

# THE WORLD'S PAPER.

For the Discussion and Diffusion of Truth, and Exposure of Error.

VOL. I.

SANDUSKY, VT., FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 24, 1857.

NO. 7.

## THE WORLD'S PAPER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,  
At Sandusky, Vt.

A. C. ESTABROOK & Co., Publishers.  
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TERMS OF PUBLICATION.  
Single Mail subscribers, in advance, \$1.50  
at the end of the year, 2.00

### Prospectus.

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 we feel it a 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 anticipation, we shall only be enrolled with the disappointed that have been.

It will be our highest duty, as well as necessity, 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, Religions, Spiritualism, Governments, Civil Law, Slavery, Railroads, Banks, Agriculture, Commerce, and 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 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 the 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, understanding, 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.

D. TARBELL, Jr., Sandusky, Vt.  
All who feel interested in our humble efforts will do us the favor to encourage the patronage of this paper.

### Profession and Practice.

The Christian Church has wasted in useless extravagance, in costly decoration, and expensive ceremony what, if rightly appropriated, would have relieved the world extreme suffering, and spread the light of education from pole to pole. Had the gospel of Christ (love) been faithfully executed, this would not be so. The true spirit of Christ would have looked at the overflowing treasury, and asked, How much good can I do with this? How many of the suffering sons and daughters of the human family may be raised from their degradation, crime, misfortune, and misery? How many of the sad-hearted of the world can I make glad? But churchmen have done otherwise. They have first burdened their tables with unbecoming luxuries—they have dressed their temples in the grandest and costliest of folly's trappings—and, after literally wasting all, encumbered themselves with debts, and called upon the crushed masses to again bend their backs to the burden which God hath imposed: Providence, to the Church, has been a scapegoat for every folly. And turning

to Christ, they cry, with surprised countenances, "When saw we thee in prison, or an hungered?"—or in want in any respect, and did not come to thy aid? The cause of the suffering poor, and *vice versa*—Because distress and suffering are not within the sphere of vision, we must not act as though there is no such thing. The poor we have with us, whether at our door or beyond the world of waters. Mankind are one brotherhood, and God the father. The poor are as precious in his sight as the rich. And with what sorrow must he view his professed people unfaithful in their stewardships, "passing by upon the other side" of misery's gulf, purposely avoiding the scene of sorrow within. It will be more possible for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich and selfish church to enter into the spheres of the wise and good.

Spiritualism is a re-affirmation of Christ's Gospel. It is the second coming—not of the man, but the great principle—"Love God with all your heart, and your fellow as yourself." First a simple declaration of which the second is the proof. Duty to man is love to God in practice.

Do Spiritualists understand this? What then? Shall we be but mere hollow professionalists? or shall we seek a practical path, and waste nothing while human suffering is known to exist? A. C. M'C.

PHILADELPHIA, July 8.

### The Spiritual Question in Boston. Further Investigations.

Notwithstanding the condemnatory report of the "Spiritual Investigating Committee" appointed by the publishers of the *Courier* to investigate the manifestations of spiritual mediums brought forward by Dr. GARDNER—the substance of which report being that all of the Committee's four tests had failed yesterday afternoon and evening, to room No. 12, Albion House, representatives from the different newspapers in Boston, for the purpose of exhibiting to them his experiments in spiritual manifestations, and placing through this instrumentality, their practical results before the public. The Press was largely represented, and the strictest attention was given to the proceedings. Without volunteering any opinion on the subject of Spiritualism, we will give a brief statement of what transpired, as it appeared to our understanding.

In the afternoon, at 3 o'clock, the mediums, Mrs. Brown and Miss Kate Fox (sisters) were present. At the suggestion of Dr. G. the visitors examined the tables and fixtures in the room. The company, with the mediums then sat around a large table, and in a short time a very brisk rapping, in a variety of tones, assailed the ear. A series of questioning of certain spirits, now commenced through the instrumentality of the "raps," and under the direction of the lady mediums. The answers were in almost every instance straight and satisfactory, and from the system adopted of transferring the questioning from one to another, a suspicion of collusion between the mediums would be difficult to arrive at, by even the most skeptical. This sitting occupied about an hour and a quarter.

In the evening the manifestations were of a different character. Two boys were placed in a box with seats at each end, and the lights put out. It was then desired that "John" (the spirit) should tie them together, ropes having been placed in the box for that purpose. But "John" wouldn't do it, and the experiment failed. The boys were then tied together in the most secure manner, with many knots exceedingly intricate, and the lights again put out. The request this time was that the spirit should untie them, and while the investigators held those having charge of the exhibition, the boys were separated, amid a great pulling and rubbing noise, (like rattling of ropes), and much to the astonishment of all present, who with the greatest care were unable to detect any trickery. This transpired within fifteen minutes.

The next feat was to tie the boys up, which failed before, and it was accomplished in six minutes. They were examined, and the lights were once more extinguished. In accordance with a request, the spirit (and when we say "John" this is not that, it is only for convenience, based on general supposition) closed the doors of the box and bolted them. A tamboorine had been placed on the floor of the box and upon the top, outside of course, was a violin. The latter instrument then fell through, and the two instruments came in contact. In a second they were playing "Pop goes the weasel." The doors were then unbolted, and lighted open, and almost instantly the room was filled. The company rushed towards the scene of action, and wonderful to relate, found the boys as intricately tied as at first. The lights were again put out, and the boys

untied in two minutes, the shutting and bolting operation being again performed. This was the last experiment of the evening, and the company departed, bewildered at what they had seen. We submit the whole matter for what it is worth. Another meeting will be held this evening.—*Boston Post*, 3d.

### The march of Progress.

Every age has its landmarks, its monument on which is inscribed its character, and progress—physically, morally, spiritually, and this progress, is marked more or less distinctly in individuals of nations as they are more or less circumscribed by fixed creeds, or sentiment handed down by their progenitors, which they reverence in proportion as they are impressed with its sacredness.

Thus religion is rendered sacred, not so much from time honored reverence of its teachings as from its associations with the hearts deepest emotions—wrung from the agonies of bereavement, to which it assumes to minister when the ties of affection are severed, and the strange vision of cold, inanimate, lifeless being usurps the place of health, vitality, and beauty.

Without this strange power, which love usurps within the soul how powerless would be the forms of religion, and how feeble its influence. But being thus associated with all the gloomy array of bigotry and superstition rendering dark and terrible the grave, and veiling the future in its solemn mysteries, it is not wonderful that the creed bound spirit fears to enter the portals of investigation & timidly shrinks from the brightness of new truths whose teachings are at variance with those which so long been consecrated by the graves of the loved.

It has been considered legitimate for man to give freedom to his thoughts; in every sphere, except the religious. The basis of his faith is assumed as perfect and whoever departs therefrom is heretical. Instead of a spirit of free inquiry being sanctioned in matters of religion he is required to yield a blind faith to self constituted authorities, and lean his hopes of heaven and a future life, upon just such evidences as are preserved from the past.

Nor dares to satisfy the longings of his soul by seeking more tangible and demonstrative evidences. Thus man has lived in the night of sorrow and despair because forsooth authority had placed its ban upon all who dare explore the mysteries of Godliness or present the popular theology in its weakness and deformity, and the progressive spirit of the age, is manifest in its general infidelity, and unbelief of creeds dogmas which have no rational foundation in reason and nothing to commend them but their ancient origin.

Reason and truth are leveling the ancient fabric, and young and vigorous humanity, is building upon the ruins and edifice better adapted to its enlightened understanding its enlarged proportions, than can be found in the past. They are tired of reposing in the wilderness, and of feeding upon the manna which was given to the children of Israel, and they are looking upward for the manna which falls fresh from heaven every day, and none shall be left unsatisfied. It is certain the past does not satisfy the soul, it has still vain longings for more heavenly food, and still feels the yearning of unsatisfied desires which it vainly seeks to gratify in the cold inanimate forms and teachings of a religious superstition which has established its empire on earth through the blood of thousands.

It has appealed to the lowest attributes of man and presented him to a wrathful, unrelenting God, a miserable slave whose trembling footsteps were slowly approaching the confines of an unseen world, to meet a pitiless doom.

Man has been educated in the belief of total depravity and therefore has not sought within himself the element of those divine and Godlike principles which are destined to elevate him to the plane of angelic life and love, and lift him from the groveling sensualism in which he has so long sought happiness. Time in his progressive steps has unfolded to his consciousness the elements of a better nature, and awakened aspirations whose waits cannot be gratified with the same dull routine of externals. The spiritual age has dawned upon the world and new and earnest longings are awakened within the soul, which the past can no longer satisfy.

This age shall be one of high moral and spiritual unfolding in which the enfeebled intellect shall essay its powers, and find itself the possessor of more strength and manliness than it had ever dreamed.

The breath of a divine inspiration is now descending and every free mind has felt its influence, women and young children attain their harps to breath forth the divine harmonies of a higher life and allure man by the

leveling and glory to be wrought; from his inner faculties to find pleasure in their exercise and make the externals of life subservient to the harmonious development of the spirit. It is not strange that we are left to deplore human frailties and human crimes when the pilot has been driven from the helm and the human soul set adrift upon the dark and troubled waters of life with no guide but his perverted instincts, no light but that which gleamed from the hideous and distorted images of a freed bound soul. He has not dared to trust the divine intuitions of his soul, and the creeds of men have failed to satisfy its innate longings, so he has been driven to the refuge of materialism and the light of heaven. The light of science, the inner light have all been obscured by its dark and gloomy mantle, and his aspirations have been circumscribed to the earthly existence because he had no rational conception of a future state, or its relation to the earthly. In all that relates to the external how great, how grand, how glorious, but in that which relates to his religion how despicable and how mean. Bigoted, superstitious, and irrational, looking timidly about on every side for props on which to lean until the mighty mind which tames the subtle fluids to his will, becomes the slave of gross idolatrous forms and heathenish worship whose gates are guarded by a flaming sword, and on the mountain top theology presides, and sends forth its thunder and lightning and a thick cloud, so that the people tremble, and fear to come up unto the Lord. But now the progressive spirit of the age is being felt and man begins to assume the right to investigate those subjects, which relate to his immortal destiny untrammelled by the denunciations of the Priest, unawed by the terrors which are thundered in their ears from Press or Pulpit.

They will come up on the mount, and see whether the fire indeed proceeds from heaven or was kindled by the priests to keep them in subjection. Man no longer needs the influence of fear with which Moses subdued the child of Israel. He can look upon the face of his Father God in child-like confidence and draw each hour from the founts of love, new strength, new inspiration and through its influence he will go forth free and unshackled into nature's grand archa, and seek for light and knowledge. Every herb, tree plant, and flower will assume a new significance in the Granite Rock, in the majestic forests, in the gentle music of purling rivulets, in the sunlight, and the dew, and the falling rain he shall behold the face of the Father. But most of all in his own soul, as he looks within for the divine essence, which the light and warmth of heaven is to unfold into an image of the Great Original. H. D.

### Youth and Old Age.

"There is an old age of the heart which is possessed by many that have no suspicion that they have anything old about them; and there is a youth which never grows old, a love who is ever a boy, a psyche who is ever a girl."

