

# 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!" — GOETHE.

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## Phenomenal & Philosophical.

Translated for the New England Spiritualist.

THE ANGELS.

NO. III.

THEOLOGIAN.

Without doubt I have as much at heart as yourself the principles of the general unity of creatures; but do you think when you insist in this way in pressing the matter, that I shall yield to your arguments and renounce at command so important a point as the belief in incorporeal spirits? If from the outset I have given you only philosophic reasons, it has been but in response to your manner of proceeding; and certainly, were I only retained by ties of such a nature, I should deem myself much less strongly bound than I am. But our idea of spirits is imposed upon us, as you are aware, by the authority of the church. It is not for us a question of science; it is an article of faith. The sovereignty of the councils, which has decided so few points touching the nature of angels, has in a precise and formal manner decided their spirituality. Remember this preamble of the council of Latran: "*Utramque de nihilo condidit creaturam, spiritualem et corporealem, angelicam videlicet et mundanam.*" This is absolute. The Council manifestly opposes the one to the other—spiritual and corporeal nature—and it is the angels which constitute the first.

From its origin, through all its duration, and so on to the consummation of time, the whole population of the universe is divided, by the effect of an impenetrable design, into two classes totally dissimilar, in one of which creatures are forever united to bodies that they shall retain even when they have ceased to be of use to them,—whilst in the other, the creatures are, on the contrary, strangers to all material laws. This is what we are in duty bound to believe, even though forced to admit that we cannot understand it.

PHILOSOPHER.

Having given you a glimpse of the truth that the perfection of the natural conditions of human life amply suffices to afford an idea of the celestial, I demonstrated that your theory of pure spirits, aside from its contradiction of the grand principle of the unity of creation, does not rest on any definite, logical base; and consequently, by philosophic justice, my opinion upon this subject is completely established. I might therefore rest here. But the notion you entertain is so prevalent, and involves so many absurdities, that I feel impelled to urge you still further. And if I succeed in showing that your doctrine is not so deeply rooted as you suppose, I shall have done, it seems to me, all I can cause you to relinquish it and accept our views.

Far be it from me to deny the gravity of the difficulty which the decision of the Council of Latran causes you; but this decision, which would constitute not a mere elucidation of the doctrine, but a special revelation, is it in order? You know very well that opinions were divided upon the subject. Cardinal Cajetan, followed by several others, maintains that the Council did not define this doctrine in an article of faith, but simply declared it the most probable and the most generally received of the time. And St. Thomas, who was well acquainted with the affairs of the Council, for he was contemporaneous and even wrote of it in his tracts, considered himself so little bound by the words you quote, that he treats the question of the simultaneousness of the two creations as undecided, notwithstanding the formula of Latran, and concludes that the affirmative is probable, without however condemning the negative. If then the declaration of Latran did not seem sufficiently absolute to arrest those who in their enthusiasm for the angel world give it an existence prior to the physical, why should it deter you from admitting the corporeity of superior beings?

But I would have you consider that the incorporeity of angels has never found a more expressive formula than the proposition of their existence anterior to the material world; and it is precisely this which is contradicted by the declaration of the Council. Justly alarmed at the invasion of scrupulous asceticism, the Council were unwilling that the nature of angels should appear to believers so vastly superior to and independent of the world of sensation that they would conjecture a universe apart, complete in itself, indifferent to the final catastrophe that threatens us, and constituting, to speak properly, the pure and primitive universe, continued on, in the majesty of a long pre-existence, through the ages. This very declaration, which latterly seems to strengthen your mystics in their notions of absolute spirituality, was then, on the contrary, originally intended as a defence of the actual world against the world of shadows.

Thus without attaching to the text in question more value than your leaders themselves have done, we may, with as good reason, give it my construction as yours. For, suppose the simultaneousness of the two creations, it admits in effect, does it not, the presumption of some relation between them? If they appeared at the same time, were they not united in the thought of their author? Strictly speaking, one has a right to say that this text settles nothing with regard to the question under consideration.

The real point of discussion then remains, namely: are superior beings united to a body? Certain it is, the Council passes over this question in silence, since it explains nothing categorically in this respect, but in what relates to the nature of man.

Although the commentators have tried to turn to the profit of the scholastics, what the Fathers say of the subtlety of angelic bodies, is there not evidently a wide difference between the pretended incorporeity and these

refined bodies,—an expression that poorly reflects our own notions of the ideal perfection of these superior organizations? Origen himself, who in the transports of his asceticism went so far in the reprobation of the material world, only took sides against this dense matter in which we find ourselves imprisoned, and that rather as respects the conditions under which it exists, than against its ponderability. The formula approved by the Council of Nice is not more clear than what we read upon this point in the Periarchon. "It is characteristic solely of the nature of God, to be conceived as existing independently of material substance and out of all association with a corporeal aggregate." In a word, all the great minds of Greece, who have done so much to establish the bases of theology, unite here and indicate to us, if not the true form of the superior world, at least true principles.

I feel the more encouraged to solicit you to unite with us, feeling deeply as I do, how much this absurd theory of spirits is opposed to the true genius of Christianity. Can it be forgotten that the great and salutary principle of the union of the soul and body is at the foundation of the most essential tenets of the church? It underlies the whole—the sacrament, founded on the mystical relations between the spirit and matter; the eucharist, presenting for our adoration God himself through sensible elements; your creed, which paints so vividly the glorified body in the resurrection; lastly, your worship, which on your very altars exhibits to your view images, even those of angels. Everywhere, however is this principle manifestly outraged by the theory of the scholastics. Unheard of inconsistency! He whose name, in the beautiful words of St. Paul, is "above every name," at which, "every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth," the King of the empyrean, the Prototype of creation—He is formally classed in the order of corporeity; and at the same time, the beings elevated nearest Him in the hierarchy of heaven, are of an order absolutely different, and draw from this dissimilarity even, their title to superiority. But do you not see, that if this view be true, your angels, far from being exalted, should be humiliated before us? For, prostrated with us at the feet of the same ideal, they find in us his image, and search in vain for it in themselves.

I remember that Bossuet himself, in his sermon on Saint Days, even while reciting mechanically, as is the habit of the clergy, the lesson of the scholastics, strikes instinctively upon this shoal and rises from it in a manner to show its character with sufficient distinctness. "Remark," says he, as it were instinctively, that this body which weighs us down with evils, affords the advantage, above the angels, of suffering for the love of God, representing in our glorified body the glorified body of Jesus, in our mortal bodies his life of suffering. Those immortal spirits may be partakers in the glory of our Saviour, but they cannot share the honor of partaking in his sufferings;—and, if charity would permit, they would perceive in us with jealousy the sacred characters which liken us to the Crucified Redeemer." Elsewhere, by a still more striking figure, he represents these beings in the procession of the just, as bards in the procession of heroes, content to sing without having shared the glory of combat.

O, celestial musicians! where is the superiority with which the doctors of the middle age would endow you? What place have ye, in your own heaven, thronged by the resurrection's glorious dead? How strange would ye appear amid beings so dissimilar; and, might ye not then well solicit of God the privilege of renouncing your spirituality?

Or rather, in sounding to the bottom these arguments of the scholastics, do we not arrive at the conclusion that, since it is in the nature of men not to discern angels except as enveloped in bodies, the same necessity must exist in heaven?

### A. J. DAVIS AND HIS WORKS.

We extract the following notice of the "Penetralia" and other productions, of Andrew Jackson Davis, from the columns of the *Freeport, N. H., Journal*. It is worth a perusal for the valuable hints it throws out on the reform questions of the day, aside from its value to "Harmonial Philosophers" as a tribute to their leading prophet and seer:—

A new work has just been issued from the publishing house of BELA MARSH, Boston, entitled "*The Penetralia*," which deserves to be brought prominently before the American public. The importance of the subjects considered, and the peculiarly terse and original style in which they are handled, combine to give the book a most noticeable character. While the topics are mainly theological, many questions of practical interest and value are answered, thus rendering the volume an acquisition to the student and philosopher, as well as the theologian.

The present is peculiarly an era of thought. The people are gaining new and independent views of political, scientific and religious questions; and everywhere in our land do we find the masses questioning the prerogatives and usurping the places heretofore held uncontested by political leaders, scientific teachers and religious chieftains.

The right of each individual to determine by his own powers what shall be his faith, is so far acknowledged, that investigation—once not permitted in the people—is now recognized as a sacred duty. No greater insult can be offered to one's manhood, than to charge him with borrowing his political sentiments. Every boy in the streets knows his own party, and it is independent of his father's, too. A similar condition of things is fast approaching in respect to religious views. The work before us we particularly commend, because it is calculated to foster and beget independent thought and free opinions in every reader. And though it may be

cried out against by those with whose preconceived views and long-standing prejudices its philosophy conflicts, let every man and woman read and judge for themselves. If the philosophy it presents is false, the truth has power to overcome it; but if, on the other hand, it is as its teachers claim, the dawning wisdom of a new era, we owe it to ourselves and to the great family of man to accept it, and become acquainted with its teachings.

The word "Penetralia," says the author, is a Latin term, signifying the inmost or secret recesses of a place, temple, idea or principle. He has, therefore, penetrated the hidden and sequestered parts of various questions of vital importance to mankind, and the results of such investigations are given in this volume. They embrace questions on Life—on Theo-Physiology—the despotism of Opinion, the myths of Modern Theology, the Evidences of Immortality, the effects of Utilitarianism, the origin and perpetuity of character, the benefits of Individualism, &c., &c.

It is by no means a dry disquisition upon mere theological issues, but is a fresh collection of sparkling thoughts, adapted to the times, and clothed in the attractive dress so peculiar to the author's style. Of the tendency of the work we need only say, that if any are able to find a purer philosophy, a religious faith better calculated to enter into the life and character of the individual, one that requires more singleness of purpose, that engenders greater holiness of life, we shall welcome it as gladly as we do this.

It is worthy of notice that the author, ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, fully sustains in his private life the high standard erected in his writings. He is known to exemplify all that is pure and noble in the human character.

Thirteen years ago Andrew Jackson Davis, then a lad of seventeen years, was a shoemaker's apprentice in Poughkeepsie. He was an honest but ignorant boy, whose schooling had not exceeded five months, and whose reading had been extremely limited. He was known only for his frankness and sincerity of character. In the autumn of 1843 he became the subject of mesmeric experiments, and was found to possess powers of clairvoyance of a surprising character.

After experimenting for a few months, he turned his attention while in the clairvoyant state to the examination and treatment of diseases, which he continued for some three years with remarkable success. Between the years 1845 and 1847, and while passing his leisure, he delivered a series of lectures, which were published in a large volume entitled "*Nature's Divine Revelations, and a Voice to Mankind.*" It is proper to observe that antecedent to the publication of this work, and indeed ever since, Mr. Davis has been known as one who scarcely ever reads a page beyond his own manuscripts. It was impossible for him to have derived the vast information contained in his book from study. He makes mention of the existence of planets, which at that time the immortal Le Verrier had not yet seen, and furnishes other instances of an interior knowledge most wonderful.

Concerning his first work, we desire to quote briefly from the notices of the secular press at the time it was published:—

N. P. Willis, in his *Home Journal*, says, "In saying explicitly that we cannot conceive of a more absorbing and captivating work, (to us far more so than any novel we have ever read,) we have no need to express an opinion as to the supernatural quality of these 'Revelations.' To an unbeliever it will be a most delicious and far-reaching work of imagination, written with a vast background of scientific and philosophical knowledge; while to the believer it will be of course like converse with an arch-angel on the comparison of other worlds with ours."

