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No. XVII.

A Sermon from Shakspeare's Text:

"TONGUES IN TREES, BOOKS IN THE RUNNING BROOKS, SERMONS IN STONES, AND GOOD IN EVERYTHING."

A LECTURE BY PROF. WILLIAM DENTON,

In Music Hall, Boston

[From the "Banner of Light."]

MY RELIGION.

My religion is Love, 'tis the noblest and purest,
My temple the universe, widest and surest;
I worship my God through his works that are fair,
And the joy of my heart is perpetual prayer.
I wake to new life with the coming of Spring,
When the lark is aloft with a fetterless wing—
When the thorn and the woodbine are bursting with buds,
And the thrush is heard in the depth of the woods,
When the verdure grows bright where the rivulets run,
And the eye of the daisy looks up to the sun,
When the iris of April expands o'er the plain
And a blessing comes down in the drops of the rain.
When the skies are as pure and the breezes as mild
As the smile of my wife and the kiss of my child.

When Summer in fullness of beauty is born,
I love to be out by the flush of the morn,
And to pause in the field where the mower is blithe,
Keeping time with a song to the sweep of the scythe.
At meridian I love to revisit the bowers,
'Mid the murmur of bees and the breathing of flowers,
And there in some sylvan and shadowy nook
To lay myself down by the brink of the brook,
When the coo of the ring-dove sounds soothingly near,
And the light laugh of childhood comes sweet to my ear.

In the calm reign of Autumn, I'm happy to roam,
When the peasant exults in a full harvest home—
When the boughs of the orchard with fruitage incline,
And the clusters are ripe on the stem of the vine;
When Nature puts on the last smiles of the year,
And the leaves of the forest are mellow and sore—
When the lark quits the sky and the linnet the spray,
And all things are clad in the garb of decay.

Even winter to me hath a thousand delights,
With its short gloomy days and its long starry nights.
And I long to go forth ere the dawn to inhale
The health-breathing freshness that floats on the gale,
When the sun riseth red on the crest of the hill
And the trees of the woodland are hoary and still;
When the motion and sound of the streamlet are lost
In the icy embrace of mysterious frost—
When the hunter is out on the shelterless moor,
And the robin looks in at the cottager's door,
And the Spirit of Nature hath folded her wings,
To cherish the seeds of all glorious things.
There's a harvest of beauty in all that I see,
For a leaf or a stone is a treasure to me;
And the fast gushing joys that I fancy and feel,
Are more than the language of song can reveal.

Did God set his fountain of light in the skies,
That man should look up with the tears in his eyes?
Did God make this earth so abundant and fair,
That man should look down with a groan of despair?
Did God fill this world with harmonious life,
That man should go forth with destruction and strife?
Did God scatter freedom o'er mountain and wave,
That man should exist as a tyrant and slave?
Away with so hopeless, so joyless a creed,
For the soul that believes it is darkened indeed.

JOHN CRICHEY PRINCE.

My text will be found in the play of "As You Like It," Act II, Scene I:

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Shakspeare was a mental argus, whose hundred eyes nothing could escape. Men see by their brains more than by their eyes. His were brains so developed that they enabled their possessor to see what no mortal ever saw before. He was a Polyglot, with just as many tongues as eyes; what his eyes beheld, his tongues had the wondrous ability to speak. Through the palace wall he looked upon the king—in the darkness of the dungeon he beheld the prisoner. He saw the thought of either—he heard their aspirations or uttered fancies—and he embodied them in glowing language that speaks to every heart! Nature in him found a worthy listener. She brought her choicest secrets into his soul; he like a worthy student reveals them to you and me, giving us eyes so that we may behold Nature in the glorious aspect that she presented to William Shakspeare. Through him the tongued trees gave utterance; the babbling brooks found speech, and these rude stones that have been talking through so many ages, at last obtained a competent and willing listener. Let us this afternoon see what we can learn from the tongues of these trees—what we can

obtain and treasure up from the babbling brooks—listen to the sermons which the wondrous rocks are forever preaching, and apprehend and appreciate the good that is in everything.

It is autumn! We lie upon the velvet sward and view the forest around us. Grand old trees! lordly possessors of the soil, how I love you! You hold up your mighty heads to heaven, and wave your beautiful banners in the air. There you have stood in your proud position while multitudes of generations of leaves have flourished, and dropped, and perished around you. You have put down your radiating roots deep into the soil, and have sucked up by a million mouths the nourishment necessary to build up your huge and mighty structures. Out of the gross, dark mould you have made the regal garments you wear. Beautiful trees—eloquent trees! we listen to your tongues, and we learn your wondrous lessons. There is a lesson to be learned from you, and well would it be if every soul that observes you would heed it. So stands the true man, built upon the earth, of necessity drawing his subsistence from it, watered by its streams, mounting upward, ever upward, as age after age passes away. Watch these trees; where they are crowded together, their bases are small, but their trunks are long. Their motto is the cry of the dying Goethe: "Light! more light!" and everything must be sacrificed to obtain it. They are shouldering each other to get the sun's bright smile. Too many men are ready to squat down like toad-stools beneath the overtopping trees, instead of mounting nearer and nearer to heaven every day! What are glory and fame, magnificent houses, broad lands, compared with the development of the soul? the unfoldment of the intellect? the answering of the grand purposes of our being, and growing wiser and better every day we live?

There is a lesson to be learned from the trees that shows the falsity of many other lessons that are taught among men. Cut down that tree; look within its severed fibres, and from centre to circumference you can trace its yearly rings of growth. The whole history of that tree, and the times in which it flourished is indelibly written in the grain of the trunk. Twenty years ago there was a hot, dry summer. Look among the rings and you shall find that one thin and showing but little growth. Fifty years ago there was a wet summer—see the broader ring of growth, that tells it to you to-day. There is not a day that has passed over this tree that has not left its record around its heart—never to be erased, never to be forgotten. I tell you, my brother, my sister, it is just the same with you! There is not a day in your history but tells its story on your souls, marks its influence upon your destiny, and there is nothing that can make it as though it had never been. I know how common it is for men to believe that Jesus can wipe out at one stroke, and in a moment, the consequences of their misdeeds—that five minutes of prayer can remove the dark stains of fifty years of crime but it is false—false from beginning to end. [Applause.] Nature tells you this in the grand eloquence of the trees. Do you think that any amount of waving on the part of the green leaves this coming summer, can remove the effect of the dry seasons long gone by, and expand those contracted rings of growth to their full dimensions? No! It is impossible. When conditions are unfavorable for their proper development, where are the Jesuses for the trees, to remove the difficulties, and straighten the bended trunk, and fill out the lean circumference?

Thus the very tree-tongues are giving the lie to this Orthodox fable that man can do wrong—thus cramping his spiritual growth—and then escape the legitimate consequences of that wrong-doing. See the effect of conditions as exemplified by these trees. Mark the one that has had the sun on every side—how symmetrical, how beautiful the tree! It is, as the poet declares, "a thing of beauty" and a "joy forever!" But mark that tree that has been deprived of the sun, except on one side. How ugly, how misshapen, how lop-sided, how ridiculous it looks! Far from it is the beauty and the grace of that tree that has had proper conditions for its development. See this gnarled ash, so unseemly that the raven croaks over it as he passes by. When it was a tender sapling, the hoof of a passing deer crushed it down into earth; and when it reared its head again, it bore, while its life should last, the deforming traces of that unfortunate circumstance. Tupper says: "Scratch the rind of the sapling, and the gnarled and knotted oak will tell thee of it for centuries to come;" and you all remember the old adage: "As the twig is bent the tree's inclined." And this is as true of men as of trees.

Let go that criminal, policeman, whom you are so unmercifully beating with your billy! He never had a chance; his condition now is the legitimate consequence of years of evil influences and the chilling frown of unfortunate circumstance. Room for him! air for him! sunshine for him! future life for him! There, in the great hereafter, at least he shall have a chance for development, which he never had here! [Applause.] That crabbed old woman—sneering, lying—a thief, it may be—full of evil disposition—she was, once a baby, the joy of her

mother's heart, prattling in her innocence, and smiling as sweetly as an angel! But as she expanded to maturity, she did not have the chance she ought to have had. She was tempted—she fell; she was trampled under the feet of the scrambling mass of onward-rushing humanity. Give her a chance—a chance that she never has had before. In the bright hereafter she shall have that opportunity, and develop into all that is glorious and good! [Applause.]

There is a lesson for charity to be learned from these trees; and it is one that we may well apply to all around us. I see in every tree, too, an inherent tendency to loveliness. Take that beautiful tree, so symmetrical in its proportions, and cut off all its finest branches; lop off all, if you please, and make of the trunk only a naked, angular stick. What does it do? Why, in a few years, the branches gradually grow again upon it, the blossoms expand in their loveliness, the fruit is developed, and fit once more for the uses of man. There is inherent in all nature a tendency to symmetry and to beauty. I see it in the mineral, still more strongly marked in the vegetable kingdom, and stronger still, as the result of long courses of development in mankind as a whole. Man, though wronged and abused, though God and the devil and religion have striven to trample him down [applause], has yet within him that which, in spite of unfavorable conditions, pushes him onward to eventual excellence and perfection. [Applause.] I mark that lesson in the trees—a lesson most distinctly at defiance with what passes for Orthodoxy in these days. There is a lesson, too, of silence in these trees. Go out into the woods, and put your ear to the trunk of that tree. Can you hear anything?—and yet that tree is busy; every particle of it is at work preparing the garment it must wear to greet the dawning spring. The voice has gone forth; the warm sun brings nearer the time of the budding leaf, and all the trees of the forest are weaving their new dresses in honor of the coming guest. Suppose a thousand young ladies were to be furnished with new dresses in the next two weeks; what an excitement would there be! What a snipping of scissors, running of sewing machines—and, I might say, talking machines, too—would be necessary to bring the matter to a successful termination. And yet, here are all the trees of the forest making their new dresses without contention, without haste, without the intervention of a French *artiste*, in the good old fashioned style which can never be amended or improved. [Applause.]

There is another lesson in these glorious trees—a lesson of beauty, a lesson of goodness. If I were to tell all that the trees have to teach, how long would my sermon last? By what possibility could it ever have an end? It seems to me, as I go into the woods, and listen to their tongues, that all other words are needless. They are the most eloquent of preachers; and listening to them, we can well afford to let the others be silent in their presence. I watch these trees, and I see how they grow day by day, year by year, becoming fairer and better as age after age passes away. But you tell me, when the tree has arrived at its culmination of glory, when it has reached the limit of its powers, that is the last of it; it is resolved to its original components; it passes away, leaving a mighty void, and enters into the dust, from which it can never again emerge. And yet, out of the very dust of that tree, up springs a new one, fairer and brighter for the richness of the soil gained from the ashes of its predecessor. I have learned to believe that—although men may suppose that tree to have perished, never more to have a place on this planet—there is a future life for it just as surely as for man, extravagant as it may appear. There is room enough in God's universe, somewhere, for all the trees that have ever blossomed, and there they are blossoming still; and just as surely there is room for men. They are all living still. The sky of progression is over them; the winds of fortuitous circumstances and beneficent conditions are playing around them. Development, throughout the grand future, is their inalienable destiny! (Applause.)

But Shakspeare says there are books in the running brooks, and we mustn't listen too long to these trees, therefore, or we shall lose the lessons that are contained in these running brooks. Strange place to find books! but it is Nature's library, free for all! There is a book on chronology, and a wonderful book it is; our modern chronologies are lost in its presence. Go to Niagara—one of our books—and there you will find the mighty volume of water leaping over the solid rock, and not without effect either. Go back to Queenstown, where the Falls were once situated; see where the slowly-grinding waters have channeled a canon seven miles long, telling of the ages that must have been accomplished in its making. According to Lyell, thirty-five thousand years that river has been cutting its way backward from where it was to where it is to-day. But what of this, compared to the vast canons of the West, one hundred miles long, cut a thousand feet deep through the hardest and most enduring granite? There is a story of time that absolutely astounds us. The streams that did that must have been engaged for thousands of years in accomplishing

the mighty work. Those grand streams are older than Britain and the Druids, older than Gaul and the Celts, older than Egypt and her mummies, older than the Jews and Jehovah—older, indeed, than the grand old "serpent" himself. [Applause.] These are some of the brooks known by the name of rivers, and they have been rolling for ages where they are now, and doing the work of the world as the years sped away.

There is a book on perseverance in the rivers. There was a time when the gulf of Mexico extended up to the Ohio river; every bit of land south of that boundary has been brought down there by the rivers. What is that they cannot do? They have made seven miles of fossiliferous rocks; they have worn down a thousand towering mountains and carried them away to their common grave in the ocean; again elevated and again worn down in the grand eternity of the past; and the great process is going on now as then. There is a book on perseverance that it will do you good to read, young man, young woman. Whatever you think you ought to accomplish, stick to the work, determine that you will, and the victory is yours by-and-by. The very desire to be and to do, indicates the power to be and to do. What you desire may not seem to come; your labors may not appear to accomplish much, but time and continued effort will bring it at last! There is a lesson of patience and perseverance combined to be found in the brooks, which no reflecting mind can disregard. I saw a silvery rill descending from the mountains; clear as crystal were its waters, and with trickling feet it sped down toward the valley singing a merry song. "I will stop its babblings," said the frost, as he laid his cold hand upon it, and it staggered and grew still. "I will bury it from my sight," said the snow, and down upon the level ice floor it dropped its white mantle and hid the brook from my gaze. Alas! said I, the envy of the frost and the snow have destroyed the rill forever! But while I mourned, behold, the south wind blew, the sun shone forth from behind the cloud, the bands of the rill were broken, and away danced its waters more merrily than before. On it went, and wherever it was seen the trees lifted up their heads and waved their green banners in its praise; the birds sung to it in their leafy bowers, and the flowers kissed it with their beautiful lips as it wandered by. But the hills saw it, and they said: "Why should we allow this vagrant to wander, chafing our sides, and setting at defiance the limits of days gone by? Let us unite, and crush it forever!" And so saying, they linked themselves together and presented to the rising stream a seemingly impassable barrier to dispute its further passage; but other streams came rolling in to feed the falling water, and by-and-by the brook said: "If I can't get through I must go over!" And the old hills clapped their hands and said: "Listen to the little fellow! no more can he grind along our massive foundations; he is chained; his work is done; his life is ended." But I watched the stream, and it rose inch by inch, and swelled from rill and brook to a river's power, and at last it found a valley between two hills, and poured with a thunderous roar on, on to the broad ocean—far grander and more useful than before! [Applause.] Wherever it went it carried blessings in its path, receiving, accumulating power from a thousand tributaries, till it poured its torrent at last into the all-embracing sea! There is a lesson for thee, my toiling brother; let it not be lost. Let the streams of thy life-endavors go down pure and free from the mountains. Heed not those who would stay thy progress. Take counsel of Nature's lessons and still go on, and all will be well; it cannot possibly be otherwise. [Applause.]

But Shakespeare says there are sermons in stones, and, while there is time, we must look at some of these. You would never forgive me if I did not give you some of these sermons. These "hard-heads," as they have been called, are old heads, ay, and eloquent ones, too; they tell a story, and a wonderful story it is. They preach sermons, and the best of sermons they are. They never lie to please a congregation, or for the glory of God, as I'm afraid some of our ministers do. [Applause.]

"They are always talking, day and night;
In summer's calm and the storm's despite."

They never stammer; they never get drunk; they never blush for their record; they invariably tell the truth, and that is just exactly what we want; and their bold, outspoken utterances have spoiled more than a thousand barrels of sermons in Massachusetts [applause]; and the wonders they unfold will ever go on stultifying the prejudiced arguments of a one-sided priesthood. Werner, Hutton, Bakewell, Lyell, Ansted, Mantell, and many others of like calibre, have been listening to these sermons, and taking notes of them: and the notes they have taken they are sending out to the world, creating different views concerning our planet and ourselves. There is a sermon on world-making—cosmogony, as it is called; what a wonderful sermon it is! It spoils Moses' story—or whoever did write it, of the creation of this earth; away go the six days of labor; away go Grandfather Adam and Grandmother Eve; away goes the mechanical God, resting fatigued on the seventh day after his toil; away goes the old serpent, ay, and the young one, too! [Applause.] In this wondrous sermon on world-making we find no God at work like a carpenter, declaring the results of his toil, after mature deliberation, to be "good," and then, in a very short time, overflowing with wrath at the creation of his own hand, and sweeping all but Noah and his family from the face of the earth by a destroying deluge, only to repeat the experiment, and to fail still more lamentably in the case of Noah's descendants. [Applause.] What a miserable story is this to tell in the nineteenth century, with the words of these stones ringing in our ears! From the story the rocks are telling, we can see our earth go forth a fiery mass, shot off from the red, glowing bosom of the sun, but bearing within its concentrated fire-mist a life-principle that was capable of developing, in due time, plant and bird and beast, ay, and even man, when conditions came right! We can mark its progress—see the solid rock, as it cooled, heaving up, black and bare and flinty; see the waters descend; mark the first rude forms of life at the sea bottom; mark how island after island arose from the deep, lichens clinging to the rocks upon them; soil gradually developed upon them; beetles buzzing around them; fishes flashing along the island shores. We can go on to the carbon-

iferous age, and see the mighty tree-ferns and gigantic vegetable productions of that age; see the Lepidodendrons rear their scaly trunks, mark the first rude birds fishing by the sea, the early reptiles that dive in the waves, or, on feathery wings upborne, go screaming through the dense, still air. We may trace the path of progressive development from thence to the monkey, to the savage, to ourselves, as we are in this the freest audience, and advocating the highest truths in the most enlightened city in America! [Applause.] We are here, as we are to-day, and, in the light of past trials and sufferings, we have taken oath that we will not die till we have made this old world better than we found it. [Applause.]

There is the sermon that I have heard the old rocks tell ever since I was a boy. [Applause.] When you learn this lesson, Orthodox sermons will appear to you like the ridiculous fables that harrow the imagination of impressive childhood!

Man has been advancing from the start; then man never fell; God never allowed any devil to make man fall—then God never made a Jesus to patch up his inspired handiwork. We are here, with the mighty past behind us, and an unbounded future to come, and are able to climb the heights of progress as long as the immortal soul shall exist. "Have you come all this way—reaching through all these ages—simply that death or the devil may bear off the prize at last? It is not possible! Do you think that all these millions of years were devoted to the development of this great grand work to a fitting habitation for you?—do you think that all these infinite desires were implanted only that you might go out, at last, like a puff of smoke, and that the last of you? No, no; it is not possible, my brother, my sister.

All this was not for naught. You are, that you may be. All the past was, that you might be in the present, and this present is, that the future may be better than it. We can see as Spiritualists, the working of Nature in all this wondrous past, and hear sermons from the same stones that men never before had the slightest conception of.

