

# NEW-ENGLAND SPIRITUALIST.

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

PUBLISHED AT 15 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON.]

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT STILL!"—GOETHE.

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

VOL. II.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1856.

No. 29.

## Illustrations of Spiritualism.

### THE ANGEL IN THE WAY.

BY MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE.

"Father, do you believe in Spiritualism?"  
"Certainly, my dear!"  
"Why, father! What! in all the rappings, and tappings, and illuminations, and various topsy-turvy performances that take place in darkened rooms, now-a-days, which are so much in vogue?"  
"Oh, that's another question, my child! You asked if I believed in Spiritualism."  
"But are not these Spiritualism?"  
"Not at all, my dear Nelly. They are no more Spiritualism than the bootings, and showings, and groanings, and ear-splitting 'hallelujahs,' and 'amens' that deafened you at the African church last night, are religion."

"Well, then, father, pray tell me what you do believe."  
"I believe in Spiritualism, Nelly, as it has been revealed to me. I believe in the ministrations of angels, who come to us in times of need—who come in trials, in afflictions and temptations, fortifying our wavering resolutions, soothing our anguished hearts, clearing our mental vision and nerveing us for the battle of life. I am not one of those who believe the dead are far removed from us: they are all about us,

walking the earth  
Unseen, both when we sleep, and when we wake.  
And it is a question with me, whether I am more indebted to the untiring influence of friends who have preceded me to heaven, than to that exerted over me by friends who walk the world beside me."

"But why do you believe this, father—what evidence have you?"  
"I believe it, child, because I can't help believing it—just as I believe in the existence of God, or the immortality of the soul. They are beliefs to which I, and all mankind with me, instinctively and naturally incline."

"But, father, if one could but once see one of these ministering angels! Have you ever met one?" she asked, suddenly, observing a certain queer expression on her father's face.

"Yes," said Mr. Lawrence, hesitating a moment, "yes, Nelly, I think I have."  
"Why, father! when? where? how long ago? Do tell me all about it!" And Nelly's young face glowed with enthusiasm and wonder.

There was another listener to this announcement, who was as much electrified by it as Nelly. This was Mrs. Lawrence, who sat by the open window, with her work-box before her, busily employed in putting the last delicate trimmings of buttons and lace to a muslin basque, in the completion of which Nelly evinced so much interest as to leave no doubt for whom it was intended. Dropping her work in her lap, and putting back from her face the profusion of chestnut hair which had fallen somewhat forward, from the inclination of her head as she sewed, she looked at her husband in perfect amazement.

"Why, George! what do you mean? You frighten me! Did you say you had seen a spirit?"  
"No, not that, Anna. I said I believed I had once met an angel—and I think I did."

"Now, my dear husband," said the sweet-looking little lady, her violet eyes looking entreating, and her peach-bloom complexion heightening a trifle, "don't go to telling either Nell or me any ghost stories, I beseech you. Nelly is now the greatest coward living—and as for me, you know I am afraid to go over my own house in the dark, or to step out of bed in the night until a lamp is lit."

"Oh, yes, father, do, do tell it!" said the eager Nelly; "I'll promise not to be frightened! If there's anything I so delight in, it is these beautiful, bewitching, marvellous ghost stories. Don't forbid it, mother! Is it a very frightful story, father?"

"Not at all frightful, Nelly; and with your mother's consent you shall hear it."

And still on Mr. Lawrence's face lay the same puzzling, enigmatical expression.

"Say aye, mother!" said Nelly, kneeling down before her, and holding her by both hands. "Say aye!"

"Aye!" said Mrs. Lawrence, laughing, and bending to kiss the white forehead of her child.

"Good! the ayes have it!" shouted Nelly, jumping up, and clasping her hands, at the same time returning her mother's caresses after a fashion peculiarly her own—pressing her cheeks between both her little hands, and laying a hearty kiss upon the dear mouth, from which she had never heard aught but the language of love.

"And now wait a minute, father, till I get ready. Let me put away these boxes of books, and get my sewing; and tossing Tiark's 'German Exercises,' and Fosdick's 'German Introduction,' with her manuscripts, into the drawer of the little table beside which her mother was sewing, she flew up stairs, like the fairy she looked, in her gossamer robes, and golden-brown ringlets. Presently the sound of her little slippers feet was heard descending the staircase, and in a few moments more, she was seated opposite her mother, on a low stool, with her work unrolled in her lap—a marvellously frail affair of muslin, made heavy with the embroidery she had worked upon it.

"Ready, father! Begin, please," said Nelly, "we are all attention!"

"Well, then," said Mr. Lawrence, "let me premise that I shall be obliged to give rather a sad account of myself in early life. Anna, you know that I had my time of 'sewing wild oats,' as too many have now-a-days; and

I am afraid I should have been called, in the parlance of the present day, a 'fast young man.' How head-long and mad was my career for a few years, however, only God and myself know."

"Leave that part out," said Mrs. Lawrence; "I shall not allow you to say anything ill of my husband, either in the past or present."

"To leave that part out would be like playing Hamlet with the part of Hamlet omitted; if you hear my story at all, you must hear some things which are not greatly to my credit."

"I'll risk it, father," said Nelly, "so proceed, and leave us to judge of that."

"Well, then, I was an only son, and the youngest child of parents who were wealthy. There was beside me but one daughter, two years older than myself, who grew up to womanhood. Other children there were, but they all died in infancy, which may account for the indulgence in which I was reared. I was not at all restrained in childhood, and was seldom brought under even temporary control: and as a matter of course, by the time I was in my teens, I ruled the entire household."

"My father hoped to make a lawyer of me—not so much from a liking for the profession, as because he thought it furnished a good stepping-stone to political life, which he was so ambitious to see me enter. At sixteen I was sent to college. I had no great fondness for study, but an inordinate love of fun and frolic; and as I was in high health, liberally supplied with money by my too indulgent father, reckless and impulsive, I was, of course, in all sorts of scrapes and excesses."

