they attempt to keep truth down, the more it will be kept down—that forbidding inquiry into the merits of a new thing, is an "old fogy" notion, worn out and gone down to the dust with the superstitions and tyranny of the past.

We suspect that these jurymen were born in Salem, about the year 1662, and

have lain in a Rip Van Winkle sleep ever since, having no idea that matters and things have slightly changed since that day.

Without asking any one to believe that the remarkable phenomena, which for two or three years past have created such an interest in the community, are produced by the agency of departed spirits, it is enough to assert that certain astonishing appearances have been observed. They are strange and startling, and it is no wonder that men and women should be interested, and desire to investigate them. These smart jurymen say *no*—suppress the meetings—people go crazy over them!

It is rare that a person of intelligence can be found at this stage of the investigation who has the hardihood to say they are produced by collusion and deception. The facts are too well substantiated to be denied, and those who have witnessed the exhibitions *believe in the fact*, if not in the theory.

The spiritual manifestations are wonderful phenomena—they are alleged to be produced by departed spirits. This is a bold allegation. Is it wonderful that the people wish to investigate it? Some of the best and most learned men in the community have assented, not only to the fact, but to the theory. The people say show us; but the jurymen say *no*—people go crazy over it!

It is gravely asserted that in the insane asylums are several persons, who have become insane on account of the spiritual manifestations. Perhaps there are—we do not doubt it. What does it prove?—that the investigation of this subject ought to be suspended—put down?

In looking over the returns of almost any insane asylum, we shall find that more or less persons have become insane by a morbid excitement over religious topics. Shall religion be banished because a man went crazy over it?

Students go mad; hence science and philosophy have no business in the world. Artists go mad; hence painting and sculpture ought to receive their "walking ticket."

Men and women went mad by hundreds over the Miller excitement; but we do not know that any grand-jury ever thought the Millers had no right to believe in the future life of the world.

The love of money, anxiety to get or to keep property, has robbed men of their brains. Ought we not, therefore, to introduce the laws of Lycurgus, or resolve the country into a Fourier community, because money, besides being "the root of all evil," makes men go mad?

We do not believe in this bugbear of getting crazy. It is abuse, not use, that turns men's brains. If men and women will become insane, they are very unfortunate, and deserve sympathy. We pity them, but we do not think that free inquiry is to be put down because they were overzealous and excitable.

If the spiritual manifestations are a "humbug," let it be proved by unrestricted examination. If not—

"Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again—
The eternal years of God are hers;
While Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers."
—*Star Spangled Banner.*

The Dead of the Battle-Field.

The roll of the dead is not at all told in battle-field despatches. Thousands on the lists of wounded, and hundreds of those who are returned with that ambiguous descriptive, "missing," should be properly added to the mortuary sum.

Of the wounded, moreover, how many were better dead than living, maimed and helpless for life! How many have only kept out of the return of the 'dead' to live through a querulous old age of poverty, ringing the changes on national ingratitude and private suffering. And after all, these *ex parte* records, made upon the flush of triumph, and made up, doubtless, as meagerly as might be, to enhance the splendor of victory—how will they compare with the bulletins of the enemy, and the tale of the dead they tell?—*N. Y. Dutchman.*

The Editor's Absence.

The Editor has been absent on a Lecturing Tour for several days. This is our apology for so many extracts from other papers and publications in this number of the Era. Heretofore our matter has been almost entirely original, and we intend it shall still continue to be. However, we think the reader will find our quotations of an excellent and useful quality, and be abundantly profited by their perusal.

[For The New Era.] Spirits' Mission.

The bright Spirits of bliss descend from the sky,
To earth's willing children they ever are nigh,
They hover around them like heavenly doves
And breathe in their spirits their own purest loves.

They whisper of heaven—the joys of the skies—
And bid our dull spirits from earthliness rise,
Look above, spread our pinions, and soar far away
Into realms of pure love, up to Truth's shining day.

Have we a desire with our God to be one,
To know, and to live the pure life of His Son?
They fan that desire with the wings of their love,
Till it grow to a flame pointing ever above.

