The Present Era.

I heard a great Voice saying, Go up higher.

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THE GALLOWS MOLOCH.

REVIEW OF THE CASE OF WILLIAM FOSTER.

BY S. B. BRITTAN, M. D.

THE Gallows still stands as one of the expressive symbols of a vindictive theology and a semi-barbarous law. Its cold, accursed shadow falls on all the land—on the Church and State; on sympathetic human hearts, on the faces of little children that lisp, with tremulous voices, the names of its victims, and on the souls of unborn babes, to blight and blacken human nature. Its hideous image and its frightful work; its bloody record of the law's mistakes; its long lines of innocent victims and of creatures morally deformed—all grim and ghastly in their gory habiliments; the infamy that falls on desolate homes and blasts the hopes of families—all present to the living only sad and sickening scenes of tragic interest, and to the future a foul inheritance of blasted hopes and bitter memories.

We propose to discuss the law for the punishment of capital offenses on its principles, and in the light of the common experience of mankind, but not now. In the present instance we shall briefly review the case of William Foster, the last victim—in this State—of a statute that at once dishonors humanity and disfigures the civilization of the Nineteenth Century. Foster's crime did not answer to the legal description of murder in the first degree; hence, therefore, it did not call for the infliction of the Death Penalty. An important provision of that law excepts such cases—as his own is shown to be by any fair construction of the facts and evidence. There was neither that complete absence of mitigating circumstances, nor the proofs of such premeditation, on the part of the criminal, as are required by the terms of the statute to describe the greatest degree of criminality recognized by the law.

The principals in this tragedy were total strangers. Fifteen minutes before the commission of the fatal deed, Foster and his victim had no knowledge of each other; and, of necessity, up to that hour the former could have entertained no fell design. The homicide resulted from an angry altercation, commenced by Mr. Putnam, but not without strong provocation in the improper conduct of Foster, who, at the time, was under the influence of stimulants. We will here introduce the legal provisions applicable to the case, as the law was defined by the Court on the occasion of the trial.

"Before the jury can convict the prisoner of murder in the first degree they must find from the evidence that the prisoner had a specific, premeditated design to effect the death of the deceased; that they must be able to say, beyond a reasonable doubt, that such was his specific design."

"If the jury find that the prisoner, when he struck deceased, intended to inflict bodily harm upon deceased only, the death resulting from such assault does not amount in law to murder in the first degree."

"If the jury have a reasonable doubt, derived from all the evidence, as to what intent the prisoner had in assaulting deceased, they are bound to give the prisoner the benefit of that doubt and find the lesser intent."

"To make out in this instance a case of murder in the first degree one kind of malice is essential, viz., a premeditated design to effect death; no other species or quality of malice is sufficient, and this malice must be proved, affirmatively, to have existed to the satisfaction of the jury beyond a reasonable doubt."

"Whatever the intention of Foster in assaulting Putnam may have been, if it was not a premeditated design to take Putnam's life, it matters not how long the intention had been entertained, it does not constitute murder in the first degree."

"The fact that the prisoner came forward voluntarily, and gave his name as that of the unknown man who made the assault, is one proper for the jury to consider, as bearing upon the question whether he had any intention to make a fatal assault."

In the absence of any explanation we should be at a total loss to account for the verdict of the jury, which appears to admit of no reconciliation with the points of law, so clearly and emphatically stated by the presiding Judge. Moreover, it seems to us that the letter of Hon. Edwards Pierrepont to the Governor, presents the legal aspects of the case with sufficient clearness and force, to satisfy any humane and intelligent man that even admitting the justice of Capital Punishment *per se*—Foster's case was not one [illegible] In the following paragraph the Judge explains the illusive theory and circumstances under which the jury finally united upon a verdict which at once antagonizes the provisions of the law, defeats the purposes of justice, and violates their own convictions.

By our statute the crime of murder in the first degree is *punishable with death.*

The crime of murder in the second degree may be expiated *by suffering imprisonment for ten years.*

The jury were well aware of this law. They did not believe that Foster had "premeditated designs to effect the death" of Mr. Putnam; they feared that if found guilty of murder in the second degree Foster would be pardoned after a short imprisonment and the ends of justice defeated; and they were assured and believed that if the prisoner were found guilty of murder in the first degree the sentence of death would be commuted to imprisonment for life *if a recommendation to mercy accompanied their verdict.* Upon this theory they agreed upon their verdict, and, without such understanding, it is entirely clear that a verdict *of guilty of murder in the first degree could not have been obtained.* The jury believed that a verdict of murder in the second degree would bring a punishment quite too light for the crime committed. They knew that a verdict of murder in the first degree, which involved a finding of "a premeditated design to effect the death" of Mr. Putnam, was not in accordance with their view of the facts in the case at all. But under the belief, and a lawyer's assurance, that a recommendation to mercy accompanying their verdict in the first degree would necessarily result in imprisonment for life they rendered the verdict which stands recorded.

All doubt upon this question is now removed by the affidavits and statements of the jurors.

Samuel Dowding, Robert Usher Jr, George K. Chase, Walter H. Bartlett, and perhaps other members of the jury, have solemnly declared, that they did not at the time of the trial, and that they do not now, believe that Foster designed to take the life of Putnam; and further, that they never would have rendered the verdict they did had they not been misled into the belief that the recommendation to mercy would save his life, by securing Executive interposition in the commutation of his sentence. In this erroneous conviction the jury was confirmed by the opinion of Mr. Rogers, one of their number, who is also a member of the legal profession.

If, then, the verdict was the result of a blunder, the sad consequences of which should, and *might have been averted*; if Foster's crime was not murder in the first degree, and hence did not demand his execution, it is easy to see that, in any just view of the case, the State has committed a deliberate murder. The jury was deceived, and should have been permitted to correct its error; and the Governor assumed a fearful responsibility in taking the life of a fellow-being whose conviction was not based on the facts and the law, but on a *technical mistake.*

"Quirks and quibbles have no place in the search after truth."

but they seem to have had a large place and a most fatal influence in the final adjudication of the case under review. Such illustrations of Roman virtue and judicial blindness may serve to awaken public apprehension. General Dix may be just the man to deal with the armed enemies of his country, and to subdue an undisciplined and mutinous soldiery——we believe he is——but his position of the Foster case goes very far to unsettle our faith in [illegible] magistrate. The execution of William Foster is likely to arouse a deep feeling of hostility against the sanguinary spirit of our criminal code. If his case shall lead to a modification of the law, in the common interest of humanity, he will still have suffered unjustly, but not in vain. The State will continue to demand its bloody sacrifices; the destructive passions will disfigure our criminal legislation and the administration of justice so long as thousands are permitted to grow up in ignorance. This is the one prolific source of the manifest evils of our civilization. This ignorance is not confined to the lowest classes. It often assumes an air of great respectability is well dressed, has a seat at the opera, and goes to Church. With such people the letter of a law, however antiquated, is often greater than the living spirit of the age; old customs and traditions are something better than the truth and man; imperfect institutions—rising out of the dark ages—tower above humanity and God; and the disposition of some people to run in an old groove, and have their own way, admits of no rational restraints. We shall be glad to know that the higher interests of the State have not fallen into such hands. It yet remains for the people hereafter to decide whether they will have Moses with his *lex talionis*, in the gubernatorial chair; or, in his stead, a more compassionate ruler——endowed with an intelligent perception of the degrees of personal criminality and responsibility——and invested with the diviner graces of an enlightened and humane Chief Magistrate.

We did not learn that Foster made any religious professions before his death; but the good Dr. Tyng labored earnestly with him to the last; and pious prayers were offered in the cell and on the scaffold; which, however, seem to have been interrupted by the apprehension—on the part of the sheriff—that he must hasten his horrible work, or Providence might possibly deprive the State of the privilege of staining its hands in the blood of its helpless victim. We copy from the *Evening Post's* report of the execution:

"While standing beneath the gallows, Foster grew rapidly worse, swayed to and fro like a drunken man, and Mr. Brennan, fearing that he would either die or faint, stopped the religious services and gave the signal to the hangman."

And so the sheriff very unceremoniously choked off the ministers of the religion of him who "came not to destroy men's lives;" and then he proceeded, in hot haste, to strangle the trembling object of their prayers. What a heterogeneous association of venerable forms, priestly robes, and the offices of religion, on the one hand; and, on the other, the manacles of steel, the black cap, the fatal trap, the hangman and all the infernal implements of the law! Grim, ghastly, and horrible spectacle! What deep and shameless hypocrisy to be on our knees petitioning God to save the poor wretch we have determined to destroy! This, alas! is an incongruous and mournful exhibition—the prayer-book and the halter; this clumsy machine for breaking necks; this miserable caricature of the religion of Jesus; and that pulseless form of the divine image, obscured by sin and venous congestion—dangling up there between heaven and earth, with face of orange hue, and eyeballs starting from their sockets! Oh, this is terrible! Verily, this must be the try with a strong cast. The inexorable ministers of the law say that justice is satisfied now, and the saints—

"They wait to hear the priest declare,
The sinner of last even'.
To-day a saint, unfit for Earth,
Is good enough for Heaven."

For The Present Era.

ONE OF LIFES PICTURES.

BY MRS. SARAH E. HOWE.

A MAIDEN stands at the window-pane watching the whirling storm,
A matron sits in her easy chair where the light falls soft and warm,
Her hands rest idly on the work which has fallen to her knee,
Thus musing sat, while memory's door unlocked with a magic key.
She treads upon enchanted ground, shall we follow with footstep slow,
Adown the silent path that leads to the realm of "the long ago?"
She pauses not in the dusty track of the later sadder years,
O'er fair sweet flowers that exhale the fragrance of her tears!
She seeks a bower where the emerald turf is hung with gems of dew,
A trysting place where trusting hearts believe all things are true,
Where bright young eyes can only trace gay prophecies of time,
With ne'er a dream of the solemn march of destiny sublime—
Nor guessing half the heavy tasks, Fate set for her to do,
For Love's sun warmed her morning sky, and hope-stars lit night's blue.
Ah! she hath neared that sweeter time, which knew no doubt or pain,
Who would not give the half their days, for that one brief hour again?)
An instant sense as if a gulf had yawned 'twixt life and her,
Obscures the picture—yet her *soul* knelt there a worshipper.
A sudden shock, the pain of loss darkens the vision fair;
Unconsciously her dreaming thought, "built castles in the air"—
Like the fancy, so the fact had vanished in sombre hue,
For it was built on human hope, and like it proved untrue.
With patient steps she hastened back to where her duties lay,
And ruined castles were round her feet the weary toilsome way.
She looked not back the dusty track, her idols all were broken,
But came she into clearer light, with an immortal token.
As youth's dreams fled she bowed her head, beneath Fate's chast'ning rod
To consecrate her life anew to angels, Truth and God.

FREDONIA, N. Y.

Original Essays.

For the Present Era.

SPIRITUALISM.

WHAT SHALL WE EXPECT?

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

There is in the United States, it has been estimated, from one to two hundred thousand media. Of these a very large proportion are mere wonder-workers, ranking side by side with the "Medicine Man" of the red Indian, the negro "rain-makers," and the "Dancing Dervishes" of the Orient. There are, it has been stated, eleven millions of Spiritualists, the larger part of whom are wonder-seekers, furnished by the wonder-workers with appropriate phenomena. These have not outgrown the influence of preconceived religious ideas, and the waters flowing from the fountain of "Miracles" is yet sweet to their taste. They readily substitute, "thus saith the Spirits," for "thus saith the Lord," and in the place of "Special Providence," the special interposition of Spirits. When the hot soil of ignorance is watered from this fountain, fanaticism, superstition, bigotry, intolerance spring up in rank luxuriance, and flaunt their coarse foliage in the opposing breeze. Despicable, pitiable, whenever found; most in those who make the pretence to harmony and spirituality of life. And this is to be expected. When the pioneer clears away the primeval forest, and lays bare to the sun, the dank and oozy soil, shadowed from the light for ages, from every available turf, warmed by the newly received rays, spring worthless weeds of most surprising growth, indicative of the latent vitality which under culture will yield an equally beautiful harvest of golden corn. Exquisitely beautiful are the ideas of immortal life, and its perfectability, and of an Eternal Spiritual Father, yet to and around these cluster all religious dogmas, and from them have sprung, when conjoined with ignorance, the most terrible sufferings recorded by history, and the most abject and brutal debasement. Belief in immortality, has been seized with unflinching hand by the priesthood, and its history has been a part of the history of religion; written with fire and blood world. In its persistent struggle for light, to escape the bondage of the brute side of humanity, the deep dungeon has been excavated, indescribable engines of torture constructed, and the face of Nature disfigured with cross and gibbet; fagot's smoke, and the blaze of cities and fields whitening with human bones, has been turned appealingly to the affrighted heavens.

And what of this? Very much, indeed. By it we learn the danger of surrendering reason and individuality. The moment this is done, however slightly, the current swiftly sets toward a maelstrom, escape from which is only though suffering unspeakable, and immeasurable loss.

The fundamental principle of Spiritualism, held in common with all religions being the one whereon fanaticism has its stronghold, it is not wonderful that it has developed a rank growth in new soils and waste places. Rascality and ignorance have joined hands in its name, and shameless sensuality dragged its fair garments in the dust. It has borne grossest charlatanry, quackery, deception, villainy, folly, and the foul brood of vagaries, springing from the passions when first quickened by thought, yet unguided by reason, until any cause less vital, would have sunk in irretrievable disgrace. Yet has its pure light uncontaminated, shone clear as a star, and the whirl of petty individualities has disappeared like clouds of summer flies. The grand truths of immortal life, the beautiful consciousness of the communion with our departed friends, loses nothing by the baseness of those who would pervert them to ignoble purposes. The whisper of undying love from the other side of the grave, silences in our ears the clamor of the mob howling for notoriety.

The fanatical era is rapidly passing away. Mediumship is no longer sought as the most desirable of gifts; the golden road to knowledge. From its nature it must remain of rare occurrence, at least in its more perfect phase, wherein it becomes of substantial value. It is the result of laws at present almost entirely unknown, yet fixed and determinable. The world is rapidly learning that the spirit intelligences do not propose to ransack the globe for mineral deposits or buried treasures, or engage in the antagonistic strifes of mortal life. Communications on such subjects are only made for a special purpose, and where attention is called, they or their means invariably cease; they will not assume control of mortal affairs, nor put mankind in leading strings. His sphere demands self-exertion, and it were better that he stumble than be passively carried forward by the strength of others.

The ardent desire to organize Spiritualism as a *religious* movement, has somewhat cooled by repeated failure. Such efforts can never succeed. Spiritualism in its deepest sense, is the Science of Life, and it is plain that its acquisition can be gained only by observation and reflection, in the same manner that proficency is gained in other sciences, or provinces of knowledge, and it would be as wise to organize a religious system on the Problems of Euclid, or the truths of Natural Philosophy, as on the facts relative to immortal life. Religion as understood is a system of faith. It can proselyte, for *belief* is all in all. How can we proselyte, when we regard belief, unless founded on facts, as a childish delusion! But they who have just cast off the clothing of systems, feel a want of something, they know not what, and hence the past years have seen numberless conventions assemble, aping the church councils of old, with lengthy "resolutions" faintly copying the "creeds" of the assembled bishops. These old bottles will not hold the new wine. Knowledge will not consent to take up the rattle of blind belief, pleasing to babyhood. What is dead and effete, had best be left as it is, nor galvanized into spasmodic contortions, aping life. Leading strings are good in their place, and babies shoes, but they are quite out of place if too long retained.

If the knowledge of the inadaptibility of such systems to Spiritualism could not have been learned in any other way, then have past efforts had their uses.

Not of an isolated organization, but of the world is the genius of Spiritualism; to be the moving force, the vital power of all. Its phenomena must be carefully observed and recorded, and its laws traced with the precision employed in other branches of science. The day of the spiritual mountebank has nearly bear the "conditions" of investigation, and not persistently surround themselves with those necessary for deception, will meet with approbation.

What shall we expect? That all become media? At times every individual *may* fall into a passive state, sleeping or waking, in health or sickness, and the iron veil between the mortal and spiritual world be momentarily drawn aside, but mediumship can never become a common possession. That spiritualism embody itself in a great religious organization? Then it will become *one* of the numberless sects, and lose entirely the catholicity which is its vital element. Let us not mourn over the impossible, nor consider its work a failure because the rude scaffolding, unskillful hands are constantly building against its side fall of their own weight. It has made unparelleled progress despite the scaffold-builders, and moves forward so steadily and triumphantly notwithstanding the efforts on all hands to obstruct and bring it to disgrace, that we are prone to think our feeble efforts even in the right direction will be of little avail. Its forces are from within, and it reaches and attracts because it has the true bread of life, the soul imperatively needs.

With sect comes proselytism, can Spiritualism proselyte? This is possible to a *belief*, not to a fact or class of facts; on them is based knowledge. Their understanding is gained by investigation and reflection, not through the confessional.

Spiritualism as a new science of existence, a new philosophy, moral, intellectual and spiritual, has a future deep and broad as the stream of humanity. Its labor is not for a day or a century; not for a man or for all men living, but for all the future and for all mankind. To the Spiritual Thinker a field wide as immensity, is thrown open; hitherto wholly unexplored. The old methods of thought are entirely useless, or even damaging in its investigation. New methods are to be invented, new schemes of research instituted, in short the beautiful and wonderful Science of Spirit created from its foundation. A wealth of material has been accumulated. History, sacred and profane, the natural sciences, the dreams of metaphysics, the dark and revolting dogmas of theology, furnish the unhewn blocks of the vast temple of Spiritual Science. Much has been said of scientific investigation. It is demanded, but it must be truly such, made in accordance with the laws and conditions of the subject, else it becomes ranting charlatanry.

Only within the last few years have we reached the greater generalizations in the realm of physical matter, and these only open up interminable vistas, tantalizingly presenting glimpses into the unknown depths of causes beyond. The spirit-realm, practically remains to day unexplored, no hardy foot has crossed its threshold. No Kepler has made statements of its laws, no Darwin generalized its facts. *They are yet to come*, and as the spiritual transcends the material, so will the achievements in its province surpass those in the latter. It casts a new light even on physical science, and changes the significence of its observations. It presents a vista broadening up to the throne of the Infinite. Its unbroken field furnishes the moralist, and the scientist each with his herculean task; more difficult because each step is made on ground entirely new, and the more glorious from the obstacles to be encountered.

THE JEWEL OF CONSISTENCY.

BY MRS. FRANCES KINGMAN.

"Be advised:
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself. We may outrun
By violent swiftness, that which we run at
And lose by over-running. Know you not
The fire that mounts the liquor till it run o'er
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advised."

SHAKSPEARE put a wise allegory into the mouth of the Duke of Norfolk, when he caused him to speak the preceding words; and it were well that the advisers of a monstrous fallacy heed it. I have reference to that class of persons called Christians, who desire a clause inserted in the National Constitution, holding us under penalty of the law to the fact that Jesus Christ be the ruler of the United States, and the Bible the fountain of our laws.

We are not astonished at such a call at this time. Dangers are at the doors of the Bigots. The vast theological institutions, sustaining civil and religious demagogues and dignitaries are tottering. The untamable spirit of progress is on the wane, [illegible] monarchies and churches tremble. It is a most significant demand, while the the fatuous attempts of the clergy to sustain tradition in place of science is destroying the power of ecclesasticism, while Christian Credit Mobeliers emit stenchful oders, and the broad mantle of religion is created so elastic that it covers the corruption of Pharisaical priesthoods.

A most significant demand, while our great boulevards are filled with the grand equipages of a thousand Judas Iscariots, and ignorance hand in hand with vice and crime sets up its ghouls at every turn of our streets.

A most significant demand, at a time when if Jesus of Nazareth were among us, he would repeat the rebukes he once gave to formalists and hypocrites. The application of "whited sepulchres" would be synonymous with "whitewashing committees;" and his searching for all manner of uncleanliness in social life need require little exertion. Ah, would he not scourge from the legislatures the herds of lobbyists armed with moral sacrifices, and overturn the tables of the usurers with an unction?

The spirit of despotism which has characterized men from the dawn of history until this day, gasps in its death-throes. That same spirit that divided Hindoostan into castes, investing the priests with absolute authority over the poor masses, so subservient in their ignorance. The same spirit which has given the world its monarchs and serfs—which has caused the few by force of birth, wealth and patronage, to monopolize the goods of God's bounteous earth, commanding the world's Helots to obey implicitly and in silence. Demagogism fears for its life. Self-appointed dignitaries in sinecure positions, behold the great awakening of a nation's intellect and know that some emphatic fiat must be established in order to stop the raids of science and the great inroads of free thought. But we can safely inform conservatism that the bugle blast of superstition is sounding its last echo. Popery shivers under the cowl of its doom across the Atlantic. Monarchies turn their eyes toward the youthful face of Republicanism and beckon in bewitching persuasion.

The heathen are taught "at home" by the vast intricacy of rail and telegraph, while millions of voices chime in the tumultuous chorus for Liberty. Hindoostan, Egypt, China, Thibit, Greece, Rome have lapped the spirit of despotism one upon the other, and America can trace scarce a century agone, the throes of England to maintain the divine right of the few and the degradation of the many.

How suggestive was that declaration of Gov. Berkley's of Virginia. He thanked God that there were so few schools. What despotism does this gratitude display! Learning, he said, brought heresy. Thank heaven, that to-day heresy is pregnant in the masses; thank heaven, that priests in their immaculate linen, and Christians in legislatures; Christians prosperous under the present partial system of government, are satisfied to continue the anarchy of caste, and anxious to perpetuate an injustice which enriches them, by calling loudly, Give us God, Christ and the Bible, fastened to the National Constitution, and let every soul in the United States be held under penalty of the law to this soul-destroying intellect, dwarfing mind, cramping, conspiring hypocrisy. Aye, we thank heaven, that the builders of synagogues, taking from the starving the loaves and fishes their hard labor has gained, to insert in tax lists and diffuse in fresco, stained glass, mosaic, and oak carving, have called aloud for a law to hold the people to bigotry. God watches the mockers who are willing to clog the wheels of his progressive car, and will compensate their efforts by rousing the masses to action. *Too well*, the laborers, the oppressed, understand the meaning of this vast gasp of superstition.

Madam Roland, that famous woman, leader of the Girondists, and faithful friend of freedom, while on her way to the guillotine passed a statue of liberty. She clasped her hands, exclaiming: "Oh, Liberty, how many crimes have in thy name been committed!"

The masses of people stand to-day before the Goddess of Liberty, and with upturned faces, and uplifted hands utter the same piteous appeal. In thy name, fair goddess, have churches imported sheep-skins for wolves—wolves belonging to the Credit Mobeliers, to railroad consolidations, supporting Judas Iscariots, to monopolies, public land thieving, ballot-box stuffing, aye, partial education, and all the partial etceteras sustained at the cost of the poor of America. Justice is the Christ, and it has dipped the sop for thousands of Judas Iscariots, who having betrayed the Master, shall receive the fiats of compensation's irrevocable stings.

The finesse employed by conservatism and ignorance, to deprive a sovereign people of soul liberty, has come too late in the century. And the actors in the grand farce have heated the furnace so hot for science, for progress, that Shakspeare's words are already proven.

Bigotry is sadly singed. All history proves that forms kept in vogue after the people feel their emptiness, degenerate into idol worship, and greatly demoralize all classes. The masses realize this. Since the horrible doctrines of Jonathan Edwards have found a deep grave, and the philosophies of modern Spiritualism have found life with millions of persons in our nation, moral and mental, as well as intellectual and spiritual interrogation, dwells even with the humblest castes. Vague, quite untangible indeed, are the purposes and beliefs of the people; yet there is a certain consciousness, a certain appreciation of a prolonged slavery—an undefinable sense of injustice, which causes human nature to ask questions. Once aroused, the American citizen, aye, and the adopted citizen interrogates concerning his or her rights; the slightest suspicion of wrong; and press, pulpit or bar, cannot defeat investigation. What though whitewashing committees defraud justice of its dues? the laws of compensation stands in the back-ground with upraised finger and nonchalent smile, whispering: "I will repay." The perturbed heavens threaten long hours by voice of thunder and shifting cloud; cumulous fantasies send forth echoes of approaching danger all through the summers's day, and yet the storm breaks not till the light is down with her "veiled forgetments and curtained Luna."

So compensation threatens all through the seasons and the years, but projects her tempests when we least anticipate them. *Lex talionis*, proves its verity by the authority of "Vengeance is mine, I will repay."

And now the people are commencing to understand why Christianity desires to hold us to the worship of a Judaish God, by penalty of the law; why libraries should be closed to the public on Sunday, and street cars shall not accommodate, and why the Bible of the dead past shall be read in schools everywhere. Credit Mobiliers are of the churches which endorse this sort of thing; all subsidy cliques partake of the "body and the blood;" popular morality walks in the purples of an Alcibades while professing the virtue of a Lucretia. Religion, adopts the sumptuous apparel and blood-atoning rites of the Mosaic dispensation, that its votaries may especially invest the treasury of the laboring classes in luxuries, and the pomp of a Solomon. Ah, well! How strangely God works. Out of great evil a little good shall come. The fall of a nation's dignity at the courts of her government, prognosticates a bloodless revolution. Reason and common sense will do more than even Damascus blades; had our Congress proved itself an honest one, in less than two years, banners red in the blood of religious opinion might have hung sodden over the heads of armies; for the masses uneducated and held by secular prejudices, would have deferred the care to the superior wisdom of our Ciceros and Catos; but now, roused to realize, "the people" must think and act, that reason must govern us we have no fear. Our puny statesmen have denounced Roman Catilines and Caligulas, while they themselves were living examples of the rulers of the middle ages. And they stand up with as

much effrontery to vindicate their conspiracies as did that young patrician in the Roman senate to whom Cicero dictated words of severe scathing and dread satire.

If the tenth century, that centre of the dark period needed a chivalry, we certainly need such aid. Dr. Hallam describes the order of that day "as refreshing evidence that human nature's better instincts risen, do best work when harshes, oppression blackens every plank of social political and religious life, crushing the oppressed and making slaves of God's greatest genius and intellect."

Our chivalry is already caparisoned for the bloodless affray. And a Congress whose hands yet burn with the "thirty pieces of silver," must take heed to its ways. Let them know that appeals from bigotry, though vast in circumference and diameter, are to be legislated on when soul liberty is attacked, with the wisdom of a wiser than Solomon.

Let not self-appointed and self-projected dignity, ignore the fact that the masses are weeded of the imbeciles. Let these persons remember the time is unpropitious to attempt to thrust upon God, Christ and the Bible, (incorporated as scape graces in our national constitution) the stenchful odors of a Credit Mobilier and like frauds.

Regretting that verdancy has caused legislative responsibility to mistake bribery for business, that astute lawyers and capable journalists cannot discriminate between dividends and honor, yet if corruption must fester and discharge its poison, let us rejoice at the recent exposure, and trust Christianity for loyalty to the deities it professes.

If. Oakes Ames has been the vicarious atonement of a Congress, let not Christ and the Bible in the National Constitution be the vicarious atonement of a whole nation full of social and political C. M's. I repeat. By violent swiftness superstition has outreached its goal. The race is too hot. The reforms of the enlightened masses like the ghost of Banquo will not *down*.

The little good we have already received from the slight improvement in social life, tells an important story; issues sweet perfumes of promise. Immaculate cravats and black broadcloth, have lost in a vast measure their magnetic reverence. The self-appointed dignity of a theological education is becoming effete. The despotism which demagogues and dignitaries have wrapped themselves in, taking the cue away back as far as Hindoostan, and bringing down the same spirit of *despotism, the same desire for castes, monarchs* and serfs, this arrogant assumption has grown thin, until its transparency enables the masses to look through—and lo! the back ground is full of dead men's bones.

Hands off O bigotry! Heap up the fire O superstition! In seeming to augment you waste. You are singed; you have outrun your goal, and heaped the fire of tradition with coals of religious strife, until you have spilled your own conservatism. The attempt to simmer is fatal. Thomas Carlyle says, "It is astonishing how long a rotten post will stand if it be not shaken." Thank heaven the followers of tradition, have *especially*, in attempting to call upon the nation for aid in holding us all to a judicial God and the partially effete laws of the Bible, shaken the rotten pillars of superstition and they shall fall.

By attempting to force upon us theology, instead of religion the old pillars will soon lay prostrate. Religion is a chorus of many parts. Theology desires every soul to pitch its notes in the same key, and if the voices of human nature vary then call forth the rack, the flame, the tortures inconceivable, and apply until the earth is red with blood—because forsooth, God has not created every voice capable of pitching on one note.

It is utterly impossible to exaggerate the evil work, theology has perpetuated in the past. The same superstition has lapped itself on the successive centuries, save that it has appeared in different garbs, as the caprices of the human mind has demanded, and that each separate theological idea should live, the monuments of genius and intellect have been wasted, family ties have been broken, feelings perverted, souls perjured, lives blighted, and blood has watered the lands of earth, until we might view every blade of grass in scarlet shapes. Alas! what a world this has been to welcome the new births of generations. With hot haste, theology has dragged souls away from all natural proclivities, crushed the heaven-born philosophy of God's little ones, and substituted the pagan rites, the martyrdom of common sense, reason and love, and scourged the intuitions and mocked the best impulses of the soul.

Thousands of years ago the anchorites of Hindoostan inquired, what is God? who is He? whence came Evil? Theology attempted to settle the question, and it has striven so to do through all the centuries since; but to-day, is no nearer a solution of the enigma, than then.

But an enlightened people have at last, through the help of the Spirit world, answered the profound query and truth and immortality are proved beyond a doubt. The germ of Spiritualism proven to be the receptical of all things past, present, and to come, all science, philosophy, intellect, genius. This blessing, this infallible benediction will in time regulate and systemize the present distracted conditions of society. So, let us hope on. *Fidèli certa merces.*

And thousands truly observe this fact, who cling to the mouldy horns of tradition, because the balance of power and patronage is yet on the side of the churches; not the people, understand, but the churches—the institution holds empire over the consciences of multitudes which to-day are heart and soul with Spiritualism and all the modern reforms, yet so afraid of the unpopular truth they are willing like vassals, to stoop to the despotic sway of theology.

And these thousands, like the revered French statesman Guizot, who rather have a monarchy than a republic, because he would save trouble by stifling the thunder voices of the Commune, rather in garb of hypocrisy seek some such absurd and impossible fallacy as the insertion of a Judaish God in the Constitution than meet the great upheavings of science and Spiritual philosophy.

They cry, let us bridge the smouldering volcano with iron bars and lock its wreathing vapors in granite harness; think these persons to prevent the eruption?

Ah no, they only enhance the explosion, as M. Goizot, must realize, a monarchy built over the deathless purposes of the Commune may for a little time defer the vast revolution, while it must enhance tenfold its violent determination when it shall break the atrocious links of injustice.

Think, hypocritical Christians there is a panacea for irritated truth in such a futile attempt? Will any be unwise enough to give such barbarism a thought? O nineteenth century! epoch of the vastest revolution on record! Precedent of the golden age in its return! blot not thy fair pages with so shallow a subterfuge. Bigot, be advised: "Heat not thy furnace of superstition so hot for thine enemy, that it do singe thyself."

For The Present Era,

GRAND SUN.

THE LAST OF THE NATCHES.

BY FRANCES H. MCDOUGAL.

FROM thy dark cypress vallies, O, Father of Waters,
The Race of the Red Man is passing away;
We must leave our old woods and the Graves of our Fathers.
To roam in the track of the vanishing day.

Yet the Lord of the Forest was noble and stately,
Ere the strength had expired in his slackening bow;
He stood like a rock, in the moment of danger,
With a hand on his hatchet, his face to the foe.

His people, like leaves of the sunkener wood, numberless,
O'er their Hunting Grounds wandered, the Fair and the Free;
And the Long-House, outreaching from Sunrise to Sunset,
Threw a shadow unbroken from mountain to sea.

The Great Spirit saw the fair home of his children,
And blest with a sweet smile the generous land;
He gave us the corn, the squash and the bean-plant,
And answered our wants with a bountiful hand.

From the North to the South, on the wall of the Sunrise,
He hung a cloud-curtain, to hide us from view,
And told the bright Stars who were set there to keep it,
That the eye of no stranger must ever look through.

Then for moons without number, in virginal beauty,
The Land of the Red Man reposed in the deep;
And only the angels that guarded her gateway
Might behold her, or look on her shadowy sleep.

The King of the Beavers, traversing our headlands,
Sought the site of a city both secret and strong,
Where, away from the track of their arrow-armed Foeman,
In freedom might flourish his wall-building throng.

His heart had grown sore with the conflict of ages;
And still his poor people were worried and slain;
He saw the big rope the dark cloud-curtain mooring,
And swore by his teeth, to divide it in twain.

Then hard by the rock, in the core of the *crescent,
He gnawed at the big rope from sunset till dawn,
When the Morning-star woke to her watch and her duty,
And to her fair couch the young Hesper had gone.

So many moons passed, and the Beaver-King, tireless,
Still tugged at his task, till the heavy sweat pearled;
But at length the last fiber hung, pensile and parted,
And the Cloud-curtain flew from the face of the world.

It flaunted away o'er the gates of the Orient,
Refulgent with all the bright beauty of morn;
Into banners of crimson, and saffron, and purple,
By mischievous, frolicsome winds it was torn.

Still higher upfurling, the inflow of splendor,
Unheard of as yet, was strange to behold;
Until the whole earth was so flooded with glory,
That the air and the light were all blazing with gold.

The bright Morning Star had been lingering in love-dreams,
That were tinged, ere she woke, with the coloring fair,
For a youth of Orion had won her, and borne her
In his own arms, away through the ambient air.

She woke half unconscious; and, blinded with splendor;
She scarcely could see the sad mischief thus brought;
But the brightness and beauty, confusing—alarming—
With visions of terror were suddenly wrought.

She strove to regain and replace the lost shadow;
But alas! all too far, and too freely, it fled;
Then she hid from the face of the angry Great Spirit,
And pillowed in darkness her beautiful head.

Out afar, and afar, flew the crimson Cloud-curtain;
Away, and away, o'er the shadowless sea,
Where the Big Water dwells, with his sunny Spice Islands,
That rest on his bosom, or climb at his knee.

Then the White Stranger looked, with his far-seeing eye beams,
To that light in the distance, that opened the way;
No Terror could chain, and no danger disarm him,
Nor would he a moment be tempted to stay.

By his powers of enchantment, courageous and cunning,
Away o'er the unmeasured waters he flew;
By his magic all spirits were bound to obey him;
And evil Winds wafted his winged canoe.

The White Demon strode o'er our beautiful borders,
Leaving blood in each foot-print—a spirit of wrath—
He was clothed with a bad strength and crowned with destruction;
And the fire of our blazing towns lighted his path.

He stole from old* Heno his fire-feathered Thunder,
To unbind, and let loose, on our innocent shore;
And by its breath blasted, our suffering people
Dropped silently down, and were heard of no more.

All we loved, or held sacred—our time-honored treasures—
He touched with some deadly and withering spell;
Till his corn had grown rank with the mold of four Fathers;
And at his sharp ax-ring our old forests fell.

For all the dear rights of home, country and freedom,
We poured, in red rivers, the blood of our braves;
But he conquered at last, by the cruel Fire-Water,
That robbed us of reason, and made us his slaves.

And now, from the long-cherished Land of our Fathers
We are driven away, to behold it no more;
The deep dark around us, no sunrise shall brighten;
For the day of our pride, and our glory, is o'er.

Away, then away, with our perishing people,
To lave in the beams of the far-sinking sun;
We may linger awhile, but to struggle and suffer
Until our last journey is joyfully done.

And when the Deep River rolls darkly before us,
And on Life's cold hearth lie the fast fading coals,
The Angel of Death, on the trail of the *rainbow,
Shall lead us away to the Country of Souls.

*In the tribe of the Natches their chiefs were called Suns; and the last who bore that title was not only a distinguished chief and patriot, but a man of so fine ability that he was called Grand Sun, both by the Indians and white people.

†Most of the Northern Tribes had a kind of millennial tradition of a reign of universal peace, when all the nations were united in one common league of friendship and brotherhood. This, in their highly poetic language, they termed the Long House; and they described it as reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

*The northern promontory of Cape Cod.

*Heno is the God, or spirit of Thunder.

†With the Indians nothing is held so sacred as their Fathers' Graves.

* The rainbow to the poetic eye of the Indian is always the path to or from Heaven and wild and wondrous are the legends in which this beautiful superstition, if superstition it be, has clothed itself.

For the Present Era.

ARE OUR LIBERTIES IN DANGER?

BY E. WHIPPLE.