But I must not preach too long from such sermons as these, wondrous as they are. I have only touched upon the surface of what we may learn from the saying of the stones. There are but few geologists who have dared to tell the truth—who have dared to reveal to the world all that their science has taught them. There is a great effort exhibited by many of them to make these old preachers talk Orthodoxly, but the efforts in such directions almightily fail. Though many geologists seek with oblique vision to look upon old dogmas and new revelations at the same time, yet there are others who are gaining courage and daring to talk more on the forbidden subject. Our very babes in school are learning what the rocks have to say, and they are basing their ideas upon the principles which geology so plainly dictates. What has been done in this field is but a trifle compared with what it shall yet be. These preachers are many in Boston. They are cutting down Fort Hill, and day by day interested people gather to see the gradual disappearance of one of the interesting relics of historic times. Go and see these old "hard-heads," as they are scooped from the soil by the blow of the steam excavator, or lie exposed to the light of day all along the lessening crest. They are full of marks and scratches. There is not a stone that ever came in contact with them that has not left its mark; they tell you of the old glacial period, with its grinding ice-fields, of a very different state of thing in Boston than now; and you may learn from them that we have only started to explore the primal part of our planet's lessons, to say nothing of those of the grand universe. [Applause.]

But Shakespeare don't stop here; he says, there is good in everything. But, William, isn't that an extravagant statement? Good in everything! Can it be possible? Oh, yes; it is true to the very letter. Oh, Shakespeare, you were wise; I can't help thinking you were wiser than you knew. Good in everything! What good in pain—the herald of death? that dark cloud that comes between us and enjoyment—is there anything good in that? Certainly—most assuredly there is. If we never felt pain, long before we reached the age of maturity our bodies would be wrecks; a boy's hands, before he got to be ten years old, would be burned to powder. Pain is the grand safeguard of our lives—the guardian constantly attending us; for the child it is better than a thousand nurses; the mother's eye may wander from her charge, but pain never sleeps on its post—it is ever ready to give warning of the approach of the enemy. The child puts its finger in the fire—ha! it starts back with a sudden cry. It has learned a lesson it will never forget as long as it lives. And this is the office of pain—one of man's greatest benefactors.

Is there good in earthquakes, William?—these ground-shakers, these men engulphers, these city-destroyers?—anything good in them? Certainly! It is by the earthquake throes and strong convulsions of Nature that the continents have attained their elevation above the surrounding seas. We should never have been here amid the brightness and glory of to-day, if our planet had not been swept by storms and shaken to its centre by the earthquake's jar! [Applause.]

Is there good in volcanoes—those fearful avenues of scorching fire, that with their rivers of burning lava scathe and destroy, and with their clouds of descending ashes envelope cities in ruin? Yes; these are the safety-valves of the world. Weight them down, as engineers sometimes do the safety-valve of the steam engine, and this world would perish in the inevitable explosion that would follow. These volcanoes save us from the most terrible disasters that could happen to us. Is there good in pestilence, that makes whole nations quake to their very hearts? Certainly; the cleanliness of our city streets, the beauty and the symmetry of the buildings, the sewerage system underground, whereby the foul refuse incident upon vast assemblages of people in limited quarters, is carried away—all arise in a great measure from the terrible curse known as plague or pestilence. When it comes, men are obliged to do what they would not dream of doing otherwise for these objects, as a safeguard against the return of the dreaded malady, and therefore in this respect, there is a soul of good in this great evil.

"Oh!" says my Orthodox friend. "you know there is one being in whom there is nothing good." But who is he? "The devil—he is all bad!" But bring the devil here, and we will review him, and see, if under the evil attributed to him, there is not found an inner good. How could he hold his immense empire together unless there was some goodness as a bond of union? Dissect the devil and you will find there is an angel kernel in his heart.

But then, Shakespeare did not refer to him—he is not a thing. If there was a devil, there would be good in him; but the fact is—so we are informed by the orthodox—there is good in him, which is conclusive proof that he does not exist.

Is there good in death? Certainly! Death, the sick man's solace, the good man's hope, the poor man's friend, the strong deliverer, the captive's release, the messenger of God, and the door of heaven. [Applause.] There is good in death, and, as Spiritualists, we know it beyond the possibility of doubt! [Applause.] No longer living are we in the darkness in which so many of us have been reared; we have climbed to the tops of the mountains, and have revelled in the rays of a sun that never sets! [Applause.] Around us the prospect, so

glorious and fair, is so wide that we can see beyond the swift-flowing stream the friends who have gone before—ay, and we can listen to the tone of their loving voices; in the light of this new morning we can take Death by the hand and say: Thou art our benefactor; thou art sent on the most beneficent of all missions; when our work is done on earth we will greet thee with joy, and look to thine eyes with a smile, and thou shalt bring us release, and usher us into the companionship of the immortals! [Applause.]

So there is good, then, in all things that happen to man? I am inclined to think there is; I am inclined to believe there is good in all—that there is a soul of good in all things, however evil they may be.

One man says to me, "Is there any good in war?" It is the most horrible thing in human history—the very thought of it is terrible, and yet I can go back ten years in the life of this nation, and what do I see? Boston—America—a legal hunting-ground for slaves; forty thousand preachers and eighty thousand merchants licking the dust at the feet of a tyrannical slave power—the ministers quoting Scripture to prove the sacred title of the woman-whippers, and the merchants ready for any sacrifice of dignity, honor or liberty, if so they might dispose of their goods to the Southerners. Where are they now? The red whirlwind of war has swept the whole brutal system from the face of the land it insulted too long! [Applause.] Where now are those godly ministers in Boston who thundered their Bible-texts from the pulpit in favor of this stupendous crime? Why, you can't find a man, from Maine to Mexico, who dares now lift up his voice in defence of chattel slavery; and the ministers are now hastening to prove that they were always in favor of freedom, and that Christianity has conquered and gained the victory alone! That war converted more men than Christianity has in the last thousand years! (Applause.) Those who applied the torch of rebellion to this grand temple of human liberty, thought to burn the fabric to the ground; but what did they do? They only burned the wood and hay and stubble of their own selfishness that was hung around it, and, when the smoke rolled away, there stood the great, grand statue of Liberty, erect over all, unharmed by the transient fire, unblackened by the smoke! So much war did for us; it took slavery out of the nation and made us in truth, as before in name—"the land of the free and the home of the brave!" (Applause.) The noblest, freest nation on the face of this planet! So we are to-day. And we have some reason to thank War for this grand result. And when I find such glorious consequences proceeding from war—that most deadly of curses—I cannot but agree with Shakespeare that there is "good in everything," and I am satisfied that we shall at last be able to say: "All's well that ends well!"

Should the Public Libraries Be Opened on Sunday?

AN ADDRESS BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.—DELIVERED AT COOPER INSTITUTE, APRIL 22.

CONCLUSION FROM LAST ISSUE.

STREET CARS OUGHT TO RUN.

You must not take your measure from your own prosperity. It is very easy for you to say, "City cars ought not to run on Sunday; people ought to stay where they are on Sunday." For my own part I believe that city cars ought to run on Sunday; and if you want me to compromise the matter, I will say that on Sunday rich men shall not ride in them, and poor people shall be allowed to ride in them at half price! You ought to make locomotion easy to those who need it most. Those who are obliged to work all the week cannot on week days visit their family connections, their parents, their brothers and sisters, their cousins, or their uncles and aunts, as the case may be, who are scattered here and there, some in Brooklyn for instance, while they are in the upper part of New York. You can make visits in your carriages, on any day you please, but the poor man needs to have a car on Sunday. And I believe in keeping up the affinities of friendship. I believe in their being ministered to, even on the Sabbath day. Therefore, I believe in running the cars. Not that there are not many evils connected with it, but that on the whole it serves the cause of the poor in the community.

THE DUTY OF THE COMFORTABLE.

There are a great many persons who feel that they have done their work for the Sabbath as soon as they have gone to church. Then their conscience is satisfied. "Ah!" says a man, as he begins to divest himself of his raiment for his couch, "I have kept the law. I have been to church twice. I have heard the minister. I have seen that my children were all rightly dressed and properly catechised. I have done my whole duty." Have you? Do you know what is the condition of the people in your ward? Do you know how men live in the families next to you? Do you know how the poor men over the way in the street behind you are living? Do you know anything about your fellow men? Has the Lord's Day made you acquainted with anything beyond yourself? Have you extended your sympathy to those who are about you? Do you feel more tolerant toward imperfect men in the community? Are you a larger and more generous man? Is your blood warmer? or are you a cold man still? Are you selfish in your religion? If so, you have not kept the Sabbath as you should have kept it, and your church observances have not done you good.

SPECIAL CLASSES.

For example, look at the artisans in New York—the workers in all manner of materials. Have you taken the trouble to go among them? Many have. There are missionary spirits who have gone into every part of the city. But many of you never have. You have never gone into cellars and attics. You have never seen where the shoemaker and the blacksmith work. You have never been in the nooks and corners where many of the trades are carried on.

When Sunday comes around, I say, "Blessed be God for my house!" But as I look around on every side, I say, "Probably there are more than ten thousand families over there in that great city who have no room to spread themselves." They are high up, or they are low down; and whole families are grouped in one or two small rooms. What sort of a home have they for Sunday? There are men who have hardly smelled fresh air for six days. There are men who have not for six days, the light has hardly shone. There are men etiolated, and without expansion, without aerated blood, reclused and hidden; and if, when Sunday comes, they say to their wife and their children, "What if we go down to Greenwood to-day, and hear the birds sing? Let us go and see how sweet things look down there,"—would you meet them with a scowl as they went out of the house, and say to them, "My friends, this is the Lord's Day, and you ought not to be taking the cars and riding down there?" My answer would be, "Yes, this is the Lord's Day, and the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness there—"

of—the country as well as the city.” If men are, in the providence of God, so shut up in the city that they cannot breathe the pure, sweet, fresh air, though I would say to them, “You ought not to neglect the church, it is necessary for you; you, more than anybody, ought to have the benefit of the church on Sunday,” yet would I say to them, “During a part of this day you have a right to the sun in the country. The cars are yours; the sun is yours; the birds are yours; the sky is yours; the earth is yours. Take them, in the name of God, and be thankful for them.”

There is another class in our cities who need some help for the Sabbath day. I refer to the vast number of persons who are, by the nature of their work, forbidden to have a Sunday. I do not know how many upper and under-servants there are in our great hotels. I know that there is an army of such persons, to whom no day of rest comes, and I confess that I do not know how to give advice in regard to them; but I do say that some means ought to be provided to enable this class of laborers to take cheap rides, during part of the Sabbath day, out of the places in which they are confined in the city.

But, on the other hand, what shall we do for the car-driver and the conductor? These men are, I think, as much over-worked as any class in our cities—that is, they are worked more hours; and, as far as lawful pay is concerned, at less wages than any other class in the community. While on the Lord's Day they are conveying their fellows to church, to the houses of connections, or to the fellowship of God in Nature, they themselves have no rest. Some arrangement ought to be made by which drivers and conductors should have relief on Sunday—some more equitable mode of alternation in duty.

Take the very institutions which we are considering to-night—the art galleries, the lyceums, the reading-rooms, and the libraries. It is sometimes said, “If you open them on Sunday, you take away the Sabbath from their custodians—from the janitor, the librarian, the clerk, the keeper.” Some provision ought to be made, that while you are making Sunday better for the young men of the city, you shall not make it any worse for these administrators. There ought to be some arrangement by which every man connected with any enterprise should have the benefit of Sunday, in some way.

The ferries ought not to be run on Sunday, unless the ferry companies give a part of the day to their employees. Hotel keepers ought to see that their employees have a part of Sunday to themselves. Christian gentlemen, Christian ladies, this is what I call administering Sunday. You ought, in some way, to carry the bounty of Sunday to everybody. You ought to see that there are means provided for moral instruction to every class in the community.

THE PERILS OF YOUNG MEN.

Look at the young men who come to New York. I do not know how many there are of them who are without homes here. I suppose that when I count them by tens of thousands I am moderate. What is the life of these young men? He is fortunate who has come from a country Christian household and home, and has had his lot cast in a good boarding-house. There are some good boarding-houses. I stand up for that much-maligned class, boarding-house keepers. There are some who are mothers in Israel and fathers in Israel to those that are in their households, watching for them, and doing for them. But, on the other hand, there are a great many boarding-houses that are not the way to heaven—unless it be through vigils and fasts.

Here are thousands of young men who come down to New York from warm-hearted family circles. They are strangers among strangers. They are worked hard through the day. They either sleep at the store where they work, or roost in a boarding-house. For them there are no provisions made which answer at all to their home-life. When the Sabbath day comes, one of these young men lifts himself up from his cot under the counter, or on the counter, or in his desolate little bedroom, and dresses himself and goes to breakfast. After breakfast, the question comes up as to what he shall do; “Tom, what are you going to do?” “I don't know, what are you going to do?” Well, about the same thing.” It being Sunday, and just after breakfast, it is half-past nine. They have slept, and slept, and slept; and they have eaten their late breakfast; and they say, “Let us go out into the street and see what we can find.” Perhaps they make up their minds to go to church somewhere. They saunter along. There is no special church that they know anything about, or are interested in. They go into the first one that they see open. They count one, two, three, four, five, six—well, there are forty or fifty people there, it may be. They say, “Do not let us stop here; let us go to the next church.” They go up to the next church, and as they enter, two or three people give them a polite stare, as much as to say, “What under heaven have you come here for?” Nobody rises to receive them. No courtesy nor kindness is shown them. For you know that men and women who would be ashamed not to be polite to any one in their own house, think it right to treat everybody in the Lord's house as though they were penitentiary convicts. Not daunted by this cold reception, they venture forward, and think they will take that seat; but the usher says, “No, not there,” and takes them back, and finally seats them in the last pew in the corner. They sit down, and look at each other a moment, and then get up and bolt. From Sunday to Sunday, in this way, they go to different places. They make a kind of pilgrimage from church to church, and they are fortunate if they find one where they are courteously received, where they are made to feel welcome, where it seems like home, where some one says to them, “Where do you live? Shall I not come and see you this week? Will you not come and see me?” I fear that there are hundreds and thousands of young men who on Sunday mornings go to churches and find nothing that does them good.

What do they generally find? Suppose they get a lodgment, what is the nature of the teaching which is administered to them? They are told, perhaps, that the ministry has been handed down from the time of the apostles, and it interests them exceedingly! They are glad that it is so! There is no special nourishment in it, but still it is proved. They get just about that spiritual nourishment which they would if they sat and saw croquet-work going on. No stitches are let down. Every thread is in the right place. Or, in another church, they are told that,

“In Adam's fall we sinned all!”

—a very comforting doctrine!

Others go to still another church, and they find out something about Belshazzar, or something about the visions of Daniel, or something about the disclosures in the Apocalypse. How seldom do young men get into a church where the preacher is speaking of things that go right home to them—their temptations; their difficulties, their wants. How seldom do they get into a church where they feel that there are hearts which throb and glow with the spirit of brotherhood. How seldom do they get into a church where there is something that their souls can feed on.

There is many a young man on the verge of destruction, who began right, whose inspiration was right, whose ideal was right, but who is weak on the social side, who is tempted in

this way, and that, and who has come to a point where all the barriers which restrain him from evil are in danger of being broken down. He was educated to honesty; he means to be honest; but his wants are increasing every week, and are not increasing in the right direction. He stands unsettled, vibrating between right and wrong. There is enough conscientiousness left in him to chastise him with a whip of scorpions. And if now he could go into a house of God where some man spoke to his need, he might be lifted out of the snare and saved from the pit. There are many places, hundreds, thousands of places in the city of New York where he might receive help and succor; but he does not know how to get to them. He wanders through some of the principal thoroughfares or conspicuous streets; and if he finds anything to help him it is the exception. He is apt to find nothing but coldness and indifference. And he strolls back again, and thanks God that at last it is two o'clock—dinner time. That helps Sunday amazingly; he eats his dinner, then he goes out to smoke; when it is three or four o'clock, he does not know what to do; he walks around the streets; by and by it is supper time. He eats supper. So at last he has worn out all the day, and the day has pretty nearly worn him out.

At night he says, “Look here, this is a doleful business; I wish I could go somewhere where somebody cares for me.” Alas! there are places where somebody cares too well for him. Over the entrance is written, “The way to joy,” and over the exit is written, “The way to damnation.” He goes in, and is caught as a bird in the snare of the fowler. Hecatombs of young men are destroyed in this city without mourners. Hundreds and thousands of young men in every single year go down the way of death, and nobody cares for their souls. Fellow-citizens, I say that the young men of New York—the mechanics, the clerks, the laboring men—ought to have something on the Lord's Day that shall be a home or a resort for them. Our Christianity has done much. And there are self-denying laborers in households and in churches. These institutions are doing a great many things. But there are things that ought to be done, which are not yet done. There ought to be, conspicuously, such places open on evenings and on Sundays as shall leave a young man without excuse if he wanders into forbidden paths for the sake of company.

THE PROPOSED REMEDY.

Under such circumstances, it is proposed to open on the Lord's day well-lighted reading rooms, comely library halls, and galleries where no licentious art solicits, but where there is an appeal to the sense of beauty; if it is proposed to open places, where there is liberty, where comforts are provided, and where young men can meet their fellows and not be thrown out into the street, I say, in the spirit of that Master whose resurrection or birth we celebrate on the Sabbath day, try it—try it!

Well, will they go the reading rooms? Multitudes will not; but it would be worth while to open the reading rooms if there should be fifty to attend them. And if nobody should go, there certainly will be no harm done.

OBJECTIONS TO THE PLAN.

It is objected, frequently, “You have no right to use the Lord's day for anything but religion.” I say we have a right to use the Lord's day for every purpose of humanity. I say that the Lord's day is consecrated to every thing that does good to the manhood of men, whether it be strictly religious, whether it be moral or whether it be social. But it is objected, “If you begin, you cannot stop. When you have once let down the bars you cannot tell what the results will be.”

Fellow citizens, we are not children. We are competent to self-government. We do not run at the sound of a rattle, and turn back at the sound of another. We are trying to make an experiment in good and virtuous earnest. We mean good, we mean virtue, we mean manhood; and if when the experiment has been fairly tried, if after a sufficient number of years, we find that it does no good, or that it does harm, I pledge myself in behalf of the gentlemen who are now immediately concerned in this matter, that they will shut the door as promptly as now they propose to open it. But it is said, “If you begin it, you cannot stop it.” We can stop it. Any intelligent and moral community can go to the right or to the left according as they find by experience that going to the right or to the left is mischievous or beneficial.