Are we in the wilderness tempted and tried,
The Angels of God with our spirits abide;
They bid us be patient, with firmness endure,
Resist the vile tempter, and keep our hearts pure.

Does earth spread around us, to lure us astray,
Its riches, and Honors, and Joys of a day,
They whisper, "Be firm, bid the tempter depart,
To none but thy God yield the shrine of thy heart."

Do brethren forsake you, and friends look awry,
Do Priest and the Levite with scorn pass you by,
They bid you be patient, and loving, and kind,
Forgiving, and meek, long-suffering, resigned.

For He will appear, thy great Shepherd and Guide,
Who lived for the Truth, for the Truth freely died,
And into the heart, wounded, bleeding and sore,
The oil and the wine of His love He will pour.

Hear'st thou their sweet voices now speaking within,
Or are they repelled by the frownings of Sin?
List, list, for they come to the door of thy heart;
Oh, do not resist, and bid them depart.

For they speak of redemption of peace and of love,
And point to thy Father in Heaven above;
They say to thee silently, list to the Word,
Repent, and return to the love of thy God.

Cast away from thy spirit the trammels of sin;
Let the spirit's true life this moment begin;
Resistance of evil, the soul's chast'ning rod,
Obedience, submission, communion with God.

Charlestown, Mass., Jan. 25, 1853.

Spiritual Communication.

Bangor, Jan. 18th, 1853.

MR. HEWITT—

Dear Sir:—I take the liberty of sending you an article for publication as briefly as possible. And first, I will say that I am a medium of *Touch*—that is, Spirits do touch my system more or less, but mostly about my face and head. I am not a medium for sounds or writing.

Last Monday morning I took up The Spiritual Telegraph, my eye fell on the article entitled "Miss Andre's Dream." But before I had read it through, I felt a touch which continued till I was done with the reading. I immediately wrote the following questions:—Did I receive impressions from a spirit, while I was reading "Miss Andre's Dream," in the Spiritual Telegraph of Aug. 14th 1852, at about 10 minutes past 8 o'clock, A. M.?—Answer; "You did." "What spirit was that?" "The one she dreamed of seeing." "Will you give me a communication on that subject?" "Yes, I will, but cannot now—to-night." Well, I went to see the Medium yesterday afternoon, and received the following communication:—

Tuesday, Jan. 18th 1853.

In accordance with my promise, I come to the medium to write in reference to your wish about my sister's dream. The events impressed upon her imagination, had taken place the day preceding, and my crushed spirit was permitted to come to her, and breathe over her the debasing tragedy which ended its short earthly career. Oh, the unrelenting, hardened, obdurate hearts of those who sentenced him whom they took as a spy, to an ignominious death, would not even allow him the privilege of being shot honorably, but levelled him to a traitor's doom. But leaving that behind, and troubling you no more about such paltry things, I will tell you of my joyous reception above where God reigns. I forgot the stinging traitor's doom, forgave my enemies,—my deadly one the traitor Arnold, who led me into the snare which cost me my life—and rose to higher enjoyments, nobler thoughts and employments, and was often permitted to hover round, and view the strife for freedom, and peace which the Americans declared five years before the event recorded above was transacted. I saw their noble efforts, their great victories; and at last after their vigorous struggles, I witnessed their final triumph and rejoiced with them, although unseen by them; and on angel's wings I soared back to Heaven and signed my signature to the Declaration of Independence," which the recording

angel had placed on the table in Heaven, July 4, 1776, and which was accomplished. I rejoiced with all the angelic host, as we struck our golden lyres, and tuned our voices with a song of praise. But there is another "Declaration of Independence from sin and death, resulting in peace and Eternal Life, through our Lord Jesus Christ, and is now declared to the Sons and Daughters of Earth for their signatures, that they may reap eternal, and immortal benefits.

From your spirit friend

JOHN ANDRE.

The world needs a *cheap* Motive Power. Ericsson has given it, and very soon it will be in use. Then the cry will be for a cheaper one still; and shall the world have that? *Wait and see.* "Judge nothing before the time."

