

Welcome or unwelcome as this sheet may be to the readers of its pages, no matter. It has a sort of mission to perform aside from that usually performed by the secular press. However obscure or unpopular its origin and support, is a matter of no consequence to us. Our object is higher than considerations of praise or pay, and these considerations shall satisfy the toil and trouble of its issue, rather than the advantage of paltry pay or personal praise. We have no objections, it is true, to merited favor, but do dislike the empty echo of the flatterer as we do the threats of the tyrant. It no doubt has been thought by some that our humble sheet had found its grave, but we have never thought so, it still lives and should forever, so far as it is a vehicle to convey truth to the human soul, it will live in the memory of the just. We do not glorify the name, although we think it a good one, and mean the *Paper* to be devoted to the cause of truth as found in all grades of human mind, rather than any sect or party. With these views and opinions we trust our little bark on the great ocean of life, to meet the opposing wave of prejudice, or party, and should our small craft get upset it will only be enrolled in the catalogue with hundreds of others that have gone before it down the cataclysm of passing events. Then do not ask us to lend ourselves or our columns to serve the popular without merit, or the haughty without justice, for we have no such intention and must ask to be excused from any such mission.

We would wish to call the attention of our readers to the prospectus which we publish and which follows this article; as that defines very conclusively our views and objects.

## PROSPECTUS.

We do not enter upon this labor without feeling the necessity of an apology.

Inadequate as we acknowledge ourselves to do THAT justice to the great subjects that may come before us; still we feel it a duty to make an effort in the direction of what we deem reform, and as we do so, we ask the extension of all charity.

Should we come short of our anticipations, we shall only be enrolled with the disappointed that have been.

It would be our highest duty, as well as necessity, to present all matter in the most simple and truthful manner. All attempts to make popular display, or style will be neglected, all patience to make plain and simple all subjects, will be employed.

Our readers may expect these columns open for all subjects, that are of practical importance to the world. Christianity, Religions, Spiritualism, Governments, Civil Law, Slavery, Railroads, Banks, Agriculture, Commerce and all the reformatory movements of the age.

As believers in the truths taught by our invisible friends we shall look to them, for our highest and most valuable instructions.

We shall, however, cast around us in every direction for truth. We shall seek it in the great book of Nature, we shall seek it in the Arts and Sciences; we shall seek it in the Animal Kingdom; embracing the human race.

Be it remembered, we shall hold ourselves at liberty to expose error, whenever and wherever found. The Truth is what the world needs, and suffers for, and not the upbuilding of any sect or party.

It is not our object to court applause of the popular, nor indeed, do we expect to make it a source of pecuniary profit to ourselves; but we hope to agitate thought in many, and thereby be instrumental in aiding the great work of reform.

No insertion will appear in our columns unless we are satisfied of its value, and none will be refused which presents that appearance although the party may be found in poverty's vale.

With these preliminary remarks, we enter upon our labors cheerfully, understandingly, and with determination.

In conclusion we say, we invite no quarrels, we compromise with no errors, but hold ourselves at liberty to meet out a strict and substantial justice to all, without the slightest regard to position or claim.

## THE WORLD'S PAPER.

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

Vol. 2.

SANDUSKY, VERMONT, AUGUST 25, 1860.

No. 9.

Sample numbers free to all.—  
Address, P. P. RIPLEY & Co.,  
Sandusky, Vt.

All who feel interested in our humble efforts will do us the favor to encourage the patronage of this paper.

## To Correspondents.

We expect to issue a few copies of the *World's Paper*, here many we do not now know; should any individual feel an inclination to write upon any subject, we should be happy to have them do so, always remembering, however, that their productions are public property, and subject to remark and criticism. No popular writers are solicited on that account, and none rejected for their humble position. No sect or party are preferred but intend all to have a space in our humble sheet if their productions are in our estimation worthy.

We have a long time been satisfied that truth is not confined to sect or party, but that it permeates the whole body of humanity. It shines more beautifully, in our estimation, in some departments than others, but to us because we assimilate nearer than others in the same degree of unfoldment and taste. So then, with these views thus frankly presented, we extend our invitation alike to believers in any religion and those of no religion, believers in any political doctrine or none, believers in any doctrines or dogmas that ever flashed through the human brain. We have an opinion as to the more common subject of the day and dare to press it. We occupy the highest summit of freedom that we can conceive it possible for us to occupy, yet we must be honest enough to assure our readers that we sometimes feel the iron heel of public opinion bearing us downward. Not, however as we should if we lived under the shade of steeples towering upward as if to attract the notice of the God who is so formally worshiped beneath their pillars.

North Bennington, Aug. 14, 1860.  
FRIEND TARBELL:—I was pleased, yesterday, to receive the "WORLD'S PAPER." If the present No. is a sample of what future Nos. are to be, as regards its literary and philosophical character, I am satisfied that it will do good, but this is the opinion of one, perhaps a different paper would suit others better.

Allow me to call particular attention to one or two points, noticed in your remarks on the Burlington Convention.

First, what would you have the Convention do with the women in Jail? You say "they did forget to let the unfortunate female out of the Burlington Jail."

From this I infer, that had they thought of it they might have done so. I either misunderstand the case, or else the Convention had no power to liberate. Is it not true, that those unfortunate females are confined there to prevent them from resorting to prostitution for means of support? I do not understand they are charged with any other offence. The Convention was so informed by Br. Weston, and it seems to me, they so understood it. It seemed to me folly, then, to talk about the Convention liberating those females, confined there by order of the court. True, had they been under the influence of fanaticism, they might have gone with guns and bars, and possibly, opened the Jail for their liberation, but it must be evident, to all I think, that Spiritualists have no desire to resort to such means, to express their sympathy for the unfortunate. To my mind, if I understand the case, the Convention done all it could do, by pledging itself to urge upon those who have power, to provide a place where those unfortunate of our race, may for the time have a chance to earn their own bread without the disgrace of a confinement in a Prison. The Convention, simply, aimed at making a practical thing within our own State borders of the plan of Emma Hardinge, who, as you intimate, has not, as I have learned, limited her benevolent efforts to the city of Philadelphia. True, the Committee did read the plan of Miss Hardinge, and did hope, doubtless, that the Convention would take up the idea for special consideration; had they done so, the reasons for or against it as appearing in the minds of all might have been given. Had they done so, they would have been acting upon your own

suggestion, viz: to take up some distinctive idea for consideration, but instead, all that was said in the conference amounted to but little, in my own mind. I listened to your argument with more sympathy than you was aware of. Sympathy—because I saw a prejudice against you, and because I felt your proposition to be the only one that would, if carried out, enlarge our understanding. We have all had experience enough, both in spirit manifestation and worldly opposition to individualize us, and what must be evident to an observer is the likeness of all our experiences, there is such a sameness about it, that the relation of one presents a picture that is in others slightly shaded.

As a social, fraternal gathering of minds of the spiritual idea, I regard the Convention a decided success, and doubt not its influence will be for good.

With the last paragraph, in the article alluded to, I have but little sympathy, because I cannot see how it can be made practical. I know you will say you do not ask my sympathy, as you did in the cars, and I also know it is not worth much. To my mind, however, it is something to get people willing to talk about these things and to listen to them. I cannot object to the formalities, because all expected enough of forms to preserve order, and I cannot feel that any objection really exists, until it is shown that through their observance some whole some idea was kept out of the Convention.

I do not object to your own opinion as to its 2nd or 3rd rate quality, but certainly differ with you; for I think, all things considered, it was the very best it could be, and affords ground for hope in the future.

Perhaps if I have said too much you will say so.

Yours Fraternally,

H. KOON.

## Reply:

DR. KOON,

DEAR SIR:—Your article in reply to my remarks on the Burlington Convention are not to long or as stringent. We do not require an agreement of correspondents, but wish them to be bold, pointed and honest. This you are, so far as I knew, and hence we copy your reply with pleasure.

I think, however, you are of the two; the poorer judge of Spiritual conventions, and therefore I remain of the same opinion upon that subject as before. You cannot fail to know that that Convention assumed and carried out, in practice, all the formalities that any sectarian people do, and this is a waste of time, and presumptive that decency and decorum are not expected, except by outward authorities, which will never govern such minds as know or understand the higher law. You will agree with me, that the President of this Convention did not presume to exercise any authority over the conference meetings at first, but said distinctly that he had no authority, and that these meetings were to be free for all, believer, or un believer, and opposition was seemingly and outwardly courted. I made this my only opportunity to speak—my remarks were not so acceptable to the apostles of our faith as some might desire—hence the Convention straightway invested the President with full powers to control these as the regular meetings. As the old gentleman was anxious to have authority, in detail, the vote was put and carried, that in these conferences no person should speak more than five minutes at a time in the normal condition. Wishing to be law-abiding, I found it necessary as representative of the Infidel, Methodist &c., to make short speeches and the more of them. But I was soon informed by the President, that although the letter of the law had been complied with, he must confess he thought the spirit had been violated, which when explained was in substance, saying you (Tarbell) should not speak but five minutes no way. I thought I had seen in some old dusty book, a saying like this: "Where the Spirit of the

Lord is, there is liberty." I also thought if our friends assembled were sincere devoted seekers after truth, and free from sectarian ties, they could afford more than five minutes for an Infidel or Methodist to find fault with their cherished *Lord Spiritualism*. I do glory and am delighted in the Philosophy and facts of Spiritualism, but I do hate the fraud and deception that goes with it, and this commodity is too costly, and what I will war against.

As to the woman in jail, I know nothing about her, only from the remarks of Mr. Weston while advocating Miss Hardinge's plan for the redemption of "fallen women." I inferred from what was said by Weston, that this woman would drink, and while in that state seduce the Angel-men of Burlington, and for this was confined in jail where she was then remaining. I did not learn which of these offences she was committed for, but presume it to be for drinking, as it would hardly be presumed, that the other offence, could be established in Burlington. If I am correct then, that she has committed the unpardonable (in the eyes of Powers' Maine Law) of taking a little too much, then a fine of five dollars and costs would take her out of jail, and place her, if you please, in the hands of some good brother or sister, whose christianity and moral excellence should tower around her sufficient to keep her in the path of virtue. Why did not some of the good christians of Burlington, or if they have become overwhelmed with crime so they cannot, let them state the case to the Apostles of this convention and take up a collection to pay Brother Weston for protecting and defending this and similar cases. This would be doing something worthy, but to pass resolutions in applause of Miss E. H. and her scheme which is neither practical nor sensible, is to me a foolish waste of time to say the least.

You allude to your sympathy for me and say you saw a disposition in the Convention of "prejudice against" me. I repeat with stern assurance, that I do not want or need your sympathy, I do want your justice! Give me this and I will be satisfied. I am not that sickly child, of lamishing want, as to demand your sympathy. Give this noble and essential element to its proper subjects, and if I become such as I may, then give it to me. But I repeat, give me justice.

## Fallen Women.

"Woman is true to her nature, and man is so debased and fired with beastly passions that he takes advantage of woman's goodness, of her love and of her mercy, and by his false licentious flattery wins her affections and gains his will, and then casts her off to tread the bitter path of ruin."

I cut the above from your paper last night, with the intention of penning a few lines in reply. These I now send you, presuming that you my burn them up if disagreeable. I say then, the man who wrote the above stuff is, no philosopher. He sets out with the idea that all women are perfect—in fact Angels of the first order, and that all the masculine gender are perfect brutes in whom lust and passion reign supreme. All this is sheer folly. More just notions should be ventilated in the "World's Paper." Woman is a power in the world, as well as a solace—a power she governs man—makes him what he is—tempts him and not seldom ruins him. One man may seduce a dozen women in a life time, but a woman can, if she chooses, ruin whole armies of men. We have heard quite enough of the twaddle which sets up woman on the pinnacle of heaven, and plunges man into the belly of hell. The fact is that the fruit of one bad man's conduct is seen immediately, but the subtle poison of a bad woman is felt for generations: 1st, on her immediate victims; 2nd, on her progeny. Again, the writer's idea of virtue are "nasty." He seems to think that the violation of the 7th commandment constitutes the departure from virtue—in a word that a mere physical virtue is the great essential. How absurd! Virtue belongs to the Soul, and I have no doubt that millions of Harlots, physically speaking, can

be found whose souls are unstained, and are decidedly above the average of those who decry them so terribly. I nearly throw out these few remarks as provocations to thought.

