

## Family Circle.

## Retrospection.

BY ENMA GARRISON.

When o'er the friendless and deserted heart  
Solentless Time his wither'd mantle flings,  
How dear the feelings former scenes impart,  
Then borne again to view on memory's wing!

Then all the pleasures of life's early morn  
As recollection's fairy call appear;  
The rose of youth is soon without its thorn,  
Through the long lapse of many a circling year.

It is sweet though sad to view, through  
the vista of departed years, the bright hours  
of childhood, when hope and joy twined  
their magic garlands around our hearts,  
when life was in its dawn, and no clouds  
appeared to darken our way, or shadows  
of gloom to shroud our hopes in sorrow.—  
With what rapidity do the scenes of by-  
gone days rush through the silent halls of  
memory, bringing, as it were, before us  
the light forms and sunny smiles of the loved  
and cherished ones, who have passed away  
like the leaves of autumn and the blighted  
flowers of spring! We turn to the joyful  
hours of childhood, when our spirits were  
as free and wild as the mountain breeze,  
and our song as glad and joyful as the notes  
of the wild bird of summer. Again we  
wander through the forest, and gather the  
bright blossoms which was emptied by the  
fairly-footed spring into the lap of nature.

Again we roam along the silver streamlet,  
and listen to its low murmur, as it gam-  
boles over its pebbled channel, and winds its  
playful course among the daisies and cow-  
slips that decorate the verdant meadow.  
We listen to the sweet music of the feather-  
ed songsters, and watch the fading glory of  
the setting sun, as he recedes from our view  
behind the western horizon, tipping the  
clouds with glorious effulgence. Now we  
hail with delight the queen of night, as she  
emerges from her eastern chambers, and  
sheds her pale beams over nature. Ah,  
those were joyful days, but they have gone,  
and with them the ardent hopes and glow-  
ing fancies of youth's bright morning!

The companions of my childhood are  
gone—my schoolmates—those who shared  
my joys and sorrows, with whom I spent  
the fair and unsullied hours of youth, ere I  
knew that this world was full of tears, when  
my brow was free from care, and ere my  
cheeks had been bedewed by the tears of  
sorrow. Where are they? Some have  
gone to distant climes, others are resting  
beneath the cold clods of the valley; and of  
the many bright beings I loved in other  
days, few, very few, are left to cheer me  
with their friendship now. And my teacher,  
he who guided my footsteps into the many  
paths of knowledge, who distilled in my  
youthful mind the precepts of wisdom and  
truth, where is he? He is sleeping far  
from the home of his fathers. Hushed is  
his voice whose every tone spoke precepts  
of truth, and his countenance is bereft of  
of the benignant and parental smile which  
once illumed it; he is sleeping the dream-  
less sleep of death; Missouri's troubled  
stream is sighing a requiem to his memory,  
and the turf mound on the wide prairie  
shows his resting-place.

This world is as frail and changing as the  
flowers of spring. Its joys bloom only to  
fade. The most cherished fancies fade, and  
the brightest hopes take wing and depart.—  
How many a sun that arose in brightness  
will, ere it reaches its meridian splendour,  
be obscured in clouds! How many sweet  
buds are blasted by the chilling winds of  
sorrow ere they bloom to perfection! How  
many young hearts are broken! How many  
cherished hopes and lofty aspirations  
laid low! Hearts once warmed by the sun-  
shine of love have become cold and friend-  
less. All, all is disappointment and sorrow!  
And would not this world be a more deso-  
late place than it is, would not the tears of  
sorrow flow more freely, had we not the  
hope of at last reaching a brighter, fairer  
land?

O! how cheering to the lone heart, bereft  
of earthly joys, and lacerated by sor-  
row, when it has seen its cherished hopes  
fade away, and given up the almost idolized  
beings of its affection—how cheering it is  
to that heart to know that there is beyond  
this tear-washed shore a better country a  
land of glory, where no sorrow will ever

enter, where no parting will be known,  
where we can enjoy the society of our loved  
ones, without any grief to mar our enjoy-  
ment! O, if it be our happy lot to reach  
that glorious land we will be repaid for all  
our sufferings here! There we shall meet  
with those loved ones who have gone be-  
fore us, to part no more. No sorrow will  
enter there, no tears will reach that happy  
country. It will all be one successive  
scene of unmitigated joy, and there we shall  
enjoy the society of saints and angels, and,  
above all, we shall see our Saviour—we  
shall see him and strike the golden lyre to  
his praise. Let us therefore follow his pre-  
cepts, and he will sustain and comfort us  
in all our trials and afflictions; he will be  
our support in the hour of death, and when  
the cold waters of Jordan are swelling  
around us, he will bring us safely through,  
and at last he will give us a place at his  
right hand in heaven, there to dwell through  
the endless ages of eternity, on that bright  
elysian shore, where all will be joy unspeak-  
able and full of glory!—*Ch. Advocate and  
Journal.*

