

POETRY.

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

Are they, are they all around us,
Gentle spirits of the dead?
Do their loving smiles surround us
Whence'er our footsteps tread?
Watch they, plying, o'er our wand'ring
From the holy path of right,
And with earnest, patient wooing
Seek to win us back to right?

Mark they when in lowly anguish
Sorrow's secret tears are shed,
And our languid spirits languish
For the loved, the dead?
And is their halm of healing
Shed by unseen hands so oft,
Till the tide of troubled feeling
Sinks subdued with murmurs soft?

Come they to our couch of dreaming,
Sweeping back the veil of sense
From our souls, till, midst the beaming
Of the spirit-light intense,
Forms and faces long departed,
Freely from every earthly stain,
They of old, the fond, true hearted,
Living stand revealed again!

Yet we deem our pathway dreary,
Though beside us angels move,
And we droop, all faint and weary,
Midst their smiles of holy love;
Groping still, though brightly round us
Unobscured glories lie;
Lone, though radiant hosts surround us,
All unseen, yet ever nigh.

Oh! to burst the chain that binds us
To these darkened walls of clay—
Oh! to rend the veil that blinds us
Midst the glories of the day;
And, like him whose unsealed vision
Saw the flaming mountain glow,
Oh! to see our guardian angels
Walking with us here below.

(From the Spiritual Telegraph.)

LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

By GEORGE STEARNS.

The universe is not a part of God:
It is the house he lives in; not we
Live in tabernacles of flesh and blood,
To taste the longings of brute appetites,
And suffer all the pains and penitence
Of erring man; but better said of him,
He lives in us as we in heart-built hopes,
As genius dwells in all the fashioneth,
Or as love cleaves to what it does upon.
Our Maker's prime incentive is to find
Whereon to set his overflowing heart—
A sphere of action for his own delight.
This found in nature, here is all his Heaven.
God is in all his work, and nowhere else.
All things subsist by his all-quickening love;
But this is not, however it would, impart
The element of life, or other gift,
Save by natural means. From first to last,
And last to first, and so from each to all,
God sheds his blessings, touching the extremes
Of being interlinked.

The Spirit-world

Is in the Universe; not far away,
Nor independent of the world of sense,
Though quite above it—quite another world,
And all invisible to mortal eyes.
The sphere of Heaven is Nature's blossoming;
And as a flower clings to its native plant,
As plants themselves are rooted in the soil,
Whence they have sprung, so the celestial land
Rests on the solid earth. Angels are none
Who were not men and women once, as we;
And we must reckon in our ancestry
All lower types of being to the end.
To which we still incline for sustenance.
So all above depends on all below.
Without this world a better might not be;
For all the upper skies are born of lower,
And all the elements of higher life
Are labored out by individual souls,
Who are not quickly weaned from Mother Earth.

When human beings die, their Spirits rise,
Uphorne, for their ether lightness, by the air,
Quite on its outer plane. There they can stand
As we on marble floors, or walk, or run,
Or dance for agile joy, and make no dint
On that elastic, smooth, transparent ground.
Some fifty miles above their primal home
The disembodied find that sphere of souls,
Where, crowning still their *terra firma* debt,
Another atmosphere extends as high as ours,
Rare as their wish and vital as their want.
The whole infolds the surface of our globe,
And with its secret of untold delights,
Makes what we hopeings call "the better world."

The world is blessed with still another sky
Almost the same as covers this lower sphere,
But not the same to view. To eyes of sense
'Twould seem more dark than our own vault
Of night.

Yet to the lifted vision of the soul
'Tis all translucent, full of rainbow hues
More exquisite than fancy tells us of.
The starry orb is nearly where we think,
But all more radiant and of ampler disc
Than in our constellated canopy:
For all that's luminous to our dull sight
Is verily opaque, and angel eyes
See all the planets in their Spirit-spheres.
The sun appears less by our visual light
Than by the vehicle which carries it,
Never to be obstructed in its course.
Tho' oft 'tis known to leave its lair behind,
For Spirit-vision is Spirit-light,
A more ethereal element than ours—
The very same by sense of sight discriminated,
So that all objects have a truthful phase,
And all the worlds that move in distant space,
So far as seen, are seen just as they are,
The ken of Spirits, too, is more enlarged
And more correct than earthly telescopes.
It helps to find the parallax of stars

THE WORLD'S PAPER.

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

Vol. 2.

SANDUSKY, VERMONT, JUNE 11, 1859.

No. 6.

Which we with all our optic aids, have missed;
And risen souls may take in at a glance
The various climes and seasons of our earth,
Learning geography without a map.

When Spirits will they may descend their
And penetrate earth's mineral depths;
For they have bodies subtler than light
Which dart to ocean's bed, nor need the force
Of all expanding heat to make their way
Through walls of adamant or polar ice.
Soon with an earnest aim and energy,
As touched by ecstasy or love.
They often went below and haunt the scenes
Of dead memory, to read the hearts
That miss them here, and do them special
good;

To learn what's doing, or what may be done;
To soothe the sick and cheer the sorrowing;
To bear some dying infant to its home;
To bring a cordial to some penitent;
To magnetize some invalid for health;
To strengthen some soul for a martyr's work;
To give an answer to some earnest prayer;
To move some torper to abandon gin;
To preach a sermon thro' some young divine;
To help some thinker to evolve a truth;
To personate a more than classic Muse;
To lead unwary feet from danger's way;
To snatch some maid from a seducer's snare—
In one of many thousand ways we think,
To find the worthy bliss of doing good.

West Acton, Mass.

MISCELLANY.

(From the Sunbeam.)

A few thoughts in reference to Hell.

WHEN we come in contact with the absurd
ideas and inconsistent theories that have had
their being in time gone by, there is a feeling
of sorrow come over our minds and we regret
that the blind aspirations of him who moulded
them, led him far from the altar of truth. We
can now gaze on the imperfections of our fel-
lows and pity their weaknesses. There are
emotions of sorrow continually working upon
our consciousness or rather emanating from it,
at contemplating theories that are now being
advocated by the ripest scholars of the day, the
tendencies of which are to have a deleterious
effect upon the morals of society and the pro-
gressive spirit of the age.

We can peruse the history of Greece, com-
mune with the wisdom of her sages and regret
the false logic that led them to draw in-
ferences and conclusions that have no analogy
in the spirit-world. We are apt to be too skeptical in con-
templating their philosophies, and the wisdom that
produced or combined materials, forming one
of the most interesting histories ever transmit-
ted to modern generations.

We study the Aristotelian system of prin-
ciples, and we doubt their solidity and pogen-
cy. We can hold converse with the Platonic sys-
tem, and doubt the wisdom of him who gave it
form, and say that all principles of logic will
fail in supporting it. In fact, all theories that
emanated from the Philosophers of Greece, are
look'd upon with a jealous envious eye, and
their importance has been felt in almost
every age since they were given to the world,
man dislikes to speak of their value, because
they emanated from the minds of Pagan sages.
For a man to believe in anything taught by a
Pagan is heresy in the eye of the devout be-
liever in the teachings of Moses or Christ.

But I would ask those who are so skeptical
in regard to all philosophies whose basis does
not rest upon faith and the teachings given us
in the Bible, if they do not go far back into
the early periods, I may say, of man's existence
for their theories, and abide by the philosophy
of men who lived long ere Socrates, or Aristo-
tle lived? The man who will not listen to, or
examine a principle advanced by Plato be-
cause he was a Pagan, is the follower of Moses,
and still he will go back five hundred or a thou-
sand years from the age in which Plato lived,
and believe and defend principles then taught,
and without an examination, declare to the
world that it is impious and unbecoming, to deny
their goodness, and the beauty of their appli-
cation.

Why not distrust the importance of Moses'
philosophy as well as that of Plato? "Plato
thou reasonest well." In this quotation we
find an answer to solve the problem; man must
exercise reason, must examine the principles
of Plato whereas the case attendant upon a
belief in the principles of Moses, appeals to the
desires of most men, and they are only obliged
to read and believe. Show me the man who
is not afraid to investigate all subjects, who
can analyze and combine principles well, and I
will show you a man whose theology, whose
morals, rest on a more firm and enduring foun-
dation, than the Christian code. He is a man
who is not afraid of the philosophy of Plato,
because he was a Pagan Philosopher, he is
one who reasons before adopting, one who
doubts that which he can not comprehend,
and consequently—according to Whately's
syllogism—is a disbeliever in christianity, for
he who doubts cannot or does not believe.

