Eiterary Mepartment


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Publadephate, Pt, Aprll 17, 1880.








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 Bynnan M. Lixpu, THE COMPACE.

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## THE CURSE OF TOBAOCO.

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## Origimal Essays.

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## Woitess frum the 奖eaple.

## OABDINOTOX, ohio-L. F. Herer willem-






GABSETT, KANSAS -Locen Ereert withe -







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Under that headiog, to criate lenue of Pomi
 wloquently ditiplage the better alde of buman no ture, -which neems to be larggly enwrapped in Brick" Pomeros,-fit it so redolent with the geiids rays of golden, human love, which can ant but ootien and bstier the heart of every read.

 carrote us, ss well when we nect when "we wuold be this world of bleak homan selfibl nues.
 Sald be: ion bad, for sbe was such a playffil litite ap. sind of boo cured for."


 Hec beck yarcor artaxs, heod by boue wallo-


 Weiurethiltue girl playing wita a kiteen on the wille suivepan Liereoo, in which os bone was
 Hrs of this "home" By the tabie, workiag by


 "ibe bothers you sbout working, does she "Hoan mir, but I don't miod bat", and 1 work aul daty vill every ying is gitilit on lige Whit rent doyou pay for this room? How maca do you earn? Anrie hetamesen bixy cents at day. But sioce Yoof can' livy up muyb, theny








 "What dod be Do lor t living?",


 Then be ma good, ,ond pever huruck me meir.



 Lo Hoe

 and looked at Lhe Hicle giri. A Pile feveritb,

 Lout onde butcoer. Wo felt ber writ-1 wion gore went reveried the hant thar ived gationy be











${ }_{B y}$



Tray unt to co well,



good Can have home ${ }^{2}$ ",
 "When"" Right amay-toos as we can get "And may I have an orn".
 lueclous one, and after we bud hutaed her face
 oune-pu:

 zig waliz on our very tet lide-we here Leari






 But to us there would have beta no pleasure is
that, und not one bii ot good accumplisbed. And mave thiak of this lible patient wefleter
 yor titengb, and care for thoue wo Thet


 plasat. resid, there are meen rho once loved and cab


 Exyy, men, litile ooes, wbo read this true story of
 To niee place to deep, sod no dfacken father
reer you of penies,








 and we can rest trom luturt, thanking Gigd for



##   Hatis met body 


















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## spminca migeaben












##  <br> a WONDERFUL BOOK!

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<br>\section*{HEDGED IN.}<br><br>\section*{Hearen me}<br>-Mon llke our iotd are they who bear,<br><br>nis<br>\section*{}<br>n

## A PEEP INTO

> SACRED TRADITION. sy nev. unysuegeri. cosinsing
"The Condenved Eritinces on bolh sides, of the HIS PRESENT AND FUTURE
 BEYOND THE BREAKERS.
wiory or the Presont Day.


HOW AND WHY
I BECAME
A SPIRITUALIST,
Wash. A. Danskin.


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Juar mun whatativent with


I BECAME
A SPIRITUALIST,

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 postax,

The human wul has been compared to garsen in. Which the muses carol, sid sirrange
teir ameeteat hays He who is withnat a vela Of pootry in bis nature, is like the aril deeert,
with no beids of flowers, no murmuriag atreasm no bqbbliog apriogs, or green carpeted eierth wilhila ill, and it comes forth like the ilower from the parieafotem; llike the apear of grase from the of be liutiac roal. The hamsq mplad is, ia one
 tling talk of fanocont obild hig $x$ d, the plapts in ant quilet reiriat fo the forest, ali much a chord in the pooks mind, and it roaponde thereto. in
verse. The psoi-acts by. boing actsd upon. I there were no fliwers, he coald not ang of he singeses abe impronioi bim, apd tbe more:
perfect the ipepirationt; the more, perfect the song. The piet who wrow the followlog, had whom he devotsaly-loved perhapa and as her imagi flitud through hite mlad, ash her soft blue
eyes, minow white drass, and procofal nature eyes, enowy white trams, and psocofal nature
neetlied there, be mim her at her devotional ex ercises, and wrote the

Matomis prayer.

 frealiog that bo io mase bolut thember. Tbe man moo car nes no bentry fa mo world who man sooul, masalfoutsd in those poetical effarion which abound in our interature, us exhibited in the following verse by Whittier



 peuted in verre what d



Liserin Doteo, there is a world $\alpha$ of chod pen of urack
blibed.