IT is a grave question whether the recent attitude of government officials, and the blindness of the great mass of American people, do not portend the loss of what little territory has already been conquered from barbarism or whether the conflict which transpiring events is surely precipitating upon us, will enlarge the boundaries of freedom and teach the people a truer appreciation of liberty.

Despotism has hitherto been the primary fact, and the masses to day are in sympathy with its spirit and methods. It is indeed a painful reflection that comparatively few care for freedom except as a means to serve their own selfish ends. Seldom do we meet with a writer who gets sufficiently above personal considerations to perceive the sweep and logical application of its essential principles. The aspiration for liberty in its widest application, is as yet but a feeble manifestation—more a lip service than a conviction of the soul. It is a latent power which must be awakened to life and energy by fresh encroachments of despotism. The hand of violence must be again laid upon the people's liberties before the hatefulness of assumed authority will be fully realized and the supremacy of liberty vindicated.

Revolution is impending. As surely as Kansas troubles, John Brown raids, and Lovejoy massacre's were symptoms of the late rebellion, so God in the Constitution conventions, and efforts for the muzzling of the press are symptoms of a conflict frightful in its magnitude.

The attitude of both press and people in this country—the almost universal willingness to forestall public opinion, defend "revered citizens" at whatever cost to freedom of speech, persecution for opinion's sake, and the imprisonment of obnoxious parties without a hearing, proves too conclusively they are ready to unite against freedom and would throttle liberty, if they can at the same time feel assured they do not thereby endanger themselves.

But at last a reaction has set in, and the usurpations by government officials, acting under direction of the Young Men's Christian Association, are receiving rebuke by the same press which, a few months before, sanctioned their infamous proceedings. Their present attitude however is no indication that they would defend liberty for its own sake. Neither is their desire to suppress agitation less intense. They would not tolerate an other issue of an independent paper if their own safety was compatible with its suppression. Having laid hold of the pillars of the temple, they hesitate to remove them only because they fear the edifice will tumble about their own heads. I would of course have it understood that there are many honorable exceptions to this sweeping charge, both among the gentleman of the press and the people at large. But the great body of the people lack faith both in liberty and in man. They dare not risk their conventional usages in an open field in competition with new theories which the incidents of progress force upon public attention. They have no faith that "struggle for existence and survival of the fittest" is a law which will determine what institution as well as species, shall survive the changes wrought by evolution. They assume that our institutions came to us from God with the stamp of perfection; and hence why should we tolerate new theories of society, or accept new solutions of social progress. It is assumed that the problem of social life is not an open question. It is already settled, freedom means only freedom to do right, and *my* criterion is the standard by which the right must be judged.

Liberty must be respected by all and for all, even though the education of the public conscience necessary to secure this respect, shall cost the nation the struggle of a revolution. It must be respected the same when used to advance opinions to which we are opposed, as when used for any object with which we may be in sympathy. The only limit we have any right to impose upon individual action, is *the equal freedom of all.* I repeat, to secure this respect and recognition beyond the pale of self-interest—to secure the public acknowledgement that freedom is one and inseparable, whether applied to government, religion, or social life will necessitate not only a war of ideas, but a war in which swords and cannon will play an important part.

Christianity, though in its dotage, still retains a wonderful vitality, and is essentially autocratic in its spirit and aims. It aspires to universal dominion, and will never stop short of death or victory. Rule or ruin is its policy, and we may as well make up our mind to meet the issue. I have no doubt we are entering upon the most frightful century in history, yet I have no foreboding that the outcome of the struggle will be other than glorious for freedom and emancipated reason.

For The Present Era.

THE WOMAN QUESTION.

IF ever there was a creature upon earth who more knew her duty, and more did it not, than the needy American girl of the present day, we would like to see that stiff-necked curiosity.

In relation to her general answer about the kind of work that she will do for wages, and her deadly stand at one kind of work that she will *not* do for wages, viz:—housework,—on this rests her sin and folly. Both the friends and foes of woman-suffrage so take the pulpit against her, that it would seems as if only total depravity could account for her obstinate refusal. Continual appeals are made to her. Here is a young family man who tells how feeble is his wife; how unspeakable atrocious the Hibernian maid-of-all-work; how preferable would be an American maid-of-all-work; but she will not come, although the woman's right's people declare that she is starving every-where! The young family man exclaims,—"*starving!* when there is bread enough in his house, and to spare, for anybody who will come and make it;" men are not so absurd as to go starving when there's honest work waiting for them; he can get everything done but his housework!

Let women observe how comparatively free men are from this sort of prideful nonsense about labor. The female exhorters on the subject use precisely the same weapons of reproof: "Young daughters of the Republic, go to work!" cries the woman-suffrage oratress from the platform;—"be lawyers, lecturers, or ministers, if you can, but if you cannot, go smartly out to kitchen service, for to earn one's living is glorious, in any employment whatever."

Thus pronounces the Pythoness of Reform, and when she beholds her counsels unheeded she turns round on her sex with the unkindest cut of all, that *men* do not so behave themselves,—never make the vain feminine fuss about the rank of an avocation.

Gail Hamilton,—a woman understood to be on the other side, and who may be called an audacious theorist of woman's rights to do nothing,—still swoops down all the same on the unfortunates who, alas! *must* do something, with a tyranny of demand which may

well make the long line of women seeking employment shake in their worn-out shoes before this dreadful searcher of hearts, who informs them that "what they really want is not work, but to be paid for *not* working;" that all their noise is "the cry and clamor of the weak; "that she is amazed, indignant at them," &c &c; all the gusty Hamilton storm winding up with the invidious comparison of man as a laborer, enforced by some particularly cutting illustrations.

It is an undeniable fact that men, under pressure of necessity, show no such distressed reluctance as women do, to come down to an inferior employment, but inasmuch as for most phenomena of human conduct there are reasons, it strikes us that it might be well to search with what eyes are given us if haply any reason can be found why here, *where the man marches on, the woman stands like a dolorous block, with everybody beseeching and preaching and screeching her out of the way.* Justice demands that we must first endeavor to come at his or her point of view.

Perhaps woman somewhat shrinks from coarse labor in itself, because, one of the first emerging steps was to exalt her, (in the barbarian era,) from women who served into ladies who were served! In poverty's back alleys the barbarian style yet lingers; so the iron of the pots and kettles enters somewhat into the very soul of this poor, ambitious daughter of the enlightened age. Man's first upward move having been to labor, his primal great waking up to shame of laziness eternally lingers in him perhaps to make him feel it less a man's disgrace to work, at any work, than to do nothing. In short, man to labor, and woman to look pretty, is the crude notion of the semi-refined order of things. And we assume, of course, that many of the young women of whom we speak, are somewhat crude in their refined aspirations.

We think in the next place, that it is inevitable that those who are not going to have what is called a career, should be intensely particular about all their transient circumstances, since these leave more than a transient record. A man can be a boot-black, negro-minstrel, tavern hostler, ship's cook, charcoal-pedlar,—revolve through any number of dingy and ungenteel trades, and [illegible] railroad-king, and member of Congress. Of course not every urchin who begins life with "Boots, Sir?" at the street corners will be "one of the most remarkable men of the country" before he dies, but the vast numbers of men who actually do attain from nothing to quite substantial somethings, and the infinitely various avenues open to masculine endeavor through which mere industry and pluck can push a successful way,—these facts surround the whole sex, as it were, with the possibility of redeeming *any* present mean condition by some future prosperity and renown; and some subtle recognition of this potential quality of a man to rise in the world is, we fancy, at least one of the reasons why a boy is never contemned in that final way in which a girl is, in precisely the same circumstances of worldly humiliation. It is only by the possession of certain absolute gifts, as artistic or literary talent,—gifts so few and so rarely bestowed, that in no estimate of a class can their chance be taken into account,—that a woman ever has a career;—we use this word in default of a better one, to devote that line of brilliant personal achievements by which one's accidents are forgotten, or remembered only to add lustre to the victorious power which has climbed so far. Nilsson's fair cheek burns not that she was born in the ochre-daubed hut of a peasant, and brought fagots from the wood in her childish arms; but the famous singer's origin and history argue not to the poor American girl, who will never be a prima-donna, that she can therefore without sacrifice sell bundles of kindling-wood from door to door.

We do not propose now to enter upon the vast deeps of a disputation with our Woman's Rights friends, in regard to "the crying need of a career for woman equally with man;" our present small endeavor is merely to inquire how things *are*, leaving it to more inspired souls to declare how they shall *be*; reminding such, however, that the actual and not the theoretical must assuredly be our basis when we assume to judge a class so closely pressed by the actual as are young and dependent girls. And we repeat, these, in the actual present world find themselves *marked* by their labor so differently from the other sex, that in this condition of a servant (for instance)—a boy may do even woman's work and be less looked down on than a girl. He holds his head up, and looks the world in the face with seldom a trace of unhappy humiliation, while the girl blanches and trembles and is miserable. Housekeepers often take boys from the almshouse, to assist them in the kitchen, but they shun the girls. Solemnly pondering this additional proof of woman's bankrupt estate, that even in the almshouse circle girls are at a discount, we asked a particular matron who had been eminently successful in bringing up her poor boys, why she did not take a girl from the almshouse. The upshot of her reason was that the place she could give would make the pauper boy happy, but the girl miserable, and therefore untractable. The boy could have some mates of his own age, was not painfully snubbed at school or elsewhere; but with such a girl there was no creature, American born, that would affiliate. Of course when we come down to the Almshouse ranks, the pauper *girl* suffers another extra penalty in that the distinctive requirement which we think will always be made for purity in woman, almost instinctively inclines to impute special loss to the girl over the boy, among these poor young lives, at which the humblest respectability that knows its father and its mother looks askance for a while, to see what their dubiousness will clear up into.

Is not here one more confirmation of our general truth of woman's greater subjection to circumstances? In such a state of subjection, what shall be her *opportunities* to enter the one vocation to which she looks as her substitute for a career—the matrimonial vocation?—to which grand question any smallest discussion of woman's position must speedily come. And here, what just comparison is there between a young man seeking skill, training, money, knowing that he can afford to gain these anyhow and anywhere, if honestly—having his whole life long in which to improve on his beginnings—and the *girl* who has but a few short years wherein the *status* of her bread-winning labors will almost certainly determine the place of her after life? The office of hired domestic, from whatever causes, has fallen to such social status among Americans that the hired servant-girl has to be very superior indeed whom the Yankee milkman will think a worthy match for him. So long as this notion is in *force*, no matter how absurd its foundation, the most glorified modern kitchen under the sun will not tempt from any other work which will keep her from starvation the poorest American girl who does not wish to marry an Irish laborer.

Among the ranks of dependent women are found, in our country, very widely different individuals. In the sudden transitions of fortune peculiar to our national life, or through some of those complications of family trouble possible to *all* life, or again in the case of those natures which ever and anon blossom in by-places, whose atmosphere is really not meet for their nourishing—through any of these causes, young lives, sensitive and gifted, are cast away from all props of family, friends and fortune, to find their own place where chance of doing so is at present so sadly small. There are histories among these which verily seem to cry aloud for entirely new opportunities for woman. This class, however, since it is the more exceptional, we have not had in view in this writing, but those far larger numbers of girls whose trouble *might* be helped without a revolution, since it is really not the old work that they feel superior to, but something that has become more or less factitiously linked to that work. So, although the present movement toward finding some new things for women to do is doubtless a just and needed one, we fancy a yet wider field for solidly practical accomplishments might lie in searching *how to do the old things after a new manner.* For it is certain that woman's old work will still have to be done by somebody, and argue as we will, in the way of her entering very largely upon most of the employments hitherto monopolized by man, lies in the fact of such an eternal inequality in the conditions of their lives, that it seems to us the final result of such innovation would be, poorer work at lower prices; men, to be sure, to some extent driven out of the field, but by the cheapness and not the skill of the new competitor.

There is a good deal of *boomerang* about the cry of sending all the marriageable young men West, to go to ploughing, while the young women take their places in offices and stores. Equal rights—equal competition—would probably send as many young women as young men West and elsewhere.

Let us deviate a moment, as a momentous thought strikes us.

Woman, under a republican government, is under an absolute monarchy. It does not matter that there may be—that there is—a difference in the kind of power exercised, or in the stringency of the laws that were and are in power—the principle is the same. What kind of freedom is it that a people has by sufferance, compared by that enjoyed by right? In this question there is contained all the advantage there is to be gained by self-government. There have been monarchs in the past under whom the people enjoyed as much freedom and equality as woman does under the republic. If she have any power in or over government, it is obtained by her personal power as woman over man; this same power has been possessed and exercised in all ages and nations. There is, then, no difference in principle between the absolute government now exercised over woman, and that which was exercised over the whole people ages since. From that power and rule man has freed himself, but his sisters still linger under its baneful influence—baneful, because it militates against her obtaining individuality.

When woman obtains the same kind of freedom, and exercises the same rights that man does, she will begin to live for the same ends that man does. At present, marriage is the all in all for woman. It is the end of woman's individual existence, instead of being, as it should be, a means to a still greater and more glorious consummation. Whatever greatness man has ever attained, has been gained by the exercise of his individual powers; his adapting his acquirements to some grand practical and general result. It would be an instructive lesson were all the great attainments made by woman analyzed, to find which were made by her as the woman, and which by her as the wife. It has been the free women who have been great, or those who, by nature, could not be subjugated, even by the marriage contract. It is proverbial that husbands do not wish their wives to become conspicuous, even by great actions. They wish to remain the "I am." Greatness brings honor and homage, which men cannot endure to see paid by others to their wives.

Our digression has been too long.

To go back to the old work that must be done by somebody, to shift this old necessary work to the lowest body that can be got to do it has long been a growing endeavor with both men and women, even those quite unable to afford the infinite waste and disorder consequent on such a state of things.

The rush from country to city, the abandoning of what is called productive labor, and together with this the refusal of American girls to do housework, is by no means universally induced by distaste and scorn of the work itself. Between sweat of body and sweat of brains, most persons prefer the former perspiration; but we all have a natural loathing, and a just one, for a life that is all work, or whose work has somehow suffered such false depression that it degrades those who do it below all their essential equals, as in the case of the particular avocation on which we have dwelt so much. It is a blot upon our humanity and our civilization for those outside to *fail* to rightly esteem such work. Why, the poorest Irish washerwoman, who would not know what the words "dignity of labor" meant, if you were to say them at her, and if she were a person to have a strong feeling about the dignity of her labor—nay, she does have the feeling if she is human—and if she were in a position to *act* upon that feeling, be sure that your sentiment would influence her action. And be altogether sure that you could not deceive her about that sentiment. We may impose on our superiors in station, with much mock obeisance, but there is no way to make our inferiors believe that we respect them, but—to respect them.

In the light of all the influences which tell upon her, within and without, our American dependent girl should be considered; and we insist that these are too complex, and that her case should be dismissed, when it becomes troublesome, with mere affirmations without inquiry. She is a girl of the period, and as the period will probably not get any girls but its own, it might as well make the best of them, in all their varieties; and in the least of these may be far more promise than doth yet quite appear.

How much cogitation there is on this woman question! and what but this mischief of cogitations makes all their burden? Away back in the peaceful wigwam era aforementioned, when the chief function of the cogitating organ was the passive one of being scalped, and such activity as there was in the brains of the scalpers certainly did not lie in the direction of making nice distinctions—how lovely smooth ran everything in that good old time! There was no "cry and clamor of the weak" then, for the weak made but one cry before the face of the strong, and that was a mortal one. This very woman question, in that wise day, had an admirable short and decisive adjustment, until some advanced Spirit, shaking back his top-knot of wolf's tails and porcupine quills, as he was about to squeeze the small windpipe of an infant daughter *de trop*, must needs begin morally to cogitate. And the doomed pappoose being doubtless rather an uncommonly handsome one, and the reflection occurring to the top-knotted sire that the squaw mamma, and not he, would have its troublesome nose to flatten, and all the other labors incident to its polite training and bringing up, thus did the ethical disturber spare the little brown windpipe, declaring that the strangling of female infants should be no more; and so came extra women into the world, and all our woe!

Nevertheless, that ancient simplicity being thus, alas! done away with, and the mixed up moral age upon us, the old method of settling difficulties, whether with words or tomahawks, will no longer avail; for the lowest beings of a civilized society have a sufficient glimmer of intelligence to know, whether or not you speak with any true feeling in regard to the facts of their position, and the tomahawk privilege being unfortunately abolished, you *cannot* silence with words, unless you somewhat come into that grace of Insight.

For the Present Era.

THE DAYS AND OUR DUTIES.

BY EMMA CHURCH.

THE days, like quick winged messengers, scarcely here before they have taken their night, pass in such rapid succession, and bring so quickly in their turn birthdays, anniversaries and holidays, that we hardly realize that we hold within our grasp, not only the living present with its scenes, but are seemingly the treasurers of the mighty and unreturning past, and that even the unimpenetrable future is ours, and only awaits the call to do our bidding. Although change and decay are the heritage of nature, our souls cannot bring home the fulness of this truth to their acceptance. Friends drop away one by one: the curtain falls before familar scenes, and yet eternity seems not more real and stationary than we in our position; we grow indifferent, and lose sight in our struggle for transitory possessions and achievements, of the inevitable destiny and of that weighty responsibility resting upon each human soul, in its discipline and the work it should accomplish.

If we choose the better path, trifles turn us; and empty baubles allure us from our higher aspirations and purposes. And yet the Creator who formed this world with such wonderful exactness, that even the hairs of our head are numbered, has so arranged and hedged it in by fixed and unalterable laws, that not the least act in the drama of life fails in its significance; not even one footstep can be taken but it moves the whole earth, and not to one word can our lips give utterance but its influence acting upon surrounding nature, must live and live forever.

Our very existence helps to mould the globe and it is vastly better or worse, that we have lived upon it. The heart of humanity, to day is beginning to be thrilled with the magnitude of these great truths; and many acknowledge that an idle existence; a servile worship and a blind faith are not alone sufficient for the day, and for an existence that knows no ending.

Never has the command sounded with a grander meaning, that we work while it is day, than at this hour, nor need we turn with enquiry upon our lips, of what we shall do, for the harvest is at hand and the world is ripe for the worker. Not all can fill the kingl places, but that Providence who has ordered all things, knows no high nor low, and work well done will ever have its just compensation. We have each one our own work to do, and not that of another, and with sufficient ability to accomplish it, and, in the manner this labor is performed, should humanity be taught, depends its happiness, not only here but in that great hereafter; all should learn that it is trifles form the sum of human things, and that the little daily acts of honor and of kindness make the true nobility of manhood and womanhood.

While convicts almost weekly stepping upon the scaffold believing that by the prison days of

wretchedness with a conscience that would not sleep, or by a few hours of prayer with groans and tears, they have found absolution for the sins of a life time, and an acceptance with heaven; go with rejoicing, soul tarnished, to that land of purity; while granting the fact that repentance comes better late than never; it should be sounded from the housetops, and breathed into the hearts of little children that they make practical the true life knowing that effects follow just causes, that as they sow they shall surely reap. Then shall the arms of the law no more be needed to send unbidden into eternity the sin sick soul.

While intemperance is taking the crown of nobility from the brow, and noble intellects and warm hearts are grovelling in the dust, and while there is one place where the youth of our land can turn, learning corruption and crime, should we cease our toil? Not until temperance has placed her signet upon each brow, and the bright eye proclaims her universal victory.

While there are those who would invade the sanctity of home, and would destroy the sacredness of the marriage relation, robbing our children of God-given ties, and the most blessed of memories, the halo of which falls over us still, and will follow us to our graves, sanctifying our souls throughout our mortal life; while inharmony is running riot in the home circle, there is something for us to do; Spiritualist how do you acquit yourself in this place? are you preaching the peace that the angels know, and by harsh words and unkind words following in the ways of discord and inharmony?

Not merely the fact that the loved ones remember us still, and with angel visits enter our households; not alone that they learn us of that life of purity, is sufficient; but the truth should quicken within your heart, as the sun penetrating the earth brings to life the tiny seed, unfolding and perfecting the bud, flower and fruit. Our whole lives should ever attest that we hold communion with a land where sin is not; and truth, love and purity be our greatest safeguards, keeping us from all evil, until the doors are opened, and the grand anthem sounding, proclaims our victory over death, and our worthiness to enter that better land.

Sturgis, Feb. 19, 1873.

OH! TELL ME NOT.

BY FLORA FREELOVE.

The following is somewhat *irregular in versification, but it is so sweet* in sentiment and fine in expression that we cannot undertake to improve it.

After death, our love of God will so transcend all our earthly affections, that they will cease to be remembered.—Rev. Mr.———.

Oh! tell me not when this vail of earth
From my longing eyes is thrown—
When my soul from out these prison bars,
Like a wild-wood bird has flown—
That this yearning love for my cherished ones,
Like a flower from my heart shall die,
And far, far down in the earth's cold depths,
Like a buried treasure lie.

Oh! tell me not in that glorious sphere
I shall meet my friends no more;
That I never may gaze in those earnest eyes
Whence the leve-light beamed of yore;
Or that I shall pine for a father's kiss,
And a mother's gentle tone;
For a sister's laugh, and her bounding step
From my darkened pathway flown.

Oh! tell me not that this angel of love
From my spirit shall lightly part;
That my pulse shall not thrill as her sun-touched curls
Rustle softly within my heart;
That her out-flowing breath which envelopes my soul
In a halo of heavenly brightness,
Shall condense into tears, and sink low in the earth,
Like a cloud of ethereal lightness.

When this girlish head shall droop faintly and low
On an invalid's restless pillow,
And I whisper a prayer in a loved one's ear
To be laid 'neath the green drooping willow;
Ere the angel of death, the fond pressure of love,
With his white, cloud-like pinions shall sever;
Oh, breathe not the thought so it fall on my ear,
That our hands are unlinking forever.

And when I awaken in brighter worlds,
And look out on a new life's wide ocean,
Oh! bid me not think I shall miss from my soul
This gushing and holy emotion,
Which now wells so brightly in sunshine and shower,
Like a fount in the wilderness springing,
And through the green nooks of my joyous heart,
Like a musical anthem is ringing.

When over a loved form passed from earth
Have fallen my sorrowing tears,
And heavily on my heart hath pressed
The first grief of my early years;
When I know that the friend who in sorrow's hour
Watched over my sire's pale brow,
Has closed his calm eyes in the sleep of death,
And lies low 'neath the snow-wreath now.

When I knock at his door, and miss the clasp
Of his warm and welcoming hand,
When his pale, sweet wife and her orphan babes
Alone on the hearth-stone stand;
Oh! tell me not I shall never again
Look up in those beaming eyes,
Through whose soul-lit depths humanity gleamed
Like a star through the azure skies.

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Opinions of the Press.

FROM THE HARTFORD DAILY TIMES.

"BRITTAN'S JOURNAL"——Accepting as genuine the numberless phenomena of these days which assert for themselves a spiritual origin, this Magazine proposes a calm and searching examination into the inner nature and constitution of human life, its laws and phenomena, to examine, analyze, classify, and present this subject and its essential facts, in the light of Spiritual Science. It is claimed that a quarter of a century of careful observation, experiment, classification and reflection have crystalized these interesting phenomena into an orderly and intelligible system.

Dr. Brittan and his distinguished friends who contribute to the "Quarterly" do not propose to excite themselves or their readers with mere marvels. Of these they have seen, during the past quarter of a century, an ample variety; and they are prepared to deal with the general subject in the way of a calm and philosophical discussion of the laws and principles involved.

Unquestionably these astonishing occurrences do involve some very interesting principles and laws. Apparently they are intimately connected with some of the deepest problems of life. They suggest questions to which the answer may, not improbably, explain some of the profoundest and most important mysteries of our being. We are living in the latter part of the boasted Nineteenth Century, and Christian communities and beliefs prevail in all the enlightened parts of the world; yet it is a discouraging fact that to-day, in the hearts even of some of the great lights of religion and certainly in the more outspoken thoughts of hundreds of thousands of thinking men—who outwardly accept the forms and observances of the churches—the old question still presents itself with painful earnestness and persistency, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

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This is a broad field; and the harvest awaits the reapers. The public has groped and stumbled too long, "Open the shutters, and let in more light." Brittan's Journal appears at the right moment. It has the field to itself. Its contributors are among those who have a reputation, many of them, wider than the land in which it is published.

The magazine, by its candid and liberal tone, as well as in the nature of its themes and the manifest ability which it brings to bear in their discussion, is well fitted to challenge the respect and command the attention even of those who reject its philosophy. We very much doubt if any intelligent, thoughtful man, be he orthodox clergyman or downright atheist, can take this Quarterly and fail to be interested—nay, elevated and instructed and made conscious of a gleam of joy and gladness in his heart.

FROM THE NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW.

The only condition we require from a journal exhibiting culture and ability, is that it treat with due deference the social fabric as constructed and approved by the enlightened common sense of modern civilization. In the present instance there is no risk in this respect.

Brittan's journal is edited by a veteran journalist. There are few, if any, abler writers in America than Dr. Brittan; in the peculiar field to which he has devoted himself he has no equal. Our readers know that none have less faith in what is called Spiritualism than we. We believe in no miracles but those of science—the results of irrevocable laws. Nevertheless we have read several of Dr. Brttan's essays on Spiritualism with interest and pleasure; if he has not succeeded in making a convert of us, however, it is because no one could.

We do not hesitate to recommend Brittan's Journal. We acknowledge its decided merits all the more readily, because if the editor occasionally introduces a ghost or two in his essays, they are not of the vulgar tribe—they are, in fact, philosophical, interesting, instructive ghosts. Moreover, we are satisfied that he will not allow his contributors—of whom he has quite a galaxy already—to introduce any of the common herd of spirits. And need we care much whether the spirit is genuine or spurious, if he entertains, amuses, or instructs us? There are but few who regard the ghost in Hamlet as a real representative of the nother world; and still fewer think the less of that noble drama on account of its ghost, even when the latter stalks about in his clumsiest fashion. By all means, then, let "Brittan's Journal" be read. We wish we could extract a large part of the Editor's Salutatory, addressed to the Friends of Progress, replete as it is with striking thoughts; but we can only make room for the opening paragraph:

"Revolutions are thoughts endowed with life and locomotion. Some revolutions proceed in a noiseless manner, so as really to endanger no human interest; and these, especially, are most potent. Like the gravitation that moves worlds, these silent forces are greater in their development, and far more lasting in their effects, than the shock that rends a continent, and rocks the globe to its center. The boom of thunders and the hoarse voices of the sea shake the audience-chamber of the soul, but a silent thought has power to move the soul itself. The waves rise and beat the unyielding shore; the impassable walls of the ocean remain, but the angry billows fall, recede, and disappear. In like manner do great facts and principles resist the elements of passion and prejudice through all ages. Like bold promontories, from which we look out above life's troubled sea, they are left unmoved when the elemental strife is over."

FROM THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

BRITTAN'S Quarterly Journal is all that could be demanded by the ideal of any reader. A want of genuine Spiritualistic literature thus promises to be filled. The first number opens with a profoundly appreciative and affectionately familiar biographical sketch of N. P. Tallmadge, whose noble head and clean-cut features make so positive an impression on the frontispiece illustration. Prof. Brittan has evidently written this sketch *con amore*, and it will heighten the popular estimate of the writer and his subject together. Senator Tallmadge is truthfully represented in the *role* of the public man and statesman; and the gradual acceptance of the facts of Spiritualism, with his inward experiences and outward life afterwards, is given with rare insight and the personal knowledge which nothing but sympathy could bring. The Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century by Prof. J. R. Buchanan, is a lucid and instructive *resume* of the history of thought for the last seventy years, particularly on the grand problems and underlying principles which govern the progress of mental and spiritual developement.

Following these two noticeable papers is "Souls and Scenes in Spirit-Life," by Fanny Green McDougal, whose title suggests its character and its peculiar merits. Then a sterling paper on "Labor, Wages and Capital," by J. K. Ingalls; next, "Spiritual Mathematics," by Prof. Ewell; "Invisible Artists," by the Editor; "The Future Life," by Judge Edmonds; with essays and poetry interspersed, from the pens of such well-known authors as Belle Bush, T. L. Harris, and Charlotte Wilbour.

The Editor's department is full and skilfully made up, catering to a variety of tastes and wants, commenting in not too cursory a manner upon recent movements, events, and social and religious phenomena; and bringing up to the body of the Quarterly a light artillery reserve which sets off the whole to excellent advantage. It has the appearance of stability and intellectual permanence. There is nothing slazy about the paper, or careless about the printing. The initial number will strike all eyes and minds as supremely successful.

We sincerely bespeak for Prof. Brittan a most generous support for his new Spiritual Quarterly, and appeal on his and its behalf to all readers of the best spiritualistic literature to give it a prompt and efficient support. Let it be borne in mind that the literature of Spiritualism is one of its most powerful buttresses in the popular opinion. However convincing the phenomena to individual minds, it is not until they have passed through the alembic of intelligent discussion, and become clarified as well as classified in the general mind, by restatement in their right relations, that the profound value of their truth and meaning is made more and more apparent to searching and inquiring souls. Prof. Brittan has launched a Quarterly that deserves a long life, which will not fail to be an influential one. We welcome the new and stately visitor in the field of spiritual literature with sincerest greeting.

FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

BRITTAN'S JOURNAL.—Among the contributors to this number are names widely known in the literature of Spiritualism. It is the intention of Dr. Brittan to make this work an organ of high character in a literary point of view for the treatment of profound questions in metaphysics and psychology, of the great problems of life, death, and immortality, and of the laws of vital motion, sensation, thought and consciousness. The influence of this journal will be antagonistic to the material tendencies of the physical sciences of the day, and will undertake to present the latest information, not only on the phenomena of the Spiritual World, but to expound the philosophy of the spiritual arcana.—New York *Tribune*.

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"Space will not permit us to mention further the other excellent articles which the work in hand contains. Dr. Brittan evidently understands what he has undertaken, and we welcome his periodical to our sanctum with pleasure. His clear, analytic style, and evident scholastic ability well adapt him for the editorship of a magazine of this distinctive literary character."

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THE PRESENT WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, March 20, 1873.

WELL, the great, grand and glorious re-inauguration of PRESIDENT GRANT has come and gone. As an event it is now *en passe*. With all its pomp and parade, it will soon be forgotten, as a thing of the past. But this vain, idle, and costly pageant, will long be a festering thing. Many a bleeding heart in our country will ever remember the bold and extravagant d.splay, as a silly aping after foreign courts, which the fires of the American revolution, it was fondly hoped by our patriot fathers, had burnt out of the land.

It will, of course, be charged that if the inauguration ceremonies of these ides of March had installed the opposition candidates in power, our estimate of them would be different. With some this is undoubtedly true—but by no means with all. No candid man, of any party, can shut his eyes to the real facts of the case. If the other canditate of the people of this country had been declared elected, it is idle to pretend that he would have surrounded his inauguration with such military and naval demonstrations as those of the last Fourth of March. The army, the navy, the diplomats, the courts, the national legislature, the foreign representatives, the civil association representative of our different arts and callings, should, of course, take part in all our inaugural proceedings. But beyond this, not an inch—not a hair's breadth. A few men judiciously chosen from each branch of the government, and every pursuit of industry would be all sufficient. Will any sensible man pretend that we need a force of *ten thousand bristling bayonets to inaugurate a professed civilian into a civil office?* Will it be claimed that the impression made by this marshalled array was beneficial to the people assembled? Was it necessary? Was it expedient? Was it in good taste? There is not a sincere and intelligent patriot in the land, but most fervently prays that it may be the last inauguration in America of a mere military hero. Especially is such a prayer pertinent, when we remember the inaugural of some former presidents.

Take, for instance, the inauguration of President Jefferson. He was content to mount alone, at the door of the executive mansion, and ride horseback unattended to the capitol, to dismount without aid, and walk by himself to the presence of the Chief Justice of the United States, where he took the oath of office. Surrounded by the representatives of the people, before the law-makers of the Republic, without the signal of a gun, the roll of a drum, or the clangor of a trumpet, he delivered the most remarkable Inaugural Address ever announced in Washington. Wise, patriotic, calm, impersonal, replete with the most valuable public information, that State paper stands to-day as the model of its class in the present age.

Jefferson rose superior to party, and to section, and spoke for the people of the nation; and entered on his much more difficult and arduous duties at that period of the presidential office, with a modesty and self-abnegation that speak to all posterity of the rare greatness of the man. Jefferson and Grant! What a contrast!

Jefferson was the victim of the vilest slanders that party malice could invent. But he treated his maligners with the dignity of silence, the contempt of conscious innocence.

A new era is dawning upon us—the era of stock-jobbery, of legislative frauds, of corrupt panderings to fashion and crime, that will more and more distinguish the future until the disastrous fall of the political speculators now in high places, which must come ere long.

CARL ROBBINS.

A SHOWER OF QUICKSILVER is reported as having fallen at *San Ignasia, Sinoloa* in Mexico. It fell in fine drops, which were gathered by the inhabitants as curiosities, and are to be subjected to chemical analysis.

Various Items.

RECIPE TO MAKE A FASHIONABLE WOMAN.—Take ninety-nine pounds of flesh and bones—but chiefly bones—bore holes in the ears, cut off the smal toes; bend the back to conform to the Grecian Bend, the Boston Dip, the Kangaroo Droop, or the Saratoga Slope, as the taste inclines; then add three yards of linen, one hundred yards of ruffles, seventy-five yards of edging, eighteen yards of dimity, one pair of Balmoral boots with heels three inches high, four pounds of whalebone in strips, two hundred and sixty yards of steel wire, half a mile of tape, two pounds of cotton or wire hemispheres, fifty yards of silk or other dress goods, one hundred yards of point lace, four hundred yards of fringe and other trimmings, twelve gross of buttons, one box of pearl powder, one saucer of carmine, one bushel of "store" hair, frizzled and fretted *a la maniaque*, one quart of hair pins, one pound of braid, one lace handkerchief nine inches square, with patent holder, perfumed with otto of roses and musk, and "clear the track."

N. Y. Science of Health.

A FAITHFUL DOG.—Among the section men mentioned caught out in the frightful Minnesota storm, was one who lived several miles from St. James. He was unable to reach home, and his wife became alarmed for his safety, and he was uneasy for his family. On Thursday a shepherd dog belonging to him came bounding into St. James with a little leather bag attached to his collar, in which was a letter from his wife containing the joyful intelligence that they were "all well at home," and asking for news of her husband. Another letter was written informing the wife that the husband was safe and would return home as soon as he could reach there. This letter was placed in the leather bag, and the faithful animal told to "go home." Away started the almost human animal through the fearful storm and snow drifts, and arrived safely at home with the precious news so anxiously looked for by the waiting wife and mother. The next day the husband reached home. This same dog was also sent with a letter to a sick neighbor, and brought back an answer. That dog is not for sale.

HOW THE NEWS COMES UNDER THE SEA.—Here is a man sitting in a darkened room, at Heart's Content. A fine wire attached the cable is made to surround two small cores of soft iron. As the electric wave, produced by a few pieces of copper and zinc at Valentia, passed through the wire these cores become magnetic enough to move the slightest object. A looking-glass, half an inch in diameter, is fixed on a bar of iron one tenth of an inch square and half an inch long. On this tiny glass a lamp is made to glare so that its light is reflected on a tablet on the wall. The language of the cable is denoted by the shifting of this reflected light from side to side. Letter by letter is thus expressed in this flitting idiom in utter silence on the wall.

There is no record made by the machine except as the patient watcher calls out to a comrade the translated flashes as they come, and which he records. It seems a miracle of patience. There is something of awe creeps over us we see the evidence of a human touch 3,000 miles away swaying that line of light.

By such a delicate process as this, and after being repeated from line to line five times before its ultimate copy is in New York, the late news has been recorded in our daily papers with great particularity and sent throughout the Union.

GOING TO TEXAS.—Texas is a great State—large enough to cut up into four big States—and this is a fortunate thing if the existing great emigration from the other Southern States goes on. Georgia, Florida, Alabama, South Carolina, Mississippi, and other Southern States are fairly emptying themselves into Texas. Among other features of this great exodus is a large negro emigration. Thousands of this class of the population are following the example of the white men, and are going to Texas. No matter how great the tide of immigration may be, even though it were to be increased fifty-fold, Texas can accommodate it all, and have plenty of room to spare. Her vast area is an empire in itself, and capable of a development little dreamed of yet.

THE NEWBURYPORT GHOST.—Several newspaper reporters from abroad, spent a whole night in the Charles street school-house. We understand that at about eleven o'clock in the evening the reporters were startled by the appearance of a fiery hand which with the index finger traced upon the wall the letters "H. G." The undauxted inquired, "Who is H. G?" The reply was returned by raps upon the wall, "Horace Greeley." They asked again why he was there, and were answered, "In honor of the assembled representative of the press." We do not vouch for the truth of the story, but have no doubt that it is as authentic as many which have been told in this connection. *Newburyport Herald. 21st.*

The soldiers at Fort Laramie are obliged to attend prayer meeting, or suffer the loss of a month's pay.