On the other hand, show me one who is un-

willing to examine subjects and principles, that
conflict with the teachings of Moses, and I will
show you a man who believes in a personal
Devil, endless torments, for those who do not
endorse his ideas, or rather the ideas of Moses,
and in a sphere where these torments are in-
flicted upon the unhappy victims of God's
wrath, called Hell. Would man exercise rea-
son for a moment, it seems strange that he could
believe in such a habitation? Why will the
christian believe in such an abode? He is
taught so. His Bible tells him that God in the
last days, is to pronounce a sentence upon
those who have offended him. The substance
of which is,—

"Depart from me, ye cursed, into the fire,
Prepared eternal in the Gulf of Hell.
Where ye shall weep and wail for evermore,
Reaping the harvest your sins have sown."

Pollock, a good christian without doubt, is
speaking of the last day, the final judgement,
illustrates so well the nobleness of God, and
the terrors of this Hell, that I will quote a few
passages. He says that after God had pro-
nounced the above sentence,

"God grew dark with utter wrath;
And drawing now the sword, undrawn before,
Down among the damned the burning edge
Plunged! and forth his arrow quiver sent,
Empied, the seven last heavens ruinous,
Which entering, withered all their souls with
fire."

"They upon the verge
Of Erebus a moment pausing stood,
And saw, below, the unfathomable lake,
Tossing with tides of dark tempestuous wrath."

"God in the grasp
Of his Almighty strength, took them upraised.
And threw them down, into the yawning pit,
Of bottomless perdition, ruined, damned."

How many are there who believe that Pol-
lock's description of God's wrath, and the tor-
ments of Hell are living truths, axioms?—
How many? All who believe in Christianity.
To day millions of rational beings, have a clear
conception of the torments of Hell as here de-
scribed, and are satisfied that this is the des-
tined abode of those who do not walk uprightly
in the "fear of the Lord." A Hell! Man
reflect, are you endowed with the faculties of
perception and reason? Have you a conse-
quence? Have you devoted a thought to the
physical construction of the earth? Do you
find a bottomless pit, into which the damned
are to be hurled, and falling until they reach
some centre where the laws of gravitation cease
to impel them onward, be suspended? Or
reaching no such centre, fall forever?

Do you recognize the Supreme power of
God, and at the same time admit that Satan
has a kingdom somewhere in which he exercises
supreme authority, and that he is sending
his emissaries into God's "boundless Empire,"
and robbing him of subjects that should be loy-
al to their Emperor? Do you believe that
God, "being all powerful," and desiring only
the "good of mankind," would allow one of his
subjects to dictate to him, "these few can you
have and no more?" Do you believe that Satan
is thus encroaching upon the Almighty, and
year by year, "by his wiles," causing God to
pay tribute to him? If so there is a probab-
ility that Satan will be more powerful than God
himself ere many ages pass away, and in that
case Satan being more able to protect his sub-
jects, it would be better to side with the stron-
ger power.

You can not deny but that you do believe
in all those absurdities enumerated above. But
allow me to inform you that this idea of Hell
is only an ideal creation of one who desires to
impose his philosophy on mankind, and fear is
a fine feeling to awe the human species into ob-
edience. The idea of hell never emanated
from the mind of a man who had a clear con-
ception of morals, the power and glory of God.

It is an illusion in whose embrace some of
the noblest minds have been wrecked, and he
who, sees "gaping hell yawning before him"
continually, is one whose mind is undergoing
that moulding process, that will fit it for the
contemplation of temporal horrors and misgiv-
ings too terrible for the seat of reason and en-
joyment.

When man considers the attributes of hell,
its conception, and from whence the ideas
emanated, he should be ashamed of his former
actions, and learn how to be immortal. He
should bid farewell to this monster of absurd-
ities; and he would do so, he would feel that
he had thrown off his armour, through which
peace of mind could not penetrate. Throw
aside the idea that "no one but a christian
can develop a sound philosophy," and learn
that the Religion of Plato is more perfect, and
his morals more sublime, than those taught by
the great Pagan Moses. But above all, give
up the idea that you are to be duly ensconced
in the kingdom of hell, God's dungeon, for

your wickedness. Found your morals rather
upon conscientious appeals, than upon fear,
and you will find that the world will look more
bright, that your mind will have nobler con-
ceptions of duty to your fellow, and that na-
ture will wear a more harmonious aspect than
heretofore,—

To him who, in the love of nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she
Speaks a various language."

She "speaks a various language" but ever
easy to be understood by him who consults
her. She tells him of a noble God, not one
of fear, she speaks not of Hell, and she a-
round all the line of heaven. C. B. E.

So. Reading adjourned Convention.

This gathering came off, on the 28th and
29th ult. according to our notice.

The gathering was large, showing a zeal in
the cause, that is not felt in the old forms of
religious worship.

The meeting was organized by choosing
Daniel P. Wilder, President, and D. Tarbell
Jr., Secretary, and with but little delay, the
meeting was opened by an appropriate prayer
from Mrs. Townsend, and singing by the choir.
We then listened to a discourse through Mrs.
Townsend that would do honor to the christi-
an religion, if put in practice. The discourse
was one of her best productions, and as most
of our readers are familiar with her eloquence,
nothing we could say would add to the style
or beauty already daguerreotyped on their
minds. The discourse closed by the impres-
sive delivery of some poetic lines, that were
strikingly well adapted to the occasion.

The choir closed the forenoon services by
appropriate singing.

The afternoon discourse was also delivered
through or by Mrs. Townsend, and was fund-
amentally upon these words—*What is man that thou
art mindful of him?* The discourse was satis-
factory to the audience. At the close the
speaker was held in trance, offering opportunity
for anyone to ask questions. A few were
asked and satisfactorily answered. Mr. Brown
of Claremont then spoke about forty minutes
upon the subject of woman's rights. To some
of the friends present, and to some appeared
to be extravagant, and lacked for point of prac-
ticability to underlie a great reform.

The meeting then adjourned to half past
five o'clock for a conference. This meeting
was made a proper place for Judds, Chris-
tians, and heathen to speak upon any subject
as they understood it. Not as spiritualists or
any sect understand it, but as the individuals
themselves understood it. The individuals
who spoke in this conference were Wilder,
Walker, Joselyn, Brown of Gaysville, Lamb,
Mrs. Townsend, Brown of Claremont, and
others, some of whom to us were strangers.

The theme dwelt upon mainly was reforma-
tion at home, but to us the theory was good,
but no suggestions made that would enable us
to better see our true faults, and put in prac-
tice better deeds than theology has done be-
fore us in times long since gone by. To love
our neighbor as ourselves is an old requirement
and was just as appropriate at this convention
as it is in sectarian meetings always, and no
more so.

We might pen more particularly the re-
marks in this conference but it would occupy
too much space and patience for the reader.

Some of it was good and instructive and
some like chips in porridge to me, although
some other minds might be so constituted as to
see beauty, force and harmony, in it all.

The meeting adjourned to meet at half past
seven in the morning Sunday, for conference
to be continued to half past ten. In con-
ference the members of the meeting took part
as in the evening before. Two letters were pre-
sented and read by Mr. Goddard which we
here insert without comment.

From W. Ellery Copeland.

Cambridge, May 11, 1859.

Dear Friends:—I have been informed that
you would like to hear from the Spiritualists
of Harvard College. Some of you, who will
hear this may perhaps doubt that there are, in
this College, any believers in the new Revela-
tion. But there are a few here, in each class
there are one or two. Our numbers are very
small; we have never met together, and scarce
know each other, except by name. If we had
a test medium, in Old Cambridge, to whom we
could have easy access, our numbers would
rapidly increase. There are many here who
are interested in Spiritualism, but there is no
one to fan into a flame the smouldering spark.

I am the only medium, and I am developed
only as an Impressionable Speaking Medium. I
have never been able to give any tests, and
therefore I am of no use among unbelievers.
When we have got together twenty or thirty
Spiritualists, I shall be able to get along very
well, but we shall not be able to do this until

we are blessed with the visit of a test Medi-
um.

The general feeling of the College is, that
Spiritualism is a humbug, nor is it to be won-
dered at: Mr. Felton lives here, and is very
popular among the students, and his opinion
has a good deal of weight. It is very hard to
remain true to the faith; every day I hear
some taunt cast at God's new communication
to the world; every day I am called upon to
defend my faith.