 2vaz
 This it it with many. Not comprobending
the true natare asd dignity of enanhood, they
caut away the Lsurel Wreath of Fame, leaviog Cast a way the Lsurel Wreailh of Fame, yevilog tioas ufreedizzd.
When a mas eatirs dens of vice and lloents.
 loves that dignity which abould over eharacter: ze him. We fad in poetry A Are that illamla cuases the bode therela it bloweom, makivg bel ar all the Impulsees of the mooul. Ot mpltastion


## $2=4$

 Ip ber poetical, effasi has, there is as arene
majeaty and grandeur, that conducts the revder at once fato the realms of the besutiful, and he reelo ino if he wis belog careamed by an ange They rub off the angularities of life, soften huan natare, cause parer thinughts to unfo er feelings that allies msan to the angels. Many other ppetes, hivwever, hate a differeof. veln in
theif soul, ope that, carriejto the outer world snother clues of thoughts. It is well that acch
is the case. Warren Barlow, for example, is on word, that while it cute sarcusticonly, cuts an beautifully that all admire it He deale with
error, regardiag if in open rebellion agalna truth, and he entera the battle with an appelite
keen for the tight, and advacces with the boldness of one having suthority. Speaking of




In hia poetical work, "The Volces," he deals
veverely with error. His tdeas pat us in mind or the "flaming eword" in the Garden of Eden an esrnestaess that pleases all. Warren Barlow s one of Nature's poets. Lizzie Doten repre
ents the fivers-be exhibits in his writings the tately oak, whnss toweriog myswtv speaks, " m kiog of the forest." In Lizzle Doten'a poeme
there is a muld breeze, with the fragravce howers thereon. In Warren Burlow's " volces here lg a territic horric une, wild tornadoes, lurid lightanggs; and territic thuoders and earth.
quakea. He ia dealiog with error. He la con. contiog an sotagoasat that is wortby of hia
theel. He advances on the batije field, appreciat ng the character of his aptagoniat. Botween his sems and thowe of Lizzie Doted, there is thit
differesco-hlo are bold, deflat, cruabiog in argument, trathfol in aswertions, and ansocondalike never rellinquilat their grasp on error. Hers are like the clambering viae, Which, with bloe
coms and leaves scentod with the "balm of coms and leaver scentfod with the "bosim of a Iond embrace the majeatic oak, thuking it can Sbe advancen with love in her beart, and smile on het features, and who can realot her
winning ways + We can mee her in her poetry. Eothroned there, ahe situ, payipg to the bolater aus premions of human nature, "Pacee be lug her nature and respecting and loving her.
Warren Barlow is differently conatituted. He is the warrior, who adrances boldly and defantIf, wiabing to cleanes the Augrang atables of the
worli, and woe to them that: realith him. He Walks with the majenty of an emperor, knowing he nature of his mimion and the obaticles to be


Poetry has ita minalog. The world might ne humbar nature, moikes it purer, better, and boller, ad edrancos humanity in the mole of extatence. Within the human mind, the outer world is roonly represints the ficultises given it It is true of tuelf, in whatever ephere inboring. Werren piriow, of infe. His is the Dopaniel in the Llonit Den, and be fara nothiog. fire fencblagia wo in-


