

Life,—and its Issues.

# SPIRITUAL MONTHLY

AND LYCEUM RECORD.

J. H. POWELL, EDITOR.

No. 3.

DECEMBER, 1870.

Vol. 4.

## CONTENTS:

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| I. IRREFRAGABLE EVIDENCE.....  | 97  |
| II. CHRISTMAS,.....  | 100 |
| III. PSYCHOMETRY, OR THE SOUL OF THINGS,.....  | 101 |
| IV. LIFE'S PILGRIM. (Poetry.) By J. H. POWELL,.....  | 103 |
| V. THE MEDIUMS. By J. H. POWELL,.....  | 105 |
| CHAP. VI.—From Lincoln's Inn. CHAP. VII.—Alarmed.  |     |
| VI. THE SPIRITUALISM OF SHAKESPEARE. Miss Glyn's "Macbeth." 118  |     |
| VII. SITTINGS WITH MEDIUMS.—Isabella Smith.—Mary E. Currier.—<br>Mrs. E. M. Smith.—Rogers and Munier.—Mrs. Mary Webster..... | 120 |
| VIII. PROGRESSIVE DOTTINGS,.....   | 125 |
| IX. PSYCHOMETRIC READINGS. By WILLIAM DENTON,.....   | 131 |
| X. LOTTIE AND LUCY, or LIFE-EPIISODES. By LOUISA S. POWELL, 133  |     |
| XI. LYCEUM RECORD.—Questions for Groups.—Answers to Questions.—<br>Self-Respect and Self-Control.—Respectability, etc. ....  | 133 |

BOSTON:

W. F. BROWN & CO., PUBLISHERS.

No. 50 BROMFIELD STREET.

Terms, \$1.50 a Year.

Single Copies, 15 Cents.

Wanted, Agents to Canvass for the "Spiritual Monthly," in every City, Town and Village in the Country. A liberal Commission will be paid. Address, for Terms, &c., Publishers "Spiritual Monthly," 50 Bromfield St., Boston.





# The Spiritual Monthly.

---

VOL. I. . . . DECEMBER, 1870. . . . No. III.

---

## IRREFRAGABLE EVIDENCE.

HUMAN nature is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. The laws that operate undeviatingly to-day operated with the same undeviating certainty yesterday. Agencies act and are acted upon, whether they be physical or psychical.

Recognizing the perpetual action of law, we are not able to accept the gospel of Chance, or to believe in the possibility of accident. True, we cannot comprehend life and its mighty issues. Yet we can realize the uniform action of law in life's varied manifestations.

As embodied beings we are enabled to think and act, prompted by a power or powers, within and without. This is evident to our reason; yet multitudes, whilst admitting it, talk of "Nature" as if it was wholly external and circumscribed, and "Miracle" as the chance child of Deity, who is supposed to sit on his throne outside of the universe, performing feats of legerdemain.

We believe in One Supreme Governor of the universe. What He is and how He acts are questions we do not presume to answer. We know that man exist, and that he manifests a laudable disposition to ascend to the apex of the highest columns of knowledge. This is good, for it recognizes "the divinity that stirs within." We know that effects cannot grasp causes, and we look upon all efforts to grasp the Infinite, on the part of finite beings, as worse than folly.

"How wonderful is man!

How passing wonder, He who made him such!"

Halting here, with eyes weakened by gazing after the Infinite, we feel constrained to exclaim, the boundary lines between the finite and the Infinite show man where he stands, and sanction the hope which, like a sun, radiates his pilgrimage. Human beings are walled by limitations, but not necessarily doomed to remain to-day



where they were yesterday. The circles of our life expand illimitably, and we have reason to hope for conscious existence beyond the grave. Nay, we have something more than a hope, thank God !

Here Materialism, with its cold, dead breath, asks for evidence. Spiritualism, warm and living, presents overwhelming evidence that man's spirit survives the shock of death, and is enabled to return and minister to mortals.

The skeptic demands *irrefragable* proofs. Facts are marshalled before him, — facts which will not, ghost-like, vanish, or be pushed aside. Either he must succumb to the logic of fact or be forced from this controversy of the hour, as a man incapable of weighing evidence, or stolidly dishonest.

The facts of spirit action are like stones laid in the Great Temple of Immortal Truth. He that hath eyes let him see. "Irrefragable evidence, indeed !" What can be more so than the constantly recurring incidents of the spirit-circle ?

The opponent who shall undertake to collate and classify the accredited occurrences of a spiritual origin, will inevitably be driven from his fortress of doubt. Let him who has the courage try his hand. But let him not discover a trick of some trickster palmed off as a spirit-manifestation and seek no further evidence, shouting, all the while, "humbug !" "humbug !" Irrefragable evidence, on the side of spirit action, will not be gained in that way.

It seems strange that there exist to-day men obtuse enough to deny the facts, fully and unmistakably accredited. Strange that men who pride themselves on their logical acumen should turn right aside to rid themselves of the difficult task of proving that existing facts are not facts.

Irrefragable evidence we have of their blind skepticism. Says Heinrich Stilling: "I know instances of professed materialists and free-thinkers having positively seen spirits, so that they were convinced that it was the soul of one of their deceased acquaintances; and yet they continued to doubt their own immortality."

Stilling is not the only person possessing knowledge of such materialists and free-thinkers.

We knew a man who wrote and talked against man's immortality, and burlesqued accounts of spirit-intercommunion, who had a friend, a confirmed materialist, like himself. This friend, in an evil hour, blew out his brains. Years after, the man we speak of fell sick, and being poor, owing to depression in trade and other causes, allowed trouble to prey upon his mind. At length his mood wore the

deepest shade of melancholy, and he determined to take his life. Just as he was on the point of carrying out his intent, his friend, who had blown out his brains, appeared to him. He was terrified and rendered irresolute. The apparition saved him. He sought a medium and obtained a communication from the alleged spirit of his friend who appeared to him.

“Why did you come to me in my room to-day?”

“To save you from committing suicide,” was the answer obtained by means of a common table and an alphabet.

This man afterwards repeatedly asserted his want of faith in immortality, and was always loud in demanding irrefragable evidence.

Doubts are legitimate on all speculative problems; but when evidence confronts us of the character of many of the phenomena of Spiritualism, to doubt is to distrust our own common sense. True, we may be deceived; in that case, to doubt, is to be safe. But we don't in this argument herald forward doubtful cases, but irrefragable facts which cannot be logically confronted and overturned. We appeal to the scientist, the materialist, and the men who claim to be logical, and demand, ere they pronounce an adverse verdict, that they consider our best established facts. The day for pooh-pooling and laughing at Spiritualism is passed for the *savans*. They have got tired of that ignorant method of choking the Truth and feel that anything like argument against us must, at least, have a touch of earnestness. We are grateful for the signs of progress evidenced in the growth of Spiritualism. Multitudes of thinkers have come over on our side. Not to favor us, but from the force of irrefragable evidence and honesty of purpose.

“Listen, if you would learn; be silent, if you would be safe,” is an Arab proverb, which might serve many an opponent of Spiritualism. It were as wise to deny the sun, as the facts of spirit power, which are as clear in the light of the universe as the luminary of day is bright in the heavens.

Listen and learn, ye who ignorantly assail, or be silent, and, for a time, blissfully safe.

It is not possible to destroy a single fact, or annihilate the force of logic and plain common sense. Men think they escape conclusions at variance with their preconceived ideas, by wearing glasses that discolor the objects upon which they look, or refusing to listen. If they are silent, for a time they may be safe,—only for a time. The Truth can wait,—*that* can never change; human beings *must*, if they are in error, sooner or late.

No one is required to regard unproven positions as sacred. Irrefragable evidence should be obtained. We contend that spirit-phenomena attest themselves, and afford to the investigator the very best kind of evidence. If he cannot or will not see it, that does not alter the facts. The Arab proverb retains potency for such :

“ Truth, Mercy, Knowledge, Justice,  
Are powers that ever stand ;  
They build their temples in the soul,  
They work with God's right hand.”

---

## CHRISTMAS.

ERE another number of “The Spiritual Monthly” reaches the reader, the festival of Christmas will have passed. It seems to us a proper time for comment, although the institution of Christmas does not call for any “pomp and show” on our part. Eighteen centuries ago, we are informed, the Babe of Bethlehem was born in a manger. Accepting the record as literal, we have no difficulty in accounting for the yearly festival in commemoration of the auspicious event. *That* has grown into the heart of civilization, and we need not object to sit at the table with other guests and partake, in moderation, of the good things that are genial reminders of the Birth Morn of the Nazarene.

There is, however, another view of Christmas than that belonging to the feast—saturnalia of the originators. It is the significance given to it by Christians. Jesus Christ is represented as the Atoning Saviour of all that believe in him. The day of the “Saviour’s” birth is commemorated as an act of love and duty on the part of his followers. They feast and rejoice, and ought to feel the better for it. Thousands of others, who do not regard Jesus Christ as a Saviour, have quite a regard for Christmas, and make it the season of jollity, and not altogether temperate enjoyment. Old Father Christmas is not only a patron of carol and song, of the wassail bowl and merry-faced mirth, but he has also a grave aspect for the thinker. Apart from the Christian mementos of the time, we have the fact that Christmas paves the way for the decrepit Old Year to walk into his grave over snow and rollicking children. Whatever there is of good in the season, let us recall, not forgetting that it is a precious time for kindly deeds. How many of us are there who would not miss a dollar, who have the wisdom to purchase soul comfort in the



thought that it will be spent in bread for the hungry, or clothing for the ill clad.

By remembering the sweet charities of the season, we honor it most, whether we believe with the Christian or not.

---

## PSYCHOMETRY, OR THE SOUL OF THINGS.

WILLIAM DENTON has done more than any other man, as far as we know, to make visible "The Soul of Things." His work, bearing this title, is a most interesting contribution to the library of progress, and though savans competent to stand beside Newton, Humboldt, Herschell, and the rest of the peers of learning and science, may stand doubtingly on one side, and refuse to follow in the track of the courageous Denton, still the world moves, and psychometry throws no dim light on the face of universal Nature.

It was considered of late a pretty conceit only, for poets to hint at trees talking, and admissible in poetry,—not in prose. Hence, Tennyson gives us his characteristic picture of "The Talking Oak":—

"For oft I talked with him apart,  
And told him of my choice,  
Until he plagiarized a heart,  
And answered with my voice."

Emerson has dared to report his impressions of Nature in his own unique and approximately complete way, telling us how everything is photographed or printed. "*That* is morning," says he, "to cease for a bright hour to be a prisoner of this sickly body, and to become as large as Nature." Here our spirits clasp hands with the invisible. We lose for a brief, "bright hour," recollection of flesh and its affinities, and reach out in the light of a new world.

It is difficult to comprehend how an oak could plagiarize a heart, and speak with the poet's voice; nay, to the ossified materialist the conceit is nonsense,—nothing else. Not so difficult is it to realize the images of Nature in her shadows, as, in other words, described by Emerson. Looking solely at the outer crust of things, we grow blind to all inner beauties and deaf to their sweet voices. In this state the soul realizes only a meagre part of the bliss of communion with Nature of which it is capable. Draw the curtain that hangs between the visible and the invisible. Lo! new universes, like the wonders of Aladin's palace, glow in the light of the soul! The outer, like a body, has no life, but through the *inner*. All things,

as Swedenborg, and seers before his time and since, have taught, have their spiritual correspondence. It needs no profundity of learning to see this, and find in it the only solution to the existence of every material thing. Psychometry offers a key to the philosopher with which he can open the door of Nature's spiritual museum.

He who runs may read in indelible letters "the Soul of things" inscribed on leaf, pebble, fossil, star, and every existing thing, more enduring than the divine aphorism, "Man know thyself," said to have been cut in letters of gold over the Temple of Delphos.

The tree writes its own history in rock. This is something more than talking. Tennyson's "Talking Oak" is no marvel after all, — not, at least, to the psychometer. True, it does not speak in Latin, Greek, or any other human language. Yet it talks in its own telling way. Let not the deaf denounce. Everything has its correspondence in spirit, and its shadow in matter. Here is a revelation to the student. Can it be that sensitives can trace the lines of the earth's history on its surface, reproduce photographs of the ages remote, — the people who trod the stage of being, whose history was buried with them long before the catastrophes of Herculaneum and Pompeii? Strange, yet true. We learn hourly how Nature is drawing her children, as a loving mother, to her bosom. "The Soul of things" is making itself *felt*.

