

# 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.

For the New England Spiritualist.

### MORALITY AND SCIENCE.

BY S. M. PETERS, S. R.

#### MORALITY.

Since Spiritualism became a power, interested men, unprincipled men, and well-meaning men, have endeavored to stab its reputation, by hurling against it the charge of "free love." With the two first classes we have nothing to do; they belong to the hawk and buzzard tribes, and we have no powder to waste on such game. With the third class, however, we are willing to meet, and examine principles and practices in detail, leaving the scribes and pharisees to whitewash their sepulchres, and keep the outside of their platters clean if they can.

A man to be consistent with himself—to gain and retain the respect of his fellow-men,—must make his professions and his practices tally. Now, if Spiritualists were free-lovers, as our accusers understand the term, it would be seen in our acts; for we have the art, the address, the means, and the opportunities to accomplish our objects, as well as other men. It is the act that stamps the man; and after carefully noting for four years, all the cases of elopement, adultery and the like, that have been brought to light, I find that those for which the whole mass of Spiritualists are held responsible are actually outnumbered by similar cases that have occurred in the ranks of the sectarian clergy alone, to say nothing of the masses of the church. "The tree is known by its fruit."

We have denied the charge over and over again; we live with our wives, and provide for our children, and give them a "local habitation and a name." Why then is this bug-bear cry continued, since it serves no better purpose than to excite controversy? Do they who make the charge understand the real significance of the word love? I think not. And I am willing to admit that they are honest,—that they understand love only as an emotion—a desire—an animal passion; and when they see their own standard points, they see the danger themselves would be in if they attempted to enjoy the freedom of loving all mankind and all mankind in accordance with the requirements of the Christian Gospel. They know their own wants and their own frailties best, and doubtless these advocates of creeds and legal restraints can see that, like unruly horses, themselves need pokes and fetters to keep them from jumping fences; and inasmuch as such men are prone to judge others by themselves, they naturally conclude that others ought to be poked and fettered too.

Unruly animals should be fettered, and unruly men should be fettered with man-made creeds and man-made laws. We would not take the law away from such men, but we would, if possible, elevate all mankind to a plane where each could be a law unto himself.

It may be well enough occasionally to glance briefly at the school of morality in which modern church moralists graduated. The moral tone of this school may be discovered in the publications of the American Tract Society, and the American Sunday School Union. These publications are in all the sectarian Sunday Schools, and in the forms of tracts are scattered broadcast over the land. Zealous ladies carry them about the streets of our cities, and fling them in at the doors of houses, to be read by unsophisticated girls. And what are they? Many of them are abstract histories of ancient men, who lived in the practice of polygamy, concubinage, robbery, murder and drunkenness; and these men are spoken of in the face of these historical facts, as "holy men of God." Jacob is a favorite hero of Sunday school literature, and he is held up to little children as a paragon of purity and piety, notwithstanding the Bible fact that he lied to his blind father,—married two sisters—made concubines of his female slaves—defrauded his father-in-law—stole his household gods—and proved himself a cringing coward in the presence of a brother whom he had plundered of his blessing and his birthright. Lot, too, is often spoken of as a man so extremely pious, that angels were sent to drag him by force out of Sodom, that he might live to debauch his own daughters.

Such are the rudiments of theological education in this country; and in our Theological Institutions, the student of divinity is pointed backwards to an age of savage ignorance, as the only true age of divine revelations, and the proper age in which to fix the moral standard of humanity. The graduates of such schools stand in the pulpit, and take texts for religious instruction from the history of a people who were, to all intents and purposes, the veriest counterparts of the Mormons of Utah.

And these teachers of imported morality are the very men who are forever flinging at Spiritualism the charge of "free love." "Consistency, thou art a jewel!"

#### SCIENCE.

It is a historical fact that every known science has had to fight its way into existence against the power of priestcraft. Even the art of printing was persecuted as the work of the devil, and the inventor was persecuted to the end of his earth-life. If the eated by the church to the end of his earth-life. If the Catholic Church was excusable on the score of ignorance for opposing Astronomy, then the Protestant Church is excusable on the same ground for opposing Phrenology, Mesmerism, Psychology, and Spirit-telegraphing, as it has within the last twenty-five years. And still these sciences continue to exist, and on these and other sciences all human knowledge is based; for knowledge, after all, is merely the discovery of the prac-

tical workings of the laws that govern the universe of matter and mind.

These discoveries have been going on from age to age, and the only one that originated among church dignitaries was the explosive force of gunpowder. The church can lay no legitimate claim to any other discovery, and professors of science and scientific institutions can lay claim to but very few discoveries of any kind. The Smithsonian Institute, the most celebrated in America, is unable thus far to discover, "what makes roosters crow at midnight." We owe much, however, to men who have made science the study of their lives. Professor Agassiz has rendered eminent service to humanity in dispelling the mists that hung between us and the origin of this very dirty planet upon which we reside. And they who are surprised to find Prof. Agassiz in the society of the savans of Harvard, should bear in mind that he has a great penchant for petrifications of all kinds. Doubtless the Professor finds some striking resemblance in these worthy gentlemen to the "stone man" that was exhibited around the country some years ago. Like that petrification, the professors of Harvard are the representatives of an age long buried in the past.

The result of the "Scientific Investigation," was precisely what might have been expected. To ask a Professor of Divinity to investigate a subject immensely above his education, calibre and comprehension, is very tantalizing, to say the least of it. In other respects, the matter was safe on the side of divinity, for it has nothing to gain, and nothing to lose. Self-conceit might flutter a little with alarm, but impudence is a cloak that covers ignorance, if the wearer understands his business. The best way for a modern professor to preserve the dignity of his calling, is to deny the existence of every thing above his comprehension.

The first lesson in human knowledge is gained by investigating the essences and properties of material things. Travelling onward through the external world, we find a vitalizing principle, a spiritual essence, underlying and animating all forms and individualisms. All material sciences merge and culminate in the spiritual; and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, each in his own way, have demonstrated the existence of the soul. The church, in their time, had Professor Felton's standing behind imaginary bulwarks, and pouring forth intensely hot broadsides of church-thunder. Then, as now, the ignorance, arrogance, and intolerance of the church corresponded to the intelligence of the age. Pope Urban directed the spiritual powers of the church to be levelled against a comet that had the audacity to appear in the heavens in his time. And in order to kill two birds with one stone, he commanded that the Turks should be driven out of Europe at the same time that the comet was driven to parts unknown. The comet left, but the Turks were altogether too strong for church-science.

A Spanish bishop opposed the theory of Columbus, in regard to the existence of a western continent on the opposite side of the globe; for, says that rare exponent of church-science, "It would be impossible for snow and rain to fall upward, and for men to live with their feet pointing upward, and their heads downward."

We are willing enough to admit the gross stupidity of the church in the times referred to, but can anybody show us that the ecclesiastical dignitaries of our day are one whit in advance of their illustrious predecessors? The fact of intelligent communication between mind and mind, however distant, when the necessary conditions are favorable, is a fact too well known to leave room for a doubt in the mind of a man that dare look it in the face. Yet do we find Professor Felton and his colleagues exhibiting about as much sense on the subject as the lord mayor of London did when he ordered all the fire companies of the city to assemble around the Bank of England as soon as the tail of Newton's comet set the world on fire.

#### SPIRITUALISM IN ENGLAND.

The *British Spiritual Telegraph*, a small pamphlet of 12 pages, published weekly at Keighley, England, and we believe the only publication in Great Britain devoted to Spiritualism, indicates, by the improvement manifest in its contents, that the movement in that country is taking a higher general character, and becoming purged of some of the crudities which have marked its incipient stages. The two following articles we copy from a late number:—

#### ANCIENT AND MODERN TESTIMONIES TO SPIRITUALISM.

"There is nothing new under the sun; that which hath been, shall be." Man, in all the essential elements of his nature, is the same now as when the Pyramids were first erected; as when Abraham wandered with his flocks over the plains of Shinar. Modification and development, indeed, are ever taking place; it is the law of life. The old leaves wither and fall, but others fresh and green appear upon the tree with the returning spring, bearing the same characteristics as those which have passed away; so is it with the successive generations of men. The hopes, passions, and aspirations of humanity are perennial; they may, within certain limits, vary in strength, character, and direction, according to difference of constitution and education, as the tree will vary with the soil, atmosphere, and surrounding influences; yet the oak, though perchance distorted, stunted, overgrown with ivy, still retains the essential nature which God gave it; it will not droop like the willow, but spreads its many strong arms heavenward, and defies the storms of centuries. So man's moral and spiritual nature, though dwarfed, perverted, blighted by sin, and overlaid with worldliness, the still small voice within whispering God's message, unheard, or unregarded amid the strifes and storms of life, still retains the original impress and tendencies which it re-

ceived from the hands of God, these being but accidental and temporary departures from it, and no more its true normal condition, than is disease the true normal condition of life. Whether consciously or not, man is still the subject of God's laws, still bears the same relation to the spiritual world, to the invisible future, to the Father of spirits, and of all things, visible and invisible.

We may say broadly, that under every variety of race, amid all diversities of language, creed, climate, and civilization, man has ever felt sensible that this relation does exist, however at times, strange, fantastic, and erroneous the form in which that conviction has clothed itself. It is not an exotic, transplanted from a foreign land, but indigenous, a native to the natural product of the human constitution, just as a moral sense is inherent in man, however perverted or corrupt may be its manifestations. It has been often, and we think successfully argued, (though a point upon which one would think little argument was needed) that there is in all nature a mutual fitness of things, that from the lowest to the highest forms of life, wherever God has implanted a want, He has made suitable provision for its gratification; inasmuch that the geologist, from a single bone or tooth of some extinct animal, will predicate its nature and the conditions under which it lived; and why? Because he knows that God does not lie, that His laws are to be trusted, and that this principle of mutual adaptation is a universal law which He has established.

The vegetable, the insect, the fish, the bird, the animal, are each placed in an element, and under circumstances in conformity with their several instincts, nature, and organization. As then we may say that the eye presupposes or implies that there is light, the ear sound, the stomach food, human affections a social state for their unfolding, so also man's religious sentiments or instincts,—the sense of dependence, the feeling of reverence, the upward aspiration, the hope which points beyond the grave, with equal force imply a God as the object of his faith, love, and worship; and an eternal future in which his capacities may unfold themselves and receive their full development. Yes! we have warrant in nature, not only for our faith in God, but for our belief in human immortality. It is an ineluctable expectation which the Author of our being has implanted in our souls—therefore He will not disappoint it. God has promised, and He will keep His word.

We go yet a step further, and maintain that not only the individual life of the spirit, that is, of the man, continues after corporeal death, but also that there is an intercommunion between the inhabitants of both worlds, the spiritual world and this in which we now live. This belief rests upon specific and, we think, demonstrable grounds of experience and testimony; but it has also the same kind of evidence to support it as that adduced in favor of natural theology, to which we have just adverted. We claim for it a similar universality; it is not limited to time, place, or external conditions, it is co-extensive with man; it may run into extravagance and abuse, and thus provoke reaction, and become unfashionable; and men at length may try to hide it away,—even from themselves, and perhaps at last persuade themselves that they have got rid of it altogether. Vain effort! Vain as that of the politician "who would circumvent God." There it is in them indestructible if not active, latent, requiring only circumstances, sometimes apparently very trivial ones, to call it forth. The history of all nations opens with this belief, "Every literature is based upon the records of spirit revelation, and begins in absolute faith in such things." Dr. Gregory remarks, "The belief in the existence of the world of spirits is as old as mankind; and the belief that men are, in certain circumstances, capable of entering into communication with it, is not much less venerable." Sir Walter Scott admits that, "To the multitude, the indubitable fact, that so many millions of spirits exist around and even amongst us, seems sufficient to support the belief that they are, in certain instances at least, by some means or other, able to communicate with the world of humanity." Speaking of one form of this belief, Dr. Johnson says, "That the dead are seen no more I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages and of all nations. There is no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which, perhaps, prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth; those that never heard of one another would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience could render credible. That it is doubted by single cavillers can very little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues confess it by their fears." Addison, after instancing some ridiculous ghost stories, which had frightened silly people, takes occasion to remark, "At the same time, I think a person who is thus terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the report of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless; could not I give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact. I might here add, that not only the historians, to whom we may join the poets, but likewise the philosophers of antiquity have favored this opinion.

