

THE WORLD'S PAPER.

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

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Adventical.

Our Garden Bower.

Oh, those flowers fair in our garden bower,
They are in my heart to-night!
Memory hath lightly touched each flower,
And up there springeth at this sacred hour,
From the urn of the past, a strange, weird power,
Which filleth my soul with light.
The ineffable light of love.

And I know the incense which so sweetly filleth
My soul, is a power divine!
For every chord in my soul and harp thrilleth
With the song which an angel-light trieth
Till listening, it every pulse beat-stilleth
With a joyousness not mine!
A rapturous joy of love!

The song is of gladness and a familiar voice,
Speaks into my soul bidding me list and rejoice!
Oh, it is thou, my brother, whom the angel of love
Beckoned first from my bower, to the bright
realms above.

Sweetly dear is thy memory, thy presence more
sweet,

Thy sweet voice still—oh, I fain would repeat.
Thy joys a rare words, so surpassing, and clear,
That the joy-strain might gladden another's
rapt-ear:

But alone I must listen, and drink in the gush,
Of melody, making night's stillness, more lush
For, it's for me, my loved brother, that thou
thou have come [my home,

To lift upward my thoughts to mine heaven,
To take the full shadows of sorrow's dark form,
From my brow, too long clouded by night's
dreary storm,

To lift upward my spirit, to catch the whole
flood,
Of God's smile that ever around me is poured,
To view not the storm in the dark waters of
life,"

But make everything seem with joyousness
rife,"
Let hope be the beacon, Truth and wisdom the
guide,
Fling away brooding sorrow, look on the
bright side,"

Yes, my brother, thy glad song hath opened
mine eyes
And in "sorrow," I see but a friend in disguise
In submission I bow to the chastener's rod,
For the God of our Fathers, is the chastened one's
God!

But my brother dear, there's one more that
A joyous, happy strain! [singeth
Another's radiance, around me flingeth
An influence rare, which from Heaven she
bringeth

As from her joyous home, her way she wingeth
To mine earth-home of pain,
Mine home of dreary pain!

And a blessing light, from this lily flower,
Falls on my heart to-night!
She bringeth me love with its magical power
Charity, truth and good will, as a dower,
And with a wreath from purity's starry bower,
Crowneth my brow with light,
The ineffable light of love!

And I know, that my mother with her presence
as dear,
Is joining my brother, in his sweet song of
cheer;
As she bids me "despair not, but e'er look a-
bove,"

My faith fixed on Him whose being is love!
To press on unflinching in Life's Holy Road,
My motto, my watchword, "Live to bless," to
do good.

My mother, thy glad song in thy familiar voice,
Hath lifted upward my soul, & I feel to rejoice.

There yet is one more whose influence stilleth
Every discordant strain! [eth
Another sweet chord in my soul's harp thrill-
To the joyous strain which an angel trieth
Till my father's presence serenely filleth

My soul with love divine
Love boundless and divine!

So I cannot repine though our chain is riven,
For we bound in love forever, [en
Two more in our chain to my affection are giv-
We're a trio on earth, a trio in Heaven,
Not long and our souls shall be wafted to Eden
Where we'll meet no more to sever!

Provider, Mar 1858. MINNEHAWA.

BRO. RANDALL:—In your addendum to my
manifesto against the Professions, you concur
so far as the profession of the law is concern-
ed, but seem to remain silent as to the other
classes. Do you intend by silence to admit
the charge, or are you wedded to some one
or more, and choose to keep dark? I can
hardly believe you have travelled over the
ground in this Spiritual age and not have seen
the true causes that oppress humanity. Nei-
ther do I believe that you have, for several
years been slandered, tantalized and abused
as I know you have, suffering almost martyr-
dom when Spiritualism was in its infancy, and
now when it has pervaded the whole world
politic, claiming millions in our country, re-
fuse us your views frank and free. No, do
not withhold your opinion, you know Cotton
Mather is gone to the Spirit land and learned
of his follies and is ready to instruct his pos-
terity, who are alike ready to persecute that
they do not understand. But I see in yours
one feature that I do not understand, and
wish you to explain. You selected a few
names as an example which are connected
with one political party; this is not fair, as it
would give the impression to many that fraud
and corruption belonged to one party more
than another, which I do not believe. I ad-
mire your article in every respect but the one
referred to, and if you will allow us to keep
our sheet free from party influence so as to
enable us to expose error wherever found, (as
I am sure you intend,) and write often touch-
ing these errors, you will long be remembered
by the friends of humanity. D. T.

Our own Errors.

It is common in our times for men to sub-
ject the systems of their opponents to the
closest possible criticism, and severest scan-
dalings in their power to give, nor do I regret
that it is so, provided we extend to them the
same charity we would have them exercise
towards us and our theories.

No harm need result from investigation,
If each one would act in his own proper station
With calmness, well knowing he may be in wrong.
That the right of opinion to each one belongs.

If men would but stop where reason would stay,
They might argue these subjects by night and
by day.

And balance the beam between them so right,
That good would result their difference in spite.

However necessary a thorough expose of
the errors of others may be, it is after all
possible for us to become so interested and
swallowed up in that work, that we lose
sight of errors nearer home, till ere we are
aware the poisonous weeds of falsehood and
inharmonious obtain a luxuriant growth in our
own gardens, and a cautious removal of them
becomes essential to the cause of truth.

As Spiritualists, we have come together
from most or all of the different theological
stand points of our age of the world, and it
is unavoidable that we bring along with us
some of our preconceived opinions, and that
these should enter more or less into our spiri-
tual communings and effect our spiritual re-
ports.

The God of the Old Testament scriptures
suffered the idea that the earth was flat, and
laid on its foundation, and that the sun, moon
and planets generally, were made simply to
serve the interests of this world and to enter
into the earliest history of the world as there-
in given, not because the theory was true,
but because it was prevalent and was the
highest idea the people could entertain on the
subject in those days; and as the object of
Bible writers was not to establish the prin-
ciples of science, but to give some inducements
to, and furnish some facilities for a virtuous
life, it was quite unnecessary for them to
join issue with their philosophy of the earth,
and it would be equally unnecessary and im-
politic for spirits to join issue with all our
long-established beliefs; the object they have
in view would only be retarded by such a
course. Of necessary consequence we shall
entertain many different ideas which need a
careful and close attention, and should not
be passed over till they become set like the
stakes of sectarians. We can bear the ex-
pose in our present liberal state of feeling,
much better than when we have become big-
oted like others, as we shall be apt to be just
as far as we become established in error.

The disheveled fragments of broken sys-
tems or former beliefs, are floating in one
general chaos and wafted on every breeze,
and we are looking for a new creation, organi-
zation, or arrangement of these floating par-
ticles, till order shall spring out of, or suc-
ceed the prevalent confusion, and millennial
harmony and simplicity shall ensue, and ev-
ery one must expect that the fire which is to
try his works (and of course the principle and
spirit that induced them) will subject him to
more or less loss, (if loss we may call it), and
the more error we can rid ourselves of, the

less mortification we shall feel in the general
expose that must be near at hand.

There is an idea somewhat prevalent among
us as Spiritualists, that I wish to speak of, to
which the above remarks are but prefatory.

It is quite commonly taught by Spiritual-
ists in our part of the country, that as medi-
ums we do not receive communications from
God, from Jesus, or from any very high
spirits, that an idea that we get communica-
tions from those high sources is founded in
a species of vanity, conceit or ignorance in the
medium, and not in sober rational truth.

Doubtless spirits are much like men; if
some of them are mere hoaxes, who like to
swell out with great names and great stories
whenever they go abroad where they think
they are not known, we have probably all
seen demonstrations of that kind, but if we
judge of spirits as we do of men, it will be
easy to discover their windy pomposity, and
bragadocioism as expressed through their me-
diums, just as easy as to detect it in mortals
under other circumstances.

These self-consequential have doubtless
disgusted observers, as well as injured their
mediums, and have left on many of our minds
an idea or impression that all claims to high
influences are of that stamp; we should re-
member that as mediums, each man has his
peculiar sphere of action which must appear
to him of the first importance, and it takes
more sober second thought than men usually
exercise to make us realize what after all we
know, that the sphere of another is just as
important to him and to the cause, as our own,
and while we feel this spirit of exclusiveness,
as though "we are the men and wisdom shall
die with us," we naturally attract to us some
who are but "I" spirits from the spheres,
under these circumstances it is no wonder
that we should run away with an idea that
ours is the highest commission God has given
in our day, and if possible less, then no won-
der that the ill balanced brain of such should
get thrown still farther out of balance as they
come in contact with the (to them) mortify-
ing fact that the sphere they are called to
move in, is not regarded by the masses as
they regard it.

Notwithstanding these difficulties, I am
satisfied that man is competent to hold con-
verse with the highest spirit in the spheres,
the great Supreme not excepted. The ob-
jector claims that God, Jesus, and other very
high spirits are too far above us and too busily
engaged to notice such mere specks in the
universe as we are; but for myself, I regard
a want of condescension in men or spirits as
containing no marks of goodness or greatness.

If the president of a college feels it beneath
him to teach a child the alphabet, a spirit that
is above noticing me is beneath my respect, and
a nearer approach to such would not be desir-
able. Those who object to the idea of our
communings with God cannot separate their
theory from the old doctrine of his personal-
ity.

If God is the essence of all spiritual life
and intelligence, then he is with all spiritual
intelligent beings and must be approachable
by them, in truth the contact is unavoidable
whether it give pleasure or pain, to be en-
tirely separate from this intercourse we must
be out of the universe. But if God is a mere
person sitting on some pedestal or throne to
receive the adulations as a pack of fools who
have no higher motive than to spend an eter-
nity in a holiday heaven without any rational
business to do, then he might be too much de-
lighted (if vain enough to be so) to notice us,
and in that case we should be just as willing
he would not notice us as would, and should
never think of seeking his society, but if he
is an all-wise, all-powerful and benevolent
being as we think him to be, then there is
nothing of his works however small that es-
capes his notice, and to suppose that we com-
mune with him, or with any spirit this side of
him, gives no evidence of ignorance or arro-
gance. Yours for the right.

H. FOSTER.

A CHRISTIAN UNIVERSALIST.—A party
were one day discussing the merits and de-
merits of the different religious denominations
in presence of a little girl, whose mother was
a Christian and father a Universalist.

At last one of the party becoming weary,
turned playfully to her and said,
"Well my dear, what is your religion?"

"Oh," said she artfully "I am going to be
like my father and mother both, I shall be a
Christian Universalist."

We wonder if this little child's religion
wouldn't fit older heads.

FELL.

The more skillfully the language of goodness
is assumed, the greater the depravity.

Thoughts are oftentimes angel's whispers.
The sweetest thing on earth is charity.

For the World's Paper A Chapter on Invalids.

By BELL.

Reader, did you ever learn a lesson in the
sick room at the couch of the invalid? If
not, come with me now and I will show you a
page of its inner life. If you have, you will
come with me the more readily, for we shall
then together tread upon familiar ground.

Did you ever sit by the side of one dearer
than life itself, count the fainting pulse, and
watch with despairing heart, the shadow as it
swept over the loved face, telling that Death
was near? Have you ever watched night
after night, and day by day, some friend over
whose suffering form lay a darker shadow
than that of death, the shadow of a Living
Death, and seen how week by week, month
after month, and year by year, nature still
struggled on and wrestled with its fate? Or
have you like some "Sister of Charity," stood
at some lone stranger's couch and heard the
murmurings there for friends long past away,
or those whose homes were far from that
lone, weary one? If so you have learned one
lesson. But there is still a deeper one, have
you learned that also?

When you have counted the heart throbs,
have you seen also, the pulsation of the mind?
When you have watched the heaving of the
chest, and listened to the labored breathing,
have you watched also for, and listened to the
inspirations and respirations of the mind?
When you have gazed upon the changing
countenance, have you read there in the look
of agony, and the momentary calm, in the
ghastly palor and the fever flush, anything
of the workings of mind within? And more
particularly, when you have watched month
by month and year by year, and have seen
the history of the changing system, the
wasting form and untold hours of pain and
suffering, have you also read day by day and
year by year the page of mental, suffering,
the history of the soul within? If you have
not, the greatest lesson is still unlearned.

There is more to be seen and felt in the sick
chamber than the physician can tell you or
the nurse detect. They may tell of the phys-
ical suffering and the outer changes there,
but if you know all, go watch for yourself and
read unwritten language—for no other can
ever tell. Listen to silent voices, for no tongue
may speak it, read each look, each thought,
each motion, not with an outer but an inner
Sight and know what suffering is, what its ef-
fect upon the human mind.

It is hard to be crushed just as youth is
bursting into manhood or womanhood, hard
to know one's doom is sealed, one's days are
numbered, when the earth looks bright and
fair, and joys bright light has never paled.
Hard indeed when friends are gathered round
and catch their smiles seems almost
Heaven—and when we know those friends
live only in our sheltering care. But there
is something harder still than this. Those
long, almost unending year of pain, suffering
and yet not dying, living and yet not acting,
a sickness unto death, and yet not quite to
death—what physicians call a Chronic case.
This, as far as my observations have extend-
ed, is worse than all.

One can well bear with suffering for a day,
a month, but years are quite a different thing.
As the body will tire of exercise and exertions,
so the mind will tire of endurance. 'Tis not
so hard a thing to be a martyr, when the time
of suffering is short. I can perceive how so
many have crowded the scaffold with such a
dauntless soul, and even how the fires of
Smithfield found so many a willing martyr,
but to bear for years instead of hours is something
more. I doubt if they, the fearless—had borne
continued suffering with a better grace than
some of the martyrs of which I design to speak
—Invalids for Life.

Circumstances have led me to see much of
Invalids. I have seen many laboring under
physical sufferings, some lying at the point of
death, others writhing in the grasp of a dis-
ease severe in itself, yet not mortal, some
comfortably sick as many express it (I have
always wondered where the comfort was) but
circumstances have led me to see more of
those who were not dangerously but hopelessly
sick, that is, with no hope either of life or
death. A long, lingering martyrdom—Inval-
ids for Life.

When listening to their tale of suffering,
sometimes from their own lips, sometimes
from friends when they have been too weak
to talk, sometimes from strangers' careless
tones, I have often thought no doom was half
so dark as theirs. Endure, endure ENDURE!
'Twould be such happiness to work, to toil,
yes, any suffering so that it be a change
And when I have turned away with my heart
full of the pages, I had read of their whole
life's deep suffering, with the tears welling up
from the deep fountain of sympathy within
my soul which only a strong will could check

and have heard such cold, unfeeling words of
pity from the careless world, my better feel-
ings have sometimes almost turned to scorn at
such deep selfishness. 'Tis hard to suffer on
and be forgotten by the world, because one's
lot, is suffering—but their only sin—but better
to be forgotten, than have cold pity interspersed
with such unfeeling words as these. "I
know they are sick, but I should be sick if I
should do as they do." "I should be sick if I
should go to bed and imagine myself so." "I
know they suffer, but I suffer as much and
yet keep about." I am almost tempted to
give up myself at times, but my judgment says
go on. "I pity them but their suffering is
only imaginary." Such tender mercies are
crucities.

When I have sat at the bedside of some
dear friend and seen and felt how deep their
sufferings were, and then have heard such
words as these, I have sometimes thought if I
had an enemy, one that I hated with the bit-
terest hatred, one upon whom I had the wish
and power to inflict the deepest torture, I would
sink him into the depths of one of these low,
lingering, excruciating, chronic, diseases, and
then place him at the mercy of the world.
He would have no need of a hell, no need of
fiends to torment him, his cup would be full. I do not
mean by this, that the world is wholly bad
wholly cold, selfish and unfeeling. I know
there are some warm hearts, some Christ-like
minds some who pity with the true spirit of
charity, with the true sympathy of soul. But
there are so many who forget their own feel-
ings are not a thermometer by which to mea-
sure others; and judge harshly that which
they know nothing of, that I sometimes almost
fancy for a moment the world is all dark.