J. S. Loveland, of Charlestown, will lecture at Chapman Hall, on Sunday evening, Feb. 6th. Chapman Place leads out of School street.

THE SPIRIT MINSTREL.

The Subscriber will issue a work with the above title on the 15th of February next. Said work will comprise some one hundred tunes, with words in connection. It is intended to present in this work, the very best of the existing Music, with such original pieces as shall make it just the book for Spiritualists, in all their gatherings, whether in their Circles, or more public meetings. The choicest selection of Poetry has been made from the more spiritual poems of the past, and also from those which have been indited by Spirits themselves. These selections have been freed from all objectionable phraseology and sentiment.

Mr. J. B. Packard, the Editor of the Music, is well known, both in the East and West, as an accomplished Teacher, Composer and Editor of Music. The Musical Gems, edited by him, is one of the most popular works, for private and social worship, ever published.

Rev. J. S. Loveland, who has been quite favorably known as a talented Minister of the M. E. Church, and is now a thorough-going and devoted Spiritualist, is the Editor of the Poetry.

With these guarantees, this work is offered to the friends of Spiritualism, as meeting the wants of the time; for the Publisher fully accords with the Editors in the opinion that the true idea of a Singing Book includes both Music and Poetry, and both printed on the same page, as in this work.

The price of the Minstrel will probably be, in cloth, 38 cts., and in paper, 25 cts.

BELA MARSH, Publisher.
25 Cornhill, Boston.

Permanency of this Paper.

THE NEW ERA will be published *One Year* without fail. This we wish everybody to understand distinctly in the outset. And if the reader will take the pains to look at our Prospectus in another column, it will be seen that we base this statement on something substantial. But we wish to say plainly to every friend of Spiritualism, that we are very much averse to involving, *pecuniarily*, a few friends to a large extent, when the many by their small yearly subscriptions can enable us to put our Paper on a *self-supporting* basis.

But it is not for *one year* merely that we started this Periodical. Had we supposed it would live no longer than that, we think it would never have seen the light. We wish, and we mean to make it a permanent thing. We shall strive to make its matter such as will feed both the head and the heart. We know there is material enough for that, and of the right sort too. It is daily our privilege to witness some of the most interesting and remarkable phenomena—illustrative of the most heavenly principles and sentiments, with which the world has ever been blessed. Interesting facts, elevated philosophy, and suggestions of a practical nature, that observation, thought, and life may become a serene unity, all glowing with the radiance of Heaven, will make up the burden of our word to the waiting world. Will every subscriber, and every friend to The New Era, do, then, what lays in his or her power to extend our list, and thus give us that freedom to work, which they cannot but know is eminently essential to an enterprise of this kind? Friends, let us hear from you right speedily, and in the *right way*.

Hayward's Gazetteer.

In consequence of our absence, we have not been able to give such notice of this work as we desired, and therefore postpone the matter one week longer.

Meeting in Hanson.

The Editor will Lecture on SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS in Hanson, on Saturday Evening, February 5th, and speak on The New Dispensation during the following day. John M. Spear of this city will be present on the occasion, and relate his experience in these wonderful phenomena. The Meetings will be held in the Universalist Church.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

1. In writing to this office, let everything of a business nature be put on a part of the sheet by itself, or on a separate sheet, so as not to be mixed up with other matters.
2. Orders for books should be headed "Order," and the names and number of each work wanted should be specified on a line by itself.
3. Communications for The New Era should be written with care, in a legible hand, carefully punctuated, and headed, "For The New Era." The writing should not be crowded, nor the lines be too near together.
4. Everything of a private nature should be headed "Private."
5. In sending names of new subscribers, or money for subscriptions, let the name of the subscriber, and Post-office address (i. e., the town, county, and state) be distinctly given. Where more than one subscriber is referred to, let the business of each constitute a paragraph by itself.
6. Let everything be stated explicitly, and in as few words as will give a clear expression of the writer's meaning.

By complying with these directions, we shall be saved much perplexity, and perhaps some mistakes.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE NEW ERA: OR HEAVEN OPENED TO MAN.