From unrecorded ages we Gentle guides and guardians Be Of oppressed immortality."

At least, let us not reject this view inconsiderately, and without investigation. We are placed here to learn, not to dogmatize. Ill does it become ignorant, presumptuous, fallible man, to sound God's purposes by the line and plummet of his petty theories; or to limit and prescribe the means by which He shall see fit to work out the education and destinies of our race: rather let us endeavor to find out and follow them, for they remain when ours have come to nought.

"Our little systems have their day: They have their day and cease to be: They are but broken lights of thee, And thou, O Lord, art more than they."

Sitting here in the shadow of great eternity, with its images reflected dimly in our path, our souls listen, not altogether in vain, for the utterances which are wafted to us from its shores. As deep calleth unto deep, so spirit answereth to spirit; and we may thank God that eminently in this our day we may say of the noble band of Philosophers, Prophets, and Martyrs who hath preceded us in their earthly journey, and their eternal rest, that "they, being dead, yet speak," and that "their voices are now going forth through all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world." But in this, as in all else, it is only to those who inquire in the spirit of little children, that the great All Father reveals His mysteries, and unfolds the depths of His infinite love.

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#### SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.

My object in the present short article will be to endeavor to point out the method by which we may gather that which is most profitable for our consideration and guidance on this subject.

I have seldom neglected an opportunity, for several years past, of investigating the various phenomena which Spiritualism presents, and observing the different conclusions individuals have arrived at; also, their frequent expressions of disappointment at the great uncertainty, vagueness, and discrepancies attending it. Now I think it will be generally admitted, that in accordance with a universal law of Providence, those who would find, must diligently seek, and use the faculties they possess with

discretion, combined with an earnest desire to discover truth; and I would recommend to the attentive perusal of all investigators of this subject the following communication, "On the necessity of exercising reason and self-control in communicating with spirits," purporting to proceed from the Church Father, John Chrysostom, which my experience has proved to be most valuable:

"As spiritual communications increase, you will see more and more the necessity of exercising your reason and the strongest power of will which you can command, combined with the purest feelings of devotion, and with a continual prayerful desire that God will be near to protect and save you.

The more you learn, my friends, of the spiritual world, the more will you be convinced that perfection is not to be found upon its borders. To rely implicitly on spiritual communication, without the exercise of reason and judgment, is to place yourselves in the eddy of a whirlpool, which by ten chances to one will hurl you to mental and spiritual destruction. There is nothing in which you can engage, while in the body, in which your powers of mind, and the strengthening arm of Jehovah are so much required, as in the investigation of the subject now under contemplation. Along the same avenue which ministering angels of light and love travel from heaven to earth, travel also the spirits who are yet undeveloped, yet loaded with imperfections, and who are goaded on to mischief and wrong-doing by the sufferings they themselves endure.

You ask why they are permitted thus to do? I answer that God, in His infinite wisdom, leaves both embodied and disembodied minds to act out their own free will; at the same time He leaves none unprotected, but gives to all the power to draw around themselves influences that are pure, holy, and able to save, and gives strength to repel all that may injure, all that may have power to harm the spirit. Reason and divine impression are able to save, and he that is lost is he that hath wrought out his own destruction: for God leaves no sincere desire of the heart unanswered, but opens the door of His mercy to all who knock with a fervent desire to be fed from His store of wisdom. Be not alarmed, my friends; say not to yourselves, this is a dangerous, dark-some path, and we will not pursue it, but trim the lamp of reason; look to the star of promise; pray earnestly to the God of the universe, and walk steadily, calmly onward, gathering the fruits and flowers of knowledge for yourselves, and to feed the hungry and whose faith is weak. Do this, and you need have no fears. Your journey will be a safe one, you will reach your destination full of strength and vigor, schooled and prepared for entrance into the upper spheres, where your joy will be increased, and the facilities for improvement be completed.

Reason is the anchor of the soul, And God its compass true: With these you'll safely reach the goal, And ride the tempest through. CHRYSTOSTOM."

[To this editor of the *Telegraph* adds the following hearty endorsement:]

We would earnestly entreat all our readers to give the above communication a very careful perusal. The advice it contains is of paramount importance to every Spiritualist. Our own experience in these matters bids us re-echo the advice and urge its importance. To rely implicitly upon all that emanates from the spirit-world would be to remain in the same contentious and bewildering state that now characterizes the whole human family.

STRANGE SUPERSTITION AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.—The English papers contain accounts of the doings of a new Caffre prophet or witch-doctor, who has appeared in Krel's country, and has exercised extraordinary influence over the Caffres, and unless there be some counteracting influence, at appears likely that at least one-half of the Caffre nation will perish of starvation. He prophesies that all the great Caffres who have died during the past century will arise from the dead, as soon as those living have accomplished all his decrees. These are, that they shall either kill or sell all their cattle, goats, poultry, &c.; that they are to empty their grain-pits, and in fact, to leave themselves without means of subsistence of any kind. When all this shall be accomplished, then, at a given signal from him, all their slain cattle will arise, together with their forefathers, who will come out of a pit or cave at the mouth of the Kye, and that then a strong wind will sweep away the white men, with all the reserved cattle, from the face of the earth. The prophet has further commanded that every man shall provide himself with an axe. All this trumpery is firmly believed by the Galeikas and T'Slambies, and they are now killing their cattle by thousands, and what they don't kill are offered for sale at one-fourth of their value.

One fact the Caffres insist on, viz., that thousands of Caffres who have visited the prophet declare that they could hear distinctly the bellowing of cattle underground, and also the noise of their horns clashing one with another, ready to come on the earth again. The Caffres are also enjoined by this "witch-doctor" not to sow or cultivate their ground this season, but to have their grain-pits empty, and when all is accomplished, at a given signal from him all will be instantly re-filled. It is believed that the fellow's object is to bring the Caffres to a state of starvation, and then they will be induced to attack the English settlements. The English authorities are preparing to meet the crisis.

All personal antagonisms are infernal; hence, he who cherishes hatred against his fellow-man, shows that he himself is a bad man.

The Spiritualist.

A. E. NEWTON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

"I have got many things to say unto you, but ye cannot hear them now."—Jesus

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1857.

WHO SHALL ROLL AWAY THE STONE FROM THE DOOR OF THE SEPULCHRE?

Under this head the following article appears in the New York Independent. The distinguished lady whose initials it bears (Mrs. Stowe,) has lately been bereaved of a son, a young man of excellent character and bright promise and a member of Dartmouth college—who was accidentally drowned while bathing in the river at Hanover, N. H. A knowledge of these facts gives an additional force to some of the expressions used. We copy the article, first, for the forcible illustrations it gives of the need of modern Spiritualism, to meet the yearnings of the loving heart; and, secondly, for the purpose of commenting upon some of its characteristics:

Yes, who? There it lies—hard, cold, inexorable; the stone of silence—the stone of utter, hopeless separation. Since the beginning of the world there has been—no tears have melted it—no prayers pierced it—the children of men, surging and complaining in their anguish of bereavement, have dashed against it, only to melt hopelessly backward as a wave fails and goes back into the ocean.

Nothing about the doom of death is so dreadful as this dead, inflexible silence. Could there be, after the passage of the river, one backward signal—one last word, the heart would be appeased. There is always something left unsaid, even when death has come deliberately and given full warning. How much more when it has fallen like the lightning, and the beloved has been wrested from life without a parting look or word!

Walter Scott, after the death of his wife, wrote, "What shall I do with that portion of my thoughts that I have always been in the habit of telling only to her?" And after death, for many and many a weary day, the heart throbs and aches with things unsaid—and which can be said to no other—for each friend takes away a portion of ourselves. There was some part of our being related to him as to no other, and we had things to say to him which no other would understand or appreciate. A portion of our thoughts has become useless and burdensome; and again and again, with involuntary yearning, we turn to the stone at the door of the sepulchre. We lean against the cold, silent marble—but there is no answer—no voice—neither any that regardeth.

There are those who would have us think that in our day this doom is reversed—that there are means which have the power to restore to us the communion of our lost ones. How many a heart, wrung and tortured with the anguish of this fearful silence, has throbbled with strange, vague hopes at the suggestion! When we hear sometimes, of persons of the strongest and clearest minds becoming credulous votaries of certain spiritualistic theories, we are not surprised. We shall see that between the spiritual and material is growing thin, and a new dispensation germinating, in which communion with the departed shall be among the privileges and possibilities of our mortal state! Ah, were it so that when we go forth weeping in the grey dawn, bearing spices and odors which we long to pour forth for the beloved dead, we should indeed find the stone rolled away, and an angel sitting on it! How beautiful! But for us the stone must be rolled away by an unquestionable angel, whose countenance is as the lightning, who executes no doubtful juggle, by pale moonlight or starlight, but rolls back the stone in fair, open morning, and sits on it. Then we could bless God for His mighty gift, and with love and awe and reverence take up that blessed fellowship with another life, and weave it reverently and trustfully into the web of our daily course.

But no such angel have we seen. No such sublime, unquestionable, glorious manifestation. And when we look at what is offered to us, ah! who that had a friend in heaven could wish them to return in such wise as this? The very instinct of a sacred sorrow seems to forbid that our beautiful, our glorified one should stoop lower than even the medium of their cast-off bodies, to juggle, and rap, and squeak, and perform montebank tricks with tables and chairs, to recite over in weary sameness harmless truisms which we were wise enough to say for ourselves, to trifle and banter and jest, or to lead us through endless moonshiny mazes—sadly and soberly we say, that if this be communion with the dead, we had rather be without it. We want something a little in advance of our present life, and not below it. We have read with some attention weary pages of spiritual communication professing to come from Bacon, Swedenborg, and others, and long accounts from divers spirits of things seen in the spirit-land, and we can conceive of no more appalling prospect than to have them true.

If the future life is so weary, stale, flat and unprofitable as we might infer from these readings, one would have reason to deplore an immortality from which no suicide could give an outlet. To be condemned to such eternal proving would be worse than annihilation.

Is there no satisfaction for this craving of the soul? There is One who says, "I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, and I have the keys of hell and of death;" and this same Being said once before, "He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself unto him." This is a promise direct and personal; not confined to the first apostles, but stated in the most general way, as attainable by any one who loves and does the will of Jesus. It seems given to us as some comfort for the unavoidable heart-breaking separations of death, that there should be in that dread unknown one all-powerful Friend, with whom it is possible to commune, and from whose Spirit there may come a response to us. Our Elder Brother, the partaker of our nature, is not only in the spirit-land, but is all-powerful there. It is He that shutteth and no man openeth, and openeth and no man shutteth. He whom we have seen in the flesh weeping over the grave of Lazarus, is he who has the keys of hell and of death. If we cannot commune with our friends, we can at least commune with Him to whom they are present; who is intimately with them as with us. He is the true bond of union between the spirit-world and our souls; and one blessed hour of prayer, when we draw near to Him, and feel the breadth and length and depth and height of that love of His, that passeth knowledge, is better than all those incoherent, vain, dreamy glimpses with which longing hearts are cheated.