But it is said, “Look at the countries where there is no Sunday.” Yes, look at the countries where people are not educated. Look at the countries where the people are priest-ridden. Look at the countries where there is no popular liberty. There you find that the tyrant, whether he be hierarch or potentate, pays off the people for their political liberty by giving them holidays to play on. They please them with amusements on Sunday, and other bribes, to make them willing to part with their privileges. But that is not the case in this country. It is not so in America. And I scorn, in behalf of our whole American citizenship, the allegation or the insinuation that we shall come to bull-fighting and cock-fighting and rat-baiting as soon as we open libraries and reading-rooms for men in order that they may instruct themselves. Do you suppose that we shall turn New York into Havana by giving a larger liberty of intelligence to young men? The Lord may have made you very well as far as he went, but he stopped a great while too soon for your good, if that is your style of reasoning.

But it is said, “It will lead young men to stay away from the churches, and substitute mere reading and intelligence for religion.” My reply to that is, that it will draw ten young men from the street where it draws one from the church; and it will be more likely to send ten men to the church where one goes to it now without such an auxiliary. I believe it will be the means of increasing the moral susceptibilities of the young, and not of deadening them.

But you say, “You will compel the librarian and the keepers to stay there.” I believe that the Young Men's Christian Associations would be happy to furnish volunteers who should take their turn in caring for the libraries and reading-rooms. Is there any better work that these associations could do than lending their aid to an undertaking like this?

But, it is said, “It is undertaking that which is in the dark. It is doing a very risky and perilous thing. You have never tried it. You do not know what the end will be.” I beg your pardon. The thing has been tried. I have in my hand a letter which I know to be trustworthy, in regard to the Mercantile Library in Philadelphia, which affirms that the matter is no longer an experiment; they have tried it for two years with the most signal and gratifying success, and they would not on any account give it up again.

Now, one word more. I wish to express my strong conviction that the Sabbath day is a boon and bounty of God to the common people, and to the working classes. Though I have advocated a certain amount of social liberty, I wish you to remember that I qualified it, as I still qualify it, by expressing the opinion that all civic enjoyment or social feeling shall include in it a definite basis of moral instruction on the Sabbath day. I wish to add that while there will not be much gained

in the upper ranks of society by the strict maintenance of Sunday, which has done its work mostly for the prosperous classes, I expect to see that the more liberal administration of the Lord's Day, religiously, socially, and intellectually, will rain down blessings upon the poorer classes. And for their sake—for the sake of the friendless, for the sake of the homeless, for the sake of the young men and young women—I plead for the opening of places where they may go for company and for information on the Lord's Day. If it be thought best not to open them during the whole of the Sunday, that is a matter to be determined on principles of expediency. It seems to me that they should be open from noon until at least ten o'clock in the evening. The morning can be occupied profitably in other ways. The afternoon is when the time hangs heavy with indolence; and the evening is the time when is most felt the call for social exhilaration. And if light and attractive reading rooms and libraries are open, and if friendly voices are heard, and kind greetings are exchanged, I believe that experience will show within a very few years, that New York never did a better thing than to provide these places and homes of resort for the young men of the city.

Second Letter from Albert Brisbane, Defining Social Science.

FRIEND G.: In my last I defined in what Society consists. I indicated also the order of succession, which has reigned in the Societies which Humanity has evolved up to the present day.

As I remarked, we must know what Society is, in what it consists, before we can discover its Science. The mind must have a practical and concrete idea of a thing to evolve its Theory; in other words, Reason must be aided by the Senses in order to discover the laws and principles which underlie any branch of knowledge. This point is important to be understood, as it shows the absolute necessity of a clear conception of the nature of Society before Social Science can be defined. I stated in my last, that men were familiar with plants and animals, and with their external formation before they began to study the theory of their organization, and created the sciences of Botany and Zoology. I will take another illustration to explain this point more fully. Thoughtful minds observed the different strata in mines and on mountain sides. These material facts, observed by the senses, were suggestions and guides to the mind. They speculated on the facts, and gradually evolved the science of Geology. If the surface of the earth had been unbroken, and every where covered evenly over, and no mines had been sunk, so that the different strata could not have been observed, the Science would have remained undeveloped.

Now, the same is true of Social Science. We must know what Society is, in what it consists, the elements of which it is composed, the facts and phenomena connected with it, before we can create the Science.

This analysis of society disclosing its nature and constitution, and the elements of which it is composed, has not been made. Ask any of our thinkers on political and social questions, to define what Society is, and they will furnish no satisfactory answer. No full and clear analysis of the abstract thing called Society, has been made. Such an analysis is necessary, and must precede the creation and regular constitution of the science.

In my last, I defined in a general way what is to be understood by the term Society. I will now explain in what it consists; I will point out the elements which enter into, and constitute it.

Society is a whole compound of institutions, laws, and customs, combined and co-ordinated into an organization. It is an organized Whole, as the human body, for example, is an organized whole, though far less complete and perfect, as the latter is a completed work of nature, while the former is in its present state an incomplete work of man. Through the institutions of the social organism the spiritual Forces in man called sentiments, passions, instincts, faculties, etc., act externally and collectively, as through the physical organism or the body, they act internally and individually. We will present our analysis in tabular form, which will render it more clear and appreciable.

THE SOCIAL ORGANISM WITH ITS BRANCHES.

First Branch.

Education—Development of the child, the germ of the man.

Three sub-branches.

1. Physical and industrial education, having for its function the development of the body, and the imparting to it of industrial skill and dexterity.

2. Affectional and social education, having for its function the development of the social Sentiments and the social virtues.

3. Intellectual and scientific education, having for its function the development of the mind and instruction in the sciences.

Second Branch.

Industry—Creation of wealth. Three sub-branches.

1. Production of wealth, effected by agriculture, manufactures, mining, transportation, fishery and hunting, and household labor.

2. Exchange of wealth, effected by commerce and banking.

3. Division of wealth, determined by the laws, institutions and customs of society, which regulate landed property, capital, labor, the currency, interest, rents, taxes, etc.

Third Branch.

Ethical or Social Institutions—Regulating the development of the social sentiments, and the relations to which they give rise. Four sub-branches.

1. Marriage, regulating the development of Love, and the affectional relations to which it impels the sexes.

Three other Institutions regulating the development and action of the three cardinal sentiments, called Ambition, Friendship and Parentalism, which with Love, give rise to the personal social relations of human beings. The germs only of these institutions now exist.

Fourth Branch.

Government—Regulating the political and collective relations and operations of human beings. Three sub-branches:

1. Legislation—The law-making function.

2. The Judiciary—The law-interpreting function.

3. The Executive—The law-administering function.

Fifth Branch.

Religion—Regulating the ideal relations of Man with God and the Universe. Three sub-branches:

1. Worship, comprising the Rites and Ceremonies by which man expresses his desire for Unity with God.

2. Morality, comprising the laws and ordinances of conduct which direct Man in conforming his finite life to the will of God, and the moral order of the universe.

3. Theology, the theory of the Divine nature, of immortality,

of human destiny, the origin and end of creation, etc. The theologies of the past are the preliminary theories which the mind has framed on these great questions.

Sixth Branch.

The Sciences—The collective Reason, guiding the individual Reason in its mental labors and operations. Their general function is to enlighten man on the order of the Cosmos, including the world in which he lives with its phenomena and the laws that underlie them. Their special function is to direct him in organizing, in accordance with the laws of order and organization in creation, the five branches of the social organism. The sciences can only perform their functions when fully developed; they are still in the infantile stage of evolution.

Seventh Branch.

The Fine Arts—Creation of Refinement, Beauty and Harmony. Their general function is to embellish and refine the external world in which man lives; to present to the Intellect and Sentiments material images and correspondences of the harmonious, which they intuitively feel; and to charm and exalt the soul by beholding itself mirrored in material creations which bring to practical consciousness their internal nature. The special function of the Arts is to adorn and beautify the material arrangements and details connected with the five branches of society—the implements working dresses and manufactures of Industry, for example—so as to associate elegance and refinement with the practical life of man in all departments. This function can only be exercised in the future under the normal organization of society.

The social System or Organism is made up of these seven branches, as the physical organism of man, for example, is made up of the system of nerves, of blood-vessels, of the muscles, etc.

The first branch, Education, develops the mind, which is the germ of the future man. To be complete, education should be physical, affectional and intellectual; or industrial, social and scientific, developing the body, the affections and the mind. In our incomplete Societies the third branch only has received attention, and has been partially developed and constituted. Our schools and colleges are the agencies or institutions for the intellectual education of the young.

The second branch, Industry, creates the wealth which man requires for his support and comfort, and gives to him the means of obtaining dominion over nature. Industry is, so to speak, the Hands of Humanity; it is its collective hands by which it executes the great industrial labors it must perform to fulfill its function or destiny on the globe it inhabits.

The third branch, Social Institutions, regulate the development and action of the social Sentiments—Love, ambition, parentalism and friendship, as they are called in common language. These Sentiments are forces in man; they impel him to form affectionate or sympathetic ties and relations with his fellow creatures. Like all forces, they require external mediums or organs through which to act, called mechanisms or organisms, according to the nature of the forces acting through them. Steam, for example, can only act through a mechanism called a steam engine; the vital force in an animal can only manifest itself through an organism, called the body. Social Institutions—marriage and others—are the external medium, the organism, through which the moral forces or the sentiments express themselves and act externally. The character or nature of the institutions determine the mode of development and action of the moral forces, something as the cerebral organism determines the mode of action of the mind. What a difference in development and action is given to Love by Polygamy and monogamic Marriage.

The fourth branch, Government, or the system of political Institutions, regulate the collective relations, operations and interests of men, considered as members or citizens of a whole, called the State or Nation. It does for collective or political relations what the ethical or social institutions do for the personal and affectional relations.

The fifth branch, Religion, regulates the ideal relations of Man with the Universe,—of the finite Soul with the great spiritual Whole of which it is a part, and with its supreme head or centre, to which men have given so many names, from Dyu and Jehovah to God. Man believes himself intuitively to be, not only a denizen, a citizen of this world, but also of the great whole. He feels his unity with it; he seeks to comprehend it; to understand his relation to, and his destiny in it. A *Spiritual Gravitation* attracts him to it as material gravitation attracts particles of matter to their centres. This spiritual gravitation is the religious sentiment. Religion is a system of fixed and accepted rites, ordinances and dogmas, and an organization, which regulates the development of the religious sentiment, and directs it. Through Worship with its rites and ceremonies, man expresses by material acts his Unity with God. Through Morality with its prescriptions and ordinances, he seeks to conform his life and conduct to his idea of the Divine attributes. Through Theology, he explains as best he can the mystery of the Deity, his own destiny, and the enigma of creation. Worship may be considered the Body of religion; morality, the Heart; and theology, the Head. Religion is thus composed of three elements—a material, a moral, and an intellectual,—as is Man himself.

The Sciences are the guides of Man; he has complex relations to fulfill, and a great work of organization to execute—possible only with the aid of Science. The animal, for example, with few and simple relations, having no work of organization or construction to perform, except a nest to build, a hole to dig, or a honey-comb to fashion, does not require Science. But Man having complex social relations to regulate, and social institutions to organize, needs Science. It is to him mental vision, and gives him the power of using universal laws and principles in his complex constructions.

The great work now before human Reason is the discovery of the Laws of order and organization in Nature, or more generally in the Cosmos, revealed in the material world around it. These laws, Reason must use as its intellectual instruments and guides in organizing Society. Until it does this, it cannot organize Society normally and scientifically; and men must live under imperfect institutions devised by capricious legislation, that is, by theorizing and speculating without the aid of positive principles.

The Fine Arts perform the same function in embellishing as the Sciences in organizing. Their function is to establish beauty and harmony in all departments and details of the five branches of the social organism, which admits of artistic embellishment, and thus to give charm to human life. They will embellish and beautify, for example, productive Industry in the future as they have Worship and the courts of Kings in the past. Each of the Series will give rise to a Harmony, or rather will furnish the Intellect (the combining and co-ordinating power) the elements and data with which to create a harmony. The Musical, based on the sense of Hearing, is the only one which has been fully and scientifically developed. Three other Harmonies, based on the senses of Sight, Taste and Smell, remain to be evolved. Painting, sculpture and architecture—three branches of visual harmony—have been empirically developed, but the scientific laws which govern the harmonic distribution and combination of Form and Color

are as yet undiscovered. Touch, the trunk out of which the other senses ramify, has no corresponding harmony.

Such are the branches which, according to our analysis, compose the Whole, called Society, the social System, or, more exactly, the social Organism. The latter term is correct, for, if Society, with its institutions, is the external medium through which the spiritual Forces in man (the faculties and sentiments) act and manifest themselves externally, it is to be considered an Organism—the name applied to all mediums through which vital forces operate. If the forces in man were of the same nature as the forces in the material world—steam, electricity, and others—then Society would be termed a Mechanism instead of an organism.

As we have remarked, the social Organism is the Body of a collective Soul, as the physical organism of man is the body of an individual soul. Both are alike external mediums or instruments in which the collective and individual souls live, and through which they act. If we wish to understand the nature of the human body, we dissect or analyze it, and ascertain the various parts of which it is composed, and their structure and functions. Now, if we wish to understand the apparently abstract and intangible thing called Society, we must pursue the same course. We must analyze it, separate it into its constituent parts, and study their construction and their functions. This we have endeavored to do in our analysis. If imperfect or erroneous in details, it furnishes a basis from which to make a better analysis.

With a clear idea of the nature of the social Organism before the mind, the constitution of its various parts, and their functions, it can appreciate the greatness of the work in which humanity has been and is still engaged in creating a social Organism—a complete and scientific Organism—under which it can develop fully its triple nature, sensuous, affectional and intellectual, live in unity with the order and harmony of the cosmos and accomplish its destiny on the earth. The different systems of Society which have been established in the past, are so many experiments which the progressive races of humanity have made, so many phases through which they have passed in pursuing their great work of social evolution and construction. The inventions and discoveries that have been made in industry, art and science; the partial organizations that have been devised and tested, are so many materials that have been prepared and accumulated, ready to be used in the true and scientific social structure that is to come; they constitute the social apprenticeship and initiation of humanity. It stands, perhaps, even now on the threshold of a great social transformation, at the entrance of what we will term the Organic Society to distinguish it from the incompletely organized societies of the past and present, which may be designated as the Inorganic. If the statesmen and thinkers of our age could comprehend the social movement of Humanity and social doctrines, they could undertake at once the great work of social transformation, and carry it through scientifically, constructively and peacefully, obviating the revolutions which will otherwise convulse the social world in the struggle which is impending.

In the creation or evolution of systems of Society, two operations take place.

First. The Elements of the various Branches are elaborated. For example, in the Industrial branch, tools, implements and machinery are invented, processes discovered, methods of labor devised, and laws regulating landed property, capital, the currency, rents, etc., framed and established. In the other branches their elements are in the same way developed. The Sciences and the Fine Arts offer examples which we can easily understand.

By reference to the Table, it will be seen that the elements of all the seven branches are, with very few exceptions, in an incomplete and imperfect state of elaboration. In Education, the third branch only is to some extent elaborated. In Industry, fine implements and machinery and efficient means of transportation (the railroad and steamboat) have been invented, but the other elements of this branch are in an imperfect state, though more advanced than those of any other. Of the Sciences, but one—Mathematics—is fully constituted, and of the Fine Arts, one only has received its normal and complete development; namely, Music.

Second. When the elements of a branch are elaborated, or to some extent elaborated, Organization begins. It cannot, of course take place until there is something to organize. In early Egypt for example (where the first regular organization was, in our opinion, effected), as soon as some primary elements of production were invented and introduced, and some principles of authority secured, they were combined and co-ordinated; that is, organized, and Industry and Government were established. The work of organization continued as new elements were elaborated. The different systems of Society which have been established are the peculiar modes in which the genius of the different races has elaborated the elements or rudiments of society, and the principles on which it has combined or organized them.

The Organizations are necessarily more imperfect than the elaborations, as the former follow the latter. In our modern civilization, for example, the elaboration of the elements of industry (machinery processes, etc.) is carried to a comparatively high degree, while our organization is rude and incomplete, and in many respects false and unjust. For example, our great manufactures, which are fine specimens of organization, are industrial prisons, in which the working classes are subject to severe and poorly required toil, to unhealthy conditions and a degrading discipline.

The Races which evolved the first four historical Societies, the Egyptian, the Chaldeo-Assyrian, the Medo-Persian, and the Greek and Roman, lapsed after their social constructions into inertia, and disappeared as nations, but their creations remained and as so much social capital for Humanity. Our modern civilization, the fifth, has inherited all that is really valuable in the social evolutions of the past races, so that their labors have not been lost, although they themselves have disappeared or been absorbed in other races. Each Society has done a work, and performed a function in the great construction of Humanity; each has occupied a place in the series.

If we take in at one view the whole course of the social evolution of the past, from the Egyptian civilization, with its simple faith and its rude elaboration of elements, and its rude constructions, down to our modern civilization, with its science and its complex arrangements and organizations, we find that but one great system of society with five branches, has existed or one class of societies with five orders. Unity of principles has underlain these societies. Notwithstanding the apparent differences of form and external manifestations, and of effects, they have been virtually and fundamentally the same. Their organization has not been based on scientific principles, on the true laws of social order, and hence has not been the natural organization of human society. They are the preparatory and transitional forms of social construction, or the Inorganic Societies. They constitute the inorganic or formative phase in the general social evolution of humanity, considered in its entirety, preparing for the completed and organic societies of the future.

Having taken this survey of elaborations and organizations,

and of the succession that has reigned in them, we may say that, if order exists in the social phenomena of humanity—if history is not an incoherent jumble of events—then there must be a theory of social Evolution, and this theory rendered exact, becomes a Science. As such, it forms the first branch of Social Science, and this first branch may be defined as follows:

Theory of the social Evolution of the past; of the order of succession which has reigned in the different systems of Society that have been established; of the plan of each in the great historical series, and the function of which each has performed in aiding the social progress of humanity.

(To be Continued.)

Address Delivered in Liberal Hall, at Morenci, Michigan,

BY MRS. B. G. HOIG, IN REPLY TO AN ADVENTIST.

FRIENDS: I take this rostrum to-night to defend the principles of Spiritualism, as they have been somewhat assailed by this gentleman's discourses. He has said let us reason together; so say we; for by reasoning, guided by the spirituality that we all possess, all things may be proven. It has also been said that truth is immutable. So say we, although it may be covered up by prejudice, sectarianism, superstition and creeds, yet, in good time, it shall come forth, like a mighty avalanche, teaching men and women to know themselves, also the power, the God given power, they possess.

