

Monday 24th. Came to Boston Saturday. Near Fitchburg I found L. N. B.[?] Carpenter of Harvard Mass. on board the cars, a gentleman who formerly lived in Vermont. He is a Spiritualist & was coming down to attend the Lectures. Came to the Fountain House, as Dr. Gardner, the present proprietor is the one who engaged me to come to Boston. Found letters awaiting me to go to different places to speak during the week. And oh such muddy streets as I found. In some places almost impossible to cross, in others the snow higher than the sidewalks which were quite wet in many places. This makes the city look very disagreeable & I think if I was never here before, I should never wish to come again. Notwithstanding the bad walking, it was very pleasant overhead yesterday, & Music Hall Lecture Room was crowded to overflowing in the afternoon, & many were obliged to go away for want of seats in the evening. A. E. [?], one of my Vermont friends was there. I have had a call from him this morning. He intends starting for California in April. There were quite a number of the speakers of the house present in the evening. Had an introduction to some dosen of them. Accidentally, the subject of my speaking in the States Prison, was mentioned by one of my friends, & some of them seemed quite interested in the idea. Two of them, a Representative & a Senator called upon me this evening to talk the subject over. They said they would do all they could to bring it about. I do not expect to gain admittance at present, if I ever do, but I like to throw this idea before those in power. The more it is agitated, the more it is brought before the public, the sooner the time will arrive when I shall be able to accomplish this thing.

Saturday 29th. I had a very pleasant visit at Waltham & Friday returned to the Fountain House where I met Mr. Britten, Editor of the Spiritual Telegraph. He had been to Portland, Bangor, & Augusta on a speaking tour & and was returning full of strength & spirits from the interest he had seen manifested in that section. Spoke at Beverly Friday evening. At this place they have had no public lectures on "Spiritualism" & there is but very little interest in the subject. Had a quite well behaved audience of about three hundred, & some of them are very anxious that I should come again, although I think the majority are of the opinion that I had my whole Lecture arranged before I left Boston. Still I do not think the effort of the Spirits was wholly lost. I shall go there again if I can possibly get time.

Tuesday April 1st. Went Sunday morning to hear Theodore Parker. His subject was not as interesting as when I heard him before, though one that called quite as much to be looked into as the other perhaps. It was meanness. And if ever you saw a contemptible picture of a contemptible man he drew it that day. In the afternoon, I spoke to a large audience in the same place, (Music Hall) & in the evening in the room below as that was engaged. Not quite as large an audience in the evening as Goff the celebrated Temperance Lecturer spoke in the city in the same evening.

Yesterday I went in the morning to Mr. Fenton's rooms to see the picture of "Little Natty" which he has been painting by spirit direction. Though I do not profess to be able to look at it with an artist's eye, yet to me it was exceedingly beautiful, though not yet finished. It might strike one at first sight as not a very good representation of a spirit or spiritual things, & it is not like the pictures of Angels & Angelic things done true to the ideas that have been thought of Heaven, but look to me in perfect keeping with our ideas of the blending of Spiritual & material things. "Natty" stands among flowers & there seems to be cloud around & above his head upon which are reflected the rays of a light beyond yet invisible in the picture. Grouped in the picture is a beautiful dog which the child seems to clasp or partly clasp by the neck, while there are beautiful emanations from the head, arms & limbs of the little spirit as he stands with his blue eyes, golden curls & angelic face gazing upon you as though he enjoyed his position. There are many beauties about the picture which I cannot describe & though so strangely different from most conceptions & executions of Spiritual things yet to me it seems truthful, real & philosophical. The artist wished me to sit for my portrait as he wanted a sketch. I told him I would do so & I go for my first sitting today. Had many callers yesterday & got some tired, but went last evening to Mr. Farrars No. 14 Hancock Street, to witness some physical manifestations which were very wonderful. I have never been able to see any thing of the kind before, & I think them useful as there are a class of minds to whom this is the strongest evidence of Spirit power. First, the table was examined thoroughly to see that there was no sham for trick or fraud, & then after sitting around the table, a piece of paper was placed in the hand of the medium (having been previously marked to preclude the possibility of his changing it.) & with a pencil was placed under the table the other hand resting on the table. There was a rustling of