Trees and brooks preach to us and we see the good in everything.

"Not a leaf but trembling teems  
With golden visions and romantic dreams."

What the poet has been inspired to sing, and the philosopher to name fancy, in the light of psychometry, proves to be the Song of the Real. This is good; it shows that Nature is no sham. Poets breathe words that burn and thoughts that are immortal, from a true, not false, inspiration. Psychometry was necessary to prove the poet a prophet, and to teach the pedant that old notions are not immortal, only in the sense in which everything is rendered unless true, historic.

We cannot be too grateful to Mesmer, his disciple, Deleuze, and others, who fought the early battles of mesmerism. They cleared the way for Reichenbach's "od" discovery and started many another devoted student in the search after spiritual knowledge. The facts of mesmerism remain; they are historic in the Book of Life. But short-sighted professors imagined they had found in mesmerism the philosopher's stone, and industriously rubbed it, as though nothing else had the capacity for polish. They managed to



rub out their own earth-career, but not the history of their doings, which is preserved in Nature's library, written by a hand that never fails. Other daring explorers are on the Ocean of Life, discovering new and still newer realms in the inner universe.

The subjects of Mesmer, the sensitives of Reichenbach, have their prototypes in the psychometers and spirit-mediums of to-day.

The past did not live for itself alone; it owed a deep debt to its progenitors, and paid it to posterity.

---

### LIFE'S PILGRIM.

BY J. H. POWELL.

"OLD pilgrim, I prithee tell me thy story.  
Thy years, were they spent in struggles for glory?  
Thy hairs, are they white from age or from care?  
Thy soul, has it burdens grievous to bear?  
Thy story expound at three score and ten,  
Condensing thy knowledge of manners and men."

"I am bowed near the earth with age, as you see,"  
The pilgrim, he said, looking kindly at me,  
"I do not despond though the will of God  
Be dust for body commingled with sod.  
Youth came like a vision, fair as the moon,  
With fairy attendants,—left me full soon;  
Age snowed my head ere I thought myself old,  
Or cared to accumulate land or gold.  
My youth was giddy, to pleasure a slave,  
My age plowed my features with furrows grave.  
My story's soon told: I laughed in my youth,  
Devoted to pleasure more than to Truth.  
Regarding gay pleasure, on Life's proud stream,  
More precious than mines in a miser's dream.  
Sage men of the bank and the busy mart  
Conversed with the youth, but touched not his heart;  
For they, who'd emerged from their youth's hey-day,  
Talked wisdom to me who'd passed but half-way.  
I listened, and deemed them worldly and wise,  
While youth, the enchantress! dazzled my eyes.  
I heard with dull ears, I saw with dim sight,  
The world of sage action, waiting for light.  
Age came; and I knew that youth was a cheat,  
That half my best years were spent in defeat.  
Age came; I was ready to toil for gold  
To save from the tooth of poverty cold.

## The Spiritual Monthly.

Age came; I was willing to learn the truth  
That folly binds silken chains upon youth.  
Age came; I was ready to grasp the hand  
Of men, like myself, on Life's death-strand,  
Who looked on their past, with its youthful dreams,  
As a picture in shade, where the sun ne'er gleams.  
Age came, bringing tears for the loss of years  
In youth's gaudy scenes and its haunting fears."

"Your history, old pilgrim, it seems to me,  
Is cast on the land and not on the sea."

"Yes, yes; I was born and bred on the land,  
Small wealth in the head and less in the hand."

"What is your feeling, old pilgrim, pray say,  
Will man's soul survive the body's decay?"

"I'm grateful to God that, old as I be,  
The mission of soul is revealed to me;  
I count the figures of life on the earth,  
And find the total, Immortal New Birth."

"Your youth having passed in folly, I fear  
You may learn, old man, too little while here."

"I know I've lost, in the follies of youth,  
An early soul-sense of Immortal Truth;  
But my age, thank God! is ripe with the lore  
That the angels bring from Life's other shore.  
I know I shall wake from death's dreaded sleep;  
The loved ones they come, whenever I weep  
For sins of my youth, and singing sweet,  
Strew heavenly flowers about my feet."

"Your fancy, old pilgrim, like youth deceives,  
No sinner that sinneth, but sometime grieves."

"I am aware grief cometh after sin,  
But joy follows grief in the World Within.  
When soul pays for folly with coin of pain,  
Repentant is under love's perfect reign.  
No fancy deceives, — even now they call, —  
Dear angels, I'm ready to join ye all."

Away went the pilgrim, looking benign,  
With faith raised on fact, eternal, divine;  
His silver hairs, fanned by the zephyr's flight,  
All gleamed in the sunbeams, laughing and light.  
Away went I, too, reflecting on man,  
The mighty enigma of God's whole plan.



## THE MEDIUMS.

BY J. H. POWELL.

## CHAPTER VI.

FROM LINCOLN'S INN.

WHEN the shipwright reached home he was nearly out of breath from unusual quickness of locomotion. Being a corpulent man and little used to rapid exercise, he necessarily felt its consequences. He got inside and dropped into a seat in the hall, and recovered his breath, before he ventured to introduce himself to his visitor. The time which elapsed before he regained breathing-strength more than outset the extra time it would have taken for him to have walked home in his usual steady pace. He had sat long enough in the hall to allow Margaret to return and greet him with considerable surprise. But, like a wise man, he satisfied his mind, and curbed his impatience, by reposing his body. He told Margaret to inform his visitor that he should have the honor of introducing himself in a very brief space. He sat for about twenty minutes, ruminating on the various incidents of his past career, and anticipating the pleasure of the promised present. He then, with his usual gravity of manner, proceeded to the library, and was face to face with Mr. Jeremiah Forbes, who rose and grasped him eagerly by the hand. They stood, like two veterans in a statuesque attitude, holding each other's hand, and looking as though petrified, into each other's face. This comic position lasted only a few seconds, but it was long enough to illustrate the wonderment of the two, who both evidently deemed the occasion important. Mr. Jeremiah Forbes looked upon Mr. Humphrey as a phenomenon, and Mr. Humphrey looked upon Mr. Jeremiah Forbes as a phenomenon. Mr. Forbes looked as though he had never expected to grasp the warm, welcome hand of a man devoted to the same spiritual pursuits as himself. Mr. Humphrey thought he had found in Mr. Jeremiah Forbes the very man he had long desired. These two veterans looked at each other, and stood grasping hands with but one thought. There is always an end or there could be no beginning to temporary pursuits; and the end came to the ludicrous position of these two men. When they had seated themselves opposite each other, and indulged in smiles and other expressions of pleasure at the meeting, they talked with a freedom which would have caused a stranger to imagine that they had known each other for years.

Mr. Jeremiah Forbes was a short, sharp, quick-sighted being. He

was about forty years of age, dark complexioned, and profusely hairy about the chin. He held in his hand a silver-mounted walking-stick, and either possessed or assumed an air of gentility. He treated ordinary matters with *nonchalance*, and acted, generally, like a man conscious of possessing a secret, or of being superior to any other existing being. He was a thorough-bred cockney or Londoner, and might be said to know all the ins and outs of city life. He had early chosen the law for his study, and had taken up quarters at Lincoln's-inn, with a very astute lawyer, from whom he got a sufficient inkling of legal phrases to enable him to enter himself on the list of common law practitioners. Years passed, and Mr. Jeremiah Forbes became known, and was looked upon as a valuable legal limb, yet he only managed to keep body and soul together, never being able to find the philosopher's stone, or, to speak plainly, the way to wealth. He simply plodded on, finding it as much as he could well manage to keep himself respectable, pay for his chambers, and occasionally pay a visit to Gravesend, where he was in the habit of visiting a very charming young lady, whom the legal functionary was disposed to transform into Mrs. Forbes; but he was waiting, as he had been all his life, for better times, and from present prospects seemed doomed to wait; but his affection for Miss Corral was deep and enduring, although fate was so apparently unkind. Now it happened that Mr. Jeremiah Forbes knew that Miss Corral would be heiress to considerable property at the death of an only parent, her mother, who was verging fast on three-score years, and who was subjected to asthma and other "ills that flesh is heir to." He was therefore daily in expectation that the old lady would depart to that bourne from whence the spirit *may* return. But to say that he wished her a speedy exit, would be wrong; yet he very much wished to call Miss Corral his wife. Of course he had often desired to bring matters to a climax, but then his own prospects were so far from being satisfactory that he was under the necessity of delaying and delaying, until the mother and daughter began to think he was only trifling with them. Of course, Miss Corral never dreamed for a single second that Mr. Forbes had an eye to her expectations. She thought he was possessed of a soul above such low inducements, and, as a matter of course, he was too astute a philosopher to let her understand the real motives for his tardiness in proposing. Whilst he kept up a continual correspondence with his Gravesend friends, he suddenly discovered his mediumistic powers. He was invited to witness some extraordinary manifesta-



tions at the house of a friend in London, and during the sitting indulged in the ordinary common-place pleasantries, evincing stubborn disbelief in the spirit-origin of all he saw. He was himself challenged to sit alone at the table, when, to his utter astonishment, it danced about in all directions, and once or twice rose from the ground. Mr. Jeremiah Forbes, with all his astuteness, was puzzled. He turned the table over and over again, examined its every part but found no *mechanical* key to the mystery of its movements.

There was a deal of laughter at his evident chagrin, but it abated in due course, whilst the aspirant for legal honors got deeper and deeper in the meshes of the spiritual mystery. After several other wonderful manifestations were elicited, Mr. Forbes received a spirit-intimation that he was "*A Medium*," and that he might expect to be visited at his chambers by his spirit-friends. It was all fudge, thought Mr. Forbes, as he sat watching with dissatisfied glances the self-satisfied looks of the company.

There can be nothing more annoying to a person of keen perceptions and large self-esteem, than to fail in discovering the clue to any mystery, especially when the attempt has proved abortive. Mr. Jeremiah Forbes felt annoyed, but he strove to hide the external evidences of the feeling, and managed to leave the circle with becoming civility. He found on his return to his chambers that he had greatly erred in supposing the spirit's assertion that he was a medium was "all fudge." He was accompanied to his bed by a chorus of raps, which very much startled him, and had he not recollected the occurrences at the house he had lately left, he would have been most puzzled to account for them. He was not predisposed to paroxysms of fear, therefore he allowed himself to fall asleep, in spite of all endeavors to keep him awake. When he was in a deep sleep that night, he had a dream which impressed his mind so deeply that to this day he remembers it. He dreamed that he sat on the bank of a river, in a foreign clime, where no mortal seemed to dwell. The air was sultry, yet full of an intoxicating perfume. Presently a narrow boat glided down the stream with marvelous swiftness, and stopped suddenly in front of him. A man came from the cabin below, and mounted on deck, and held in his hand a scroll, with the words, written in letters of light, —

*Forbes, you are a medium.*

The scroll seemed to vanish, and yet the man stood still before him. The dreamer, excited, exclaimed, —

“What is a medium?”

The scroll appeared again with these characters, —

*A medium is one that enables spirits to interchange communion with the material world.*

These words vanished as the scroll disappeared once more. The man still remained, and seemed to possess no power himself of utterance. The dreamer marveled much, yet wanted more information.

“Say, what am I to do to develope my medium power?”

The scroll re-appeared, and the letters of light came, —

*Meet in circles, sit round tables, yield obedience to spirit-impressions.*

The scroll, the man, and the boat, all vanished. The dreamer found himself transported from the bank and the stream to the table of his friends, where he had sat before he retired and witnessed spiritual phenomena. Here he saw a repetition of what had before passed, and awoke very much surprised to find himself on his bed at his chambers.

It is due to Mr. Jeremiah Forbes to state that he never afterwards called in question the reality of spirit phenomena, although he sat very often at the table of Spiritualists, and, owing to his own wonderful powers, was ever a welcome visitor. He became eventually so thoroughly in earnest that he resolved to devote his time to the development of his mediumship. The more he sat at circles the more firmly in earnest he grew. His mediumship became the talk of all the circles, and he found his time much taken up attending to invitations. At length he resolved to make his *seances* a means of profit. He issued circulars and advertised at a guinea a head to allow persons to sit with him for an hour to witness manifestations of spirit-power. His profits from this source were quite satisfactory to him, besides being an exciting novelty in the Inns. When he received Mr. Humphrey's letter in answer to the advertisement, he first thought he would reply to it by letter, and appoint an interview. He afterwards decided, for the sake of a change, to take the train and answer it in person.