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NEW YORK CITY.

The Present Era.

PROGRESS IS THE COMMON LAW OF THE WORLD.

S. B. BRITTAN, D. MORTON FOX, } Editors.

NEW YORK, APRIL 9, 1873.

DEPRAVITY OF THE PRESS.

THERE is scarcely an instrument of good that may not be grossly perverted, and thus made to produce an incalculable amount of evil. This is especially true of the Press. It is a great light-diffusing instrument, and the most powerful engine of universal progress; and yet it is so fearfully prostituted, in these days, that we are prone to pause and inquire, which is dominant, the good or evil of its work? It is a sad state of things, indeed, that even suggests such an inquiry—sadder still if the facts justify the question. Strange to say the direst evils that may be fairly traced to its agency, are, by most men and women, referred to other sources. The mass of low thought and base feeling that finds expression through this channel; the foul fictions that madden the brains of the young; the disgusting details of every species of crime; the tide of filth that makes the press a common cess-pool; the gilded covering, artfully thrown over the secret vices of rich and titled persons; the unmerciful handling of the poor and friendless, and the foul shadows it exhibits above the sinks of fathomless iniquity and the festering remains of the morally dead—these are all fearful in fact, and terrible in their influence on human life and character.

That human nature in this country is more corrupt now than it was half a century ago, is the common conviction, whether true or false. If it be true, that, as a people, we are becoming more debased, in spite of our progress in every department of knowledge, it is high time to inquire into the causes of this degeneracy, to ascertain if it be possible to stay the tide of popular pollution; and to discover the true principles and best methods by which we may institute and prosecute the work of Reformation. Nor should this be neglected until law and order are subverted; reason and justice overthrown; and a moral poison diffused through all the springs of our individual and national life.

There are evils so great and so gross that we must speak of them without reserve. It is not a pleasant task. The dissecting room is not the place where one would prefer to entertain his friends. But with a feeling of painful solicitude, the most sensitive mortals go to the morgue, and turn over the sleepers on battle fields, to ascertain what death may have done for those they loved. It is with similar hesitation and a kindred feeling that we approach this subject, prompted by an unpleasant sense of the duty we owe the community.

As a people we have little knowledge of the springs of human feeling and action. We have multitudes all around us who know so little of human nature, and the laws that determine the characters and pursuits of men, that they really think they are doing their utmost to restrain the destructive passions, and to prevent crime, by exposing every foul deed to public observation. In their estimation the moral health of the community is to be promoted by advertising—in displayed lines and by pictorial representations—every base character, that instinctively seeks the cover of congenial darkness, and every vile deed that is comprehended in the infamy of secret chambers. For wholesome restraints and proper incentives they appear to look to the illustrated record of the *Day's Doings*. In attempting to correct the irregularities of social life on the sensuous plane, they depend on the virtues of black-mail rather than on the principles of moral science.

In attempting to reason against such views and practices, one feels an oppressive sense of humiliation. To undertake the work of moral purification by the use of such means as are now frequently employed, argues a base abandonment of every principle of enlightened reason and a scientific philosophy. One might as well attempt to improve the sanitary condition of the town by either emptying the yellow fever and small-pox hospitals into our popular churches and crowded assembly rooms, or by dragging the corpses of the Potter's Field into our parlors and nurseries! Are such conductors of the American newspaper press lunatics, that they should have no rational conception of the real influence of their labors? Should a man venture to take a single ship-fever patient up Broadway, he would be arrested; but he may send out 50,000 copies a day of a vile sheet, full of the records of crime; aglow with infernal fire; and reeking with moral filth as if coming up from a baptism in hell, and the people appear to think it is all right. True, they feed continually on elements rank with corruption and the aroma of the charnel-house; they inhale the mephitic vapors from the decay of ages and all uncleanness; the basest passions are inflamed; the blood of millions is poisoned, and the souls of men obscured by dense clouds that come up out of a bottomless perdition.

All this, it is assumed, must be permitted, that "the Freedom of the Press" may be maintained. And this is a specious and mischievous fallacy. Like every other form of popular liberty, this freedom of the press is susceptible of unlimited abuses, and may become a powerful instrument of oppression. When it is understood to imply the right to assail the innocent and to tarnish the fame of womanhood; when it is used to blast the hopes of humble but honorable men; when it becomes a powerful scourge in the hands of unscrupulous writers; when it is employed to glorify error and to defame the truth; when it is a whip in the hands of political demagogues and sectarian teachers to drive better men into unreasoning and dishonorable submission to their authority; when it is used to defend great monopolies, to gild the crimes of vile rich men, and to burnish the characters of pious rascals, who still strive to serve satan with a saintly seeming—in short, when this great engine degenerates into an infernal machine or a common sewer, it is no rational freedom that the press illustrates. No, never! On the contrary, such a freedom of the press is rather the devil's special charter or combination patent for the sum of all villainies.

Will it be said that we color the truth, or misrepresent the character of a large proportion of American journalism? Let us appeal to facts. We take up the first daily paper that comes in our way. It happens to be a New York journal in folio form, not very large, but rather strongly flavored, so as to suit the taste of numerous readers—who appear to like to take their daily food highly seasoned with cursed condiments. We have no occasion to exaggerate the truth, if indeed that were possible; and so we will make this literal record of a portion of the contents of the soiled sheet on our table.

IMPERFECT LIST OF CONTENTS.

A Double Tragedy; A Murder Trial; Stealing a load of Newspapers; Bribing Congressmen; False swearing for Colfax; Murder of a Wife; Felonious Assault; Murder in Boston; Drunken Fracas and Fatal Stabbing; Hanging of Gaffney; Latest Arkansas Iniquity; Louisiana Outrages; West Farms Wife Murder; Murder of James Graham, Knocking down his Wife and maliciously breaking Windows; Bribery of Honorable Gentlemen; High-toned Cock-fight; Spiritualism Unmasked. This last article occupies over two columns, and is designed to show how one Bailey, a profane juggler, contrived to deceive his best friends by his dexterous imitations of spiritual phenomena—all appearing in this newspaper, under the lying title of "Spiritualism Unmasked." How the dreary details of such a fraud can uncover Spiritualism—or any other form of truth—does not appear. The false scribe might as well show up the persons, implements and methods employed in counterfeiting, and then call his work—Unmasking of the National Currency.

All this we have in one small newspaper, in a single day. To be sure, the variety may not equal the public expectation, based on familiar experience; for, to tell the truth, things are not very lively just now. But then, reasons for this will readily occur to the mind. There was no "*mill*" yesterday; and the regular case of ministerial apostacy—or clerical "falling from grace," through the "weakness of the flesh" and the "wiles of the devil"—was not reported. The illicit lovers, though not less numerous and demonstrative, were mostly indoors, owing to the inclemency of the weather; and the pure, patient, periodical spasm of the police—which usually results in a descent upon the poor cyprians—did not come off before the hour of going to press; and hence we have no pen portraits of the fallen angels in this number.

We have looked through the twenty-eight columns of fine type, contained in the paper before us, for evidence of something *good* in human nature. We did discover a single illustration of forgiveness, set down to the credit of the President of the United States, who has granted an unconditional pardon to one Seth Johnson, sentenced to pay a fine of $40,000 for embezzlement. Said Johnson had served out the period of imprisonment, comprehended in his sentence, except eight days; and as he had nothing wherewith to pay his fine, the President wisely held that his further incarceration would be a preposterous and useless infliction. Beyond this one act of executive clemency, the Editor speaks of his having been requested to grant a small favor to "a constant reader" of his paper—a fond father who solicited the same in the interest of his son. To have yielded to the solicitation, would have involved a sacrifice to that Editor of just *two cents cash and ten minutes time*. But the coveted favor the Editor declined to grant, for very puerile reasons which occupy a quarter of a column in his paper.

And this is all—absolutely everything—that Humanity has to its credit in this dismal account of the man who keeps a daily journal of its transactions. Is the whole race bankrupt in respect to every noble principle, every generous sentiment, and every active virtue? Are there none left who work in faith and suffer in silence for the truth? Are there no magnanimous men among us ready to sacrifice time and money for great, unselfish and beneficent ends? Are there no pure women who peril life for virtue; who toil in silence and tears through the long day, and to the noon of night, for sleeping innocents? Are there no gentle ministers who watch the tottering steps of the aged, and keep their silent vigils by the couches of the sick and dying? If there are such pure and noble natures, why are their loving examples—so full of great incentives to good deeds—kept out of sight and out of mind, that the carnival of deviltry may go on, and the ministers of tophet have a perpetual exhibition?

TRUTH AGAINST THE WORLD.

WE copy the following from an editorial that appeared in the *World* of the 16th ult., for the purpose of exposing the bad logic of the writer. The idea that any facts in his possession can possibly justify his own sweeping conclusion, illustrates the editor's cheap estimate of human testimony, and the amazing ignorance that still characterizes the journalistic opposition to Spiritualism.

FROM THE WORLD.

If Spiritualists have no criterion, by which they can distinguish the "manifestations" which seem to them so important from jugglery of a very vulgar kind, they cannot blame anybody for including all mediums in the compendious category of knaves, and all believers in mediums under the general designation of fools.

Now, while there may be no absolute criterion whereby the Spiritualist of average intelligence may invariably distinguish between genuine and spurious phenomena, it does not follow, either that all mediums are knaves, or that all who believe in mediumship are fools. Unfortunately the *World* does not appear to have any one on its editorial staff who possesses any reliable knowledge of psychological facts and principles. Whenever it meddles with any subject that calls for the recognition of metaphysical distinctions and psychological laws, it is sure to expose its ignorance. Has the man of the *World* yet to learn that outside of the limits of exact science he can set up no absolute standard by which he may distinguish truth from error? But if he has no such unerring rule and infallible guide, his case must be disposed of under his own summary classification, and he find his place in that same category of "knaves and fools."

In the discussion of this subject let us come into more intimate relations. Has the editor of the *World* any certain criterion which enables him to distinguish, always and unerringly, a genuine National Bank note, so that he is never in danger of taking a counterfeit? If he has not the precise knowledge and infallible judgment, and yet uses the national currency in his business transactions, is he either a knave or a fool, and which?

Again—the editor of the *World* doubtless has some knowledge of cosmogony, natural philosophy, chemistry, mineralogy, meteorology, electricity, magnetism, physiology theology, and psychology; but where are his absolute criteria and the infallible judgment which render it impossible for him to be deceived? If he possesses such a perfect standard, and is endowed with this omniscient wisdom in its application, he is himself the very oracle that is wanted by that numerous class of people who are too lazy to get at the truth by hard study. But if, on the other hand, he is wanting a rule that admits of universal application, or deficient in the ability to apply it without a possible mistake, what then? Why, he has nothing to do but take his place in the category to which he has already assigned many wiser and better men.

Once more—has the editor of the *World* ever read the Bible? If he has, he must have discovered that everything in the shape of spiritual phenomena have been successfully imitated, for thousands of years, by the tricks of cunning jugglers. According to the record the wonders of Moses were duplicated—with some exceptions—by the Egyptian magicians. They tracked him so closely for a while, in the production of his so-called miracles, that the Jewish law-giver had but a small margin in his favor, and his claims to superiority appear to have been advocated with more than his usual modesty. Moreover, it may well be doubted whether the majority of the spectators could distinguish the slightest difference between Moses' frogs and those produced by the Egyptians.

A similar state of things existed in the early Church. Jesus emphatically told his disciples that there would be "false Christs and false prophets," who would exhibit such "great signs and wonders," as might possibly "deceive the very elect." The literal verification of the prophecy is confirmed by authentic history. The early Church was filled with such pretenders, and their disciples were very numerous; is there, therfore, no Christian religion? Simon Magus was a prince among miracle workers, and he obtained more followers in a given time than did Jesus. Justin, Jerome, Irenius, and other ancient authors make mention of the exploits of the great Samaritan magician. From Justin's letter in defense of Christianity, we learn that in the reign of Claudius Cæsar, Simon was deified at Rome, and by a decree of the Senate, a statue was erected on an island in the Tiber, bearing the inscription—*Simoni Deo Sancto*. The Christian Church now regards Simon as a blasphemous imposter; but those who witnessed his performances, though they were neither fools nor knaves—accepted his claims and worshiped him.

When the editor of the *World* shall have grown wiser, and discovered that unerring standard of judgment—he in common with others, so much needs—he will revise his conclusions in respect to the true nature and just claims of Spiritualism.

ORTHODOXY vs. SCIENCE.

"I AM now advised that a new astrologer is risen who presumeth to prove that the earth moveth and goeth about, not the firmament; the sun and moon, not the stars—like as when one sitteth on a coach, or in a ship that is moved, thinketh he sitteth still and resteth, but the earth and trees do move and run themselves. Thus it goeth; we give ourselves up to our own foolish fancies and conceits. This fool (Copernicus) will turn the whole art of astronomy upside down; but the Scripture showeth and teacheth another lesson when Joshua commandeth the sun to stand still, and not the earth." *Martin Luther* quoted in "*Exeter Hall.*"

Orthodoxy is relaxing its opposition to that which it perceives to be unconquerable—*physical* science, and is endeavoring to control it in the interest of faith; but too late. But now that science is reaching the *future* life, as well as the present, the spirit as well as the body, and hesitates not to criticise our *social* forms and social ethics, the virulence of conservatism is mainly transferred to those who dare thus to extend the boundaries of exact thought. And men learned in physical science are not ashamed to combine with the enemies of *all* true science, and to cast obloquy on those who desire to extend its field of operations to the future life, and to improvements in social mechanism for the benefit of future generations.

RECKLESS BRAVADO.

AMONG the inebriate habitues of a certain low public house in Lebanon Pa. was Thomas Hart, a man of family and some pecuniary means, who stood in tolerable esteem among his associates and with the public. He was slightly addicted to dram drinking, and one night about the 5th inst. he had perhaps partaken of his fourth or fifth drink, when the bar-room door opened and in stepped a traveling chiropodist. Had any man there any corns or bunions which he would like to have removed, here was the identical man with the identical medicine to do it. It would not hurt; it was the grandest achievement of the age, &c., &c. Said Hart to him, "Your medicine is all trash, I am not afraid to drink a whole bottle of it." This exasperated the corn-doctor, and in order to cool down the other's depreciating sentiments, he dared him to swallow the dose, when to the utter astonishment of all present, he quaffed the contents as if it were the most delicious nectar. He was immediately taken ill, and medical aid summoned, but he was beyond the physician's skill, and at an early hour the same night he expired in the most excruciating torments. The corn-doctor is missing, and the affair has quite shaken the town with excitement.

Many a man has perished as Hart did, from a dose prescribed by a quack, and swallowed by a fool; one who could endure promiscuous whiskey drinking, should have been content not to mix poisons; but when one "puts into his mouth that which steals away his brains," it is not surprising that he should apply that which steals away his corns, in the same manner. Hart cut short the career on which many enter by their first glass, with a single drink; his elected poison did not take him to the grave *via* the felon's cell, and the gallows tree, so his mad folly was wisdom compared to the average insanity of the common drunkard.

THE PRESIDENT'S PARSON.

DR. NEWMAN pastor of "The National M. E. Church" (ominous name) at Washington D. C., the Church to which President Grant resorts for Spiritual Consolation when heart-broken over "Rings" and "Credit Mobiliers, has been supersed ed by a new man one Dr. Tiffany. The pastor of this Church has been Chaplain of the Senate, and to his prayers it may be due "that things are as well as they are" in that body. Cameron of Penn. moved to reconsider the vote which gave the office to Newman this time since Tiffany deserved it, and was backed by Simpson the Bishop; every body knows that Cameron, as well as Colfax, Pomeroy, Harlan, Patterson, &c. are good church members, but Cameron is as much of a political partisan as a Christian, and when he found that his political pope had in his heart decreed that the Chaplain should be none but The Rev. J. P. Newman, he (Cameron) at once withdrew his motion, and the nation may be assured that hereafter as before "fervent effective" STUMP SPEECHES will be made from the Chaplain's desk. There will be no more U. S. prayers we suppose in the Senate, for as we read that:

"To show his confidence in Newman, the President not only backed up his claims for the position of Chaplain, but appointed him to the position of Inspector of Consulates, with a roving commission to go around the world at a salary of $6,000 a year in gold, expenses paid, and his wife thrown in as clerk."

"Inspector of Consulates" is good, at least the pay is, and Rev. Newman can do his praying for the Government of the United States just as well in Trebizond and Jerusalem, as in Washington. Were we a Consul, and not orthodox, as Harlan, Pomeroy, and Colfax are, we should quiver in our boots at this appointment and betake ourselves incontently to the study of Clark's Commentaries and The Methodist Discipline."

We are sorry this appointment has been made; sorry we have any Chaplain in Congress; sorry *any* sect or Church receives any aid or favor from the general Government; sorry the whole matter of administration and jurisprudence is not divorced utterly——not from religion in the sense of piety, but from creeds, cant, and Ecclesiastical Conspiracies.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.—Many people of good intelligence and considerable reading find themselves at loss to understand Livingstone the African explorer. Something more than the love of geographic discovery impels this second Ulysses "much enduring man." He is preeminently a humanitarian—a lover of men—and seeks by introducing civilization into Africa to end the slave trade and promote African progress. His idea is no chimera, and he has already done much. From this point of view, as well as the material outlook, THE PRESENT ERA congratulates the world upon his exploits, believing in Livingstone's own language, "It is better to lessen human woe than to discover the sources of the Nile."

THE WOLF AND LAMB.

THE wolf who maintained that the lamb fouled the water for him, though drinking below him on the stream, has recently attended the God in the Constitution convention and has

Resolved, "That the signs of the times, the *rapid deterioration of the public morals*, and the bold demands of organized political infidelity show * * * * that failure to adopt this amendment involves ultimately general immorality and anarchy."

And this in the face of the fact, that the men most notorious for political and commercial dishonesty, are ardent orthodox religionists, many of them being among the most prominent supporters of this very amendment, while the few liberal religionists, Spiritualists and free thinkers, who are or have been politically prominent, are, as Cæsar's wife should have been—above suspicion.

To prevent the "rapid deterioration of public morals," it would seem that we need not less, but more of such men in public life; and were liberalists in religion *directly* represented in legislatures in proportion to their numbers—which is "proportional," or "minority representation," we should have them. On this basis we should soon see an *end* to frauds, of which, at present, we have only seen the *beginning*. Only the *outcrop* of these fraudulent strata is visible; superincumbent layers of party strategy, and official red tape hide the mass.

PERTINENT, NOT PERSONAL.

WE have recently been favored with a letter for publication, which reflects with exceeding severity upon one of the best advertised, and most active women of American. As the person referred to has been cursed into public notice, and persecuted into fame and present prosperity, THE PRESENT ERA cannot serve her enemies by denouncing her; and her friends do not seem aware that she needs more than her own voice, pen, and press for her defence.

For good or ill, the time to crush her, and suppress the agitation she exasperates, has gone by. And yet it is not evident that the short road to reform is by such a pre-Raphaelite exposure of personal faults, as shall photograph the secret social disorders of the age, and make of the columns of the press, an offensive picture gallery, or anatomical museum of moral deformities.

Not that THE PRESENT ERA would shun investigation, and radical reform; but that it avoids personalities, and chooses to effect the benefit of all, without infringing the freedom and happiness of any. We are pleased to record the progress of the science of anatomy, and have our plaudits for the physiologist who dares death at the *post mortem*, in the interest of human health; but dissections are not to be performed on the curb stone, nor can microscopic examinations *of fungi* be allowed in the middle of the street or at the breakfast table. Tis true as Mrs. Browning writes:

"That men of science, osteologists
And surgeons, beat some poets in respect
For nature,—count nought common or unclean,
Spend raptures upon perfect specimens
Of indurated veins, distorted joints,
Or beautiful new cases of curved spine."

But even they, are forbidden to practice vivisection—they may not torture and destroy a dog, thus to educate and save men.

Murder, may be done with the Scalpel, and criticism of persons, easily degenerates into unwarranted impertinence, and reprehensible scandalmongering; hence the fault of the letter we are asked to publish; and the same evil is exemplified in the abuse a sensational press has so long given the subject of it. The consequent reaction has begun, and the woman assailed, imprisoned and suppressed, is provided by her foes with the conspicuous *role* of a persecuted heroine, the champion of free speech, and a free press. THE PRESENT ERA will not repeat the blunders of those who supposed themselves guardians of society, and at the same time will avoid the faults charged upon the object of their disparagement, conscious that—

"O! wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel as ithers see us;
It wad from mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

THE IRISH UNIVERSITY.

IN Ireland there is an avowedly Protestant University, whose honors, offices and sympathies are all for Protestants alone. This is one of the many oppressions saddled upon the Catholic Irish, by their English fellow Christians. The University is supported by the whole people; but Catholics may merely study and pay within it. Of course they consider it a standing insult, and perpetual grievance. Another University affects to be impartial as to sects, but neither are much patronized by Catholics.

Premier Gladstone put forward a bill in Parliament on the night of the 11th of March, which, if passed, would have completely secularized the Irish University, giving of course equal rights and opportunities to all. This was defeated by the "Conservatives" and the Catholics. John Bright, and Jacob Bright his brother; the Scotch and Welch members, with the Marquis of Lorne, son-in-law of the Queen, supported the bill, with Gladstone and the Liberals.

Under such circumstances Gladstone resigns, and yet a new government could not be formed. All this was brought about, by the obstinate determination of the Catholics, to secure the incorporation and establishment by government of a Catholic University, on the same impolitic sectarian basis as the abominable institution now left unreformed. Gladstone is glad to get out of office after his forty years of public life, and he has been beaten as a statesman should be—if at all—on a reform measure, which was unsuccessful only because it conflicted with the meanness of English bigotry, and the impracticable arrogance of Catholic sectarianism. To Americans the suggestion is forcible, that in every sense our schools supported by the public, be made utterly secular and unsectarian. *It is the only chance* for an intelligent citizenship, and those who oppose it, whatever their creed, are unwittingly perhaps, traitors to the spirit of Republican Democracy, and foes of human progress and civilization. Let us be warned in time, and by removing every reasonable pretext of oppression of conscience, prevent the possibility of such bitter absurdity, as seeks to thrust aside the humane statesmanlike proposal of Gladstone, and insists upon offsetting one crime against the law of religious freedom, by a fresh insult to the spirit of the present age.

AN UNCOUNTED HOST.—"There were plenty of these timid Christians in Christ's time, who died in the bondage of the Mosaic law, because they dared not be among the few to profess the faith in the "good news" he brought; plenty of Protestant's in Luther's glorious day, who died in the Romish Church because they had not the courage to welcome or own the light that had really penetrated their minds. If the Liberal Christians in America could be drawn to each other—could rise like one man at a given signal, and discover in what formidable numbers they exist, what a mass of intelligence, character, influence and worth they carry—they might achieve a momentous triumph in a twelvemonth."—*Bellows' tract on "Orthodoxy and Liberal Christianity."*

These remarks are still more applicable to Spiritualists, Free Religionists or Free Thinkers; add to these the Liberal Christians; have all of them represented in proportion to numbers, and the whole course of legislation would be changed; its main force would be directed to prevention instead of punishment, to growth instead of repression, to construction instead of destruction, to philanthrophy instead of party.

LOST AND FOUND.

AN ACROSTIC.

All treasures of the heart we count as lost—
Stolen by fate from our fond jealous keeping,
Have gained a life no more by this death crossed
Though we grieve on that "they in death are sleeping."
Our lost are found, in angel life supernal;
Nor can we miss their sweetest love eternal!

Such are the treasures stored for us in heaven,
Making our journey thither full of blessed peace.
In earthly loss, we see that better wealth increase,
There, those we mourn, our coming wait to greet;
Here, we leave those we soon above shall meet.

E. S. WHEELER.

Editorial Correspondence.

For the Present Era.

A WEEK IN ANNAPOLIS.

Continued.

IN 1699 this city was made the chief place and seat of justice for holding assemblies and provincial courts. The first State House was burned; and in 1704 an Act was passed by the General Assembly, making appropriations for a new building. This house was completed in 1706, and continued to be occupied for purposes of state until 1769, when it was demolished to make room for the edifice which now occupies the site. Seventy-five hundred pounds sterling were appropriated for this building, and it seems to have been well applied, for like the "deacon's one horse shay," it was built in such a wonderful "way," that it still remains intact, after more than a hundred years have rolled away.

GOV. WILLIAM PINCKNEY WHYTE,

the present incumbent, is a lineal descendant on his mother's side, of the illustrious Pinckney. He is a pleasant, genial gentleman, with an intellectual cast of countenance, and said to be eloquent in debate, and popular with the people. The Executive Room is on the second floor of the building and connected with the Armory. The room is large and airy, overlooking the lower portion of the city, and hung round with portraits of the early governors under the State authority. Back of the Speaker's desk is a full length portrait of Cecilius Calvert Baltimore. In a far corner is a full length portrait of Thomas H. Hicks, the governor of Maryland during the war. On the opposite of the building on the same floor, is the room of the Court of Appeals, with its committee rooms. These rooms are upholstered in green, and have a quiet, home-like air, favorable to meditation.

THE TREASURY,

is a low brick building enclosed in the State House Circle, on the eastern side. This building is venerable, as well as memorable, for having been at one time the legislative hall of the Provincial Government. In those days more unpretending structures held legislative bodies. It is fire-proof, contains the old colonial records, and is used as the land office. Many of the old land patents, away back to 1633 are here. Between it and another small brick building used by the State Comptroler is an old cannon, brought over by the first settlers under Lord Baltimore. It is a rude piece of mechanism compared with the finished field-pieces of to-day. This old State House with its surroundings, is full of interest. Built at a time when Annapolis rivaled any colonial capital; when she was the old shipping-port of the Chesapeake Bay; with a line of ships from the Old World entering her harbor; the residence of many wealthy English lords; the society which gathered here is said at one time to have rivaled in luxury and fashion even Paris herself. A French hair-dresser was then a man of importance; and a fair dame living here at that period was said to have hired one at a thousand crowns per year. Many elegant brick buildings were erected here before 1717. They were built in the English fashion, of imported bricks, and were so perfect in construction that many of them to this day show no signs of decay. Among these is the house formerly occupied by Governor Eden, now in possession of Denis Claude. The walls, the wood-carving, the plastering, are very perfect. Many of the window casings are of carved mahogany. Nearly all of these old dwellings have their peculiar history and their romance. The luxury and the fashion of the English nobility were imported here, and their impressions and their manners are still to some extent retained. As the State Capitol, the seat of the Continental Congress, the foster-mother of legal lore, and the home of distinguished men, Annapolis has an instructive and an interesting history.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH CIRCLE

a little way from the Capitol, is the site of the first church built in the place; and the money for its erection was procured by the levying of a tax on the planters of so much per. pound on tobacco. Although Maryland was originally settled by the Catholics under Queen Mary, and their numbers were fully equal to the Protestants, this sect seems not to have acquired much power and influence in the colony. Under the reign of Queen Anne they were forbidden from holding office in the

colony. Governor Sharpe, who had been reproved for encouraging Catholics, in a letter to the Lord Proprietary, Dec. 16, 1758, says: "By an Act of Assembly made May 1756, all land holders of the Romanish faith are obliged to pay by way of land tax, twice as much as the rest of your lordship's tenants who are Protestants." It did not pay well in those days to be a Catholic, as the perquisites of office, light taxes, and royal favor seem all to have been witheld.

QUEEN ANNE

presented the bell to this primitive church, which for so many years called the faithful descendants of St. Peter into its fold; and on its demolition to make way for the new one since erected, Queen Victoria was asked to have her name commemorated by a similar donation. She was not, however, able to see clearly the force of the compliment intended, and declined for want of means.

THE COURT HOUSE

opposite this church, celebrated for the eminent legal men whose eloquence has resounded through its walls has become recently a double object of interest as the place of the prolonged trial of Ellen G. Wharton, for a complication of crimes, and it seems now that her trial will be more than proportionately long to the crimes charged. There is a feeling in the community that she is guilty, but the evidence educed does not seem to substantiate the fact. For days and weeks, through two protracted trials, ever accompanied by her devoted daughter, she has sat in this little court-room, crowded with curious, and often unsympathizing spectators, and yet preserving ever the most perfect decorum, and a command of feeling that has never allowed a muscle to move under the most trying ordeal. Not once has she been betrayed into an indiscreet word, or a symptom of emotion. It is rumored that Miss Nellie Wharton will be married to a gentleman from Philadelphia, as soon as the painful trial is concluded, which now goes over to the May Term, when a new jury will be empanneled. One of the old jurors has died since the conclusion of the last trial, and another is seriously ill. Three others have had deaths in their families.

THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE,

is an elegant brick building, enclosed in a circle, contiguous to the State House Circle, and from this trio of circles the principal streets of Annapolis radiate. It has only served to do the honors and hospitalities of two governors as yet, and the present governor spends his winters in Baltimore. The old governmental mansion which has served for successive generations of governors, is now doing good service as the Naval Academy Library.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

delightfully situated on the Western Shore of the Severn River, is one of the oldest Collegiate Institutions in the country, having been founded in 1784, the year succeeding the signing of "The Treaty of Peace," between the United States and Great Britain. Its charter was granted by the Legislature of Maryland, through the exertions of such men as Most Rev. John Carroll, first Catholic archbishop of America, Charles Carroll, Samuel Chase, John Eager Howard, the Right Rev. Thomas John Claggett, Luther Martin, Benedict Calvert and others. Wm. Paca the then Governor of the Province, also favored the scheme. The sum of 1750 pounds was annually and forever thereafter given and granted as a donation by the public to the use of said College. So says the old Journal of Assemblies. The Legislature also granted four acres of land which has ever since been known as College Green. This piece of ground has an historic and military, as well as scholastic record. It was once in the possession of Gov. Eden, and he had commenced to build thereon an elegant brick residence. At the breaking out of the Revolution he took sides with the Tories and was obliged to flee the country. His property was confiscated, and the house commenced now forms the main College Building, the line of demarkation still being distinctly visible in the brick, where Gov. Eden ceased to build, and the College trustees began.

The three College buildings are large and commodious; and the grounds afford ample facilities for exercise; while the placid waters of the Severn furnish the delights of bathing. This ground formed the encampment for the French Army under La Fayette during the Revolution; for the American Army in the war of 1812; and for the Union Army during the late war. To the right of the buildings stands an old tulip tree, that was standing there in 1649, when the settlement of this country was first made. It is twelve feet in diameter at the base, and still symmetrical and hardy, although the storms of more than two centuries have passed over it; the fire has blackened it, and the axe of the soldier mutilated it.

By an act of assembly and also by the wish of the trustees, the funds of the famous "King William School," begun during the reign of William the Third in 1696, but not completed until Queen Anne's time; were transferred to St. John's College, and helped substantially to its establishment. After the lapse of years in 1806, the funds originally voted by the State were entirely withdrawn. In 1811, $1,000, per. year was granted. This was increased to three thousand dollars in 1832, on the condition that the Visitors and Governors should agree to accept it as the "full satisfaction of all legal or equitable claims which they might have or be supposed to have against the State." William Pinckney made an eloquent remonstrance against the passage of the act which withdrew the funds from St. John's College. In June 1868, the General Assembly by an act, restored the arrearages of the annuity of $3,000 which had been suspended during the war, and appropriated to the College annually for five years $12,000.

This College has now a full Professorship, one hundred and fifty students, and a library of 3,000 volumes. There have graduated from its walls many eminent and distinguished men. Among them Wm. Pinckney, the distinguished lawyer, statesman and diplomatist of Md., Hon. Reverdy Johnson, Md., Bishop Pinckney Md., Hon. John Paten, of N. C., Hon. J. Taloe Lomax, Va., Francis Key, author of "Star Spangled Banner," and many others. By virtue of the State annuity, six students from each Senatorial District in the State are educated free of charge for tuition, room rent, and use of text books. Two of this number are furnished, board, fuel, lights and washing, after a competitive examination, the appointment subject to the approval of the State Senator.

The day was drawing to a close as we strolled over the old College ground, recalling the reminiscences of our own College days; when the vesper bell called the students to prayers. Quietly we passed into the Chapel and sat down, still half dreaming of the past, but anxious once more to hear the College chant. To our surprise we were quietly but persistently invited out, and not only reminded of the customs of the East, but that we were a *Woman*.

THE NAVAL ACADEMY

Is beautifully situated on that precise point of land where the Severn River and the Chesapeake Bay meet and blend, formerly the site of old Ft. Severn. It is a child of the National Government, established by an act of Congress in 1845 during the Presidency of Jas. K. Polk, and while Geo. Bancroft was Secretary of the Navy. It is to this important branch of the Government, what West Point is to the army; a training school for the more complete preparation of naval officers for their duties than can otherwise be obtained. It is under the general control of the Secretary of the Navy, but more immediately that of the Superintendent, rear Admiral Worden; and the assistant Superintendent, Commander Henry L. Howison.

Formerly the boys were taken and trained entirely on ship board, but the course was found inadequate to produce the results desired. Now they are required to pass through four years of severe discipline; eight months in school and four at sea, of each year. They have 262 pupils, one being allowed from each congressional district one from the District of Columbia, and four from Japan, admitted by courtesy. About thirty three per cent. of those who enter graduate. There is one colored student. A strict record is kept of each day's recitations and deportment, and each student permitted to know from day to day his standing. It is supported by yearly appropriations from Congress.

Each midshipman, after passing his examination is enroled as an officer of the Navy on pay of $500, per year. From this fund his expenses are paid, and on his graduation the balance is paid over to him. Then as past midshipman, his salary is raised to $1000, per year.

Thus from the time of his matriculation into the Naval Academy, the young midshipman is provided with an adequate support, and an honorable calling for life; of which nothing but death insubordination, or incapacity can deprive him. The government undertakes to give him a superior education at the public expense, and in return, binds him to eight years of public service unless sooner discharged.

The fine grounds of the institution are surrounded by the Academy, the Chapel, the Library, the midshipmen's quarters, the gymnasium, and the dwellings of the officers. There is a fine model room in the institution, with miniature ships constructed with the most perfect exactness. Here all of the mysteries of the art of ship building are taught. We were shown a standard compass presented to the Institution by Prince Alexis, the adjustment of it is his Highness invention. The library of the Academy is a quiet nook formerly the residence of the Governor, well filled with choice literature, systematically arranged, and rare works of sculpture and art. Two practice ships the Constitution and Santee are by the shore, one for the practice of gunnery and the other for seamanship.

DISMISSED FOR FRENCHING.

Yesterday a fine looking midshipman from the South received walking papers for what is termed in naval parlance *frenching*, or going outside of the enclosure without permission. No permission is granted to students who have sixteen demerits standing against them. These demerits are given for the slightest offences, such as leaving a brush out of place, a tobacco pouch on the bed. The consequences are that when this restraint becomes too onerous, they escape over the wall to see friends outside. The breach of the rules is very common, but most of them are prudent enough not to be caught.

THE NATIONAL CEMETERY

containing three thousand soldiers graves is a half mile out of the city, on a pleasant rolling ground, bordered by a brook on one side; and neatly and tastefully laid out. The house and grounds are in good repair, and under the superintendance of a valiant veteran of the Mexican War, Bennett M. Reese. There is a lack of shade trees and flowers in the enclosure, which doubtless the Government will supply the coming summer. It is well to render beautiful these resting places of the dead, to pay public honor to the unknown graves.

If the public spirit of the past could again reanimate Annapolis, and her commerce and manufactures be revived, the promise of other days might be realized; and renewed prosperity awaken to new life her citizens.

MEASURING THE BABY.

We measured the riotous baby
Against the cottage wall;
A lily grew at the threshold,
And the boy was just as tall.
A royal tiger lily,
With spots of purple and gold,
And a heart like a jeweled chalice,
The fragrant dew to hold.

Without the blackbird whistled,
High up in the old roof trees,
And to and fro at the window
The red rose rocked her bees;
And the wee pink fists of baby
Were never for a moment still,
Snatching at shine and shadow
That danced at the lattice-sill.

Ah, me! in a darkened chamber,
With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like bitter rain,
We measured the baby to-day,
And the little bare feet that were dimpled
And sweet as a budding rose,
Lay side by side together
In the hush of a long repose.

Up from the dainty pillow,
White as the risen dawn,
A fair little face lie smiling
With the light of heaven thereon;
And the dear little hands, like rose leaves
Dropped from the rose, lay still,
Never to catch at the sunshine
That crept to the shrouded sill.