One class of students care for nothing but
pleasure, and they laugh. Another is very
intellectual, and says that the communications
of the spirits are lower than the speeches that
they made when on the earth, and they laugh.
Another class, which is very religious, composed
of believers in eternal damnation, call it the
work of the Father of lies. Another class
believes that Spiritualism is true, that is, that
it is not a humbug, but that the phenomena
depend on an undiscovered law of nature—
Another class are interested in the subject,
but as they have had no opportunity of seeing
the phenomena, they respect it, but do not be-
lieve.

One thing very much prevents the spread
of the new faith, namely, the disgusting con-
duct of some who call themselves Spiritualists.
There is no charge more frequently brought
against Spiritualism than that of Free Love.
In every conversation that I have ever had, it
has been said that Spiritualism encourages
Free Love. Denial avails nothing, for too ma-
ny examples can be cited, of Spiritualists who
have surrendered their honorable characters to
this vile perversion of a law of God. My
Friends, I hope this blight has not fallen upon
you. I beg of you to guard against Free Love
or at least, against the sin which goes under
the name of Free Love. True Free Love is a
great principle, but it is often misunderstood.
I will give you what I consider the doctrine of
true Free Love.

There are always created a male and female
exactly suited for each other, but they rarely
come together. If they could meet early in
life, all would be well, but they do not. When
a male and female, after marriage, find that
they are not suited to each other, they may
much better separate, but not with either they
have used all their endeavors to live happily
with each other. But when, after trying every
expedient, they find that they cannot live
happily together, then, not only for their own
sakes, but for the sake of the children that are
to be born to them, they had better separate.
After they have separated, it is well that they
should unite themselves to those with whom
they feel that they could be happy. Persons
should not marry until they know a person
thoroughly, and feel sure that they should be
happy. Let them not marry for love, nor for
beauty, nor for comfort, nor for money, but for
a pure love for each other's souls. The mar-
riage rite would thus become sacred, more dif-
ficult to enter into. None would be united
except such as God had truly joined. I again
caution you to beware of everything but true,
pure Free Love.

There is another thing which exerts a very
bad influence against Spiritualism, namely, the
strange views of the Bible sometimes advocat-
ed by our members. The Bible is considered
by many as a book now to be thrown away, as
worthless, and that this new Revelation is to
supersede the old one. Not so have the spir-
its instructed me. Spirits tell me that they
come to throw light on the Bible, not to throw
it away; but most Spiritualists say, Away
with it, away with it. This is going too far.
Just as soon as we think of the laws of spirit
communication, we see that the spirits cannot sub-
stitute anything for the Book of Life. They
being a little beyond us can explain it but they
can communicate nothing higher.

Live, Oh Live up to the teachings that you
receive. Do not constantly demand more food
until you have digested what you have already
eaten, you will only nauseate your stomach,
and gain no strength. If you receive a little
truth, live that out, and then you will be ready
for more. Do not merely believe in spirit
communication, but be true Spiritualists, spiri-
tually minded, living in the spirit.

We have found in Boston that Sunday
schools are advantageous, both for old and
young, where the children may be educated in
the divine truth of God's new revelation, and
where the old may learn arguments to support
the faith which is dearer than life. Surely
your children should be spiritualists, as well as
yourselves; educate them in the faith and the
next generation will be far in advance of the
present.

One more suggestion let me make. I think
that it would be a good plan for you to appoint
a committee, which should keep a list of the
mediums, and a list of the places which need
Mediums and are not supplied. Let the com-
mittee notify the mediums that they service

are needed in such places. In this way the
cause would be much advanced. If such a
committee was formed, Spiritualists every-
where would be able to obtain mediums, and
all towns would receive the bread of life. I
have not elaborated any system of proceeding
for such a committee, but have only suggested
the expediency of forming such a one. I hope
that you will consider the matter. I wish you
success in your convention, and I pray God
that not only many spirits of just men
made perfect be with you, but that the Holy
Spirit, which is the strength of God, descend
upon you. Do not be too extravagant and
ultra, but keep your fervor within bounds.

Your loving brother,

W. Ellery Copeland.

From Lyman Clark.

Addison Vt., May, 1859.
To the Men spirits, and Women spirits, in
Convention at So. Reading,
Greeting.

If truly
yours be a spiritual Convention, a dweller up-
on the western slope of the Green Mountains,
would from the length and the breadth, the
height and the depth of his soul cry unto each
and every one of you, *All Hail!*
Glorious, glorious! your meeting and real-
ization of the never-fading presence of the All
Excellent,—greeting and regarding each other
in that spirit of tender compassion of which
the One Holy is so unspeakably rich.

However at variance in the speculative,
holding unflinchingly to the fair evenness of
good feeling, peaceably fighting for the high-
and the broader.

Shall I say the more excellent is budding
and sometimes blossoming in this western vic-
inity of our state? St. Decey is slowly but
surely making way for the advent of His Hol-
iness, Good Will.

Dear Friends, in any event, my heart is with
you,—but, if yours is not indeed a Spiritual
Convention—only a Convention of *Spiritists*,
then *lovely* would I whisper to you "Peace"—
—be still!"

Lyman Clark Jr.

The time arrived for the regular meet-
ing and Miss Sprague was introduced to deliver
the first discourse. Subject, Convention of
Spiritualists, and Spiritual Convention.

The speaker went on to show the difference
between a convention of spiritualists and a
spiritual convention. The subject was ably
handled, and should we record every word as
it was delivered, the manner, spirit and im-
pression could not be made on paper as it was
on the minds of the audience. The speaker
closed by some lines in poetry, striking home
to the audience still deeper the thoughts al-
ready suggested in the discourse.

The P.M. discourse was delivered by A. E.
Simmons, and was a furtherance of the dis-
course delivered by Miss Sprague. The lan-
guage was well chosen, and sarcastic, having
bare and bleeding the wounds of popular
wrongs in Society, and some among spiritual-
ists.

The speaker urged the necessity of organiza-
tion to better carry home to the heart of so-
ciety the truths of our religion. He main-
tained that we were unable to point to a spot
where there was anything more than a single
contest with the rank and file of a well-drilled
theology, and said it is an axiomatic fact that
spiritualists are disbanding and cannot agree on
any project of reform.

The speaker recommended contribution
boxes with long handle, painted black, with
the inscription *Spiritualism* on one side and
Speculation on the other. The remarks, to us,
were truthful, appropriate and just.

At the close of this discourse, Miss Sprague
and Mrs. Townsend sang alternately under
the influence some well adapted lines, and then
Mrs. Townsend delivered a short, energetic,
pointed discourse. She raised the enquiry,
"What is spiritualism?" and then went on to
show it embraced all humanity, all the lower
grades of life, even in the vegetable and min-
eral kingdoms. We do not often hear such
pointed and well-directed remarks, as were
made in this discourse.

The meeting then appointed Newman
Weeks of Rutland, Charles Walker of Bridge-
water, and D. P. Wilder of Plymouth, as a
Committee to locate our Annual State Con-
vention, and the meeting was adjourned to
such time and place as they shall fix upon.

I ought not close this account without a few
remarks of a general and commendatory
character. The hospitalities of the inhabi-
tants and friends of So. Reading, are worthy
of our thanks and remembrance. I think,
and so far as I know it is strictly true, that no
person was permitted to pay a penny for their
entertainment, and was received by Sectarian
church members with kindness and welcome.

It speaks well for their morals, and for their
religion. This town has from the beginning
of Vt. Spiritualism been frequently visited by
Miss Sprague, Mrs. Townsend, and Mr. Sim-
mons as speakers, and the influence of their
teachings with that of some of the most re-
spectable inhabitants, have broken down in a
measure the partition walls of distinction be-
tween sect and sect, and party and principle,
and many now are willing to come in and lis-
ten to liberal sentiments who do not profess to
believe in our doctrine of spiritual communion.

The meeting as a whole was made one of
interest, and deserves to be enrolled with the
Spiritual conventions of Vermont. There
were some slight defects as we think but so

slight and might lead to a personal matter that we omit to mention them.

So I leave this subject of the So. Reading Convention to work its own effects in the hearts of men as it may, offering an apology to the readers for the general manner I have felt it my duty to record the doings of our meeting. To eulogize is no part of my taste, and to censure would be using a position as your secretary in apparent bad faith. So with the facts in a general way have I given you the report. D. TABBELL JR., Sec.

ORIGINAL.

Truth shall make us free.