the paper and pencil, & in a short time they fell to the floor & on picking them up it was found written upon the paper with the identical marks upon it. It is so hard we will write no more. Next the medium held a watch suspended by the chain in his hand, & after having his hand closely bandaged so that he was *unable to use his fingers at all*, the hand containing the watch was held under the table, while the other hand of the medium rested upon it, & *the hands of all the rest were on the table also*, the watch was opened & a cap upon the inside of the watch fell to the floor. The medium then raised his hand from which the *open* watch hung suspended (the cap was picked up from the floor) & the bandage was just as closely confining his fingers as when he placed his hand under the table, this precluding the possibility of his doing it himself. Then his feet were tied to his chair, he laid one hand upon the table, & I held the other at arms length from the table. The lights were then extinguished & soon he heard a noise, the door was immediately opened, & there lay the table upon a bed behind the medium, bottom side up, having passed completely over his head to get there, & he having no use of his feet & of only one hand. Again four men took hold to hold the table still, the medium laid his hands upon it, the lights were extinguished, we heard a struggle going on, the table shoving on the floor & the efforts of the men to keep it still. They soon called for light, & there lay the table bottom side up on the floor, utterly setting defiance to those four stout men. Again we all stood around in a circle in the room, joining hands, myself on one side holding one of the medium's hands, & a gentleman on the other, forming a complete circle. Soon the medium began to rise, until our arms (the room being dark) were drawn up by him as far as we could reach, & we could hear his voice speaking to us from near the ceiling & I & many others touched his feet up in the air. The only thing which he touched, except mid air was our two hands, but these so far from supporting him, were by him *drawn up* until he reached his height. Many other things were done, which I have not time to mention. But it must prove to a demonstration that there was a *power* there beyond physical strength. And the fact with all those throwing the table across the room, & lifting the medium in his chair upon the top of the table & moving him about, throwing upon the bed, nobody was hurt in the darkness, *though it seemed rather careless if done by chance*. And as another proof of power, the medium is a young man, some fifteen or sixteen years of age,

delicate & slender, with a girlish look that would not seem to be-token great physical power.

Saturday 5th. Sat for my Deguareotype that the artist might design in some degree from that & relieve the tediousness of sitting. Got a very good one after some trouble. Have had three sittings. Don't know whether the picture will look like me or not. Tuesday evening I went to Franklin some twenty five miles from Boston to speak in the evening. Had a smaller audience (about one hundred and fifty) than I should have had, had it not been for a laughable circumstance. It chanced to be the first day of April & the people got the idea, that the advertisement for the lectures was nothing but a sham. Several circumstances conspired to make it look very much like that, & the people were afraid to come, lest they get "April Fooled." However had a very good little audience, but I shall probably remember the circumstances when the anniversary comes around.

Spoke at Cambridge in the evening, after which I felt better. They have had only *one* lecture upon Spiritualism there before therefore I did not have a large audience but quite as large as I expected. The colleges tend to make the people there worldly wise & unwilling to hear anything new.

This afternoon went with others up to Melrose to attend the Funeral of Mrs. Butler, daughter of John M. Spear & one who from the first has been engaged in the promulgation of this new theory. She was one of those innocent minded persons, unselfish in her nature like her father, whose goodness is felt by the world more keenly than it is seen or spoken of. It was her request that there should be no clergyman to attend her funeral in the usual manner, but that a few friends should meet, & both those in & those out of the body speak freely. The meeting which was in their house, was opened by singing the beautiful melody so well known, & particularly to Spiritualists, commencing

How cheering the thought that the spirits in bliss

Will bow their bright wings to a world such as this.

After which her father made some very appropriate remarks, which were followed by others from D. F. Goddard, formerly a Universalist Clergyman, but now a firm advocate of the Spiritual faith. A short discourse was then given through myself, other remarks by

John[?] when the meeting closed by singing very appropriate words to the tune of Old Hundred.

Saturday 12th. Wednesday evening spoke at Chelsea. Not a very large audience but very quiet. Came back to Boston after the Lecture. Thursday Morning I went to Waltham, it being Fast Day, & heard Mr. Hill the Unitarian Minister speak against Spiritualism. He took for his text, "regard not those having evil spirits, &c. & made it a wrong to even investigate the matter at all. But he treated the subject very fairly for one so much opposed, & he gave a very able lecture. The arguments were nothing to me for I have been over the ground in thorough so many times that they are settled to me as not weighing against Spiritualism. In the afternoon I spoke at Rumford Hall in Waltham, thus all who chose had an opportunity to hear both sides of the question.