Having briefly run over Mr. Jeremiah Forbes's history, from the time his attention was first directed to spirit intercourse, we will proceed with that worthy's doings with Mr. Humphrey.

The two mediums had a full hour's conversation which passed rapidly enough. Then came dinner, which had to be done justice



to, and was conducted amid interesting and amusing anecdotes which came *apropos* from the lips of Mr. Forbes. Mr. Humphrey gave a recital of his own extraordinary spiritual experiences, which gave Mr. Forbes, in turn, great pleasure. Thus the two grew acquainted to their mutual satisfaction.

Mr. Jeremiah Forbes found Mr. Humphrey a true man, and, withal, possessed of intellect and sterling sense. He seemed drawn to him by an invisible chain of sympathy, and could not help being more communicative than was his wont. There was a great chasm of difference between the two natures which it was impossible either of them could overleap. Mr. Humphrey was open-hearted and single-minded, with a pure and simple love for mankind. He had, perhaps, less regard for the selfish instincts of his nature than any man of his acquaintance. In other words, the soul of the man, which was genial and unembarrassed by craft or secret evil, was visible in his actions. Mr. Jeremiah Forbes contrasted with Mr. Humphrey, looked not only small in body but in brain; yet he had qualities of goodness, which made him appreciable even to such a man as the shipwright, but they were not like the leaven that leaveneth the whole lump. Mr. Forbes had been brought into contact with men of all creeds and grades, from the saint to the most consummate sinner. He had learned that most men are engaged in a conflict of chicanery, and had discovered the sad fact that the cleverest rogue often had the temporal advantage. It is hard to have to pass through the fiery ordeal of difficulties, but much harder to pass through it unscathed. Few men in this world are fitted to undertake the task of braving the furious flames with the confidence that, like Shadrach and his companions, they will escape uninjured. He had courage, but it was fierce and sudden as the tiger's; not strong, steady, and defiant, as the martyr's. He was an ordinary being, with common failings and faults, and the remarkable fact in connection with his experience was, the wonderful gift of mediumship which had developed in him. He cared very little about the philosophy of the spiritual subject, but felt impelled to do his best to cause the phenomena to be acknowledged. No two men could be more different in moral make-up than these two mediums, and perhaps no two men were better adapted for each other's purpose. Mr. Humphrey had the devotion, intellect, courage, and enthusiasm of a philanthropist; he was carved out a reformer by nature. He lived to love, and loving, lived indeed. He was blessed with means to enable him to carry to successful issues any reason-

able project he might desire. Mr. Jeremiah Forbes was just the man capable of being moulded and shaped into usefulness; what he lacked in principle, Mr. Humphrey could at least guard against, if he could not supply.

Mr. Forbes could not help it that nature had not given him a soul as large as Mr. Humphrey's, any more than he could help it that she had not meted out to him the same size and strength of body. Considering the vast number of differences there are, and the strong influences of education and circumstance, it was a matter for thankfulness to the two men that they differed no more than they did.

The journey from London to Southampton was a tedious one, and of course, a plea to cause Mr. Jeremiah Forbes to excuse himself from a very speedy sitting, with a view to obtain spiritual phenomena; both himself and his host agreed on spending a few more hours in conversation, previous to the commencement of a series of investigations which were promised by Mr. Forbes and anticipated by Mr. Humphrey.

The shipwright's household at that time consisted only of himself, Mrs. Bates, his housekeeper, and Margaret, the general servant. His two daughters being with Miss Peters, making progress in their lessons. The coast, therefore, was clear for a full and free examination of the spiritual question without fear of hinderances which might otherwise spring out of the nervousness of the children.

It is astonishing how speedily strangers warm into friends when they have certain idol ideas in common. The crust of etiquette falls away like bark under the stroke of the axe; and, instead of the memory keeping fresh the knowledge that a few short hours only have formed the sum-total of the time they have known each other, the present sunlike feeling of pleasure which warms the whole being, occupies the entire mind, and leaves no room for coldness. It was so with Mr. Humphrey, as he sat engaged in earnest conversation with Mr. Jeremiah Forbes, who reciprocated his kindly feelings. It was settled between them that tea should be served, and immediately after they should hold a *seance*. Mr. Humphrey had much to ask his fellow medium, but he carefully avoided being too impulsive. The tea-service was placed upon the table, and the two sat, bachelor-like, to tea, and renewed the conversation. The cups had not been filled more than twice, when, to Mr. Humphrey's great surprise, a violent trembling took possession of the table, making the cups and saucers dance and rattle. Mr. Forbes smiled, and requested the spirits to favor him by allowing tea to be finished. The table



lifted up and knocked three times with its leg on the floor. "Thank you, kind spirits," said Mr. Forbes, whilst Mr. Humphrey expressed his pleasure and amazement, wishing to know if his visitor had any previous knowledge of what would take place.

"Not the least, my dear sir; but I am so accustomed to similar manifestations that I take little notice of them."

"But have you no fear, Mr. Forbes, when you are alone, and the spirits manifest their presence by spontaneous tiltings or rappings of the table?"

"Not the least; nothing like knowledge to destroy fear. When I did not believe in the reality of spirit-manifestations I certainly had some fear, which amounted to terror, but familiarity with spirits has a similar effect to familiarity with mortals;" and as he spoke he looked knowingly in the eyes of his querist.

Mr. Humphrey marked every gesture and word of his peculiar guest, and deemed him the marvel of the age.

---

## CHAPTER VII.

### ALARMED.

The bell was rung. Margaret entered the room to clear the table. Just as she was taking away the tea-things, the table jumped up suddenly, as though overjoyed at being relieved. The effect of this curious phenomenon caused the servant to rush with a shriek to Mrs. Bates, making a smash of the tea-china. Mr. Forbes and Mr. Humphrey exchanged significant glances, and thought the affair a good joke. So it would have been if nothing further had happened. Mrs. Bates thought the girl was dying, and hastened in great anxiety to her master to inform him that Margaret had "a 'orrible frit."

"Good gracious me," exclaimed Mr. Humphrey, "Is she very ill?"

"She be quite beside 'ersel', and talks 'orrible nonsense an' awful wickedness about the table jumping at 'er."

"We can explain it all, Mrs. Bates, pray tell her not to be alarmed; it is all natural enough when it is understood."

Mrs. Bates looked confused, and stared at Mr. Humphrey as though she thought him as much beside himself as she thought Margaret beside herself.

Mr. Jeremiah Forbes marked the puzzled manner of the house-keeper, and came to her relief, by telling her not to be at all put out; the table had moved, but it was all through the impatience of the spirits to communicate."

"Spirits!" shrieked Mrs. Bates, her cap-frills standing aghast, "you never *can* be so wicked and 'orrible to talk so much like a witch, sir."

Mr. Forbes and Mr. Humphrey laughed aloud, and without the least desire on their part, the table took up the chorus, causing Mrs. Bates to run, frightened, from the room, asserting that the devil was let loose, and had made Humphrey Villa the first place of resort.

Margaret recovered her "frit," and had to console Mrs. Bates, who was nearly as much affected with fright as she herself had been.

"Mr. Forbes," said Mr. Humphrey, "seriously, this is no joking matter. My servants will be terrified so much that they will desert me; besides, I am afraid it will shock their nervous systems."

"It is always the case with ignorant people, especially women, in the first dawnings of these manifestations; they grow terrified by compact, and fear what they do not see, more than what they actually do see."

"But this is not the case with Margaret and Mrs. Bates, you will admit; they both saw the table jump about, and what is more natural than for them, educated, as they have been, in the common theological errors, and possessing an organic predisposition to nervousness, to feel terrified."

"You do not quite understand me, Mr. Humphrey. I have had so many evidences of the way in which persons of both sexes take these matters at first, that I look upon it as a necessary evil that people should faint, and shout 'devil,' and all that sort of thing."

"But is it not a great drawback to the proper and full development of the manifestations, Mr. Forbes, that people generally will not sit and witness the phenomena without going into paroxysms of fear?"

"Yes, most certainly; but you know, Mr. Humphrey, that if you want a decayed tooth extracted, or a leg amputated, you must either become comatized, or feel pain. But what is the present pain in comparison to the future relief? We must bear with suffering to gain even the strength of endurance."

"It is very, very true, and that is why I feel it my duty to press on with investigations into spiritual matters; or, I confess, I should suffer remorse at exciting the fears of nervous beings like Margaret and Mrs. Bates."

At that instant Mrs. Bates re-entered to say that Margaret was now much more composed.



"And how do you feel yourself, Mrs. Bates?" inquired her master.

The woman cast a rapid glance at the table, as though fearing it would again move before she had time to speak.

"Well, sir, seeing as 'ow I am of strong nerves, I must say that the 'orrible manner in which the table moved of itself shocked me much, and as for Margaret, poor gal, I really think, if I 'ad'nt a comforted 'er, she 'ud a died."

"Tell her, from me, that nothing can harm her, Mrs. Bates, and say she must have less fear, — there is nothing like toughness of head and heart to carry one through the world," and Mr. Humphrey smiled so good-humoredly that the housekeeper could but think that Margaret had no business to be so silly as to allow her nerves to operate, especially, since she herself believed them weaker than her own.

How Mrs. Bates could think so is a theme for study. She arrived at it by a process of induction very difficult to comprehend, and peculiar to herself, but since it is not given unto all mortal authors to see with clairvoyant eyes into every recess of the human heart, we must relate only that which we perceive, and draw deductions therefrom. Mrs. Bates was on the point of disagreeing with Mr. Humphrey, when he desired her to tell Margaret to have less fear, as though her nerves were like bell-wires, under her control; but when she caught sight of the kind smile which accompanied the request, somehow she could not do other than feel that Margaret ought to treat her nerves very much the same as bell-wires are treated by persons who are delicate in their manner of pulling them. Mrs. Bates was a queer being, but she was, nevertheless, a good old soul, and an especial favorite with Mr. Humphrey and his little girls. The truth is, she had been so long at Humphrey Villa, that she might be considered part of the building, and a very convenient part she was. Mr. Humphrey would as soon thought of parting with his house as with Mrs. Bates, and she, on her part, would have made any sacrifice sooner than lose her right to regulate the household affairs of Humphrey Villa, and her influence over the hearts of the dear little girls and their excellent father.

The housekeeper was a country-woman, brought up regardless altogether of scholarship, notwithstanding, she was a shrewd and clever woman. She had an excellent character for her skill in curing people who were subjected to rheumatism, gout, and other

ailments, and was even better than a doctor in the house, because she effected cures, and sent in no long bills. Where and how she obtained her knowledge was a mystery to many, but none could deny her healing power. People who knew better than herself, said she was a magnetist or mesmerist. For a long time she was ignorant of these terms, yet she certainly gave the usual "passes," and "charmed" away many a headache and rheumatic pain.

Mr. Humphrey had often been surprised and gratified at the success of Mrs. Bates' "passes" upon his own family in times of sickness, and had been tempted to seek amongst books for a solution of the mystery of her healing powers. This had brought his mind in the way of mesmerism, and from what he discovered he was led to believe that Mrs. Bates was, in reality, without her own knowledge, a disciple of Mesmer. He had often talked to her, and explained the various theories of the cause of magnetic operations. The housekeeper always listened with respect, and failed not to profit from his instructions. It occurred to Mr. Humphrey that if he could induce Mrs. Bates to sit with them at the table something marvelous might take place; but in order to do so, it was necessary to stimulate her mind with such logic as would prevent her going off into hysterics or something worse. It was a very delicate point to touch upon, but it seemed to him necessary.

"Well, Mrs. Bates," began Mr. Humphrey, "suppose you sit with us at the table this evening."

"What, me! at that 'orrible table? Mr. 'Umphrey, it would be too much for my nerves."

"Nonsense; you have no more fear than we have."

Mrs. Bates looked timidly at the table with one eye, and appealingly in her master's face with the other.

"Come, come! don't look so awry at a lump of mahogany," laughed Mr. Humphrey; "you say your nerves are strong."

"So they be, but it is so 'orrible to have dealings with the devil, sir."