While my thoughts seem guided by my invisible friends, my exterior senses seem closed to all surrounding circumstances that shall draw my mind from the vernal paths of truth, which are traced out for me; and my soul longs to partake of that truth that shall make man free,—free from bigotry, superstition, false pride, free from the contaminating influences of false customs, that have so long enshrouded us with error's chains, each link of which has been riveted with fear. But ah! that gentle messenger, Truth, from the celestial abysses, is leading the rivets, dear brother and sister, and bidding us be free men and women, like the angels in heaven, free to roam through the expansive fields of nature, learning wisdom that shall be the healing of the nations. Man is enmeshed and puny from his long bondage, and shall he not go forth in his freedom and inhale the pure atmosphere of his nature, and glean those long hidden truths which no longer God will inspire his soul to receive. He will no longer feed on husks, but like the prodigal son, return to the Father, and receive the rich inheritance of wisdom and love, which casteth out fear, and prepares him to be a faithful laborer in the vineyard of reform. Oh, tranquilizing thought, as thy piercing beams radiate my soul when contemplating upon the elevated condition of the free mind, how my soul longs to proclaim to others the interior view of the free spirit, which soars away to the delightful fields of scientific research, and learns God's holy laws, that shall be the governing principles in all the active duties of this life, teaching him the connecting link that exists between him and all the works of nature,—in short, teaching him unadulterated truth, from God's infinite resources, which shall crown his soul with true wisdom. The free mind can look back upon past ages, and learn a beautiful truth in God's progressive law, ever changing all things to a higher stage of development, expanding man's intellect to understand the glorious works of his creation. Truth is arrayed in simplicity and meekness, while error is padded up with pride and arrogance. It needs only a free mind to discriminate between the two. Truth brings a healing balm and unalloyed happiness, while error sends poisoned darts, which give its contaminating influence to the mind, and binds him in ignorance and superstition. Then how necessary it is that truth should be engrained on to every human soul. Will parents and guardians realize the heavenly beauty of giving their children that freedom of expression which their nature craves, that they may be heirs of nature, for she is willing to bequeath to them a bountiful inheritance that shall enrich them with wisdom. Then will they be true recipients of a parent's love, and that truth and knowledge shall make them free. Oh, happy day, when the youthful mind shall be thus illuminated, when there shall be no superiority because of these different creeds, for all will have received their instructions from nature's divine laws. Then indeed will that generation realize true brotherly love, living lives of Father God and Mother Nature, who has taught us that we are all alike heirs of heaven. But first, man must realize that he is in bondage, or else he will never use any effort for freedom. Now then, how shall man obtain this knowledge. How shall he be made to feel his bondage. Certainly he will not believe the assertion of any one, for he would be likely to say, cast the mote out of thine own eye that you may see clearly to cast the beam out of thy brother's eye. Then how can they be made to behold their condition. Shall it not be a labor of love for those whose chains have been somewhat weaker, and have sooner given away to spirit influence, to give them a gentle ray of light which shall reflect meekness, purity and love, obeying and practicing the divine truth taught by our spirit instructors from their angelic home. Think you, dear reader, that this beautiful influence, well sustained, can fail to have the desired effect upon the less developed minds. I can see no better way to assist the bright intelligences in this glorious work of reform, who wish to clothe man's mind with wisdom and give him a true understanding of his being and his immortality. Let us seek then to understand the natural sciences and the philosophy of God's laws. Then in truth will we have freedom. The fell destroyer has long enough o'er man's peace and happiness held sway. Error with her dark curtains has too long been striving to hide the bright gem of truth, but with its illuminations of darkness truth shall pierce its hidden recesses and eventually give light to every human soul.

Point not by the way side ye laborers in the moral vineyard, although the wheels of progress seem to move slow, for you know the conductor of this beautiful car wishes not to pass the way traveller, but will persuade him that that the car of truth shall convey him safe o'er the journey of life, with a spirit freed from superstition's grasp. We need not fear collisions in the car of truth. Although, error may strive to rise, yet she is wounded and must die. And mighty truth shall roll onward bringing freedom and gladness to the inhabitants of this sphere. And truth's mighty sway shall not stop here, but shall reign triumphant throughout God's universe, assisting the weary, cheering the sad ones, lighting the dark way of ignorance, feeding the hungry, famishing soul with wisdom; in fine, preparing man to live a pure truthful elevated life, practicing the beautiful theory given to us by our spirit friends. Thus, dear reader, have I endeavored to lay before you the beautiful path of truth which I feel in my soul would make us free.

S. H.

ORIGINAL.

To Charles Thompson.

Dear Sir:—Your reply to my enquiry, in the World's Paper, is before me. It is worthy as a theory, but to practice would bring reproach and persecution upon us. This cannot in any sense be a whole, be desirable, although there may be some good effects flow from it. The highest anticipations of this life, are courses of great pleasure, and the real possession of these anticipations are stepping-stones to misery; therefore a man will assuredly open to himself floodgates of misery, if he can be indulged in all that he desires. A calm sense of pleasure is always the forerunner of some hard struggle in giving birth to something higher; and so on we go, never contented, never at rest, and should we be so successful as to outvie our fellows in the affairs of this life, it brings cares, perplexities, and sorrows, that are too severe for Christian endurance and toleration.

You speak as though there was something glorious in the lives of martyrs, and it may be there is, and indeed it may be true that there is in the lives of bigots, for you will agree with me that more have been beheaded for clinging to error than to truth.

It is no evidence that the sentiments of Christian or heathen are correct and valuable to the world, because the possessor is ready to lay down his life for them.

The heathen mother sacrifices her first born to appease the wrath of an angry God, but you or I do not believe that establishes the fact that God is angry. Again, the standard of truth is not settled, and cannot be, as we are progressive beings, and can never rest content in any position. The purest example we have on record is the life of Jesus, yet his gospel was rejected and he put to death. By this we see that when men are really good they are most liable to be persecuted. You speak of the laws of God and man as running parallel with each other, and that we should obey both. I do not believe that a Vermont Legislature knows more about the laws of God than I do, and do not believe their Acts to be in harmony with the divine law, and if in this I am right, how can we keep both the laws of God and the laws of man? And if we cannot keep both, which shall we violate? If we violate the laws of God, the penalty is appended to the transgression, and we must endure it; but if we violate the laws of man there is a possibility of buying off, or going out by trial. No such chances are given by the great changeless framer of the divine law.

You seem to think, my friend, that we should be as adamant against evil and unjust demands. I say so too, but the great question comes around again and still again, what is justice and what is evil? This is yet an unsettled question, and we may take our views of right and duty, and our best friend under the partner of our bosom, may take entirely another. Our strict adherence to our views of right and duty would be construed to be obstinacy or ignorance.

The question then is still unanswered,—What shall I do?

Truly Your Friend.

It was a habit of Lord Esher, when Attorney General, to close his speeches with some remarks justifying his own character. At the trial of Horne Tooke, speaking of his own reputation, he said:

"It is the little inheritance I have to leave my children, and by God's help, I will leave it unimpaired."

Here he shed tears; and, to the astonishment of those present, Mitford, the Solicitor General, began to weep.

"Just look at Mitford," said a bystander to Horne Tooke; "what on earth is he crying for?" Tooke replied:

"He is crying to think what a little inheritance Elden's children are likely to get."

EXTREME MODESTY.—"Have you any limb-bone bonnets?" inquired a very modest miss of a shopkeeper.

"Any what?"

"Any limb-bone bonnets."

"Any—don't mean Leghorn?"

The young lady was brought to by the use of proper restoratives.

"MANIFEST DESTINY."—"Ah!" said an Englishman, the other day, "I belong to a country upon which the sun never sets."—"And I," said a Yankee, "belong to a country of which there can be no correct map; it grows so fast that the surveyors can't keep up with it."

The South Royalton Bank.

Continued.