The *New York Sunday Dispatch*, in one of several commendatory articles, thus speaks of the "Revelations":—

"Never has there been presented at one view a cosmogony so grand, a theology so sublime, and a future destiny for man so transcendent. In science, in religion and in morality, it is a book which will be welcomed with rapture by the most enlightened, the loftiest and the purest minds."

From Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.

"This is certainly an extraordinary work—the most so, perhaps, that has appeared during the present century. For boldness of conception and comprehensiveness of plan, so far as we know, it is without a parallel in the history of literature, philosophy and religion. It seems to take in the whole range of human knowledge, and, not content with our earth, the author visits other planets and other worlds, and discourses to us of their inhabitants and peculiarities."

We have given these opinions of another work particularly, to afford collateral evidence of our high estimation of the "Penetralia," which will be pronounced superior in style, more practical in character, and perhaps quite as remarkable. Nor are these two the only works of Mr. Davis deserving of special notice. At intervals of a year or more he has issued four volumes of the "Great Harmonia," entitled respectively, "The Physician," "The Teacher," "The Seer," and the "Reformer." We cannot pass without saying a few words in behalf of the last volume—The Reformer—which contains truths eminently serviceable in the elevation of the race. It is devoted to the consideration of "Physiological Vices and Virtues, and the Seven Phases of Marriage." It covers ground never before occupied by any reformatory writer, and teaches the most important truths, upon the most vital questions that can agitate any mind—those of marriage and parentage.

It is a work that appeals first to man's consciousness, by a clear representation of existing evils; and next to

the higher faculties, by pointing out the "highway of freedom" from all these evils. Satisfying as it does the understanding, it affords valuable aid to the individual in rooting out bad habits and reforming vicious tendencies.

It is a safe book for youth, for it has not the least indelicacy of sentiment or expression; and it furnishes just such knowledge, and inculcates such principles as are calculated to preserve the youthful mind from contamination, and insure the practice of virtue. It is an invaluable book for the newly-married, for it points out the danger and consequences of extremeism and inversionism, and imparts that information concerning the reproductive functions necessary to avoid conjugal misdirection.

It is such a hand-book as all those need who desire to know their whole duty to themselves and their companions; to understand the nature of true marriage, and how to secure it, and how to live a true life. We hazard the assertion that it presents the most philosophical view of love, the highest conception of marriage, and the most truly just appreciation of existing evils and wrongs, with the remedies adapted thereto, ever published. It is calculated to make the world better, to correct the habits of men, to secure a higher state of development in this generation, and the better organization of the next. It contains, too, a mass of interesting information, valuable statistical and other facts, carefully compiled, that will materially enlighten those who seek this knowledge.

The volume sustains strongly the monogamic marriage, being the widest remove possible from the odious free-love-ism of modern times, against which it furnishes powerful arguments. In it woman will find a full recognition of her individuality, and a clear presentation of her rights and wrongs. The temper and character of the work, and its obvious tendency, will commend it to every reformatory mind, to all who labor to free man from the yoke of tyranny and the shackles of error and superstition, who desire to see the kingdom of Heaven realized here upon Earth.

Of the power of the "Harmonial Philosophy" above any other system of belief to emancipate mankind from inharmonious and the consequent suffering, we feel gratefully conscious. Nor do we hesitate to challenge for it a free investigation and discussion by intelligent minds. For these works we only ask an attentive and careful perusal by the thinking.

While this philosophy embraces the theory of intercourse with departed spirits, it is by no means responsible for the absurd and ridiculous performances of itinerant mediums, whose vain self-conceit and arrogant assumptions are only equalled by their ignorance and stupidity. So far as our observation extends, three-fourths, at least, (we believe Mr. Davis says nine-tenths,) of the alleged communications are in part or wholly counterfeit. Most of the Spiritualist literature is of a surprisingly low order. Many of the alleged communications would have disgraced their imputed authors if put forth while living.

Yet with all these and other objections, of which Mr. Davis doubtless is profoundly conscious, the experience of the past few years demonstrates that the Harmonial Philosophy is destined to have a place in the world's history second to no religious system extant.

It is too late to deceive ourselves by attempting to under-rate the importance of this subject, or to contemptuously treat as a child the fair proportions and full powers of manhood.

Let the Truth meet Error on a fair field, and the Right will prevail.

The Penetralia and Reformer are published in a neat form, the one with upwards of three hundred and the other four hundred pages, and are sold for one dollar each. No earnest, thoughtful, or independent man, will regret having purchased and perused them. \* \* \*

### ANTI-SPIRITUALIST MALEVOLENCE.

We extract from the columns of the *Christian Spiritualist* the following plain and direct refutation of a slanderous story that has been industriously spread by the Anti-Spiritualist press generally.

As erroneous statements have been recently circulated through the daily press in relation to the proceedings of some most worthy persons on the occasion of a funeral ceremony at Bordentown, at which our esteemed friend, Mr. William Fishbough, officiated, we deem it a duty not only to the parties concerned, whose most sacred feelings have been trifled with and grossly outraged, but for the sake of the cause, to enter a protest, in the name of justice and humanity, against that class which seeks by misrepresentation and falsehood to bring contempt upon those whom they are not able to meet in fair argument, and whose standing in the community, both morally and intellectually, will bear a favorable comparison with their neighbors. With these few remarks we give place to the communication of Mr. Fishbough, as published in the *N. Y. Times*:

"DEAR SIR—It is with unfeigned regret that I find in your paper of Saturday last an article, purporting to be copied from the *Pennsylvania Inquirer*, which is as untrue in its representation of facts as it is lacerating to the feelings of the highly respectable parties whom it involves, and who were already sufficiently tried by an afflictive stroke of Providence. The article represents that on Thursday, 3d inst., a marriage took place in Bordentown, N. J. between a young lady and 'the corpse' of a young man to whom she had been previously engaged; that the marriage took place by 'the spiritual ceremony,' which was performed through a boy who acted as medium; that at the funeral which subsequently took place 'the young lady acted like one really possessed with an evil spirit; that 'she raved and flung herself into the grave, and was with great diffi-

culty borne from the spot to the residence of the madman whom she regards as her father-in-law; that 'since the funeral, at meals, a plate and cup, and a portion of all the condiments of the table are set apart for the dead man, whose empty chair these victims of demonism suppose to be tenanted by his spiritual body,' and in view of these alleged facts the writer gives vent to a doleful jeremiad respecting the 'human madness and hallucination' of this nineteenth century, which he characterizes as equally horrible with the 'middle African Fetish worship, the darkest pollutions of Oriental Devil worship, the gloomiest delusions of the middle ages, or the blackest Paganism of any age or country.'

"I am disposed to place the most charitable construction upon the motives of the editor of the *Pennsylvania Inquirer* in giving publicity to these statements, and to believe that he acted honestly, though incautiously, on the basis of the representations he received concerning the matters involved. The ultimate responsibility, I am inclined to think, must rest upon some prejudiced informer, whose zeal in opposition to the awful 'heresy' of Spiritualism for the time being altogether transcended his love of justice and truth. And, without consulting the family or other parties whose afflictions have been dragged before the public in this cruel, not to say brutal manner, I deem it but just, on the basis of my own personal knowledge, to submit the following statements:

"In the first place, then, the statement that the young lady was married, or intended to be married, 'to the corpse' of the young man, is emphatically false, whether knowingly so to the *Inquirer's* informant or not. In the ceremony which did take place such an intention was expressly and distinctly disavowed. The essential part of the ceremony consisted simply in presenting to the young lady, with appropriate remarks, a package of letters and other writings (which the young man had composed and addressed to her before his death—documents which bore the unflinching impress of his love and wisdom, and through which he still spoke to her. This was adopted as an appropriate method by which she might express a love for the departed one which was stronger than death, and enshrine in significant external symbols that soul-union which she felt already subsisted between them, and which indeed, the young man, before (not after) his death, had requested should be externally represented in some suitable way. Before this ceremony was performed, the one who was requested to officiate reflected that it would be exceedingly chaste and beautiful; that it would be entirely unobjectionable as an innocent expression of a devotion which angels might admire, and that, not falling within the conditions of what the world and the world's laws regard as marriage, or being in any way an infringement of either human or divine laws, it would leave the young lady entirely unembarrassed, either temporally or spiritually, in respect to any connections which she might be disposed to form in future; and it is now discovered to have the additional recommendation of being nobody's business outside of the circle of the young lady's immediate connections and friends. 'The very head and front' of the 'horridly unnatural circumstances,' 'hath this extent, no more.'

"The statement that the ceremony was performed through a boy, who acted as medium, may be characterized as falsehood Number 2. What ceremony there was performed was performed by your humble correspondent, in the full possession of his normal senses, and who has passed the period of boyhood by more than twenty years. The funeral services were also performed by myself.

"The statement that 'the young lady acted at the grave like one really possessed of an evil spirit; that 'she raved and flung herself into the grave and was with difficulty borne from the spot,' &c., is falsehood Number 3, and is the most cruel in the whole category of misrepresentations. I was standing within four feet of her at the time, and testify that she 'did not rave; that she did not fling herself into the grave, and that she did not act unnaturally or unbecomingly in any respect whatsoever. The most that can be said is that she gave expression to the grief of her bereaved heart in audible, though not very loud, sobs, and showed symptoms of fainting, but walked to the carriage, leaning on the arms of two of her friends.

"The 'madman'—the father of her intended husband—is one of the most respectable and influential citizens of Bordentown, and who, as I was informed by one of his neighbors, was not long since honored by his fellow-citizens by an election to the highest municipal office in their gift, which office, however, he subsequently resigned. The large concourse of people was not 'drawn to the spot by a morbid curiosity,' as the *Inquirer's* article represents, but by respect to the family, and for the deceased young man, who, I am told, was universally beloved by his numerous associates and acquaintances.

"As to the statement that 'since the funeral, at meals, a plate, cup, and a portion of all the condiments of the table were set apart for the dead man,' &c., I have only to say, that during the Sunday of the funeral, and on the next morning, when I left, I took four meals with the family, and saw nothing which in the remotest degree would give countenance to this assertion; and I have other reasons to believe that this may pass for falsehood Number 4. If, however, the family have since adopted (as I almost know they have not) this method of perpetuating the memory of the bodily, or expressing a sense of the spiritual presence of their son, they do not lack precedents in the examples of more 'orthodoxical' Christians, among which might be cited the example of the pious and intelligent widow of a well-known and universally-beloved Methodist clergyman and who, as I am reliably informed, for years after the

death of her husband, reserved his plate, cup and empty chair at meals. I am not, however, informed that this "madness and hallucination" on her part, sank her, in the estimation of her friends, to the level of the "African Fetish worshipper," or the "Oriental Devil worshipper."

Yours truly, WILLIAM FISBROUGH.

The Spiritualist.

A. E. NEWTON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

"I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now."—Jesus. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1856.

PREACHING.

It is said that the Chinese barbers accompany their tonsorial operations with another practice—that of tickling the ears of their customers. The use of the razor is alternated with that of a delicate straw; and he who handles most skillfully the latter implement, is pardoned and patronized if even bungling in the use of the former. Custom obliges the poor Chinamen to have their heads shaved, and they have learned to submit to the operation with better grace while soothed, or rather intoxicated with this sensuous delight. It seems semi-barbarous—we mean the titillating, by no means the shaving process—but it is not out of character in China.

There is an American custom not dissimilar; but it cannot be called absurd of course, because it exists in a civilized land,—is one of the institutions of an enlightened nation. We refer to the professional performances of our preachers and public lecturers. We, their patrons, go to them with the pretence that we want the superfluities in our characters clipped off,—that we wish to be saved clean of sin, and made morally fit to appear in society. Coming away after the operation, it is not our question—Are our imperfections removed? Are we spiritually cleaner than before? But—Did he tickle our ears with eloquence, and lul us with charming oratory?

