

still remains. The trunk is hollow to so great an extent that *thirty persons* have been known to enter this cavity & remain there at the same time. For curiosity & in honor of its age & companionship with the past & the deeds of the past, the good people of Hartford have set a table within its decayed trunk & there have dined in its very bosom. In walking yesterday I passed both the present & former residence of Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney. Her former residence is the most beautiful place I have seen in Hartford. Just the place for a poet, amid its extensive grounds & beautiful shade trees. It seems a pity that she was obliged to leave it, so well adapted to her mind & taste, although her present home is a very pretty one. I should like very much to see Mrs Sigourney, for I have always from a child admired her writings, but I have no acquaintances who are friends of hers, so could not get an introduction without being officious.

Sunday, Nov. 18th. A cold wintry day, but pleasanter in the afternoon & a beautiful moonlight evening. Spoke at "Union Hall" as was expected, afternoon & evening. Had a very good audience. The same Spirit seemed to speak during the day & the last discourse continued the subject of the first.

Monday 19th. This morning after writing a couple of letters I started for a walk, to put them in the Office & also to *pay a visit* to the "Charter Oak" as I have not seen it since coming to the place this time. When I saw it before, it was summer, beautiful summer, dressed in her mantle of green, shaded with sunlight & trimmed with roses. Now a bleak cold day in autumn with only the dry, rustling leaves to tell the tale of their departed glory. Then the Old Oak was crowned with a coronal of leaves, though sadly grown less than it wore in youth, now it stood with its naked arms & branches, with nothing to protect from the pitiless [?] storm, save here & there a clump of dried withered leaves through which the winds of autumn swept with a dirge like sound. It looked alone, like some decrepit man that has lived to see the rolling of a hundred years, the *last* of all those who were his companions in early years. Like a veteran soldier covered with many a scar, yet still compelled to breast the waves of life & linger on while those who stood beside him in the bloody strife long since have passed away. It was beautiful in summer, & there was a spell of sacredness around it, but I learned a deeper lesson to day as I stood there gazing upon its leafless branches & decaying form. It is also curious & deeply interesting to see the veneration which man has for these relics of the past. Pieces of tin

or zinc are nailed in places all over its trunk to protect it & prolong its life. I love to see such manifestations on the part of those who live in the present age. I looked in vain for leaves to bring away with me, as the winds & the lateness of the season rendered it impossible to find them, till I happened to spy a handful, hidden away in a little crevice of the trunk, like memories of the past, & gathering these carefully from their hiding place I brought them away. On my way back I stopped & purchased a bridal present for dear cousin C. May she be happy is my most fervent wish. The whole made me a walk of over a mile & a half. Is it possible that I am the same being who thru years ago lay in a dark room in pain & anguish with no hope of relief? And all this change wrought by my Spirit Friends. I must be strangely ungrateful if I am not willing to do & bear much, yes *very* much for those who have raised me from helplessness to comparative strength, from pain & suffering to happiness, from darkness again to the blessed sunlight of the outer world. Tuesday 20th. This morning arose about seven, breakfasted about eight & then went out for my usual walk. Called at a Manufactory where spoons, forks, cups, tea services etc. are made, plated & burnished. I was very much interested in the process of plating. The articles were placed in a solution adapted for the purpose & all around were arranged batteries with poles of silver in this solution. From the peculiar chemical arrangement of the articles, their compound & the solution in which they were dipped, the articles themselves attracted the silver as it was decomposed & thus covered themselves, so to speak, with a garment of silver. Curious what the ingenuity & invention of man will do. I sometimes wonder when I see such manifestations of skill & science the laws by which the elements are governed doing the work for man, after he has arranged conditions. Oh! what a beautiful study to search amid the labrynth of science & find her different windings her workings & operations. And *learn from her* how to construct the machinery that moves the shuttle (or more strictly speaking, *through which a principle moves it*) works a steam press & propells an engine. Wonderful power of the human mind, that searches among facts & principles & finds these laws, these elements, these powers, & then with an inventor's genius gives them practical embodiment, a manifestation in material forms for the use & benefit of the human race.

There is to be a Circle here to night at Mr. Mettler's. Lottie Beebee, a young lady whose home is here & at South Boston is ex-

pected to be the Medium. I am counting very much upon it as she is said while under the influence to give beautiful specimens of poetry & sometimes has other manifestations.