My position from 1854 to the close of the Bank was unpleasant. I was not allowed a position as director out about two months during the time, but had to perform the labor of sustaining the Bank against all the demands made upon it. This I labored unceasingly to do. I pledged anything and almost everything I had to sustain it, and by this energy and industry did sustain it during the last three years of its existence. I could not bear the thought for a moment of the Bank going down, and therefore spared no pains nor means to sustain it. This desire and interest was so great that the best means to sustain it was my main study. I saw that public opinion was resting heavily upon it, and our members were growing discouraged and inactive. I thought, and justly too, that if we could get a sufficient number of influential men to put in their farms and take stock, the Bank would go along and be not only safe but profitable to the stockholders. I therefore invited them to put in their farms, feeling that they would not lose a cent, but soon after these last farms were mortgaged I found that there was a sort of dishonesty and treachery that discovered itself to me, running through the dealings of the officers, that rendered it impossible for me to rely upon any contract or promise. I had some private securities and property in the safe of the Bank. They were withheld from me so that I was unable to effect any object of importance for the benefit of myself or my friends, or the fulfillment of my contracts. In this condition, bound hand and foot, as to liberty to use property, and not a director, I was still the owner of one half of the entire capital of the Bank, (exclusive of some stock that was issued to the Royalton directors, and which was controversial.)

This large amount of stock was pledged to the Bank for my installments at the Bank, and the Bank also had mortgages on most of my real estate, over the mortgages for the redemption of bills. These securities were abundantly good, in prosperity, but in adversity no earthly possession is good enough to protect a man against the reproaches of the world, and the efforts to destroy and consume his property.

It was in the beginning of this decade that Downer, Dillingham, and Weston got the Act passed, in '56, already commented upon, and after that I had nothing to do in any way with the Bank. I stayed away and stood aloof, and did not nor would not attempt to touch or handle its affairs. The fact was I had been a true man for the Bank, and was still the man to bear the blame for every act done that did not meet the approbation of a prejudiced community. Therefore I thought it wise for me, through the last stages, to stay away, for I was well aware that many unlawful and improper things were to be done by those connected with it. One of these things I will mention, as a sample. Solomon Downer had a note against me for five thousand dollars, and the President, D. W. Cowdry, and some others of the Bank officers, had unwisely wrote me on the note. Downer had sued this note, and had attached the real estate of those under writers. It was fair that they should release themselves from the note if they could, in a lawful way, but this they did not do. They made a trade with Downer to pay him out of the funds or demands of the Bank. They finished the negotiation, and let him have, in these demands, fifty thousand dollars to pay the five thousand and interest. When Downer got these demands he pursued the signers, as he usually does, with the power and vigor of a law. Some he collected in full, some in part, some he lost, and finally made a great waste and bother. The demands were not worth half as much to him as they were to the Bank, but at all events it was a fraud upon the stockholders of the Bank to have their notes and securities used to pay a debt that they were not liable to pay. It may be said or pretended that the Bank as a Bank, had assumed to pay the notes, but this is not so and if claimed is only pretense for justification. There was a time when the Bank talked of assuming the notes but never did it, and when the trade was made it was under no obligation at all to assume the payment of my note to Downer of five thousand dollars, and pay fifty thousand of the notes and demands of the Bank that belonged to the stockholders. But after the trade was made they justify or attempt to justify themselves by saying that the whole amount of the fifty thousand was not worth more than two per cent.

Words are cheap, but facts are stubborn things, and such I record here, according to my best knowledge and belief.

Numerous other trades were made by charging and settling with friends that I will not here recite, as our history at best must be lengthy, and shall only show some of the elements that will most truthfully and clearly set the subject in its true light before a candid unbiased reader—bigots and persecutors I do not address.

In July 1857 the stock of the Bank was advertised for sale by a sheriff, and there was not interest or energy enough in the managers of the Bank to either provide means to pay a small debt or to bid in the stock, and this demonstrated to the world, to their satisfaction, that the stock was valueless, and therefore nothing was realized from the sale but unavoidable ruin to the credit of the Bank. The reader can see at once that if the officers themselves do not make an effort and give by their conduct value to bank stock the community will not; and I say to-day the So. Royalton Bank stock was, up to the time I left the Bank, perfectly good, and all the waste and loss to the stockholders, that they will or have ever experienced, is in consequence of public opinion and the yielding minds of incompetent men to guard guide and protect its interests, after I left, or, in other words, after I was forced out of it.

I take this opportunity to say as to my indebtedness, that it arose first, as has been once stated, by my giving my own notes for the bills to send to Thompson, and after '54 for notes given, mainly for stocks bought of individuals that had got frightened and was liable to do the Bank much injury if they were not let out, and not for money taken and used in my business. I say, and from a knowledge of the facts, that I have never had so much money from the Bank, from the beginning, as I have paid into it; hence this report that I have consumed the funds of the Bank in my own private business, is a baseless report and without truth.

In our next issue we shall give our views of the course taken in winding up the Bank, by those who conceived the plan, presented the Act, and have handled the securities. Also we shall give our views of the law, as its spirit demands, and the attempt to violate these principles.

To be Continued.

Friend Tarbell:—

Although I do not feel competent to the task, yet I feel it a duty, as a friend of humanity, to give you a short history of a conversation, I have lately had, with one of the members of a sectarian church, not far from this place, who bears the form of a man by the name of Darius Dewey. The conversation commenced upon the late death and burial of my sister. He asked me who preached the funeral discourse. I told him it was a spiritualist. He looked with the astonishment of one riven with a thunderbolt, exclaiming, "Hollo! hollo!" and said that his followers were worse than devils. I told him that if the greatest skeptic in the world had been there he could not have found fault with what was said. He replied that the Devil could preach a good sermon, and that he had rather hear the Devil preach than a spiritualist.

Now from the spirit which he manifested, I should presume that his knowledge of the Devil was more extensive than it is of spiritualism. By the way, I do not make these remarks for the purpose of injuring any one, but, "by their fruits ye shall know them," "ye cannot gather figs of thistles."

I said the Devil did not go about doing evil. He said there was but two ways—I must either serve God or the Devil. I told him that I did not know any thing about his Satanic Majesty. He asked me why I did not serve God. I asked him to tell me how to serve God. Said he, Read your Bible, pray, and go to meeting. I told him that I did not go to the sectarian meetings, for the doctrine of hell and damnation was not congenial with my belief; that I could stay at home and commune with my own thoughts, and serve God better than I could shut up within the prison walls of what is termed the house of God, and the threats of a wrathful and avenging God,—believing as I do that he is a God of mercy and love. Said he, No, you stay at home and chew hell and damnation.

Now, I ask, does this brother exhibit a true Christ-like spirit? I leave the question for each and every one to answer in their own mind.

He then asked me if I believed in spiritualism. I told him that I was not ashamed to have the world know that I did. Said he, You should be ashamed of it, for you do not believe it, and if anybody says they can commune with their friends that are dead and gone, they are worse than Devils. He then told me that I was composed of sin, and that the breath I drew was sin.

Does not this brother know that my feelings and sentiments are as sacred to me as his are to himself?

I asked him if he thought he had experienced the saving change, and loved and served his God. He said he did. I told him he had not, neither did he love God, for being a sinful man he was traveling upon this earth in continual sin. He said when he sinned he prayed to be forgiven, which God had promised to do, even if he sinned seventy times seven, and but asked to be forgiven.

I then asked him what he would do with the heathen. He said they would rise up in judgment against us. I asked him why he did not try to christianize the heathen of our own land. He said, You may live a long life and try and think you serve God, and never know but what you do until you come to the Judgment, and then be damned, as damned you surely will be unless you abandon the devilish doctrine of spiritualism.

Now is this like unto the teaching of Christ when he was on the earth? Is this the spirit he left with us when he told us to love one another? Is this the spirit he said he abided with us, when he told us to be charitable and meek like unto him, when he went away to prepare a place for us in his father's house, in which there are many mansions.

When will come the moments when, brighter far than morn, the sunshine of his glory shall break in full splendor upon the dark and pent up minds of this earth. When shall the iron chains of sectarianism fall with one mighty crash to earth to rise no more. When shall the mind of man be unaged and take its flight on wings of lightning speed to the everlasting hills of truth. When shall the banner of freedom be unfurled and float o'er hill and dale. When shall the song of the free resound o'er sea and land, till every child of earth shall catch the glad strain, and the Angel Band shall tune their harps and join in one triumphant song forevermore.

MARY JANE HUNTER.

So. Royalton Vt.

"Sauce for the goose is sauce the gander."

Rain?—"R-a-i-n," spells one of the boys. What is rain? "Water from the sky." Has it been produced from the sky itself? "No!" How has it been formed?

"Oh!" says one, with the characteristic smartness of the Hindoo youth, "do you not know yourself?"

I think I do; but my present object is, to find out whether you know it. "Well," replies another, with an air of manifest satisfaction, "I'll tell you—it is squirted from the trunk of Indra's elephant!" Indeed: that is a new theory of the origin of rain, which I did not know before, and I should like to know on what evidence it is founded.