Look at our most popular preachers;—what is it gives them their position—their salaries? For what are they lauded and paid? Is it for their meekness and long suffering, their humility and self-sacrifice? Or is it for their rhetoric and elocution, their pleasing tropes and popular "hits"? Do they constantly bear about with them the crucified spirit of the despised Nazarene; or are they puffed up with worldly pride, and stiff with the starch of theology?

We speak not to disparage religious teachers. They are what they are because society demands such. It is no fault of theirs that they supply us with what we demand and pay for. We need not complain that the market is stocked with dry fodder, so long as we, the consumers, insist on nothing better. We have what we bargain for.

The remedy for the imperfections we complain of, naturally suggests itself. We must insist on having live men to speak to us. In elevating ourselves, in placing the standard of our requirements higher, we shall evolve, through the inevitable action of spiritual law, something suited to our need. Society cannot draw on the strings of a realized need, without bringing to itself a supply. But this demand must be living, vital. Let the masses be filled with the magnetism of reform, they will attract such ministrations and through such men as mediums, as will help them forward. So to express it, let each individual in the community be as a plate in the grand battery, and we shall draw from the spiritual world that electric life which will purify and regenerate the race.

Take the American Revolution for example. The people were filled with the spirit of freedom,—of resistance to tyranny. That feeling was vital, active, vigorous. The spiritual elements evolved a Washington to lead in liberty's cause. He was the living embodiment, the concentration of the spirit of the time. He was the Leyden jar, charged from the great battery of public sentiment. In short he was the man for the time,—as much so as if he had been specially coined by Providence for his place. Other reformers, political, moral and religious, might be cited as instances of this principle.

Now it devolves upon us to make this call for MEN—men imbued with the life principle,—men who shall embody in well-balanced proportions the renovating elements that are now flowing down to us from the spirit world,—men who shall have no thought of self-aggrandizement or popular applause,—men whose pure hearts shall overflow with that electric power that finds its response in every true soul,—men, in a word, whose lives are real, and whose every act is an outspoken truth. Let us rightly demand such men and we shall have them.

NEW KIND OF SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATION.

We find the following highly interesting statement in Tiffany's Monthly for August:

Accounts which we have lately received through various channels from Rochester, N. Y., represent that a young girl of the name of Mary Comstock, who has been a medium for some two years, and who for some time past has been under the care of Mrs. Sarah A. Burtiss, is now daily subject to a kind of phenomena which it would be seemingly impossible for skeptics to gainsay or resist. It is said that words and whole sentences, purporting to be the work of spirits, appear in raised letters on her arm, and after being read will disappear, and others will come in their place in response to the inquiries or wishes of investigators. There is no conceivable way in which these words and sentences could be produced through any voluntary agency on her part or on the part of her friends, and there appears to be no other alternative than that of accepting their claims in respect to the mode of their own production. We have just conversed with our friend, Dr. Hallock of New York, and who, while on his recent journey to the West, saw Miss Comstock in Rochester and witnessed these manifestations, and he assures us there can be no possible mistake in the matter.

As in every other, so in the present age, there are many best and noblest men whose names are anathema. Their Christianity is too spiritual and elevated for the reach of the bigot's eye; but it is not therefore the less real, or, for that reason, the less certain of being acknowledged, if not here in the flesh, hereafter in the spirit, most blessedly!—Martyria.

THE "REVEALED WORD OF GOD."

A SPECIMEN OF CLERICAL DOGMATISM.

The absurdities into which many of the "authorized" teachers of the popular religion allow themselves to be carried, in their zeal against the innovations of "further light," are sometimes not only amusing but disgusting. Our attention was recently attracted to an article in the Christian Repository, on "Angels," in which we find a notable example in point. The Repository, by the way, is generally conducted in a very liberal spirit, to which the article in question furnishes an unpleasant exception. The Rev. author, (N. C. H., of North Chester, Vt.,) after enunciating the usual common-places about "angels," and the future condition of human spirits in a state of equality with them, proceeds to deprecate all further inquiry in relation to such matters as impious and "criminal." He declares, with emphasis, that—

"It is just as criminal to teach what God has not revealed, as to pervert his word that is revealed."

By the "revealed word of God" the writer means, of course, the Bible, as interpreted by himself. What he asserts, then, is, that it is a crime to teach anything that is not taught in the Bible, (as understood by Rev. N. C. Hodgdon, of North Chester, Vt.) Let all professors of science, all teachers of schools, academies, or colleges, who use any other text-book than the Bible, or consult any other commentator than this Rev. gentleman, or those endorsed by him, take note and beware!

Perhaps we shall be told that the Rev. gentleman's denunciation had reference only to teachings relative to certain questions termed "theological," and not at all to matters of science, philosophy, or art. We reply, that he makes no exceptions, and his language authorizes the reader to make none; indeed, a single exception, in behalf of any branch of truth or inquiry would be fatal to his whole position. For if it is right and proper that men should inquire in one direction beyond what is stated in the Bible, how can it be shown that it is not equally right to inquire in other directions? If the alleged restriction is anywhere broken over, why not everywhere? If man may inquire, beyond the revelations of the Bible, into Astronomy, or Geology, or Chemistry, or Physiology, why may he not also inquire respecting Angelology, Anthropology, and Pneumatology, or the science of spirit, embracing its nature and its immortal destiny? Can any rational reason be given? If so, in the name of God and of truth, let these dogmatizers bring it forth. If they cannot, why should the people longer listen to them?

But this writer quotes, as if conclusive on this point to the Christian believer, the following recorded words of Jesus to his disciples: "All things that I have heard of my Father, I have declared unto you." (John xv. 15.) What may have been the meaning of this language, or whether correctly reported or not, we will not here undertake to say; but we would remind this writer that the same great Teacher is reported as declaring a little while subsequently, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now;" and we also find him adding, "ALL THINGS THAT THE FATHER SAITH" [i. e., all truths, without limit] "ARE MINE;" and, "the Spirit of Truth . . . shall take of mine and shall show it unto you." (John xv. 12-15.) No language could more explicitly state, that Truth without restriction, on all subjects in God's universe, is free to man's reception, and that the only limit to his attainments is his ability to bear, or to comprehend and properly use, that which he may acquire.

There is, it is true, a sense in which "the revealed word of God" is the only source of truth on any subject. The "word" or wisdom of God is exhibited in every object throughout the limitless creation. It is written on every leaf, on every flower, on every pebble, on every star. His "will" is expressed in the constitution of all things; or, as is commonly said, in the laws which govern all motions or changes, and which determine all results. This "word" or "wisdom" or "will" of God, in regard to any matter, is unrevealed, or "secret," to us, so long as we remain in ignorance in relation to that particular matter; but it becomes the "revealed word of God" just so fast and so far as we acquire, by any means, or through any channel, true knowledge in relation to the subject in question. All phenomena, of whatever kind, are thus revelations of God's will—that is, they are "God's word." Where we have learned that it is the will of God (or the Forming Power) that we should not thrust our hand into the fire, or drink aqua-fortis, these truths become the "revealed will of God" to us; and so of whatever else of truth we may learn, whether respecting our physical or our spiritual natures, and whether or not that truth may have been learned and recorded by any ancient prophet, evangelist, or teacher. The Infinite spirit of truth is everywhere present, and ready to "lead into all truth" every mind that is open to His leadings. But minds which voluntarily limit themselves to the puerile attainments of a rudimentary age, or bind themselves to a denominational creed,—like a horse haltered to a stake in the midst of a boundless field,—cannot expect to participate very largely in the limitless teachings of the spirit of Truth, as promised by the Teacher of Nazareth.

How long will the people listen to these narrowing, circumscribing teachers? How long will they give heed to their harmless denunciations against further inquiry, the tendency of which is to keep mankind in bondage to a priesthood? How long will they hesitate to throw off such trammols, dismiss these "blind guides," and reverentially open their eyes to "the light which lighteth every man which cometh into the world?"

NEW CHURCH PUBLICATION.

The New Church Herald and the New Church Repository have been united in the form of a monthly Magazine, entitled THE NEW CHURCH HERALD AND MONTHLY REPOSITORY. We extend our hand to this new laborer in the field of spiritual truth. We are well aware that the ideas of Swedenborgians and Spiritualists do not coincide in all respects; but in one point at least they are agreed—that mortals may and do receive influences directly from the Spirit World. Regarding this as one of the vital questions of the present day, we gladly welcome any new publication that is likely to aid in disseminating "more light," as this magazine cannot fail to do under the editorship of such men as Professor Bush and Rev. Sabin Hough.

Read men as well as books; be careful to read thyself.

CASES OF PREMONITION.

The following instances of forewarning, will afford problems to inquiring minds who do not accept the spiritual theory. When they can be solved on any other grounds, we shall welcome the advent of a new science of mind; for it must be conceded, even by those who oppose the doctrine of Spiritualists, that the science of metaphysics as yet opens no door to a rational and satisfactory solution of such questions. It will be admitted too, even by disbelievers in spirit-manifestations, that our theory affords, to say the least, a plausible explanation of these things. If the spirits of our departed friends still exist and retain an interest in our welfare, is it not the most natural thing in the world to suppose they would warn us by their influence, of any threatening danger? Indeed, the belief that they would do so is almost instinctive in the soul.

Suppose for instance that some enemy had it in his heart to murder us; and let our guardian spirits by their power of thought-reading, see that intention; would not their natural impulse be to come and make known to us in some way the fate impending? And being spirits, and having no material organs of speech, how else might they better render us service than by speaking with the still, small voice of interior influence to our soul?

The facts given below are stated in one of O. S. Fowler's works, entitled the Christian Phrenologist. We may here remark that the organ formerly denominated "Marvellousness" has more recently been named by several writers, Fowler among others, "Spirituality," and its legitimate function is to recognize spirits and their influence.

SECRETARY UPSHER AND THE PRINCETON DISASTER.

The lamented Upsper, at the very time when the fatal gun was loading that blew him to atoms, and immediately before its disastrous explosion, in drinking a toast, took up an empty bottle, and remarked that these dead bodies (empty bottles,) must be cleared away before he could drink his toast. Setting it aside, he took up, by chance, another empty bottle, and repeated, that he could not give his toast till the dead bodies were cleared away. Nor did he. In a few seconds his own dead body, with many others, was indeed "cleared away."

In conjunction, read what follows from a correspondent of the Boston Daily Advertiser, who says: "It is worthy of remark, as a singular instance of pre-supposed danger, that the late Secretary of State, Mr. Upsher, could not be prevailed upon to join in either of the previous excursions in the Princeton down the Potomac, assigning as a reason his fears of some disaster from the big cannon. It was only by much persuasion that his prejudices were surmounted, and he prevailed upon to unite with other members of the Cabinet, and many personal friends, in accompanying the President on that greatly to be deplored occasion. Of this remarkable fact there can be no doubt, for I have it from one who heard it from the Secretary's own lips, wondering at the same time that an individual possessed of so much good sense and strong nerve should permit his fears or prejudices thus to influence him."

While going down to the Princeton in the morning, Com. Kennon, another of the killed, remarked to Capt. Saunders, that if any accident should befall him on this occasion, he (Capt. S.) would be the next in command at the Navy Yard.