While the physician has watched the effect
of desire upon the body, I have watched its
effect upon the mind. The same disease of
feels physically, different organizations in man-
ny different ways, & there are as many varia-
tions in its effect upon the mind. In some it
creates a morbid irritability, a sensitiveness as
about trifles and sometimes a hardness of feeling,
a far greater portion become stiffened and sub-
dued by physical suffering; and it has been
with a strange, deep mysterious interest that
I have sometimes watched the refinement of
feeling and thought going on within, while
the form was daily writhing under the tor-
tures of an excruciating disease. What
a strange soft light sometimes beams from
the eye of an Invalid, making you sit and
sometimes dream of Heaven. What lights
and shadows come and go over the counte-
nance as though the spirit felt this power
within, and spoke of unseen things. And
then when the last hour comes, how many a
different aspect is presented in the room of
the Invalid, some shrink from its approach as
from the most hideous monster and fear the
dark valley through which they expect to
pass, still less than the fearful gulf they dread
beyond. Others, having no hope of Immortal-
ity, with the pride of a stoic, let go their
hold of life and wrapping their mantle round
them, resign themselves to the dark waves of
oblivion. And still others with a beautiful
faith, clinging to the hope of Immortality and
happiness; and trusting in the Father's Love
look steadily towards the higher home and
without fear or trembling pass away. And
there are others, who, as they approach the
confines of the better world become so spiri-
tually in themselves that they seem to catch a
glimpse of the life beyond, and look upon the
forms of Angels waiting to bear them away.
We have many such cases on record, through-
out all ages of the world, and sometimes see it a-
mong our own, as we gaze upon their last
scene in life. How triumphant is their death.
No fear of hell to fright their souls as they
prepare for their departure, no stoic's pride,
recklessly defies, or is wholly indifferent towards
the future, no faith that just bears the soul
above the clouds, and causes it to cheer-
fully say farewell, then turn its face hope-
fully to the brighter world to begin its journey,
but a knowledge to the gazing soul of the pres-
ence of Angels and a consciousness that they
are not to take the journey alone. That Angels
go with them, and where the light of the
radiant countenances are, there can be no
dark valley, and the pathway they lead them
through must be to God. How the soul lets
go of all its treasures, stretches its hands to
the Angels Guides and exultant passes a-
way. With no lingering doubt to torment, no
undefinable fear, but a perfect out-gushing of
the soul to seek its better home, a beautiful
then is death. Its victory, its sting is gone.

I will give a few sketches—briefly that I
need not tire your patience—to illustrate the
different phases of suffering; endurance and
death as I have seen them. Reader, remem-
ber I am drawing no fancy sketches, but I
place before you a few pictures of real life, as
they have been presented to me from time to
time.

And first stands before me the image of a
young lady, an invalid from the age of nine

years. But so patient and enduring, and so
cheerful withal, that she was as a mellow sur-
beam in her home, shedding, if not a bright,
yet a softened light on all around. And thus
she lived uncomplaining until the measure of
her time on earth was run. It was but a short
time before her death that I first became ac-
quainted with her. I was with her much dur-
ing the last four weeks of her earth life, and
she always greeted me with a cheerful smile
as her lips breathed good morning, even when
she was suffering with pain, even when I could
hardly smile in return. And so to the time
when the consciousness stole over her senses and
her spirit prepared for its coming change. No
fear of death, although she was neither a stoic,
an infidel or a Christian, as the world terms
them. She was so pure, and the principle of
love was so highly developed in herself that it
seemed to shut out even the bare possibility
of a Creator, who could destroy. And though
her lot was suffering, yet she was the very
embodiment of hope and faith, and this
with the fully developed principle of love
would not permit her to doubt. Within her-
self was a consciousness, a recognition of the
principle of progression, although she knew it
not, and on this she rested. Virtually leav-
ing upon the strength within herself or the
Deity manifest there, she passed away.

Another I knew who had been educated in
the strongest and most strict principles of
Calvinism, and had supposed herself to have
passed through the change of heart preparatory
to death, yet when the long dark hours of
sickness came, feared and trembled in her soul
and shrank in fright from the tomb, fearing
she was not yet prepared. And only by the
efforts of friends could she be won back to con-
solation in the hour of her departure. And
even then, doubts and fears would arise, and
though, having been taught to worship God,
yet in her long hours of trial she could not
trust. Such is the form of education, and
such is the effect of suffering upon peculiar
organizations.

I have a friend, one whom I love almost
with a sister's love, who has been helplessly
and hopelessly an invalid from a child. Only
by the aid of friends is she lifted from her bed
to her chair, or perhaps to take a ride in the
open air. Her limbs are contracted and are
drawn from their natural proportions, and none
could suppose her capable of using her hands
to any advantage, and yet she writes a plain,
legible hand & sometimes surpasses herself
in fine needlework. There she lies hour after
hour, or sits in the chair in which she is placed,
physically inactive, but though it is busy at its
work, there is no inactivity. Only for the few
last years have I known her, and is astonish-
ing to see how her mind has expanded during
that short time. She lives not in vain. The
growth of her soul is not checked. Her reason-
ing faculties are well developed, reason-
s and writes with that depth, clearness and force
which so characterizes a strong, matured and
well balanced mind. It is sometimes the case
that physical debility occasions a correspond-
ing debility of mind, but it is often that the
mind is crushed and made incapable of man-
ifesting itself by weakness of body, though in
full possession of all its powers. And still
often, that the mind by its incapability of
manifesting itself through the body in a nat-
ural way, gathers itself together and acts al-
most wholly upon and within itself. It is in
such cases that we often see those surprising
developments of mind with no corresponding
power in the physical. Being cut off from
enjoyment through the body, the mind seems
to realize and appreciate the full beauty and
happiness of intercommunion. Doomed never
to know the enjoyment of physical strength,
power and force, it seems to rejoice in the
power, strength and force it has within,
revel in the expansion of the soul, and live in
the life within—its almost only enjoyment.
Such a life is not wholly in vain. Of more
true usefulness to that mind and to the world
than many a one that has gone forth in the
full strength of its manhood or womanhood,
without appreciating or knowing the full val-
ue of its existence, the powers that live with-
in, or the use to which those powers shall be
lent. And there is happiness in such a life
if one can only endure, bear and live it aright.
Such happiness has my friend found. If there
is anything which I look upon as being the
greatest achievement, it is the developing
that power in the soul which under any cir-
cumstances, want, woe, pain, misery, (either
of the physical or mental) scorn, reproach of
the world and unappreciation—long contin-
ued until the years seem an eternity—can
endure and still endure with the firmness of
a martyr, the soul rising higher and still high-
er under the fiery ordeal, a conqueror victo-
rious, sitting amid the ruins of life and yet
having its own kingdom within. Oh! it is a
glorious thing to learn in its highest, noblest
sense to suffer and be strong. Man has

even conquered his fate, no matter how dark, how long continued and how dreary. I have seen more of this feeling among invalids than any other class of sufferers, and yet it is not known. They indeed

"Pass the watchword down the line,
Pass the countersign—Endure!"

They are the martyrs who wear the crown of thorns, whose hands and feet and sides are pierced in the long crucifixion of life, and yet amid the long line of martyrs their names are never enrolled—unless it be in the Great Life Book, where all facts, thoughts and feelings are truly recorded.

And another, so different from the case last mentioned. In the spring time of life she was stricken from all that made life bright and beautiful, and year by year lay in her darkened room a helpless, hopeless invalid for life. I loved her well. I knew her well. And hour by hour I watched beside her bed, day and night, and at the midnight hour, watched not alone the pulse, the cheek, the eye, the brow and every want, but watched the thoughts that came and went, and waves of feeling that swept that soul like ocean tides. The world saw not, knew not her suffering and her pain. They did not see the struggle in the soul for freedom. The wish to act, the almost wild despair, because the soul could not break its chains. And they unthinkingly said, "Her wish to act is gone. Her love of friends and life has fled. She does not care to be with us again." Oh! how my heart rebelled at words like these. For there I watched and saw it all, or all another mind could trace. The burning tears of agony that would not start in hours of darkest pain but gushed in hopeless misery at the thought of this undying state. The yearning for its own first early active life and friends, and when this hope was fairly crushed from out that heart the call, the wild deep prayer for death. No dull unseeing state and apathy of thought as deemed the world, but wave on wave of restless thought rose high like molten lava burning in the caverns of the soul. Oh! I have wept such tears for her but all in vain. And I have held that brow when almost wild with pain and almost writhed myself to see the long dark suffering of her weary years. She could not "bear and yet be still," but wildly wrestled with her fate in those dark hours, until I've turned away and wept and prayed that she might die. What knew or cared the world? They almost turned my heart to stone.

But stop—we'll leave her there. I only wish to wake the human heart to
Learn to pity those who lie
Wrapped in their shroud of gloom,
Who living not, yet do not die—
Themselves a living tomb.
There is a Great Within to every human history, and strangely changed would human judgment be could it but read it right. And Invalids—so suffering, yet forgotten—would find their share of human sympathy
Green Mountains, 1858.

Poetical.
For the World's Paper.
To Cora Wilburn.
Welcome, welcome Sister Cora
To our own Green Mountain Band,
To our own home and firesides—
We offer hearts as well as hands.
We welcome the voice that speaks
Light and life to suffering men,
And thy notes of love and freedom
Let us hear them oft again.
Well I know thy spirit pineth
For a brighter day to come,
Unto face who live and suffer,
Giving them a brighter home.
Well I know thy soul is soaring
To the land of love and bliss,
Bringing back a welcome message
Unto weary ones in this.
Well I know thy thirst of spirit
Has been slaked with waters there
And thy soul brightly giving
To others, "Come and share."
Well I know thy eyes that found thee
Have been burst and then art freed,
Herald of the Light from Heaven
Gladly do we welcome thee.
In the warm luxuriant Tropics
Thou hast gathered brighter flowers,
But they vie not with the garland
Thou hast brought from Angel flowers.
Gather then the richest treasures,
Send us a wreath of Love,
And we'll twine them with the Chaplet
We have brought from Heaven above.
Green Mountain March, 1858. — BELL.

Fancies.
I set my down beside the fire,
In the evening cold and dim;
While on the wall came flitting nigher,
The shadows dark and grim
They came flitting, flitting nearer,
As the night grew cold and drear.
Then came a happy angel band,
And whispering in my ear;
They clasped within their own my hand,
And said "thy friends are here."
They came whispering, softly whispering
Till my eyes with tears were glistening.
For they whispered of a better,
Of a brighter, fairer land;
Where all free from earthly fetters,
Lives the bright and joyous band,
Brightly on our own lives beaming,
Like the star through dark night gleaming.
Now the forms of heavenly beauty,
By my side so kindly stand;
With sweet words of love and duty,
Came they from that better land
From the fields Elysian straying,
And in heavenly accents saying.
Still on time's spaces thou art staying,
Waiting for the welcome sound;
Still the Father's dearest,
Beneath his Angel's down,
Partly friends are growing dearer,
As the dark hours seemeth nearer.

But the Father soon will call thee
From this home to one above;
And thy friends are long will greet thee
In the world of heavenly love.
Tear thee up—be hopeful ever,
For this love shall fill thee, never.

We are waiting for thy coming,
Through the dark and misty vale;
Cheering on, thy footsteps guiding,
Till we have thy presence hail,
Longing waiting, ever clearing,
Always trusting never failing.

Thus they brought me nearer heaven,
By their words with wisdom true;
And I wished the clouds were driven,
Which barred me here to care and strife.
But the wish was vain, for striving
Is the art of useful living.

Still around me they are sitting—
Still around me they are sitting—
While in the dim light I am
They become me to you bright
Ah, I hear them, how heavenly voices!
Glorious! how my heart rejoices.

But the darkness row is banished,
By the morning's beaming light;
And those shadows grim, have vanished,
And those fumes so heavily bright;
Still, the thought that they are near me,
Shall through every dark hour cheer me.

But the Father soon will call thee
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to attract a class of high and pure spirits to use them, and that the instructions may be good, they must live in obedience to the laws of God, spiritually, morally and physically.

They must at all times go forth selecting the hardest places where there is most opposition, and there preach without apology for dress, features, style, education or parentage.

With these inducements we invite all to come forth and lecture on the all important subject of Spiritualism.

The field is large, and the harvest is ripe. Forward your names and they shall be recorded in the World's Paper, as co-workers and laborers with us.

Hon. L. Poland.
Dear Sir:—I claim so far as this inquiry is concerned, to be second to no man in this State.

I wish you to inform me how I can get my rights in courts of law. I have tried it and been defeated again and yet again.

I have been defeated on notes at hand, as honest as could be made. I have been defeated where the case was proved by three unimpeached witnesses on my side, and no evidence on the other able to counter balance, and the Judge would give us the law. I have tried different counsel, and those most eminent and learned in their profession.

I have tried in different Counties, but defeat has been my fate. Now pray tell me what is the matter. I am sane, sober and intelligent. I am also honest, and have ever believed it to be the best policy—have so been told by good folks from my boyhood and I still believe it, not because I stand a better chance in a lawsuit, but because it makes me feel better and can enjoy life better.

Now Judge how can you as chief Justice save a party's case for him, when in the lower courts the facts are all made out on one side by false testimony, and the honest story is told on the other by only one witness and he not believed. I have been taught that we have certain rights inalienable, guaranteed to us by the Constitution, among which is the peaceable possession of property. This I find to be a mere theory, or profession the fact is not so. I find also that the right promised us by that instrument called the Constitution of the United States, does not protect us in the enjoyment of our religious opinions and many other things, we find it weak and inefficient practically—not professedly. Now Judge, I allude to this instrument in connection with my inquiries that you may see the point I am at. The Constitution is well enough as a profession or theory, so are the laws under it, but men will and do legalize crime and fraud.

They are professionally, great friends to the Constitution, but practically, guilty of high treason.

In the case mentioned, in suits, we see a man is robbed of his money, although the Constitution says he shall be protected in his property. In expounding our opinion freely as to religion, we are persecuted by the professional and robbed of our good name; so you see we are in no way free to express our views. But as my subject widens before me, and space as well as propriety invites me to close, I do so, and hope you will not for a moment entertain the thought, that this inquiry of you for an honest object, can in the slightest manner tarnish your well merited reputation, as Justice and Gentlemen.

D. TARBELL JR.

Imposition.
We are credibly informed that two or three French families, living about three miles from this place, have taken up the degrading, unnecessary business of begging. They go with old poor horses and tattered clothes, representing that their husbands are absent or sick, or that they have labored for people and lost their pay, and many other false statements for the sake of arousing the sympathy of our tender hearted people.

Now as we are well acquainted with these people, we feel it our duty to inform the public that they are healthy and able to labor, and their labor is all wanted for ready pay. Their husbands can have all the work they want, with good ample pay, as there are several parties lumbering in the vicinity, and all able, willing and want to pay for the labor. But these low French, who are the connecting link between man and beast, had rather lie in their huts, drink & smoke, than to be at work chopping wood, or other honorable labor, while their wives & children are out deceiving the people. Sympathy and human kindness is a virtue when directed to proper objects of suffering, but when it is encouraging idleness, drunkenness & crime, it is a curse. These people as a class, in this vicinity, have always had large pay for all they have done, and are almost all in debt to the inhabitants in sums, varying from five to fifty dollars each, and I do not believe they ever lost a dollar of honestly earned money, in this vicinity. The fact is, they will not rise from their low habits, and calculate to steal, beg and deceive, to support themselves in idleness and drunkenness, rather than honestly earn their support. So all you give this class of beggars is a direct injury to good habits and good morals.

The people of the Union spend in a year for newspapers, \$15,000,000, and would if they all paid their debts.

The origin of newspapers is traced to Italy.

Franklin's "Boston News Letters" was the first in America. It commenced in 1701

to attract a class of high and pure spirits to use them, and that the instructions may be good, they must live in obedience to the laws of God, spiritually, morally and physically.

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Angels with the Blind.
In listening to the simple and unsophisticated tale of a poor blind man a few days since, (who has not had the slightest learning as I can learn towards Modern Spiritualism) I saw such perfect manifest interposition of kind and loving guardian spirits, I can not keep from recording the blind man's story. So I must begin where he did, or you will not see how I was so fortunate as to learn a good lesson for all that meet great misfortunes here.

Mr. Harvey C. Gilman of St. Johnsbury, Vt., known all through this region as the blind soap man, can hardly distinguish day from night—has been totally blind four or five years; for the last two years he has supported his family by selling a peculiar kind of soap, which he became acquainted with at the eye Infirmary in Boston—the only thing that he thought benefitted him the whole year he was there.

In connection with this trade he also has a small stock of jewelry, gold pens, rings, pins, &c., which are presented in the form of a lottery, something as nearly all religious societies have at donation parties, a ring in a cake-grab bag and so much for a slice, or for putting your hand into the bag. But his was more equitable, for any one that bought one or two cakes of soap, had a chance to draw from his prizes.