"I was an immense favorite with my class-mates, who always tried to shield me from detection and punishment, but, notwithstanding this, my graceless acts were frequently ferreted out, and reprimands or suspension were sure to follow. My father remonstrated, threatened, expostulated, cut short my allowance of pocket money, and resorted to the various schemes usually adopted by fathers to head off their sons, who are bent on running the road to ruin—but he effected nothing. My dear mother held many and many a long and tearful tête-à-tête with me, in which she endeavored to impress me with a sense of my obligations to my country and my God—talking always in her kind and gentle way, which moved me more than my father's curt and emphatic utterances."

"But it was my sister Cornelia, or Nelly, as we called her, who influenced me most powerfully. Had she lived, I might have continued in college, have practised law, and, unless my father's views had changed, might have become a politician, and perhaps—Heaven save the mark!—an office-holder. My sister wished to see my father's plans for me carried out, merely because they were his plans, not that she had any sympathy with him upon this point. If her death had not arrived, too early for my welfare, I should have been saved many a guilty deed. Only one other being ever had the influence over me that Nelly had. I was in her hands like wax, and could she have accompanied me to college, I should have been proof against all the wiles and allurements that lead students astray."

"Ah, how vividly at this moment does my sainted sister rise before me!" continued Mr. Lawrence, the expression of his face softened by tender memories of the dead which rushed upon him, and his humid eyes wearing an introverted look, which told that he was looking not with his mortal powers of vision, but with the eyes of his spirit. "I see her now, just as she looked twenty years ago, when her beautiful eyes, her abundance of glossy, wavy, shining hair, her purity of complexion, her figure of delicate, willowy grace, her inimitable witchery of voice and manner, and her unaffected goodness of heart made her the pride and boast of our village. Ah, Anna, among all the lovely women you have since met in this country and in Europe, have you ever met with Nelly's peer in beauty and purity? Have you ever?"

Mrs. Lawrence was in tears: any allusion to the adored friend of her childhood always touched her tenderly, and she could only reply by an emphatic shake of the head. Mr. Lawrence resumed his story, while Nelly, laying aside her embroidery, pushed her stool close to her mother's chair, and laid her head in her lap. Immediately, and almost involuntarily, one of the mother's hands was laid upon her head, and was soon nestling in the daughter's rippling curls.

"My sister was the very soul of affection and devotion, and the love she bore for me was little short of idolatry. Her enthusiasm for truth, right and progress was noble, and her reverence for true worth most fervent; and often during our twilight rambles, our morning rides or walks, she would imbue me temporarily with the same lofty spirit, and I would resolve to attain to her exalted ideal. But a return to college among the madcaps who were my associates would soon expel all resolves and ideals from my head—for there, fun, frolic and mischief ruled the hour."

"At last the long dreaded crisis came; and just as I was about entering my senior year, I was expelled for a most daring act of rebellion against the laws of the institution. It was a bitter cup to my parents—to poor Nelly, it was very gall and wormwood. It was a matter of infinite regret to her, that I was so easily led astray, so deeply injured in the estimation of the world, and so morally weak. She never reproached me, but I saw that she felt my expulsion inexpressibly."

"Still determined to do for me all that he could, my justly offended father sent me to a distant town to complete my studies with an elderly clergyman of his acquaintance, who had a reputation for prodigious scholarship, and the most profound erudition. There, free from temptation, I was diligently pursuing the studies of my

class, and endeavoring to make amends for my past negligence, when death came, and removed too early from earth, my sister, who was, in all save her mortal body, already an angel."

"It was late at night when there came a hasty messenger to summon me to my sister's death-bed. Using the fleetest conveyances of the day, I sped homeward, only fearing I might be too late to behold once more my precious Nelly. It was evening of the next day when I reached home, and found her still living, and clinging to her remnant of life with the tenacity of love, that she might once more embrace me before her departure. There, within her pleasant chamber, where I had passed so many, many happy hours, she lay, scarce breathing, her shining hair rippling in sunny waves all over the pillow, her beautiful eyes lustrous as ever, but with the seal of death on her damp brow and pallid cheeks and lips. My agony was excessive; I wept aloud; I begged her not to leave me, and in my frantic sorrow, hugged her to my heart, as though I would contend with death for the supremacy."

"I shall never forget her dying words—they were prophetic: 'George, I will never leave you—such love as mine defies separation.'"

"She died, and for a time, it seemed as if the very sun were stricken from the heavens, as if the whole world were dead, and I its only inhabitant, so utter was the loneliness and desolation that overwhelmed me. I could not return to my studies; the motive power that led me on in them, irregularly to be sure, was removed; and I felt an inexpressible disgust at the thought of returning to the dry and dull routine of life I had led."

"Subdued by this crushing affliction, and softened to pity by the sight of my sufferings, my father forgot his ambition, and without a remonstrance consented that I should abandon my studies, and enter upon mercantile life, whose hustle and excitement suited me better than the quiet of a studious life."

"The usual preliminaries were arranged, and I found myself in a few weeks after in the city of New York, a clerk in the large establishment of B—, M—, & Co. The change was at first beneficial. I became interested in my new life, and my deep and wearing grief for the death of my sister gradually assumed a softened melancholy, which acted for a time as a talisman to keep me beyond the reach of temptation."