Paul has been quoted a number of times. Now if Paul is to be our criterion, why not obey him and profit thereby? As we look at the female portion of this congregation, with their unveiled faces, do you put into practice all of his teachings? We judge not. When we read in the Bible, "women, be subject to your own husbands," and again, if a woman wants to know anything, let her ask her husband at home. And view the great demand the woman suffragists are making to-day, and see the noble intellect and organizations of the women of this century; our honest conviction is this: if Paul had lived to-day and tried to enforce or put in practice his teachings, he would be called a domestic tyrant, to say the least. Yes, the women of to-day demand free thought and free speech in public, notwithstanding Paul's advice to the contrary.

When Jesus, by the laying on of hands, raised the dead, if the spirit had left the body, we would like to know by what process he raised him? According to the Bible, if he actually raised the dead, he must have had power to breathe into man's nostrils the breath of life to make him a living soul. But he was born of woman, the same as other men. How, then, could he have such power? We say he did not claim to be good even, for by the waters edge he said, "Why callest thou me good; there is none good, but one, and that is God." He said "those that believed" should do greater things than he had done. Where are the "signs" that follow you? Where the miracles you perform? You claim that Jesus was all power, and prove it by the Bible.

Let us see. In the Garden of Gethsemane he prayed and wept "that this cup might pass from him!" Are we apt to weep and pray to be delivered from things we can avoid? Did the doctrine he taught the repentant thief upon the cross prove death to soul and body? He said, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." Does the language of the Bible mean anything; or is it a parable? Again, you scoff at the manifestations of spirit power. You say you believe our Bibles; and if you do, you must read it very blindly indeed to make a jest of spirit demonstrations! Do you believe that Jesus ever appeared to his disciples, and even to the doubting Thomas, so tangible that he could thrust his hand in his side and place his fingers in the nail-prints in his hands? Do you believe that an angel appeared to John? When he would have fallen down and worshipped him, the angel said "see thou do it not, I am thy fellow servant." Do you believe that Peter's prison door was unlocked? Do you believe that spirit power closed the lion's mouth as Daniel was placed in their den? that as the children were cast into the fiery furnace another was seen in their midst? Do you believe that an angel was seen on the Isle of Patmos? Do you believe that a hand came and wrote upon the walls, or that the communication was ever interpreted?

Why, then, do you scoff at table tipping, raps, and other demonstrations? Do you believe that Jacob wrestled with the Lord and broke his thigh, and even then they chose the dark for their wrestling-match, as is the case with present manifestations of a lower order? Do you believe that the spirit of Samuel was called and communicated by the medium powers of the woman of Endor? That she penetrated with her clairvoyant vision through the disguise of King Saul? That Samuel prophesied to Saul things that certainly came true?

We believe that all of these things and more that are given in the records might have been so, not merely because the book says so, but because we see like manifestations, and even greater, to-day, as thousands of living witnesses will testify! And what are angels? Let the Bible interpret itself. They are "the spirits of just men made perfect." But you say, they were inspired in those days. Who inspired them, we ask? You say God. Is God changeable? You say not, and your book says that he is *unchangeable*. We claim that the same inspiration is moving the hearts and brains of men and women to-day, and will through all time.

Again, when you come to the conceptions they had of God in those days, were they not very narrow indeed! We read in your holy Bible, the sun stood still, while his bloody battles were being fought—by his command was the horrible wholesale murder of the Midianites—by his command thirty thousand innocent virgins were given over to the rapacity of lustful Priests, by his command lying spirits were sent forth on the exceedingly

moral and virtuous business of lying and deceiving the people! According to the Bible record there is not a crime known to man, but this God of the Jews, God of the Bible, and the Lord God of Christians to-day whom they worship, either committed himself or commanded it done.

Oh for a broader and more noble idea of God. We do not want to be governed by the tyrannical commands of a crabbed old bachelor like Paul, nor the precepts of a corrupt, extravagant "Free Lover" like Solomon, or the vile examples of an adulterer and murderer like David, (said to be a man after God's own heart.) No, far from it, the law of progress assures us of a divinity in humanity far superior to the bloody Deity whom Christians fear and worship. Spiritualism teaches us a divine humanity, the value of life here, and the certainty of existence beyond the grave.

Are Personalities ever Justifiable?

"And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye."

"Woe unto you, scribes, pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses and for a pretence make long prayer: for ye make clean the outside of the cup, but within are full of extortion and excess; for ye are like unto whitened sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful without, but within are full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness; ye outwardly appear righteous unto men, but within are full of hypocrisy and iniquity; ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?"—St. Matthew xxiii.

"Moreover, if thy brother (or thy sister) trespass against thee, go tell him his fault."—St. Matthew xviii, 15.

Without hesitation we answer, yes! and to this affirmation, add: that they are, under certain circumstances, not only justifiable but often a duty, which if neglected or ignored, work either against the general public welfare, or that of the individuals concerned.

There are certain principles by which all individual and collective action should be governed. Those principles, if they are understood at all by the people, are almost altogether ignored by them in practical every day life. And where in individual instances there is an attempt made to put them to practice almost the whole world seems to be in conspiracy to defeat the purpose. Hence it becomes next to an impossibility for anybody to fully exemplify in practice the great rule of rights possessed and exercised and rights accorded and respected.

By no means would we have it understood, when we say that personalities are justifiable, that we mean the adoption of the law, given, as the Bible informs us, by God to Moses "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," and a mean act for a mean act; nor on the other hand do we, in its literal sense, believe when a person commits an invasion of another's right, that the person so intruded upon is bound to offer the opportunity to commit the same offence again. Admitting, if the Bible Christian insist that we shall, that both those laws were given of God, it does not signify that they are always to remain in force; indeed, we are told that the law given of God to Moses, it was found necessary to almost, if not quite, reverse in Christ's time. Why then, shall it not be deemed possible that even the law of Christ may be necessarily modified. The Law of Moses was one extreme of the rule of life; that of Christ was the other extreme. It is fair to presume that the mean between the two extremes will eventually be the law. Moses law was entirely the law of force; Christ's law was entirely the law of love. The final adjustment of the two, the law of wisdom, will be the ultimate or third development of the rule of human intercourse.

We are verging on the age of wisdom. It is already beginning to be realized that love is not the highest law of order; nor the generally rule of life. The law of force and of love, in their generally accepted sense, is essentially selfish; people rule by force; it is to carry out some selfish purpose—some personal end; and if by love, it then is for the sake of a selfish gratification or purpose, or for some personal motive. Love, especially, is most emphatically selfish in its present form of acceptance. But when either force or love is made use of for the good of humanity; when from the selfish and the individual the executive rises into, and merges with the humanitarian and universal, then wisdom supercedes; and it is just this step which representatives of advanced humanity are endeavoring to take to-day.

It was necessary that this analysis should be made, that what we shall say may not be misunderstood. We might, however, justify it by quite a different method, and one that is in common practice. If a person steal material things, commit a personal assault or trespass upon property rights, the law takes hold of the case and either restrains or punishes the offender. This, however, is not the legitimate method; that consists in the community protecting itself against the despotism of individuals who, by their acts, demonstrate that they are liable to trespass upon other people's rights; that is if a person, by repeated practices, shows a proclivity to steal, it is not only the right but the duty of society to take measures that will effectually prevent the further practice of such a proclivity.

Now carry this practice into the more refined departments of life; into the life and character of individuals, as well as to their property and persons, and apply it there, and it would require that people who are continually meddling with what is none of their business, be so dealt with as to make it impossible that their efforts should be productive of harm. This is not the law of retaliation, but the law of protection.

We have upon the rostrum in the columns of the WEEKLY, and in private conversation everywhere, advocated the rights of social freedom, which people choose to call free love, and since they so choose, we choose to accept it.

If it be any satisfaction to our enemies to call our principles, Free Love doctrines, and us Free Lovers, we assure them we have not the slightest objection. Now, Social Freedom means freedom in the Social relations, as well for the demon as for the angel; it means that each individual is entitled to determine for him or herself what love shall be, and declares their right to exercise it unrestrained, so long as they find consenting parties; in which practice nobody's rights are encroached upon. It does not say that one person shall have full license to practice his or her love, or lust if the term better describe it, with or without the consent of the parties, being its object. It not only demands the most perfect freedom on the one hand, but the most ample protection against tyranny on the other hand; of course this recognizes the rights of the most animal part of mankind to the use of their natural powers, by which they have been entrusted by God, by virtue of their creation; but it ought not to be forgotten that it also recognizes the same right for the most spiritually refined. There is, as everybody knows, a regular line of progressive unfoldment in sexuality, from the lowest to the highest. Some there are who know nothing but passion in the sexual relation, while on the opposite extreme there are those who are evenly balanced in all the divisions of human life—in the passion, the intellectual and the moral. Social Freedom recognizes all these various degrees of unfoldment, and while, according to each the legitimate expression of its condition, protects each from being compelled, against its will, to follow the despotic dictates of any other.

But there are a certain class of people who, either in honest ignorance or in downright maliciousness, continually affirm that such a doctrine is an outrage upon virtue, and that we advocate it in order to justify our practice of its lowest acknowledged degree, and not only that we do it for that purpose, but that we "are horrid women, who wallow in sensualism." Now, we have just as good a right to claim that we advocate social freedom for the purpose of justifying the practice of its very highest conditions, and it would be equally as legitimate as the opposite affirmation.

But what we do mean to say is, that whether it be the lowest, the highest, or the mean between them that our condition represents, it is nobody's business but our own, and we shall not stoop to explain it either to satisfy the curiosity of intermeddling hussies, the low vulgarity of the sensualist, nor yet the fastidious virtue of so called respectable society. It is simply none of their business. Our theory accords to each of these classes all the rights and freedom we claim, and they have no authority to demand explanations from us, nor we from them.

But, as we have said, certain classes of people—or we should rather say certain individuals, since there are but few people of any class who do not have sufficient business of their own to attend to, to forbid giving attention to the business of other people—we say certain individuals have interpreted free love to mean a low and vulgar form of sensuality, and insist that we are special representatives of it in that form.

But mark you, they do not make these charges about us simply as individuals, but as representatives of movements in which we are engaged, and by thus attempting to defame us to defeat the ends sought by the movements. They thus take their intended abuse of us out of the realm of pure personality and lift it into that of a general character, and we wish it to be distinctly understood that it is on this plane that we retort, if indeed we do retort at all, which until now we have refrained from doing.

We are engaged, for instance, in the cause of woman suffrage, and we advocate those methods by which we think it will be best advanced. Others, also, engaged in the same cause advocate different methods; and instead of stopping to show the superiority of theirs, over ours, set about abusing us as Free Lovers, at the same time declaring that suffrage has no relation to free love. We ask them: Why, then, do you lug it into the controversy? They cannot even go to Albany to influence the Legislature in favor of suffrage without taking special pains to have it understood that they "do not belong to that vulgar free love clique at all, in fact, that they have nothing to do with them;" which, by the way, was not required, since from the arguments presented; their hearers must have discovered that, without the allusion to free love. If the arguments they have at hand are not sufficiently strong to show the rightfulness of their methods, they had better stay at home and construct others, rather than to drag in "outside questions" to be used for the sake of the prejudices it is expected they will invoke. And we mean all this for the good of those who practice it.

If these people would present the principles of social freedom as we present them, we would thank them for every time they would make use of their power to aid their cause; but we shall object from this time out, to their taking these words away from their legitimate connection, and using them with their own definitions, or arguments to forward their plans and to damage ours. Suppose we are all they would have it understood we are, what would that have to do with a truth or a just method? A little more judicious consideration, Mesdames, if you please, and it will not only be more becoming, but considerably more safe. You at least, shall not longer attempt to damage a cause by blackguarding its advocates.

We make no objection to your holding your meetings; we even have and shall again, attend them; but you ought to think twice about your own glass houses, before you cast very large stones to damage ours; you may also advocate your methods of procedure, and if we find them superior to our own we will gladly adopt them; but you will be wise to not oppose our methods by your vulgar abuse of us personally.

You are perfectly free to attend or to stay away from our lectures; but it will be a little more prudent for you to modify your vulgarity about us, of which you make use to prevent others from attending. And if by chance we should ever innocently call at the residence of any of you who are ashamed to have other visitors know you receive us, we beg you to be honest enough to decline admitting us, and if any of you think, from anything we have done, that we are revengeful women, we ask you to remember that we have patiently endured all your vile taunts and insinuations and innuendoes for two long years without a retort. Patience sometimes even ceases to be a virtue. We think it has become so in our case.

But we should never notice any of your malicious brutality and vulgarity if we did not know that all your professed sense of shocked modesty and outraged virtue is the most complete sham, the most pretentious fraud. As long as we could we credited you with honesty and ignorance, but facts too palpable have come to our knowledge to longer admit excusing you on that ground. We know why you denounce free love; you fear the exposures it would bring. You think by shutting off its growth that your own personalities, which you have such a horror of the world's knowing, will be exposed to the purifying breath of publicity. Hence you desire to stifle our advocacy of the principle of social freedom, and to injure our influence wherever, whenever and in every possible way you can.

You have put before the public everything in our whole life which could be raked up that was true, and finding that did not answer, manufactured facts to order *ad libitum*. What say you now to a slight change of programme—to the presentation to the public of what is known to be true of your own lives. Do not understand us to question the right you had to such practices. By no means. But it is not healthful either to your own or to public morals for you to hypocritically denounce in others what you privately practice or have practiced yourselves. You ought not to be permitted to steal and then go crying "stop thief" to direct attention from your booty and fasten the guilt upon others. When people see this done and do not expose the fraud, they are held to be accomplices with the real thief. Can you make the application of that suggestion?

We earnestly desire to be excused from any and all part in everything having even the appearance of personality. But we have no idea that the course pursued so long will now be suddenly changed. But so surely as time rolls on and the attempt to blacken us and thus to interfere with the principles we advocate continue, interpreting our theories to suit yourselves, and then holding us up as the exponents of such base interpretation, so surely shall we expose the hypocrisy of your pretentious virtue, by the fullest exposition of the facts of your lives, and if that be what it pleases some to denominate revengeful action, then we shall be revengeful. But we disclaim any such motive in advance; and in place of it declare that the sole inducement will be to make it for ever afterward impossible for you to effect any more harm by the practice of your proclivities for interfering with what is none of your business.—Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.

NEW YORK, May, 1872.

To the Editors of the American Spiritualist:

Noticing some time since in the *Banner of Light* a communication, in question and answer department, about other planets, Saturn, etc., says it has been my happy privilege to have had many communications from that planet by spirits, agreeing with the spirit through Mrs. Conant, that Saturn was a much older planet than ours, and the inhabitants were much more progressive, not using animal food, living on fruit and vegetables which was much finer than ours, as also flowers and all other growths more developed. The inhabitants are nearly all mediums, and they do not occupy their material bodies as long as here, and the spirits or disembodied are seen and talked with, under nearly all of their conditions, soon after leaving their morality.

They also describe their inhabitants and surroundings as much more beautiful and spiritual, their cities and towns better arranged, and asked us to look back years long gone, and see how much we have progressed in all things. Mechanic arts, statuary, paintings, fruits, flowers, etc., and add they are much more advanced in all, than we can conceive only by comparison. They ride in aerial cars, having attained the knowledge of magnetic control, to navigate the air, as well as we do the earth and water, and they have been as we are, and we shall arrive at their condition when our age and development will allow, and they will still be further on, how completely proving the law of progression; and in fact I have been able to learn more about astronomy with ease, and with much less time than from books, and so far as they have taught me, corresponds well with much that science has developed, and much more; they insist the moon is now inhabited on the east and south sides, and within the few last years, the scientists have discovered atmosphere on or around the moon which they have till lately disowned, and said that life could not exist there. The spirits say it is yet very rude and liken it to the old Mosaic law time, for comparison in development, and life quite crude in all things, but following in the footsteps of other planets, continued progression the order.

I also believe the time not far distant when we can attract spirits who can find mediums to use, that will be our educators in all the higher branches of scientific knowledge, far outstripping any other mode of learning, and much more reliable, and beyond mortal expectations.

Yours in friendship,

A. A. THURBER.

Mrs. F. A. Logan addressed an audience of 700 in our College Chapel last evening, and was warmly congratulated by the Principal and Professors of the College, and Ministers of the various denominations. Notwithstanding many of the audience had to stand, she held them one hour and a half with unabated interest.—J. Cochran, G. W. C. T., Abingdon, Ill.

For the American Spiritualist.

The Magdalen's Prayer.

BY MARY M. BOSMER.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Fain would I come.
E'en the poor Magdalen
Thou'lt welcome home.
Here at thy feet I lie,
O, hear my tearful sigh,
And be forever nigh;
Nearer to me.

Led by the hand of love,
Hopeful I come;
O! may I faithful prove.
Here find a home;
For in this world there be
Spirits so brave and free,
Who have assisted me
Nearer to Thee.

Drawn by their words of cheer
Nearer to Thee,
Stay thou my trembling fear
Ask I of Thee,
That the poor Magdalen,
Though dyed in deepest sin,
May a new life begin,
Nearer to Thee.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Moravia Wonders, as Seen by a New Yorker.

SPIRIT ROOMS, AT MORRIS KEELER'S,
Moravia, N. Y., May 6, 1872

EDITOR OF AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST: Dear Sir—I arrived here Saturday, A.M., and if I were a *Sun* reporter, I think I could give you a more interesting report, but as it is will only touch upon a few circumstances that most attracted my attention, and as you have so often had a detail of the Keeler Mansion, and its honest appearing and hospitable owners, and the celebrated medium, Mrs. Andrews, I will not further mention them. The seance room is on the second floor—about 15 feet square, and the dark cabinet, 4 by 10 feet, adjoining directly under the cupola, projecting from the main building, having windows (now boarded up) on three sides and separated from the seance room by a board partition, in which is a door with an aperture at the top about 1½ feet square and two small apertures in other parts of the door, all hung on the inside with curtains of black cloth. The seances occupy generally about two hours; the first of which is total darkness with the medium, in the seance room, sitting close to the cabinet and the audience in a circle about four feet in front of her: after which the seance room is dimly lighted, and she enters the cabinet for the materialization of heads, hands, forms, etc., which are accompanied by voices. The dark seances also have the voices, electric or phosphoric lights, lifting and thrumming of the piano, sprinkling, apparently, of water; rushing of wind, and what seems to be hands gently touching, patting, etc.

As the seances so far have been similar in general character I will only give some incidents that appeared most striking to me.

Saturday, A.M.—Present, Mrs. Andrews, the medium; Mrs. King, of Rochester; Mr. David Garber, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.; and myself. During the dark seance we were all touched, sprinkled, and shaken, and one or more beautiful voices joined us in singing and frequently changing the words and sentiment; the eclectic lights occasionally darting about the room, and strong, cool breezes in our faces. While singing the words "I have a brother in the spirit land," etc., a beautiful voice responded in the chorus, "and he is here to-day," and to the words, "his pet lambs will meet him on the way" Voices responded in the chorus "And we approach you now." A voice distinctly said, "Brother what a beautiful philosophy, more than I had expected in the flesh."