They who have disbelieved all spiritual truth, who have been Sadduceeic doubters of either angel or spirit, may find in modern Spiritualism a great advance. But can one who has ever really had communion with Christ, who has said with John, "Truly, our fellowship is with the Father and the Son,"—can such an one be satisfied with what is found in the modern circle?

For Christians who have strayed into these enclosures, we cannot but recommend the homely but apt quotation of old John Newton:—

What think ye of Christ? Is the test To try both your state and your scheme.

In all these so-called revelations, have there come any echoes of the new song which no man save the redeemed from earth could learn,—any unfoldings of that love that passeth knowledge,—anything, in short, such as spirits might utter, to whom was unveiled that which eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath entered the heart of man to conceive? We must confess that all the spirits that yet have spoken appear to be living in quite another sphere from John or Paul.

Let us, then, who long for communion with spirits, seek nearness to Him who has promised to speak and commune, leaving forever this world to his church: "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you."

H. B. S.

REMARKS.—There are those, who, when the question of the possibility of spirit-communication is raised, will coldly tell us that we have nothing to do with the departed, nor they with us—that to yearn after the loved one who has passed the cold river, and to wish for "one backward signal," is an act of rank rebellion against the Almighty—that all which pertains to the spirit-life, is among the "secret things which belong to God," any inquiry into which is impiety. And with a show of ostentatious mourning and a hopeless tone, which passes among shallow religionists for "pious resignation," but which is too often really indicative of affectional indifference and religious sardonicism, they seek to roll against the tomb the stone of forgetfulness, and even to seal it with the stamp of religion.

Not so Mrs. Stowe. She feels and acknowledges the existence of cords which death cannot sunder; and the deepest, holiest intuitions of her soul evidently assure her that on these cords, as on telegraphic wires, ought to go and come responses between the loving and the loved, wherever they may dwell. She recognizes, unhesitatingly, and utters impassionedly, the great affectional want of the human soul in its present stage.

But is there a want without a supply? Has Infinite Goodness and Wisdom created such "cravings of the soul," only to mock at them? Has God made the human heart thus to be wrung with "anguish," to "throb and ache with things unsaid," and to hover around the portals of the tomb with irrepresible longings for some power to roll away the stone, without any provision to meet such demands? Are not this anguish and these yearnings the very stimulants which should urge man to an inquiry into and an understanding of the laws on which the supply depends, as the miseries of a famine lead to an investigation of the laws of production?

We had supposed, and not without reason, that the eminently liberal, progressive, and we may add, spiritual mind of Mrs. Stowe was prepared to give a better answer to these queries than is presented above. Her "Uncle Tom," her "Sunny Memories," her "Dred," and various fugitive productions, have contained such clear and emphatic recognitions of the main features of modern Spiritualism, that to say nothing of confident affirmations of her personal belief in the truth of the communications, in general.

But the declaration given above is apparently to the contrary. We say apparently; for, on a close examination, it will be found to be somewhat equivocal. Seemingly, the writer joins hands with the "scientific" Sadducees of old Harvard, and adopts their vocabulary. (vide "juggle," "montebank tricks," etc.) and, with the unfairness of a committed partisan, she singles out some of the lower and cruder forms of manifestation, (possibly of counterfeit manifestation), and puts these forward as if they were the whole! This is as candid as it would have been for Mrs. Stowe, in her "Memories of Foreign Lands," to have set forth the London swell-mob and snob-aristocracy, as the proper representatives of the best English society. If she does not know that modern angels roll away the stone from the sepulchre, in ways very different from those she specifies and repudiates, she knows little of what is transpiring around her;—and we can assure her she is quite too hasty in turning away in hopeless despair of "one backward signal—one last word"—from him who has passed the river.

We say not this lightly, but with a full realization of its thrilling import to an anguish-riven heart. There are those—whatever may have been the "observations" of blinded bigots and sardonic doubters, (whose bandaged or blurred eyes are no safe guides to the truly spiritual)—there are those who have seen the "unquestionable angel," if she has not—those who have seen not only the "angel," but the departed ones also—who have not only seen, but felt them, and have heard their consoling assurances that they have "not yet ascended" beyond the reach of sensible communion—yes, and have often "talked with them by the way," until their hearts have burned with something of the love and devotion of the celestial realms!

But, unfortunately for the credence of the Pharisees and the Rulers of our day, these are mostly humble and unlettered disciples, outcasts from the synagogue,—sometimes even Magdalens; and "their words are as idle tales!" It is fashionable and pious to believe the testimony of unorthodox fishermen and Magdalens of a long past day; but to accept the word of such now, would be enormous credulity, if not impiety!

We do not, however, ask Mrs. Stowe or any one else to believe on the mere testimony of others, however worthy of credence. We were a "doubting Thomas" ourself, and hence have a sympathy with all that extensive class; but having been met with evidence as overwhelming as that which satisfied him, we believe the same will be granted to other sincere souls, whenever higher wisdom sees best, and they see fit to comply with the requisite conditions. (Please note that Thomas was not convinced by seeing the stone rolled away "in fair, open morning," but by the tangible appearance of his deceased friend in a small circle, convoked by night, in an upper chamber, the doors being shut!)

We would further add, that one who is really grateful to God for "His mighty gift of a blessed fellowship with another life," will not be over-fastidious or dictatorial about the means by which that fellowship is demonstrated to the outward senses. It might be vastly pleasing, as well as "sublime" and "glorious," to have our departed loved-ones appear before our eyes, "in fair, open morning," with countenances like lightning, with brilliant halos about their heads, etc.; but those who are submissive to the Divine law will be thankful to have them manifest themselves in any way consistent with the relations divinely established between the earthly

and the spiritual states of existence. The mode of manifestation must depend upon our conditions of development or spiritualization. If our senses are not so spiritualized that they can be made to take cognizance of the glorified spiritual body, it cannot be seen by us. If we are so external that we cannot be satisfied except by tangible, physical movements and audible sounds, then the fault is ours who demand this form of evidence, rather than theirs who condescend to give it. It would be very gratifying, nevertheless, if some fastidious philosopher who flouts the "raps" and table-movements as too undignified for spirits, would exactly define the difference in dignity, between the electrical detonations produced by spirit-power, and the clinkings of an ordinary telegraphic apparatus, when in operation.

It was doubtless by the latter agency that Mrs. Stowe (she will pardon the painful allusion, since her own ill-considered language has invited us to it,) received the first intelligence of her sad bereavement; why should she refuse to receive the consoling message from "the other side," for which her heart so yearns, by the same agency, (electricity,) a little differently applied?

And what though there are grades of mind in this life, with fit counterparts in the other, who are content to "recite over in weary sameness harmless truisms," "to trifle, and banter, and jest,"—does it follow that you and your "beautiful, glorified ones" can enjoy no worthier intercourse, if you desire it? And what if some find a future life as "weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable" as many do the present—does that indicate that the active, benevolent, Christ-like soul does not find occupations and enjoyments adapted to its highest and ever-expanding capacities? We are not familiar with the "readings" to which Mrs. S. refers, but doubt if they represent a life anywhere approaching in weariness and unprofitableness the endless psalm-singing and selfish idleness of the common "heaven."

We confess, we had not looked for such puerilities on this subject from a mind whose vigor and scope, in other departments of thought, has commanded the admiration of all Christendom. Can it be that this quasi-repudiation of modern Spiritualism has been called forth merely to counteract the general suspicion of spiritualistic and unorthodox tendencies? Had it come from anybody but a member of the "Beecher family," who are not often suspected of disguising their sentiments from deference to theological associations, the supposition might explain the phenomenon.

In the closing paragraphs of the above article, there are several points which call for comment at greater length than our time or room will admit this week. We shall therefore resume the subject in our next.

A WORD ON PERSONAL MATTERS.

As most of our readers have been aware, the editor's time, for several months, has been but partially given to the columns of the Spiritualist. Having completed the work on which we have been engaged, it is our intention to devote the remainder of our physical energies, we design for a season to enter the lecturing field, with a view to spreading the glorious light of the new gospel, and at the same time of extending the circulation of the SPIRITUALIST.

In the way we hope to be able to retain, for a season at least, the services of our excellent and much prized assistant, Mr. MONROE, whose ability and judgment have contributed so largely to the interest of the paper for the last year and more. We are confident that our desire to retain his valuable assistance will meet the approbation of the friends of the paper generally. To do so, however, will acquire a considerable accession to the income of the office; and we therefore earnestly bespeak the co-operation of our friends everywhere for the increase of the circulation of the SPIRITUALIST.

That our paper has held its own, during the period that our attention has been partially diverted,—and that notwithstanding a vigorous competition from new candidates for the favor of the friends of Spiritualism, as well as a bitter opposition from its foes,—is a fact which speaks well for its hold upon the minds and hearts of the community, and which encourages us to hope that the appeal we now make will be generously responded to.

We have a dislike to the system of employing salaried solicitors to urge a paper upon unwilling patrons; and experience has taught us that little permanent advancement is made in that way. Our most valuable and effective reliance is upon the voluntary and hearty recommendations and exertions of such as truly love the truths we advocate and earnestly desire their spread in the community.

A large number of subscriptions expire with the present month. May we not hope for not only a general renewal, but for such additions as shall strengthen our hands and encourage our hearts for a vigorous winter campaign against the strongholds of materialistic error?

Will our friends, in any quarter where there may be an opening for labors of the kind we propose, please to send us word, that we may at an early day arrange a lecturing tour? We shall be prepared to speak on either the Phenomenal, the Philosophical, the Religious, or the practical bearings of modern Spiritualism, as may seem most desirable.

As to the work upon which we have been engaged (as editor), and for which many of our readers have been long and anxiously looking, information will be found in an announcement in our advertising columns. We shall have more to say of it at a proper time.

OUR NEW OFFICE.—As announced last week, our office, together with Mr. Marsh's Bookstore, has been removed to No. 14 Bromfield street. The location is a central and eligible one, in many respects preferable to the old. The bookstore is up one flight of stairs; our counting-room, two flights. Here we have a commodious room, excellently adapted for a reading, conversation and lecture-room—for which purposes we propose to fit it up, if suitable encouragement is afforded. Our friends from city and country are cordially invited to visit our new quarters, and avail themselves of their advantages.

MARSHALL, MICH.—Mr. Thomas Low, of this place, wishes medium and trance-speakers who may be passing that way, (on the Central R. R.) to stop and enlighten the inhabitants of that village. He will render all aid in his power.

THIRD PIC-NIC AT ABINGTON.

The duties of our office compelled us reluctantly to forego the pleasure of participating in the pleasures of this occasion. The day was fine, and we learn that from six to eight hundred went from this city, being joined by nearly an equal number from other quarters, so that from twelve to fifteen hundred persons were on the grounds. A friend who was present has furnished us some notes, from which we condense the following: A goodly specimen of a spirit in the body, our well-known, always-on-hand, and president-ed friend, DEXTER DANA, of Roxbury, was called to the chair. Then came the sweetest symphonies of the Misses HALL. A spiritual feast is their united song. Each distinct voice, pure and melodious, fuses and harmonically blends into the others, and thus is given us an inspiration of vocal music, an inspiration, because we feel lifted up from the influx of this magnetism.

Dr. GARDNER then read a letter from Mr. WILLIS, appropriate to the occasion, [see below] after which, as the spirit successively moved, various addresses were made through various persons.