"All I can say about it is, my Gurn told me so."

But your Gurn must have had some reason for telling you so. Did he ever see the elephant himself?

"Oh no! the elephant is wrapped up in a cloud, as in a covering, and no one can see it with his own eyes."

How, then, came the Gurn to know that the elephant was there at all?

"To be sure, because the Shaster says so."

Now I understand the matter. You say the rain comes from the trunk of an elephant simply because the Gurn has told you that this account is contained in the Shaster?

"Certainly; for though I have never seen it with my own eyes, yet I believe it is there, because the Gurn has told me that the Shaster says so; and what the Shaster says must be true."

Your Gurn has taught you a very different theory from that which my Gurn taught me in Scotland. Would you like to hear it and compare the two together?

"Nothing would delight us more," replied several voices.

In boiling your rice, what rises from the vessel?

"Smoke—vapor."

When a dry lid is held over it, what effect is produced?

"It gets wet."

What makes it wet?

"The smoke, or vapor."

True; and when it gets very wet, does all the vapor continue to stick to it?

"No; it falls in drops."

Very good. What, then, would you say of the vapor itself? Is it dry or wet?

"Wet, sure enough."

Whence, then, does the wet vapor proceed?

"It can only be from the water in the vessel."

Is the vapor a different kind of substance from the water?

"No."

Why do you think so?

"Because, when it gathers on the lid, it turns to water again."

So you conclude that the vapor is just a part of the water in the vessel.

"Yes."

What drives it off, then, from the rest, and makes it fly into the air?

"It is its nature to do so."

Think a moment: when you hold a cup of cold water in your hand, do you see the vapor arise from it?

"No."

What, then, makes the difference between the drinking water in your cup, and the water that boils the rice?

"The one is cold and the other is warm."

What makes it warm?

"The fire."

So it is from water warmed by the fire that you see the vapor ascend, and not from the cold! What must you infer from this?

"That it is the fire which, in making the water warm, makes it go into vapor."

After a heavy fall of rain on the heated ground when the sun shines out strongly in the morning, what do you see?

"Great vapors or mists."

Where do they come from?

"From the wet ground."

Where do they go to?

"Up to the sky."

Is it cold or warm up in the sky?

"Very cold high up, so that the Fakirs say the water grows hard in the Himalayas at the source of the Ganges."

When the vapors from the wet ground rise up to this cold place in the sky, what will become of them?

"Perhaps they will form into drops as the vapors from the boiling rice do upon the lid of the vessel."

When a great many drops gather together, will they stay up in the sky always?

"No; they will fall down."

And when a great many drops of water fall from the sky, what is it?

"Rain to be sure."

Well that is the theory of the origin of rain which I once learned from my Gurn in Scotland.

"How natural!" "How like the truth!"

"Surely it is true." "Ah! Ah! what have I been thinking? If your account be the true one, what becomes of our Shaster? Our Shaster must either be not from God, or God must have written lies. But that is impossible. The Shaster is true; Brahms is true; so your Gurn's account must be false; and yet it looks so very like the truth."

Now, here was the commencement of that first germ of mental struggle, which only terminated, in the case of some, with the entire overthrow of Hindooism. Up to that moment the very notion that it was possible for anything in the holy Shaster to be false, had never been conceived, even as the creation of a fitful dream. Even to hesitate on a point so sacred and fundamental, must pre-suppose a degree of mental effort which those who have been nurtured in the lap of truth and freedom, in a Christian land, can scarcely conceive.

And yet, here was the sudden injection of a doubt, where all doubt was believed to be impossible—the sudden stirring of a suspicion, whose suspicion was believed to be an insult to the memory of ancestry, an impious contempt for the authority of the Gods. Yet, so palpable were the facts, so natural the inference, and so like the truth, that, in spite of such an army of antecedent antipathy, the mind strove in vain to shake itself loose from a dreadful and hated, but struggling and clearing conviction.

—Duff on India Missions.

I cut the above from an old number of the "Type of the Times."—It is well worth the reading. But what becomes of the Bible on the same principle? I should like to ask Mr. Duff, the missionary. If that boy had only had a little training in Christian pettegory, he could have answered the question most readily. "But, 'elephant' does not always mean a beast. A man says, 'I have been to Piko's Peck and have seen the elephant,' but nobody supposes that I mean an animal called by that name. God in condescension to the infantile condition of men's minds, wrote the Shaster in figurative language. By elephant was meant the atmosphere, and God chose to call it by that name on account of its great size and wonderful power. By the trunk of the elephant is evidently meant the clouds, for the atmosphere bears them up as an elephant does his trunk; and so all our commentators regard it. These things are all plain when understood, and science and the Shaster exactly agree." What would our missionary have said in reply that would not have been equally a reply to the mean subtleties of our Millers, Hitchcocks, Pye Smiths, and a host of other would-be harmonizers of Genesis and Geology.—[Ed. Vanguard.

A PERFECT DEFINITION.—Cuvier, the celebrated naturalist, came one day into the room where the committee of the French Academy on the directory were holding a session.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Cuvier," said one of the forty; "we have just finished a definition which we think quite satisfactory, but upon which we should like your opinion. We have been defining the word crab, and we have explained it thus: Crab, a small red fish, which walks backward."

"Perfect, gentlemen," said Cuvier; "only if you will give me leave, I will make one small observation in natural history: the crab is not a fish, is not red, and does not walk backward! With these exceptions, your definition is excellent."

POETRY.

THE HUSBAND'S SONG.

Rainy and rough was the day—
There's a heart beating for somebody;
I must be up and away—
Somebody's anxious for somebody.
Thrice hath she been to the gate—
Thrice hath she listened for somebody;
Midst the night, stormy and late,
Somebody's waiting for somebody.

There'll be a comforting fire—
There'll be a welcome for somebody;
One, in her nearest attire,
Will look to the table for somebody.
Though the stars are far from the west,
There is a star yet for somebody;
Lighting the house he loves best—
Warning the bosom of somebody.

There'll be a coat off the chair,
There will be slippers for somebody;
There will be a wife's tender care—
Love's fond embrace for somebody.
There'll be the little one's charms—
Soon 'till be wakened for somebody;
When I have both in my arms,
Oh! but how best will be somebody!
CHARLES SWAIN.

THE UMBRA—HERNAND'S LAMENT.

A dream; and it haunts me still the same
As erst in that yellow October it came;
A darkness about the vine-clad floor;
A shadow long drawn on the sunlit floor;
A cloud in the sky—
A shiver and sigh
In the old elm-tree,
Entangling me,
To linger yet by the hallow'd hearth-stone,
Bidding my soul with a golden zone
Of tremulous prayers, and a broken "my own"
Clasped more and night by the sainted one.

The golden band
And the benison hand,
The sweet sad smile
That shimmered ere while
Upon childhood's sorrow
And girlhood's morn—
We do not now!

The shadow steals after me, year by year,
Resting on all that my soul holds dear;
Digging the way my prayers ascend,
Shrouding the place where the angels bend,
Forevermore keeping
Grim watch o'er my sleeping,
Creeping, creeping,
Till I am weeping
For the light astray on the oaken floor
Of the far-off home with the vine-wreath'd door,
For the music low spoken
Of a spirit unbroken,
And the dear mother-toned
Press'd down on my brow.

But I am weak,
And the tears on my cheek
Are burning in vain.
Their vapors will rise
Into Hope's glad eyes,
And shut out the skies
Of the dim Paradise,
With a blur and a stain.
I will not go back
On a desolate track,
To find the green shore
Of a joyous yore.

For the shadow, the shadow—I could not bear
That its creeping gloom should follow me there.
To blacken the place of my girlhood's prayer;
I never could bide that its trail should be
Over valley and hill-top after me,
To that woodland grave,
With my beautiful brave,
Lying deep
In a trusting sleep,
And every leaf of the linden tree
Saying a low "benedictio" to me.
I could not sit in the olden nook
And have my feet in the whispering brook,
Nor gather the lilies clustering there,
Nor twine in the blades of my faded hair;
And the shadow—the shadow—floating astare
On the rippling stream—
On the sunset dream!

Ah! well for us all, there's a God-lighted land,
Where souls are linked with a royal hand,
And stand upright;
A temple home,
With a lofty dome,
To which only the meek and the white-robed
And no shadows steal after;
With anointed laughter,
Mocking the light!

MARY FORREST.

