

MARRIAGE AND PARENTAGE

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1 In 1843 I was united to my first husband, Colonel George
Washington Glover of Charleston, South Carolina,
3 the ceremony taking place under the paternal roof in
Tilton.

After parting with the dear home circle I went with
6 him to the South; but he was spared to me for only one
brief year. He was in Wilmington, North Carolina, on
business, when the yellow-fever raged in that city, and was
9 suddenly attacked by this insidious disease, which in his
case proved fatal.

My husband was a freemason, being a member in Saint
12 Andrew's Lodge, Number 10, and of Union Chapter, Num-
ber 3, of Royal Arch masons. He was highly esteemed
and sincerely lamented by a large circle of friends and ac-
15 quaintances, whose kindness and sympathy helped to sup-
port me in this terrible bereavement. A month later I
returned to New Hampshire, where, at the end of four
18 months, my babe was born.

Colonel Glover's tender devotion to his young bride
was remarked by all observers. With his parting breath
21 he gave pathetic directions to his brother masons about
accompanying her on her sad journey to the North. Here
it is but justice to record, they performed their obligations
24 most faithfully.

1 After returning to the paternal roof I lost all my hus-
 3 band's property, except what money I had brought with
 me; and remained with my parents until after my mother's
 decease.

A few months before my father's second marriage, to
 6 Mrs. Elizabeth Patterson Duncan, sister of Lieutenant-
 Governor George W. Patterson of New York, my little
 son, about four years of age, was sent away from me, and
 9 put under the care of our family nurse, who had married,
 and resided in the northern part of New Hampshire. I
 had no training for self-support, and my home I regarded
 12 as very precious. The night before my child was taken
 from me, I knelt by his side throughout the dark hours,
 hoping for a vision of relief from this trial. The follow-
 15 ing lines are taken from my poem, "Mother's Darling,"
 written after this separation: —

18 Thy smile through tears, as sunshine o'er the sea,
 Awoke new beauty in the surge's roll!
 Oh, life is dead, bereft of all, with thee, —
 Star of my earthly hope, babe of my soul.

21 My second marriage was very unfortunate, and from it
 I was compelled to ask for a bill of divorce, which was
 granted me in the city of Salem, Massachusetts.

24 My dominant thought in marrying again was to get
 back my child, but after our marriage his stepfather was
 not willing he should have a home with me. A plot was
 27 consummated for keeping us apart. The family to whose
 care he was committed very soon removed to what was
 then regarded as the Far West.

1 After his removal a letter was read to my little son,
informing him that his mother was dead and buried.
3 Without my knowledge a guardian was appointed him, and
I was then informed that my son was lost. Every means
within my power was employed to find him, but without
6 success. We never met again until he had reached the
age of thirty-four, had a wife and two children, and by a
strange providence had learned that his mother still lived,
9 and came to see me in Massachusetts.

Meanwhile he had served as a volunteer throughout
the war for the Union, and at its expiration was appointed
12 United States Marshal of the Territory of Dakota.

It is well to know, dear reader, that our material, mortal
history is but the record of dreams, not of man's real ex-
15 istence, and the dream has no place in the Science of being.
It is "as a tale that is told," and "as the shadow when it
declineth." The heavenly intent of earth's shadows is to
18 chasten the affections, to rebuke human consciousness and
turn it gladly from a material, false sense of life and happi-
ness, to spiritual joy and true estimate of being.

21 The awakening from a false sense of life, substance, and
mind in matter, is as yet imperfect; but for those lucid
and enduring lessons of Love which tend to this result,
24 I bless God.

Mere historic incidents and personal events are frivo-
lous and of no moment, unless they illustrate the ethics of
27 Truth. To this end, but only to this end, such narrations
may be admissible and advisable; but if spiritual con-
clusions are separated from their premises, the *nexus* is
30 lost, and the argument, with its rightful conclusions, be-

1 comes correspondingly obscure. The human history needs
to be revised, and the material record expunged.

3 The Gospel narratives bear brief testimony even to the
life of our great Master. His spiritual noumenon and
phenomenon silenced portraiture. Writers less wise than
6 the apostles essayed in the Apocryphal New Testament
a legendary and traditional history of the early life of
Jesus. But St. Paul summarized the character of Jesus
9 as the model of Christianity, in these words: "Consider
him that endured such contradiction of sinners against
himself." "Who for the joy that was set before him en-
12 dured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down
at the right hand of the throne of God."

It may be that the mortal life-battle still wages, and
15 must continue till its involved errors are vanquished by
victory-bringing Science; but this triumph will come!
God is over all. He alone is our origin, aim, and being.
18 The real man is not of the dust, nor is he ever created
through the flesh; for his father and mother are the one
Spirit, and his brethren are all the children of one parent,
21 the eternal good.