Won't Mr. \*\* throw off his disguise and have a friendly chat with me on this general subject through your columns? If so I shall be happy to try it on.

DR. P. B. RANDOLPH.

Box 64 Boston, Mass.

The following accompanied the above communication:

## Plea for the Fallen.

They are our Sisters, fallen though they be;  
Let Pity plead, poor erring one for thee!  
And earnest, truthful hearts, with words of cheer  
Save them from deeper guilt—stand kindly near.

Think that Temptation yet may conquer thee;  
Then kind unto the tempted should'st thou be;  
If now thy feet stand firm, they yet may fall—  
For we are mortal, frail and erring all.

Ye may not know what spell of siren power  
First lured the weak ones in the trial hour;  
How vainly oft they sought that spell to break,  
And to a purer, better life awake.

Peregrine no mother o'er that cradle smiled,  
No Father's loving hand led the lone child;  
No blessed sunshine from home's beacon bright  
Illumined life's pathway with its hallowed light.

Ye deem them heartless—lost to love and truth,  
Ah! ye forget that thoughtless, friendless youth,  
Though by the Tempter led so far astray,  
Would glad return, did you but lead the way.

The world is full of censure, and of scorn;  
The fallen, alas! can never rise alone;  
Some gentle voice must point them to the way,  
Some kind hand lead them, ere they farther stray.

From Duty's path their erring feet have strayed;  
To guide them back we ask your friendly aid;  
Dark mist of vice encircle them around,  
And in their path are thorns, that deeply wound.

Tell them how bright, how fair is virtue's way—  
Bid Hope illumine their path with its day;  
O'er their crushed hearts pour Pity's soothing balm,  
With Sympathy's sweet power their passions calm.

Oh, they are weary! lead them gently home!  
Sure in our Father's house there yet is room!  
Will it not be to thee a joy untold,  
To lead a lost one back unto the fold!

Think how the memory of a deed so blest  
Will fill thy soul with joy and tranquil rest;  
How like the gentle Teacher thou wilt grow,  
And his great heart of love within thy heart shall glow.

Like Him, the sinless one, the meek, the mild,  
Who lived unsullied by earth's passions wild:  
Who dwelt among men that he might learn the way  
That leads to God, and to his perfect day;

Who, ever patient, loved and pitied all;  
From his pure lips did words of blessing fall;  
He ever taught the outcast and the poor,  
Condemned them not, but said, "Go, sin no more."

## Answer to Fallen Women.

There are many speculations in regard to women. I do not claim the appellation of philosopher, but I do claim that virtue is the fundamental principles of heaven. Sir, show me that community with out virtue and I will point you to that hell which needs no BELLEY. For a text I take the following from the words of Jesus:

## "Go, Sin no more."

The author of that text, did not teach that the whoremonger was virtuous; and he did not recommend that harlots should persist in doing evil—in fine he did not say go and continue so to do—How can the souls of the licentious in this life be unstained in the next? Is this true of progression? Should we loose identity—then—are the other spheres lower than the present? I tell you, sir, that, like begets like, and the change in the world to come cannot be in a moment—"Virtue belongs to the Soul."—True virtue belongs to the Soul and the pen that is now moving is moved in defence of virtue by the Soul which is placing these words together in answer to your descent upon my article of "answer to fallen women"—Who are the angels? If they are not men and women, then who? Can we not as well be angels here as elsewhere? "One man may seduce a dozen women in a life time, but a woman can if she chooses ruin whole armies of men." From the most remote

antiquity I cannot gather any information where a single woman kept ten, or twenty, or seven hundred husbands, but on the other hand I find one man having many wives—it has been so, and is so at the present day. Man is a positive, and if I were to delineate his composition I should but rewrite my former article.—Man know thyself, is truly a virtue, and by thus knowing we shall soon discover from whence comes progeny, ruin and death. Who is she that has slain her millions? Is it Virtue? Where art thou Virtue, that thou couldst have deceived the armies? Oh, nonsense! Brother, don't for the sake of that mother who bore thee and nursed thee on her bosom attempt to deride the female of those noble qualities which but makes our present life a life of love, of happiness, or heaviness. If you will take the pains to read "all women are perfect" with your "unstained souls" of the "harlots," I rather think you will not ask me to unmask just now. If the soft, delicate, beautiful female could have been your happiness to enjoyed just at the time you felt my article so bitterly opposed to your masculine notions, I am of the opinion that your pen would have remained unwielded forever, in such a contest as you have thus thoughtlessly entered.

Again, I could not have believed my article should have so tingled the ears of refinement as to call forth the epithet "nasty."—There are many virtues: There is one of grain, one of beasts, one of birds and one of men—and still these are not all the virtues there are. But to be a little more definite, woman has powers—If her virtue be destroyed what kind of powers has she? Again if virtue belongs to the soul, why I don't exactly know, what thing a soul is, whether they are all female souls, or male souls, or whether not either. But this is the question, that troubles my Brother, can a woman lose her virtue? He seems to think not. Let us have a look at WESTER—"Virtue a particular moral excellence." Do you claim, Sir, that there is a particular moral excellence within the walls of that ill-famed house of scandal to which are allured from the path of virtue young women, where is practiced the vice of whoredom, and from whence emanates disease, ruin and death. Are there any such hells in your city? and are they particular moral hells. Brother got rid of these notions, that the souls in the Brothels of the large towns and cities are unstained. For while I have a pen to write I shall write in the defense of the fallen that they may come forth from these hells and be reclaimed to their early virtues.

P. P. RIPLEY.

DEATH FROM STARVATION.—Some mention has been made in the papers of a man by the name of Eldridge, who died recently in the town of Chatham, on Cape Cod, this man lived more than seventy days without food or nourishment of any kind. A friend of ours, who resides in Chatham, has given us some facts in this extraordinary case, which, were they not received from undoubted authority, would be beyond belief. Mr. Eldridge was undoubtedly insane, but there was a "method in his madness" such as has rarely been evinced by any human being. He was in full possession of his health and strength, and his vital power far exceeded that of ordinary men, which accounts for his long endurance under circumstances to which most others would have much sooner succumbed. He had often expressed his determination to commit suicide, but acknowledged his lack of courage to do it in the more ordinary modes of drowning, hanging, &c. Every means that could be suggested were used by his friends to persuade him to desist from his purpose, but without avail. No stratagem that could be devised, no force that could be used was left untried to supply the starving man with sustenance. He successfully resisted every effort to that end. When asked if he was not hungry, he would reply, "O, yes, I could eat with as good a relish as ever." He would sit down by the family, while they were at their meals, and would look wistfully at the table, but nothing could induce him to admit a particle of food into his mouth. He would go into the cellar, and standing over the pork barrel, apostrophize it thus: "I will eat you all up." He retained his strength during all the seventy days, sufficiently to walk about the house, until the last fortnight, when nature finally succumbed, and he took his bed, never to rise again. He gave no reason for his singular conduct, except that he had lived long enough, and was of no use in the world. A more extraordinary instance of strong self-will and superhuman power of command over the appetite probably is not on record.—*Lynn Reporter.*

Printers says that the fault with the female Yankee teachers who go westward is that instead of teaching other people's children, they soon get to teaching their own.



## The Dead Arm.

"Do you see that arm?"

The convict, wasted by a fierce disease, raised himself to a sitting position in the bed, with much labor, and raising his withered right arm with the other, clutched it as if he would wring it from its socket, as a member of his body.

"That arm did it," and he glared venomously upon it, and shook it fiercely.

"Did what?"

"Did murder! Put me here to live a limited life for ten long years. Oh! how long they have been. I have counted them hour after hour in my cell. How long can I live at the most?"

"Three hours—perhaps four."

"Too long to live, but sufficient time in which to tell you my story. If you believe it, it will be more than judge or jury have done." Would you deceive when on your death bed?

"My marriage to the girl I had long loved, and who loved me with a love exceeding my most sanguine hopes, is the point, so far as regards the nice applicability of the past events to the present certainties, at which my narrative commences. Dating from the day of that marriage, there being a succession of misfortunes, that, insignificant at their birth, were gradually moulded together by extra contingencies until they culminated in an act foul and terrible, it meditated or intended, that made a branded felon.

"My wife and I never quarreled. We loved and revered each other too much to trespass, or trample upon what the other considered sacred. To be sure, in mere levity and exaltation of spirits we performed acts that, to persons unacquainted with us and our circumstances, might seem seasoned with earnestness. To such misinterpretations, by a third person, may be attributed the origin of reports that we, my wife and I, lived an unhappy life—a life of turmoil—of blows. Many around us help to such an opinion, but from mere ignorance of the nature of our lives.

"But I, descending rapidly to the grave now declare that we never, by word, or deed, transcended the bounds of our great love for each other; or transgressed those laws that should preserve the person of the wife from blow or contumely. If it were possible to exist without jarring discord to turn the sweetest sympathies into bitter hatred, ours was that existence. Yet it availed me not in the dark day that came upon my household; but rather offered opportunities by which to strengthen an apparent guiltiness.

"Jessie," I said to my wife, one evening, "do you stand on one side of the room while I throw the ball of yarn from the basket, and then whoever is hit with the ball the greatest number of times, shall make a present to the other. A nice present, of course."

"If I lose, my present shall be a dressing gown," said Jessie, "but you know you'll have to pay for it."

"It will be just as acceptable," I answered, but if I lose, you have that ring with the emerald and pearls."

Then the soft ball of yarn flew quickly from hand to hand, we all the time laughing and talking with great glee. A knock at the door and an acquaintance entered, finding our faces all flushed with the excitement of the contest, and each uncertain who was the vanquished. I declared that she won the ring, and promised to put it upon her finger the next day; which day to her alive, never came.

About two o'clock that night, I was awakened to consciousness by one of those inexplicable premonitions of near danger, which are often encountered, but generally in a skeptical spirit.

My mind was clear to reason—not having its delicate powers blunted by sleep. Scarcely were my eyes unclosed before I became cognizant of the presence of a cold, clammy nature, by its loathsome contact with my face, and by its presence upon my bosom, whereby it nearly stifled the beating of my heart. Naturally, I am too cowardly; but the knowledge of the presence of this burden, combined with utter darkness, creator of fierce fear, completely unnerved me, and my body shook like an aspen leaf.

The quiet condition of this body, which appertained not to myself or my wife—it mysterious situation—and above all—the moist, chilly contact with my face, deprived me for an instant of self-possession. The clattering of a blind, or the nibbling of a mouse, seemed like a peal of thunder to my ears; the overstrained eye saw or seemed to see, ghostly shapes pendent from the chandelier or bed post.

I dared not shout aloud nor change my position in bed for fear that my throat would be clutched by the incubus that sat like a hideous nightmare fully developed into a reality upon my chest.

I experienced such sensations as does the strong swimmer or the venturesome diver, when coming in bodily contact, unforwarned with, a corpse beneath the surface of the water—when nature acts like an electric battery, and discharges volumes of fear at slightest movement; or like one in the dark, who encounters a skeleton.

I was peculiarly situated; surrounded by an immensity of terror; expansive in as much

as it draped thoughts and motions in habits—ments that gave them a gigantic appearance; immersed into the sea of dread and doubt, and finally completely cowed by fear.

Now reason made its appeal to the flight-eyed soul. The mere consciousness of bodily contact with his invisibility suggested its substantiality but I hesitated to make the first movement, hostile or otherwise. There was a half formed supposition in my mind, that if I stirred there would come upon me an onset by the incubus that I could not withhold; this hesitance to action I partly overcame by the circumspect rising of my left arm—it was free. I moved my right instantly, and contemporaneously with that movement the weight upon my face was removed to my neck. A little more stealthy investigation, still fearful of an attack by an insidious enemy, and found that my right hand and arm as far as the elbow was temporarily paralyzed, or that condition called "sleep;" that the hand was cold and without sensibility, and it was that object I had rested upon my fate.