Half passed 11 o'clock P. M. A Circle of eighteen or twenty met to night. Among the numbered was the Editor of "The Hartford Daily Times," Colonel Colt the man who built the dyke around the city, & who is known far & near by his Revolvers, which are called "Colt's Revolvers," & William H. Burleigh, the Poet, formerly of Hartford but now a resident of New York. Miss Beebee was present, but owing to the different minds & organizations of the Circle, or to the want of quiet passiveness, we succeeded in getting very little from Spirits. I had plenty of time to read countenances & character however I thought Col. Colt rather an original, just like nobody else. William H. Burleigh is rather a large man with prominent features, large dark eyes & a very prominent forehead. Reflectives very fully developed. From appearances I should think he might love a good joke, but not as well as the Col.

Wednesday 21st. This is the first day I have been hindered from walking by the weather since I came to Hartford. The pavements in cities would give me a much better chance to walk this winter than upon the snows of Vermont, but I do not know which I shall tread. I hope that which will be the right path for me. I hope I shall be led to go where I can do most good, whether it be to the city or the country, to the North or the South. Although this sometimes seems like a wandering life, & the office of a medium a thankless one, yet when my health & strength will but be increased, I think I can bear much of suffering, much of sorrow for the sake of Truth. I do not wish to be a Fanatic I shrink from the very idea, but I *do wish to act*, to *do* to live an *active* life & have that life one of usefulness. If I can but *see* the way that is right for me to go, know positively the work for me to do, & have physical strength for the purpose, I feel as though I could throw my whole soul into that work, & though I might sometimes wish to sit down by the wayside, I should ever have the voice within calling me to be up and doing & I could not linger long. Oh! I have suffered so much with the monotony of a life of inaction, the result of disease, that in my inmost soul I have often cried out,

*Better to stand the lightnings shock
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock.*

Anything but a life of worthlessness, uselessness. A life which is no life.

The five hours in which Mrs. Mittler examines her patients I am much alone. I can seem to draw happiness from the resources within, & am not as much dependent upon foreign causes & company on that account. And more than all this & perhaps the hidden cause of it, I feel as though I was *not* alone. My *belief* that I am surrounded by Guardian angels & the loved ones gone before, seems to people the space around me worth living though invisible forms & I cannot seem alone. But the interior evidence I have, the living inspiration welling up in my own soul, the consciousness of their presence not only around me but within myself, my inner self keeps a communion within that satisfies the soul beyond all other communings. This is the most beautiful part of my mediumship, that which other do not see, that which is never spoken, but which is felt in every fibre of my soul giving a richness to life which it never had before, & a tinge of Heaven to light my path where all before was dim & shadowy. A blessing to me physically, mentally, morally, intellectually & spiritually have been these Spirit Manifestations. And Religiously also if that can be called a separate feeling of the soul. It is not wholly because the Spirit of our departed friends return unto us, thus proving Immortality of the Soul, & giving our souls a glimpse of Heaven, that I rejoice so much, although that is a thought that might well quicken the heart of adamant, but the Philosophy, facts & effects connected with it have shown to me a new beauty in life. One great thing is taught—Eternal Progression. And the light which this Great Truth casts upon our minds, shows us that the changes, the darkness, trials & sorrows through which we pass are but the results or effects of the working of this law as it is refining & purifying our life & soul. With *this* view I can thank my Creator for the gift of life but I never could until this light shone upon my mental vision teaching me the reality & tangibility of the theory that "all is right."

Friday 23rd. Have been copying this evening as Mrs. Mettler has psychometrised two characters. This she does by placing a paper containing the persons handwriting (who wishes to be psychometrised) upon her forehead, *while in the normal state* & abstracting her self from other thoughts, she seems to enter the sphere of the person & then speaks her impression. She has given many readings of

character in this manner, most of which have been correct, some of them astonishingly so.

Saturday 24th. I have been exercising considerably under spirit influence for a week past, which always adds very much to my strength. I have rode very little for the last fortnight to get chilled through & have spoke less, therefore my throat & neck feel better.

Sunday 25th. Last night at the supper table, the distress of the poor was a subject of discussion & more particularly the poor man of whom I spoke. Katie Mettler had stolen away during the afternoon to see in what a state they were in. She found that his children had been taken by Mr. Harris into the Orphan Asylum & he was left to occupy a little attic, the use of which was given him by people not much better off than himself, no larger than a pantry, partly filled with coal, with a straw tick containing a little straw which they had given him from their scanty store, his only bed, & so poor that he had only the food that he got from door to door & had not even a shirt under his tattered rags. Poverty & destitution, while only a short distance away, many a child of fortune was reveling in the luxuries & dissipations of life. Mrs. Mettler sent her children down in the evening, with a good straw bed, a blanket for it, & two old flannel & one cotton shirt of Mr. Mettlers, beside food for him to eat. When they went in, the tears were running down his cheeks. But it was soon turned to joy when he found what presents they had brought him. He seemed very grateful indeed, but the only words he could speak in English were "Good man, Good lady." He shook hands with the children when they came away & they returned very much elated, & happy in that feeling which ever comes to those who do a good action, or make one suffering heart happier than before. Mr. Frank Burr, one of the Editors of the "Hartford Daily Times" spent the evening here, & just as he was leaving, the subject was mentioned in his presence. He seemed much interested & said he would see that something was done for him by first sending a German, who could understand him, to find out his situation & wants, & then by assisting him and putting him in a way to assist himself all possible.