Eight o'clock P. M. Here I am at the "American House" in Lowell. So it is with me. To day among friends & to morrow among strangers. To day, welcomed & taken in to a pleasant little family with all the cordiality of old friends, & to morrow a stranger in a strange land taking care of myself at a Hotel. But I can get along either way very well. I do not complain for I am always safe. Coming up in the cars to night from South Danvers, two little ragged dirty children were taken into the cars the little girl only four years, without any bonnet, & the little boy about six, crying. And I did not wonder when I saw that they were *alone*. And when the cars stopped at a dreary looking Station to let them off, a lady told me that they were sent there to the Alms House. They looked like Irish children. My heart had bled for them before, but the last idea filled their cup full. Thrown out upon the cold charity of the world, with no friend to call forth the better feelings of their nature, & unfold the germs of Divinity within, but only stranger hands to give (& even grudge at that) their scanty lot of bread & harshly bid them too & fro. I seldom cry at any thing. But I could have buried my face among the seats there & cried heartily if it would have done any good, but it takes something besides tears to help such wants as theirs. And this is life. On one side the rich & haughty millionaires, on the other poor suffering children famishing for want of bread, to be trained up to vice & crimes. Poor suffering ones, who will pity them.

Monday April 14th. They do not have large audiences in Lowell, & Spiritualism is not as harmonious in its manifestations there as in

some places, but I hope it will be right in the end. So many discordant elements, comecouters from all ways of believing, & people differently constituted, cannot be expected to harmonise in a moment.

A Deguarean Artist (a Spiritualist) here wished to take my Deguereotype, so I have been sitting for it today. They were not very good ones owing to the day, but I took one of them for a friend in Vermont.

Sunday 20th. Went to Salem where I spoke in the evening, Tuesday evening. Had a large audience, much larger than was expected, it being the first Lecture ever given in Salem by a Medium. They were very anxious that I should come again. I shall try to do so if possible. Wednesday morning, Mr. Brown took me around to the Court House to see the relics of the days of the Witches. There I saw pins which were said to have been taken from the bodies of those said to be tormented by the witches, & also records of some of the trials of the so called Witches. I saw one case where a woman by confessing herself a witch escaped hanging, while another who denied to the end was condemned to be hung. It hardly seems possible that there could have been such dark ideas & such strange proceedings. But it is but too well authenticated, I saw also the house where they tried these witches, but it has been undergoing improvements & now looks quite modern. And I think the people are so too, or they would not have sat & listened so attentively Tuesday evening, & listed to one of the *Modern Witches*, without preparing a gallows for her reception. Came down to Boston in the morning, went to the Fountain House & got back to the Depot, just as the cars in which I was going were out of the Depot. This was the first time that I had ever been left. I was very sorry, but was fair to content myself at Boston & go up in the afternoon train. It was very fortunate that there was another train as I should have disappointed a large audience at Harvard. I stayed there with Mr. Carpenter's people, who formerly lived at Plymouth.

I saw Mrs. Webster there, who left her husband & three children in Boston & joined this society. But when I heard the *cause* of her doing I did not blame her at all. I sometimes think there is no goodness in man. It was through the instrumentality of her husband that the law was passed in Mass., giving a refusal to live with the other party, a just cause for a divorce. She seemed like a very interesting woman, & but for the unjustness of our laws & the *selfishness* of her husband, would have been living with him probably to

this day. I saw the house where Ann Lee formerly resided when on earth, or Mother Ann as the Shakers call her. The Shakers speak of very astonishing revelations which they have had from spirits since the year thirty eight. Among other things, prophecies of what is now taking place. Left Harvard Friday morning for Boston, where I went in & sat for my portrait for the last time. I am very much afraid it will not be a good one.

Friday 25th. And now I am wandering among the Green Mountains of Vermont, the Cities of Massachusetts, the majestic rivers & Pine Forests of Maine, the tall old trees of Connecticut, & drinking in inspirations, not only from all these things around me, but receiving from the very fountain of living life above. Spontaneously my heart sends forth its tribute of love to the Father & His Angels for all these things.

Saturday 26th. I go to Portland to day. It is a beautiful morning and I think I shall enjoy the ride.

Monday 28th. Met a number of friends at Mr. Fosters Saturday evening. Enjoyed it very much. Learned that Professor Upham of Brunswick College had called at Portland to see me. I am very sorry I could not see him, as he is very much interested in Spiritualism. Not much like President Lord of Dartmouth College. Yesterday was very pleasant & we had a large audience. Leave Maine to day to fulfill engagements at Mass.