Thus and very truthfully writes somebody. It would be meet reward for a life well spent, if, in old age, one could feel that the springs of youth were still fresh and pure within his heart. Two things are necessary to this youth of heart, which makes it rare of attainment. One is the calm government of the passions, the other is a spirit of love and benevolence. It is a life of selfishness that makes old age unlovely. All that is fierce, hard, unjust, imperious, envious and covetous, within us, is allowed unabated influence, the fountain of warm emotion and generous impulse which makes the earnestness and simplicity of charming youth, is soon choked up by dry dust and sand. The man who is passionate, suspicious, subtle of gain, jealous and irritable, need not expect to drink of the fabled fountain after which the Spaniards sought. The sunlight of contentment plays over its waters, the shadow of the olive tree of peace rises around it, the birds of innocence drink at its brim and warble in its branches above, and the heaven of love bends over it. It is not for it that the mass of men are striving. They prefer to drink the salt waters, which fever and wither their powers, and bring on premature decay.

Men have no time now-a-days to rest by the fountain of youth. They hurry—hurry—hurry by its cool and inviting, but too humble valley, for the glittering mirage, which promises them a splendid land in the future, where they can quaff the wine of luxury and self-indulgence. They waste the morning of life that they may live to excess through its afternoon. They are fortunate if they do not find their powers to enjoy selfish pleasures greatly exhausted before they end their race; if the mirage does not delude them entirely.

Women are in a manner protected from the excitements and inducements of this thirst for gain, and when they have cold and withered hearts, it is sad indeed. A beautiful female, with the rose on her cheek, and the light of girlhood in her eye, yet with duplicity of selfishness in her soul, is a pitiable sight, for she is already old. We have seen them, with the skill and coolness of practised financiers, calculating upon the chances for wealthy husbands, and going to the altar with bosoms of outward beauty, which should have been full of tender and glowing feeling, filled with thoughts of worldly triumph—enduring the presence of their lords to whom they pledged their own, because they bought them gifts of furniture, jewels and silken trappings. These are the tragedies of life. Not that the actors themselves so regarded them; but the angels leaning from heaven to smile upon the earthly nuptials of the young and fair, drew back in grief and alarm.

"And the angels all pallid and wan,  
Uprising, unveiling, affirm,"  
that there is no more melancholy drama ever played, than when youth and beauty barter its gifts for gold.

A cancer which preys rapidly, and brings on old age of the heart, is envy—a disease to which the feminine nature is somewhat prone—envy of the rank, the loveliness, the position, the grace, or the sunny temper of others, and in vain repining because all is not theirs of luxury that might be.

The truly womanly character has too much sweetness, generosity and nobility ever to fall a victim to this disease. Such a character badly stands in need of pleasures which others covet, for in its own cheerfulness, its love of doing kind deeds, and speaking pleasant words, its innocent delight in the good and beautiful, its interest in the happiness of those by whom it is surrounded, it finds that exercise of its spiritual qualities which keeps it from ennui or discontent.

Another thing which endangers youth of heart is an excess of pride and self-love. This kind of haughtiness is like the frost that comes in June, and kills the delicate bloom, and withers the precious perfumes of summer. A garden blackened by a chilly blight is not more drear than a breast in which the coldness of pride forever dwells.

Thus there may be real old age of spirit, while the years are few that mark their outward signs upon its temples.

Not less may there be real youth when age has marked that temple with the seams of decay. That immortal principle of love, which keeps the heart open to receive the impressions of joy and sympathy; which prompts it to the consideration of the welfare of others; makes it as susceptible to delight from flower, and bird, and artless child at sixty as at sixteen; which uplifts it in aspirations after the future and diviner life—this principle it is which is the water of the true Fountain of Youth.—*Cosmopolitan Art Journal*.

### What is Truth?

What a pity Pilate was in such a hurry he could not wait for a solution of the question he propounded to the great master Reformer! It might have saved a great deal of brain-strain and dogmatical speculation, if Jesus, from his lofty inspiration, had been permitted to give a copious answer to that comprehensive question. But, that like many other profound questions, was left to be answered by future inspiration.

Whether that question was put to Jesus, or to any other inspired personage or reformer its truthful solution would necessarily depend upon the meaning of the questioner.

If by the question, "What is Truth," be meant ALL truth, the full solution of the question was beyond the reach of any spirit in the form—not even comprehended by the high archangel that stands nearest to the throne of light. If it had allusion to any particular phenomena in nature, or to any definite problem in moral or literary ethics, the answer would necessarily vary according to the point at which it was directed.

As the matter stands, we are left, each to himself, to answer this great question according to the light or the inspiration we receive. If I were to give my own interior response to Pilate's interrogatory, making the answer as comprehensive as the question, it would be, Truth is Harmony. I doubt whether a more satisfactory response could be made. It may be applied with equal propriety to every division and sub-division of the question.

If, then, we are praying and laboring for truthful conditions in social life, the object of our prayers and labors may be more speedily accomplished by the cultivation of HARMONIOUS CONDITIONS.

If you would see a highly truthful expression of the perfected skill of the Divine Archi-

tect, look at the man or woman whose life is most strictly harmonious with the Divine law—the law of physical development and mental unfoldings, as we find them inscribed upon the broad page of Nature's divine revelations.

He whose mind is inharmonious to the requirements of Nature's law, is inharmonious to Nature's God. Such a mind or such a condition is untruthful to the higher unfoldments of the interior principle of all human existences. T. M. Ewins

(Vanguard.)

### "Divine Social Order."

BY J. H. ROBINSON, M. D.

How shall we work out the problem of human life? By a careful exercise of the gift of reason, and a critical examination of the lessons; of the past—the past that has left us histories and graves. What are we striving for as individuals, and as a people? Civil and religious liberty, homes, happiness. It is just, and according to the dispensations of Nature, that every man should have control of his own body and soul, and a spot he can call home.

Home is a word full of teeming associations—the most sacred place on earth. A church is far less holy than a home, characters are formed at home, not at church—men often play the hypocrite at the latter, seldom at the former. So far as civil and religious liberty are concerned, we of the New England State have much for which to be grateful. Life and property are respected; we are free to advocate that form of government we conceive best adapted to secure the highest ends and aims of legislation, and are left at liberty to shape our religious tendencies agreeably to the evidences to the which our judgment receives.

What is home? A spot consecrated to individual rights and immunities—the inner sanctuary—where the eternal altars of affection are kept bright, where the human mind receives its first impressions, a genial sun, whence emanate all noble and saving influences, a peaceful Eden, sanctified by a sympathizing mother's love, a school, where souls are educated, take all the degrees of usefulness in this world, and whence they finally graduate to the other. If there are two words that lead all others, and have power to thrill the heart, they are God and Home. Home is the kingdom of Woman, there the heaven of her love impregnates, and humanizes those tender offshoots of her own being, who are, ultimately, to dictate law and govern the world; there she has all the divine "rights" with which kindly Nature has endowed her, molds the plastic elements that are destined to shape governments and sway nations. How shall homes be obtained? By individual effort and industry. Unless inherited, that is the only way of having a true home. Unfortunately never made a real home save for the unfortunate deprived by untoward circumstances of "the glorious privilege of being independent." There must be a spot somewhere on the surface of the wide earth that every man, capable of mental or physical efforts, can call home. Once in it, acting spontaneously his true nature, he may be the highest representation of manhood, one of Nature's sovereigns. There he has the control of his powers; there he thinks, realizes in full measure his own independence and selfhood; there the flowers of affection bud and blossom. The presence of his wife and children give him a sense of his importance and responsibility, stimulate him to high endeavors. The innocent faces of his little ones, the smiles of his conjugal mate, shield him from temptation, nerve him to meet the vicissitudes of existence, make him patient in suffering, hopeful in adversity. He who crosses his threshold must meet him on a level, home is a democracy where distinctions fade.

Shall homes be isolated, or shall persons of like modes of thinking dwell together beneath one common roof? Isolated, individual homes in existence. Man's sovereignty is best preserved under such conditions, and said sovereignty is not antagonistic to the obligations of brotherly love, and can not, judging by human nature in general, and special experiments in particular, be perfectly and spontaneously developed in any combined social order that has yet been presented. What are the great desiderata to make homes universally subservient to all the purposes of man's comfort. Economy of subsistence, just compensation of labor, the protection of property, and the means of mental culture. Give every family these rights, and the agitation of free thought will solve all other problem of human life.

The "Protective Union" movement has done much, and promises more in regard to economy in procuring the necessities of domestic use, and preventing the monopoly and abuses of speculating capitalists. It is a project that appears to me among the most hopeful.

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ful of this progressive age—universal in its principles and applications, meets human wants in that direction promptly and impartially, without parade or the cant of affected benevolence. When its designs are fairly, fully, and honestly carried out, they reduce the staples and necessities of existence to the lowest possible figure. A comparatively small sum entitles one to the benefits of the "Protective Union," when he obtains goods at cost prices, without regard to beliefs or affinities.

I do not, at present, believe in any kind of an organization, based on a religious idea, or the concentration of human beings under one roof. Receiving a set of opinions, or assenting to a general proposition, furnishes no adequate reason for an associated home. If he is in harmony with the laws of progress for Spiritualists to become clannish, it is equally so for the sects. The Orthodox Friends must have a "Home" on Washington Square; the Methodists establish a "Divine Social Order" in Court Square; the Universalists brethren on School Street; the Episcopal worshippers erect a place of development on Beacon Hill; and the Swedenborgians, Baptists, and other denominations, in other appropriate localities; while the "sinners" and "world's people," (a large class of affinities) rear a spacious fabric in the Common, which may serve as a grand "nucleus" for other "sinners," from abroad (where they may get sympathy and soup physiologically mixed).

What would be the result of such a system as this? The resurrection of the days of Feudalism. Every sect would daily become more confirmed in its own opinions, and the hoary-headed old villain, Bigotry, reign like a tyrant. These "divine social orders" in full blast, the worst evils may be looked for—in internal corruptions and external fightings. We may expect to see Mr. Kirk, at the head of his "congenial associations," make a determined attack on the "unitary home" of Theodore Parker; while Edward Beecher, supported by his "circle of brothers and sisters of truth," throws up lines of circumvallation around the divine domicile of the believers in universal salvation, preliminary to a siege. The new "divine social order" of sinners may anticipate but little quietness, while trying favorite problems, in consequence of a scattering fire poured in upon them from all directions on account of the "spiritual relations" which they sustain to the different religious classes.

A pleasant model home rises to my mental sight. It is not spacious or pretending in externals, yet gives the impression of comfort and contentment. As you enter you are struck with the graceful order that prevails in the arrangement of the household goods. The reigning influence of woman prevades the very atmosphere, and a portion of her gentle spirit rests on every object. You are conscious of the presence of man's better angel. The husband returns from his labor. Eager little fingers are busy to lift the latch. The toiler is welcomed by the smiles of his wife, and the glad faces and sparkling eyes of his children. Cheerfulness and hope grow dominant in his breast, and he resolves to think well of the world so long as he remains in it, so about his footsteps. His food is placed upon the board by the white hand of his wife, he knows that he has honestly earned it, that it is clean and wholesome. A harmonious circle is formed around the table, where no discordant manifestations occur, and bread is broken with thankfulness. The tranquillity, contentment, and good feeling that obtains are favorable to celestial presence, the index of high and ennobling thoughts, the utterance of affections that can not die, the sensible strengthening of those ties which the power that peoples the grave may not break. Spirit-footfalls resound in the quiet air, and the kingdom of heaven draws near.