I had a beautiful walk last evening by moonlight. Passed down Main Street, where in passing a shop I caught sight of a painting of a little boy with his head leaning upon his hands in that perfect abandon of childhood's innocence of thought & feeling. "I saw it but a moment, yet I seem to see it now." So beautiful, so innocent, so

mild in its expression. I am sometimes tempted to go in & purchase it, if it is not too expensive, but I am divided in the feeling, whether I should make the purchase or give the whole amount to the poor.

Evening. The work of the day is over. Spoke afternoon & evening at "Union Hall."

Tuesday 27th. Yesterday about noon I bid good bye to the friends in Hartford, & started for Vermont intending to stop at Bellows Falls for a visit over night. As I stepped into the Cars I met Mr. Simmons who was just returning from his visit to New York. This made the journey very much pleasanter as I heard from many of the friends at New York & vicinity, & talked over the Mission of Public Medium, a subject so important to us both. Mr. S. did not give a very glowing account of the Professor Harris Lecture. Some three or four thousand people present, but the Professor, although a scientific man, grown gray in its study lacked that style of delivery so necessary to enchain an audience, & even the Spiritualist thought the matter was very poorly discussed, & the Philosophy held up in no enviable state for exhibition. I am sorry, but I have always noticed that the thoroughly scientific or business men who become believers & advocates of this Philosophy; with all their knowledge, make not half as good actors, either as Lecturers or as practical doers, as many who have been less known in the world. They seem to be either inclined to fanaticism with all their soundness upon other subjects, or undertake to systematize according to their own ideas & thus fail because it seems impossible to reduce this thing to merely a doctrine.

Last night I lost my gold pin, worth two dollars, as I was getting out of the cars, so went into Mr. Amadows [?] shop today & purchased a Cameo at the same price, although he sold them for three dollars fifty. I like it much better than my other, but I did not like to loose that, & incur an extra expense. When I buy any thing of this kind, I always half feel as though there were poor people suffering with want, to whom I ought rather to give; and yet it seems to be an indispensable article of dress.

Saturday Dec 1st. Came up to Ludlow in the Cars yesterday, & while waiting for the Woodstock Stage to take me to Plymouth, I called upon Ottio Marsh, a cousin, & upon Abby Parker an intimate friend. Also saw for a few moments Mr. Ira Barton's two little boys, that Uncle Thomas Moore's people kept so long when their mother died. I then came in the Stage to Mr. Josselyns where I

then found my sister's health still poor, but she has received some help from a prescription given through Mr. Luther Burt of Walpole N. H. father in law of Dr. Porter of Papermill, N. H. a Healing Medium, who though over sixty years of age has for the last two years been used by Spirits for healing diseases both by laying on the hands & by [?] prescriptions. I have written to him again to day for her, & do so much hope he may help her, for her health is miserable. Mr. Burts case & also that of his wife, is very peculiar. Grown gray without a knowledge of the future, the sun of Spiritualism has shed a ray upon the winter of their age & opened for them the gate to immortality. There is something strangely beautiful in the sight of that aged couple, giving from, or through their own bodies, life to those in the morning of life yet bowed by disease. Mr. Burt wears long hair & beard, & the peculiar look it gives him takes you back to the time of Abraham, Isaac & Jacob. My idea of a patriarch. Monday 3d. Today I reached home, after being absent four weeks. I found my home changed, my Father having moved into a house that we have bought. How thankful I am that my father & mother have at last a permanent home. I think I shall like here very well, it being in the same neighborhood where we have always lived. I hope they may never be obliged to move again, & may their last days be happier than their first. I find that Cousin C. has been waiting for me to be at home to speak at the Church on the day when her marriage ceremony is to take place.

Thursday 6th. Thanksgiving day, as the world calls it. But if thanksgiving consists in abstaining from all useful labors & "feasting upon fat things" we have had very little of it to day, but if a feeling of gratitude for the comforts of life, health & strength, have any thing to do with a thanksgiving we have had it. And myself in particular. I have spent many of these anniversaries in pain & darkness, without one ray of light to shine upon me either mentally or physically. My whole life *ought* to be one Thanksgiving.