"It was but for a time. New York was the very last place in the world for a young man like myself. My mercurial temperament, my love of conviviality and fun, the fear of ridicule, and above all, the absence of the restraining influences of home,—these all conspired to make me an easy prey to the seductive influences of evil, with which New York abounds. I will not go into the details of this part of my history. Suffice it to say that in my recklessness, I injured no one but myself. I defrauded no man of his money, and when my winnings at the gaming table emptied too thoroughly the pockets of my comrades, I shared with them my illicit gains. I enticed no young man from his purity to our dissipated haunts, I did no wrong to the innocence of woman, not even in thought. But my laugh was the loudest at the revel, my song the most irresistibly comic, in its matter and manner, my wit the most pungent, my joke the most telling. I was 'hail fellow, well met' with all the rowdy, roystering clerks of the city; my place was occupied at the gaming table, and midnight supper, where young men who were prayed for at home, and on whose future course trembled the happiness of parents, brothers and sisters, held nightly orgies that might have vied with those of the heathen Bacchantes."

"I tremble when I recall that period. What saved me from deeper depths of sin—what, but the sleepless vigilance of that sainted sister, who from the serene heavens kept guard over me? There were times when the memory of her monitions, and lofty aims for me, her sisterly care, and undying love, came rushing over me so powerfully, that I have dropped the goblet in the height of the revel, have stopped abruptly in the midst of the ribald song or jest, and making a hasty retreat to my lodgings have wept over my frenzied folly and madness."

"This state of things could not long continue. My employers were dissatisfied, as well they might be, with my idleness and dissipation, my health became seriously impaired, and by and by, I was dismissed, and came home again in disgrace. Again a situation was obtained for me, and again was there a repetition of my discreditable life, and of my disgraceful return home."

"My father became disheartened in the end, and refused to aid me any further. I grew more and more reckless, plunged deeper in dissipation, and for a year or more, led an aimless, indolent, vagabondish life, dividing my time between the city and my rural home, as my inclinations led, and my means dictated. I was most utterly miserable, except when in the exciting society of my boon companions, or under the influence of the convivial cup—and then my helplessness was that of the madman. Away from these, I cursed myself for my folly, bemoaned my existence, and feeling myself utterly impotent to extricate myself from the labyrinthine mazes in which I was involved, I envied the brute creation their natural and stolid enjoyment. Oh, how I longed to die! Life, with me, was a curse; and so paralyzed was my will, that when I thought of reformation, I had no heart to attempt it. To my mother's tender appeals, I made but one reply—'I cannot reform! I am doomed! It is too late! The world has formed its estimate of me, and will never alter it, and there is no hope for me but in death.' I saw daily that my father's hair was becoming whiter and whiter, and that a settled gloom was overspreading his face—and I knew that it was my ungrateful conduct that was planting the deep furrows in my mother's brow, and was

dimming her eyes with much weeping. And yet, notwithstanding this, by a sort of hellish fascination, I was drawn farther and farther into the maelstrom of dissipation, seeing clearly all the while where would be the terrible end."

"I had been passing some six or eight weeks in the city of New York, I can hardly remember how, but doubtless very much after my usual fashion, when one calm October morning, I took the boat for home. The earth was clad in the gorgeous coloring of the early Autumn, toned down by the dreamy haze of the Indian summer; and as we shot up the North River, the glorious scenery on either hand, and the calm and serenity of the hour, brought silence and thought over my spirit. An intensely painful consciousness of the dissonance between nature and myself was forced upon me; I realized that I was not in harmony with the beauty around me. Memory and conscience lashed me with their scorpion whips, till, goaded to desperation, I went to the railing of the boat, and bent over, longing to plunge into the flood below. The thought of my parents' grief over the suicide of their only child, alone restrained me. 'Oh death, hide me!' I cried aloud in my anguish. 'Oh God, smite me with your fiercest thunderbolts, wretch that I am—a walking mildew—a moral pestilence!' And in the fierce throes of my self-condemnation, I bit my own flesh, and struck with my clenched hands against the railing, until it was reddened with my blood."

"Suddenly some one behind me pronounced my name, and turning, I was accosted by a man whom I had frequently met in New York during the last six months, who had often befriended me, and had supplied me liberally with funds when my pockets were empty. With kind words and friendly offices he soothed me, without appearing to notice my perturbation, and having ascertained that I was wholly destitute of resources, he supplied me bountifully from his always well-filled purse. Gradually and artfully he felt the pulse of my moral nature; and when he saw that he was secure, he unfolded to me his occupation and his purposes. He was one of an extensive gang of counterfeiters, who had for years pursued their illegal calling, undetected, and he proposed that I should join them. With much cunning sophistry he made counterfeiting a small affair—rather a good joke upon community than a crime, while he referred to the experience of the company with which he was connected, to show how safe a business it was—how easy to avoid detection. He dwelt much on my pitiable condition—dependent upon a father who dealt out pecuniary supplies with a niggardly hand, or else compelled to rely upon the generosity of my companions, or trust to my wits, which were not very fertile in inventions to obtain money. 'The world already damned me for my misdeeds,' he said, 'and on the principle that 'one might as well be hung for an old sheep as a lamb,' he urged me to go in for the wages of sin, and to have the game as well as the name.'

"At last, after much urging, reasoning and persuading, I consented. He gave me five hundred dollars in counterfeit money, in notes of various denominations, with which to commence operations. We parted at Albany, with the understanding that we were to meet again in a month, in New York, when a future plan was to be decided upon, as also the terms with which I was to be supplied with spurious money. Before leaving Albany, I purchased small quantities of strychnine of various druggists, resolved, if detected, to end both my shame and my life together."

"At this point of the story, Nelly, who had become more and more agitated every moment, shrieked out, putting her hands over her ears, 'Stop, father! stop, father! I won't hear it! It's too terrible; don't tell me another word! I won't hear it!' While Mrs. Lawrence, who had ceased to weep, and who sat upright, with compressed lips, a pale face, and eyes of fire, looking sternly at her husband, reiterated her daughter's wish—'Yes, do stop! I cannot hear it!'"

"You must hear it," said Mr. Lawrence; "you must now hear me through. It will not do for me to stop now. In justice to you, you must hear the remainder of my story. So, calm yourself, Nelly, and you too, Anna, and listen. I am reading you a chapter of my history known only to God."