Now to his narrative; as he was in my store looking for prizes, he was asked if he was not afraid of being complained of for selling lottery tickets? His answer was, "While up north on my last trip in the town, a protracted meeting was zealously being carried on, and three ministers made me a special visit. I heard them candidly portray my wickedness in too highly recommending my soap, and selling it with the privilege of a chance to my prizes, was unlawful; after they had finished, I gave them a true history of my life, suffering and great misfortune, and how I happened to be in this humble calling; and when I had finished they were in tears it was said, and each one bought a cake of soap without asking to put their hand in my grab-bag. Five years ago I was well and doing a prosperous business in the butchering business, and worth \$2000 with a good wife and as I supposed, many loving neighbors and friends. But oh! how poverty and helplessness changed our starling among our supposed tried friends.

Inflammation settled upon the optic nerves. I tried everything and as the last resort left my business in what I supposed good hands, and went to the celebrated eye Infirmary in Boston; after a long and unsuccessful trial, attended with great expense and suffering.

I was informed there was no hopes for me. The shock that this intelligence gave me, is indescribable—that I never could see and enjoy the great variety of shades and colors—of beloved friends—books—papers not even the first step could I know was safe. But all must be utter darkness; without one ray of hope I came home in this melancholy dejected state, my property gone—business poorly managed—had used up nearly all. I had built me a neat little house, but was indebted some \$600, and without the slightest prospect of ever being able to earn another cent. Friends fallen off; and but few, took any interest in my unhappy forlorn condition."

Could you have heard him spoke of one that had not changed you would have realized the value of true friendship.

"My wife seemed ten thousand times dearer than ever, the only one that could truly sympathize. In this forlorn & wretched state, with no prospects of ever being any better, I retired to my bed one afternoon, to get rid of time. I fell into a dream, I thought I stood upon a beautiful hill, and as I gazed off into the valley (two I think he said) were filled with dimes, and they were mine, and farther looking, showed the hill that I stood upon, to be made of the soap that I used at the eye Infirmary of Boston.

I received the impression that I could fill my pockets with dimes by selling this soap, and being at the same time useful to myself, and mankind. I wrote to Boston to find where it was manufactured—got the agency, have been selling less than two years, paid up the mortgage, supported my family, and have sold almost a mountain of soap and the two valleys (my pockets) have ever been filled with dimes, and this is true."

And I owe all this business and prosperity to a dream that I never conceived of in my normal state.

NATH'L RANDALL.
Feb 23th. St Johnsbury, Vt.

Innocence.
A little girl of three summers whose love of flowers and everything beautiful, amounted to almost a passion, was one morning playing in a garden among them and seeing a purple Morning Glory in full bloom bent down to kiss it.

A humblebee was buzzing about the flowers, and the child from its beautiful color mistook it for a Butterfly, and only loved the flower the more for the beautiful Butterfly, and the Butterfly more for the bright flower.

But just as her sweet innocent face approached the flower, the Bee true to its nature, stung her upon her cheek.

Frightened at the unexpected attack; &

smarting from the wound, she ran to her mother and amid her tears said, "Mama, when I went to kiss my beautiful Morning Glory, a Butterfly bit me on my cheek. How could the Butterfly when it was almost as beautiful as my flower?"

"My child," said the Mother, "it was not a Butterfly, but a Bee that always stings when disturbed. Learn from this that the beautiful are not always good, and be careful how you approach them too closely, until you have learned what they are."

"Oh," said the child, weeping bitterly "I did not think anything so beautiful could sting."

"Spiritual Indecencies."
A wealthy and highly respectable merchant of this city occasionally finds pleasure in enlightening his friends, and such as may express a desire for knowledge of the spirit manifestations of the age, by the exhibition of these wonders at his residence near the State House.

It is to be regretted, perhaps, that the usual stations through the medium whose patron he is, are made only in the dark, for were it otherwise an orthodox deacon would not have overstepped the bounds of decency, and furnished matter for these remarks. But on the other hand, the clergy and press would not have light upon such indecencies in "high" places, and many more of their lambs might have gone into spiritual indecencies, ere they had warned them to beware of the danger.

Among the visitors to this family not many weeks since, was an influential deacon of an Orthodox church in the western part of this State; a man whose head is white from between sixty and seventy years of service in this world, and who has a family, and is somewhat high in authority in the State as well as the church.

After the light was extinguished, the deacon, forgetting that he was the guest of a respectable family, and thus mindful of that duty he owed to the landlady of the house, by whose side he was seated at the table, commenced manipulations upon the hands & arms of his hostess. At first she excused it, upon the ground that he was a very old man, a deacon, and perhaps somewhat of a medium; although from such short acquaintance as she had with him, she had not been accustomed to this display of medium powers from any medium. However, the deacon continued, and got more bold, until the lady could have no doubt of his intentions, though it was some minutes before she could believe that so respectable a deacon, and so old a man, could intend an insult. At last there was no mistaking it, however, and the landlady ordered the gas to be lighted, declaring that however meagre the manifestations to the company might have appeared, she had been favored with some very remarkable manifestations. Out of consideration for the worthy gentleman and lady at whose suggestions the deacon was invited to her house, and also from a high esteem she entertained for a relative of the deacon, he was allowed to take his leave in a most sudden and sneaking manner, without an exposure being made of his lecherous conduct.

There are frequent manifestations of this kind at circles, and we trust the press and pulpit will take the matter in hand, and insist that when their deacons and other lambs of the flock stray away into the spiritual circles, they will not take it for granted that spiritualists are all free-lovers, because they have told them so, and attempt to practice "Spiritual Indecencies."—*Illuminati.*

Feed the Hungry.
John Washington Farmer, Esq., plumber by occupation, opened a free dining saloon last November, at 47 Ludlow street, and for a season gave dinners to some forty regular customers; but it soon got noised about that the poor could go there and be filled without money and without price, and his custom rapidly increased. On the 11th of January he enlarged his saloon so that eighty four persons can comfortably stand at his table. The throng became so great that officers are regularly detailed to attend in the middle of the day, and to preserve order among the hungry crowd. The place is open for eating from 6 A. M. to 11 P. M. "I am hungry," is the password, and no questions are asked. Of these customers there are at present about six hundred regularly, and some three or four hundred more patronize the establishment occasionally. All hungering humanity is bidden to the feast, without respect to country or color. Women are first served; second, the men; and lastly, children.

On the 6th inst., 1,093 persons were fed by this man at his table. Several persons have offered to contribute to Mr. Farmer's noble enterprise, but his answer is, that he is able to carry out his own purposes, and advises the benevolent to do likewise in other parts of the city. Mr. F. has already served up 32 barrels of flour, 7 quarters of beef, 360 bushels potatoes, 120 hams, 10 bush-

els onions, 2 barrels herrings, a barrel mackerel, beside the necessary small stores. Four women and four men, beside Mr. Farmer, are constantly busy in cooking and waiting on the hungry. Mr. F. has expended over \$4,000, and still there is more as long as anybody says "I am hungry."—*Spiritual Telegraph.*

Are we Spirits?
BY A SPIRIT.

Spirits of light desire to dictate a few thoughts touching the subject that is now engrossing so deeply the attention of mankind. The wisdom of the earth has been startled and confounded at the growth of the mysterious tree; nor does history of past ages afford an instance of like bearing.

And what are the reflections induced? In other days, amid excitement and despair, doctrines and beliefs, have been forced. Now Reason grasps Truth. It is not the voice of mortals that disturbs popular sentiment to unfold the progressing realities of the moment. This may give the humble shout, and proclaim the blessings being received; but spirits can and will introduce themselves. They know well the way to Earth and have marked the streams of vice and error that flow into Society. They are not ignorant of the hold of vicious habit on the minds of the masses; nor do they misjudge the causes that produce the sad affections. But they see what the embodied eye does not. They behold the reality of what would seem to you of earth but a dream. When spirits announce their intention and willingness to strew your path with flowers of spiritual growth; when they speak of the beauty and grandeur and glory of the new life; when they bring the pleasing fact, that beyond the comprehension of standard knowledge, and above the walks of the most extended wisdom, there dwell beings who were once called human; that the change, wherein Death divides the mortal from the immortal part—the grosser from the finer qualities the essence from the substance—but led them into the company of those who had long since gone before; and who were thought to have been wafted to a miserable or happy point of Eternity; that interior nature is alive and active with your brethren that were born on earth, but who out-lived the frail form of clay; when spirits reveal all this, though it be precious and nappy truth, it is not for you to be hasty; neither feel over-anxious; this causes confusion—but be passive.

Principle is truth; and if your intercourse with the dwellers of another sphere of existence cannot be traced to, and made to rest on, a principle of the same nature that withers the leaf and breathes blossoms on the tree, it is not truth, and may be dangerous in the land. But a voice higher than the councils of earth has spoken! A wisdom more sublime than that of mortals has penetrated the mystery that hid men from angels! A world of arms, strong and firm, lifted the veil, and the brother who cannot behold the light must deceive Spirits with a false crying. The truth is with you, for you, and he who is unable to embrace it must be entangled.

On an attending principle with that by which they commune with earth, Spirits have discovered the cancerous enclaments that have so weakened Society. And though it may not be strictly apparent to all, yet a silent, unseen power has grappled the most lively root. Rejoice with your brother, but do not detain spirits with careless requests. They know well their work—already do they enjoy glory. The hand of reformation has struck—"peace! be still," has gone down to the troubled wave, and even now can be heard the angel's whisper.

If, then, you can be sustained in a belief that you are in the presence of spirits; no matter whether before known to the world, or not—your friends are permitted to return from their death journey—what should be your duty? Spirits desire passiveness on your part, but you do not give it; and why? because you do not withdraw yourself from the confusion around; you cannot be passive in fetters; you cannot see truth through the heavy veils of sectarianism. Clear and free from all these mias, you lift your thoughts, if you would feel noble—you would gather the blessings of spiritual communion.

But neglect not the principle that answers the question, "Are we Spirits?"—*Age of Progress.*

THE SMILE OF INFANCY.—Is there anything so lovely, so innocent and pure, as the smile of infancy? It is the good spirits which manifest their presence by the heavenly expression of the divine image. They act through the pure and innocent medium. And O! how more than happy if in after life the engrossment of material things did not drive them away, that we would always smile as in infancy.—*Ed.*

We have received the Agitator the Progressive Friend published at Elgin, Ill.

Persevere!

Great is the virtue of perseverance! Dr. Johnson tells us that diligence, which is nearly the same as perseverance, is never wholly lost. Even though we miss our principal aim, we gain by its pursuit in the spirit of perseverance.

The fable of the hare and the tortoise has been aptly used to illustrate the value of perseverance. The former trusted to the swiftness of its foot, and delayed setting off upon the proposed race so long, that the latter first reached the goal, and won the prize, slow motioned as it necessarily was.

Human society is full of the tardy hare's imitators. They sadly lack not only the quality of perseverance, but that of promptitude as well—or rather, as ill. They will hesitate while others take the prizes of life. Ay, while they hesitate, and console themselves that they are not as "reckless" as some competitors, the condemned one perseveres, and leaves them far behind, in mediocrity of success, if not utter despair and failure, leaves them to quote, in self-gratulation—

"Fools step in where angels fear to tread"—the quaters themselves being the "angels," of course, and everybody else the "fools."

Yes, perseverance is a noble quality, or rather, a combination of qualities, in which hope and courage meet forethought and discretion, and work together, for good, in the most beautiful accordance.

Young man! do you feel discouraged? Arouse yourself, and persevere! If you cannot be a hare in swiftness, determine to be a tortoise in steadiness of purpose and action. You will come out far ahead of many a dilatory hare in the great race of humanity.

—Age of Freedom.

Visitations of Providence.

A story has been published in nearly all the secular and religious papers, to the effect that a man in Indiana, (we believe) after digging his potatoes last fall, found them very rotten, and cursed God with all the strength of his lungs, for some time. He went to the house, and sitting down to rest, found himself unable to rise. Here he remained many hours, his family became frightened and fled, leaving the poor man for aught they would do, to die for the want of care and food. And these editors impute this affliction to the revenge of God for what they call blasphemy to him, when in all probability the man was merely troubled with rheumatism or some other physical disease, and proper care would have quickly restored him.

Such imputations are unworthy the intelligence in which we live. When the revelations of Providence were regarded as infidel and blasphemous when the destructions of lightning were received as punishments for our sins—when to light the streets with gas was as thwarting God's holy purpose of making night dark—when to believe that human bodies had been exalted which could not have been living less than sixty thousand years ago, was supposed to be blasphemous—when the science of Phrenology proclaimed that every man was more or less religious—in such an age, it would be natural to cherish the superstitious notions of special Providences; but with all the wisdom which has been given to the world, it is a matter of surprise to those who seem to be learned and profess to be sensible, should so ignorantly pronounce God the author of our misfortunes, however insignificant they may be.

God works by natural, unchanging laws. The sun shines and the shower falls the same on the fields of him who works and him who lounges. Afflictions visit the transgressor of natural laws, whether he be white or black, Christian or villain. By a thorough knowledge of the laws of nature, which are God's laws, we shall avoid all suffering, and become truly the workers of our own salvation. In this age, there is no excuse for ignorance of these laws of the Almighty. Existing facts and scientific dissertations are within the reach of all. Even the newspapers diffuse many of them, and our neglect to obey will bring retribution upon ourselves, and posterity, as certain as God governs by unchanging laws.—Wood County Reporter.

WHY MOUNTAINS ARE COLD.—It is a curious scientific fact that the atoms of air, as we ascend, are at a great distance from each other. If the distance between any two atoms is diminished, they give out heat, or render it sensible; whereas if the distance between them be increased, they store it away. The upper strata are sensibly colder than the lower, not because the atoms have less heat, but because the heat is diffused through a larger space when the atoms are farther apart. One pound of air at the level of the sea within the tropics, may be said to contain more heat than the same weight at the top of the highest mountain, perpetually covered with snow. It is for this reason that the same wind, which is warm in the valley, becomes colder as it ascends the sides of the mountain. The diminishing pressure allows the air to expand and store away its heat. It is therefore not snow on the top of the mountains which cools the air, but it is the rarity of the air which keeps the snow itself from melting. As a general law, the decrease of temperature amounts to one degree, Fahrenheit, for every three hundred feet in perpendicular height.

Eating one's meat with a silver fork, while the butcher's bill has not been paid is called gentility.

The Beginning of the World.

The following extract from a sermon of Mr. Spurgeon, the pious English preacher, is a specimen of the eloquence which within a year or two has made his name familiar in both Hemispheres:

"Can any man tell me when the beginning was? Years ago we thought, the beginning of the world was when Adam came upon it; but we have discovered that, thousands of years before that, God was forming chaotic matter to make it a fit abode for man, and putting races of people upon it, that they might leave traces of His handiwork and marvelous skill, before he tried his skill on man. But this was not the beginning, for revaluation points us to a period long ere this world was fashioned—to the days when the morning stars were begotten, when like drops of dew the morning stars and constellations fell trickling from the hands of God, when by His own lips, He launched forth in ponderous orbs, when with His own hand, He sent comets, like thunderbolts, wandering through the sky to find one day their proper sphere. We go back to those days, when worlds were made and systems were fashioned, and we have not even approached the beginning yet."

Until we go back to the time when the universe slept in the mind of God, as yet unborn, until we enter the eternity where God the Creator dwells alone, everything sleeping within Him, all creation sleeping in his mighty, gigantic thought, we have not guessed the beginning. Our wing might be tired, our imagination might die away. Could it outstrip the lightning's flash in majesty, power and rapidity, it would soon weary itself ere it could reach the beginning. But God, from the beginning, chose His people, when the unnavigable ether was yet unfanned by the wing of a single angel, when space was shoreless or else unborn; when universal silence reigned, and not a voice or a whisper checked the solemnity of silence; when there was no being, no emotion, and not but God Himself alone in His eternity, when, without the attendance of even a cherubim, long ere the living creatures were born or the wheels of the chariot of Jehovah were fashioned: even then, "in the beginning was the word," and in the beginning God's people were one in the world and "in the beginning He chose them all unto eternal life."—Ex.

Intuition.

THROUGH R. P. AMBLER.