We measured the sleeping baby
With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
That awaited him below.
And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childless moan;
For to the height of the sinless angels
Our dear little one has grown.

Nature, Science and Art.

ARTS OF THE ANCIENTS.

THE Roman walls were built without mortar, and yet so nicely jointed that you could not get a penknife between them. One of the obelisks that were taken to France was worked upon by an engraver for three weeks, and after spoiling several cases of his best tools he could only engrave two lines. These facts would imply instruments superior to our own. If Champollion can be trusted, the Damascus blades of the crusading times cannot be rivaled. They could be bent double without breaking. Allusions to the cold-blast may be found in the Hindoo writings of seven hundred years ago, where it is said of a chieftain who had no sword, and waiting for one to be forged, grew so impatient that he seized it from the anvil, while yet hot, and rushed up a mountain side to join the fray, when the cold air tempered it before he met the foe. Fvery one who has read Sir Walter Scott's works, knows the description of a banquet-meeting between Richard Cœur de Lion and Saladin, where each tested the character of his weapon; Richard cut an iron bar at a blow, but Saladin severed a light cushion at a touch; and throwing up a kerchief so light that it floated away on the air, drew away his blade across it without any disturbance of its easy motion, dividing it in two pieces.

PRODUCTION OF PIG IRON.

PRESIDENT A. B. Stone, of Ohio, at a late meeting of the American Pig Iron Association delivered an address from which we condense the following valuable information: The total production of pig iron in the United States, during the year 1872, has not yet been entirely returned; but, from the data already at hand, it will not vary from 2,888,250 tons—an increase over the production of 1871 of twenty-five per cent. The total production of ore in the United States, for 1870, as stated by the census return, was 3,210,918 tons; and, in view of the increased development since, it is fair to reckon on an increase for 1872, of one hundred and fifty per cent., or 6,421,836 tons. The increase of blast-furnaces, for 1872, far surpasses that of any year of which we have any record. The total number of new furnaces built or begun in 1872 was one hundred and nine; and of those projected for 1873, which only includes those actually determined upon, was thirty-nine, giving an addition to the product of 1870 of 327,000 tons. A comparison of the exports from Great Brittain, for the year 1871 and 1872, shows a decrease of 42,248 tons. From a table of the various sources of consumption, we learn that the seventy thousand miles of railroads required, for their equipment, 12,250,000 tons, with an addition per annum. for repairs, of ten per cent., or 1,250,000 tons. Among the other sources of demand, we note, for gas and water-pipes, 190,000 tons; for stoves, 250,000 tons; for nuts, bolts, nails and tacks, 500,000 tons. As a noteworthy fact, illustrating the immense demand for only two of the most recent of improved machines, it is stated that the manufacturers of mowers and reapers alone consumed 33,000 tons, and those of sewing machines 20,000 tons. In the present connection we would notice the fact that, at a late meeting of the National Association of Iron Manufacturers at Philadelphia, Mr. Danks, the inventor of the improved puddling-furnace which bears his name, was presented to the members, and gave his experience with the iron-trade of England. He stated that, in spite of the efforts of interested parties, he had successfully introduced his furnace throughout England and Scotland; while in France Belgium, Austria, Sweden, and Norway, furnaces upon his system were being erected. At the conclusion of his remarks, Mr. Danks was elected an honorary member of the association, "in view of the eminent services rendered by him to the iron manufacturers of the United States, by his inventions and successful efforts in the line of mechanical puddling."

DO TORPID TOADS RESPIRE?

THERE is a belief, largely prevalent, that toads, under certain conditions, may and have lived for countless years without either food to eat or air to breathe. One of these "queer toads" was recently presented, by Mr. Cornwall, President of the Black Diamond Coal Mines, to the museum of the California Academy of Sciences. In presenting the case, the president stated that frequently, on former occasions, it had been reported that frogs or toads had been found hundreds of feet below the surface alive, but inquiry had failed to ever recover the *matrix* in which they were embedded; and, until such is found, scientific men must think either that they fell down the shaft (like poor Bowers, of Calaveras County), or else were placed in position with a purpose to mislead the finder. Regarding this particular frog, Mr. Cornwall stated that it was

found at a depth of two hundred and twenty-eight feet, and while the men were *picking*, not blasting, and that he had been unable to find the pieces from which it was taken. The circumstances attending this discovery are so suspicious that we would not have considered the subject worthy of notice, were it not that the subsequent debate elicited some interesting general facts from Dr. Dall, who called attention to some novel and apparently conclusive experiments where an English gentleman had tried how long a toad would live in this manner. A slab of stone was taken, and a number of holes cut in it, and in each of these was placed a toad, previously carefully washed and weighed. Then a glass was put over each hole, and fastened on with Portland cement. The slab was then buried in the garden, and not taken up for some time. On being finally examined, it was found that, where the cement was perfect, the toads were dead ; while those in the holes over which the cement was cracked were still alive. The slab was buried again, and not taken up for three years, when it was found that three of the toads were alive ; but, when the holes were examined, it turned out that the cement was cracked in each instance, and, perhaps, had let in some small insects, as one of the toads actually weighed more than when it was put in. Although these experiments would seem to settle the fact that the toad is not immortal—as to its body at least—yet we shall not be surprised to learn that some new unfortunate has been again unearthed, and made the theme of wonder-loving discourse or scientific thesis.

The experiment of thus enclosing a live and lively reptile, suddenly in a cemented chamber, differs much in its conditions and of course in results, from the slow process by which a torpid toad is incased in the stiffening, hardening, petrifying mass, where he is said to be found entombed long generations afterward. There exists a class of facts, of which reptilian capacity for long suspended animation is one, which suggest that science has as yet but an inkling of the nature of the vital principle. We confidentially expect, that through the growing investigation of the facts of Spiritualism, this inkling may be unfolded into knowledge.

HISTORICO SCIENTIFIC PARALLELS.—In the sixteenth century, the principal professor of philosophy in the University of Padua, refused to look through Galileo's telescope at the moon and planets. In the nineteenth century, one of the principal scientific men of England discourteously declined a courteous invitation from a committee of the London Dialectical Society, to be present at their investigations of the phenomena of modern Spiritualism, remarking that if genuine they would not interest him. The Paduan was too deeply immersed in Aristotelian metaphysics to bother himself about such trifling matters as astronomy. Huxley is too deeply immersed in the physical to care for that which lies at the basis of all phenomena—the soul of which phenomena are only the body. Prof. Henry is reported to have advised Dr. Hare, when commencing his investigations of Spiritualism, to drop the subject in view of its unpopularity. Posterity will place Henry and Huxley in the same category with the Paduan professor. "Free thinkers" so called, who indignantly repudiate the authority of great names in theology, but servilely bow to the same in science, have achieved not freedom but a change of masters. Cowardice and dishonesty are by no means confined to politicians and theologians.

"THE DAY OF GENESIS."—In a pamphlet entitled "More Criticisms on Darwin," Mr. Huxley brings to light some very important extracts from "A Treatise on the Work of the Six Days," by Father Suarez, a Jesuit, published in 1622. The father, it appears, has devoted two chapters to elucidate the significance of this word. He finally decides that the writer of Genesis meant that the word "day" should be taken in its natural sense, as "it is not probable that God, in inspiring Moses to write a history of creation which was to be believed by ordinary people, would have made him use language, the true meaning of which is hard to discover, and still harder to believe." And much more to the same effect. Yet geological, astronomical and other science clearly proves that creation has been going on for innumerable ages, is not, and never will be finished.

ART NOT LUXURY.—Sir Arthur Helps, replying recently to the arguments of those who ask how it was the decadence of a State had generally begun when art was at its best, maintained that the assertion implied was a total delusion. There was an enormous distinction between luxury and art. Nations had fallen, it might be, through luxury, but not through art. France had been pointed to; but while a few thousand persons were luxurious in Paris, the great body of the people are frugal and industrious, and in every way deserving of success. France has fallen, not from the rise and progress of art, but from mal-administration, mal-organization and mal-government.

Darwin wrote as he rode in his battered old "sulky," on scraps of paper with a pencil ; Rosseau composed among rocks; while Chateaubriand sat at a table methodically piled with paper of various sizes, which he scattered to the ground as soon as they were filled with writing, to be finally gathered up and arranged at the completion of each chapter.

Spiritual Phenomena.

SPIRITUAL WONDERS.

"THE CITY BY THE SEA."

THE Spirit-phenomena in and around the school house at Newburyport Mass., after exciting comment for sometime, have led to one result which will be regreted by all lovers of truth and justice. A sub-committee consisting of Rev. J. S. Spalding, Rev. Geo. D. Johnson, and Hon. Richard Plummer Postmaster, and a prominent business man, was appointed by the School Committee. A report was made by the two clergymen, ascribing the phenomena to "the dilapidated state of the building," and "a ledge underneath" "which conveyed sounds;" the scholars also were charged with making the phenomena.

This report the Hon. Mr. Plummer refused to sign, as the statements made in it and represented to be the evidence of persons examined, are directly contradictory to the testimony they gave before him. However the School Committee, apparently anxious to hide the facts and stop investigation regarding Spiritualism, having held a secret meeting accepted the report and dismissed the teacher, Miss Perkins, whom every one declares to have been entirely candid, and only to have seen that which many observed. We can but see in this the work of unfair malignant bigotry, quite too common when ecclesiastics hold secular power. Since the report of the committee, the manifestations have increased, and were so obvious that the teacher in affright fainted, and was taken home in a carriage. The school house is overrun by visitors, and the committee are at their wits end. Eleven of the "big boys in the school certify to the phenomena." Lucky for Whittier's "City by the Sea," these are modern times. Salem is in the same section, and even Newburyport has not been undisturbed by signs and wonders, as witnesseth the following from "Coffin's History of Newbury." pp. 131 and 132. The date of the events is 1679, near a century ago and similar things are now occurring in the famous school house. The records say:

"The testimony of William Morse, which saith together with his wife aged about sixty-six yeeres, that Thursday night being the twenty-seventh day of November, we heard a great noyes without, round the house of knocking the boerds of the house and, as we conceived, throwing of stones at the house, whereupon myselfe and wife lookt out and saw nobody, and the boy all this time with us, but we herd stones and sticks thrown at us that we were forced to retire into the house againe. Afterwards we went to bed and the boy with us, and then the like noyes was upon the roof o the house. The same night about midnight the doore being lockt when we went to bed, we heard a great hog in the house grunt and make a noyes, as we thought willing to gett out, and that we might not be disturbed in our sleep I rose to let him out, and I found a hog in the house and the doore unlockt. The doore was firmly lockt when we went to bed. The next morning a stick of links, hanging in the chimney, they were thrown out of their place, and we hanged them up againe and they were thrown downe againe and came into the fire. The next night following I had a great awle lying in the window, the which awle we saw fall downe out of the chimney into the ashes by the fire. After this I bid the boy put the same awle into the cupboard, which we saw done and the doore shut to. This same awle came presently downe the chimney againe in our sight, and I took it up myselfe. Againe the same night we saw a little Indian baskett, that was in the loft before, came downe the chimney againe, and I took the same baskett, put a peice of brick in it, and the baskett with the brick was gone, and came down againe the third time with the brick in it and went up again the fourth time and came downe againe without the brick, and the brick came downe a little after. The next day, being Saturday, stones, sticks and peices of bricks came downe, so that we could not quietly eat our breakfast, and sticks of fire also came downe at the same time. The same day in the afternoon my thread four times taken away and came downe the chimney againe; my leather taken away, came downe the chimney againe. My nailes being in the cover of a firkin taken away, came downe the chimney. The next day, being Sunday, many stones and sticks and peices of bricks came downe the chimneye. On Monday Mr. Richardson,—the minister,—and my brother being there, the frame of my cow house they saw firme. I sent my boy to skare the fowles from my hogs meet. He went to the cow house and it fell downe, my boy crying with the hurt of the fall. In the afternoone the potts hanging over the fire, did dash so vehemently one against the other we sett downe one that they might not dash to peices. I saw the andiron leep into the pott and dance, and leap out, and againe leap in and dance and leep out againe, and leep on a table and there abide, and my wife saw the andiron on the table. Also I saw the pott turn itselfe over and throw down all the water. Againe we saw a tray with wool leap up and downe and throw the wool out and saw nobody meddle with it. Againe a tub his hoop fly off, of itself, and the tub turn over and no body neere it. Againe the woolen wheele upside downe and stood upon its end and a spade sett on it. Stephen Greennleaf saw it and myselfe and wife. Againe my rope tooles fell downe on the ground before my boy could take them, being sent for them, and the same thing of nailes tumbled downe from the loft into the ground and nobody neere. Againe my wife and the boy making the bed, the chest did open and shutt, the bedclothes would not be made to ly on the bed but fly off againe.

Thomas Rogers and George Hardy, being at William Morse his house, affirme that the earth in the chimney corner moved and scattered on them, that Thomas Roges was hit somewhat, Hardy, with an iron ladle, as is supposed. Somewhat hitt William Morse a great blow, but it was so swift that they could not tell what it was, but looking downe after they heerd the noyes they saw a shoe.

Mr. Richardson, the minister, testifyeth that a board flew against his chaire and he heerd a noyes in another roome, which he supposed in all reeson to be diabolicell.

John Dole saw a large fire stick of candlewood to fall downe, a stone, a fire brand, and these things he saw not whence they came, till they fell down by him."

SPIRIT PHENOMENA CERTIFIED.

THE investigation of Spiritualism is now interesting an increased number of minds many of them of the most critical type. Despite all the incongruites of action and expression, either by mediums or speakers; regardless of the attacks made from time to time by opponents, the public are regarding with more intense attention than ever, the self evident facts and profound philosophy of this important subject. Neither is this quite natural state of things, the only manifestation which marks the temper of the time in this connection. There is not only attention and observation awarded to Spiritualism, but from a host of earnest and well cultured persons, searching critical analysis is brought to bear, and a genuine investigation goes forward.

The days and nights of gaping open mouthed credulity have gone by, and the era of charlatanism hurries to its close, as the white light of science is cast upon the phenomena which have been the marvel of millions.

Spiritualists themselves, as would be expected by those who knew their sincerity, are the most earnest, as they are the most capable in exposing any trace of fraud and imposition, in relation to the whole matter of their communication with spirits; indeed, the complaint is made that some of them, in their ignorance of the laws which govern the matter, have been cruelly unjust to the mediums who depend for their justification upon uncontrollable powers, acting in a manner concerning which we have little information, and subject to "conditions" whose imperative need is understood in every department of science and art. Much as injustice to any person or class of persons is to be deplored, it is better even that some of our mediumistic friends suffer from this mistaken zeal for a time, than that their whole cause be trailed in the mire of deception, and penny turning commercial misuse. Let any honest medium who may so suffer be encouraged; to be misunderstood is not singular in the world we inhabit, and in due time the vindication of their honesty must come, and their fair fame be made all the fairer before those they serve as the channels of spirit influences. With those who investigate, let fairness candor and justice characterize all action in the premises. Bigoted sneers and trifling laughs no longer satisfy inquirers, but deliberation, discrimination and truth, must govern every step, for a tremendous reality demands the attention of the age, and the aching hearts of waiting thousands will inspire the bitter scorn soon to be poured upon the heads of those cowards who would conciliate the conservatism of the past, by lying or superficial reports regarding the verites of the living present.

A consciousness of this, and of the importance of Spiritualists as an integral part of community, has so changed the tone of the press of late, that with many of the most influential journals there is little left to desire. No one asks for more than free hearing and candid discussion for Spiritualism, and this the press generally seems determined it shall have. Since the sad, and yet absurd exposure of Gordon at Apollo Hall, the New York *World* has given place to what purports to be a report of an extensive investigation carried out by seven gentlemen, who took into their consideration the claims of a number of mediums of New York. They claim to have proved Mansfield, Slade, Foster, Parker and others, to be guilty of frauds of the grossest nature, and that one of their number has become a successful student and proficient, in all the prestidigitation they have witnessed. The editor offsetts this sweeping charge and statement, by a courteous and qualifying editorial. His hints as to the possible crudeness of his correspondent's conclusions, are not needed by those who read the extended report made by these "seven wise men." Not only does their narrative seem inconsistent in a large degree, but with an utter innocence of the stern requirements of the spirit of truth seeking science, these gentlemen inform us in the outset that one of them was an enthusiastic Spiritualist, over credulous and sanguine; while the other six entered upon their labors, with the paramount motive to disprove the belief of their friends, and not utterly and alone to discover through an unprejudiced mind, the real and actual in the affair!

Naturally enough, they fell into the old practice of imposing upon mediums, with the comical idea of eliciting truth by creating the conditions of falsehood. Presupposing the general truth of Spiritualism, the result of self deception could be surely predicated.

The reporter of the Boston *Times* recently made a similar investigation in that city, but entered upon it in a very different spirit, and therefore has a different result to chronicle. He says:

"It is due to our readers, no less than to ourselves, to premise at the outset that the gentleman who was an eye-witness of what he narrates below is not a Spiritualist, and is not to be suspected, therefore, of any wish to bolster up the pretentions of Spiritualism, he having in fact but one duty to perform, that being to faithfully record in these columns, for the benefit of Spiritualists, and all in any way interested in the subject, what actually occurred at the Concord square seance, leaving the public to ascribe them to whatever causes or influences may to them seem most satisfactory."

The *seance* was at the house of Mrs. Hardy, No. 4 Concord Square, who was herself the medium upon that occasion. The rooms were brilliantly lighted, and the fullest opportunity given for observation. The varied phenomena of writing upon slates, the presentation of spirit hands etc., etc., long since grown familiar to the reading public, became manifest and were the vehicle of intelligent and pertinent test communications. All this is detailed by the reporter at length in the columns of the *Times*, but these astounding marvels were the simplicites of the evening. We give the words of the scribe as to his having seen

THE SPIRITS WRITE SHORTHAND.

"Now all the other mysteries of the evening culminated in one greater than either—the reporter, who is a writer of Pitmanic shorthand, desiring to put the bona fide character of the proceedings to a crucial test, requested to know if any spirits were present who could write shorthand. The slate was at that moment being held underneath the table by the medium on the one side and the doctor on the other. Instantly the noise, as of a person writing, was heard again, and on the slate being brought to the light, to the utter astonishment of all present, and to none more than the writer, a shorthand sign which he at once recognized as the proper phonetic sign for the word "many" appeared. Being still sceptical as to the possibility of a spirit communicating by phonography, the reporter asked for a whole sentence to be written. Again the slate was placed beneath the table, and when withdrawn a further surprise was experienced when he distinctly saw before him in accurate phonetic outlines the words, "Freely give the news."

Again the reporter recalled his scepticism for another raid upon the spiritual votaries of the dexter pen, and asked them if they would kindly write him a still longer communication. To this came two unintelligible signs, and, being pressed again for a further message in shorthand, there appeared upon the slate, in ordinary longhand, the words, "We prefer this way."

Equally wonderful was another phenomenon, in which it is affirmed

THE SPIRITS OPERATE ON GAS.

"The company then adjourned to a large room on the first floor and took seats. In the centre of this room is a large chandelier, having some seven or eight burners, all of which were lighted as we entered the room. No circle was formed, those present being seated at considerable distance from each other. In a room adjoining was another similar chandelier which was also lighted. The gas in the room down stairs which the party had just left was also burning. That was the position of affairs when Mrs. Hardy invoked the

spirit of "Aaron" saying, "Come, Aaron, put out the lights." Directly the lights in the chandelier of the room where the company were seated commenced to lower, until they were almost extinguished; then at the request of the medium, who said "Come, Aaron, don't put them right out," they burned up brightly again. Not a hand was applied to the stop-cocks of the chandelier, and no one was within a yard or more of the lights thus mysteriously manipulated. Again Mrs. Hardy called upon "Aaron" to extinguish the lights. Again the willing spirit responded, and the lights faded away, and, what was stranger still, one-half of the burners on the same chandelier remained burning whilst the others were going slowly out, burning as they reached the point of exhaustion with a peculiar blue light. All the other lights in the house remained burning as brightly as before.

It was about 10 o'clock when the singular gentleman who plays the role of the inspired Italian melodist broke in upon the proceedings with another poetic snatch, which, when he sang the interpretation, seemed to be—

"And so, dear friends, we leave you now,
For we have scenes above;
And may heaven's light guide you through
To higher worlds of love."

And then the meeting broke up, and so terminated the seance, which is in many ways remarkable, and which forcibly suggests the thought that there may be more mysteries in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

The witness in this case, is but one of thousands who have visited the house of Mrs. Hardy, and with equal satisfaction tested her capacity as a medium. As an impartial record of the developments of the age, THE PRESENT ERA cheerfully gives publicity to such testimony. Having only the interest of truth and science to serve, this journal will be equally free and open to candid criticism upon any topic, coming in respectful form from any quarter.

THE SUMMER MIDNIGHT.

THE following beautiful lines are said to have been written by a young lady in Washington, who was just fourteen years old at the time of their production. She was subject to rapt moods in which a mysterious intelligence was displayed, apparently far transcending her own normal capacity. While we are not prepared to authenticate this statement, the question can in no way diminish the obvious merits of the poem. "The Summer Midnight" closely resembles Campbell's "Hohenlinden," and the versification is scarcely less flowing and musical.—Ed.

THE breeze of night has sunk to rest
Upon the river's tranquil breast,
And every bird has sought her nest,
Where silent is her minstrelsy.

The queen of heaven is sailing high,
A pale bark on the azure sky,
And not a breath is heard to sigh,
So deep the soft tranquility.

Forgotten now the heat of day
That on the waving waters lay;
The noon of night her mantle gray
Spreads for the sun's high blazonry.

But, glittering in that mantle bright,
There gleams a line of silvery light,
As tremulous on the sea of night
It hovers sweet and playfully.

At peace the distant shallop rides;
Not as when dashing o'er her sides
The roaring bay's unruly tides
Were beating round her furiously!

But every sail is furled and still,
Silent the seaman's whistle shrill,
While dreamy slumbers seem to thrill
The waiting heart with ecstasy.

Stars of the many-spangled heaven,
Brightly this night your beams are given,
And proudly where your hosts are driven,
Ye rear your dazzling galaxy.

And, far and wide, a softer hue
Is spread across the plains of blue,
Where, in bright chorus, ever true,
Forever swells your harmony.

Oh! for some sadly dying note
Upon this silent hour to float,
Where from the bustling world remote
The lyre might wake its melody.

One feeble strain is all can swell
From my almost deserted shell
In mournful accents, yet to tell
That slumbers not its minstrelsy.

There is an hour of deep repose
That yet upon my eyes shall close,
When all that Nature dreads or knows
Shall burst upon me wondrously!

Oh! may I then awake forever,
My heart to rapture's high endeavor,
And as from earth's vain scenes I sever,
Be lost in immortality!

Miscellaneous Department.

JULLIEN AND THE YORKSHIRE MAN.

M. LOUIS GEORGE JULLIEN, who departed this life at Paris in 1860, was the prince of orchestral leaders. While engaged in extensive preparations for a grand musical tour through the civilized world, he was unexpectedly arrested and imprisoned by some of his old creditors. The sudden destruction of his plans, and the consequent disappointment and mortification, preyed upon his mind continually. His proud but excitable and yielding nature—painfully alive to every discord in the scale of being, and of his own fickle fortune—suddenly gave way. He had not completed his forty-eighth year, when his ambitious but too sensitive spirit bowed beneath the pressure of pecuniary difficulty, to recover its mortal equipoise no more. He attempted suicide as a sure means of escape from unrelenting creditors who demanded the pound of flesh. Jullien answered the imperative demand by the sacrifice of reason, and at last—through Nature's universal insolvent law—discharged his obligations, and found repose in death.

How many are left to write the philosophies of the world with empty pockets and stomachs, we may not know. But of this fact we have painful certification—Jullien added another to the list of names, of such as have been required to sing the songs of the people while their hearts were breaking. His brilliant but varied career, of alternate success and failure, closed abruptly and mournfully in a Lunatic Asylum!

While Jullien was in this country with his magnificent band—embracing more than one hundred instrumental performers, and several of the best soloists in the world—we attended some thirty of his grand concerts. Necessarily we became familiar with the whole troupe, but especially with the personal appearance and leading characteristics of the "Man with the faultless vest and gloves," whose mysterious baton seemed potent as a magician's wand. The subjoined story of the interview between the Yorkshire man and M. Jullien will doubtless interest our readers.

A PLEASANT STORY.

It was the middle of July, 1853, when all London was stirred by the grand ovation which had just come off in honor of the "Lion Concert Giver," that a tall, raw-boned man might have been seen walking down one of the narrow streets of that foggy metropolis, alternately humming to himself little snatches of melody, and stopping to gaze at the signs over the doors. Pretty soon he came to the music store of Craner, Beale & Chapple, and strode heavily in, the large nails in the bottom of his shoes making music "in that part of the town."

"Hallo, mun!" said he, in the broad Yorkshire dialect, to a tradesmna behind the counter, who was intently examining a new and beautiful engraving that was designed as a frontispiece to Jullien's last polka, "Con ye teall me if Measther Jullien's in?"

"No, he is not, sir. He left about half an hour since," said Mr. Chapple (for he was the one addressed); and as he replied, he raised his eyes from the design, and scanned the rough-looking person who stood before him. He was coarsely clad, a man of brawny limb, with a complexion of that peculiar ashy color, slightly begrimmed with coal, which indicated that he had toiled for years beyond the light and the warmth of the sun.

"Wull'ee be in again to-day?" inquired the Yorkshireman.

"No, he will not—not before to-morrow. Did you wish to see him?"

"Wull, ye'as, aw wood loike to," said he, hesitatingly. "They talk sommat about ees gooin' to America," he continued.

"Yes, he sails next week; but how does that interest you?" said Mr. Chapple, who began to be curious about the motive that could prompt such a rough-looking customer to see the man of immaculate white kids and irreproachable vest.

"I'd loike to ga over wi' um," was the reply.

"Like to go over to America with him? Pray, what good could you do him?" said Mr. Chapple, with an expression as near contempt as was consistent with good breeding.

"Wull, aw think aw cood do' um a good deal o' good," said he, with a knowing twinkle of the eye.

"How! You certainly do not look like a musician."

"Wull, as to looks, thot's nowther here nor there, but aw blow't ophicleide sum—they say whoam—betther thon ony mon in t' coonty."

"Ah, indeed! What's your business?"

"Aw works in the cooal moine."

"Yes; well, how much do you earn a week?"

"About saxteen shillin'. And then, too, aw belong to a brass bond, and we make summat by gi'en yan or two concerts a week."

"I think, sir, that Mr. Jullien has engaged all the help he wants, and will not require your services;" and the music publisher having satisfied his curiosity, turned away to his business, as if he had already spent too much time to little purpose.

The Yorkshireman awkwardly scratched his head, and stood for a moment, as if undecided what to do, but at length took a few steps toward the end of the counter, and peering over a pile of music, behind which Mr. Chapple had taken refuge, said to him:

"Perhaps ye moight jus loike to hear me play a bit. 'Gim ye'll gi' me on instrument, aw'll show ye what aw con do."

The request was so good-naturedly made, that Mr. Chapple could hardly refuse; so he led him up stairs, and gave him an old ophicleide, which, after a moment's inspection, he threw down, jocosely exclaiming.

"Gang awa' wi' yer owd brass! Coom, mun, gi'e us a good un."

Chapple obligingly complied. The Yorkshireman took the piece of shining metal in his huge hands that were hardened, cracked, and blackened with toil, and raising it to his lips, played a legato air with such a purity of tone and beauty of expression, that it was hard to tell which sentiment was strongest in the mind of the listener, surprise or delight. "But all this may be by rote," thought Mr. Chapple. "Here, let me hear you play that," said he, as he placed before him a new and very difficult solo for the ophicleide. The Yorkshireman glanced it once through, and astonished his listener by executing it with marvelous accuracy, capping the climax by improvising a florid and appropriate cadenza.

"Zounds!" said Chapple. "Monsieur Jullien *must* hear you. Call to-morrow noon, and he'll be here."

"Cod! ye thought aw didn't play ony, eh?" said the performer, as he strode out of the room, and he gave vent to a broad guffaw as he tramped down stairs.

The next day, at the appointed hour, Jullien, with his publisher and the Yorkshire ophicleidist was in the same upper room. Jullien, after hearing him play, was in ecstasies, which he endeavored to express in half a dozen languages.

"Bravo!" he shouted, rubbing his hands. "Capital! Mon Dieu, *c'est extraordinaire*. Mr. Chapple, engage him, and give him five pounds a week."

"Five pounds a week!" exclaimed Mr. Chapple; "why, he'll be glad to go for one quarter of the money."

"Never mind that," said Jullien, "never mind that—hire him, and give him five pounds ($25) a week. He's worth it!"

This same rawboned Yorkshireman is better clad now; his countenance wears a healthier hue, and, our word for it, you will hear no provincial brogue in the tones of his ophicleide.

HEADQUARTERS IN NEW YORK.

ESTABLISHED BY A. J. AND MARY F. DAVIS.

To Spiritualists and Liberalists generally. Greeting:

IT is with sincere pleasure that we apprise you that we have, after mature deliberation, concluded to establish in the city of New York, a depot for the sale of all standard works on Harmonial Philosophy, Spiritualism, Science, Medicine and General Reform, with special attention to books for the advancement of the Children's Progressive Lyceum. Our headquarters are pleasantly and conveniently located at No. 24 East Fourth street—only a short distance from Broadway on the west, and Bowery on the east—where we shall be most happy to welcome you and all other friends of progress, whenever you or they have occasion to visit the metropolis.

We have been for so many successive years away from public life, in the retirement of the home and the study, that we have lost sight of the name and post-office address of individuals, old friends and new, who take interest in the inspirations and spiritual ideas which are to-day stirring the great heart of the world. Therefore we beg leave to trespass upon your time and patience, and to ask of you the full name and address of persons within the circle of your acquaintance who would be likely to kindly receive from us our catalogue of Publications, or some special Announcements which we may from time to time wish to send them.

Hoping to hear from you at as early a day as possible, with a goodly list of names of persons friendly to our objects and principles, we subscribe ourselves cordially your friends,

A. J. AND M. F. DAVIS.

No. 24 East Fourth street, New York City.

LETTER FROM ALBANY.

ALBANY, N. Y., March 15th, '73.

THE morning light is indeed breaking. If any honest man doubts let him come to Albany. Let him walk among the corridors of the Delavan House. Let him listen to the statements of the *habitues* of that large and well-managed hotel. They will tell him that while the business of the establishment is still good, first-class, indeed, in all the respects that go to make up the desirables of elegance, comfort, conveniences, fine tables and prompt attentions, there are certain popularities that, for the nonce, at least are gone, whose places that once knew them now know them no more forever.

"He feels like one,
Who treads, alone,
Some banquet hall deserted."

Alas! for the palmy hotel days in Albany of Boss Tweed, and his hosts of *confreres!*

"They mind me of departed joys,
Departed never to return!"

Where, now, is the rotund form of the Boss? Where is the smooth face of the smiling Connelly? Where O, where is the gaunt man, with the white wash brush, and the plasterer's trowel? Where, also, is the waddling genius, with his endless bill for tassels, fringes, curtain loops, rep and damask? Gone! all gone.

"And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Left not a wreck behind."

For you must know that while Gotham was the point to be attacked, Albany was the *point d'appui* of these *chevaliers d'industrie*. It was in Albany these birds of a feather flocked together, and plucked up the sinews of war. The New York Common Council was well enough in its way; but for a big job, one worthy of his genius and pluck, give the Boss the Albany Senate, and he was perfectly "at home" complete "master of the situation."

But now what a change has come o'er the spirit of their dream! The Boss is in the capital of the great State of New York, as he thinks occasion requires, but the halls of state and revelry do not echo, as of yore, to his portly and lordly tread. The carcass is nearly all removed, and the hungry eagles fly screaming away. I say nearly all removed; because it would be the merest pretence to attempt to prove that all corruption, or temptation to legislative peculation, has fled from Albany. There are some stupendous swindles still on hand, covertly managed, adroitly manipulated, lobby-wise, and tavern-wise, and card-table-wise, and chamber-wise; but they are here, and all the while you may listen if you will, to the old song:

"Somebody's coming, nevertheless."

Like the swarm of flies that beset the old fox caught in the summer stream, the driving away of one hungry batch only gives room for a fresh one, hungrier still. This is no doubt true of Albany, as of every other Rialto where politicians "most do congregate." Still there is a change for the better. It is plain to see that the new class of public men is an improvement on the old one. *Laus Deo!*

This favorable change is seen among other things, in the proceedings of the State Commission for the revision of the Constitution. The commission, you are aware, is composed of gentlemen selected from all parts of the common-wealth, on account of their practical common-sense views of State affairs, embracing a fair representation of different professions. It certainly is a remarkable body, and entitled to a fair share of credit for the result of its labors. The two leading parties of the State are well represented, and the scales of administration appear to have been held with impartial hands.

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"——Money has a power above
The stars and fate!"

We have been astonished and amused to witness the action of this magnet on the locomotive powers of vast numbers. Youth leaps and runs with electric fire and speed; an impulse——deep and powerful—is felt, and Manhood in its strength is shaken. The infirmities of Age, like unwelcome visitors, are admonished to retire, and not obtrude themselves at unseasonable hours. Even Indolence exhibits a kind of galvanic action, when the millions are moved by this golden motor. It is impossible to determine the measure of this power. Looking at the busy scene, and analyzing the chief objects of human endeavor, one might almost fancy that the springs of action all ultimate in this source. What privations and dangers will not man encounter to obtain gold!

"It tempts him from the blandishments of home,
Mountains to climb and distant seas to roam."

This world of time, custom, circumstance and business, how does it baffle the power and arrest the behest of the gods, and overcome our own souls! Men are not themselves. Each is what some one would have him to be, though it must be conceded that in the great avenues of trade the separate individualities distinctly appear. There is a great struggle! Every one pulls in his own direction and battles on his own account. To the man of the laughing philosophy, it is a scene that affords infinite amusement. Nearly every man you meet seems to be striving to shoulder the great globe and run off with it on his back! But when one finds himself well under way, he discovers that all the rest sustain so close a relation to earth that he must necessarily carry them with him. How unfortunate! Now he resolves to pull harder and run faster, in the hope of shaking off all excrescences, for what business have others to hold on when we are in a hurry? He makes a desperate rush—stumbles—and falls! The world rolls over him. But what of that? Do not all bodies revolve? And why should not he take his turn with the rest? Blessed is that man who amid all this heaving and rolling, keeps on the upper side of things, for he shall not be found at the bottom. Ah, this is one of the beatitudes it falls not to our lot to enjoy. For some reason, we know not why—certainly not from any inherent inclination of our own—we are occasionally on the under side. When this happens we are always conscious of our position from the weight of the evidence.

It has been said, with more truth than poetry, that the love of money is the root of all evil. Evidently nothing has tended more to demoralize the race; to weaken the springs of virtuous action; to paralize the energies of republican liberty, and to extinguish the sacred fires of a pure and undefiled religion. Men with whom love and lust are synonymous; who coil like vile serpents in the couch of innocence; men who scoff at virtue except when they speak in public, and whose unbridled members are set on fire of hell, yet creep into the church to hide their villainies. These are they who tempt, with golden bribes, the young and thoughtless from the bright eden of earthly hope and joy. When starving virtue is driven from her poor abode to the market-place, they are there, but not to redeem and save. When the world is cold and dreary, and young innocence would clothe its shivering form and seek a refuge from the ruthless elements; when honor is to be sacrificed for bread, and virgin chastity sold to the highest bidder; then and there these saintly hypocrites are present to purchase the treasure, only that they may defile the casket and destroy the jewels.

We have a conspicuous illustration of Mammon worship in the selection of rich men to fill the places of honor and responsibility. When commerce folds her wings for a little season; when the wheel, the spindle and the hammer are arrested—the mill silent and the forge-fires extinguished—these favorites of Mammon buy their way to the world's proud places, and then summon the victims of their duplicity to celebrate a victory as fatal to public liberty as it is to private virtue. Even the veriest buffon or mountebank in society straightway becomes a great man, and a suitable leader and governor of the people, when once he is known to be rich. In the hour of trial, when virtue threatens to leave the national shrine deserted, and only lingers tremblingly around her waning altar-fires, the rich man walks into the highest place as though he belonged there; and on Freedom's sacred altar, fires of the bottomless pit are kindled, or kept alive by the excitement of unholy passions.