This is a picture of a true home. It may be said that few such can be found; but must not such divine domiciles be made realities before "unitary homes" on a large scale can be successfully established. If I err in this, will not a deeper and more methodical thinker present a better view of the subject?

Fourier's system has plenty of theory and much specious philosophy. Whether it can be reduced to practice is extremely doubtful, despite its ingenious and poetical parts. To make labor attractive is a desideratum worthy the highest effort of man. But an enterprise of that nature must be broad and comprehensive in its principles, extending the same friendly arm of aid to all human-kind, giving the sure promise of bread and privilege to the earnest mind, independent of creeds, religious predilections and pretensions. My soul longs for some feasible plan of physical salvation, which the common people will hear gladly. Brotherhoods of a religious character have signally failed. It is labor, only, that can make practical associations. Throw aside all priestly cant, and precipitate a scheme to exalt labor, and render just compensation for the same, and the world will soon be ready to embrace it. Spiritualism, in its present confused and chaotic state, holds out no stronger element to cement an organization than

the many other doctrines that have prevailed. That the central idea of the progressive theology, predicted on the facts of spiritual existence and rapport, is the foundation on which all sound reasoning respecting the duty and destiny of man must be based, I have no doubt; but the associated Home plan, as now agitated in various places, is entirely a side issue, an attempt to engraft an experimental branch on the main trunk of the great tree. The human organism is yet so imperfectly fitted to receive unmixed truth from the heavenly world that we are under the necessity of following our own judgment in this, as well as other matters. How many revelations have there been, first and last; how many men commissioned divinely and specially to establish the only true social order! The history of such endeavors would fill volumes, and prove, in many respects, a mournful record, a startling comment on the follies and extremeism of mankind.

Most of us profess to be advocates of the agitation of thought, friends of discussion, supporters of liberal sentiment, believers in the liberty of the press, defenders of free speech. It is an encouraging fact that the better order of minds not only tolerate, but request the examination of those projects which they devise and exhibit to public view as promising methods of reform. Therefore, in the most candid and tolerant spirit, I proceed to quote from No. 46, Vol. II., of the New Era, the following catalogue of needs, which a "central institution" is intended to supply, and express such thoughts as may seem relevant, hoping that none will be so uncharitable as to question the motive that induces me to examine an issue that must be met sooner or later. Should my reflections be freighted with palpable errors, the truth will stand out in stronger relief by contrast; while if I perchance, scatter a few seeds of practical thought, no one can possibly be a loser by the same. The "needs" in question are as follows:

"There is need of more abundant opportunities for the witnessing of Spirit-manifestations available to the public.

"There is need of more reliable mediums for giving tests and truthful communications.

"There is need of more highly unfolded and capable mediums for the transmission of elevated philosophy and practical wisdom.

"There is need of more highly spiritualized mediums for the more powerful exercise of the gift of healing by the impartation of magnetism.

"There is need, in order to meet these requirements, of a central institution where mediums can be scientifically and practically taught, etc.

"There is need also, of a common home, or center of social interests and attractions, where congenial associations can always be enjoyed by mediums."

The third and fourth of these "needs" seem but amplifications of the second; and I do not recognize the probability or practicability of supplying one or all of them by a "central institution."

If there be in reality a positive "need" that opportunities for witnessing manifestations should be multiplied, will not that occult, far-reaching, and discriminating Wisdom which recognized the need of any such facilities afford them as fast as necessary?

Can "unreliable mediums" be made reliable at a "central institution?" Is it the province of any human being to "unfold" a medium who is not "unfolded," or to "spiritualize" one who is not "spiritualized" enough? Who and where is the gifted individual, heaven destined to "scientifically and practically teach" unreliable, partially unfolded, unspiritualized media? Can mediums be made to order? Is there one among us sufficiently developed to assume the responsibility of developing others? Are we to understand or admit that mediumistic persons need "congenial associations" more than others? If we can not be developed in little, quiet, cosy homes, can it be hoped for in great, bustling, rapping, tipping ones?

The paragraphs which I have quoted appear to exhibit the prominent features of the contemplated association, and present the peculiarities to which I object, and which must prove detrimental to its successful culmination. I will proceed to state my principal objections to the proposed scheme.

1. It does not meet the wants of community and the physical and moral evils of society.

2. It is not sufficiently broad and expansive in its propositions and principles—it is sectarian in its tendencies.

3. It is local in operation, individual in its interests.

4. It puts incidentals for fundamentals and directs its energies in the wrong direction.

5. It has not the ability to accomplish what it proposes.

6. Because most Spiritualists, have at this moment comfortable homes, wholesome food, and decent clothing, while there are scores of ragged, degraded, suffering children in the streets, who have none of these blessings.

7. Because the principles of health and progress are better subserved by giving homes to such unfortunates, than to a few persons who are not greatly wanting in the things of this world, and know how to struggle successfully with the vicissitudes of life.

If it be really desirable to make the "Home" experiment, I think the following principles give the best promise of success:

1. The practical recognition of the brotherhood of man by the free admission of all respectable persons, irrespective of religious sentiment.

2. The leading idea, economy of expenses; so that the necessity of continued labor without proper relaxation, or sufficient opportunity for the cultivation of the mind, may, if possible, be obviated.

3. Spiritualism, as a central, prominent, absorbing feature, being left entirely out of the question, its varied developments made secondary and incidental, the same as in all other well-regulated homes.

It is proposed, also, to publish works emanating from spiritual sources. Now what are the facts in relation to matters of this nature?

That all meritorious works can readily find publishers under existing circumstances.

That not more than one in twenty of the manuscripts purporting to be spiritual in origin are worthy of publication.

That most of the works claiming invisible authorship which have been published, have not yet paid the expenses of putting to press.

That we have books of physiology that will probably do more good to the poorer and ignorant classes of society than any we may hope to receive at present, of that nature, from invisible authors.

That from ten to twenty thousand dollars capital is necessary to start a publishing-house sufficiently respectable to give dignity to the cause it is designed to advocate.

In another paragraph, in the same sheet, it is affirmed that the "Home shall be a nucleus for the concentration of spiritual power;" so was the Spanish Inquisition. The Pope is a "nucleus," and there is much "spiritual power" concentrated in his person. As it happens, we do not need a "nucleus" at all. Spiritual power is so democratically diffused that it will be found extremely difficult to "concentrate" it, even for the "conviction of the world." There is a "nucleus" wherever there is a human spirit, more or less susceptible of the kind of "power" spoken of. Celestial forces act everywhere, without regard to the narrow and selfish views of mortals. It is well for mankind that the divine method of operation is universal, that a Wisdom higher than ours directs the destinies of created intelligences.

Again: "The poor, the disconsolate, and the suffering," it is said, "are to partake of the rich blessings of the New Gospel at the 'central institution.'" Many would, perhaps, like to know how this is to be effected, and why they can not enjoy the same rich blessings elsewhere? I shall be called captious, undoubtedly, but I have yet to learn that there is a new gospel. All the gospel there is, is as old as the human spirit. Numberless new gospels have been sprung upon the world since the days of the Jewish prophets, ultimately proving, however, no gospels at all; simply because not based on the constitutional wants of the body and the soul.

I have before me a circular headed, "Fair in aid of Spiritualism," which merely signifies to aid in opening the contemplated "Home." The idea is legitimate, and it is an honorable way of procuring funds; but as I read on, I learn that rooms will be opened adjoining the sales-room where manifestations may be witnessed during the Fair.

I earnestly protest against the attempt to mingle spiritual revelations with such matters. Does it not afford just cause for "invidious remark?" Can not unbelievers, with a considerable show of sense and justice, impugn our motives, and marvel much that the ordinary and extraordinary should be so strangely mingled? May they not visit a Fair, con-

ducted on these principles, and truthfully exclaim, "Here we have it—rag-babies and rappings, tarts and tipplings, muffins and movements, vands and visions, munchings and manifestations, and all for money!"

Is it judicious to bring the spiritual world to the level of a shilling show? Shall pincushions, tin-whistles, fans, dancing-jacks, and messages from the spiritual world be retailed at the same shop? To me, there is something profane in the thought, and I wonder that such a proposition should owe its paternity to minds who love the elevated, the beautiful, and the true. I do not think I err in my estimation of this thing; there is obviously a want of fitness and propriety in making such a heterogeneous mixture of trivialities and the very fundamentals on which a system of ethics is based. Even the prince of Iranistan has not yet laid a tariff on spiritual imports. Shall the powerful minor deities, mammon and gammon, stand ground over the professed avenues of angelic visitation? Is it after the order of the apostolic ministry? Is it not placing the tables of the money-changers where they are when Jesus "tipped" them over?

The "central institution" idea, as presented to view, seems very much like a grand managerie of mediums, with keepers and feeders. I hope I have something of the love of humanity in my heart—a few particles of reverence for "undefiled religion"—a desire that all may be impartially blessed; and yet I am obliged to differ with many whom I would prefer to please, if practicable, and advocate a spirituality "without money and without price."

On this platform I stand, approved by the legislators of conscience, supported by the example of the greatest of reformers, confirmed by the decisions of my judgment, and the principles of Natural Religion.

LEICESTER, Ms., Sept. 19, '54.

## THE WORLD'S PAPER.

SANDUSKY, VT., JULY 24, 1857.

CONTENTS OF THE OUTSIDE.—Prospectus—Profession and Practice—The Spiritual Question in Boston—Youth and Old Age—What is Truth—Divine Social Order—Poetry, by Green Mountain Bard—The Gospel Banner—Tobacco—The Ambitious Crow—Christian Liberty in the Use of the Beautiful.

### To the readers of The World's Paper.

The communication in the last paper, spoken by spirits through me, is not there correctly given. In reporting, much was omitted; and much inserted which was not spoken. What was spoken was grammatically expressed; and there was none of that unintelligible jargon which there appears. The spirits are not answerable for the errors of the reporters, or of the compositors; nor for the carelessness of the person, whose duty it was to examine the proof.

MARY A. BROWN.

We copy the following from a western paper viz River Falls Journal.

