

Original Poetry.

A SWEET? SONG FOR THE SEASON.

BY MARTHA FOREMAN, OF LE ROY, N. Y.

I'm camping in the maple woods,
Nestling in its arms;
The rain drops patter on my face,
The smoke blows in my eyes.

I'm general of a vast array
Of kettles, pots and pans;
The only kind of command,
Which I shall ever command.

A bucket standing by my side,
A ladle on my lap;
Ready to fill the kettle up
With rich and fragrant sap.

I'm sitting on a fallen tree,
Watching the sugar boil;
And wondering why that life's sweets,
Requires such care and toil.

And wondering why that little pair,
Perched on a limb close by,
Are so much happier in their love,
Than ever yet was I.

I might upon this moss grown log,
Forever sit and wait;
Before the Spring to me would bring
A helpful loving mate.

If in the morn of life we fall
To gather sweeten in the dew,
To later years is seldom given,
What "might have been," before.

I watch another's kettle boil,
And grumble at my fate;
That out of all life's varied gifts
The sugar comes—too late.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

HE WAS INFLUENCED BY THE PHENOMENA OF
MODERN SPIRITUALISM TO THE GREAT
AND HIGHEST RESPONSIBILITY OF
EMANCIPATING FOUR MIL-
LIONS OF SLAVES.

Editor of Mind and Matter:

RESPECTED SIR:—It is always right and proper that a public journal should be disposed to accord the right to persons in the publication of facts, when the names of the said parties are or have been used in any way to place them in a false position. As some of the daily press have used my name in connection with the publication of the "Rockwell Democrat and Chronicle," in regard to the manner or how ABRAHAM LINCOLN became a Spiritualist through my agency, I am obliged to correct some gross misstatements made in the published articles referred to.

I never intended to publish a narrative of the facts and circumstances in the year 1862, and until a willingness should be shown to accord justice and common decency to persons who had been fully convinced of the grand truths of spirit intercourse, through the medium of the "Rockwell Democrat and Chronicle," in regard to the manner or how ABRAHAM LINCOLN became a Spiritualist through my agency, I am obliged to correct some gross misstatements made in the published articles referred to.

During the summer of 1862, William G. Kase, a nephew of mine, who was President of the Reading and Columbia Railroad Company, called upon me at Danville, Va., and asked me to write a full and true account of his life, as the financial agent of his company. I fully complied with his request, and the account was given me by his Board of Directors as such agent. I received the call the following week and at once entered my duty. I was in the city of Washington, D. C., and while conferring with my nephew, in one of his periods of the following question was propounded by him:

Question, "Well, uncle, what do you think of our railroad scheme, and the feeling of the people upon it?"

Answer, "Well, William, I did not find a man willing to add one dollar to their stock subscription; on the contrary, they say they had to use all their money to hire substitutes for the war, or send their sons, and they were spoiling their farms, and could not build the road, as it would cost a million of dollars, or more, that they had paid about half of their subscriptions and would pay no more until they were convinced that the road could be built."

Q. "What is to be done under these circumstances?"

A. "What is your situation as a company?"

To this answer, placed as a secondary question, my nephew replied:

"I am on the company's paper for about \$11,000, and we have been asked to give \$100,000 of railroad certificates to keep the work moving, and we have about \$80,000 of subscription to collect."

I then told William there was but one way out, and that was to go to Congress and secure for an exchange of the bonds of the United States for a like amount of bonds of the Reading and Columbia Company, as to the amount of \$100,000.

My nephew said, "Why, uncle, you are crazy. Do you think that Congress would appropriate money to the building of a railroad in Pennsylvania when they can't equip an army of 75,000 men properly?"

Q. "What is the very reason why they will do that?"

A. "Well, William, you have hold of a much larger enterprise than you think you have. Your road must not stop at Columbia, but it must be extended internally and away from the seaboard, to Washington city, thus making an interior line of railroad, connecting the political with the financial capital of the United States."

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and upon ascending the stairway, passed into the room which had been occupied by me in 1860, and here Mr. Conkling sat, just having finished a letter to President Lincoln and was enclosing the envelope as I entered.

"Here, Mr. Kase," said Mr. Conkling, "I want you to take this letter to the President; you can see him, but I can't."

"O, sir," I replied; "I cannot take your letter; send it by mail; I have just arrived in this city and am not acquainted with the President; besides this, I am here on important business and must be formally introduced to him, therefore I cannot take your letter."

Mr. Conkling said: "You must take this letter; you are here for this purpose; if you do not take it he will never see it."

At this moment a voice again saluted me, the same as I had heard on the street:

"Go, see what will come of this."