Intuition is the light of the human soul. It is the flower and perfection of Reason, presenting in its keen and powerful scrutiny the unitized and concentrated powers of interior perception. The basis from which this power is derived, is the faculty of instinct manifested in the animal creation. When the brute perceives the approach of danger, or seeks the nutriment which is necessary to sustain physical life, it simply exercises its instinctive faculty, which consists in the magnetic relations that are sustained to those objects from which it is repelled or to which it is attracted. In the human being, this faculty is sublimated and refined in such a manner as to create the power of Reason, by which Man is distinguished from the inferior orders of creation, and is enabled to exercise control over all less perfect existents. This power may be properly exercised as the guide and monitor of the earthly mind. It is that faculty by which the laws of the Universe have been perceived and recognized, by which the movements and changes of external nature are known, by which existing effects are traced to their primitive causes, and the beauties of divine order and harmony are measurably disclosed. Hence Reason is the proper oracle to be consulted, with relation to all matters of faith and practice; and it is only when this is clogged in its action, or perverted from its true course, that the human understanding becomes weak, blind and dormant.

But, as has been intimated, there exists in the soul, the germ of a still higher faculty than Reason. From this, as the spirit becomes expanded, and matured, is unfolded the flower of Intuition. And this power is simply the result of those relations which subsist between the soul in its sublimated state, and the divine realities which dwell in the celestial universe,—as instinct in the animal is only the correspondence existing between those elements that constitute its most interior being and the inherent qualities of external things. By intuition, therefore, the spirit arrives almost

instantaneously at the truths which it is enabled to grasp, without pausing to trace the details of circumstances and influence which lead to the perceived result. It is indeed a spiritual instinct developed in the human soul, as animal instinct is created in the organization of the brute. Consequently while Reason travels more slowly along the line of cause and effect, this power soars with electric speed to the most distant recesses of the Universe, and brings to the passive spirit a store of truth and wisdom.

Since, however, the intuitional powers of the spirit are developed from its inmost germ, and are graduated by the unfoldings of the inner consciousness, these can only be fully exercised and enjoyed when the soul is freed from the disturbing influences of the outer world and dwells in the hallowed silence of its own interior temple. Hence it may be observed, that the seers and prophets of all ages have been susceptible to a great mental abstraction—have beheld visions when deep sleep had fallen upon them, and have received messages from the angels while they were "in the spirit," or in other words, in the spiritual state. In that condition of the human system in which the body sleeps and the consciousness of the soul is opened, the intuitional preceptions are naturally unfolded in such a manner as to grasp the realities which are concealed from the external mind in the deep heart of Nature. It is in this sanctuary of the spirit that the power of Intuition blooms, and sends forth a sweet fragrance to delight the opening sense of the immortal being. Therefore it is well to retire from the discordant sounds of the outward world, and in the hallowed light which flows from the spheres of celestial life, to exercise and cultivate that faculty which gives the true consciousness of power and attracts the sweetest blessings of existence.—Age of Progress.

VOICES FROM THE INNER LIFE.

It was decided upon in case the Spirit who last communicated and left unfinished his message should not be able to elevate the Medium to his condition, at this interview, I should make the effort, and if I could, give what I may have to say respecting the last few days of my earthly career, and such other information as in the wisdom of those in whose sphere I communicated might be of sufficient importance to give their portion of the world who might read the message of one who but recently changed conditions of life.

Up to the last moment that the stout and hitherto substantial vessel which it was my privilege to command, remained above water, the community at large has received an accurate and graphic account from those who witnessed the scene, and returned in bodies to their homes and friends. Amidst the confusion, darkness and distress, which such a disaster at sea would be calculated to create, I found myself surrounded by my fellow beings who like myself had remained on board exerted all their powers to save the vessel, each looking now to his own safety and clinging to such portions of the wreck as in the moment floated within their reach. The howling of the wind prevented our exchanging many words intelligibly to each other and during the latter portion of the night and the fore part of the morning, nothing of interest occurred that has not been related by others who were in a similar condition to mine. During the night and morning, I floated about, looking for daylight with eager hope of being rescued from my situation by vessels which I knew in be within a few miles of us. At length after hours of indescribable mental anguish, the morning came, and with it the gladdening sight of the schooner which I had every reason to hope would discover us and thus save us from our perilous situation. I was laboring under a delusion that sharks would during the night, tear our unfortunate condition, and that I should lose my legs, and be torn piecemeal. This caused the mental agony referred to although I would at the time have preferred being relieved or saved, even though my legs were lost. I shrank from death, as my love of life was strong as any man's could be. The most indifferent and reckless man who had encountered manifold dangers, and had oft been started in the face by death, could not, I think, have calmly and unconcerned looked at the elements in their wild confusion and said they preferred death under such circumstances to life.

The morning came as I mentioned, and with it a sight of the schooner, the only vessel which I could see. None of the passengers or crew were within sight, and I alone (clinging to one of the spars which had drifted within my reach during the fore part of the morning) made all the signals I could to attract the attention of those on board. But all of no avail, she did not come within three miles of where I was, and as she proceeded on her course, and I saw there was no hope of assistance from her, I began to resign myself to my fate whatever that might be. My greatest dread, was that of being eaten by the sharks, as I knew that I was in the latitude where they are in abundance, yet I had seen none up to this time. Throughout the

morning, I drifted with the wind and kept an anxious lookout for vessels, or some of my companions who, like me, might still be a-bove water, but saw none. As evening approached, my spirit began to despond, and my thoughts reverted back to scenes on shore, my family and friends, and I could not refrain from weeping in bitter anguish at the contemplation of my desolate position, and as I now felt certain it was at hand, my untimely end. After suffering all a man could in such a situation, about the middle of the night, as near as I could judge, my overtaxed frame began to fail, and the last consciousness I had was that of closing my eyes and passing into a sweet sleep in which state I was washed off the spar, and the waves covered over my body, and I was restored to consciousness and discovered I was in the Spirit world. My first desire was gratified, and I was the next moment with my family, trying to make them come as that I was with them. All round seemed to me so natural that I could not believe that I was not seen nor heard by those I loved, and was endeavoring to converse with.—Principle.

HERNANDO.

For the World's Paper.

Forgiveness.

As sure as man was born to live,
He was created to forgive.

When storm-clouds gather round the heart,
And shoots of anger fiercely dart
Along the fibres of the soul,
Man often strays from virtue's path,
To exercise his pent up wrath,
Expanded far beyond control.

Thus man has often drawn the sword,
And streams of human blood have poured,
Like rivers coursing o'er the plain;
While victors with exultant smile,
Would dance around the ghastly pile
Of enemies whom they had slain.

But when the storm has passed away,
And the illuminating ray
Of peace is shed upon the heart;
Revenge, though wronged, man seeketh not,
Each evil deed is soon forgot,
And disaffections all depart.

Thus should it be the great First Cause,
Who fixed for man eternal laws,
To guide him in the ways of life:
Never stamped upon his mighty plan,
The thought that fable, mortal man,
Should ever join in earthly strife.

ALMON CLARK.

ROCHESTER.

For the World's Paper.

Liberty.

Come, O ye mortals, come hither, away!
We will bear you on pinions of love,
To our happy home, that knows no decay,
From pain, care, and strife, far above,
Come weary wanderers of three score and ten,
If ye have lived on the maxims of love,
We will bear ye to realms so beautiful and fair,
That ye'll feel ne'er to wish more to rove,
Ye middle aged ones, whose prospects are fair,
And happiness thine every day;
If the true friend comes and bids ye prepare,
Fear not nor wish longer to stay
And ye little ones, fear not thy friend's death
For he is only the gardener of Heaven's sphere
To whom the bright buds too pure for your
To transplant in his garden, are given.
Then cast far away all ye children of earth
That fear which ignorance has given [twice]
And learn that the opening of the portals be
But reveal the glories of Heaven.

S. E. H.

For the World's Paper.

The Invisibile World.

Was heavenly wisdom to be mine,
The ways of God, and ways of man;
No heaven or hell should I ever find,
But those which dwell within the mind,

Were all the planets in their spheres,
Explored in their eternal years,
No God, nor heaven, nor angels there,
Would ever be found, that are not here,

Should eyes of flesh, all see behold,
Where thought's ether reached or planets roll,
No heaven or hell would be in all,
But as now seen upon this ball.

Above, beneath, before, behind,
There is no heaven or hell to find;
No good, no evil can be shown,
But in the moral world alone,

Come then and part with all your pride;
And lay your mortal thoughts aside,
Open your gates and you shall bear,
For to eternal truth comes near.

To understand is to behold.
The things divine which were of old;
The mystery of all mysteries sealed,
Time's darkest curtains now revealed:

All chains of former ages break,
Bid the whole world from death awake,
The world invisible behold,
Is man's own mind, the moral world!

Wisdom, with all things that can scan,
Dwells truly in her God-like man:
In all successive ages round,
With living men alone she's found.

What e'er by wisdom men may find,
Dwells in themselves, in their own mind,
Thus God and Christ, and heaven are near,
And to eternity is here.

West Loban.

For the World's Paper.

To Adin.

Yes, we as Angel teachers
Are waiting for the time
When every earthly creature
Will have no dark design;
But listen to the Angels
That are giving them great truths
To raise a voice for freedom—
The aged and the youth.

O, yes, my dearest brother,
This Truth shines bright to you.
I've taught you of my presence,
And also what is true—
Through many a Medium, brother,
I have spoken of my fate—
I haunt my murderers, Adin,
They feel their dismal state.

God grant, my dearest brother,
Before their spirits leave,
That they may find repentance
And in a heaven believe.
Think, brother, of their spirits,
How low they were on earth!
They could enjoy no heaven,
They sought it not on earth.

A word to her I cherish—
I'm often by her side.
O, could you see my spirit,
Your heart would leap with pride,
And when your tears are falling,
And sorrow fills thy heart,
My spirit comes with pleasure
And takes away the smart.

And now my earthly brother,
God bless your labors here—
Go on and speak of freedom,
I know you will not fear.
For I am standing by you
When you are in your room—
Will raise your mind to heaven,
And tell you what we've done.

S. P. P. M. THOMAS B. ESTABROOK

For the World's Paper.

A Wish.

I wish I was an angel,
And had the wings to fly;
I would hasten to that region,
Where the living never die.

Yes I would go in gladness,
And leave this world of pain;
To rise to that blessed land,
Wherein we all shall reign.

I trust that our dear Savior
In that sweet spirit land,
Would meet me with an open heart,
And with an angel hand.

'Tis then I should be numbered,
In that bright heavenly home;
Where sickness never enters,
And sorrow does not roam.

And in that holy mansion,
Where all is joy and peace,
I should be the partaker,
Of one Eternal feast.

But not long and I shall pass away,
Thus leave this world of sin,
And if I am but well prepared
A heavenly crown shall win.

Chelsea, March, 1855 J. A. BURHAM JR.

GOVERNMENT.

Did you ever know, as a practical affair, of a government that was not the greatest curse the people under it had to endure? Did you ever hear of a government that did not sanction and support ten times as much crime as it attempted to suppress? Did you ever know of a government that was worse in character than the mass of the people living under it? Did you ever know of a people that would not tolerate dilly in their government that they would not be guilty of as individuals? You will answer all these questions in the negative. Now, does this happen so, or is it a law of things? As it has always been, so it will be. A republican government cannot be better than its people—the stream never rises higher than its source—and consequently can never be a benefit to its people. But government is always worse than the people,—among other reasons, because it always falls into the hands of demagogues. Politics are corrupting in their nature. To be successful politician, a man must be as "dishonest as the times will admit of." Another important consideration is, that the race is constantly progressing, and the people every now and then demand a new government, the old one becoming intolerable. But while the people progress, the government remains stationary at a point below them, until lifted up by the people towards their own level: thus acting as a perpetual burden and hinderance.

Ex. FRANCIS BARRY

PERSECUTION.

And is it man—man, strong in every noble energy, powerful in every faculty, rich in all the resources, and sublime in all the dignity, of intelligence—is it man whom we would frighten into tame surrender of his loftiest powers? Whom we would cudge out of his own free thoughts, and crush under the chariot wheels of intolerance? Let us look into history—let us mark on the human mind, through all ages, in all nations, the effects of persecution. When the just of Aristides turned admiration to envy, what restored him to the love of his countrymen? Persecution. When the lessons of Socrates fell powerless on giddy ears of the Athenians, what graven his name and his precepts on their hearts? His death by persecution. What revenges all the patriots of Rome of a misguided in-

itude? Persecution. And what rooted Christianity in the hostile soil of heathenism? Persecution.—What fostered the heroes of Luther? Persecution. What built up the church of Calvin? Persecution. What hath given a substance and a name to all the distinctions, real or imagined, of each religious reformer? Persecution.—What has preserved the Jew pure and entire in his faith, in his blood, in his ceremony and his dress, through ages of time, and while lost and scattered amidst nations opposed in every custom, law, feeling and creed? Why hath he stood a noble monument of patient endurance, persecution, personality, scrupulous fidelity, long-suffering and uncomplaining, yet unyielding resistance? Why, like a column in the desert, wearing its capital and its tracery and all the form and ornament stamped by the genius of forgotten artists and forgotten nations, stands he to this hour a wondrous relic of empire departed and grandeur overthrown? Why, but because of persecution?

Or, say again, what hath provoked vengeance on the head of kings? What hurried English Charles to the scaffold? What threw down the royalty and nobility of France from their antique thrones, and long established supremacy? Or, yet once more, what furnished the people from the proscribed name of liberty and the insignia of a republic dropping with gore, to reconcile them again to despotism and the name and style of king? And, oh say, people of America, descendants of English Puritans, French Huguenots, Irish Catholics, condemned regicides, banished patriots, and smothered martyrs! What, driving your fathers from Europe, in realness, hath built up the noble frame of this republic? Oh say, torturers of the human mind, what hath done this save persecution?—FRANCIS WRIGHT [Lx.]

News Items.

The President seems to desire the admission of Kansas, with the slavery Constitution, while a majority of the House are against it. A Committee of investigation has been appointed, that refuse to investigate, being pro-slavery. S. A. Douglass is now firm against the President in the Kansas Scheme—declares that it ought to be admitted free. An effort to increase the salary is made, but that may be defeated in the House. Six or eight of the administration men were declared against the President in the Senate. But little snow now lies over the mountain.

Town Officers for Granville, Elected March 24, 1855.

Hiram Ford, Moderator; Amos Eaton, Town Clerk; C. C. Hubbard, Treasurer; Joseph Flint, Constable; Anna Eaton, Trustee Scripps Fund; Joseph Lamb, Town Agent; Joseph P. Bell, Joseph Flint, Capt. Harvey, Solomon; R. M. Hubbard, J. R. Ford, J. Morgan, Listers; A. G. Allen, Superintendent of Schools; Jas. Lamb, Philomen Hay, Alden Lamb, Auditors; Hiram Ford, A. C. Estabrook, Town Grand Jurors; Joseph Hubbard; Lorenz D. Xer, John A. Vinton, Farmers Viewers; Wesley P. Ford, Seal and Weights and Measures; Lemuel Parker, Seal of Lethers; C. C. Hubbard, Asa Ford Jr., R. M. Hubbard, Room keepers.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

Joseph P. Bell, Amos G. Allen, Amos Eaton, Rufus M. Hubbard, John Parker.

NOTICES.

A great deal of complaint is made by our subscribers that they do not receive their papers regular. We cannot tell them why this is, unless there is trouble at Post Offices, which we fear is true; for we are particularly to mail them once in two weeks. But we know that a friend at Simonsville writes to us, while at the Legislature last fall, that he had not received one of about ten or twelve. We write to the P. M. to know if such a paper was received there, but have had no answer; nor do we know that he gets the paper. Another writes that the papers are taken from the Office and worn out before he gets them. We are willing to send extras to such, but wish those, that thus steal the papers, would be so kind as to let the owner have his paper in season to be able to read it, and if you are unable to pay us for one we will gladly send it to you free.

Again, our friends, to forestall our paper for some time and send word to us that it is taken from the office, simply to get rid of paying for, or having the trouble of reading it! Do not do so, be men and I frankly pay duty. We know many more that would read it did they dare and have seen them fly away to do it.

There will be trance speaking at the Town Church in Granville, and N. Roxbury next Sunday.

CHAS. ELMS spoke at Snowville the first Sunday in March; will speak at East Bethel the Second, and at the Morse School House, in Randolph, the Third Sunday.