## "OHLEST WERISPRER. <br> 

L'fe is iadeed aborton eurth, aal full of triale We some forth a walf oi the shores of time, and
child-like viewligg the bouadless expanaee bsfore eyond wonder where that besatifal gutedray in beyond the shining river. D sath is a welcome
vision. Who $\mathbf{W i n u l d}$ repal him. He inay come unts of youth neetlo on our features like a faitry queen, and driving them out. enthrone hls own deati steps io. When the brilliancy of the eye departs, the languor of desth ciesumes the place, and benuty has gone forever. Buit who donnt
wion to dies metimet Was woaldilive always lletters" now "Wrimary school; we aro in our ceur of the house in which we live. We never loerod desth. When a boy wei had hime pleturdo usas a stragege beling. How suaken hit yen; how cold and asvage the expremion that be calls hin fice ; his eyeed didn't shline ; no love there; no fiowers in hio soul,-sad be held a cegthe in hand, and his miluion whe to "cut doivn both great and amall." Some one told us that $G$ nd made him ; that without him no one
vould die. Well, we. thought it trange thet Tould dif. Well, we. thought it strange that as to take deliggat to killing humanity. Bat or ; but it does not come ss a grim-riaged mongler, -no, bat sa a brigbt angol, whone love-
it besuty of the moul within. To die is onily cbange There really is no suct thing is death, Little Minnie, the angel of the housebold paseod
awny, bot still did not die. You have seen the a rainbow in them,-there is a volume of poetry there. There is poetry in asture; and she de
c:aims it in the ullien, japoncas, in the rose, in he tiny spear of grien. We like the peetry of nature: Well, ia Mianle's desth, there wha no
death. She cideot die, the bad only blowomed. happy Not four years uf age, yet the angel of the housebold, anid all loved her. She was taken sick. We felt the change. Little Mionie's
pattering feet and cherry volice all at once wea husbed. You have seen the lily clove its cup
for a nigat's repose, holdiog ia ita fond embrace the sweet dew drop,-only to come forth more
beautiful in the morning as in the armiot her Mam ns Rotionie was lying the lily, and as we asw the affection of her kind benefsctress showered down upon her from her eyes, from her features, trom her countenance,
from her whole soul, it formed a besutifal halo arouvd her charge, and we knew that abe would moon go forth in a spiritual garb. You
have seen the guoshine kiss the throw over its vatiegated tints a halo of ligat or give it the hues that it brings in the morning from oriental climes. Such acenes you love.
Hed you seen little Mianie in the arms of her Mas, and witnessed the beautiful light that emsnated from ber soul, as it came forth in loviog sympathy, you would have sidmired the scsae. aympathy. Minnie-now an angel-had two could aot save her. still, she did not dieonly changed her condition, and could not reunain the pet of the household. Ste was beckonshiniog river. When the laid offthe mortal catof clay, and Ber litule form was laid os her oges clowed, and her Ilyule arms folded together, ahe looked beantiful Iadeed. There were tears abed then; there was horrow in that houvehold; emoeach one utule Mianie mede a pearl to place in the crown of thowe who sbod them. Her Mamma for they could not give their charge up even when It was icy cold. In the pale face of Minnie, they anw rare besuties; in those little arms so lov-
tagiy folded, they mw the name aftections as When they were entwined around their neck in joyous Rlee; in thoee eyes, too, though clowed,
they recognized the traty of a soulnow gone,-
and they wept. Twey coald not help pit. All who know her wept. They all sbed tears, for the an-
rel of the housebold had gone. Bat luttle Min. nie wis pees. She hoard the lamentations; ahe saf the tears that were abed, and witnoeved the
affections that weat out for ber in loving aympathy. She wha sweet even in death. No fool mighs kies ber iltule cheek, -lt was not cold and
clammy. You might prees your fuce to bers and not think ber deed. Youriggt apeak to
her, and her lipe would not move. You might touch the key on the plapo, expectiog to hear a
joyous rexposee, bat none would come. Lying
 that so ofan proeed our neck to lovingts the jittlo foet that had soo othen pattered seromen
the floor in foyons glee. Wo spoke to her, think$\log$ the was not deed, but ahe dild not respond But there. Whe no grim-vimged monster callied
death, thet took Minnle. There wha a bevy of deeth, that took Minnle. There was a bevy of
litule ones from the Summer Land who came to greet her and ormament ber with flowera, and ever happy: Desth, then, is only chasage. Mis hile has aill alive; ;he is Joast as much the pet of the houmebold as ever; sthe atill lingers around