Of course I was much elated at the discovery, and ashamed that I had been so easily alarmed at an accident that was susceptible of so easy an explanation. In order to give my wife an account of the absurd occurrence, I turned over, my present position being a reclination upon my back. In my relief, consequent upon what I considered a correct explanation of my fright, the weight upon my chest had been forgotten; now, the change of my position recalled it very unpleasantly and inopportune, even before I had touched my wife.

Imagine, if you can, the result of this sudden knowledge that my oppressor had not been explained away. Think how quickly all the reasons which had been carefully revolved from the mental perplexities in which I had been entangled, were effectually controverted, and how absolutely mystery and fantastic horror again swayed the sceptre.

There was, then, a being or thing in the room that did not belong there, never had been there previous to that night, and my deductions were faulty. The result was I lost all control over my passions—that I was hatched into a fury of despair, by the fear of the presence of a supernatural being.

Clasping the object upon my breast with my left hand, with my right nerved with terror knowing no restraint, and numb to all sensation of pain by reason of its paralysis I struck heavy, treacherous blows. It had soft hair, and at this I pulled and tugged, in this paroxysm of horror, in my great agony of mind I shrieked for aid—notwithstanding my efforts encountered no resistance—I called Jessie to awaken. There was no response.—The passive submission to blows of the object grasped in my left hand, was extraordinary—the silence of my wife was unaccountable.

Then for the first time during the struggle did I think of Jessie's remarkable sound slumber, and connected with the burden. I could not separate the identity of my wife from that of the object of my vengeance.

Pushing the weight aside, I leaped from the bed and lighted the gas.

My wife was dead.

It was her head—that I had so often fondled, playing with its silken tresses—kissing them dear lips—looking into those lustrous eyes—that had so confidently reposed upon my breast. Yet not more than five minutes had elapsed since my awakening.

I cannot believe that I am her murderer, even, though the law so seals me with the crime.

But the arm, now so shrivelled and withered into its present form, came not so by punishment from heaven. After my condemnation, doubting as I did my agency in her death, yet hating the instrument that had known no pity or gentleness in its blows, I hit it, that arm, as a sacrifice to my dead wife, in the fire, until the flames sapped its life, blackened its beauty, and burned out of it all semblance of human form.

These are the reasons why I hate it, and have hated it since that night. I am thankful that my stay upon earth is so diminished. When you have lived a life of solitude such as mine, with a doubt such as mine for an invisible companion, you too would gladly seek its conclusion.

The convict died that night. The prison warden confirming the truth of the convict's narrative, adding that the marks of blows upon the body of his wife—the absence of all cause to create sudden death—and the unfavorable testimony of many of the witnesses who had interrupted their amusement the evening previous to his wife's decease; were formidable arguments against the innocence of the convict.

If the convict's story was true, and I had no reason to believe it was false, it was certainly an instance of remarkable complicity of circumstances sufficient to embarrass both Judge and Jury. It was doubtless a case of unintentional murder, committed by the convict in a state of frenzy—originated and finished under the influence of a superstitious mind, too easily excited by such a situation as that in which he had been placed.

Few touching and beautiful were the words of the old schoolmaster, as life passed away. "It is growing dark—the school may be dismissed. Down to the very gates of an unseen world he carried his love and regard for the children whom he had trained.

## Russia Under Alexander II.

Few persons in this country, we apprehend, are fully informed respecting the rapid advance of Russia, especially in all that concerns her material interests. The present Emperor is one of the best instructed and most enlightened of all the sovereigns of Europe. Possessed of a good understanding, of amiable disposition, of sincere and patriotic aspirations, and withal educated from his earliest years for the high position which he occupies, his reign thus far has been constantly marked by the adoption of important measures, all tending to the elevation of the empire in the scale of civilization and progress. In this good work the Emperor is much aided by his brothers, (Constantine, Nicholas and Michael,) who are men of much energy and activity. This is especially true of Constantine, who is the oldest of the three, although several years younger than the Emperor. The Emperor is also surrounded by an able staff of Ministers, or Secretaries of State, some of whom—Gortseakoff for instance,—are men of great abilities.

One of the Methods which the Russian government employs to promote the best interests of the people is to employ agents in all the most civilized countries, whose business is to report to the government every new discovery, and invention made in those countries, which may in any way benefit Russia. One of these agents resides in the City of New York, but goes repeatedly every year to St. Petersburg, and either sends or takes with him descriptions and models of every new and valuable invention which appears among us. In this way our "Sewing Machines," our "Reapers," (McCormick's and others) our "Mowers," etc. are reproduced in Russia, and that without much delay, and with great advantage to the people. In these things the government pursues a most laudible course, and one of vast importance in the present state of things in that country.

Twenty-five years ago there was scarcely a steamboat on any river in Russia, except the Neva, and but few on that river, and they mostly owned by a Mr. Baird, a Scotchman, who introduced the steamboat into Russia, and made a large fortune by doing so. Now there is hardly a navigable stream in that country on which steamers are not running. There are many on the Neva, running up to the Lake Ladoga; there are many on the Volga, (navigable for 1,600 miles,) and running down to Astracan and the Caspian Sea. There are many Russian steamers as well as sailing vessels on that sea, which extends far down into Central Asia.

Russia is destined to be covered with a network of railroads. As no country in the world is so likely to be benefited by them in any degree with Russia, so no country has greater facilities for their construction. Level almost as a plain, abounding in wood and iron, it is easy to foresee that at no very distant day railroads will be made in all parts of that great empire, uniting St. Petersburg and Moscow and Warsaw with Kieff and Odessa, and Astracan. The railroad from St. Petersburg to Moscow has been in operation for several years; so have two or three short ones about the former city.

The railroad from St. Petersburg to Warsaw is advancing rapidly to completion. An important railroad is in process of construction from Moscow eastwards to the Volga. Another is to be undertaken soon, which will run from Moscow to Kieff and thence to Odessa, and branch into the Crimea. But perhaps the most important of all the railroads which have been projected in Russia is that which is to be made from Moscow to Caucasus and through that mountain range (which is now entirely in the hands of the Russians, since the terminations of the war with the Circassian tribes that inhabit them) to Tiflis, the chief Provinces which lie South of the Caucasus. The railroad will extend Russian trade and Russian influence into Persia, and almost to the confines of India. And the time, too, is coming when railroads will unite Moscow with the chief cities of Southern Siberia, with Kieff, on the borders of China, and with Nicholaieff on the great river Amoor, which is navigable for more than 1,860 miles, and on which several steamers are now running. Nicholaieff is now connected by steam with San Francisco in California. And yet Nicholaieff is not five years old. Everything announces that Russia has a wonderful future before her. May her present enlightened monarch long live to guide her affairs.—*Journal of Commerce.*

## A Ladder with Twenty-four Rounds.

An English duke walking in his garden one day, saw a Latin copy of a great work on mathematics lying on the grass, and thinking it had been brought from his library, called some one to carry it back.

"It belongs to me, sir," said the gardener's son, stepping up.

"Yours!" cried the duke. "Do you understand geometry and Latin?"

"I know a little of them," answered the lad, modestly.

The duke having a taste for the sciences, began to talk with the young student, and was astonished at the clearness and intelligence of his answers.

"But how come you to know so much?"

"One of the servants taught me to read," answered the lad. "One does not need to

know anything more than the twenty-four letters in order to learn everything else one wishes." But the gentleman wanted to know more about it. "After I learned to read," said the boy, "the masons came to work on your house. I noticed the architect used a rule and compasses, and made a great many calculations. What was the meaning and use of that? I asked, and they told me there was a science called arithmetic. I bought an arithmetic and studied in through. They then told me there was another science called geometry. I bought the books and learned geometry. Then I found better books about the two sciences in Latin. I bought a dictionary and learned Latin. I heard there were still better ones in French. I got a dictionary and learned French. It seems to me that we may learn everything when we know the twenty-four letters of the alphabet."

They are, in fact, the ladder to every science. But how many boys are content to waste their time at the first two or three rounds, with not pluck or perseverance enough to climb higher. Up, up, up, if you want to know more, and see clearer, and take a high post of usefulness in the world. And if you are a poor boy, and need a little friendly encouragement to help you on, be sure, if you have a will to climb, you will find the way, just as the gardener's son found it afterwards in the Duke of Argyle, under whose patronage he pursued his studies and became a distinguished mathematician. Stone's Mathematical Dictionary—for Stone was this young gardener's name—was a celebrated book published in London some years ago.

## THE WORLD'S PAPER.

SANDUSKY, VT. AUG. 25, 1860.

## DANIEL TARBELL JR., EDITOR

### Political.

The country is in a political blaze.—Four full and complete tickets are in the field, with the apparent belief that each will be successful. It seems to us however at present the chances are against them all. I cannot see how there can be an election by the people, still no profit can determine the result of so squally a state of things. The great sentiment of the South will give their support to Breckenridge and Lane. The North will give their support to Lincoln and Hamlin, while some of the Middle States will support Bell and Everett, and Douglass and Johnson. It is claimed by some that the Political difference between Lincoln and Douglass are but slight and will finally merge into one party embodying the great sentiment of freedom. It is also claimed that the Breckenridge and Lane friends are the embodiment of the Democracy of the land. It seems to us that too great a desire to rule is manifest in all the parties, and too little devotion to principles. It seems to us that all the parties are for the largest liberty and freedom for themselves however much it oppresses others.

As to the question of African Slavery all the people in the North would like to see them liberated, but when measures are considered how it should or even can be done, they are at issue. And indeed, it is a question of great importance. It is thought and believed by many that this question is to rivet assunder the ties that cement and bind this nation together, once in such brotherhood and harmony.

The great objects that were before the colonies are not now before us. British oppression is not now complained of. No foreign foe strikes us with terror. Our conflict is now internal. The elements of disunion are being fanned more and more into a flame. It was a political crime a few years ago to express a desire to dissolve the Union, but now it is quite respectable and common. Let this irrepressible conflict continue a short time between the North and South, upon the subject of Slavery, and it will most assuredly cause the dissolution of the Federal Government—whether this is desirable or not, such will unavoidably, in our opinion, be the result.

### Conventions.

Our views of Conventions and the way they should be managed are substantially these. The notices should be properly given for the Convention with a broad free invitation for all people of whatever belief or faith, who desire to know or investigate any proper subject. When assembled the arrangements for organization should be made as slight and simple as possible, and have sufficient to preserve order with the largest liberty for all to have an opportunity to speak that wish, and that too, without hurry or intrusion. The time should be so divided and arranged as to afford an opportunity for all who are not professedly public speakers a full and proper chance in the conference meetings. The regular meetings should be occupied by the public speakers, equally introducing the less gifted

least attended. In this way all can speak and hear from all, and general pleasure and satisfaction will flow like a river.

No private or personal endowments should be afforded to speakers or others to attend with the understanding of reward, as that is directly calculated to tempt forward the material elements on the lower plane, and obscure and hedge up the more disinterested and spiritual. Such endowments will sometimes increase numbers, but it will assuredly reduce the quality. It is time we abandoned the practice of importing as a commercial commodity religion. I am in favor of home manufacture.

