

# THE WORLD'S PAPER.

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

VOL. I.

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THE  
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## The Law System.

The Law system is doubtless a great improvement on Anarchy and Mobocracy,—the form of elective Government is much better than that which is monarchical and absolute. But, for all this, no system which attempts to regulate society by mere enactments, instituted by some few over the rest, can be fully effective of the public welfare and order. These enactments are nothing more or less than expressions of the idea, or policy, which, for the time being, seems the most advisable to those that create them; and where they command the observance of high principle to day, they may require obedience to an abominable measure to-morrow. Moreover, the Law system accustoms the public to depend upon the passage, or infliction of this statute or that statute for the suppression of selfishness, crime or disorder, and hence, interferes directly, with that close and prompt action for the vindication and suppression of evil, which is desirable among the people themselves. Thus vice is enabled to run quite a career before the law reaches it. It is punished rather than abolished. It receives a severe assault after it gets under tremendous headway, and then is left to gather its forces and practice its unmolested, until it again turns too fiercely to be endured.

This peculiarity in the modus operandi of the Law system is one which is ever apparent, but never more so than now, when, in defiance of all the moral and Christian instrumentalities of the age, every kind of licentiousness seems flourishing with unexampled virulence.

Great admiration has been from time to time excited by the exploit of some city marshal and his officials in a descent upon a dozen or so of Gambling establishments and the arrest of numerous gamblers; but, what compliment is it to the public system, that such evils must grow into *normalities* before they can be reached by the strong arm of the law? In one of the Western States, quite lately a negro who had murdered a woman and child; was *burnt to death* by an infuriated multitude.—The Law would doubtless have executed him, though not by so *fiery* a method; yet, where is the beauty of the Law in being, itself thus brutal with him who is brutal; or what is its moral glory and efficiency, if under its influence brutality flourishes to the extent indicated in the above mentioned wanton acts?

Or, to come again nearer home. In Boston, one year ago a poor consumptive young man was taken from his bed of languishing and illness, and conveyed to Jail for debt. Shortly after his entrance into the dismal abode, he died. To say nothing of the imprisonment in this case, is that system perfect, which is not sufficient to relieve the poverty of a sick and needy human being, and which does not effectually combine the people for the easiest and most efficient promotion of such a work? We say, no; and while we are willing that the Law System should live operate as it best can until a better system is established, we are on the other hand, not willing that the establishment of the better system should be delayed. Let the people commence by adopting the *right principles of action* and proceed, at once to confederate themselves in such a manner that they can in any of the exigencies of society, immediately carry those principles into effect, whether it be in the guardianship and restraint of the depraved, in the suppression of any vile establishment, or, traffic, in the relief of the suffering, or, in anything else that may require the direction and interposition of the public will. Then the preventive element will render the penal appliance to a great extent unnecessary, and in consequence of the vital life which mutual fraternity and encouragement will give to the moral feelings of community, those scenes of luxurious villainy, headlong rage, and absolute distress and want which we now so frequently witness, will be seldom seen—possibly never known.

MANDELL.

Each individual has a mission to fulfill, and he should strive to do it in a way that the world may be benefited by his presence.

## Brotherhood.

The Scriptures repeatedly affirm the brotherhood of man; Spirituality declares it. By virtue of their common relationship as those created in the likeness of the Most High, and on account of his paternal relationship to them, mankind have been commanded to bless and serve each other, in every capacity with mutual care and kindness. Slowly indeed, however, has this truth dawned upon the world, and we have even had those who called themselves *Christians*, assure us that none are to be considered our brothers except such as are in church connection with us. Such bigotry however is fast passing away; a better spirit is rapidly dawning upon Christian Society, and we know of no better evidence of this than the following extract from The New England Religious Herald, published in Connecticut.

A Christian delights to call man "my brother." He weeps over the sorrows of man as over the sorrows of a brother, draws a veil over the frailties of man as over the frailties of a brother; rejoicing in the happiness of his fellow man as in the happiness of a brother.

And though he cannot suffer sin in him to go unreprieved, he cannot administer reproof with bitter reproach or malignant severity, for is not the offender a brother?

And is not himself a sinner? A spirit of benevolent sympathy is inseparable from genuine humanity; Christianity has smiles as well as tears; sometimes both together: then she appears beautiful. O, for the spirit of tenderness and compassion which shines so eminently in him we call our Master!

"The kindred links of life are bright,  
Yet not so bright as those  
In which Christ's favored friends unite,  
And each on earth repose:  
Where all the hearts in union cling,  
With Him, the center and the spring"

MANDELL.

From Godey's Lady's Book, for May.

## A Nervous Wife, and how She was Cured.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

My friend Wilkins married a sweet, young girl, of a quiet, amiable disposition, but in no way skilled in those domestic arts, without a knowledge of which the wife's duties are always felt to be hard in the beginning. He was the envy of more than one who had aspired to the possession of her hand. I knew him to be industrious, intelligent and kind-hearted; and I felt sure that he had taken a life-companion who would be faithful and loving. The promise was bright enough to warrant a prophecy of more than ordinary happiness.

They removed to another city. Ten years afterwards, in passing through that city, I called upon Wilkins, who met me with the old, frank cordiality. Eyes and face were in a glow of pleasure, when, still grasping his hand, I enquired after his wife. His countenance changed instantly. "Poor Mary!" he said, in a sad discouraged way, "she has no health."

"I'm sorry," was my natural response. "Sickness and the loss of two of our children have so worn down body and mind, that she is but the shadow of her former self. Worst of all, her nerves are completely shattered. But you must see her. To meet an old friend will do her good. You will take tea with us and spend the evening."

I assented, and then made further inquiries about his family and worldly condition. His story was not a very bright one. The birth of their first child was followed by a prostrating sickness, which brought the young mother to the utmost verge of life.

"She has never had good health since," said Wilkins in a depressed voice. "My income was small, and we could not afford the amount of house-hold assistance that she really required; and so everything was against her restoration to sound health. Children came rapidly, bringing with them more exhausting cares. And the death of two of our little ones, to which I have referred, seemed to complete the work of ruin. She is now a hopeless invalid, a poor, weak, nervous, unhappy creature, a mere wreck of what you saw ten years ago, moving like a fearful ghost through her daily round of duties, and only kept alive by the constant, and careful attentions of a physician. I don't think the doctor has been out of my house for two weeks at a time for six years, and I'm sure he has received more than fifteen hundred dollars of my money in that time. The fact is, what with doctor's bills, courses, medicines, and the hundred nameless expenses a sick and nervous wife entails upon a man, my fortunes have been marred. They keep me poor."

Wilkins spoke in a fretful voice. It was plain that he had grown impatient under the trials to which the bad health of his wife had exposed him.

I called at his store again, towards evening,

and went home with him. Had I met Mrs. Wilkins in the street, I would not have recognized in her the happy bride, who, ten years before, blushing in beauty, I had seen giving her hand in a life partnership with such loving confidence in the future, to the husband of her choice. Her countenance was wasted, all the beautifully rounded outlines gone; her eyes deeply sunken, were languid almost to indifference; her hair, once richly luxuriant, had fallen off, until scarce half of it remained, and that looked dry and crisp; with here and there a premature line of grey. She stooped slightly, and her motions were lifeless.

A faint smile parted her lips as I grasped her hand with all the warmth of a genuine friendly interest. But it faded almost as soon as it was born. I tried to talk with her in a cheerful strain, and did succeed in awakening a brief interest in the old time. But the present was too painfully real a thing; it would not let her thoughts indulge in pleasant fancies. I could not help asking about herself and her children; and this turned the current of her feelings into its wonted channel; and I listened to her sad heart histories and painful experiences in sickness, until my own feelings were deeply shadowed. I pitied her.—What a sombre, suffering life had been hers!—Into what a world of misery, instead of happiness, had marriage translated her!

As she talked, I observed her husband carefully. It was plain that he had but little sympathy with his wife's state of feeling. He was a sufferer with her, though in a lighter degree; and, as his sufferings originated in her, there was, plainly, a certain lack of kindly patience towards his companion. Several times he interrupted her, trying to draw the conversation into another channel; and once or twice he threw in deprecating sentences, as if she were exaggerating the unhappy story of her life.

I learned that Mrs. Wilkins rarely, if ever, went out of her own house. Her duties were very arduous, and her ability, from ill-health, small. Every day she worked to bodily exhaustion, and usually in pain. There was no recreation of any kind, bodily or mental. It was a living death. No wonder she was a drooping, wretched, nervous woman.

On the next day I called to see my friend at his store, my mind made up to have a plain talk with him. I referred to his wife, expressing in regard to her, my earnest sympathy.

"Poor Mary!" he replied; "her case is hopeless, and mine, too, I fear."

"While there's life there's hope," said I using the physician's half-despairing axiom.

He regarded me a little curiously. "How often do you take her out riding?" I inquired.

He shook his head. "Can't afford carriage hire; much as I can do to pay the doctor. No, no, neither of us have time or money to spend for riding out."

"Change and fresh air you will find better and cheaper medicines than doctor's stuff. Do you take her to the sea-shore once a year; or to the springs, or to the mountains?"

"You are jesting," he replied, with the air of one who felt that an undue liberty had been taken.

"Far from it, my friend," I answered, seriously, "I feel too warm an interest in you to jest on a subject like this."

"The sea-shore, the springs, the mountains are summer luxuries beyond the reach of our ability," he spoke sadly.

Do not name them as luxuries in your case. If the enervated victory of pleasure and fashion needs them for recreation, and to impart a new zest to the year's succeeding round of gay existence, how much more essential are they for the sick, the nervous, the exhausted toiler in life's field of earnest labor! I fear, my friend, that you have not thought wisely of your wife's true position: that in some sense, you are to blame for her present ill health and state of mental depression.

"How?" Wilkins looked surprised.

"The human soul," I answered, "is not a piece of senseless machinery: not made up of a series of iron wheels, that can do their work as well in the dark underground chamber as in the broad day-light. Even the flower must have change—air, sunlight, morning, evening, and the advancing season, for its healthy growth and maturity. But the human soul is of higher organization, and of multitudinous wants, compared with the flower. Shut up the flower from the warm sun and the refreshing air, and will it not grow sickly? nay, will it not fade and die? You are treating your wife with less consideration than you would treat a house-plant. No wonder that she is dying daily."

Wilkins really looked amazed; and I was for a little while in doubt whether he was offended at my freedom, or astounded at his

own blindness touching the nature and wants of the human soul he had adjoined in a life companionship with his own.

"Nature's two best physicians," I went on to say, "are pure air and exercise. And, what is better, they charge nothing for attendance."

"To a large part of mankind," answered Wilkins, "time is money. It is so in our case." "Don't make that too positive a conclusion.—Increase the strength and diminish the hours of labor; nay, more, you remove from them the cause of extreme exhaustion. My word for it, if you had spent a hundred dollars a year in giving your wife change of scene, sea-bathing, and mental as well as bodily recreation, your doctor's bill would have been reduced by more than that amount. How often do you take her to concerts or other places of public amusement?"

"We haven't been to a concert for five years," said he.