Thursday May 1st. I spoke at Beverly Wednesday evening. Had a large audience. I go to Connecticut Saturday, & instead of turning my steps homeward from there as I intended, I go to Philadelphia. I hardly know when I shall get home now. May my works be such & my motives & aims, that I may find a home within myself, if I have one no where else.

Monday May 12th. I took the boat from Hartford to New York on my way to Philadelphia. It rained very hard, therefore I did not enjoy the scenery on the Connecticut River as much as I should have done, but I saw much that was beautiful. The scenery is not particularly grand or striking, but it is pleasingly beautiful, stealing softly into the soul like the melody of song. We did not enter Long Island Sound until evening, therefore I could enjoy little there, except to go out occasionally in the evening (under cover) & gaze upon the black, angry waters, that were very rough that night & listen to the words they speak, to the lessons they taught me. If the river in its quiet flow speaks, how much more the waters when agitated.

If the waters are beautiful when the sunlight rest upon them, they are sublime when the dark clouds are above them, & the wild winds tune them to a deep, sounding requiem. I became interested in conversing with a person on board, & the night passed on while we talked of Burns, Byron, Longfellow & countless others, of law philosophy & religion &c. &c. & then at morning we parted, to drift away on the billows of time & probably know each other no more. I took a Hack at New York, for the Boat bound to So. Amboy, N. J., thus making only a *post town* of the Metropolis, as a traveler once wrote of Rome. I was so tired & sleepy, & it rained so that I could not go upon deck, that I did not enjoy the beautiful shores & rolling waters as I might under other circumstances, but still I learned much on that route, I hardly know how. Much that was beautiful, much that spoke to the soul. Took the cars at So. Amboy through N. J. to Camden, then in a Ferry Boat crossed the Delaware to Philadelphia. I find Philadelphia a very pleasant city & many fine people engaged in Spiritualism. Spoke yesterday at Lamson Street Hall to a large audience. Speak here again on Thursday evening next, also on Sunday, & perhaps a third. I ought to be getting towards Vermont, but I don't know when I shall get there. Friday 23rd. Monday evening I attended a Public Circle given by Mrs. [?] Joan of New York, a test Medium. It was not at all successfull, for which I was sorry, but the next evening, they were very much pleased with it. I was not present. I went instead to "The Academy of Fine Arts" with Mr. Samuel Lartain, one of the celebrated engravers, & his wife a female M. D. I enjoyed it very much, the paintings, some of them, were exceedingly fine. And Mr. Lartain himself being an engraver, being so well versed in the history of paintings & painters, &c. that I received a double pleasure.

I sat for an Ambrotype for Mr. Eddy a painter, who wishes to paint my portrait from it. He intends painting it with white drapery, so I sat in that color. I go this afternoon to New Jersey to speak this evening.

Friday May 30th. I had a very pleasant time at N. J. & a fine ride up the Delaware river & Haneocos Creek in a steamboat. The people seemed very much pleased, wanted me at a town adjoining but I could not stop. Sunday I spoke for the last time at Philadelphia. Heard B. L. Harris in the evening. Liked very much. Monday I went into the Old State House where the declaration of Independence was signed. Unfortunately Independence Hall,

where the declaration was signed was closed & we could not enter, but we went up into the belfry & saw where the old bell hung (they have a new one now) that rung the first huzza for liberty when the names all stood in shining letters of truth beneath the protest of the oppressed. We had a beautiful view of the city from the high. The Delaware upon the one side, & the Schuylkill upon the other, with their beautiful scenery upon each shore & boats floating upon their bosom. What high thoughts were felt, what heroic deeds were planned, thought I as I stood there. What struggles of Heroism & hours of despair followed. And then what peals of victory & anthems of thanksgiving rang from the same old bell & fell from every tongue, when the talismanic word of freedom went sounding over the land, telling that the struggle was passed & the contest ended. It is a beautiful thing to call up the past, to gather up its clustering associations & let them incite us to nobler achievement. The true *independence* of thought, feeling, word & deed. In coming home we passed the grave of Franklin. The grave yard is surrounded with so high a wall that we could not see it. I think it is too bad, when they might remedy it so easily & allow the admirers of his genius, to see the place where the casket has been buried. Perhaps though the thoughts will sooner turn to seek him Spiritward. There is too great a tendency in the human mind to seek the grave of the mighty dead & follow them no further. Tuesday I took my last lesson at the "Philanthropian" an Academy of Music that has just been instituted the proceeds to go to charitable purposes. My lessons were upon the Piano. I only staid two weeks therefore could not have improved much, but shall try to retain what I have gained, until another opportunity offers, for me to improve upon it. Was intending to go to the Theater in the evening with some friends, but the Spirits through B. L. Harris wished to speak to me, & this hindered my going. I have a strong suspicion that it was a polite hint from my Guardians that they did not wish me to go. I never go often. Wednesday I left Philadelphia in the Morning for Easton Pa. where I expected to speak.