Judge Wilkins had a similar premonition, to which he took heed, and by which his life was saved. As the fatal gun was about to be fired, he remarked pleasantly, "Though Secretary of War, I don't like this fring, and believe I shall run;" suiting the action to the word, he retreated to a place of safety. If Judge Upsper or Com. Kennon had heeded their premonitions, so plain, so powerful that they were uttered, and in the face of the ridicule with which they were met, they too would have been saved. So loud was the voice of this spiritual monitor in Judge Upsper, that he could hardly be persuaded to go on board, and when on board, could only talk of "dead bodies." These facts are undoubted. Their inferences are palpable. These facts are recent and striking, but they are by no means alone.

REV. D. DAMON'S PREDICTION.

The Bay State Democrat of last evening announces the death on Sunday morning, of the Rev. David Damon, Pastor of the Unitarian Society at West Cambridge. He was engaged at Reading on Friday afternoon last, in preaching a funeral sermon, when he was attacked with a fit of apoplexy, which has thus proved fatal. A short time since, while delivering an address at a consecration of a rural cemetery at West Cambridge, he made the remark, that possibly he should be the first to repose in death beneath its shades; and the words of the speaker have literally proved true!—Courier.

A MURDERER DETECTED.

Miss Martin was killed by her sweetheart, Wm. Corder, and buried in a barn at Ipswich, England; and he left for London. Her mother-in-law dreamed three nights in succession, that she had been killed and her body buried in a certain red barn. Her dreams alone induced a search in the barn, where they discovered the body, and in the exact place where she dreamed it was, and dressed in men's clothes, as she dreamed it was dressed. The murderer was executed in 1827.

MRS. MC COY'S PREMONITION.

The mother of McCoy, the Sabbath before he was killed in the ring at White Plains, while lying down to rest, was awakened by a horrible dream, which so terrified her that she sprang from her bed, and ran into the room where the rest of the family were, exclaiming, "I see him horribly beaten, the blood gushing from his head with great fury." The next Tuesday, he was beaten till he was blind, and died from profuse bleeding.

A WOMAN'S PRESENTIMENTS.

A highly nervous woman insisted that her sons should tackle up one cold night, and go a certain distance, in a certain direction, where they would find some persons in distress. She had had other premonitions, which they had found to be as she directed, and therefore went, and found some persons who had been turned over in the snow, and but for this timely assistance would have perished. With her, such prophecies were so common, and so certain, that her family always followed her visions, because they always found them so uniformly correct.

MRS. ADAMS'S FOREWARNING OF HER HUSBAND'S MURDER.

The wife of the Adams who was murdered by Colt dreamed two successive nights, before the murder, that she saw the lifeless corpse of her husband, all mangled, wrapped in a sail, and packed away in a box. She told this to her husband, and remonstrated almost with frantic earnestness the last time he went out, to prevent his going, urging as her sole reason, that he would be murdered. So deep was the saddening impression left upon her mind, that she felt little surprised at his not returning, alleging that he had been murdered.

A PROPHECIC DREAM.

Mr. R. S. says he always dreams out anything remarkable before it happens. He dreamed one night he struck a young friend of his, and that the blood gushed out of the wound. In a day or two afterwards, this same young friend of whom he dreamed, becoming intoxicated, demanded his wages. Mr. S. refused to give them to him till he got sober, because he knew he would waste them, and told him to come sober to-morrow and he should have them. But no, he must have them then, and took up a club to beat Mr. S., who was obliged to clinch in with him in order to save himself. This young friend embraced his hands in the hair of Mr. S., and tried to choke him, till Mr. S., after remonstrating with him, and telling him he would have to hurt him, finally struck and ruptured a blood-vessel which caused copious bleeding. The young man however, recovered, and thanked Mr. S. for not paying him.

LETTER FROM THE WEST.

ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS, Aug. 10, 1856.

FRIEND NEWTON:—I drop you this brief note just to inform you that the new faith is still spreading and strengthening its hold upon the public mind in this region. True, it has not yet shown itself in anything like its full force to the public eye; but the time is near at hand when this will be the case, at least to a much greater extent than now. A public hall, together with a reading and conversational room, will doubtless be opened in this place early in autumn, which will do much to concentrate and give force to the interest in this all-absorbing question of the day. Several circles are now held, one of which I have occasionally attended. This is almost entirely made up of natives of Scotland, and I have been much interested in observing with what an earnest, vigorous grasp, the Scotch mind lays hold upon the great spiritual problem. I think it must be conceded, that if it is a national trait of the Scotch to hold firmly on to old and long cherished doctrines, they are equally earnest in their pursuit of new truth, when it is once fairly before them. Hence it may be inferred, that although at present Scotland is to a great extent closed to the leading religious movement of the present century, yet it is far from being an unpromising field of labor for the friends of the new faith. The Scotch are an impressive race, and mediums of a certain stamp would soon become numerous. There are three in the circle just spoken of,—all speaking mediums, however. Recently this circle has been resolved into a class for mutual instruction, which meets every Sunday afternoon. It has proved very interesting and instructive thus far: it is probable that it will become gradually enlarged until quite a congregation shall be assembled on these occasions. On last Sunday the subject for consideration was prayer, and while some little parleying was going on as to who should lead in the discussion, one of the mediums was influenced, and a very handsome and appropriate introduction was thus furnished for us. I send you the substance of this as taken down by the scribe, which you can publish if you think best. It is a fair sample of what we have been receiving constantly for many months, and of which we have enough recorded to fill a good sized volume.

Fraternally yours, H. S.

COPY OF THE COMMUNICATION REFERRED TO ABOVE.

"As the soul becomes a fit receptacle for the truth that is in heaven, it naturally inspires the draft from thence. This inspiration nourishes the soul, and makes it a fruitful vine, a beautiful evergreen, ever enriched with thoughts from above, ever receiving within the essence from heaven, that essence which pervadeth all and everywhere in God's universe, even on the earth as full as in heaven. God is everywhere present, and if we turn to him we shall inspire his spirit, which will make us what the saints in heaven are now. It will bring us to a knowledge of our true relation to God the Father of spirits; it will bring us to feel our sonship with him who was crucified; it too will give us that spirit of adoption whereby we cry, "Abba, Father." This is the true spirit of prayer.

Until we feel our relationship to the benignant Father of all, we cannot pray in spirit and in truth. If we feel alienated from him who is our Father, we are far removed in spirit from his presence. As soon as we become aware of our real inheritance, we are in a condition to come before an omnipotent God, craving help and wisdom and love to be infused in our beings. Prayer is natural to the sons of God. As natural is it to the sons of God to pray to their Father in heaven, as it is for your sons on earth to look unto their fathers to satisfy their earthly wants and desires, attracted naturally to you for such. The sons of God are attracted naturally to him for food to their souls. Meditation is the bud that springs from the evergreen. Prayer is the flower in bloom. Wisdom, love and all good from above are the fruit of the flower.

Oh, lift all your spirits in true communion with the Father of spirits. Learn to feel your relationship to him who is your life; then will prayer naturally flow from out your very souls, spontaneously bursting through the veil of death that overshadows the darkened mind.

The Father needeth not to be implored, but it is a law in nature that the child so soon as born crieth for sustenance, from the parent from which it sprang. It is also a law in nature, that so soon as your spirits are born, so soon as you receive the spirit of adoption whereby you will feel that you are his sons, so soon will your spirits crave sustenance from your Father in heaven.

Carry out the subject in your own minds, there is aid waiting you."

Mankind too often wed opinions, and, having taken them for better or worse, conceive it a point of honor to maintain them ever after—although reason and truth sue for a divorce.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

BY CORNELIA M. DOWLING.

A baby bright, in drapery white, Asleep in its cradle lay, When stooping swift on her pinion wild, An angel tenderly kissed the child, And sweetly then the little one smiled, Asleep in the twilight grey.

A maiden fair, with her golden hair, And eye with a dancing ray, Heard wondrous words from the tempter bold, Who would win her priceless pearl for gold, But the angel spake in her tones of old, And the maiden turned away.

In anguish bowed a child in a shroud, A mother knelt in her woe, For she knew that her darling forever had flown, And sadly she wept in her sorrow alone, But the angel sang in her own sweet tone, And the tear-drops ceased to flow.

In deepening night, in the cold moonlight, An aged one peacefully lay, For Death in his snow-white mantle was there, And his breath gathered damp on her silvery hair, But the angel stood waiting her spirit to bear, So silently passing away.

Forever at rest in the land of the blest, Sweet home to the ransomed given, A spirit smiled in her robes of white, And sweetly sang with the angel bright, Who had left her home in the realms of light, To guide her up to heaven.

Does not the above poem plainly sanction the idea of angelic ministrations? Is not that truth the golden thread on which every word is strung? From title to termination, it is the burden of each sentence, as every candid mind will admit. Then what plainer, more direct endorsement need we ask of the grand, central idea in the belief of Spiritualists? Yet it is copied from a paper professing to discredit spirit-manifestations,—one which loses no opportunity to cast ridicule and derision on our faith and its professors. Even the identical column containing this sweet little effusion, is marred by a low slur, intended to be a witty hit at its Spiritualist neighbor.—When next the author of that paragraph writes anything funny, will he have the goodness to insert a parenthesis to tell "where the laugh comes in?" as it really might trouble persons with a less lively sense of the droll than he, to discover his exquisite humor.

But to return to the poem. Does it mean something or nothing? Is it a jingle of rhymes, a pretty tinkle of meaningless sounds to amuse the outward ear; or is it, as it would seem, the silver voice of verity's trumpet calling up echoes in the deep soul? If the former,—if it only have the merit of "Ding, dong, bell!" and kindred "Mother Goose" melodies, why should so dignified and pious a paper give its valuable space to such a production? If, on the contrary, it embodies a beautiful truth, why deride that in plain prose which is hugged to the bosom in poetry? Verily, consistency is a precious jewel! We suggest it as a topic to some of the Olive Branch's poetical contributors. Perchance were its charms displayed in verse, our neighbor would better appreciate its beauty and value.

FAMINE OF THE WORD OF LIFE.

There is a famine in the land! Not of bread, which maketh the people mourn, but of spiritual food which nourisheth the soul, and buildeth up unto eternal life. Behold! the days come, saith the Lord God, that I will send a famine in the land, not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the words of the Lord. They shall run to and fro to seek the word of the Lord, and shall not find it. This is one of the fearful predictions of the Bible, and may not the American Church take the alarm from it? Religion throughout the country shows itself comparatively a weak and inefficient instrumentality, a system of denominational partyism, and a struggling of the sects for predominant position and power one above another. The name is seen everywhere. The church-tower points above, and witnesses that the temples of Jehovah are in the land. These, too, are expressive signs. But what are temples, and ministers, and rituals, if the bread of life is not dispensed from them to the perishing and dying of earth? The mere show or the glitter of gorgeous service, cannot be satisfying to the hungry soul. The starving, miserable being who implores for bread, cares nothing for the splendid mansion. He wants food, and he must perish without it. So it is with the soul thirsting for the waters of life. It is the pure, sustaining aliment which it seeks, the righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, of which the Kingdom of God consists, and for the dispensation of which the Lord has provided ample means through his Church and the ministry. Why, then, should this famine of the word of life prevail? Let our pulpits, and the ministers who occupy them, answer! Let professing Christians, almost drowned in worldliness, and spiritless as the marble statue, answer! Millions are perishing while the granaries are full and running over, and while He who is the Bread of Life is opening his bowels of mercies to the race. The famine is sore upon the land. We see its effects everywhere, in the Church and out of it. The poor, emaciated spiritual skeleton, who has not life enough left to approach the altar of mercy, shows it. Sickly and fainting churches, filled with pride and vainglory, which are fed on husks, demonstrate the absence of the Bread of Life. The ministers of Christ who gather no fruit from their planting, and who spend their strength on worldly themes for naught, show how terrible is the famine in the fields they attempt to cultivate. "My leanness rising up in me, beareth witness to my face," said Job; and may not this be said, also, of all these? May the Lord of the harvest pour upon His people the early and the latter rain, and the voice of gladness and rejoicing be heard throughout His Church.—Buffalo Christian Advocate.