MISCELLANY.

Poisoning Public Opinion.

At the Unitarian Festival in Boston a few weeks ago, Dr. Holmes, the well-known "Atheist," made a most excellent address from the chair, from which we make the following extracts. He alluded to the fact that he had recently been accused (by the sectarian press) of the crime for which Socrates suffered; that of being a poisoner of public opinion:

To this charge your chairman—always for your sake, and not for his own—enters the following plea: Guilty, but with extenuating circumstances.

This trick of poisoning was taught him by his instructors in the art, commonly called of healing. The doctors of this place have long been famous for its practice. They began poisoning men's bodies in 1721. Zabdiel Boylston was the first criminal. He poisoned many persons amidst the howls of the populace and the denunciations of professional rivals and anonymous accusers. Under the name of inoculation this practice of poisoning spread from Boston all over the continent.

At the latter part of the same century, another poisoner, introduced an infection into the human system from a brute. The descendants of those same Boston doctors were the first to adopt the practice, and under the name of vaccination this, too, starting from Boston, spread over the whole continent.

In the year 1846 a new generation of those same Boston doctors contrived a fresh poison of their own. By means of it they reduced people to such a wretched state of insensibility that they cut their legs off without their knowing anything about it. They called it *etherization*, and this practice, again, starting from yonder hospital, made the circle of the whole planet.

Other great cities were slow, strangely slow in adopting these new modes of poisoning. These bold bad fathers and brothers of ours seemed to be always ready for anything. The British government pardoned convicts that they might be inoculated. Zabdiel Boylston took his own son for the first experiment. When vaccination was first brought forward, it was said that it would turn the children into calves and heifers; our fathers tried it on us, and we are thought still to retain the features of humanity. When etherization was proposed to soothe the great bodily grief of the race, it was said to be unscriptural and impious; our physicians gave it to those nearest and dearest to them, and told the commentators to mind their own business.

But the Boston poisoners have not stopped at the body. The quill that carries the vaccine virus is not the only quill that has been loaded with contagious principles. They poisoned the veins of Liberty with the virus of Liberty in that hospital of humanity sometimes known as the cradle of that latter personage. So dreadfully did the venom work that Governor Hutchinson thought the infected people must be put on a low diet of "English liberties," and even a dish of tea would not stay on their stomachs.

They poisoned the thick black blood of a stagnant theology with the virus of a liberal faith. The children of the "Sons of Liberty" looked after the doctrines of the black-coats as their fathers had looked after the firelocks of the red-coats. Whether this generation has managed to grow up out of that epoch of spiritual inoculation, let this wholesome and happy assembly bear witness.

Now let us all remember these lessons of the past, for they belong to all of us who deal in any form of thought or knowledge not familiar to the common mind or truth. You cannot introduce the poison of truth under the guise of the body, social, political, or religious, without its producing local heat or irritation—sometimes general fever, headache, giddiness, and even delirium, in which the subjects use very bad language, and behave as if they had just broken out of straight jackets. If the poison is in any sense new, there will be more or less of public outcry among the vulgar.

When we find these symptoms we know that the quill was a good one and that the virus has taken. If we look and do not find them, we have to try again,—for if we do not vaccinate with virulent truth from time to time, we shall by and by have a confluent eruption of unbelief and demoralization that will leave the fair souls of our children covered with scars and seams, such as we see upon the features of old world emigrants who have been brought up in the good old fear of "poison."

All of us, I suppose, are accustomed to clamors such as I have referred to. We do not mean that the recollection of them shall in the slightest degree interrupt the cheerfulness or even hilarity of this occasion. We have met to exchange our views, our experiences, our hopes, and especially our good feelings. I say *we*. And there are few words in the English language harder to define. For we do not mean a body that is necessarily one in all its modes of belief, and its special sympathies; and yet I trust and believe we are one in certain most important respects. What is it, then, that gives us right to use this little mighty monosyllable, one of the mightiest of all words, for it is the symbol of that union in which lies the strength of humanity and hope of the future? May I venture to mention some few principles in which it is probable most of us would agree?

We are, in the first place, the protestants of protestantism. We protest against a theory of human nature which lowers a man to a worm in every capacity but that of a sinner, for that endows him with the powers and responsibilities of an archangel.

We protest against a theory of the Divine government so monstrous that to reconcile it with the principles of honor and right, and to justify the ways of God to man, it drives its advocates to the supposition that men are re-ascended demons, and so falls back upon the legends of the heathen and barbarians.

I trust, also, that there is a general agreement among us on the following points:

We believe in *vital* religion, or the religion of life, as contrasted with that of trust in hierarchies, establishments and traditional formulae settled by the votes of wavering majorities in old councils and convocations.

We believe in *evangelical* religion, or the religion of glad tidings, in distinction from the schemes that make our planet the ante-chamber of the mansions of eternal woe to the vast majority of all the men, women and children that have lived and suffered upon its surface.

We believe that every age must judge the Scriptures by its own light; and we mean, by God's grace, to exercise that privilege without asking permission of Pope or Bishop, or any other human tribunal.

We believe that sin is the much abused step-daughter of ignorance, and this not only from our own observation, but on the authority of Him whose last prayer on earth, as recorded by the Good Physician, was that the perpetrators of the greatest crime on record might be forgiven, *for they knew not what they were doing*.

We believe beyond all other beliefs in the fatherly relation of the Deity to all his creatures, and wherever there is a conflict of scriptural or theological doctrines, we hold this to be the article of faith that stands supreme above all others.

And lastly, we know, that whether we agree precisely in these or any other articles of belief, we can meet in christian charity and fellowship, in that we all agree in the love of a common Father, as taught us by the Master whom we profess to follow.

ORIGINAL.

Wine.

BY FREEMAN.

Oh, thou invisible spirit, wine! Behold thy power. See the misery that thou hast caused to exist in our homes. Why wilt thou tarry in that sorrowing home. Why wilt thou linger upon the tender cords of the despairing heart.—Because thou art determined to destroy the happiness of those who listen to thy alluring voice. Death is stamped upon thy sparkling surface; woe be unto him that quenches his thirst at thy sparkling fountain. Who can look upon thy dread work and not say, *Avant! foul fiend!* Away from the once happy home, which thou hast, by thy accursed presence, made desolate! Who will not raise their voice against thee. What friend of reform can stand and see this devouring element, spreading devastation over our land, and not have his finer feelings aroused to action, against this deadly foe? There is none. No, not one whose heart does not bleed when he sees his brother sinking into a habit so base as that of making wine his God. But thou hast friends, friends that will clasp thee to their bosoms, and defend thy cause, friends that will lay their last shilling at thy feet, and even their life, which thou art ever ready to accept.

Behold the young and confiding wife pleading with her husband to flee from thy withering glance,—he who gave her, a pledge at the altar, to love, honor and protect through this life. But ah, how easy were those vows forgotten. How soon were the blooming hopes of the true and loving wife buried in thy sparkling depths. See the mother, as she kneels beside her son, beseeching him to shun thy poisonous dregs, while tears are coursing down her care-worn cheeks, tears that rise from the very fountain of her noble soul, tears that could rise from none other than a mother's heart, begging him to flee from thee as he would from a viper that was about to fasten its deadly fangs upon him. But he hears not that tender and warning voice. His brain is fired by thy withering flame,—he reels, he stumbles, he falls beneath thy power, and yet thou art permitted to live on, glorying over the victory which thou hast so easily won.

When will wives and mothers cease to weep over their starving and neglected homes? When will the child forget to cry for bread, to appease its hunger? Ah! when husbands and fathers cease to visit thy vile habitations, when he forgets to contribute his last mite to thy destroying cause. Then will smiles again welcome his coming footsteps. Then will nature's bloom return to the faded cheek of his neglected wife. Then can he share the smiles and joys of his home. He hears no more the wailings of his child, but he hears a merry voice shouting, "Oh, ma! pa is coming,—oh, I am so glad that pa does not drink any more, for he loves us now, don't he?" and little feet trip lightly o'er the ground till the fair form is clasped in the arms of a father who a short time since cast that same tiny form from him as though it had been a viper, for thou, O wine, was then his bosom friend.

Then were his steps unsteady, but now he walks with a bold, firm step. He scorns thy presence, for he sees that thou hast been leading him from the true life, into darkness and disgrace. Now he has joined the ranks of reform, and he looks down upon thee with contempt. Happy is the man who can conquer thee single-handed, with no other weapon than a determined will. Live on, Wine, while thou hast liberty, for soon shalt thou perish.