Mr. COONLEY rose, entranced, and spoke as if from spirits of Revolutionary memory. We regret not being able to accurately particularize the remarks of this speaker. A broad view was taken of man in his physical and national relations, so as to illustrate the governing and controlling spiritual principles, which now operate upon us. There were many fine points in his address, and the line of argument was wide and comprehensive. Mr. C. spoke about three-quarters of an hour, and left a very favorable impression of his mediatorial powers.

Mr. MIDDLETON, of Woodstock, Vt., was the next speaker. Mr. M. expressed pleasure in meeting the speaker. He said: God is with us as much to-day as He was with Abraham of old. I bless and praise Him. I come to commend you to a special matter. It is in respect to innovation, and the opposition to it. We are commissioners to speak the truth that makes free. When a man's religious belief is attacked it comes natural to him to oppose. Thus it is with the Theologies of to-day. The supporters of them are unwilling to move with us. Spiritualism, said the speaker, is inborn in man; and we may become unfolded to be exponents of nature to each other. Reference was made to the Bible, and allusion to the purity and similarity of the unfoldings there recorded with those now presented. Mr. M. closed with an earnest appeal to those present to be true to the principles of the new dispensation.

After Mr. M. had concluded, the Misses HALL again melodized us all with their vocalities, and a general dispersion to the cake and coffee stand then seemed to be the special and pressing mission of almost every one. Is not this one of the missions always fulfilled? At least it is spontaneously met, and obedience to appetital wants never fails in the appropriate hour.

But there is a spiritual appetite besides the physical, and just now quite urgent in its cravings all over the land. But—we must remember we are reporting, not writing.

In the afternoon, Mr. DANA opened with an account of his experience with the Davenport mediums, presenting facts given through their agency, and inviting the skeptical to pay them a visit, to see and hear for themselves.

Mr. PARDEE, entranced, then addressed the assemblage, urging the necessity of a religious unfolding and culture. The religious element is instinct and instant in man. There is a need of a rational religion; and notwithstanding the errors of the past not to be recognized, men cannot ignore the religious wants of the present. How stands Spiritualism now? There are two great divisions—one ignoring Nature, the other Religion. There are Christian Spiritualists and Harmonists. But they need to be fused, and by and by will be unfolded a rational Religion, satisfying and harmonizing both. Spiritualism comes to the trine man—the intellectual, spiritual or religious, and affectional. This is the individualizing age; and God is seeking to raise up representatives of Himself. A man that is simply or chiefly intellectual or religious, or affectional, is only part of a man. If a man simply cultivates the religious, he becomes superstitious; if the intellectual, cold and proud. Man must worship. It is said we cannot worship a principle. You worship principle daily—you worship truth, the beautiful, and the graces. The speaker then spoke of the philosophy and uses of prayer, and with an appeal to those present to cultivate in the rationally religious, concluded with—Let everything have its place, its time, its use.

Mr. DANA then entertained the audience for some time with an analysis of ancient and modern Spiritualism. After which Mrs. PUFFER, of Hanson, entranced, made an interesting and appropriate address, speaking in a clear tone and persuasive manner. We regret we cannot epitomize her remarks. An aged lady, whose name, we think, was Mrs. CROCKER, was the next to occupy the attention of the audience. Commencing in a low voice, in her natural state, she gradually was enabled to be heard by all. We were very much pleased with her remarks, for they were rational, pointed, and instructive. Recounting a religious experience of many years, she related how she had found in Spiritualism her all. The language used by this sister, stricken in years and apparently by sorrows, was choice, pertinent, and appropos; and as her trembling form, swayed to and fro by the inspiration of her felt thoughts, traversed the stand, almost every one present felt glad to be there to hear her. Indeed, she commanded attention; and when, after an earnest exhortation to all, she closed, many expressed their approbation by the clapping of hands.

Another lady, Mrs. TRIMM, of Hanson, spoke appropriately and pleasingly under the influence of the unseen ones.

Dr. GARDNER closed the day's addresses by a

speech of an hour—noticing the imputation of infidelity lately put upon him, and repudiating it; after which he opened into a keen analysis of speaking mediumship and its rationale. Many of the Dr.'s remarks were full of weighty truth, though perhaps rather more analytic than synthetic. His address was interspersed with facetious and humorous allusions, with now and then a hot shot into the magazine of those who wished to fasten upon him the charge of infidelity, and upon Spiritualism that of delusion.

"All's well that ends well." The day ended well, for all went well. When again the friends meet, a year hence, at Abington Grove, may the fires now so brightly burning in their midst, have extended over all the kingdom of thought, and each feel that Spiritualism is something which has come from Heaven for the spiritualizing of us all.

LETTER FROM MR. WILLIS.

HENNIKER, N. H., Sept. 8, 1857.

To the Friends of Humanity assembled in Abington Grove:

MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS:—Although absent from you bodily, yet am I with you in spirit. It would have afforded me great pleasure to have met you this day, face to face; to have felt the cordial grasp of all the many hands that I know would have been extended to me—hands with hearts in them—hands that have listened to the gentle whisperings of angel-voices, and become filled to overflowing with that love which makes the very atmosphere of heaven. But as circumstances combine to prevent my presence with you to-day, I do the next best thing, and pen these few lines, to assure you that my whole soul is with you in this glorious work, which it is our exalted privilege to carry on in co-operation with the hosts of heaven, for the elevation and purification of the human race.

Oh! let us be faithful to this great mission. We have Truth upon our side, and therefore God is with us; and who can prevail against us? God, in his love and mercy, prepares the way for the sure triumph of this glorious, true and certain light, whose pure white beams, streaming from their Divine centre, have illumined our souls. When Harvard Professors can build barriers, raise defences and conjure up clouds, huge and black enough to shut out the light of the sun, and prevent its life-giving influence upon the earth, then, and not till then, can they hope to resist the shining of this great sun of truth and righteousness that is now flooding the hearts of men with light.

The flats of Universities, the awards of Scientific Professors, be they thundered forth never so loudly, cannot terrify into silence that witness of the Truth which God has planted within the soul of man. It will be heard, will judge and speak for itself. Thank God! no man is devoid of the power within him of judging between the false and the true. No one is without some slight discernment of the great principle that has its emblems in the human countenance that have so long obscured man's understanding, so that the sun-light may be revealed; to open the hidden fount of life for mankind; to cause the life-giving waters to swell and flow, until the purifying stream shall cleanse the soul, is the mission of angels,—and not alone of angels, but of all to whom this divine latter-day revelation has come in the power of its beauty and holiness.

Oh, my brethren, let us come up bravely to the help of our heaven-sent allies. Let us battle nobly against error and wrong, against bigotry and intolerance, against all forms and ceremonies, however sacred they may have been held through the ages past, that tend to enslave the human soul, made to be as free as its Creator, who stamped upon it His own image.

There is no lack of means; there is no lack of weapons. Only let us keep our mission ever before us. Let us seek to lighten our own souls with this heavenly light; to cleanse them in this living fount; to warm them in this spiritual light, till they be free; and then shall we be enabled to lead to blessed light souls darkened, beclouded, fettered.

My friends, the most glorious feature of our holy faith is, that it makes us free, as God meant we should be. It places about our souls no deadly chains of creed or sect. We have no societies, associations, exclusive circles, or limits. But we are bound together in the bonds of true fellowship. We manifest our socialism in our labors for our fellow-men. Our circle is as broad as the wide-spread embrace of love, and is described from a divine centre. Our limits we define only by the Infinite.

God with us—God in us, is our bond of union with the highest and holiest, and we possess the conscious revelation of a life so near—yes, so in the life of spirit, that the ministering ones need no ladder of ascent and descent, as they come to the soul laden with their rich gifts. To you, my brother and sister mediums, I extend a cordial greeting. God bless you, and speed you on your way. Rejoice when persecution comes upon you. Your way is a toilsome one. That very delicacy and susceptibility of organization that renders you an instrument for angels to work with, makes you keenly alive to the antagonistic elements at work about you, that are like cruel thorns piercing your tenderest parts. But you must not lie down upon roses below. The pathway of the purest and holiest medium who has ever walked this earth was beset with thorns, and if we would attain to a high degree of his power—if we would become partakers of his glory, we must suffer and grow strong, as he did.

I am proud and happy to claim your fellowship. Yes, my brothers and sisters, I had rather my name should head Prof. Felton's list of conscientious liars, than possess all the honors that the venerable Alma Mater of Harvard University has it in her power to bestow upon me.

Let us be strong, and seek to become in ourselves the embodiment of Truth, Purity and Righteousness. So shall we indeed become lights of the world.

And now, my friends, permit me to close with the following sentiment:

God speed the truth, and hasten on that glorious day when angels shall sing the triumphant establishment of the harmonical kingdom of righteousness upon the earth.

Yours, in every good word and work, FREDERICK L. H. WILLIS.

Always do as the sun does, look at the bright side of everything; it is just as cheap, and three times as good for digestion.

MEETINGS AT THE MUSIC HALL.

On Sunday afternoon last Mr. FORSTER was used as the medium of Rev. Stephen R. Smith (formerly, we believe, a clergyman of Buffalo), to pronounce a vigorous and elaborate discourse on the doctrines of the Trinity and the Divinity of Christ, from the text, "I and my Father are one." It was asserted that the common belief in the Trinity had no substantial foundation in either Nature, the Bible, or the authority of the Fathers. The point chiefly dwelt upon was the latter, and the decisions and counter decisions of ecclesiastical councils during the celebrated Arian controversy were detailed at some length—showing that the "authority of the fathers," on which so large a portion of Christendom rely, is utterly valueless from its conflicting nature. The text was explained to mean that Jesus was one in purpose, sympathy and effort with the Father, as should be and are all truly noble, spiritual, and self-sacrificing laborers for human good.

We were to criticize the discourse, we should say that it presented but one side of the truth. It held up very properly to view the "glaring mathematical absurdity" of three Gods in one, and insisted on the grand fundamental truth of the Divine Unity; but it wholly ignored the equally grand fundamental truths of a Duality and a Trinity of Principles in the universal constitution of things—a Duality which exhibits itself in the characteristics of Positive and Negative, or Male and Female; and a Trinity, which expresses itself as Love, Wisdom, and Truth, or as Life, Form and Use. From a perception of this triune distinction, perhaps crudely and imperfectly comprehended, doubtless arose the doctrine of the Trinity, both among heathens and Christians; and we are of opinion that a correction of the error into which Christendom has lapsed on the subject will be sooner reached by an acknowledgment and clear exposition of the essential truth that underlies it, than by a blank repudiation of the whole as a "glaring mathematical absurdity." We hope this view of the subject will receive attention in the future labors of this speaker.

In the evening, Professor Dayton (as he claims to be), through the same organism, gave an exceeding able and lucid exposition of the Physical, Intellectual and Spiritual natures of man, with their mutual relations and dependencies. It was the most instructive as well as eloquent effort to which we have yet listened through this instrument, and no abstract can do it justice.

Mr. Forster goes to Buffalo, to be absent two weeks; after which he is expected to return and spend some time with us. Arrangements which are in progress, with a view to making the meetings free to the public, we trust will be completed previous to his return. Persons interested in the effort will find subscription papers during the present week at this office.

Next Sunday, as will be seen, Mrs. HENDERSON, who is a favorite with our community, is again to occupy the platform at the Music Hall.

STRUCK SPEECHLESS.

