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A PAPER DEVOTED TO THE DIFFUSION OF TRUTH AND THE EXPOSURE OF ERROR.

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Poetry.

For the World's Paper.

To "Della."

On reading the Lines, "Let me go."

Weary art thou of life's trials,
Weary of its cares and woe!
Wouldst thou cross Death's shining river,
Saying, "Father, let me go?"

Wherefore weary? Is there nothing
Worthy being done by thee?
Is each human heart made happy?
Every one from sin set free?

Dost thou live that wealth and pleasure,
Only unto thee may come?
Heeding not when want and sorrow
Sit as guests in others' homes?

Hare dark trials closed about thee?
Is thy spirit sad and lone?
There are bleeding hearts around thee—
Dread thou, it will speak thine own.

There is grief and pain with sorrow;
There is want with woe, and care—
Manner not, though is given
E'en these so large a share.

Not to rise above such trials,
Strength of mind is given thee;
Say not then, to bear them nobly,
"Needeth one more strong than me."

Seek this strength; 'tis in the spirit
That will wrestle with the wrong,
And from such a noble conflict,
Thou shalt rise a victor strong.

Seek it in the faith that triumphs
O'er the ills of life's dark sea,
Saying, "Father, never failing
Is the soul that trusts in Thee."

Seek it in the love that strengthens
Every faint and bleeding heart,
That forgives each erring wanderer,
Wiping from the tempter's art.

Till the wail of sorrow ceaseth,
Till of sin we may not know,
Say no more, "My heart is weary,"
And no more, "O, let me go!"

Green Mountains, Jan. 1858. BELL.

For the World's Paper.

Consecrated Ground.

BY CORA WILBURN.

It is consecrated ground wherever true hearts have met in unity of holy purpose, in clinging faith and earnest trust in silent worship or outspoken prayer. The familiar room, where loved familiar faces meet, is hallowed ground; the flowers of sympathy abound there, the sunshine of affection illumines its walls; the music of responsive hearts there stirs, the breeze, and the smiles of angels sanctify. The hearts chosen solitude, in wildwood shade, or by the flower-decked streamlets bank is consecrated ground, for there come solemn inspirations, unheard amid the crowds, angel whisperings of peace, music greetings of more than earthly joy. There come visions never seen amid the crowd, never appealing to the world-entrained heart; holy aspirations there have birth, amid the glory of Nature's surroundings, the myriad voices of her fairy realms of thought. It is consecrated ground, where strong with the inherent God-principle within, the tempest-tossed soul has passed in unscathed purity through the fiery ordeal of suffering and temptation; there as to the sinless one of old, the angels descended from their lofty spheres, and ministered unto the tried and bleeding heart. There where a high and holy purpose stole the soul; where right asserted its divine prerogative, where forgiveness smiled, and repentant tears fell; have unseen witnesses

lingered to bless and consecrate that site. Where sorrowing, well-nigh broken hearts have uttered a fearful farewell where the last lingering pressure of loved hands was felt, where the spirit of the young and innocent took flight, where the maternal warning was spoken, and the love-lan uttered—it is consecrated most holy ground.

Where beneath some grassy mound, all beautiful with flowers, the blue-eyed darling of some favored household was laid to rest, hover loving angel remembrances, pure emotions that kindle in the watching mother's breast deep "immortal longings."

That spot is holy, where with all a mother's foreboding love and fear, the grey-haired matron clasped her only remaining one to her bosom, bidding him farewell and prosper, while his manly frame shook with the present sense of coming sorrow, as though he never would gaze upon those tender, weeping eyes again!—Often from the gay turmoil of the busy world, he turns with yearning tearful remembrance to that quiet evening scene in his own dear village, when last he parted from her, who now is one of God's ministering angels.

It is consecrated ground, wherever love has been faithful, though its earthly reward was tears and bitterness, where faith has nobly battled with opposition, and right unfurled the flag of liberty! Wherever the poet's lyre has quivered in answering to angel calls, to humanity's petition, the spot has been made holy by the music uttered there. Wherever the voice of reason has boldly proclaimed its inspirations, and conscience revealed its protest; wherever the cry for help has gone forth; the slavish chains have been east off—the manacles of the oppressed slave as well as the tyrant fetters of creed and unjust law, that spot by the angel's consecration and the human God-given power!

Consecrated ground, where congenial spirits meet to labor, love, or worship, where kindred souls unite in the soul-chant of liberty, in the hymn of redemption, in the songs of peace and charity. Consecrated ground, where the paternal hand assembled, in honor of God's name to proclaim the era of dawning light, the reign of peace and fellowship, when the snow-white banner of Spiritual freedom shall wave o'er the assembled nations, unstained by the curse of selfishness; the looming shadows of slavery darkening no more the national flag, obscuring no longer its radiant stars!

Consecrated by the breath of Deity, inspired by angel legions the bold, and true, and fearless advocates of freedom, marshal their glorious ranks, and bid defiance to oppressive power. From the lips of babes and young maidens issue angelic strains of wisdom, and the stirring elements of a glorious change are unceasingly at work, the watchwords of the spheres are re-echoed by mortal lips! "Peace, Love, Purity and Truth!" And loud and stirring as the trumpet's call; humanity, too long oppressed and darkened, priest-bound and enslaved, shouts forth the glorious signal word, Freedom.

Denounce and thunder, oh! tottering churches, it is in vain! The halo has vanished from the priestly brow; the luxuriously appointed, velvet cushioned, dawning place of worship is no longer consecrated ground. Your images and symbols are in vain; ye! even your consecrated looks, your lengthy sermons, your proclamations of God's wrath! Man has learned to worship his Father on the consecrated ground of spiritual freedom, the distinctions of creed and caste are fast passing away, and soon, oh trembling, hoping Africa! thy long benighted, cruelly enslaved children shall hail the dawn of light and freedom! What creeds could ever effect, what denunciation could never change, nor force bring about; spiritualism with its low persuasive voice, its familiar warning angels, its promises and fulfillments, its clarion tones of awakening consciousness and responsibility. Spiritualism that white-robed seraph will effect freedom for the black slave and white; the toiler and the weary laden! Once upon earth's

consecrated ground its assembled children freed and happy shall glorify. Thy power, O Spirit-Father, speed the time! Phila. Jan. 26, 1858.

Development of Woman.

There is beauty in that philosophy which teaches us the laws that govern the growth and development of the human race, and in proportion as woman gains a knowledge of these laws, and appropriates that knowledge as a rule of life, will be the elevation and harmonization of humanity; for through her organization must be developed the germs of future existences.

I would that more were fitted, bodily and mentally, to perform this office righteously. To elevate woman is to elevate the race; to educate mothers, is to prepare the soil for a rich harvest of intellectual and moral worth in coming generations. True, the civil and social laws make woman, in some respects, a mere cipher; but a true sociology will give her a nobler position, where if she but knows and does her duty, by exerting her God-given powers in the elevation of mankind, she will reap a rich reward in the "consciousness of well-doing."

Education does not consist in leading the mind with the thoughts of others, but rather in disciplining the mind to develop its own ideas of right and usefulness; thus preserving its individuality, its right to act in the great drama of life, according to the laws of God which are written upon their own heart.

It is humiliating to see how large a portion of womanhood is fitting, butterfly-like through life, oblivious of its duties, and of the claims of humanity upon them; and when the shadows of the evening of life shall gather around them, instead of having a store-house of knowledge from which they can draw "on demand" for the exigencies of age, and of life's decline, they will see a pile of useless rubbish—sad memories of a misspent life. And as memory retraces the erroneous path they have trod, they will see written upon their life-page: "Mene, mene, tekel ugarin," as late in the journey of life they strive to collect their scattered thoughts and learn its first lessons. Oh, woman! Ours is a higher, a nobler mission than this, for within is a principle that prompts us to labor in the cause of human progress; then let us heed its voice and add our efforts to the exertions of those who are so nobly battling for truth; not by vain wishes and longings, but by steady and earnest deeds, for thus alone can we hope to assist in rolling back the tide of wrong-thinking and wrongdoing which has so nearly overwhelmed us. Then again I entreat you "come out from among them and be ye separate," be true to the dictates of your higher nature, and be firm in following whatever the light of reason sanctions. Ever looking for approval to the God within and the God overhead. Then shall we see the dawn of the millennial day that ushers in the light of truth without fear, and of freedom without licentiousness.

Yours, for Truth and Reform.—Spiritualist.

Nothing in Nature Destroyed.

Researches of chemists have shown that what the vulgar call corruption, destruction, &c., is nothing but a change of arrangement of the same ingredient elements,—the disposition of the same materials into other forms without the loss or actual destruction of a single atom; and thus any doubts of the permanence of natural laws are discountenanced and the whole weight of appearances thrown into the opposite scale. One of the most obvious cases of apparent destruction is when any thing is ground to dust and scattered to the winds. But it is one thing to grind a fabric to powder, and another to annihilate its materials; scattered as they may be, they must fall somewhere, and continue, if only as ingredients of the soil, to perform their humble but useful part in the economy of nature. The destruction produced by fire is more striking; many cases, as in the burning of a piece of charcoal or a taper, there is no smoke,—nothing visibly dissipated and carried away; the burning body wastes and disappears, while nothing seems to be produced but warmth and light, which we are not in the habit of considering as substances; and when all has disappeared, except perhaps some trifling ashes, we naturally enough suppose that it is gone, lost, destroyed. But when the question is examined more exactly, we detect, in the invisible steam of heated air which ascend from the glowing coal or flaming wax, the whole ponderable matter, only united in a new combination with air, and dissolved in it.—Yet, so far from being thereby destroyed, it is only become again what it was before it existed in the form of charcoal or wax,—an active agent in the business of the world and a main support of vegetable and animal life;—and is

still susceptible of running again and again, the same round, as circumstances may determine, so that, in aught we can see to the contrary, the same identical atom may lie concealed for thousands of centuries in a limestone rock,—may at length be quarried, set free in the time-kiln, mixed with the air, be absorbed from it by plants, and in succession become a part of the frames of myriads of living beings, till some concurrence of events consigns it once more to a long repose, which, however, no way unites it for again resuming its former activity.—Herschell.

Voices from the Inner Life.

It is still apparent to the Spirit that men and women in the mortal form are too prone to misjudge and misrepresent the acts of others. I speak from a personal knowledge and from personal experience. But a few years have elapsed since I passed from the first to the second sphere of man's life with a Spirit all enshrouded with error accumulated during a long earthly life and that too believing that what I taught was the only true faith.

The church knew me as one of its prominent Bishops, and the laity looked to the doctrines which I inculcated as infallible; and from my low internal plane of development I believed them so and still I find in my occasional visits to those for whom I have a sufficient attraction to read and perceive their minds, that there are many of earth's children who doubted the purity of my motives or the singularity of my purpose, and the few years of Spirit life have taught me the necessity of first understanding the interior condition of the Spirit before I attempt to pass judgment. All externalism is changeable, and to decide from outward acts or external appearances is not wise.

I promulgated to the world Catholicism in the Romish acceptance, and for season upon season after my transition, still influenced such as I could among those who took a leading part in the Church of Earth to still advocate its doctrines as infallible, and not until associations from the higher and more advanced sphere gradually became in communicating connection with me, did I perceive the error I was thus impressing the minds of others with, drawing my ignorant brethren and sisters still on earth into.