 grayder atyla, fres from dimoee and pole. And
puts her arms aroand tae neck of thove she lov-
e1; th ; promese ber lips to teeire; the ruas her Alogers tarough the rough Whisters abe muod to
 M-nnie is not desd. She atill lives and we love her brig it ioncoceat apirit as ito mmes with greet. abovo.
death. Bit we are pising thr a chsage espled led desth conatsanly. Tadro years from this date, there will not be a particele of your promat bxdy facorporated ta your phystell aystem.
Conagge is with your phyilcal organizution Basoge is wilthin your phystcal orgsaliztiton Bat the chagage from Hifo to doath is besatifai.
 night's repose. Sbe pused amis as geatly that Fecsuld not beliero her desd. Tae sua mikes no noles in setting, ind thymuraiag gloryo, how
quivet when closiag their tatad caps for E lilule quet when closiag tseir ulavod caps for sillule aleop. Thas did che $\mathbf{a}$ gol of tho hossabold pist has gine, yet she is with us. Toe silyery tonee of her voice are hushed, yot they still ring forth in happy glee around us, though we do not hear
them. Wo doa't foel the waran. prouture of thas
. aweet Ilpi say diore, yet they touch thoss she kel of the are owneter tasa we koow. Tas angone. Wilhin our hesth, the sils like a falry pot, sod wo obeged her, for who czald reatit the quaint smilue tast wrestagi hor fectiras, and then as her Hitule hisis pusist the ru zुi out hatr
our charge.
Daith is
right Pas respecer of pertinas. Woll, thasy right. Parhape we might be takga, sod other eo. Bot desth is niatural. Tagre is grandeur in it, in whatever ligat you mis coasider it: A bud may blownm, uafold ivelf from thie pirent stem-there is the resurrection. The fimer wae
afew moaths ago, in the cold earth; bat it hear a few moatbs ags, in the gold earth; bit it heard
the geainal wiads fanoiag the tree-tops; folt the the geanisl winds fanaiag the tree-tops; fielt the
sua's rays as hey touchad the soil; Histened to the zophyrs as thoy cama along from southern were jyys and scosaes bockoniag it upward. I Whas so with little Miaale. B Bfore she pasoed ber to come to their boime, and did they not tell her of joys there that wa koow not oft O, how
besuitlal they are, Ms, ahe sild; sod she spike it so ow eetly, sod sush an innoceatt amile Hike an angel. Sae respondel to their cill, and now lives in spiritilife. Her little chair is vecant ber seat near the head of the table is not occapled, a ad we all mines her.
She was lying on the tel-a lote with Minnle. were smoothing back her hair and our hande ous and tappy she appesret then, as she press ed her lipe to ours, and put her tiny arm flowering vine was elsapiog it in one fond em brace, and we woodered If it, in its sileat majes ly, didn't feel highly favored. With Menale) sweet kisees, and her lillio armss-arouad our
neck, we fott more nanhooi, more love for all humanity, and we went forth to the world Over us this ianocent household augel hed sofining laflaence. Hor sweet kiwes drove ont melfath pwion from our nature, and her loving carrences made nar nobler and purar. The pe Her houvelion, hale Bilaale, had ber mimion Her mark has been made, you never cas erve hoking atendenety io her eyees, we could almoet induce the inagnutic aleep, but she was to fall or gleo, that abe would atart up with some qualnt my log, to make ua laugh.
Don't fear denth-ft will not hurt you. It
will come sometime. You, perhape, have late alitule pot, with brillisat ejes and allvery voice and cheeks of roey hoe, and can ailvery roice, sees 10 the death of little Minale
Desth, it is asid "loves a abiniag marh. rough and boitterous; bat death will quibt you. You may sapire to live; bat euch asplations are not reeppected. You may desure ts serve some your wish will not be gratified. Bat we krow that litule Minnie to inot lost, for the poet ho ruthfo


## 5

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"Therove nothlog lowv"-ara oar bued eroplog! $27=2=2$ \% =





 our eyes are clossd in deeth; we shall see ber When our arms are folded on our lifeleens Corma, whom we loved so well," and press ber lipt to ourf. Yes, tn the "sweet comotime", which lingers in our mind like the chlimes of a mora lag bell, we wild see thele housebold sogol, and Leel agaía bet zenisl sphening infleenoe ob the "sweet sometime," the ausabine that bock-
ons the impulase of our nature into the pure it will be in the "swoè rometime" that we ahvil wee an angel mo
that hover aroapd us.