It is difficult to discover whether Mammon is most distinguished as a fire-kindler, or a fire extinguisher. He seems alike conspicuous in both these capacities. It is seldom indeed that the same agent is found to sustain relations so essentially dissimilar, and to perform functions so intrinsically diverse. Truly has Mammon become chief among the nation's gods; and while, in honor of the divinity, many flames are kindled which must consume the altars with the sacrifices, others, and more sacred fires, are quenched to be relighted no more at earthly shrines. Especially is this true when Mammon appears as a moral fire-annihilator, to put out the vestal fires of young innocence and truth, and to extinguish the last spark of virtue in the wandering and darkened soul. Who shall preserve and quicken those immortal fires that were fostered amid the darkness and peril, and storm of the olden time—the fires renewed and kept alive by saints, and seers, and martyred heroes in all ages. Will not Mammon quench all these with his annihilating breath? Even now he seeks the inner courts of a thousand temples—Christian temples—and perhaps rears a temple of his own, that he may pollute the sanctury with the sacrilegious presence and hypocrisy of his chosen ministers. When a corrupt priesthood stands sentry at the gates, it is not difficult for the lover of riches to 'enter the kingdom of heaven.' The blindest devotee of Mammon may purchase the keys of St. Peter, and secure to himself an abundant entrance.

That Mammon is worshiped is evident from the manner the rich man is treated whatever may be his character. He may be known to violate the most endearing and sacred relations; entering within the hallowed pale of the domestic circle to desecrate, by his adulterous purpose, the sanctuary of the heart and the home of its best affections. He may be the cruel spoiler of innocence—may spoil what he pleases and pay the cost—and yet the false world bows its brainless head as the rich man goes by; ladies of rank hang on his arm at the soiree and the opera, and the minister stoops gracefully to the vile rich man, and speaks eloquently of his public acts—but his secret iniquity cometh not with observation—while fashionable society places its infidel foot on the necks of his victims. When one bows at the glittering shrine he inclines to worship most obsequiously. He forgets the world—his friends—all—and to the deity renders undivided homage. Mammon, in the person of some proud millionaire, passes along the street, and the people bow very reverently. Christ, personated by his humblest and truest disciple, appears in the public highway, and he is reproached as a heretic or arrested as a vagrant. The world and the church follow after the Mammon worshiper. Even the *preacher*, whose duty it is to '*reprove and rebuke*' the rich man for his sins, feels the magnetism of his gold and is silent. But great is Mammon among the gods, and when he touches the lips of the orator, a new fire is kindled, and the gilded periods roll off sparkling from his tongue. When Mammon inspires the orator, there is a silvery crescendo in his every word, and the golden richness of his intonation thrills the people, as the orator speaks for the great man—the votary of Mammon—the rich man whose eyes 'stand out with fatness." Then the holy 'penury of Jesus' is despised and forgotten; and the people respond, Amen! and gold magnetizes the saints'; and they altogether,

"——to the chink of Mammon's box,
Give most rapacious heed."

We by no means entertain the thought that the aquisition of money is necessarily subversive of morals. Personally, we have no reason to quarrel with any class in society; nor would we foster an envious restlessness and fault-finding spirit. When the rich man leaves the eminences of worldly power and circumstance, and 'condescends to men of low estate,' he gives an evidence of his virtue that the poor may never have it in their power to furnish. Nor do we doubt that society has illustrious examples of such condescension and humanity. We only complain that wealth is worshiped and that gold is god. If men seek for wealth in legitimate channels, and as a means to some higher good, the pursuit is most honorable; but that man must be low and sordid, indeed, who labors for the mere pleasure of its possession. The chief secret involved in the accumulation of great treasures, though all unpracticed and unknown by many, is easily explained. In the acquisition of wealth, men study whole numbers; in its distribution, they work after the rule of decimal fractions. One would think that the great problem of life was to be solved and immortality secured by gold. If a man must be an idolator, are there not other and higher objects of adoration? Life—Beauty—Genius—Love—these, all have a measure of divinity in them. But the worship of *Mammon* is a species of idolatry so vile, that apostate angels must wonder and weep at such abasement.

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I believe Samuel did actually appear unto Saul, and that he was sent by the especial mercy of God, to warn the infatuated King of his approaching death.—*Adam Clarke.*

FUTURE GROWTH OF THE SOUL.

Among excellent arguments for the immortality of the soul there is one, drawn from its perpetual progress to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved on by others, though it seems to me to carry great weight. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? * * *

Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious beings for so mean and brief a purpose? Would he give us talents not to be exerted, capacities never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom that shines in all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing that the several generations which rise and disappear in quick succession are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity? There is not a more pleasing consideration in religion than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes toward the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine forever with new accessions of glory, that she will still be adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge, carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man.

Methinks this one consideration of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. The cherub that now appears as a god to a human soul, knows that a time will come when the soul shall be as perfect as he now is; nay, when she shall look down on that degree of perfection. It is true the higher nature still advances, and preserves his superiority, but he knows that how high soever the station may be of which he stands prepossessed, the inferior nature will mount up to it, and shine in the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our own souls where there are such hidden stores of perfection!—*Addison.*

GOD'S ANGELS.

How many times have we been strangely and unaccountably preserved in sudden and dangerous falls? And it is well if we did not impute that preservation to chance, or to our own wisdom or strength. Not so: God, perhaps, gave his angels charge over us, and in their hands they bore us up. Indeed men of the world will always impute such deliverances to accidents or second causes.

When a violent disease, supposed incurable, is totally and suddenly removed, it is by no means improbable that this is effected by the ministry of an angel. And perhaps it is to the same cause that a remedy is unaccountably suggested either to the sick person, or some one attending upon him, by which he is entirely cured.

It seems what are usually called divine dreams may be frequently ascribed to angels. We have a remarkable instance of this kind related by one who will hardly be called an enthusiast, for he was a heathen, a philosopher, and an emperor: I mean Marcus Antoninus. "In his meditations, he solemnly thanks God for revealing to him when he was at Cajeta, in a dream, what totally cured the bloody flux, which none of his physicians were able to heal." And why may we not suppose that God gave him this notice by the ministry of an angel?—*John Wesley.*

PRESENCE OF SPIRITS.

It appears to me no way contrary to reason to believe that the happy departed spirits see and know all they would wish, and are divinely permitted to know. In this, Mr. Wesley, (the founder of Methodism) is of the same mind, and that they *are* concerned for the dear fellow pilgrims whom they have left behind. I cannot but believe they are. Nor doth it seem contrary to reason to suppose a spirit in glory can turn its eye with as much ease, and look on any object below, as a mother can look through a window, and see the actions of her children in the court beneath it. If bodies have a language by which they can convey their thoughts to each other, though sometimes at a distance, have spirits no language, think you by which they can converse with our spirits, and by impressions on the mind, speak to us as easily as before they did by the tongue? And what can interrupt either the presence, communication, or sight of a spirit?

"Walls within walls no more its passage bar
Than unopposing space of liquid air."

Though it is allowed we may have communion with angels, various are the objections raised against the belief of our communion with that other part of the heavenly family—*the disembodied spirits of the just.* If there is joy throughout all the realms above, yea, "more joy over one sinner that repenteth than over the ninety and nine which went not astray," how evident it is to an impartial eye that the state of both the one and the other must be known there, together, with the progress of each individual! Have not spirits faculties suited to spirits, by which we may suppose they can as easily discern our soul as we could discern their body when they were in the same state as ourself? If "he maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire," cannot a spirit be with me in a moment, as easily as a stroke from an electrical machine can convey the fire for many miles in one moment, through thousands of bodies, if properly linked together?—*Mrs. Mary Fletcher (an early English Methodist).*

POWER OF SPIRITS.

The philosopher Tsang said: "Let there be a careful attention *to perform the funeral rites* to parents, and let them be followed when long gone *with the ceremonies of sacrifice;* then the virtue of the people will resume its proper excellence."

The Master said: "I consider my not being present at the sacrifice, as if I did not sacrifice."

He sacrificed *to the dead*, as if they were present. He sacrificed to the spirits, as if the spirits were present.

He said: "How vast the power of spirits! An ocean of invisible intelligences surround us everywhere. If you look for them you cannot see them. If you listen for them you cannot hear them. Identified with the substance of all things, they cannot be separated from it. They cause men to sanctify and purify their hearts. * * They are everywhere, above us, on the right, and on the left. Their coming cannot be calculated. How important we do not neglect them!"

Chapters from the Bible of the Ages.

HELEN'S STORY.

IT was with a throbbing heart that Helen Darrell took a little roll of manuscript in her hand, over which she had wept and dreamed and smiled with all the fond enthusiasm of a born genius, and walked up to the "Langham Hotel," where Miss Caroline Vane was staying.

Miss Vane was an authoress—thirty years of age, with high complexion, and snapping black eyes.

"Ah!" said Miss Vane graciously—she was sitting at a table with a handsome inkstand before her, a pile of books and papers gracefully scattered around, and a bouquet of flowers close by—"you are the teacher in the dear little rustic school-house near Hornsey, I remember—oh, dear, yes! I put that school-house in my last novel. I'll send you a copy when it's printed, if you like."

"Oh, thank you," said Helen, coloring and faltering. "But I have come to ask a very, very great favor of you, Miss Vane."

Helen's cheeks grew red as she hesitatingly produced her roll of manuscript.

"It is this," she faltered. "I—would you—I know it must seem presumptuous—but I have written a story, and—"

"Oh!" said Miss Vane. "Exactly. And you wish me to read it?"

"To read it," said Helen Darrell, "and, if possible, to assist me to some probable channel of publication."

"That's not so easy," said Miss Vane frigidly. "However, since you have brought it here, you may leave it. I will glance over it when I find time, and, if it seems suitable, send it to some periodical."

Helen Darell waited and waited, but no word came from the brilliant authoress at the hotel. But at length, one evening, she met her walking in the quiet Hornsey lanes, with a tall, handsome gentleman sauntering at her side.

"Miss Vane," she said breathlessly, while the color went and came fitfully in her cheeks. "Pray excuse me for interrupting you, but did you send that story?"

"Of course I did," said Caroline impatiently. "Didn't I promise you I would?"

"Yes, I know; but—was it published?"

"Respectfully declined," said Miss Vane, shrugging her shoulders. "I told you so."

Poor Helen shrank and paled as Miss Vane turned away; nor did she venture to ask any further questions. She merely turned away and glided into the leafy umbrage like a vanishing Dryad.

"A pretty face that," said the gentleman. "Who is she?"

"Oh, a little country *protege* of mine," said Caroline, with unblushing effrontery. "Now come on, or we shall be too late for the little cascade in the woods, Mr. Morton."

But Mr. Morton somehow seemed to have lost all his interest in cascades and woodland rambles. He declared himself tired out, melted with heat, tormented by gnats. Caroline Vane could not comprehend him at all.

* * * * * *

"Pardon me—but cannot I do something to help assuage this grief?"

Helen Darrel started up from the fallen tree, close to which she had been crouching, her tear-stained cheeks the color of scarlet, and her eyes shining like those of a startled deer, as she recognized the gentleman she had seen an hour ago with Caroline Vane.

Helen was young and heart-sick; Mr. Morton was gentle and kindly, and sympathetic, and in five minutes she had impulsively confessed all her troubles.

"I knew it was a silly story," she faltered, "but—"

"Are you quite sure of that?" playfully demanded Mr. Morton. "Perhaps I should be a better judge of that than yourself. Do you know that I belong to the fraternity of editors?"

"You, sir?'

He drew a magazine from his pocket.

"If you do not believe me, Miss Darrell, look at this."

And he pointed to the name "Edwin Ellery Morton" on the corner.

"Your friend, Miss Vane, writes for us," he said. "There is a story of hers in this month's number—a story that has created quite a sensation in reading circles. Look!"

The color vanished from Helen's cheek as she read in printed characters the name of the very story she herself had dreamed out in wooded solitudes and along the sunset glen.

"'The Pearl of Penrhyn!'" she gasped. "Oh, Mr. Morton, I wrote that! It is the story I gave her—the story she told me was declined!"

He looked intently at her, without speaking.

"Can you prove this?" he asked.

"I can show you the original manuscript in my possession at home."

When Miss Vane saw Mr. Morton next, he walked quietly up to her.

"That was an awkward mistake of yours, Miss Vane."

"What mistake?" Caroline asked, sweetly.

"The confounding Miss Darrell's very excellent manuscript with your own productions. You see, I know all. It was Helen Darrell, not yourself, that wrote 'The Pearl of Penrhyn.'"

And Caroline's deep blush spoke the confession her lips were unwilling to frame.

Miss Vane was a shallow, false-natured person, but her heart, what little there was of it, was given to Edwin Morton, and this sudden blighting of all her hopes was bitterness indeed. And she had to thank that pink-cheeked, dewy-eyed Helen Darrell for it all.

"I wish I never had seen her, or her trashy story," she sobbed, when left once more to her own reflections.

"You must write another story, Miss Darrell," said the editor. Helen wrote it; and about three months later Helen astonished her grandmother Darrell by telling her she was to be married to Edwin Morton.

"And all this comes o' story writin'," said the old lady meditatively.

But then all "contributors" are not beauties, and all editors are not young, good looking and unmarried.—*For Everybody.*

A ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

SOME sixteen years since, a young gentleman in New York city contrived for a while to pay his addresses to a beautiful young girl there, the daughter of a worthy but obstinate merchant, who was opposed to the young man's visiting his daughter. He persisted in his endeavors to win the young lady, and at last was forbidden to enter the old man's house.

Still the lovers contrived to meet occasionally afterward, and at the expiration of six weeks matters having been previously so arranged, the girl consented to marry the youth who loved her, and for whom he would at any time have periled his life, so deeply rooted was his affection for her. He did not seek her fortune, for he was in the enjoyment of a handsome salary as principal bookkeeper in an extensive jobbing house, and his prospects pecuniarily, were very fair. But the parent was obdurate and he was driven from the house.

As we have hinted, at the end of a few weeks they agreed to be married, and all the requisite arrangements were made; the evening was fixed upon, even the chaplain had been engaged, but on the morning of the day proposed secretly for the nuptials, the whole plan was discovered, and the match was broken off peremptorily, by the absolute authority of the parents.

Time passed on. The daughter was sent to a distant part of the country for a while, and the young man, disappointed and disheartened, left New York for the West.

Meanwhile, a person to suit the taste of the parents turned up—a man of considerable means, but old enough to be the young girl's father—and a match was arranged, after long persuasion, between Emma and this man, and she wedded him at last.

Three years subsequently the young man found himself in New England, where he settled and took a wife also, finding it not good to dwell alone; and some dozen years or so passed away, with their thousand-and-one changes of place, of circumstance, and of fortune. From the time of their separation, the original lovers had never met.

The young man became the father of three little ones, and then lost two of these, which bereavment was soon after followed by the death of his wife. Time flew by. He had been a widower some years, and his oldest daughter had got to be quite a miss. He had been fortunate in his business, and resided a few miles out of the city, in a sweet little cottage, unclouded by sorrow, for the day of his fortune had long since gone by; and he endeavored to be contented and happy-surrounded as he was by the comforts of life, and in the enjoyment of the society of his dear little daughter.

One day he was returning home in the afternoon, and upon entering the cars he found them all full. He sought a seat, and found one occupied by a lady, beside whom he sat down, and the cars moved out of the depot. As they emerged into the light, he suddenly turned to the lady, and exclaimed:

"Madam! Emma! Is this you?"

He didn't know exactly what he said, but it was a fact that he was on the seat with the girl to whom he was once engaged to be married, whom he really had loved, and whom he had never seen from the day of their cruel separation. A mutual explanation quickly succeeded. Our widowed friend ascertained that his former intended was on her way to the North, upon a visit to her friends; that she had been married nearly eleven years, had but one child living, and her husband had been dead over two years. He pointed to his pretty cottage as the cars passed on, but did not leave the train.

He proceeded forward, renewed his acquaintance, found the lady her own mistress, proposed to her again, for he believed her as lovely as ever, and won her sure, this time! And we record the fact with ordinary degree of pleasure, that within three weeks the lovers were actually united together in marriage, in the city of Boston.

THE KINGDOM OF HOME.

A TRUE home is a haven of rest—a kingdom where happiness, such as cannot be found outside of it, exists to soothe "the restless pulse of care." Unwritten episodes, expressive of the best and holiest emotions of the heart, transpire daily within the sacred precincts of the home circle where the curious eyes of the world have no right to intrude. Here, free from the cold formalities and chilling restraints of the "outside world," the indescribable charm, the softening tenderness and elevating influences of home-love have full play.

Need it be said that the most attractive homes are those where affection and trust and confidence between the various members are ever present? Hearts are thus knit closely together, and where elevating recreation combined with instruction is provided, the tastes and habits are directed in a channel at once healthful, and engaging, and which banish a longing for unhealthy excitements calculated to lure the young into untoward paths.

It is one of the first duties that a man owes to his family, as well as to society, to make his home as pleasant as circumstances will admit, for herein largely consists the influence for good or evil which he and his exert upon the community.

No person, however humble, is without an influence, and that influence should be upon the better side of human life. The example of many a poor man and woman—the lesson taught by their lives—is like apples of gold in pictures of silver, and the influence shed around them in life, and long after they have ceased to live in the flesh.

A sublime thought is that in a beautiful poem published in these columns not long ago—

> "And thus our lives go on and on
> Like ships unceasingly;
> Through morning's gold and shadows cold,
> That check time's varied sea.
> God grant that like the sweet ship bells
> The good that in my being dwells
> May echo after me."

Do you say that that is rose colored, and all very well in its way, but that it is not hard, practical every-day life? We do say that. It is always best to look aloft; to stand up bravely against the adversities and fight the battle of life like true soldiers. It requires the virtues of true moral courage and noble impulses. These are not altogether of spontaneous growth. They spring from the inner chambers of the heart where the good seed which mature them have been sown under the kindly and purifying influences of happy home life.

Does the autumnal night air blow chill, and the rain beat angrily against the panes? Bring in the lights; draw the curtains; shut out the world, and forget the cares of business. What if the wind whistles dismally without; there is warmth and content, and music within—the music of children's voices, as merry and as sweet as the tones of silver bells. Dark and cheerless it may be without, but there is a bright glad light within—the golden light of love in the kingdom of home.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.—As the through train from Providence for Worcester was about leaving the other day, some one called out at the doors, "Pawtucket and Valley Falls passengers take the forward car on the other track." There were some sixty passengers on the train to whom the call seemed applicable, all of whom very innocently passed to the other car, as requested, supposing it was to be attached to the train. The point of the joke was perceptible when the train had gone, and the credulous victims found themselves obliged to wait in the station for one hour.

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ALCOHOL A POISON.

DR. WILLARD PARKER BEFORE THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

A CONFERENCE of the National Temperance Society was recently held in this city to consider the best means of suppressing the use of alcohol. Mr. A. M. Powell, in the absence of the President, occupied the chair, and in calling the Convention to order said no one could fail to see that there was some fault somewhere in the working of the institution, and that something must be done to stop the great suffering of humanity from the use of strong drink. The Society noticed, notwithstanding all their efforts, that some wiser plan must be taken to stop the use of alcohol. The people must be taught that in using alcohol they were administering to their ruin by one of the most powerful poisons. Hundreds and thousands of people were hourly using the beverage, believing that in it there was a great amount of nourishment most beneficial to the human frame. Under this delusion they suffer bodily and morally the greatest of injury. On the other side of the Atlantic the injury was as bad as here, but the physicians of London have been aroused to a sense of duty, and an enquiry was being made as to the deadly effects of alcohol as used in whiskey, brandy, and wine.

Dr. Willard Parker was then introduced to the meeting, and said:

It is now about eight years since I have had my attention directed to this subject of temperance. It is now more than half a century since the temperance cause originated, and since then a great amount of talent has been expended to determine the effects which the body receives from the use of alcohol. For the last year there has been as much drunkenness as there has ever been in this country before, notwithstanding the existence of the great societies. I was for many years connected with the care of inebriates, and paid particular attention to the character of those in my charge and I have arrived at the conclusion that drunkenness is a disease. A man so affected cannot control his appetite, and must have drink regularly, and will have it at all hazards. A healthy man can refrain from drinking, but a diseased man cannot; and these men so addicted readily admit that. Men suffering from the disease have been cured, and they will with tears in their eyes promise to abstain, yet on passing a liquor store they cannot help themselves, and will go in and have their whiskey. Now the question arises what can be done? How shall we go to work? The Society has been all the time trying to show what the use of alcohol makes us do, and many will reply it makes them feel good, and some will say it makes them crazy, drives them to desperation and to fight. Now let us drop that mode, and ask what does alcohol do to me, and not what it makes me do. That is the great starting point. We have to teach the people what alcohol does to them, and how it acts on them. It is as poisonous as arsenic or belladonna, and produces its deadly effect on those who use it; but then it is used in an adulterated state. There are, however, a few old friends who will stick up for it and say it is a good stimulant, prevents wasting of the body and stimulates the system; it banks up the fire within. Yes, for the time being, terminating as an extinguisher. I tell you all to take up the subject and consider with the best scientific men; but no doubt many of them will look upon it as beneficial as food. At Binghamton we had 360 drunkards from whiskey in 1871, and on their recovery they stated that they were of the opinion that whiskey was food and that was the reason why they used it. Whiskey is a poison, but some believe and have the idea if we can get pure spirits that is all right, but that is a mistake. Alcohol is poison, and the purer it is the more deadly is it in its effects, and if I was going to partake of it I would prefer that which is adulterated. Then, again, there is an idea that the older the spirit is the better; that is quite right, for from age the alcohol has evaporated, leaving more water behind. With regard to ales and beer it is believed that they are harmless, but with the presence of alcohol there is always danger. Those who partake of it become drowsy, and those who drink wines become stupid. In lager beer there is 3 or 4 per cent. of alcohol, in ale 7 or 8 per cent.; wine contains 23, gin 51 per cent., and brandy 53 per cent. of the poison present. Why do we use them? Alcohol is not found in the human system, and therefore it is not used as a repairer. St. Paul tells Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake, and so we see that poisons used moderately correct evils. But then, when you exceed and take it in poisonous doses you feel the face flushed, caused by the increased action of the heart; and that is the time to stop, for it is at that period that it shows itself to be poison. If all people would stop at that there would be very little harm done. I hope that some action will be taken by the Legislature, for it really deserves as much attention as any other disease, such as those which threaten at Quarantine every year. It is exceedingly gratifying to know that at the late inauguration liquors had been abandoned and temperance beverages instituted, and it looked well to see the President of the country commencing in this way.

At the conclusion of the address, the following resolutions were adopted;

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this Conference that total abstinence from all alcoholic liquors as a beverage is consistent with and conducive to the highest degree of physical and mental health and vigor.

Resolved, That we regard alcohol, whether in the form of distilled spirits, brandy, whiskey, wine, beer, or cider, pure or adulterated, as an essential poison; that it should be classified with other poisonous drugs, and like those be employed only for medicinal purposes.

Resolved, That we deprecate and denounce the traffic in so-called patent medicines in which alcohol is a large ingredient, as tending to injure the public health and to the increase of intemperance.

Resolved, That we earnestly entreat the members of the medical profession, as the especial guardians of the public health, to preach by example and precept the lesson of total abstinence from all alcoholic stimulants as a beverage, and thus to promote the true and permanent temperance reformation.

The meeting then adjourned.

THE PRESENT ERA.

THE convenient form, and neat typographical appearance of THE PRESENT ERA; the character of its editorials, as well as the quality of its contributed matter and carefully selected reprints, will we hope commend the paper to the liberal and cultivated friends of progress. We propose to make each succeeding number better than its predecessor. In our next we shall give a description and an illustrative view of an interesting locality in Central Park of this city. It is our purpose to issue as often as semi-monthly an illustrated number. We are making efforts to obtain correct portraits of the most noted advocates of religious, social and political reform. No effort shall be wanted on our part to make THE PRESENT ERA a welcome guest in every household. Our usefulness and the intrinsic value of our journal, must to a certain extent depend upon the patronage we receive.

The present number fully indicates the character of our paper and its course in the future. If it merits the approbation of the reader, we ask for a material manifestation to that effect, by remitting the annual subscription price, and by calling the attention of others to its claims. Subjects of the greatest importance are to be considered and decided by the American people within the next decade. In this great centre of commercial and political activities, an organ is needed that shall represent the most advanced intelligent radical thought. Such we propose to make THE PRESENT ERA. Subscribers should make known their choice of the Chromos, otherwise none will be sent.

THE TWENTY FIFTH ANNIVERSARY was appropriately celebrated by the Apollo Hall Society of Spiritualists of this city. In our next number we shall give a full account of the proceedings and the addresses made by Andrew Jackson Davis, Prof. Brittan, and others as taken by our own Phonographic Reporter.

THIS NUMBER we date one week in advance for the purpose of giving our friends and canvassing agents an opportunity to respond in the way of subscriptions. After that time our issues will be regular on Wednesday of each week. As a rule we shall hereafter send only to those who pay us in advance. The exceptional cases will be, where we know the parties, and to those who write us promising an early remittance.

THE INTERNATIONALS ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—In the Federal Council of the I. W. A., Section 9, Sunday, March 16, at 120 Spring street, New York city, the Committee on Capital Punishment reported that they were opposed to it on the ground that it never effected its object: that the leaving of the power of life and death in the hands of any individual was a relic of the old feudal and barbarous ages. This is not the only good idea in the creed of this all-embracing association. The idea of universal peace, is fitly complimented by that of cosmopolitan humanity and the sacredness of human life. Only believers in doctrines of "total depravity," and angry gods with brimstone hells, will wish to hang any murderer even, when it once demonstrates that executions exert no conservative influence. The idea of revenge is the murderer's thought, and punishment which is neither restraining or reformatory, is a blunder and crime.

PERSONAL.

REV. T. B. FORBUSH of Cleveland Ohio, Pastor of the Unitarian Society meeting at Case Hall in that city; is a courteous and refined gentleman of rare gifts. Among these, the uncommon ones of good sense and courage have a conspicuous place. His audience includes many of the most intelligent citizens, Spiritualists being numerous. Of late, Mr. Forbush, has preached a vigorous protest against the arrogant "Lenten Pastoral" of Bishop Gillmour of Ohio. The Bishop as Roman Catholic official, demands absolute possession of all church property in his diocese; asserting also that "Nationalites must be made subordinate to religion" (*i. e.*, the Roman Church) "we must learn we are Catholics first, citizens next * * * God is above man, the church above the state" and incites all Catholics to insist by votes that every school be made a Catholic institution, or be destroyed, &c. &c. &c. Mr. Forbush compliments the Bishop on his candor but resents his teaching as dangerous to liberty and progress. He urges jealous care of secular schools, and the taxation of Ecclesiastical property while no church is to be allowed political favor. We cheerfully support Mr. Forbush in his defence of the skirmish line of freedom, anticipating no serious danger to the cause of progress from jesuitical fossils, while such sentinels as he sound the bugle-note of alarm so near the standard.

HORACE SEAVER—Veteran editor of *The Boston Investigator* is *not* a Spiritualist. He calls himself a Materialist and his Christian neighbors dub him an Infidel. "A rose by any name would smell as sweet" and Brother Seaver is a rose though growing as some think on a thorny stem. He often sheds the perfume of reason from his cluster of blooming ideas in the halls of liberal debate as at "Hospitalier" in Boston. Frequently too he presents himself upon the platform of Spiritualist Societies as at Salem Mass., the 23d of March, and is an ever welcome exponent of the gospel of doubt and denial the forerunners of discovery. Contrary to his expectations, we are persuaded we shall meet Horace in heaven and sing with him—any tune we know in common.

B. F. UNDERWOOD, needs converting if there is any great truth or good in Christianity which he steadfastly denies; and moreover ever goeth about eloquently making his denial public. The last we heard of him he was in Pittsburg Pa., before "The Radical Society" debating "The Influence of Christianity, on Civilization." The Pittsburg *Daily Leader* of Monday, March 3d, says: "Mr. Underwood is generally accepted as the foremost American exponent of the views of the rationalists of to-day, and naturally the greatest interest was felt in his discourse. It is said that he will speak here again in a short time upon similar topics."

MRS. M. E. B. SAWYER who is recommended to us by good judges in the East, as a good speaker upon Spiritualism, and its cognate reforms, desires to make engagements in New Jersey and Pennsylvania until June first; Mrs. Sawyer will act as an Agent of THE PRESENT ERA, and as such we bespeak for her the attention and favor of the public. She may be addressed at this office.

MOSES HULL has just published a report of one of his frequent debates with the clergy, in which he generally gets the best of the argument. He has been in Boston this Winter getting out his books, and lecturing successfully in New England.

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The Present Era.

I heard a great Voice saying, Go up higher.

Vol. I. NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1873. No. 1.

THE GALLOWS MOLOCH.

REVIEW OF THE CASE OF WILLIAM FOSTER.

BY S. B. BRITTAN, M. D.

THE Gallows still stands as one of the expressive symbols of a vindictive theology and a semi-barbarous law. Its cold, accursed shadow falls on all the land—on the Church and State; on sympathetic human hearts, on the faces of little children that lisp, with tremulous voices, the names of its victims, and on the souls of unborn babes, to blight and blacken human nature. Its hideous image and its frightful work; its bloody record of the law's mistakes; its long lines of innocent victims and of creatures morally deformed—all grim and ghastly in their gory habiliments; the infamy that falls on desolate homes and blasts the hopes of families—all present to the living only sad and sickening scenes of tragic interest, and to the future a foul inheritance of blasted hopes and bitter memories.

We propose to discuss the law for the punishment of capital offenses on its principles, and in the light of the common experience of mankind, but not now. In the present instance we shall briefly review the case of William Foster, the last victim—in this State—of a statute that at once dishonors humanity and disfigures the civilization of the Nineteenth Century. Foster's crime did not answer to the legal description of murder in the first degree; hence, therefore, it did not call for the infliction of the Death Penalty. An important provision of that law excepts such cases—as his own is shown to be by any fair construction of the facts and evidence. There was neither that complete absence of mitigating circumstances, nor the proofs of such premeditation, on the part of the criminal, as are required by the terms of the statute to describe the greatest degree of criminality recognized by the law.

The principals in this tragedy were total strangers. Fifteen minutes before the commission of the fatal deed, Foster and his victim had no knowledge of each other; and, of necessity, up to that hour the former could have entertained no fell design. The homicide resulted from an angry altercation, commenced by Mr. Putnam, but not without strong provocation in the improper conduct of Foster, who, at the time, was under the influence of stimulants. We will here introduce the legal provisions applicable to the case, as the law was defined by the Court on the occasion of the trial.

"Before the jury can convict the prisoner of murder in the first degree they must find from the evidence that the prisoner had a specific, premeditated design to effect the death of the deceased; that they must be able to say, beyond a reasonable doubt, that such was his specific design."

"If the jury find that the prisoner, when he struck deceased, intended to inflict bodily harm upon deceased only, the death resulting from such assault does not amount in law to murder in the first degree."

"If the jury have a reasonable doubt, derived from all the evidence, as to what intent the prisoner had in assaulting deceased, they are bound to give the prisoner the benefit of that doubt and find the lesser intent."

"To make out in this instance a case of murder in the first degree one kind of malice is essential, viz., a premeditated design to effect death; no other species or quality of malice is sufficient, and this malice must be proved, affirmatively, to have existed to the satisfaction of the jury beyond a reasonable doubt."

"Whatever the intention of Foster in assaulting Putnam may have been, if it was not a premeditated design to take Putnam's life, it matters not how long the intention had been entertained, it does not constitute murder in the first degree."

"The fact that the prisoner came forward voluntarily, and gave his name as that of the unknown man who made the assault, is one proper for the jury to consider, as bearing upon the question whether he had any intention to make a fatal assault."

In the absence of any explanation we should be at a total loss to account for the verdict of the jury, which appears to admit of no reconciliation with the points of law, so clearly and emphatically stated by the presiding Judge. Moreover, it seems to us that the letter of Hon. Edwards Pierrepont to the Governor, presents the legal aspects of the case with sufficient clearness and force, to satisfy any humane and intelligent man that even admitting the justice of Capital punishment *per se*—Foster's case was not one [illegible] In the following paragraph the Judge explains the illusive theory and circumstances under which the jury finally united upon a verdict which at once antagonizes the provisions of the law, defeats the purposes of justice, and violates their own convictions.

By our statute the crime of murder in the first degree is *punishable with death.*

The crime of murder in the second degree may be expiated *by suffering imprisonment for ten years.*

The jury were well aware of this law. They did not believe that Foster had "premeditated designs to effect the death" of Mr. Putnam; they feared that if found guilty of murder in the second degree Foster would be pardoned after a short imprisonment and the ends of justice defeated; and they were assured and believed that if the prisoner were found guilty of murder in the first degree the sentence of death would be commuted to imprisonment for life *if a recommendation to mercy accompanied their verdict.* Upon this theory they agreed upon their verdict, and, without such understanding, it is entirely clear that a verdict *of guilty of murder in the first degree could not have been obtained.* The jury believed that a verdict of murder in the second degree would bring a punishment quite too light for the crime committed. They knew that a verdict of murder in the first degree, which involved a finding of "a premeditated design to effect the death" of Mr. Putnam, was not in accordance with their view of the facts in the case at all. But under the belief, and a lawyer's assurance, that a recommendation to mercy accompanying their verdict in the first degree would necessarily result in imprisonment for life they rendered the verdict which stands recorded.

All doubt upon this question is now removed by the affidavits and statements of the jurors.

Samuel Dowding, Robert Usher Jr, George K. Chase, Walter H. Bartlett, and perhaps other members of the jury, have solemnly declared, that they did not at the time of the trial, and that they do not now, believe that Foster designed to take the life of Putnam; and further, that they never would have rendered the verdict they did had they not been misled into the belief that the recommendation to mercy would save his life, by securing Executive interposition in the commutation of his sentence. In this erroneous conviction the jury was confirmed by the opinion of Mr. Rogers, one of their number, who is also a member of the legal profession.

If, then, the verdict was the result of a blunder, the sad consequences of which should, and *might have been averted*; if Foster's crime was not murder in the first degree, and hence did not demand his execution, it is easy to see that, in any just view of the case, the State has committed a deliberate murder. The jury was deceived, and should have been permitted to correct its error; and the Governor assumed a fearful responsibility in taking the life of a fellow-being whose conviction was not based on the facts and the law, but on a *technical mistake.*

"Quirks and quibbles have no place in the search after truth."

but they seem to have had a large place and a most fatal influence in the final adjudication of the case under review. Such illustrations of Roman virtue and judicial blindness may serve to awaken public apprehension. General Dix may be just the man to deal with the armed enemies of his country, and to subdue an undisciplined and mutinous [illegible]——we believe he is——but his [illegible] position of the Foster case goes very far to unsettle our faith in [illegible] magistrate. The execution of William Foster is likely to arouse a deep feeling of hostility against the sanguinary spirit of our criminal code. If his case shall lead to a modification of the law, in the common interest of humanity, he will still have suffered unjustly, but not in vain. The State will continue to demand its bloody sacrifices; the destructive passions will disfigure our criminal legislation and the administration of justice so long as thousands are permitted to grow up in ignorance. This is the one prolific source of the manifest evils of our civilization. This ignorance is not confined to the lowest classes. It often assumes an air of great respectability is well dressed, has a seat at the opera, and goes to Church. With such people the letter of a law, however antiquated, is often greater than the living spirit of the age; old customs and traditions are something better than the truth and man; imperfect institutions—rising out of the dark ages—tower above humanity and God; and the disposition of some people to run in an old groove, and have their own way, admits of no rational restraints. We shall be glad to know that the higher interests of the State have not fallen into such hands. It yet remains for the people hereafter to decide whether they will have Moses with his *lex talionis*, in the gubernatorial chair; or, in his stead, a more compassionate ruler——endowed with an intelligent perception of the degrees of personal criminality and responsibility——and invested with the diviner graces of an enlightened and humane Chief Magistrate.

We did not learn that Foster made any religious professions before his death; but the good Dr. Tyng labored earnestly with him to the last; and pious prayers were offered in the cell and on the scaffold; which, however, seem to have been interrupted by the apprehension—on the part of the sheriff—that he must hasten his horrible work, or Providence might possibly deprive the State of the privilege of staining its hands in the blood of its helpless victim. We copy from the *Evening Post's* report of the execution:

"While standing beneath the gallows, Foster grew rapidly worse, swayed to and fro like a drunken man, and Mr. Brennan, fearing that he would either die or faint, stopped the religious services and gave the signal to the hangman."