When I arrived at Easton I found that through a mistake I was not expected at that time so no arrangements had been made for me to speak. I could not get through to Troy & as there was no cause for me to stay at Easton I finally decided to come on as far as New York & stay over night at the Tremont House where Mr. Tarbell of Vermont is Proprietor. Much to my surprise I found himself &

daughter there, also Mr. Britten & Lady & Mr. Mettler & daughter. I felt myself immediately at home. I was intending to go on to Troy in the morning, but they being so anxious for me to stop I have done so & have to night in the Boat. I went yesterday into Barnum's Museum, where I saw many things wonderful & beautiful, curiosities in nature & art, stuffed lions & tigers & other animals, birds, fish & almost every thing you could think of. Also saw what they call the happy family, consisting of live dogs, cats, rats ant-eaters, monkeys, guinea pigs & different kind of birds, all in a cage together, seeming to enjoy life to the last degree. Lions tigers &c. &c., I also saw, & to me it was quite interesting. In the afternoon we went into the Crystal Palace which though containing nothing in comparison to what it did in its grand display, yet has many objects of interest, particularly its statuary. Oh, it was beautiful. I have such a passion for *marble life*, & here were some beautiful specimens. Had a little Circle at the Tremont House last night as Mr. Tarbell was so anxious. To day we went into Mrs. Rickar's "Humanity School." This is for little dirty ragged children whose parents are not able to pay their tuition, or dress them suitable to attend any other. I was very much interested in their dirty little faces, they looked so intelligent, but it must require much sacrifice & much patience to do what Mrs. Ricar [Mrs. Rickar] is doing. I wish I had the means to assist them more. I met there a gentleman who is editing a small reformatory paper. Through some curious coincidence, we got into conversation, & it ended by my promising to write for his paper, he not knowing who I am. I dont know how long he will allow me to write after he finds me out. This afternoon I have been up in the observatory & had a view of the city, Hudson river, Long Island Sound & also the Island. I enjoyed it very much, & the more so because I was able to go up all those *three hundred* steps. I must be very thankful indeed. Sunday June 8th. Friday afternoon I left New York in the Steamboat up the Hudson River for Troy. I had a very pleasant view until night shut in, just before coming to the Highlands. The Palisades were very fine. I arrived in Troy early in the morning & went to Mr. Starbuck where I am still stopping. Spoke at Troy last Sunday. Had rather a small audience in the afternoon, but a very good one in the evening. There has formerly been much interest at Troy, but owing to inharmonies arising among the people, it has been at a very low ebb for the past year.

I go to Glen Falls to speak on Friday & Thursday evenings & next week unless something remarkable should happen, I bend my steps homeward to Vermont.

Tuesday June 17th. At last I am so near home that I am stopping at Danby among the Green Mountains. Speak here this evening & leave for home tomorrow, after being gone thirteen weeks.

I went to Glens Falls last week for two evening. Had large audiences & found the people much interested. While there I went to Lake George. There I found a beautiful Lake, stretching away far beyond where the eye could gaze, sleeping so calmly & peacefully among the mountains that you might almost imagine it the home of the waternymphs & its shores & mountains that for elfin broods & merry spirits & fairies. Its waters are as clear as crystal, & the pebly bottom, as far as the eye can see it is like some clear magnificent spring. I stopped at Saratoga on my way back to Troy, drank of the waters, visited a friend, a female M. D. at the Water Cure, rode & walked around the village, visited High Rock Spring, where a huge rock, probably caused by the flowing over of the water, surrounds the spring, & the water is dipped from an aperture in this rock, &c. &c. I found Saratoga a very much pleasanter place than I expected, it is so completely surrounded by groves & has such a combination of the beauties of the cultivated & the uncultivated.

Aug. 6th. Home again. *Home again.* And six weeks have elapsed since I have opened the pages of this Journal. There is almost a life history in that space of time, but like many other life histories—unwritten. Let it remain so. I will write only that my Father was taken sick immediately after I reached home & remains so yet, although he is now some better. He has been failing for the last two years, inclining to Consumption, & was taken with Diarrhea, which I suppose is consumption in another form. It does not seem probable that he can ever get about the house again still he may, as he seems better. Uncle Moore's little boy has also been very sick, but is now better. Mr. Wilder from Reading is now sick here at Mr. Moore's having been suddenly taken with the summer complaint while here on business.