I am willing to make our State Conventions fairs of thought, where we can in this State assemble & compare commodities, and thereby strengthen and enlarge each others views. I am also willing to admit samples under our own control and dictation from all over the world. These should not be intrusive or prominent, but with retiring modesty they should only present their thoughts in conference, or by special request from the proper officers of the meeting. Dignity and decency forbid anything more than this, and the officers have no moral right to take this selected privilege of the friends of the State and privately or openly without their consent transfer it to others. The officers of the meeting should not defeat the rights of the people of the State by an indulgence to those out. I am in favor of courtesy to strangers but not at the expense of my friends or principles. Courtesy can not be extended to one, at the injury of another who has better claims. As to our last recent Convention at So. Royalton, I have this to say, and whether it severs my right arm or best friend from me forever, it is what I feel and must be said. It is this: Brothers Thayer and Wright made themselves to free and conspicuous to give credit to themselves or happiness to others. For them to assume the prominence of dictators and managers as well as principal speakers, when such a manifest desire was apparent for others both to hear and speak, as well as competency to manage, was in my view to say the least bad taste. This intrusive prominence too, as well in the conferences as regular meetings. The eulogies to them by a few were abortions from superficial minds, and was the occasion of all the seeming discord. It has thus far been my lot in this cause, to take the position of a long eared, gentleman and make myself acceptable, only by carrying the packs and drawing the carts, on these occasions, and after having patiently performed those tasks, claim the right to bray if I please.

I have defended the advocates of the cause, and the cause itself, for which I have paid dear money, reputation, and friends have been the price of this duty, and shall I now be asked to surrender up my right to occupy a few moments in conference, in the expression of an honest and kind opinion, or set supinely by and see lady mediums entranced and in the act of rising, put down time and again, "by those who have entered our meetings as mere visitors?" No less than five of our public speakers left this meeting without uttering a word, and others with but a slight, single opportunity in conference. I am for humanity and equality. It is no better in us to tolerate particular ones to do all the speaking on these occasions, than it is for the sectarian churches with their hiring priest hood. Name is nothing, but practice is everything. These remarks are not made in bitterness, but plainness and kindness. I am not at liberty to close this manifesto without tendering my respects to others, whose names are not here mentioned, from out of the State, for their retiring modesty on this occasion, and assure all that the course I took on the occasion, and remarks here are prompted by a power beyond my control, at the expense of my peace, with my conceptions of duty.

### Henry C. Wright.

DEAR SIR:—This being my only opportunity to remark upon your views presented at our Convention, take it to express some thoughts on the opposite side of the question. You claim it to be man's highest and only duty, namely: the elevation of the human race. The text is a good one, but the argument was bad. You must be aware, that Christendom has ever had in substance the same object directly or indirectly. You cannot point to a sectarian church but what will exclaim with as much fervor and zeal in sermon, in prayer, and in profession among men, that his labors are intended to benefit man. Some do it by appeals to God in prayer, some in preaching, some in war, some in thanksgiving. Now the real question is, who among all these are truly the greatest friend to the human race. This is the real question, and to this we will offer a few thoughts. While we accept your single text, we reject your arguments. It seems to us that you build all your arguments to elevate the race, at the expense of the race, for when you on the one hand, advocate the cause of maternity, infancy and slavery, you at the same time deride the clergy, the Bible and all law. I am ready to accept your statement in part, but not altogether. I think the clergy a hindrance to human progress, but no more than you, when you become sectarian as they are, with a one narrow idea. The great question is, does the human world suffer more as a whole in consequence of Priests, Slavery, Constitution, disease, premature death, &c., than must unavoidably be for the cut birth of

higher teachings, more liberty and happiness.

The Southern slave to-day has taken a great stride in advance of his native African race, and an essential step to a higher one that is soon to be taken. The Priests of this age have served a high and valuable purpose by secession and jargon, & while the common people bound to sect & creed could not progress so rapidly with their one string fiddle, yet an enquirer after truth that was not thus bound had a greater opportunity, as he could compare more forcibly to discover error.

The valuable writings of Thos. Paine could not appear to benefit the race, had not the occasion been to call out such a work. The progress of the human race has also been marked with blood. Human rule and human institutions, have been from age to age torn assunder to give out-birth to something higher and better adapted to their wants, and this blood has in all cases been a necessary sacrifice to the happiness and progress of the race. Thousands of minds with endless variety of thought, are demanded to carry forward this great panoramic scene in nature's vast domain. You may have a call to work upon one idea as you say, you do, but your conceptions & elevation practically considered, are small and weak compared with the work demanded of all, and had you the causes of human woe fairly before you, you would readily see that disease, death, and the dissolving elements of nature are a part of the divine arrangements and economy. Death and misery are the negative principles of life and happiness, and when you go back to the natality of human life, you will go farther back than you ever dreamed or thought, and as you trace to the end of your finite capacity you will but have just commenced to follow back the thread of human life, the beginning of which is marked by the finger of God with imperfection. To this life chain is constantly attracted particles of grosser matter, & also from the same is a continual waste or decay which you propose to remedy by proper attention to the conditions when it takes the human form. Your suggestions in this particular are well, but no better than they would be when applied to the other conditions before or after this life. The angel world is progressive, and the same occasions will exist there for your suggestions that do here. The life chain of humanity is as boundless as infinity, and who can comprehend it? Centuries of years have passed away to bring up this life element to a degree of purification, that will serve as tenants in human form. However ancient this chain of life to man is, there is equally ancient and divine the principles of disease, and what we call death. When you go back to maternity as the beginning of disease and death, you come far short of comprehending it. Paternity in natality is as much to be considered as requisite to a good harmonious organism as maternity and neither of these are by any means the beginning of life or of disease and death, and when human skill with all the aid of science and human attainments are exhausted then the remedy to prevent disease and premature death will not be found.

### Brother Thayer:

A kind word to you but a cross one to your sentiment I have. You said in these words: "It is in the power of man to keep the laws of God, that it would be unjust for God to make laws for man, that he could not understand and keep." This statement, enforced as it was, in a public meeting, and from one who claimed to be a spiritualist, demands a reply. Do you suppose a teacher in writing would be unjust to set his pupil a copy that he could not imitate; all that is expected of him is to come as near it as he can, and this is his only duty. So it is with mortals; do all we can in keeping the laws of our being, (which are the laws of God) and we are justified by our consciences, however ignorant we are, and however short we may come of keeping them perfectly. The innumerable subtle fluids that pass through and around us from the beginning of our finite career are incomprehensible by finite minds. The wisest are in comparative infancy, as to the understanding of these laws. You confess your devotion and belief in the Baptist faith for 12 years and now abhor the doctrine. From this we infer that you was a notorious hypocrite, or you was unable with mind and surroundings to comprehend the truth. Which was it? was you sincere in urging the necessity of damnation upon the human world, or was it a theological trick? If it was the highest light you then had, or could have, was you to blame? I think not. You could not with your natural endowments, educational surroundings, and circumstances comprehend the truth, and it is just so the world over. Infancy, Youth, Idiotcy and every shade of ignorance is before us, giving daily testimonials against your assertion. Nothing short of a divine being can understand the laws of divinity. This is wisdom and not weakness. Our highest duty, and all we can do, is to learn as much of this immense code of laws as we can, and as



we learn we shall enjoy salvation. Salvation physically, salvation spiritually, and salvation morally, in just the degree that we live in obedience to those laws. This sentiment of yours came to you through your sectarian ambition, and is but one of the numerous blunders you have yet to rid yourself of, before you can enjoy spiritual freedom and charity for man.

#### Annual Convention at South Royalton.

FRIDAY, Aug. 24th, 1860.

The Convention met per order, at 2 o'clock, P. M. The following were its officers and proceedings:

Mr. Newman Weeks of Rutland was chosen President of the Convention.

D. Tarbell Jr., P. P. Ripley and S. B. Nichols, were chosen Secretaries.

The Convention appointed six Vice Presidents, as follows: D. Tarbell Jr., Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Mr. & Mrs. Felton, D. P. Wilder, and Mrs. Willey.

Charles Walker, D. P. Wilder, and C. G. Townsend were appointed Committee of arrangement.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend addressed the Convention, in the trance state, upon the importance of harmony.

Miss Merrill spoke in trance.

Dr. Cooley of New Orleans, addressed the Convention, in trance, upon the general beauties of Spiritualism and its Philosophy.

Richard Thayer, of Boston, spoke on the principles of Spiritualism.

H. C. Wright of Boston, addressed the Convention at some length, and introduced the two following Resolutions, after some discussion they were accepted by the Convention.

**Resolved**—That all we need to insure our perfection and happiness, in the body or out of it, is [1] to know the natural laws of life and health to body and soul under which we exist, and [2] to obey them; and Spiritualism, in as much as it helps us to a more perfect knowledge of those laws, and presents to us the highest possible motives to obey them, well deserves the approval of our hearts, and the earnest support of our hands.

**Resolved**—That peculiar and exalted mission of Spiritualism is to elevate human beings, in all their present relations, whether Domestic, Social, Ecclesiastical, or Political, from a material, to a spiritual plane of thought, feeling and action; and for our encouragement in the pursuit of this great object, it assures us that we have the ever-present sympathy and co-operation of all the wise, just and humane that await our coming in the spirit state.

The following order of time was adopted:

7 1-2 o'clock, A. M. Conference to 9 1-2  
10 " " Regular to noon,  
2 " P. M. " to 5 P. M.  
7 " Conference.

Mr. Tarbell spoke at some length on the impropriety of Resolutions. adj.

#### EVENING SESSION.

The President called the conference to order, remarking that no one would be limited in the time of their speeches but all were requested to be as concise as possible.

Mr. Thayer sang a hymn, Star of Bethlehem.

Miss Merrill spoke in trance, subject: Heaven.

Mr. Davis spoke upon the subject of speaking short, referred to Mr. Wright's Resolutions.

Mr. Wright, thereupon read the Resolutions.

Mr. Davis made further remarks in vindication of the resolutions.

Mr. Thayer spoke: subject: That we should live for the present world.

Mrs. Townsend read a Poem.

Dr. Cooley spoke upon the first Resolution introduced by Mr. Wright, the impracticability of the first part of the Resolution.

Mr. Walker spoke upon the goodness of Spiritualism as a physical goodness.

Mr. Tarbell spoke on the Resolutions claiming that the laws are the laws of God, and that there are an endless variety of Gods according to the conceptions of men, and hence an endless variety of laws, showing the inflexibility of the Resolutions.

Mr. Thayer spoke in reply to Mr. Tarbell.

Dr. Randall, of Woodstock, spoke on the freedom of speech and future prospects.

Mr. Middleton, of Woodstock spoke in defence of the Resolutions

Convention sung Dundee and adj.

SATURDAY MORNING, Aug. 25.

The President called the Conference to order, and recommended to the Convention that individual experiences be expressed.

Mr. Thayer spoke short, wished to tell how he had been saved, that he had been a Calvinist Baptist.

Mr. Davis said he would compare himself by the Golden Rule, and how he had been a member of the Congregational church, how he had become a Spiritualist, took up Mr. Wright's Resolutions, wished to show that they embodied a perfect satisfaction to the human world.

Mr. Tarbell said that he desired that individuals should express themselves to the point on Spiritualism, his experience was that of the infidel from early life until his acquaintance with the Philosophy of Spiritualism.

Sung by the President, God Speed the Right

Mrs. Russell said she had never had much trouble in keeping the commandments only the first one.

Mrs. Townsend related a new feature in her experience, it was that of having letters appearing upon her arm, spelling the names of her father, mother and first husband

Mr. Middleton spoke in regard to electrical body which went to prove immortality as a positive identity.

Mr. Lamb said that he was formerly a Universalist and was one now only a little more so.

Dr. Randall spoke in regard to his experience in trying to seek religion and finally in his endorsing the Spiritual doctrine.

Mr. Thayer gave some of his experience, thought that he experienced religion at 15 years of age, and at 20 entered the church as a preacher. adjourned

10 o'clock, A. M.

The Convention was called to order by the President who read a hymn at the suggestion of Mrs. Brown after which the hymn was sung by the Convention.

Mrs. M. A. C. Brown arose in the trance state and addressed the Convention on the subject of the unfoldments of the laws of God as they pertain to the body and soul.

Mr. Thayer introduced the following Resolution which was accepted:

**Resolved**—That as believers in and advocates of the Spiritual Philosophy, which comprehends all truth, Physiological, Intellectual and Moral, it devolves especially upon us to furnish the world, a life in harmony with its teachings, the most perfect exemplification of the spirit and teachings of Jesus Christ which has ever yet been presented to it.