### The World's Paper.

From the little village of Sandusky, Vt. comes to us a paper bearing this ambitious title. We opened it wondering what cause it was advocating, what high stand point it had taken, that it should wear so high sounding a name. We looked at the prospectus. It was well written in the usual style. After saying that they should discuss all subjects of importance including spiritualism, the next paragraph says, "As believers in the great truths taught by our invisible friends, we shall look to them, for our highest and most valuable instructions." This gave us a definite idea of the object of the paper. But yet we were puzzled by the name. If spirits are the principal contributors, out of courtesy to them, another word should be added to the head and the sheet will be styled, "The Other World's Paper." Then we fell to thinking, what an anomaly this paper would be. Other editors look to their exchanges, to the telegraph and reporters for matters of interest, but D. T. Bell, Jr., editor of the World's Paper, will look to his "invisible friends." We are afraid many a poor editor's friends have been "invisible" when he looked for them, but we do not know as they furnished much interesting matter for his columns. After the first surprise was over we examined the paper with interest. It was mainly taken up by the writers in defining their position, and stating their faith in the power of spirits to work glorious reforms upon the Earth. A number of the writers affixed to their signatures the ominous word—Medium. We feel quite delicate about reviewing articles communicated by spirits, for we suppose that the authors are beyond our reach, that they are

"As the air invulnerable,  
And our rain blows malicious mockery."

There is one "Mary A. Brown, Medium," whose articles are really rich in their poverty. She expresses the oldest and truest truisms, with that unction and fervor which are usually born of original thought.

But Mary has the faith that children al-

ways have in a bright and rosy future.

After speaking of the "unjust distinctions which wealth confers on men she says:

"But the time is near when a change will take place in this respect, for there are even now measures being taken to bring about a reform, not in this alone, but in all wrong customs and practices of the age."

We cannot help an incredulous smile at such childlike faith. It is certainly beautiful but delusive. Measures have been tried these many years to bring about reforms in wrong customs and practices, yet still "passion is stronger than principle," and the "good time coming" seems far in the distance. But perhaps we err in our calculations, not knowing what these measures are.

We have long been anxious for a more definite knowledge, of the theology, the ends and aims of spiritualism. When we saw a leading article, headed, "Spiritualism—What is the use?" we thought we were at last going to have our minds enlightened on this point. The main purpose of the article was to show what Christianity had failed to do. Then speaking of spiritualism it says:

"In the light of this sublime faith, how bright glows the glorious future! How it lifts the exulting soul over the transitory ills of earth! How it reconciles one to the seeming wrongs of earth as but links in the chain of progression; changing what were otherwise a failure, into a most beneficent harmonious system! How it clears up the character of the Good Father, and teaches us to bear up yet a little longer with our erring brethren. How it tempers the cold waters of Death, and lights up the pathway to the tomb!—How the 'cruel tyrant,' the 'king of terrors' is metamorphosed to a lovely angel! How it stays the tear of sorrow, by the thought that our friends 'are still in the land of the living.'"

This is the question! How does it do this. Christianity claims to have done all this, by simple faith in its doctrines and practice of its precepts. Its believers have smiled from the state, sang hymns of cheer in lonely dungeons, been borne through the trials of life by steadfast faith in God, and entered the dark portals of death confident of a glorious resurrection. But we must leave the subject. We believe most of the writers for "The World's Paper," to be honest in their endeavors to do good, but they must excuse us from embarking with them on their voyage of philanthropy, until we can learn more definitely the nature of the craft in which they sail.

### Reply.

My good friend!—We make no pretensions to place, nor do we attach any importance to man on account of the place he may inhabit. Sandusky, from whence we issue "The World's Paper," is less in commercial importance, or in population numerically considered, than most other points, but how does that effect the paper? The title seems to have aroused within you a wonder as to the cause it claims to espouse. We had supposed that in the prospectus we had clearly set forth the object of the paper, in the plainest, and most definite manner possible; and if we have failed to convince our brothers out West, of our object when they admit the instrument to be well written, that we must further explain or not be understood. We will, therefore, make one more humble attempt to make the matter plain.

Within the past ten years there has sprung up in these United States, a class of people who call themselves Spiritualists. They number now not less than three millions of people. They are not the followers of any creed, nor of the doctrines of any particular man; but they have become convinced of the truths of immortal life, by the return of friends from the spirit world, who consent to instruct us concerning that future life; and as they universally teach the great truths of progressive life, we think they are more competent than ourselves, hence we conclude to "look to them for our highest and most valuable instruction."

But my friend, lest you should still wonder at this, to you incomprehensible subject, I will give you a few names who live in more important places and occupy more responsible stations, as scientific men, than most of us occupy.

Dr. J. Mayhew, Dr. J. F. Gray, Dr. Hall, Dr. Cyrus Knapp, Dr. B. F. Hatch, Dr. Kirby, Dr. Townsend, Dr. Wellington, Dr. Smith, Dr. S. S. Lyons, Hon. J. W. Edmonds, Judge Sherman, E. K. Collins, H. H. Day, Prof. Mapes, Rev. T. F. Benning, Rev. Wm. Fishbough, Rev. S. B. Brittan, Rev. T. L. Harris, Rev. R. P. Ambler, Rev. T. F. Goddard, Rev. S. S. Griswold, Rev. Geo. Severance, R. P. Wilson, Rev. U. Clark, Rev. Chas. Hammond, Rev. J. B. Ferguson, Ex. Gov. Tallmadge, Prof. Robert Hare, Prof. Rehn, Dr. A. Underhill, Dr. A. H. Burritt, Dr. J. B. Dodds, Dr. Wilson, Dr. West, Dr. Knight, Dr. Taylor, Judge Gano, Dr. Haskell, and a host of others, who, for science and literature, would blush by comparison with the Editors of the River Falls Journal.

You seem to suggest the propriety of calling our paper the "Other World's Paper." The apparent ignorance which you manifest, as to what these teachings are, seems to be the only apology for such an intimation; as we all believe that our friends who have departed this life, are with us still.

You think our first numbers were mostly taken up in defining our position. This may be

an error in the minds of those who have no position. I have carefully examined the River Falls Journal, and find neither Motto, nor Prospectus; and indeed, I have not yet been able to ascertain from learned critics, what the thing claims to advocate. I am sure of one thing, it has not advocated anything as yet, and while the editor of that sheet smiles at what he thinks "delusive," we have no inclination to smile when we see materialists who have no higher hopes or aim than to eat, drink, and die. Should you, my friend, although in this condition at present, continue your researches for truth, you may, when thousands of years have rolled away, find that you are a spirit, and be happy in the privilege of communing with the friends of earth. "But we must leave this subject."

We do not doubt you are honest but not intelligent.

D. T.

ANOTHER.—We see our critical Editor aims at advancing. But is it possible—that he is so childish, as to think that he is making progress, when his remarks imply such palpable ignorance of the facts and philosophy of spiritualism. When the facts have been attested by so many thousand witnesses, and the philosophy has had so many lucid and eminent exponents—He must retrace his steps, and become indeed a little child, before he can enter into the kingdom of truth.

Perhaps he is troubled to know whether the pharisees and rulers have belied.

If not let him be assured that just the childlike faith which he sees in the medium, is one of the essentials to his investigation. "For except ye be converted and become as little children &c." It is not strange if after 1800 years of Gospel light the world acknowledged the while to be growing worse, he should think it childish to have faith in the future.

As the theology of the day is inadequate to work the reforms so much needed, we conclude they must be founded in error—and prefer to look to other sources to guides us in the future.

For we still have faith in the good time coming whether to be brought about by christianity (so called) or Modern Spiritualism.

The theology of spiritualism is comprehended in certain ancient precepts (such as loving the neighbor doing unto others as ye would, that they should do unto you) and is as simple as was that of Jesus before it was obscured by the creeds, and dogmas, of man, which have driven so many into the darkest infidelity and scepticism.

While their faith in God and their hopes of immortality are every hour growing dim.

It is the resurrection of that religion, which has so long been buried beneath outward forms and ceremonies, while Jesus has been hourly crucified by his professed disciples. If after a trial of 1800 years christianity has failed of its object we do not wonder at his despair of seeing the needed reforms accomplished neither must he wonder at our faith. If what spiritualism has done in a few short years, is prophesy of the future, we shall not need more than 50 years to do what theology has been aiming at for 1800.

We are not speaking of christianity as taught by Christ and his apostles for they had the same childlike faith, and a spiritual religion.

But of the external religion of the times which ignores all faith in the ministry of angels, and scorns the idea of looking heavenward for the highest and most valuable instruction. We know it is a time honored custom to look to exchanges & other external sources but we trust there will be this advantage in our method, we shall now and then have something new.

"How the cruel Tyrant is metamorphosed into an angel. How it stays the tear of sorrow &c." How does it do this; that is the question.

It does this by evidence which satisfactorily prove their continued existence in that state and their power to communicate to those in this, evidences which no sane man can passibly reject. The modus operandi he will understand if he will take, the trouble of investigating, for himself, as others have done. We call our paper the Worlds Paper, because our platform is broad enough for the world to stand upon and we cordially invite all to join us in our search for truth. Not caring ourselves to separate the two worlds, for we believe they are mutually interblended, acting and reacting upon each other.

H. P.

### What is Mediumship?

In many instances it is the bringing out the internal treasures of the soul or the hidden music which has been so long slumbering waiting for the master hand to touch the keys, to bring forth its sublimest strains of melody. This ability is much more common among men than they imagine and if they could withdraw their senses entirely from the external and bring into action the interior spiritual faculties they would soon become conscious of powers within themselves, which now they wonder at in others. I do not say that the character of the music will not be modified by the character of the instrument, nor do I believe that any spirit through any two minds of equal susceptibility, can bring out the same range of thought, one brain is characterized by certain developments; one is ideal and imaginative inclined on fancy's wing to soar; to azure isles



and beaming skies the other, has the faculties of comparison and causality developed which faculties modify the productions of the brain when made the medium for transmitting thoughts from your own spirit and it is the organization best suited to the indwelling spirit—so the disembodied spirit will manifest better, through a medium whose organization corresponds to the organization inhabited in the earth, and the spirit can manifest itself more or less perfectly as the mediums organization is more or less adapted, to that, particular development of spirit, thus there is a hereditary transmission of qualities both mental and physical from father to son, from parents to children, some inherit the organization of the father some of the mother, and the point to be made is this, that, the disembodied spirit father could manifest itself through the brain of the child which was like his own better than, the one like the mother, and the same spirit father could not possibly manifest himself in the same way through, the two organisms.

This illustrates how much the instrument has to do with the music, although called forth, by the same spirit. Thus the organ will give forth, its deep solemn tone and the violin or clarion their fairy strains although touched by the same master. Now the spirit wishing to give forth a certain class of teachings does so through the various classes of mediums which may be found, and generally by exalting and intensifying the interior faculties and keeping the external in obedience. Hence the magnetic influence which is exerted upon the subject, withdrawing him from outward consciousness and for the time being he is reveling in interior light and interior wisdom and upon the susceptibility to remain in that state of mental abstraction, depend his success as an extempore teacher, while others of a more positive energetic character, would find it impossible to attain that passivity necessary to success. Where success must depend upon their utter abandonment of all outward circumstances and the spirit aids this condition by magnetism subduing the external, then the fire within burns clearer, and brighter. The gems of intellectual wealth flash forth, to astonish the beholder.

When the mediums say they are unconscious, it is only the unconsciousness of the external surroundings, a momentary forgetfulness of the outward world, or a deep mental abstraction, but they are fully conscious of all they utter, hear the sounds of their own voices and realize the character of their discourse, although they have a vague and indistinct recollection afterwards.