"Behold I make all things New." Hereafter ye shall see HEAVEN OPENED."

I propose to issue a Weekly Paper, with the above title, devoted to Spiritual Facts, Philosophy, and Life—to be published in the city of Boston on each successive Wednesday morning. It will be printed on good paper, with fair type, in a folio form, with a beautiful vignette at the head of it, of *Heaven opening and the angels descending*—a picture which shall correspond with the title of the publication, and be eminently significant of the New Age on which our world is entering. It will be a medium for the higher order of *Spiritual communications*—a vehicle for the facts, philosophy and practical suggestions of human correspondents, and for such editorial matter as the changing circumstances of the times and the needs of the public shall seem to demand. It shall be a free paper, in the best sense of the word: free for the utterance of all worthy and useful thought—free as *Life and Love and Wisdom are free*! It will spontaneously avoid all *sectarianism*, (except to give it criticism,) and will be the unswerving advocate of *Universal Truth*.

Friends of Humanity, and Lovers of Spiritual Communication—are you ready for such a paper in this locality? If so, will you do me and the cause the favor to send in your names, with the pay in advance.

This paper will be published one year without fail, as the funds have already been provided by the extra subscriptions of some noble friends of this movement. Subscribers, therefore, may be sure of getting all the numbers they subscribe for. It is hoped that the friends of our cause, will do as much in the way of extending our circulation, as others have done by their money.—I therefore, invite the immediate and hearty effort of all the friends in behalf of this enterprise and of this New Truth.

TERMS:—\$1 50 in advance.
All communications must be addressed, (postage paid,) to S. CROSBY HEWITT, No. 25 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

The Newspaper and Periodical Press. All those Periodicals that give the above a conspicuous insertion in their columns, and call attention to it, will be entitled to The New Era.

S. CROSBY HEWITT.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE LIGHT FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD.

IN TWO VOLUMES PER ANNUM.

The increasing desire of the friends of Progress, throughout the Union, for light and knowledge in regard to the phenomena of Spiritual Manifestations, now exciting so much interest in many parts of the United States, has induced the friends of these wonderful phenomena to establish a WEEKLY NEWSPAPER in the City of St. Louis, with the above title.

This paper will be published in two volumes per annum, by a Committee of six gentlemen; selected for this purpose by the Spiritualists of St. Louis and Alton.

It is designed to be a reservoir, into which may flow, from all parts of the valley of the Mississippi, information touching Spiritual Manifestations, and thence be distributed in all directions.

It will be devoted to the dissemination and elucidation of the facts as they transpire in Circles of Spiritual Investigation, so far as authentic information of them may be obtained. The projectors of this paper regard Man, physical and spiritual—here and hereafter—as the great theme of this age; and hence the developments of Psychology, Magnetism, Phrenology, and kindred sciences, will claim attention. The good and great in Science, Philosophy and true Religion will meet with our warmest support and advocacy. In short, the paper is intended to be one of the most interesting weekly journals published in the United States.

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We look to the friends of Progress and Spiritual Truth for all the assistance in their power, in the way of procuring subscribers and furnishing facts—the latter over their own signatures, without fear.

The Committee have put the subscription price at an amount which, from their estimates, they deemed barely sufficient to pay the actual cost of publication. After the first volume, if the present price should be found more than sufficient to cover such cost, it will be reduced accordingly.—The Committee guarantee the regular issue of the paper for six months, whether the subscriptions pay its expenses or not.

TERMS:—\$1 25 per volume, *invariably in advance*. Liberal deduction to Booksellers and Agents.

All communications and business letters should be addressed, (post paid,) to W. H. MANS, Editor, No. 85 Chestnut street, St. Louis.

POETRY.

Washington, Jan. 25, 1853.
BROTHER HEWITT—
In looking over the old
files of the Olive Branch I find the following lines
in No. 33, vol. 10, 1846, which I hope you will
give a place in your columns.—W. A. W.

Whisperings with a Spirit.

BY CLARA.