This voice seemed just behind me. I was startled, dumbfounded; I stood fixed to the spot. Finally I said, yes.

"Give me the letter. Will you go along?"

"Yes, but I can't see him." "You can," was the medium's reply.

"Well, here's an omnibus just turning; we'll get in that."

The sun was just then setting behind the distant hills. We arrived at the Presidential Mansion in the dusk of the evening; rang the bell; a servant appeared.

Q. "Is the President in?"

A. "Yes," was the reply, "he is at tea."

Q. "Can I see him?"

A. "What is the name?"

I gave him my name. He soon returned, saying, "The President will see you after tea. Step up into the gentlemen's parlor."

Conkling and myself seated ourselves in the parlor to which the servant had directed us. Soon thereafter the servant appeared at the door, beckoning me forward, and opened a door leading to the President's room.

The President was approaching the door as I entered. He stopped, somewhat disappointed, and stepped back one or two steps, as if he had been saying to him, "my name is S. P. Kase, of Danville, Va."

The President expected to meet S. P. Chase, then Secretary of the Treasury. His response was, "you are from Pennsylvania," showing me to a chair upon the opposite side of a long table. He took a seat directly opposite and for some time drew me out respecting Pennsylvania.

I told him that I lived in the town where the first anthracite pig-iron was manufactured, and where the first T rail was made in the United States. And for a full half-hour various questions pertaining to the war and the prosperity of Pennsylvania were discussed, when I handed him the Conkling letter.

He broke it open and read it, seemed a little surprised, saying:

"What does this mean?"

My reply was, "I do not know what the letter contains, but I have no doubt that it means just what it says."

"You do not know," responded the President, "what this letter is, and yet you think it means just what it says?"

"Yes, I think so," I replied, "but I at once said, 'Well, then,' said the President, 'I will read it for you.'"

Here is the letter:

"I have been sent from the city of New York by Spiritual influence pertaining to the interest of the nation. I can't return until I see you. Appoint the time. Yours, etc. J. B. CONKLING."

The President then said, "what do you know about Spiritualism?"

A. "I know very little, but what I do know you are welcome to."

I then rehearsed my first interview in New York, in the year 1858, as hereafter stated. I was engaged at that time in building or doing the financial agent of the Reading and Columbia Railroad, Michigan, and was stopping at the United States Hotel, Courtland street, New York.

Q. "What was the name of the Philadelphia and Chester, I think I may venture to present to the world the interesting incidents which took place in the summer and autumn of the year 1862, and to give the facts connected with the building of the Reading and Columbia railroad and the projected railroad, known as the Philadelphia and Reading, leading from Washington, D. C., to New York."

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CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

DOUBLE BESSIE.

I have but one girl I know;
Yes, how it is, I cannot tell;
That sometimes there's another child
Called "Mamma," as well.

My Bessie is so sweet and good;
I really cannot tell you
Has bright blue eyes and sunny hair,
And dimples fast to see.

The other Bessie, well, she cries
And frets, and pouts, and stamps her feet,
And shakes her shoulders, I'm at a loss
To know what she's all about.

And, strange to say, when she is near
My little Bessie runs away;
Just how and where and why she goes,
I really cannot tell.

But this one thing is very sure;
They're never both together here.
I don't love the noisy girl,
Nor shall I fear.

But dimpled Bessie all my own,
Comes back when she is gone away—
Comes back, with kisses sweet and soft,
And loving words to say.

How sorry for her dear mamma,
She is, when naughty Bess appears;
So sorry that the bright blue eyes
Bare traces sad of tears.

I lift the little comb, and wonder who
The other one—the naughty girl—
Who she is, and who'll guess? Can you?

The Little Outcast.

"Mayn't I stay, ma'am? I'll work, cut wood, go for water; and do all your errands."

The troubled eyes of the orphan were filled with tears. It was a lad that stood, one cold day in winter, at the outer door of a cottage, on a bleak moor in Scotland. The snow had been falling very fast, and the poor boy looked very cold and hungry.

"You must come in, at any rate, till my husband comes home. There, sit down by the fire; you look perishingly cold. I'll get you a drink of tea."

The youngest corner, then, suspiciously glancing at the boy from the corners of her eyes, she continued setting the table for supper.

Presently came the tramp of heavy boots, and the door was swung open with a quick jerk, and the husband entered, weary with his day's work.

A look of indignation passed over his wife's face. "He's here!" he looked at the boy, but did not seem very well pleased; he nevertheless made him come to the table, and was glad to see how heartily he ate his supper.

Day after day passed, and yet the boy begged to be kept until to-morrow; so the good couple, after due consideration, concluded that, as long as he was such a good boy, and worked so willingly, they would keep him.