In the light seance a man's head appeared calling himself Daniel Garber, and was recognized by his brother David, at whose request he turned his head, showing a dark mutilation on one side. The pale face of a lady was also shown at the aperture, accompanied by a distressing cough, and exhibiting a white handkerchief, apparently saturated with blood, and in response to Mrs. King's question, again showed a handkerchief with much less blood. Mrs. King says hemorrhage and consumption was the cause of the death of her mother, and she recognized her features. Saturday, P. M.—Present, Mrs. Andrews, Mr. Keeler, Mrs. Keeler, Mrs. King, Mr. Garber and myself. In the dark seance we had the usual manifestations of touching, sprinkling, electric light, etc., when a distinct voice said, "Enjoy this beautiful philosophy David, for it is a glory to man," "mine was misery." "We create our own heaven or hell." At this time we were startled by a loud report in the room as of the muffled discharge of a pistol, and immediately a voice said, "My dear brother, the trials of my mind caused me to end my own existence. I gave you this report as a test." Other similar messages were spoken by the voice, addressed to Mr. Garber, who says his brother committed suicide in Iowa in 1868, by shooting himself in the head while in a gloomy and disconsolate state of mind, on account of the death of his wife.

In the light seance several faces were shown and recognized, and other manifestations similar to what we had in the forenoon.

Sunday, A. M.—Present, the medium, Mr. Keeler, Mrs. King, Mr. Parker, Mrs. Ketura, from New York, a lawyer from Binghamton, the editor of the *Moravia News* and myself. At the dark seance the manifestations as usual, until apparently retarded by the fears and objections of Mrs. Ketura, after being

touched and addressed as dear wife, etc. The light seance about as unsatisfactory, only seeing a few faces and hands rather indistinctly.

Sunday, P. M.—Present, the same as A. M., with two additions. Both dark and light seances, not very satisfactory. Supposed to be on account of conflicting influences as was expressed by the voices. A jocular anonymous voice said, "Parker, your wife would not be troubled about you to-day if she knew you were in so good company."

Monday, A. M.—Present the medium, Mrs. King, Mr. Giles B. Stebbins, of Detroit, and myself. Dark seance, soon after being seated the name of Stebbins was spoken near his face and at the same time he was patted, and afterwards his whole name was given. Nothing else of consequence at the dark seance. At the light seance not much except talking philosophy, etc., to him and us through the trumpet shown at the aperture. Monday, P. M.; present the medium, Mrs. Keeler, Mrs. King, Mr. Stebbins and myself. Dark seance. Piano and room shaken, and all were well sprinkled. The electric lights were darting about the room, and I was patted, and my first name spoken and afterwards Doubleday. On my calling over relationships, wife was responded to on Piano keys. On calling over names, Olledine, the name of my wife was signified by patting my hands, head and lap. Light seance. A grey bearded face was shown at the aperture, and the name William spoken. A lady's face was shown, and bowed to the name of Olledine, and appeared several times. An indistinct face of a lady was also seen, and between the two was what appeared to be a small bowl or saucer and the medium in the cabinet said she also saw a third lady, and in answer to names the curtain of the aperture was shaken when the names of Ollidine, Anna and Emma were called, and three hands were shown at the apertures. The head of a colored female was shown with a white turban, and bowing said: "Tank de Lord, we can come as well as white folks, now we be free."

I intended next day to apply a few tests, but as the medium was indisposed had no seance. Mr. Keeler says there is a lull at present in the manifestations, but that the spirits promise before 1874 to talk with and show themselves to all, without the aid of mediums, cabinets or dark circles, and are going to take the general charge of governments, etc. So let us see what we shall see at that time. Fraternally yours,

D. DOUBLEDAY.

"Spiritualism Answered by Science."

MR. EDITOR:—I have read the book you noticed in the last *Investigator*, by Mr. Cox, F. R. S., entitled "Spiritualism Answered by Science." It is a frank and masterly demonstration of spiritual phenomena by some of the first scientific minds of England. True, they ignore the spiritual basis, and Cox relies upon Carpenter's hypothesis of "Unconscious Cerebration," as illustrated in witchcraft, sleep walking, sympathetic proclivity in a community to manifest spasmodic nervous action, like religious frenzy, holy jerks, etc., which hypothesis, as you aptly remark, is quite as supra-sensible as the spiritual theory itself. The extremely funny thing of the whole matter is, that it is through spiritual communications alone that any decently plausible explanation of somnambulism and witchcraft has been reached; and here Carpenter quoted them to explain his theory of "Cerebration," which is a scientific term for mental action without mind, energy without purpose, activity without thought, and super nervous and muscular tension without perception or consciousness. It implies that the brain has a faculty, acquired by the habitual control of consciousness, and by the energized will-power of the owner of duplicating its motions when the consciousness and will-power are dormant; in the popular language of enche and poker, of "playing it alone," or "going it blind." Any thinking man who has had a decently thorough investigation of somnambulism will laugh at the utter irreconcilability of this theory with some of the known facts of sleep-walking. [In my younger days I was a somnambulist myself.]

Now, just see how much India-rubber Cox has to infuse into his "unconscious cerebration," to make it meet the phenomena of Spiritualism. I speak now of what I know, and any person doubting the statement may call me a liar in welcome; but they cannot be allowed to allude to deception, jugglery and illusion, under penalty of "pistols and coffee" for a score.

Four persons, consisting of a man and his wife, a niece and a sister-in-law, sit for the first time at a table for spiritual phenomena. In the four there was not one who would not have trusted life with either of the others as implicitly as I would trust Mr. Mendum with the loan of a dollar. And for the first time in her life, the sister-in-law, against her own volition, writes long and lucid communications, signed by facsimile signatures of persons long since consigned by me to the tomb. How does "Unconscious Cerebration" explain this? Cox says he never knew of any written communications that did not partake of all the mental characteristics of the medium. (*Psychics*, he calls them). In this case, the medium wrote in the hand of a man nearly uneducated, illiterate—as crude a hand as any expert ever tried to imitate. The signature was a *fac simile*, the subject of the communication referred to matters of fact unknown to any one present, involving events past, present and future; called names of persons and localities unheard of till then; and made statements of facts completely in conflict with the conclusions of any person present, or known ever to have lived.

It could not have been the reflex action of mind upon mind, as all the mind power present was in antagonism with the assertions. It could not be any impressions in the mind of the medium, as the writing was purely mechanical, and against her own views and wishes, she thinking it was caused by the Devil! It could not have been any speculative or fanciful ac-

tion of her brain at any previous time, as she was utterly unconscious of one word she wrote. And to demonstrate how completely mechanical was this writing, one sentence elicited an exclamation from me, and she eagerly cast her eyes upon the slate to read what she had written, and her hand came up quickly and erased the writing ere she had read a word of it. No possible demonstration could be more complete than this, that a mind in perfectly conscious cerebration was active in the matter, and directing its action by perfect consciousness of all surrounding conditions. And this is but a faint specimen of one in a million of experiments as much stronger than this as whisky is stronger than milk.

Of course, "unconscious cerebration" is "unconscious activity," or else the brain represents a dual consciousness and perception. But when a sleep-walker finds himself on some loose rails and straw across the beams of an immense barn, at midnight, with no clothing but his shirt (as I did when fourteen years old), he will admit his own unconsciousness, but some mind directed his activity, as his own could never have got him there! [No ladder extant!]

Now, here is the completest upsetting and reversing of cause and effect I have ever witnessed in any conflict of views. Carpenter posits his "unconscious cerebration," and laughs at Crookes, Huggins, and Cox for not detecting the jugglery of the spiritual phenomena they tested by all the intellect they possessed. Cox, an able lawyer, accepts Carpenter's theory of "unconscious cerebration" to account for the aforesaid phenomena, and plays off his very limited experience against the Spiritualists' theory of them, and ends by declaring that the conditions evolved in the phenomena are consistent with "unconscious cerebration," and inconsistent with the spiritual theory, which he fragmentally states; and the chief source he relies upon to account for the intelligence in spiritual communications, is in the unconscious mental action of the Psychic. My illustration upsets that reliance, as I conceive, and here comes in the *bottom fact* to confound and utterly annihilate all such criticism:—All these theories of Spiritual philosophy and communication are original, and were derived through mediums, who could not have had the faintest conception of these details until stated through them either by mechanical writing or unconscious trance-speaking. Now, where was the origin of them under the psychic theory? That admits only of what already existed in the mind of the Psychic. But these details had no existence in any mind, until expressed in one of the two modes alluded to—and some of them convey the grandest clairvoyant illustrations that the mind can conceive. For instance, a medium, at a public seance, is entranced, and speaks thus:—"Please announce that at four o'clock this afternoon, Sergeant Parker, of company I, 43d Pennsylvania regiment, reported here in person. Be particular as to the hour." A spectator, catching the names and numbers, writes to the commanding officer of the 43d Pennsylvania, inquiring if he has a Sergeant Parker in Company I. In three weeks he receives an answer that in Company I there was a Sergeant Parker, but on a certain date at six o'clock in the morning he was shot in the rifle pits before Petersburg. He was shot at six A. M., and the same day at four P. M. reported in person at the office of the *Banner of Light*. There was no telegraph below Fortress Monroe, and no possible means of conveying or receiving intelligence under Forty-eight hours; and yet, according to Cox, all communications only reflect what is in the mind of the Psychic. Is it any wonder that in such criticisms ridicule instead of argument so often suggests itself? Yours, etc.,

J. M. BECKETT.

Boston, April 5, 1872.

—Investigator

The Gone Before.

"Friend after friend departs,
Who has not lost a friend?"

How sweet the memory of the dear departed; they are treasured in the heart, never to be forgotten. Time, the great destroyer, may bring many changes to surrounding objects, but the precious memory of those who were the light and joy of our hearts, will never be forgotten. Though the duties and trials of life engross much of our time, yet how oft thoughts of the departed arrest our attention. Indeed, the mind is ever fondly reverting to those gone before. How difficult at times to realize they will never again mingle with us on earth; that they will not again fill the vacant place in the family; that the sweet voice which poured forth such notes of melody, is to our mortal ear forever hushed. The loved, where'er we wander, how we miss them. All around us are numberless mementoes, precious souvenirs of their former selves; the books, companions of their leisure hours, remain in the old accustomed place; the instruments of music are silent, for the fingers so deftly fair that oft awoke such inspiring tones are like the marble, cold and still. Bitter tears will flow, as one by one they leave our side—earth having one angel less, heaven one angel more.

We visit the sacred spot where their mortal loveliness was laid; we see the flowers blossoming beside the white stone that tells alike to stranger and friend who, through this gateway, passed to the Eternal City! What reviews of life! What holy resolves are ours while lingering beside such tablets. In tones deeper than speaking voices they assure us that suddenly the brightest hopes of life are oft destroyed. But it also tells us of a brighter scene, a blessed hope that brings a halo of light to the bereaved heart. It whispers of life beyond, a reunion of all we hold dear. O glorious faith! to meet again on the immortal shore, where in the fulness of God's love we shall never, never part. In the "City of our God," the redeemed shall abide forever. Many have loved ones there, singing the songs of redeeming love. How blessed to think they have only preceded us, "gone before," where, if agreeably with our Father's pleasure, they will be the first to greet us in a fairer clime than earth can boast. Then let us wear this life's thorns without repining, till for eternal flowers we lay them down.

MELROSE, March, 1872.

—The Melrose Journal.

S. E. L.

A sign of the times is the opening of a free public library in Louisville, containing 20,000 volumes.

Health.

BY PROF. J. BRAINERD, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Without this boon life becomes a burden. Is it not proper, then, for us to inquire how this great blessing can be obtained? There are probably very few who do not violate some of the physiological laws that govern our being. Our bodies are composed of organs and tissues, and upon the condition and functions of these depends our state of health.

The stomach is undoubtedly the most abused organ of the body. We demand of it duties, or rather actions, that nature never required. Our teeth are provided for the purpose of mastication, and the buccal cavity is abundantly supplied with salivary glands, which pour forth a suitable fluid for the purpose of moistening our food and promoting digestion.

It is a common practice among our American people to "bolt" their food—that is, they swallow it without chewing. Now the stomach rebels against this demand for the performance of an extra service, but is often forced to submit, and the consequence is that we are soon tormented with dyspepsia and a general derangement of the nervous system. And this derangement seriously affects the dental organs, and we pay the penalty in decayed teeth and the consequences that inevitably follow. Without perfect digestion, there can never be perfect health.

The nutritive system lies at the very foundation of physical comfort. Not only should regular periods be established for receiving our food, but we should eat like rational beings. There should be no ill feeling from any cause at the table. Mental disturbances arrest the processes of digestion, consequently a meal taken under excitement or bad temper had better remain untasted.

There is another error in eating that is productive of many evils, and that is the quantity of drink swallowed during a meal. Drinks that are blood warm are less objectionable than those that are hot. The mucous membrane of the stomach cannot endure, without injury, a temperature, much, if any, above blood heat, which ranges between 98 and 100 degrees Fahrenheit; and yet it is a common practice for persons to drink tea and coffee at a temperature of 125 to 130 degrees, and even higher. Two hundred and twelve degrees represents the heat of boiling water, a temperature sufficient to cook meat.

Another extreme opposite to this, is in drinking large draughts of ice-cold water during meals. The process of digestion depends upon certain conditions of temperance of the stomach, and strength of the gastric juice secreted by the stomach. Perfect digestion is not carried on at a temperature of less than 98 degrees, most favorably at 100 degrees. If food in a comparatively dry state, is properly masticated, (chewed), it becomes moistened with saliva, and when in this condition, it enters the stomach, it undergoes a further change from the action of the gastric juice. But if this gastric secretion becomes diluted by copious draught of cold water, at the same time reducing the stomach, below 98 degrees, the process of digestion ceases until the chilled and diluted gastric juice is absorbed, and a new supply furnished, retarding the period of digestion beyond its proper limit. Even hot drinks will retard this process.

Spirituous liquors, even in small quantities, will produce an effect very analogous to hot drinks, by their injury to the mucous membrane of the stomach. It follows, then, that in order to enjoy perfect digestion, and consequently perfect health, we must drink but little during meals, masticate well our food, and take our meals at regular hours; and free from mental excitement.

A draught of water taken half an hour before meals, will rather promote than retard digestion. Copious draughts of water or other drinks, should not be taken for two hours after eating. Persons who observe these rules will rarely be troubled with indigestion and its attendant evils. We should seek to promote health and beauty of form in our earthly bodies, for these give form and expression to the Spiritual.

Garibaldi on Theism.

MY DEAR FILOPANTI,—For some time past I have wished to write to you upon the dissensions which exist in our democracy, and therefore I avail myself of the occasion presented by the receipt of your letter.

Theism on the one hand, materialism on the other—these are the subjects of controversy.

Let us find a just medium and call it TRUTH. Do you believe that the truth will suit us all? I do. Interpreters of the truth—reason and science.

This is the mode in which I develop my theme, subject to your superior judgment, and with the understanding that I indicate but do not teach.

The Infinite might be definition of the True. Firstly. Time is infinite.

Secondly. Space is infinite.

Thirdly. The worlds, or the matter in space, are infinite.

Here we have truth incontestable.

But remains the hypothetical—Infinite Intelligence.

Whether it be proclaimed or confuted, it must of necessity fall within the region of the uncertain.

There is, however, the following difference:—

In proclaiming infinite intelligence as a cause, we see its effects, in the laws of the universe.

The confutants can claim no such support.

Hence I conclude—

That it is preferable to believe in infinite intelligence, whereof our minute intelligence forms a part.

The credo may be formulated thus:

The study of the true in the study of the infinite.

Interpreters—reason and science.

I repeat, my purpose is to indicate, not to teach.

And I leave you the task of establishing a formula which may be acceptable to all and put an end to discord.

Ever yours, G. GARIBALDI.

CAPRERA, September 26, 1871.

THE HISTORY OF LIFE.

I saw an infant in its mother's arms,
And left it sleeping.

Years passed—I saw a girl with woman's charms
In sorrow weeping,

Years passed—I saw a mother with a child
And o'er it languish.

Years brought me back; yet through her tears she smiled
In deepest anguish.

I left her. Years had vanished. I returned,
And stood before her,

A lamp beside the childless widow burned—
Grief's mantle o'er her.

In tears I found her whom I left in tears,
On God relying;

And I returned again in after years,
And found her dying.

An infant first, and then a maiden fair;
A wife, a mother.

And then a childless widow in despair
Thus met a brother!

And thus we meet on earth, and thus we part,
To meet—oh! never,

Till death beholds the spirit leave the heart,
To live forever!

Historic Theology.

The King of Assyria, 700 years B. C., took as captives, from the Kingdom of Israel, the greater part of its people, and allowed the depopulated region, especially Samaria, to be occupied by Assyrians and other pagans, who, mixing with the scattered Jews who remained, added to their Oriental doctrines some important tenets of the Jewish creed.

In 588 B. C., Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, overthrew the Kingdom of Judah, and carried the greater number of the inhabitants into captivity, leaving the country under a Babylonian Governor, who was killed by some Jews; in fear of the consequences of this act, the Jews, who had been left in Judea, removed to the borders of Egypt, and afterwards into Egypt. Nebuchadnezzar attacked the King of Egypt, conquered him, and took many of the Jewish refugees and a body of Egyptians captives to Babylon. A few of the Jews, "who had escaped into solitary places, remained in Egypt, and their posterity greatly increased." Brucker says: "The second great event in this period of the Jewish history, which affects philosophy, is the settling of a Jewish colony in Egypt, about 580 B. C."

From this colony arose a sect of vast importance, for there is reason to believe that they furnished a large portion of what is claimed as Christianity; and that they, before the time of Jesus, established as churches of an old Jewish sect, those churches in which Paul taught a new idea; but, as other influences were tending to produce the idea of Christ, I will refer to these, and leave the colony for the present.

In 536 B. C., the Jews were permitted to return from Babylon to Judea, to rebuild their temple and restore their nation; and, though some of them brought from Babylon many Oriental doctrines, they would not then, nor ever after, recognize the Samaritans, with their mixed creed of Oriental and Jewish doctrines, as having any relation to the "chosen people." But there the Samaritans remained, between Judea and Galilee, and near to populations of Pagans, contributing to the fusion of Jewish and Oriental ideas, and there a remnant of them still are, with their old creeds and customs; still unconvinced that their ancestors knew that Jesus whose fame, they were told, "went throughout all Syria."—Margaret Chappell Smith in the Investigator.

True.