I asked of a spirit,
Oh! where is thy home?
Is't up through the clouds,
Where the bright stars roam?
Dost thou thence look down
On the loved ones here,
And strow in their path
Hope's soul-giving cheer?
Doth it grieve thee there,
When they wander astray,
And the ill of life,
Crowd thick in their way?
And wilt thou then guard,
From ill and from woe,
As onward through life
Thus toiling they go?
And the spirit said,
"My home is on high,
Among the bright stars
That float in the sky.
And thence I look down,
Where the loved ones dwell,
And throw around them
Love's holiest spell.
And it grieves me sore
When they go astray,
And envy and strife
O'ercloud their bright way.
Yet with them I'll be
Through weal and through woe,
And lighten their cares
Wherever they go."
No more could I ask
Of that spirit fair,
For it soared away
Through the boundless air.

Our Blue-eyed Boy.

BY ALICE CAREY.

One time in the May that has vanished,
With a heart full of quiet joy,
I cradled to sleep in my bosom,
Our beautiful blue-eyed boy.
No shadow of sorrow had darkened
His young life so lovingly fair,
For the sun of but two little summers
Had sprinkled his light in his hair.
The twilight was pressing her forehead,
Down deep in the level main,
And over the hills lay shining,
The golden hem of her train.
While under the heavy y tresses,
That swept o'er the dying day,
The star of eve, like a lover,
Was hiding his blushes away.
In the hollows that dimple the hill-sides,
Our feet till the sunset had been,
Where pinks with their spikes of red blossoms,
Hedged beds of blue violets in.
And to the warm lip of the sunbeam,
The cheek of the blush-robed inclined,
While the meek pansy gave its white bosom,
To the marmoreal love of the wind.
Where the air was one warble of music,
Of the bird and the bright-bellied bee,
And the waves going by like swift runners,
A singing the songs of the sea.
But now, in the dim fall of silence,
I took up the boy on my knees,
And sang him to sleep with a story,
Of the lambs' nest the sheltering trees.
O! when the green kirtle of May time,
Again o'er the hill tops is blown,
I shall walk the wild paths of the forest,
And climb the steep headlands alone.
Pausing not where the slopes of the meadows
Are yellow with cowslip beds,
Nor where, by the wall of the garden,
The hollyhocks lift their bright heads.
For when the full moon of the harvest,
Stood over the summer's ripe joy,
I held the last time in my bosom,
Our beautiful blue-eyed boy.
And parting away from his forehead,
The rings of the wannish gold,
I sang him to sleep with a story,
Of the lambs of the upper fold.
When, laying his white hands together,
And putting his pale lips to ours,
We trusted his feet to the pathway,
That winds through Eternity's bowers.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.

SPIRIT SERMON.

The Honest One.

JOHN M. SPEAR—MEDIUM.

It is very delightful to contemplate the placid flowing stream. Unmolested it constantly pursues its gentle way, fructifying, as it proceeds, the grass, the aromatic flowers, the lofty trees; and as one sits down upon its gentle banks, it seems to impart its own sweet and gentle influence. It is a beautiful picture of the eternal passage of events. Day and night, morning and evening, early and late, it pursues its quiet way. So, sweet, so tranquil, so, divine is the breast of the

HONEST ONE. Nought high or low, past or present can disturb his peaceful breast. He knows no fear; he dreads no consequences. His breast like the placid lake, is transparent,—he has nothing there to conceal. His life is like an open book, and its records he is willing should be most critically examined. He cares not how closely his deeds, his outside acts and his internals are scrutinized. There is no character so beautiful to look upon, there is none so near the Divinity, there is none from whom there proceeds a happier influence than the Honest One. Place him in the midst of the crowd, and from that busy throng he will be selected. Place him in positions most lofty, and where the mists of temptation more frequently gather, and he will rise up above those mists, and be seen and marked as the Honest One.