The New York Spiritual Age states that one Rev. C. H. HARVEY, of that city,—who sometime since distinguished himself by an attempt to discuss Spiritualism with Mrs. Hatch, in the Tabernacle, suffering a disastrous defeat,—recently undertook to give a public lecture against the "diabolical delusion," in the Stuyvesant Institute. The following was the result:

"At the appointed hour a small audience was in attendance, and the lecturer commenced the exercises by reading a chapter from the Bible and offering up a prayer for the success of the enterprise. He then commenced to explain the orderly and sacred character of the manifestations recorded in the Bible. But when he came to animadvert upon the disorderly and diabolical character of the modern manifestations, he grew pale, his lips trembled, his frame was convulsed, his vocal organs paralyzed, and he was stricken with dumbness! He repeatedly essayed to speak, but failed; and while attempting to utter his thoughts, like Ananias, he was smitten on the head by an invisible power and laid stiff and prostrate on the platform!

"A crowd soon collected around him, and several physicians being present, they endeavored to resuscitate him by rubbing his limbs, bathing his face with cold water, and applying hartshorn, camphor, alcohol, &c. Much confusion and excitement prevailed, and some thought that he had expired, inasmuch as he exhibited little or no signs of life. A prominent Spiritualist advanced, and declared that if he would just let him alone, the same power that had paralyzed him so effectually, would in due time resuscitate him, and after making a few mesmeric passes over his frame, he revived. When he was able to speak, unlike Saul of old, he declared that it was the work of a diabolical spirit!

"After he had sufficiently recovered those of his friends who were in attendance to hear his lecture, persuaded him, contrary to his own expostulations, to try and proceed with his exposition. Accordingly he again essayed to speak, but in like manner his vocal organs were again paralyzed, his frame convulsed, and he was wholly unable, after repeated efforts, to utter a sentence in any coherent or intelligible manner, inasmuch that he was constrained to undergo any further efforts."

We read in the Scriptures that "the prayer of the righteous man availeth much." As the prayer with which this clergyman preceded his efforts seems to have been of a different character, we are led to draw the proper inferences.

MOVEMENTS OF SPEAKERS.

L. K. COONLEY, trance speaker, will lecture in Quincy on the 3d Sunday, and in Stoughton on the 4th Sunday in this month.

Mr. A. B. WHITING, from Michigan, is lecturing in Providence every Sunday during the present month. He will receive calls to speak elsewhere during the weeks of this month; also both Sundays and week days next month. Address him at Providence, R. I.

Mr. and Mrs. U. CLARK, editors of the Spiritual Clarion, Auburn, N. Y., will lecture at Painesville, O., on the 17th inst., Cleveland, Sunday, the 20th, Grafton, the 21st, and Adrian, Mich., the 23d.

WARREN CHASE has spoken at Lowell the last two Sundays. He will be in this vicinity for a few weeks, and may be addressed at this office.

J. H. W. TOOMEY, of Salem, well known in the Spiritualist world as former editor of the Christian Spiritualist, contemplates a lecturing tour to the West about the first of Oct. Friends along the route who wish to secure his services are requested to address him as soon as may be, at this office.

H. B. STORER, of New Haven, Ct., spoke last Sunday at Taunton, Mass., and will speak at the same place on Sunday next; also, at New Bedford during the following week. Mr. S. will act as agent for the Spiritualist.

MEETINGS.—The Spiritualists of Alton, Farmington, Rochester, Great Falls, Dover, N. H., and vicinity, are making arrangements to hold a convention at Rochester, N. H., about the first of Oct., of which due notice will be given.

A grove meeting will be held at Byron, Genesee Co., N. Y., on Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 19th and 20th. S. J. Finney, of Ohio, and Ira Hitchcock, of Oneida, are announced as principal speakers.

That magnificent bouquet from Dorchester, and those sweet, fresh lilies, in their mossy bed, from an unknown hand, were duly received and appreciated. If the giver of a cup of cold water goes not unrewarded, so will not the donors of these refreshing tokens of sympathy and encouragement.

LETTER FROM MR. PARDEE.

PORTLAND, Sept. 5, 1857.

Esteemed Editor of N. E. Spiritualist:—The spirit of Cosmopolitanism would at times fain cease her tread and world-wandering, and resting awhile, interrogate fixed localities. These all have a life idiosyncratic, and a separate speech, telling of the internal whose outward visible is the sphere-projection of that. The every city and town writes a book of its state for the traveller to read. And as each book seems akin and a brother to the every other, a universal relationship of thought and affection veining through all—so is every local community—presenting a life-book in street-line and look even as in structure, aspect, and in the faces and fashioned manners of them that fill the one and plan and occupy the other—linked together in thought by no distant relationship. We may speak fluently of that well read, but hesitate to give the decisive opinion from the mere excursive glance—of man-life or communal, it matters not; it is the same.

My preface and introduction to Portland was a grand sea-sickness: such the submission of self which the quiet cities of the salt sea inevitably exact of the first visitor transited by the rocking boat. We were pushed through the troubled wastes of waters, vexed and angered by the scowling sky-look, with what degree of speed a spunky engine, crammed with its peculiar life, could give. It threatened constantly, with rumbling growl, to disembowel itself from the boat's hold. She was cognomened the "Forest City." I could not help thinking, as men and things on board kept bowing like the devout Mussulman to the East, or like some other devout or undevout man, to the West, that if more stuff from the forest had been knit into the ribs and chest, and kneed in elsewhere, we might have bobbed and bowed and got gloriously sick, nonchalantly. The spirit of that boat was troubled. You could hear it shriek; almost, the cracking of its bones—spirits have bones—a mighty unrest filled it, just as some tempest-tossed spirit from out its world convulses the mediatorial frame into which it has come. After twelve hours or more of struggle and wrestle, the "Forest City" ultimatum her daily mission, and disgorged us at Portland. I had the exclusive honor, I believe, of paying sole tribute to the sea and her beauty-tribute, this fair city. I said to one young man, while in medias res, "Is this common?" With the possiblest stoicism he rejoined, "I have every night, for three weeks on a stretch, been sick." I looked steadily, wondering while whether flesh and blood, or even bones, could hold their own through all that. The fact is, I suspected a stretch here.

On dry land once more, the sober fronts of dwellings gave out—(if "walls have ears," why may they not have tongues?)—suggestions of quiet and rest, which were fully realized when domiciled in the peaceful and harmonious family home of Mr. N. A. Foster. Ah! happy are those of calm equableness of temperament, and in whose hearts a fraternal love is throned, and through the avenues of whose beings walk serenely the figure-forms of culture, refinement, gentleness, spirituality.

Sunday came, and the hour for discourse. How quickly we sense the moral sphere and the spiritual grade of an audience. It is no idealism, then, this is spherical aroma. We all involuntarily smell each other, psychometrize and gauge the states of mind and men. With our spiritual nostrils we scent our way through the fields of life; and sometimes—how delightful!—sense and sniff a glorious or a beautiful existence. We grow inspired, then, by it; and heart and brain are calmer and clearer, because of this acquaintanceship. Men and women carry about them unmistakable insignia of what they inwardly are. Is not this the feeling as well as the seeing age? We sense and see things and men as they are. The old prophecy is ripening up its completeness of fulfillment.

If one does a piece of work, through mind or body's action, he desires to see its use appreciated; and though we, who speak as moved by the spirit, must needs leave results and the harvest to our Father, God, and his spirits, yet there comes a strength, not exultant, nor yet exultantly waiting, but calm, and like an inner pillar and column of support to us, after the battle with action is over, through just appreciation. Great and constant expectation of approval from the outer is most dangerous to the soul wedded to truth; but the due that is given thence, and unsolicited, is a God-dispensation through our kind. The true soul, sternly steadfast to truth, has the constant ministry of her approval. Yet are the great tides of human thought and sympathy everlasting; and when those other, the material which symbolize these, shall, through myriad-year'd lapses, come to stand still, and cease to know the great pulsation, and grow emaciate, and gradually dry up before the positiveness of progression, these, the mental and spiritual, shall ebb and flow, giving alternate joy and the fulness of life to responsive and fraternal shores. There is a certain refined and spiritualized atmosphere, an expanded and liberal breathing, very inviting, over and around the cause here. Perhaps the beautiful ministrations have educated it—led it out blushing from the skies, as he, blessed with his everlasting mate, leads her to the ritual of marriage and the altar, for the consummation: solemn, holy, mutual pledge, and the approving presence of the select circle of friends, these. The finish and beauty so sustained, of Bro. Ambler, the spirituality of Miss Sprague, and the varied and rich gifts through others, have been distributed here. Then, too, from the West, where the huge hills lift their "everlasting heads," stream down liberty-winds brooded on the tops of the White Mountains,

whose name symbolizes the purity of the atmospheres there; while the island-gemmed, expansive, and deep running bay seems to speak of the beauty and expansiveness, and depth of inner life, islanded with the grouped truths of God. We had a picnic from here last Wednesday to a beauty-spot rimmed by the waters that, maybe, once in their circum-roll in serenity, reflected the splendors of famed Venice. How many spiritual picnics, not here but there, are there not! The beautiful ones and the wise push out in their barques of moral will, along the shores of Infinity, and in fraternal union oft do locally congregate, in rapt bliss as yet unexpressed. Blest is the poet—the spirit's bard—for this age.

I would that thought in our national and society midst were as free as the wind that fattens the sails of the angel ships. I am led to this by the happy converse at times with a freed soul. Now and then there stands out a brave individuality that has come to the grace and beauty and strength of unrestricted thought. I met one, of late, and felt fed afresh. It is thus, now: the wings of Truth shall never fold again, nor be clipped by the custom-house employes of error; but a free mission, port-duty free, to every land, and a beneficent brooding over it, shall be her mission. Her speech is use and beauty. Her ambassadors will by and by evangelize the nations.

It has pleased the friends here to have me remain to-morrow, and be used to address them again. If some good comes to some, love's labor is not lost; after which, back to Boston, and there sent to, or sent for.

Fraternally thine,  
L. JUDD PARDEE.

The Gift of Healing.

We make the following selections from a large number of similar testimonies at hand, illustrative of the remedial power exercised through mediums:—

EDITOR SPIRITUALIST:—Will you allow the following statement of facts, a place in your excellent paper? In the month of March, 1856, my wife became very ill. She was attended for several weeks by a regular physician; and six blisters were applied to her while under his care. She suffered severely from this treatment.

The next Summer, I removed my family from Salem, N. H., to Lowell, where she was visited by four of the best doctors in the city, who agreed in the opinion that she had a disease of the heart, which was incurable. They said that she was liable to die at any hour. Cold weather came, and she failed rapidly.

Our situation was truly distressing; for she was confined to her bed in an almost helpless condition. My means became so reduced that I could not employ a nurse, and therefore, while at my daily labor, the care of my sick wife rested upon my oldest girl, only ten years of age; and also, the care of two younger children, one of them an infant. In the month of December, Dr. J. B. Dods visited Lowell. On the morning of his departure, at the request of a friend who knew my wife's condition, he called at my house.

Dr. Dods took my wife's hand, and exclaimed, "The physicians are mistaken in regard to this person. Hers is not a disease of the heart, but dyspepsia, of the worst kind." He placed his hands upon her for a few moments, gave some simple directions in reference to her diet, bade her be of good cheer, and departed. From that very hour, a most wonderful change took place. She had on her clothes, and sat up all day. My family could hardly realize an event so sudden and unexpected. To use the sufferer's own words, she "could not sleep for joy." In a month from that time, she was able to attend to her domestic affairs. The Dr. was in Lowell again during the winter, and again visited us, but utterly refused any remuneration for what he had done. I am fully convinced that through his instrumentality, my beloved companion was rescued from the very jaws of death. May he live long to bless the world by his acts of benevolence.

BROTHER NEWTON: Dear Sir,—To show that the modern gift of healing is nearly equal in power to that possessed in the days of Jesus, I wish to state the facts concerning a single case. A girl about twenty years of age called on me, while recently in Sutton, Canada East, for my assistance in removing a scrofulous tumor, of the size of a common saucer, projected upon the stomach. It had been stationed there one year and a half, and all efforts to remove it had failed.