TOUCHING INCIDENT.—A fair-haired, bright, beautiful girl, between the age of four and five years, belonging to Mr. Winchester, wandered from her home one day last week, and happening to be missed, search was made for her, and when found she was at the edge of the mill-pond, drowned. She had gathered a beautiful bouquet of wild flowers which grow so luxuriantly there on the banks, and they were grasped tightly in her right hand; her little body was lifted out, life had fled, but the flowers were not removed from her grasp, and when she was laid on her last resting-place her hands were crossed over her breast with the flowers resting there, fit emblem of the pure spirit which had fled from the tenement around which friends were mourning.—St. Paul's Democrat.

TOLERANCE VERSUS INTOLERANCE.

How surprising the tenacity with which men hold on to time-honored customs, opinions and institutions—No matter how baseless, how illy adapted to the wants, or how inimical to the interests of mankind, they are cherished as some dear idol of the heart, and cling to it to life itself.

In no country or among no class of religionists—Pagan idolaters or Catholic arrogants, Mahometan zealots or Jesuitic clandestines—do we find the spirit of proscription more sanguinarily alive than in Protestant Christendom. Its mode of manifestation, however, has been vastly modified by the onward march of civil liberty and the extension of education; so that now, while we barely escape the horrors of the inquisition, the liberal or Spiritualist does not escape all the damning influences a bigoted and superstitious fraction or faction of ignorant worshippers can array against him.

One would be led to think, by hearing the special claims of the Christian believer, that he really flatters himself possessed of all truth, and nothing but the truth; and that there never was, is, nor can be any valid question to such claim. Claiming, as well he may, the highest light of the past, he forthwith arrogates to himself exemption from the charge of sustaining any fundamental and damning error. The thing cannot be. "We are right and we know we are right." And why? "Because our grandpas and papas and every body else believed just as we do, and we believe just as they do, and, of course, must be right. It's no use to talk with you infidels. Our priest keeps us posted, and we know just where to place you—conspicuously in our highest contempt, and under the weight of all the adverse influences we can marshal against you."

Practically, I ask, is not this too strikingly true?—Then O, blush on Christian professions! and shame on such high pretensions! Christianity, if I am able rightly to interpret its spirit, emphatically demands the broadest charity. For what else was its founder persecuted to the death, but for the promulgation of liberal principles? It was no spirit of conservatism or exclusiveness, but rather a broad philanthropy, unbounded charity and a labor of love for all, irrespective of religion or caste, that exasperated and raised the indignation of Church and State, and led to his arrest and painful death by an infuriated mob. It is claimed Jesus was without sin. He was then hated for his virtues. Is it impossible the like should happen in our time,—that individuals should be hated for their virtues? Alas! we think we hazard nothing in the assertion that often the most deadly hatred is cherished against the greatest virtue. An insane jealousy, stimulated by selfishness and unchecked by fear, tends directly to hatred and death. Cases might be cited which have fallen under the writer's observation, the recital of which would lead too widely from his present purpose. Nor were it needful. The reader is doubtless acquainted with many striking and sad exemplifications of what is affirmed.

It is not Christianity nor its founder we would assail, but its ignorant and misguided professors. Its unprincipled, selfish and designing leaders we condemn. "Blind leaders of the blind,"—let both fall into the ditch of condemnation together, and utterly vanish before the light of that divine life now being begotten in the hearts of men. The night of error shall, in the ages to come, be succeeded by "the perfect day." Already the world hastens to the morning light. Here and there appear bright constellations of liberated souls, freed with a love of truth, wisdom, goodness, love and beauty, ready to do battle for the right; and no arm raised against them shall prosper. They are mighty through the truth, and the sustaining ministry of angels for the redemption of man. Under Spiritualism a new philosophy awaits us. As in the material world no particle of matter is lost, so in the spiritual all heretofore considered lost are to be given back. And in the restitution of all things is restored the harmony of the race; and in harmony oneness or unity; in unity completeness; in completeness all possible perfection: in perfection bliss, and in bliss endless progression.

From the effects of our proximity, or, in other words, awakening consciousness of spiritual existence we may argue incalculable good—the dawn of a new and vastly more progressive era. Every thing is now to be brought to the test of spiritual investigation,—the chaff severed from the wheat, and the hay, wood and stubble consumed by the fire of truth. Spiritualism is destined to overtop and outstride all other agencies in moulding the future destiny of man. It enters, as it were, with a divine prerogative into the private circle of families and open court of kings and potentates, commanding attention and respect, while it demolishes their idols and rebukes their follies. Like the frogs in Egypt, it is bound to find its way into all our theological kneading-troughs, and with equal certainty will determine the future texture and complexion of their sentiments. The car is onward, and we be to him who would obstruct its progress! This I know may appear like confident boasting—But the die is cast. Human inquiry is almost universally awakened, never again to slumber. Hourly the mighty throbbings of the great heart of humanity deepen. Its humanitarian pulsations are being wafted on every breeze and to every clime. Constantly multiplying media are heralding the news of the new—rather, old gospel resuscitated—the gospel of "good-will to man."

What good news? The song or story of good news has been rung in our ears for centuries, and with little significance. Now it begins to assume a tangibility that leaves no conjecture. A few words will tell the story. The good news is,—the undying energies of Heaven and earth combined, to bless man. Excuse my digression. I wish to invite attention to

that proscriptive and intolerant spirit so common and so baneful in its influence. If Spiritualism does nothing to save her votaries from this spirit, and to beget that charity that suffereth long and is kind—is not easily provoked—that thinketh no evil—hoped all things, suffereth all things and endureth all things—according to each and to all that freedom, that honor and kindness each would himself receive, then but little, if, indeed, anything reformatory, worth the mention, has yet been gained over our former social condition. Nothing short of the absolute right of the individual to obey his convictions of right—however widely he may differ from all others, so long as he does not thereby necessarily disturb the peace and abridge the rights of others—is demanded as the only tenable ground for Spiritualists. All limitations tend directly or indirectly to falsehood. Theoretically speaking, freedom is the absolutely necessary prerequisite condition to truthful and harmonious relations. It is not from freedom our enmities, jealousies, discords and strifes arise, but from a state of bondage. A state of freedom is the remedy for our discords and strifes. When man comes fully to realize he does not own himself he will be more modest of his claims to anything else.

With our present limitations it was impossible to equalize the wealth of the world so as to prevent poverty; and with poverty, crime its inevitable concomitant. If the reader will but ponder these, to us almost self-evident propositions, for a season, he cannot, we think, fail to recognize their truthfulness, and find pleasure in cultivating, without let or hindrance, the spirit of unqualified toleration.

There is no use in being mealy-mouthed, or disguising the matter. The fact is, the world is even yet down side up and wrong side out, and must be set right. Every man thinks it unsafe to trust his brother, and each in his turn must suffer from his neighbor's officiousness. It must be remembered, however, that the world is a baby yet, and hardly dares go alone. Thanks to Heaven for signs of strength and manliness! A few more rolling years and men shall blush to know they come so late learn they are brothers.

"Who sees in man a brother, Himself a brother is— Nor needs he more than this to know,— A brother's ills,—to lift him from his woe." N. H. SWAIN.

Columbus, (O.) August 18, 1856.

THE AVENGING ANGEL.

We remember to have seen a picture many years ago, representing a murder scene upon a desert plain. A man was lying upon the ground, dead, while his murderer had turned to flee from the spot. No human eye was there to see the deed enacted, but resting upon his shoulders, with an upraised sword in her right hand, was the avenging angel, destined to pursue, with unrelenting watchfulness, the murderer to his doom. The picture made a deep impression upon our mind, and for an allegorical scene was better expressive of a great fact than anything we have ever seen. We know it is a fact that no sin goes without its reward; that however concealed from the eye of the world, hidden in caves or buried in the earth where the leaves may fall and cover it, one knows the sin—the sinner himself—and in that knowledge there is a torture to him worse than exposure, where his secret is divided with the great world. We know of the certainty of punishment in some manner, but it is hard to comprehend the invisible agencies at work to secure the ends of justice. We are often astonished at the seemingly miraculous discovery of crimes that the best efforts of villanous ingenuity have long studied to conceal. This ingenuity itself is often the means of its own detection. A word, a look, a gesture, will awaken a train of suggestions that may lead directly to a discovery of wickedness that years of silence and darkness have rested on. The question may well be asked, if the idea embodied by the painter or above alluded to, is not a fact? May there not be an avenging spirit that springs up from a sin to follow its perpetrator, whose mission and power are revealed in the mysteries of detection, that so bewilders us by their strangeness? The facts seem to warrant such a belief, and many "Providences," so regarded, may be an exhibition of the spirit deputy of avenging justice—implacable justice—that admits of no palliation. Should we be convinced of this fact, let us watch ourselves well, and do nothing that shall draw upon us this invisible attendant, a belief in whose presence only would carry a punishment with it hard to bear. We should rather have the company of the benignant angels that come to men in pleasant consciences and beautiful thoughts—those that come to men in their dreams and wave their white wings above the sleepers, and breathe the airs of heaven upon their heads? We must be good to be happy.

THE MUSES.

The Muses are described in Mythology as daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne. They were believed to preside over poetry, music, and all the liberal arts and sciences, and were generally allowed to be nine in number. Calliope presided over epic poetry and eloquence, and is represented as holding a loose-rolled parchment, and sometimes a trumpet. Clio was the goddess of history, and is represented holding a half-open scroll. Melpomene, the inventress and goddess of tragedy, represented as holding a tragic mask, or bowl and dagger. Erato presided over lyric, tender, and amorous poetry. She is represented as crowned with roses and myrtle, holding a lyre in her hand. Terpsichore was the goddess of dancing, and is represented crowned with laurel and holding a musical instrument. Urania, the muse of astronomy, is represented as holding a globe and a rod, with which she points out objects. Thalia was the patroness of comedy. She was called "The Blooming One," with fair flowing hair, and generally holds a comic mask. Polymnia, the ninth muse, presided over singing and rhetoric. She was represented veiled in white, holding a sceptre in her left hand, and with her right raised, as if ready to harangue. When the sun shines, let a few rays find their way to thy heart, and thou shalt have wherewith to battle the storm and the tempest.

DARK HOURS.

For not a whole month of the millions that have passed, perhaps the sun shone brilliantly all the time. Thick clouds have overshadowed the earth at noon-day, and there have been cold, stormy days in every year; and yet the clouds have passed away, and the earth has presented a fresher aspect after the storm. The fierce lightning, that with forked tongue flashed across the sky, has purified the air; the tempest and whirlwind have lost their power to harm. What a parable is all this of human life—of our inside world, where the heart is working at its destined labors.

There, too, we have the overshadowings of dark hours—hours that make the history of every year—cold blasts that chill the heart to its very core, the tempest, the whirlwind of passion, uprooting the plantings of affection, blasting the buildings of hope, making desolate the beautiful garden that our fancy had planted; quenching the enkindled flame of love, even at the altar. But what of all this? Should man despair, should he cease toiling and hoping? should he sink within himself and become a cynic and a misanthrope? No!

Though storm after storm sweeps over the earth, bearing destruction in its course, she ceases not to put forth her verdure, to yield her support to the tree that shall bear fruit after its kind. The herb, the tree, the plant shall grow to-day, though to-morrow the whirlwind shall bear them away on its wings.