All things considered, perhaps, among the inhabitants of your earth, it may be most difficult to find one who can critically be denominated the Honest One. If you search for him in the avenues of trade, he will rarely if ever be found there. If you search for him among those whom the nations delight to honor, very seldom will he be found there. If you ascend up into the lofty pulpit, you will hardly find the Honest One there. Generally, like the Truth-seeker, he will be found in humble life. His position there is more favorable to true honesty, than any other place among the inhabitants of your earth.

It is not meant here to be said, that there may not be found specimens of—so to speak—one-sided honesty, *one-sided honesty*. It is here meant to be said, that there are many who in some respects, are honest; but when their whole characters are examined, and the business of their lives is scrutinized,—the past as well as the present—it is found to be most difficult to find one who can strictly be called *The Honest One*. He is a most singular person. He never will say *yes*, when in his inmost heart he feels *no*. He never will get down upon his knees to those for whom, in his inmost heart, he has no true respect. He never will engage in mere ceremonies because these ceremonies may be considered fashionable. He will make no pretensions whatever. If you assail such a one he will take no outside care to defend himself, because he feels in his internals, that he has done honestly; and he knows that in the course of coming events, it will be unfolded, and he is one who can afford, *afford*, *afford* to wait till that hour of calm decision arrives.

It has been said, he is not *afraid*. Let the darkness come—light is with him; let clouds gather around him—and he has a sun that shines upon him; let his mortal frame be shaken by distracting disease,—he lays his hand placidly upon his breast, and submits to the things which come upon him. Does the prospect open before him of leaving the mortal body, he hails it with joy. He knows no fear. He knows there are those in the Higher Life, who delight to welcome—to welcome with joy the Honest One. He knows that he shall enter into high, pure mansions with the Honest Ones.

Well, well, would it be for the inhabitants of your earth, if they could more distinctly encourage and cultivate the growth of naked, unpretending, Homely *Honesty*. At the present time, situated as the inhabitants of your earth now are, they would hardly know at first, what to do, should an honest man come into their market places. So singular a character, coming into their midst, would at the present time, greatly embarrass them. He would be, as it were, a light in the dark caverns of the earth. He would look upon them, and see them as they are, and not a few would shrink away from his piercing, his most honest observation. His word would be enough. Ask him to lift up his hand, and solemnly affirm, and he would scorn the invitation. He would feel that when he had said, said the thing was so, it was enough; and in process of time, as he came to be thoroughly understood, all the people would ask for, would be the word of the Honest One.

Say then, say to the inhabitants of your earth, in strains that shall be heard, that there is nothing better to reach the young, than *Honesty*. Say to them, when they rise up in the morning, and when they lie down at night, there is nothing better than *Honesty*; honesty of thought, honesty of expression, honesty of dealing, honesty of life, honesty now, honesty tomorrow, honesty through the eternities.

Well would it be, if, by any means, the number of Honest Ones could be enlarged. They would, though only a few,

of them, they would like a triumphant victorious army, conquer, by life, all that was before them. They would enjoy an energy of character, that the more unwise class cannot, at present, have—for while the Honest One is sure to conquer, while he knows nought of fear for the present, or for the future, the opposite seeks concealment; he does his work in the solemn stillness of midnight; he wraps himself in his cloak and wishes not to be known. He spends time and strength, and talent, in trying to be *thought* to be an honest man, than does the Honest One himself, in *being* truly honest.

As the light shall come, and shine more fully down upon the inhabitants of your earth,—as they shall feel that there are millions of inspectors in the Higher Life, who know their hearts, they will see the futility of endeavoring, endeavoring to make the inhabitants of your earth believe that they are honest. They will see the uselessness of the mere *sham* honesty. And the inhabitants of your earth are full of shams; they are constantly pretending to be what they are not. It is time, it is full time for them to throw off those shams,—those gauzes which they have worn, for they can no longer conceal their real characters. They are known as shams; and they themselves know that they are daily practicing mere shams; trying to pass themselves off upon their neighbors, as being in some respects what they really are not.

Let honesty pervade the hearts of all; and when you gather for the last time around the mortal body of a departed one, let it be highly, truly said—"HERE LIES THE MORTAL BODY OF THE HONEST ONE."

Real Progression.