Ideas and thoughts of wisdom and beauty are received in the mind by inspiration; the expression of them into outward form is according to the custom, culture and capacity of the recipient, therefore, those in a period of spiritual exaltation, impelled by an irresistible impulse to give expression to the thought that animates and agitates them, should not consider the mode of expression, or the form used to illustrate it, as inspired by a power beyond themselves, that is the work of the senses, subject to material conditions; and all such forms of expression are not absolute primates or principles, but simply instruments. No true artist is ever fully satisfied with his work, no expression ever equals the perfectness and beauty of the idea in its conception by the mind.

"Yet is it true,
That as, oftentimes, but ill ascends the form
To the design of art, through sluggishness
Of unreplying matter."

The greatest artist that ever lived, with all the machinery and material at his command the world could furnish, could not equal with his wonderful genius the humblest flower that bloomed and blushed in beauty on the hillside. How much more difficult for mortals to fully comprehend and perfectly express thoughts, dropping like coined gold from the mint of the infinite, disks of burnished silver from the great throne of Truth, and shining crystals from a fountain in the wilderness. —X in the Banner of Light.

Origin of Plants.

Peas are of Egyptian origin.

Celery originated in Germany.

The chestnut came from Italy.

The onion originated in Egypt.

The nettle comes from Europe.

Tobacco is a native of Virginia.

The Citron is a native of Greece.

The pine is a native of America.

Oats originated in North Africa.

Rye originally came from Siberia.

The poppy originated in the East.

The mulberry originated in Persia.

Parsley was first known in Sardinia.

The pear and apple are from Europe.

Spinach was first cultivated in Arabia.

The sunflower was brought from Peru.

The walnut and peach came from Persia.

The horse chestnut is a native of Thibet.

The cucumber came from the East Indies.

The radish originated in China and Japan.

New Jersey State Convention.

The Second Quarterly Convention was held in Jersey City, May 8, 1872.

The opening remarks by the President, L. K. Coonley, were as follows:

FRIENDS AND CO-LABORERS: It is thought advisable to urge again your prompt and energetic action to secure more funds, or we shall not be able to prosecute the advance of spiritual and reformatory principles before the minds of the priest-ridden, monetary, and politically accursed people of this State. Unless more means can soon be commanded, it is feared we will follow in the trail of the lost energies of our sister States. Some professors of our philosophy appear to think that the State Association can and will pay all the expenses of missionary labor, or that officers give the time and pay the traveling fees; and it is presumed just here will be found the reason why it is so hard for the missionary to accomplish the object desired in that field of needed labor, and the consequent failures, in that department throughout the country.

In my report on this subject to the executive committee will be found a statement of the labors, receipts, and expenses of the missionary department during the last quarter.

Spiritualism is aggressive; but it can never become a proscriptive dogma, yet it permeates every atom of existence, and therefore embraces every science, and can no more be separated from our social and political requirement than can the breath of God from the life of nature.

Ignorance, selfishness and hypocrisy are the elements that fear social and political freedom. Ignorance assumes and condemns; selfishness appropriates, if it can, that which does not belong to it; and hypocrisy would throw dust in the sight of others, that its own deformity might not be seen.

It may safely be affirmed that at no previous period of human history has there been such deep and thorough investigation and promulgation of the principles of Spiritual and physical freedom. Much of this condition of mental progress is undoubtedly due to that great advance of spirit power resulting in the control, as mediums of so many further to almost slaves of despotism. I mean the feminine element of our nature. With the return from spirit life of our mothers, sisters, companions and daughters, comes the infusion of more love, affection and sympathy, and consequently clearer perceptions of human rights and needs, ultimately resulting in the equalization of the race, so far as natural law will permit, with the complete protection of the weak against the assumptions of the strong.

If my apprehension of the Spiritual philosophy is approximately correct, then the objects of this association are not so much to amendment upon the honest opinions of others as to aid in the development of every strong tendency toward harmony in all the departments of human life. The wrong of to-day may become the right of to-morrow.

How the world has been deluged with human blood by the assumptions of some despot, that he was holier than his neighbors; and how remarkable the fact that so many of our theorists forget the kind of house occupied while throwing stones at others. But we hope the angels of better life are learning us more lovely ways.

What are the thousands of reformers in the State of New Jersey doing to educate the people in the principles of social justice? We have wealth enough in this State to employ a number of missionaries to preach the gospel and distribute tracts and liberal documents in every home.

We ought to use some energy to encourage the most noble efforts of the President of the American Association of Spiritualists, so that she might call together some of the best talent in our ranks, that something could be accomplished to enlighten the people on the imminent need of political and social regeneration, so that honesty could be found in government, virtue in social and business relations, and integral sexuality be the excelsior star of every household.

Every atom in nature is pregnant with the Genesis of that love which, if not obstructed, would ultimate in justice to every human being, and obliterate the dividing lines separating families, states and nations. Internationalism, fraternization, and social equality must become the watchword of every lover of truth and justice, until nations, as well as individuals, dwell in peace and joy on earth, as do the angels of our better life in Heaven.

Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook's lecture in Dryden Tuesday evening, on the "Social and Political Elevation of Woman," was a powerful suggestion of a new future and glorious reformation in Government—a hint to facts which brought the subject of "Woman's Rights" home to mind of many, which viewed in the clear light of the speaker's logic, interested and enchain the progressive mind on the instant; and by the way, we must express that we were surprised, to see so many ready to look into, and interest themselves on this topic, which fact tells us that the world is moving, and that when the "Car of Progress" moves through this place not quite all of Dryden will be left behind.—Dryden News.

THE INTERNATIONAL.

It ought to be known that this association is not secret—it does not aspire to the honor of being a conspiracy. Its meetings are held in public; they are open to all comers, though only members are permitted to speak (unless by special invitation), and none but members are allowed to vote. The several sections in this city and vicinity meet as follows:

Section 1 (German).—Sunday, 8 P. M., at the Tenth Ward Hotel, corner of Broome and Forsyth streets.

Section 2 (French).—Sunday, 9:30 A. M., at No. 100 Prince street.

Section 6 (German).—Meets in 66 and 68 Fourth street, in the N. Y. Turn Halle, every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.

Section 7 (Irish).—First and third Sundays at 3 p. m., at 26 Delancy street.

Section 8 (German).—Sunday, 3 P. M., at No. 53 Union avenue, Williamsburgh, L. I.

Section 9 (American).—Wednesday, 8 P. M., at No 35 East Twenty-seventh street.

Section 10 (French).—Meets every Thursday at the N. W. corner of Fortieth street and Park avenue, at 8 P. M.

Section 11 (German).—Thursday, 8 P. M., West Thirty-ninth street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues, at Hessel's.

Section 12 (American) meets the second and fourth Sundays in each month, at 453 Fourth avenue, 8 P. M.

Section 13 (German).—Every Friday, at 805 Third avenue.

Section 22 (French).—The second and fourth Friday in each month, 8 P. M., at Constant's, 68 Grand street.

Section 35 (English).—Meets every Friday evening at Myers', 129 Spring street, at 8 o'clock.

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J. M. PEEBLES, } Editors.
GEORGE A. BACON, }

A. A. WHEELOCK, Managing Editor.

Spirit is causation.—"The spirit giveth life."—PAUL.

"RESOLVED, That we are Spiritualists, * * * and that any other prefix or suffix is calculated only to retard and injure us."

The Editors of this journal are not in the least responsible for the opinions, ideas, and theories, expressed or advocated, by Contributors and Correspondents. Nor will either Editor be responsible, for only such articles as have the initials of his name attached.

Understand It.—Subscriptions, Advertisements, etc., can be left with our agents at either of our Offices, or sent direct to the Central office—but all other business, and communications for insertion in THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, must be sent to A. A. WHEELOCK, 29 Beckman St., New York City.

Christ's Church and "A Splendid Bar."

Trusting in God, believing in Jesus, and admiring his divine precepts, we nevertheless loathe and despise the demoralizing influences that cluster around popular christianity.

Institutional Christianity, literally hybridic; half Pagan, half Judaistic; begotten in the night of the past, by a conclave of church fathers—is the curse of the nineteenth century. Its Sirocco breath is equivalent to Spiritual death. True, there are good men denominated Christians; they are good, however, in spite of their Christianity.

Dr. J. W. Allen forwards us this poster from New Orleans. We copy verbatim:

"Benefit of Christ's Church! Near the dancing platform a splendid booth and a large canvas tent, with seats reserved for the accommodation of ladies and children. The patrons of this church, as well as the public, will here find a soda-water stand and confectionery; a restaurant filled with everything to satisfy the appetites of epicureans; and also, a splendid bar, stocked with the choicest kinds of liquors and cigars!"

Here is the Christianity of the church made practical. The Louisiana State Fair was in full operation. The church wanting a share of the profits, constructed a large canvas tent, baiting the unwary with poisonous confectionery, Havana cigars, and the choicest kind of liquors, and all for the church and "Christ's sake."

In imagination, stroll toward this tent. Listen! a voice—it is the solemn, subdued, yet ringing voice of the Rev. Roneyham: "Walk up, gentlemen, walk up. Here's everything to satisfy the 'appetites of epicureans,' nice cakes and confectionery, finely-flavored 'cigars,' and mellowing piles of plug tobacco! Walk up—walk up, gentlemen, here's a splendid bar, too, well stocked with the choicest kinds of liquor. 'Eat, drink and be merry,' saith the scriptures. 'Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die.'"

"Jesus died and paid it all."

We, the vicegerents of Jesus, have power to "unloose"—power to pronounce "absolution"—walk up to our "splendid bar"—"drink and be merry!" The Catholics at this State Fair had three stands, where they dispensed "bad whiskey." At the Grand Stand, the Rev. Father Roneyham led the van. This Christ's Church that so extensively advertised its "splendid bar," "cigars," and "choice liquors," is a fashionable Episcopal church!

Not a Christian journal South administered reproof for such disgraceful proceedings—such unpardonable churchal clutches for greed and pelf. One secular paper had this:

"Shame on Christian people who will establish rum mills to poison the young mind, destroy the body, and send their souls to perdition."

"Good moral institutions these rum mills on the Louisiana State Fair Grounds for the benefit of Christ's Church!"

This is the practical outcome of Christianity in Louisiana—the practice of priests—

"Who fling their brimstone in the teeth
Of all who echo not their note;
Who hide their sordid souls beneath
The lining of a reverend coat;
Who speak of an 'immortal wreath,'
Yet over earthly treasures gloat!"

Well said, the kind-hearted Bishop Kidder—"Were a wise man to select his religion from those who profess it, perhaps Christianity would be the last religion he would choose."

Since the Christianity of the past and present is indissolubly connected either with jarring sectarisms, aggressive warfare, persecution, fraud, rum-drinking, and the most wanton

wickedness, why seek to regalanise and gloss it over? Why strive in any way to conserve this word "Christian," coined many years after the Nazarene's time, and first used in derision! Why, when so diametrically opposed by historic association to the life, love-nature, and beautiful teachings of Jesus, and so very offensive to the seers and great reform leaders of to-day? Every churchal thread impaired, why attempt the fruitless task of patching "Christian" upon this newly-woven and truly golden garment—the Spiritual Philosophy? It is not forgotten that helps are sometimes necessary to weak organizations. The term "Christian," serving in narrow, non-enlightened circles as a convenient handle, may occasionally open the gate-way to a questionable May-day respectability. The "little ones," as the Nazarene taught, should not be offended. Such as feel the need of the appellation "Christian" as a temporary help into what they may consider "good society," are entitled to the advantages. But Jesus, wrote an apostle, "made himself of no reputation." Rising above custom, reckless of conventionalities, and thoroughly individualized, he stood up in the consciousness of a regal self-hood and said, "I testify of myself." Titles and props, handles and crutches, then, for creedal cripples; but athletic limbs and sound, well-balanced brains for true men and women, and the will-force to use them."

Look at our 40,000 clergyman; consider England's bishops, clothed in "purple and fine linen"—bishops and priests relishing the good things of this world, faring sumptuously every day, and revelling in ecclesiastical riches, preaching to the wealthy and titled from texts like this—"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven."

Henry Ward Beecher has a salary of 20,000. He is rich. "Woe unto you rich men!—woe unto you scribes, pharisees, hypocrites!" exclaimed the lowly Judean teacher, "How can ye escape the damnation of Gehenna!"—that is, the condemnation of your vested and veiled conservatism. Down, then, upon all this Churchal hypocrisy! This verbal, formal Christianity! No more Christian crusades, Christian colonizing, nor Christian wars for gain or glory. No more Christian witch-burning, Christian Indian murdering, Christian persecuting, Christian anathematizing, nor "Christian" Spiritualism. Christian is an adjective of ill omen. Words should symbolize ideas. The term Spiritualism requires neither prefix nor affix. Demonstrating a future existence, spanning the dual realm of matter and spirit, educating and spiritualizing the races of the present; it looks, upon scientific principles, after the highest interests of all such rational intelligences as must, in the order of nature, necessarily people the far-reaching future. Spiritualism comprehends the whole of science. Its unchangeable laws and eternal principles are the "Sacred Word"—God is Spirit, and Spirit is causation, life, love.

Warned, therefore, by the blood-crimsoned banners that have floated and still float over Christian lands;—in the name of the imprisoned and the beggared, the burned and the persecuted for "Christ's sake," in the name of the skinless skeletons of 50,000,000 of slaughtered victims, slaughtered and piled upon the bony back of a churchal Christianity, I protest as one, among sympathizing millions, against having "Christian" dragged in and imposed upon Spiritualism! Sectarian Christianity is becoming more and more a moral stench in the nostrils of all great, noble souls. Scientists in every enlightened country spit upon its creed-stuffed and priest-patched carcass. Profound thinkers make merry over its shattered, withered, and soulless body!

True, it had its uses. Scaffoldings in the old Gothic ages had theirs. Change is the order of nature. Life and death are musical ripples upon the measureless ocean of existence. When an ecclesiastical organism is literally dead, however, wisdom dictates its speedy burial. Only the good, the true, the spiritual, are immortal.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

J. M. P.

Compensations.

Better stumble—better sin—better try all things and find all empty, rather than try nothing and leave life a blank.

Just as an evening's sun was tipping the hills around Washington with gold, and touching millions of hearts with gladness, we sallied forth, weary with the pent up duties of the day, for a walk—a walk alone. 'Tis sweet to be alone; precious are the spiritual experiences that flood the soul in hours of meditative solitude. We hope the privilege of leaving this imprisoning shell alone, that the cloud of immortal witnesses may the better minister to our soul's second birth. Weeping we came to earth-land; smiling may we go to the elysian lands of immortality.

But the walk, and the lessons therefrom. The evening—how beautiful! The stars, twinkling in measureless distances, will ere long come out and sit down by the moon. They seem God's eyes. Sing their beauties, oh poets, that the white lilies of the valley may look up and love them. How musical the hum of insects; the vesper songs of birds; the ringing, echoing voices of sportive children in lane and street; and then, that palatial residence, festooned in vines and surrounded by winding walks, lawns, gardens, fountains, orange trees and delicate plants that bloom through the eternal summers of tropical climes. We gazed upon this matchless beauty, admired, half adored, yea, *sinned*, for we coveted, wanted to call it, with all its elegance and grandeur "mine." Then came an angel presence, holding in the left hand a brilliant mirror, reflecting the inner lives of mortals. With the right he lifted the masks, stripped away at a breath the gilded drapery from the souls of those that called these showy externals "ours." Quite astonished at the

revealings, we clearly saw that the effects, the life acts, the sordid efforts at getting, had sullied the garments of the "getter," that the spiritual losses exceeded the earthly profits, and that selfishness had rebounded upon self, burying it in the slime of worldliness and moral death. Praying to be saved from such soul-poverty, and feeling content with a bare competence, we were reminded of the happiness expressed in peniless Pilgrim's song—

"No inch of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness."

Reflecting, and summing for the moment under the mingled wisdom and love-influence of this immortal brother's inspiration, we exclaimed from the depths of our being, Blessed are the poor in purse, as well as in "spirit." J. M. P.

Massachusetts Labor Union.

We learn with pleasure, that an organization bearing the above comprehensive name has recently been formed in this good old Commonwealth, under very favorable auspices, and that it contemplates making its first public demonstration during "Anniversary Week," by holding a day and evening meeting in Horticultural Hall, Boston, Tuesday May 28.

Speakers of acknowledged celebrity, ability and character, have consented to address the several sessions, which promise to be of unusual interest, profit and brilliancy. We doubt whether any other one of the many meetings to be held during this memorable week, will consider more important matters or pass under review more vital questions, than are sure to come up for discussion before this convention of the people.

Letters of invitation have been sent to such hearty sympathizers with the Labor movement as Charles Sumner, B. F. Butler, George F. Hoar, Wendell Phillips, William Denton, and numerous others, to address the Convention and help forward, by their presence and counsel, the righteous reforms embraced in this Labor Union. We wish it every conceivable success.

B.

Sectarian Ignorance of Language.

Sanskrit was the ancient language of the Hindus. It ceased to be a spoken language more than three hundred years B. C. It was even the literary language of the Brahmins. "What prevented," says Max Muller, "for a long time the progress of the science of language was the idea that Hebrew was the primitive language of mankind, and that, therefore, all languages must be derived from Hebrew." St. Jerome and Origen both taught this notion. And ignorant sectarians continue to reiterate the exploded theory.

Berosus in Babylon, Menander in Tyre, and Manetho in Egypt, compiled from original sources, the annals of their countries. Their works were written in Greek for the Greeks. To-day their writings are being studied and appreciated. It is astonishing how many languages there are in the world.

It is said there are little islands in the South Sea, the inhabitants of which do not understand each other. Of the eight hundred and sixty distinct languages enumerated by Rabi, fifty-three belong to Europe, one hundred and fourteen to Africa, one hundred and twenty-three to Asia, four hundred and seventeen to America, one hundred and seventeen to Oceanica, which term distinguishes the vast number of islands stretching between Hindostan and South America. J. M. P.

Apollo Hall.

The exercises at this Hall have for several months been increasing in interest, large audiences being drawn thither to listen to the eloquent discourses of Thos. Gales Forster, who speaks there morning and evening of each Sunday.

Sunday Conferences.

The lovers of debate, and Spiritual research continue their meeting, at Apollo Hall at half-past two o'clock on Sundays, where all are invited to attend, and where many progressive ideas are advanced, and discussed in a spirited and able manner.

Anniversaries.

The month of May, 1872, has been thus far unusually interesting, conventions, re-unions, etc., having followed each other in rapid succession. The results of some of them are fraught with great significance if not importance. We shall give place next week to an extended review of the subject, together with some views regarding the general outlook.

Shall we Have a Children's Progressive Lyceum in New York?

Is a question which we earnestly asked only a few week's ago, but hardly did we think at the time that we would so soon be enabled to answer the question in the affirmative.