"And yet I remember that she was passionately fond of music."

"We can't afford it," remarked Wilkins, gloomily.

"Better go without a dinner occasionally. Health to the soul is quite as essential as health of the body. If you starve the former what is there in mere eating and drinking worth living for?"

"Mary wouldn't go if I were to purchase tickets. She has housed herself so long that she has no desire to step across the threshold of her prison-house."

"For which speaking frankly, and to an old friend, you are, in a measure, to blame.—And unless you are at once, with a purpose not to be set aside by the first difficulties, open wide the doors of the prison-house, and actually compel the drooping prisoner to go forth, a few years will close up the history of a wretched life."

Ah, said he, "I can feel the force of what you say! but how and where to begin? That is the question."

"I notice" was my reply, "that Herz, the celebrated composer and pianist is in our city, and will give, this evening, one of his concerts. Take her to hear him."

The eyes of Wilkins dropped to the floor. I saw what was in his mind. The tickets were \$1 each, and the expense, therefore, larger than he felt he had a right to incur for a simple amusement. He had too many demands for dollars in other and more important directions.

"I am going to invite her," said I, "and I don't believe she will refuse me."

"I'm sure she will not go, Wilkins was quite positive.

"We'll see. You will take a note of invitation from me at dinner time. I will inclose tickets for you both, and say that I will call at tea time."

Wilkins was incredulous, and half opposed me; but my interest in his unhappy wife was too strong. I resolved to have my own way. The ticket and invitation were accordingly sent. I called at my friend's store, late in the afternoon to go home with him.

"Well," said I cheerfully, "what word from your good wife? Will she be ready for the concert?"

"I'm afraid not," Wilkins shook his head, and looked gloomy. "What did she say?"

"That it was impossible for her to go out; that she could not leave the children; and finally, after I met every objection with a reason that could not be gainsayed, she declared that she didn't feel like going, and could not think of it."

"The ice is very solid, and hard to break through," I smiled as I spoke. "It is that want of inclination which must be over come. She'll go if we insist upon it."

But Wilkins was of a different opinion. "I know her a great deal better than you do," was his answer.

At tea-time I went home with him. There was a change in Mrs. Wilkins: a glance revealed this. The languor and exhaustion, so painfully apparent on the previous evening were scarcely visible. Her eyes were brighter, her countenance more elevated, her lips had a firmer outline. I saw that some attention had been given to her dress; and, though not in concert trim, it was plain enough that it would not take a great while to be in a presentable condition.

Wilkins was in error. His wife did go to that concert, and surprised both him and herself by the amount of pleasure, he received from the exquisite performance of Herz. Indeed, she expressed her satisfaction in lively terms, and with a glowing face, in the intervals of many of the pieces.

"How is Mrs. Wilkins?" I asked of my friend as I entered his place of business on the next day.

"Better than for many months, I am pleased to say," was his answer. She seemed this morning like another woman. That music was like an elixir to her soul.

"Had faith in it," said I. "Depend upon it, Wilkins, you have been consenting to your wife's death by murder and suicide—murder on your part, and suicide on hers. My next recommendation is Cape May. Give up your business for a week, and borrow the money to pay the expenses if you haven't the ready cash on hand, but take your wife to Cape May immediately. It will not cost half as much as her funeral. Sea air bathing and a sight of old ocean, will put new life into her veins."

"She can't possibly leave home. We have too many young children."

"She'll have to leave home and her young children too forever if you don't do something to save her. I spoke with some doctors, for I was a little provoked at my friend's inclination to throw difficulties in the way. 'Just make up your mind that the thing has to be done, and I'll answer for your wife. The fact is, it's my opinion that she'll say 'Yes, on the first proposition.'"

And so she did. A little management was practised. I accepted another invitation to tea, and during the evening gave as graphic a description as was in my power of the novelty, excitement and wonderfully beneficial effects of a week at the sea shore. My own experience was quite to the point, having regained strength almost by magic after a long period of extreme nervous exhaustion.

"You must take your wife to the sea shore. It is just what she wants," said I, after the way had been fully prepared.

Wilkins followed up with such a hearty acquiescence that the point was carried under scarcely an appearance of objection. Difficulties were of course suggested; but these were pronounced of such slender importance that they were waived almost as soon as presented.

Two days afterwards, I had the satisfaction of seeing them off in the steamboat. As I shook hands with them at parting, I could see, in the countenance of Mrs. Wilkins, some reviving traces of her old girlish beauty; and a rekindling in her eyes of the light of other days.

A year afterwards, in passing through the city I made it my business to visit my old acquaintance. He received me with a warmth of manner and cheerfulness of spirit which satisfied me that his state of mind had considerably improved.

"How is Mrs. Wilkins?" I made almost immediate inquiry.

"A broad smile went over his face as he replied:

"A thousand per cent, better than when you saw her a year ago."

"I am delighted to hear you say so. How did the Cape May prescription answer?"

"Admirably. It worked like a charm. Mary came back another woman. It was to her almost like discovering the fountain of eternal youth. I never saw such change in any one."

"Didn't she fall back into old habits of mind and body after return to the city."

"No."

"How did you prevent this?" I inquired.

"By acting on the hint you gave. I hired a wagon for an afternoon, once a week while the pleasant weather lasted, and showed her all the fine scenery within ten miles of the city. It cost me two dollars each time; but it was cheaper than paying the doctor; and the medicine cured more radically. You can't imagine what a change in her feelings took place. Nothing outside of the narrow circle at home interested her before; thought seemed asleep, or palled; but now she takes an interest in everything. Her soul has awakened from its dead torpor."

"Was it not starved into more than infantile weakness?" I remarked.

"Perhaps so, he said, thoughtfully. The mind must have its appropriate food as well as the body."

"Nothing is truer than that," I replied. And like the body, it must have the alternations of shade and sunshine—fresh air and exercise. It must have change and recreation as well as seasons of labor. Without these, mental health, is impossible; and, without mental health, there can be no true bodily health."

Husbands, I fear, are not thoughtful enough about their wives in this particular. I am certain, if every toiling house-keeper, and worn down, nervous exhausted mother, whose pale face is hardly ever seen beyond the portals of her own door, were forced abroad occasionally, into the social world if they would not go willingly; and taken yearly to the springs, the sea-shore, or the mountains, for a few weeks, that hundreds and thousands of wives and mothers who are now sickly, nervous, and unhappy, would be in the enjoyment of good health and cheerful spirits, giving light to their homes, and happiness to the hearts of their husbands.

Try the prescription, ye men with sickly, toiling, exhausted wives, whose pale faces haunt your homes like ghosts of former blessing. Pity them wisely, and hold them back, while you may, from the low resting-places under the green turf towards which they are descending with rapid feet.

PHENOMENA OF SOUND.—Although air is the medium through which sound is communicated, many other media are found by experiment to perform the office even more perfectly. Every schoolboy when diving has heard the stunning sound made by striking two stones together, under water. Colladon, having plunged into the water a thin cylindrical, closed at the lower end and open to the air above, was enabled to hear a bell struck under water at the distance of nine miles. The scratch of a pin upon one end of a strip of fir, of any length, may be heard by a person with his ear to the other although perfectly inaudible to him who makes it. Sounds are propagated to great distance, and with singular distinctness, over a surface of water, ice, or frozen snow. In Perry's account of the third polar expedition, it is stated that two persons could hold conversation across the harbor of Port Bowen, a distance of about a mile and a quarter. Instances are recorded of sounds heard at almost incredible distances over land. Dr. Hearn, a Swedish physician, relates that he heard guns fired at Stockholm, when distant 180 miles from that city; and the cannonade of a sea-fight between the English and Dutch was heard at a distance of more than two hundred miles from the place of action.—*Etc.*

THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.—That most eloquent of all South erners, as I think, Mr. Prentiss of Miss., was addressing a crowd of some 4000 people in that State, defending the tariff and in the course of an eloquent period which rose gradually to some beautiful climax, he painted the thrift, the energy, the comfort, the wealth, the civilization of the North, in glowing colors when there rose up on the vision of the assembly, in the open air, a horseman of magnificent proportions; and, just at the moment of his-hered attention, when the voice of Prentiss had ceased and the applause was about to break forth the horseman exclaimed "D—d the North." The curse was so much in unison with the habitual feeling of a Mississippi audience, that it quenched their enthusiasm, and nothing but respect for the speaker kept the crowd from applauding the horseman. Prentiss turned his lame foot around and said, "Major Moody, will you rein in that steed a moment?" He assented. Said he, "Major, the horse on which you sit came from Upper Missouri, the saddle that surmounts him came from Trenton, N. J.; the hat on your head was made in Danbury, Conn.; the boots you wear came from Lynn, Mass.; the linen of your shirt is Irish, and Boston made it up; your broadcloth coat is of Lowell manufacture, and was cut in New-York; and if to-day you surrender what you owe the 'd—d North,' you would sit stark naked." (Laughter and loud applause.)—*Speech of Wendell Phillips.*

A MONSTER SPECIMEN OF AMERICAN MARBLE.—A marble from the works of the Roxbury, Verd Antique Marble Company, Roxbury, Vt., was drawn into State street Monday, by six horses and exhibited for the inspection of the curious. It is nine feet long, four and a half feet wide, and two feet thick, and will weigh about seven tons. It was ordered by Mr. Jack's marble-worker, Pinckney, London, and is to be immediately shipped for that city. This marble effectually resists the weather, is capable of a very high polish, and will when more known come into general use. It is stated that similar marble to this is seen in the old temples and other buildings of the old world, but the mines from whence it was procured are now unknown.—*True.*

DECISION AND TRUTH.—Whenever you think proper to grant a child's request, let it be granted at the first word, without entreaty or prayer, and, above all, without making any conditions.

Grant with pleasure, refuse with reluctance; but let your refusal be irrevocable. Let not importunity shake your resolution, let the positive "No," when once pronounced, be a wall of brass, which a child, when he has tried his strength against it half a dozen times, shall never more attempt or endeavor to shake.—*Ez.*

A pleasant, cheerful wife is as a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife, in the hour of trouble, is like one of those fiends who are appointed to torture lost spirits.

Contentment is the essence of true happiness.



SANDUSKY, Vt., JULY 3, 1887.

## A Friend.

Commend me to the friend who comes,  
When I am sad and lone,  
And makes the anguish of my heart  
The sufferings of his own;  
Who coldly shuns the glittering throng,  
At pleasure's gay levee,  
But comes to gild a sombre hour,  
And gives his heart to me.

He hears me count my sorrows o'er,  
And when the task is done,  
He freely gives me all I ask—  
A sigh for every one.

He cannot wear a smiling brow  
When mine is touched with gloom,  
But like the violet, seeks to cheer  
The midnight with perfume.

Commend us to that generous heart,  
Which, like the pine on high,  
Uplifts the tame unvarying brow  
To every changing sky;

Whose friendship does not fade away  
When wintry tempests blow,  
But like the winter's ivy crown,  
Looks greener through the snow.

He flies not with the flitting flock,  
That seeks the southern sky,  
But lingers where the wounded bird  
Hath laid him down to die.