I commenced to write a letter to E. B. Pratt, of Rushford, N. Y., which caused the following, under the above heading, which I now send to be published in the New Era—hoping he will receive a copy thereof:

RESPECTED FRIEND:—I agree with your opinion, and I think you are right in how we should investigate the new Spiritual Manifestations.

But the truth of the Mysteries of God, has such a deep, hidden sense, that it cannot be searched out and understood by the "Wisdom of this world," but must be spiritually discerned, by obtaining the hidden wisdom of God, (1 Cor. ii: 6, 7, 14); towards which "hidden wisdom" and truth, the spirits and the contributors of the new Spiritual papers, are progressing, and will, at length, reach the same depth of the deep mysteries of God which the authors of the Bible had obtained, who were mediums for the Omniscient Spirit of God.

We should consider that the new Spiritual Manifestations are yet given by such spirits as are not united with the Omniscient Spirit of God; and that the present mediums are influenced by such spirits as are in their progressing spheres; who only see the great mystery of God in part. However, they come still nearer the *reliable* truth; for these new Manifestations show a real progression, and cause a visitation and sifting of the popular Christians, who have lost their progression, and still remain in their old selfish and popular opinions.

Though the returning spirits are not united with the Omniscient Spirit, yet they have learned much by experience, since their departure from *this* body; but the opinions which they had in the body, they took along with them, and they must leave them in order to discern the truth of the mystery of God by progressing. But the inspired authors had obtained intercourse with God through his Spirit, and were regenerated, and "their inner man was filled with heavenly light." (Luke xi: 36.)

If we, by experience, find the spiritual sense in the Bible, and see the reliability of the records which were given by those authors who were inspired, and had obtained that divine intellectual life, which is the intellectual life of God, then we have such a *sound* touch-stone, by which "to try the spirits," that we cannot be deceived—for said authors were divine mediums, and were married or united with the Deity—they denied all that which caused darkness in the soul; as the Rev. E. G. Holland says—"But the conditions of inspiration are high. Knowledge alone never attains it; it must be married to Love. . . . Man, to be inspired of God, first of all, is to have His order and faculties. These are ours

inherently." (Spiritual Telegraph, No. 34) These, our lost, *divine, inherent* order and faculties have been born again in the spiritual authors—whose scriptures have been extensively published in the eighteenth century; but their divine teachings have been rejected by the sectarians—since "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." (1 Cor. ii: 14).—Therefore, an experienced spirit lately said, (through a medium), "Truth comes from the great Jehovah. The voice of inspiration is abroad in your land; reject not its divine teachings. We come to reform the world." (New Era, No. 9, page 35.)

Thus we see that some contributors of spiritual papers, and also some spirits come still nearer to the reliable sayings of the Omniscient Spirit; but the sectarians are blinded by adhering to the letter, so that they lose the spiritual sense in the Bible. And it is for this reason, that the aid of the progressing spirits is needful to bring us nearer to the reliable Truth; for the departed friends found by experience that all was not right; especially that the doctrine of the sectarians has great errors concerning progression after death; for they see the errors in which they have been led during their life time. And though they do not yet see the deep Mysteries of God, they are still progressing to obtain that precious union, which is required to become wholly reliable.

Thus the editors and contributors of spiritual papers have the opportunity to come still nearer the truth which was recorded by the enlightened authors who were united with the Spirit, and had become mediums of God—such as the prophets, apostles and other inspired authors.

If we once see the reliability of the Scripture records, then we see that Truth which subsists in time and eternity; and do not only think, but *know*, that there is no error in the Scriptures, which was caused to be recorded by the Omniscient Spirit of God! He that is spiritual judgeth all things, yet he is judged of no man." (1 Cor. ii: 15.)

Thus, the Omniscient Spirit in his revelations, is not the medium that judges and speaks, but the Spirit through him; as Christ says, "For it is not ye that speak, but the spirit of your Father which speaketh in you." (Matt. x: 20.)