As soon as I was made to realize that the teachings I had enveloped my individuality in, were not in harmony with the teachings of those who had advanced beyond the condition which I existed in like a willing and truly repentant man, I consented to become as a little child in order that I might see and enter into the kingdom of Heaven. For several years I lived in expectation of one day sighting the glorious city of the new Jerusalem, beholding the grandeur which I in my ignorance had erected as the prominent thought and feature of my Spirituality, and which acted as the incentive to urge me to impress the minds of those who still labored upon earth for the building up of the Church, but which as soon as I discovered was at discord with Truth, as every God-unfolded man and woman would, said to material church forms and ceremonies "get thee behind me Satan" and from that period up to the present, if the Spiritual eyes of mortals could be opened, they might discover me working in company with others who, like myself have seen the errors of the past and who advance themselves by impressing upon the minds of their brethren the beauties and Truth of the future.

Could the Spiritual eye behold the duties which I can at all times be found employed in, it would see me actively engaged in the work of individualization by impressing upon the minds of men and women in the lower conditions of Spirituality as well as material existence the necessity of their accepting nothing as infallible other than that which teaches the soul its own God-gifted individuality.

It is true that there has been a use in the past of everything, and it is also true that there is a necessity for every man and woman in civilized communi-

ties casting from them all that comes under the garb of authority, teaching that which is at variance with the intuitive feelings of their souls.

There is nothing dies but error, and that, like all having but an imaginary existence, is fast fading away. A student now of a Spiritual College, once known as BISHOP JOHN ENGLAND.—Principle.

The Bible.

We once thought the Bible was calculated to degrade man, but we have outgrown that idea; we think the Bible will injure no one. Leave it to stand on its own responsibility, and man to think for himself, and we will vouch for all the injury it will do. The priesthood has done more to bring that book into disrepute than all other things combined.

Catholicism has clung to her support; Presbyterianism finds in it all the support that iron-sided egotism can ask—Calvinism plunges in with her cargo of predestination, election, and "fore ordination." War pitches her tents on the authority of that book, and chaplains march in the soldiers' van. Priests kindle a fire of brimstone, and hell sends out its lewd flames, and poor devilish humanity is sent down to woe in agony for unbelief.

Priests have devised and formed creeds through which they have sunk murdered innocence deep into the flames of slavery, and have made the Bible the terrible engine through which to carry out their designs.

Besides in the world these thousands of different sects are claiming "infallibility," and have called into being "faith without works." Thus they have blinded the people. The world is ignorantly looking for salvation to come of belief, and belief is to be founded on priestly unfoldings. Priests have set the devil up as a scare crow, and Jesus Christ as a scape goat through which devilish, fallen, depraved man can escape the claws of this scare crow devil. Priests have always been suck-

effectually, they have sent manhood howling on the track of "total depravity." But thank God, free thought and free speech, aided by the angelic hosts, now step in and says to these evil doers, "stand back ye generation of vipers, and give place to manhood, and it will produce for the world a Bible that will not outrage the weak and enslave the black."

E. B. LOUDON.

Coming to the point.

"How did you like the Lecture this morning?" said one gentleman to another, after listening to a discourse through a medium.

They were both bitterly opposed to Spiritualism, the gentleman questioned a church member, while the questioner made no pretensions to religion of any kind.

"I haven't heard any," was the laconic answer.

"How did you like the sermon then?"

"I haven't heard any."

"Well then, how did you like the speaking?" persisted the questioner, determined to bring the other to the point.

"I haven't heard any," was the third reply, each time growing more determined than before.

"Well—how did you like the talk?" completely exasperated by the coolness of the other.

"Well if I must give my opinion, I don't think Elder A—very smart, but I can learn more from him in one half hour than from this medium in a week."

"Indeed," said the other, "I see the truth of one point in the lecture then, at least, which was, that we received from anything, no matter how good, only what we could appreciate. This is the point—I have found just how much you can appreciate."

Facts.

While travelling in Windsor county, no more than a year ago, I chanced to fall in with a family in the town of Chester that consisted of father, mother and one child, a little girl of about five summers.

In conversation with the family in regard to things in general, the subject of spiritual clairvoyance came up, which was treated with a scoff by the parents, and a declaration that one of their family should never harbor such a delusion.

In course of conversation, an allusion was made to the arrival of an old friend, who was expected to remain in a certain place at a distance, till so long a time should elapse, and that a quicker return could not readily be accomplished. Whereupon the little girl replied that, "Uncle has written to you, pa, to meet him at the depot, and you will find the letter at the office to-morrow."

But little was said of it, till on going to

town on some business the next day, stepping into the office the letter was presented, from "Uncle" saying he should expect to be met at the depot on Wednesday. This took the parents by surprise, as they could not believe the child could know anything of it. Yet sure enough the prophecy took place literally, and further development shows the child to be a perfect clairvoyant and also directed by spirits.

Not long after, the child's mother was absent, and agreed to be at home on a certain day, the father was starting to meet her, when the child again notified him that mother would not come that day, but in two days more she would be at the place. This proved true.

The parents were compelled to acknowledge the child did know of the future, and that the innocent one did not lie. Yet they had rather it would be a lie than Spiritualism let in their own family.

Such is prejudice of the present day. Rather than leave the old blind, beaten path of theology and travel a shining, intelligent road, they will turn their eyes away and cry "away with your false theory, and misty teaching, let us have the teachings of our fathers, they are old land marks and carry us safe."

Would to God, man was willing to see light, even if it comes from lowliness, through a beggar's sphere.

Be Faithful.

How often do we hear this admonition given to a friend, child, or laborer, by those of superior ability, or maturer years. How few follow. Be faithful to our charge is one of the greatest blessings we can have. But it covers more ground than the natural eye seems to survey.

Not only are we to do with all our might, the work entrusted to our physical hands, to render to our fellow man aid in time of need, but we have the cultivation, the unfolding of the immortal germ, given us by our Father, as a charge to keep, cultivate and render worthy of its donor.

How few there are in this wide world that appreciate their being. How few that really look upon man more than as a mere beast, and we might say, are in reality of no higher state than the beasts, his material charge.

Why is all this? where is the fault?

The adage is "Remove the cause and the effect will cease." True, yet, what can be done to remove the cause? Instead of seeing our prisons full of those who begone beings we could see smiling faces, beaming with intelligence. Instead of crime increasing, we might see it pass away as ephemeral as the dew,—only be faithful to our charge. Each is endowed with the spark of immortality, and if those who gave it the form had been faithful to the charge, this spark might have been kindled so as to have illumined the whole circle, and been a blessing to the otherwise unfortunate being. Had the charge been kept, the animal would be curbed, the obstacles been put aside which hinder the growth of the true man, and an angel on earth been the condition of this charge. Had harmony reigned in the keepers of the charge given them, unity of purpose would have been the result and purity of thought reigned supreme.

"Be faithful to your charge." How many a mother has uttered this, and did she fully understand the import of her language? We fear not. Though her impress was right, her touch had been wrong, the spirit of error had been given, from which of necessity the young plant had partaken and life became rough, well might she admonish her son, for well did she feel her erroneous teachings.

If then we begin at the fountain, the errand must be cursed for its share of error, the fire-side for its puerile example, the parents for endowing a form with a darkened light, and the world for its coldness.

Combine these and man is before you; Correct these and an angel is yours.

A. C. E.

Spiritualism Popular.

We hope it will remain puerile and trampled in the dust rather than receive the name of being a popularism. The great difficulty heretofore with all isms, has been the building up of self. To become a great "I am," so as to leave a home to posterity, and otherwise gain power. If Spiritualism does become popular in the accepted sense of the term, we say, the whole good of the cause is done. The world will jump out of it without investigating for themselves—without thinking what they are doing—why they do so, or what it is to amount to, neither will they care, only that they float along in the popular current and receive the smiles of the majority. Such is the present order of things in the isms of the day. No one joins the church, as a general thing, aiming to be better, only to gain favor. In fact, we know many instances of young men uniting

with the Orthodox Church, for the sake of gaining the favor of ladies who otherwise refuse them in marriage! What a union that must be! What purity of heart, compelled to experience religion to get married, and the world terms marriage, get tied up so as bring into the world a set of degenerate, inharmonious beings, who care for nothing more than vain show, hereditary broils.

Such is popular religion, and such will Spiritualism be when sheared of the unpopular. It is a itow contains—throw off the stigma of new holds, of being of low origin, and you see the fall of its goodness—the overthrow of its foundation as far as the present structure is instanter. It needs the scourge of the unpopular to keep out the unthinking and giddy. Those who have a mind of their own, who think for themselves, act for themselves, who are the true seekers after truth, will take it, even from the lowest sinks of poverty and crime. Truth is simple and will not bar to be paid up, nor blown up like a bubble, but ever onward, with no great pretensions, its course is unerring.

Raise no more cries about popularity for those the least known at this season of it are proved to be the greatest benefactors to mankind. The world is full of falsity and those that have the least to do with it, are the better off and more likely to receive the true life.

We cannot labor.

When all ground is so full of business and seem to be doing something for their benefit, and the coming generation, it makes us feel as though our life was nothing, and age a curse to mankind.

Such is the import of a kind parent's letter of a few days since. When age, ripened from childhood into womanhood, then into usefulness, and on to old age, begins to mourn for want of business, we feel that man too little knows his being, end and aim; or knowing, he forgets of the great eternity, he has now begun. It is a solemn thought 'tis true, to think time is hastening on and old age is not doing anything for its own sustenance! How many there are on this rolling ball that say the same thing of themselves, though with little import, would to God that man would look upon life as not to think his time must be spent in acquiring this world's pithy goods. Would that age might feel that the seed time of eternity is now, and contentment in old age the harvest of this life and a holy preparation for the next. Would that those who have enough of this stuff of life would set about getting up the wheat, and not murmur that they are old and cannot gather in the useless harvest, which ceaseth with earth.

It is a sad thing, in doing well, has been truly said, yet few comprehend it. When youth is so it we cultivate as a youthful garden. When manhood arrives we put out our garden, and reap the more ripened and refined of middle age. Then we lay aside anxiety of this gross world, and tend to ripen into a bright future, yet how few are satisfied in so doing. They have looked up the hill to wealth, and left uncultivated that of science—true science—when at age, it feels a lack of real life. The god of youth calls on it more, and when the slender stalk, for age's infirmities, refuses to sustain its attempts to comply, then a murmur goes forth that is not to be mistaken, age wants to still pile up useless toil.

The harvest of this world will be small to many, who care for nothing but the temporal goods of our life here. Then how discouraging the idea to gain what passes away. How few are satisfied in doing well, opening for the garner, but render themselves subject to disease and prematurely pass on, than remain on earth, and mature as the plant, from green age to one fully ripened, then pass on to a new life, and a gain upon a higher—what a desire to rest, unsatisfied in doing well.

If the bill bugs are constantly rattling at their possession most men of age are happy but what has this to do with their future? We say nothing, better live in poverty, beg for earthly sustenance, than neglect our spiritual life—cultivate that and faithfully prepare for the future or faithfully live the present and the earth will take care of itself. A constant healthy exertion through life is one of God's greatest blessings, and he who has rightly done this, is rich in worldly goods and Heaven's blessings. A. C. E.

Author's Book.