Oh, such a friend! he is, in truth,  
Whatever his lot may be,  
A rainbow on the storm of life,  
An anchor on its sea.

## Selected Miscellany.

**A SNAKE REMOVED FROM A WOMAN'S STOMACH.**—The Logansport (Ind.) Pharos states that Dr. A. Mayers, of that city, who has acquired some celebrity as the inventor of a process for the removal of tape worms, has recently performed a cure that is worthy of more than ordinary mention.

Mrs. E. Ryan, of Fort Wayne, about 20 years of age, has been severely afflicted for years with a sensation in the stomach, as though there was some reptile moving in it. During that time she was treated for various diseases by numerous physicians of skill, and several for tape worm.

Hearing of Dr. Mayers' new process for the removal of parasites from the human stomach, Mrs. Ryan went to Logansport and placed herself under his charge. Within two weeks Dr. Mayers removed from her stomach a snake about three feet long, and one and one-half inches in diameter, instead of aggravating it as had been the result of previous treatment received. The latter part of her illness was unable to attend to the domestic care of her family or even to take care of herself.

For two hours to prepare for relief, and an equal length of time transpired before she could lie down—and often she was obliged to sleep for nights together. Presently she would walk the floor until exhausted, because unable to lie down without the most excruciating pain. Mrs. Ryan's own words are, that her sufferings were such she prayed for death to relieve them. Mrs. Ryan supposed she swallowed the snake, which was apparently of the water species, while fishing from a spring in the evening at her former residence west of Fort Wayne.

She left the care of Dr. M. for home, free from pain as though she was saved from worse than death.

**THIRD GRIEF.**—A curious new branch of business has been established at Lyons, France. An association of howlers has been formed, which engaged to supply at each funeral a number of professional weepers. The charge made is five francs per head. They have adopted a peculiar costume, and follow the bereaved weeping and sobbing. This recalls to memory the mourning woman mentioned in the Bible, who, on mournful occasions, like these let themselves out on hire, wringing their hands, and crying and lamenting aloud.

**And why not?** If prayer is a state of the soul, and we can hire another man to pray for us; if preaching is a trade; and we can hire a man to preach for us; if conscience is divine, and we can hire another to look after its opinions for us; if one man's guilt can be washed out by another man's righteousness can be imputed to another man; if there is any special virtue at all in the sacerdotal office and ministrations of the sacraments—then we do not see why we might not also have hired nations to weep and mourn, sob and cry, wringing their hands and lament for us. We do not see why we should not also have a class or order of individuals to attend, by proxy, to these matters.—*Age*

**IGNORANCE IN FRANCE.**—An analysis of a late report of the population of France shows a remarkable degree of ignorance on the part of the people of that country. Out of 513,326 individuals joined together in the bands of wedlock, only 170,540 husbands were capable of writing their names upon the register; 86,591 could not even read! 140,540 women declared they could neither write nor read. The writer of the *Journal des Debats* remarks upon this fact, that "in the country that calls itself the most enlightened in the world, far more than a third of the women married in 1835 knew neither how to read nor to write!"

**CONTENTS OF THE OUTSIDE.**—The Law System—Brotherhood—A Nervous Wife, and how She was Cured—Phenomena of Sound—The North and the South—A Monster Specimen of American Marble—Decision and Truth—Is there a God—Song of Salvation—Angel Whispers—Poverty to a Wise Man is rather a Blessing than a Misfortune—Education for the People—Gallery of Paintings at the Luxembourg.

## NOTICE.

There will be trance speaking at Sandusky on the 5th inst.

Serious mediums will be present.

Our friends are requested to attend and we hope to see many here on Saturday to remain over until Monday.

Fare free while here for all.

D. TARBELL, JR.

## Reorganization of Society.

By FRANCES H. GREEN.

It needs but a glance at existing conditions in the social world, to perceive that somehow there is false play. Looking still further, we perceive that this is not a merely local evil. It does not affect a class, clan, or any particular division of mankind; but like a miasma it taints the whole social atmosphere; and the evil seems to fall more heavily on certain portions of the people than on others; yet all classes suffer. This, even if we dismiss all idea of a common fraternity of the Race, as worthy only of those who are run mad with a false philanthropy, may be illustrated, even to the rudimentary mind, by the figure of a common body—the body politic. If one of the members suffer from any cause, will not the whole body be more or less affected, and the necessary interchange of vitality—of health or disease—be communicated by the common circulation, to all its conditions and degrees?

The necessity of regenerating, by some means, the whole social being—body and soul—has been long perceived; and though various remedies have from time to time been suggested, yet but little apparent good as yet has been effected. Most people believe that the world must still continue to jog on as they say it has always done, with its necessary accompaniments of misery and crime; while even they who can more clearly apprehend the difficulty can see no way of finally overcoming the giant Evil. But again there are a few—a small minority of hopeful clear-sighted—who can look, not over, but through the Present, into the serene beauty of a millennial Future. They will seek to vanquish the Hydra, not so much by decapitating him as by converting, insensibly perhaps, his substance into higher forms. If one believes in the doctrine of Progress, he can have no doubt that not only the individual but the social being, is now rapidly tending to higher conditions, and more harmonious developments. This conclusion is an irresistible offshoot of faith, and can not rationally or rightly be disavowed from it.

It is not our purpose, at this time, to enter very deeply into this question, but to take a somewhat cursory view of the matter, leaving more mature considerations for some future time. The great difficulty in the way of this work seems to be, that most of the world either do not apprehend causes, or they can reach only a certain number—and these perhaps are what may be termed secondary causes, rather than the great radical sources of wrong.

We can see very clearly that the condition of the miserable poor—ignorant and depraved—the laths and the vile to external seeming, is not what it should be. This we know from the very instincts of our nature—from the beautiful means of support and happiness—from analogy and reason; for must, if not all of us, it will be presumed, have rejected the God-degrading assumption, that poverty, sin, and shame, have any connection with the Divine Idea in the structure and development of human conditions. But we can not look back and below all this, so as clearly to comprehend the profounder depths of causation in the great labyrinth of false relationships, in which this evil, the condition of the poor, fearful and monstrous as it is, forms but a small portion of the dark and intricate fabric of Wrong.

We can see that it is hard for the poor widow to support her helpless little family on a few shillings she is able to earn weekly, by working late and early at starvation prices but we can not so clearly scan the monopolizing spirit which, on the strength of its capital, reduces the legitimate price of labor until at length it comes to be measured, not by its ability to sustain the workers, but by the necessities of their bodily condition, which demand that a certain amount of bread, and covering for the body, and shelter in some form, must be had. We do not see that one family lives on the actual earnings of perhaps a hundred poor laborers; themselves, meanwhile, doing nothing in return for a life of careless ease, and a condition of princely magnificence. Yet this is true. And we might go back still further, and see how the love of display, the miserable frippery of fashion—the higher value which is set on the superficial and extrinsic, when compared with interior beauties and excellences, and all the false notions, false feelings, false habits, and false lives, which grow out of these, have the means of exciting, and sustaining, all this obvious injustice—all this cruel plunder of the most sacred property—the Worker's natural

and inalienable right to the just wages of his own labor. Thus we should not say merely that these one hundred poor families are in a state of suffering; but they are legally despoiled of the just fruits of their labor, in order that one other family may fare daintily, and be if possible, without worldly care or sorrow. So, in like manner, we can see how loathsome vice is, in the swearing fish-woman—in the little unfortunate children that throng our streets—in the inmate of our prisons and penitentiaries; but we can not look into the mind of the successful lawyer, and see the dark shadows of the old briefs that have brought in the wages of wrong—or into the heart of the popular preacher, and behold the Christ he is weekly crucifying, either by beholding the Truth, or by uttering, under the sacred garments of a divine authority, doctrines which his conscience denounces as false. Nor can we find in the well-kept books of the merchant, the unmanly and dishonorable trickeries, out of which may have grown his well-expanded fortune. But are all these worse than other men, you very naturally ask. Certainly not. These facts, which might be multiplied so as to take in representatives of every class, and every association known among us, are not libels or slanders, or individual character; but they are inevitable results of the utterly false notions which pervade the whole machinery of the social fabric.

Every human being, on entering life, is born into a state of antagonism. His interests, instead of running parallel with those of his friends and neighbors—if he has any—or, at all events, with those of other human beings—are supposed to develop counter directions. Therefore, when he rises to maturity as a business man, he must so far be the enemy of all other men, as to get, in all possible cases, the best of the bargain. And to do this, he is justified, by common usage, if he should press into his service words, which, sifted down, would show nothing but bare and utter falsehood, and deeds which, treated in the same way, would make fearful returns of something in the shape of fraud, or theft, or robbery. And all this he must do in sheer self-defense. If he does not take this advantage of others, others will over-reach him; and something like this he must do, in order to live. Truth, as an agent in business relations, seems surely driven from the face of the earth; and so well is this known, that the very child about the street would laugh in the face of one so weak and ignorant as to believe any thing that may be told him in the way of trade. And not only Truth, but Love is banished from our midst.

A gross selfishness is set up as the Moloch of the world, & we not only lay our integrity, our manhood, but our individual and general good—our common happiness—on the altar of its degrading and unrighteous worship. Now the question recurs: Is there any cure for all this, and what shall be the remedy? The answer may be given in one single word: EQUITY. But for the ways and means—the *modus operandi*—we shall be under the necessity of waiting for greater space, and a more convenient season.—*Age*

Much truth is contained in the above communication. That these evils exist, is obvious to every discerning mind. But the *modus operandi*, or the way to remedy the evil, we do not learn from the writer. We understand the community to be in a chaotic state, and we are quite sure that change is the certain result. Nothing is more common at present than to see ruptures in every part of the civilized world, as well as these boasted free states. The spirit of the union is lost, and the constitution has become a matter of mere speculation, to secure the ambition or selfishness of the aspirants for office under it.

Life, liberty, and the peaceful possession of property are the promises made by it, but neither are, or can be enjoyed by its protection. All reverence to the wisdom of the framers, but disagreed as to what its provisions are, or what rights we may expect from its protection.

It is like an old worn out garment, once for our comfort, and now filthy and torn.

It is not necessary that I should cite the reader to particular cases, as they exist on every hand; and must, until society shall be reorganized, in some way, for the better. I have an indefinite idea of what is to follow this Republic, so evidently passing away. I can not express them here, as the time has not yet arrived which renders it proper. The day has already arrived when the human race are endowed with the means of knowing more of the thoughts of each other than they have formerly known; and it is well understood that the leaders of political bodies are mere aspirants for office, and are as ready to join in persecution, when in power, as those they accuse, or those who may oppose them.

It is true, whether admitted or not, that the public are sold out by their leaders, in various classes, religious and political, for the best price they can get, sometimes for money, sometimes for office, or emolument.

Men, when elected to the high trusts

of their constituents, are controlled by the public mind, rather than by what is substantially right. Hence public opinion, which is the father of lies, is your judge.