"I returned to my father's house with the sophistical and crafty words of my so-called friend still ringing through my brain, and hastened to take my first step in crime—as we use the word in its common and restricted sense. I resolved to make my debut as a counterfeiter in my native town, where I should be the least suspected. Accordingly I bespoke an entirely new suit of clothes at the village tailor's, intending to present in payment a hundred dollar note on one of the oldest and firmest banks of the city of New York, which I believed so well executed as to defy detection. I calculated that I should receive about fifty dollars in good money in change, and with this, and my remaining four hundred dollars, I determined to turn my back on home forever, and under disguises and an assumed name, to launch boldly out into the world."

"At last the evening came when I was to receive my new suit of clothing, and to try my hand at passing counterfeit money. The gorgeous sunset sky of the October evening was just beginning to fade, when, torn with conflicting emotions that shook my whole frame, not daring to trust my voice to address my mother, or to turn my eyes to look for the last time upon the dear home which I had resolved never again to enter, I passed out from the door, and hurried to the village, without once looking back. My path led directly to the village grave-yard, where, beneath a bending willow, amid flowers of delicate hues and fragrance, slept my lost Nelly—my guide and companion—and here it was that the angel met me, and—saved me."

"Oh, thank God! thank God!" burst from Nelly's white lips—a heavy sigh, and the unclasping of her locked hands, attesting her relief.

"I had reached the cemetery, and was hurrying on, when, in spite of my agitation, my attention was arrested by a vision of ethereal grace and beauty. Passing from the gate of the grounds, and advancing towards me, I saw a young girl, whom I instantly recognized as a pet, protégée, and friend of my sister's, although I had not met her before for two years. Long, heavy curls of brown hair fell from beneath her straw hat, and floated over her shoulders, her delicate complexion heightened a little by exercise; the long fringes that shaded her violet eyes, were still wet with recent tears, and the whole face glowed with an exaltation and spirituality I had never met before. I involuntarily halted, as I approached her, and extended my hand. It was as if I had been commanded to do so, and I had no power to do otherwise."

"The fair girl immediately recognized me, and returned my salutation kindly and courteously. 'I have just been to dear Nelly's grave,' she said 'to carry a wreath of immortelles, and to look after the flowers growing there. She has a sweet resting place—have you been there lately?'"

"No," I replied, 'not for a year.'

"Come now, then," she said, 'before the frosts despoil it of its beauty, altogether;' and without waiting a reply, she turned back, while I, irresistibly led on, walked beside her, and in a moment, we stood within the little enclosure, where my sister had lain for more than two years. A tidal sea of emotion, thought and memory flooded my soul—what I was, what I might have been, what I was hastening to be—all, all passed before me in panoramic order, and I groaned aloud, 'Nelly, Nelly, would to God you had not died!'"

"Nelly is not dead," said my angelic companion, 'she still lives, and is not far from us. Could we see with the eyes of our spirit, I feel that we should, at this moment perceive her beside us, gazing into our souls, and sympathizing with every good and true aim of our lives.'

"Little did my companion perceive of the power of her words upon me. With more than a sorcerer's art, they brought my dead sister from the grave before me—I felt her cold hand upon my arm—I saw her large eyes looking searchingly into my soul—and I heard her voice, low and thrilling—'my brother, you dare not do this crime! You dare not!'"

"Often," continued this blessed angel of God in human form, who had met me, 'often when I am tempted to sin, or cherish unworthy motives, or low aims, I feel that Nelly's eyes are reading my soul, and I am instantly checked by the thought. I am led to avoid what is wrong, lest I become unworthy of my exalted, but invisible companion. My joys and sorrows I do not bear alone, for I know that she shares them. And if this be so with me, George, how much more is it so with you, whom Nelly loved so devotedly, and for whom in death, she prayed so fervently?'"

"Every word was a keener thrust at my spirit. I trembled violently; my knees smote each other, my teeth shook, as with an ague, a deathly sickness oppressed me, and the heavy dew of anguish stood out in drops upon my brow."

"My young attendant perceived my agitation, but did not penetrate to the cause. 'Do not mourn so for Nelly, happy Nelly,' she said, in heavenly tones, seeking to comfort me; 'she is still with you, George, is at this moment beside you.'

"Ah, did I not know it! Did I not see her, pale, ghastly, severe, reproachful, with her cold hand on mine, her piercing eyes penetrating my soul, her deep voice repeating again and again, 'You dare not do this! You dare not bring down your parents' gray hair with sorrow to the grave!' While more and more my agitation continued, terrible for another to witness, but yet nothing compared with the tumult within, until I sank helpless upon my sister's grave."

"My companion would have called help, but I forbade it—and when the darkness of night had gathered thick about us, I made superhuman efforts to accompany her back to my father's. She was a slight, frail girl of nineteen, head and shoulders below me in stature, but so prostrated was I, that I was glad of her assistance in retracing my steps homeward."

"Begging her not to mention what she called 'my indisposition' to my parents, and thanking her for her kindness, I passed directly up to my room, alone and in the darkness, accompanied by a more merciless avenger than the fabled Nemesis—my own aroused conscience. The ghost-like figure of my sister, visible only to my eyes, had seemed to accompany us from her grave. I almost fancied I could hear the rustle of her grave clothes as the wind swept by us—an icy chill pervaded my frame, as though communicated by the touch of her cold hand upon my arm, and look whichever way I would in the darkness, her mournful, searching eyes confronted mine."

"And now, as I closed the door of my chamber, the ghastly phantom seemed shut in with me, and the words rang on my ear with a more solemn emphasis, 'You dare not do this sin!'"

"That night was the most horrible of my life—I can never forget it through an eternity of years. I could not sleep—I could not lie—and the large chair on which I sat, shook with the agitation of my frame, as though it would fall in pieces."