Suppose Shelley or Lord Byron had understood this art of being passive, or this power of receding from the outward, they could have improvised their immortal verses before a crowded audience, as well as in the deepest seclusion.

It was the gushing melody of their own souls which they poured forth, upon the burning page, and which they could have reproduced at will without committing to memory, in the same state of mind. It was in the mind, before it was brought out into the external, and they were original because they dared to utter their high souled thoughts as they burst forth, naturally and eloquently, from their free and independent spirits.

The same impulse pervading spiritualism is giving the same character of originality to their productions, they do not turn back to the ancient land marks, but naturally think there may be something in human nature present, as great as in human nature past, and they wisely suffer it to manifest itself, without confining it to any standard, or limitation of judgment.

From whence sprung genius? Was it from the musty lore of ages? Itself the emanation of mens minds and the records of their experience, or did it spring up bright and beautiful with the first dawning of intellect, and thrill with its sublime melodies the listening ear of age, and experience—The mathematician Zerah Colburn whose intuitive powers enabled him to solve the most difficult problems lost these, as he began to cultivate his reasoning faculties, or as he began to solve them by the usual course of reasoning, lost this power, or lost the ability to exercise it. But you will not say that he did not possess it as before, or that it was not still an innate faculty but it had ceased to act with that certainty and decision which characterized it before the acquisition of external knowledge.

Many of these manifestations are designed to unfold the latent powers of the soul, or to illustrate the existence of those powers, so as to give a new impulse to intellectual and spiritual progress, mankind had degenerated to a state of the grossest externalism or materiality, which has left its stamp mark on the age. But the present will be one of high spiritual and mental unfolding in which the crippled intellect will essay its powers, and find itself the possessor of more strength and manliness than it had ever dreamed.

It is not the most highly cultivated minds who are the most brilliant expounders of the Spiritual Philosophy, but the natural childlike through whom, truth could come uncontaminated by the pride of acquired knowledge, which arrogantly assumes to fix a standard for truth and wisdom, sufficient to itself and is therefore incompatible with the reception of the sublime teachings which are descending from the world of light and knowledge.

Would you ask what phase of spiritual teachings are most reliable? I would answer

those which come through the medium whose mind is free, who was never wedded to a religious theory—who was alike indifferent to the doctrines of universal salvation or condemnation, who have no predilections for Swedenborgianism, Calvinism, Lutheranism or any other ism. For the intuitions no longer speak when the mind is fettered by creeds and dogmas, nor can the spirits manifest themselves, as well as through, the unsophisticated mind. The little we know of what may be known is enough to humble the proudest, and after all what is the knowledge of this age but the storing up of other peoples thoughts.

The books are the standard—ask the physician who is licensed to kill or cure he will refer you to Esculapius, ask the lawyer, he will refer you to Kent or Blackstone, ask the clergyman he will refer to the Bible and a host of commentators, ask the progressive, he will tell you to lean upon none of these, but to look upward to the source of light and knowledge, and perchance the father may vouchsafe to his children, through their unfolded faculties wisdom better adapted to the present age than can be found in the past. What man now needs to develop genius is more self-reliance a deeper sense of his own godlike powers and a disposition to unfold them naturally and fearlessly according to their spontaneous tendencies and not look about for models from other minds, but be to himself a standard. It is this mistaken reverence for past claims which fetters and enslaves the mind, and the total unconsciousness of the real strength and dignity of human nature in general that has hindered man from exercising his intellectual faculties as he ought, but a new impulse is being given in the present age and we are led step by step to comprehend the depths of our own souls, and those hidden and hitherto unexercised powers, which are now leading the mind into a new field of thought and action. Let us no longer think that the great world of mind is to be found in the past, or is enclosed in books or libraries. They are emanations of mind, and the outflowing of human thoughts, in utterances which have been treasured up as the highest manifestations of intellectual power.

The store house of wisdom is the human soul, that inexhaustible fountain that deep well of living waters, ever fresh and sparkling as it gushes forth anew. Let us not content ourselves then with admiring genius, as it has left its impress upon the pages of history. Nor let the records of the future be barren of glorious examples. But dive down into the depths of our own souls, and bring forth the shining oar and hidden gems, and no longer be satisfied with the external manifestations of our being. But develop the hidden wealth, the hidden beauty which has so long been dormant. This is in part the use and effect of mediumship, and our immortal teachers have taken upon themselves the office of developing those latent powers of mind, which have so long been obscured by its external and inharmonious surroundings. Thus we see mind flashing forth in every direction under the force of this inspiring, quickening influence, which is the invigorating principle, the soul has so long thirsted for. E. C. R.

BROTHER TARRELL—Since my last communication I have been laboring in Montpelier, Barre, Northfield, Warren and Garville.

I arrived in Montpelier on Saturday, July 18th and was most kindly received and hospitably entertained by our good brother Doct. Taplin. It was mainly through the instrumentality of the Doct. that I gained a hearing in this priest-ridden place. Yet it is not sectarian bigotry alone, which closes the door here against the truth, but a "What will people say?" seems to influence minds; to refuse to hear, simply because this great truth is not yet popular enough. There are, some fine minds here who are investigating like Nicodemus, by night, and there are others who are satisfied—who believe the doctrine—know the fact, profess the power of mediumship in no small degree but hide their light, and by so doing are unfaithful to their highest convictions of right. They fear the scorn of men. Where would have been the faith of the christian had Jesus and his disciples followed this course?

Jesus well knew that it is a hard thing for those who have riches to enter into heaven. Riches in possession generally chain men to popular opinion; therefore he chose poor men for his followers. The churches and the learned say, "Why comes not spiritualism to us?" In the above they have their answer. When popularity and the praise of those who lack wisdom cease to bind, then may the manifestation of the spirit be with you.

But till that time arrives, were the gifts yours, ye would not exercise them. The spirit world is intelligent and desire to economise their time, and labor that humanity may have the greatest good; and therefore they waste not their energies in attempting that which they feel to be in vain. Sometimes they hope that they have found the right cast of mind for their purpose, accomplish the unfoldment and are disappointed. Friends to whom I would speak without mentioning names, do not throw away your gifts. The talent in the napkin will not bless you or others.

What matter the praise of men to you, a few short days on earth and it will all be over, and your very names will be forgotten. But

your walks of faithfulness and labors of love will follow you unto the higher life.

I enjoyed the hospitality of Bro. D. Baldwin and his lady, who with some portion of their family are interested in spiritual matter. On the evening of the Sunday which I spoke in this village, I spent a few hours with Bro. Sherman and his lady, and was interested in hearing several communications of a high order which had been spiritually given through the hand of that lady. I here met a gentleman who is still fast bound in the old heathen notions connected with the past. He is so utterly in the dark that it seems as if he must have been born before the flood and had just awoke from a Rip Van Winkle sleep. May the light shine upon his mind and bring it out of that Egyptian darkness which surrounds him.

Here dwells that remarkable healing medium or rather clairvoyant, known as Sleeping Lucy—Mrs. Lucy Cook, who is attracting much notice and performing many cures.

I lectured three times during the Sunday. The audiences were not large, but very attentive.

On Monday afternoon, I lectured in Barre to a very good audience, in the Universalist Church. There were present the resident Methodist minister, and Rev. Bliss A. Sargent, of the Universalist Church. I was kindly entertained by Bro. Mason Carpenter. Here is a good field for a Spiritual Laborer. From thence I proceeded to Northfield, being entertained by Bro. Nesbit Mills, and lectured in a school house, to a good audience, on Thursday I proceeded to Warren, and lectured two evenings in a hall, to good audiences. Here also is a good field for the laborer who can labor without pecuniary remuneration. I call upon the laborer to visit the place, looking to the future for his reward. The people are willing to hear, and when they have been enlightened, I have no doubt that they will do what is right. But at present it is Missionary ground.

From thence I went to Granville, and was received by Bro. Eleazer Hubbard, I lectured on Saturday evening in the Church, on Sunday we had, in the morning an excellent grove meeting. Friends collected from the adjoining towns Hancock, Pittsfield, Rochester, Randolph &c. In the afternoon as the weather was threatening, we went into the Church. There was great interest manifested throughout the day. I had here the pleasure to meet Sister Laird of Pittsfield. She was entranced twice during the exercises both morning and afternoon, and sang under the influence, the sentiments uttered, being very appropriate to the subject of the lecture. I would recommend such meetings frequently, no place so fit to worship the divine, as in the temple of nature.

Let friends in the towns adjoining, who desire a visit from me, direct without delay to Sandusky, Vt. I propose to lecture in the Meeting House, Braintree Hill, three times on Sunday, July 26th; Gayville on Aug. 2nd; Snow's Village Pomfret, Aug 9th; S. Reading, Aug. 16th. The week evenings may be engaged in any towns adjoining, by writing before Aug. 2nd, and directing care of Merrick Gay of Gayville.

Yours for Truth and Humanity,  
J. MAYHEW

RANDOLPH, July 20th, 1857.

FRIEND TARRELL—The following communication was received from my Mother, now nearly 30 years an inhabitant of that better land, through the mediumship of my daughter, a writing and speaking medium. It is entitled—

My Home.

Yes, anxious watchers are around, loving spirits are with thee. Thy Mother is oftimes a guest in thy heart. Thinkest thou thy wishes are unknown? thy yearnings unheeded? Ah! little knowest thou of that connecting link which binds the loved on earth to their watchers in heaven! Does a tiny infant pass hours of pain and agony, unheeded and alone when its parents are nigh? Ah! the comparison, how weak and inadequate it is, for an angel watcher looks not upon the outward form; it reads the spirit of the loved, it instills holy and pure thoughts.

And I sometimes point upon your soul, and try to sketch a faint resemblance of the beautiful symmetry, and unspeakable brightness of Truth. Do you never recognize my voice speaking to your troubled thoughts, "peace, be still." Can you never trace to their true foundation, a mother's love, those happyifying sensations which come oftimes into your soul? Can you not say, "I know I am visited by beings pure, by those whose love for me is stronger than all that earth language can express."

Your earth, so lovely and perfect, is no longer a fitting or attractive home for me. I cannot dwell amid its discords. Though it may not be understood, its true, these very discords are the result of harmony in progress, of harmony unharmonized, and it is well. Yet my spiritual nature seeks it no more; and but for that love, unconquerable, but endless and progressive, it would be here, as yet, no more. But bid the planets cease their course around their attractive centre, bid the God-given activity of the mind cease, and become inanimate; then thou mayest think to destroy my love for thee, and thine for thine own offspring. This love would urge me to tell thee what

happiness lies in store for thee, but I forbear. All the untold bliss which I am experiencing, is the result of nothing newly acquired since my entrance here. I possessed the germ of unspeakable happiness on earth; it came newly clothed into the spirit land. You have the same germ. From your own spirit are you to derive the bliss of heaven. Need I say, cultivate this; fit it for its entry into its my home, where I shall meet it when its mission on the earth is done. Fit it so that I can conduct it to a high seat in the beautiful home of the blest.

Oh! the joy of breathing the atmosphere of purity; of feeding on the bread of life; pure, true life; and of living and progressing over with the loved ones of earth.