Therefore the petition walls of distinction are raised, and the man in power, or the man of money, is the all important man of the day, and is lauded to the skies, while he at heart is no better than the thief or robber, who seeks to get your goods in the darkness of night, instead of taking your good name and place in society by day, either of which brings you to the same level.

SANDUSKY, Vt., July 2d, 1887.

To the Editor of the *Bellevue Falls Times*: I notice, on my return from a lecturing tour, some strictures in your columns upon the remarks made in the first number of "The World's Paper," concerning the Bible.

REPLY.—We expect to be agitated by our communication, and how can error be exposed, unless it be agitated? Would you wish to hug to your bosom the fond belief that all that book contains is of divine origin? Would you take it as the alpha and omega, and not trust to your own reason to tell why it is so, but go blindly on to the end, caring not what may be the consequence? Nay, nay, no more than you would were you to read the work of an author now on earth. No more than you would swallow the whole contents of a reputed work, because sanctioned by a few who may be accredited as worthies. Knowing that all things mortal are liable to error, so all things that pass through mortals must partake of mortality, in a greater or less degree. You would not believe that to-day as truth, which to-morrow would be untruth. What might answer for the Jews, would not for the Gentiles. The laws of Moses were coercive. Then there were need of such, for man's nature was rough and unwholen. Then, again, you may trace along to Joshua, where you see a more elevating tendency. Then to Jesus, the great example of mortals, for a spirit of respect and kindness. Then, since that time, there have been reformers, such as Swedenborg. All had their day, and each a degree of inspiration.

Does the article so "absurd" contain the idea that in ancient times there were not inspired ones? Look again, and see if those very words you intended to quote, do not declare that there is a degree of inspiration. We would claim nothing as perfection, only in the degree in which it contains truth. What one may claim as truth, may be so to him. What is false to you to-day, may be truth to-morrow. All have their degree of inspiration. Nothing of an enlightening tendency lacks inspiration, in a greater or less degree.

Now what may be read to-day may answer you, though you may not think it inspired, yet it is none the less inspiration, though it may not contain the name of the one who dictates it. Does it follow that to have a thing TRUE, the name must be known? Is the NAME that which is to tell the degree of TRUTH? or give scope to man's understanding?

O! man, how long will you thus suffer yourself to be led blindly, and not even DESIRE to see the light? How long will you try to climb up through false paths, lest a truth which you may gain shall come from an humble source? Can not the sparrow sing as sweetly when on the ground, as when in the tree-top? Can not you hear as well in the fields among the flowers, as in a temple? Would not a thought penetrate your inmost soul, if fitting to your capacity, as well given by a beggar, as from a king? If not, then you, too, must lay aside the mantle of religion, and take the cognomen of "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his angels."

Too long has man hung on the things of old. Too long has he trod in the footsteps of "Ancient Mythology." Too long have his own powers been let alone and nothing done for his salvation, while the whole concern of himself has been, how he might best build up his temporal welfare, trusting to Jesus Christ as his only savior. Dost thou know that his works were the redemption? Dost thou know that Christ was the crumb of goodness and truth? Then remember that so long as you regard truth, let it be from as humble a source as that of Jesus, just so long you are in a state of bliss. When you depart from that course, then are you in an opposite, or hell. Would you that we should say more? Would you that we should come and build up a sectarian church in your midst; and say to the sectarians of your favored faith—

Come, thou elect of the Lord, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, while the others shall go into torment? Nay, that is not our mission. We come to teach each and every individual, that we are no respecter of persons; that God in His wisdom has no chosen portals, no stated seats to favor; but all can come and partake. No chains to bind up the world, but all are free, and, like the eagle, can soar to aerial realms of bliss, or sink into the shades of perdition.

Again, remember that we are ready to expose error, wherever it may be found, whether in the works of the pretended followers of Christ, or in the world of unpretenders, it matters not. We cling to no creeds; hide no error; wipe up no tears for the sake of favoring a friend, but ever proclaim freedom of speech; freedom of mind from the dark age of sectarian bigotry.

With due respect for your good wishes, I remain, as ever,

Yours, truly,

MARY A. BROWN, Medium.

**What is Spiritualism?—What are its Uses and Requirements?**

To the first part of our enquiry we reply. It is a name given to a phase of natural unfolding, characterized by remarkable physical and mental phenomena, claiming for themselves an origin in the the world of disembodied spirits, and an investigation of these claims here remitted, in this admission, to the minds of thousands of intelligent and competent witnesses—a claim conceded to their own intrinsic evidence, and also to the absence of any other possible theory to account for phenomena which would most naturally be referred to spiritual sources, but for the absurdities of a popular theology, which has driven the mind of the sceptic to the most irrational theories, rather than acknowledge its previous errors, or concede one step to claims which would otherwise have been self-evident, and naturally convincing. Hence the free and unbiased mind has been the first to receive it, the first to appreciate and comprehend its sublime philosophy; while the opposer has been driven to yield, inch by inch, his position, and accept at last the only rational solution of the mystery. No mystery, except in its antagonism to cherished theories, or unenlightened views of the future existence of the human spirit.

Whatever may be said of its teachings concerning that state, the simple phenomenon alone strikes a death blow to all received opinions, and consigns them forever to the age of darkness and ignorance, over which the light of divine truth is now descending, kindling in the crushed and perverted spirits of humanity new faith, new hopes, new aspirations.

I should say, then, the term spiritualism or spiritualist, belongs alone to the phenomenal plane, or to those to whom this new unfolding has been the evidence of immortality. But for its world-wide philosophy, for its deep searching, and far reaching investigation into every field of mental, moral, and physical unfolding, which has marked the different epochs of the world, or which ever will,—for that earnest effort to probe the depths of human suffering, and crime, and to discover the antidote,—to develop that harmony and fraternal love, which we are taught to believe is the true state of humanity, which has been the theme of prophets and apostles, and the drift of all religious teachings and humanitarian efforts since the world began. And the reason they have not succeeded is because they were founded in error; they were not adapted to man's needs, and could not be received into his soul as the elements to outwork its native nobleness.

I say, then, the truly spiritualized man or woman, whose souls have felt the breath of this divine inspiration, vitalizing and expanding its slumbering energies, enkindling divine love and charity, feels that the glowing aspirations of its soul cannot be limited to a name which divides it from the world, for its all-pervading charity would mingle and fraternize with all, acknowledging the bond of brotherhood that links them to the meaneast of their kind, and irradiate the darkened spirit, with the light and glory of eternal truth. They would let it shine upon the vale beneath, that its dwellers might be attracted by the light, and mount a little higher in the scale of being.

To those, then, who recognize the world-wide philanthropy, the grand and comprehensive scope given to all spiritual or physical development, whether in the department of art, science, or religion, this term is a *misnomer*. For they are worshippers only at the shrine of truth, and cling to nothing but what reflects her light. No matter if the diamonds in her casket to-day pale before the light of those she brings to-morrow. They will ever exercise their god given faculties in a broad and Catholic reception of all that is intrinsic, ally good, and beautiful, having no creeds, no theories, no opinions which they will not subject to the severest test of truth and cherish only as she sanctions. Spiritualism then as misapplied by the sceptic, and as understood by the believers, embraces not only the attendant phenomena, giving evidence of our relations to the spiritual world—but the wisdom thus communicated the laws which govern that world and the relation they bear to the earth sphere.

Through the unfolding of life, or law of cause and effect, of attraction and affinity, as obtaining in the higher development of man, in the spirit world, we understand the tendencies of our aspirations, and the direction which should be given to our faculties here, so as to prepare them for a harmonious and elevated use, not only in the material, but also in the spiritual world. It embraces all that is good in the past, whether found in the misty pages of theologic lore; in law, in government, in literature, in art, or science, and view that which seems errors to its enlightened vision, as the landmarks of human progress, belonging to a less progressive age, whose mission was fulfilled in their day and generation. But not to be unduly reverenced, not to shut out the glowing radiance which now descends, bright and burning from the throne of the eternal. No man is to be blamed for ignorance and error, but as he shuts his mind to light and knowledge—but as he wraps himself in a mantle of self-conceit, and assumes the confidence of absolute truth and wisdom in any department of human investigation, for error must necessarily go hand in hand with noance, and as we are none of us truly wise, let us cultivate a humble and receptive state, so that truth may infuse from the heavenly spheres, and dispel the clouds and mists that obscure the germs of divine spirituality, to be wrought through obstacles, through efforts, and to be refined and purified by the frictioning objects which surround the earth life. Thus sorrow leads us heavenward, danger and distress call forth the noblest attributes. Temptation is the occasion for exercising and fortifying virtue, and all the seeming ills of life can be accounted for, if we view it as a state of progress, of unfolding, in which the immortal germ first realized the consciousness of individual life, felt the first bliss of action, which was to develop the divine beauty, the divine perfection of its immortal source into a counterpart of the great original.

Man, then, from the first dawning of existence, from the first moment when the divine spark emanated from the creative source, has been returning to his Maker, has been gradually unfolding, one after another, those latent faculties through which he could understand his Father's will, and come into harmonious relations with his brother man.

Death does not lift the veil, but only opens another page in the great book of nature, teaches us a little more of ourselves, more of the divine economy, and opens to us a long eternity of progress, to unfold our spirits to the perception of the truly wise, the good, the beautiful, the infinite Father.

But we hear him in the divine harmonies of the celestial world; we see him in the transcendent beauties which surround us; we feel him in the soft and gentle attractions which bind our souls together; we perceive his all-pervading presence in the adaptation of our surroundings to the soul's aspirations, and more than all, we feel him in the sweet delights of existence, for he is our life our breath, our immortality.

To be more plain and practical, what are the uses of Spiritualism? confining it simply to its primary manifestation, and to the comprehension of all minds. It has settled as an absolute fact, the future existence of man, as man, of women and children, as such; and thus established more than all the creeds and dogmas, through which the world has waded, in pools of blood, since it began. It has settled the one great question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" "Who knoweth the spirit of a man that goeth upward, or the spirit of a beast, that goeth downward to the earth?" Who hath known this from the time of the ancient Prussians down to the present, until the advent of modern Spiritualism. And if they could answer that question through a blind, unreasoning faith, do they not still ask how are the dead raised, and with what body do they come. Then fool Spiritualism might explain; they rise from the diseased and worn out material body, a spiritual body; the same in form and feature, yet not the same, but far more beautiful. Memory is there, acquired knowledge is there; affection, sympathy, the love of the parent, still linger around the vacant board; the yearning spirit still watches over the little band, and grieves that they can not still be felt, and recognized.