Mr. Forbes and Mr. Humphrey laughed outright, and were several seconds before they could pay any further attention to the objections of the housekeeper. She, poor woman, looked crest-fallen, and her cap-frills rose indignantly. But it was no use being nice at ceremonies when great principles were involved.

"Well, well, Mrs. Bates, how have you made the discovery that the devil is at the bottom of table-tiltings?"

"It is too plain, sir, to need explanation. Did I not see the table



move up in that 'orrible manner with my own eyes?" and the housekeeper tossed up her head and adjusted her cap-frills, which had got disarranged, for she caught a sudden glance of herself in the looking-glass.

"Of course you saw the table rise with your own eyes; whose else's eyes could you see with, my good woman?" exclaimed Mr. Forbes, who very much enjoyed the fun.

"And how does that prove that the devil moved the table, any more than the angel Gabriel?" inquired Mr. Humphrey.

Now, poor, illiterate Mrs. Bates ought not to be called upon to enter the arena of disputation with two scholars. She thought it 'orrible for them to expect such a thing; nevertheless, she ventured.

"It doesn't need any one to rise from the grave to frit us, and tell us that tables can't jump and tumble about of themselves."

"That is quite true, Mrs. Bates; but how does the fact that the table *did* jump about prove that the devil did it?" queried Mr. Humphrey.

Mrs. Bates looked very comical, and her cap-frills got out of decorum again. "It *must* be wicked and 'orrible, Mr. 'Umphrey, for 'eavy bits of wood to move, all as if they was alive."

"So it may seem, Mrs. Bates, but suppose that the mere movements of bits of wood indicate intelligence and convey ideas from the world of spirits, we must accept the ideas as more important than the motions that indicate them."

"World of spirits! what a 'orrible, ugly idea! who but the devil could put such thoughts into your sensible 'ead, Mr. 'Umphrey. If poor, dear mistress was to 'ear you, she 'ud be more terrified than me. Do, pray, sir, 'ave nothing to do with such 'orrible wicked doings with the devil;" and Mrs. Bates shed tears as her cap-frills came down, having stood almost erect.

"What should you say, Mrs. Bates, if I were to tell you that I believe your mistress *does* hear me, and approves of my pursuits?"

The housekeeper looked up more than ever satisfied in her honest mind that her master was under the seducing influence of the "Prince of Sin," but she could not this time speak, for her heart was too full of emotion.

"You do not think, Mrs. Bates, that your mistress is an agent of the devil!"

"Indeed, I am sure the poor, dear soul is in 'eaven, and free from wickedness and 'orrible snares, and would be the last person, if she'd the power, to come back to this terrifying, 'orriying earth," exclaimed the housekeeper.

Mr. Humphrey felt his task to be a difficult one, and knew that it was useless to try to lay the frightful ghost of fancy in her mind by the force of logic. He thought he would try another plan.

"When you use 'passés' to ease Emily's head, when it aches, do you think it is the devil that moves your hand?"

To have witnessed Mrs. Bates' cap-frills at that moment would have made an impression in the memory of any one which could not easily be erased. She positively spoke with hoarseness when she replied, "Not I, indeed, the thing is too 'orrible to think on."

"Why do you credit the devil with the influence which you use to cure diseases?" persisted the shipwright.

"Mr. 'Umphrey! how can you talk so; when I charm away poor, dear suffering souls' pains, it is a soothing, blessed thing, more like the influence of angels than of 'orrible evil devils."

"Well, so it is, Mrs. Bates; but how are we to know it is not the actual work of the devil, seeing that the 'charms' you exercise are not common, and are regarded as very absurd things by those who are ignorant of their nature?"

The housekeeper felt her argumentative powers, which were never very strong, get weaker. She said, —

"The devil delights in 'orrible, ugly doings, and not in works of mercy. If I can do a suffering, fellow-creature good by charming any sickness or pain, I feel so 'appy that I know from inward sensations that I have done right. So you see, sir, I cannot allow you to place my cures to the account of the Wicked One. It is too 'orrible to think on." As Mrs. Bates finished, she gave her cap-frills an extra jerk, by way of climax.

"Now, Mrs. Bates, I have brought your own logic about the table movements being of the devil home to you. You must no longer hold by that opinion, without you will allow me the same privilege with your mesmerism or charms, viz., to palm them all upon Satan," said Mr. Humphrey, with a genial, satisfied laugh, in which Mr. Forbes joined with gusto.

Mrs. Bates was confounded. She knew not what to say; but on perceiving the genial good humor upon the face of her master, she was disposed to think that perhaps the devil, after all, was not to blame.

A great deal of quiet conversation on the truths of Spiritualism ensued, in which they all took part. The principal bug-bear, the "devil," having been thoroughly disposed of, there was little persuasion requisite to bring Mrs. Bates round. She consented to sit, but begged that nothing very 'orrible might be done.



"My good woman," said Mr. Jeremiah Forbes, "what will take place will be altogether independent of our wills; we cannot control, or regulate, or command, the movements, — therefore, if you sit with us, you must make up your mind to see whatever comes. I give you this hint that you may control your own 'strong nerves,' and not allow them to suffer undue tension, because it will not, perhaps, be well to break up the circle through useless and unnecessary fears."

Mrs. Bates felt nervous as she sat, remarking that "some 'orrible thing would be sure to 'appen;" but said she would try and keep herself composed.

Mr. Humphrey said, "Why, what is there to fear? We are both near you, — you are not generally deficient in courage, and I do not apprehend you will suffer yourself to fall into sickly paroxysms of fear!"

"I should say not; your good housekeeper has too much strength of character to do anything so monstrously ridiculous," intonated Mr. Forbes, as he drew his chair to the table, and the three placed their hands upon its surface.

Mrs. Bates found herself remarkably heroic and placid, — perhaps the cheering tones of the two gentleman touched her sense of self-confidence. Be that as it may, she drew herself up in a dignified position, and felt that now she could brave even looking upon the devil himself, in company with Mr. Humphrey and Mr. Forbes, but it was under the excitement of the moment, and only a temporary feeling, because, if such a 'orrible thing could happen, she afterwards thought, it would cause her death.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

---

THE early fathers regarded the ministry of angels as a consoling and beautiful doctrine, and so much was it at that time held in veneration, that the founders of Christianity cautioned their early converts against permitting their presence to degenerate into adoration. We now go to the opposite extreme, and seldom think of their existence; yet what is to be found in this belief, even if the Scriptures had not revealed it, which is contrary to reason? — *Dr. Townsend.*

---

THE sublime vision comes to the pure and simple soul in a clear and chaste body. That is not an inspiration which we owe to narcotics. — *Emerson.*

## SPIRITUALISM OF SHAKESPEARE.

## MISS GLYN'S "MACBETH."

It would be manifestly unfair to hold Shakespeare responsible for all the contradictions of philosophy expressed from the lips of his characters. The *dramatis personæ* of plays gain their charm from variety. The fool to his cap and bells and *wise* follies ; the wise man to his lore and gravity. Life's stage is a medley of clowns and philosophers, — all play their parts. Shakespeare could only paint character as it existed in his soul's eye.

As in the play of "Hamlet," the play of "Macbeth" rests upon the supra-mundane. Whether Shakespeare believed in the realities of spirit-life, or merely adopted the apparitions and ghostly arrangements of his plays, may be subject for dispute. But this is certain, — his greatest dramatic conceptions not only touch the confines of the spiritual, but embody its personages with flesh, making them actual as human forms to the characters with whom they are associated.

The play of "Macbeth" is so interwoven by the threads of the so-called supernatural, as to credit its author, if he had no belief whatever in the existence of spirits, and their power of communion with mortals, with a great falling off from nature ; i. e., the mundane, according to the limited conceptions of materialists.

In company with Banquo, Macbeth is startled by the three weird witches. They prophesy that he will be Thane of Cawdor. Banquo sees and hears them too ; yet, when they vanish, he, half-doubting, says, —

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
And this is one of them."

Thus the witches, dread intelligences of the invisible world, sink into earth or water.

Macbeth is haunted by the prophecy of the weird sisters. Ambition rises in his soul, — yet he doubts the truth of the prophecy. Lady Macbeth learns from her husband the destiny that is promised him. She becomes at once the hand that sets in play the powers of murder. No two characters could be more dissimilar. He, to quote her words, was —

"Too full o' the milk of human kindness  
To catch the nearest way."

She, so wrought of purpose resolute.



"I have given suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me :  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,  
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you  
Have done."

In the second act, first scene, before the murder, Macbeth is the subject of horrible spectres. He sees an invisible dagger, which he vainly essays to clutch. He reasons : —

"Art thou not fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation  
Proceeding from the heat oppressed brain?"

Still the dagger, with "gouts of blood," is before him. It would appear as though ministering angels painted this vision upon his soul's eye to save him from enacting the hellish deed, ripening in his intent, and nursed with diabolic care by his wife. The foul deed is accomplished. The murderer trembles at the spectres of his guilt, and dares not return to lay the dagger upon the dead.

Lady Macbeth takes the dagger from him : —

"The sleeping and the dead,  
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood  
That fears a painted devil."

And, like a devil incarnate, she turns the eye of suspicion from the murderer on to the murdered servants.

Macbeth grows bold in guilt yet fears betrayal. Banquo is despatched by hired assassins. Presently the banquet, where the guests are all seated, is unceremoniously ended by the presence of Banquo's ghost, which sits in Macbeth's place. This entire scene would be a tame clatter of plate and glass, were the ghost cut out. Macbeth's fear-appalled soul sits in his face, notwithstanding Lady Macbeth's exclamation, —

"This is the very painting of your fear."

The apparition was only visible to Macbeth, as in the case of Hamlet and the queen ; but its reality was felt by him.

"Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,  
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal :  
Ay, and since too, murders have been performed  
Too terrible for the ear; The times have been  
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,  
And there an end; but now, they rise again,  
With twenty mortal murders in their crowns,  
And push us from our stools."

In the last interview with the witches, Macbeth beholds a series of apparitions, among which is that of Banquo.

Thus the ordinary is subjected to the *extra-ordinary*, the human to the extra-human. Macbeth, by no design of his own, was the instrument of "the powers of the air," and all he did was but the development of a career marked out for him.

Miss Glyn's rendition of this play was an intellectual repast. We have seen her on the English stage in the character of Lady Macbeth.

Her acting was pronounced by competent judges, at that time, transcendent. She has lost none of her ability to translate the language of Shakespeare in pathos and passion to the understanding of her hearers.

---

### SITTINGS WITH MEDIUMS.

ISABELLA SMITH, THE CHILD-MEDIUM RECENTLY DEVELOPED.

We have lately, in the development of Isabella, a proof that invisible intelligences can manifest to mortals through the organism of a mere child. Isabella is nine years old, somewhat precocious, but one of the nineteenth century marvels, nevertheless. She resides in East Boston. On Monday, Oct. 17th, 1870, for the first time her gift of mediumship was manifested in table tiltings and movements. On Wednesday, the 19th, she proved to be a writing instrument in the hands of spirits. Rather a rapid process this. On Thursday, the 20th, a *seance* was held at the house of Mrs. Roberts, herself an excellent healing medium, who has performed several cures by the assistance of spirits. We formed one of this circle and were not a little surprised at the powers of mediumship manifested by Isabella.

During the day, at her own residence, the spirits promised her certain presents, and said that she would be entranced at the circle in the evening. The presents did not come, but the entrancement did. A lady medium present, who is frequently influenced by an Indian spirit to dance and heal the sick, sat in her normal condition. The little medium wrote, saying that this lady would be entranced, and somebody was to whistle that she might dance. The result, accordingly. Presently the lady under influence approached the medium, and by a single pass threw her into an unconscious trance, and led her through a series of well-executed dances, Isabella's steps keeping perfect time to her own. After a lengthened process of this character, enough to wholly exhaust a grown person, the two



sat down and jabbered a kind of Indian, which none of us could decipher.

When Isabella was restored she said that she had been to Boston with a little friend of hers, and had been eating candy. There appeared not the slightest evidence that she was at all conscious of what she had been made to do.

We sincerely hope that the friends of this little prodigy will guard her mediumship from intrusive skeptics and mere sensationalists, until she is more developed. There is great danger of persons rushing upon her, and selfishly devouring her vitality and spoiling her development. It is best always to consult the controlling spirits as to who shall and who shall not be admitted to her circles. Then there will be little danger, unless by over-sitting, spirits not always being wiser than their mediums.