MARRIAGES.

In Hancock Jan. 31; by Rev. Geo. S. Guernsey, Mr. Benjamin T. Lombard, of Springfield, and Miss Harriet H. Flint, of N. In Lebanon N. H., by Rev. G. W. Bayley, Mr. Thaddeus Conant, of Reading, Vt., and Miss Rosella Hildreth of Plainfield N. H. In Windsor Feb. 4; by Rev. E. H. Huntington, Dudley T. Chase, Esq., to Mrs. Sula P. Smith, of Cornish N. H.

PASSING ON.

In Plymouth, Vt., Mr. Isaac B. Weston, aged about 23 years, a contributor to this paper. In Reading, Vt., Mrs. Hannah Robinson, widow of the late Capt. Ebenezer Robinson, aged about 60 years.

Poetry.

For the World's Paper.
To my Earthly Parent.

When night dews steal o'er the hills, father,
And Hesperus gleams to the eye,
When the hum of the village is still, father,
And the insects of the evening fit by,
Then I come from my higher home, father,
And present a white rose unto thee,
And the gift—thou knowest what I mean, father,
This binds my heart unto thee.

In the bright higher home above, father,
We'll neither know sorrow nor care,
Bright angels and loved ones are near, father,
And the music of seraphs we shall hear.
In the cool of the evening I come, father,
On the mountains in the valley below,
And bring you this little white rose, father,
'Tis a test of my presence, you know.

When summer's gay scenes are past, father,
And cold winter has shut the door,
When hail on the windows sticks fast, father,
I am with you the same as before,
And when thou art weary and tired, father,
I'll fan thy brow with my own hand,
And bid thee to sleep, dear father,
And show you the heavenly land.

And now take these lines, my father,
I present them in love unto thee.
O, read them, my earthly father!
My Spirit is attracted to thee.
And when you are travelling, kind father,
And are weary and tired below,
Remember my Spirit is near, father,
And turn to thy heart will bow.
From thy Spirit Daughter,
S. P. P. M. HANNAH MAHEW.

For the World's Paper.
Yet She Died.

She was all our blessing,
She was all our pride;
She was like a sunbeam,
Yet she died.

Oh, we loved her dearly,
More than all beside,
Twining round our heart-strings,
Yet she died.

Only three short summers
Had she this life tried,
Bright as summer blossoms,
Yet she died.

When she bloomed the fairest,
Death was by her side,
Leaving us despairing,
Yet she died.

"Save her, God," in anguish
Vain, our spirits cried,
Brightest boon of heaven!
Yet she died.

Living Still.

Ah, we thought her dying,
Pale and cold and still,
Yet to us in heaven,
She is living still.

How we wept in anguish,
Without hope, until
We have learned how truly
She is living still.

With her spirit presence,
How our heart-strings thrill,
With us, ah yes, with us,
She is living still.

Coming, our bright ANGEL,
All our hearts to fill—
Dearest than in earth-life,
She is living still.

We have mourned in anguish
But our hearts now thrill
With this thought of rap'ure,
She is living still!

Green Mountains, March, 1858.

BELL

Humanity.

In times of old, we have been told,
And also have we read,
That men of earth did from their birth,
Hold converse with the dead.

And this of course, from heavenly source,
We must and should believe;
And as the word is from the Lord,
We joyfully receive.

But as we think of the awful brink
Of Orthodoxy's germ;
We have no faith in what it saith,
There's nothing to confirm.

In many minds no longer shines,
The doctrine so uncouth,
Their hearts aspire to something higher,
That come to them as truth.

At last they've found not in the ground,
But in spirits' coalition,
A doctrine grand that firm doth stand,
Free from superstitions.

And fast it spreads, though many dread
To see it thus revealing
Their ancient creeds and bloody deeds,
They've been so long concealing.

We thank the Lord for the blessed word,
So freely to us given;
Truth we behold in letters of gold,
Stamp'd on the brow of heaven,
Sudbury, Vt. E. L. HORTON.

Immortality.

Are we less frail than fragrant flowers
That deck our pathway, grace our bowers?
Shall autumn winds or chilling blasts,
And dire disease, or age at last,
Consign us to the tomb,
Unlike the flowers again to bloom? J. P.

Mutual Exchange.

The following extract of John M. Spear's letter we copy from the SPIRITUAL AGE.

"DEAR BROTHER:—In company with several friends, last October I took leave of my family and started, as you are aware, on a journey for the West. Up to this time I have been actively engaged in such humanitarian labors as have opened before me. Among the subjects to which attention has been devoted, perhaps no one is more important than the further unfolding of the system of Equitable Exchanges, as outlined in the volume which you have prepared for the press [The Educator]. Actualism must ere long take the place of Idealism. During the last season, one of the ablest merchants of the West was guided to the East. While there, I made his acquaintance. The subject of commerce was then briefly opened for his consideration. Visiting the city of Chicago, I was welcomed to his elegant mansion. Some twenty-five or thirty discourses were transmitted from the spirit-life, during the two weeks I remained under his roof. Competent persons were present from seven States, viz: Massachusetts, New York, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin and Missouri. The plans presented were deliberately considered from day to day, and received the decided approbation of the business men there convened.

It unquestionably will be interesting to you, and to your readers generally, to be informed that it is proposed to establish a system of Exchanges, which shall operate in such ways as to advance both the producer and consumer, also the eastern manufacturer. The West yields grain abundantly. In the eastern artisan must have bread; and in forwarding western products the farmer will gladly receive in exchange utensils, garments or cloths of the eastern laborer. Undoubtedly the city of Chicago at a future day is to control the commerce of the New World, and is to act quite extensively upon the Old. That location then, may be properly regarded as the heart of the commercial enterprise. New England looks to the West for its flour. It is proposed to have a center in the metropolis of New England and to institute branches, say, in Windsor Vt., Concord, N. H., Portland, Providence, Hartford, Worcester and Springfield.

The manner of proceeding indicated is this: The agent in Vermont forwards his order with his cash to the centre at Boston. That centre informs the leading commercial mind located at Chicago that an order has been received from Windsor, and the cash deposited. The leading mind forwards from Chicago, by the way of Ogdenburg, the required amount of flour, and it is landed at Windsor.

Thus, Brother, in a few words, you see the workings of the commercial scheme as it respects the transmission of flour. On the other hand, the western farmers' children are all born barefooted; and they must have shoes. The leading mind at Chicago directs the central agent at Boston to purchase a certain number of cases of boots and shoes. This is done, and the farmer receives these gladly at a reduced price in exchange for his wheat. Thus in a simple way a beneficent commerce may be commenced. More than this, the population of New England is migrating to the West. Soil must be had. The Illinois Central Railroad has for sale immense tracts of valuable territory. The central mind at Chicago negotiates with that company for territory to be sold to the actual settler. He obtains it at reasonable prices and thus aids the honest emigrants.

It is for the business men of New England to consider this subject with that care which its importance demands; and it is to be hoped that some system like this may become quite general.

For the World's Paper.

Liberty.

Liberty! the rejected Saviour of the present world—the natural restorer of health to the soul of every man and woman—the atmosphere of free discussion—the delight of spirits pure and bright—the despised, persecuted and crucified deliverer of the enslaved inhabitants of earth.

Liberty! the direct emanation from the Father of all spirits—the essence of truth, always harmonizing in all its results to the complete action of mankind in all their endless varieties. The best friend of humanity, although driven from all the legislative halls and courts of justice (?) in church or state, throughout the wide world, and hence compelled to be a wanderer among mankind, having no resting place on earth, except deep down in the spirit of man that emanated from God the Father of all.

O Liberty! we have churches on earth in great abundance, with high and towering steeples pointing heavenward, but as yet their doors are closed; though Jesus of Nazareth could not enter the ancient synagogues there, the savior of this age, must stay without and plead thy cause in the open heavens, in our streets, and among the trees of the woods in private huts, cells and caves of earth.

O Liberty! the whole earth is made a hunting ground, on which mankind are waging deadly and exterminating war and warfare against thee. Church and State are not content with thy banishment from courts and

synagogues, legislative halls and general assemblies, for they too well know thy strong hold and natural dwelling place, in the human heart. Therefore clergymen and statesmen have contrived to lock the human heart, from which thou canst be driven with discipline, statute books, creeds and sacred books. Let the tongue speak forth the natural bubblings of the well of liberty within. Being convinced that padlocking would not effectually bury liberty within the soul, and there keep it from breaking out to public notice these men of church and state to further accomplish their designs, continually libel Liberty's natural dwelling place, the human heart, thus "unclean," "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked," "unholy," "totally depraved," "incapable of thinking a good thought," etc. By the constant reiteration of such babblings, with sanctimonious face, from the sanctum sanctorum, many of the souls of earth have really been brought to distrust their own hearts, and reject the law of God and Liberty writ in therein, while their ears are widely open and their throats eager to swallow the droppings from the libeller's lips against the human heart and man, until man, in their estimation, is the most unclean thing on earth, his heart a fountain of iniquity, totally depraved, unworthy the least confidence. Thus liberty is smothered by a lying priesthood; and man subjected to an angry God, mischievous devil, an awful hell and a terrible heaven. E. B. LOUDEN.

Prophetic Indications.

EDITOR SPIRITUALIST—I do believe from prophecy, and "the signs of the times," that the world is approaching a most eventful period—the most important crisis ever known since time began. The world, and especially the church, is to be the theatre of the most tremendous revolution ever known.

First,—no dispensation, or government has ever been renovated after becoming corrupt. Second,—the present dispensation, committed to the Gentiles, has become corrupt, and is to go into dissolution, like that of the Jews. Third,—that no dispensation has ever lasted more than two thousand years. That a new order of things is to be introduced into the world can be seen by every prophetic eye.

Let us avail ourselves of the present angel ministrations, in connection with other "signs of the times," that nothing may be lost. A combination of important events, form an alarming concentration for the dissolution of the church! The clergy, almost universally, at present, are to oppose these views—founded on philosophy and on natural laws.

The above points are almost self-evident facts, and need but few arguments. Prophecy as certainly points us forward to important events, as that events point back to predictions. We can certainly make the application, as we can find ground for expectation. Prophecy can have no private interpretation. An incomprehensible Revelation, is a contradiction in terms—is not a revelation at all. Prophecy is as much revelation as precept. Prophecy not suited to the capacity of the poor—the common people—must be a claim on nine tenths of mankind. The poor, anciently, had the gospel preached to them; so the poor must be interested in the prophecies, in angel ministrations, from both worlds, or there is inconsistency and injustice in the divine administration. God in every remarkable dispensation of his power and goodness, has used the weak things of the world to confound the wise. This is natural and unavoidable, since the high minded, in all ages, get above all that is called God, or God like. There can be no special application, no blessing but will embrace the poor as well as the rich, the bond, as well as the free. Prophecy is always intended to prepare and confirm. What preparation can we make, when we cannot understand? What confirmation, when there is a doubtful accomplishment? Where is the wisdom, or the goodness, in saying, "Blessed is he that keepeth the sayings of the prophecy of this book," if the sayings and prophecies are delivered in an unintelligible language? Why command us to "Watch" as for a thief, if no object is given for which to watch? For what are we to watch. For a reed shaken with the wind; Orthodox people watch and pray very much, but don't seem to know what they are watching and praying for.

Christ said, "Behold I come as a thief" in the night, "blessed is he that watches." Now here is an object, the coming back again of the spirit of Christ connected with the relative events. So modern Spiritualists are watching for the return of their angel friends, with heavenly messages of love and comfort from the spirit world. What a glorious ultimate of another dispensation of the goodness of God to his creatures. This kind of prophecy, or revelation, is out of good will to all mankind! It tells the Atheist and materialist that he is immortal—give him the alarm, not without providing a refuge—not without showing the danger, and pointing to a place of safety.

God, in love, has a way given a forewarning of some kind, before destroying a corrupt dispensation, and introducing a new order of things. Noah taught the people before the flood; Jeremiah prophesied before the evil day; Christ wept over devoted Jerusalem before its destruction; and the same God of goodness, mercy, and truth, is now giving the world, through similar manifestations the most alarming predictions, for the weal or woe of mankind, ever put on record! The old prophets had no allusion to a future general judgment, or the close of time; nor do the present manifestations allude to the closing of time, but to something more immediate.

God always has a pure remnant, a faithful few, who strive to be obedient to his laws and teachings. No dispensation has ever closed without some visitation or sore calamity. No dispensation, after having become corrupt, has ever been restored to primitive purity, no nation, once fallen, ever reclaimed. It seems to be a law, or universal principle in nature, that when nations, or religions become corrupted, they cannot be restored. This is matter of history—is an alarming fact, which should have a special bearing upon the churches, and the world of to-day. No dispensation, or moral administration, instituted by the Ruler of the universe upon earth, has ever continued longer than about two thousand years; nor is there a single text within the lids of the bible, affording a sufficient warrant that the present order of things, committed to the Gentiles, is to last much longer; nay, we believe the signs of approaching dissolution appear. The harbingers of this crisis may be heard, seen, and felt! "Their voice is heard." Behold! "The angels come! Go ye wise men out to meet them, while it is yet to day with you."

We confess our design is to arouse investigation; to arouse the sleepers, both priests and people, believing, as we do that an eventful day is approaching the world. We propose showing from the "signs of the times," from prophecy, from reason, from analogy, that the present moral administration is drawing to a close.—Spiritualist. W. H. HUBBERT.

Spirit Communication.

I was known as a writer in the country in which you live. Since my entrance into the Spirit life I have been active, because I have found a pleasure in frequently visiting my earthly friends, and when I could impress them with some more exalted idea of the future condition of the soul, I have done so, and found my own Spirit enjoying the result of its labor in the ratio of its ability to impart the truth to others. The demonstrating of the continued state of the Spirit after its separation from its earthly body is a pleasing duty to all, from the lowest to the highest planes of Spirit, and as far as I have been enabled to receive the impressions, of celestial life. Now that I have been enabled to overcome some of the impediments which have heretofore prevented me from using the organs of this medium, I will unless some unforeseen condition prevents, give you a brief communication in which I trust to convey something which may be instructive to yourself and others.

It is near half a dozen years since I bid adieu to the body, of which my Spirit has never been ashamed; though I was not what might be termed an infidel to Christianity, but rather an advocate publicly, at the same time I entertained ideas of the future state of the human family, so peculiar, so incomprehensible to myself that I was loth to give them publicity. Immediately upon leaving the body I discovered that they were the impressions of my guardians, who had entrusted my mind with them, and who, had not circumstances occurred over which they could exert no control, would have continued to prepare the Spirit to give external expression to them. My separation was sudden, totally unexpected, and while the elements were contending for the mastery and the noble ship on board of which I was yielded to their fury, and brought to a final death presented itself to my mind I felt that I had a hope of a better life not comprehended yet which would bear some relation to those very ideas I had so long entertained, and which after a few moments' struggle in freeing itself from the body, my Spirit fully realized as truths.

I commenced at once (as all do) to labor for the good of those who, like myself, still dwell in darkness spiritually. The result of my efforts and labors can better be read upon the Spirit's countenance than described in language and when your duties in the body are over, we will meet, and you can then read in the pages of the few years of my Spirit life, and better understand the joys that follow all who labor for the good of others.

I receive higher and more comprehensive truths from the celestial sphere, precisely as you receive ideas from the Spirit world, by impressions. There are various degrees of mediums for the celestial spheres; there are mediums for your plane of life, and as fast as we can find minds in the body, capacitated for higher truth, as we receive it, and can impress it upon their comprehension we do so.—Principle. MARGARET FULLER.

Advertisement.

Prospectus of

The World's Paper.

We do not enter upon this labor without feeling the necessity of an apology. Inadequate as we acknowledge ourselves to do that justice to the great subjects that may come before us; still, it is duty to make an effort in the direction of what we deem reform; and as we do so, we ask the extension of all charity. Should we come short of our anticipations, we shall only be enrolled with the disappointment that have been. It will be our highest duty, as well as necessary to present all matter in the most simple, and truthful manner. All attempts to make popular display, or style, will be neglected, and all patience to make plain and simple all subjects, will be employed. Our readers may expect these columns open for all subjects that are of practical importance to the world. Christianity, Religion, Spiritualism, Governments, Civil Law, Slavery, Railroads, Banks, Agriculture, Commerce, & all the reformatory movements of the age.

As believers in the Great Truths taught by our invisible friends, we shall look to them for our highest and most valuable instructions.