The Book of Nature is divine, Its laws are of the purest kind, Its pages, all filled with truth, It answers age as well as youth, Its fruits are of the richest kind, 'Tis that which fills immortal mind, When rightly studied—understood, It does the fainting spirit good. The Book of Truth is always free For all that have a mind to see— Unless they try, they'll not know Which is the surest way to go. The best way, is for the best, Far better than to go by guess— The God of Nature does invite Us to seek for truth with our might, If only right you're sure to find The truth is free to all mankind. Ask him in faith, and he is sure To all that to the end endure. Faith works love, that works right, Who walk by faith, and not by sight. That faith that brings salvation nigh Is free to you as well as me. Now that great Book that's so sublime, Opened in Nature to all mankind, And when you look and gaze abroad, You'll see the words of God. Pittsfield Vt. Feb. 2, 1893.

World's Paper.

Published by J. A. MERRILL, Nantuxet, Vt., Friday, February 12, 1893.

Right is Right!

Important to Postmasters—The Postmaster-General has recently decided that if no masters do not give publishers notice that their papers remain in the post office, within five weeks, they are liable for the post.

Professions

STATESMEN, LAWYERS, CLERGYMEN AND DOCTORS.

Permit me—humble as I am—honest as I hope to be—intelligent and sane as I claim to be, to address you. Scientific as you may be—honest as I hope you are—intelligent as you are—will you answer me?

Deem it not beneath you, to answer to the following statements. Greatness is never found where false dignity disdains to answer. True dignity, intelligence, and virtue dictate duty to illuminate, all minds, who are honest enquirers after truth.

If you are above us in point of intelligence, then most certainly it is a duty to impart to us from your store-house and hereby illuminate our dark minds.

If you are practicing deception upon the honest and unassuming by profession, will of us fitness to the world, then acknowledge the facts, and resort to some honest occupation of usefulness which God demands of all—thereby you may be useful to yourselves, ornaments to your country, and happy when you enter the next state of existence, to enjoy the fruits of well doing your duties here.

I, gentleman, am one of three millions now in the United States that have evidence that our friends communicate to us from beyond the grave. This class of believers are scattered all over the Union.

They have not been converted by noisy clamor, but by the quiet voice of reason and investigation—not in the doctrine of one man or one location, but has been given to people of every grade and condition in every location within the confines of our nation, and is still making its rapid strides of conviction throughout the land.

This is no delusion, no deception. It is real. And what is—and what is to be—the result. Allow us to answer.

We, who have received the teachings from this source do not feel under the least obligations to longer abide your teachings or espouse your professions. As the evil flowing from your professions to this in our mind feel that those causes should be removed. However valuable your professions may have been in the past they have now become a dead weight hanging heavily upon the freedom of the people. If we were necessary to the so-called established rules may have been in keeping the body politic in harmony in its infancy it is no longer necessary. Everything around us seems to speak as in thunder that your claims upon the public mind should be swept away and buried with the errors of the past.

As you Statesmen, in the early history of our national Government, boldly denied the right to dictate you, in rights inalienable to us, Independent Reformers, steadily deny you the right to govern us as to duty or final destiny. We as a class of people choose to be our own judges as to duty and draw our own conclusions as to destiny. We do not wish to follow longer in paths pointed out by you, or any of you unless you can show us by a living example that these paths lead us to a happy and happy destiny.

Yes, Statesmen, Lawyers, Clergymen and Doctors, try us by your professions, that forge the chains that bind us. It is from your influence that the nation suffers—many of you may be unconscious of the fact, as many of the people are, but move less it is true, and you are hereby summoned to appear before the great tribunal of eternal justice, now in session, in the bosoms of the people to answer to the charges preferred against you. From this verdict there is no appeal, and should you not appear, and show cause why you are not guilty Judgment will be rendered against you. Statesmen, as you profess to understand national government, and we have confided in you as our servants to administer good and wholesome laws to us according to the natural wants of our individual necessities, we first call upon you.

You are charged with deception and want of good faith in performing your several duties at the city of Washington.

We the people, say you set up various bug-bear stories in political campaigns to delude the honest and well meaning and trade and trick yourselves into office. Then make long formal and unmeaning speeches that nobody wants to hear to send home to your constituents for the mere purpose of securing a re-election to that for a higher office.

You profess great and expansive sympathies for the poor blacken in the South, or Kansas emigrants in the West, or the poor wool growers of the North, or perhaps fishermen, for the East. When you evidently neither know nor care more for these people or their true interests than you do for the dogs of the Old Dominion, you are charged with deception and want of good faith in performing your several duties at the city of Washington.

lection, although these causes all remain the same. In this sham you try to get the people who are your profess to be, but whose interests or tyrants really are, your lips are honest, but only when you come to your selfish personal end of profit or praise. Your beliefs are licentious, you quarrel you drink you indulge in all manner of licentiousness, you do not keep the Laws of God or man, and bid defiance to both. The laws you make for us, you break and disregard yourselves before you get home from the Capitol. To these charges and others too numerous to mention you stand mute.

LAWYERS, the charge against your profession, briefly stated, is this. Your professional practice in the courts of the country is the cause of much crime. You encourage suits to redress wrongs, when in fact the suits you thus bring are and wrongs instigated, frequently by some important and bitter client, that is a need by the basest passions of the human heart. You frequently advise to the law for the collection of debts, when you know the debts when collected, they will not pay your bills. Your court calendars will show that all collections of debts by law will pay the costs, besides it disturbs the peace and harmony of the community. You make long and do-very arguments before the judge and jury for the mere object of personal aggrandizement or to fill your pockets. In the examination of witnesses, you set up your questions as to suppress the truth, or drill the witness out of court so he will volunteer to tell on a basis. You abuse the virtuous who desire to set the whole truth before the court, and you either so frame questions that the witness cannot answer directly, and truthfully, or that he must answer subject to your perversion, and misrepresentation.

You frequently seek opportunities to create public prejudice against the opposite party, and hence seek to get bitter and ignorant persons to try the cause as juriesmen. The higher courts to which you appeal, and the authorities to which you refer a weak and changing, presenting all the frailties of weak human nature.

The decisions of these courts are your highest tribunals and are weak. The decisions thus made are based upon facts found on false testimony in the lower courts from which they are appealed. You regard the client in every instance of truth, the best as long as he can pay his case, although he may rob every one else to avail himself of means.

By these corrupt practices you produce poverty and poverty produces crime. You engender strife and bitterness; insult and injury is the result.

The people of quiet towns are summoned to bear witness against each other, where peace and prosperity would otherwise dwell. You work the wires behind the curtain, and the unconscious dances after your music, at the fanning of your sinister organs. These things you know to be matters of fact, and yet your endeavor to conceal them from the unconscious world. These charges, and many more, lie against you, not against you as individuals, perhaps, but against your professional practice. As like begets like, so do you cause or endeavor to cause, all the evil that is now in the world, hence crime is multiplied beyond all number, and the saddest are every where found in the country. It destroys all your finer feelings, you feel unhappy while you are called upon to surrender up your honest convictions of right for the cause in court, and you feel a superficial duty resting upon you to stand up and perjure truth and establish falsehood your inner nature must revolt until you have become hardened by habit and lost in darkness as men.

Physicians of the old school. We say and believe this to be a progressive idea, and not confined to man alone as a spiritual being, but as a physical being. We believe that the earth is undergoing change, is becoming material more refined as age succeeds age.

However useful your lives may have been in the early periods of your profession, we think it is no longer demanded. We think the sick are better off without you, and your remedies than with, and your blunders have only been covered by the grave, and justified by a credulous and ignorant people. You delude the world by the use of foreign and unknown terms, that the victims of your practices in nothing of your only success depends upon the ignorance of the people and when their minds are unfolded, your profession will be seen and heard of no more. Healing mediums are now being sent forth in every direction all over the country to administer to the sick and afflicted. These mediums are inspired with a knowledge of the disease, and the best and easiest remedies to effect a cure. They are by this influence able to perform cures by the same law that Jesus used in producing his miracles (so called), when on earth, and indeed, it is not rashness or madness in us to say, that Christ's own words are now being fulfilled where he says: Greater things than these ye shall do.

We understand you may very humbly and delusion, but you dare not put your profession on trial, and undertake to defend it before a general world. Something more than the art of humbug will be necessary for you. It is too cheap and easy. The foolish as well as the vile may claim notice in the great Sanhedrin of higher intelligence if this is to be said or done. So we ask you to stand up and defend the right as set forth in this indictment.

Clergymen, what have you to say to the sentence of death should not be passed on your old Creeds and Professions. Two thousand years have nearly been consumed by you in the various speculations on the future condition of man. A certain amount of inspiration is traceable down through this whole record of time, but you have not lived it, or preached it, but slightly. We have been deceived by you, and have endeavored to live by you. We have extended your meetings, we have paid you large salaries, we have erected large and numerous houses of worship, we have attended family prayer, we have tried to live and practice what you have taught us, but we have found all deception and all deception. We see that man is the ultimate of all animal life below him, and that he is moving on to the end of all things. We see that heaven is not a place, as you have taught us, but a condition of the mind. We see that God is not a person, but a principle requiring obedience to ourselves and to him except as he dwells within us. We see the great future or eternal world you have said so much about, is the very one we now live in, and has existed with us from the beginning. We see we cannot commit sin, or do violence to ourselves, spiritually, morally or physically without receiving the light and adequate punishment for the same. We see this better to live right, as this will prepare us for the more happiness in the next sphere of life, which begins at what you call death. Now we believe, the Scriptures teach, these facts, and do otherwise. We have never known what the Bible did teach, from all your professions have taught us, as you differ in all the leading features of instruction. Several hundred denominations are now taking your version of the Bible, and thereby discord instead of a millennial harmony is the scene.

We choose, for the future, inspiration from God, through larger guardian friends and mediums. They do not require of us anything but what is pleasant to perform, and our lives are, (or should be) living testimonials of what we profess. Having sufficiently (though briefly) set forth what we sincerely believe, with the kindest emotions to every individual, we now ask for a candid reply. You may say and undoubtedly will say, what of it, or what will be the result, if all you say is true? We will state to you, what we expect, and what we have been taught by our invisible friends. As soon as these aspirations from the spirit world shall so illuminate the minds of earth that they see their true interests and happiness, they will abandon any adherence to the olden customs and laws which are the means of so much discord and misery. Freemen will go to the polls to vote for their rulers with a sacred reverence for right, and not for party right or wrong, as they now do. They will so discern the intentions of man that they will be no longer deceived as to the honesty of the candidates, before the people. They will give their votes for those who are susceptible to influence from the higher intelligence of those that have passed from earth. They will not regard professions as they now do, and will only look at the actions of men as the criterion by which they are to be judged. Many have already become satisfied that the professions have brought the world into suffering, and refuse to give a man confidence or currency on account of his profession. It is now well understood by some of the most progressed minds that Profession is nothing, men profess and preach love and practice hatred; preach Christ and him crucified and practice Moses, an evildoer and evildoer. Statesmen profess abundant attachment for the Constitution of the Union but practice terrorism and oppression, regarding not the spirit of freedom or protection. The whole body politic is diseased from head to foot, and must and will come to naught. This house that has served us so long is decayed and begins to leak, showing signs of dissolution. We need not here, for our present object, go into detail as we might do, to show our position correct, but may do so at a future time.