O! who would then repel them from their homes and hearts; who would not still bind them by the cords of love and sweet affinity? Who would say, when the grave has closed over their material forms, we have no further need of their love and sympathy; let us rather say, if God in his great mercy permits it, our souls would still ensnare their memories, and grow buoyant and happy, as they come on the wings of the morning, and drop at our feet the heavenly manna which is to feed and nourish our souls? We would say if indeed the music of heaven may mingle with the songs of earth, let us pause and listen, and perchance its melody may win our souls to angel deeds, waken from their depths responsive music.—O! they can teach us love, forbearance, self-control, and that high sense of right that seeketh but the soul's approval, though the world may frown. Let us then listen, and think you that the earth is no longer desolate. Waiting the bright faces whose light once gleamed upon the now desolate home. If we are permitted to cast off the garments of sackcloth and ashes, and turn from the gloomy grave to a better land, radiant with the smiling faces of earth's past and buried treasures, and see them



still blooming in celestial beauty. Methinks a prayer of thankfulness should rise from a grateful soul to the Father. Or was the grief exhibited over the inanimate form, a solemn mockery; when we would have given kingdoms for one more look, one more word, perchance one sad farewell. Was it because we felt sure that the dead could not comfort us with our insincerity, and was our grief an idle show. Or when we prayed to the Father for light & knowledge had we no faith in our petitions. If there is efficacy in prayer—think you from the bereaved and mourning million, whose simultaneous cry of agony—was wafted on every breath, to heaven—making its ethereal courts, resound with one continuous wail, would it not destroy an angel's fest.

Could happiness be felt, by the freed spirits you were ever drawing earthward—by the ties of a deathless love. Nay they could not progress. The fond Mother's soul attraction, would draw her little one from heavenly pursuits and force it to become the hopeless spectator of her earnest grief—and it hovers around striving to dispel the mists of bigotry and error and awaken spiritual senses to a recognition of the glorified being whom your breaking heart has compelled to the mournful task of witnessing your grief. If this be so, and if the laws of mind are understood it is, then are you not guilty of robbing the loved ones of their heavenly enjoyments, or if it is true that their attractions are in the sphere of their lives would you deprive them of the sweet bliss of being recognised. Are you not guilty if by your sneers, your ridicule, your opposition, you shut out one yearning soul, from this reunion, and may you not be heaping up for yourselves lasting regrets.

The (so called) christian mother hopes to renew these kindred ties, which have been so ruthlessly severed. She hopes after years of patient endurance of the agonies of separation to meet them again and unite in an anthem of praise to the father. She fears the separation may be eternal. While the spiritual mother, consigned the outward form to the grave and communes daily and hourly with the spirit of her angel child. She knows no death but change. She knows there is no suspension of existence to her precious child—She feels its presence strengthening & encouraging her daily toils. She feels the light of heaven descending into her soul from the presence of a seraph child, lifting her from the dull earth and inspiring to efforts which will wake her warrior.

The child becomes the mentor in that mother's soul. The inspirer of nobler thoughts which alternate themselves in deeds, of love and goodness.

I do not say this is a ways the effect, for some times evil minds, change good to their own nature, and degrade these sacred communications.

But for more they have an elevating influence and place them in a condition to appreciate great duties of life. It has given back to the suffering spirit that portion of life, wasted in idle griefs and dim foreboding of the untried future.

Where awful terrors, have here haunted the human soul; through untold centuries, whose only music has been the wail of the mourner, as she vainly strove to penetrate mysteries of life that strange state; to meet death because she new no more. But the light of spiritualism has robbed death of its gloom and terror, making life only, real life only sacred—while its duties and obligations press back upon the soul, the weight of their divine significance. It follows then, that there is no creed no philosophy, no religion which demands so much from its believers as spiritualism. It teaches us to aspire to the highest phase of angelic life and to be, the embodiment of all that is pure and beautiful. It exacts far more than many are able to bear in their present, state of progress. It is incompatible with selfishness, arrogance, as pride and in short bids us turn back to the days of the apostles and refresh our memories with the exhibition of their humble, and fraternal relations. It would have every hour of your lives a living prayer every breath a divine in-sense to the father in heaven from the depths of pure soul, every day sanctified to virtue purity and truth as a continued Sabbath dedicated to the father in heaven. It would allure you by the loveliness and glory to be wrought from your own faculties to find pleasure in their exercise over making them subservient to the divine emotions.

Were we truly guided by our own innate consciousness of right, in all things, we could never trespass upon the rights of others. And our own souls would be the holiest tribunals before which to adjudge our duties and relations to our brother man. We have a superstitious fear of sinning against God, or His holy word. But how few are elevated enough to fear to sin against the holy spirit within, whose pure motions are ever checking us when we err.

When man truly reveres himself—when he truly comprehends his own nature, he will not degrade that nature by unholy contact with vice and deformity, but will labor to adorn and beautify his soul, and make his outward life a reflection of interior purity. Experience has demonstrated that law, that religion, is powerless to restrain men from vice. Then it is deficient. It lacks something which man needs, to make him better, happier. What is it, then, but to unfold his god-like attributes, and develop those fraternal relations which will place him in the attitude of an elder brother to those who are less fortunate and far-

ward, and in the omnipotence of will, aided by love and wisdom, he will go forth to redeem and elevate, and his morning and his evening sacrifices shall be the offering of some human spirit, saved from sin, from ignorance and misery, by the exercise of a living energy, upon the altars of humanity. This, then, is what spiritualism requires. Its prayers must be deeds of love and mercy. Its faith must work by love, and purify the heart, bringing it nearer, day by day, to the infinite father. Its heaven must be within the soul, where all the virtues blend in harmony. Then, indeed, will the music of heaven mingle with the songs of earth, for the purified spirit will be a fit temple for divine harmonies.

H. D.

SANDUSKY, Vt., July 1st 1857.

DEAR HUSBAND,—Your last letter was duly received, and I was very glad to learn of your progress in farming; and also that there is such a variety of wild fruit on our place, which will be matured for our use without the trouble of cultivation.

Those seeds of which you wrote I shall try to secure as soon as they are ripe, if I remain in these parts so long, and if not I shall engage someone to send them to us in the fall.

I am glad you have neighbors so near, I think three miles a long distance to the nearest neighbor, but I suppose there will soon be others settling in nearer than that, and perhaps by the time I get there in the fall there will be quite a settlement there; however I will not complain, if I am once more situated in our own home I think I shall be satisfied.

One little hut among the bushes,  
One that I love,"

With good health and a clear conscience I think will be enough to insure happiness.

I am now traveling from place to place as called upon by the people, and directed by the spirit guardians; speaking and healing as occasion requires, I enjoy this very well considering I am so much among strangers, for I am usually made perfectly welcome, and at home wherever I am sent.

A week ago last Sunday I spoke with the aid of spirits at Roxbury, where I saw some people from this place, who requested me to be here last Sunday; and I was accordingly. The people here, now wish me to remain until after next Sunday, which I think I shall do.

This seems rather strange business for me being rather new, nevertheless I feel impelled to do it.

The spirits have provided me with means thus far, for the prosecution of their business.

If I must travel after this fashion a great while I should wish to have you travel with me; but I hope that I may soon be allowed to repair to our secluded home in the far off western land.

Please direct your next to Groton Centre Mass. as I shall make provision to have my letters forwarded to me from that place.

Yours in truth,

HARRET C. DANFORTH.

The writer of the above letter is a lady with whom we have but very little acquaintance, and who, so far as we can learn, has not made herself conspicuous, by allowing her name to appear in the public prints. We think, however modest she has been in this respect, she is as an instrument in the hands of higher wisdom, of great value, both for the relief of the unfortunate sick, and for imparting the truth to the dark and ignorant minds of earth.

The above letter will be sufficient to show her whereabouts and future intentions.

We have some doubts whether she will be able to abandon her present work of mercy, and occupy the pleasant house in the bushes of Nebraska, alluded to in the letter.

### Correspondence.

MR. EDITOR:—Dear Sir,—I have been favored with the reading of two numbers of your journal, "the World's Paper," and have been much pleased with several of the articles both original and selected. I sympathize with the professed objects of the paper—viz. Reform, the world needs reform in many things, yea, in every thing. I like the idea too, of a free paper, where all can express their thoughts. But we ought to be careful not to abuse our freedom, we should never consider ourselves free to do, or say, or write that which will injure an individual or the community.

There are two pieces in the last number, which I think are of this kind, viz. one entitled "Religion" and the other the "Priesthood." I know nothing of the writers, except their signatures, but I am confident they will do nothing toward reforming the world by such articles, but will do much injury. I will not attempt any reply, for they indicate a want of candor and good taste, to my mind. Ministers are like other men, no doubt, imperfect, and yet the world would not be much improved, in my opinion, if the "Priesthood" as your correspondents call them, were abolished.

We need more religion than we have, and I am sorry to see any efforts to destroy it, or to lessen it in the estimation of the community. I heartily wish your paper success in building up truth and righteousness in the world.

Yours truly, S. A. DAVIS.

### Take Care of the Casket which contains the Jewels.

As the season approaches when malignant epidemics usually rage, we think it necessary to give the people some instructions with regard to the proper management of themselves, in respect to diet, bathing, and the laws of health generally; that they may not be subject to the diseases which are about to break out among them.

There are certain laws which are little regarded by the minds of earth, the disregard of which must result in disease; and at a season when, by the relaxing influence of the atmosphere, the physical organism is made more susceptible to the influence of disease than at any other, it is more dangerous to disregard these laws than at other times.

It has been proved that in cold climates, and in the cold season of the year, more animal food can be digested than in hot climates and in the hot season. Very stimulating food, or drink of any kind, tends to unfit the system to resist disease, and frequently brings on diseases of various kinds.

It is necessary to live in the simplest manner, having the food coarse, and the drink of nature's pure fountains, whenever contagious diseases rage.

Cleanliness is especially necessary when there is danger of contagion from any disease, or when the condition of the atmosphere indicates that an epidemic is liable to break forth. See to it, that all decaying substances are removed from your dwellings, that the air may be as pure as possible, and keep your sleeping apartments well ventilated.

Bathing is indispensable, if you would have perfect health, and in many instances when disease has already attacked an individual, it may be removed by a few simple baths, warm or cold, as the comfort of the patient requires. But the prevention of disease is much easier than the cure, and those who wish for long life in the earthly form should use such means as will secure them from the first attack of disease.

I am aware that many suppose God has decreed that man should suffer from derangement of the physical system, but look around and see if those who use the good things of earth as not abusing them by eating and drinking, that they may live, and not merely for the pleasure they may receive in so doing, are not those who enjoy the best health.

The physical powers of man have not been given to him that he should use them with profligacy, neither that they should be dormant; but that they should be exercised with care, and in amount sufficient to keep the blood in good circulation, which, if calculated with economy, would supply any individual with all things necessary for physical support and comfort. Let the rich man sell what he has, and give to the poor, and follow the laws of nature, and he will have more happiness than all his wealth can obtain, without the observance of these laws.

Let the poor man throw off all anxiety as much as possible, and feel that he can not make his condition better by violating nature's laws, in over-working himself; but that every violation of these bring him into deeper trouble.

I would that both rich and poor would make it their chief business to take proper care of their physical bodies, for the next three months. If the poor neglect to care for themselves properly, and by so doing bring themselves upon beds of sickness, how much have they gained? Doctors must then be called, and the time of the whole family must be spent in attending to the sick, when a little time spent in bathing, with a proper regard to diet and exercise in the open air, would have prevented the sickness.

If the rich love ease too much to labor enough to preserve their health, how much have they gained, when they are racked with pain upon the sick bed? Then are they compelled to do the severest kind of labor—that of enduring the penalty of violated law. Nor is this more respectable than the most laborious drudgery.