Sunday 9th. Vermont snow drifts & Northeasters are not the pleasantest things in the world particularly to me who so dread the cold air that unfits me for action. But in a mild, beautiful day, when the sun is shining & the water dropping from the eaves, when the south wind just gives the cheek a reddier glow without offering to nip too harshly the nose or fingers, to jump into a sleigh & be closely wrapped in furs & carried swiftly over the snow by a fleet horse whose steps give a merry chime to the "Sleigh Bells," is quite a dif-

ferent thing. This is a beautiful pastime. If the snow would fall to just that depth to suit our convenience, & the Thermometer stand at just the right degree, I should love winter, I should be one of its warmest friends. But its odd freaks & uncertain habit I do not so well relish. It is too unreliable, & sometimes too harsh to suit me. I do not much welcome its approach.

Monday 10th. I came through the Furnace. Letter from Mary French. Among other items, she writes that it was proposed at the Young Men's Association in Rutland that among other speakers, Reverend Antoinette L. Brown should be engaged for a Lecture, but as the Members could not all think alike about her coming it was referred to the Ladies to decide. And what was their decision? A *decided negative*. So their shame be it spoken. It is bad enough to see men who assume the right to occupy the whole platform for Public Speaking, & the undisputable right as Public Teachers, telling & saying what woman shall or shall not do, limiting her sphere of action & shutting her not only from the Temple of Knowledge as a Public Teacher, but also from the Temple of God; but when *woman herself*, through a false education which has bound her mind in chains, or a want of independence through fear of public opinion, *limits her own sphere*, & cannot appreciate those who ask a wider field of labor, if not a higher; & discountenance those of her own set who assume only to be followers & teachers of Jesus in whom they believe it is enough to bring the blush of shame upon every woman's cheek who has soul enough or independence enough, to brave the scorn of the world in order to act, to do something for humanity. Women must either be a slave or a butterfly or at least she is so at the present time. And if, following the prompting of the intellectual or philanthropic energies of her mind she *dares* to think, she dares to act out of the beaten track marked centuries ago for her to tread, straightway she becomes something out of the course of nature, a something for the curious to gape at in astonishment, & the world, & particularly her own sex (I speak it with shame) to censure. As if a woman ought not to be firm as well as gentle, energetic as well as yielding in her nature, strong minded as well as pure, & intellectual as well as amiable. Should not all these qualities be combined? And if they are so, what woman *can* smother these energies & those aspirations till their light shine no further than the fireside? Woman can be woman as the wife, the mother, & yet as the Teacher & the Reformer. More than all should the *mother* be strongminded &

energetic, firm & high souled, natural & developed intellectually as well as socially, that her children may wear the stamp of something that lives within itself, an individuality & an independence that depends on no other mind for opinions, but acts conscientiously, but firmly under all emergencies infusing its own strength & power of thought into the movements, changes & developments of the age in which it lives. When will woman learn what it is to be true to herself?

Wednesday 12th. School has commenced here & as we live "right opposite" the school House, we have the occasional music of children. It reminds me of the days when I used to teach, & have my little bevy around me. I wonder if I shall ever teach again. I sometime think, how long shall I remain a Public speaker, or how long retain the gift of speaking as I do now?

Friday 21st. To day I have been busying in packing & arranging to start early to morrow morning for Randolph. This evening I have been in to see a poor sick woman, with four little children & no husband in this world. I left a dollar for her, all I felt able to give, & my best wishes. Hard to be sick, but harder still to feel the scanty store grow less & yet unable to add to, but every day diminishing. Want, what a spectre. A friend that tortures in this life, but which I hope is known not upon Celestial Shores.

Sunday Dec. 23. Spoke at Randolph Center during the day. Had rather a small audience as I usually do here, for Randolph is a very Sectarian place. I do not so well like to speak here on that account, but perhaps I ought to just the same. There seems to be less increase of interest here than in many places where I speak & that makes it seem that I can do less good than in many other places.

Monday 24th. This evening being Christmas Eve, I have been to an illumination at the Episcopal Church at the Center. I thought it might be pleasing to go as I had never been to an occasion of the kind. The church was trimmed with winter greens of all descriptions from the spruce trees to the unassuming moss. There was much taste displayed in the decorations & in the formations of sentences indicative of their faith. The church was lighted in very pretty and fanciful manners & so far it reminded me of the forest temples & the decorations of Nature & so far I liked. But the forms & ceremonies seemed so without soul to me that I could not sympathise at all in the services. I find no fault, but their ideas & manner of manifesting them are so different from my own & their teach-

ing, so little allied to original thought that I could not see how they could feed the mind & answer its aspirations better than they can see that which I call beauty in my own. They had a fine Organ & the music was beautiful. Taking it all in all I came away with that unsatisfied feeling in the soul which ever speaks when unfed, "Is that all?"