Mrs. Townsend spoke on the subject of fallen women.

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton, addressed the Convention in the trance state, spoke of the tests she had had where suffering had been relieved through her "Little Violet," and who had prompted her to do many things. adjourned

2 o'clock, P. M.

The President called the Convention to order by reading a hymn, entitled Dream not but Work.

Mr. Wright addressed the Convention upon the relative position and teachings of children.

Mrs. Cooley declaimed a Poem.

Mr. J. L. Potter, of Ware, Mass., addressed the Convention on the subject of The Incomprehensibility of the laws of Infinity both Naturally and Spiritually

The following is a preface of his remarks: "To every question there is a positive and negative side. What is truth? this is a proper question. The one that opposes a proposition is just as much the agent of God as the one that presents it. The evidence of action, the relative position of the Northern man with the Southern Slave holder, each may be right. What is the great law of our being? Is it the Law of Heaven?—What is the truth? The man who says it is right to hang does it just as sincerely as the man who says it is not. Truth is conditional, conditions make it. All is conditions; men are all the time dealing with conditions. We as intelligences do not see alike. It is hard to tell what truth is, naturally we must differ. We don't live up to the law of our being, that is absurd on the face of it. Man is the child of revolution. Let us know each others aspirations, then we are better able to judge. Is the child as conditional as the man of 200 pounds? The child is conditional in the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and every place. You have got to know every thing you do know if not you do not know anything. Every individual is true to that condition in which God has placed him. Solomon was as true to his nature as William Lloyd Garrison. Every body has had a way under the influence in which they have lived. Who can weigh each others entity? None!

Adjourned.

7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

The President call the Conference to

order and suggested that the State be divided into Districts, each, appointing Committees one in each district, which was adopted as follows:

N. C. 1 Franklin Co., Chittenden Grand Isle Lamoille	Jon R. Forest, Winooski, Vt.
No. 2 Orleans Co., Essex Caledonia	H. H. Newton, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
No. 3 Washington Co., Orange Windham Windsor	Nathan Lamb, Bridgewater, Vt.
No. 4 Addison Co., Rutland Bennington	Newman Weeks, Rutland, Vt.

It was moved that the State Committee fill the vacancies for County Committees, adopted.

It was motioned that this Convention meet at South Royalton on the first Friday, Saturday and Sunday, in September, 1861, adopted.

Mr. Randall introduced the following Resolution:

**Resolved**—That organization with Spiritualists, is the question of questions. Therefore, we commend Spiritualists, in every locality, individually and collectively, to scrutinize closely, and judge profoundly, and publish their pros and cons in our spiritual papers.

Dr. Cooley spoke upon the subject of Spirit manifestation. adjourned.

SUNDAY, 7 1-2 o'clock, A. M.

The President called the Conference to order, and a hymn was sung.

Mr. Wright read his Resolutions.

Mr. Davis said he desired to hear more of experiences.

Mrs. Pratt spoke on the subject of Spirit intercourse.

Dr. Randall made a few remarks by way of anecdote.

Mr. Williamson spoke in trance.

Mr. Walker, of Lowell, Mass., spoke of the prosperity of Spiritualism in Lowell and vicinity.

Mr. Holt made an illustration of the Tree of Life and its consequential harmony, which was beautifully set forth by the exhibition of a green tendrill which he plucked by the way-side.

Mrs. Townsend spoke in the normal state, said that Spiritualism had taught her to be a woman. The Convention adjourned to meet in the grove at 10 o'clock, A. M.

10 o'clock, A. M.

The President called the Convention to order.

Mrs. Townsend came forward in the trance state and offered the following prayer:—We rejoice that Spiritualism has called forth our love; that it unites us in a great brotherhood. May we realize the Almighty presence; that we may all learn our true mission. Thou art the great and perfect gift in the vast expanse of the world's history, extending through the ages of time down to the living present. She sang a beautiful aspiration in defence of spirit intercourse. She addressed the Convention on the subject of Union or Marriage of Principles.

Mr. Simmons addressed the Convention, in the trance state, on the subject Man's Religious belief as derived from his Education.

Mr. Davis spoke in a foreign tongue, while in trance.

2 o'clock, P. M.

The President called the Convention to order.

Mr. Wright addressed the Convention, subject, Rights of Children and Duties of Parents.

Mrs. Felton spoke in trance state, subject, Duties of Brothers, Sisters, Husbands and Wives.

Mr. Thayer addressed the Convention, on the subject of Prayer. adjourned.

7 o'clock, P. M.

The President called the Convention to order.

A Rule was proposed and adopted by the Convention, that the remaining time should be reserved to those who had not spoken previously.

Mr. Wright spoke at some length on the subject of the elevation of the human race.

Messrs. Wright's, Thayer's and Randall's Resolutions were read and adopted.

Mr. Richmond, of Chicago, spoke of his experience as a Spiritualist.

There were a large number that spoke whose names were not ascertained.

Moved and adopted that the thanks be extended to all individuals out of the State attending this Convention.

It was moved that the thanks of the Convention be tendered to the President for his gentlemanly, and wisely presiding over their deliberations, adopted. Adjourned.

**Discovery of Iceland.**

In Geoffrey's "History of the Scandinavians" there is a very interesting account of the early discovery of Ice land, one of the most interesting islands on the face of the globe.

More to the north the Scandinavian, driven by tempests or by a desire for discoveries, encountered vast regions where they planted, without opposition and without mixture, their

language and civilization. In 861 the Norwegian Pirate, Naddod returning from the Ferre Islands, advanced towards the north-west as far as an unknown land, which he named Snowland. The Swede, Gardir Svarfason, ascertained it to be an island, and named it Gardarsholm. In 825 another Norwegian, Floki Rafu, sailing in the same latitudes, sent forth successively, say the Sagas, three crows consecrated to the gods. The first return to the Ferre Islands, from which the vessel was not yet far distant; the second finding no place on which to alight, returned and settled on the mast of the ship; finally the third directed the mariner toward the eastern coast of the recently discovered island. Floki named it Iceland. This name exactly corresponds with the aspect of sadness and sombreness which this unknown land presents.

A vast forest, which has now disappeared, covered it with a thick shade; precipitous mountains touched with their snowy summits, a lowering sky, and the streams of lava which furrowed the frozen chasms, rendered their aspect gloomy and menacing.

Discouraged, Floki Rafu quitted in the spring a land which he believed to be accursed, and renounced all hopes of colonization. His companions, however gave a far different account; the climate according to them, was remarkably mild, and the soil very fertile; milk flowed from every plant, and butter from every blade of grass; domestic animals could subsist there in the depth of winter without shelter; wood suitable for building abounded; the rivers were full of salmon; the neighboring seas full of whales; it was the land of riches, the land of liberty.

It appears that these contradictory reports put a stop to the emigration for a time; for it was not till thirteen years after the discovery, and in 847, that Ingolf, the son of a Jarl of Norway, obliged, after one of those dowels so frequent at that time, to flee from vengeance, sought a refuge in Iceland with his brother-in-law Hiorleif. Before setting sail, he consulted an oracle, took with him the door-post of his house, consecrated by a pagan ceremony, and throwing them into the sea not far from the shores of Iceland, made a vow to establish himself on whatever land the winds and waves might drive them.—They disappeared; he, however, landed near the promontory rising on the south east coast of the Island, which is to this day called Ingolfshod. Three days afterwards, his slaves having found the sacred door-posts in a bay on the south-west coast, Ingolf went to settle there; it is the place now called Faxo Fivrel, and the seas of Reykiavik.

After Hiorleif, he established himself at a place on a southern coast, now called Hiorleifshofli; indeed by his Icelandic slaves to pursue a bear in a thick forest—he was assassinated, along with his principal companions, and avenged by Ingolf. The true colonization of Iceland by the Scandinavians from that moment began. The abundance of fish all around the island, and the facility with which they could be caught offered there before the discovery of Newfoundland, and at a time when the days of abstinence ordained by the church were universally observed, a precious source of riches which the primitive population, established only in a part of the island, and had not been able to turn to much account.

#### Roman Newspapers.

Nothing strikes a North American in Rome as more in contrast with our country than the newspapers—or rather the no-newspapers. The principal newspaper—indeed the only one which I saw—published in Rome was the Roman Journal, official gazette. It is published daily, except on holidays—about four days a week. It is a small folio sheet, about twelve by sixteen inches, has no editorial matter, almost no advertisements, and is entirely made up of clippings from foreign newspapers, not, however, including ours. I never saw in it any mention whatever of our country. Our Republican, Protestant, country appears to be entirely ignored in the papal city. And I do not remember hearing the question asked, "What is the news?" They see and hear so little that no one expects news. And strange as it may seem to an American, this way of the whole community minding their own business—at least not minding their neighbor's business, nor troubling themselves much about the rest of the world, is very well for a change. It has its good side, and its agreeable, too. It almost makes one ask himself, is it, after all, quite certain that such an infinite gabble of newspapers as we have, plying into everything, blundering to-day and correcting it to-morrow, is a real gospel dispensation? Which success is the worst?

I am however, quite sure that no amount of fire and fagots, and holy inquisitions, could ever make us believe that the strict censorship of the press which exists here is any better than the wildest license which we ever have in America. The mean between the two is, of course, the happy and golden mean—and the newspaper is like everything else earthly, and there must be a taste of imperfection in it—the power to do good must bring with it the power to do evil.

We do not look at the Roman newspaper any more, it is so absolutely worthless to us; but I preserve, to take with me to New York, a file of one week's papers of the official Pontifical gazette. I may live to see a regular American newspaper published in the city of Rome, when it will be interesting to compare the two. Oh, if I could only be certain

of living long enough to make the comparison! The babe is still unborn which shall be the beginning of such a reform.—The shock which the revolution of 1848-49 gave to Pius IX., who really added some thought of improvement through the church—*A Run through Europe* by E. C. Benedict.

Socrates having received a blow upon the head, observed, "That it would be well if people knew when to put on a helmet." On another occasion being attacked with apoplexy in language, he calmly observed, "That man has not yet been taught to speak respectfully."—Many Christians might learn from this lesson.

**\$1200** A YEAR MADE BY ANY ONE WITH \$10 Patent Stencil Tools: stock enough included to retail for \$150. With activity this amount may be realized in two weeks' time. The only reliable source for these Tools is at Fullum's American Stencil Tool works, the largest and only permanent Manufactory in the World, located at Springfield, Vt. Stilesboro 212 Broadway, New York, 18 Merchants Exchange, Boston, and Springfield, Vt. A beautiful photograph of the American Stencil Tool Works and surrounding scenery, on Black River, sent on receipt of 25 cents. These Works command the exclusive and entire control of the whole River, at all seasons, and the machinery for manufacturing Stencil Tools is driven by a water wheel of seventy-five horse power, affording immense and unlimited advantages, which no other concern can pretend to claim. The \$10 outfit is for cutting small name plates and business cards. Tools for cutting large work of all sizes furnished for \$25. No experience is necessary in using any of these Tools. Do not fail to send for samples and circular. And if you buy Stencil Tools, be sure to get Fullum's, as they are universally known to be the only perfect cutting Tools made. Address or apply to A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt. 12 Merchants Exchange, Boston, or 212 Broadway, New York. n8 1y.

**C. H. Warner,** BLACKSMITH, HORSE AND CATTLE SHOEING, FARMING Tools Repaired and Made to Order, Carriage and Sleigh Ironing and all Jobbing done on the most reasonable terms. ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY SOLICITED. Sandusky, Vermont, Aug. 11, 1860. 1y.

**TEACHINGS OF Patriots & Statesmen, THE "FOUNDERS OF THE REPUBLIC" OR SLAVERY.**

"FIAT JUSTITIA." A great National Work—every man who votes, or expects to vote, should buy or read it, it is not a partisan book, but a compilation from the reports of Debates, and from other reliable sources of the Speeches and Writings of the "Founders of the Republic" on the question of slavery, showing their opinions thereon, as expressed in the Congress of the Confederation, in the Convention to form the Constitution, and in the several State Conventions to ratify the same.