In Mn. Bomger's nesoces, atesplics are permiltiod To hold the modlam whlle the demosatrutlone are all prosumptisas of limpostiare oa ber paprocino the time to . Witoese unmiltakable demonstre
 held at the circle rooms of talt Pablubliog Hoase Wrill oor fresda be no klod as to attend to makiog remittances of ques lor the Jousial.
Bome yho are largely in arreas, mast reciure the fiect that the burden in beevy for wa to caris,


miekmosa, Grawrora co., Indi have organized a society, conaistiog of forty nembers, and erected a houne, which boey proJuse. Speakers engaged for the oocuion are Mrs. E. L. Wataon, Mrs. 8. M. Thompton, Mrs intione are Tryanville on the Oil Croek R. R, and Miller's etstion on the Atlantic and Great
Weatern. Mr. C. W. Judd is sscretary of the Westera. Mr. C. W. Judd is ascretary of the
Society.

## -

Wm. L. Himes writes to un from the office of Mr. N. M. Advent Carien moggaived" to the and Adrantitary Well. abe is reelly a thlented ledy, whocther recornized by you or not; butt
ahee could not realet the logic advased by
Mr. Ballon in their debate at Holden. 8be is herr reliligious vilewas may be. We atated in our
ditorial note lat week, that the debate whe editiorial note lat week, that the debate mear
held at Clarence, -a mitacke.

## The Blidical Domeerat.



## gertiludelphia geppartuent.



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 his compenmesnt, Mr. WW. mild, "This man

 "The mother of thle man was a very practical
woman, bad a very frm walk, a woman of marizol intultion. Sbe powemed large talents,
but wa not loud mouthed in utiering ber sentimente"








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 "He entered upò the study of modicice
without any meeses, and had a hard strug.

 "He bad a very strong notion of going Weat
shot blat time, but fld not".
"I fle
 auddenly at sbout seventeen or eighteen. Hee
fatr complexion, flop Ceaturoh, medtum belght,
weighed about one habidred and twenty pounds,


 Tise doctor ayy be doee not recognize any
thing of thla Mr of thia then gave Emma Hardinge vev.
eral teats to ron regra to her pant life and some property, wilect abe recogoized as belog true.
oot awakenened. were given, and a prolound inter-

## spinitualism

Spiritualism couses to atimulate human setion.
It t a power which impels mankind forwand in It to a power which impela mankind forward in
any direction which they may be moving We soy direction Which they may be moving. We
have meen the drunkard inipired not only by the appetive for stimulants, bat by opirita who are atil on the same place, and slaries to the amme
But says the opponent of Splritualiam, the if is an evil and ought to be avolded. Would you blot out the sun because some imprudent one courree for the drunkard, whope case may be taken us an illustration of any infurious habith, and that is to overcome the .appetile which ictas upon a sumilar plane, both in tho form asd out of it. We will go as far es ang ope to provent proper acta, and wo ctaim that one of the great-
 are io resilty the so criled evil indioences. They
dovelopmes


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HELEN

## HARLOW'S VOW




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of the propbets of lirael.

Tzizem




What an amfol condition. Wby has the Rov.
Boterer left the Gagesty if his wakiog thougbte go out there, why not atay there! Wooder Jesuas
dos't take strip down there. These men would
treas: him betier than the Jewr did. "These
 Whene is God ? we woold hak.
"Why, slr, there are scenes there-the althicest
icenes in this worla. You may well exclatu it



 We toink we have never heard mpre blasphemy
uttered than the thooghta of Bofler.
We remember the Democrate deciared that every rapectable Denaocrat or white man would
leave Cogrese whin tho pegro came lo. Add as so ove has left Coogress or the Benate on the en.
trance of the negro, we presume that there are no
decen? men in Coogreas. Bo when theee people of
 ee whetber tbere are aoy salata there or pot. Will
yoil leave, Rev. Batler!
OM-

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THE CELEBRATED CASE

## HUSTON RUSSELL


3kilfal Phyticians fall to cura il
Burgery and Bydropatiby kive only parilial rellef. Patlent prostrated, redineed to a skiletom,

HE FINALLY TAKES THE
POSITIVEPOWDERE.

- 4 CUÉBd,
$\triangle$ IND GAINS FIFTY FIVE POUNDS IN FLESH.


"rluLai polioós.











## Tis emint splatilligimi y ces. ary ircien POBITIVE \& NECATIVE POMDERO.