And so the sheriff very unceremoniously choked off the ministers of the religion of him who "came not to destroy men's lives;" and then he proceeded, in hot haste, to strangle the trembling object of their prayers. What a heterogeneous association of venerable forms, priestly robes, and the offices of religion, on the one hand; and, on the other, the manacles of steel, the black cap, the fatal trap, the hangman and all the infernal implements of the law! Grim, ghastly, and horrible spectacle! What deep and shameless hypocrisy to be on our knees petitioning God to save the poor wretch we have determined to destroy! This, alas! is an incongruous and mournful exhibition—the prayer-book and the halter; this clumsy machine for breaking necks; this miserable caricature of the religion of Jesus; and that pulseless form of the divine image, obscured by sin and venous congestion—dangling up there between heaven and earth, with face of orange hue, and eyeballs starting from their sockets! Oh, this is terrible! Verily, this must be the try with a strong cast. The inexorable ministers of the law say that justice is satisfied now, and the saints—

"They wait to hear the priest declare,
The sinner of last even',
To-day a saint, unfit for Earth,
Is good enough for Heaven."

For The Present Era.

ONE OF LIFES PICTURES.

BY MRS. SARAH E. HOWE.

A MAIDEN stands at the window-pane watching the whirling storm,
A matron sits in her easy chair where the light falls soft and warm,
Her hands rest idly on the work which has fallen to her knee,
Thus musing sat, while memory's door unlocked with a magic key.
She treads upon enchanted ground, shall we follow with footstep slow,
Adown the silent path that leads to the realm of "the long ago?"
She pauses not in the dusty track of the later sadder years,
O'er fair sweet flowers that exhale the fragrance of her tears!
She seeks a bower where the emerald turf is hung with gems of dew,
A trysting place where trusting hearts believe all things are true,
Where bright young eyes can only trace gay prophecies of time,
With ne'er a dream of the solemn march of destiny sublime—
Nor guessing half the heavy tasks, Fate set for her to do,
For Love's sun warmed her morning sky, and hope-stars lit night's blue.
Ah! she hath neared that sweeter time, which knew no doubt or pain,
Who would not give the half their days, for that one brief hour again?)
An instant sense as if a gulf had yawned 'twixt life and her,
Obscures the picture—yet her *soul* knelt there a worshipper.
A sudden shock, the pain of loss darkens the vision fair;
Unconsciously her dreaming thought, "built castles in the air"—
Like the fancy, so the fact had vanished in sombre hue,
For it was built on human hope, and like it proved untrue.
With patient steps she hastened back to where her duties lay,
And ruined castles were round her feet the weary toilsome way.
She looked not back the dusty track, her idols all were broken,
But came she into clearer light, with an immortal token.
As youth's dreams fled she bowed her head, beneath Fate's chast'ning rod
To consecrate her life anew to angels, Truth and God.

FREDONIA, N. Y.

Original Essays.

For the Present Era.

SPIRITUALISM.

WHAT SHALL WE EXPECT?

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

There is in the United States, it has been estimated, from one to two hundred thousand media. Of these a very large proportion are mere wonder-workers, ranking side by side with the "Medicine Man" of the red Indian, the negro "rain-makers," and the "Dancing Dervishes" of the Orient. There are, it has been stated, eleven millions of Spiritualists, the larger part of whom are wonder-seekers, furnished by the wonder-workers with appropriate phenomena. These have not outgrown the influence of preconceived religious ideas, and the waters flowing from the fountain of "Miracles" is yet sweet to their taste. They readily substitute, "thus saith the Spirits," for "thus saith the Lord," and in the place of "Special Providence," the special interposition of Spirits. When the hot soil of ignorance is watered from this fountain, fanaticism, superstition, bigotry, intolerance spring up in rank luxuriance, and flaunt their coarse foliage in the opposing breeze. Despicable, pitiable, whenever found; most in those who make the pretence to harmony and spirituality of life. And this is to be expected. When the pioneer clears away the primeval forest, and lays bare to the sun, the dank and oozy soil, shadowed from the light for ages, from every available turf, warmed by the newly received rays, spring worthless weeds of most surprising growth, indicative of the latent vitality which under culture will yield an equally bountiful harvest of golden corn. Exquisitely beautiful are the ideas of immortal life, and its perfectability, and of an Eternal Spiritual Father, yet to and around these cluster all religious dogmas, and from them have sprung, when conjoined with ignorance, the most terrible sufferings recorded by history, and the most abject and brutal debasement. Belief in immortality, has been seized with unflinching hand by the priesthood, and its history has been a part of the history of religion; written with fire and blood world. In its persistent struggle for light, to escape the bondage of the brute side of humanity, the deep dungeon has been excavated, indescribable engines of torture constructed, and the face of Nature disfigured with cross and gibbet; fagot's smoke, and the blaze of cities and fields whitening with human bones, has been turned appealingly to the affrighted heavens.

And what of this? Very much, indeed. By it we learn the danger of surrendering reason and individuality. The moment this is done, however slightly, the current swiftly sets toward a maelstrom, escape from which is only though suffering unspeakable, and immeasurable loss.

The fundamental principle of Spiritualism, held in common with all religions being the one whereon fanaticism has its stronghold, it is not wonderful that it has developed a rank growth in new soils and waste places. Rascality and ignorance have joined hands in its name, and shameless sensuality dragged its fair garments in the dust. It has borne grossest charlatanry, quackery, deception, villainy, folly, and the foul brood of vagaries, springing from the passions when first quickened by thought, yet unguided by reason, until any cause less vital, would have sunk in irretrievable disgrace. Yet has its pure light uncontaminated, shone clear as a star, and the whirl of petty individualities has disappeared like clouds of summer flies. The grand truths of immortal life, the beautiful consciousness of the communion with our departed friends, loses nothing by the baseness of those who would pervert them to ignoble purposes. The whisper of undying love from the other side of the grave, silences in our ears the clamor of the mob howling for notoriety.

The fanatical era is rapidly passing away. Mediumship is no longer sought as the most desirable of gifts; the golden road to knowledge. From its nature it must remain of rare occurrence, at least in its more perfect phase, wherein it becomes of substantial value. It is the result of laws at present almost entirely unknown, yet fixed and determinable. The world is rapidly learning that the spirit intelligences do not propose to ransack the globe for mineral deposits or buried treasures, or engage in the antagonistic strifes of mortal life. Communications on such subjects are only made for a special purpose, and where attention is called, they or their means invariably cease; they will not assume control of mortal affairs, nor put mankind in leading strings. His sphere demands self-exertion, and it were better that he stumble than be passively carried forward by the strength of others.

The ardent desire to organize Spiritualism as a *religious* movement, has somewhat cooled by repeated failure. Such efforts can never succeed. Spiritualism in its deepest sense, is the Science of Life, and it is plain that its acquisition can be gained only by observation and reflection, in the same manner that proficency is gained in other sciences, or provinces of knowledge, and it would be as wise to organize a religious system on the Problems of Euclid, or the truths of Natural Philosophy, as on the facts relative to immortal life. Religion as understood is a system of faith. It can proselyte, for *belief* is all in all. How can we proselyte, when we regard belief, unless founded on facts, as a childish delusion! But they who have just cast off the clothing of systems, feel a want of something, they know not what, and hence the past years have seen numberless conventions assemble, aping the church councils of old, with lengthy "resolutions" faintly copying the "creeds" of the assembled bishops. These old bottles will not hold the new wine. Knowledge will not consent to take up the rattle of blind belief, pleasing to babyhood. What is dead and effete, had best be left as it is, nor galvanized into spasmodic contortions, aping life. Leading strings are good in their place, and babies shoes, but they are quite out of place if too long retained.

If the knowledge of the inadaptibility of such systems to Spiritualism could not have been learned in any other way, then have past efforts had their uses.

Not of an isolated organization, but of the world is the genius of Spiritualism; to be the moving force, the vital power of all. Its phenomena must be carefully observed and recorded, and its laws traced with the precision employed in other branches of science. The day of the spiritual mountebank has nearly [illegible] bear the "conditions" of investigation, and not persistently surround themselves with those necessary for deception, will meet with approbation.

What shall we expect? That all become media? At times every individual *may* fall into a passive state, sleeping or waking, in health or sickness, and the iron veil between the mortal and spiritual world be momentarily drawn aside, but mediumship can never become a common possession. That spiritualism embody itself in a great religious organization? Then it will become *one* of the numberless sects, and lose entirely the catholicity which is its vital element. Let us not mourn over the impossible, nor consider its work a failure because the rude scaffolding, unskillful hands are constantly building against its side fall of their own weight. It has made unparelleled progress despite the scaffold-builders, and moves forward so steadily and triumphantly notwithstanding the efforts on all hands to obstruct and bring it to disgrace, that we are prone to think our feeble efforts even in the right direction will be of little avail. Its forces are from within, and it reaches and attracts because it has the true bread of life, the soul imperatively needs.

With sect comes proselytism, can Spiritualism proselyte? This is possible to a *belief*, not to a fact or class of facts; on them is based knowledge. Their understanding is gained by investigation and reflection, not through the confessional.

Spiritualism as a new science of existence, a new philosophy, moral, intellectual and spiritual, has a future deep and broad as the stream of humanity. Its labor is not for a day or a century; not for a man or for all men living, but for all the future and for all mankind. To the Spiritual Thinker a field wide as immensity, is thrown open; hitherto wholly unexplored. The old methods of thought are entirely useless, or even damaging in its investigation. New methods are to be invented, new schemes of research instituted, in short the beautiful and wonderful Science of Spirit created from its foundation. A wealth of material has been accumulated. History, sacred and profane, the natural sciences, the dreams of metaphysics, the dark and revolting dogmas of theology, furnish the unhewn blocks of the vast temple of Spiritual Science. Much has been said of scientific investigation. It is demanded, but it must be truly such, made in accordance with the laws and conditions of the subject, else it becomes ranting charlatanry.

Only within the last few years have we reached the greater generalizations in the realm of physical matter, and these only open up interminable vistas, tantalizingly presenting glimpses into the unknown depths of causes beyond. The spirit-realm, practically remains to day unexplored, no hardy foot has crossed its threshold. No Kepler has made statements of its laws, no Darwin generalized its facts. *They are yet to come*, and as the spiritual transcends the material, so will the achievements in its province surpass those in the latter. It casts a new light even on physical science, and changes the significence of its observations. It presents a vista broadening up to the throne of the Infinite. Its unbroken field furnishes the moralist, and the scientist each with his herculean task; more difficult because each step is made on ground entirely new, and the more glorious from the obstacles to be encountered.

THE JEWEL OF CONSISTENCY.

BY MRS. FRANCES KINGMAN.

"Be advised:
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself. We may outrun
By violent swiftness, that which we run at
And lose by over-running. Know you not
The fire that mounts the liquor till it run o'er
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advised."

SHAKSPEARE put a wise allegory into the mouth of the Duke of Norfolk, when he caused him to speak the preceding words; and it were well that the advisers of a monstrous fallacy heed it. I have reference to that class of persons called Christians, who desire a clause inserted in the National Constitution, holding us under penalty of the law to the fact that Jesus Christ be the ruler of the United States, and the Bible the fountain of our laws.

We are not astonished at such a call at this time. Dangers are at the doors of the Bigots. The vast theological institutions, sustaining civil and religious demagogues and dignitaries are tottering. The untamable spirit of progress is on the [illegible], and monarchies and churches tremble. It is a most significant demand, while the the fatuous attempts of the clergy to sustain tradition in place of science is destroying the power of ecclesticism, while Christian Credit Mobeliers emit stenchful oders, and the broad mantle of religion is created so elastic that it covers the corruption of Pharisaical priesthoods.

A most significant demand, while our great boulevards are filled with the grand equipages of a thousand Judas Iscariots, and ignorance hand in hand with vice and crime sets up its ghouls at every turn of our streets.

A most significant demand, at a time when if Jesus of Nazareth were among us, he would repeat the rebukes he once gave to formalists and hypocrites. The application of "whited sepulchres" would be synonymous with "whitewashing committees;" and his searching for all manner of uncleanliness in social life need require little exertion. Ah, would he not scourge from the legislatures the herds of lobbyists armed with moral sacrifices, and overturn the tables of the usurers with an unction?

The spirit of despotism which has characterized men from the dawn of history until this day, gasps in its death-throes. That same spirit that divided Hindoostan into castes, investing the priests with absolute authority over the poor masses, so subservient in their ignorance. The same spirit which has given the world its monarchs and serfs—which has caused the few by force of birth, wealth and patronage, to monopolize the goods of God's bounteous earth, commanding the world's Helots to obey implicitly and in silence. Demagogism fears for its life. Self-appointed dignitaries in sinecure positions, behold the great awakening of a nation's intellect and know that some emphatic fiat must be established in order to stop the raids of science and the great inroads of free thought. But we can safely inform conservatism that the bugle blast of superstition is sounding its last echo. Popery shivers under the cowl of its doom across the Atlantic. Monarchies turn their eyes toward the youthful face of Republicanism and beckon in bewitching persuasion.

The heathen are taught "at home" by the vast intricacy of rail and telegraph, while millions of voices chime in the tumultuous chorus for Liberty. Hindoostan, Egypt, China, Thibit, Greece, Rome have lapped the spirit of despotism one upon the other, and America can trace scarce a century agone, the throes of England to maintain the divine right of the few and the degradation of the many.

How suggestive was that declaration of Gov. Berkley's of Virginia. He thanked God that there were so few schools. What despotism does this gratitude display! Learning, he said, brought heresy. Thank heaven, that to-day heresy is pregnant in the masses; thank heaven, that priests in their immaculate linen, and Christians in legislatures; Christians prosperous under the present partial system of government, are satisfied to continue the anarchy of caste, and anxious to perpetuate an injustice which enriches them, by calling loudly, Give us God, Christ and the Bible, fastened to the National Constitution, and let every soul in the United States be held under penalty of the law to this soul-destroying intellect, dwarfing mind, cramping, conspiring hypocrisy. Aye, we thank heaven, that the builders of synagogues, taking from the starving the loaves and fishes their hard labor has gained, to insert in tax lists and diffuse in fresco, stained glass, mosaic, and oak carving, have called aloud for a law to hold the people to bigotry. God watches the mockers who are willing to clog the wheels of his progressive car, and will compensate their efforts by rousing the masses to action. *Too well*, the laborers, the oppressed, understand the meaning of this vast gasp of superstition.

Madam Roland, that famous woman, leader of the Girondists, and faithful friend of freedom, while on her way to the guillotine passed a statue of liberty. She clasped her hands, exclaiming: "Oh, Liberty, how many crimes have in thy name been committed!"

The masses of people stand to-day before the Goddess of Liberty, and with upturned faces, and uplifted hands utter the same piteous appeal. In thy name, fair goddess, have churches imported sheep-skins for wolves—wolves belonging to the Credit Mobeliers, to railroad consolidations, supporting Judas Iscariots, to monopolies, public land thieving, ballot-box stuffing, aye, partial education, and all the partial etceteras sustained at the cost of the poor of America. Justice is the Christ, and it has dipped the sop for thousands of Judas Iscariots, who having betrayed the Master, shall receive the fiats of compensation's irrevocable stings.

The finesse employed by conservatism and ignorance, to deprive a sovereign people of soul liberty, has come too late in the century. And the actors in the grand farce have heated the furnace so hot for science, for progress, that Shakspeare's words are already proven.

Bigotry is sadly singed. All history proves that forms kept in vogue after the people feel their emptiness, degenerate into idol worship, and greatly demoralize all classes. The masses realize this. Since the horrible doctrines of Jonathan Edwards have found a deep grave, and the philosophies of modern Spiritualism have found life with millions of persons in our nation, moral and mental, as well as intellectual and spiritual interrogation, dwells even with the humblest castes. Vague, quite untangible indeed, are the purposes and beliefs of the people; yet there is a certain consciousness, a certain appreciation of a prolonged slavery—an undefinable sense of injustice, which causes human nature to ask questions. Once aroused, the American citizen, aye, and the adopted citizen interrogates concerning his or her rights; the slightest suspicion of wrong; and press, pulpit or bar, cannot defeat investigation. What though whitewashing committees defraud justice of its dues? the laws of compensation stands in the back-ground with upraised finger and nonchalent smile, whispering: "I will repay." The perturbed heavens threaten long hours by voice of thunder and shifting cloud; cumulous fantasies send forth echoes of approaching danger all through the summers's day, and yet the storm breaks not till the light is down with her "veiled forgetments and curtained Luna."

So compensation threatens all through the seasons and the years, but projects her tempests when we least anticipate them. *Lex talionis*, proves its verity by the authority of "Vengeance is mine, I will repay."

And now the people are commencing to understand why Christianity desires to hold us to the worship of a Judaish God, by penalty of the law; why libraries should be closed to the public on Sunday, and street cars shall not accommodate, and why the Bible of the dead past shall be read in schools everywhere. Credit Mobiliers are of the churches which endorse this sort of thing; all subsidy cliques partake of the "body and the blood;" popular morality walks in the purples of an Alcibades while professing the virtue of a Lucretia. Religion, adopts the sumptuous apparel and blood-atoning rites of the Mosaic dispensation, that its votaries may especially invest the treasury of the laboring classes in luxuries, and the pomp of a Solomon. Ah, well! How strangely God works. Out of great evil a little good shall come. The fall of a nation's dignity at the courts of her government, prognosticates a bloodless revolution. Reason and common sense will do more than even Damascus blades; had our Congress proved itself an honest one, in less than two years, banners red in the blood of religious opinion might have hung sodden over the heads of armies; for the masses uneducated and held by secular prejudices, would have deferred the care to the superior wisdom of our Ciceros and Catos; but now, roused to realize, "the people" must think and act, that reason must govern us we have no fear. Our puny statesmen have denounced Roman Catilines and Caligulas, while they themselves were living examples of the rulers of the middle ages. And they stand up with as

much effrontery to vindicate their conspiracies as did that young patrician in the Roman senate to whom Cicero dictated words of severe scathing and dread satire.

If the tenth century, that centre of the dark period needed a chivalry, we certainly need such aid. Dr. Hallam describes the order of that day "as refreshing evidence that human nature's better instincts risen, do best work when harshes, oppression blackens every plank of social political and religious life, crushing the oppressed and making slaves of God's greatest genius and intellect."

Our chivalry is already caparisoned for the bloodless affray. And a Congress whose hands yet burn with the "thirty pieces of silver," must take heed to its ways. Let them know that appeals from bigotry, though vast in circumference and diameter, are to be legislated on when soul liberty is attacked, with the wisdom of a wiser than Solomon.

Let not self-appointed and self-projected dignity, ignore the fact that the masses are weeded of the imbeciles. Let these persons remember the time is unpropitious to attempt to thrust upon God, Christ and the Bible, (incorporated as scape graces in our national constitution) the stenchful odors of a Credit Mobilier and like frauds.

Regretting that verdancy has caused legislative responsibility to mistake bribery for business, that astute lawyers and capable journalists cannot discriminate between dividends and honor, yet if corruption must fester and discharge its poison, let us rejoice at the recent exposure, and trust Christianity for loyalty to the deities it professes.

If. Oakes Ames has been the vicarious atonement of a Congress, let not Christ and the Bible in the National Constitution be the vicarious atonement of a whole nation full of social and political C. M's. I repeat. By violent swiftness, superstition has outreached its goal. The race is too hot. The reforms of the enlightened masses like the ghost of Banquo will not *down*.

The little good we have already received from the slight improvement in social life, tells an important story; issues sweet perfumes of promise. Immaculate cravats and black broadcloth, have lost in a vast measure their magnetic reverence. The self-appointed dignity of a theological education is becoming effete. The despotism which demagogues and dignitaries have wrapped themselves in, taking the cue away back as far as Hindoostan, and bringing down the same spirit of *despotism, the same desire for castes, monarchs* and serfs, this arrogant assumption has grown thin, until its transparency enables the masses to look through—and lo! the back ground is full of dead men's bones.

Hands off O bigotry! Heap up the fire O superstition! In seeming to augment you waste. You are singed; you have outrun your goal, and heaped the fire of tradition with coals of religious strife, until you have spilled your own conservatism. The attempt to simmer is fatal. Thomas Carlyle says, "It is astonishing how long a rotten post will stand if it be not shaken." Thank heaven the followers of tradition, have *especially*, in attempting to call upon the nation for aid in holding us all to a judicial God and the partially effete laws of the Bible, shaken the rotten pillars of superstition and they shall fall.

By attempting to force upon us theology, instead of religion the old pillars will soon lay prostrate. Religion is a chorus of many parts. Theology desires every soul to pitch its notes in the same key, and if the voices of human nature vary then call forth the rack, the flame, the tortures inconceivable, and apply until the earth is red with blood—because forsooth, God has not created every voice capable of pitching on one note.

It is utterly impossible to exaggerate the evil work, theology has perpetuated in the past. The same superstition has lapped itself on the successive centuries, save that it has appeared in different garbs, as the caprices of the human mind has demanded, and that each separate theological idea should live, the monuments of genius and intellect have been wasted, family ties have been broken, feelings perverted, souls perjured, lives blighted, and blood has watered the lands of earth, until we might view every blade of grass in scarlet shapes. Alas! what a world this has been to welcome the new births of generations. With hot haste, theology has dragged souls away from all natural proclivities, crushed the heaven-born philosophy of God's little ones, and substituted the pagan rites, the martyrdom of common sense, reason and love, and scourged the intuitions and mocked the best impulses of the soul.

Thousands of years ago the anchorites of Hindoostan inquired, what is God? who is He? whence came Evil? Theology attempted to settle the question, and it has striven so to do through all the centuries since; but to-day, is no nearer a solution of the enigma, than then.

But an enlightened people have at last, through the help of the Spirit world, answered the profound query and truth and immortality are proved beyond a doubt. The germ of Spiritualism proven to be the receptical of all things past, present, and to come, all science, philosophy, intellect, genius. This blessing, this infallible benediction will in time regulate and systemize the present distracted conditions of society. So, let us hope on. *Fideli certa merces.*

And thousands truly observe this fact, who cling to the mouldy horns of tradition, because the balance of power and patronage is yet on the side of the churches; not the people, understand, but the churches—the institution holds empire over the consciences of multitudes which to-day are heart and soul with Spiritualism and all the modern reforms, yet so afraid of the unpopular truth they are willing like vassals, to stoop to the despotic sway of theology.

And these thousands, like the revered French statesman Guizot, who rather have a monarchy than a republic, because he would save trouble by stifling the thunder voices of the Commune, rather in garb of hypocrisy seek some such absurd and impossible fallacy as the insertion of a Judaish God in the Constitution than meet the great upheavings of science and Spiritual philosophy.

They cry, let us bridge the smouldering volcano with iron bars and lock its wreathing vapors in granite harness; think these persons to prevent the eruption?

Ah no, they only enhance the explosion, as M. Goizot, must realize, a monarchy built over the deathless purposes of the Commune may for a little time defer the vast revolution, while it must enhance tenfold its violent determination when it shall break the atrocious links of injustice.

Think, hypocritical Christians there is a panacea for irritated truth in such a futile attempt? Will any be unwise enough to give such barbarism a thought? O nineteenth century! epoch of the vastest revolution on record! Precedent of the golden age in its return! blot not thy fair pages with so shallow a subterfuge. Bigot, be advised: "Heat not thy furnace of superstition so hot for thine enemy, that it do singe thyself."

For The Present Era,

GRAND SUN.

THE LAST OF THE NATCHES.

BY FRANCES H. MCDOUGAL,

FROM thy dark cypress vallies, O, Father of Waters,
The Race of the Red Man is passing away;
We must leave our old woods and the Graves of our Fathers.
To roam in the track of the vanishing day.

Yet the Lord of the Forest was noble and stately,
Ere the strength had expired in his slackening bow;
He stood like a rock, in the moment of danger,
With a hand on his hatchet, his face to the foe.

His people, like leaves of the summer-wood, numberless,
O'er their Hunting Grounds wandered, the Fair and the Free;
And the Long-House, outreaching from Sunrise to Sunset,
Threw a shadow unbroken from mountain to sea.

The Great Spirit saw the fair home of his children,
And blest with a sweet smile the generous land;
He gave us the corn, the squash and the bean-plant,
And answered our wants with a bountiful hand.

From the North to the South, on the wall of the Sunrise,
He hung a cloud-curtain, to hide us from view,
And told the bright Stars who were set there to keep it,
That the eye of no stranger must ever look through.

Then for moons without number, in virginal beauty,
The Land of the Red Man reposed in the deep;
And only the angels that guarded her gateway
Might behold her, or look on her shadowy sleep.

The King of the Beavers, traversing our headlands,
Sought the site of a city both secret and strong,
Where, away from the track of their arrow-armed Foeman,
In freedom might flourish his wall-building throng.

His heart had grown sore with the conflict of ages;
And still his poor people were worried and slain;
He saw the big rope the dark cloud-curtain mooring,
And swore by his teeth, to divide it in twain.

Then hard by the rock, in the core of the *crescent,
He gnawed at the big rope from sunset till dawn,
When the Morning-star woke to her watch and her duty,
And to her fair couch the young Hesper had gone.

So many moons passed, and the Beaver-King, tireless,
Still tugged at his task, till the heavy sweat pearled;
But at length the last fiber hung, pensile and parted,
And the Cloud-curtain flew from the face of the world.

It flaunted away o'er the gates of the Orient,
Refulgent with all the bright beauty of morn;
Into banners of crimson, and saffron, and purple,
By mischievous, frolicsome winds it was torn.

Still higher upfurling, the inflow of splendor,
Unheard of as yet, was strange to behold;
Until the whole earth was so flooded with glory,
That the air and the light were all blazing with gold.

The bright Morning Star had been lingering in love dreams,
That were tinged, ere she woke, with the coloring fair,
For a youth of Orion had won her, and borne her
In his own arms, away through the ambient air.

She woke half unconscious; and, blinded with splendor;
She scarcely could see the sad mischief thus brought;
But the brightness and beauty, confusing—alarming—
With visions of terror were suddenly wrought.

She strove to regain and replace the lost shadow;
But alas! all too far, and too freely, it fled;
Then she hid from the face of the angry Great Spirit,
And pillowed in darkness her beautiful head.

Out afar, and afar, flew the crimson Cloud-curtain;
Away, and away, o'er the shadowless sea,
Where the Big Water dwells, with his sunny Spice Islands,
That rest on his bosom, or climb at his knee.

Then the White Stranger looked, with his far-seeing eye beams,
To that light in the distance, that opened the way:
No Terror could chain, and no danger disarm him,
Nor would he a moment be tempted to stay.

By his powers of enchantment, courageous and cunning,
Away o'er the unmeasured waters he flew;
By his magic all spirits were bound to obey him;
And evil Winds wafted his winged canoe.

The White Demon strode o'er our beautiful borders,
Leaving blood in each foot-print—a spirit of wrath—
He was clothed with a bad strength and crowned with destruction;
And the fire of our blazing towns lighted his path.

He stole from old* Heno his fire-feathered Thunder,
To unbind, and let loose, on our innocent shore;
And by its breath blasted, our suffering people
Dropped silently down, and were heard of no more.

All we loved, or held sacred—our time-honored treasures—
He touched with some deadly and withering spell;
Till his corn had grown rank with the mold of four Fathers;
And at his sharp ax-ring our old forests fell.

For all the dear rights of home, country and freedom,
We poured, in red rivers, the blood of our braves;
But he conquered at last, by the cruel Fire-Water,
That robbed us of reason, and made us his slaves.

And now, from the long-cherished Land of our Fathers
We are driven away, to behold it no more;
The deep dark around us, no sunrise shall brighten;
For the day of our pride, and our glory, is o'er.

Away, then away, with our perishing people,
To lave in the beams of the far-sinking sun;
We may linger awhile, but to struggle and suffer
Until our last journey is joyfully done.

And when the Deep River rolls darkly before us,
And on Life's cold hearth lie the fast fading coals,
The Angel of Death, on the trail of the *rainbow,
Shall lead us away to the Country of Souls.

*In the tribe of the Natches their chiefs were called Suns; and the last who bore that title was not only a distinguished chief and patriot, but a man of so fine ability that he was called Grand Sun, both by the Indians and white people.

†Most of the Northern Tribes had a kind of millennial tradition of a reign of universal peace, when all the nations were united in one common league of friendship and brotherhood. This, in their highly poetic language, they termed the Long House; and they described it as reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

*The northern promontory of Cape Cod.

*Heno is the God, or spirit of Thunder.

†With the Indians nothing is held so sacred as their Fathers' Graves.

* The rainbow to the poetic eye of the Indian is always the path to or from Heaven and wild and wondrous are the legends in which this beautiful superstition, if superstition it be, has clothed itself.

For the Present Era.

ARE OUR LIBERTIES IN DANGER?

BY E. WHIPPLE.

IT is a grave question whether the recent attitude of government officials, and the blindness of the great mass of American people, do not portend the loss of what little territory has already been conquered from barbarism or whether the conflict which transpiring events is surely precipitating upon us, will enlarge the boundaries of freedom and teach the people a truer appreciation of liberty.

Despotism has hitherto been the primary fact, and the masses to day are in sympathy with its spirit and methods. It is indeed a painful reflection that comparatively few care for freedom except as a means to serve their own selfish ends. Seldom do we meet with a writer who gets sufficiently above personal considerations to perceive the sweep and logical application of its essential principles. The aspiration for liberty in its widest application, is as yet but a feeble manifestation—more a lip service than a conviction of the soul. It is a latent power which must be awakened to life and energy by fresh encroachments of despotism. The hand of violence must be again laid upon the people's liberties before the hatefulness of assumed authority will be fully realized and the supremacy of liberty vindicated.

Revolution is impending. As surely as Kansas troubles, John Brown raids, and Lovejoy massacre's were symptoms of the late rebellion, so God in the Constitution conventions, and efforts for the muzzling of the press are symptoms of a conflict frightful in its magnitude.

The attitude of both press and people in this country—the almost universal willingness to forestall public opinion, defend "revered citizens" at whatever cost to freedom of speech, persecution for opinion's sake, and the imprisonment of obnoxious parties without a hearing, proves too conclusively they are ready to unite against freedom and would throttle liberty, if they can at the same time feel assured they do not thereby endanger themselves.

But at last a reaction has set in, and the usurpations by government officials, acting under direction of the Young Men's Christian Association, are receiving rebuke by the same press which, a few months before, sanctioned their infamous proceedings. Their present attitude however is no indication that they would defend liberty for its own sake. Neither is their desire to suppress agitation less intense. They would not tolerate an other issue of an independent paper if their own safety was compatible with its suppression. Having laid hold of the pillars of the temple, they hesitate to remove them only because they fear the edifice will tumble about their own heads. I would of course have it understood that there are many honorable exceptions to this sweeping charge, both among the gentleman of the press and the people at large. But the great body of the people lack faith both in liberty and in man. They dare not risk their conventional usages in an open field in competition with new theories which the incidents of progress force upon public attention. They have no faith that "struggle for existence and survival of the fittest" is a law which will determine what institution as well as species, shall survive the changes wrought by evolution. They assume that our institutions came to us from God with the stamp of perfection; and hence why should we tolerate new theories of society, or accept new solutions of social progress. It is assumed that the problem of social life is not an open question. It is already settled, freedom means only freedom to do right, and *my* criterion is the standard by which the right must be judged.

Liberty must be respected by all and for all, even though the education of the public conscience necessary to secure this respect, shall cost the nation the struggle of a revolution. It must be respected the same when used to advance opinions to which we are opposed, as when used for any object with which we may be in sympathy. The only limit we have any right to impose upon individual action, is *the equal freedom of all.* I repeat, to secure this respect and recognition beyond the pale of self-interest—to secure the public acknowledgement that freedom is one and inseparable, whether applied to government, religion, or social life will necessitate not only a war of ideas, but a war in which swords and cannon will play an important part.

Christianity, though in its dotage, still retains a wonderful vitality, and is essentially autocratic in its spirit and aims. It aspires to universal dominion, and will never stop short of death or victory. Rule or ruin is its policy, and we may as well make up our mind to meet the issue. I have no doubt we are entering upon the most frightful century in history, yet I have no foreboding that the outcome of the struggle will be other than glorious for freedom and emancipated reason.

For The Present Era.

THE WOMAN QUESTION.

IF ever there was a creature upon earth who more knew her duty, and more did it not, than the needy American girl of the present day, we would like to see that stiff-necked curiosity.

In relation to her general answer about the kind of work that she will do for wages, and her deadly stand at one kind of work that she will *not* do for wages, viz:—housework,—on this rests her sin and folly. Both the friends and foes of woman-suffrage so take the pulpit against her, that it would seems as if only total depravity could account for her obstinate refusal. Continual appeals are made to her. Here is a young family man who tells how feeble is his wife; how unspeakable atrocious the Hibernian maid-of-all-work; how preferable would be an American maid-of-all-work; but she will not come, although the woman's right's people declare that she is starving every-where! The young family man exclaims,—"*starving!* when there is bread enough in his house, and to spare, for anybody who will come and make it;" men are not so absurd as to go starving when there's honest work waiting for them; he can get everything done but his housework!

Let women observe how comparatively free men are from this sort of prideful nonsense about labor. The female exhorters on the subject use precisely the same weapons of reproof: "Young daughters of the Republic, go to work!" cries the woman-suffrage oratress from the platform;—"be lawyers, lecturers, or ministers, if you can, but if you cannot, go smartly out to kitchen service, for to earn one's living is glorious, in any employment whatever."

Thus pronounces the Pythoness of Reform, and when she beholds her counsels unheeded she turns round on her sex with the unkindest cut of all, that *men* do not so behave themselves,—never make the vain feminine fuss about the rank of an avocation.

Gail Hamilton,—a woman understood to be on the other side, and who may be called an audacious theorist of woman's rights to do nothing,—still swoops down all the same on the unfortunates who, alas! *must* do something, with a tyranny of demand which may

well make the long line of women seeking employment shake in their worn-out shoes before this dreadful searcher of hearts, who informs them that "what they really want is not work, but to be paid for *not* working;" that all their noise is "the cry and clamor of the weak; "that she is amazed, indignant at them," &c &c; all the gusty Hamilton storm winding up with the invidious comparison of man as a laborer, enforced by some particularly cutting illustrations.

It is an undeniable fact that men, under pressure of necessity, show no such distressed reluctance as women do, to come down to an inferior employment, but inasmuch as for most phenomena of human conduct there are reasons, it strikes us that it might be well to search with what eyes are given us if haply any reason can be found why here, *where the man marches on, the woman stands like a dolorous block, with everybody beseeching and preaching and screeching her out of the way.* Justice demands that we must first endeavor to come at his or her point of view.

Perhaps woman somewhat shrinks from coarse labor in itself, because, one of the first emerging steps was to exalt her, (in the barbarian era,) from women who served into ladies who were served! In poverty's back alleys the barbarian style yet lingers; so the iron of the pots and kettles enters somewhat into the very soul of this poor, ambitious daughter of the enlightened age. Man's first upward move having been to labor, his primal great waking up to shame of laziness eternally lingers in him perhaps to make him feel it less a man's disgrace to work, at any work, than to do nothing. In short, man to labor, and woman to look pretty, is the crude notion of the semi-refined order of things. And we assume, of course, that many of the young women of whom we speak, are somewhat crude in their refined aspirations.

We think in the next place, that it is inevitable that those who are not going to have what is called a career, should be intensely particular about all their transient circumstances, since these leave more than a transient record. A man can be a bootblack, negro-minstrel, tavern hostler, ship's cook, charcoal-pedlar,—revolve through any number of dingy and ungenteel trades, and [illegible] railroad-king, and member of Congress. Of course not every urchin who begins life with "Boots, Sir?" at the street corners will be "one of the most remarkable men of the country" before he dies, but the vast numbers of men who actually do attain from nothing to quite substantial somethings, and the infinitely various avenues open to masculine endeavor through which mere industry and pluck can push a successful way,—these facts surround the whole sex, as it were, with the possibility of redeeming *any* present mean condition by some future prosperity and renown; and some subtle recognition of this potential quality of a man to rise in the world is, we fancy, at least one of the reasons why a boy is never contemned in that final way in which a girl is, in precisely the same circumstances of worldly humiliation. It is only by the possession of certain absolute gifts, as artistic or literary talent,—gifts so few and so rarely bestowed, that in no estimate of a class can their chance be taken into account,—that a woman ever has a career;—we use this word in default of a better one, to devote that line of brilliant personal achievements by which one's accidents are forgotten, or remembered only to add lustre to the victorious power which has climbed so far. Nilsson's fair cheek burns not that she was born in the ochre-daubed hut of a peasant, and brought fagots from the wood in her childish arms; but the famous singer's origin and history argue not to the poor American girl, who will never be a prima-donna, that she can therefore without sacrifice sell bundles of kindling-wood from door to door.