Now my professional friends be it remembered that in the foregoing I have not intended, neither do I assail you as individuals without merit as such, but I do claim that you are none the better for your professions. 'Tis your individual character of kindness and goodness that constitutes your value to the world, and not your position or profession, you are no better for your empty profession or claim, however much you may have heretofore received on that account from the ignorant credulous minds that know no better than to fall down and worship you.

Of all this applause given you by misguided minds there now even remains but little in the enlightened corners of the earth and as the light is breaking forth from the spirit world, this false applause must and will recede as naturally as a false darkness will recede when the rising sun. You are soon to be regarded as individuals, worthy only for your real merits when stripped of all professional pretensions. Your statements and claims as to the value of your professions, and the great tribulation of goodness as this great tribunal before you stand, will be a great trial, and you will be judged as individuals, and not as a profession. When this shall have been accomplished, and these claims and pretensions fall from the hands and feet of suffering humanity and the physical frames of invalids made so by professional quackery go free and the crucified and enslaved spirits of sectarian bigotry and superstition liberated from this worst of bondage (mental) shall see the fruits of these teachings, and the whole life of man from infancy through out all eternity shall enjoy freedom, harmony and heaven.

Always do as the Sun does, look on the bright side of everything, it is just as cheap, and three times as good for the just as the dark.

The following letter from Bro. Middleton should have appeared long ago, but came during our absence, and was mislaid until now. Woodstock Vt. Aug. 27, 1892. Friend Fairbairn. As the case of Saul and the woman of Endor is frequently brought into question by Spiritualists and their opponents I have been induced to forward you a communication purporting to come from the Spirit Land, which was given through a medium of one of our Circles in the early dawn of this movement, and which I shall leave to explain itself, offering no further comment than, that I hope, it may throw some light upon subjects which have been so long involved in darkness and caused so much perplexity and contention among the various denominations of religionists, each and all of whom I most sincerely believe are earnestly seeking after truth, that they may yield a practical obedience to its requirements, and thus secure for themselves happiness both in this life and that which is to come. That we may all attain this glorious ultimate is the most earnest prayer of Yours for Truth and Humanity. THO. MIDDLETON.

Spirit Land.

Dear Friends of the Conference.—It gives me great pleasure to be able to say a few words to you before I take my leave of this locality, upon a few matters that might otherwise remain unexplained to you. It was my singular good fortune to be the palmer or originator of your Conference, therefore I have watched its progress with an anxious eye. I have seen it grow from a mere nominal thing to quite an institution; and I have been happy to find also, that with some few interruptions, of which it does not become me more to speak, there has been perfect harmony. It is my earnest prayer and desire, that this same harmony may always exist with you. May you go on as a band of brothers, and find no more jarring elements in your midst to disturb the quiet. I shall continue to watch your increase, both in numbers and in spiritual progression, with an anxiety that I alone can express.

I have a desire to give you an explanation of several passages of the Bible that are quite misty and dark to you; not that I deem myself the best fitted to give Scriptural explanations, do I take this task upon myself, but it has been left to me by those who have become communicants for the Circle.

First, I will speak of the 28th chapter of the 1st of Samuel, and in the outset, I will say that I do this, because I took occasion to speak of this chapter in a communication that I gave the Circle some time ago, and as that chapter goes far towards substantiating the reality, as well as antiquity of Spiritual demonstrations, it will be well for you to completely understand it, that when you quote it you may be able to answer the objections that some very pious, exceedingly ignorant people may urge against its validity, as evidence, in favor of these demonstrations.

It is said by many that the Lord had expressly forbid the holding of communication with the dead, or with familiar spirits; but this is not so; nor does it appear from the chapter in question. It seems that at the time mentioned in the chapter that Paul was laboring under great difficulties. The Lord, he says, had forsaken him, and withdrawn his presence and aid from him.

He had previously caused all the witches to be put to death, and being pressed by adverse circumstances, began to feel the necessity of some aid or advice from Samuel.

It seems that while he was thus hard pressed by adversity and when as the Lord had ceased to visit him in dreams that he found that there was yet left in the land a woman called the witch of Endor who could hold communication with the dead, and he disguising himself goes up to see the woman. Now the woman did not know Saul, he was disguised, and when he asked her if she had conversed with the dead, she thought he was lay, and she said, "I have seen many such things, but such was not the case, she consented to be put into the Spiritualized state, and thereupon immediately recognized Saul, and Samuel came up and through her spoke to Saul.

Saul knew that it was Samuel and he became so greatly troubled that he fell upon the ground and determined to die by starvation. Now some pretend that the Medium at Endor was a deceiver, and that Samuel did not appear to her, but such is not the case, Samuel did appear, and she was in reality, a Spiritual

Clairvoyant. Others urge the objection to this chapter, that this woman was one who had a familiar spirit, and that the Lord had forbidden such communications. In order to answer that objection it will be necessary for me to take a cursory view of the nature of the Book of Samuel, as well as the condition of mankind at that day. In the first place, let me say that the Old Testament, and particularly the Book of Samuel is not the word of God, nor his dispensation; but that it is an historical narrative of the progress of particular individuals and the condition of the people at the time when the book was written. Then let me say that at the time mentioned in the chapter, people were quite unimformed and being ignorant were naturally superstitious.

Every little occurrence in their estimation had its bearings upon their fortunes. They thought that the Lord had their under his special keeping, and that he was pleased or displeased with them, just in proportion to their prosperity or adversity. If they were successful in undertaking the Lord was supposed to be pleased with them. If they were unsuccessful in an undertaking the Lord was supposed by them to have become displeased with them, and to have given them over to the Devil's direction. This was the way and the only way that the Lord spoke unto them.

All classes of people were equally affected by this superstition, and hence you find Saul going up to Endor for the purpose of conversing with Samuel.

Saul being hard pressed by the enemy and having been in several instances defeated in his plans came to think the Lord had abandoned him. He had caused all the witches but the one at Endor to be put to death, from the fact that he supposed them to be the agents of the Devil because they always spoke discouragingly of his ultimate success, but so true had their predictions proved that he began to think that he had been mistaken and that the witches were, in reality, not indeed agents of the Devil, but agents of God. They having secured a good fortune with the Devil supposed that all who prophesied, had of any one, to be immediately associated with the Devil. Thus much have I said of this Chapter, and now I leave it to be quoted by you as the most beautiful record of Spiritual communion that the pages of that book afford.

I will now proceed to explain to you the manner in which the book of Revelations was given. John was a Spiritual Clairvoyant and being in a trance he was conducted by one of his brethren through the realms of the Spirit Land and shown the various grades of life there; and he describes it very minutely. Unfortunately imperfectly in the Book of Revelations. He tells you that there were seven seals broken in his presence, and that each seal exposed a new or different condition of life.

He has explained those conditions as well as an imperfect language and imperfect memory heated by the fires of imagination would enable him to do. That John was a Spiritual Clairvoyant and that the Book mentioned was given while in this state is evident from the fact that when he had completed his tour, he, from the gratitude that he felt for the favor granted him fell down to worship at the feet of the Angel, who said, see thou do it not for I am thy servant and of thy brethren the Prophets, Worship God. This is one additional piece of evidence for you to expose in favor of the possibility of Spiritual communication.

I now proceed to speak of the raising of Lazarus. Lazarus had died and sisters were mourning his loss when Christ appeared. Lazarus had been laid in the tomb, Christ approached the door and by the aid of certain movements resuscitated the "energies" of Lazarus.

Now the people were exceedingly surprised at this performance of Christ. Now the truth is Lazarus was not dead, nor had he been in any other than an abnormal state from the effects of mesmeric operation; Christ understood this as he had placed him in this state and coming up, opportunely, he was able to bring him out of this condition and hence had the reputation among the ignorant enthusiasts of that day, (who were incapable of understanding that there was any such thing as mesmerism) of having raised a man from the dead. As we have before said Christ was a great mesmerizer, and the New Testament is filled with instances where he exercised these powers. I may now explain the whole tenor of the New Testament in relation to miracles, as the production of this same power or agent.

Now my friends I have but one more word to say, let your Circle ever be pervaded by the spirit of love, and let your members be filled with instances where he exercised these powers. I may now explain the whole tenor of the New Testament in relation to miracles, as the production of this same power or agent. May God bless you and be with you. Now receive the hearty and best wishes of your friends. The MEANS.—There is none made so good, but he may both need the help and aid of his friends, and stand in fear of the power and unkindness of the spirit of the world. Intemperance is the physician's provider.

Notes by the Wayside.

Plymouth Vt. Feb. 8, 1858.

I have been LINGERING by the "Way side" since I wrote you last, at the sick bed of my Father, who on my hasty return from the South I found just

"Waiting to take that one step more That opens the celestial door, And then with sudden splendor blind Hear the great portals close behind."

Just three weeks after my arrival on the morning of the 21st of Jan. my brother, who left us eight years ago the same month, took him by the hand and led him away from earth and all its sorrows to the beautiful Land of Peace,

"Afar through Mercy's golden gate Unto the Sunrise Land."

I never appreciated the great power of the Faith to which I cling as I did when I saw that the hour of his change had come, I looked upon him in that hour of intense suffering, I remembered what life had been to him. I knew him a man of many sorrows, receiving no evidence whatever of Immortal Life from the doctrines of Christianity, with no hope of a life hereafter save what the light of Spirit Communion had shed over his later years, and that to his skeptical mind, hardly to be considered a tangible proof, and I said in my heart, if this is the end of life—the taper expiring in all this extremity of physical suffering—if there is no life hereafter, or if that life is to be the extreme of misery forever, it is too worthless a boon for the Infinite God to have given. Human life seemed too contemptible a thing for even ATOMISTS to wear, and I turned away from SUCH A LIFE in disgust. I do not wonder that with such a faith affection sits down in despair, wrings her hands, clothes herself in mourning and refuses to be comforted when her friends are called away. I do not wonder that a world that can cherish such a faith looks on in wonder and calls COLD HEARTED, any one who can calmly "Trust in God" and smile on Death.

Could I weep when I saw the Angel Messengers that came to bear the sufferer home? When I heard them sing

"Wary wanderer sad and lonely We will bear thee to thy home— Thou art weary, thou art weary Angel voices bid thee come."

Could I weep when a band of bright ones gathered around me to make me strong? Let those weep who cry out to a far off God, in their affliction, for strength to bear with All conquering Death, but for me, who believes in an Ever Present, Assisting God, ever present, assisting Guardian Spirits and in All Enduring Life that knows no thing like Death, there are no tears save when I shed them for myself. I never weep for the departed. Only for myself, that I yet must linger to buffet with the world, while they have caught the Light Home. And only the WEAK WILL WEEP at the ills of life, for in the light of Eternal Progressive Life, who can not, who would not be strong? Well, to suffer is divine.

"Well, to suffer is divine, Pass the watchword down the line, Pass the counter sign endure, Not to him who rashly dares, But to him who nobly bears 'Is the garland sure'"

I have been hesitating whether to remain in Vermont during the remainder of the winter or go southward, but as the weather is so mild, and there is such a call from all parts of the State for lectures, with so few to supply, I have decided to remain for the present. Am engaged at Pomfret the 14th, at Hartland the 21st and at Burlington the 28th and the 7th following.