Thy Mother, through a series of interpretations.

I think it good, and worth preserving; if you think it worthy an insertion in your paper, please accept it from your

FRIEND.

NOTICE.

The friends of Ludlow and vicinity, designate that as a proper place for the convention. If the friends have any objections, they will please forward them, before the call; as we cannot present, no good reason why it may not well be there.

The Burlington and Rutland R. R., as we learn, will accommodate us with half fare, and the people of the Village seem disposed to keep us at a low price. Messrs. Wilder and Joslyn, are to take the responsibility of the meeting, and should we have it there, we think it will be satisfactory and profitable.

Dr. J. Mayhew, of N. York, will lecture at the meeting house on Braintree Hill, Sunday, July 26th, both forenoon and afternoon. It will be interesting, as the lectures will be on the Philosophy of Spiritualism.

The appointment at the meeting house on the Branch, is withdrawn, on account of the above lectures on the Hill; but the friends are to be accommodated at some other time.

A. J. DAVIS, the celebrated Metaphysician, Intuitive Scholar, and Harmonical Philosopher, will be at Concert Hall, Burlington, Sunday, July 26th. Hours of meeting; 2 o'clock and quarter to 5 P. M.

All those who regard the intelligent worship of God as the highest prerogative of the human soul, will have an opportunity to listen to this extraordinary man. Mr. DAVIS is accompanied by his wife, Mrs. MARY E. DAVIS, who will also speak upon the Harmonical Philosophy.

Admission to each discourse, ten cents, to defray expenses.

Keeping a porter House.

How business truly—No gentleman would keep a Porter House! But who Patronizes them? Those who call themselves gentlemen, who wear the garb of gentlemen, but yet do not so far from their high claim, as to patronize equally with the common herd the grog shop.

Only think of a gentleman partaking of the poisonous beverage from the same cup that has been touched by plebeian lips. But so it is, even gentlemen do not scruple to pollute their aristocratic lips by drinking from the same cup of the common sot. See the gentleman stealthily skulking around the corner, at the sphere of his highest love, he looks anxiously around, to see that the eye of man is not on him, he don't care for God—and the monitor in his own soul does not restrain him. So here "the rich and poor meet together." Rum is a mighty leveler—an attractive power that draws together affinities whether they wear fine cloth, or linsey wolsey.

The one will drink a quart, and not get drunk, while the other will lose his balance on a pint which then is the most beastly man who drinks the quart, of course. Yet he is a gentleman—Don't you see it in his blossoming nose? Don't you see it in his rounded abdomen? While his unfortunate brother—with a more highly developed nervous temperament would be lying in the gutter a painful exhibition of nature's violated law.

Who will tell us which is the most degraded shall decide this, by reference to quantities of effects, by means, or ends, by the former certainly, the effect is accidental, and depends upon a variety of circumstances, which would render the drunkard far more excusable than his brother gentleman, who has not the self control to abstain from the thirsty habit though a hundred brothers should perish by its usage.

"If meat maketh my brother to offend, I will no more eat meat." I will not drink at the same fountain whose waters have poisoned the bodies and souls of men, whose effects have been felt and seen in the degradation, crime and misery which surrounds us, which has robbed the mother, and her helpless babes of food and shelter which has debauched the sensibilities of the soul, and degraded mankind, below the beasts that perish. He that reth his spirit is better than the mighty, and only he who has control over his appetites his passions, is a gentleman. Only he whose soul is illuminated by the higher attributes of a gentleman, and these shine out through the humblest garb.

H. D.  
Honesty is the best policy in all cases. Try it, if you have any doubts.

HAY MAKING. It has been definitely settled that the great object to be sought is the preservation of hay in a condition most nearly resembling the grass in a perfect state. In order to accomplish this end, grass should be cut when it contains the greatest amount of gluten, sugar and such other matters as are soluble in water. When the plant has formed its seed, this stage has passed and woody fibre predominates—this being insoluble cannot assimilate itself to the requirements of the animal stomach. When grass is in full flower, but before the seed has formed, it contains the greatest amount of saccharine matter; this speedily diminishes as it ripens, which, together with the decay of the leaves, causes a loss in its nutritive properties. Quite a number of grasses are exceptions to this rule—some containing the most nutriment when fully ripe—but as a general principle, for the benefit of both hay and the land upon which it is grown, we would advise the cutting at full flower.

The process of curing should, if possible, be perfected in the cock. Hay thus made retains more of the color and juices of the grass than when thinly spread over the field exposed to the rays of the burning sun. It should, if spread, be gathered into winrows or "foot cocks" at night—dew falling upon it when thus scattered results in more or less injury. The chief point after cutting is to preserve it from dew and rain, as these soon wash away the soluble salts, and its keeping qualities are thereby affected for hay thus deteriorated ferments very readily when stacked. If the weather is unfavorable the less hay is shook about the better. It will preserve its nutritive properties for a considerable period of time if left undisturbed, but when submitted to repeated dryings and wettings it is soon utterly ruined.—Rural New Yorker, June 27.

One of Nature's Wonders.

The Bottomless Pit in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky is suspected by many to run through the whole diameter of the earth. The branch terminates in it, and the explorer suddenly finds himself upon its brink, standing upon a projecting platform surrounded on three sides by darkness and terror, a gulf on the right and a gulf on the left, and before him what seems to be an interminable void. He looks aloft, but no eye has yet reached the top of the great over-arching dome, nothing is there seen but the flashing of the water dropping from above, smiling as it shoots by in the unwonted gleam of the lamp. He looks below, and nothing there meets his glance save darkness as thick as lamp black, and he hears a wild mournful melody of water, the wailing of the brook for the green and sunny channel left in the upper world never more to be revisited. Down goes a rock tumbled over the cliff by the guide, who is of the opinion that folks come here to see and hear, not to muse and be melancholy. There it goes—crash! it has reached the bottom. No, hark, it strikes again; once more and again, still falling. Will it never stop? One's hair begins to bristle as he hears the sound repeated; growing less and less, until the ear can follow it no longer.—Home Journal.

During a dark night, a blind man was walking in the streets with a lighted candle in his hand, and a pitcher upon his shoulder. "Friend," said a person who met him, "of what use to you is that light? Are not day and night the same to you?" The other laughingly replied: "It is not for myself that I carry the light, but for blockheads like you, to prevent them from running against and breaking my pitcher."

WHO WAS THE GENTLEMAN?

"Please sir, don't push so."

It was in endeavoring to penetrate the dense crowd that nearly filled the entrance, and blocked up the doorway after one of our popular lectures, that this exclamation met my attention. It proceeded from a little girl of not more than ten years, who, hemmed by the wall on one side, and the crowd on the other, was vainly endeavoring to extricate herself.

The person addressed paid no attention to the entreaties of the little one, but pushed on towards the door. "Look here sir," exclaimed a man whose coarse apparel, sturdy frame, and toil embrowned hands contrasted strongly with the delicately-gloved fingers, curling locks, and expensive broadcloth of the former. "Look here, sir, you're a jamming that little gal's bonnet all awry with them elbows of yours."

"Can't help that," guffily replied the individual addressed; "I look to number one." "You take care of number one, do you? Well, that's all fair; so do I," replied the honest countryman; and with these words he took the little girl in his arms, and placing his broad shoulders against the slight form of the latter, he pushed him through the crowd, down the steps, landing him with rather more haste than dignity in the street below.

The young gentleman picked himself up, but rather intimidated by the stout fist of the stranger, and abashed by the laughter of the crowd, concluded it was about time for him to go home. In polite society the former would be courted and admired, and the latter overlooked and despised; but, "who was the gentleman?" On a raw and blustering day, last winter, a young girl with a small basket on her arm, entered one of our stores. After making a few purchases, she turned to leave. Two gentlemen stood in the doorway, whose appearance indicated that they thought themselves something more than the common herd. They were apparently about the same quality as their brains. As they made not the slightest movement as she

approached, the young girl hesitated a moment but seeing no other way, she politely requested them to stand aside. They lazily moved a few inches, allowing her barely room to pass, giving her as she did so, a broad stare, that brought the color to her cheek, and the fire to her eye. In stepping upon the icy pavement her foot slipped, and endeavoring to save herself, her basket fell, and the wind scattered its contents in every direction.

At this the two gentlemen burst into a loud laugh, and seemed to consider it vastly amusing. "Let me assist you," exclaimed a pleasant voice, and a lad about sixteen, whose hands showed that they were accustomed to labor, and whose coarse, well-patched coat indicated that he was the child of poverty, sprang forward and gathering up the articles, presented the basket with a bow and smile that would have graced a drawing room. "Who was the gentleman?"

Boys you are all ambitious to be considered gentlemen. That is all very natural, but remember that neither your own or your parents' position in life, your tailor, your boot-black, or your barber, can make you one. The true gentleman is the same every where; not only at the social party or ball, but in the noisy mill, the busy shop, the crowded assembly, at home or on the street; never oppressing the weak, or ridiculing the unfortunate; respectful and attentive to his superiors; pleasant and affable to his equals; careful and tender of the feelings of those he may consider beneath him.—Nashua Telegraph.

SWEEPING THE STREETS.—We learn that several fashionable ladies have undertaken to sweep the sidewalk of Broadway with the trains of expensive dresses. It is hardly proper to carry an Woman's Rights practices to such an extreme of humility; for a silk skirt sweeping the streets is as much out of its appropriate sphere, and gives much evidence of its "strong-mindedness," as a pair of lace laces and imitation pants upon the platform of a convention. A friend of ours was so unfortunate as to step inadvertently upon the extremity of one of these trains, and being a gentleman of exquisite modesty, his feelings were lacerated worse than the fabric, which, indeed, was so stout as not to tear at all, though the indignant jerk of the fair lady parted some of the threads with which it was gathered at the waist. Some of the mysterious architecture was near being revealed, by which our real women build themselves into shapes as opposite as possible to those of the marble figures which stud the aisles of the Crystal Palace. With wonderful dexterity, however, she closed the gap with one hand, raised her train above danger with the other, and at the same instant annihilated the offender with the lightning of her eyes. This serious accident shows the necessity of some legislative enactments for the protection of foot-passengers, since collisions of trains bid fair to become as frequent on sidewalks as on railroads. The dust is already nearly as troublesome as in the cars, and Punch's intention of a boy with a watering-pot to every two ladies has not yet been adopted in this country; though some time ago he published a picture representing his successful operation in London.

The first object of modern reformers is to call things by their right names, and we suggest the appellation of Bloomers as peculiarly appropriate to those ladies who wear dresses too long both because it expresses the peculiarly useful labor which they perform, and also because it implies their relationship to the Bloomers, whose dresses are so short.—Journal of Commerce.

Once on a time, a Dutchman and a Frenchman were travelling in Pennsylvania, when their horse lost a shoe. They drove up to a blacksmith's shop, and no one being in, they proceeded to the house to inquire. The Frenchman rapped and called out. Is de smitt witin' "Shtand pack," says Hanns; "let me speak. Isht der plack smitt, s shop in der house."