We do not propose now to enter upon the vast deeps of a disputation with our Woman's Rights friends, in regard to "the crying need of a career for woman equally with man;" our present small endeavor is merely to inquire how things *are*, leaving it to more inspired souls to declare how they shall *be*; reminding such, however, that the actual and not the theoretical must assuredly be our basis when we assume to judge a class so closely pressed by the actual as are young and dependent girls. And we repeat, these, in the actual present world find themselves *marked* by their labor so differently from the other sex, that in this condition of a servant (for instance)—a boy may do even woman's work and be less looked down on than a girl. He holds his head up, and looks the world in the face with seldom a trace of unhappy humiliation, while the girl blanches and trembles and is miserable. Housekeepers often take boys from the almshouse, to assist them in the kitchen, but they shun the girls. Solemnly pondering this additional proof of woman's bankrupt estate, that even in the almshouse circle girls are at a discount, we asked a particular matron who had been eminently successful in bringing up her poor boys, why she did not take a girl from the almshouse. The upshot of her reason was that the place she could give would make the pauper boy happy, but the girl miserable, and therefore untractable. The boy could have some mates of his own age, was not painfully snubbed at school or elsewhere; but with such a girl there was no creature, American born, that would affiliate. Of course when we come down to the Almshouse ranks, the pauper *girl* suffers another extra penalty in that the distinctive requirement which we think will always be made for purity in woman, almost instinctively inclines to impute special loss to the girl over the boy, among these poor young lives, at which the humblest respectability that knows its father and its mother looks askance for a while, to see what their dubiousness will clear up into.

Is not here one more confirmation of our general truth of woman's greater subjection to circumstances? In such a state of subjection, what shall be her *opportunities* to enter the one vocation to which she looks as her substitute for a career—the matrimonial vocation?—to which grand question any smallest discussion of woman's position must speedily come. And here, what just comparison is there between a young man seeking skill, training, money, knowing that he can afford to gain these anyhow and anywhere, if honestly—having his whole life long in which to improve on his beginnings—and the *girl* who has but a few short years wherein the *status* of her bread-winning labors will almost certainly determine the place of her after life? The office of hired domestic, from whatever causes, has fallen to such social status among Americans that the hired servant-girl has to be very superior indeed whom the Yankee milkman will think a worthy match for him. So long as this notion is in *force*, no matter how absurd its foundation, the most glorified modern kitchen under the sun will not tempt from any other work which will keep her from starvation the poorest American girl who does not wish to marry an Irish laborer.

Among the ranks of dependent women are found, in our country, very widely different individuals. In the sudden transitions of fortune peculiar to our national life, or through some of those complications of family trouble possible to *all* life, or again in the case of those natures which ever and anon blossom in by-places, whose atmosphere is really not meet for their nourishing—through any of these causes, young lives, sensitive and gifted, are cast away from all props of family, friends and fortune, to find their own place where chance of doing so is at present so sadly small. There are histories among these which verily seem to cry aloud for entirely new opportunities for woman. This class, however, since it is the more exceptional, we have not had in view in this writing, but those far larger numbers of girls whose trouble *might* be helped without a revolution, since it is really not the old work that they feel superior to, but something that has become more or less factitiously linked to that work. So, although the present movement toward finding some new things for women to do is doubtless a just and needed one, we fancy a yet wider field for solidly practical accomplishments might lie in searching *how to do the old things after a new manner.* For it is certain that woman's old work will still have to be done by somebody, and argue as we will, in the way of her entering very largely upon most of the employments hitherto monopolized by man, lies in the fact of such an eternal inequality in the conditions of their lives, that it seems to us the final result of such innovation would be, poorer work at lower prices; men, to be sure, to some extent driven out of the field, but by the cheapness and not the skill of the new competitor.

There is a good deal of *boomerang* about the cry of sending all the marriageable young men West, to go to ploughing, while the young women take their places in offices and stores. Equal rights—equal competition—would probably send as many young women as young men West and elsewhere.

Let us deviate a moment, as a momentous thought strikes us.

Woman, under a republican government, is under an absolute monarchy. It does not matter that there may be—that there is—a difference in the kind of power exercised, or in the stringency of the laws that were and are in power—the principle is the same. What kind of freedom is it that a people has by sufferance, compared by that enjoyed by right? In this question there is contained all the advantage there is to be gained by self-government. There have been monarchs in the past under whom the people enjoyed as much freedom and equality as woman does under the republic. If she have any power in or over government, it is obtained by her personal power as woman over man; this same power has been possessed and exercised in all ages and nations. There is, then, no difference in principle between the absolute government now exercised over woman, and that which was exercised over the whole people ages since. From that power and rule man has freed himself, but his sisters still linger under its baneful influence—baneful, because it militates against her obtaining individuality.

When woman obtains the same kind of freedom, and exercises the same rights that man does, she will begin to live for the same ends that man does. At present, marriage is the all in all for woman. It is the end of woman's individual existence, instead of being, as it should be, a means to a still greater and more glorious consummation. Whatever greatness man has ever attained, has been gained by the exercise of his individual powers; his adapting his acquirements to some grand practical and general result. It would be an instructive lesson were all the great attainments made by woman analyzed, to find which were made by her as the woman, and which by her as the wife. It has been the free women who have been great, or those who, by nature, could not be subjugated, even by the marriage contract. It is proverbial that husbands do not wish their wives to become conspicuous, even by great actions. They wish to remain the "I am." Greatness brings honor and homage, which men cannot endure to see paid by others to their wives.

Our digression has been too long.

To go back to the old work that must be done by somebody, to shift this old necessary work to the lowest body that can be got to do it has long been a growing endeavor with both men and women, even those quite unable to afford the infinite waste and disorder consequent on such a state of things.

The rush from country to city, the abandoning of what is called productive labor, and together with this the refusal of American girls to do housework, is by no means universally induced by distaste and scorn of the work itself. Between sweat of body and sweat of brains, most persons prefer the former perspiration; but we all have a natural loathing, and a just one, for a life that is all work, or whose work has somehow suffered such false depression that it degrades those who do it below all their essential equals, as in the case of the particular avocation on which we have dwelt so much. It is a blot upon our humanity and our civilization for those outside to *fail* to rightly esteem such work. Why, the poorest Irish washerwoman, who would not know what the words "dignity of labor" meant, if you were to say them at her, and if she were a person to have a strong feeling about the dignity of her labor—nay, she does have the feeling if she is human—and if she were in a position to *act* upon that feeling, be sure that your sentiment would influence her action. And be altogether sure that you could not deceive her about that sentiment. We may impose on our superiors in station, with much mock obeisance, but there is no way to make our inferiors believe that we respect them, but—to respect them.

In the light of all the influences which tell upon her, within and without, our American dependent girl should be considered; and we insist that these are too complex, and that her case should be dismissed, when it becomes troublesome, with mere affirmations without inquiry. She is a girl of the period, and as the period will probably not get any girls but its own, it might as well make the best of them, in all their varieties; and in the least of these may be far more promise than doth yet quite appear.

How much cogitation there is on this woman question! and what but this mischief of cogitations makes all their burden? Away back in the peaceful wigwam era aforementioned, when the chief function of the cogitating organ was the passive one of being scalped, and such activity as there was in the brains of the scalpers certainly did not lie in the direction of making nice distinctions—how lovely smooth ran everything in that good old time! There was no "cry and clamor of the weak" then, for the weak made but one cry before the face of the strong, and that was a mortal one. This very woman question, in that wise day, had an admirable short and decisive adjustment, until some advanced Spirit, shaking back his top-knot of wolf's tails and porcupine quills, as he was about to squeeze the small windpipe of an infant daughter *de trop*, must needs begin morally to cogitate. And the doomed pappoose being doubtless rather an uncommonly handsome one, and the reflection occurring to the top-knotted sire that the squaw mamma, and not he, would have its troublesome nose to flatten, and all the other labors incident to its polite training and bringing up, thus did the ethical disturber spare the little brown windpipe, declaring that the strangling of female infants should be no more; and so came extra women into the world, and all our woe!

Nevertheless, that ancient simplicity being thus, alas! done away with, and the mixed up moral age upon us, the old method of settling difficulties, whether with words or tomahawks, will no longer avail; for the lowest beings of a civilized society have a sufficient glimmer of intelligence to know, whether or not you speak with any true feeling in regard to the facts of their position, and the tomahawk privilege being unfortunately abolished, you *cannot* silence with words, unless you somewhat come into that grace of Insight.

For the Present Era.

THE DAYS AND OUR DUTIES.

BY EMMA CHURCH.

THE days, like quick winged messengers, scarcely here before they have taken their night, pass in such rapid succession, and bring so quickly in their turn birthdays, anniversaries and holidays, that we hardly realize that we hold within our grasp, not only the living present with its scenes, but are seemingly the treasurers of the mighty and unreturning past, and that even the unimpenetrable future is ours, and only awaits the call to do our bidding. Although change and decay are the heritage of nature, our souls cannot bring home the fulness of this truth to their acceptance. Friends drop away one by one: the curtain falls before familar scenes, and yet eternity seems not more real and stationary than we in our position; we grow indifferent, and lose sight in our struggle for transitory possessions and achievements, of the inevitable destiny and of that weighty responsibility resting upon each human soul, in its discipline and the work it should accomplish.

If we choose the better path, trifles turn us; and empty baubles allure us from our higher aspirations and purposes. And yet the Creator who formed this world with such wonderful exactness, that even the hairs of our head are numbered, has so arranged and hedged it in by fixed and unalterable laws, that not the least act in the drama of life fails in its significance; not even one footstep can be taken but it moves the whole earth, and not to one word can our lips give utterance but its influence acting upon surrounding nature, must live and live forever.

Our very existence helps to mould the globe and it is vastly better or worse, that we have lived upon it. The heart of humanity, to day is beginning to be thrilled with the magnitude of these great truths; and many acknowledge that an idle existence; a servile worship and a blind faith are not alone sufficient for the day, and for an existence that knows no ending.

Never has the command sounded with a grander meaning, that we work while it is day, than at this hour, nor need we turn with enquiry upon our lips, of what we shall do, for the harvest is at hand and the world is ripe for the worker. Not all can fill the kingl places, but that Providence who has ordered all things, knows no high nor low, and work well done will ever have its just compensation. We have each one our own work to do, and not that of another, and with sufficient ability to accomplish it, and, in the manner this labor is performed, should humanity be taught, depends its happiness, not only here but in that great hereafter; all should learn that it is trifles form the sum of human things, and that the little daily acts of honor and of kindness make the true nobility of manhood and womanhood.

While convicts almost weekly stepping upon the scaffold believing that by the prison days of

wretchedness with a conscience that would not sleep, or by a few hours of prayer with groans and tears, they have found absolution for the sins of a life time, and an acceptance with heaven; go with rejoicing, soul tarnished, to that land of purity; while granting the fact that repentance comes better late than never; it should be sounded from the housetops, and breathed into the hearts of little children that they make practical the true life knowing that effects follow just causes, that as they sow they shall surely reap. Then shall the arms of the law no more be needed to send unbidden into eternity the sin sick soul.

While intemperance is taking the crown of nobility from the brow, and noble intellects and warm hearts are grovelling in the dust, and while there is one place where the youth of our land can turn, learning corruption and crime, should we cease our toil? Not until temperance has placed her signet upon each brow, and the bright eye proclaims her universal victory.

While there are those who would invade the sanctity of home, and would destroy the sacredness of the marriage relation, robbing our children of God-given ties, and the most blessed of memories, the halo of which falls over us still, and will follow us to our graves, sanctifying our souls throughout our mortal life; while inharmony is running riot in the home circle, there is something for us to do; Spiritualist how do you acquit yourself in this place? are you preaching the peace that the angels know, and by harsh words and unkind words following in the ways of discord and inharmony?

Not merely the fact that the loved ones remember us still, and with angel visits enter our households; not alone that they learn us of that life of purity, is sufficient; but the truth should quicken within your heart, as the sun penetrating the earth brings to life the tiny seed, unfolding and perfecting the bud, flower and fruit. Our whole lives should ever attest that we hold communion with a land where sin is not; and truth, love and purity be our greatest safeguards, keeping us from all evil, until the doors are opened, and the grand anthem sounding, proclaims our victory over death, and our worthiness to enter that better land.

Sturgis, Feb. 19, 1873.

OH! TELL ME NOT.

BY FLORA FREELOVE.

The following is somewhat irregular in versification, but it is so sweet in sentiment and fine in expression that we cannot undertake to improve it.

After death, our love of God will so transcend all our earthly affections, that they will cease to be remembered.—Rev. Mr.———.

Oh! tell me not when this vail of earth
From my longing eyes is thrown—
When my soul from out these prison bars,
Like a wild-wood bird has flown—
That this yearning love for my cherished ones,
Like a flower from my heart shall die,
And far, far down in the earth's cold depths,
Like a buried treasure lie.

Oh! tell me not in that glorious sphere
I shall meet my friends no more;
That I never may gaze in those earnest eyes
Whence the leve-light beamed of yore;
Or that I shall pine for a father's kiss,
And a mother's gentle tone;
For a sister's laugh, and her bounding step
From my darkened pathway flown.

Oh! tell me not that this angel of love
From my spirit shall lightly part;
That my pulse shall not thrill as her sun-touched curls
Rustle softly within my heart;
That her out-flowing breath which envelopes my soul
In a halo of heavenly brightness,
Shall condense into tears, and sink low in the earth,
Like a cloud of ethereal lightness.

When this girlish head shall droop faintly and low
On an invalid's restless pillow,
And I whisper a prayer in a loved one's ear
To be laid 'neath the green drooping willow;
Ere the angel of death, the fond pressure of love,
With his white, cloud-like pinions shall sever;
Oh, breathe not the thought so it fall on my ear,
That our hands are unlinking forever.

And when I awaken in brighter worlds,
And look out on a new life's wide ocean,
Oh! bid me not think I shall miss from my soul
This gushing and holy emotion,
Which now wells so brightly in sunshine and shower,
Like a fount in the wilderness springing,
And through the green nooks of my joyous heart,
Like a musical anthem is ringing.

When over a loved form passed from earth
Have fallen my sorrowing tears,
And heavily on my heart hath pressed
The first grief of my early years;
When I know that the friend who in sorrow's hour
Watched over my sire's pale brow,
Has closed his calm eyes in the sleep of death,
And lies low 'neath the snow-wreath now.

When I knock at his door, and miss the clasp
Of his warm and welcoming hand,
When his pale, sweet wife and her orphan babes
Alone on the hearth-stone stand;
Oh! tell me not I shall never again
Look up in those beaming eyes,
Through whose soul-lit depths humanity gleamed
Like a star through the azure skies.

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Opinions of the Press.

FROM THE HARTFORD DAILY TIMES.

"BRITTAN'S JOURNAL"——Accepting as genuine the numberless phenomena of these days which assert for themselves a spiritual origin, this Magazine proposes a calm and searching examination into the inner nature and constitution of human life, its laws and phenomena, to examine, analyze, classify, and present this subject and its essential facts, in the light of Spiritual Science. It is claimed that a quarter of a century of careful observation, experiment, classification and reflection have crystalized these interesting phenomena into an orderly and intelligible system.

Dr. Brittan and his distinguished friends who contribute to the "Quarterly" do not propose to excite themselves or their readers with mere marvels. Of these they have seen, during the past quarter of a century, an ample variety; and they are prepared to deal with the general subject in the way of a calm and philosophical discussion of the laws and principles involved.

Unquestionably these astonishing occurrences do involve some very interesting principles and laws. Apparently they are intimately connected with some of the deepest problems of life. They suggest questions to which the answer may, not improbably, explain some of the profoundest and most important mysteries of our being. We are living in the latter part of the boasted Nineteenth Century, and Christian communities and beliefs prevail in all the enlightened parts of the world; yet it is a discouraging fact that to-day, in the hearts even of some of the great lights of religion and certainly in the more outspoken thoughts of hundreds of thousands of thinking men—who outwardly accept the forms and observances of the churches—the old question still presents itself with painful earnestness and persistency, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

But it is in no sectarian or narrow spirit that "Brittan's Quarterly Journal" discusses the general question. Broad and liberal in its philosophy it gives a welcome to all who can intelligently discuss essential principles. Its aim is to go to the root of the matter, and examine into the nature and the facts of our strange and mysterious two-fold life here in the body, as well as the evidences which are presented of a life beyond the grave.

This is a broad field; and the harvest awaits the reapers. The public has groped and stumbled too long, "Open the shutters, and let in more light." Brittan's Journal appears at the right moment. It has the field to itself. Its contributors are among those who have a reputation, many of them, wider than the land in which it is published.

The magazine, by its candid and liberal tone, as well as in the nature of its themes and the manifest ability which it brings to bear in their discussion, is well fitted to challenge the respect and command the attention even of those who reject its philosophy. We very much doubt if any intelligent, thoughtful man, be he orthodox clergyman or downright atheist, can take this Quarterly and fail to be interested—nay, elevated and instructed and made conscious of a gleam of joy and gladness in his heart.

FROM THE NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW.

The only condition we require from a journal exhibiting culture and ability, is that it treat with due deference the social fabric as constructed and approved by the enlightened common sense of modern civilization. In the present instance there is no risk in this respect.

Brittan's journal is edited by a veteran journalist. There are few, if any, abler writers in America than Dr. Brittan; in the peculiar field to which he has devoted himself he has no equal. Our readers know that none have less faith in what is called Spiritualism than we. We believe in no miracles but those of science—the results of irrevocable laws. Nevertheless we have read several of Dr. Brttan's essays on Spiritualism with interest and pleasure; if he has not succeeded in making a convert of us, however, it is because no one could.

We do not hesitate to recommend Brittan's Journal. We acknowledge its decided merits all the more readily, because if the editor occasionally introduces a ghost or two in his essays, they are not of the vulgar tribe—they are, in fact, philosophical, interesting, instructive ghosts. Moreover, we are satisfied that he will not allow his contributors—of whom he has quite a galaxy already—to introduce any of the common herd of spirits. And need we care much whether the spirit is genuine or spurious, if he entertains, amuses, or instructs us? There are but few who regard the ghost in Hamlet as a real representative of the nether world; and still fewer think the less of that noble drama on account of its ghost, even when the latter stalks about in his clumsiest fashion. By all means, then, let "Brittan's Journal" be read. We wish we could extract a large part of the Editor's Salutatory, addressed to the Friends of Progress, replete as it is with striking thoughts; but we can only make room for the opening paragraph:

"Revolutions are thoughts endowed with life and locomotion. Some revolutions proceed in a noiseless manner, so as really to endanger no human interest; and these, especially, are most potent. Like the gravitation that moves worlds, these silent forces are greater in their development, and far more lasting in their effects, than the shock that rends a continent, and rocks the globe to its center. The boom of thunders and the hoarse voices of the sea shake the audience-chamber of the soul, but a silent thought has power to move the soul itself. The waves rise and beat the unyielding shore; the impassable walls of the ocean remain, but the angry billows fall, recede, and disappear. In like manner do great facts and principles resist the elements of passion and prejudice through all ages. Like bold promontories, from which we look out above life's troubled sea, they are left unmoved when the elemental strife is over."

FROM THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

BRITTAN'S Quarterly Journal is all that could be demanded by the ideal of any reader. A want of genuine Spiritualistic literature thus promises to be filled. The first number opens with a profoundly appreciative and affectionately familiar biographical sketch of N. P. Tallmadge, whose noble head and clean-cut features make so positive an impression on the frontispiece illustration. Prof. Brittan has evidently written this sketch *con amore*, and it will heighten the popular estimate of the writer and his subject together. Senator Tallmadge is truthfully represented in the *role* of the public man and statesman; and the gradual acceptance of the facts of Spiritualism, with his inward experiences and outward life afterwards, is given with rare insight and the personal knowledge which nothing but sympathy could bring. The Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century by Prof. J. R. Buchanan, is a lucid and instructive *resume* of the history of thought for the last seventy years, particularly on the grand problems and underlying principles which govern the progress of mental and spiritual developement.

Following these two noticeable papers is "Souls and Scenes in Spirit-Life," by Fanny Green McDougal, whose title suggests its character and its peculiar merits. Then a sterling paper on "Labor, Wages and Capital," by J. K. Ingalls; next, "Spiritual Mathematics," by Prof. Ewell; "Invisible Artists," by the Editor; "The Future Life," by Judge Edmonds; with essays and poetry interspersed, from the pens of such well-known authors as Belle Bush, T. L. Harris, and Charlotte Wilbour.

The Editor's department is full and skilfully made up, catering to a variety of tastes and wants, commenting in not too cursory a manner upon recent movements, events, and social and religious phenomena; and bringing up to the body of the Quarterly a light artillery reserve which sets off the whole to excellent advantage. It has the appearance of stability and intellectual permanence. There is nothing slazy about the paper, or careless about the printing. The initial number will strike all eyes and minds as supremely successful.

We sincerely bespeak for Prof. Brittan a most generous support for his new Spiritual Quarterly, and appeal on his and its behalf to all readers of the best spiritualistic literature to give it a prompt and efficient support. Let it be borne in mind that the literature of Spiritualism is one of its most powerful buttresses in the popular opinion. However convincing the phenomena to individual minds, it is not until they have passed through the alembic of intelligent discussion, and become clarified as well as classified in the general mind, by restatement in their right relations, that the profound value of their truth and meaning is made more and more apparent to searching and inquiring souls. Prof. Brittan has launched a Quarterly that deserves a long life, which will not fail to be an influential one. We welcome the new and stately visitor in the field of spiritual literature with sincerest greeting.

FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

BRITTAN'S JOURNAL.—Among the contributors to this number are names widely known in the literature of Spiritualism. It is the intention of Dr. Brittan to make this work an organ of high character in a literary point of view for the treatment of profound questions in metaphysics and psychology, of the great problems of life, death, and immortality, and of the laws of vital motion, sensation, thought and consciousness. The influence of this journal will be antagonistic to the material tendencies of the physical sciences of the day, and will undertake to present the latest information, not only on the phenomena of the Spiritual World, but to expound the philosophy of the spiritual arcana.—New York *Tribune*.

FROM THE ORANGE N. J. CHRONICLE.

BRITTAN'S JOURNAL presents the finest typographical appearance of any American publication The object of the new quarterly is to present the claims of the Spiritual Philosophy, and the application of its principles to Universal Progress. The Editor is a gentleman of culture and literary attainments, and there are other contributors of [illegible] belong."

FROM THE GOLDEN AGE.

S. B. Brittan, well known in reform and literary circles, has begun the publication of a Quarterly Journal, which will represent the higher and more philosophical and more advanced phase of Spiritualism. The first number is full of interesting and suggestive matters, whether one accepts or rejects its philosophy. Considering the sloppy and insipid character of much of the spiritualistic literature, this journal is a much needed and promising venture, and deserves success.

FROM THE DAILY ALTA CALIFORNIA.

BRITTAN'S JOURNAL—In everything relating to appearances this quarterly is faultless. We have no doubt that this magazine will find anxious readers, who will yearn to have a more practical elucidation of the special benefits the world is about to realize from Spiritual Manifestations We recommend the perusal of this quarterly as the best exponent of the doctrines it expounds

FROM THE CALIFORNIA MORNING BULLETIN.

BRITTAN'S JOURNAL.—Is a medium for the dissemination of ideas on Life, Death and Immortality, and the connection between Matter and Spirit. It promises to be free from the crudities and nonsense which characterize a large proportion of Spiritualistic literature.

FROM THE SUNDAY CALL.

The *Sunday Call*, published in Newark, N. J. notices Brittan's Journal in a candid and complimentary manner in spite of its chronic skepticism. After bestowing high praise on the Editor's biography of Hon. N. P. Tallmadge; the "Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century," by Professor Buchanan; "Labor Wages and Capital," by J. K. Ingalls; "Souls and Scenes in Spirit Life," by Fanny Green McDougal; and "The Future Life," by Judge Edmonds, the Editor of the *Call* adds:

"Space will not permit us to mention further the other excellent articles which the work in hand contains. Dr. Brittan evidently understands what he has undertaken, and we welcome his periodical to our sanctum with pleasure. His clear, analytic style, and evident scholastic ability well adapt him for the editorship of a magazine of this distinctive literary character."

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The Intellectual Arena.

☞ The contributors to this Department will be allowed a wide range of thought and expression, and the largest rational freedom in the discussion of their respective views. While the Editors will not assume any responsibility for the opinions of the writers who appear in these columns, they respectfully admonish their correspondents, that merely personal and acrimonious disputations will be regarded as inadmissible, because unprofitable.

THE PRESENT WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, March 20, 1873.

WELL, the great, grand and glorious re-inauguration of PRESIDENT GRANT has come and gone. As an event it is now *en passe*. With all its pomp and parade, it will soon be forgotten, as a thing of the past. But this vain, idle, and costly pageant, will long be a festering thing. Many a bleeding heart in our country will ever remember the bold and extravagant display, as a silly aping after foreign courts, which the fires of the American revolution, it was fondly hoped by our patriot fathers, had burnt out of the land.

It will, of course, be charged that if the inauguration ceremonies of these ides of March had installed the opposition candidates in power, our estimate of them would be different. With some this is undoubtedly true—but by no means with all. No candid man, of any party, can shut his eyes to the real facts of the case. If the other canditate of the people of this country had been declared elected, it is idle to pretend that he would have surrounded his inauguration with such military and naval demonstrations as those of the last Fourth of March. The army, the navy, the diplomats, the courts, the national legislature, the foreign representatives, the civil association representative of our different arts and callings, should, of course, take part in all our inaugural proceedings. But beyond this, not an inch—not a hair's breadth. A few men judiciously chosen from each branch of the government, and every pursuit of industry would be all sufficient. Will any sensible man pretend that we need a force of *ten thousand bristling bayonets to inaugurate* a professed civilian into a civil office? Will it be claimed that the impression made by this marshalled array was beneficial to the people assembled? Was it necessary? Was it expedient? Was it in good taste? There is not a sincere and intelligent patriot in the land, but most fervently prays that it may be the last inauguration in America of a mere military hero. Especially is such a prayer pertinent, when we remember the inaugural of some former presidents.

Take, for instance, the inauguration of President Jefferson. He was content to mount alone, at the door of the executive mansion, and ride horseback unattended to the capitol, to dismount without aid, and walk by himself to the presence of the Chief Justice of the United States, where he took the oath of office. Surrounded by the representatives of the people, before the law-makers of the Republic, without the signal of a gun, the roll of a drum, or the clangor of a trumpet, he delivered the most remarkable Inaugural Address ever announced in Washington. Wise, patriotic, calm, impersonal, replete with the most valuable public information, that State paper stands to-day as the model of its class in the present age.

Jefferson rose superior to party, and to section, and spoke for the people of the nation; and entered on his much more difficult and arduous duties at that period of the presidential office, with a modesty and self-abnegation that speak to all posterity of the rare greatness of the man. Jefferson and Grant! What a contrast!

Jefferson was the victim of the vilest slanders that party malice could invent. But he treated his maligners with the dignity of silence, the contempt of conscious innocence.

A new era is dawning upon us—the era of stock-jobbery, of legislative frauds, of corrupt panderings to fashion and crime, that will more and more distinguish the future until the disastrous fall of the political speculators now in high places, which must come ere long.

CARL ROBBINS.

A SHOWER OF QUICKSILVER is reported as having fallen at *San Ignasia, Sinoloa* in Mexico. It fell in fine drops, which were gathered by the inhabitants as curiosities, and are to be subjected to chemical analysis.

Various Items.

RECIPE TO MAKE A FASHIONABLE WOMAN.—Take ninety-nine pounds of flesh and bones—but chiefly bones—bore holes in the ears, cut off the smal toes; bend the back to conform to the Grecian Bend, the Boston Dip, the Kangaroo Droop, or the Saratoga Slope, as the taste inclines; then add three yards of linen, one hundred yards of ruffles, seventy-five yards of edging, eighteen yards of dimity, one pair of Balmoral boots with heels three inches high, four pounds of whalebone in strips, two hundred and sixty yards of steel wire, half a mile of tape, two pounds of cotton or wire hemispheres, fifty yards of silk or other dress goods, one hundred yards of point lace, four hundred yards of fringe and other trimmings, twelve gross of buttons, one box of pearl powder, one saucer of carmine, one bushel of "store" hair, frizzled and fretted *a la maniaque*, one quart of hair pins, one pound of braid, one lace handkerchief nine inches square, with patent holder, perfumed with otto of roses and musk, and "clear the track."

N. Y. Science of Health.

A FAITHFUL DOG.—Among the section men mentioned caught out in the frightful Minnesota storm, was one who lived several miles from St. James. He was unable to reach home, and his wife became alarmed for his safety, and he was uneasy for his family. On Thursday a shepherd dog belonging to him came bounding into St. James with a little leather bag attached to his collar, in which was a letter from his wife containing the joyful intelligence that they were "all well at home," and asking for news of her husband. Another letter was written informing the wife that the husband was safe and would return home as soon as he could reach there. This letter was placed in the leather bag, and the faithful animal told to "go home." Away started the almost human animal through the fearful storm and snow drifts, and arrived safely at home with the precious news so anxiously looked for by the waiting wife and mother. The next day the husband reached home. This same dog was also sent with a letter to a sick neighbor, and brought back an answer. That dog is not for sale.

HOW THE NEWS COMES UNDER THE SEA.—Here is a man sitting in a darkened room, at Heart's Content. A fine wire attached the cable is made to surround two small cores of soft iron. As the electric wave, produced by a few pieces of copper and zinc at Valentia, passed through the wire these cores become magnetic enough to move the slightest object. A looking-glass, half an inch in diameter, is fixed on a bar of iron one tenth of an inch square and half an inch long. On this tiny glass a lamp is made to glare so that its light is reflected on a tablet on the wall. The language of the cable is denoted by the shifting of this reflected light from side to side. Letter by letter is thus expressed in this flitting idiom in utter silence on the wall.

There is no record made by the machine except as the patient watcher calls out to a comrade the translated flashes as they come, and which he records. It seems a miracle of patience. There is something of awe creeps over us we see the evidence of a human touch 3,000 miles away swaying that line of light.

By such a delicate process as this, and after being repeated from line to line five times before its ultimate copy is in New York, the late news has been recorded in our daily papers with great particularity and sent throughout the Union.

GOING TO TEXAS.—Texas is a great State—large enough to cut up into four big States—and this is a fortunate thing if the existing great emigration from the other Southern States goes on. Georgia, Florida, Alabama, South Carolina, Mississippi, and other Southern States are fairly emptying themselves into Texas. Among other features of this great exodus is a large negro emigration. Thousands of this class of the population are following the example of the white men, and are going to Texas. No matter how great the tide of immigration may be, even though it were to be increased fifty-fold, Texas can accommodate it all, and have plenty of room to spare. Her vast area is an empire in itself, and capable of a development little dreamed of yet.

THE NEWBURYPORT GHOST.—Several newspaper reporters from abroad, spent a whole night in the Charles street school-house. We understand that at about eleven o'clock in the evening the reporters were startled by the appearance of a fiery hand which with the index finger traced upon the wall the letters "H. G." The undaunted inquired, "Who is H. G?" The reply was returned by raps upon the wall, "Horace Greeley." They asked again why he was there, and were answered, "In honor of the assembled representative of the press." We do not vouch for the truth of the story, but have no doubt that it is as authentic as many which have been told in this connection. *Newburyport Herald. 21st.*

The soldiers at Fort Laramie are obliged to attend prayer meeting, or suffer the loss of a month's pay.

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NEW YORK CITY.

The Present Era.

PROGRESS IS THE COMMON LAW OF THE WORLD.

S. B. BRITTAN, D. MORTON FOX, } Editors.

NEW YORK, APRIL 9, 1873.

DEPRAVITY OF THE PRESS.

THERE is scarcely an instrument of good that may not be grossly perverted, and thus made to produce an incalculable amount of evil. This is especially true of the Press. It is a great light-diffusing instrument, and the most powerful engine of universal progress; and yet it is so fearfully prostituted, in these days, that we are prone to pause and inquire, which is dominant, the good or evil of its work? It is a sad state of things, indeed, that even suggests such an inquiry—sadder still if the facts justify the question. Strange to say the direst evils that may be fairly traced to its agency, are, by most men and women, referred to other sources. The mass of low thought and base feeling that finds expression through this channel; the foul fictions that madden the brains of the young; the disgusting details of every species of crime; the tide of filth that makes the press a common cess-pool; the gilded covering, artfully thrown over the secret vices of rich and titled persons; the unmerciful handling of the poor and friendless, and the foul shadows it exhibits above the sinks of fathomless iniquity and the festering remains of the morally dead—these are all fearful in fact, and terrible in their influence on human life and character.

That human nature in this country is more corrupt now than it was half a century ago, is the common conviction, whether true or false. If it be true, that, as a people, we are becoming more debased, in spite of our progress in every department of knowledge, it is high time to inquire into the causes of this degeneracy, to ascertain if it be possible to stay the tide of popular pollution; and to discover the true principles and best methods by which we may institute and prosecute the work of Reformation. Nor should this be neglected until law and order are subverted; reason and justice overthrown; and a moral poison diffused through all the springs of our individual and national life.

There are evils so great and so gross that we must speak of them without reserve. It is not a pleasant task. The dissecting room is not the place where one would prefer to entertain his friends. But with a feeling of painful solicitude, the most sensitive mortals go to the morgue, and turn over the sleepers on battle fields, to ascertain what death may have done for those they loved. It is with similar hesitation and a kindred feeling that we approach this subject, prompted by an unpleasant sense of the duty we owe the community.

As a people we have little knowledge of the springs of human feeling and action. We have multitudes all around us who know so little of human nature, and the laws that determine the characters and pursuits of men, that they really think they are doing their utmost to restrain the destructive passions, and to prevent crime, by exposing every foul deed to public observation. In their estimation the moral health of the community is to be promoted by advertising—in displayed lines and by pictorial representations—every base character, that instinctively seeks the cover of congenial darkness, and every vile deed that is comprehended in the infamy of secret chambers. For wholesome restraints and proper incentives they appear to look to the illustrated record of the *Day's Doings*. In attempting to correct the irregularities of social life on the sensuous plane, they depend on the virtues of black-mail rather than on the principles of moral science.

In attempting to reason against such views and practices, one feels an oppressive sense of humiliation. To undertake the work of moral purification by the use of such means as are now frequently employed, argues a base abandonment of every principle of enlightened reason and a scientific philosophy. One might as well attempt to improve the sanitary condition of the town by either emptying the yellow fever and small-pox hospitals into our popular churches and crowded assembly rooms, or by dragging the corpses of the Potter's Field into our parlors and nurseries! Are such conductors of the American newspaper press lunatics, that they should have no rational conception of the real influence of their labors? Should a man venture to take a single ship-fever patient up Broadway, he would be arrested; but he may send out 50,000 copies a day of a vile sheet, full of the records of crime; aglow with infernal fire; and reeking with moral filth as if coming up from a baptism in hell, and the people appear to think it is all right. True, they feed continually on elements rank with corruption and the aroma of the charnel-house; they inhale the mephitic vapors from the decay of ages and all uncleanness; the basest passions are inflamed; the blood of millions is poisoned, and the souls of men obscured by dense clouds that come up out of a bottomless perdition.

All this, it is assumed, must be permitted, that "the Freedom of the Press" may be maintained. And this is a specious and mischievous fallacy. Like every other form of popular liberty, this freedom of the press is susceptible of unlimited abuses, and may become a powerful instrument of oppression. When it is understood to imply the right to assail the innocent and to tarnish the fame of womanhood; when it is used to blast the hopes of humble but honorable men; when it becomes a powerful scourge in the hands of unscrupulous writers; when it is employed to glorify error and to defame the truth; when it is a whip in the hands of political demagogues and sectarian teachers to drive better men into unreasoning and dishonorable submission to their authority; when it is used to defend great monopolies, to gild the crimes of vile rich men, and to burnish the characters of pious rascals, who still strive to serve satan with a saintly seeming—in short, when this great engine degenerates into an infernal machine or a common sewer, it is no rational freedom that the press illustrates. No, never! On the contrary, such a freedom of the press is rather the devil's special charter or combination patent for the sum of all villainies.

Will it be said that we color the truth, or misrepresent the character of a large proportion of American journalism? Let us appeal to facts. We take up the first daily paper that comes in our way. It happens to be a New York journal in folio form, not very large, but rather strongly flavored, so as to suit the taste of numerous readers—who appear to like to take their daily food highly seasoned with cursed condiments. We have no occasion to exaggerate the truth, if indeed that were possible; and so we will make this literal record of a portion of the contents of the soiled sheet on our table.

IMPERFECT LIST OF CONTENTS.