We rejoice that we are able to announce to the world that we have a Lyceum in New York, presided over by earnest, capable workers, who have taken hold with a will, and we doubt not that ere the summer is ended we shall look upon our rejuvenated idol and be justified in saying *Esto perpetua*.

The Democratic Statesman, of Austin, Texas, says of us:

THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, published at New York, is one of our most regular exchanges. This paper has recently come out in an entirely new dress, and presents a very beautiful appearance. Its editors are evidently sincere believers in the doctrine of Spirit Interchange with men still in the flesh, and get up a very interesting periodical. The SPIRITUALIST is a weekly of sixteen large pages, and is furnished at \$2 50 a year.

Thanks, brother Statesman. We are not only sincere believers, but have a positive knowledge of the truth of such belief.

Current Notes and Jottings.

Pick up, ponder upon this pearl that recently dropped from the lips of Robert Dale Owen:

"I would have our public lecturers, also, speak on all occasions, boldly indeed, but modestly and unassumingly also. I would have them more especially avoid all bigotry and all uncharitable attacks on the honest opinions of others. Let us build up an edifice convenient and beautiful. Then the old, worn out tenements will be deserted in its favor. We need not trouble ourselves to pull them down."

Why is Charles A. Hayden, pastor of a Unitarian church? Why is D. Lyman, linguist, metaphysician, and a thoroughly cultured Spiritualist, in a clerical department at Washington? Why is the thinker and lecturer, S. J. Finney, in the California Legislature? Why is the writer and scholar, S. B. Brittain, in a healing institute? Why is the logician, Joel Tiffany, now a counsellor at law? Let the seer, A. J. Davis, hint at the reasons.

"The wide-spread demand of the popular appetite for spontaneous prose and inspired verse, has shut like an iron door against the approaching ministry of cultivated normal teachers, who write under the inspiration of great principles, and deliver their productions from manuscripts. These, consequently, believing in subjective mental industry and voluntary spirit culture, retire into other fields of usefulness, in politics, religion, social reforms, etc., surrendering the Spiritualist platform almost wholly to trance, psychological and inspirational advocates. By this means converts are multiplied, while the standard of individual and self-responsible spiritual culture is being steadily lowered to a level with popular Methodism. The societies and corporations of Universalists, Unitarians and free religionists reap large crops out of our harvest fields from this cause alone. Spiritualism fails to utilize normal talents freely offered from the ranks of scholastic, self-educated women and men. They are compelled to find employment and adequate remuneration in liberal but less congenial associations. Spiritualism will accomplish nothing more than an ordinary victory over superstition until its enlightened friends raise the standard of social, moral and intellectual culture. Then, and not until then, will our immortal principles interest leading minds, and lift mankind toward unity and happiness."

Are not all phases of journalism in this country too criminative, chaotic and sensational? Does it not fill maws that really ought to fast? Is it not often suicidal even in its own interests? It is frequently said to the American in England—"your Spiritualist journals are neither as candid, high toned or cultured as the Unitarian—why is it?" And it is often remarked to us, in our travels: "Spiritualist papers are not reliable! They said thus and so of that medium. It was false. It led us astray. We have no faith in those editors."

Has it come to this in spiritual journalism that neither an editor's censure or condemnation amounts to anything? It seems so occasionally, the vilest and most untrustworthy mediums have been extravagantly lauded; while others, modest and unassuming, yet more worthy, have received not a passing notice. Is it not as true of periodicals as individuals, that they have reputations to make, for candor, integrity and impartiality? The following paragraph from that prince of journalists, Whitelaw Reid, may be suggestive at least.

"There are needed reforms in the profession of Journalism which we may hope to attain. First among these I reckon an increasing sense of responsibility for the printed word—thrown heedlessly from the weary pen at midnight, but borne with the daybreak to the attention and confidence of fifty thousand homes, to mend or mar some man's honest name. With this will come an increasing sense of the wrong every editor does the whole profession, who permits his press to become the vehicle either for actual slander, or for that reckless trifling with character and that invasion of personal concerns which make so marked a feature of many of our newspapers. I look, indeed, for an absolute revolution in the attitude of the whole respectable press toward the laws against slander and libel. It has been common to regard these as laws for the persecution of the press, and such a hundred years ago, they certainly were. But to-day they ought to be among the most valuable agencies for its protection. I, for one, rejoice in the institution of every libel suit for which there is the color of justification; and count every fair conviction for libel a gain to the cause of decent journalism. We lose standing and influence because our liberty runs into license. Were every clear slander, whereof correction, on due application and proof, has been refused, remorselessly prosecuted to conviction and inexorable punishment, we should have reason to canonize alike prosecutor and judge. No higher service can be rendered journalism to-day than by making it responsible for what it says, and giving the humblest citizen, whom its gigantic power may purposely wrong, easy and cheap justice."

It would give to every word he did utter an additional weight, and it would deprive the bad men we exposed of their present ready answer, "Oh, that doesn't amount to anything; the newspapers abuse everybody." It is an ill day for journalism when people do not care what the newspapers say against them. It is an ill day for the country when people do not care to have their wrongs redressed. It will be better for both when justice is cheap and journalism is just.

The twisting and struggling to "read" President Lincoln's

"Title clear—
To mansions in the skies,"

has, from the first, been troublesome to seotarians, and amusing to Spiritualists. Without even a profession of Christianity he was plumped instantaneously from the theatre into eternity! And if the creed of evangelical Christianity be true, the martyred Lincoln is now wailing with the damned in hell! What is to be said? Here is a new effort. It is from the ingenious and pious N. W. Miner. We quote from his letter to the Press.

It has been a matter of regret to many good men that Abraham Lincoln came to his tragic end in such a place, but if the circumstances of his going there were known, it might relieve their minds somewhat. It has been said that Mrs. Lincoln urged her husband to go to the theatre against his will. This is not so. On the contrary, she tried to persuade him not to go, but he insisted. I have this statement from Mrs. Lincoln herself. He said: "I must have a little rest. A large procession of excited and overjoyed people will visit me to-night. My

arms are now lame by shaking hands with the multitude, and the people will pull me to pieces." He went to the theatre not because he was interested in the play, but because he was careworn and weary, and needed quiet and repose. Mrs. Lincoln informed me that he seemed to take no notice of what was going on in the theatre from the time he entered till the discharge of the fatal pistol. He was overjoyed at the thought that the war was over, and that there would be no further destruction of life. She said the last day he lived was the happiest of his life. The very last moments of his conscious life were spent in conversation with his wife about his future plans and what he wanted to do when his term of office had expired. He said he wanted to visit the Holy Land and see those places hallowed by the footprints of the Saviour. He was saying there was no city he so much desired to see as Jerusalem, and with that word half spoken on his tongue, the bullet from the pistol of the assassin entered his brain, and the soul of the great and good President was carried by the angels to the New Jerusalem above.

Sinners visiting theatres, take notice. Prepare your mouths—that is, should bullets be flying round carelessly—prepare to gasp the "half-spoken" Jerusa—; then, with a spasm, you may leap from pit to paradise!

The *Religio Philosophical Journal* has this:

"Allow us to say right here, that woman suffrage will be inaugurated just as soon as a majority of the women in America ask for it. There are more men than women in favor of it to-day."

True—ininitely truer than "preaching!" Oh, editor of *R. P. Journal*! And if women would "scold" the men less, and educate their own sex up to the necessity of woman's suffrage, they would render themselves less liable to criticism!

This Government—"run" at present by the Methodists—has become famous for dishonest official agents, usurpations of power, legalized monopolies, huge corporations, land-grant speculations, and selfish moneyed institutions! But, in all probability, the most corrupt branch of the Government relates to the Indians in the West and their reservations. The rank dishonesty and fraud practiced upon the remaining "red men" is absolutely appalling! We all remember the lines:

"I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand."

Washington office-seekers, watching the "ring," and pleading for political slices in the North-west among the Indians, sing:

"I want to be an agent,
And with the agents stand,
A host of traders round my camp,
And greenbacks in my hand."

The Rev. W. H. Thorn, of Wilmington, Del., has through liberality of thought and freedom of expression, preached himself out of the Unitarian church. He is at present speaking in the Spiritualists hall, a portion of each Sunday. Christians will try and starve him back into the church; and Spiritualists, we fear, will clench their hands and pinch their purses, leaving him to subsist upon faith and honest convictions.

The Washington Rev. Newman, D. D., counsellor of President Grant, and anti-Mormon debater, recently baptised a Japanese law student, named Cadama-under, the Christian name of John Philips. Baptism in the sense of a bath is excellent. But why give countenance to the old tradition that in changing one's religion the name should be changed also? Were not most of our names "heathen" names a few centuries since? If Christianity consecrates names, it certainly does not character. The most wicked and warlike people on earth to-day are Christians.

Anna E. Dickinson is doing herself great injustice in truckling to public opinion. Is she a "trimmer?" Is she governed entirely by policy? Sound thinkers so think. In her lecture relating to capital and labor she plays squarely into the hands of capitalists, lauding the Vanderbilts and the Stewarts.

In the "Joan of Arc lecture" so often repeated, Spiritualism is entirely repudiated. Listening to her one would not dream that she had attended seances, or been honored with mediumistic influences.

While dilating upon the astounding achievements and marvels of the "Maid of Orleans" she awards them all to the genius of her great nature. It is to be feared that Anna in pursuing this course stultifies her womanhood, and belies the deepest convictions of her soul!

All trustworthy historians admit the reality of this "peasant girl's supernatural gifts." Under the waving branches of *L'Arbre des Dames*, she saw among other celestial visitants St. Michael, St. Catharine and St. Margaret, describing their shining garments, the brightness of their countenances and the music of their voices. The garden was to her the threshold of the invisible world. Spirits were her daily companions. She was a prophetess, visitant, medium, foretelling her own destiny and that of the king of France. And finally was accused, because of "the voices," "the voices," of magic, witchcraft and heresy. She died a martyr.

The sainted mother of that zealous and devoted worker in the cause of Spiritualism, O. L. Sutliff, Wooster, Ohio, passed to that beautiful land on the 22d day of April, in the seventy-third year of her age.

A kind and noble woman, loved most by those who knew her best; a generous neighbor and sincere friend, a devoted and tender mother, as well as Spiritualist, Mrs. Sutliff could trustingly say, "Father, I have finished the work thou gavest me to do." Weep not for her—wish her not in the mortal again; for she has gone to renew her youth, gone to breathe the ether of immortality and be clothed in the vestures of eternal bloom. Entering the portal, there was a new song in heaven; how sweet the chorus—"Their works do follow them,"

Jaccoliot's "Bible in India" is far more readable than reliable. This author is a Frenchman holding an official position in one of these small districts that yet remain to France of the once old grand empire of India. He trusted too much to his teachers, an arrogant class of *Hindoo Pundits*. The distinguished Max Muller, in a critical review, shows the unauthenticity of several of Jaccoliot's extracts. Other European scholars have shown that the volume abounds in blunders.

Journals in Northern Michigan speak in great praise of James Choate and his lectures upon Spiritualism. The *Lumberman* says, "he is possessed of fine intellectual powers, and clothes his ideas in choice, flowery language, carrying his audiences captive." That Detroit vixen did not destroy his influence, nor seal his lips. Genius coupled with energy is sure of success.

Dr. Simon Van Etten, having faith in the apostolic method of healing continues to "lay hands on the sick and heal them." He has certificates from Judges, Jurists, Congressmen and clergymen testifying to his success. He greatly benefitted us while in Washington. His residence is Corning, N. Y.

Mr. M. D. Merriam, writing from Lawrence, Mass., assures us that Bro. Charles A. Hayden is preaching creed and Catholic discourses in the Unitarian church. He is eloquent and highly inspirational. His late discourse upon Socrates and Theodore Parker was rich in Spiritualism and the beautiful principles of harmonial philosophy.

J. M. P.

Ancient and Modern Mediumship.

THE STORY OF SAMSON—CONTINUED.

BY J. C. SMITH.

I am free to admit that no instance of modern mediumship can be produced in which a thousand armed warriors have been killed by a bone. True it is that the same weapon used by Samson has been found quite effective at revival meetings but as a rule it seems to be discarded from the spiritual rostrum. In modern Spiritualism there is no call for asses' jaws. The Samsons of the pulpit now as ever, have a monopoly of the article.

The reader is not surprised that after the tremendous day's work recited in my last letter, Samson was fatigued. The text says,—Judges 15; 18th, 19th.—"And he was sore athirst, * * But God clove an hollow place that was in the jaw, and there came water thereout." "And when he had drank, his spirit came again and he revived."

When Moses was conducting the Hebrews through the desert his vast army of emigrants was watered from a spring which leaped out of a rock in response to a stroke of his cane. It seems that in Palestine, water was not abundant, and hence God was obliged from time to time to work miracles to keep his chosen people from death. To us then appears no good reason for locating the people in such an arid waste. We do not understand why God should not have made the country right in the first place, or else have taken the Hebrews to some other land. Some of the old crusaders had singular notions upon the subject. Count Baldwin who took Jerusalem, is said to have remarked after reviewing the arid desert region, "I think God could never have seen Italy, or he would not have settled his chosen people in this worthless land."

But about Samson, the medium. There was no water for the poor man, and death was imminent unless something was done to assuage his thirst. God cut a hole in a bone, and water flowed out in abundance. There is nothing like this in modern mediumship. But such things were quite common in olden times, provided the traditions may be credited. Thus in Greek mythology. When Danaus arrived in Argos the country was suffering from a drought, and Danaus sent out Amymone to find water. She was attacked by a Satyr, but from whom she was rescued by the God Neptune. Neptune bade her draw his trident from the rock. She did so, and a three-fold spring gushed forth. This spring is said to exist to-day, and is called the river of Amymone.

On another occasion Neptune took the body of one of his mistresses and changed it into a well.

The difference between these miracles consists mainly in the fact that while the works of the Greek God were permanent blessings for mankind, that of the Hebrew God was transient and limited to an individual. Neptune created perpetual springs; Jehovah only fluid sufficient to revive the fainting medium. If required to answer which tradition is most worthy of belief I should say that after a careful examination of the evidence upon which the three tales is founded, I am unable to see the least semblance of truth in either.

The Children's Lyceum.

The officers and leaders of the Lyceum held a meeting on Wednesday evening last, and appointed a committee on finance, consisting of Mrs. Hemmer, Mrs. St John, Mr. Merritt, and Mr. Townsend, who were instructed to solicit aid for the Lyceum, whose targets and banners need replacing with new ones.

It is hoped that the friends will not wait for any solicitation, but hand to Mr. Merritt, Treasurer, such sums as they desire to bestow for the purpose above set forth.

A. A. Wheelock's Appointments.

Sundays, May 19 and 26—Speaks for the Society in Baltimore, Md., and during the month of June will speak forenoons of Sunday in Newark, N. J., speaking the same evenings for the Society in Brooklyn.

PERSONAL AND LOCAL.

Prof. J. H. W. Toohey called upon us the other day while on a flying visit to this city, and was looking as healthy and joyous as ever.

Dean Clark is announced to speak before the Indiana State Convention of Spiritualists. His address until then will be Indianapolis, Ind.

Prof. William Denton spoke in Harwich Port, in the afternoon and evening of May 12, to delighted audiences.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson is engaged during May, at Lawrence, Kansas, and we hear that she is doing a good work.

Fanny T. Young leaves Boston on the 20th of May en route to the Pacific, lecturing by the way.

Mrs. S. A. Rogers has just finished an engagement at Newburyport, Mass., where she has given great satisfaction. She speaks in Groveland the last two Sundays in May, and at Stafford Springs, Conn., the first Sunday in June. Her address is Haverhill, Mass.

Mrs. A. M. MIDDLEBROOK.—This well known and talented lecturer in behalf of religious and social freedom, will speak in Cleveland, Ohio, before the First Spiritualist Society, during the month of June. While at Cleveland she will be open to engagements to lecture on any subject of general interest—religious, political or social—on week-day evenings, within a circuit of thirty miles of the city. She may be addressed at office of THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, 144 Seneca street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Resolutions

Of the Society of Spiritualists of East Saginaw, Michigan, presented and unanimously adopted at the close of the three month's engagement of N. Frank White, Sunday evening, April 28, 1872.

Resolved, As the present evening closes the three months' course of lectures delivered by our friend and brother, N. Frank White, before the Society of Spiritualists of East Saginaw, we take this opportunity to express to him the great pleasure and satisfaction we have received from his eloquent and instructive discourses, and would tender our thanks, not only to him, but also to those spirit teachers who, through him, have given us such convincing proof of the life that is to be.

Resolved, That we testify with pleasure to his pre-eminent ability as a teacher and most eminent expounder of the truths of the Spiritual philosophy, and, while giving expression to our heartfelt regrets that he is now compelled to part from us and labor in other fields of usefulness, yet we trust it may only be for a season, and assure him that he will ever be the recipient of our affectionate regards and best wishes for his future happiness and prosperity, trusting that he may be permitted to return again and minister to us in spiritual matters as in the past, we now tender him an affectionate farewell, and bid him God speed as he departs for the scenes of his future labors, to dispense to other thirsting souls a knowledge of the same sublime and beautiful truths which have brought such comfort and consolation to our own.

Resolved, That the officers of this society present him with a copy of these resolutions, and that they be forwarded to such of our Spiritual papers as may be pleased to give publicity to this testimonial of our affection and esteem.

A. FARNSWORTH, M. D., President.

L. C. WHITING, Secretary.

LITERARY NOTICES.

HUMAN NATURE.—A monthly journal of zoistic science, intelligence and popular anthropology, embodying physiology, phrenology, psychology, spiritualism, philosophy, the laws of Health and Sociology, by James Burns, London, the number for March is on our table and comes well freighted with subjects of importance to a reading, truth seeking public.

THE HIEROPHANT, by G. C. Stewart.—The object of this little volume seems to be to convince its readers not only of the antiquity of Egyptian astronomy, but also to show the influence it has wielded through all ages upon the religious usages and customs of the world.

To such as are interested in the superstitions of the past, as connected with religion, this work will be found a valuable aid. For sale at this office. Price \$1.00.

NATURES LAWS IN HUMAN LIFE, Wm White & Co., Boston.—This work is principally a compilation of facts, both for and against the philosophy of Spiritualism, and such has been the authors regard for the whole unvarnished truth, that we find nothing distorted or misrepresented on either side, but an array of facts, so detailed as to form a very readable and attractive book, such as all hesitating minds might peruse with profit. Price, \$1.50.

THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT, a journal of zoistic science, free thought, Spiritualism, and the harmonical philosophy, by W. H. Terry, Melbourne, Australia. The number for March is before us, filled with a variety of matter bearing upon the progress of the age, and treated in a spirit that indicates candor and ability—the precursors of success.