It is said by many that Spiritualism is "dying," but if I were to judge by the audience I have had in this section since my return, and the calls I receive from all parts of the State, I should come to any other conclusion I think there was never more interest in Vermont than at present, and I am glad to see it so. May the fruits be worthy the source they claim.

A. W. SPRAGUE.

*CHARLES SPRAGUE aged 63 years. His health has been poor for years, and with the slow disease consumption, passed on to a brighter home.

It is a beautiful hope that can give to one so skeptical as Mr. S. was, a light in the future; here a man of uncommon talent, had discerned plainly that the theories of the churches were not true, had turned away in disgust, and said in his own heart, "There is no God, no hope, no hereafter." But the light given him through his dutiful daughter did give him a gleam of hope, and with a loving adieu he passed on.

Many are they that loved him for his decision of character, manliness of speech, and often was he the pacifier of broils, that might otherwise have been a martyrdom around.

No man will so speedily and violently resent a supposed wrong, as he who is most accustomed to inflict injuries upon his associates.

What Benefit is Spiritualism.

We are often asked this question, and as often refer to some Spiritualist demonstration for the amelioration of the high powers of man. Yet these do not seem to answer their call, but must needs have something tangible by which to measure their order of good.

In our opinion, anything that shall tend to allay crime, to cause the offender to desist in his attempts on the property, person or morals of man, is of benefit to society. If we can in any way disarrange the plan of the wily deprecator, by disclosing his plans, or tracing him out in his iniquitous course, then we trust, in a great degree, he will leave his wretched road and pursue a broader and more noble pursuit.

The idea that God sees him in his iniquity does not deter him from the act, as he knows there will be no physical blow given him, or at least, he is not afraid to try, and little by degrees, he ventures on in his way. He is not afraid of man as long as he can evade his eye and grasp, when he does the former he hopes to succeed in the latter, and wildly presses on to destruction. Convince him that the invisibles are watching over him, yet he cares not for them as long as his selfish powers are to be gratified by pillaging his neighbor, and access free from labor to his gains. Such a one has no higher faculties that can be reached save through the grosser ones first—place them in a state of connection—in church, and then may the higher be reached.

Let the deprecator know that man has the power to see, feel and communicate his doings to any one he may choose—let him feel that there are those watching him that can telegraph and write also, to those he robs, and you will begin to see his wariness, a care, in the evasion of the pursuers, a desisting from the deeds marked out and ultimately an abandonment of his course. But the task is arduous to convince him of the fact and bitter experience must be the one to do the work. Let him be traced by the clairvoyant powers of the seer the dictations of our invisible friends gone to the spheres, and detected in his acts, brought to justice, and show how he was taken, will be the great step towards the doing away of crime. Let him know that what he may do will immediately be telegraphed to the injured by the invisibles, and how long would there be crime in the land of a wilful and malicious kind?

A case comes under our observation of a pedlar that had a quantity of goods stolen from under his cart, with no chance to suspect any particular one. He said nothing to any one of it, but immediately went to his friend, a clairvoyant and requested a "sitting", where a description of two persons was given, whom he had recognized on a previous day, yet did not suspect, and claimed as the ones who stole the goods, and further said they had deposited the goods in a certain barn, and might be found by going now to the place, which he recognized from description. He went in search on the next day, but did not find the goods as told, a second sitting was had, when he was informed that he must go to another barn, as the goods were moved on the intervening night—he went and found the goods—told the young men of the affair, who owned it promptly and restored all the goods. The matter was settled, and the young men free from such doings, knowing that the eyes of the world can look upon their doings if they choose. Again we say convince those, who by nature or compulsion, are going astray, that they can be brought to justice by these powers—that men can co-verse intelligence from an all seeing eye—and we venture to say that crime will cease and men begin to enquire what has done it.

Then will it be high time to question the power of clairvoyance has over the ordinary vision, and the more conversant mode of telegraphing by the invisible agents that are continually watching our movements. But remove the veil of superstitions, uncloud the minds of mankind and let the light of the upper life flow in upon their bedimmed sight, then will all see the practical workings of the new life in full array—a new Jerusalem on earth. The sacred coming of our Savior—an opening of the eyes of the world, and a final resurrection of all men.

Chinese Morality. Bayard Taylor, who from his general acquaintance with the nations of the world, may be considered an intelligent judge, says in his elaborate opinion that the Chinese are morally the most degraded people on the face of the earth.

Spirits in 1833.

SOMETHING MARVELLOUS.—There is a girl in Saybrook, about eleven years old, who, from the many specimens she has given, is thought to have been recently endowed with some extraordinary light of speech. At certain irregular times, when the impulse is upon her, she breaks out into powerful, connected, and finished exhortations and discourses, generally a religious topic. The first discourse which she is known to have uttered, and the only one on that subject, was on temperance. It is said to have been remarkable for its clearness, precision and eloquence of thought, and the impressive manner in which it was pronounced. Since that time, she has delivered herself of nothing on temperance. The premonitory symptom of her impromptu, is usually a fit of stupor. As soon as she comes out of it she rises, closes her eyes, and perfectly abstracted from every thing around her, commences by repeating the hymn, which sometimes is original, and of a high order of poetry. She then gives out a text, naming the chapter and verse, and proceeds to deliver a sermon, always conspicuous for its sound argument, its logical and connected sequences, and its rich and appealing sentiments, while its construction is grammatical, its expressions eloquent and pure. What especially astounds the hearers, is the fact that when the inspiration has gone, she recollects not a word of what she has been saying, and if told the verse and chapter of her text, and the number of her rhymes, she knows nothing or where to find them. Her parents reside in New Haven, and are poor, miserable, ignorant and intemperate people, and education has been so much neglected, that she reads with the greatest difficulty. What, we ask is more marvellous, and still more, she discovers hardly an ordinary degree of intellectual capacity except when the spirit of improvisation possesses her. Several physicians have examined her, both in and out of her lucidities, and as yet have found no marks of disease or insanity. During the delivery her pulse is always regular.

We think this case will match the Campbells of Scotland, who, on stated occasions, do speak in strange and unknown tongues, and by their followers are believed to be inspired by the Holy Spirit. The lovers of strange and incredible things will do well to visit this little preacher, provided they attach any credit to the above relation.—Hartford Review of 1833

Religious Indifference in the Cause of Humanity.

In casting our eye over communities we are astonished at the indifference manifested in the all important subject of religion, if we enter a church where the preacher is dealing damnation around the land, and the fumes of the bottomless pit are thick even to suffocation, the hearers are unmoved, while the older ones are reveling in the land of nod. The younger portion are playing their innocent pranks and the preacher's words of terror and alarm fall like the ticking of the clock unheard or uncared for, and judging from appearances, we are led to the conclusion that a large portion of those that attend church do not attend to listen to the preaching of the word, but as a kind of holiday—a recreation, a pastime, or to see and be seen; and when the performance closes they neither know nor care what has been said by the preacher.

The question arises, What has caused this? Practical infidelity of those that profess religion. The time was when men were judged by their professions, but that time has passed by. Men are now judged by their actions, and if ministers would be attentively listened to while they are preaching they must PRACTICE what they PREACH, and if professed Christians would have us believe they are SINCERE in their professions, they must practice what they profess to believe; a manifest failure on their part to do this has been one means of producing indifference on the subject.

Another reason is, so much of the preaching is so inconsistent in itself and so against reason and common sense that the younger portion of the present generation have become skeptical. People of the present age claim the privilege and do, in a degree, think for themselves and when they see such manifest inconsistencies, both in the teachings and practices of professed Christians, we cease to wonder at the indifference, and infidelity that is manifest in communities. Then by what has been said, the remedy for this evil is plain to be seen, namely, preach consistent doctrines and then have the life correspond with the preaching and the cure will be effected.

WM. S. ROGERS.

Walker, the filibuster, was welcomed to Mobile on the 23d by a national salute, and tendered the hospitalities of the city.

He was arrested the same day by an order from New Orleans, but was afterwards charged on a writ of habeas corpus, and subsequently the proceedings were quashed.

More Light.

Dormant many hearts have lain, For ages that have passed away, But suddenly they are opening now, To the light of Eternal day.

Gradually the light of truth, Has commenced o'er our land to spread And to the astonished world Reveals the fate of the dead.

Sinners are not eternally damned, As we have been taught to believe, But repentance in the progressive land Will their barbarous souls relieve.

Already has this mighty truth, Begun to o'erspread our nation, And ere many years have passed Shall build a reformation.

Roll on Truth, let every land Be made to know thy holy voice, With weapon of love in hand, Make every heart in love rejoice. Sudbury Vt. EUGENE L. HORTON

Judiciary.

Faithful Friends:

I thank you for publishing my communication commenting upon the Judiciary system of Vermont. I desire, with your permission to use your columns still further upon the same subject; I am pleased to find that my views upon the subject, met with a hearty concurrence. From the people generally so anxious were some of the patrons of the Standard, as also the Windsor Journal, to extend the circulation of the document, they urged me to write to the publishers of those papers requesting them to publish the same in their papers. I did so, but the request has been treated with a dignified silence or, perhaps with contempt. I cannot say I am disappointed, for how can papers that are wholly engrossed with the wrongs of distant localities whether real or imaginary, no matter which, if it promotes the object had in view. I say, how can they devote their time, and space, to matters relating to the rights, liberties and privileges belonging to the people of the state of Vermont and guaranteed to them by their Constitution.

It is a fact susceptible of proof, that a majority of the press of Vermont, have for a long time been blinding the people by pulling the wool over the eyes, with outside foreign issues, over which they have neither had, nor could have had any control whatever, during which time, they have allowed, and assisted a privileged few to pilfer away the rights, and liberties of the people, and especially, so far as the Judiciary is concerned leaving them a miserable abortion powerless to redress their wrongs, or to reinstate them in and to their rights, but powerful to fleece them of their money and to fill the coffers of the privileged few who control the Machine. Is what I have been saying true? I take the affirmative and throw down my gauntlet. Will some champion of the present system enter the list? surely if the system is a good one, it should be sustained. If bad it should be abandoned. I propose at this time to discuss some of its details, in doing which I again insert the 4th clause of the Constitution so that the people may compare the benefits promised with the benefits received.

"Every person within this State ought to find a certain remedy, by having recourse to the laws, for all injuries or wrongs, which he may receive in his person, property or character; he ought to obtain a right to Justice freely and without being obliged to purchase it, completely, and without any denial; promptly and without delay, conformable to the laws."