She called on me in the afternoon of the day. I placed my hand upon the tumor, making a few manipulations, then requested her to call on me the next morning. She did so; and when she came, the tumor was gone, leaving no traces of its ever being there! I inquired of her what had become of it; she replied, "It all went off last night after you rubbed it." It had not returned when I left, one week after.

Waltham, Mass., Sept. 4, 1857.

Mr. S. B. NICHOLS, of Burlington, Vt., concludes a letter on other topics, with the following statement:—"I met a lady at Potsdam, N. Y., a Mrs. Chandler, a few days since, who had been a sufferer for fifteen years, from spinal disease, and for eighteen months could not do anything or sit up, not even to have her bed made. Through the mediumship of Mr. S. A. Fellows, she, in a very short time, (three hours,) arose and walked; and the next day was, as she says, well—or better than she had ever been before."

This medium has also restored many others to health; and yet the church and the world cry, "What good?" Thousands of grateful hearts can respond—"the sick are healed—the lame are made to walk—the deaf to hear,—and the blind to see." What good? Time is telling the story, and the evidence is accumulating. The press, the clergy, and the people wonder, and the "Professors" send out their "bulls"; but they cannot stop the onward tide of light and love, which comes from our spirit-friends. The cause is slowly and truly advancing. Believe me, as ever, in the joys and hopes of the new dispensation,  
"Fraternally yours,  
"SAMUEL B. NICHOLS."

LETTERS RECEIVED.—L. J. Pardee, Portland; M. A. Townsend, New Brighton, Pa.; T. S. Merrill, E. Randolph, Vt.; J. O. J. Ois, Rushford, Minn.; Joseph Wilson, Leroy, Wis.; S. J. Bliss, Walcott, Vt.; J. Nichols, Lowell; A. B. Whiting, Providence, R. I.; S. M. Peters, New Brunswick, N. J.; S. A. Clapp, Montague, (cr. to ed. of vol. 3); J. W. Maulding, Victoria, Texas; Mrs. A. D. Smith, Madison, Texas; H. L. Hathaway, Ware; M. H. Tuttle, N. London, Ct.; Z. J. Smith, E. Princeton, H. W. Ballard, Burlington; E. O. Meacham, Savannah, Ill.; H. P. Fairfield, S. Wallingford, Vt.; W. Beckford, Hartford, Ill.; Dr. N. H. Swain, Columbus, O.; E. Hardleigh, N. Y.; A. J. Graham, N. Y.; U. Clark, Auburn, N. Y.; T. Low, Marshall, Mich.; I. K. Conley, Hineson; W. Henderson, Bucksport, Me.; H. P. Fairfield, Danby, Vt.; D. Noron, Ct.; Wm. Hleok, N. Y.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

LOHNG MOODY will lecture on the Practical Uses of Spiritualism, at S. DANVERS, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 17 and 18. SALEM, Sunday, Sept. 20. MANCHESTER, Mass., on Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 22 and 23. WEST GLOUCESTER, on Thursday and Friday, Sept. 24 and 25. GLOUCESTER, Sunday, Sept. 27. ROCKPORT, Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 28 and 29. The Lectures will be given in the evening, excepting on Sundays.

Friends of truth and progress in the above-named places are requested to make all needful arrangements for the lectures, with reference to further notice. The meetings will in all cases be free; and objections to Spiritualism, on whatever grounds they may be urged, will be answered.

GRATUITOUS SERVICES FOR THE POOR.—Mr. Baxter, Healing Medium, from Quincy, will be in attendance at Dr. Main's Asylum, No. 7 Davis Street, on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, for the purpose of attending gratuitously to the needs of very poor persons, who may be suffering from disease. Sons of Africa are especially invited to avail themselves of this invitation.

Dr. CALVIN HALL will be at Paper Mill Village, N. H., for three weeks from Sept. 1.

MR. DAVENPORT has removed to No. 6 La Grange Place. Circles at 3 o'clock and 8 o'clock, P. M. Arrangements can be made for private circles when desired.

LECTURERS AND TRANCE SPEAKERS.

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.

LECTURERS.

- Dr. JOHN MATHEW, travelling in England.
D. F. GODDARD, Chelsea, Mass.
J. W. H. TOOMEY, Salem, Mass., box 219.
ALLEN PUTNAM, Esq., Roxbury, Mass.
MISS C. M. BREBS, (now travelling in the West.)
GIBSON SMITH, South Spaford, Vt.
STEPHEN MORSE, Springfield, Mass.
A. E. NEWTON, Editor N. E. Spiritualist, Boston.
S. B. BRITTON, Editor Spiritual Age, New York.
REV. T. L. HARRIS, 447 Broome St.
W. M. FISHER, Telegraph Office, New York.
R. P. AMBLER, " " " "
CHARLES PARTRIDGE, " " " "
DR. J. R. ORTON, " " " "
HENRY H. TATOR, " " " "
DR. R. T. HALLOCK, corner Christie and Broome Sts., N. Y.
MR. and Mrs. U. CLARK, Ed. Spiritual Clarion, Auburn, N. Y.
R. P. WILSON, New York.
JOEL TIFFANY, 553 Broadway, New York.
DANIEL PARKER, M. D., Billerica, Mass.
R. D. CHALFANT, Esq., 836 Race St., Philadelphia.
S. C. HERWITZ, Cleveland, Ohio.

TRANCE SPEAKERS.

- Mrs. B. F. HATCH, at present in New York.
DR. C. MAIN, 7 Davis Street, Boston. (Healing Medium.)
WILLIAM E. RICE, Boston. (Healing Medium.)
MRS. J. H. COXART, Roxbury, Mass.
MISS ROSA T. AMEY, Roxbury, Mass.
L. K. COONLEY, Portland, Me. (Healing Medium.)
P. L. WADSWORTH, Portland, Me.
JOHN M. SPAR, Melrose, Mass.
MRS. SARAH B. ELLIS, Hanson, or Quincy, Mass. (Healing Medium.)
MRS. JOHN PUFFER, North Hanson, Mass. (Healing Medium.)
MISS A. M. SPRAGUE, Plymouth, Vt.
MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND, Bridgewater, Vt. (Healing Medium.)
MRS. M. F. BROWN, South Royalty, Vt. (Healing Medium.)
AUSTIN E. SIMMONS, Woodstock, Vt.
MRS. R. M. HENDERSON, Newtown, Ct. (Psychometrist.)
MRS. H. F. HUNTLEY, Paper Mill Village, N. H.
N. S. GREENLEAF, Haverhill, Mass.
HEBEY BARBER, Warwick, Mass.
JOHN G. GLEASON, Plymouth, Mass.
H. P. FAIRFIELD, Woburn, Mass. (Healing Medium.)
W. M. A. HUME, Collins Depot, Mass.
MRS. BECK, 383 Eighth Avenue, N. Y. City
MRS. J. M. TUTTLE, Albion, Mich. (Travelling in N. England.)
GEORGE ATKINS, Webster, Mass. (Healing Medium.)
MRS. ALMIRA F. PRASE, S. Willsboro, Mass. (Psychometrist.)
J. A. BASSETT, Salem, Mass.
ABRAHAM P. PIERCE, Augusta, Me.
MRS. SARAH A. HORTON, Brandon, Vt.
MISS SARAH P. LAIRD, Lexter, Vt.
E. S. TYLER, Auburn, N. Y.
DANIEL NORTON, Southington, Ct. (Healing Medium and Psychometrist.)
H. B. STORER, New Haven, Ct.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON AND VICINITY.

SUNDAY MEETINGS.—Mrs. HENDERSON, of Conn., will lecture in the unoccupied trance state in the MUSIC HALL on Sunday next, at 3 and 7 1/2 o'clock, P. M. Singing by the Misses Hall.

WEEKLY MEETING OF PRACTICAL SPIRITUALISTS.—A regular weekly meeting of persons interested in the Practical Application of Spiritualism to Individual and Social Life, now convenes every Thursday, P. M., at half-past two o'clock, at the office of Practical Spiritualists, Fountain House, Boston, corner Beach street and Harrison Avenue. All desires of learning of Progress and Plans are cordially invited to attend.

MEETINGS IN CHAPMAN HALL, School St.—On Sunday afternoons, Conference Meetings, relating strictly to the Phenomena and Philosophy of Spiritualism. In the evening, Discussions of Philosophical and Reform questions. Circles for development in the morning at 10 o'clock. Admittance to all meetings, 6 cents.

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening at FREMONT HALL, Winimmett Street. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

IN CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings at Washington Hall, Main street, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock.

IN MANCHESTER, N. H.—Regular Sunday meetings in Court Room Hall, City Hall Building, at the usual hours.

MEDIUMS IN BOSTON.

- Mrs. R. H. BURT, Writing and Trance Medium, 163 Washington, opposite Milk St. Hours from 10 to 1, and from 2 to 7.
Mr. J. V. MANSFIELD, Test Writing Medium, No. 3 Winter Street, over G. Trumbull & Co.'s, Boston, or at his home, Chestnut st., Chelsea. Terms \$1.00 in advance. All letters sent by mail must contain a postage stamp to pay the writing.
Mrs. KNIGHT, WRITING MEDIUM, 15 Montgomery place, up one flight of stairs, door No. 4. Hours 9 to 1 and 2 to 5. Terms 50 cents a session.
Mrs. BEAN, RAPING, WRITING AND TRANCE MEDIUM. Hours from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. No. 10 Chelmsford place.
Mrs. B. K. LITTLE, (formerly Miss Ellis) Test Medium, by Rapping, Writing, and Trance. Rooms No. 46 Eliot 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.
Miss E. D. STARKWEATHER, Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium residence No. 11 Harrison Avenue. 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.
P. B.—Public circles Monday and Wednesday evenings at seven o'clock. Terms, 25 cents each visitor. Evening sittings with families, if desired.

WILL BE READY ABOUT SEPT. 28TH, THE EDUCATOR:

Being Suggestions, Theoretical and Practical, designed to promote "MAGNETIC AND INTERNAL REFORM," with a view to the ultimate establishment of a DIVINE SOCIAL STATE ON EARTH. Comprising in essence the Revelations from organized Associations in the Spirit-Land, through JOHN MURRAY SPEAR. Vol. I, embracing papers on:
I. SOCIAL RE-ORGANIZATION. II. ELECTRIC LAWS. III. ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES. IV. EDUCATION.
V. AGRICULTURE. VI. HEALTH. VII. GOVERNMENT. VIII. MISCELLANEOUS TOPICS.
EDITED BY A. E. NEWTON.

This work, comprising about 700 pages, covers a great variety of topics of interest to the philosopher and the reformer. It is believed that its contents embrace more of new thought and useful, practical suggestion than any other work which the spiritual movement has yet given to the world. It sets forth, somewhat fully, the scope, aims and ends of what has been termed "Practical Spiritualism," and undertakes to delineate the natural and necessary steps by which Humanity is to attain redemption from the Physical, Moral, Social, and Spiritual Miseries under which it is now suffering.

The volume will be finely printed, and well bound. Retail price \$2.00. Its authors desire that, as far as practicable, the name and address of each purchaser be obtained by the Publishing Committee; hence the work will not, to any great extent, go into the ordinary channels of trade, but will be sold by the Committee, and by such agents as they may appoint. It may be had of the OFFICE OF PRACTICAL SPIRITUALISTS, Fountain House, Boston, or of the Editor, at 14 Broad Street, N. Y.