A distinguished feature of the discussions are the Speeches of Madison, Randolph, Dr. Franklin, Rutledge, Roger Sherman, Ellsworth, Patrick Henry, Mason, Pinckney, Lowndes, and in short, all those men of the Revolutionary times, renowned alike for their patriotism, statesmanship and virtues. It will include the History of the Ordinance of 1787, by Peter Force, Esq., the great congressional compiler—the only authentic account of that famous ordinance ever published. The slavery question as it has been traced in its various phases in Congress, from 1790 to 1854, and the opinions (gathered from the Speeches and Letters) Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Harrison, Pinckney, John Quincy Adams, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, Webster, Marcy, as well as eminent living Statesmen, are accurately compiled. It will also contain the Dred Scott and other decisions of the Courts upon the Slave Question; the great speech of Alexander Hamilton advocating Monarchical Government; also his plan of Government; the Inaugural Addresses of Washington, Adams, Jefferson and Madison, and the Farewell Addresses of Washington and Jackson.

It is not designed for a partisan book; but as all parties claim to represent the views of the "Fathers of the Republic" on the Slavery Question, the object of the compilation is rather to show what those views were, and what construction the eminent statesmen of the country have given the Constitution, from the period of its adoption to the repeal of Missouri Compromise in 1854.

This volume is the only work of the kind published, and should be in the hands of all who wish a history of this all absorbing question. It has been compiled with great care by Hon. E. B. Chase, who has had the most ample facilities for its full and authentic compilation. Price only \$1.00, sent by mail, free of postage, on receipt of the price.

J. W. BRADLEY, Publisher, 48 North Fourth Street, PHILADELPHIA.

N. B.—Agents wanted in every town in the United States to sell this work, to whom the largest commission will be paid.

#### THE CAPITAL COLLEGE.

BRYANT, STRATTON & CO'S ALBANY MERCANTILE COLLEGE, 446 & 448 Broadway, ALBANY, N. Y.

H. B. BRYANT, J. T. CALKINS, H. D. STRATTON, W. H. CLARK. One of the associated Colleges located at Albany, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, and St. Louis. Scholarships purchased at either point are good at all the Colleges for an unlimited time.

**THE COLLEGIATE COURSE**—Embraces Double and Single Entry Book-keeping, Commercial Computations, Commercial Law, Partnership, Business Correspondence, Partnership Settlements, etc., etc.

**THE DEPARTMENT OF BOOK-KEEPING** and Accounts, is organized and conducted on the Counting Room System; the Halls being fitted up with appropriate desks, etc., and the student is introduced at once to the practical routine of counting rooms generally.

**PRACTICAL TEXT BOOKS.** Although the instruction in the department of Book-keeping must, from the nature of the study, be given from written manuscript forms, with elaborate oral and blackboard elucidations, and lectures, yet great benefit may be derived from the use of reliable books of reference, while in the important department of Commercial Law they are indispensable. To meet this necessity, the following Text Books have been prepared:

Bryant & Stratton's Commercial Law, for Merchants, Colleges and Academies, Business Men and the Profession, by Amos Dean, LL. D., Prof. of Law in the University of Albany, published by D. Appleton & Co., 445 & 446 Broadway, New York.

Bryant & Stratton's Commercial Calculations, for Accountants, Business Men and Academies.

Bryant & Stratton's Book-keeping, in three editions: 1st, Primary edition, for Common Schools, 192 pages; 2d, High School Edition, for High Schools and Academies, 208 pages; 3d, Counting House Edition, for Accountants and Business Men, 350 pages (in press).

Spencerian system of Penmanship, in a series of nine books, by P. R. Spencer, published by Iveson, Phinney & Co., 48 and 50 Walker Street New York.

For Catalogue and Circular, or information of any kind, call at the College, or address BRYANT, STRATTON & CO., Albany, N. Y.

#### WORLD'S PAPER, P. P. RIPLEY & Co., Publishers, SANDUSKY, VERMONT.

**TERMS:** One Copy, 52 numbers, in advance, \$1.50  
5 Copies to one address, 6.00  
10 " " " " " 10.00  
20 " " " " " 18.00  
40 " " " " " 26.00

**Rates of Advertising:**  
10 Lines one week, \$ .90  
" " two " 1.00  
" " three " 1.50  
One Column one year, 70.00  
One Column six months, 40.00  
One Column three months, 25.00  
One half Column one year, 40.00  
One half Column six months, 25.00  
One half Column three months, 15.00  
One fourth Column for one year, 25.00  
Advertisements inserted a period of time not here mentioned, will be charged a price in proportion to the above rates. Liberal discount made to those who advertise extensively. Legal advertisements inserted at the rates prescribed by law. Transient advertising must be prepaid. Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.  
When our readers send an advertisement in our Columns they may depend upon it as representing the advertised in a true light, for that like all other matter must be the scrutiny of reliability and rejection.

#### JOB PRINTING OFFICE, IN CONNECTION WITH THE

**WORLD'S PAPER OFFICE, SANDUSKY, VERMONT.**

WHERE WILL BE NEATLY EXECUTED ALL KINDS OF

**PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL PRINTING**

SUCH AS:

**BOOKS, CARDS, CATALOGUES, PAMPHLETS, SHOW-BILLS, Bill-Heads, Blank-Writes, Blank-Deeds, Blank-Notes, Blank-Receipts, Blank-Mortgages, Bill-Heads, Program-Bills &c., &c.**

#### BALL CARDS,

INVITATION CARDS, ENVELOPS, CIRCULARS, &c. &c. Cards done in Bronze, Gold, Copper or Silver. Orders Solicited.

**Reformer's Home.**

For the accommodation of Spiritualists, and friends of progress, generally, centrally located at

**160 LAKE ST., CLEVELAND, OHIO.** Office of the Vanguard and Com.

All the spiritual and many other papers accessible to guests.

Charges moderate; comfortable accommodations. Cridge, Walker, & Co.

**POSTER'S PATENT FRICTION, Window Supporters & Fasteners.**

These Fasteners are offered to the public, with the assurance that they are more effective in action than any Spring or Support heretofore devised. Their superiority consists in the fact, that 1st. They EASEN the window sash and firmly hold it in position, and prevent any disagreeable rattling of the sash. 2d. They hold the window by pressure against the frame without any holes or notches. 3d. It is the only Spring that operates perfectly on the top-sash.

JON R. FOREST, Burlington, Vt., GENERAL AGENTS Orders Solicited.

#### BRISTOL ACADEMY.

Rev. C. W. WALKER, Principal. Mrs. M. M. F. WALKER, Associate Principal. Mr. J. H. F. WALKER, Teacher of Painting. Miss E. AUGUSTA PIERCE, Teacher of Music. The Academical year is divided into four terms of eleven weeks each, commencing with the Fall term, which begins Aug. 25, 1859. Winter term begins Nov. 24, Spring " Feb. 15 1860. Summer " May 13 " 1860.

Bristol Academy, is pleasantly located at Bristol, Addison County, Vermont—is easy of access, and being surrounded by natural scenery of unsurpassed majesty and beauty, and a pure, healthful atmosphere, renders it a desirable home for pupils during the Academic course.

#### Tuition.

Common English Branches, per term, \$2.00. Higher, 4.00. Greek and Latin, 4.50. French, extra, 1.00. Practical Surveying and Civil Engineering, 5.00. Penmanship, Calligraphy, Monochromatics, Pencil-work, 3.00. Painting in oil colors, 8.00. Music, including use of instrument, 5.00. Incidentals, 0.25.

Board can be obtained in respectable families for, from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per week. Every facility afforded to those desirous of Boarding themselves.

#### SPIRITUAL BOOKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, Edited by S. B. Brittan. Eight Volumes, 12mo. 600 pp., 75 per volume.

THE PRESENT AGE AND THE INNER LIFE, By A. J. Davis. 300 pp. octavo. Illustrated. \$1.00.

SEERESS OF FREV. RST. By Justus K. Rother. New Edition. \$38.

LYRIC OF THE GOLDEN AGE. A Poem, by Rev. Thomas L. Harris, author of "Epic of the Starry Heavens," and "Lyric of the Morning Land," &c. 417 pp. 12mo. Price, plain, \$1.50, gilt, \$2.00.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS, by Dr. HARRIS.—Experimental Investigation of Spiritual Manifestations, demonstrating the existence of Spirits and their communication. By Robert Hare, M. D. Emeritus Professor of Chemistry in the Pennsylvania University. Price, \$1.75.

SHEKINAH. VOLUMES 1 and 2. Muslim, \$1.75 each; extra Morocco, \$2.25, each.

NATURE'S DIVINE REVELATIONS, &c. Given through the mediumship of A. J. Davis. 84 pp. octavo







## Saint Jonathan.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

There's many an excellent Saint;  
St. George, with his dragon and lance;  
St. Patrick, so jolly and quaint;  
St. Vitus, the saint of the dance;  
St. Dennis, the saint of the Gaul;  
St. Andrew, the saint of the Scot;  
But JONATHAN, youngest of all,  
Is the mightiest saint of the lot!

He wears a most serious face,  
Well worthy a martyr's possessing;  
But it isn't all owing to grace,  
But partly to thinking and guessing;  
In south, our American Saint  
Has rather a secular bias,  
And I have never heard a complaint  
Of his being excessively pious!

He's fond of financial improvement,  
And is always extremely inclined  
To be starting some practical movement  
For mending the morals and mind.  
Do you ask me what wonderful labors  
St. JONATHAN ever has done  
To rank with his Calendar neighbors?  
Just listen, a moment, to one:

One day when a flash in the air  
Split his meeting-house fairly asunder,  
Quoth JONATHAN, "Now—I declare—  
They're dreadfully careless with thunder!"  
So he fastened a rod to the steeple,  
And now, when the lightning comes 'round,  
He keeps it from building and people,  
By running it into the ground!

Reflecting, with pleasant emotion,  
On the capital job he had done—  
Quoth JONATHAN, "I have a notion  
Improvements have barely begun;  
If nothing's created in vain—  
As ministers often inform us—  
The lightning that's wasted, 'tis plain,  
Is really something enormous!"

While cyphering over the thing,  
At length he discovered a plan  
To catch the Electrical King,  
And make him the servant of man!  
And now, in an orderly way,  
He flies on the fleetest of pinions,  
And carries the news of the day  
All over his master's dominions!

One morning, while taking a stroll,  
He heard a lugubrious cry—  
Like the shriek of a suffering soul—  
In a hospital standing near by;  
Anon, such a terrible groan  
Saluted St. JONATHAN'S ear,  
That his bosom—which wasn't of stone—  
Was melted with pity to hear.

That night he invented a charm  
So potent that folks who employ it,  
In losing a leg or an arm,  
Don't suffer—but rather enjoy it!  
A miracle, you must allow,  
As good as the best of his brothers—  
And blessed St. JONATHAN now  
Is a patron of cripples and mothers.

There's many an excellent Saint;  
St. George, with his dragon and lance,  
St. Patrick, so jolly and quaint;  
St. Vitus, the saint of the dance;  
St. Dennis, the saint of the Gaul;  
St. Andrew, the saint of the Scot;  
But JONATHAN, youngest of all,  
Is the mightiest saint of the lot!

## The Angels of the House.

'Tis said that ever round our path  
The unseen angels stray,  
That give us blissful dreams by night,  
And guard our steps by day.  
But there's an angel in the house,  
Meek, watchful, and sincere,  
That whispers words of hope to us  
When none beside are near;  
It is the one, the chosen one,  
That's linked to us for life,  
The angel of the happy home,  
The faithful, trusting wife,  
'Tis said that angels walk the earth—  
I'm sure it must be so—  
When round our path, scarce seen by us,  
Such bright things come and go.  
Are there no beings by our side,  
As fair as angels are?  
As pure, as stainless as the forms  
That dwell beyond the stars?  
Yes! there are angels on the earth,  
Pure, innocent, and mild,  
The angels of our hearts and homes,  
Each loved and loving child.