Love of the gratification of appetite is another fruitful cause of disease. I find this among both rich and poor. Many who are compelled to labor for every article of food or clothing they use, think they must have their tea and coffee, and fat pork, and many other expensive things, which they would be better off without; while they are groaning under the heavy burden of supporting their families in this manner.

Live more simply and labor less; but study more the laws of your being, and you will be healthier and happier.

DR. HENRY HIGHLAND.

By the hand of H. C. DANFORTH, Medium.

DEAR BROTHER TARBELL, Jr.—Permit me through the medium of the "World's Paper," to inform the Public that the subscriber having been called to attend the funeral of his Mother, Washburn in the christian village of Woodstock, Vt., Blessed with five churches at least, with tall steeples, (if such churches are a blessing to any people) I traveled some 75 miles to attend her funeral and when I got there, my old Father W. tried hard to procure a place in some meeting-house to hold the funeral in but was denied the privilege, notwithstanding he has been a Methodist in full connection for some 50 years, and kept a Methodist Tavern most of the time, and is now a member in good standing, as far as he knows, and never been accused of any offence, save his faith in spiritualism. He affirms that he has often been impressed by spirits, and in the stillness of the night hears them sing. He was under the necessity of hiring the Town Hall and paying \$3.00 for the use of it, in order to comply with the request of his deceased companion. As he is a poor man it appears strange to all Christians and Infidels in particular that no house could be had to attend a funeral in, and that such intolerance and bigotry should exist in Vt. or any where in the middle of the 19th century. They not only refused the use of a house but they made extra exertions to keep the people from attending the funeral which was on the Sabbath (May 24th last), notwithstanding all the opposition Sister Townsend spoke (or the spirits through her organism) to great effect, and with philosophical cleanness to a respectable and attentive audience both morning and afternoon.

In the morning the subject was pure and undefiled religion; or practical religion or christianity. The spirits that spoke said "We were infidels on your earth, and said the reason was because religion consisted more in forms and creeds than in works of love." I heard a number remark at the time that the doctrine urged upon us for acceptance, and practice was pure and good, but then they could not believe that infidels would come back to teach us morals and religion. The spirit announced through the medium in her trance state that they should as is the custom of the inhabitants of our earth, speak upon a funeral occasion, or upon the subject of death (or no death) and they were as good as their word, for after a suitable recess the medium was again entranced, and such singing, I think was never heard since the angels sang to the shepherds in Judea, and such a prayer or petition to the Father of all strength that he would strengthen, and support the medium to speak and the spirit to use her organism to enlighten the people upon the philosophy of death (or that which is so called) The met to used, was, that He shall reign until he has put all enemies under his feet, and the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. The spirit showed that the way to destroy death is to understand the philosophy of what we call death, which is no death, but perpetuation of life in another form of progressive being, that when these old bodies become so tattered, torn, bruised and worn by disease, and suffering that it becomes unfit longer to contain the immortal spirit, or tenant, it drops it to take to itself a new and different body. The way to destroy our enemies, and put them under our feet, is to become acquainted with them and so to destroy death (or what we call death) with all its terror and make it our best friend to become acquainted with its nature and philosophy. And such a discourse and application to all classes, I never heard, and allowing me to be any judge of sound reasoning or theology, I should judge it the most able and sublime discourse I ever heard.

I have spent my whole life from my boyhood in anxious study and solicitude for truth, but never found any system that commended itself to my understanding.

I, when but a lad embraced the faith of the M. E. church, although I was educated a congregationist or calvinist of the stricter sort, father, mother, and in fact all my friends (save two brothers) being of that order. When but a boy circumstances placed me in the society of methodists and I became a convert to their faith, and continued to cherish that faith, and zealously strove (for some thirty years of my life) to defend and propagate that doctrine in public and private traveling from place to place for many years to the very great displeasure and annoyance of my dear parents and most all of my connexions, and great sacrifices on my part by night and day with many tears.

For many years I adopted the maxim of Father Wesley, "To get all I could, and save all I could, and give all I could, and that was all I had, I know not why I am not a member of the M. E. Church in full, and good standing, as I never have been del with, or a charge has never been made a gainst me in any shape, or way as far as I have ever heard."

But many of my Old Brethren! that once apparently would have plucked out their eyes and given them to me, now treat me with great coldness and disrespect. And when I meet them and salute them with "Br. How do you do?" after some hesitation on their part, they say, "Mr. Britain how do you do?" This often brings to mind a circumstance that took place years ago, when I was in trade with a man by the name of Jos. Palmer. A good Br. Budge that traded much with us was asked by a neighbor which he liked the best, Britain or Palmer. His reply was Britain is much the honest man, but Palmer has more Religion.

we were both of one faith but, Palmer talked, the most.

This appears to be about the view the church takes of religion at this time, I looked upon the Doctrine of the M. E. Church the nearest right of any of the sons of the land, yet I was not satisfied with it, and did not think it could be supported from the great Book of nature, Reason or common sense, hence I laid my reason up, on the upper shelf, and took for my guide what I supposed to be the letter of the word and the tradition of the Father and adopted, as my motto let God be true if every man, reason science, and the great Book of nature, all prove false. Until I heard of the little tiny invisible raps near Rochester, N. Y. Then my Inquisitiveness was aroused to know what it could mean, I hoped some good would come of it, and clear up the doubts of the world in reference to Immortality, and the condition of the dead for upon this subject, I had much anxiety and study I soon communicated to man, and have been much interested and benefited through their teachings, and can say "whereas I was blind I now see" "this is the way I long have sought and mourned because I found it not."

I now see a beauty, and consistency in the great Book of nature and in the Character, of God and his dealings with the children of men in the objection, and aim of the creation of man, that I never see before—and I can say our invisible teachers have proved, to me, the best Biblical commentators. I have ever seen although I have been familiar with many for years. I didn't think of writing but a few lines when I commented but I have written so long a letter with my own hand, if you can read it do what with it you please, you know I told you once I could not make a short speech, you if you may publish any part of this you please if any.

Yours for eternal progression. S. B. Hardwick, June 22, 1857.

### Ulm the Murderer.

Wednesday, of last week, the life cells for the detention of the murderers, were again completed, having been remodeled and rebuilt so far as to insure perfect safety. The prisoners who were assigned to them, were put back once more into these coffins, again and anew buried alive.

The process was begun by taking Ulm, of St. Joseph Co., who had escaped from his life cell and subsequently been recaptured. He has been set at work in the shops and was heavily shackled. The Deputy Keeper went to him and asked him to go into another room and have his shackles removed preparatory to again entering his cell. Ulm rather surlily replied that he shouldn't take off his shackles more than once more. This remark was reported to Mr. Hammond who gave orders to have him wear his fetters into his cell.

On being taken to his cell, Mr. Hammond who there awaited his coming, ordered him to strip himself, telling him that he should go into the cell as naked as he came into the world. Ulm hesitated a moment and then he commenced stripping, saving, however, that he couldn't get his pants off because of his fetters. Mr. Hammond then ordered a knife and ripped down his pants intending to take them off that way and leave the shackles on for a while. The precaution proved a timely one. Sewed into the legs of his pants were found two large files, two large knives one of them well sharpened and a large chisel. Provided with these, he doubtless meditated another successful escape. After stripping him, he was turned into his cell furnished with an entirely new suit of clothes from the prison wardrobe.

It was evidently a daring scheme of the wretch, and the discovery and frustration of his plans was a severe disappointment. From an early hour in the afternoon till nearly midnight, he paced his cell incessantly in great agitation. The hope of liberty was crushed out, and a last opportunity slipped through his eager clutches. Ah, the way of the transgressor! how hard it is!—Detroit (Michigan) Tribune, June 2.

### The Philosophy of Charity.

Charity is the perfection of all christian excellencies; it is the benignant angel of the human soul. Charity is the perfect image and manifestation of fraternal love; and fraternal love is the development, refinement, and expansion of self love. Fraternal, or brotherly love, therefore, unfolds itself into a most beautiful form—a form embracing the elements and attributes of the self love and conjugal love; and this form, when manifested among men, bears the impress of an angel, and her name is Charity.

The tenderness of her nature, the beautiful spontaneity of her impulses, and the gentleness and delicate attention which characterize her intercourse with the sick, the poor, the prodigal, the abandoned, and the disconsolate, are precious evidences of her exalted character and glorious mission.

Education and circumstances sometimes prevent the manifestation of her nature and influence in the world, and sometimes she is chained and imprisoned within the gloomy vaults and cheerless dungeons of the miser's dark and selfish heart; but when she is permitted to walk forth among men, a sweet and heavenly

influence proceeds from her, like that from angels more exalted and divine, and spreads over the community in which she resides. The seal of divinity is upon her brow, and she is never more beautiful or powerful than when her works and deeds are unaccompanied with display and pretension. If charity is properly directed, and unrestrained while walking in the holy avenues of wisdom, her deeds will unfold like heavenly violets in the garden of the soul; and spread the fragrance of happiness wherever she treads. An individual may be distinguished for temperance, and patience, and perseverance, and for good judgment, and for sectarian sanctimoniousness, 'but,' says a free thinker and writer of the patriarchal age, 'the greatest of these is CHARITY.'

Charity teaches us to feel that one member can not suffer without all the other members sympathizing and suffering with it—that not one individual can suffer from pain, or punishment, or exile, or destitution, or from any conceivable affliction, without positively affecting, to some extent, the quietude and happiness of every other individual. Hence she teaches that the inhabitants of this planet, and of other planets in our solar system, and the inhabitants of the planets of immensity, and all the subordinate, and superior, and celestial, and super-celestial angels, and the Father himself, yea, that all would be disquieted and consequently unhappy; were one, only one immortal soul consigned to eternal misery!

Charity educates and expands the perceptions, and conceptions, and all other attributes of the soul. She teaches self love to be just, and kind, and gentle, with one's self. Then she expands and teaches self to perfect self in another—that is, to form a perfect union with another and corresponding self, by conjugal relations and attractions. Then she teaches the soul to feel its individuality, to acknowledge its dependence, and cultivate the spirit of a universal relationship. Then she admonishes us to preserve and perfect our enjoyments, and attributes, and freedom of our neighbors. Thus our companions, and relatives, and friends, and neighbors, and all the nations of the earth, and the friends and relatives in other worlds, together with all the spiritual embodiments of goodness in higher spheres—yea, this ALL will experience the glowing influence, will feel the genial embrace, of the angel of charity! Thus self love unfolds and expands into conjugal love; and fraternal love elaborates the most beautiful image,—in her nature, and form, and influence, the most sweet and lovely angel; and her name is Charity.