Tuesday 25th. I have been writing an article for the "New England Spiritualist," a paper published at Boston, today.

Wednesday 26th. Had letters from H. M. Pollard [?] & Delia & also a paper from her containing a criticism on a piece entitled "Spirit & Matter" which I had published in the "Blotter" a short time ago, a paper printed in Ludlow Vt. I have been writing miscellaneous pieces for that paper for sometime past, for the purpose of throwing ideas before the public which they would not receive unless half disguised, under the signature of "Solitarie" knowing they would be less likely to receive such ideas from me than from an unknown writer whom they would not suspect. I shall answer the remarks or review as soon as possible, for I have wished for discussion & now I can have it unless for my ultra ideas I am excluded from the paper. We will see.

Saturday 29th. Thermometer this morning at 15 degrees below zero. Cool enough for comfort one may imagine. But with warm comfortable fires I cannot feel fully how others suffer who have not the comforts of life. God help them & help us to be willing & even *wish* to help them all that possibly lies in our power. Have not finished the "reply" I have felt so little like writing.

Monday 31st. I speak at Snowsville (Braintree) tomorrow evening. Company in this evening & as they are now gone I must retire to rest that I may wake refreshed. And as the Old Year counts of its last strokes of time I hope to sleep with Angels around me to guard & protect, & pure and high thoughts struggling for predominance in my mind even in the hours of slumber. I hope to become so anxious to think & feel purely & true to my higher nature that I shall succeed in causing pure feelings to flow spontaneously from my soul whether waking or sleeping, refining & making me better until Angels may love to watch my slumbers & count the thoughts that come & go, & the waves of feelings as they float over the surface of my soul. Oh! I would be so pure that every thought that leads not to a higher & better state of mentality & spirituality should be banished forever from my mind & the flowers of truth & love grow

spreading their perfume as they lift their heads in the Sunlight of the Eternal. Oh! these aspirations that rise so nobly in my soul at times, & these deep resolves, I would that I could keep them there forever & then I should be all I ought. But I can try, & that very effort will be seconded by purer ones, & if I continue to try I *shall* succeed. This is the beauty of a progressive Life.

Tuesday Jan 1st. How have I hailed this morning when in the spring time of childhood it brought me visions of light & beauty. And with what spontaneous outgushing of love & happiness have I wished many a little friend & schoolfellow a Happy New Year. But the days of childhood are passed & with them the visions and thoughts of early years. And am I better or happier by the change? Oh! I have seen such dark hours of misery, such dark & pall like New Year mornings that I have thought that had the Death Angel called me away when I hailed them with pleasure that it had been better with me than now. But as years have rolled by & Angels have lifted the pall that has settled so darkly over me & I look again upon the New Years of life, it comes to me with a richer beauty. It comes not now as a mere holiday, but its passing is as another stroke in the great Time Clock that counts off the endless years of eternity. It comes to me as something that should serve to mark the minds development. As something that in each year that passes should make a mark more Divine upon the human soul. And now it has opened to me with its sunlight & sky of blue as a day wherein to praise the Great Father that blessings have been multiplied in the passing years. Yes, blessings even when I deemed them as a curse. Blessings forever. And now let me use them as such. Stronger than ever for the past week has come the resolve to live more truly & to strive for refinement & spirituality. And now that Angels may clasp me with a stronger hand & guide me more steadily onward is my most earnest prayer.

Wednesday 2d. Last evening spoke at Snowsville. Had about an average audience. Rode four miles after speaking, & to do that was out *an hour & a half*. I was perfectly sleigh sick when I got to my home for the night. Anything but such slow riding this cold weather. Saturday 5th. Started about noon to go to West Bethel where I was to take the stage for Rochester. Rode very comfortably with the aid of warm free stones furs &c. Took supper at the Bethel House, got my watch fixed & about five o'clock started in the stage for Rochester about eighteen miles distant. The stage was covered.

& with warm stones at my feet I rode very comfortably without stopping to warm during the whole distance.

Sunday 6th. When more mediums are developed, & particularly Speaking Mediums, I presume I shall be at liberty to stop my public labors, or have them changed to some other form. I mean to be content with my mission. I do not mean to find fault, for I do not always know what is for the best as well as my Spirit friends.

Monday 7th. Speak at Granville next Sabbath & have not yet decided whether I go to Leicester or So. Royalton the Sabbath after. Had a letter to go to Sharon & Snowsville on my return. Also a paper containing "Spirit & Matter."