## Old Joke.

'Tis a very ancient saying,  
Time till now has proved it true,  
"Do unto all your neighbors,  
As you would have them do to you."  
But another saying now prevails,  
Of an entirely different hue:  
"Be sure and do your neighbors,  
Or they'll certainly do you."

Afflictions may buzz and hum about the  
believer, like bees that have lost their sting;  
but they can never hurt him.

## Agricultural.

Ohio—Its Agriculture and other things.

To a fully made up man, born, educated,  
and living in the broken territory of New  
England, or in the vicinity of the Atlantic  
ocean, accustomed only to the sight of its  
meagre agriculture, and the parsimony with  
which its hard soils eke out their products to  
the allurements of persistent industry, the  
first emotions with which he beholds, as he  
passes over and contemplates the grandeur of  
this "military" section of Ohio must be over-  
whelming. To wholly appreciate the country  
and its agriculture, he must be a sojourner,  
not of days or weeks, but of months, and a  
close student even at that. He will under-  
stand why it is that farmers living on their  
own domains of five hundred, and along up in  
varied sized tracts, to five thousand acres in  
extent in a single farm, wield the solid capital  
of the country in the way of live stock, and  
grains, and are the chief directors of its wealth.  
It is a farming country, almost solely. The  
soil, unlike that of the Eastern States, which  
is little else than the foundation to uphold oth-  
er industrial structures, and facilitate the pur-  
suits of their people, is here the prolific  
source from which is drawn the nutriment  
that sustains not only those who cultivate  
its surface, but feeds ten times her popula-  
tion abroad. It is no strange thing for a far-  
mer here to be worth, in real and personal es-  
tate, a hundred thousand dollars, and some-  
times treble that sum. His live stock, com-  
posed of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, mules,  
and asses, is sometimes worth ten to fifty  
thousand dollars, in the aggregate. His corn  
or his wheat crop may be worth five thousand,  
and his wool clip half as much more annu-  
ally. So liberal is the scale on which their far-  
ming is prosecuted, and so absorbed are these  
large farmers in the love of land, that their  
surplus gains are mostly invested, as they ac-  
cumulate year by year, in adding to their al-  
ready overgrown acres. Even William, the  
Norman, and his rapacious horde, of land  
thieves, with whom he invaded England near  
nine centuries ago, had scarcely a keener ap-  
petite for individual territory than these quiet,  
honest gentlemen farmers, who buy and pay  
for what they possess, and with an equal re-  
gard to good morals, and integrity, cultivate  
it for the good of themselves, their posterity,  
and common country. It is good farming,  
too, most of it, that of these great stock and  
grain producers, as land, capital and labor  
stand related to each other with them. Their  
own dwellings each on their own territory,  
are, of course, wide apart; but they have  
many hired men and women, and frequent  
tenant houses, and tenants in them, who take  
land on shares, being furnished, if necessary,  
by the proprietors, with teams and other  
needed adjuncts to their labor. Many of  
these tenants, if provident and industrious, af-  
ter a few years of labor, gather together their  
earnings and remove to the farther West with  
their families, or buy small farms near by, on  
which they settle, and some of them ultimate-  
ly become large farmers in turn, of which, in-  
deed, instances are numerous. These exten-  
sive farmers, as they have been educated in  
early, or later life, are generous livers, in  
spacious and convenient houses, amply fur-  
nished with the appliances of comfort, or lux-  
ury, as their taste may demand. They edu-  
cate their families; they hold offices of hon-  
or and emolument in the county, or the state,  
as circumstances or inclination may control—  
in short, they are literally and emphatically  
the lords of the land. Yet there are two  
sorts of these large farmers. In contrast with  
half a dozen such as we have described, a  
craven, ignorant old curmudgeon is occasion-  
ally found, who can measure his acres by  
thousands, whose wife and family are as out-  
landish as himself, living in a hovel, with not  
a luxury, comfort, or even what decent folks  
would call a convenience, about them; grasping  
as misers, keen at a bargain, shrewd in  
their way, as farmers, abounding in herds of  
cattle and swine, and counting their bank  
stock and securities by tens of thousands,  
while scarce a son of the family can read, or  
write his name! It is unnecessary to say  
that these people are descendants of the early  
pioneers; who never knew the benefits of ed-  
ucation, were born and brought up in frontier  
life, and to whose households the common  
schools never were alluring.

We are on horseback. A gallant, high-  
bearing steed, such as abound on almost ev-  
ery farm in this region, is beneath our saddle,  
whose ambling pace bears us jauntily over the  
smooth highway; and at our side is old  
time friend, a resident hereabouts, equally  
well mounted as ourself, with whom we dis-  
course of all things appertaining to what we  
wish to know of our surroundings. We have  
passed forty, perhaps fifty miles in various di-  
rections over the fertile plains of Darby, thro'  
wide farms and stately parks of primeval oaks  
hickories, ashes and elms, such as would make  
an English nobleman's heart pant for the pos-  
session, could his guineas only purchase and  
transplant them into his own pleasure; and  
we have rested a most quiet Sabbath day un-  
der the roof of a gentleman—one of several  
brothers, whose adjoining acres make at least  
ten thousand of the richest and most park-  
like land in the country, each with his com-  
modious dwelling and out buildings upon it,  
and where refinement and hospitality abound  
in genuine heartiness. We have admired the

several noble herds of thorough bred short-  
horned cattle—some of them descendants of  
the best English importations into the coun-  
ties of Clark and Madison. We have seen  
thousands of fine wool sheep, the only breeds  
which, in the products of valuable fleece, find  
much favor in the estimation of these farmers,  
and are now setting our faces towards the  
Scioto valley proper, which in due time, we  
propose to reach at Columbus.

Now, if any one presumes that the occu-  
pants and owners of those noble farms which  
we have noticed, have achieved their posses-  
sions without labor, or, have inherited them  
through the labors of others, have an easier  
time of it than some in other pursuits involv-  
ing capital, risk, and vigilance, they are ex-  
ceedingly mistaken. For we have never met  
with men who were more exact in their busi-  
ness affairs, more careful in their manage-  
ment, or industrious in their habits, than they.  
They sometimes make money rapidly by large  
crops and high prices; again, they lose it  
suddenly by adverse seasons, and falling mar-  
kets. They take their chances in all these  
as others do in the fluctuations of business,  
and pursuits; but the fertility of the soil  
is an enduring fund to which they can ever re-  
sort for subsistence and relief, and with an in-  
telligent application of the manures, which  
the proper expenditures of the forage and  
stock reared and fed upon them, will produce,  
need never be exhausted. Men who have an  
idea that a large farm must be ill-managed,  
because themselves are only accustomed to  
small ones, need but go into the counties of  
central Ohio to find themselves decidedly  
mistaken in such opinion.—*World.*

## Lament of the Irish Emigrant.

BY HON. MRS. PRICE BLACKWOOD.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,  
Where we sat side by side,  
On a bright May morning, long ago,  
When first you wore my bride.  
The corn was springing fresh and green,  
And the lark sang loud and high.  
And the red was on your lip, Mary,  
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,  
The day is bright as then;  
The lark's loud song is in my ear,  
And the corn is green again!  
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,  
And your kiss warm on my cheek,  
And I still keep listening for the words  
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,  
And the little church stands near,  
The church where we were wed, Mary,  
I see the spire from here;  
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,  
And my step might break your rest,  
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,  
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,  
For the poor nake no new friends,  
But oh, they love the better far  
The few our Father sends!  
And you were all I had, Mary,  
My blessing and my pride;  
There's nothing left to care for now,  
Since my poor Mary died!

Yours was the brave and good heart, Mary,  
That still kept hoping on,  
When the trust in God had left my soul,  
And my arm's young strength had gone;  
There was comfort ever on your lip,  
And the kind look on your brow;  
I bless you for that same, Mary,  
Though you can't hear me now.

I thank you for that patient smile,  
When your heart was like to break,  
When the hunger-pain was gnawing there,  
And you hid it for my sake!  
I bless you for the pleasant word,  
When your heart was sad and sore;  
Oh, I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,  
Where grief can sting no more.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,  
My Mary, kind and true,  
But I'll not forget you, darling,  
In the land I'm going to;  
They say there's bread and work for all,  
And the sun shines always there;  
But I'll not forget old Ireland,  
Were it fifty times as far!

And often in those grand old woods  
I'll sit and shut my eyes,  
And my heart will travel back again  
To the spot where Mary lies;  
And I'll think I see the little stile,  
Where we sat side by side,  
And the springing corn, and the bright May-  
morn,  
When first you were my bride!

"How much did ye ask for thim but-  
tens?" inquired an Irish customer.

"Fifteen cents."

"I'll give ye thirty-seven."

"I didn't say fifty; I said fifteen," replied  
the honest dealer.

"Be dead, an' I'll give ye 'in' cents then."

Ten poor men can sleep tranquilly up-  
on a mat, but two kings are not able to live at  
peace in a quarter of the world.

## The Duty of Health.

The *Phrenological Journal* publishes a ser-  
mon on "Physical Culture," preached by H.  
W. Beecher before the Young Men's Chris-  
tian Association of Brooklyn. We transfer  
to the *World's Paper* several wholesome pa-  
ragraphs on the subject of bodily health as a  
Christian duty:

God made the human body, and it is by far  
the most exquisite and wonderful organization  
which has come to us from the Divine hand.  
It is a study for one's whole life. If an un-  
devout astronomer is mad, an undevout phys-  
iologist is yet madder. The stomach, that  
prepares the body's support; the vessels, that  
take up the food, and send it round; the  
lungs, that create the all-nourishing blood,  
the muscle-engine, which, without fireman or  
engineer, stands night and day, pumping and  
driving a wholesome stream with vital irri-  
gation through all the system; the nervous sys-  
tem, that unites and harmonizes the whole  
band of organs; the brain, that dwells in the  
dome high above all, like a true royalty—  
these, with their various and wonderful func-  
tions, are not to be lightly spoken of or irre-  
verently held. For no man can properly dis-  
charge his duty toward God, nor receive the  
gift of the human body from the Divine hand  
in a grateful and thankful spirit, nor properly  
appreciate its functions in life, or his duties  
springing therefrom, who is brought to the bad  
habit of speaking evil of the body.—It is a  
good body if it is rightly used; and if it is  
wrongly used, the way is not to revile it, but  
to reform your use, and to put that to good  
purposes which was well made for good pur-  
poses. The sins to which it leads, the mir-  
chicks which arise through its ministrations,  
are not lessened by railing at it. On the con-  
trary, a higher conception of its functions, the  
habit of regarding it as a gift of God, and of  
considering it as the subject of moral duties,  
will best prevent the dangers; for, the world  
over a right use of anything is the effectual  
preventive of the wrong use. If, then, we re-  
ceive this power from God, we are to honor  
him by employing it so that it shall in the  
highest degree answer the ends for which it  
was created. We are responsible to God for  
the manner in which we treat our bodies.

No man has a right to withdraw so much  
capital from human society, nor add so much  
tax or burden to it, as every sick man must.  
Where sickness is inevitable, and without  
fault of its victim, he is a subject, of pity.  
But where, as is the case in a majority of in-  
stances, it is the subject's own fault and sin  
that incapacitates him, though we may still  
pity, and should certainly show mercy of  
watchful attention, yet he should blame him-  
self for deserting the great army of industry,  
for withdrawing from that noble host of work-  
ers by whom the great tasks of human life are  
carried on. No man has a right to be sick  
when prudence would prevent it, any more  
than a soldier has a right, in a critical cam-  
paign, to be wounded needlessly, and, so, in-  
stead of standing with his comrades to attack  
or defend, lay himself upon them a dead  
weight, or worse yet, a living weight, sub-  
tracting not only himself, but all others, also,  
who are required to take care of him and min-  
ister to his recovery. Not only is every sick  
man one taken away from the workers, but he  
takes away all those that are required to at-  
tend upon him.