Charity's field of action is as expansive as the boundless universe. Her mission in the soul is to pervade every good act and principle with toleration; and to throw around the victims of sin and circumstances an atmosphere of lenity, forbearance, benevolence, forgiveness, and reconciliation. Her true labor is not so much in direct reference to the poor, as to the causes of poverty; not so much in reference to the sinful as to the causes of sin; it is not confined to the individual, but is extended to the whole. In the steady discharge of her mission, Charity is tender, gentle, unpretending and strong. Conscious of innate holiness and purity of motive, she never fears or feels contamination. Should she enter the most gorgeous palace, or the darkest chamber of corruption and disease—yea, should she labor in the deepest sinks of sin—she would be an angel still. The generous heart beats not merely for individual instances of suffering and depravity, but for the purification and happiness of universal humanity. When guided exclusively by wisdom, she confers her kindness, not upon the few, but upon the many—not upon the immediate object of destitution, but upon the institutions, hospitals and asylums designed by her for the permanent relief of mankind, everywhere and in all conditions.

Whether beating in the midst of cold magnificence, or in the prison's darkest cell, the blinded, misdirected and dawning heart should be warmed and illumined by the sweet influence of Charity. She should mitigate the severity of every punishment, and lessen the magnitude of every transgression. Charity is not proud. She rides in the good man's bosom, but seldom in costly equipages. She sits watchfully in the inmost sanctuary of the well developed soul; but is seldom found in fashionable churches. She discourses in deeds, but seldom in words from modern pulpits. To search out the nature and extent of want; to heal the sick; to breathe benevolence and reformation into the midst of pollution and depravity. —[Great Harmonia.]



## Poetical.

### Is there a God?

BY REV. H. FOSTER.—MEDIUM.

Thou Infinite, Supreme, Eternal Mind!  
In thy nature Love,—in action kind.  
Of thine existence Nature loud proclaims,  
In all its forms, its objects, and its aims.

Who views, at evening tide, the azure sky,  
From over, and around, must thee desire;  
Or looks to planets, or to suns, or stars,  
Must see thy glory beaming from afar.

Or looks he on the ocean's proudest wave,  
Or sees the slender barge its fury brave,  
Or dashed beneath the fiercer billow's surge,  
Or hear those billows sound the funeral dirge;

Or view the mountain with its cloud-capped  
heights,  
Or know its peaks are far above your sight,  
Or I am, amid its everlasting snow,  
No animal or earthly products grow;

Or views in yonder open, wide-spread vale,  
Or in the woodland, hear the warbler's tale,  
Or view those songsters soaring high in air,  
All all proclaim that Nature's God is there.

Or should I man turn himself to look on man,  
Or try the laws of life and health to scan,  
In all alike, a God-head he must own,  
Whose wisdom and whose powers the work has done.

These things came not by chance, 'tis folly all,  
Or if there does exist a mind so small  
As thinks that chance is ruler of the game,  
A question rises, how he thus became.

What wisdom guides this fancied being Chance?  
What mind directs his measures to advance?  
What cause for order that mankind can see?  
What, but a God, such order could decree.

If chance the order that you see supplies,  
It then is certain that such chance is wise,  
And chance thus wise mankind might well adore,  
As having in itself wisdom and power.

If chance like this is ruler of the game,  
A God it is, or what is just the same,  
It must have wisdom, wisely to direct,  
And power its plans to finally effect.

So when you're shown your Chance to rule in all  
You've shown a God before whom you should fall;  
A God of order, wisdom, goodness, power,  
A God that man should worship ever more.

WILDERFORCE.

### Song of Salvation.

BY REV. H. FOSTER.—MEDIUM.

The song of salvation! how sweet it doth rise,  
While the spirits look down from their home in the skies,  
And wrap in the mantle of seraphic fire,  
The spirit that doth for their favor aspire.

Aloof from the earth with all its charms,  
Aloof from its clamor and noisy alarms—  
Away where his bosom all peaceful and blest,  
With his God and the Spirits his spirit has rest.

O, why should vain mortals attempt to destroy  
Why seek to disturb, or to grieve, or annoy: [sigh]  
Why wrench from their bosom, the heart-rending  
Or rob them of comfort they cannot supply!

'Twas the will of the Saviour on man to bestow,  
Some bliss, mid the scenes of earth's sorrow & woe;  
To pour in the balm of his grace to the mind,  
And shed on their pathway, a light to the blind.

The angels, he tells us, have pleasure untold,  
When man comes repentant on Christ to lay hold;  
The seraphs who swift can fly on the wings,  
The news shall proclaim till the wide heavens ring.

[believes.

Then why charge the mortal with wrong, who  
That Spirits in consciousness ever will live,  
They know our condition, and are where we are,  
Or that in our advancement in goodness, they share.

The order of being that always exists,  
Attaches the Spirits of that world to this,  
And helps man in holy devotion to rise, [skies,  
And join with those Spirits, that reign in the

But break this connection, our hopes are all gone,  
And we are forever completely undone;  
That chain but once severed, can never unite,  
And man is undone, all his efforts in spite.

But thanks to the Lord, he away hath prepared,  
That man, his commission, may know how to share,  
And the time has arrived, when this radiant light,  
Has pierced through the darkness of man's moral night.

Look up then, ye mortals! your God is at hand;  
He soon will exalt thee, to that upper land,  
Where doubting and darkness, shall vex thee no more,  
And thy sorrows and troubles forever are o'er!

WHITEFIELD.

### Angel Whispers.

MRS. S. S. GAGE, MEDIUM.

We come—we come in wisdom's name  
We come, our mission to proclaim!  
We come, to feed the hungry soul,  
We come, to heal and make them whole.

We come, in love and union strong,  
We come, to tarry with you long;  
We come, in harmony to reign,  
We come, and all the truth proclaim.

In understanding nature's laws,  
We come, the social lines to draw;  
We come, to break the galling chain,  
We come, the victory to proclaim.

We come, the gospel thus to show,  
By doing good no evil know;  
That life and love we may impart,  
To every careworn, stricken heart.

The joy which we devoutly bring  
Is given by our leader king!  
That all may share this bounteous store,  
We freely give it, evermore.

## Selected Miscellany.

From Seneca's Morals.

### Poverty to a Wise Man is rather a Blessing than a Misfortune.

No man shall ever be poor who goes to himself for what he wants; and that is the readiest way to riches. Nature, indeed, will have her due; but yet, whatsoever is beyond necessity is precarious, and not necessary. It is not her business to gratify the palate, but to satisfy a craving stomach. Bread, when a man is hungry, will answer, let it be ever so coarse; and water when he is dry; let his thirst be quenched, and Nature is satisfied, no matter whence it comes, or whether he drinks in gold, silver, or in the hollow of his hand. To promise a man riches, and to teach him poverty, is to deceive him; but shall I call him poor who wants nothing; though he may be beholden for it to his patience, rather than to his fortune? Or shall any man deny him to be rich, whose riches can never be taken away. Whether it is better to have much, or enough? He who has much desires more, and shows he has not yet enough; but he who has enough is at rest. Shall a man be reputed the less rich for not having that for which he shall be banished; for which his very wife, or son, shall poison him: that which gives him security in war, and quiet in peace: which he possesses without danger and disposes of without trouble? No man can be poor who has enough; nor rich, who covets more than he has. Alexander, after all his conquests, complained that he wanted more worlds: he desired something more, even when he had gotten all; and that which was sufficient for human nature was not enough for one man. Money never made any man rich: for the more he had, the more he still coveted.

The richest man that ever lived is poor in my opinion, and in any man's may be so; but he who keeps himself to the stint of Nature, does neither feel poverty nor fear it; may even in poverty itself there are some things superfluous. Those which the world calls happy, their felicity is a false splendor, which dazzles the eyes of the vulgar; but our rich man is glorious and happy within. There is no ambition in hunger or thirst; let there be food, and no matter for the table, the dish, and the servants, nor with what meats Nature is satisfied. Those are the torments of luxury, that rather stuff the stomach than fill it; it studies rather to cause an appetite than to allay it. It is not for us to say, "This is not handsome that is common; the other offends my eye." Nature provides for health, not delicacy. When the trumpet sounds a charge, the poor man knows he is not aimed at; when they cry out 'fire,' his body is all he has to look after; if he be to take a journey, there is no blocking up of streets, and thronging of passages, for a parting compliment; a small matter fills his stomach, and contents his mind; he lives from hand to mouth, without caring or fearing for to-morrow. The temperate rich man is but his counterfeiter; his wit is quicker and his appetite calmer.

No man finds poverty a trouble to him, but he who thinks it so; and he who thinks it so, makes it so. Does not a rich man travel more at ease with less luggage, and fewer servants? Does he not eat many times as little and as coarse in the field as a poor man? Does he not for his own pleasure, sometimes, and for variety, feed upon the ground, and use only earthen vessels? Is he not a madman then, who always fears what he often desires, and dreads the thing he takes delight to imitate; he who would know the worst of poverty, let him but compare the looks of the rich and of the poor; and he shall find the poor man to have a smoother brow, and to be more merry at heart; or if any trouble befalls him, it passes over like a cloud: whereas the other, either his good humor is counterfeit, or his melancholy deep and ulcerated, and the worse, because he dares not publicly own his misfortune; but he is forced to play the part of a happy man, even with a cancer in his heart. His felicity is but personated; and if he were but stripped of his ornaments, he would be contemptible. In buying a horse, we take off his clothes and his trappings, and examine his shape and body, for fear of being cheated; and shall we put an estimate upon a man for being set off by his fortune and quality? Nay, if he see anything of ornament about him, we are to suspect him the more for some infirmity under it. He that is not content in poverty, would not be so neither in plenty; for the fault is not in the thing but in the mind.

If that be sickly, remove him from a kennel to a palace, he is at the same pass, for he carries his disease along with him. What can be happier than the condition, both of mind and of fortune, from which we cannot fall? What can be a greater felicity than, in a covetous designing age, for a man to live safe among informers and thieves? It puts a poor man into the very condition of Nature, that gives all, without reserving anything to itself. How happy is he who owes nothing but to himself, and only that which he can easily refuse or easily pay!

I do not reckon him poor who has but a little, but he is so who covets more: it is a fair degree of plenty to have what is necessary. Whether had a man better find satiety in want, or hunger in plenty? It is not the augmenting of our fortunes, but the abatements of our appetites, that makes us rich. Why may not a man as well contain riches in his own coffers as in another man's; and rather hear that they are his, than feel them to be so? though it is a great matter not to be corrupted, even by having them under the same roof. He is the greater man who is honestly poor in the middle of his life; but he is the more secure who is free from the temptation of that plenty, and has the least matter for another to design upon. It is no great business for a poor man to preach the contempt of riches, or for a rich man to extol the benefits of poverty, because we do not know how either the one or the other would behave himself in the contrary condition. The best proof is, the doing it by choice, and not by necessity; for the practice of poverty in jest is a preparation toward the bearing of it in earnest. But it is yet a generous disposition so to provide for the worst of fortunes as what may be easily borne: the predominance makes them not only tolerable, but delightful to us; for there is that in them, without which nothing can be comfortable, that is to say, security. If there were nothing else in poverty but the certain knowledge of our friends, it were yet a most desirable blessing, when every man leaves us, but those who love us. It is a shame to place the happiness of life in gold and silver, for which bread and water is sufficient; or, at the worst, hunger puts an end to hunger. For the honor of poverty, it was both the fountain and the cause of the Roman empire; and no man was ever yet so poor but he had enough to carry him to his journey's end.