## Home and Woman.

Our homes, what is their corner stone,  
but the virtue of woman, and on what  
does social well being rest but on our home?  
Must we not trace all other blessings of  
civil life to the door of our private dwell-  
ings? Are not our hearthstones guarded  
by holy forms of conjugal, filial, and parent-  
al love, the corner-stone of Church and  
State, more necessary than both?—  
Let our temples crumble, and our acad-  
emies decay, let our public edifices, our halls  
of Justice, and our capitals of State be lev-  
elled with the dust, but spare our homes!  
Let no socialist invade them with his wild  
plans of community. Man did not invent,  
and he cannot improve or abrogate them.  
A private shelter to cover up two hearts  
dearer to each other than all the world—  
high walls to exclude the profane eyes of  
every human being—and the place for chil-  
dren to feel that mother is a holy and pec-  
uliar name—this is home, and here is the  
birth-place of every sacred thought. Here  
the Church and State must come for their  
origin and support. O! spare our homes!  
The love that we experienced there gives  
our faith in an infinite goodness; the purity  
and disinterested tenderness of home is our  
foretaste and our earnest of a better world.  
In relations there established and fostered,  
do we find through life the chief solace and  
joy of existence. What friends deserve a  
name compared with those whom a birth  
gave us! One mother is worth a thousand  
friends; one sister truer than twenty inti-  
mate companions. We who have played  
on the same hearth—under the light of the  
same smile, who date back to the same  
scene and season of innocence and hope, in  
whose veins runs the same blood—do we  
not find that years only make more sacred  
and important the ties that bind us? Cold-  
ness may spring up; distance may separate;  
different spheres may divide, but those who  
can love anything who continued to love at  
all, must find that the friends whom God  
himself gave, are wholly unlike any we  
choose for ourselves, and that the yearning  
for these is the strong spark in our expiring  
affection.—*Christian Enquirer.*

## Martin Luther.

He was a most wonderful man—gifted  
with a nature so broad and expansive that  
while it touched the severe, almost the  
harsh on one side, it mingled with all that  
was tender and affectionate on the other.  
Hear, for instance, his remarks after the  
death of his daughter Madeline. When  
they placed her on the bier he exclaimed,  
"My poor, dear, little Madeline, you are at  
rest now." Then looking long and fixedly  
at her, he said, "Yes, dear child, thou  
shalt rise again, shalt shine like a star? yes,  
like the sun! I am joyful in the spirit, but  
oh, how sad in the flesh! It is a strange  
feeling this, to know that she is certainly at  
rest, that she is happy, and yet to be sad?"

It is recorded that when his little daugh-  
ter was in the agony of death, Luther threw  
himself on his knees by his bedside, and  
weeping bitterly, prayed to God that he  
would spare her. She breathed her last in  
his arms. In one of his letters, a short time

afterwards, he says, after speaking of the  
death of Madeline, that he ought to be  
thankful for her happy deliverance from  
the many troubles of this world: "Never-  
theless, the force of instinct is so great, that  
I cannot forbear from tears, sighs, and  
groans, say rather my very heart dies with-  
in me. I feel engraven on my inmost soul  
her features, her words and actions: all  
that she was to me in life and health, and  
on her sick bed, my dear, my dutiful child.  
\* \* \* She was, as you know,  
so sweet, so amiable, so full of tenderness."

How beautifully the softness and tender-  
ness of the stern Reformer's character come  
out in these extracts. And would any one  
thing be finer than this of woman;—"When  
Eva was brought before Adam, he was filled  
with the Holy Ghost, and gave her the most  
beautiful and glorious of names, called her  
Eve, that is, mother of all living. He did  
not call her his wife, but mother of all liv-  
ing. This is woman's glory, and most pre-  
cious ornament." Or this: "One evening  
noticing a little bird perched on a tree as  
if to take up its rest for the night, he  
said, "This little thing has chosen its shel-  
ter, and is going peacefully to sleep: it does  
not disturb itself with thoughts of where it  
shall rest to-morrow, but composes itself  
tranquilly on its little branch, and leaves  
God to think for it."

## General Miscellany.

## Mental and Physical Electropathy.

BY DR. A. PAIGE.

(Concluded)

A current of damp air from a window has  
often so deprived portions of the system of  
electricity, as to induce paralysis. Damp  
feet conduct it from the bodies of those in  
feeble health to such a degree, as to cause  
the most alarming effects. Many, by resting  
against damp walls or iron pillars, have  
experienced such derangement in this ele-  
ment, as to cause life-enduring suffering.  
Changes in the electrical condition of the  
atmosphere, which are often very consider-  
able, also change the condition of the same  
element in the economy of our systems.

It is only necessary to refer to the fact,  
that the mariner's compass, which is made  
to traverse by being charged with electricity,  
and is ever under its control, loses this  
power in the time of a tempest, by the ac-  
tive state of this element around, for suffi-  
cient argument to prove the position assumed.  
Very susceptible persons often experience  
sensations from a disturbed state of the  
electrical element within them, long before  
the state of the heavens declare it, that a  
tempest approaches. Some, by reason of a  
peculiar state of the brain, become drowsy  
and fall asleep. Others, from a similar  
state of the stomach, are nauseated and  
all whose nervous systems are enfeebled  
dread its approach, and some become frantic  
through fear, being taught by the silent  
language of instinct, that those whose sys-  
tems are thus affected are specially liable to  
be injured.