Lessons for those who like them.

Be not always speaking of yourself. Boast not. Angle not for praise. Confess your faults. Tell no lies—not even those called innocent. Listen when spoken to. Be polite at the table. Dread the character of an ill-bred man. Be remarkable for cleanliness of person. Attend to your dress. Study elegance of expression. Avoid old sayings and vulgarisms. Acquire a knowledge of words. Command your temper and countenance. Never acknowledge an enemy, or see an affront if you can help it. Avoid wrangling, meddling, and title-tattle. Judge not of mankind rashly. Doubt him who swears to the truth of a thing. Be choice in your company. Adopt no man's vices. Avoid noisy laughter. Dare to be singular in a right cause, and be not ashamed to refuse. Strive to write well and grammatically. Affect not the rake. Never appear to be in a hurry. Neglect not an old acquaintance. Avoid all kinds of vanity.—Make no one in company feel his inferiority. Never whisper in company. Look not over one when writing or reading. Hum no tunes in company, nor be in any way noisy. Eat not too fast nor too slow. Spit not on the floor or carpet. Hold no indecent discourses. Spend no time in transacting business. Indulge not in laziness. Be not frivolous. Study dignified as well as pleasing manners. Be not envious. Show no hastiness of temper. Talk not long at a time. Make no digressions. Hold no one by the button when talking. Forestall not a slow speaker. Say not all you think. Adapt your conversation to the company. Give not your advice unasked. Renew no disagreeable matters. Praise not another at the expense of the present company. Avoid rude expressions. Avoid mystery and long apologies. Look people in the face when speaking. Swear not. Talk not scandal. Talk not of private concerns. Few jokes will bear repeating. Take the peace-maker's part in debating. Be not clamorous in dispute, but exercise good-humor. Learn the character of the company before you say much. Suppose not yourself laughed at. Interrupt no man's story. Ask no abrupt questions. Reflect on no order of people. Display not your learning on all occasions.—Avoid debt.

Intemperance and Death in Philadelphia.

The annual report of the Inspectors of the Philadelphia State Prison, shows that the cases of delirium tremens, insanity and perpetual idiosyncy are fearfully on the increase. This is occasioned, says the report, by the introduction of strychnine and other poisonous drugs into what is sold for lager beer and other liquors, which are now the common drinks of so large a portion of the people. The report of the resident physician of the prison contains this passage:

"A large number of cases of *mania-a-potu*, two hundred and sixty-four, and debauch, three hundred and sixty-five, bearing testimony to the power of alcohol in producing disease, and in stimulating into activity a large body of otherwise hidden or latent affections. It is well known that the habitual use of intoxicating drinks not only blunts the moral and intellectual sensibilities of the individual, and thus places him to a certain extent outside the pale of sanity, superadds a positive and often lasting injury to the physical structure, particularly to the stomach and nervous system, which predisposes the body to a long catalogue of diseases that are brought into active existence by the slightest exposure."

And yet, with such facts staring them in the face, liquor drinkers will still persist in swallowing the villainous stuff—from which a hog would turn away in disgust.—*Standard*.

"WHILE I LIVE I'LL CROW."—This is the motto emblazoned on the family coat-of-arms of a distinguished United States Senator, so well and intimately known by our citizens, that we need not name him. It is characteristic of the man, and in a few words expresses the great maxim which should guide every one in life. No man should content himself with occupying a position of subordination to any one—every one with a good mind will feel the necessity for maintaining an independent ground. "While I live I'll crow." Every one will approve it, no matter what they think of the man. Remember it young men, and in your efforts through life determine to "crow" while you exist. [Harrisburg Herald.

Deity is written upon the flowers that sweeten the air; upon the breeze that rocks the flowers on their stems; upon the drops that refresh the spring of the moss that lifts its head in the desert; upon its deep chambers; upon every pencilled sheet that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun which warms and cheers millions of creature.

O think not that we wholly die,
When death, the ferryman sublime,
Has dipped his oars, and we have furled
Our sails beyond the sea of time.

In the slow, throbbing, human heart,
Our deeds and thoughts and tears live still,
And every act hath left its mark
Upon the world for good or ill.

Is the Planet Mars Inhabited.

The opponents of the doctrine of plurality of worlds allow that a greater probability exists of Mars being inhabited than in the case of any other planet. His diameter is four thousand one hundred miles; and his surface exhibits spots of different hues, the seas, according to accurate observations, appearing to be green, and the land red. The variety in spots, it is thought, may arise from the planet not being destitute of atmosphere and cloud; and what adds greatly to the probability of this, is the appearance of brilliant white spots at its poles, which have been conjectured to be snow, as they disappear when they have been long exposed to the sun, and are greatest when emerging from the long night of their polar winter, the snow line then extending to about six degrees from the pole. The length of the day is almost exactly twenty-four hours, the same as that of the earth. Continents and oceans and green savannas, have been observed upon Mars, and the snow of the polar regions has been seen to disappear with the heat of summer. Clouds may actually be seen floating in the atmosphere of the planet, and there is the appearance of land and water on his disc.

OUR IDOL.
Close the door lightly,
Bride the breath,
Our little earth-angel
Is talking with Death;
Gently he wooes her,
She wishes to stay,
His arms are about her—
He hears her away.

Music comes floating
Down from the dome;
Angels are chanting
The sweet welcome home.
Come, stricken weeper,
Come to the bed,
Gaze on the sleeper—
Our idol is dead!

Smooth out the ringlets,
Close the blue eye—
No wonder such beauty
Was claimed in the sky;
Cross the hands gently
O'er the white breast,
So like a wild spirit
Strayed from the blest;
Bear her out softly,
This idol of ours,
Let her grave-slumbers
Be 'mid the sweet flowers.

WHITTIER.

Superstition.

A southern paper, after noticing a dangerous wound received by a man in sliding from a haymow on a pitchfork, states "that medicinal preparations were applied to the pitchfork, and it has been carefully wrapped up and deposited in flannel to aid in the healing of the wound!" This kind of cure was quite fashionable about two centuries ago, and medical writers say it was attended with great advantages; for while the surgeon exhausted his skill on the instrument, dame Nature, more skillful, healed the wound.

Why did Jacob Cry?

Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice and wept.—*Bible*.

If Rachel was a pretty girl, and kept her face clean, we can see that Jacob had much to cry about.—*New York Globe*.

Why, he wept tears of joy, Mr. Globe. You never kissed a pretty girl or you wouldn't wonder a bit. We've been in the same boat with Jacob before now, and we blubbered right out.—*Lynn News*.

How do you know but she slapped his face for him?—*N. O. Delta*.

Gentlemen, the cause of Jacob's weeping was the refusal of Rachel to allow him to kiss her again.—*Flag*.

In our opinion, Jacob wept because he had not kissed her before, and regretted the time he had lost.—*Age*.

Green—all of you. The fellow boo-hooed because she did not kiss him.—*Manchester Advocate*.

Pshaw! "Hi" says (and he was out last night) that he guesses Jacob bellered because Rachel threatened to go right in and tell her pa.—*Typo, World's Paper*.

Col. King of Gonzales County, in Texas, who is equally an enemy of hard money and grammar, having a proper contempt for both, and who lives, as he says, "down to the foot of navigation," near Gonzales, a little creek which runs dry in Summer, recently delivered himself of the following emphatic remark:—"Ef I owe a man an onjust debt, and I make him a lawless tender of a blank bill and he intuses to incet it, but persoons out a writ for to level on my property, ef I don't make a sacrament of him I'll be d—d."

A great man will not trample upon a worm nor cringe to an emperor.

indoctrinating him.

"My son," said an old turbaned Turk, one day, taking his child by the hand, in the streets of Cairo, and pointing out to him on the opposite side a Frenchman just imported, in all the elegance of Parisian costume—"My son, look there! If you ever forget God and the Prophet, you may come to LOOK LIKE THAT."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Liberation Notice.

I have this day given my son William T. Thayer, his time during the remainder of his minority and shall claim none of his wages, and pay no debts of his contracting, after this date.
Henry G. Thayer.
Roxbury, Vt., May 1st, 1859.

Liberation Notice.

I have this day given my son, Micah Henry Foster, his time during his minority; and shall claim none of his wages, nor pay any debts of his contracting, after this date.
West Randolph Vt., April 16, 1859.
Micah C. Foster.
Witness: C. A. Badger.

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