Sept. 5th. Since writing the last I have attended a convention at So. Royalton Vt. where we held a convention last year at the same time. I thought it hardly possible to have another equal to the last year, but this even exceeded it.

The conferences, naturally enough, from the different opinions of those who spoke & the different stages of development of those under Spirit Influence exhibited some uncouth & angular specimens of would be harmony & philosophy, but on the whole I think they were productive of much good. I learned one thing, that as we profess to have a free platform people & mediums must be allowed to speak even if their communications are not interesting & different & even absurd opinions must be tolerated or at least heard. We must learn to hear all, & try, *all* of us, to know just when to speak, just what to say & how to say it in order to be in harmony with Truth & with the minds of those who hear us. We must all try to harmonise together before we can ever speak in concert.

Sept. 16th. I am again floating upon the billows of public life. Saturday I left home intending to be gone several weeks if father remains as well. Sarah Shedd with me, we started for So. Wallingford, but by accident we took the wrong train at Rutland (the first time I have ever made such a mistake) & were carried in an opposite direction of about four miles. We were then obliged to hire a conveyance to take us to Wallingford as the last train had gone, & as I was engaged to speak there on the following day, I was obliged to go. We had a beautiful ride across the country of about sixteen miles, which only cost me *four dollars* & upon arrival found that to cap the climax our trunks were not to be found. So I was obliged to appear in Church the next morning in my traveling gear, but as I don't happen to be very proud & was somewhat acquainted in So. W. I cared very little about it.

September 21st. It seems as if my evil star had reigned for the past week, for owing to a mistake in time I was left by the Cars at No. Wallingford when I was to start for Clarendon & obliged the *second time* in a *week* to get a private conveyance. This however, was not as expensive as the first ride, for at the termination of my journey, the man who carried me, unaccountably enough, would take nothing for his trouble. I hope my luck will turn soon for it is a new thing for me to get so many things wrong when traveling. I have always been very fortunate. Had a pleasant time at Clarendon, & a larger audience than when I was there before. Left Sarah Shedd there & came on alone to Fair Haven.

Monday 22d. Last evening, through mistake, both Halls were found to be engaged & another Church was liberal enough to open its doors for us. We appealed to the Catholics & singularly enough

our request was granted. I spoke in their Church last evening to a very large audience. The Church, which was of good size, was crowded very full, & good attention was paid by all. A great many Catholics were there. So much is said by the Protestants about Catholic intolerance, I think it is now the Protestants turn to blush at their own intolerance & the liberality of the Catholics. I don't know what their Priest will say to them however.

Tuesday 23d. Came last night to Middlebury. Speak at East Middlebury this evening. Coming upon the train I met with Rodney Marsh & wife just returning from Turner's wife's funeral. Think I shall call on them at Brandon when I can. There were also two little children put on board going to the Nunnery at Burlington to be educated. The little girl cried, & would not be pacified during the route. I tried all I could to comfort her, & her little heart was almost broken. They were in charge of a priest. If I had been going directly home, I would have taken her with me if he would have given her up.

Nov. 11th. Saturday I started for Troy where I arrived at about seven o'clock in the evening, in the midst of a severe rain storm. Found a friend waiting me at the Depot & was soon at the residence of Mr. B. Starbuck where I am acquainted. Found Laura Edmonds there, daughter of Judge Edmonds. She is an excellent medium for seeing & describing spirits & I was much interested in her also as a person. She seems almost wholly destitute of that feeling of self sufficiency so often seen among young ladies of her rank in society & sits when at home for any to investigate the subject in which she is so much engaged "without money & without price." I wish I could be so situated that I could go into public in the same way. But ah me, *I am poor*. Still I never have a stated price, but leave it to the means or generosity of the people to do by me as they think proper. I should like it if I had money that I might do more good. But perhaps it is all right as it is. I cannot make Spiritualism a stepping stone to wealth, it seems like debasing the most beautiful things, but I *do* hope & expect it will be a stepping stone not only to myself but for others—to heaven.

November 17th. One year to day I first marked these pages. Here & there like an Oasis in the Desert the green spots of memory stand forth amid my wanderings, & although some dark spots are to be seen, some desert wastes, yet summed in one brief sentence, "I have been *very happy*. I have been much with strangers, yet I have al-

ways found friends, I have been with the wretched and suffering, but I have *tried* to sooth their agony, I have heard many a tale of a broken heart, but I have striven to bind them, & give unto them the balm of consolation.