A LADY, highly accomplished as a Lecturer, and Teacher of Singing, the Piano, Organ and Elocution, desires to find a home for herself and her mother, where the services of both could ensure them a comfortable and permanent residence. The younger lady would require the privilege of occasional absence in her capacity as a public lecturer; and she could act as organist in the neighborhood, if desired. Highest references exchanged. Locality no object. Address "YOUNG" care of S. T. MUNSON, Publisher, No. 5 Great Jones St., New York.

200 DOLLARS REWARD. This sum is offered to any Medium possessing the delineating and healing power, who will correctly describe and cure the afflictions of a middle-aged man, who has lost, in a great measure, the use of his limbs for about two years past, and is also suffering from other infirmities. For further information address, C. W. box 207, Portland, Me.

MRS. SCOTT, (formerly Miss L. H. Vose,) will continue to prescribe for the sick, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, at her residence, Hampshire street, opposite Amory street, Cambridgeport, Mass. Medicines carefully prepared.

MRS. D. C. KENDALL, ARTIST, No. 2 Central Court, Boston. Flowers, Landscapes, etc., painted under Spiritual Influence.

NEW WORK A Review of Rev. L. E. Dwinelle's Sermon against Spiritualism. By J. H. W. TOOMEY. Price, 20 cents. Postage free. Just published and for sale by BELLA MARSH, No. 15 Franklin St.

DR. C. ROBBINS, Charlestown, Mass., Haverhill Street, No. 3, has made the world his debtor by the discovery of New Remedies for Epilepsy, Palsy, having treated successfully 400 cases out of less than 450—some of 25 years' standing.

MRS. O. J. PUTNAM, HEALING, WRITING AND TRANCE MEDIUM, 23 BULLFINCH ST. TERMS LIBERAL.

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

General Advertisements.

THIS DAY PUBLISHED.—"WHAT'S O'CLOCK?" Spiritual Manifestations. Are they in accordance with Reason and Revelation? Where on the dial-plate of the Nineteenth Century points most significantly the finger of God? S. T. MUNSON, N. Y. Aug. 6, 1857. 20-cs. 5 Great Jones-st., N. Y.

A NEW BOOK, entitled THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN; or The Golden Age, by E. W. Loveland, is now ready for the public. It is published by BELLA MARSH, No. 15 Franklin St., N. Y. Book I.—Contains an Explanation of the Teachings and Miracles of Jesus Christ. Book II.—Gives an account of the Aera of Iron, Silver, and Gold. Book III.—Of the One Family in Heaven and Earth, &c. The work contains nearly 300 pages, will be printed on good paper, and neatly bound in cloth. Price \$1. For sale by BELLA MARSH, No. 15 Franklin st., Boston.

NEW DEPOT FOR SPIRITUAL AND REFORM PUBLICATIONS, No. 5 Gt. Jones St., New York. S. T. Munson would inform the friends abroad that he has established an Agency for the sale of the Spiritualist, Christian Age, and near the La Farge Buildings, for the sale of all Spiritual and Reform Publications, where a complete assortment will be kept constantly on hand of all works pertaining to the subject of Spiritualism, and an early notice given of all new Books in the course of publication.

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS. In addition to the foregoing, Mr. M. will be able to supply orders for all other publications. All business entrusted to his care will be attended to with dispatch.

SPIRITUAL PAPERS AND MONTHLIES. Mr. M. is authorized to receive subscriptions for the following: New England Spiritualist, Boston. A. E. Newton, \$2.00 per year. Spl. Telegraph, New York. Chas. Partridge, Editor and Proprietor. \$2.00 per year. S. T. Munson, Editor and Proprietor. \$2.00 per year. Let Banner of Light, Luther Colby & Co., Boston, \$2.00 Herald of Light, Mr. T. L. Harris, New York, \$1.50. Tiffany's Monthly, Joel Tiffany, New York, \$1.50.

THE SICK ARE HEALED WITHOUT MEDICINE. JAMES W. GREENWOOD, Healing Medium, Rooms No. 15 Tremont Street, opposite the Museum. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. Other hours he will visit the sick at their houses.

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 baffled the 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 of disembodied spirits. Terms for each Clairvoyant examination, \$1.00. Letters, postpaid, with a stamp enclosed, strictly attended to. Office hours from 9 A. M., to 4 P. M. Rooms No. 110 Cambridge street, 3d door east of Western Hotel.

TO THE AFFLICTED. DR. S. CUTLER, assisted by Mrs. G. W. Walker, Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, will attend to the wants of the sick on Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays in Lowell. On other days he will visit Billerica, Westford, and other places, where he is wanted, until further notice. Office 221 Central Street, Lowell, Mass.

AT DR. ABBOTT'S BOTANIC AND ECLECTIC DEPARTMENT, 214 HANOVER STREET, may be found one of the most extensive and valuable assortments of manufactured medicines of approved worth. Spiritual and Mesmeric Prescriptions put up with particular attention.

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

HEALING INFIRMARY. DOCTOR BARRON cures Cancer 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 cerate which has a chemical action, destroying the vitality of the cancer, causing a separation between the cancer and the surrounding tissues, 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 in a short time, usually, leaving no traces of the cancer. Over 200 cases have been cured by this process. The Doctor continues to attend to Scrofula, Erysipelas, and all cases, in which he has had great success. He also attends to Chronic Catarrhs, Rheumatism, and all other ailments. Call and satisfy yourselves of the unremitting effort and determination of the Doctor to conquer and subside disease in his fellow man. REUBEN BARRON, Botanic and Clairvoyant Physician, 19-20 Palmer, Mass.

AN ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED. Healing by the laying on of hands. CHARLES MAIN, Healing Medium, has opened an Asylum for the Afflicted, at No. 7 Davis Street, Boston. 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 disease, should inclose \$1. for the examination, with a letter stating to whom their hair is sent. Water from the Heuliker Spring will be supplied by Dr. M. He has been assured by Intelligence from the higher life that it possesses strong magnetic powers, and is useful in neutralizing the system.

FOUNTAIN HOUSE, CORNER OF BEACH STREET and Harrison Avenue, Spiritualists' Head Quarters in Boston. Charge \$1.50 per day, or \$7.00 per week, for 2 or 3 weeks.

SPIRITUAL, CLAIRVOYANT, AND MESMERIC PRESCRIPTIONS, carefully prepared by OTAVIUS KING, Botanic Apothecary, 624 Washington street, over Pine Street Church, Boston. 26-1

MRS. L. W. KEMLO, HEALING MEDIUM, No. 2 Balfinch Street, opposite the Heaver House, Boston.

REMARKABLE TEST. At the sitting of a circle a short time since, Dr. Charles Main being present and having at the time a patient under his hands,

Interesting Miscellany.

WALK WITH THE BEAUTIFUL. I hear thee say—"The Beautiful, what is it? Oh, thou art darkly ignorant! be sure 'Tis no long, weary road, its form to visit, For thou canst make it smile beside thy door. Then love the Beautiful. Ay, love it; 'tis a sister, that will bless; And teach thee patience when thy heart is lonely: The angels love it, for they wear its dress, And thou art made a little lower only. Then love the Beautiful. Sight for it: kiss it when 'tis in thy way: Be its idolater, as of a maiden; Thy parents bent to it, and more than they: Be thou its worshipper. Another Eden Comes with the Beautiful. Thy bosom is its mint, the workmen are Thy thoughts; and they must coin for thee. Believing the Beautiful is master of a star, Thou makest it so; but art thyself deceiving, If otherwise thy faith. Dost thou see beauty in the violet cup? 'Tis 'neath the miracle. Walk on this earth, And say to the neglected flowers, "Look up, And be ye beautiful." If thou hast faith, They will obey thy word. One thing I warn thee: bend no knee to gold: It is a witch of such almighty power, That it will turn the young affections old. I reach my hand to him who hour by hour Preaches the Beautiful.

WAR OF LIFE.

FROM THE GERMAN. BY C. STARR BAILEY. Hark! the ringing of the anvil, How the strong arm strongly plyeth, How the iron, unshapen, bendeth To the stroke of him who tryeth; Heated matter, red and glorious, Heated life blood, calm, victorious; Ringing anvil, hammer plying, Shows the good of work and trying! Hark! the shout of life and living! Daylight duty, work before us, Who will take the life unshapen, Bending that to life victorious? Daylight wrong and midnight riot! On the anvil, never quiet, Bestest thou, until the giving Of each stroke shall bring the living!

SMALL THINGS.

BY H. MONCKTON MILNES. A sense of an earnest will To help the lowly living, And a terrible heart-thrill, If you have no power of giving; An arm of aid to the weak, A friendly hand to the friendless, Kind words, so short to speak, But whose echo is endless: The world is wide—these things are small, They may be nothing—but they may be all.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

AN ORIENTAL STORY.

Bozaldab, Caliph of Egypt, had dwelt securely for many years in the silken pavilions of pleasure, and had every morning anointed his head with the oil of gladness, when his only son Aboram, for whom he had crowded his treasuries with gold, extended his dominions by conquests, and secured them with impregnable fortresses, was suddenly wounded, as he was hunting, with an arrow from an unknown hand, and expired in the field. Bozaldab, in the distraction of grief and despair, refused to return to his palace, and retired to the gloomiest grotto in the neighboring mountain; he there rolled himself in the dust, tore away the hairs of his hoary beard, and dashed the cup of consolation that Patience offered him, to the ground. He suffered not his ministrals to approach his presence; but listened to the screams of the melancholy birds of midnight, that flit through the solitary vaults and echoing chambers of the Pyramids. "Can that God be benevolent," he said, "who thus wounds the soul, as from an ambush with unexpected sorrows, and crushes his creatures in a moment with irremediable calamity? Ye lying Imams, prate to us no more of the justice and the kindness of an all-directing and all-loving Providence! He, whom ye pretend reigns in Heaven, is so far from protecting the miserable sons of men, that he perpetually delights to blast the sweetest flowerets in the garden of Hope; and, like a malignant giant, to beat down the strongest towers of Happiness with the iron mace of his anger. If this Being possessed the goodness and the power with which flattering priests have invested him, he would doubtless be inclined and enabled to banish those evils which render the world a dungeon of distress—a vale of vanity and wo. I will continue in it no longer." At that moment he furiously raised his hand, which despair had armed with a dagger, to strike deep into his bosom; when suddenly thick flashes of lightning shot through the cavern, and a being of more than human beauty and magnitude, arrayed in azure robes, crowned with amaranth, and waving a branch of palm in his right hand, arrested the arm of the trembling and astonished Caliph, and said, with a majestic smile—"Follow me to the top of this mountain." "Look from hence," said the awful conductor; "I am Caloe, the angel of Peace. Look from hence into the valley." Bozaldab opened his eyes and beheld a barren, a sultry, and solitary island, in the midst of which sat a pale, meagre, and ghastly figure; it was a merchant just perishing with famine, and lamenting that he could find neither wild berries nor a single spring in this forlorn, uninhabited desert; and begging the protection of Heaven against the tigers that would now certainly destroy him, since he had consumed the last fuel he had collected to make nightly fires to afflict him. He then cast a casket of jewels on the sand, as trifles of no use; and crept, feeble and trembling, to an eminence where he was accustomed to sit every evening to watch the setting sun, and to give a sight to any ship that might happily approach the island. "Inhabitant of Heaven," cried Bozaldab, "suffer not this wretch to perish by the fury of wild beasts." "Peace," said the angel, "and observe." He looked again, and beheld a vessel arrived at the desolate isle. What words can paint the rapture of the starving merchant, when the captain offered to transport him to his native country, if he would reward him with half the jewels of his casket! No sooner had this pitiless commander received the stipulated sum, than he held a consultation with his crew, and they agreed to