Can man lose sight of this lesson? Man that is born a hero, can he for a moment believe that the stream of life shall flow on forever in a broad and even channel, with no obstructions to disturb the placidity of its waters? If he does, he must also believe that he is a nonentity in the world; for misfortunes are the lot of genius, and troublesome times are the cradles of great men. It is only by darkness and storms that heroism gains its greatest development and illustration. That it kindles the black cloud into a blaze of glory, and the storm bears it more rapidly to its destiny.

Wherefore then, should we despair? As long as there is ground for hope, cherish it; as long as one good power is yours, use it. Failure may attend this effort and that one; disappointment may greet us, where we expect to meet nothing but success, but despair not; time has been but variations of the common fate of man, our condition is as good as that of our neighbor, if we would but believe it. Look to thyself, then, and thine own concerns, for

"Life is not all a fleeting dream, Nor all a meteor flash, a rainbow gleam, A bubble on the floating stream."

There is work, work to be done, and every hour brings with it some allotted task. Dark hours will come, but ever set before the noble ends to be attained by noble means, and thou shalt have a gleam of hope, yea, a sure promise of success even in the deepest affliction, the sorest trials, for the Lord God is a sun and a shield; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

FORM AND POWER.

The saddest sight upon which one's soul ever looks in this world, is the corpse of religion. A desolate and decaying dwelling, a deserted temple, a lifeless human body, are all dark and sorrowful objects of contemplation, but, to the appreciating soul, none of them compare with the dead form of religion, in raising emotions of deep sadness. The more beautiful the dwelling left to decay, the more grand and magnificent the deserted and mouldering temple, and the more perfect the spiritless human form, the more profound the feelings of sorrowing desolation in contemplating the wreck. The same principle holds good with reference to the dead body of religion. We think of the high, pure soul that might have animated with a divine life, this dead form, and weep for its loss. We let reason speak of the good deeds this form might have put forth to bless the race, and our regrets are boundless. The more magnificent the form, the more ghastly the spiritual impression. The more numerous these forms, the more is the religious atmosphere impregnated with a death-like spirit. Religious forms, where the spirit has fled, stalk like corpses through the aisles of our churches. Their stony hearts send forth no pulsations for good. They are like the dream of the Prophet in the Valley of Vision, mere fleshless bones. Relying upon them for overcoming evil, is like relying upon a regiment of corpses to fight. Their votaries wander over life, as if in a funeral procession. Action is the only executive power in religion. Ceremony can never convey life, and forms when dead, ought to be buried.—Reformer.

LETTERS RECEIVED, NOT OTHERWISE ACKNOWLEDGED.—L. Smith, N. E. Crittenden, J. Jesselyn, J. W. Kennedy, J. Warren.

DR. J. B. DODDS, will lecture in Welles Hall, Lowell, the first and second Sundays in September.

DR. A. B. CHILDS, will deliver a lecture next Sunday morning, at No. 15 Brattle street. Subject—Commerce as opposed to Christianity. Every Sunday, morning, afternoon and evening, and Saturday evenings, there will be lectures or trances speaking at this place. Admittance free.

S. C. HEWITT, will lecture in Hanson, Mass., on Sunday, Aug. 31st. The meetings will be held in the Universalist Meeting House, morning, afternoon and evening.

CONVENTION IN VERMONT.

There will be another Convention in South Royalton, Vermont, on the three last day of August, 1856; commencing upon Friday the twenty-ninth, and closing on Sunday the thirty-first. All Spiritualists and all who are sufficiently interested in the subject of Spiritualism are kindly invited to attend. It is intended that this assembly shall be one in which the friends who are separated by distance may meet in joyful congratulations, and while rejoicing in the "truth that has made them free," participate in free and orderly discussion, and in the collection of facts relating to man's identity beyond the grave and his ability to "minister unto us." The above invitation is extended to the foes of this glorious truth, that they may give us light, theologically or theoretically, practically or philosophically, if they will be so generous or so interested, however, that the time shall be squandered in bearing with those who desire to flout the subject and turn the facts of Spirit Manifestation into the vale of darkness. Let us come for good. It is furthermore not expected that any one is to convert the occasion into a "Benefit" in dollars and cents. Suitable arrangements will be made for the accommodation of the friends. Houses will be furnished for those who wish to board themselves, and a Public House will receive the rest at a fair rate. We anticipate a larger gathering than last year's even. We have selected South Royalton as the place for this meeting for many good reasons which need not now be enumerated. D. TARBELL, JR., ABBE BENNETT, JOHN D. POWERS, JOHN PARKER, AUSTIN E. SIMMONS.

So. Royalton, Aug. 4, 1856.

DR. HENRY C. GORDON, of Philadelphia, widely known as a clairvoyant and physical medium, of extraordinary characteristics, is at present stopping at the Fountain House in this city. He is engaged in giving sittings for spiritual phenomena every evening at the Association Rooms, No. 15 Brattle St.

Mrs. W. B. COAN, extensively known as an excellent test and physical medium, now in Maine, informs us that she designs to visit the principal towns and cities of New England, on her return to New York, after the first of September. She requests friends in any place who wish her to take their localities in her way, to address her at Exeter, Me., until the above date.

GEORGE ATKINS, will be in Portland, and the vicinity, until the middle of September, and will lecture (under spirit influence) and attend to the sick wherever his services may be desired in Maine, until that time. He may be addressed in care of Bela Marsh, Boston.

CALVIN HALL will be at Stafford Hollow, Conn., from Monday until Wednesday, and at Stafford Springs the rest of the week, for four weeks from the 18th of this month.

DR. JOHN BOYER DODS will remain in Boston for a few weeks, and is prepared to answer calls for lectures in the vicinity. Letters may be addressed to the care of A. E. Newton, 15 Franklin St.

MR. REDMAN will be absent from his rooms for a short time, after the 10th inst., on a visit to the West.

BRO. D. F. GODDARD of Chelsea, Mass., will be ready to respond to calls for lectures upon Spiritualism, its phenomena, philosophy, and practicalities, anywhere in the State of New Hampshire, until the first Sunday in September. Letters addressed to him in Manchester, N. H., care of Joel Page, will be promptly attended to.

CALVIN HALL will be in Westfield, Mass., Mondays and Tuesdays; Chicopee Falls, Wednesdays and Thursdays; Springfield, Fridays and Saturdays, for four weeks from the 14th inst.

MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND will give clairvoyant examinations and sittings if desired by her friends in the towns she is about visiting. The sick and suffering may thus receive benefit.

MRS. R. M. HENDERSON, Psychometric delineator of character, and trance speaker, Newtown, Conn.

LECTURERS NOW IN THE FIELD. The following are the names and addresses of the principal public advocates of Spiritualism who are now in the field in New England:

- DR. JOHN MAYHEW, of New York, may be addressed at this office.
J. W. H. TOOMEY, of New York, late editor of Christian Spiritualist, may be addressed at Salem, Mass., Box 219.
J. J. LOCKE, of South Reading, (Liberty Grove) Mass.
JOHN M. SPEAR, may be addressed care of Wm. P. Spear, 15 Franklin St., Boston.
MISS C. M. BEEBE, of South Boston, reads lectures written by spirit agency.
MISS A. W. SPRAGUE, of Plymouth, Vt., Trance Speaker.
MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND (formerly Mrs. Newton), of Bridge-water, Vt., Trance Speaker.
MRS. H. F. HUNTLEY, of Paper Mill Village, N. H., Trance Speaker.
MRS. R. M. HENDERSON, Trance Speaker, Newtown, Conn.
MRS. JOHN PUFFER, Trance Speaker, No. Hanson, Mass. (Mrs. Puffer also examines and prescribes for disease).

AUSTIN E. SIMMONS, of Woodstock, Vt., Trance Speaker. ALLEN PUTNAM, Esq., of Roxbury, Mass., will receive applications to repeat his lectures on Mesmerism, Spiritualism, and Witchcraft.

N. S. GREENLEAF, Haverhill, Mass., Trance Speaker. H. P. FAIRFIELD, Wilbraham, Mass., Trance Speaker. GIBSON SMITH, South Shaftsbury, Vt.

S. C. HEWITT, formerly editor of the New Era, lectures on Spiritualism as a Science, as clearly proved as chemistry, or any of the natural sciences. Also on its Philosophy and its Uses, embracing as may be demanded in any locality, much or little of the wide range of earnest thought and vital truth which this vast and important subject affords. He may be addressed at 15 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Let it be understood that in announcing these names, we make no endorsement of the teachings of these several speakers. Those who speak in the normal state are expected to present their individual views of truth, each in his or her own way; while those who are used as instruments for disembodied intelligences do not themselves undertake to be responsible for what is spoken. Truth must bear her own credentials.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON AND VICINITY.

MEETINGS IN CHAPMAN HALL.—NEW ARRANGEMENT. Meetings will be held in this Hall, Chapman place, leading from School street, on Sundays, at 3 and 7 1/2 P. M., for the investigation and discussion of Spiritualism, and all the great questions which pertain to the happiness of man, present and future.—The meeting will be conducted by the subscriber, who will invite speakers to take part in the discussions. Persons from abroad, and friends knowing of suitable persons who will speak, will please give their address to the Chairman. Admission free, 5 cents. Circles for Development, &c. in the morning at 10 o'clock. Admittance to the circles, 5 cents, as usual.

The subject for consideration next Sunday afternoon will be the question, Does the opposition to the extension of Slavery arise from the love of justice and liberty? P. L. BLACKER.

MEETINGS IN BRATTLE STREET, No. 15, at the Hall of the "Spiritual Association," on Sundays, morning and afternoon. Speaking usually by entranced mediums—exercises expected to be of a religious character. Admittance free. Rooms open at all times during the week for information respecting Spiritualism, interviews with mediums, sale of books and papers, &c.

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening, at Guild's Hall, corner of Hawthorn and Bellingham streets. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

A. C. STILES, M. D., would hereby give notice, that after the 1st of Sept. his terms will be as follows:—For Clairvoyant Examinations and Prescription \$2; if by a lock of hair \$3. For Psychometric Delineation of Character with Conjugal adaptations \$2. Bridgeport, Aug. 20.

On and after September first my terms for examination will be \$5.00 when present, \$8.00 for locks of hair, all subsequent examinations \$2.00. WM. E. RICE, Clairvoyant.

Drs. A. G. FELLOWS and U. CLARK. Test examinations and Spiritual treatment of Disease, Character, Development, and all that pertains to human need. Office 195 Bowery, New York. Residence, 6 Lewis Place, Williamsburg, L. I. Persons writing will remit, according to their means, from \$1 to \$10. Address in care of Partridge & Brittan, 342 Broadway, New York.

NOW READY. THE PENETRATOR;

Being HARMONIAL ANSWERS TO IMPORTANT QUESTIONS; A NEW WORK,

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, Just Published by BELA MARSH,

15 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

In the preface Mr. Davis says: "From time to time during the past three years, the Author has been interrogated on almost every topic; frequently by letter, sometimes orally, and naturally by the subjects themselves; and this volume is designed as a response to such questions as have appeared to him of the greatest importance to mankind." Those who have read the proof sheets, pronounce this to be the most original, attractive, and useful Work ever written by this voluminous Author and it reveals some of his most private spiritual experiences.

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This excellent Volume, containing 328 pages octavo, is issued on good paper, and well bound. To be had wholesale and retail of the Publisher, BELA MARSH. Price \$1. Single copies sent by mail on the receipt of 51 and 8 postage stamps.

SPECIAL AGENT OF THE SPIRITUALIST.—MR. WM. SPEAR will visit several places in this vicinity, for the purpose of obtaining additions to our subscription-list. Friends of the SPIRITUALIST in the places he may visit, will confer a favor on us by lending him any assistance in their power, and by commending the paper to such as are becoming interested in the movement of the day.