"Ever beside me seemed my dead sister; now she knelt tenderly before me, and holding both my hands in her icy clasp, entreated with agonizing pathos, 'Brother, reform! brother, begin a new life!' And when

[Concluded on fourth page.]



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, OCTOBER 18, 1856.

THE BIBLE, AND A PRESENT INSPIRATION.

Some reference has been heretofore made in our columns to the laudations of a writer in the Montpelier Christian Repository...

To the Editor of the Christian Repository:

He ["O. P.,"] speaks of my "pretended reverence for the Scriptures." If by "Scriptures" he means the paper, ink, boards, etc., which go to make up the book...

It seems to me, Mr. Editor, the whole matter of difference between "O. P." and myself can be compressed into a very small nutshell...

Since the above was written, we have received from Dr. A. B. Child a notice of recent meetings at this place...

I meant to assert that the TRUTH itself is superior to all men's records of it, whether in Bible, Koran, Shastras or Vedas...

"But," says O. P., "my difficulty—a difficulty which he still persists in not explaining—is, to understand how the human soul is to become 'sufficiently expanded, purified and illuminated...'"

I reply, I have repeatedly explained this difficulty, as I thought sufficiently for ordinary comprehension...

1. I have never denied the usefulness of written revelations, nor denied the help of external teaching...

2. Were the human soul cut off from all vital connection with its Infinite Parent, and were there no invisible intelligences, who, as ministering spirits, have charge over men in all their ways...

3. Does "O. P." intend to deny that men "who have not been blessed with the light of the dry record," etc., who have not had the use of "written revelations," have ever "risen to be revealers of God's truth?"

was, in his day, a "new Bible?" How with Paul? he says that he received his gospel, neither of man, neither was he taught it, but by direct revelation to himself.

But, Mr. Editor, it has required much more time and space to say these things than I had expected...

Truly yours,

A. E. NEWTON.

THE MEETINGS IN BRATTLE STREET.—On Sunday evening last, we visited the rooms of the Association at No. 15 Brattle street.

At the close, as appears to have been often the case, in the earlier Christian assemblies (1 Cor. xiv.), some exhibitions not entirely "in order," occurred...

Meetings are held at this place on Thursday and Saturday evenings, as well as on Sundays...

Since the above was written, we have received from Dr. A. B. Child a notice of recent meetings at this place, from which we extract the following relating to previous occasions:

AN INFANT MEDIUM.—The Angola, Ind. Truth-Seeker, makes the subjoined statement on the authority of "a gentleman of age and extensive experience in the medical profession, and second to none in philosophical soundness of mind, and weight of moral character."

"DIABOLISM" NOT "SPIRITUAL"

As we apprehended, the story which we copied, two or three weeks since, under the head of "Spiritual Diabolism," from the Christian Repository, turns out to be mainly a sheer fabrication.

RANDOLPH, Sept. 28th, 1856.

MR. BALLOU, DEAR SIR.—Noticing in your last paper the piece headed "Spiritual Diabolism," and believing that you would prefer to publish facts, rather than falsehood, I take the liberty to send you a few facts in relation to the above article for publication.

Yours truly,

WRIGHT SMITH.

PROMOTION OF SUSCEPTIBILITY TO SPIRITUAL INFLUENCES.

In the following article, by Dr. Underhill, which we cut from the Spiritual Universe, are suggestions which—though some of them may seem fanciful to those who have not looked very deeply into the philosophy of the subject—will doubtless be of service to persons who wish to acquire a high degree of spiritual susceptibility.

A question may be raised as to whether it is desirable for every medium or Spiritualist to attain to the condition of sensitiveness here contemplated. It should be remembered, that, usually, in proportion as the susceptibilities of persons become intensified, they become disqualified to perform the ordinary physical labors of the external life, and to mix with promiscuous society.

It is doubtless true, as a general rule, that the higher the degree of susceptibility, (and consequently the fewer individuals a sensitive person is able to come into agreeable contact with,) the loftier, more refined, more beautiful and truly spiritual are the truths which can be received and transmitted to others.

More than this; the more susceptible persons become, and the higher the plane of development they reach, the more will they be misunderstood, misinterpreted, perhaps ridiculed and maligned.

These considerations should be taken into account by those who are seeking for the increase of spiritual susceptibilities, though they should deter none from the path of obvious duty.

MEDIUMISTIC VISUAL UNFOLDMENT, OR THE BLUE ROOM.

To be a medium, not only to receive impressions, but to transmit messages free from bias, and unalloyed or uninfluenced by one's own views, is the most perfectly Christlike condition any individual can attain to on this earth.

The African race are said by mesmerists to possess in the fullest degree, that peculiar temperament which fits them for the evolution of mesmeric phenomena; and hence the existence among them, to this day, of men and women who are supposed to have peculiar magical powers.

DR. GARDNER RETURNED.—The last Liverpool steamer at this port brought our friend, Dr. H. F. Gardner, from his European trip—he having accomplished the business of his journey much sooner than he anticipated.

The Doctor brings us the unpleasant information that many of our papers, sent to subscribers in London and vicinity, have never reached their destination.

How many are aware that the word influence, as used by the earlier English poets, had a more or less remote allusion to the influences which the heavenly bodies were supposed to exercise upon men?

in diameter, round or oval being preferable. Now, friends, is the prize worth the labor, expense, and apparent sacrifice of labor, time, and means?

By adopting and carrying out the instructions here given, much spiritual development would inevitably follow, much harmony would be secured, and much happiness enjoyed, individually and socially.

Spiritualists have had facts and phenomena, lectures and philosophy, and what they now most need is, interior or spiritual growth or unfoldment.

Stow, Aug. 9, 1856.

A. UNDERHILL.

"DRED" A MEDIUM.

The most casual reader of Mrs. Stowe's new book, if conversant with the spirit-developments of the day, must observe that the hero is nothing more nor less than a medium.