One day, in the middle of winter, a peddler, who often traded the cottage, called, and after disposing of several of his goods was preparing to go, when he said to the woman:

"You have a boy out there, splitting wood, I see; point him out to me."

"Yes, do you know him?"

"I have seen him," replied the peddler.

"Where?"

"At the mill. The peddler swung his pack over his shoulder. "That boy, young as he looks, I saw in court myself, and heard him sentenced, ten months!" You'd do well to look carefully after him."

There was something so dreadful in the word "jail!" The poor woman trembled as she laid away the things she had bought of the peddler, and she was easy until she had called the boy in, and assured him that she knew that dark part of his history.

Asbashed and distressed, the boy hung down his head; his cheeks were pale, and his eyes were full of tears. "Well," he muttered, "there is no use in my trying to be better; my father hates and despises me; nobody cares about me."

"Tell me," said the woman, "how came you to go so young to that place? Where is your mother?"

"O mother!" exclaimed the boy, "she was seized with that terrible fever. I don't know where she is now. I was a baby. If I'd only had a mother, I wouldn't have been bound out, and kicked, and cuffed, and horsewhipped. I wouldn't have been sent to jail, because I was hungry. O if I only a mother!"

"The strength had all gone from the boy, and he sank down on the floor, his head buried in his hands. The woman laid her hand on his forehead, and rubbed the hot tears away with the sleeve of his jacket.

The woman was a mother, and though all her children had been laid out, she still felt that the yard, she was a mother still. She put her hand kindly on the head of the boy, and told him to look up, and said from that time forth, she was to be a mother to him. And she was around the neck of the poor forsaken child, and she poured from her mother's heart sweet kind words, words of counsel and tenderness. O how the little child felt that night—how soft her pillow! She had plucked some thorns from the path of a little sinning, but striving mortal.

The poor boy is now a promising man. His foster father is dead, his foster mother aged and sickly, but she knows no want. The poor outcast is her support. Why does he repay the trust reposed in him.—*Editha.*

The Obedient Kid.

In a stable lived a goat that had a pretty kid, of which she was very fond. This kid was too young to go about with her mother, and she was half afraid to leave her alone. But the goat was obliged to go out to get food.

"Ah! ah!" said the little kid, "My dear, I am going to fetch a cabbage and a lettuce for your dinner. Mind you do not go out while I am away. Lock the door of our stable and do not open it to anyone who comes knocking out of the door. I will be back in half an hour, and I will be sure to come in."

"Yes, dear mother," said the kid, "I will be sure to be home, and I will be sure to come in."

"Good-bye," said the old goat, "remember what I have said to you."

So off the old goat went; but she waited outside the door while the little kid shut it and she looked back very often to see that it was kept shut. A neighborly cat came to the door, and she often wished to eat that nice tender young kid, and this day, having no breakfast, he was very hungry.

"Ah! ah!" said the kid, "now the old mother is out, and I will go and eat that dilly young kid, she will be sure to leave the door open." Away ran the wolf to the stable where the goat lived. He went to the door with a bounce, thinking to push it open; but he was mistaken, he could not get in.

"Although you've fastened the door, Miss Kid, I growled he to himself, "I will eat you—I will knock, and you will be sure to come to me. And then—"

He was so pleased with the thought of eating the little kid, that he began to lift up his paw, gave a loud knock at the door.

"Who is outside?" asked the kid from within.

"I, my dear," said the kid, trying to speak like the old mother, "open the door quickly, I am in a hurry."

"O, no! you cannot be my mother," said the kid. "The door is locked, and I shall be very angry with you," said the kid.

"If you are my mother," said the kid, "you will wait till I look out of the window." So the wise little kid went to the window and looked out.

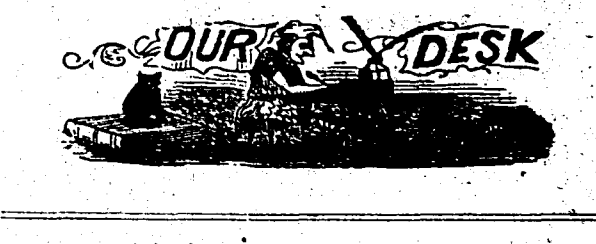
"O you bad wolf to deceive me, but you will not eat me up to-day, so you may go away," said the kid, "mind what my mother says, so you won't get in."

The wolf gnashed his teeth and growled, but he could not reach the little kid, so he went away.

When the goat came home, the little kid opened the door until she had seen from the window who it was.