#### MARY E. CURRIER.

Our presence at the Haverhill Convention gave us the opportunity and pleasure of sitting in company with a large number of other visitors, at the house of Mr. W. W. Currier, to witness the musical manifestations, which never fail, but change to a wonderful degree whenever Mary is able to sit.

We were invited into the circle room to examine the piano, and the various instruments which are played upon.

The first thing we did was to sit and talk to Mary and read her soul in her eyes. This is no difficult matter. The human face is never a liar. It is the scroll upon which the spirit within writes its own character. A man may assume a virtue he does not possess, but his face will retain the record, and the true physiognomist can read it. There are cases, we are aware, where the devil of sin is transformed apparently into an angel of beauty, but there will lurk in the eye, or in the corner of the mouth, a witness of its guilt. Mary is twenty-two years of age. Her face is the type of womanly innocence. We could not look at it and think it possible, even were she able of herself, which is an impossibility, to perform on several instruments at once, that she could be persuaded to do it, either by mortal, or immortal of the dark stamp.

The circle room contained a piano, weighing about seven hundred pounds, one end of which we lifted by exerting our full strength, thirteen hand bells, a guitar, a violin, a triangle, two horns, a tamborine, a drum, and four harmonics.

Mary sat at the piano and played in her normal condition. After

a few minutes playing the bells were rung as an accompaniment, and at the request of Mrs. Currier, made to polka on the floor near the door, which was kept wide open. Next we could hear two parts at once on the piano, one played by Mary, the other by one of her invisible assistants. In a few seconds, a change,—the medium was entranced, and the piano played by an Italian spirit, and in a style very different. Mary was said to be entranced by “Freddy,” a little spirit brother, who often talked through her to convince us that the medium’s lips were not used in discoursing the very sweet and fine music of the harmonican.

The heavy piano was made to dance in time to the music, a feat of itself beyond the strength of the medium, whose health was in a weak state. Besides, the instruments, light or heavy, were rattled and banged, to accomplish which would need the strength of a giant.

Among the tunes played were “My Country ’tis of Thee,” “Shoo Fly,” “Home, Sweet Home,” and “The Last Rose of Summer.”

The whole were accompanied and rendered with feeling. “Freddy,” we may suppose, is an oddity; he blew the medium’s nose,—a feat not in the programme.

The door-bell was rung, and new comers admitted by the desire of “Freddy,” who knew who they were before they entered the house.

The playing of the harmonican floating in the air, in accompaniment with the piano, was an execution not to be easily forgotten.

It is not possible for us to describe the effect of this musical *seance*. As an entertainment it was equal to anything we have before witnessed. As an additional proof of the power of spirits to control mediums, it stands prominently in our esteem. We have often witnessed spirit manifestations, physical and mental, and have evidences weighty in their favor. All phases of mediumship are necessary. Not one can be dispensed with. Physical manifestations are not in our opinion less needed than psychical. We know that some of our advanced Spiritualists have gone ahead of physical manifestations. Be it so, yet they sadly err when they denounce physical mediums as humbugs, and ignore physical phenomena. We *know*, if we know anything, that physical feats are performed by spirits through mediums. Because of this knowledge, we gladly record our experience with Mary Currier, and add our word of encouragement to that of the numerous persons who, during four years, have sat in her *seances*.

The task of mediums is not an easy one. They learn the lessons of mediumship in a school of suffering. God bless them for their heroic endurance.



Mary Currier not only realizes in herself the promptings and presence of invisible intelligences once in the mortal form, but she is the beautiful instrument through which those same angel ministrants come to others. Here is the sweet reward; not in ease and luxury, and all the appliances of wealth, but in the good that needy souls receive. Shame upon the men and women in the spiritual movement who in pronouncing *all* physical phenomena to be impossible, virtually stigmatize Miss Currier, and all physical mediums, as gross impostors or miserable lunatics. The manifestations at the Curriers are of a character to place humbug out of court, and we are not afraid of Mary and her parents being charged with symptoms of insanity by sane people.

MRS. E. M. SMITH.

LOWELL, Oct. 16th, 1870.

*Editor Spiritual Monthly.* — A Mrs. Thomas called with two of her friends to see us, she being a perfect stranger and also a medium.

Mrs. E. M. Smith was controlled by an Indian spirit, calling herself Polly, and gave a very good *test* to Mrs. Thomas (she being controlled at the same time by an Indian spirit calling herself Wild Flower.) She then asked Polly, (Mrs. Smith's influence,) if she could tell her anything about her medium's folks. Polly, (Mrs. Smith's control,) then began saying that her grandfather (calling his name Thomas,) was killed by an Indian. The Indian took him by the hair, while asleep in bed, and then pulled him out, and then split his head open, and then scalped him, — and he died immediately. The children were there at the time, and the mother took the little boy in her arms to make her escape; but the boy was shot dead in her arms and the ball passed to the mother and lodged in her breast. The mother survived. The two little girls, their children, aged four and six respectively, escaped with the mother. Molly, the sister of the mother of these children was captured by the Indians, and carried off to Canada, and was afterward ransomed by an old sea captain.

She also gave other names to the lady, Mrs. Thomas, and also several tests. Polly (Mrs. Smith's control) mentioned the time, — Indian and French War.

The above communication and facts are all true. I never saw the medium, Mrs. Smith, until to-day.

Witnesses to the above, in presence of us, — Priscilla Webb Thomas, Mattie F. Searle, C. B. Phillips, Esther G. Bailey.

Yours, very truly,

ALBERT J. SMITH.

185 Central Street, Lowell, Mass.

## ROGERS AND MUMLER.

Mr. Robert Sherman, at whose hospitable home we rested during our stay in Newburyport, has in his possession proofs that the dead live. On the wall in his parlor hangs a pencil drawing of his first wife, who died in 1854. This drawing was executed through the mediumship of Rogers, the spirit artist, then residing at Columbus, Ohio. The hair is short, and one hand placed to the face. Mr. Sherman says that the likeness is a good one, and that it was a habit of his wife to place her hand to her face thus. He did not, at first, appreciate the short hair, but eventually, through another medium, communicated with the spirit, who called his attention to the fact that during the latter part of her earth-career she had her hair cut short, and further said that she appeared to the spirit-artist with short hair to make the test more satisfactory.

In 1861 Mr. Sherman went to Boston, and sat with Mumler for a photograph. His spirit-wife and their spirit-girl impressed their likenesses on the plate,—his wife with her hand up to her face. Here is a fact that those who doubt physical phenomena would do well to consider.

Mr. Sherman has also a double profile photograph of Annie Lord Chamberlain, taken by an artist named McArthur, at Newburyport, in presence of Mrs. Sherman. This is one of the most extraordinary evidences we have yet obtained. A double profile at a single sitting! Who'll believe it? Yet we saw the picture and are assured that the facts in the case are as we state them.

## MRS. MARY WEBSTER.

We called upon Mrs. Mary Webster of Amesbury Mills, who has been developing as a writing, healing, and drawing medium for fifteen or more years. She has framed quite a number of drawings which are not artistically executed, still the design, in most of them is good, and considering that the medium claims to have no knowledge of the subjects beforehand, and is made to commence at the top of the picture and finish at the bottom, are wonderful creations. The human family from the lowest to the highest. Christ, and the Woman touching the hem of His Garment. A Medium crowned with many Jewels. They that have come out of Great Tribulation. The Dove of Peace. Materialism in the form of a fish. Old Theology on its last legs, etc. We were much interested in examining these pictures, and not unmindful that Mrs. Webster has lately parted from her husband to meet him again on Life's other shore.

A few years ago Mrs. Webster was spiritually informed that there



was a spring of water near the house. She pointed out the exact spot and employed men to dig. The well was discovered, and the water conveyed, by means of tubes, to her own house.

---

## PROGRESSIVE DOTTINGS.

SPIRITUALISM is not dying out, although places where it has flourished in public halls and private circles seem to have lost interest. A spark from the great furnace of spiritual Truth sets the life of some few individuals aglow with love. They prosecute their labors of love with enthusiasm, not always moderated by wisdom. Still, the moving power manifests in their zeal until they feel weary of the battle they are compelled to maintain, and drop their weapons of warfare. Then, for a time, "the cause" lags, and the enemy cries, "We knew it would be so; Spiritualism is dying out."

But lo! ere the words die in echoes a new spark fires the souls of others and fresh developments of truth are the all-absorbing theme.

We entered Haverhill, Mass., to attend the State Spiritual Convention on Saturday, Oct. 22d, a large and beautiful town, to learn that meetings and the lyceum have been discontinued owing to the onus of their support resting almost entirely on the shoulders of one man, and he not able to bear it.

No wonder we hear from the opponent the cry, "Spiritualism is dying out!" when the multitude of believers can rest satisfied in selfish indifference.

The atmosphere of nature was crisp and clear, yet only lately it was pierced by the shrieks of murdered innocents. A mother, Mrs. Celia Bickford, and her child, Clarence, between ten and eleven years of age, were found dead in bed with their throats cut. How they came by their death is not satisfactorily explained. Mrs. Bickford was a Spiritualist. So was her husband, who fought in the late American war, and died in the service from disease. She was known and acknowledged to be a woman of sane habits and by no means fanatical in her religious views. Yet some of "the saints" of Haverhill, backed by medical testimony, declare that the double deed of blood was the work of Spiritualism, the unfortunate woman, under a fit of temporary insanity, being the murderess. "Charity covereth a multitude of sins," and it is large enough to cover the sins of these self-constituted accusers. The verdict of the jury regards Mrs. Bickford as a murderer and suicide, but not as being

responsible for her acts at the time the double tragedy was enacted. The town has not fully made up its mind to this verdict. The horrible transaction is involved in profound mystery. But Mrs. Bickford was a Spiritualist. This is a fact. Here is an answer to the silly charge of the "Haverhill Gazette" by the "Tri-Weekly," published in the same town.

"'THE MURDER AND SUICIDE.' — An editorial article in the last Tuesday's issue of the 'Haverhill Gazette,' under the above caption, contains the following remarkable extract in reference to Mrs. Bickford: "She professed to have interviews with her husband, often consulted spirit mediums, and was just in that state of mind in which persons are who commit such acts."

"There seems to be but one inference to draw from this, and that is that Mrs. B. was a Spiritualist, and, because a Spiritualist, just in that state of mind to commit murder and suicide. Does not this show a bigoted, sectarian, and unchristian spirit? Must it necessarily follow because a person is a Spiritualist that he or she should be any less human, any less religious, any less moral, or any less the child of the Great Father than though they belonged to some other religious denomination?

"If the writer of the article in the "Gazette" had studied the statistics of our insane asylums for the past few years he would have ascertained that insanity is of much more frequent occurrence in persons holding "Evangelical" religious views, so called, than in Spiritualists, though the latter class are supposed to far outnumber all denominations of the former in this country. Justice to the dead, and respect to the living, we think, should have called for the exhibition of a more liberal spirit on the part of the editor of the "Gazette," in this case, and we trust he may soon learn to view things of this character in a less bigoted light."

No doubt the Convention suffered somewhat from the prejudice excited by this tragedy. Still, although the City Hall was not crowded, as it should have been, the six sessions of the Convention were real feasts, much relished, we believe, both by the speakers and the audiences.

The Hall and expences were guaranteed, in case of loss, by Mr. W. W. Currier. Dr. A. H. Richardson, in the absence of the regular president of the Association, opened the proceedings. At the third session, the president, Mr. L. S. Richards, took his seat, and acted wisely and well until the close. During the sessions speeches were delivered by John Whetherbee, Dr. H. B. Storer, A. E. Car-



penter, N. Frank White, Mr. Ray, H. S. Williams, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Hattie Robinson, and J. H. Powell.

The appended resolutions were prepared by Dr. Storer, and carried without a dissenting voice:—

*Resolved*, That the existence of Religious institutions and ceremonies in every historic age, and among all people (never more abundant than in our own land and time,) and the pre-eminent importance which has ever been ascribed to man's relations to a spiritual life and world, fully justify attention to whatever evidence upon this subject may purport to originate with spiritual beings, whether presented to mankind in ancient or modern times.

*Resolved*, That *all such evidence* should be impartially investigated, upon its own merits, and received or rejected as determined by enlightened human reason.