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## Poetical,

### BY THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BARD.

Oh let me drink from the celestial founts,  
That I may never thirst again—And let them be,  
Like Lethæan waters, to steep my spirit in. [Intro.]  
Forgetfulness—I have drunk deep from earthly foun-  
I've quaffed the cup of pleasure, whose sparkling  
surface [bitter]  
Lured me to its depths. And found the dregs were  
I've sought the phantom happiness in wildly,  
Devious ways—But ever fairly like, she fled before  
me. [calm]

And on some far off vision sat enthroned serenely  
And beautiful—beckoning me onward,  
Oh from the hour when first I lisped my mother name  
And felt her gentle kisses on my cheek—my soul  
Has felt thy spell—and nature's silent voice  
Has bade me hope to win thee.  
With child like impulses I bounded o'er the lawn  
And plucked the flowers, And wreath me garlands,  
For my mother's brow—E'en then I felt the fairy's wand  
Whose loveliness beguiled my soul,  
Into realms peopled with visions from my childlike  
Fancy—And like the boundless steed my soul,  
O'er leaped all barriers—

Friendships and duty and the sweet  
Carresses of a mother's love could not restrain  
And from her side—And from her yearning heart  
I rushed in mad pursuit, unto the land,  
Of golden dreams and buried hopes—beneath  
Whose shining lands still the beating hearts  
Of thousands. Who lived to touch her glittering shares  
And yield to her embrace—that which they hoped  
win,

Yes! when some weeping mother or some dying wife  
Had picture them, as near the full fruition of their  
hopes,  
And fondly hope to clasp them in the embrace of love  
The greedy grave has yawned beneath their feet  
And death relentless, mocked in scorn,  
His poor deluded victim, from whose stern grasp  
No gold could save,

I have seen men bred in the lap of luxury,  
Inure themselves to sleepless hours—of incessant toil  
In heaping up thy golden sands which reared its head  
Like some great Juggernaut, but to proclaim itself  
The god of human worship. Then trample on his  
Prostrate form and leave the multitude to read  
His Epitaph. I've sought her on the glittering halls  
Of mirth—where wealth and art vie with each other  
To subdue the soul, and steep the senses on forgetful  
ling,

Where the soft breathings of artistic music enthroned  
The senses—where beauty moved as with her syren  
smiles.  
And lulled all noble aspirations with her wiles.  
Oh happiness even in purest love thou wert not  
Found—yet I could hymn thy praise—and own—  
That I was never nearer to the goal of my fond hopes  
Than when thy spell was on me,  
Thou wert the inspirer of sweet dreams  
And noble deeds were wrought under thy magic  
spell

Thy smiles gave vigor to my soul and bade me  
Do things worthy of my manhood That I might  
Place them on her shrine—Yes I have loved  
And laid the freshness of my youth, upon her alters  
And from the fountains of my soul went forth to  
light  
Which filled the earth, with beauty.  
The smiling heavens were gemmed, with love lit stars  
The dewy earth exhaled loves fragrance,  
And smiling flowers embowered our souls in.  
Sandy groves devoted to loves worship.  
My soul went forth and clothed in levelings,  
All earthly forms—Even of her I love I until,  
My cherished dreams believed her perfect.  
Then was all else forgotten—And one single  
Soul irradiated, with my own pure thoughts,  
And crowned with garlands from loves visioned,  
Realm my heart was centered.  
Her voice was, music heard through loves;  
Lisening ear, Her look was beauty seen thro loves  
Dazzled sight, Her sole a well of glorious thought:  
Felt through its quickened sense—and all a dream,  
Of happiness from which at last I woke to find  
A mortal lover far beneath the idol of my worship  
Which from my own pure thoughts, my soul projected  
And believed it real. Thus have I laid my hopes  
Upon loves alter and seen them turn to ashes  
But still I crave the boon of happiness, say, is it  
found on earth.

### The Gospel Banner.

Let this banner float along,  
Till the victory is won,  
Haste the tidings to proclaim  
Justice in Immanuel's name,  
Shouts of triumph in the song,  
Lead in victory, victory long.

Truth, the buckler and the shield,  
With an arm of strength to wield,  
Is the basis of this plan,  
Thus to conquer fellow man,  
Thus to bring him home to God.  
(This is better than the rod.)

Love in gentle truth, subdues  
Those, who other means refuse,  
Magic is this chain to bind  
In one the progress of the mind,  
Sweet the harmony it brings  
And breathes life's vigor with its wings.

O, haste thee then, thy way fulfill  
And lead us up the quiet hill,  
Where flowers sweetly ever bloom,  
In all their varied rich perfume,  
Where gentle love fills every breast  
And stricken soldiers find their rest.

Tobacco.—The French poet, Santeuil was  
killed by a little snuff being thrown into his  
wine-glass at the Prince of Conde's table.  
Bocarme, of Belgium, was murdered in two  
minutes and a half by a little nicotine, or  
alkali of tobacco. Dr. Twichell believed that  
sudden deaths and tobacco, among men, were  
usually found together, and he sustained this  
opinion by an array of facts altogether conclu-  
sive. I can give the names of scores of men,  
who were found dead in their beds, or fell dead  
in the streets or elsewhere, who had been the  
victims of this poison.

THE PECULIAR POISON.—Put a victim of to-  
bacco into a hot bath; let fall and free perspi-  
ration arise; then drop a fly into that water—  
and it dies at the instant of contact. Canni-  
bals will not eat human flesh which contains the  
flavor of tobacco. Even the turkey-buzzards  
of Mexico refused the flesh of soldiers addicted  
to this indulgence.—Uncle Toby

## Selected Miscellany,

### The Ambitious Crow.

BY ÆSOP THE YOUNGER.

The inferior order of creation exhibit many singular instincts and propensities, and among birds as well as men separate individualities are often marked by curious eccentricities. I am not, however, about to write a natural history of birds, nor to attempt a disquisition on the philosophy of animal instinct. It is simply proposed to narrate the story of a single Crow whose peculiar idiosyncrasies rather than his general character for integrity must render his history instructive and his example useful. Notwithstanding he was well supplied with corn—having appropriated much which rightfully belonged to other and more conscientious birds—yet he was dissatisfied with his lot, and became ambitious to assume a higher position than Nature had appropriately assigned the birds of his genus. Other birds there were, far more respected—some for their beautiful plumage; others for their transcendent musical capacities, and others still for more cleanly habits. Each of these was duly appreciated and justly admired. The Crow was alike envious of others and, secretly, dissatisfied with himself. To be a vulgar bird, and to have the reputation of a mere Crow, was humiliating to his pride while it promised nothing to gratify his ambition. He aimed at higher things and resolved at once to rise by his own inherent powers, (never omitting to appropriate the gifts and possessions of his neighbors) to be a bird of consequence.

Among the feathered tribes, the Bird of Paradise was most admired for his gorgeous plumage. The Crow observed this, and thereupon decided to improve his opportunities to adorn his person. He frequented the places where the Paradise birds were wont to congregate, and every fallen feather he inserted in the woof of his own sable garments. The supply being insufficient to complete the disguise he occasionally exhibited his powers by an adventurous descent among the paradisiacal assemblies, which usually increased his facilities for pluming himself anew. As often as he put another feather in his cap or coat he forthwith proceeded to show himself to all the other birds—perching in a high place or walking before them with an air of complacent dignity—while it was obvious, even to the most careless bird in the whole company, that the Crow had either borrowed or stolen his shining plumage. They could not be made to fit him at all, but hung loosely about his person, giving him a ragged and fantastic appearance.

Moreover, in places where this grotesque disguise was adjusted with the least skill—principally behind—the ebon quills of his Crowship were quite perceptible. These defects were of course far more frequently and glaringly exposed in consequence of his unwillingness to occupy a low seat, and likewise from his disposition to turn his back on many birds of higher respectability and superior discernment. It was a vain and fruitless ambition that prompted the Crow to assume this poor disguise. It was impossible for him to pass for a Bird of Paradise; for had his robes been complete and fitted to his person, his black feet and clumsy form would have exposed the trick before any company of birds that were even half fledged. Beside, and I am sorry to add this, his corrupt taste often led him to satisfy a strong appetite for the flesh of unclean birds, on which occasions he left veritable Crow-tracks behind, and at the same time, he brought away with him the aroma of each foul repast.

Not satisfied with this outward transformation, the ambitious aspirant now aimed at new and more difficult achievements. He observed the superiority of the singing birds and straightway resolved to silence the whole feathered fraternity by the sudden development of his latent musical powers. To be sure his own voice was naturally husky and inflexible, and withal totally unsuited to the representation of any tender feeling, we of course except the feeling for young and tender corn, which predominated in his constitution and was always rendered with far greater force than delicacy of expression.

Our dark amateur was not accustomed to acknowledge his indebtedness to any other bird for instructions, but improved his opportunities for observation, and as often retired for the purpose of going through with his exercises. At length he attempted to "join in," but abruptly

silenced the whole choir with his frightful discords. When the Nightingale poured his flood of liquid melody on the evening air, he resolved to be a Nightingale, and he succeeded—not in imitating the song, but in scaring a neighboring Owl from his gloomy retreat. The effort to imitate the Canary terminated adversely to the claims of the negy minstrel. It was like essaying to produce the delicate chimes of a music-box, or the fine clear notes of the piccolo, on the kitchen bellows. Only a doleful sound, harsh and inarticulate, was produced, which certainly resembled nothing so much as a hoarse, loud call for Corn! His first attempt to vocalize after the manner of the Bobolink—whose song is characterized by extraordinary complexity, operative flexibility and brilliancy of execution, came near occasioning asphyxia, from which he was only relieved by a timely resort to the normal mode of exercising his organs, in the repeated and monotonous demand for Corn! Corn! At the grey dawn when the Sky-lark sang his sweet melodies in the aerial galleries, the Crow left his solitary roost resolved to distinguish himself by a similar performance. The first experiment fully established his reputation—for melancholy failures! His predominant natural instinct governed his intonations, and hence he naturally and irresistibly fell into the same old strain of Corn! Corn!

The persevering but fruitless efforts of the Crow to conceal his color, to disguise his real character, and to get out of his appropriate sphere, instead of improving his reputation in Birddom, exposed him to contempt and derision. But his experience is not barren of profitable suggestions. It may serve to illustrate the paramount influence of natural instinct, and hereditary appetites and proclivities, over the temporary restraints of arbitrary discipline and all abnormal aspirations. All that yet remains of the story of the Crow is—

### THE MORAL.

When a man with more self-esteem than knowledge—for the purpose of gratifying an empty ambition for notoriety or fame—gathers up the fragmentary conceptions of superior minds, and attempts to show himself off in the shining liveries of exalted genius and superior learning; he is sure to expose his vulgarity and hypocrisy to all discerning people. Moreover, the man who professes to be a Reformer, while he is the willing slave of corrupt desire and insatiable avarice, seldom has the art to conceal his true character from the world. In spite of every precaution, in his ungarded moments, the predominant desire or ruling passion will be exposed. The gold-seeker, in short whoever is employed in the narrow schemes of a selfish ambition—if he should every week advertise himself for a philanthropist or a saint—must still find it difficult or impossible to be disinterested. Such vain attempts to illustrate the Divine Harmonies only reveal the discordant attributes of the pretender and his moral unfitness for the service. He may start with a bold resolution, and with a zeal as lasting as the noise of his advent, but like the Crow in the fable, drawing inspiration from his appetite, he soon yields to his acquisitiveness, and concludes the performance with his familiar but significant refrain—Corn! Corn! Corn!