All I desire is, that my property may not be a burden to myself, or make me so to others; and that is the best state of fortune, that is neither directly necessary, nor far from it. A mediocrity of fortune, with a gentleness of mind, will preserve us from fear or envy; which is a desirable condition, for no man wants power to do mischief. We never consider the blessing of coveting nothing, and the glory of being full in ourselves, without depending upon fortune. With parsimony, a little is sufficient; and without it nothing; whereas frugality makes a poor man rich. If we lose an estate, we had better never have had it: he who has least, has least to fear; and those are better satisfied whom fortune never favored than those whom she has forsaken. The state is most commodious that lies between poverty and plenty. Diogenes understood this very well, when he put himself into an incapacity of losing any thing. That course of life is most commodious which is both safe and wholesome; the body is to be indulged no farther than for health; and rather mortified than not kept in subjection to the mind. It is necessary to provide against hunger, thirst and cold; and somewhat for a covering to shelter us against other inconveniences; but not a bit matter whether it be of turf or of marble. A man may lie as warm and as dry under a thatched as under a gilded roof. Let the mind be great and glorious, and all other things are despicable in comparison. "The future is uncertain; and I had rather beg of myself not to desire anything, than of fortune to bestow it."

### EDUCATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

OUR Common School and elementary Popular Education, are the pride and glory of our country. Our school-books, and the instruction thence derived, are far in advance of those of any other nation. But our higher education has no such superiority over that of the most enlightened nation of Europe—in fact inferior to that in Germany, France and in some respects to that of Great Britain. And while our common schools and school books are continually and rapidly

improving, our colleges have scarcely evinced a shadow of advancement during the last eventful half-century. They increase and multiply like frogs of Egypt, but they teach their student the same useless masses of words, Revolution, it would be difficult to name another instrumentality genuine improvement as in the great majority of our colleges. In the Middle Ages, nearly all abstract Knowledge, all elevated ennobling Thought, was to be found only in the dead languages. The number of scholars was so few, the cost of books so great, and the ability and disposition to buy them so limited, that their publication in the various living languages would have been a ruinous adventure. Hence Milton and Newton wrote and published in Latin in order to reach that audience though few, who were at all likely to read their works, or any other treating of the same lofty themes. But would not the world laugh in deserved derision at Bancroft, Prescott, Hildreth, Bryant, Dana, Hawthorn and Silliman, if they should now publish in Latin or Greek? Most certainly. And yet there is no essential difference between such utterance and the kindred absurdity of constraining our more fortunate youth to spend half their college terms in acquiring a knowledge of Greek and Latin, which nine-tenths of them will never turn to any practical account, and which most of them will utterly forget before they shall have been three years out of their studies.

I was once pressing this view of the question on a thorough University scholar who had been for several years engaged with eminent success as a teacher of the classics, when he replied in substance, "You don't state your case strong enough. You and I might differ as to the value of Greek and Latin to our young men, proving these languages were actually acquired; the conclusive fact is, they never are learned in our colleges. I say 'never,' because this is the general rule. Not one in twenty graduates really knows any thing of the dead languages when he leaves college, and the time spent in studying them has in most cases been absolutely thrown away. It were better devoted to learning how to fiddle." Such was the judgment of a ripe and eminent scholar. And it is one which experience will confirm and establish.

We have something like a hundred colleges in this country, the total expenditure upon which can hardly average less than \$50,000 per annum each, or Five Millions of Dollars in all. This is a vast sum, and one by the disbursement of which a vast amount of good should be secured. I believe it is not too much to estimate the aggregate sum expended on the inculcation of Greek and Latin in this country, (academies and private tuition included,) at Three Millions of Dollars, or if we include the value of the students' time in our estimate, the total cost of Greek and Latin to the United States can not fall below Five Millions per annum. Is the product worth the money?

Of course there are individuals to whom the study of the dead languages is appropriate; but they bear a very small proportion to the whole number of our liberally educated youth. At least nine-tenths of the whole number will be no wiser or richer for all the Latin and Greek drilled into them during the process of their education.

On the other hand they waste inevitably the years which should be devoted to the acquisition of genuine, practical knowledge. Chemistry, Geology, Meteorology, and other sciences of the deepest and most practical interest are neglected or slurred over, because their time is engrossed in half learning that which never can be of the least use to them. The farmer's son graduates at the cost of a heavy slice of the paternal homestead; but his college course has not taught him how to cultivate and improve the residue. His ignorant brother is better qualified to manage the farm than the educated son. So in every department of industrial execution. The college-bred youth, if he happened to possess the peculiar qualities which fit him for eminence as a clergyman, lawyer or physician, may do well; but if he lack these, his education is a failure—nay, he is disqualified by it to maintain an equal struggle for livelihood with his dull brother, who always shirked school when he could, and who never reads when he can avoid it. The uneducated see this, and are confirmed by it in prejudices against all forms of liberal education. Why waste years and hundreds of dollars, they query, in a course of study which renders the student more helpless, useless and dependent than he would be if left in ignorance. The question, so natural and forcible,

suggests and urges a radical reform in education.

What we need is not more colleges, but better ones—colleges in which our youth shall mainly be taught that which they most need to know, and which will render them palpably, signally useful to their fellow men. We need colleges in which every student, without regard to fortune or tendency, shall be taught to work and how to work—taught how to employ labor to the best advantage on the farm, in the forest, the mill or the mine, and taught to love labor and really deem it honorable and ennobling. We need colleges in connection with which various branches of industry—agricultural, mechanical and manufacturing—shall be skillfully, scientifically, and vigorously prosecuted, and every teacher as well as student trained to fine health, profit and enjoyment therein. We need colleges wherein the discoveries of genius and the truths of science shall be familiarly and palpably reduced to daily practice, and impressed on the unfolding mind by being mingled with and rendered useful in each student's daily tasks and exertions. In short, we need colleges which shall graduate not merely Masters of verbal, but Masters of useful arts, men (and women too) fitted and incited to teach and to learn in every department of beneficent human exertion. When shall the public need of such colleges be even partially satisfied?—[Shekinah.

### Gallery of Paintings at the Luxembourg.

I have come again to spend the day here. If I feel that I can express any of the thoughts which rise, and which would interest you, I will do it. But they will be detached. For when any view or thought springs up, I shall stop upon the spot and dash it down as it first lives in me.

Did you ever, after very dear friends, with whom all the sympathies of your heart were affiliated, had left places in which you and they had lived much in a short time, experience a gentle, serene happiness, and stroll about—sorry and glad that they were gone—feeling their presence in every thing, and having from every object around you a bright emanation of remembrance of them? Well, then, you know, not how I feel to-day, in this gallery, but you know the direction in which to imagine it. I am calm, happy, full of sympathy—but rational—piercingly appreciative—and yet, there is every where a second sense, or bright over-current of remembrance of the golden joys of my first visit. The visit of day before yesterday seems like the guardian angel of to-day's visit—a spirit hovering round its charge!

It is surprising to what an extent one may learn his own mental peculiarities in such a gallery, by remarking the pictures which affect him most, and those, equally good, and better as works of art, from which he turns soon and carelessly. I do not feel attracted by pictures which express only veneration, nor by those which express unmingled sorrow, or horror, or fear. There is here a noble painting, by Scheffer, of a distant battle between the Turks and Sulist Greeks, and the near figures composed of the Sulist women witnessing the defeat of their husbands and parents, and resolving to east themselves down from the high rocks on which they are grouped. I can not look at it for a moment. There are eighteen women, exhibiting very different effects of grief, and three beautiful children in the group—when is not a little beautiful? I linger upon these little fellows more than upon all the rest.

In another picture, by Delorme, Hector reproaches Paris for not going out to the war, but living in effeminate enjoyment with Helen. She is the center figure, the very impersonation of light, simple, confiding love; not the deep, silent love, but the laughing, childlike affection.—She is disrobed the one half, with gossamer about one arm, and a delicate cherry-colored robe about her loins and limbs. Hector stands on the left, his back to the light, so that his face and whole front are in the shadow of his own body, enhancing the expression of high honorable reproach conveyed by his face, position, and full apparel of arms. Paris, stung by his words, has risen up hastily from dalliance with Helen, and is striding away, wearing an expression of shame and honorable resolve upon a face which yet retains, in part, the recent sweetness of love. He tears a chaplet of flowers from his head; and a thin filmy scarf, which his forward motion luckily entangles, sweeps upon him judiciously, just in time to save him from being quite naked. A statue of Nenus in the dim, but

light background, a fan of peacock's feathers in her hand, falling upon her right shoulder, a couch behind, with a leopard's skin upon it, sufficiently indicate the auspices under which they high-erto had dwelt.

ROMANS DURING THE DECLINE.—This picture alone is larger than the whole side of one of our parlors, measuring about thirty feet by twenty, and contains thirty-five figures larger than life size. It represents a luxurious Roman banquet, in its largest stages; flowers, roses, princely and gorgeous garments of Tyrian dye, lie on the marble table in front; a couch and table extended the whole length of the portico, which is open to the air on the far side, from which the light comes. The whole shows the utmost luxury of dress—which, however, seems to have very little to do with their bodies—and the utmost abandonment to wine and pleasure. The men are in every stage of intoxication—some being carried out by slaves—some asleep on the floor, or dozing at the table—some drinking wine—some kissing their beautiful neighbors, who are profusely scattered through the picture in every conceivable condition, except decent ones. It is full of nakedness, lust and drunken revelry. There is an air of earnestness about the whole, of an utter abandonment of themselves, soul and body, to revelry, which makes the effect awful. This is heightened by powerful accessories. The vast building, a fault of old Roman greatness of conception; the statues of the noble Romans of other days standing up in gigantic size against the background; and two noble, virtuous and indignant Romans, on one side, who are looking in, ashamed and heart-faint at the baseness of their countrymen—these give such an effect to the whole, that one can not help feeling his indignation rising against the luxurious wretches. The utmost breath of sensuous pleasure excites not one sympathy in you for the pleasure, but you mourn for the state which is cankered & destroyed by such excesses.

O, what a noble, melancholy picture is the next, by Dela-croix—the Death of Elizabeth, Queen of England. I never before have seen a death-scene painted that equalled the occasion. But what can I say more of a picture, in which Elizabeth is dying. Cecil trying to comfort her, her nobles and chief men being present, than that it more than equals the imagination? It lifts it up—it gives it so know, as it never did before, what such a scene must have been! I will describe it if I get home—language may indicate the ideas, but never the coloring, the strength of the figures, the depth of the whole thing. It was hardly more real, in life, than on the canvas.

I never before realized the right effect of size in pictures. Large canvas conveys something which is more than the mere figures—there is a sense of reality in things of life-size, or even greater than the natural, which does not belong to, and can not be conveyed by smaller sizes.—Star Papers.

### NOTICE.

WHEREAS, my wife, Margaret Henderson, has left my bed and board without any provocation, I hereby notify all persons, that I shall pay no charges of her contracting after the time of her departure.  
JAMES HENDERSON.  
East Bethel, June 10, 1857.

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