*Resolved*, That upon such evidence, as well as upon whatever comes to us from an investigation of Nature by the aid of science and human reason, we rest our religious belief.

*Resolved*, That as such impartial investigation is not even tolerated within any branch of the so-called Christian Church, either partial or liberal, the necessity for forming independent societies and holding especial meetings and conventions for presenting these evidences and freely interchanging thoughts concerning them, is imperative and self-evident.

The largest audience assembled on the Sunday evening. Dr. H. B. Storer's lecture on that occasion was a true and beautiful exposition of the principles of Spiritualism. A. E. Carpenter followed with an effective speech. Next came Mr. Williams, the secretary, then Mrs. Hattie Robinson, a lady of color, thrilled the listeners with her personal recollections and tribute to the glory of Spiritualism.

The close of the session was a triumph. We have not space to do justice to the various speeches, all earnest, logical, and free from rant or cant. Whilst we were speaking on Hero Worship, and reading an extract from Dickens speaking of birds seen by the little doll's dressmaker, a dove was seen to settle itself upon the window behind us. We did not see it, but quite a number did, and one lady desired us to make a note of it. We don't know what prompted the dove to come at that particular time. It is said in Scripture that the Holy Spirit descended in the form of a dove. The idea is poetic and to some persons pleasing. We think that the "Holy Spirit" is too large to be able to compress itself into the form of a bird. Be

that as it may, we do not mind the dove settling upon the window. He would have been welcome upon our shoulder, or in the best hearing place inside the hall. Good dove! let us hope he was the harbinger of peace and plenty.

The Convention at Haverhill was a triumph. This we repeat, and hope that a new life will be infused into the Spiritualists of that place, and that much good may result.

The interest manifested by the audiences was marked, and proves that the people only need to be shown the light to rejoice in its radiance. The State Association have not for several months had one solitary missionary in the field through lack of funds. Why need this be? A well organized system of lecturing and presenting mediumistic manifestations would help on the good work and keep good men and women active. Are there no liberal Spiritualists who have a surplus of cash? We think there are. At any rate we believe the missionary work to be a most important need, and gladly aid the Massachusetts Association.

THE Mechanic's Association, of Worcester, has rejected the question of accepting a fine portrait of Wendell Phillips, says the Boston "Herald." We don't know the reason for this, but suppose it to be on political grounds. The age is not yet perfect, nor progress, as a sequence, at a standstill, or such an error in courtesy would not occur. Phillips is not a perfect man, who is? But he is a great man in a true sense. He has done not merely the state service, but humanity, and deserves better treatment at the hands of mechanics. But he can afford to forgive the offense, if, indeed, he deems it such.

"The right shall yet come uppermost,  
And justice shall be done."

WE reached Newburyport, Mass., a stranger, yet with a modest share of confidence. What matters, *there* or *here*,

"So the right word be said,  
And life the sweeter made."

We found a large town, and was pleased to see the goodly spread of small cottages. In a country like America, where land is no object, except under the *regime* of monopoly, why will citizens build into the sky, as if to rival the eagle, and perpetuate centralization to the injury of health and the shortening of human life? We found, too, a full share of churches, some sixteen, for a population of twelve thousand. One or two of these Christian edifices has been deserted, thanks or blame to the liberal religious element. On the apex of the spire of the Old South Church, is the emblem of the



cock that crowed in honor of Judas's betrayal of his Master. This is novel. Judas deserves this tribute to his memorable part in the drama of Christianity. Without his denial would Christ have atoned on the cross for sinners? Echo, answer. This church contains the remains of Whitfield. If the moral status of a people can be ascertained by the number of churches, Newburyport must be an exceedingly moral town.

The town paper announced us as "Jewell," not an objectional bull on a "Johny Bull." Was it the printer or his devil who made a jewell of us? We do not blame but feel flattered.

The friends of Spiritualism here are not numerous, but earnest, and work together with a true spirit. They have a hall on lease for five years, and intend pressing on. Their former place of meeting was rendered too expensive for continuance, — the rent was doubled, and a wing of the building sliced off. It is supposed that bigotry had a hand in this.

N. Frank White had closed an engagement of three weeks, leaving, as he would be sure to do, the remembrance of "something attempted, something done." Good audiences greeted us, among which was an ex-Methodist minister, named Evans, the author of a book on "Mental Cure."

The next day we reached Amesbury by 'bus, and was charmed with the scenery of the Merrimac, which can scarcely lose in comparison with the more famous scenery of the Hudson and the Rhine.

What called us to Amesbury? The Poet Whittier. He did not formally invite. What matters? Our long-cherished love for the laureate of the slave, prompted the visit. Often in England we read, and heard read, Whittier's poems, and on leaving the "white cliffs of old England" behind, determined to see Whittier when the opportunity should occur.

Our visit to Newburyport, after more than three years' residence in America, much to our delight, brought us within five miles of the Quaker Poet's simple home.

We were shown into the study, and soon face to face with one of America's sweetest singers. He is above the medium height, somewhat spare and retiring.

Our reception was in every way gratifying. We dined with the poet, enjoying the privilege as the food.

We talked on various topics, — poetry, poets, and Spiritualism, the latter subject monopolizing most of the time.

Without sanctioning everything presented in the name of Spirit-

ualism, Whittier, although not a Spiritualist from our standpoint, has no doubt whatever that medium manifestations are among the occurrences of the day, and he leans on some occult force or forces not understood by modern scientists. He lacks evidence of identity. It was pleasant to converse upon this, to us, life-question with a man so able as Whittier, and to mark the utter absence of assumption or dogmatism in his statements.

As a Quaker, the poet could hardly fail to sympathize with some of the positions of Spiritualists. Part of the phenomenal aspects of the subject he has, lacking identity, the principal part of the whole. We left him with the assurance that in less than a million years he would obtain full and complete satisfaction of the truth of Spiritualism, and learn that his inspired poems, spanning the realm of spirit, are nearer the truth than the cautious and cold negations of modern scientists.

WILLIAM DENTON is a myth to the London "Athenæum." From "The Spiritualist," an ably conducted monthly paper issued in London, we learn that Messrs. Houston & Wright have reproduced Mr. Denton's work, "The Soul of Things," under the title of "Nature's Secrets; or, Psychometric Researches."

The wonders of this work have so perplexed the reviewer in the "Athenæum" that he could not rest in the conclusion that a sane scientific man could write such a book. So he jumped to the conclusion that William Denton was a mere name, without a soul behind it. In order to convince "The Athenæum" of its error the editor of "The Spiritualist" sent to Boston for our pamphlet on the career of Denton, and has a condensed extract from it in its last issue. We are glad to have been instrumental in supplying legitimate evidence in this matter. Who knows? Had we not written the biographical sketch alluded to, William Denton *might* have been subjected to severe *sea-sickness* in order to demonstrate in *propria personæ* to "The Athenæum" that "The Soul of Things" has a living parent. How much expense we have saved the author we don't care now to calculate, but something considerable, of course. He is welcome to full savings. Imagine him under other circumstances travelling by road and water over three thousand miles to prove his identity! But would "The Athenæum" believe him? Who can demonstrate his existence to a reviewer?

---

THOUGH there be but one World to Sense there are two to Reason,  
— the one visible and the other invisible. — Sir Thomas Browne.



## PSYCHOMETRIC READINGS.

BY WILLIAM DENTON.

To the geologist, who is not afraid of a fact because it is new or strange, there can be few subjects of greater interest than the pictures of the primitive history of our planet, which this young boy has drawn. In the Fall of 1866, while waiting at Worcester station for the train, I asked Sherman\* to see what that part of Massachusetts was like long ago.

"I see tents with Indians in them. There was a small stream coming down that way (pointing toward the town. There is one now, but he could not see it for the houses) at that time. The Indians talk away, but I cannot understand what they say. They use bows and arrows; they have feathers in their hair. There are many hawks around. It is a hot day.

"One Indian is pointing his arrow at a hawk. Yes; several of them now: two have missed, and one hit and killed it. The one that hit it is running with it: he has put it on the fire. There are some little coals and he is blowing them. He has got it into a blaze now: it is inside a tent. It is not a hawk I see; it has a straight and very short bill. The bird is as large as a full-grown chicken. It is done now, and all those in the tent are sitting down and eating it. They tear it with their fingers. Another one is killed now. They look very small up in the air. The arrow stuck into him and they have got it out. They are doing the other the same way. They take out some of the feathers and stick in their hair; they are quite pretty.

(Go back a little and see earlier men.) "Oh! I went too far. The land is heaving up like the waves of the ocean; but away up as high as a mountain, and then down, away down in five or six minutes. Miles down and then miles up again. I see great cracks, larger than a river, away down to the lava, and in half a second the lava comes rushing up. The rocks were solid then and they bend and snap and crack, oh! awful! A person could not see half a mile off, the land rose up so; then it sank down and he could see miles away. The smoke comes up out of those cracks in great rolls, with a noise louder than thunder. I see no living thing; nothing could live; nothing could breathe; the air is full of gas,—all poison. It comes up with the smoke. This lasted for some weeks; then it was all quiet. Then after that it belched out again. The

---

\* Then ten years of age. Ed. S. M.

smoke came out till it darkened all the sky; the sun could not shine through it. It clears off in spots sometimes and the sun shines there, but nowhere else.

“The lava poured out of those cracks has bubbles on it, and when it cools there are holes from the size of a pin’s head to the size of the top of a bushel basket. I see big bubbles that I could walk on; they sink, and the gas and steam run under and come up in bubbles somewhere else. When it cools they break, and that leaves the rock full of holes. I see a bubble now, nearly as large as this station-house. There is a crack under it full of smoke. This does not break, it is thick; but long after, it fills up and is like the rest of the earth.

“Sometimes it scares me when I get into these places; it seems as if I could never get back again.”

---

#### CURES BY DR. J. R. NEWTON.

MISS M. GLINES, Canton, Me., had one of the bones of her foot injured; she walked on crutches for one year and a half. The doctor cured her in one treatment. This was ten years ago. I saw the lady to-day, and had the statement from her own lips. Ten years is a good time to test the lasting character of a cure.

I saw, also, two other persons,—one D. S. Keegan, of Augusta, Me. He had a severe attack of sciatica which lasted nine weeks. He was unable to lift his leg; took him hours to get into bed. The doctor treated him once and cured him. The man threw his legs in all directions, in my presence, to prove his case cured.

Mr. G. C. Green, of Oswego, N. Y., was seventeen years lame of one knee; cured four years ago by Dr. Newton. The man expressed his great pleasure at the continuance of the cure. He also spoke of his wife, who was afflicted with chronic inflammation of the bowels and liver, and paralysis of the limbs. She had tried nine physicians without relief. Dr. Newton cured her in a single treatment. These cases I have the testimony of the patients themselves for argument.

Another which was related to me, of which I have no doubt, must close my illustrations:

Rebecca Smith, of Fountain Street, Providence, R. I., had paralysis and chronic inflammation of the bowels; was bedridden. Dr. Newton made her rise from her bed in ten minutes, and dress herself. In thirty minutes she was able to walk four blocks, spend an hour, and is now perfectly well. She was cured last week, and has paid a visit to Boston since, and will be pleased to be referred to.



I confess that I had my doubts of some cases I had heard of, but these I mention have strongly forced me to confess that the doctor has extraordinary power as a healer.

J. H. POWELL.

[*Banner of Light.*]

---


## The Lyceum Record.

---

### LOTTIE AND LUCY ; OR LIFE-EPIISODE.

BY LOUISA S. POWELL.

#### CHAPTER V.—THE EMBLEM.

R. DALE lingered and suffered a long time. Mrs. Abbot often came in, accompanied by Lottie, to see him. She never took her departure without nodding her head and saying, "Poor Dale, he will soon follow his wife." Lottie sometimes stayed behind and talked to Lucy when she could get the chance, which was but seldom. But Lucy's heart was too full of trouble to heed her words. Finding that it was not possible to draw Lucy away from her close watching by her father, Lottie resolved to spend a little time with the next oldest of the girls, Susie.

The statements of neighbors that Mr. Dale would die were, to their surprise, proved untrue at that particular time. He gradually recovered strength to get out and walk with the aid of a stick. The children would gather flowers and leaves of trees with which he would amuse himself for hours, sometimes bedecking himself with them, and nearly always talking to them as if they were human.