MR. SPEAR will spend a few weeks, in Maine, after Aug. 11th. He is commended to the confidence and aid of our friends in that section.

MEDIUMS IN BOSTON.

Test Medium. MR. G. A. BENHAM has removed to No. 15 West street, near Washington, where he will receive company from 9 to 12 A. M., from 2 to 5, and from 8 to 10 P. M., daily, Sundays excepted. Public circles on Monday and Thursday evenings only, at 8 to 10, at 50 cents each person.

Mrs. B. K. LITTLE, (formerly Miss Ellis), Reading, Writing, and Trance Medium, has opened rooms at No. 48 Elliot street. Private sittings daily. Hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and 7 to 9 P. M. Terms 50 cents each person. N. B.—Clairvoyant Examinations, \$1.00.

Mrs. J. H. CONANT, Spirit Medium, has removed to No. 2 Central Court (leading from Washington street, just above Summer street) where she will attend to visits of her friends.

Please enter, and walk up stairs without ringing the bell.

Mrs. W. R. HAYDEN, Rapping, Writing, Healing and Test Medium, No. 5 Hayward Place, Boston. Mrs. Hayden has great powers as HEALING MEDIUM, and will devote a portion of her time daily for that purpose. Professor Hays' opinion of Mrs. Hayden as a Medium, is that she has great confidence in Mrs. Hayden as a sincere, conscientious Medium, and recommends her as being of the highest order. ROBERT HAYZ.

Healing and Spirit Vision. T. H. PRABODY, Healing Medium Mrs. T. H. PRABODY, Trance Medium, 64 Hudson street, Boston.

Miss E. D. STARKVENTER, Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium, residence No. 6 Barre place, out of Elliot, near Washington. Terms, 50 cents each person for an hour's sitting. Hours from 9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

N. B.—Public circle on Monday and Wednesday evenings at 8 o'clock. Terms, 25 cents each visitor. Evening sittings with families, if desired.

IN NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

Mrs. Mary Sedgwick, Union street, North Adams, Mass., will devote a portion of time to the examination of diseases and prescriptions for the same. Also healing by the laying on of hands; spirit-manifestations and teaching. Hours from 9 to 11 A. M., 2 to 4, and 7 to 9 P. M. Private sittings \$1.00 each person. Public 50 cents each person at 8 o'clock.

A daughter who is a discerner of spirits will give attention.

IN WARE, MASS.

Mrs. Almada Dexter, Healing Medium, gives notice that she will be at her brother's, in Ware, Mass., three days of each week, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, for the purpose of examining cases of disease. Charges—For examination and prescriptions when the patient is present, 50 cents; by letter, \$1.00.

General Advertisements.

A. C. STILES, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Bridgeport, Ct., Independent Clairvoyant, and Psychometric Delineator of perfect normal condition, but is not permitted to give a superior development of his powers, enable him clearly to see the interior of the human system of the individual patient, and also prescribe the disease and feelings of the individual as thousands can testify. Terms—For examination and prescription, \$2.00. For a lock of hair, \$3.00. For Psychometric Delineation of Character, \$2.00; to obtain this, the autograph of the individual must be secured. To secure attention the money must always accompany the letter.

DR. ABBOTT'S MEDICINES.

OUR CHOLERA CORDIAL can be depended on to cure Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery—has been in constant use since the Cholera Season of 1832. PRITCHARD'S CORDIAL will cure debility, faintness, the stomach, and the bowels, and is an excellent Tonic Cordial. OUR PANACIA will cure Coughs, Colds, and Croup. A CHOLERA CORDIAL will cure the Canker in the Mouth and Stomach and Canker Humors in the Blood.—FEMALE RESTORATIVE—For Female Debility. P. S. Spiritual and Mesmeric Prescriptions put up with care. J. & BENJ. F. ABBOTT, 214 Hanover st.

COAL AND WOOD. Allen Putnam & Co., of Roxbury had an assortment of COAL AND WOOD, which will be delivered in Roxbury or Boston at the fair market price. Approved orders at the A. B. CHILD, M. D., DENTIST, No. 15 TREMONT Street, Boston, Mass.

HEALING INFIRMARY. DOCTOR HARRON cures Can-

cer with caustic, and with but little pain and inconvenience to patients, by applying a caustic which has a chemical action, destroying the vitality of the cancer, causing a separation between the integuments over it, and an opening of the integuments over it, so that in a few days the tumor will exude, root and branch. The opening in the flesh thus made heals up in a short time, soundly, leaving no traces of the cancer behind. Over 200 cases have been cured by this process. The Doctor continues to attend to the cases of Erysipelas, and all cases, in which he has had great success. Call and satisfy yourselves of the unremitting effort and to us mission of the Doctor to conquer and subdue disease in the fallow man. REUBEN BARRON, Botanic and Clairvoyant Physician, 18-20 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

HENNIKER SPRING WATER. Persons wishing to

obtain Water from the celebrated Spring at West Henninger, N. H., are informed that they can be supplied by enclosing \$2.00 to M. VERBUR, 12 A. M., who for this sum will forward 1 lb. of the Water according to directions. 18-3w

DENTISTRY. DR. N. H. SWAIN, Dentist, Columbus,

Ohio. Satisfaction guaranteed in all cases, and prices reasonable.

STEPHEN CUTLER, HEALING MEDIUM, (formerly

of Woburn), may be found at No. 48 Central Street, Lowell. 10-9t

TENNY & COMPANY, dealers in Carpets, of every

variety of Fabric and Quality, Hall over Maine Railroad Depot, Haymarket Square, Boston.

NEW MEDICINE STORE. The subscriber has located

at Store No. 455 Washington street, for the sale of BOTANIC and BOTANIC Medicines, Roots, Herbs, Barks, Tinctures, &c. Also, Dr. XAVIER BRIDGEMAN'S, for Scrofula and all impurities of the blood. Prescriptions carefully prepared and put up. Examinations by one of the best healing mediums. FRANKLIN PUTNAM, No. 223 Washington Street, Boston.

AN ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED. Healing by

laying on of hands. CHARLES MARY, Healing Medium, has opened an Asylum for the Afflicted, at No. 95 PLEASANT STREET, corner of South street, Boston, where he is prepared to accommodate patients desiring treatment by the above process, on moderate terms. Patients desiring board should give notice in advance, that suitable arrangements may be made before their arrival. Those sending locks of hair to indicate their diseases, should include \$1.00 for the examination, with a letter stamp to prevent delay. Water from the Henninger Spring will be supplied by Dr. M.—He has been assured by intelligences from the higher spheres, that it possesses strong magnetic properties, and is useful in negative conditions of the system. Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M.

THE REMEDIES OF NATURE. Wm. E. Rice, Clair-

voyant Medium for Medical Examination. Careful and thorough examinations will be made in all cases, and prescriptions given with full directions relative to diet, habits, &c. Hours for Examinations from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M. Terms \$2.00. Office, No. 95 Hudson street, Boston.

In cases where sickness or distance prevents personal attendance, examination will be made from a lock of hair, accompanied by the name, age, and residence of the patient. In these cases, for examinations, written out in full, with prescriptions, the charge will be \$3.

LAYING HANDS ON THE SICK. Dr. W. T. Osborn,

Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, cures the sick by the laying on of hands. Chronic, Consumptive and Liver cases, which have yielded to all the best Medical Faculty, have yielded to his treatment. His success has been in most cases very marked, and such as to give him strong confidence in the healing power exercised through him. Terms for each Clairvoyant examination, \$1.00. Letters, postpaid, with a stamp enclosed, strictly attended to. Rooms No. 110 Cambridge street, 3d door east of Western Hill.

THE SICK ARE HEALED BY THE LAYING ON OF

HANDS. DR. GEORGE H. CLAPP, recently from New York, of full and complete success, and having practiced in Boston the last four years at GREAT FALLS, N. H., where he will be most happy to hear from his numerous friends and the public. Terms—Examination \$1.00 if the person is present; and in cases where a lock of hair is sent, terms for an examination, with prescription written out in full, will be \$3.00. Dr. C. would give notice to all who wish to avail themselves of the Electro-Chemical Baths, that they can do so by applying to him, which is the residence of B. D. HILLS, High street, Great Falls, N. H. 41f

HEALING AND CLAIRVOYANT PRESCRIPTIONS.

G. G. YORK, continues to heal the sick by the laying on of hands, also to give Clairvoyant examinations and prescriptions, by receiving the name, age and residence of patients in their own handwriting. He will also visit the sick whenever desired. Terms \$2.00 for examination in full, with prescriptions, strictly attended to. Rooms No.

Interesting Miscellany.

"HAND IN HAND WITH ANGELS."

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Hand in hand with angels, Through the world we go; Brighter eyes are on us Than we blind ones know: Tender voices cheer us Than we deaf will own; Never, walking heavenward, Can we walk alone.

Hand in hand with angels, Some are out of sight, Leading us, unknowing, Into paths of light. Some soft hands are covered From our mortal clasp, Soul in soul to hold us With a firmer grasp.

Hand in hand with angels, Some, alas! are prone; Snowy wings, in falling, All earth-stained have grown. Help them! though polluted And despised they lie; Weaker is your soaring When they cease to fly.

Hand in hand with angels, Oft in menial guise, By the same straight pathway High and low must rise, If we drop the fingers, Toil-embrowned and worn, Then one link from heaven From our life is torn.

Hand in hand with angels, In the busy street, By the winter hearth-fires, Everywhere we meet— Though unpledged and songless, Birds of Paradise, Heaven looks on us daily Out of human eyes.

Hand in hand with angels, Walking every day, How the chain may brighten None of us can say; Yet it doubtless reaches From earth's lowest one To the loftiest seraph Standing near the throne.

Hand in hand with angels, 'Tis a twisted chain, Winding heavenward, earthward, Up and down again. There's a painful jarring— Here's a clank of doubt, If a heart grows heavy, Or a heart's left out.

Hand in hand with angels, Blessed so to be; Helped are all the helpers; Who give light shall see. He who aids another, Blesses more than one; Linking earth, he grapples To the great white Throne.

Hand in hand with angels, Ever let them go; Clinging to the strong ones, Drawing up the slow. One electric love-stone, Thrilling all with fire, Soar we through vast ages, Higher—ever higher.

Ladies' Wreath.

THE MOSS-ROSE

The angel of the flowers, one day, Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay— That spirit to whom charge is given To bathe young buds in dews of heaven. Awaking from his light repose, The angel whispered to the Rose, "O, fondest object of my care, Still fairest found, where all are fair, For the sweet shade thou giv'st to me, Ask what thou wilt 'tis granted thee." "Then," said the Rose, with deepened glow, "On me another grace bestow."

AN APOLOGUE

BY REV. W. MOUNTFORD.

One evening a company of travellers dismounted from their dromedaries, and began to pitch their tents beside a well in the desert.

Suddenly a band of Bedouin Arabs made an assault on the tired travellers, who, after a short resistance, were overcome, and were left lying on the sand as dead. When the travellers were first attacked, one of them, an Englishman, was a little space apart from his companions gathering fuel; and became apprised of danger only by the sudden tumult, amid which his friends all perished.

At the first alarm he drew a weapon from his girdle, with which he had opportunity to have killed the nearest Arab; but he restrained his hand, thinking within himself, "The destruction of one enemy would not be my deliverance, and an unavailing death would be a murder. My God! my God! quickly shall I be at thy bar, beseeching mercy; and I would not wish to be preceded thither by a soul whom my hand had just hindered forever of repentance, having hurried it away in all the blackness of recent crime."