### Christian Liberty in the Use of the Beautiful.

In an age when men more and more feel the duty of employing their strength and their wealth for the education of their fellows, it becomes a question of supreme moment, to what extent a Christian man may surround himself with embellishments and luxuries of beauty. There be many who would walk thro' a noble gallery of paintings with an accusing conscience, repeating to themselves, with poignant sincerity, the hollow words of the old traitor, when the alabaster box of precious ointment was poured upon his head, "To what purpose is this wasted?" Why was it not sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor?"

Nor is the self-accusation lessened when one perceives that elegance and luxury are most often employed as a shining barrier, built up between the cultured and the vulgar—the barrier around a class more impenetrable than the conventional distinctions of artificial nobility. For no customs of law or usage have such force as those which spring from the soul's own living consciousness of difference and superiority.

Many earnest men, therefore, have associated embellishments with selfishness,

and forswear them as a part of their fealty to Benevolence.

It seems to me that God has ordained a usefulness of the beautiful, as much as of knowledge, of skill, of labor, and of benevolence. It was meant to be not alone a cause of enjoyment, but a positive means of education. Is wealth allowable, if one will employ it benevolently? Is philosophy allowable, if one will apply it to the uses of men? Is scholarship virtuous, if it be a treasure held in trust for all kinds of ignorance? Is skill praiseworthy, if employed to promote the human weal? And why is not the possession of architectural beauty, of art-treasures, of landscape beauty, the beauty of grounds and gardens, of homes and furniture, if they are held conscientiously amenable to the law of usefulness.

Society grows, as trees do, by rings. There are innumerable circles formed, with natural attractions. The lowest section feels and emulates that which is next above; that circle is aspiring to the level next above it. This one, in its turn, is attracted by one yet higher; and that by another.

There are some influences, to be sure, that are general, and that strike right through, from top to bottom of life. And there are many special influences which, like comets, come unexpectedly blazing along their orbits, with streaming influences, long trailed. But there are certain organic conditions of life, founded upon gradations of mind-power, or of development.

The ditcher aspires to the position of a husbandman; the apprentice emulates the prosperous master-mechanic; the mechanic looks up to those whose wealth is allied to education; the plainly-bred citizen aspires to the mental activity of professional men and scholars; and these in turn, acknowledge gradations among themselves to the very top of genius; and all men are reaching after some ideal, or some example that hangs above them. So that, when a man has no longer any conception of excellence above his own, his voyage is done, he is dead—dead in trespass and sins of bear-eyed vanity!

We can not always tell the exact gradations, nor mark off the sections like inches on a rule. Society is so vast a thing, that its growths are like the luxuriant up-sproutings of a tropical forest, choked with abundance, forcing up its vines and plants and trees, sinuous interlacings that quite bewilder the eye that would trace the outward form, or the research, that would follow the flow of sap from rootlet to topmost leaf. Yet, we know that it is in society as it is in vegetation. It is not the sun upon the root that begins growth in a tree, but the sun upon its top. The outermost wood awakes and draws upon that below it, and sends progressing activity down to its root. Then begins a double circulation. The root sends up its crude sap, the leaf prepares it with all vegetative treasures, and back it goes on a mission of distribution to every part, to the outmost root. And thus, with striking analogy, is it in society. The great mass are producing gross material that rises up to refinement and power upon all the successive degrees, to the bottom!

It is in this point of view that the very highest forms of literary and scientific institutions are to be judged and justified.

An astronomical observatory may seem to have no relation to the welfare of a community. What have eclipses and planetary transits to do with human life? When the invisible paths of all stars are traced by mathematical faith, what have parallax and multitudinous calculations to do with men's ordinary business? But experience will, in a generation, show, that those who first feel the fruit and elevation of such pursuits will be few; but they will become broader, deeper, and better. Through them, but diluted and not recognized, the next class below will be influenced—not by astronomy, but by the moral power of men who have been elevated by astronomy. Every part of society is affected when men are built up. They impart their own growth to whatever they touch. Enlarge men, and you enlarge everything.

There be some who rail at universities as too remote from practical life and who propose colleges to teach men their very trades and professions. But these subordinate colleges will depend upon the superior influences of institutions above them, that are the standards—the Chronometers of Learning.

There never can be too many libraries, too many cabinets, too many galleries of art, too many literary men, too much culture. The power of mind at the top

of society will determine the rise and rapidity of the ascent of the bottom, just as the power of the engine at the top of the inclined plane will determine the length of the train that can be drawn up and the rapidity of its ascent.

This marks the distinction between natural and artificial nobility. All society has nobles. We have a nobility as really as do monarchies. But in England it is an order separated from those below; and there is no free circulation. No one can rise into it by force of moral excellence and culture, though he may be really equal to its members. Artificial aristocracy stands looking down, upon the mass of men, as did Father Abraham, saying: "Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed, so that they which would pass hence to you can not; neither can they pass to us that would come from thence."

Natural aristocracy is the eminence of men over their fellows, in real mind and soul. They are above men because they are wiser and better; and any one may join them whenever he is as wise and good. They are above society, not to spread their roots in the great democracy and sustain the glory of the field by filching out its strength, but rather, as clouds are above the earth, to open their bosoms, and cast down fertilizing rains, that all the earth, and every living thing may rejoice.

It is upon this great principle that men may become the benefactors of their race by the indulgence of beauty, and embellishments, if they be employed generously and public-spiritedly. Every mansion that enlarges men's conceptions of convenience, of comfort, of substantialness and permanence, or of beauty, is an institution.

It may have been selfishness that built it; extravagance may have been the ruling spirit. The owner may have been some imbecile for whose vanity some noble architect wrought; the completed work may leave the luckless owner bankrupt; and all men may deride the folly of costly buildings and expensive grounds. Every reproach may fall upon his empty head most righteously; yet his folly may have done more for the village than the wisdom of all the rest.

The work is done. What that stately mansion is, it is in itself. It stands through generations a form of beauty lifted up. When its owner's history is a legend, its lines will stand unbroken, its shadows will be as fresh as on the day when they first fell trembling from the glances of the sun. The old trees will outlive generations of men. They will proclaim the glory of God to the eye by day, and awake at midnight, in the summer winds, to sing their solemn song of praise.

But how much more will all this be, if such a structure is in due proportion to its builder's means; if it be no creature of his vanity, but born legitimately of his sense of grandeur and beauty; if it be the magazine, too, of his beneficence, so that out of it shall issue all gentleness, all due humility, all neighborly love, all grace and purity of life, and, effluent as the golden airs of summer days, charities and public bounties, enriching the wide circle about, and making angels stoop to kiss with reverent love the noble brow that lived in such joy of beauty as this!

It is wealth selfishly kept or spent that is mean.

It is architecture that shuts a man's heart in from his fellows that is mean; that stands with effrontery, saying to all who pass, "Come and worship me."

It is selfishness, in short, under what form of knowledge, refinement, power, wealth, or beauty, that curses man, and is itself accursed.

The question is not what proportion of his wealth a Christian man may divert from benevolent channels for personal enjoyment through the element of the beautiful. For, if rightly viewed, and rightly used, his very elegancies and luxuries will be a contribution to the public good. One may well say, "How can I indulge in such embellishments in my dwelling, when so many thousands are perishing for lack of knowledge about me?" This is conclusive against a selfish use of the beautiful. But rightly employed it becomes itself a contribution to the education of society. It acts upon the lower classes by acting first upon the higher. It is an education of the educators. And the question becomes only this: How much of my wealth given to the public good shall be employed directly for the elevation of the ignorant, and how much indirectly?

How much shall I bring to bear directly upon the masses, and how much indirectly through institutions and remote instrumentalities? I can not but think that Christian men have not only a right of enjoyment in the beautiful, but a duty, in some measure, of producing it, or propagating it, or diffusing it abroad through the community.

Some may build their work in words, and live in literature. Some may shape their sense into sound, and live in the world's song. Some may inspire themselves in art, and transmit the statue, the canvas, or the stately pile.

Some may contribute in this realm of beauty in that only department in which America has an original architecture with native lines of beauty, expressed in those storm-driven Temples of the Deep.

And if there are aspiring natures that wistfully ask, with empty hands, What may we with our poverty do to embellish the earth? to them I say, When all the works of man are ended, he has not approached the inexpressible beauty of God's architecture.

Those stately elms, that teach us every winter how meekly to lay our glories by, and receive the reverses of inevitable misfortune, and that soon will teach us to look forth out of all misfortunes, and clothe ourselves afresh after every winter, what have ye that may compare with them? The cathedrals of the world are not traced as these, nor so adorned, nor so full of communion, nor have they pious boughs on which with humble might they swing the peaceful singing-bird, and from whose swaying, night and day, there is music in the air for them that know the sound! Of all man's works of art, a cathedral is greatest. A tree is greater than that! Of all man's instruments of sound, an organ uttering its mazy harmonies through the somber arches of the reverend pile, is the grandest; but the sound of summer in the forest, is grander than that!

And, if we wander out from the arid city till we come to these crowned thronarchs of the fields, we need not be ashamed to stand with lifted hands and bless our God for a gift of beauty greater than any man may build!

It is, then, here, that every one may yield to life some embellishment. To the home of your youth you may return with gathered wealth to replant it with flowers. Your native village you may embosom in well-selected forests. The traveler may, in another generation, journey along our roads, overarched with elms, or shaded with stately oaks.

Your villages may grow lovely in a thousand features now unknown. Every yard and garden may be a paradise.

The church, no longer gaunt, shattered and decaying, may, by the loving hands of those whose boyhood was nurtured there, rise in renewed beauty. Or, if its hereditary ailments or proportions defy remedy, from your zeal may spring another structure, harmonious in every proportion, a joy to the eye, signaling the distant traveler with its spire, its solemn bell, through all the hours of day and night, ringing out the sound of our footsteps toward eternity!

The old graveyard, that shame of many villages, where death and weeds reign triumphant over the forgotten graves of parents and dear hearts, hath thy hand no beauty wherewith to yield to it a reverend beauty?

Shall the old school-house stand longer mounted in the eye of the summer sun, the very target of the winter wind, treeless, bare, filthy? By thy bounteous hand let it be cleansed by fire, and from its ashes bid arise a phoenix that shall be just what for the most part school-houses are not.

But in all your labors for the beautiful, remember that its mission is not of corruption; nor of pride, nor of selfishness, but of benevolence. And as God hath created beauty, not for a few, but hath furnished it for the whole earth, multiplying it until, like drops of water and particles of air, it abounds for every living thing, and in measure far transcending human want, until the world is a running-over cup, so let thine heart understand both the glory of God's beauty and the generosity of its distribution.

Henry W. Beecher.

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