Tuesday 8th. Don't know whether I shall go farther north or not. I find Grimes who lectures so much against Spiritualism has been around through this section & other places, but cannot see as he has done the cause any injury. Some have been convinced by him that the whole thing is a "humbug" but there are as many who have never been at all interested in Animal Magnetism who through him, & to disprove Spiritualism, have become strong believers in that, & instead of that belief doing anything to injure Spiritualism, nothing forms so good a stepping stone towards its belief. Eventually Grimes' lectures I think will do as much for Spiritualism as any of its best mediums can. I have been looking over Professor Hare's Book some of late. I should like to read it much but my eyes are not yet strong enough to admit to my reading very much, so the most I can do is to look over such works carefully & let them go. By the little I have read in this I should think it calculated to do much good among the masses. Dr. Dodds who something like two years since wrote a book against Spiritualism, I see by the last "Telegraph" & "Spiritualist" has become a Spiritualist. This will be unwelcome news to those who thought his book was going to destroy the whole thing. But Grimes & "Mahan" are in the field, "Mahan the Giant" as the opposers call him & they can afford to loose Dodds. I would not be surprised if they lost Mahan yet & Grimes is too unprincipled to be much of a loss to any class. I see by the last "Spiritualist" that Miss Jay who has lately returned from Europe, is to speak at Boston next Sabbath. I had a letter wishing me to come there to speak this month, but I did not feel inclined to go, therefore did not. When there are more mediums in Vermont to take my place, perhaps I may go away more, but feel as though I was needed here as much now as anywhere else.

Thursday 10th. I was very much interested in hearing a lady with whom I have become acquainted speak of her husband last evening. We were speaking of second marriages, second love &c, & I made the remark that there was so little true, unchanging love in the world that a second marriage or a second love was as likely to prove happy & perhaps more so, than a first. This lady expressed herself decidedly opposite. I answered that it depended upon circumstances & the organization of the individual, but that I thought very few *men* "loved through all ills & loved on till they died." She then spoke of her husband & said that though she was sick for years, unable to do any thing, unable to walk at all, as helpless and dependent upon him as a child, yet through *all this* he never gave her an unkind or complaining word or seemed in any way to value the trouble she made him. He would carry her from her room to her sitting room, in warm days would carry her out into the sunlight, or into the grove near the house & do for her with such unselfish kindness that she in her helplessness learned to love him with almost idolatry. And no wonder that she did. And then when she needed him most, loved him best, he was taken away. When I heard her tell this I thought I knew nothing about trouble. To cling to one in infantile helplessness, & to be shielded & upheld with a love more of Heaven than of earth & then in one hour to *lose* that friend, to feel that death in all its horrors came (for then she knew not that still the spirit lingered near) & snatched that one away & left one like the torn & bleeding vine when the oak, its supporter, is laid low by the lightnings scathing glance, oh, it would seem as though the Heavens had hid their lights & palls of darkness clothed the earth & settled on the soul. And now her health has been restored by spirit power with other helps, & when she said the void could never be filled with love of others, I thought how beautiful a thing is love when *true*. That love which never faltered in her darkest hours she never *should* forget. She cannot find a truer heart. Like her I'd gladly wait to meet that one in Heaven, & hold communion with his spirit here. If such love, *enduring* love was more common here on earth twere well to trust it, but so few are like to this that I for one would rather go alone, for nothing short of this would be *true* love to me.

Friday 11th. Accidentally found an article which I wrote concerning Mrs. Lucy A. Cook, Clairvoyant, Reading, Vt. & which was published in the "New England Spiritualist," copied into the "Christian Repository" a Universalist paper printed at Montpelier. It

seems that it has been copied into other papers in order to prove that Clairvoyance will do as much as that which purports to be Spirit Influence, or even more. Some day when I have time, I think I shall answer it, by bringing forward the Clairvoyants who are assisted by spirits, & comparing them with those who are not. I am inclined to think the paper is free enough to publish such a piece.

Thursday. Yesterday I came to East Middlebury. It is a hard route over the mountain by stage this cold time, but I came much better than I expected.

I am to speak in the church in East Middlebury tonight, & to morrow night there is to be a sort of oyster supper & spiritual gathering at Mr. Farr's at which I suppose I shall have to be present. I don't know whether I think the oyster supper is any addition to a Spiritual gathering. I do not think there is any thing *wrong* about it particularly, but it seems to me more in accordance with spiritual teaching to dispense with the supper, which will do no one any particular good, & give the same amount to an object, or objects of charity. This I think would be practical Spirituality & we need more of that. Let me practice. *Let me practice* is my motto, & I wish I could live up to it.