Friday Dec. 12th. I have been half expecting my sister from Wisconsin, & have been going to the cars to meet her & shall do so to day, to go home with me to morrow as I go to Vermont to attend a funeral. I shall spend a few days at home. Father is still very comfortable. It seems almost strange that he can be but I think it is owing to the Magnetism that Mediums apply to him. I went to Troy yesterday to see Josiah Wolcott who draws Spirit Likenesses, but he was sick & could not sit. I was very sorry, but it could not be helped. I am taking Grecian Painting to amuse myself while staying to be doctored. I like it very much, have nearly finished one piece which I want to take home with me.

Sunday 21st. Saturday 13th, I started for So. Reading Vt. to give a funeral discourse upon the death of Charles Watkins who died just a few weeks ago.

Jan. 14th. 1857 There should be something done in cities to give the poor employment at this season of the year when they need most. If business men & men of wealth would only wake up to these things, but it sometimes seems as though their hearts were made of steel.

In the daytime I paint & evenings I knit. I am learning Grecian and Oriental Painting, also water colors & coloring Lithographs. I intend also before I am ready to leave here to learn to cut paper flowers to bronze statues.

May 30th. Within the last year, I have striven much to reform the erring. In some cases I have succeeded, in others I have failed. I am toiling now, oh, with *such* intensity for one who is so capable of being all that is good & noble, yet who often falls a victim to intemperate habits. I cannot *bear*, with all his noble qualities of soul that he should degrade his manhood. And he too, a firm believer in Spirit Communion, & one of its leading advocates in the place where he resides. Three days ago he *promised* me *solemnly* in presence of God & angels to abstain *entirely & forever*. God help him to keep his promise.

Since I wrote last here, I have spent three weeks at home. Father is much better, so he is very comfortable & able to attend somewhat to his business. From there I went to Boston where I spoke three Sundays. From there I went to Portland where I spent three

weeks very pleasantly. While there the Rev. Dr. Dwight preached against Spiritualism. I went to hear him & in the evening when I lectured, the same text was taken by Spirits through myself, & I spoke for an hour & a half taking up point after point, as those said who heard *both* discourses & refuting them. Dr. Dwight was to repeat his lecture, but when he heard that the Spirits were again to answer it through me, & that I was to be publicly advertised that that was to be the case, he put off its repetition until after I left. Very cowardly I thought, & so thought many others.

From Portland I came to Providence. I have never visited this city before, & for a week or two I did not know whether I should like or not, but as I get acquainted with the people I am liking well & have enjoyed my visit much. I have spoken five Sundays at Providence, & yesterday I attended the funeral of the daughter of Mr. Harvey Chase at Blackstone, Mass. & to day I speak at Taunton, Mass. I have spoken before the Hope Division of the Sons of Temperance one evening & to the women in the States Prison twice. I have long had an earnest desire to speak in the Prison but a way has never before offered. I should like to have spoken to the men as well as women, but thought I would not ask *too much* at once. The Warden, his mother & the Matron treated me with much kindness. The Wardens answer to me when I asked to be permitted to speak to the prisoners I think is worthy of note. After talking a few moments about it, he says, "I suppose you do not intend to say anything to make the prisoners any worse." My reply was, that I certainly did not intend to. Then said he, I have no objection to your entering. That was a *short Catechism*. He did not ask me, as many might have done, Do you believe in the Bible, do you acknowledge the atonement, are you a Christian, but simply says these words so greatly important in their meaning, "I suppose you do not intend to say anything to make the prisoners any worse." What want of a *longer Catechism*? Did it not contain the whole Gospel to Humanity? When will the time come that Reformers can enter *any where* to teach the erring & blind with only this *pass word*. When will the making people better, be the great effort of the world, instead of making them Catholics, Protestants, &c, &c, &c. June 8th. I went to see Forrest play the Gladiator when in Providence. If everybody played like Forrest & the stage was *elevating* in its tendency I should enjoy it very much, but as it is I seldom go.

I wish it might be different & that it could become an instrument of good, as it now is of evil.

June 12th. There is a beautiful reader in the family where I am stopping, & we have had such a glorious evenings reading Shelley, Tennyson, Lowell &c.