Now, if the people could have what is here promised it is all they require, how much do they have of the above under the present system? Let us examine. Each town has a certain quota of Justices the Peace, parties have the right to bring civil suits before them not to exceed the amount of one hundred dollars with a Jury of six men if desired. Now I desire to be informed why a Justice and Jury, capable to adjust and decide a case where the sum amounts to one hundred dollars, are not as capable to try any case above that sum? Is there a different method used in adjusting cases where the amount exceeds one hundred dollars? Will some one tell me, because I may ask the question again, if it remains unanswered, again Justices have Jurisdiction in criminal cases up to seven dollars, and imprisonment in the county jail a certain time. Well, this may be right, but I never could understand why they were not competent to try cases of a larger amount, but perhaps, our Lawyers (I beg pardon) I mean Law-makers (but perhaps the blunder comes near the truth) the right that these little seven dollar rogues might be tried by these little Jurors, but when you come to these aristocratic rogues above seven dollars and ascending, why it would be against the dignity of the profession to try them in any Court, less than an aristocratic one, to be sure they give Justices the right to bind over for trial certain cases, but it amounts to nothing only to increase expense as they have to go through the Grand Inquisition and have a Juvenile trial before they are prepared for their high Court destiny. Again, parties have the right to take an appeal from a Justice Court in all cases of an account nature over ten dollars and in small cases over twenty. Now a question to my mind, is, whether this right was given parties for their benefit, but whether it was or not I think I can show this right to appeal, under the present system is nothing but a curse to any person who avails himself of the privilege. To make the thing plain, I will give the details of a bona fide case omitting names, and the change of action. A. B. by the advice, and with the assistance of a little middleman lawyer, newly broke into a harness in the race of picking pockets according to law, brought

an action against B. suit predicated upon a decision of the Supreme Court, made decidedly and plainly against justice and equity. The amount claimed, some fourteen dollars. B. feeling the injustice of the claim, consulted a Lawyer of experience, who recommended fight, and thought that A. would be vanquished, the trial came off and B. got licked. B. took an appeal, to the county Court, and in the course of some few years got a trial and got it licked again. B. was game, and his Lawyer told him to take it up to the Supreme Court, and it would be quite easy to knock A into a cocked hat. By the way, there seems to be no trouble in getting cases from the starting point, up to the Supreme Court, to be sure, it takes an age to bring it about and get a decision, but it seems to be doing well all the time for some body, and both parties find out when they get a final decision, who that somebody is. Then again, parties have such a beautiful feeling for each other, during a long protracted law suit, are so social when they meet, so very pleasant withal, and I have thought some times, that some counsel perhaps inadvertently said things that kept up this pleasant feeling between the parties until the end of the case. But I am digressing. Let me finish my case, B. finally got a decision, and got licked at last, and had an execution presented him of \$53.00 which he paid. Afterwards, he called upon his Lawyer for his bill, received it, and to show things are done I will name the items, B. Dr. to term and attorney fee \$3.00 this was repeated four times, not because the parties were not ready for trial, but because Court could not reach it. Next came the initial and argument \$10.00, making \$33.00 for county Court, next came items for Supreme Court, term and attorney fee \$3.00 repeated three times is \$15.00 not because the parties were not ready for trial but because the Court could not reach it, then came the term trial and argument \$10.00, total, Supreme Court \$25.00, total Supreme and County Court, \$55.00. Now, will any one contend for a moment, that the right of appeal was of any advantage to B, in this case, please suppose he had gained his cause, what then, why he would have been rid of paying \$14.00, paying \$35, not taking into account the trouble and vexation of a long law-suit, for which he gets nothing. Now let me introduce my readers to A. He is the successful party in this suit. But find him in the same boat with B. He has gained \$14.00, by paying out some \$60.00. But says one, this is extreme case. I can assure you this is one of the best of that class of cases. There are many worse, none better. Leave it to the reader to judge whether the right to appeal was given to parties, for their benefit, or for some other purpose. We therefore find, that the only class of cases from which parties receive benefit, are those little unprofitable justice suits, and they come nearest, to what is promised by the constitution. In them we have a trial without undue delay, we get our rights, without being obliged to purchase them. And this act indicates, and as I think, clearly points out to us, a way in which we may have remedy for our present difficulty. And here, perhaps I had better close this communication, promising if Friend Brown permits it, to take the subject up again soon.

In my next I shall take up another class of cases on which to comment and compare with the clause of the constitution above quoted. I am aware that what I am writing will be unpopular in certain quarters but, believing the Judiciary system of Vermont in an of its imperfections and a wrong and a fraud upon the people and its management, by those who control it, a still greater wrong. I shall, without fear of any man, or set of men, speak freely of its demerits, and shall continue to hope that the people will rise in their indignation and cast it aside and adopt something in its stead, which shall assimilate to that promised them in their constitution.

JAMES JOSELYN.

PLYMOUTH Jan 25, 1858. N B All papers published in the State, friendly to the people and their rights are requested to publish the above.

J. J.

For The World's Paper.

Letter from South Reading.

South Reading, Feb. 9th, 1858.

Mr. E.—Dear Sir, Thinking perhaps you may want to know how we get along here, I take this opportunity to write to you respecting our prosperity.

In regard to Spiritualism, there has not been any very sudden change since you left here. But I am happy to say, notwithstanding all the opposition, that there has never been a time when Spiritualism stood higher than it does at this time. We had the pleasure of hearing our friend, A. W. Sprague last Sunday. She spoke to the largest audience that has been in our meeting house for two years past, and two greater discourses I think never were delivered in that house. The morning discourse was from these words, "What went ye out for to see, a reed shaken by the wind?" And the way they handled that, I think was satisfactory to all who heard it.

For the afternoon discourse the following text, "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot hear them now." She spoke as well and powerful as I ever heard her, for about one hour and a half, and still saying they had many things to say to us, but we could not hear them now. Friend A. you need not doubt but that the hearers gave good attention, and some said they should like to have heard her an hour longer. I find full as many really anxious to

know or learn something more about Spiritualism as ever in this place.

I would inform you also that Mr. W. S. of Bridgewater, was with us last Sunday, and if you recollect, he said here last winter that he was not a Spiritualist because he had not had the evidence. He informed us here in public, that he had found the evidence and was a firm believer in Spiritualism.

Deacon P. of Shrewsbury, also has become a firm believer.

I will also inform you that we shall have a free social Conference meeting here in three weeks from next Sunday, will commence at 12 o'clock.

D. P. WILDER.

Notices.

There will be trances speaking at the Universalist Church at East Randolph on Sunday the 14th inst.

At the Court House on Chelsea Green the 15th.

At the Town House in Tunbridge the 28th

At the Meeting House on East hill in Tunbridge March 7.

Mrs Mary A. Brown has spoken in Tunbridge and Chelsea during the last four weeks. 18 times in public. Is a great number of times at family circles.

Miss A. W. Sprague has spoken in Windsor County for the last few weeks, having spoken at 17 s a Fairmont on the 30th ult. at South Reading, on the 7th inst, and will speak at Pomfret on the 14 s at Hartland the 21st, and at Burlington, the 23 s and 7th of March.

We have received the cipher edited by F. B. Londen and A. P. Bowman, at Angola Ind. fifty cents per year, or one cent per number. It contains eight pages, and is considered an addenda to the Truth Seeker, formerly published there. Those desiring the cipher can send two dollars to us and obtain that and the World's Paper one year.

Messrs F. B Londen and A. P. Bowman are constantly lecturing, and will answer calls on the line of their travels through the western states.

A. C. S.

We are happy to acknowledge the receipt of a pamphlet from the author Allen Parmum containing the evidence so necessary to all of spirit manifestation in its various phases from mesmerism in the Physical form to the most transcendent condition of the best seers. It is a work worthy the attention of all. They can be had of Bela March 14 Broomfield St. Boston.

Passed to the Spirit Land.

Joshua W. Trask of Milville Mass. aged 37 years. He was a firm believer in the philosophy of Spiritualism up to the time of his departure and had done much to support and inculcate the same. He has left a wife and three children who now receive from his kind affectional nature such consolation and counsel as he can give through natural channels from the Spirit Land.

Modern Spiritualism does give to mourning friends such consolation as no otherism can give and this comfort and consolation may be considered, by those who so often ask the question, what good does Spiritualism do? can this bereaved family tell you, what good Spiritualism does. As this companion is a firm believer in the fact that the spirit of her husband left the form and retained all its powers of mind and in the Spiritual body was an eye witness to all the ceremonies of the interment and sees and understands fully the wants and feelings of those he has left behind and can communicate to them, is it not a matter of some comfort, does it not tend to dry the mourners tear, and destroy the sting of terrors? does it not teach us the propriety of learning in this life how to live in the next and therefore enhance our happiness here and hereafter. O, teachers, how much longer shall you be permitted to teach that dark and dismal sentiment that in this our earth life we should prepare to die? Why not teach us the truth which is, that this life is only preparatory to the next and therefore we should prepare to LIVE.

Advertisements.

Lecturers and Trance Speakers.

GIBSON SMITH, South Shaftsbury

Mrs. H. F. HENTLEY, Paper Mill Village N. H.

Miss A. W. SPRAGUE, Plymouth

Mrs. SARAH P. LAIRD, Bridge, Leicester.

Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND, Bridgewater.

Mrs. M. A. BROWN, Sandusky.

Mrs. SARAH A. HORTON, Boston

AUSTIN E. SIMMONS, Woodstock

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Poetical.

Lines to "B.H."

My heart is with thee, dearest Bell,
I fain would write to thee,
From out mine heart's deep, purest cell,
A strain of poetry.

Thy "Offerings" was so very sweet,
I almost wished the boon
Were mine, such rare words to repeat
And set them into tune!

That the Bible tells us "covet not,"
I truly am aware,
But thou to "covet thee thyself,"
Is also taught us there!

So am I wrong to wish the gift
Denied me, could be mine,
When far from earth my thoughts would lift
To realms of the divine?

Perchance *itself* seems to thee,
But I am thinking Bell,
Not how much it would gladden me
Such music-chords, to swell.

For selfish ends—no, no, the thought
Of good that I might do,
Came bounding to me, jewelled-fraught,
And *self* was shut from view.

But much I fear me, "Eg," I
Supremacy will gain,
"Self," tempt me not—by from me, fly!
Thy temptations are but vain.

A higher boon from heaven, I crave!
To lose all selfish thought!
The angels whisper "We will save,
Sister forsake us not."

This makes me strong, to dare and do,
To falter not, nor pause,
But "cleerly work life's problem through,"
And labor in the cause.

Of making *Right Eternal*! I
As down life's stream I glide
With pure love for my beacon light
And reason for my guide.

"Act from principle," be not slow
To spread the Truth abroad,
Minister angels whisper low,
"In heaven thy reward."

While I've been writing, dear, St. Bell
To thee, thou sweetest, sweet,
O'er my soul has fallen a spell
With love and joy replete.

So now I'll leave thee for a while
And list that inward song
Of melody, that thrills my soul
With strains I'd fain prolong.

For 'tis angelic strains of love,
With truth and wisdom rife,
Lifting my soul nigh to thoughts above
Earth's thrall and its strife.

MINNCHAM.

Providence, Jan. 25, 1888.

Beauty and Wit.

Beauty is shallow, wit is scum,
That in the estimate of men,
Of common sense supplies the place,
And passes for refined good taste.

Of beauty we will not complain,
We wit enjoy, if it contain
The elements of pure, high thought,
And tells of truth, that's deep unwrought.

The passing joke, the social glee,
Are things that surely ought to be;
To dull and prosy, gloomy minds,
We do not feel ourselves inclined.

To dwell on scenes of desolation,
Or horror stricken conjuration,
Our health and happiness impairs,
In such a stock we wish no share.

But if this beauty, wit and glee
Is all there is that we can see,
If airs and formulas comprise
The whole that from such sources rise,

We sicken at the vain parade,
That by such sycophants is made,
And rather be where common sense
Is freed from all this vain pretense.

A countenance that tells of youth
Is well, but then if simple truth
Is wanting, all is vain,
And we of such may well complain.

The honest man of common sense,
Will gain the highest recompense.
The mead of honor is his right,
When wit and beauty sink in night.