Saturday 19th. Yesterday I came down to Mr. Farr's, found some friends from Vergennes & Addison, enjoyed it very much. In the evening there were over a hundred in, attracted partly by the oyster supper & partly by curiosity. There was an Universalist Minister present who took up the other side of the question, & taking it all around we had a very pleasant social and spiritual time. If the supper had been dispensed with & the same amount of money given to those who are needy, I should have liked everything very much.

Thursday 24th. I am so incessantly going & receiving visitors that I do not half attend to penning the daily occurrences & my thoughts & feelings regarding them. Perhaps it is about as well, for I do not write them in a very interesting manner. But as they are calculated for no eye but mine it makes very little difference.

Yesterday I came up to West Salisbury to Mr. I.[?] I. Messer's & today I go from here to speak at Middlebury this evening. A beautiful day. It bids fair to be a pleasant evening at least, but whether I get any audience there is uncertain. They are very much prejudiced in that place against Spiritualism, & very sectarian in their belief & aristocratic in their feelings. The idea of going there is far from pleasant, but I suppose I ought to go the same.

Friday 25th. Spoke at Middlebury last evening as expected. Before & after the conclusion of the speaking there were sundry rappings and noisy manifestations from a few in the room, but more particularly among the ladies, that won for them the novel & original name of "rowdy ladies." In all the places where I have spoken I have never seen any thing of the kind before. It is no strange thing to see boys & rowdified young men who would like to make some manifestations unworthy of enthusiastic and elevated minds, but to see those of my own sex who will descend to such rowdyism, is a new & also an unwelcome sight to me. Well there are low minded women as well as men & in some places we must see the effect. Everything was said to be very still & quiet during lecture time. I am to speak there again this evening & I am in hopes there will be better arrangements & entire quiet.

Saturday 26th. Spoke again at Middlebury with about the same audience & the same amount of rowdyism. Things went off quite as well as I expected. We cannot hope for better things where sectarianism & self conceit reign as triumphantly as they do here.

Wednesday 29th. Monday afternoon Mr. & Mrs. Stevens & myself rode down to see Dr. Gile. We found him as well as usual. While there, Mr. Stevens & myself were influenced in unison, one singing a verse & the other carrying the subject directly forward by singing another & so pro & con. It was chiefly addressed to the Dr. speaking of his approaching change, telling of Angels who waited for him, of the truths he should learn while there & that he should return & teach them to his friends. They all seemed very much affected & the Dr. cried like a child. He seemed delighted with the manifestations & I was very glad we went.

I spoke at Salisbury. They could not succeed in obtaining the church which was of the Congregational order & therefore the meeting was held in the schoolhouse which was very large. But such a jam. Every foot of the floor was occupied by persons standing, one complete forest of human forms. I was afraid it might discommode me about speaking, but the room was well ventilated & I did not feel the inconvenience much. The subject was most beautifully chosen. It was almost like a test. Room, more room, was the motto & the idea was, room for the human soul, more room. This morning I came to Vergennes where I speak this evening. I am stopping at Steven's Hotel. Am very comfortable here. Everything is in good taste & order.

Saturday 2d. Rode out a little way this forenoon. Sewed some & read some in the "Lyric of the Golden Age" a new poem by T. L. Harris under spirit Influence. I think I shall like it much. Have had a copy of Henry C. Wright upon Marriage & also of "Mary Lyndon" an Autobiography by Mrs. Mary S. Love[?] Nichols presented me. I have read them before. I have not read much in "Mary Lyndon" yet, but I am a little inclined to think I shall not quite like it. Spoke here at Addison this evening. Had a good audience & there seemed to be much interest.

Tuesday 5th. Was also entertained with hearing reading from Coleridge, Shelley & Theodore Parker. 'Tis beautiful to gather up the gems of thought from the past. I am very much interested in the "Lyric of the Golden Age."

Wednesday 6th. Came up to Vergennes yesterday, stopped at the Hotel at Mrs. Sherman's rooms an hour & a half, had a pleasant visit, & then came to Mr. Rowland Robinsons Ferrisburg. The church could not be obtained for the meeting last evening, so we occupied the Town Hall which was well filled.

Saturday 9th. I spoke at North Ferrisburg as was expected, to a large audience for the place & Thursday morning came to Burlington in the Cars. Stopped at Mr. Stacey's as usual. Spoke at Shelburne last evening. A beautiful evening, which made it far more pleasant than when I spoke there last fall, during a three days rain. Rode back to Burlington after the lecture.

Monday Morning 11th. Spoke yesterday afternoon & evening at Burlington. Had full audiences here as usual. Mrs. Buck and Mr. Husted left this morning in the Cars. I have enjoyed the visit to Burlington very well so far. Speak at Winooski Falls about a mile distant tomorrow evening & at Williston Wednesday eve when I begin my route south again.