He whose body is positively charged, and  
consequently strong and robust, can bear a  
strong shock from the battery, while one in  
an opposite state can bear but the least  
without injury. The first may be "struck  
by lightning" and not injured, while the  
other is killed, when the lightning comes  
not near him. Other conditions of the at-  
mosphere electrically produce other and  
very different results upon the economy; for  
there is no particular in which it experi-  
ences greater changes.

Irritation, mechanical or chemical, pro-  
duces electrical disturbance in the economy,  
and consequently is the cause of different  
diseases. All have learned, that electricity  
is excited by friction. This is a principle  
in nature, and equally applicable to animate  
and inanimate matter. The most healthy  
part of the body may be selected, and by a  
constant friction, or rubbing even with the  
hand, become highly irritated. If the fric-  
tion be kept up, the irritation soon amounts  
to actual inflammation; and if still contin-  
ued, ulceration or decomposition takes place.  
This is an electrical decomposition, and  
easily explained upon the principle of chem-  
ical electricity.

The friction excites electrical currents of  
the parts irritated, and their effects are as  
positive as if induced by the battery. The  
most solid material may be decomposed by  
electrical action, and why not that less firm-  
ly organized?

Chemical irritation, which may be induc-  
ed by changing the chemical relations of  
the body, by external or internal applica-  
tions, produces the same results acting upon  
the same principle. An indolent ulcer pro-  
duced by either method, while it is the seat  
of immediate chemical decomposition, de-  
prives the whole system of the vital flame,  
electricity. It is excited in unbroken cur-  
rents to the parts diseased, producing the  
work of destruction both there and through-  
out the system. Nor will this work cease  
until these currents are broken. The mi-  
nutest particle of matter received into the  
system is often sufficient to thus change the  
chemical relations of the whole structure.—  
The subtle agent, electricity, feels the  
change, and through its disturbance the dis-  
ease becomes apparent. *Ramollissement  
Du Cerveau*—Softening of the brain—a  
disease upon which there are conflicting  
opinions, is a case in point. Most French  
pathologists attribute it to inflammation,  
while some call it a disease *sui generis*.—  
Solly thinks it arises from either inflamma-  
tion, from a total failure of the circulation,  
or from "local and general anemia." Dr.  
Burnet makes two kinds of ramollissement,  
an inflammatory, and a non-inflammatory,  
which, upon the principles we have sugges-  
ed, may be two stages of the same disease,  
and therefore correct.

The irritation may commence with the  
cortical substance or hemi-spherical gang-  
lion, impairing the intellectual faculties, and  
manifesting itself in disturbance of the  
mind; or in the medullary structure man-  
ifesting itself in involuntary convulsive move-  
ments, in which case it usually terminates  
more rapidly. In either case the micro-  
scope will satisfy the observer that the sub-  
stance attacked is actually decomposing.

In all inflammations the same results are  
apparent, the decomposition being the more  
rapid in parts the most delicate, and how is  
this better explained than upon the princi-  
ples of chemical electricity as described?

That mental excitement, to which we have  
referred, induces irritation, and if perse-  
vered in, inflammation of the brain, need only  
to be asserted. But upon what principle is  
a question among the profession yet unset-  
tled. Our argument is, electricity combing  
the minutest particles of organized matter,  
and the elements which constitute that par-  
ticle. A disturbance in this element weak-  
ens its grasp, and changes its relation to the  
constituents of our bodies. It is the medium  
element—the connecting link between the  
higher element, mind, and the grosser ele-  
ments of earth. Hence it may be disturbed  
by undue mental effort, protracted mental  
excitement, physical excesses, or the chem-  
ical actions of the system. From whatever  
cause the disturbance must be arrested, and  
the proper equilibrium restored, or disease  
and death will be the result. This leads us  
to a consideration of the more important di-  
visions of our subject—diseases and the ra-  
tionality of their cure.

If the premises assumed be correct—if  
electricity possesses those relations to which  
we have referred, being indeed the element  
of life—the vitalizing force, and consequen-  
tly the vital functions, subject to its changes  
as described, nothing can be more rational  
than to expect relief through remedies  
which act upon its principles. Such reme-  
dies are indeed numerous, too numerous to  
be detailed in the narrow limits allowed me.  
A few general remarks must suffice.—*Inde-  
pendant Medical Gazette.*

## For Farmers.

## Good Dairy Farms.

The best farms for making butter are those  
that lie fair to the sun, where the feed is  
sweet and of the best quality. Butter made  
from good sweet feed, will be of good col-  
our and of superior quality to that made  
from feed from pasturing that lies on the  
north side of the hill, where the sun shines  
but very little. The land is cold and wet,