H. F.

Joan of Arc's Predictions.

Joan of Arc, in the presence of the king, had predicted at Glen, and several times subsequently at other places that during a terrible and murderous struggle at Orleans she would be seriously wounded; but she had also predicted that the assault should nevertheless be completely successful. After this the word of Joan became among the admiring soldiery and the exulting populace a perfect oracle among all who believed in the deliverance of France. Joan on the occasion of the assault manifested surprising ability in taking her military dispositions. The impetuosity with which she herself plunged head foremost into the roar and vortex of the struggle, could only be equaled by the admirable coolness of her interposition in preparing for it. Owing to the superhuman confidence with which this young lioness inspired her devoted followers, and the rage and vexation of the exasperated enemy, the struggle that ensued was one of the most terrible on record. In the rabble the fight a javelin struck Joan, passed against the breast, between the neck and shoulder and buried her to the earth. When lifted up, all bloody, Joan, not thinking of herself, ordered her banner to be borne to the front, and placed waving on the rampart, a beacon to the French, a terror to the English. And immediately above the forest of lances, amid the storm of war, the whole army saw, or imagined they saw, the gleam of war, the whole army saw, or imagined they saw, the storm of ten thousand javelins fanning the air and blazing around that standard, as if the hosts of the Lord had precipitated themselves from on high to take her place and keep armed guard upon the consecrated banner of the wounded heroine. The banner, which was seen amid the storm

of war ruffling from the ramparts, was composed of a white tissue, known in France by the name of bannousin. The surface was sprinkled with lines—the types of purity—and the picture of the savior of mankind sorted amid the clouds, and holding a globe in his hand, was seen in the centre. Two angels were represented on the right and left, in the attitude of adoration, one of whom held a lily, while the words "Jesús Maria" was emblazoned in the other side of the banner.

The oldest knights affirm that when the gauntleted hands of the eager soldiers placed this banner on high, the French ascended the stony rampart as readily as if it were a staircase—a circumstance which they considered as purely miraculous; angel hands happily helped them up. As the quailing army of England was paralyzed with terror, and it was impossible to lead their reluctant men-at-arms against the very citizens whom they had been accustomed to scorn, the English, in the town which they dispirited of capturing. Meantime, in the open air, between the walls of the city and the camp of the enemy, a splendid altar was erected at the suggestion of Joan, that the success of the French might be celebrated by religion. The whole congregation were chanting a fervent "Te Deum" which rose to Heaven like a "ong cry of deliverance from their grateful hearts, when columns of the English army were seen in motion, not to attack the French, as at first supposed, but in full retreat towards Meung. A moment the congregation scottred—there was arming in every direction; the busy paces, eager equires, and impetuous knights were riveting their harness or mounting their charges in all quarters. But their hot haste and fervid excitement were quelled by the solemn language of Joan. "They are going; let them go. This is Sunday. Let us not on this body festival render our hands with Christian blood, but return thanks to God for his great deliverance." The soldiers, the citizens, priest, knights, and peasants were seen at once to arrange themselves in the form of procession, carrying the beautiful girl aloft, through whose instrument God had designed to perform this great miracle, they laid the foundation of that heart-cherished union which, while the human race exists, will blend the gratitude of Orleans with the memory of Joan. The city of Orleans was free, and France, so long insinuated under the incubus of England, drew the breath of returning life. Joan's predictions had been fulfilled.

The Bride of an Evening.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER I.

THE ASTROLOGER'S PREDICTION.

Reading, a few weeks since, one of De Quincy's papers—"Three Memorable Murders,"—recalled to my mind the strange circumstances of one of the most mysterious domestic dramas that ever taxed the ingenuity of man, or required the flight of time to develop.

The locality of our story lies amid one of the mildest and most picturesque regions of the Old Dominion, where the head waters of the Rappahannock wash the base of the Blue Ridge.

The precise spot—Crossland—is a sublime and beautiful scene, where two forest-crowned ranges of mountains cross each other at oblique angles.

At the intersecting point of these ridges nestles a little hamlet, named, from its elevated position, Altamont.

At the period at which our story opens the four estates, in the four angles of the irregular mountain cross, were owned as follows:

The eastern farm, called Piedmont, was the life property of Madame Audery, a Virginian lady of the old school.

The western and most valuable estate was the inheritance of Honora Paule, an orphan heiress, grand daughter and ward of Madame Audery.

The northern and smallest one, called, from being the deepest vale of the four—Hawes Hotel—was the property of old Hugh Hawes, a widower of gloomy temper, parsimonious habits, and almost fabulous wealth. The southern farm—named, from the extravagant cost of the elegant mansion house, elaborate out-building, and highly ornamented grounds, which had absorbed the means of the late owner, "Farquier's Folly"—was the heavily-mortgaged patrimony of Godfrey Farquier Dulaine, the grandson of Hugh Hawes and now a young aspirant for legal honors at the University of Virginia.

But little benefit to the heir was to be hoped from the inheritance of his father's burdened property. In the first place, old Hugh Hawes had bought up in his own name all the against the estate of Farquier's Folly—doubtless to prevent a foreclosure, and to save the property for his grandson. But, unhappily, Godfrey had mortally offended the despotic old man by declining an agricultural life, and persisting in the study of a profession—a course that had resulted in his own disinheritorance.

To make this punishment more bitter to his grandson, the old man had taken into favor his nephew, Dr. Henry Hawes, whom he had established near Farquier's Folly.

At this time the disinherited heir, having finished a term at the University, had come down to spend a part of his vacation in his native place.

It was upon the Saturday evening of his arrival that he found that the little hotel, and indeed, the whole village of Altamont, in a great state of excitement, from the fact that the celebrated heiress, Miss Honora Paule, had just stopped there, on her way home.

Those who had been so happy as to catch a glimpse of her face, vied with each other in praise of her many charms, while those who had not listened with eagerness, and looked forward to indemnifying themselves by seeing her at church the next morning.

The next day, Godfrey Dulaine attended church, when he saw and fell in love with the most beautiful and intellectual looking girl he had ever beheld. From the chapiness and simplicity of her attire, he supposed her to be some poor dependent of Madame Audery's, in whose pew she sat. Godfrey was completely captivated, and he resolved at once to woo, and if possible win this lovely being for his wife, poor girl though she was. He was glad she was poor, because she could for that reason be more easily won. But on accompanying Mr. Willoughby, the clergyman, and his brother-in-law, Ernest Heine, home after church, what was his astonishment and dismay at being introduced to the supposed "poor girl," whom he found to be no other than the celebrated Miss Honora Paule, the greatest heiress and belle, as well as the best and noblest girl, in the State of Virginia. She greeted him cordially, and in a few moments the company were busily engaged in conversation. The topic of "capital punishment" having been started, Godfrey turned to Honora, and said:

"I take an especial personal interest in having capital punishment abolished—Miss Paule, do you believe in astrology?"

Honora started, fixed her eyes intently upon the questioner, and then withdrawing them answered—

"Sir, why did you ask me if I believed in astrology?"

"Because Miss Paule, I was about to relate for your amusement a prediction that was made concerning myself, by a professor of that black art."

"A prediction," exclaimed Mrs. Willoughby, drawing near, with eager interest

"Yes, madam," replied Mr. Dulaine, smiling, "a prediction which, if I believed, would certainly dispose me to favor the abolition of the death penalty. Three years since, while I was sojourning for a short time in the city of Richmond, on my way to the University, I chanced to hear of the Egyptian Dervis, Achab, who was at that time creating quite a sensation in the city. His wonderful reputation was the theme of every tongue.

"Idleness and curiosity combined to lead me to his rooms. He required a night to construct his horoscope. He demanded, and I gave him, the day and hour of my birth, and then I took leave, with the promise to return in the morning. The next day I went—"

"Well?" questioned Honora, earnestly.

"My horoscope was a most accurate indeed! It predicted for me—a short and stormy life, and a sudden death."

"Good Heavens! But the details?"

"It prophesied four remarkable events, the first of which has already come to pass."

"And what was—?"

"The loss of patrimonial estate!"

"Singular coincidence!" interrupted Mr. Willoughby, as he arose and joined his wife and brother-in-law at the other end of the room.

"I thought so when the prophecy was fulfilled," replied Godfrey.

"And the other three events?" softly inquired Honora.

"The other events, if they follow as predicted, must happen within the next two years, or before I reach my twenty-fifth anniversary. The first of these is to be the unexpected inheritance of vast wealth."

Upon hearing this, a bright smile played around the lips of Honora, and banished the clouds from her brow. She waited a few minutes for him to proceed, but finding he continued silent, she said:

"Well, Mr. Dulaine, go on! what was the third predicted event?"

"Do you command me to inform you?"

"No, sir; I beg you of your courtesy, to do so."

"Very well," he said dropping his voice to a low undertone, "it was to be my marriage with the woman I should worship."

A deep vivid blush supplanted the bright smile that quivered over Honora's variable face. There was a pause, broken at length by her voice, as she gently inquired—

"And the fourth?"

The answer came reluctantly, and in tones so low as to meet only her ear.

"The fourth and last prediction was, that before my twenty-fifth birthday I should perish on the scaffold."

A low cry broke from the lips of Honora as her hands flew up and covered her face. After a minute or two she dropped them, and looking him steadily in the face, said with quiet firmness—

"You doubtless wonder at my emotion. Now hear me. On the autumn following the summer in which that prediction was made to you, I was in Baltimore with my grandmother, and Mrs. Willoughby, who was then Miss Heine. Curiosity took us to the rooms of the Egyptian, who was then practicing in that city. After some such preparations as he had used in your case, he cast my horoscope

and read my future. It was this, before my 25th birthday, I should be a bride, but never a wife; for that the fatal form of the scaffold arose between the nuptial benediction and the bridal chamber. Such were the words of this prophecy." She spoke with a solemnity that seemed to overshadow every other feeling.

CHAPTER II.

The next day, Honora informed her grandmother, Madame Audery, of Godfrey's presence in the neighborhood, and the old lady sent her only brother, Colonel Shannon, to fetch him to Piedmont. Godfrey accepted the invitation. On his arrival, he found that General Sterne, the governor elect of Virginia, and his son, had just taken up their quarters, for several days with Madame Audery; and the old lady, in his honor, sent off cards of invitation to some of the neighbors to visit her that evening.

When tea was over, the company adjourned to the drawing room, where, soon after, the guests invited for the evening joined them.

First came Father O'Louhertry, the parish priest of St. Andrew's Church, at Crossland.

The next arrivals were Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby and Mr. Heine.

Immediately after them came Dr. and Mrs. Henry Hawes—the doctor, a man of great fashion and elegance, the lady, a delicate, pensive woman, with a sort of sad, moonlight face, beaming softly out between her fleecy locks of jet.

And, last of all, to the astonishment of everybody came old Hugh Hawes, who had been invited as a matter of courtesy, and was not in the least degree expected to make his appearance.

He came not alone, on his arm he brought a young girl, uninvited, but whom, with grave courtesy, he presented to his hostess as Agnes Drake, the daughter of a deceased friend, and now his ward, who had arrived only that morning, and whom, presuming on Madame Audery's well known kindness, he had ventured to present to her.