The relation of health to a man's disposi-  
tion, and so to his capacity of conferring and  
receiving happiness, is worthy of serious study.  
The happiness of our life does not consist in a  
few great sources; it springs from innumera-  
ble minute and constantly recurring causes;  
and, more than from all other things together,  
it springs from the disposition of men among  
themselves, and toward each other. The  
morbid states of health, the irritableness of dis-  
position arising from unstrung nerves; the  
impatience, the crossness, the fault-finding of  
men, who, full of morbid influences, are un-  
happy themselves, and throw the cloud of  
their troubles like a dark shadow upon others;  
teach us what an eminent duty there is in  
health. It is not of itself alone domestic hap-  
piness, for that depends upon more positive  
causes; but it certainly is true that in the  
present ill estate of human life, the want of  
good stomach, of firm nerve, of patience and  
endurance, which belong to health, fill thou-  
sands of households with quarrels, and morose-  
ness, and complaints, and unhappiness.

In my own experience, the cases that I have  
the most despaired of among those who have  
come to me for spiritual help, have been per-  
sons that were nervously sick. I could do  
them no good, because I could not reach the  
conditions of their body.

If a man beset with manifold temptations  
comes to me for relief, and he will not sleep  
more than five hours in twenty-four when he  
should sleep eight hours, what can I do for  
him? Hymns will not cure him; neither will  
texts nor sermons. If a person will drink  
green tea, which is like the quinquina of a  
thousand needle-points in its effects on a man's  
nerves, what is the use of his coming to me  
with complaints about blue devils? They are  
not blue devils; they are green devils! If a  
man gorges and oppresses his stomach, and so  
overlays the keys of life—for the keys of life  
are located in the stomach, as the keys of the  
piano and the organ are located in their ap-  
propriate places in those instruments—and he  
comes to me for deliverance from temptations,

or for the removal of obscurities that stand  
between his soul and God, unless I can have  
control of that man's habits of eating, what  
can I do for him? A minister has not power  
to follow on after a man's physical indulgences,  
and rub out the punishments which God means  
to inflict for those indulgences. And my  
personal experience has gone to show in case  
of multitudes who are afflicted, with what are  
called moral troubles, those troubles would  
not have to be traced back far to be traced to  
morbid conditions of the body; and the rec-  
tification of the body would be the restoration  
of spiritual health.

## Facts and Philosophy.

Reform from the old theology and the bright  
scintillations, that are occasionally being  
thrown off from the parental stock, show us  
that there is a work that needs all our en-  
ergies at this time to keep the philosophy of true  
Christianity above and clear of those shoals  
which have ever proved so disastrous to the  
spiritual growth, happiness, and usefulness of  
those who have been found in her wake, and  
pursuing with such religious rigor the forms  
she has seen fit to impose upon them through  
a blinded superstitious faith.

What but solid substantial facts can con-  
tribute or make up the sum of any philosophy  
either in metaphysics, science, reason, polit-  
ics or religion? could they not be demon-  
strated, by such facts as are comprehensible  
to the material senses, they never could be  
brought to the practical undertaking of the in-  
quiring student of nature, and consequently  
of no use to mankind. Through the senses comes  
all knowledge either pleasurable or painful, after which they  
pass through the refining ordeal of our Spirit-  
ual senses and judgment sets her seal upon  
them according to her limited or extended  
capacity.

Should we be unable to prove sufficiently  
clear outside the Bible that a positive knowl-  
edge of our immortality must first come  
through these same outer and material senses,  
and conclude to draw upon that sacredly ac-  
cepted finality. I think we would be quite as  
unable to prove one case found therein which  
was not demonstrated first through these out-  
er senses.

So obstinate and material were some of those  
important witnesses even in the closing up of  
those (claimed to be) eventual, and final dem-  
onstrations that with a cloud of witnesses be-  
fore them, and the Son from the Father "that  
all things were possible," that one exclaims  
"except I put my finger in the nail prints  
and thrust my hand in his side I will not be-  
lieve." Now Thomas' bumps of marvelous-  
ness and credulity were so exceedingly small,  
that he could not possibly believe, though all  
the other disciples testified to having seen the  
Lord, except some of his material senses ac-  
knowledge the fact, though his souls immortal  
destiny hung upon that point of belief, could  
not accept it.

Persons may and undoubtedly do profess to  
believe in those evidence which have never  
been demonstrated through those natural  
senses, either through fear, policy, or the hope  
of quieting the spirits perpetual claims for sub-  
stantial evidence, which alone has or ever can  
prove efficient.

Cause and effect—Facts and Philosophy—  
knowledge and Faith each are identical one  
with the other, one the counterpart, the other  
the result of Nature's undeviating laws. And  
when the man, deep learned in the science of  
theology, turns aside and tries to penetrate, and  
teach of the unfathomable future through the  
mystic revelations of the past, rejecting these  
God ordained laws, he then becomes the  
"blind leader, of the blind."

We are so beautifully constituted, organ-  
ized, and adapted to these laws, that a true  
observance to them, brings to us so happy a  
result, that we became at once the partici-  
pants of the future through the revelations  
and proper understanding of the present.

Few intellects there are indeed, which are  
so exceedingly dull and stupid, but what do  
at times rouse up from the apathy and call for  
proof, self recognized proof, of the souls im-  
mortality.

And now that facts are being called for, rec-  
ognized, and received as the philosophy of  
such an existence, we needs must look well to  
the surrounding conditions, through which  
these facts come to us. Let not the assumed  
perquisite of any diluted myth force itself up-  
on us through our perverted love and rever-  
ence of the histories of the mystic past, but  
stand up for and of ourselves; call for and ex-  
amine these facts, which show we have an in-  
dividuality quite as distinct and important (to  
us) as any of those who figured in the great  
drama of human life. The Roman Senate  
chamber once the seat of power, from there  
was no appeal—where, and what is it now?  
History tells us it is numbered with all the un-  
der assumed powers of either ancient or mod-  
ern times, that have, and now are passing a-  
way. Though their heads may be crowned  
with the hoary locks of time—their brows en-  
circled with the coronet of reverence, and cus-  
tom shall have her seals about them, 'till their  
gates appear like fortresses of bayonets, with-  
in where all is apparent safety; yet they must  
bear the test of the human mind's unflinching  
in its onward and upward course—that im-  
placeable foe to the staid philosophy of facts.

When any person or set of persons becomes  
a body politic, assuming positions, in claim-  
ing power, using authority, or setting bounds

over individual rights of thought, or corrupts  
itself when thwarted in its purpose, and the  
vengeance of its own ire is wreaked in the  
bosom where self-interest alone predominates.

Religion of whatever form or name, when it  
is used for, and becomes a means regardless of  
ends, to promote and perpetuate any one sys-  
tem, sect, or creed, at the expense of individ-  
ual right or thought, must yield like auriferous  
quartz beneath the skill of the inventive  
faculties of the human mind. For means  
have ever been found adequate to all truthfully  
required ends, and historical facts do prove  
this philosophy.

So of the Spiritual requirements of man;  
the great strength of his necessities have burst  
all creeds, forms and disciplines in the search  
of positive knowledge of his exigence hereaf-  
ter, and struck out upon the great unknown  
highway for demonstrable facts; regardless of  
where he may be led, or who may be his asso-  
ciates.

And it now becomes those who find them-  
selves in the advance of this mighty phalanx,  
to begin to look about for a new, a better, and  
a higher order of facts that they may not be-  
come slothful, arrogant, and conceited; for  
slothfulness begets a list of evil companions,  
while arrogance draws around competitors of a  
similar spirit, who soon find themselves in a  
useless and senseless brawl about superiority,  
and conceit prostrates every faculty of the  
once aspiring mind, and soon sleeps beside its  
once contemptible predecessors.

Spiritualists! beware of these conditions;  
let the histories of the past point us on to  
higher, and still higher attainments, only resting  
in our flight, to poise our wings for a  
more exalted stand; let our motto ever be  
EXCELSIOR.

MARY M. BISHOP.

Leonidas, 1859.

SLANDER.—Yes, you may pass it along,  
whether you believe it or not. You don't be-  
lieve one-sided whisper against the character  
of another, but you will use your influence  
to bear up the false report, and pass it on the  
current. Strange creatures are mankind.—  
How many benevolent deeds have been chill-  
ed by the shrug of a shoulder. How many  
individuals have been shunned by a gentle,  
mysterious hint; how many chaste bosoms  
have been wrung with grief at a single nod.  
How many graves have been dug by false re-  
port. Yet you will keep it above the water  
by a wag of your tongue, when you might  
sink it forever. Lisp not a word that may in-  
jure the character of another. Be deter-  
mined to listen to no slander, that, as far as  
you are concerned, it may die. But tell it once  
and it may go as on the wing of the wind, in-  
creasing with each breath, till it is circulated  
through the State, and has brought to the  
grave one who might have been a blessing to  
the world.

## The Last Survivor of Bunker Hill.

The statement has frequently been made by  
the newspapers, and endorsed by Mr. Everett in  
his late Fourth of July oration, that there is no  
left of that band of heroes who first withstood  
the shock of British arms in the open field. Eighty-  
five years having elapsed since that world re-  
nowned struggle, the burden of probabilities  
would favor such a conclusion; yet the statement  
is not correct. There is one who took part in that  
memorable battle, and in subsequent events of  
the revolution, yet living, "full of years," and  
venerated for his moral worth as well as for his  
age and public services.

In the town of Acton, Me., on a beautiful ridge  
of land, situated about a mile from Milton Mills,  
N. H., stands a cottage farm-house, unpretending  
in its appearance and bearing evidence of a very  
respectable antiquity. The passer-by will often  
notice a gray-haired man, reading attentively by  
the window, or walking about with a single cane  
—perchance engaged in the ordinary labors of the  
husbandman. The stranger will perceive nothing  
very remarkable in the thick-set slightly bent  
figure, and well preserved, swarthy features of  
this old man of apparently eighty years; but the  
residents of the adjacent county involuntarily  
bend with reverence as they pass him. And well  
they may,—he is the last of the Bunker Hill pa-  
trials.

David Kinnison, who long survived his con-  
federates of the famous Boston Tea Party, was  
living in 1851, in Chicago, at the extraordinary  
age of one hundred and fifteen years. He has  
since passed away. Ralph Farnham, the last of  
the Bunker Hill heroes, still lives, although he  
has nearly attained a span and a half of the space  
allotted to man. His one hundred and fourth  
birthday was celebrated at Milton Mills on the  
7th. We have already given, from the pen of a  
correspondent, some notice of this interesting af-  
fair. Although no pains were taken to extend  
a notice of the event beyond the immediate vic-  
inity of the veteran's residence, a very large ec-  
cuse of people was in attendance. The features  
of the occasion were an address, and one hundred  
and four greetings from a twelve pounder, and a  
dinner, enlivened with toasts and speeches.

Mr. Farnham, we learn, was not in the midst  
of the battle. Having been enrolled only on the  
day previous, it was his lot to be detailed among  
a guard to take charge of artillery and baggage,  
at some distance from the redoubt. In close ac-  
proximity to the principal scene of strife, the ob-  
servations which he made, and distinctly recol-  
lects to this day, are highly interesting, and we  
trust they will be given to the public by some  
competent pen. When we reflect how few per-  
sons living can even remember the event itself—  
as a child of twelve at that time would now be  
ninety-seven years old—a living actor in that  
bloody drama becomes at once an object of in-  
terest, respect and veneration.—*Boston Jour-  
nal.*

Talk of eternity! we are in eternity now;  
we commenced our eternal existence at birth.  
death being only a gate in the great road of life's  
endless course. If we have traveled but a short  
distance on this road here, we will find it recorded  
so in that world to which we shall have gone.—  
As we are here, so will we find ourselves in the  
Spirit-world, death making no essential change.  
If we die ignorant, we will be ignorant still, and  
have everything to learn; if vicious and wicked,  
we will be so still; if full of knowledge, wisdom and  
holiness, we will find ourselves the same when we  
land on those Spirit-shores, and will be welcomed  
by angel bands to those bright spheres above.