Whilst the traveller was thinking thus he threw his weapon from him. A few moments afterwards, the leader of the band rushed at the traveller, his green mantle streaming behind him. Mahomet's descendant had perceived the Englishman spare one of his followers, and, but for the heat of action, he would himself have spared the traveller; as it was, his hesitation weakened his blow, but the Englishman, nevertheless, fell lifeless on the sand.

When the traveller revived, the evening-star had disappeared.

At first he was uncertain whether he was on this earth or off it; for as he sat on the desert, the sands, glittering under a full moon, seemed not unlike the waters of the sea; and there was utter silence round him, unbroken by even as much noise as the wing of the night-moth makes.

But on looking towards the half-finished tents, he saw that he was alone on the desert, with nine human bodies.

And he crawled with pain from one corpse to another,

and when he came to the last, he wrung his hands in anguish, and exclaimed, "My child, my child, my brother's child!"

Many scenes of battle and murder the traveller had witnessed in his life, but nothing had ever appeared so horrible as sitting on the desert alone at midnight, the dead body of his nephew beside him, and with that murdered company lying round him.

His nephew was the traveller's only relative, and was greatly beloved by his uncle, for he was almost as loving and pure in spirit as the apostle John.

The traveller's anguish bewildered his reason, and he said within himself, "And now thou also art perished. O, my child, have our lives been delusions? Singularly religious as thou wert, was there no God nigh to prevent thy murder? My child! my child! is there no God at all! Lord, pardon me: Lord, help mine unbelief: Lord preserve me!"

In his agony the traveller covered his face with his hands: and when he removed them it seemed as though the angel Faith stood beside him.

The angel raised him from the sand, and said to him, "Sorely, very sorely, art thou tried?"

Now there is in the desert a spot sacred from human intrusion: it is the earthly dwelling-place of the angel Peace.

When the heavenly choir were returning home after having sung on earth the advent of the Lord Jesus, one of them, the angel Peace, entreated to remain on earth and co-operate with the Gospel. But there was no resting-place for her in any habitable region, since everywhere every foot of land worth possessing, was the object either of violence or jealousy; and she needed some quiet place whither to retire at seasons, and refresh her wearied spirit.

So there was allotted her a small space in the desert, and her presence made it blossom like the rose.

There is no alteration there of night and day; nor does there exist there the twilight contention of the two; for it has an atmosphere like the city of God, and has no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it.

And there exists a power round it, which unperceived turns every human foot aside, and which softens every wild beast that passes through it; the lamb there might dwell with the wolf, and the leopard and the kid lie down together. Sometimes the vulture pounces down from above the clouds, but through sweet enchantment, lights harmlessly on some lofty tree among the unfrightened doves.

To this paradise was the traveller conveyed by the angel.

And as they walked therein, the traveller saw a lovely maiden through the trees.

But when they came to her it was the angel Peace; and she was kneeling under an ancient olive-tree, with her hands clasped, and her head sunk upon her breast.

The traveller wept, so unutterably mournful seemed her attitude.

And the angel Faith took her clasped hands in his, and said, "Bless thee, sweetest sufferer."

And opening her eyes, she said, "Brother, my brother." And she arose and embraced him.

And he said to her, "Why wert thou so troubled, sister?"

And she answered, "For wars and rumors of wars."

And he said, "These thou art accustomed to; for never have they ceased one hour since the voice of Abel's blood first cried unto heaven from the ground. Sister, what new grief is thine?"

And she asked, "Dost thou not know how latterly religious names have been converted into watchwords of war; and the Gospel been made ground, on which armies meet and fight?"

Whereupon the angel Faith replied, "This all is no worse than the slaughters and oppressions which Christian priests have perpetrated for more than a thousand years. Whence, then, thy unusual anguish, sweetest sister?"

Then she made answer in a tremulous tone, and said, "There is a family, once the most blessed of the human race; while ago, the happiness of one another was their mutual concern; they had all one object, one mind and one faith. Oh! they were Christians, and they were my dear delight. But now the father is divided against the son, and the son against the father; the mother against the daughter, and the daughter against the mother. In my grief I have almost despaired of the power of goodness; and have been tempted to distrust the meaning of that prophecy, the utterance of which once made heaven ring with joy—that the kingdoms of this world should become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, and that they should reign forever. At thy coming I was in an agony of dread, lest, perhaps, this might never, never be."

The angel Faith then said, "Good sister, without my presence nigh thee, these earthly trials are some of them, as I know, greater than thy strength. Alas, I wonder not that purest spirits are sometimes bewildered here, so hardly does heaven's light reach this world lying in darkness; so full of illusions is it, and of all spiritual assaults. Heaven is insulted as wantonly as though it were empty; and at times the laws of rectitude are broken so lightly as in weak minds almost to suggest the doubt, whether there exists any eternal power to give them energy."

The angel turned to the traveller, and continued, "Thou wert so afflicted as to doubt Providence itself; like as my sister's sorrow obscured her belief in that prophecy, the glory of which is her very life."

The angel Peace reclined upon her brother Faith, and placing her hand in his, she was comforted and was joyful.

And then she strove to console the traveller; and her words were in his ear like the first sounds which bless the departed soul on reaching the gates of heaven.

And as the traveller humbly looked up to her countenance and listened, he felt his soul within him calmed and blessed.

After she had ceased speaking, the angel Faith said to her, "Now is thine anguish assuaged, but not forgotten; for as I feel thou wilt sometime remember it as the beginning of intensest joy. The contention in the earth, which grieves thee, is not so much between good men and evil men, as between the good that is in all men, and the evil from which the holiest are not exempt. If, in religion, fathers are divided against their sons, it is, that struggling separately after nobler truth,

they may be reunited in its attainment, more perfectly than before. There is not one controversial word which grieves thy gentle spirit, but contributes to a better peace than the quiet which it breaks. There is no truth or happiness among men, but has to be secured through suffering. Evil, the certain means to good, is one of the mysteries, of which this world of the human race is full; things which we desire to look into, but which we will never despair concerning; and if they exceed our comprehension, let them not at least transcend our belief."

The last sentence the angel spoke, directing his look towards the traveller, also he continued thus: "Blessed are those mortals who can accept suffering from Providence, as a pledge for the certainty of retribution hereafter. Blessed are they whom renewed sorrow attaches to God the more closely. The purest spirits which have been welcomed into heaven from earth, have most of them been fresh from affliction, some from the dungeon, some from the stake, where they had been enrobed in flame, and some from other scenes of trial, whence we had often seen them uplift their tearful eyes in trust."

The traveller's heart was filled with awe and gladness: the world and all things therein, life, and all its occurrences, had then and thenceforth a changed appearance in his eyes.

Soon afterwards, he was joined in company to a band of hadjis, returning from Mecca to the city of Cairo.

After journeying together some hours, there was discerned by its glittering, the marble summit of an Egyptian ruin: whereupon the hadjis covered their heads, and thought on Mahomet; but it was in a holier name that the English traveller folded his hands, while looking up to heaven and blessing God for deliverance.

Subsequently the traveller tasted largely of God's goodness: but he no longer regarded it as the only or the chief proof of Providence: nor any longer did crime seem to impugn the Divine Government; for, from his own abhorrence of iniquity, he had learned to infer the intensity of the Divine Holiness; and the wider grew the difference between his saintly spirit and the world's wicked doings, the firmer became his faith in God over all; since he accounted that the long-suffering of our Lord was salvation and not apathy.

"Call upon me in the day of trouble," God saith, "so will I deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

In affliction God doth always administer proportionate help, either by miracle or otherwise; and but for that help, there are experiences in this world strange enough almost to confound the very angels; for this earth is such, that even the Son of Man could send it, not peace, but a sword. Life is a wrestle, a death-struggle between the soul and the world; wherein there is no drawn battle, but in which the spirit is more than conqueror, or else perishes: legions of earthly aids are inadequate to its help; this only being "the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

In the spiritual church, there are no side entrances, as there sometimes are in those which are made of stone and man's device; the gate surmounted Faith is the only door.

It is only by welcoming every approach of Faith, that the blessed and all-blessing life of the sister-virtue Peace can be sustained in the human heart.

Some souls there are, in which philosophy can create peace, arguing first one passion, and then another, into quiet, and reasoning discontentment into silence: but mostly it is a calm only suitable to solitude: for the presence of an enemy breaks it; so does any share in social business; so does the sight of a coveted object, and commonly so will any one of the ten thousand temptations with which man is environed; the multitudinousness of their character evincing the religious necessity of his.

A philosophy is only a temporary calm; for permanent peace among the passions of the carnal mind is not possible. The soul's affections are not to be stifled, but to be sanctified; and reason cannot do it; for it is only Faith, that can. Holy power, divinest grace, omnipresent as God himself! It waits round each human being, his life through; sometimes solemnly urging a right of entrance into his heart, and at other times, and until death, patiently lingering for an opportunity; and such an occasion is every act of prayer. It is in this opening of the spirit's inmost recesses to divine inspection, that angel powers find their ingress; and chief and readiest among them, Faith, the restorer of the soul's declining faculties, the Saviour's vicegerent for administering in every time of need, that precious gift of his to man, which he bequeathed when in sight of death, saying, "Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you."

DISREGARD OF DEATH.—It is curious to watch, as I have done, the utter contempt of death with which the Turkish soldier marches to meet the foe; he knows that his destiny has been fixed since the day of his birth; he knows that he must die whenever his time comes, and that a whole park of artillery would miss him, if his destiny so decrees it; finally, he knows if he falls in battle, he will go straightway to Paradise,—and won't he be better off there than in this world of cares? The same feeling, indeed, predominates with the Turks whenever the approach of death is felt. I have seen them dying here in the hospitals, and the calmness of their demeanor would shame many a Christian; let them once be persuaded that they are booked for another world, and the surgeon may lock up his medicaments again—no persuasion will induce the Turk to attempt to frustrate the designs of Providence.

A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—We visited, a few days since, a spot rendered somewhat memorable as having been the scene of a duel between two of Kentucky's chivalrous sons. The position of the duelists, about eight paces, was marked by two trees, one of which bears the initials of one of the party's whole name out in the bark; the other bears only the initial of the last name of the other party. The tree under which the party stood who was killed, is dead, having, as we are credibly informed, gradually decayed from the time the other tree is singularly typical of the surviving party, who is now an inmate of a lunatic asylum, standing as it does with the lower branches full of life and verdure, while its top is dead and lifeless. Strange thoughts crowded themselves upon our mind as we stood and gazed upon those unfortunate witnesses of an unfortunate deed.—Georgetown Journal.

Great effort from great motives is the best definition of a happy life.

True religion is a life unfolded within the soul, not a something forced upon us from without.

Many men carry their consciences like a drawn sword, cutting this way and that in the world; but sheathe and keep it very soft and quiet when it is turned within."

Said Richelieu;—"A virtuous and well-disposed person is like good metal—the more he is fired, the more he is refined; the more he is opposed, the more he is approved. Wrongs may well try him and touch him, but they cannot imprint on him any false stamp."

"The sun does not shine for a few trees and flowers, but for the wide world's joy. The lonely pine upon the mountain-top, waves its sombre boughs, and cries, 'Thou art my sun.' And the little meadow violet lifts its cap of blue, and whispers with its perfumed breath, 'Thou art my sun.' And the grain in a thousand fields rustles in the wind, and makes answer, 'Thou art my sun.' And so God sits effulgent in heaven, not for a favored few, but for the universe of life; and there is no creature so poor or so low, that he may not look up with childlike confidence and say, 'My Father! Thou art mine.'"

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