Lucy was as thoughtful as her elders. She knew that they could not expect always to find a full purse dropped at their feet, neither did she wish it. She had a horror of depending on charity, and fought hard to keep she wolf of want at bay.

The children could all do something ; even Ellie, who had grown to be quite a fine little girl. Lucy decided to have them all taught to plait straws, a common dependence of the peasantry of the country for many miles round. It was a hard necessity ; still, it was better than charity.

Lucy herself could not do much at plaiting, as she had not been taught while young. She learned to plait what was called the

broad fancy plaits, which were easier to do than the common narrow plaits, and not near so much in demand. The greatest puzzle was to know what pattern to choose, as there were several in the market. Some would be in demand one week, and perhaps the next out of fashion. Then the straws that the plait had to be made with were expensive, and it required an experienced plaiter to purchase them. So it happened that the sisters were often cheated.

Time sped on, neither waiting nor caring for any one. Little Ellie was now six years old; an intelligent, active child, — pet of all who knew her. The winter came along extremely cold. Mr. Dale suffered very much with cough and hemorrhage of the lungs, which threatened speedy dissolution. He had become weak as a baby. One night, as Lucy was preparing him for bed, he suddenly looked in her face and tried to raise himself, but finding himself too weak for the feat, burst into tears, and in a tremulous voice faltered, —

“Lucy, be brave and calm. Listen to what I am going to say. My days are nearly all spent in the form. A few short hours and my spirit will soon be released from this feeble, worn-out casket. Grieve not when you see it laid in the dust, and think not that you will never see me more. I have had dreams, Lucy, not imaginary ones, — dreams that are realities. I have seen your mother many times. Nay, nay! start not, nor look so terrified.”

“O, Father! what can you mean?” cried Lucy, for she remembered how she had felt her mother’s hand, and in her dreams had heard her mother’s voice, and how often she had felt her mother’s presence, and had looked round almost expecting to see her. Could it be possible that her mother was with them still!

“Yes, Lucy, I have seen your mother many times. She calls you her choice flower. She is here now, but not alone. Her mother and sisters, and loved ones that died, as she thought, a long time ago, are now with her. O, Lucy! how I wish you could see her. She is bright with happiness and love. She places on your head a wreath of evergreens with her own likeness in the centre. She says it is an emblem of her love and watchful care. O, Lucy! her arms are around you. She looks in your face. A shade of sadness passes over her beautiful countenance as she marks the lines of care on your face. She beckons her companions to look at you. They smile and point upwards. Now she passes to the others. See! see! she is embracing them! Now she turns to Ellie. How fondly she looks at her. She strokes her hair; now she is trimming flowers in it. Now she comes this way. She wishes me to tell you that, though



lost in body, she is ever with you in spirit. When you feel her presence, yield to her influence. She will guide you and strengthen you in your duties. You are to teach the others to believe that your loving mother is with them and is their mother still. Teach them to be truthful and good, for as they are inclined so will they draw influences from the spirit-world. Hark! they are singing as they disappear."

"Are they gone, father?" said Lucy, with hushed breath. She had felt their presence and it made her happy,

Mr. Dale, after his conversation, became quite exhausted. Lucy was frightened, and sent for Mrs. Abbot, who came just in time to see him breathe his last.

As soon as it was day several of the neighbors came to offer assistance. They expected to find Lucy overcome with grief, and was surprised to see her so calm, nay, even happy. They knew not though in the very midst of bereavement that the balm of Gilead was in her soul,—that she had that peace which passeth understanding, which the world could neither give nor take away. She could not think of her parents as dead. In the midst of what the world calls death she felt that they were alive still, and with her.

#### CHAPTER VI.—LOST IN THE WOODS.

The kindness manifested by Mrs. Abbot was not lost upon the grateful Lucy. She would advise and assist the orphans all she could. It was a great trial for Lucy to shun Lottie, but she knew that it was her duty, as the influence of Mrs. Abbot's daughter was anything but beneficial.

Finding that she could not gain Lucy's confidence, Lottie felt much vexed, after all her mother's kindness. So she meditated on the readiest way to make Lucy unhappy. But she acted artfully, endeavoring to hide from Lucy her designs upon her happiness. Perplexed with many wicked plans, none of which were at once put in practice, Lottie decided to wait a few weeks until the excitement of Mr. Dale's death and funeral had subsided. Well did this wicked, contriving girl know that Lucy was the favorite of the village; therefore she was silent as to her plans, lest the neighbors should frustrate them.

Lucy felt the great responsibility of her position. Fatherless and motherless, that is, as far as the physical eye could see, she nevertheless retained a brave heart, and did all in her power for the children committed to her charge. Neighbors had said that Lucy

would break down under the weight of her burden. But to their surprise, she fought difficulties like a Spartan, and great was her reward in the satisfaction of her conscience.

For herself Lucy had little trouble on account of Lottie ; but on account of her sisters, trouble came. They could not be persuaded to avoid Lottie, for they thought her the pleasantest and happiest of girls.

Often, when Lottie came into the house, Lucy would feel as if a black cloud had been thrown over her, and her spirit would cry in anguish, "Mother, protect us!"

They worked very hard day and night to earn sometimes, only bread ; but they were satisfied and would have been comparatively happy had Lottie kept away. But, like an ill-omened bird, she was ever flitting near.

The orphans were left entirely to their own resources, for Lucy had seriously offended the Rev. Thomas Flint by refusing to become a member of his church, and not permitting the children to attend his Sunday school.

The reverend gentleman thought he had the orphans in his power and could dispose of their consciences as he thought fit. In a conversation with Lucy, a few weeks after her father's death, Mr. Flint stated his intention of entering the names of her sisters on the Sunday-school books, and also wished Lucy to become a teacher and a member of the Episcopal Church. "As," he said, "it will look much more respectable, and you will find many friends such as do not exist outside our holy church."

Lucy had expected this. She knew that he had an object in view when he visited her father and rendered unasked assistance, which flowed not so much out of his heart as his head. Looking him steadily in the face, she said, —

"You have been very kind to us, and I am truly thankful : but I cannot become a member of your church nor let my sisters attend the Sabbath-school. My parents were, as you know, strict Baptists, and did not adhere to the Episcopal Church, nor would they allow us to attend. I would not, if I felt inclined, disobey them because they have gone hence, any more than I would were they still in the form and sitting in their accustomed chairs."

The reverend gentleman stepped back a few paces and drew himself straight, and in quite an altered, haughty tone, said, —

"Very well, Lucy. I only hope you will find as true friends amongst the Baptists as you would have found in our church. Good morning."



Blanche, Lucy's second sister, was a gentle, quiet girl, ten years of age, predisposed to consumption. Plaiting was an occupation not congenial to her health, especially as she was necessitated to sit so many hours at work. Often she would need to go into the fields with her work in order to get pure air which was life to her sinking system.

Lottie thought it would be the best way to spite Lucy by influencing Blanche, who was already fond of her. So the artful girl took occasion to join Blanche, unknown to Lucy, whenever the sickly sister was at liberty in the fields. She told Blanche to be sure and omit to inform Lucy that she had seen her. Blanche promised to obey, not thinking that Lucy would care to know.

Lucy often wondered why Blanche stayed away so long, and was not a little troubled to discover, on Blanche's return, that she had made very slight progress with her plait. This was the serious part of the trouble at first; because Lucy well knew that the work must be finished by some of them before they dare retire.

Now Lottie knew how hard the orphans had to work to obtain bread, and she wickedly designed to cause Blanche delay in order to spite Lucy. This was one of her plans of vengeance. Blanche generally looked so much better after being in the open air that Lucy could not find it in her heart to scold her for being idle, little thinking that Lottie was the secret cause of it.

One day Blanche was gone to the fields longer than usual. Lucy did not at first feel alarmed, but when the hour of seven had struck from Mr. Flint's church, and Blanche had not returned, the orphan sisters felt alarm.

Lucy went to Mrs. Abbot and consulted her. The good woman, not suspecting Lottie, called her, and began to put questions to her.

"Lottie, you went out with Blanche, for I saw you together."

Lottie blushed. "Yes; I went into the woods with her, but the little fool left me, and I was obliged to come home by myself."

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed Lucy, "Blanche is in the woods and cannot find her way out. Lottie, you are a wicked, spiteful girl. You ought not to go with Blanche, especially to mislead her and lose her."

"A fine thing indeed, Miss Lucy, to talk to me like that. Blanche is big enough to find her way as well as me. I don't care if she is lost. So take that!" and the cruel girl bounced out of the room.

Distraction took possession of Lucy, and confusion reigned in the households of the Abbots and Dales.

## QUESTIONS FOR GROUPS.

1. What are the most useful studies ?
2. Should music form part of general culture ?
3. Does toil mar true dignity ?
4. Name the consequences of idleness ?
5. Name the advantages of industry ?
6. Is it possible for the body to sin ?
7. Is moral perfection attainable ?
8. What is the difference between license and freedom ?
9. When we talk of God, what is meant ?
10. Can an orthodox devil exist ?
11. What is the object of punishment ?
12. Is eternal punishment consonant with the Supreme Goodness ?
13. Are the motives that actuate persons perceptible at all times ?
14. Why are we so often deceived in persons ?
15. What is the difference between Spiritualism and Christianity ?
16. Is man a responsible being ?
17. Can one man atone for the offences of another ?
18. Is that which another earns as profitable to us as that we earn for ourselves ?
19. What is our best safeguard against sin ?
20. Whom do we injure most when we wrong others ?

## ANSWERS TO QUESTION.

BY MEMBERS OF THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.

MERCANTILE HALL, Boston, Sunday, October 23, 1870.

*By Maria Adams.* — If we come with an honest intention of doing our duty, and pay strict attention to all that is said, we shall learn that which will be of lasting benefit to us in the future.

*By Cora Stone.* — We learn *not* to fear God, — that he is a being not to be feared, but to be loved. They teach us that our loved ones do not die when they leave our sight : but still live and enjoy themselves. They teach us that they can come back here again, and make themselves known to us.

*By Florence Thayer.* — Here we are taught to love God, and not to fear him. Here we are taught that the good angels are with us, to love and care for us, and to bring us joy.

*By Carrie Shelhamer.* — We receive strength both in spirit and body. Our wing movements strengthen our body ; and our teachings make us better in mind. Here we are taught that " God is Love," — not a wrathful God. We can have as much of God as we live for. I would do as near right as possible, and then I shall feel that I am progressing.

BEACON GROUP. Which of the seasons do you most enjoy, and why ?

*By Herman Chubbuck.* — I enjoy winter most, on account of its pleasures.

*By Elmer Randall.* — I enjoy winter most because I love to skate and coast.

*By Jessie Powell.* — I love spring best, because I love the flowers.

GROTTO GROUP. What is prayer ?



*By Mary A. Richardson.* — The aspiration of the soul.

*By Hattie Raymond.* — The expression of the mind in different ways.

*By Emma Howard.* — Prayer is anything that we earnestly desire from the inner life.

*By Julia D. Abbott.* — How can we best prove to our parents that we love them? By obeying them; and by showing, in our daily life, that nothing is a sacrifice to us that will promote their happiness.

October, 30, 1870.

TEMPLE GROUP. Essays were read on "Spiritualism versus Millerism," and "The Lyceum."

UNION GROUP. The subjects were "The Prose and Poetry of Life," and "Water."

EXCELSIOR GROUP. What are some of the teachings we receive by spirit-communion?

*By Hattie Perry.* — We are taught that, as the creeping thing, impelled by the very impulses of its being, prepares itself for perfection, and bursts from its silken tomb with newly developed form, appetite, and nature, so the spirit (the germ of that form, on which God has stamped the impress of his own image) springs into a new existence, when it gives its body back to the earth.

*By Lucy Thompson.* — We are taught that "God is Love," and that all his laws are based on this divine principle of his nature.

SHORE GROUP. What is our duty towards those whom we call our enemies?

*By Cora A. Stone.* — To treat them kindly; to try to live before them in such a manner that they shall become softened in their feelings, and to treat them with love, seeking means to make them better.

*By Carrie Shelhamer.* — It is our duty to love and respect our enemies. Although they do not love us, yet we should try to do them all the good that is in our power.

*By Dora J. White.* — To treat them well, when obliged to associate with them. To have as little to do with them as possible, except to influence them to the right.