We shall, however, cast around us in every direction for truth. We shall seek it in the great book of Nature—we shall seek it in the numerous Churches of the age—we shall seek it in the Arts and Sciences—we shall seek it in the Animal Kingdom, embracing the human race.

Be it remembered, we shall hold ourselves at liberty to expose error whenever and wherever found. The truth is what the world needs, and suffers for, and not the upbuilding of any sect or party. It is not our object to court the applause of the popular, nor, indeed, do we expect to make it a source of pecuniary profit to ourselves; but we hope, through its columns, to agitate thought in bosoms of many, and thereby be instrumental in aiding the great work of reform.

No insertion will appear in our columns unless we are satisfied of its value, and none will be refused which presents that appearance, although the party may be found in poverty's vale.

With these preliminary remarks, we enter upon our labors cheerfully understandingly, and with determination. In conclusion, we say, we invite no quarrels, nor compromise with errors; but hold ourselves at liberty to deal out strict and substantial justice to all, without the slightest regard to position or claim. Sample numbers free to all.

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All who feel interested in our humble efforts will do us the favor to encourage the patronage of it is paper.

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The subscriber wishes to sell his farm, lying in Pittsfield Vt. It consists of 450 acres of good land, cuts about 100 tons of good English hay, and a liberal proportion of tillage land for other crops and an abundance of pasture for what stock can be wintered. There is a good fruit orchard produces largely of grafted fruit. Two large sugar orchards which will produce abundance of sugar, and convenience to carry on. There are two dwelling houses in comfortable condition with suitable out buildings to accommodate business. There are 6 barns and 9 framed sheds connected with the same, which renders the chance for keeping stock good. There is also a lazy mill for cutting wood. This property may be bought, for \$5,000, and with a reasonable payment down, the remainder may be paid in installments. This farm is situated about three-fourths of a mile from the main road leading from Pittsfield village to Bethel. It is about one mile to school and a saw mill, and two miles to stores and churches. The subscriber's health is poor, and he is called for home much of the time, which induces him to offer this desirable property for sale. JEREMIAH ROGERS.

Pittsfield, Feb. 18th, 1858.

We have seen the above premises and think it a great bargain for a man that wishes to make money farming. Although it lies back from the main roads yet this inconvenience is more than counterbalanced by light taxes and a smooth, easy and productive soil.

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SHADRACH ORPWAY.
Tunbridge, Vt., March 4, 1858.

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Our list embraces all the principal works devoted to SPIRITUALISM, whether published by ourselves or others, and comprising all works of value that may be issued hereafter. The reader's attention is particularly invited to those named below, all of which may be found at this office, LYRIC OF THE GOLDEN AGE.—A poem. By Rev. Thomas L. Harris, author of "Epic of Slavery Heavens," and "Lyric of the Morning Land," 417 pp., 12mo. This Lyric is transcendently rich in thought, splendid in imagery, instructive in the principles of Nature and religion, and at once commands itself as a desirable gift-book. Price plain borders, \$1.50; gilt \$2.

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CHEAP AS MAY BE.

TRY US and SEE.

even conquered his fate, no matter how dark,
how long continued and how dreary. I have
seen more of this feeling among invalids than
any other class of sufferers, and yet it is not
known. They indeed

"Pass the watchword down the line,
Pass the counter-charge—Endure!"
They are the martyrs who wear the crown
of thorns, whose hands and feet and sides are
pierced in the long crucifixion of life, and yet
amid the long line of martyrs their names
are never enrolled—unless it be in the Great
Life Book, where all facts, thoughts and feelings
are truly recorded.

And another, so different from the case
last mentioned. In the spring time of life
she was stricken from all that made life bright
and beautiful, and year by year lay in her
darkened room a helpless, hopeless invalid
for life. I loved her well. I knew her well.
And hour by hour I watched beside her bed,
day and at the midnight hour, watched
not alone the pulse, the cheek, the eye, the
brow and every part, but watched the thoughts
that came and went, and waves of feel-
ing that swept that soul like ocean
tides. The world saw not, knew not her suf-
fering and her pain. They did not see the
struggle in the soul for freedom, the wish to
act, the almost wild despair, because the soul
could ill brook its chains. And they un-
thinkingly said, "Her wish to act is gone."
Her love of friends and life has fled. She
does not care to be with us again." Oh! how
my heart rebelled at words like these. For
there I watched and saw it all, or all another
mind could trace. The burning tears of agony
that would not start in hours of darkest
pain but gushed in hopeless misery at the thought
of this undying state. The yearning for its
own first early active life and friends, and
when this hope was fairly crushed from out
that heart the call, the wild deep prayer for
death. No dull unseeing state and apathy of
thought as doomed the world, but wave on
wave of restless thought rose high like molten
lava burning in the caverns of the soul. Oh!
I have wept such tears for her but all in vain.
And I have held that brow when almost wild
with pain and almost writhed myself to see the
long dark suffering of her weary years. She
could not "bear and yet be still," but wildly
wrestled with her fate in those dark hours, un-
til I've turned away and wept and prayed
that she might die. What knew or cared the
world? They almost turned my heart to
stone.

But stop—we'll leave her there. I only
wish to wake the human heart to
Learn to pity those who lie
Wrapped in their shroud of gloom,
Who living not, yet do not die—
Themselves a living tomb.
There is a *Great Within* to every human
history, and strangely changed would human
judgment be could it but read it right. And
invalids—so suffering, yet forgotten—could
find their share of human sympathy
Green Mountains, 1858.

Poetical.

For the World's Paper.

To Cora Wilburn.

Welcome, welcome Sister Cora
To our own Green Mountain Band,
We welcome to our homes and firesides—
We offer hearts as well as bread.

We come in thy voice that speaks
Light and life to suffering men,
And thy words of love and freedom
Let us hear them oft again.

Well I know thy spirit smelt
For a brighter day to come,
Unto time when life and suffering
Giving them a brighter home.

Well I know thy soul is soaring
To the land of love and bliss,
Bringing back a welcome message
Unto weary ones in this.

Well I know thy thirst of spirit
Has been slaked with waters there
And thy soul is brightly giving
To others, "Come and share."

Well I know the gyres that bound thee
Have been burst and thou art free,
Herald of the Light from Heaven
Gladly do we welcome thee.

In the warm luxuriant Tropics
Thou hast gathered brighter flowers,
But they vie not with the garland
Thou hast brought from Angel flowers.

Gather then the richest treasures,
Send us off a wreath of bliss,
And we'll twine them with the Chaplet
We have brought from Heaven above.

Green Mountain March, 1858. BELL.

For the World's Paper.

Fancies.

Let me down beside the fire,
In the evening calm and dim;
While on the wall come fitting nigher,
The shadows dark and grim.

They came fitting, fitting nearer,
As the night grew cold and drear,
Then came a happy angel band,
And whispering in my ear;

They came whispering, softly whispering,
Till my eyes with tears were glistening,
For they whispered of a better,
Of a brighter, fairer land;

Where all free from earthly fetter,
Lives the bright and joyous band,
Brightly on our own lives beaming,
Like the star through dark mist gleaming.

Now the forms of heavenly beauty,
By my side so kindly stand;
With sweet words of love and duty,
Came they from that better land.

From the fields elysian straying,
And in heavenly accents saying,
"Still on Time's shoes thou art staying,
Waiting for the welcome band;

But the Father soon will call thee
From this home to one above;
And thy friends are long will greet thee
In the world of heavenly love.

For this world—be hopeful ever,
For this love shall fill thee,
We are waiting for thy coming,
Through the dark and misty vale;

Through the dark and misty vale,
Clearing on thy footsteps guile,
Till we hear thy presence hail,
Longing waiting, ever clearing,
Always trusting never fearing.

Thus they brought me nearer heaven,
By their words with wisdom rife;
And I wished the chains were riven,
Which bound me here to care and strife.

But the wish was vain, for striving
Is the lot of mortal living,
Still around me they are fitting—
Shadows of two-gone before.

While in the twilight I am thin,
They become to me as bright as day,
Ah, I hear them hear their voices!
Glorious! how my heart rejoices.

But the darkness now is banished,
By the morning's beaming light;
And those shadows, grim, have vanished,
And those forms, so heavenly bright;

Still, the thought that they are near me,
Shall through every dark hour cheer me.

The World's Paper.

DAN'L TARBELL, JR., Editor.

Sandusky, N. Y., Friday, March 12, 1858

Right is Elight!

The Government.

Be it remembered by all, that we hold ourselves free from all political parties, as we believe them all to be corrupt and inefficient to provide for the wants of the human race in these United States, and if those out were in power, we do not see how it would make the matter any better.

It is well understood by our readers that we regard the nation near a close in its present form of Government, and this conclusion has been forced upon us, by the unworkable things brought us by our invisible friends, and corroborated by the evidence we daily receive from events transpiring all over the country. However visionary we may be considered by many respected friends in our conclusions, we think we see the end with unerring certainty. We do not, however, expect the change to be momentary, but gradual in its effects.

The last year has told solemn tales for the nation's pride. Finance is destroyed, and our currency is brought into disrepute. Commerce is brought up to almost a dead halt. Statesmen and political bodies are divided and subdivided with wrangling in their midst. Churches are in a chaotic condition, and their houses of worship are being deserted. Our citizens are restless and uneasy, moving from one locality to another without satisfaction, all of which tends to show that there must be an outbirth of some important unfoldment to the human mind. That such has been, the result in times past none will deny, and as certain as the law of progression is true, so also it is equally certain that changes must take place in the nations of the earth. We do not think the change will be for the worse, but for the better. But much disappointment will be realized while undergoing the change. It will not be understood that we oppose the present form of Government if we could realize what it promises, but as we can not and do not, we must treat the subject as a profession, not as a practical thing. The next government will be a Theocracy, or in other words a government in harmony with the laws of nature, which are the laws of God. This new unfoldment shows us that we must all stand or fall by our merits or demerits. This being so White and Black Bond and Free, Male and Female all will have equal rights under this new government.

The female portion of the human race will and must occupy their true position, which is to mingle their sympathies and sentiments with the male in the government of nations as well as domestic circles. Their influence modifies and beautifies the coarseness and harshness of male, while that of the male strengthens and sustains that of the female. We must act in harmony, and yet individually, but man no more individually than woman. With these plain but true statements and suggestions we let this important subject rest until our next number, hoping this subject will be duly considered by all friends of humanity.

Lecturers wanted.

Constant employment can be given to a large number of the following class of trances or impressive speakers.

They must be willing to speak free from expectation of fee or fame.

They should be willing to bear all evil reports the tongue of slander can invent, for the truth's sake.

They should be willing to sell of that they have, and hire houses, and pay expenses in the dark corners of the country, while they go to benefit the race of man by their teachings, and deliver beautiful discourses to small and unpopular audiences.

They must be willing to sacrifice home, friends, fame, reputation, life if need be, for the cause.

With these inducements before them, with the following qualifications we can recommend them.

They must possess moral purity sufficient

to attract a class of high and pure spirits to use them, and that the instructions may be good, they must live in obedience to the laws of God, spiritually, morally and physically.

They must at all times go forth selecting the hardest places where there is most opposition, and there preach without apology for dress, features, style, education or parentage.

With these inducements we invite all to come forth and lecture on the all important subject of Spiritualism.

The field is large, and the harvest is ripe. Forward your names and they shall be recorded in the World's Paper, as co-workers and laborers with us.

Hon. L. Poland.

DEAR SIR:—I claim so far as this inquiry is concerned, to be second to no man in this State.

I wish you to inform me how I can get my rights in courts of law. I have tried it and been defeated again and yet again.

I have been defeated on notes at hand, as honest as could be made. I have been defeated where the case was proved by three unimpeached witnesses on my side, and no evidence on the other able to counter balance, and the Judge would give us the law. I have tried different counsel, and those most eminent and learned in their profession.

I have tried in different Counties, but defeat has been my fate. Now pray tell me what is the matter. I am sane, sober and intelligent. I am also honest, and have ever believed it to be the best policy—have been told by good folks from boyhood and I still believe it, not because I stand a better chance in a lawsuit, but because it makes me feel better and can enjoy life better.

Now Judge how can you as chief Justice save a party's case for him, when in the lower courts the facts are all made out on one side by false testimony, and the honest story is told on the other by only one witness and he not believed. I have been taught that we have certain rights inalienable, guaranteed to us by the Constitution, among which is the peaceable possession of property. This I find to be a mere theory, or profession the fact is not so. I find also that the right promised us by that instrument called the Constitution of the United States, does not protect us in the enjoyment of our religious opinions and many other things, we find it weak and inefficient practically—not professionally. Now Judge, I call to you this instrument in connection with my inquiries that you may see the point I am at. The Constitution is well enough as a profession or theory, so are the laws under it, but men will and do legalize crime and fraud.

They are professionally, great friends to the Constitution, but practically, guilty of high treason.

In the case mentioned, in courts, we see a man is robbed of his money, although the Constitution says he shall be protected in his property. In expressing our opinion freely as to religion, we are persecuted by the professional and robbed of our good things; so you see we are in no way free to express our views. But as our subject widens before me, and space as well as propriety invites me to close, I do so, and hope you will not for a moment entertain the thought, that this inquiry of you for an honest object, can in the slightest manner tarnish your well merited reputation, as Justice and Gentleman.

Imposition.

We are credibly informed that two or three French families, living about three miles from this place, have taken up the degraded, unnecessary business of begging. They go with old poor horses and tattered clothes, representing that their husbands are absent or sick, or that they have labored for pay, and lost their pay, and many other false statements for the sake of arousing the sympathy of our tender hearted people.

Now as we are well acquainted with these people, we feel it our duty to inform the public that they are healthy and able to labor, and their labor is all wanted for ready pay. Their husbands can have all the work they want, with good ample pay, as there are several parties lumbering in the vicinity, and all able, willing and want to pay for the labor. But these low French, which are the connecting link between man and beast, had rather lie in their huts, drink and smoke, than to be at work chopping wood, or other honorable labor, while their wives and children are out deceiving the people. Sympathy and human kindness is a virtue when directed to do proper objects of suffering, but when it is encouraging idleness, drunkenness, crime, it is a curse. These people as a class, in this vicinity, have always had large pay for all they have done, and are almost all in debt to the inhabitants in sums, varying from five to fifty dollars each, and I do not believe they ever lost five dollars of honestly earned money, in this vicinity. The fact is, they will not rise from their low habits, and calculate to steal, beg and deceive, to support themselves in idleness and drunkenness, rather than honestly earn their support. So all you give this class of beggars is a direct injury to good habits and good morals.

The people of the Union spend in a year for newspapers, \$15,000,000, and would if they all paid their debts.

The origin of newspapers is traced to Italy.

Franklin's "Boston News Letters" was the first in America. It commenced in 1701

Angels with the Blind.

In listening to the simple and unsophisticated tale of a poor blind man a few days since, (who has not had the slightest learning as I can learn towards Modern Spiritualism) I saw such perfect manifest interposition of kind and loving guardian spirits, I can not keep from recording the blind man's story. So I must begin where he did, or you will not see how I was so fortunate as to learn a good lesson for all that meet great misfortunes here.

Mr. Harvey C. Gilman of St. Johnsbury, Vt., known all through this region as the blind soap man, can hardly distinguish day from night—has been totally blind four or five years; for the last two years he has supported his family by selling a peculiar kind of soap, which he became acquainted with at the eye Infirmary in Boston—the only thing that he thought benefited him the whole year he was there.

In connection with this trade he also has a small stock of jewelry, gold pens, rings, pins, &c., which are presented in the form of a lottery, something as nearly all religious societies have at donation parties, arising in a cake-grab bag and so much for a slice, or for putting your hand into the bag. But his was more equitable, for any one that bought one or two cakes of soap, had a chance to draw from his prizes.

Now to his narrative; as he was in my store looking for prizes, he was asked if he was not afraid of being complained of for selling lottery tickets? His answer was, "While up north on my last trip in the town, a protracted meeting was zealously being carried on, and three ministers made me a special visit. I heard them candidly portray my wickedness in too highly recommending my soap, and selling it with the privilege of a chance to my prizes, was unlawful; after they had finished I gave them a true history of my life, suffering and great misfortune, and how I happened to be in this humble calling; and when I had finished they were in tears it was said, and each one bought a cake of soap without asking to put their hand in my grab-bag. Five years ago I was well and doing a prosperous business in the butchering business, and worth \$2,000 with a good wife and as I supposed, many loving neighbors and friends. But oh! how poverty and helplessness change our standing among our supposed tried friends.