We are in receipt of the *American Journal of Phonography* for May, published by Burns & Co, 33 Park Row, New York, \$1.50 per year. The objects of this journal are the simplifica-

tion of phonography, and its introduction into the public schools.

From the same we have also, *First Lessons in Steno-Phonography*; price ten cents. These lessons are a first installment of Mrs. Burns "School and Business Phonography," which is designed for teaching in schools, and for popular use.

In Memoriam.

We were recently and suddenly made to sorrow at our earthly loss in the departure of Mrs. Ruth A. Small, of Harwich, Mass., although she had attained more than her quota of three score years and ten, and who for over fifty year was the loving and beloved companion of Captain Zebina H. Small.

Both of these well-known and worthy people were active and efficient members of "the old guard," through all the anti-slavery war, and have valiantly maintained the same activity and interest in all the great moral and religious conflicts which have taken place in the public mind since those memorable and courageous days.

Their home for nearly forty years has been the abiding-place of such moral warriors as Garrison, Phillips, Parker Pillsbury, Henry C. Wright, and their co-laborers; while, in later times, our Spiritual Missionaries and itinerants have ever found most generous shelter and warmest sympathy beneath their hospitable roof.

Mrs. Small was, indeed, a mother in Israel. With a willing heart and an open hand, her charities were truly catholic, and her sympathies grandly active and practical. Blessed with native good sense, she was eminently conscientious in all her views, a sincere lover of justice, clear in her conceptions of right, earnest and consistent in her devotion to the truth.

Naturally gentle, kind and affectionate, her life flowed on like a peaceful river winding its way to the open sea. Years ago the Gospel of Spiritualism gladdened her consciousness, and in the radiant glory of its beatific light, she sweetly fell asleep.

While her spiritual presence may be felt and recognized in the house that knew her so long and so well, her bodily absence will be mourned for the void which nothing can fill. From her abode in the realm of souls, she watches and awaits, in company with those who preceded her, for the like translation of kindred ones who yet remain, when an unbroken family band, reunited above, they will together journey on, continually acquiring new thoughts and richer experiences, while forever basking in the glorified beauties of spirit life.

G. A. B.

On the morning of Sunday, May 5, the spirit of Mary Ann Warner, aged twenty-three, passed from its earthly home, in Algonac, Mich., to its future habitation, amid the grand old mountains of the Eternal.

Sustained by her beautiful belief in Spiritual communion, the patient sufferer, through four years of sickness, passed peacefully away, reviving for a moment, when apparently gone, to give a test of spirit presence and knowledge by the whispered information to her father that a speaker was in Port Huron, (a fact they were ignorant of,) who would attend her funeral if telegraphed to, saying that one from the spirit land had come to her with the message. She then sank away at once. The telegram was sent in full confidence, and I gladly responded to the call from "the other side." On Tuesday, the 7th, I addressed the friends and many attentive listeners in a public hall, at Algonac, and we laid her body tenderly away. Her father, mother, brothers, sisters and friends feel that she is not dead, nor sleeping, nor even absent, but still with them.

N. FRANK WHITE.

"They are the brave who dare to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are brave who calmly choose,
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink,
From the truth they needs must think;
They are brave who dare to be,
In the right with two or three."

Notice to the Subscribers to "The Crucible."

Arrangements having been made with "The Cosmopolitan Publishing Co.," of Baltimore, Md., by which the subscription books of *The Crucible* have been transferred to THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, we hereby give notice, that the subscribers to that paper will be notified by a circular, sent to each one, of the terms upon which we propose to furnish THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST to the subscribers of that paper.

A branch office of this journal, will be established in Baltimore.

A. A. W.

Two Days' Meeting.

J. M. Peebles, Spiritualist, and Elder J. S. Prescott, Shaker, will hold a two days' meeting at Union Hall, West Farmington, Ohio, commencing on Saturday, June 1, at 1 o'clock P. M., and continuing over Sunday. A choir of Shaker singers will be present. Friends from a distance will be cared for. Come one, come all. This is the day of jubilee. E. F. CURTIS.

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New Jersey State Convention.

The Second Quarterly Convention of the Spiritualist Association of New Jersey met in Union Hall, Jersey City, on Wednesday, May 8.

The call for the convention was read by the Secretary of the Association, Mrs. Ellen Dickinson, of Vineland; after which the President, L. K. Coonley, of Vineland, made the opening address—subject: "The Needs of the Hour."

Below are the names of the speakers of the morning session: Mrs. Susie A. Willis, of Lawrence, Mass.; Mr. Higgins, of Jersey City; John Gage, of Vineland; Mrs. Mary L. Strong, of Ohio; Mrs. P. G. Good, Mrs. E. Giles, of Boston.

Committees were appointed on Business and Resolutions.

After listening to a beautiful song by Mrs. Melinda Phillips Johnson, of Lynn, Mass., the morning session adjourned.

The afternoon session was opened by an address by Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, followed by Dr. Horace Dresser, of Jersey City.

The President called for resolutions, and a number were presented by the committee. The resolutions were discussed by Mr. Fish, of New York, Dr. E. Wright Mr. Shaw, of Providence, R. I.; Mr. Mitchell, of Maine, Mr. G. C. Stewart, of Newark, and Mr. Strong and Mr. Baker.

The evening session was called to order by the President, and a resolution, laid over from the afternoon session, was read by Mr. Higgins, of Jersey City, and discussed by Dr. Wright, L. K. Coonley, Mr. Gage and Mr. Wheelock.

A very eloquent address was then delivered by Mr. A. A. Wheelock, editor of THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST; subject: "The Definition of Spiritualism." Some very fine remarks by the President, L. K. Coonley, followed by an excellent address by Miss Susie A. Willis, of Lawrence, Mass. The convention then closed with a few remarks by L. K. Coonley.—[Com.]

Mediums' and Speakers' Convention.

A Quarterly Convention of Mediums and Speakers of Western New York will be held at Dansville, N. Y., on Saturday and Sunday, June 1 and 2, 1872. Meeting to commence the first day at 10½ o'clock A. M.

The friends in Dansville will, so far as they are able to do so, entertain those from a distance. All interested in Spiritualism and others are invited to attend. Good speakers are expected.

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1st. The total abolition of all grants and privileges to classes and monopolies.

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5th. Officials to receive their commissions direct from the people, thereby abolishing the corrupt system, Executive appointment; and the names of competent applicants for Government employment to be drawn by lot from a wheel.

6th. Every facility for the acquisition of useful secular knowledge, to be guaranteed by the Government, and free to all.

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10th. The right of the living generation to an equal inheritance of the products of past generations.

11th. Special privileges, grants and class laws being abolished, and the interests of the people united, but few general laws would be required; and in order to prevent centralization of power and monopoly on the part of Government officials, the law of the Referendum must be established, whereby the people shall be convened semi-annually to ratify or reject the acts of their public agents.

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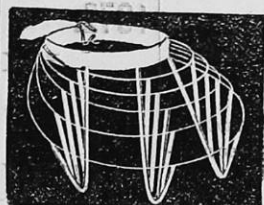
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tors of the HOME JOURNAL and of WOODHULL &
CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY. 94

Mrs. Laura Cuppy Smith.

This lady, who has spent six years in California, re-
ceiving the highest encomiums from the press of the
Pacific coast, cannot fail to please Associations desir-
ing an earnest, eloquent and entertaining lecture.

SUBJECTS:

I.—Woman in the Home, the Church and the State.

II.—One of the World's Needs.

III.—The Religion of the Future.

IV.—The Social Problem Reviewed.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

To those who have not heard this lady lecture, we
would say, go by all means if you would desire to
hear an earnest, well-spoken discourse, with an un-
broken flow of well-pronounced, grammatical Eng-
lish. We have our own ideas about woman's mission
and how far she unsexes herself when she ventures to
lecture men, yet spite of our prejudice we were car-
ried away by her words last evening at Maguire's
Opera House.—*San Francisco News Letter.*

This lady pronounced a remarkable address last
night at the Hall opposite the Academy of Music.
Remarkable because of the extreme beauty of lan-
guage and opulence of fancy, and interesting on ac-
count of its tender and grateful sentiment.—*The Daily
American Flag, San Francisco.*

She never hesitated an instant for a word, and she
has always the most appropriate. Her voice is sweet
and melodious, her enunciation pure and distinct, her
attitude and gestures very graceful indeed.—*Sacra-
mento Correspondent Santa Clara Argus.*

Mrs. Laura Cuppy Smith gave an interesting and
instructive lecture last night to a large assemblage at
Maguire's Opera House, which if delivered by some
peripatetic male pedagogue with a large reputation,
at a dollar per head admission, would have received
unbounded eulogiums from the press.—*San Fran-
cisco Examiner.*

Laura Cuppy Smith, one of the best educated and
most talented lady lecturers we have ever listened to.
—*San Francisco Figaro.*

Mrs. Cuppy Smith possesses great talent as a
speaker, and, standing before her audience in her
simple, yet elegant attire, with a spirituelle face, which
seems to index the emotions of her mind, commands
the attention and respect of all her hearers.—*San
Francisco Morning Call.*

Maguire's Opera House never contained a greater
throng than convened to listen to an erudite lecture
on Radicalism, by Laura Cuppy Smith, last evening.
—*Alta California, San Francisco.*

Mrs. Laura Cuppy Smith has proven herself to be a
lady of rare culture, added to great natural eloquence.
To say that she ranks among the first of all who have
addressed an Omaha audience, whether male or fe-
male, is but doing her justice.—*WM. L. PEABODY,*
Chairman Relief Committee Y. M. C. Association.—
Omaha Republican.

Walking majestically through the splendid gardens
of literature and philosophy, culling, as she went rap-
idly on, the richest gems of inspired genius; riveting
the profound attention of all her charmed hearers.
Such women you seldom meet. Her praises are on
the tongues of all the people.—*Omaha Tribune.*

She is a fluent speaker, using elegant language,
and with far more than ordinary argumentative pow-
ers.—*Omaha Herald.*

She is an educated, refined lady, and one of the best
lecturers we ever heard.—*Omaha Republican.*

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Bayard Taylor, in his "Masque of the Gods," a mystic poem, makes caverns, rocks, rivers, trees, men and gods all sing of progress. Listen:

THE ROCKS.

We scarcely change, though wind and rain and thunder
Blow, beat and fall, for many a thousand years;
And yet we miss the dread, the ignorant wonder,
The dark, stern being, born of human fears,
The stains of blood upon our bases sprinkled,
Are washed away; the fires no longer flame;
The stars behold our foreheads still unwrinkled;
We were and are, but Man is not the same.

The weird song is then taken up by

THE CAVERNS.

With murmurs, vibrations,
With rustling and whispers,
And voices of darkness,
We breathe as of old.
Through the roots of the mountains,
Under beds of the rivers,
We wander and deepen
In silence and cold.

But the language of terror,
Foreboding, or promise
The mystical secrets
That made us sublime,
Have died in our keeping:
Our speech is confusion,
We mark but the empty
Rotations of Time.

THE TREES.

Barrenly murmur through manifold branches,
Answer the billows that tumble ashore,
Blossom or strip in the march of the seasons,
We are but sport of the winds, and no more!

Shadow we give them where once they were holy,
Lintel and beam for the being they stole:
Service for sacrifice, litter for garlands,
Use for the Beauty they granted a soul.

Desolate, cold, is the shell of the Dryad;
Still are the dances, the oracles dumb;
Playmates of old, we are slighted as strangers,
Shorn of our honor in ages to come!

THE RIVERS.

We are loud and silent, we hasten and dally,
We bless and waste, as in days that are dead;
We dance on the hill-side and sleep in the valley,
With the rocks as a cradle, the reeds as a bed;
But the nymphs of our fountains leave them untended,
And the god of the stream is gone from his urn;
The term of our human beauty is ended,
And its liquid graces shall never return.

We bless and waste, we speed in our courses,
We urge and pilot, we cheer and call;
We wander and widen, with fetterless forces.
Servants and lovers and lords of all!
The pulses of Life, in our veins unbroken,
The movement of Life, in the tides we pour,
Still bind us to men, with a secret token,
And keep us kindred, though none adore!

MAN.

We found the Gods above our ancient idols,
Each was unquestioned, each august and awful,
And knowing him, we rested in the knowledge.
We grew in power, we builded towns and temples;
We wrought the wider fabric of the nations.
We made the forces which we feared obey us.
Lo! now, their spirits, as our own in battle,
Stand face to face: their dark or shining legions
Meet in our souls, and tear us and bewilder.
We yield to Law, we seek eternal Justice,
We love the Good, yet we accept the Evil,
We love our lives, we cling to joy and beauty.
We render penitence, we pray for pardon,
We look past death to some serene Hereafter.
Which of these things of ours shall we surrender?
They were bestowed: how can they be divided?
Shall we be umpires in the high supernal?
Debate of Gods, or is there One beyond them
Whom we have heard, through them, in changing voices?
Then come Thou near, enlighten and console us!
Take our own shape, be guide and God, yet brother!

APOLLO.

I come, your shepherd of the sunny hills
In Thessaly, who from the reedy pipe
Allured the hidden sweetness of your breath,
And made a music of your empty lives.
I taught ye beauty, harmony and grace;
I lifted and ennobled you; I clothed
Your limbs with glory and your brows with song,
Nature, the hard, unfriendly mother, gave
Her sweetest milk to nourish ye anew,
And all her forms, as lovers or as friends,
Moved in your life, and led your shining march
Of ages, as a triumph! Still I walk,
Though unacknowledged, filling hungry ears
With purer sound, and brightening weary eyes
With visions of the beauty that may be.
For beauty is the order of the Gods.
The ether breathed alone by souls uplift
In aspiration, and the crown of all,
Save whom dumb darkness and the bestial life
Tread out of being. Reaching here, ye live.

IMMANUEL.

She is not love. I know thy proud, pure face,
And was content to see thy form as mine,
In temples where the truth was sought through me,
In love, in meekness and in lowliness,
I did my Father's will: come unto me,
Ye heavy-laden, weary sons of earth,
And I will give you rest. I do but speak
The things he bids me, of myself am naught.
Love one another: inasmuch as ye
Shall do it to the least of these, my brothers,
Ye do it unto me. Behold I came
To bring ye peace, yet also bring a sword;
For love and diligence in doing good,
Mercy divine and holy charity,
Stir up the evil that among you dwells;
But through the strife His Kingdom shall be based,
Who is alone from everlasting on
To everlasting: and His rule is love.

BRIEFS.

Prisoners in Indianapolis return good for evil by escorting home the inebriate policemen who have arrested them.

A Georgia negro interrupted his funeral last week by suddenly raising his head from the coffin, and assuring his sorrowing friends that he was not dead.

One of the Williams College seniors has already cleared sixty-five cents this season by pitching pennies, besides paying his quarterly tax in the Mills Theological Society!

The mother of an unmanageable Irish boy living in Portland thus excused him to the police: "Sure Patsey isn't a bad boy at all, but he is troubled with a roosh of mind to the brain!"

The rights of authorship are being tested by a pending case of Parton versus Prang, wherein it is claimed that no one has the right to reproduce a picture, either by engraving or chromo, without the author's consent. This is an interesting case, having a wide application in business transactions.

Boston has fifty banks averaging \$1,000,000 capital each. New York has sixty banks, averaging \$1,400,000 each, thus making the bank capital of Boston fifty millions of dollars and that of New York eighty-four millions, which is a small difference when we take into view the size of the two cities.

There is a lake among the Cascade mountains in Oregon, the walls around which are nearly perpendicular and 2000 feet high. The depth of the lake is unknown, its length is twelve, and breadth ten miles. No man has ever reached the water's edge, and it is not likely that any will.

A ten cent toy balloon, sent up from Pittsfield one day recently, with a note attached promising one dollar to whoever should return it to Pittsfield, was found on an alder bush in Spencer, ninety miles distant, the same day, and the promised greenback has been forwarded to the finder.

"A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT."—In a St. Louis court, the other day, a lawyer asked the witness, "Are you a Jew?" He replied: "Yes, I am. What is that to you?" The lawyer was going on, when the judge reminded him that the witness had asked him a question. He had nothing to say, and the judge told him that he must not put such questions to witnesses in that court. Prejudice of race has no place before legal tribunals.

A strange incident recently occurred in Marshall, Iowa. A small child of Mr. House was lying at the point of death, when suddenly he revived. Directly after the child revived, a flash of lightning passed through the room, and was immediately followed by a bright or whitish object, about the size and shape of a dove with expanded wings. It moved to the bed on which the child was lying, and for a few moments hovered over the child, and then disappeared. In about fifteen minutes the child expired.

The Labor Reform Leagues, at their annual convention in New York, adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Republican and Democratic parties, with the Liberal nondescript, headed by Horace Greeley, are all pledged to the continuance of abuses against which we revolt; and the so-called labor-party, in consenting to the continued disfranchisement of woman, in conceding the right to take interest on money, in favoring prohibition and tariffs, and by the exclusion of the Chinese, forfeits its claims to the support of intelligent reformers, and renders its own success at the polls both impossible and undesirable.

WHAT SUPERSTITION CAN DO.—It is related of the late executioner of Paris that a special pen was kept for him at the office where he called every month to receive his fixed salary; and this special pen was kept because there was a superstition that it would be unlucky for any one else to use it. When Baron Haussmann was drawing near the zenith of his glory as Prefect he, to his contempt for superstition, sent for the pen and wrote with it, and the clerk at the pay office triumphantly saw in the Baron's resignation a few days afterward the hand of Fate.

SINGULAR DEATH.—The Swiss Times records a singular death at Oldenburgh. The wife of a respected citizen, who was enjoying perfect health, went down into the cellar for some wood. On opening the door a cat sprang past her, and directly after she uttered a piercing shriek. The servants hurried to her assistance, and found her stretched upon the ground in convulsions. The poor woman kept pressing her left leg, and on searching for the cause they found a large rat, which had bitten her severely on the left knee. The furious animal had, it seems, been pursued by the cat, and taken refuge under her clothes.

EQUAL RIGHTS CONVENTION.—After a session of two days and nights, held by what some of the dailies termed, the "Wild men and women" of the United States, not a stain of tobacco could be detected on the floor of the main hall, although spittons were not provided for the use of the eight hundred delegates who occupied it. This proves that the miserable barbarians were pretty much unacquainted with the use of tobacco. In the Committee Room, under one of the tables some stains were seen, a painful evidence that we did not entirely keep outside politicians out of our sanctum. A witness of both conventions asserts that if the citizens whose duty it was to clean after the Cincinnati gathering could have seen Apollo Hall, when our delegates left, they would prefer the company of "Wild men and Women" to that of Gentlemen—solus.—Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.

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