"We shall find it difficult to give a suitable name to the strange and abnormal condition in which this singular being, of whom we are speaking, passed the most of his time.

"Dred was under the inspiring belief that he was the subject of visions and supernatural communications. The African race are said by mesmerists to possess in the fullest degree, that peculiar temperament which fits them for the evolution of mesmeric phenomena; and hence the existence among them, to this day, of men and women who are supposed to have peculiar magical powers.

"It was, however, an absolute fact with regard to Dred, that he had often escaped danger by means of a peculiarity of this kind. He had been warned from particular places where the hunters had lain in wait for him; had foreseen in times of want where game might be ensnared, and received intimations where persons were to be found in whom he might safely confide; and his predictions with regard to persons and things had often chanced to be so singularly true, as to invest his sayings with a singular awe and importance among his associates.

"It was a remarkable fact, but one not peculiar to this case alone, that the mysterious exaltation of mind in this individual seemed to run parallel with the current of shrewd, practical sense; and, like a man who converses alternately in two languages, he would speak now the language of exaltation, and now that of common life interchangeably.

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THE OLIVE BRANCH ENDORSES SPIRITUALISM.

The above paper, which has distinguished itself for a very unreasonable opposition to our beautiful and sublime faith, has the following article from the pen of its assistant editor, in its issue for Oct. 4. We could hardly ask for a fuller endorsement of the main idea of Modern Spiritualism.

WATCHING ANGELS.

Reader, did you ever waken in the dead black hour of midnight, when thick curtains of gloom hung over all the earth, and no sound save the droning of the ground-insects disturbed the great silence?

May the lips be honored that taught us never to fear in the still darkness; that said so gently, while an infant voice repeated,

"May angels guard us while we sleep,  
Till morning light appears."

And even the ejaculation so common to childhood, savoring as it does somewhat of popery, springs from the same sense of trust and protection through the quiet hours of rest.

"Matthew, Mark,  
Luke and John,  
Bless the bed  
That I lie on,"

though we never remember to have said it at a mother's knee, but generally on that gossamer bridge between drowsiness and dreams, of which languor is the architect, and peace the toll-gatherer, and crossing which the spirit is lulled by Eden zephyrs.

There is something sublimely beautiful in the thought that freed spirits, rejoicing in heaven's ineffable light, and the fulness of its joy, may wing their way to every humble bedside in the land, and there keep watch and ward that no harm come near. Ah! how many a poor, desponded, dejected creature, lying upon a bed of straw, kicked out from even the cold charities of the world, has royal watchers, even they who ministered to Christ. What a ministry! how full of trustful, beautiful eloquence! Without, the stars burn in the holy sky like sentinels in golden armor.

MRS. COAN AT LEOMINSTER.

BROTHER NEWTON.—I wish to say a few words to the friends of Spiritualism, (and enemies, too,) in favor of Mr. and Mrs. Coan and John F. Coles' Spiritual Test Meetings. At a meeting held by them in this place October 2d, the success of Mrs. Coan in being able to procure the most satisfactory manifestations of spirit-power and intelligence, under what would be, to most mediums, very disadvantageous circumstances, was matter of heartfelt joy to all lovers of spiritual truth.

The N. Y. PATHFINDER ONCE MORE.—The Pathfinder is out with another article on Spiritualism, endeavoring to bolster up his position that "the system is fraught with danger to the moral and social relations of rational and thinking beings."

We ask in return, do not the conflicting opinions of Orthodox, Universalists and the score of other sects, clearly exhibit Christianity as fraught with danger to "rational and thinking" beings—like, for instance, the editor of the N. Y. Pathfinder?



ERRORS OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Abstract of Mr. Tiffany's discourse in the Music Hall, Sunday afternoon, October 6th.

The doctrine of inspiration—that man cannot speak of heavenly things, but through the influence of spirits, is not new. It belongs not to to-day, but to every age since man has believed himself immortal.

The controversy between Spiritualists and others is not between one sect and another,—not a contest as to whether the Bible shall be received or not; it is a question between believers in immortality and Sadduceism—between Religion and Atheism.

The time has come and gone by when the question of man's communion with the spirit-world can be disputed. If he can prove anything, he can prove this. The facts are too abundant, the witnesses too numerous to be disputed.

I propose to call your attention to some labors that are necessary on the part of Spiritualists to accomplish man's redemption. I intend to point out, not their virtues, but their faults.

It is not that the doctrine of Spiritualism is new. Jesus taught that man was subject to spiritual influences; more, that every individual believer should become a medium—should "speak with tongues, heal the sick, cast out devils."

Now the great error of persons in endeavoring to develop themselves is this,—they have paid strict attention to external, but not enough to the internal requisites.

Those persons who love to pray in the synagogues and in public places, never have been able to appeal to the example of Jesus; yet they have the idea that there is use in it.

Jesus began his instructions upon prayer by telling his disciples what they ought not to do. Do not think you will give God any information; "for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him."

to our condition, so that when we do speak as mediums it will be our Father who shall breathe his spirit through us.

Let us look at the law of affinity. In any department its operation is the same. The religious man seeks the religious man; the intellectual, the learned; the criminal, the vile.

The same rule holds good between minds in and out of the body. According to my character is the influence that goes on from me to the spirit-world.

A John Baptist must come before we can look for the kingdom of heaven in the world or the heart. Not an individual Elias, but the spirit of God Jehovah, calling men to repentance, preparing the way of the Lord.

We try to make salvation cheap; but there is no other way than that which Jesus taught—by plucking up selfishness, passion and lust by the roots.

EVENING DISCOURSE.

PRAYER.

I propose to consider the means by which an elevated interior condition is to be attained and maintained.

The condition of prayer has instinctively recommended itself to all, whether understood or not. Every one has a perception of use in it.

Those persons who love to pray in the synagogues and in public places, never have been able to appeal to the example of Jesus; yet they have the idea that there is use in it.