Wednesday 13th. Letters to go to Keene, N. H. & also to speak at Randolph once a month. I shall try to go to Keene, but I cannot speak periodically at Randolph. I often have these invitations to station myself for a half or a fourth of the time but do not feel as though I could do so. My mission at present seems to be to go here & there & scatter a few seeds for others to foster & cherish until they become the blooming flowers. I shall have a very cold ride to Williston this afternoon, but as I am public property I must go.

Saturday 16th. The answer I wrote to the article copied in the

"Repository" at Montpelier has made its appearance this week. I am very glad of it thanks to the editors liberality.

Friday 22nd. I spoke at No. Wallingford on Tuesday evening as was expected & being unable to obtain a church the meeting was held in the schoolhouse. There were two rooms on the ground with folding doors, which when thrown back made a large room, but there were so many that not only the seats but the whole floor was filled with people standing. And such an air I was seldom ever in. I shall never be willing to speak there again, for such crowds & such air are so unhealthy. They think most likely they will be able to obtain a church for another occasion, but I think it doubtful. I stopped a part of the time while there with cousin Turner Sprague & family. Liked his wife very well. Wednesday, I came down to Danby where I met I.[?] F. Walker, formerly a Methodist Preacher, & now though not yet dismissed from the church, an Independent Preacher. Somewhat inclined to Spiritualism, but teaching what he believes, regardless of the opinion of others. I spoke in Danby Wednesday evening, in the church which was filled, even to every foot in the aisles by people standing until the air was again insufferable.

Friday 29th. Everything has seemed to go wrong this week & still I have cared very little about it. I am snugly esconsed in a private parlor at the Hotel here, though coming as I supposed among Spiritualists & friends. It appears that Mr. Bowman of Royalton Center at whose request (through Mr. Merrill) I came, from some cause I know not what, has done nothing about the matter, therefore I do not speak. The whole thing has been wrongly conducted from beginning to end, but owing to an improvement in my temperment to bear, or more probably to the Influence of my Guardians, I have cared very little about it.

Sunday March 9th. Delia Pollard was up yesterday. She brought me a Feb. No. of the "Blotter" which contained an answer to "my reply to—" entitled "Strictures on Solitarie" which is as severe as the other. I shall answer it & send on for publication. I expect to be excluded from the Columns soon as they are getting to suspect *me* strongly as "Solitarie."

Monday 10th. I have been sewing today & have read Nichols Lecture upon "Free Love as a doctrine of Spiritualism." I found some good ideas in the work as I do in all his writings, but I cannot consider it a doctrine of Spiritualism, only so far as Spiritualism tends

to liberalise the mind & elevate it above all sensual feelings thus making the law of honor the only law necessary. If Nichols ideas of "Free Love" are pure & Godlike, he knows very well that the world will not understand & appreciate them as such, therefore it seems to me that he ought to be more definite & explicit in his definitions & use of terms. I do not know that Nichol is right, but if so I am not far enough advanced to understand his ideas, many of them, as being beneficial to the world.

Tuesday 18th. Last evening I spent with Ettie Marsh. I have just finished a "Reply to Strictures on Solitarie." I hope it may be published.

Saturday 22nd. Tuesday evening spoke at Chester. Had a full house and something of a discussion after the lecture. The minister seems to be in great trouble there. Brother William was down from Weston & I went home with him the next morning, had a very pleasant visit of one night, when I took the stage & came to Chester & there took the Cars for Keene. Had full honors for two evenings. There seems to be a good degree of interest there, & a willingness to hear on the part of many. I met with a curious incident or accident there while riding through the street in company with another lady. We were driven by a Livery Stable team & when near the track the horse took fright at the Engine & whirled in the road but the driver succeeded in bringing right again, but just after crossing the track, when about in the middle of a pool of water (for the streets were nearly impassable) where it was about a foot deep, the horse whirled again & fell & such a floundering I never saw. I expected every moment to be tipped into the water & held myself in readiness to jump when the crisis came as I thought it would be rather an unpleasant baptism. But by the aid of men that gathered around they succeeded in getting the horse free from the sleigh leaving us in the middle of the water while the driver went for a fresh stud. I did not feel like trusting myself to another horse in the water, & said I should walk out if there was no other way, & upon that, six or eight gentlemen took hold & drew us out, saying to me that they thought I never rode after so valuable a team. And I thought so too. No one was hurt after all but it was a ludicrous affair, not to speak of the danger. Last night after the lecture they had a circle for other mediums, & every thing together kept me up until two o'clock. I don't feel much better for this dissipation, this morning. Today I go to Boston.