Inflammation settled upon the optic nerves. I tried everything and as the last resort left my business in what I supposed good hands, and went to the celebrated eye Infirmary in Boston; after a long and unsuccessful trial, attended with great expense and suffering,

I was informed there was no hopes for me. The shock that this intelligence gave me, is indescribable—that I never could see and enjoy the great variety of shades and colors—of beloved friends—books—papers not even the first step could I know was safe. But all must be utter darkness; without one ray of hope I came home in this melancholy dejected state, my property gone—business poorly managed—had used up nearly all. I had built me a neat little house, but was indebted some \$600, and without the slightest prospect of ever being able to earn another cent. Friends fallen off; and but few, took any interest in my unhappy forlorn condition."

Could you have heard him spoke of one that had not changed you would have realized the value of true friendship.

"My wife seemed ten thousand times dearer than ever, the only one that could truly sympathize. In this forlorn & wretched state, with no prospects of ever being any better, I retired to my bed one afternoon, to get rid of time. I fell into a dream, I thought I stood upon a beautiful hill, and as I gazed off into the vales (two I think he said) were filled with dimes; and they were mine, and farther looking, showed the hill that I stood upon, to be made of the soap that I used at the eye Infirmary of Boston.

I received the impression that I could fill my pockets with dimes by selling this soap, and being at the same time useful to myself, and mankind. I wrote to Boston to find where it was manufactured—got the agency, have been selling less than two years, paid up the mortgage, supported my family, and have sold almost a mountain of soap and the two valleys (my pockets) have ever been filled with dime, and this is true."

And I owe all this business and prosperity to a dream that I never conceived of in my normal state.

NATH'L RANDALL.
Feb 25th. St Johnsbury, Vt.

Innocence.

A little girl of three summers whose love of flowers and everything beautiful, amounted to almost a passion, was one morning playing in a garden among them, and seeing a purple Morning Glory in full bloom bent down to kiss it.

A bumblebee was buzzing about the flowers, and the child from its beautiful color mistook it for a Butterfly, and only loved the flower the more for the beautiful Butterfly, and the Butterfly more for the bright flower.

But just as her sweet innocent face approached the flower, the Bee true to its nature, stung her upon her cheek. Frightened at the unexpected attack;

smarting from the wound, she ran to her mother, and amid her tears said, Mama Mama, when I went to kiss my beautiful Morning Glory, a Butterfly bit me on my cheek. How could the Butterfly when it was almost as beautiful as my flower?"

"My child," said the Mother, "it was not a Butterfly, but a Bee that always stings when disturbed. Learn from this that the beautiful are not always good, and be careful how you approach them too closely, until you have learned what they are."

"Oh," said the child, weeping bitterly "I did not think anything so beautiful could sting."

"Spiritual Indecencies."

A wealthy and highly respectable merchant of this city occasionally finds pleasure in enlightening his friends, and such as may express a desire for knowledge of the spirit manifestations of the age, by the exhibition of these wonders at his residence near the State House.

It is to be regretted, perhaps, that the manifestations through the medium whose patron he is, are made only in the dark, for were it otherwise an orthodox deacon would not have overstepped the bounds of decency, and furnished matter for these remarks. But, on the other hand, the clergy and press would not have light upon such indecencies in "high" places, and many more of their lambs might have gone into spiritual indecencies, ere they had warned them to beware of the danger.

Among the visitors to this family not many weeks since, was an influential deacon of an Orthodox church in the western part of this State; a man whose head is white from between sixty and seventy years of service in this world, and who has a family, and is somewhat high in authority in the State as well as the church.

After the light was extinguished, the deacon, forgetting that he was the guest of a respectable family, and thus mindful of that duty he owed to the landlady of the house, by whose side he was seated at the table, commenced manipulations upon the hands and arms of his hostess. At first she excused it, upon the ground that he was a very old man, a deacon, and perhaps somewhat of a medium; although from such short acquaintance as she had with him, she had not been accustomed to this display of medium powers from any medium. However, the deacon continued, and got more bold, until the lady could have no doubt of his intentions, though it was some minutes before she could believe that so respectable a deacon, and so old a man, could intend an insult. At last there was no mistaking it, however, and the landlady ordered the gas to be lighted, declaring that however meagre the manifestations to the company might have appeared, she had been favored with some very remarkable manifestations. Out of consideration for the worthy gentleman and lady at whose suggestions the deacon was invited to her house, and also from a high esteem she entertained for a relative of the deacon, he was allowed to take his leave in a most sudden and sneaking manner, without an expose being made of his lecherous conduct.

There are frequent manifestations of this kind at circles, and we trust the press and pulpit will take the matter in hand, and insist that when their deacons and other lambs(?) of the flock stray away into the spiritual circles, they will not take it for granted that spiritualists are all free-lovers, because they have told them so, and attempt to practice "Spiritual Indecencies."—*Alumina.*

Feed the Hungry.

John Washington Farmer, Esq., plumber by occupation, opened a free dining saloon last November, at 47 Ludlow street, and for a season gave dinners to some forty regular customers; but it soon got noised about that the poor could go there and be filled without money and without price, and his custom rapidly increased. On the 11th of January he enlarged his saloon so that eighty four persons can comfortably stand at his table. The throng became so great that officers are regularly detailed to attend in the middle of the day, and to preserve order among the hungry crowd. The place is open for eating from 6 A. M. to 11 P. M. "I am hungry," is the password, and no questions are asked. Of these customers there are at present about six hundred regularly. And some three or four hundred more patronize the establishment occasionally. All hungering humanity is bidden to the feast, without respect to country or color. Women are first served; second, the men; and lastly, children.

On the 6th inst., 1,093 persons were fed by this man at his table. Several persons have offered to contribute to Mr. Farmer's noble enterprise, but his answer is, that he is able to carry out his own purposes, and advises the benevolent to do likewise in other parts of the city. Mr. F. has already served up 32 barrels of flour, 7 quarters of beef, 300 bushels potatoes, 120 hams, 10 bush-

els onions, 2 barrels herrings, a barrel mackerel, beside the necessary small stores. Four women and four men, beside Mr. Farmer, are constantly busy in cooking and waiting on the hungry. Mr. F. has expended over \$4,000, and still there is more as long as anybody says "I am hungry."

Spiritual Telegraph.

Are we Spirits?

BY A SPIRIT.

Spirits of light desire to dictate a few thoughts touching the subject that is now engrossing so deeply the attention of mankind. The wisdom of the earth has been startled and confounded at the growth of the mysterious tree; nor does history of past ages afford an instance of like bearing.

And what are the reflections induced? In other days, amid excitement and despair, doctrines and beliefs have been forced. Now Reason grasps Truth. It is not the voice of mortals that disturbs popular sentiment to unfold the progressing realities of the moment. This may give the humble shout, and proclaim the blessings being received; but spirits can and will introduce themselves. They know well the way to Earth and have marked the streams of vice and error that flow into Society. They are not ignorant of the hold of vicious habit on the minds of the masses; nor do they misjudge the causes that produce the sad affections. But they see what the embodied eye does not. They behold the reality of what would seem to you of earth but a dream. When spirits announce their intention and willingness to strew your path with flowers of spiritual growth; when they speak of the beauty and grandeur and glory of the new life; when they bring the pleasing fact, that beyond the comprehension of standard knowledge, and above the walks of the most extended wisdom, there dwell beings who were once called human; that the change, wherein Death divides the mortal from the immortal part—the grosser from the finer qualities—the essence from the substance—but led them into the company of those who had long since gone before; and who were thought to have been wafted to a miserable or happy point of Eternity; that interior nature is alive and active with your brethren that were born on earth, but who out-lived the frail form of clay; when spirits reveal all this, though it be precious and happy truth, it is not for you to be hasty; neither feel over-anxious; this causes confusion—but be passive.

Principle is truth; and if your intercourse with the dwellers of another sphere of existence cannot be traced to, and made to rest on, a principle of the same nature that withers the leaf and breathes blossoms on the tree, it is not truth, and may be dangerous in the land. But a voice higher than the councils of earth has spoken! A wisdom more sublime than that of mortals has penetrated the mystery that hid men from angels! A world of arms, strong and firm, lifted the veil, and the brother who cannot behold the light must deceive Spirits with a false evening. The truth is with you, for you, and he who is unable to embrace it must be entangled.

On an attending principle with that by which they commune with earth, Spirits have discovered the cancerous enmities that have so weakened Society. And though it may not be strictly apparent to all, yet a silent, unseen power has grappled the most lively root. Rejoice with our brother, but do not detain spirits with careless requests. They know well their work—already do they enjoy glory. The hand of reformation has struck—"peace! be still," has gone down to the troubled wave, and even now can be heard the angel's whisper.

If, then, you are sustained in a belief that you are in the presence of spirits; no matter whether before known to the world, or not—your friends are permitted to return from their death journey—what should be your duty? Spirits desire passiveness on your part, but you do not give it; and why? because you do not withdraw yourself from the confusion around; you cannot be passive in fetters; you cannot see truth through the heavy veils of sectarianism. Clear and free from all these mists, you lift your thoughts, if you would feel noble—you would gather the blessings of spiritual communion.

But neglect not the principle that answers the question, "Are we Spirits?"—*Age of Progress.*

THE SMILE OF INFANCY.—Is there anything so lovely, so innocent and pure, as the smile of infancy? It is the good spirits which manifest their presence by the heavenly expression of the divine image. They act through the pure and innocent medium. And O! how more than happy if in after-life the engrossment of material things did not drive them away, that we would always smile as in infancy.—*Ex.*

We have received the Agitator this Progressive Friend published at Elgin, Ill.

Persevere!

Great is the virtue of perseverance! Dr. Johnson tells us that diligence, which is nearly the same as perseverance, is never wholly lost. Even though we miss our principal aim, we gain by its pursuit in the spirit of perseverance.

The fable of the hare and the tortoise has been aptly used to illustrate the value of perseverance. The former trusted to the swiftness of its foot, and delayed setting off upon the proposed race so long, that the latter first reached the goal, and won the prize, slow motioned as it necessarily was.

Human society is full of the tardy hare's imitators. They sadly lack not only the quality of perseverance, but that of promptitude as well—or rather, as ill. They will hesitate while others take the prizes of life. Ay, while they hesitate, and console themselves that they are not as "reckless" as some competitors, the condemned one perseveres, and leaves them far behind, in mediocrity of success, if not utter despair and failure, leaves them to quote, in self-gratulation—

"Fools step in where angels fear to tread"—the quaters themselves being the "angels," of course, and everybody else the "fools."

Yes, perseverance is a noble quality, or rather, a combination of qualities, in which hope and courage meet forethought and discretion, and work together, for good, in the most beautiful accordance.

Young man! do you feel discouraged? Arouse yourself, and persevere! If you cannot be a hare in swiftness, determine to be a tortoise in steadiness of purpose and action. You will come out far ahead of many a dilatory hare in the great race of humanity.

—Age of Freedom.

Visitations of Providence.

A story has been published in nearly all the secular and religious papers, to the effect that a man in Indiana, (we believe) while digging his potatoes last fall, found them very rotten, and cursed God with all the strength of his lungs, for some time. He went to the house, and sitting down to rest, found himself unable to rise. Here he remained many hours, while his family became frightened and fled, leaving the poor man for aught they would do, to die for the want of care and food. And these editors impute this affliction to the revenge of God for what they call blasphemy to him, when in all probability the man was merely troubled with rheumatism or some other physical disease, and proper care would have quickly restored him.

Such imputations are unworthy the intelligence of age in which we live. When the revelations of Providence were regarded as infidel and blasphemous when the destructions of lightning were received as punishments for our sins—when to light the streets with gas was as blasphemous as God's holy purpose of making night dark—when to believe that human bodies had been examined which could not have been living less than sixty thousand years ago, was supposed to be blasphemous—when the sciences of Phrenology proclaimed that every man was more or less religious, in such an age, it would be natural to cherish the superstitious notions of special Providences; but with all the wisdom which has been given to the world, it is a matter of surprise that those who seem to be learned and profess to be sensible, should so ignorantly pronounce God the author of our misfortunes, however insignificant they may be.

God works by natural, unchanging laws. The sun shines and the shower falls the same on the fields of him who works and him who lingers. Afflictions visit the transgressor of natural laws, whether he be white or black, Christian or villain. By a thorough knowledge of the laws of nature, which are God's laws, we shall avoid all suffering, and become truly the workers of our own salvation. In this age, there is no excuse for ignorance of these laws of the Almighty. Existing facts and scientific dissertations are within the reach of all. Even the newspapers diffuse many of them, and our neglect to obey will bring retribution upon ourselves, and posterity, as certain as God governs by unchanging laws.—Wood County Reporter.

WHY MOUNTAINS ARE COLD.—It is a curious scientific fact that the atoms of air, as we ascend, are at a great distance from each other. If the distance between any two atoms is diminished, they give out heat, or render it sensible: whereas if the distance between them be increased, they store it away. The upper strata are sensibly colder than the lower, not because the atoms have less heat, but because the heat is diffused through a larger space when the atoms are farther apart. One pound of air at the level of the sea within the tropics, may be said to contain more heat than the same weight at the top of the highest mountain, perpetually covered with snow. It is for this reason that the same wind, which is warm in the valley, becomes colder as it ascends the sides of the mountain. The diminishing pressure allows the air to expand and store away its heat. It is therefore not snow on the top of the mountains which cools the air, but it is the rarity of the air which keeps the snow itself from melting. As a general law, the decrease of temperature amounts to one degree, Fahrenheit, for every three hundred feet in perpendicular height.

Eating one's meat with a silver fork, while the butcher's bill has not been paid is called gentility.

The Beginning of the World.

The following extract from a sermon of Mr. Spurgeon, the pious English preacher, is a specimen of the eloquence which within a year or two has made his name familiar in both Hemispheres:

"Can any man tell me when the beginning was? Years ago we thought, the beginning of the world was when Adam came upon it; but we have discovered that, thousands of years before that, God was forming chaotic matter to make it a fit abode for man, and putting races of people upon it, that they might leave traces of His handiwork and marvelous skill, before he tried his skill on man. But this was not the beginning, for revelation points us to a period long ere this world was fashioned—to the days when the morning stars were begotten, when like drops of dew the morning stars and constellations fell trickling from the hands of God, when by His own lips, He launched forth in ponderous orbs, when with His own hand, He sent comets, like thunderbolts, wandering through the sky to find one day their proper sphere. We go back to those days, when worlds were made and systems were fashioned, and we have not even approached the beginning yet."

Until we go back to the time when the universe slept in the mind of God, as yet unborn, until we enter the eternity where God the Creator dwells alone, everything sleeping within Him, all creation sleeping in his mighty, gigantic thought, we have not guessed the beginning. Our wing might be tired, our imagination might die away. Could it outstrip the lightning's flash in majesty, power and rapidity, it would soon weary itself ere it could reach the beginning. But God, from the beginning, chose His people, when the unnavigable ether was yet unfanned by the wing of a single angel, when space was shoreless or else unborn; when universal silence reigned, and not a voice or a whisper checked the solemnity of silence; when there was no being, no emotion, and not but God Himself alone in His eternity, when, without the attendance of even a cherubim, long ere the living creatures were born or the wheels of the chariot of Jehovah were fashioned; even then, "in the beginning was the word," and in the beginning God's people were one in the world and "in the beginning He chose them all unto eternal life."—Ex.

Intuition.

THROUGH R. P. AMBLER.

Intuition is the light of the human soul. It is the flower and perfection of Reason, presenting in its keen and powerful scrutiny the unitized and concentrated powers of interior perception. The basis from which this power is derived, is the faculty of instinct manifested in the animal creation. When the brute perceives the approach of danger, or seeks the nutriment which is necessary to sustain physical life, it simply exercises its instinctive faculty, which consists in the magnetic relations that are sustained to those objects from which it is repelled or to which it is attracted. In the human being, this faculty is sublimated and refined in such a manner as to create the power of Reason, by which Man is distinguished from the inferior orders of creation, and is enabled to exercise control over all less perfect existents. This power may be properly exercised as the guide and monitor of the earthly mind. It is that faculty, by which the laws of the Universe have been perceived and recognized, by which the movements and changes of external nature are known, by which existing effects are traced to their primitive causes, and the beauties of divine order and harmony are measurably disclosed. Hence Reason is the proper oracle to be consulted, with relation to all matters of faith and practice; and it is only when this is clogged in its action, or perverted from its true course, that the human understanding becomes weak, blind and dormant.