Madame Audery, a reader of fables, was certainly attracted towards her: and after a little talk, that commenced her first favorable impressions, she took the hand of the orphan girl, and conducted her to the group formed by the Misses Audery, Mr. Sterne, Mr. Heine, Mr. Dulaine, and Honora Paule.

Under the auspices of Miss Rose Audery, they were just about to form what is called a Sybil's Circle, for which purpose, Messrs. Heine and Sterne were dispatched to bring forward a round table. Miss Rose went to a cabinet to seek the "Sybil's Leaves," which she presently produced. All then seated themselves around the table.

A dead silence reigned. Rosa shuffled the cards, turned them with their faces down, and then, addressing her right-hand neighbor, Mr. Sterne, in a low voice, she demanded—

"What would you with the Sybil?"

"I would know the future partner of my life," was the formal answer.

"Draw!"

The young man hesitated for a while, smiled, and, rejecting all those cards that were nearest himself, put his hand under the pack and withdrew the lowest one.

"Read!" he said extending the card to the Sybil.

"Hear!" she exclaimed:

"A widow, beautiful as light,
I will be your lot to wed—
With a rich jointure, which shall pour
Its blessings on your head."

There was a general clapping of hands, and shouts of laughter.

It was now Miss Jessie's turn to test her fate. Being a modest young lady, she would not put the question in its usual form, but merely inquired what should be her future fate.

The answer dawned was—

"To dandle dolls, and chronicle small beer."

A reply that nearly extinguished Miss Jessie for the evening.

"I declare, if here is not Mr. Hugh Hawes," exclaimed the lively Lily, as the old miser sauntered deliberately to the table, and stood looking with indolent curiosity upon the game of the young people. "Come Mr. Hawes! I declare, you will have your fortune told!"

"Well, well—the commands of young ladies are not to be disobeyed," replied the old man, gallantly, as he extended his hand and drew a card which he passed to the Sybil.

Amid a profound silence, and in a solemn voice she read—

"Thy fate looms full of horror! From false friends,
Near at hand prediction threatens thee—
A fearful sign stands in thy house of life—
A warning—a fiend lurks close behind
The radiance of thy planet—Oh, be warned!"

"Pshaw! what serious mockery!" exclaimed the old man, scornfully, as he turned away, and gave place to his nephew, who had all the while been posted behind him, peeping over his shoulder.

"Will you permit me to test my fortune?" inquired the "fascinating" Dr. Hawes.

"And what would you with the Sybil?" was the response.

"I would know the future."

"Draw!" said the Sybil, in a tone of assumed sternness.

Smiling his graceful but most sinister smile, the doctor drew a card, and passed it to the reader.

"Hear!" said the latter, lifting the table of fate, and reading—

"I know thee—thou fearest the solemn night!
With her piercing stare, and her deep frown's might!
There's a tone in her voice that fain would shun,

For it asks what the secret soul hath done!

And thou!—there's a weight on thine—away!
Back to thy home and pray!"

"Look!" I declare how pale the doctor has grown!" exclaimed the pippant Jessie. "One would really think, to look at him, that a deep remorse for some unacted crime preyed on him."

"Nonsense! Jugglery!" said the latter, turning away to conceal his agitation.

The eye of Honora Paule followed him with the deepest interest—there was that upon his brow that she had never seen before.

The next in turn was Agnes. Turning to her Rose said:

"What seek you in the magic circle, lady?"

"My destiny," answered the luscious tones.

"Invoke the knowledge!"

Agnes drew a tablet, and passed it as usual to the Sybil, who read—

"Oh, ask me not to speak thy fate!
Oh, tempt me not to tell
The doom shall make thee desolate.
The wrong thou mayest not quell!
Away! Away!—for death would be
Even as a mercy unto thee!"

Agnes shuddered, and covered her face with her hands.

"Put up the tablets! They are growing fatal!" said Rosa.

"Not for the world!—now that each word is fate! There is a couple yet to be disposed of!" Miss Paule, draw near!" said Mr. Heine.

The check of Honora Paule changed; yet striving with a feeling that she felt to be unworthy, she smiled, reached forth her hand, drew a tablet, and passed it to the Sybil, who in an effective voice, read—

"But how is this? A dream is on my soul!
I see a bride, all crowned with flowers, and smiling,
As in delighted visions, on the brink
Of a dream chasm; and thou art she!"

Honora heard in silence, remembering the strange correspondence of these lines with the prediction of the astrologer, made long ago, endeavoring to convince himself that it was mere coincidence, and vainly trying to subdue the foreboding of her heart.

"Mr. Dulaine!" said Rose, shuffling the tablets, and passing them to him.

He drew a card, and returned it to be perused.

The Sybil took it, and a thrill of superstitious terror shook her frame as she read,

"Disgrace and ill,
And shameful death are near!"

An irrepressible low cry broke from the palid lips of Honora. "Throw up the cards!" said she; "it is wicked, this tampering with the mysteries of the future!"

Fixis.—Paule married and prophecies true.

Good-Nature.

To be good-natured is both the duty and the privilege of human beings. Ill-nature is a sin, a shame, and a misfortune. A peevish, fretful disposition may be regarded as a very small vice; but it is one of the greatest generators of evil in society. And it is the great curse of domestic life.

From the disposition which some persons manifest to fret and scold, on all occasions and without any occasion at all, it may be reasonably inferred that they look upon fretting and scolding as the natural cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to. But it is not very difficult to show that the practice exaggerates and multiplies them all.

To be good-natured is to be good *per se*; it is to cultivate good feelings and good actions, and thus to become still better. To be ill-natured is to be bad *per se*; it is to nurture an evil spirit and thus become worse and worse. And between good and bad, between better and worse, there is certainly a distinction with a difference.

Some persons seem to have born to good-nature, or with a good nature. They are the salt of the earth. If there were none such, society would become entangled in a general wrangle, and a universal war of extermination would speedily reduce humanity to the last of his race—an "individual sovereign."

With temper calm and untroubled by the storms of life, with passions enquioposed and always in subjection to the intellect, good-nature people coolly survey and easily overcome the obstacles and difficulties in their life's path way.

Others there are who seem to have come into the world in a fretful humor. Does an accident happen? does evil betide? does anything go wrong? instead of applying the remedy within reach, instead of acting rationally in view of all the circumstances, they "go off" in a fit of fury, rare rage, stoniness, mutter, sputter. All the energy of mind and of body which should have been employed in the correction of the evil, is wasted, and worse than wasted, in scolding and fretting about it. Lamentation, cimenation, iteration, reiteration, babbling and gabbling, bawling and bickering, take the place of useful thinking and rational action. In this way more strength is expected foolishly than would have sufficed to rectified the wrong, and, perchance, to have turned the evil into good. O, the disadvantages of peevishness! Its possessors are the most miserable wretches.

Fretfulness invariably aggravates every existing evil. As inevitably as the needle points to the pole, and as surely as the poisoned fountain gives forth bitter waters, fretting can not possibly produce anything but evil. Frequently it converts one trivial difficulty into two serious ones; and sometimes into ten incurable ones. The spirit of fretfulness in this way becomes the pestilent seed whose growth and nurture uproot and destroy the fairest flowers that bloom in the garden of Eden. Persons say they are peevish because they

are sick; they are fretful because they are bothered; they are ill-natured because the weather is ungenial; they scold, and, gibber, and rant because they are troubled, or because somebody has abused them; they are angry because some one else is so. Fatal mistake!

Shall we injure us? This is to silly notion for intelligent beings to entertain a moment. Shall we act madly because some one else has acted foolishly? This is the very expression of beastliness—evil for evil. It is good alone that can overcome evil.

Alas! those who live a life, of peevishness, who fret and scold on all the trivial occasions of losses and crosses, little know what bodily injury and mental degradation are among the fearful penalties which they incur and suffer. They scarcely dream of the depth of that unfathomable pit, adown which the whole moral nature sinks among the hells of a disordered and perverted mind. Little do they understand of the immense difference, in the final result of life's experience, between applying all of their mental powers on all occasions to the best of purposes, or misapplying, wasting, and debasing them.

DO ANIMALS COMMUNICATE INFORMATION TO EACH OTHER?—Huber seems to have proved by his experiments that bees can, by certain touches of their antennae, inform each other whether or not all is right with the queen or mother bee. M. Dujardin set a cup of sugared water into a hole in a wall. He dipped a small stick into it; and when a bee issued from a hive and was sucking the sugar he conveyed it to the cup. The bee returned to the hive, and was followed, when it came out again, by a flock of others who went backwards and forwards during a whole, until the sugared water was exhausted. The bees of the next hive, close by, knew nothing of the sugared water, probably just because they were not told.

THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN.—The Surveyor General of India has recently made computation of the position and elevations of the peaks of the Himaliah Mountains by which he has ascertained that the highest point on the earth's surface belongs to a peak he proposes to call "Mount Everest," in honor of a former Surveyor General, which is ascertained to be 29,002 feet above the sea level. Kun-chingis, which heretofore has been supposed to be the highest, is 28,156 feet, and Divalagiri, which school geographers call the highest, is only 26,826 feet.

SIZE OF OUR GREAT LAKES.—The latest measurement of our fresh-water seas are these. The greatest length of Lake Superior is 333 miles; its greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth, 988 feet; elevation, 587 feet; area, 23,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Huron is 200 miles; its greatest breadth, 160 miles; its mean depth, 900 feet, elevation, 574 feet; area, 23,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Ontario is 180 miles; its greatest breadth, 65 miles; its mean depth, 500 feet; elevation, 262 feet; area, 6,000 square miles. The total length of all five is 1,585 miles, covering an area altogether of upward of 90,000 square miles.

PAPER FROM A NEW MATERIAL.—We were yesterday shown a specimen of remarkably clear and tough paper, made from best root. Also a portion of pulp produced from beet root, that was very clear and white, and intended for the manufacture of the finest writing paper. We are told that when mixed with other pulps, it saves a loss which regularly occurs, as its albuminous character prevents the escape of the finer parts of pulps through the wire-cloth of the Fourdrinier machine. The inventor of beet root-paper is Dr. Collyer, and his discovery is in operation in England and France. He has likewise obtained a patent in the United States.—Philadelphia Press

The captain of a Mississippi steamer has started a morning paper on board his boat, called the *Bulletin*. He issues it regularly, serves it to customers at stopping places, and fills it regularly, serves it with news and pleasant gossip. He is one of the veterans of river navigation, having followed that calling for 27 years. It is proposed especially to make the paper the organ of the river boatmen. A newspaper with a floating place of publication is certainly a novelty.

A fisherman in Kookuk, Iowa, lately caught a catfish from whose stomach he emptied, an elegant gold chronometer, and a gentleman in that city recognized the watch as one which he lost overboard from a steamer last summer.

Crawford's equestrian statue of Washington was safely elevated to its pedestal at Richmond, Va., on the 21st. It is still wrapped in its canvass coverings, and will not be unveiled until the 22d of February.

"The Principle."

The February number of this Monthly is just received, and contains the usual amount of interesting matter. The articles for this Number are entitled.

—Harmonical Philosophy, Spiritualism, its use and mission, Correspondence. True Love and Worship of God. A Free Gospel. Spiritual Development. Voices from the Inner Life.—Bishop England, Mirwin Fox &c. The Age of Freedom? Lesson for the times and Panics. Notices &c. Address Luning & Conklin Baltimore, Md.