I find that I am *public property*, & shall be obliged in great degree to bid goodbye to the quiet happiness of listening to the poets & enter into the realities of life. Well it is right to mingle in lifes realities. Life would have no Ideality were it not for its *real*. I thank God for the beautiful inspirations I have listened to, but more still, for the beautiful inspirations that come to me at morn, at noon, at night from unseen points & philosophers, even the Angel messengers He sends. And more, *still more*, that it is given me to mingle with the *realities* of life & give them forth to the suffering children of humanity. And so far as my imperfect nature will allow me, to carry the teachings out in my everyday life, & bring them into its practicalities. God forbid that I should weary in my task, as I sometimes do when I look upon the erring & *can not* win them away from error. And to day I have heard such *bad news*. One whom I have striven hard to redeem, one so capable of being Godlike to day I have heard has again *fallen*. I sometimes turn away weary, because the efforts that I make prove so unavailing, in the many instances, while only in a few they are of lasting good; but I must learn to be willing to toil, & toil on, feeling sure in the eternal law, that the seed that I sow, though seeming to take no root here, will blossom in Eternity.

I yesterday attended an Antislavery meeting of women, where I met Lucretia Mott. She is a very pleasant looking elderly lady & being of the Society of Friends, dresses in the plain style. Her conversation is very agreeable, & her whole soul seems to be enlisted in the cause of humanity. Their meeting was helden at the Antislavery Office, & they reported that for the last two weeks, the fugitive slaves that had come there for help to Canada had averaged two a day. Horrible indeed is the necessity that compels the poor negro to fly like a hunted deer to the land of Kings, for that freedom which he *cannot find amid*,

The land of the free, & the home of the brave.

Today I have been into the "Academy of Fine Arts" & again delighted my soul with a view of its beautiful pictures & statuary. I

love nature & I also love Art. They are alike, only God made one in his Infinite Power, & breathed into it a life, while man makes the other with a finite mind—a copyist from the Great Artist.

June 16th. I had a fine ride into the country on Saturday. Went to Point [?] also stopped at the Prison & by the aid of Dr. Child, the gentleman at whose house I am stopping, made arrangements to speak there next day. Spoke at Lamson Street Hall as usual in the morning & then went, accompanied by some half dozen friends to the Prison & spoke in the women's department. The Officer treated me with much kindness & gave me the privilege of coming any time & conversing with the prisoners as much as I chose. I am going down this afternoon in the men's department in the same prison. And so the work in which I have so long wished to engage & commenced at Providence is going on. It is sad to look upon such an abandoned class of people, sad to see their conditions both of mind & body, & I sometimes wonder why I want to go among them when, at best, one can do so *little* good, but somehow my soul cries out for the privilege of even doing that little, at the expense of the dark scenes that the lifting the curtain must reveal to me.

June 18th. I went to the Prison on Monday. I went only into the womens department & did not begin to get among all. It was sad to hear the stories they told, many of them so utterly untruthful. I must confess that I came away thoroughly disheartened feeling as though I never wanted to go to a prison again. But the feeling is gone now & I am going again to day. Perhaps I can do no good, but I can at least try.

Sunday June 22. I have to day spoken in the Men's department in the Prison. Several of the Officers were in & several people beside. The Methodist Minister who was to speak there to day was also present & spoke. All this meeting of different orders breaks down prejudice. If I could feel as though one seed was dropped to day that would take root, I should feel very happy. We cant tell. I must rest upon the great law that inevitably brings a *good* result, from a good effort. This is my hope in such an almost hopeless field as the Prison & Penitentiary. While passing through the mens department a few days ago we went to a part of the Prison, the officer told me he called Purgatory. And well was it worthy of its name. Here were kept such as were brought in raving mad with liquor, & those that were suffering from its effects. Some were lying on the floor asleep from its effects others half paralysed, & such gaunt,

ghastly looking faces; others were sitting up with such a vacant stare, bruised faces & black eyes, effects of a recent broil, while one young man suffering from delirium tremens was looking in the utmost dread of snakes, & every hideous thing (with handcuffs on) & sometimes such horrible shrieks & yells told the suffering that no tongue can describe. He could not have been over twenty three. Dreadful, dreadful, & yet, though such things are enacted day after day (the very rack & torture of human suffering) still the *distiller* goes singing at his work, the rum seller tempts his victim, the law says let it be so, & only imprisons the poor sufferer because it has fallen in the snare while the world stands coldly by to *condemn* the poor victim, & take to the very bosom of society the very men that *made them what they are*.

I go to Lumberton N. J. this week, speak there two evenings, then return here for a lecture on Friday evening after which I leave for New York.