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know what is best; and often the person praying goes on to plead and to urge, intimating to Deity that it would be to his advantage to grant their supplications.

We have heard it said that if God were just, he would send all of us to hell; but Jesus pleads for us, shows his pierced hands and bleeding side, and persuades God to the contrary.

All religions recognize the idea of angels; and it is believed that prayer is a means of bringing men into communion with those beings.

If God could speak to us directly, so that we could hear and understand, there would be no need of angels; but God is invisible to us, or we see him through a glass, darkly; hence the need of beings who see better than we, to bring down the truth to us.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON AND VICINITY.

JOEL TIFFANY, Esq., of Ohio, will lecture at the Music Hall on Sunday next, 19th inst., at 3 P. M. and at 7 P. M.

MR. TIFFANY will speak, if desired, in the vicinity of Boston, on the evenings of the week days, from the 13th to the 18th inst.

MEETINGS IN BRATTLE STREET, No. 15, at the Hall of the "Spiritual Association," on Sundays, morning, afternoon, and evening; also Saturday evenings.

MEETINGS IN CHAPMAN HALL, School st.—On Sunday afternoons, Conference Meetings, relating strictly to the Phenomena and Philosophy of Spiritualism.

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening, at Guild's Hall, corner of Hawthorn and Bellingham streets.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

HOPEDALE HOME SCHOOL.—The next (winter) term of this school will commence on the first Thursday (the 6th) of November.

WILLIAM S. HAYWOOD, Principals. AMBIE S. HAYWOOD, Secy. HOPEDALE, (Milford) Mass., Sept. 23, 1856.

REV. URIAH CLARK and LADY'S REMOVAL TO AUBURN, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Clark have changed their residence from Williamsburg to Auburn, N. Y., and propose to make Central and Western New York their principal field of spiritual labor.

A BEAUTIFUL GIFT BOOK. THE BOUQUET OF Spiritual Flowers; Received chiefly through the Mediumship of Mrs. J. S. Adams, BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

"THE LILY WREATH" was received with so much favor by the lovers of spiritual truths, that in compliance with the wishes of many individuals, a continuation is issued under the name of "THE BOUQUET."

MR. YORIK, Medical Clairvoyant, Healing Medium, Psychometric Delineator of Character, Mrs. Y. does not profess to hold intercourse with the departed, but perceives both the moral and physical condition of the patient, and prescribes remedies; operating both on the nervous system.

HEALING BY CLAIRVOYANCE AND SPIRIT-INFLUENCE.—Mr. J. A. BASSETT will attend to all who wish to test his powers as a Healing Medium, and by the Mesmeric State; the diseases he will be permitted to cure, are: Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Headache, St. Vitus's Dance, Epilepsy, Paralysis, &c.

NEW MALVERN WATER-CURE, WESTBORO, MASS. Distant from the Railroad station nearly one and a half miles, is beautifully located on elevated ground, amid the highly cultivated lands of an agricultural district.

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Dr. A. B. CHILD will lecture at No. 15 Brattle st., next Sunday morning. Miss ELIZABETH SMITH will speak entranced in the afternoon.

LECTURES 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:

J. W. H. TOUHY, of New York, late editor of Christian Spiritualist, may be addressed at Salem, Mass., Box 219.

Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND (formerly Mrs. Newton), of Bridgewater, Vt., Trance Speaker. Mrs. TOWNSEND will give clairvoyant examinations and sittings if desired by her friends in the towns she is about visiting.

Mrs. R. M. HENDERSON, Psychometric delineator of character, and trance speaker, Newtoun, Conn.

Mrs. H. P. HUNTLEY, of Paper Mill Village, N. H., Trance Speaker. Mrs. H. may be addressed at Providence, R. I., for the present.

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, Willbraham, 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 by chemistry, or any of the natural sciences.

JOHN M. SPEAR will answer calls to attend free meetings on Sundays, for directly practical purposes, during the months of September, October, and November.

STEPHEN MORSE, "The Blind Sculptor," of Springfield, Mass., will lecture on Modern Spiritualism, when desired.

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.

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MEDIUMS IN BOSTON.

Trance and Writing Medium, at No. 15 Montgomery Place, Hours from 9 till 1, and from 2 to 9 o'clock. Terms 50 cents per hour for examinations of diseases, &c. Oct. 11—3m

Mrs. BEAN, RAPING, WRITING AND TRANCE MEDIUM. Hours from 10 to 10 o'clocking place.

Clairvoyant Physician, HEWITT, G. GOSWOLD, Clairvoyant Physician and Test Medium, from Philadelphia, offers his professional services to the inhabitants of Boston, at No. 6, Hayward Place. Hours for Medical Examinations, from 9 A. M., to 12 M. Mr. H. C. G. will receive visitors interested in the beautiful phenomena which are given in his presence, known as spirit manifestations, from 2 to 5 P. M. Mr. G. has been in practice for the last twelve years, in many of the principal cities of America. Sept. 13m.

Test Medium, MR. G. A. REDMAN has removed to No. 16 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 of Monday and Thursday evenings only, from 8 to 10.

Mr. R.'s hours for clairvoyant medical examinations are from 4 to 7 P. M., exclusively.

Mrs. B. K. LITTLE, (formerly Miss Ellis) Test Medium, by Rapping, Writing, and Trance. Rooms No. 46 Elliot street. Hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 6 P. M. Terms \$1.00 per hour for one or two persons; 50 cents for each additional person. Clairvoyant Examinations for Diseases and Prescriptions, \$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.

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.

Healing and Spirit Vision, T. H. PEABODY, Healing Medium Mrs. T. H. PEABODY, Trance Medium, 54 Hudson street, Boston.

Miss E. D. STARKWEATHER, 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.