seize the remaining jewels, and leave the unhappy exile in the same helpless and lamentable condition in which they discovered him. He wept and trembled, entranced and implored in vain. "Will Heaven permit such injustice to be practised?" exclaimed Bozaldab. "Look again," said the angel, "and behold the very ship in which, short-sighted as thou art, thou wishest the merchant might embark, dashed in pieces on a rock: dost thou not hear the cries of the sinking sailors? Presume not to direct the Governor of the universe in his disposal of events. The man whom thou hast pitied shall be taken from this dreary solitude, but not by the method thou wouldst prescribe. His vice was avarice, by which he became not only abominable, but wretched; he fancied some mighty charm in wealth, which, like the wand of Abdiel, would gratify every wish and obviate every fear. This wealth he has now been taught not only to despise but abhor: he cast his jewels upon the sand, and confessed them to be useless; he offered part of them to the mariners, and perceived them to be pernicious: he has now learned that they are rendered useful or vain, good or evil, only by the situation and temper of the possessor. Happy is he whom distress has taught wisdom! But turn thine eyes to another and more interesting scene." The Caliph instantly beheld a magnificent palace, adorned with the statues of his ancestors, wrought in jasper; the ivory doors of which, turning on hinges of the gold of Golconda, discovered a throne of diamonds, surrounded with the Rajas of fifty nations, and ambassadors in various habits, and of different complexions; on which sat Aboram, the much lamented son of Bozaldab, and by his side a princess fairer than a houri. "Gracious Alla! it is my son," cried the Caliph. "Oh, let me hold him to my heart!" "Thou canst not grasp an unsubstantial vision," replied the angel; "I am now showing thee what would have been the destiny of thy son, had he continued longer on the earth." "And why," continued Bozaldab, "was he not permitted to continue? Why was I not suffered to be a witness of so much felicity and power?" "Consider the sequel," replied he that dwells in the fifth Heaven. Bozaldab looked earnestly and saw the countenance of his son, on which he had been used to behold the placid smile of simplicity and the vivid blushes of health, now distorted with rage, and now fixed in the insensibility of drunkenness; it was again animated with disdain, it became pale with apprehension, and appeared to be withered by intemperance; his hands were stained with blood, and he trembled by turns with fury and terror. The place so lately shining with oriental pomp, changed suddenly into the cell of a dungeon, where his son lay stretched out on the cold pavement, gagged and bound, with his eyes put out. Soon after he perceived the favorite sultana, who before was seated by his side, enter with a bowl of poison, which she compelled Aboram to drink, and afterwards married the successor to the throne. "Happy," said Caloe, "is he whom Providence has, by the angel of death, snatched from guilt! from whom the power is withheld, which, if he had possessed it, would have accumulated upon himself yet greater misery than it could bring upon others." "It is enough," cried Bozaldab. "I adore the inscrutable schemes of Omnipotence! From what dreadful evil has my son been rescued by a death which I rashly bewailed as unfortunate and premature; a death of innocence and peace, which has blessed his memory upon earth, and transmitted his spirit to the skies!" "Cast away the dagger," replied the heavenly messenger, "which thou wast preparing to plunge into thine own heart. Exchange complaint for silence, and doubt for adoration. Can a mortal look down without giddiness and stupefaction into the vast abyss of Eternal Wisdom? Can a mind that sees not infinitely, perfectly comprehend anything among an infinity of objects mutually relative? Can the channels, which thou commandest to be cut to receive the annual inundations of the Nile, contain the waters of the ocean? Remember, that perfect happiness cannot be conferred on a creature; for perfect happiness is an attribute as utterly incommunicable as perfect power and eternity." The angel, while he was speaking thus, stretched out his pinions to fly back to the Emyrean; and the flutter of his wings was like the rushing of a cataract.

SILENCE OF AN ARCTIC NIGHT.

The following eloquent description of the silence of an Arctic night occurs in Dr. Hayes's lecture on the Arctic Regions. We have, at least, upon one occasion, when eight or nine miles under ground in the Mammoth Cave, seemed to feel the darkness, but we never imagined that other negative attribute of nature—silence—could be so intense as to be heard. Yet the Doctor's description makes this strange paradox a reality. He says: "The moonlights of this period (winter) are the most grand and impressive of anything I have ever witnessed. The clearness of the air, the white surface of the snow and ice, give an effect monotonous and cheerless, but truly grand. But there is a new element which makes this mid-winter moonlight seem almost terrible in its impressiveness;—it is silence. I have often, to escape from the trying monotony of ship-board life, gone off six or eight miles into the interior in search of novelty and in order that I might be alone. There, seated upon a rock or snow-bank, I look around me, and see a great uneven country; rocky hills and glaciers covered with snow; myriads of crystal gems sparkling in the light of the pale moon, which shoots its rays down through the crisp air, making it almost as light as day. I look seaward, and see a long plain of ice, melting into the horizon, dotted all over with huge, towering bergs,—nothing more. All nature is in the repose of death. I am too far from the shore to hear the crunching of the tables as they rise and fall lazily with the tide, or the roar like distant thunder as some huge crack opens through the heavy floes. There is no apimal to cross my path, no tree among whose stiff branches the wind can sigh and moan. There is no song of bird or bird to enliven the scene,—no wild beast to howl. I stand there alone, the only representative of God's living world—the only being that has life or can move. Every sound that I hear, every motion that I see is made by myself; I hear nothing but the pulsations of my heart, my own footsteps, or

now and then possibly, in the distance, the deep rumbling of a falling snow-bank. The sensation of utter loneliness and isolation creeps over me. My heart beats as it rushes the blood through the sensitive organization of the ear. I am oppressed as with discordant sounds. Silence has ceased to be negative—it has become sternly positive. I hear, see, and feel it—it is present and unendurable. I spring to my feet—I plant them heavily in the snow, to drown its presence, and I rush back to the vessel, glad even to find refuge in its dull, dull life of horrid inactivity." ELECTRICAL PROTECTION OF METALS. We stated in a late number that according to the law of electrical affinities, when two oxidizable metals are connected together and exposed to a moist atmosphere of water, the negative is protected at the expense of the positive. Thus iron, which is very liable to oxidize, is prevented from rusting when connected with zinc, because the latter metal is more oxidizable; it is positive, the iron negative. On the other hand, when iron is connected with copper or lead, it rusts more rapidly; it is the positive metal when thus related. Iron may be used as the positive metal, as well as zinc, for a galvanic agent, and we understand it is so used in what is termed "the Maynooth battery," but it is inferior to zinc for such a purpose. Sir Humphrey Davy was the discoverer of this law, and he entertained great hopes of its being so applied as to protect the sheathing of ships permanently. Iron lightning rods have been protected from rusting by connecting them at the foot with pieces of zinc placed in the moist earth. The wrought iron bolts, &c., of water wheels have been prevented from rusting by being connected with strips of zinc, which were easily renewed from time to time. This application of the law of electrical affinities is very useful for protecting the iron of various machines or articles that may be exposed to water or a moist atmosphere. Iron appears to undergo no change in dry air, and is incapable of decomposing pure water at ordinary temperatures. In the ordinary rusting of iron a hydrated sesquioxide is formed. Iron rust always contains ammonia. In solutions of the alkalis, and in lime water, iron remains bright; these appear to protect it from rusting. All acid salts, on the other hand, rust it rapidly. These facts should not be overlooked by those who employ steam boilers; they should use pure soft water, and no other kind, for generating steam.—Sci. Amer. AN UNDENIABLE APPARITION. [A correspondent sends us the following, clipped from an old number of the Olive Branch.] At a town in the west of England, was held a club of twenty-four people, which assembled once a week to drink punch, smoke tobacco, and talk politics. Like Reuben's academy at Antwerp, each member had his peculiar chair, and the President's was more exalted than the rest. One of the members had been in a dying state for some time; of course, his chair, while he was absent, remained vacant. The club being met on their usual night, inquiries were naturally made about their associate. As he lived in the adjoining house, a particular friend went in himself to inquire for him, and returned with the dismal tidings that he could not survive the night. This threw a gloom on the company, and all efforts to turn the conversation from the sad subject before them were ineffectual. About midnight, (the time by long prescription appropriated for the walking of spectres) the door opened, and the form, in white, of the dying, or rather dead man, entered, and took his seat in the accustomed chair; there he remained, and in silence was he gazed at. The apparition continued a sufficient time in the chair to assure all present of the reality of the vision; at length he arose, and stalking towards the door, which he opened as if living, went out, and then shut the door after him. After a long pause, some one at last had the resolution to say, "If only one of us had seen this he would not have been believed, but it is impossible that so many persons can be deceived." The company by degrees recovered their speech, and the whole conversation, as may be imagined, was upon the dreadful object which had engaged their attention. They broke up, and went home. In the morning inquiry was made after their sick friend; it was answered by an account of his death, which happened nearly at the time of his appearing in the club. There could be little doubt before, but now nothing was more certain than the reality of the apparition, which had been seen by so many persons together. It is needless to say that such a story spread over the country, and found credit even from infidels, for in this case all reasoning became superfluous, when opposed to plain fact, asserted by three and twenty witnesses. To assert the doctrine of the fixed laws of nature was ridiculous, when there were so many people of credit to prove that they might be unfixed. THE POWER THAT DRIVES THE LOCOMOTIVE.—One Sunday, when the party had just returned from church, they were standing together on the terrace near the hall, and observed in the distance a railway train flashing along, throwing behind it a long line of white steam. "Now, Backland," said Mr. Stephenson, "I have a poser for you. Can you tell me what is the power that is driving that train?" "Well," said the other, "I suppose it is one of your big engines." "But what drives the engine?" "Oh, very likely a canny Newcastle driver." "What do you say to the light of the sun?" "How can that be?" asked the doctor. "It is nothing else," said the engineer; "it is light bottled up in the earth for tens of thousands of years—light, absorbed by plants and vegetables, being necessary for the condensation of carbon during the process of their growth, if it be not carbon in another form—and now, after being buried in the earth for long ages in fields of coal, that latent light is again brought forth and liberated, made to work as in that locomotive, for great human purposes." The idea was certainly a most striking and original one; like a flash of light it illuminated in an instant an entire field of science.—Life of Geo. Stephenson. TOLERATION.—Sir Thomas Brown says: "I never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion, nor am I angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that from which within a few days I should dissent myself."

"ORIGIN OF THE PENDULUM.—Galileo, when under twenty years of age, was standing one day in the metropolitan church of Pisa, when he observed a lamp, which was suspended from the ceiling, and which had been disturbed by accident, swing backwards and forwards. This was a thing so common, that thousands, no doubt, had observed it before; but Galileo, struck with the regularity with which it moved backwards and forwards, reflected upon it, and perfected the method now in use of measuring time by means of a pendulum."—Ez. The greatest discoveries in Science and Art have been suggested by observing the simplest laws and operations in Nature. There is nothing in the whole realm of Mechanism, Invention or Art, that is not found in infinitely greater perfection in Nature. All the mechanical forces, all the chemical combinations and properties, all the optical and acoustic laws and results, musical and geometric laws and results, which no art or invention can ever correctly duplicate, are found in their essential perfection in the great archetypal patent-office of Nature. They are around us in such profusion, and are so common, that they are lost and unobserved in a haze of familiarity. It is only when some clear and penetrating genius like Galileo or Newton arises, and to whom the falling of an apple or the swinging of a lamp is profoundly significant, and suggests the universal laws and machinery of the creation, that they are noted and turned to humanitarian uses.—Spiritual Age. TRUE.—"Of all employments, there is none that so taxes the mind, temper, and flesh, as that of editing a paper! none that requires a nicer tact, a sounder judgment, a more constant application, a quicker wit, or a kinder heart. 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