Thus the spiritual authors found *The sawinella* or the *kernel* of all treasure, and lost their *self-willing*; and by the surrendering of their free will, they were united with God, which precious union we cannot obtain, without standing still, as regards our self-willing, and denying all egotism, or that which we call *I* and *me*. Therefore, in all ages of the world there were only few who obtained said precious union, without progressing after death.

By this we plainly see, that if it was so, as the leaders of the modern sects now teach, and say, "There is no probation or progressing after death," then only a few souls would come into Heaven, and by far the greater part must remain in Hell, *without end*! What a great error there is in the popular theology! Therefore, it has now been permitted, that our departed friends may show us the progressing ground, which giveth the ability to the writers on spiritual subjects, to come still nearer to the divine Truth. And thus they are still progressing onward and upward, till, at length, they shall learn to understand the *spiritual sense* in the records of the said reliable authors, and recommend their scriptures.

But the Sectarians still remain in their adopted opinions without progression, and are still prejudiced against the Scriptures of such reliable Authors, who explain the *Spiritual* sense of the Bible.

But now the progressing spirits will break the shackles of ignorance, superstition and selfish opinions; and some of the mediums shall still come to a higher order, and become more passive, and in simplicity grow to a greater harmony, till they at length become mediums for those spirits who are united with the Omniscient Spirit of God, and are wholly reliable; and then recommend the Scriptures of such Authors as had been mediums of said Spirit. And in this manner "the Mystery of God shall be finished," (in the coming light of The New Era); "as He has declared to his servants the Prophets." Rev. 10: 7.

We therefore rejoice that the time has arrived when we shall by real progression come on such an *immovable* ground as shall cause all doubting to vanish, and

by spiritual discernment we can solve all questions concerning the *sound* records of the Bible, also, concerning the Incarnation of Jesus Christ, and bring all into divine harmony—of which much can yet be said, if we see that progression has reached such a degree that it will be adopted and understood by the readers of spiritual papers.

If we by denial and progressing become divine mediums, then we enter into a very precious gate of knowledge, in which the *all-conquering* Love of God becomes thus enkindled in us, that we exceedingly rejoice in it; for this all-conquering Love is cheering to the heart, and doth go with us *beyond* the grave, and giveth us a *victory* over death and hell." (1 Cor. 15: 55.) Matt. 15, 17, 18.

After I had written the above, I saw an encouraging letter from the pen of E. E. Gibson, published in the New Era, No. 10, page 39, to which I would call the attention of the reader; it is in accordance with my own views, and has strengthened my faith. I would like to see more from her pen; and am desirous to know her address.

JOSEPH BAUMAN.

Shepherdstown, Pa. January 20, 1853.

The address of our friend Miss Gibson is Barre Mass., She is of higher order of clairvoyant media, and has visions of the angels daily.—Ed.

LECTURES.

The Editor is now prepared to make arrangements with the friends of our movement, to lecture on the NEW DISPENSATION, at any available distance in New England; and may be addressed accordingly at the office of "The New Era," 25 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

WE shall endeavor, in this paper, not to force opinions upon any one, but simply to suggest inquiries, that all may investigate, and think for themselves. We shall neither prescribe limits for others, nor erect an arbitrary standard for ourselves. While it will strive to avoid all acrimonious disputations, it will tolerate the most unlimited freedom of thought, imposing no checks except when liberty is made the occasion of offense. It shall be free indeed—free as the utterances of the spirits—subject only to such restraints as are essential to the observance of those friendly relations and reciprocal duties, which, with the very current of our lives, must flow into the great Divine Order and Harmony of the Race. It is hoped the character and price of this paper will be sufficient inducement to many friends of the cause to become subscribers.

The immediate and earnest co-operation of friends in all parts of the country is invited. The *Spiritual Telegraph* is edited by S. B. Brittan, and published weekly, at \$1.50 per annum, payable in advance. All communications should be addressed to CHARLES PARTRIDGE, No. 3 Courtland street, N. Y.

N. B.—It will be esteemed a favor from newspapers, and other periodicals, if they give this Prospectus a conspicuous insertion in their columns, which will entitle them to the *Spiritual Telegraph*.

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