Mrs. E. C. YOUNG, Healing, Seer, and Developing Medium, may be consulted for diseases, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays from 4 o'clock A. M., to 3 o'clock P. M., at 23 Healy Street, Charlestown, Mass. (up stairs). Circles for development, Wednesdays and Fridays, from 2 to 4 o'clock P. M. 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 cts.; by letter, \$1.00.

General Advertisements. MRS. E. J. FRENCH, Clairvoyant and Healing Physician, office 780 Broadway, second floor, front room. The morbid conditions of the human organism delineated and prescribed for with unparalleled success.

DR. A. C. STILES, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Bridgeport, Ct., Independent Clairvoyant, and Psychometric Delineator of Character. Dr. S. is not put into a mesmeric sleep, but appears in a perfect normal condition, and the superior development of his powers, enables him clearly to see the interior of the human system of the individual before him, and with accuracy describe the disease and feelings of the patient, and also prescribe the remedy for the cure, or relief, if incurable, so that the patient can testify. Terms—For examination and prescription, \$1.00. If absent, \$1.00. All subsequent examinations \$2.00. Terms strictly in advance. In order to insure prompt attention some of the leading symptoms must be given, when attending, or when sending for medicine.

DR. ABBOTT'S MEDICINES.—Our Cholera Cordial can be depended on to cure Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, &c. in constant use since the cholera season of 1832. Peach Cordial will cure debility, flatulency at the stomach, and is an excellent Tonic Cordial. It will cure Constipation, Colic, and Cholera. The Cherry Cordial will cure the Canker in the mouth and stomach and Canker Humors in the Blood. "Spiritual Restorative"—for Female Debility. P. S.—"Physical and Mesmeric Remedies" put up with care.

COAL AND WOOD.—Allen Putnam & Co., of Roxbury, have an assortment of COAL, WOOD and BARK, kept constantly on hand in Roxbury or Boston at the fair market price. Approved orders at the store.

A. B. CHILD, M. D., DENTIST, No. 16 TREMONT Street, Boston, Mass.

HEALING INFIRMARY. DOCTOR BARRON cures Cancers and Cancerous Humors, without the use of the knife or torturing with caustic, and with but little pain and inconvenience to patients. By applying a certain which has a chemical action, destroying the vitality of the cancer, causing a separation between the cancer and the surrounding tissue, and an opening of the integuments over it, so that in a few days the tumor will escape, 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 cures have been effected by this process. The doctor continues to attend to Scrofula, Erysipelas and all cases, in which he has had great success for the last twelve years. Clairvoyant examinations attended to as usual. Call and satisfy yourselves of the unremitting effort and determination of the doctor to conquer and subdue disease in his fellow-men. REUBEN BARRON, Botanic and Clairvoyant Physician, 18-3m Palmer, Mass.

DENTISTRY. Dr. N. H. SWAIN, Dentist, Columbus, Ohio. Satisfaction guaranteed in all cases, and prices reasonable.

TENNY & COMPANY, dealers in Carpets, of every variety of Fabric and Quality, Hall over Main Railroad Depot, Haymarket Square, Boston.

NEW MEDICINE STORE. The subscriber has located at Store No. 458 Washington street, for the sale of EUCOLIC and BOTANIC Medicines, Roots, Herbs, Bark, Tonic Articles, &c. Also, PUTNAM'S RESTORATIVE, for Scrofula, and all impurities of the blood. Prescriptions carefully prepared and put up. Examinations by one of the best healing mediums.

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 S. M. CRANFORD, West Henninger, N. H., who for this sum will forward one barrel of Water according to directions. Sept. 20

AN ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED. Healing by laying on of hands. CHARLES MAIN, Healing Medium, has opened an Asylum for the Afflicted, at No. 7 Davis Street, Boston, where he is prepared to accommodate patients desiring treatment by the above process, on moderate terms.

THE REMEDIES OF NATURE. Wm. E. Rice, Clairvoyant Medium for Medical Examinations. Careful and thorough examinations will be made in all cases, and prescriptions given with full directions relative to diet, regimen, &c. Hours from 10 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 6 P. M. Office, No. 98 Hudson street, Boston.

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 affections, and every disease which has defied medical faculty, have yielded to his hands. His success has been in most cases very marked, and such as to give him strong confidence in the healing power exercised through him.

HEALING AND CLAIRVOYANT PRESCRIPTIONS. C. C. YORK and wife continue to heal the sick by the laying on of hands; also give Clairvoyant examinations and prescriptions; by receiving the name, age and residence of patients in their own handwriting. They will also attend to the sick, whenever desired. Terms—For examination and prescription, \$2.00 when present. Address in care of Bela Marsh, 15 Franklin street, Boston. 29-6m

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES will alleviate COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, HOARSENESS, Irritation of the Throat occasioned by cold or over exertion of the vocal organs. Having a peculiar adaptation to the system, they are delicate, they will be found indispensable to public speakers and vocalists.

SPRITUAL, CLAIRVOYANT, AND MESMERIC PRESCRIPTIONS, carefully prepared by GEORGE KILGIL, Botanic Apothecary, 654 Washington street, under Pine Street Church, Boston. 29-3y

FOUNTAIN HOUSE, CORNER OF BEACH STREET and Harrison Avenue. Spiritualists Head Quarters in Boston. Charge \$1.25 per day, or \$7.00 per week, for 2 or 3 weeks. H. F. GARDNER.

JUST PUBLISHED.—Reasons for rejecting the Creed and asking a Dismission from the Shrewsbury Congregational Church, Boston by Two of its Members;—being an Examination of their Creed and a comparison of it with the plain and simple doctrines of the Scriptures of the Sacred Divines, embracing their entire Correspondence with their Church, and the manner in which they have acted in relation to the same, and being the only way that a hearing could be had before them; by BELLA GIBBS, a few extra copies have been published, by DEXTER DANA, Washington Street, Roxbury. Price 25 cents. Sept. 12m