But, as has been intimated, there exists in the soul, the germ of a still higher faculty than Reason. From this, as the spirit becomes expanded, and matured, is unfolded the flower of Intuition. And this power is simply the result, of those relations which subsist between the soul in its sublimated state, and the divine realities which dwell in the celestial universe, as instinct in the animal is only the correspondence existing between those elements that constitute its most interior being and the inherent qualities of external things. By intuition, therefore, the spirit arrives almost

instantaneously at the truths which it is enabled to grasp, without pausing to trace the details of circumstances and influence which lead to the perceived result. It is indeed a spiritual instinct developed in the human soul, as animal instinct is created in the organization of the brute. Consequently while Reason travels more slowly along the line of cause and effect, this power soars with electric speed to the most distant recesses of the Universe, and brings to the passive spirit a store of truth and wisdom.

Since, however, the intuitional powers of the spirit are developed from its inmost germ, and are graduated by the unfoldings of the inner consciousness, these can only be fully exercised and enjoyed when the soul is freed from the disturbing influences of the outer world and dwells in the hallowed silence of its own interior temple. Hence it may be observed, that the seers and prophets of all ages have been susceptible to a great mental abstraction—have beheld visions when deep sleep had fallen upon them, and have received messages from the angels while they were "in the spirit," or in other words, in the spiritual state. In that condition of the human system in which the body sleeps and the consciousness of the soul is opened, the intuitional preceptions are naturally unfolded in such a manner as to grasp the realities which are concealed from the external mind in the deep heart of Nature. It is in this sanctuary of the spirit that the power of Intuition blooms, and sends forth a sweet fragrance to delight the opening sense of the immortal being. Therefore it is well to retire from the discordant sounds of the outward world, and in the hallowed light which flows from the spheres of celestial life, to exercise and cultivate that faculty which gives the true consciousness of power and attracts the sweetest blessings of existence.—Age of Progress.

VOICES FROM THE INNER LIFE.

It was decided upon in case the Spirit who last communicated and left unfinished his message should not be able to elevate the Medium to his condition, at this interview, I should "make the effort," and if I could, give what I may have to say respecting "the last few days of my earthly career," and such other information as in the wisdom of those in whose sphere I communicated might be of sufficient importance to give that portion of the world who might read the message of one who but recently changed conditions of life.

Up to the last moment that the stout and hitherto substantial vessel which it was my privilege to command, remained above water, the community at large has received an accurate and graphic account from those who witnessed the scene, and returned in bodies to their homes and friends. Amidst the confusion, darkness and distress, which such a disaster at sea would be calculated to create, I found myself surrounded by my fellow beings who like myself had remained on board exerted all their powers to save the vessel, each looking now to his own safety and clinging to such portions of the wreck as in the moment floated within their reach. The howling of the wind prevented our exchanging many words intelligibly to each other and during the latter portion of the night and the fore part of the morning, nothing of interest occurred that has not been related by others who were in a similar condition to mine. During the night and morning, I floated about, looking for daylight with eager hope of being rescued from my situation by vessels which I knew in be within a few miles of us. At length after hours of indescribable mental anguish, the morning came, and with it the gladdening sight of the schooner which I had every reason to hope would discover us and thus save us from our perilous situation. I was laboring and struggling, and that sharks would during the night, sent our unfortunate condition, and that I should lose my legs, and be torn to pieces. This was the mental agony referred to although I would at the time have preferred being relieved or saved, even though my legs were lost. I shrank from death, as my love of life was strong as any man's could be. The most indifferent and reckless man who had encountered manifold dangers, and had oft been started in the face by death, could not, I think, have calmly and unconcerned looked at the elements in their wild confusion and said they preferred death under such circumstances to life.

The morning came as I mentioned, and with it a sight of the schooner, the only vessel which I could see. None of the passengers or crew were within sight, and I alone (clinging to one of the spars which had drifted within my reach during the fore part of the morning), made all the signals I could to attract the attention of those on board. But all of no avail; she did not come within three miles of where I was, and as she proceeded on her course, and I saw there was no hope of assistance from her, I began to resign myself to my fate, whatever that might be. My greatest dread was that of being eaten by the sharks, as I knew that I was in the latitude where they are in abundance, yet I had seen none up to this time. Throughout the

morning, I drifted with the wind and kept an anxious lookout for vessels, or some of my companions who, like me, might still be a-bove water, but saw none. As evening approached, my spirit began to despond, and my thoughts reverted back to scenes on shore, my family and friends, and I could not refrain from weeping in bitter anguish at the contemplation of my desolate position, and as I now felt, certain it was at hand, my untimely end. After suffering all a man could in such a situation, about the middle of the night, as near as I could judge, my overtaxed frame began to fail, and the last consciousness I had was that of closing my eyes and passing into a sweet sleep in which state I was washed off the spar, and the waves covered over my body, and I was restored to consciousness and discovered I was in the Spirit world. My first desire was gratified, and I was the next moment with my family, trying to make them conscious that I was with them. All round seemed to me so natural that I could not believe that I was not seen nor heard by those I loved, and was endeavoring to converse with.—Principle.

HERNDON.
For the World's Paper.

Forgiveness.

As sure as man was born to live,
He was created to forgive.
When storm-clouds gather round the heart,
And shoots of anger fiercely dart
Along the fibres of the soul,
Man often strays from virtue's path,
To exercise his pent up wrath,
Expanded far beyond control.
Thus man has often drawn the sword,
And streams of human blood have poured,
Like rivers coursing o'er the plain;
While victors with exultant smile,
Would dance around the ghastly pile
Of enemies whom they had slain.
But when the storm has passed away,
And the illuminating ray
Of peace is shed upon the heart;
Revenge, though wronged, man seeketh not,
Each evil deed is soon forgot,
And disaffections all depart.

Thus should it be the great First Cause,
Who fixed for man eternal laws,
To guide him in the ways of life;
Never stamped upon his mighty plan,
The thought that false, mortal man,
Should ever join in earthly strife.

ALMON CLARK.

ROCHESTER.
For the World's Paper.

Liberty.
Come, O ye mortals, come hither, away
We will bear you on pinions of love
To our happy home, that knows no decay,
From pain, care, and strife, far above,
Come weary wanderers of three score and ten,
If ye have lived on the maxims of love,
We will bear ye to realms so beautiful and fair
That ye'll feel ne'er to wish more to rove,
Ye middle aged ones, whose prospects are fair,
And happiness thine every day;
If the true friend comes and bids ye prepare,
Fear not nor wish longer to stray
And ye little ones, fear not thy friend's death
For he is only the gardener of Heaven [sphere
To whom the bright buds too pure for your
To transplant in his gardens, are given,
Then cast far away all ye children of earth
That fear which ignorance has given [twice
And learn that the opening of the portals be-
But reveal the glories of Heaven.

For the World's Paper.

The Invisibile World.

Was heavenly wisdom to be mine,
The ways of God, and ways of man;
No heaven or hell should I'er find,
But those which dwell within the mind,
Were all the planets in their spheres,
Explored in their eternal years,
No God, nor heaven, nor angels there,
Would ever be found, that are not here,
Should eyes of flesh, all agree behold,
Where thought'er reached or planets roll,
No heaven or hell would see in all,
But as now seen upon this ball.
Above, beneath, before, behind,
There is no heaven or hell to find;
No good, no evil can be shown,
But in the moral world alone,
Come then and part with all your pride;
And lay your mortal thoughts aside,
Open your gates and you shall hear,
For eternal truth comes near.
To understand is to behold.
The things divine which were of old;
The mystery of all mysteries sealed,
Time's darkest curtains now revealed.
All chains of former ages break,
Bid the whole world from death awake,
The world invisible behold,
Is man's own mind, the moral world!
Wisdom, with all things she can scan,
Dwells truly in her God-like man.
In all successive ages round,
With living men alone she's found.
What e'er by wisdom men may find,
Dwell in themselves, in their own mind,
Thus God and Christ, and Heaven are near,
And in eternity is here.
West Lebanon.

To Adin.

Yes, we as Angel trackers
Are waiting for the time
When every earthly creature
Will have no dark design;
But listen to the Angels
That are giving them great truths
To raise a voice for freedom
The aged and the youth.

O, yes, my dearest brother,
This Truth shines bright to you.
I've taught you of my presence,
And also what is true—
Through many a Medium, brother,
I have spoken of my fate—
I want my murderers, Adin,
They feel their dismal state.

God grant, my dearest brother,
Before their spirits leave,
That they may find repentance
And in a Heaven believe.
Think, brother, of their spirits,
How low they were on earth!
They could enjoy no heaven,
They sought it not on earth.

A word to her I cherish—
I'm often by her side.
O, could you see my spirit,
Your heart would leap with pride,
And when your tears are falling,
And sorrow fills thy heart,
My spirit comes with pleasure
And takes away the smart.

And now my earthly brother,
God bless your labors here.
Go on and speak of freedom,
I know you will not fear.
For, I am standing by you
When you are in your room—
Will raise your mind to heaven,
And tell you what we've done.
S. P. P. M. THOMAS B. ESTABROOK

For the World's Paper.

A Wish.

I wish I was an angel,
And had the wings to fly;
I would hasten to that region,
Where the living never die.
Yes I would go in gladness,
And leave this world of pain;
To rise to that blessed land,
Wherein we all shall reign.
I trust that our dear Savior
In that sweet spirit land,
Would meet me with an open heart,
And with an angel hand.
'Tis then I should be numbered,
In that bright heavenly home;
Where sickness never enters,
And sorrow does not roam.

And in that holy mansion,
Where all is joy and peace,
I should be the partaker
Of one Eternal feast.
But not long and I shall pass away,
Thus leave this world of sin.
And if I am well prepared
A heavenly crown shall win.
Chelsea, March 1853 J. A. BURMAN JR.

Government.

Did you ever know, as a practical affair, of a government that was not the greatest curse the people under it had to endure? Did you ever hear of a government that did not sanction and support ten times as much crime as it attempted to suppress? Did you ever know of a government that was worse in character than the mass of the people living under it? Did you ever know of a people that would not tolerate evil in their government that they would not be guilty of as individuals? You will answer all these questions in the negative. Now, does this happen so, or is it a law of things? As it has always been, so it will be. A republican government cannot be better than its people—the stream never rises higher than its source—and consequently can never be a benefit to its people. But, over and over again, we see the people, among other reasons, because it always falls into the hands of demagogues. Politics are corrupting in their nature. To be successful politician, a man must be as "dis-honest" as the times will admit of. Another important consideration is, that the race is constantly progressing, and the people every now and then demand a new government, the old one becoming intolerable. But while the people progress, the government remains stationary at a point below them, until lifted up by the people towards their own level; thus acting as a perpetual burden and hinderance.

FRANCIS BARRY

Persecution.

And is it man—man, strong in every noble energy, powerful in every faculty, rich in all the resources, and sublime in all the dignity, of intelligence—is it man whom we would frighten into tame surrender of his loftiest powers? Whom we would cudgel out of his own free thoughts, and crush under the chariot wheels of intolerance? Let us look into history—let us mark on the human mind, through all ages, in all nations, the effects of persecution. When the justice of Aristides turned admiration to envy, what restored him to the love of his countrymen? Persecution. When the lessons of Socrates fell powerless on giddy ears of the Athenians, what graced his name and his precepts on their hearts? His death by persecution. What re-creates all the patriots of Rome of a misguided in-

titude? Persecution. And what rooted Christianity in the hostile soil of heathenism? Persecution.—What fostered the heresy of Luther? Persecution. What built up the church of Calvin? Persecution. What hath given a substance and a name to all the distinctions, real or imagined, of each religious reformer? Persecution.—What has preserved the Jew pure and entire in his faith, in his blood, in his ceremony and feature, through ages of time, and while lost and scattered amidst nations opposed in every custom, law, feeling and creed? Why hath he stood a noble monument of patient endurance, persecution, personacity, scrupulous fidelity, long-suffering and uncompromising, yet unyielding resistance? Why, like a column in the desert, wearing its capital and its tracery, and all the form and ornament stamped by the genius of forgotten artist and forgotten nations, stands he to this hour a glorious relic of empire departed and grandeur overthrown? Why, but because of persecution?

Or, say again, what hath provoked vengeance on the head of kings? What, harried English Charles to the scaffold? What threw down the royalty and nobility of France, from their antique thrones, and long established supremacy? Or, yet once more, what turned the people from the prostituted name of liberty and the insignia of a Republic dropping with gore, to recede, their again to detested sceptres and the name and style of king? And, oh say, people of America, descendants of English Puritans, French Huguenots, Irish Catholics, condemned rogues, bullwhipped patriots, and sacrificed martyrs! What, driving your fathers from European realms, hath built up the noble frame of this Republic? Oh say, torturers of the human mind! What hath done this save persecution?—FRANCIS WRIGHT [Lc.]

News Items.

The President seems to desire the admission of Kansas, with the Slavery Constitution, while a majority of the House are against it. A Committee of investigation has been appointed, that refuse to investigate, being pro-slavery. S. A. Douglass's new firm against the President, in his Kansas Scheme—declares that it ought to be admitted free. An effort to increase the army is made, but that may be defeated in the House. Six or eight of the administration members declared against the President in the Senate. But little snow now upon the mountain.

Town Officers for Granville, Elected March 23, 1853.

Hiram Ford, Moderator; Amasa Eaton, Town Clerk; C. C. Hubbard, Treasurer; Joseph Flint, Constable; Amasa Eaton, Trustee Surplus Fund; Joseph Lamb, Town Agent; Joseph P. Bell, Joseph Flint, Cary Harvey, Selectmen; R. M. Hubbard, J. B. Ford, J. Morgan, Listers; A. G. Allen, Superintendent of Schools; Jas. Lamb, Philomen Hay, Alden Lamb, Auditors; Hiram Ford, A. C. Estabrook, Town Grand Jurors; Joseph Hubbard, Lorenzo D. Eaton, John A. Vinton, Ben-Viewers; Wesley P. Ford, Scales and Weighers and Measures; Lemuel Park, Scales of Leather; C. C. Hubbard, Asa Ford Jr., R. M. Hubbard, Room keepers.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

Joseph P. Bell, Amasa G. Allen, Amasa Eaton, Rufus M. Hubbard, John Parker.

Notices.

A great deal of complaint is made by our subscribers that they do not receive their papers regular. We cannot tell them why this is, unless there is trouble at Post Offices, which we fear is too true; for we are particular to mail them once in two weeks. But, we know that a friend at Simonds falls in to us, while at the Legislature last fall, that he had not received one of about ten or fifteen. We went to the P. M. to know if such a paper was received there, but have had no answer; yet we know that he gets the paper. Another writes that the papers are taken from the Office and worn out before he gets them. We are willing to send extras to such, but wish those that thus steal the papers, would be so kind as to let the owner have his paper in reason to be able read it, and if you are unable to pay us for one we will gladly send it to you free.

Again, some who use to read our paper for some time and send word to us that it is not taken from the office, simply to get rid of paying for, or having the name of reading it. Do not do so, be men and frankly pay duty. We know many more that would read it did they dare and have seen them slay away to do it.

There will be trances speaking at the Town Church in Granville, and N. Roxbury next Sunday.

CHAS. ELIAS spoke at Snowsville the first Sunday in March; will speak at East Bethel, the second, and at the Morse School House, in Randolph, the Third Sunday.

Marriages.

In Hancock Jan. 31, by Rev. Geo. S. Guernsey, Mr. Benjamin T. Lombard, of Springfield, and Miss Harriet H. Flint, of H. In Lebanon N. H., by Rev. G. W. Bayley, Mr. Thaddeus Conant, of Bowdoin, Vt., and Miss Rosella Hubbard of Plainfield N. H. In Windsor Feb. 4, by Rev. J. B. Huntington, Dudley T. Chase, Esq., to Mrs. Sula P. Smith, of Cornish N. H.

Passing On.

In Plymouth, Vt., Mr. Isaac B. Weston, aged about 25 years, a contributor to this paper. In Reading, Vt., Mrs. Hannah Robinson, a relic of the late Capt. Ebenezer Robinson, aged about 93 years.