*By Annie Pickering.* — To return to them good for evil.

*By Florence Thayer.* — Ever seeking to do them good, we shall exert an influence which, we trust, will overthrow all enmity.

*By Maria Adams.* — To meet them with love and kindness, and thus disarm them of all enmity.

MOUNTAIN GROUP. Autumn.

*By Frederica Teel.* — Now that summer has gone, autumn has come to prepare us for the ice and snow of winter. If the change did not come gradually, we should not be able to live, so great is the difference between July and January. Autumn is, therefore, one of the greatest blessings which Nature has bestowed upon us.

GROTTO GROUP. How can we advance the interests of the Lyceum?

By each and every one of us doing something every Sunday. By keeping in perfect order, and giving strict attention to our leaders.

For what do we come to the Lyceum every Sunday?

I think a very few of us can tell. We ought to have some object in view beside passing away our time. If we would pay attention to our leaders, we should know what we come for. By so doing, we should lighten the labors of our officers and leaders, and cause them to feel that their labors are not in vain.

Who derive the most benefit in the Lyceum?

Those that pay the most attention. Those who are the most diligent. Those who try to perfect themselves in all the exercises.

BEACON GROUP. Which should we most strive for, riches or goodness?

*By Heman Chubbuck.*— Goodness; because a good name is worth more than silver or gold.

*By Elmer Randall.*— Goodness; because it lasts longer.

*By Cora Benson.*— Goodness; because it produces more happiness.

November 13, 1870.

TEMPLE GROUP. The subjects were, "How can we do good?" and "Is the scenery of the Spiritual world a substantial objective reality?"

BANNER GROUP. Does the spirit's interest in the earth-life increase or decrease in the ratio of its progression?

*By W. S. French.*— I believe that it decreases. The longer the spirit remains in the Summer-land, the greater becomes the number of the earth-friends that are gathered there; until, finally, all of those known on the earth have reached the spirit world. Having no attraction towards the earth, the interest in this, the lower life, decreases. When we leave a town in which we have lived for some time, we at first long to go back; but, after our friends are gone, we have nothing to call us there, except that, now and then, we like to see how the place is getting along. It is the same, I think, with the spirits. After all their friends have joined them, they have nothing to call them back except, now and then, a desire to see how the people on the earth are getting along.

MOUNTAIN GROUP. What benefits do we derive from reading?

*By Frederica Teel.*— The great number of books that are published every year, upon such a variety of subjects, are read by thousands who feel the benefit they derive from them. We commence with the school books, which first teach us to read; and then go on to those explaining arithmetic, grammar, history, and geography. The first teaches us the properties of numbers; the second, how to speak and write correctly; the third, what has been done in past ages; and the last makes us acquainted with the different countries which surround us. These books prepare us for the deeper works of reason, which follow. Novels and other stories take away the dullness that we sometimes feel.

SHORE GROUP. In what way can I best enjoy life?

*By Carrie Shelhamer.*— I can best enjoy life by doing good to others, and by going to the Lyceum to learn about the spirits that come back from the other side.

*By Anna Pickering.*— By making others happy.

*By Florence E. Thayer.*— By following the teachings of the "Golden Rule."

*By Dora F. White.*— By trying to be good and true to myself and to all others.

*By Edith Louise Harvey.*— By doing good.

*By Nellie Chadbuck.*— By being true to myself and others.

*By Louella Waterman.*— By remembering that everything is for the best.

*By Isabella Bacon.*— By obeying my parents, and doing good to those around me.

*By Cora A. Stone.*— By living less for myself and more for others.

RIVER GROUP.— How can I make my hands useful?

*By Fred Simonds.*— By some honest employment, to keep them out of mischief.

*By Bertha Lovejoy.*— By doing cheerfully whatever I can find to do.

*By Nelson Ines.*— By helping others and waiting upon myself.



*By Harry Simonds.—*

“These little hands some work may try,  
To help the poor in misery.”

*By Galen Stone.—* By ministering to the comfort and happiness of those about me.

“Beautiful hands are those that do  
The work of the noble, good, and true.”

---

## SELF-RESPECT AND SELF-CONTROL.

CHILDREN, do you ever ask yourselves what is meant by self-respect? We hope you do and often. Of all the qualities that go to make up human character, self-respect is the most important, for without that the character becomes the waif of circumstance, and sinks and rises with the tide upon which it floats.

It is beautiful to see children grow in “knowledge from more to more,” — knowledge of music, drawing, painting, physiology, and other useful studies; but above all, to see them under the reign of true self-respect. Each little child is a kingdom in miniature, upon whose throne sit kings that sway with full regal authority the nature which they hold in subjection.

When passion wedded to ignorance occupies the throne of the child-kingdom there is civil commotion throughout. But when self-respect, chastened by knowledge is king, all is peace within.

Be obedient to the rule of self-respect and you will grow in goodness as naturally as flowers blossom in the face of the sun. Whatever you may desire to do, first learn if it meets the hearty approval of self-respect, then act accordingly. Nothing that injures self-respect is for your good; everything that accords with self-respect is laden with blessings. Children who love to be thought well of by the good around them cannot ignore self-respect without at the same time suffering intense remorse at the knowledge of the moral sacrifice they have made.

Self-respect is deserving of kingship in every soul. Where that is dethroned evil passions and debasing spirits maintain authority.

No person can be happy with a deficiency of self-respect. It is the guardian angel of the virtues. Think what a multitude of frail beings fall into sin through a lack of cultivated self-respect!

Next to the respect for one's self, which sharpens the palate for purity, is self-control.

“ Reader, attend, whether thy soul  
 Soar fancy’s flights beyond the pole,  
 Or darkly grub this earthly hole,  
 In low pursuit;  
 Know, prudent, cautious self-control  
 Is wisdom’s root.”

Now, dear children, be mindful that you all cultivate first, self-respect; next, self-control. With a knowledge of the right, preserve self-respect to guard your natures from the assaults of the Apollyons of sin. Employ self-control that you may pride in well-doing, and grow daily strong to withstand temptations of every character.

It is necessary to keep careful watch over yourselves, lest in an unguarded hour seductive influences drag you down and leave you in the mazes of misery, where the feet of the wrong doer is wont to tread. Self-Respect and Self-Control will ever befriend you. For-sake them not.

---

### RESPECTABILITY.

MYSTERIOUS word! indefinite term: phantom! who will presume to say authoritatively what thou art? . . . Where is the lexicographer gifted with powers to define thee accurately, satisfactorily, so that the general voice shall cry aloud, “That is the meaning of the word;” and every individual whisper to his neighbor, “That was *my* meaning.” As for the explanations of the existing race of dictionaries, they are mere evasions of the question. . . . Like light and life, thou art everywhere; or, at the least, where civilization is, there art thou to be found, despotically ruling the minds of men of every grade and station, from the doctor to the dustman, from the lawyer to the laborer. . . . Thou hast more distant relations than a Scotchman likely to do well in the world, even though his name be Campbell. And it is curious to mark the different ways in which the multitudinous kith and kin infer a connection. Some are respectable by descent, some by dress, some by the situation of the dwellings in which they have temporarily located themselves. A man in very low circumstances, if he has no better claim, is consanguineous on the strength of a hat with a brim, or a stocking without a hole,—“two precious items in a poor man’s eye;” the spruce mechanic’s dapper coat, or his wife’s silk gown, leave no doubt, in his own eyes, at least, how closely he is allied; the small trades-



man's snug house, tiny flower-spot before the door, and neat green railings, distinctly mark him for thine own. . . . Some men neglect their personal appearance, and concentrate their claims to respectability in a brass knocker, a plate with their name engraved thereon, venetian blinds, or any other petty additament to their domiciles; others are respectable by virtue of their connections; others, by going to the private boxes at a theatre; others, by a pew next the parson at church; others, by the people they visit; others, by having everything in season. Yet, difficult as it is for the mind of man to comprehend all these things, and to decide properly and justly, the women, taking advantage of their superior powers of penetration, and delicacy of discrimination, divide and subdivide respectability as easily as quicksilver. They have their respectable sort of people, very respectable, highly respectable, extremely respectable, most respectable, — which makes the thing about as difficult to understand or explain as political economy or electro-magnetism. About the boldest and most decided opinion concerning the particle of the English language that I am acquainted with, was that given by a witness in a swindling transaction, who, on being asked by the judge his reason for affirming that the defendant was a respectable man, replied, "that he kept a gig." — *Crayon Sketches*.

---

A LADY FOLLOWED FOR TEN YEARS BY THE SPIRIT OF A  
LITTLE CHILD.

ANOTHER of those inexplicable mysteries, which, so far, have defied the ingenuity of man to solve has just come to light in the former county seat of Crawford County, Fredonia.

For about ten years past, a lady, residing in the place mentioned above, has had for a companion a spirit-child, five or six years old, which attends her wherever she goes, and has been seen by nearly every resident of Fredonia, at one time or another, following close in the wake of the lady in question. It has become a common expression, when the little form is seen following the one whom she seems destined to guard through life, that "There goes B.'s little girl." The lady who is constantly followed by this little phantom has become accustomed to its presence, and exhibits no alarm or uneasiness when it is observed near her. Frequent attempts have been made to capture the mysterious little visitor, but when the hands would seem to be about coming in contact with the form it would suddenly melt away and become invisible.

Only once has it been seen in any other place than following the lady alluded to, and that was a short time after the close of the war. A gentleman had just returned home from the army, and with his wife and child were occupying a room in the house of the haunted lady. They had retired and lighted a lamp, and he was in conversation with his wife, when he heard the pit-a-pat of a child's feet on the floor near the bed. Looking in the direction of the sound he observed a little girl walking towards the stairway. Naturally supposing that it was his own child that had got out of bed some way, he sprang up and followed the form down the stairs, at the same time calling it to return.

His wife, noticing his movements, asked him what he was doing. He replied that their child was out of bed and going down stairs, and he was trying to catch it and bring it back. The wife responded that the child was still in bed, which the husband found true on returning to the bed. He told his wife that he certainly saw a child going down the steps. She replied that it must have been B——'s little girl, and then told him the circumstances concerning the mysterious visitor. A bright light was burning in the room at the time, and as both husband and wife were awake and talking when the child made its appearance, there can be no doubt but that the gentleman saw the apparition; at least, he is willing to make oath to this effect. — *Leavenworth (Ind.) Independent.*

---

SPIRITUALISM, as it is called, is a field as broad nearly as the presence of the human race, and as long almost as the ages have been. It illustrates the pneumatology of the Scriptures; it is a key to the innermost rooms of the temple of Greece, and it avails for the better understanding of Plato. It solves enigmas as to Mahomet, and it accounts for the career of Joan D'Arc. It is the light by which in these days to read intelligently the history of Salem witchcraft, the journal of George Fox, and the account of Edward Irving and the unknown tongues. It is enriched by the story of the Talmud, and not confused; and it answers for information, when it is tried on the religion of almost any primitive tribe, which has been reported upon, even the very latest. — *Rev. Wm. Mountford.*

---

Now whosoever thou art, that fearest the Lord, be of good courage; take thou no care, neither be faint-hearted, nor make any doubt of the angels' watching and protection; for most certainly they are about thee, and carry thee upon their hands. How or in what manner it is done, take thou no heed. — *Luther.*





# **PAUL THE PEDDLER;**

**Or, The Adventures of a Young Merchant,**

Is the New Story written expressly for the volume commencing with January, 1871, by

**HORATIO ALGER, Jr.**

And with other attractions, it will make

# **THE SCHOOLMATE**

The Best Magazine for the Young published anywhere.

## **W H Y ?**

**It's Stories are the VERY BEST.**

**It's Historical Sketches are reliable.**

**It's Natural History articles authoritative.**

**It's Dialogues are ORIGINAL and RACY.**

**It's Speeches for Declamation selected with great care.**

**It's CHART OF GESTURES invaluable.**

**It's tone is healthy, while it is Interesting throughout.**

---

Published Monthly, 48 Pages, making

**NEARLY SIX HUNDRED PAGES FOR ONLY \$1.50.**

**SUBSCRIBE NOW !**

And receive GRATIS the October, November and December numbers of this year.

---

**DO NOT DELAY! Send \$1.50 to**

**JOSEPH H. ALLEN, Publisher,**

366 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.