"Dear kid," said the goat, when the little kid had told her about the wolf, "you have not obeyed me the great ugly wolf, would have eaten you up. Good child, to do what I bade you."

And the goat said, "Run up your colors and stand by the lettuce she had brought home with her.—*Selected.*



A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the best of men.

TONE.—Who gives most tone to society? Why the belles to be sure.

CONUNDRUM.—Who is it that can beat time? Ans. The musical professor, of course.

SIMON.—It is now considered that had Simon turned his attention to priestcraft he would have been an eminent success.

MARCH.—True to the old saying about the month of March, it came in this time "like a lamb and went out like a lion."

SWEET BY-AND-BYE.—These household words are somewhat altered by the happy mother of twin children, Charles and Henry; she regards them as her sweet boy and boy.

BUTTING.—A hard-headed son of Ham, hailing from an alpine plantation, was engaged by a trained Rocky Mountain goat for a trial in butting. The prize was staked, the butters were prepared, and many rounds ensued. The butting was kept up vigorously for thirty-three minutes, when the goat drew off utterly discouraged. The son of Ham took the prize and went his way rejoicing.

CARD PLAYING.—"Yes," says Ophelia, "sacred history favors card playing, and distinguished persons took part in the game. For instance, Moses led for the children of Israel, and when the latter got to the Red Sea they 'passed the Balaam card,' 'Jack,' and Solomon 'ordered up' the temple. The priests at Jericho took the city by 'playing their seven trumpets.'"

RE INCARNATION.—A spread-eagle orator while canvassing for votes in the West, during an exciting electioneering campaign for Congress, said of his opponent:

"Fellow-citizens, I have heard it asserted, and I believe it can be attested, that the very moment a baby is born somebody dies, and the soul of the baby goes into the body of the stranger. Now, fellow-citizens, I have made particular and extensive inquiries in regard to my opponent there, and have positively ascertained that for two hours before his nativity he was passing. Therefore he's got no soul. The opponent was elected, and it is possible that more like him were sent to Washington."

THAT SKEALING FIG.—A country lass was trudging her way along a country road, having in her arms a young pig beneath her shawl. The little porker squealed every now and then, as pigs generally do, although not hurt, and then again kept quiet for awhile. It had maintained silence for some time, but it began to squeal just as a dandy was passing. Wishing to crack a joke, he said:

"My dear," what makes your child cry?"

"To which she replied: 'It always had the bad habit, sir, of crying, whenever it sees its daddy.'"

SUCH A GETTING UP STAIRS.—A minister out West who had labored very hard to save souls, and found it up-hill work, was forced to exclaim, when penance:

"If I were to tell you that, by going up their rich, and their stairs, over the top of the church, and by reaching the top you would secure the salvation of your precious souls, I don't believe I could get you to go."

How HIS MIND WAS RELIEVED.—A son of the emerald isle, who had been indulging to excess in drinking whisky, was seized with a violent attack on his head. He sent for the doctor, who, upon examining the patient, said he must stop drinking coffee for the present.

"Dye think it's the coffee that makes the pains?" said the suffering man, a look of anxiety being expressed in his eyes.

"Yes, sir, the coffee aggravates the disease," replied the disciple of Esculapius, "and you must stop drinking it."

"Why can't you read them?" replied his Honor.

"I can, but I want to hear how the lines sound when read aloud. I'll give you a quarter to read them to me."

"All right," replied the Justice. "I can't earn two shillings any quicker."

A woman opened the door at that moment and the stranger put down his book on the desk, clasped her hand, and said:

"Begin at the pencil-mark there and read slowly."

His Honor's chin dropped exactly four inches as he saw that the reading matter was the usual form of marriage, but he didn't back down from his word. It was the cheapest marriage he ever officiated at, and he didn't half enjoy the churchy bride and groom as they went out, to travel up the hill of life together.

A FUNNY ADVENTURE.—Two buggies stopped in front of a hotel out West, and two gentlemen looking somewhat alike alighted and went into the establishment, leaving their respective wives in the vehicles. It was cleverly dark, and by the uncertain light from the hotel the wrong man got into wrong buggy, that is, Mr. Jones seated himself by the side of Mrs. Brown, and vice versa.

As is usual with married men, Mr. Jones drove some distance without saying a word, finally he said: "I've got a corn on my toe—the one you persist in putting your foot on, too, what hurts about as bad as the common run of things generally do."

The lady was very much surprised, and rather haughtily replied: "You have been trying to pick a quarrel with me all day, and now to make matters more exasperating, you change your voice to an unnatural growl!"

"Give my teeth here, you shan't wear them another minute."

"Teeth! teeth! What in the world do you mean?"

But just then,