A Double Tragedy; A Murder Trial; Stealing a load of Newspapers; Bribing Congressmen; False swearing for Colfax; Murder of a Wife; Felonious Assault; Murder in Boston; Drunken Fracas and Fatal Stabbing; Hanging of Gaffney; Latest Arkansas Iniquity; Louisiana Outrages; West Farms Wife Murder; Murder of James Graham, Knocking down his Wife and maliciously breaking Windows; Bribery of Honorable Gentlemen; High-toned Cock-fight; Spiritualism Unmasked. This last article occupies over two columns, and is designed to show how one Bailey, a profane jugler, contrived to deceive his best friends by his dexterous imitations of spiritual phenomena—all appearing in this newspaper, under the lying title of "Spiritualism Unmasked." How the dreary details of such a fraud can uncover Spiritualism—or any other form of truth—does not appear. The false scribe might as well show up the persons, implements and methods employed in counterfeiting, and then call his work—Unmasking of the National Currency.

All this we have in one small newspaper, in a single day. To be sure, the variety may not equal the public expectation, based on familiar experience; for, to tell the truth, things are not very lively just now. But then, reasons for this will readily occur to the mind. There was no "*mill*" yesterday; and the regular case of ministerial apostacy—or clerical "falling from grace," through the "weakness of the flesh" and the "wiles of the devil"—was not reported. The illicit lovers, though not less numerous and demonstrative, were mostly indoors, owing to the inclemency of the weather; and the pure, patient, periodical spasm of the police—which usually results in a descent upon the poor cyprians—did not come off before the hour of going to press; and hence we have no pen portraits of the fallen angels in this number.

We have looked through the twenty-eight columns of fine type, contained in the paper before us, for evidence of something *good* in human nature. We did discover a single illustration of forgiveness, set down to the credit of the President of the United States, who has granted an unconditional pardon to one Seth Johnson, sentenced to pay a fine of $40,000 for embezzlement. Said Johnson had served out the period of imprisonment, comprehended in his sentence, except eight days; and as he had nothing wherewith to pay his fine, the President wisely held that his further incarceration would be a preposterous and useless infliction. Beyond this one act of executive clemency, the Editor speaks of his having been requested to grant a small favor to "a constant reader" of his paper—a fond father who solicited the same in the interest of his son. To have yielded to the solicitation, would have involved a sacrifice to that Editor of just *two cents cash and ten minutes time*. But the coveted favor the Editor declined to grant, for very puerile reasons which occupy a quarter of a column in his paper.

And this is all—absolutely everything—that Humanity has to its credit in this dismal account of the man who keeps a daily journal of its transactions. Is the whole race bankrupt in respect to every noble principle, every generous sentiment, and every active virtue? Are there none left who work in faith and suffer in silence for the truth? Are there no magnanimous men among us ready to sacrifice time and money for great, unselfish and beneficent ends? Are there no pure women who peril life for virtue; who toil in silence and tears through the long day, and to the noon of night, for sleeping innocents? Are there no gentle ministers who watch the tottering steps of the aged, and keep their silent vigils by the couches of the sick and dying? If there are such pure and noble natures, why are their loving examples—so full of great incentives to good deeds—kept out of sight and out of mind, that the carnival of deviltry may go on, and the ministers of tophet have a perpetual exhibition?

TRUTH AGAINST THE WORLD.

WE copy the following from an editorial that appeared in the *World* of the 16th ult., for the purpose of exposing the bad logic of the writer. The idea that any facts in his possession can possibly justify his own sweeping conclusion, illustrates the editor's cheap estimate of human testimony, and the amazing ignorance that still characterizes the journalistic opposition to Spiritualism.

FROM THE WORLD.

If Spiritualists have no criterion, by which they can distinguish the "manifestations" which seem to them so important from jugglery of a very vulgar kind, they cannot blame anybody for including all mediums in the compendious category of knaves, and all believers in mediums under the general designation of fools.

Now, while there may be no absolute criterion whereby the Spiritualist of average intelligence may invariably distinguish between genuine and spurious phenomena, it does not follow, either that all mediums are knaves, or that all who believe in mediumship are fools. Unfortunately the *World* does not appear to have any one on its editorial staff who possesses any reliable knowledge of psychological facts and principles. Whenever it meddles with any subject that calls for the recognition of metaphysical distinctions and psychological laws, it is sure to expose its ignorance. Has the man of the *World* yet to learn that outside of the limits of exact science he can set up no absolute standard by which he may distinguish truth from error? But if he has no such unerring rule and infallible guide, his case must be disposed of under his own summary classification, and he find his place in that same category of "knaves and fools."

In the discussion of this subject let us come into more intimate relations. Has the editor of the *World* any certain criterion which enables him to distinguish, always and unerringly, a genuine National Bank note, so that he is never in danger of taking a counterfeit? If he has not the precise knowledge and infallible judgment, and yet uses the national currency in his business transactions, is he either a knave or a fool, and which?

Again—the editor of the *World* doubtless has some knowledge of cosmogony, natural philosophy, chemistry, mineralogy, meteorology, electricity, magnetism, physiology theology, and psychology; but where are his absolute criteria and the infallible judgment which render it impossible for him to be deceived? If he possesses such a perfect standard, and is endowed with this omniscient wisdom in its application, he is himself the very oracle that is wanted by that numerous class of people who are too lazy to get at the truth by hard study. But if, on the other hand, he is wanting a rule that admits of universal application, or deficient in the ability to apply it without a possible mistake, what then? Why, he has nothing to do but take his place in the category to which he has already assigned many wiser and better men.

Once more—has the editor of the *World* ever read the Bible? If he has, he must have discovered that everything in the shape of spiritual phenomena have been successfully imitated, for thousands of years, by the tricks of cunning jugglers. According to the record the wonders of Moses were duplicated—with some exceptions—by the Egyptian magicians. They tracked him so closely for a while, in the production of his so-called miracles, that the Jewish law-giver had but a small margin in his favor, and his claims to superiority appear to have been advocated with more than his usual modesty. Moreover, it may well be doubted whether the majority of the spectators could distinguish the slightest difference between Moses' frogs and those produced by the Egyptians.

A similar state of things existed in the early Church. Jesus emphatically told his disciples that there would be "false Christs and false prophets," who would exhibit such "great signs and wonders," as might possibly "deceive the very elect." The literal verification of the prophecy is confirmed by authentic history. The early Church was filled with such pretenders, and their disciples were very numerous; is there, therfore, no Christian religion? Simon Magus was a prince among miracle workers, and he obtained more followers in a given time than did Jesus. Justin, Jerome, Irenius, and other ancient authors make mention of the exploits of the great Samaritan magician. From Justin's letter in defense of Christianity, we learn that in the reign of Claudius Cæsar, Simon was deified at Rome, and by a decree of the Senate, a statue was erected on an island in the Tiber, bearing the inscription—*Simoni Deo Sancto*. The Christian Church now regards Simon as a blasphemous imposter; but those who witnessed his performances, though they were neither fools nor knaves—accepted his claims and worshiped him.

When the editor of the *World* shall have grown wiser, and discovered that unerring standard of judgment—he in common with others, so much needs—he will revise his conclusions in respect to the true nature and just claims of Spiritualism.

ORTHODOXY vs. SCIENCE.

"I AM now advised that a new astrologer is risen who presumeth to prove that the earth moveth and goeth about, not the firmament; the sun and moon, not the stars—like as when one sitteth on a coach, or in a ship that is moved, thinketh he sitteth still and resteth, but the earth and trees do move and run themselves. Thus it goeth; we give ourselves up to our own foolish fancies and conceits. This fool (Copernicus) will turn the whole art of astronomy upside down; but the Scripture showeth and teacheth another lesson when Joshua commandeth the sun to stand still, and not the earth." *Martin Luther* quoted in "*Exeter Hall*."

Orthodoxy is relaxing its opposition to that which it perceives to be unconquerable—*physical* science, and is endeavoring to control it in the interest of faith; but too late. But now that science is reaching the *future* life, as well as the present, the spirit as well as the body, and hesitates not to criticise our *social* forms and social ethics, the virulence of conservatism is mainly transferred to those who dare thus to extend the boundaries of exact thought. And men learned in physical science are not ashamed to combine with the enemies of *all* true science, and to cast obloquy on those who desire to extend its field of operations to the future life, and to improvements in social mechanism for the benefit of future generations.

RECKLESS BRAVADO.

AMONG the inebriate habitues of a certain low public house in Lebanon Pa. was Thomas Hart, a man of family and some pecuniary means, who stood in tolerable esteem among his associates and with the public. He was slightly addicted to dram drinking, and one night about the 5th inst. he had perhaps partaken of his fourth or fifth drink, when the bar-room door opened and in stepped a traveling chiropodist. Had any man there any corns or bunions which he would like to have removed, here was the identical man with the identical medicine to do it. It would not hurt; it was the grandest achievement of the age, &c., &c. Said Hart to him, "Your medicine is all trash, I am not afraid to drink a whole bottle of it." This exasperated the corn-doctor, and in order to cool down the other's depreciating sentiments, he dared him to swallow the dose, when to the utter astonishment of all present, he quaffed the contents as if it were the most delicious nectar. He was immediately taken ill, and medical aid summoned, but he was beyond the physician's skill, and at an early hour the same night he expired in the most excruciating torments. The corn-doctor is missing, and the affair has quite shaken the town with excitement.

Many a man has perished as Hart did, from a dose prescribed by a quack, and swallowed by a fool; one who could endure promiscuous whiskey drinking, should have been content not to mix poisons; but when one "puts into his mouth that which steals away his brains," it is not surprising that he should apply that which steals away his corns, in the same manner. Hart cut short the career on which many enter by their first glass, with a single drink; his elected poison did not take him to the grave *via* the felon's cell, and the gallows tree, so his mad folly was wisdom compared to the average insanity of the common drunkard.

THE PRESIDENT'S PARSON.

DR. NEWMAN pastor of "The National M. E. Church" (ominous name) at Washington D. C., the Church to which President Grant resorts for Spiritual Consolation when heart-broken over "Rings" and "Credit Mobiliers, has been supersed ed by a new man one Dr. Tiffany. The pastor of this Church has been Chaplain of the Senate, and to his prayers it may be due "that things are as well as they are" in that body. Cameron of Penn. moved to reconsider the vote which gave the office to Newman this time since Tiffany deserved it, and was backed by Simpson the Bishop; every body knows that Cameron, as well as Colfax, Pomeroy, Harlan, Patterson, &c. are good church members, but Cameron is as much of a political partisan as a Christian, and when he found that his political pope had in his heart decreed that the Chaplain should be none but The Rev. J. P. Newman, he (Cameron) at once withdrew his motion, and the nation may be assured that hereafter as before "fervent effective" STUMP SPEECHES will be made from the Chaplain's desk. There will be no more U. S. prayers we suppose in the Senate, for as we read that:

"To show his confidence in Newman, the President not only backed up his claims for the position of Chaplain, but appointed him to the position of Inspector of Consulates, with a roving commission to go around the world at a salary of $6,000 a year in gold, expenses paid, and his wife thrown in as clerk."

"Inspector of Consulates" is good, at least the pay is, and Rev. Newman can do his praying for the Government of the United States just as well in Trebizond and Jerusalem, as in Washington. Were we a Consul, and not orthodox, as Harlan, Pomeroy, and Colfax are, we should quiver in our boots at this appointment and betake ourselves incontently to the study of Clark's Commentaries and The Methodist Discipline."

We are sorry this appointment has been made; sorry we have any Chaplain in Congress; sorry *any* sect or Church receives any aid or favor from the general Government; sorry the whole matter of administration and jurisprudence is not divorced utterly——not from religion in the sense of piety, but from creeds, cant, and Ecclesiastical Conspiracies.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.—Many people of good intelligence and considerable reading find themselves at loss to understand Livingstone the African explorer. Something more than the love of geographic discovery impels this second Ulysses "much enduring man." He is preeminently a humanitarian—a lover of men—and seeks by introducing civilization into Africa to end the slave trade and promote African progress. His idea is no chimera, and he has already done much. From this point of view, as well as the material outlook, THE PRESENT ERA congratulates the world upon his exploits, believing in Livingstone's own language, "It is better to lessen human woe than to discover the sources of the Nile."

THE WOLF AND LAMB.

THE wolf who maintained that the lamb fouled the water for him, though drinking below him on the stream, has recently attended the God in the Constitution convention and has

Resolved, "That the signs of the times, the *rapid deterioration of the public morals*, and the bold demands of organized political infidelity show * * * * that failure to adopt this amendment involves ultimately general immorality and anarchy."

And this in the face of the fact, that the men most notorious for political and commercial dishonesty, are ardent orthodox religionists, many of them being among the most prominent supporters of this very amendment, while the few liberal religionists, Spiritualists and free thinkers, who are or have been politically prominent, are, as Cæsar's wife should have been—above suspicion.

To prevent the "rapid deterioration of public morals," it would seem that we need not less, but more of such men in public life; and were liberalists in religion *directly* represented in legislatures in proportion to their numbers—which is "proportional," or "minority representation," we should have them. On this basis we should soon see an *end* to frauds, of which, at present, we have only seen the *beginning*. Only the *outcrop* of these fraudulent strata is visible; superincumbent layers of party strategy, and official red tape hide the mass.

PERTINENT, NOT PERSONAL.

WE have recently been favored with a letter for publication, which reflects with exceeding severity upon one of the best advertised, and most active women of American. As the person referred to has been cursed into public notice, and persecuted into fame and present prosperity, THE PRESENT ERA cannot serve her enemies by denouncing her; and her friends do not seem aware that she needs more than her own voice, pen, and press for her defence.

For good or ill, the time to crush her, and suppress the agitation she exasperates, has gone by. And yet it is not evident that the short road to reform is by such a pre-Raphaelite exposure of personal faults, as shall photograph the secret social disorders of the age, and make of the columns of the press, an offensive picture gallery, or anatomical museum of moral deformities.

Not that THE PRESENT ERA would shun investigation, and radical reform; but that it avoids personalities, and chooses to effect the benefit of all, without infringing the freedom and happiness of any. We are pleased to record the progress of the science of anatomy, and have our plaudits for the physiologist who dares death at the *post mortem*, in the interest of human health; but dissections are not to be performed on the curb stone, nor can microscopic examinations *of fungi* be allowed in the middle of the street or at the breakfast table. Tis true as Mrs. Browning writes:

"That men of science, osteologists
And surgeons, beat some poets in respect
For nature,—count nought common or unclean,
Spend raptures upon perfect specimens
Of indurated veins, distorted joints,
Or beautiful new cases of curved spine."

But even they, are forbidden to practice vivisection—they may not torture and destroy a dog, thus to educate and save men.

Murder, may be done with the Scalpel, and criticism of persons, easily degenerates into unwarranted impertinence, and reprehensible scandalmongering; hence the fault of the letter we are asked to publish; and the same evil is exemplified in the abuse a sensational press has so long given the subject of it. The consequent reaction has begun, and the woman assailed, imprisoned and suppressed, is provided by her foes with the conspicuous *role* of a persecuted heroine, the champion of free speech, and a free press. THE PRESENT ERA will not repeat the blunders of those who supposed themselves guardians of society, and at the same time will avoid the faults charged upon the object of their disparagement, conscious that—

"O! wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel as ithers see us;
It wad from mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

THE IRISH UNIVERSITY.

IN Ireland there is an avowedly Protestant University, whose honors, offices and sympathies are all for Protestants alone. This is one of the many oppressions saddled upon the Catholic Irish, by their English fellow Christians. The University is supported by the whole people; but Catholics may merely study and pay within it. Of course they consider it a standing insult, and perpetual grievance. Another University affects to be impartial as to sects, but neither are much patronized by Catholics.

Premier Gladstone put forward a bill in Parliament on the night of the 11th of March, which, if passed, would have completely secularized the Irish University, giving of course equal rights and opportunities to all. This was defeated by the "Conservatives" and the Catholics. John Bright, and Jacob Bright his brother; the Scotch and Welch members, with the Marquis of Lorne, son-in-law of the Queen, supported the bill, with Gladstone and the Liberals.

Under such circumstances Gladstone resigns, and yet a new government could not be formed. All this was brought about, by the obstinate determination of the Catholics, to secure the incorporation and establishment by government of a Catholic University, on the same impolitic sectarian basis as the abominable institution now left unreformed. Gladstone is glad to get out of office after his forty years of public life, and he has been beaten as a statesman should be—if at all—on a reform measure, which was unsuccessful only because it conflicted with the meanness of English bigotry, and the impracticable arrogance of Catholic sectarianism. To Americans the suggestion is forcible, that in every sense our schools supported by the public, be made utterly secular and unsectarian. *It is the only chance* for an intelligent citizenship, and those who oppose it, whatever their creed, are unwittingly perhaps, traitors to the spirit of Republican Democracy, and foes of human progress and civilization. Let us be warned in time, and by removing every reasonable pretext of oppression of conscience, prevent the possibility of such bitter absurdity, as seeks to thrust aside the humane statesmanlike proposal of Gladstone, and insists upon offsetting one crime against the law of religious freedom, by a fresh insult to the spirit of the present age.

AN UNCOUNTED HOST.—"There were plenty of these timid Christians in Christ's time, who died in the bondage of the Mosaic law, because they dared not be among the few to profess the faith in the "good news" he brought; plenty of Protestant's in Luther's glorious day, who died in the Romish Church because they had not the courage to welcome or own the light that had really penetrated their minds. If the Liberal Christians in America could be drawn to each other—could rise like one man at a given signal, and discover in what formidable numbers they exist, what a mass of intelligence, character, influence and worth they carry—they might achieve a momentous triumph in a twelvemonth."—*Bellows' tract on "Orthodoxy and Liberal Christianity."*

These remarks are still more applicable to Spiritualists, Free Religionists or Free Thinkers; add to these the Liberal Christians; have all of them represented in proportion to numbers, and the whole course of legislation would be changed; its main force would be directed to prevention instead of punishment, to growth instead of repression, to construction instead of destruction, to philanthrophy instead of party.

LOST AND FOUND.

AN ACROSTIC.

All treasures of the heart we count as lost—
Stolen by fate from our fond jealous keeping,
Have gained a life no more by this death crossed
Though we grieve on that "they in death are sleeping."
Our lost are found, in angel life supernal;
Nor can we miss their sweetest love eternal!

Such are the treasures stored for us in heaven,
Making our journey thither full of blessed peace.
In earthly loss, we see that better wealth increase,
There, those we mourn, our coming wait to greet;
Here, we leave those we soon above shall meet.

E. S. WHEELER.

Editorial Correspondence.

For the Present Era.

A WEEK IN ANNAPOLIS.

Continued.

IN 1699 this city was made the chief place and seat of justice for holding assemblies and provincial courts. The first State House was burned; and in 1704 an Act was passed by the General Assembly, making appropriations for a new building. This house was completed in 1706, and continued to be occupied for purposes of state until 1769, when it was demolished to make room for the edifice which now occupies the site. Seventy-five hundred pounds sterling were appropriated for this building, and it seems to have been well applied, for like the "deacon's one horse shay," it was built in such a wonderful "way," that it still remains intact, after more than a hundred years have rolled away.

GOV. WILLIAM PINCKNEY WHYTE,

the present incumbent, is a lineal descendant on his mother's side, of the illustrious Pinckney. He is a pleasant, genial gentleman, with an intellectual cast of countenance, and said to be eloquent in debate, and popular with the people. The Executive Room is on the second floor of the building and connected with the Armory. The room is large and airy, overlooking the lower portion of the city, and hung round with portraits of the early governors under the State authority. Back of the Speaker's desk is a full length portrait of Cecilius Calvert Baltimore. In a far corner is a full length portrait of Thomas H. Hicks, the governor of Maryland during the war. On the opposite of the building on the same floor, is the room of the Court of Appeals, with its committee rooms. These rooms are upholstered in green, and have a quiet, home-like air, favorable to meditation.

THE TREASURY,

is a low brick building enclosed in the State House Circle, on the eastern side. This building is venerable, as well as memorable, for having been at one time the legislative hall of the Provincial Government. In those days more unpretending structures held legislative bodies. It is fire-proof, contains the old colonial records, and is used as the land office. Many of the old land patents, away back to 1633 are here. Between it and another small brick building used by the State Comptroler is an old cannon, brought over by the first settlers under Lord Baltimore. It is a rude piece of mechanism compared with the finished field-pieces of to-day. This old State House with its surroundings, is full of interest. Built at a time when Annapolis rivaled any colonial capital; when she was the old shipping-port of the Chesapeake Bay; with a line of ships from the Old World entering her harbor; the residence of many wealthy English lords; the society which gathered here is said at one time to have rivaled in luxury and fashion even Paris herself. A French hair-dresser was then a man of importance; and a fair dame living here at that period was said to have hired one at a thousand crowns per year. Many elegant brick buildings were erected here before 1717. They were built in the English fashion, of imported bricks, and were so perfect in construction that many of them to this day show no signs of decay. Among these is the house formerly occupied by Governor Eden, now in possession of Denis Claude. The walls, the wood-carving, the plastering, are very perfect. Many of the window casings are of carved mahogany. Nearly all of these old dwellings have their peculiar history and their romance. The luxury and the fashion of the English nobility were imported here, and their impressions and their manners are still to some extent retained. As the State Capitol, the seat of the Continental Congress, the foster-mother of legal lore, and the home of distinguished men, Annapolis has an instructive and an interesting history.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH CIRCLE

a little way from the Capitol, is the site of the first church built in the place; and the money for its erection was procured by the levying of a tax on the planters of so much per. pound on tobacco. Although Maryland was originally settled by the Catholics under Queen Mary, and their numbers were fully equal to the Protestants, this sect seems not to have acquired much power and influence in the colony. Under the reign of Queen Anne they were forbidden from holding office in the

colony. Governor Sharpe, who had been reproved for encouraging Catholics, in a letter to the Lord Proprietary, Dec. 16, 1758, says: "By an Act of Assembly made May 1756, all land holders of the Romanish faith are obliged to pay by way of land tax, twice as much as the rest of your lordship's tenants who are Protestants." It did not pay well in those days to be a Catholic, as the perquisites of office, light taxes, and royal favor seem all to have been witheld.

QUEEN ANNE

presented the bell to this primitive church, which for so many years called the faithful descendants of St. Peter into its fold; and on its demolition to make way for the new one since erected, Queen Victoria was asked to have her name commemorated by a similar donation. She was not, however, able to see clearly the force of the compliment intended, and declined for want of means.

THE COURT HOUSE

opposite this church, celebrated for the eminent legal men whose eloquence has resounded through its walls has become recently a double object of interest as the place of the prolonged trial of Ellen G. Wharton, for a complication of crimes, and it seems now that her trial will be more than proportionately long to the crimes charged. There is a feeling in the community that she is guilty, but the evidence educed does not seem to substantiate the fact. For days and weeks, through two protracted trials, ever accompanied by her devoted daughter, she has sat in this little court-room, crowded with curious, and often unsympathizing spectators, and yet preserving ever the most perfect decorum, and a command of feeling that has never allowed a muscle to move under the most trying ordeal. Not once has she been betrayed into an indiscreet word, or a symptom of emotion. It is rumored that Miss Nellie Wharton will be married to a gentleman from Philadelphia, as soon as the painful trial is concluded, which now goes over to the May Term, when a new jury will be empanneled. One of the old jurors has died since the conclusion of the last trial, and another is seriously ill. Three others have had deaths in their families.

THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE,

is an elegant brick building, enclosed in a circle, contiguous to the State House Circle, and from this trio of circles the principal streets of Annapolis radiate. It has only served to do the honors and hospitalities of two governors as yet, and the present governor spends his winters in Baltimore. The old governmental mansion which has served for successive generations of governors, is now doing good service as the Naval Academy Library.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

delightfully situated on the Western Shore of the Severn River, is one of the oldest Collegiate Institutions in the country, having been founded in 1784, the year succeeding the signing of "The Treaty of Peace," between the United States and Great Britain. Its charter was granted by the Legislature of Maryland, through the exertions of such men as Most Rev. John Carroll, first Catholic archbishop of America, Charles Carroll, Samuel Chase, John Eager Howard, the Right Rev. Thomas John Claggett, Luther Martin, Benedict Calvert and others. Wm. Paca the then Governor of the Province, also favored the scheme. The sum of 1750 pounds was annually and forever thereafter given and granted as a donation by the public to the use of said College. So says the old Journal of Assemblies. The Legislature also granted four acres of land which has ever since been known as College Green. This piece of ground has an historic and military, as well as scholastic record. It was once in the possession of Gov. Eden, and he had commenced to build thereon an elegant brick residence. At the breaking out of the Revolution he took sides with the Tories and was obliged to flee the country. His property was confiscated, and the house commenced now forms the main College Building, the line of demarkation still being distinctly visible in the brick, where Gov. Eden ceased to build, and the College trustees began.

The three College buildings are large and commodious; and the grounds afford ample facilities for exercise; while the placid waters of the Severn furnish the delights of bathing. This ground formed the encampment for the French Army under La Fayette during the Revolution; for the American Army in the war of 1812; and for the Union Army during the late war. To the right of the buildings stands an old tulip tree, that was standing there in 1649, when the settlement of this country was first made. It is twelve feet in diameter at the base, and still symmetrical and hardy, although the storms of more than two centuries have passed over it; the fire has blackened it, and the axe of the soldier mutilated it.

By an act of assembly and also by the wish of the trustees, the funds of the famous "King William School," begun during the reign of William the Third in 1696, but not completed until Queen Anne's time; were transferred to St. John's College, and helped substantially to its establishment. After the lapse of years in 1806, the funds originally voted by the State were entirely withdrawn. In 1811, $1,000, per. year was granted. This was increased to three thousand dollars in 1832, on the condition that the Visitors and Governors should agree to accept it as the "full satisfaction of all legal or equitable claims which they might have or be supposed to have against the State." William Pinckney made an eloquent remonstrance against the passage of the act which withdrew the funds from St. John's College. In June 1868, the General Assembly by an act, restored the arrearages of the annuity of $3,000 which had been suspended during the war, and appropriated to the College annually for five years $12,000.

This College has now a full Professorship, one hundred and fifty students, and a library of 3,000 volumes. There have graduated from its walls many eminent and distinguished men. Among them Wm. Pinckney, the distinguished lawyer, statesman and diplomatist of Md., Hon. Reverdy Johnson, Md., Bishop Pinckney Md., Hon. John Paten, of N. C., Hon. J. Taloe Lomax, Va., Francis Key, author of "Star Spangled Banner," and many others. By virtue of the State annuity, six students from each Senatorial District in the State are educated free of charge for tuition, room rent, and use of text books. Two of this number are furnished, board, fuel, lights and washing, after a competitive examination, the appointment subject to the approval of the State Senator.

The day was drawing to a close as we strolled over the old College ground, recalling the reminiscences of our own College days; when the vesper bell called the students to prayers. Quietly we passed into the Chapel and sat down, still half dreaming of the past, but anxious once more to hear the College chant. To our surprise we were quietly but persistently invited out, and not only reminded of the customs of the East, but that we were a *Woman*.

THE NAVAL ACADEMY

Is beautifully situated on that precise point of land where the Severn River and the Chesapeake Bay meet and blend, formerly the site of old Ft. Severn. It is a child of the National Government, established by an act of Congress in 1845 during the Presidency of Jas. K. Polk, and while Geo. Bancroft was Secretary of the Navy. It is to this important branch of the Government, what West Point is to the army; a training school for the more complete preparation of naval officers for their duties than can otherwise be obtained. It is under the general control of the Secretary of the Navy, but more immediately that of the Superintendent, rear Admiral Worden; and the assistant Superintendent, Commander Henry L. Howison.

Formerly the boys were taken and trained entirely on ship board, but the course was found inadequate to produce the results desired. Now they are required to pass through four years of severe discipline; eight months in school and four at sea, of each year. They have 262 pupils, one being allowed from each congressional district one from the District of Columbia, and four from Japan, admitted by courtesy. About thirty three per cent. of those who enter graduate. There is one colored student. A strict record is kept of each day's recitations and deportment, and each student permitted to know from day to day his standing. It is supported by yearly appropriations from Congress.

Each midshipman, after passing his examination is enroled as an officer of the Navy on pay of $500, per year. From this fund his expenses are paid, and on his graduation the balance is paid over to him. Then as past midshipman, his salary is raised to $1000, per year.

Thus from the time of his matriculation into the Naval Academy, the young midshipman is provided with an adequate support, and an honorable calling for life; of which nothing but death insubordination, or incapacity can deprive him. The government undertakes to give him a superior education at the public expense, and in return, binds him to eight years of public service unless sooner discharged.

The fine grounds of the institution are surrounded by the Academy, the Chapel, the Library, the midshipmen's quarters, the gymnasium, and the dwellings of the officers. There is a fine model room in the institution, with miniature ships constructed with the most perfect exactness. Here all of the mysteries of the art of ship building are taught. We were shown a standard compass presented to the Institution by Prince Alexis, the adjustment of it is his Highness invention. The library of the Academy is a quiet nook formerly the residence of the Governor, well filled with choice literature, systematically arranged, and rare works of sculpture and art. Two practice ships the Constitution and Santee are by the shore, one for the practice of gunnery and the other for seamanship.

DISMISSED FOR FRENCHING.

Yesterday a fine looking midshipman from the South received walking papers for what is termed in naval parlance *frenching*, or going outside of the enclosure without permission. No permission is granted to students who have sixteen demerits standing against them. These demerits are given for the slightest offences, such as leaving a brush out of place, a tobacco pouch on the bed. The consequences are that when this restraint becomes too onerous, they escape over the wall to see friends outside. The breach of the rules is very common, but most of them are prudent enough not to be caught.

THE NATIONAL CEMETERY

containing three thousand soldiers graves is a half mile out of the city, on a pleasant rolling ground, bordered by a brook on one side; and neatly and tastefully laid out. The house and grounds are in good repair, and under the superintendance of a valiant veteran of the Mexican War, Bennett M. Reese. There is a lack of shade trees and flowers in the enclosure, which doubtless the Government will supply the coming summer. It is well to render beautiful these resting places of the dead, to pay public honor to the unknown graves.

If the public spirit of the past could again reanimate Annapolis, and her commerce and manufactures be revived, the promise of other days might be realized; and renewed prosperity awaken to new life her citizens.

MEASURING THE BABY.

We measured the riotous baby
Against the cottage wall;
A lily grew at the threshold,
And the boy was just as tall.
A royal tiger lily,
With spots of purple and gold,
And a heart like a jeweled chalice,
The fragrant dew to hold.

Without the blackbird whistled,
High up in the old roof trees,
And to and fro at the window
The red rose rocked her bees;
And the wee pink fists of baby
Were never for a moment still,
Snatching at shine and shadow
That danced at the lattice-sill.

Ah, me! in a darkened chamber,
With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like bitter rain,
We measured the baby to-day,
And the little bare feet that were dimpled
And sweet as a budding rose,
Lay side by side together
In the hush of a long repose.

Up from the dainty pillow,
White as the risen dawn,
A fair little face lie smiling
With the light of heaven thereon;
And the dear little hands, like rose leaves
Dropped from the rose, lay still,
Never to catch at the sunshine
That crept to the shrouded sill.

We measured the sleeping baby
With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
That awaited him below.
And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childless moan;
For to the height of the sinless angels
Our dear little one has grown.

Nature, Science and Art.

ARTS OF THE ANCIENTS.

THE Roman walls were built without mortar, and yet so nicely jointed that you could not get a penknife between them. One of the obelisks that were taken to France was worked upon by an engraver for three weeks, and after spoiling several cases of his best tools he could only engrave two lines. These facts would imply instruments superior to our own. If Champollion can be trusted, the Damascus blades of the crusading times cannot be rivaled. They could be bent double without breaking. Allusions to the cold-blast may be found in the Hindoo writings of seven hundred years ago, where it is said of a chieftain who had no sword, and waiting for one to be forged, grew so impatient that he seized it from the anvil, while yet hot, and rushed up a mountain side to join the fray, when the cold air tempered it before he met the foe. Every one who has read Sir Walter Scott's works, knows the description of a banquet-meeting between Richard Cœur de Lion and Saladin, where each tested the character of his weapon; Richard cut an iron bar at a blow, but Saladin severed a light cushion at a touch; and throwing up a kerchief so light that it floated away on the air, drew away his blade across it without any disturbance of its easy motion, dividing it in two pieces.

PRODUCTION OF PIG IRON.

PRESIDENT A. B. Stone, of Ohio, at a late meeting of the American Pig Iron Association delivered an address from which we condense the following valuable information: The total production of pig iron in the United States, during the year 1872, has not yet been entirely returned; but, from the data already at hand, it will not vary from 2,888,250 tons—an increase over the production of 1871 of twenty-five per cent. The total production of ore in the United States, for 1870, as stated by the census return, was 3,210,918 tons; and, in view of the increased development since, it is fair to reckon on an increase for 1872, of one hundred and fifty per cent., or 6,421,836 tons. The increase of blast-furnaces, for 1872, far surpasses that of any year of which we have any record. The total number of new furnaces built or begun in 1872 was one hundred and nine; and of those projected for 1873, which only includes those actually determined upon, was thirty-nine, giving an addition to the product of 1870 of 327,000 tons. A comparison of the exports from Great Brittain, for the year 1871 and 1872, shows a decrease of 42,248 tons. From a table of the various sources of consumption, we learn that the seventy thousand miles of railroads required, for their equipment, 12,250,000 tons, with an addition per annum. for repairs, of ten per cent., or 1,250,000 tons. Among the other sources of demand, we note, for gas and water-pipes, 190,000 tons; for stoves, 250,000 tons; for nuts, bolts, nails and tacks, 500,000 tons. As a noteworthy fact, illustrating the immense demand for only two of the most recent of improved machines, it is stated that the manufacturers of mowers and reapers alone consumed 33,000 tons, and those of sewing machines 20,000 tons. In the present connection we would notice the fact that, at a late meeting of the National Association of Iron Manufacturers at Philadelphia, Mr. Danks, the inventor of the improved puddling-furnace which bears his name, was presented to the members, and gave his experience with the iron-trade of England. He stated that, in spite of the efforts of interested parties, he had successfully introduced his furnace throughout England and Scotland; while in France Belgium, Austria, Sweden, and Norway, furnaces upon his system were being erected. At the conclusion of his remarks, Mr. Danks was elected an honorary member of the association, "in view of the eminent services rendered by him to the iron manufacturers of the United States, by his inventions and successful efforts in the line of mechanical puddling."

DO TORPID TOADS RESPIRE?

THERE is a belief, largely prevalent, that toads, under certain conditions, may and have lived for countless years without either food to eat or air to breathe. One of these "queer toads" was recently presented, by Mr. Cornwall, President of the Black Diamond Coal Mines, to the museum of the California Academy of Sciences. In presenting the case, the president stated that frequently, on former occasions, it had been reported that frogs or toads had been found hundreds of feet below the surface alive, but inquiry had failed to ever recover the *matrix* in which they were embedded; and, until such is found, scientific men must think either that they fell down the shaft (like poor Bowers, of Calaveras County), or else were placed in position with a purpose to mislead the finder. Regarding this particular frog, Mr. Cornwall stated that it was

found at a depth of two hundred and twenty-eight feet, and while the men were *picking*, not blasting, and that he had been unable to find the pieces from which it was taken. The circumstances attending this discovery are so suspicious that we would not have considered the subject worthy of notice, were it not that the subsequent debate elicited some interesting general facts from Dr. Dall, who called attention to some novel and apparently conclusive experiments where an English gentleman had tried how long a toad would live in this manner. A slab of stone was taken, and a number of holes cut in it, and in each of these was placed a toad, previously carefully washed and weighed. Then a glass was put over each hole, and fastened on with Portland cement. The slab was then buried in the garden, and not taken up for some time. On being finally examined, it was found that, where the cement was perfect, the toads were dead ; while those in the holes over which the cement was cracked were still alive. The slab was buried again, and not taken up for three years, when it was found that three of the toads were alive ; but, when the holes were examined, it turned out that the cement was cracked in each instance, and, perhaps, had let in some small insects, as one of the toads actually weighed more than when it was put in. Although these experiments would seem to settle the fact that the toad is not immortal—as to its body at least—yet we shall not be surprised to learn that some new unfortunate has been again unearthed, and made the theme of wonder-loving discourse or scientific thesis.

The experiment of thus enclosing a live and lively reptile, suddenly in a cemented chamber, differs much in its conditions and of course in results, from the slow process by which a torpid toad is incased in the stiffening, hardening, petrifying mass, where he is said to be found entombed long generations afterward. There exists a class of facts, of which reptilian capacity for long suspended animation is one, which suggest that science has as yet but an inkling of the nature of the vital principle. We confidentially expect, that through the growing investigation of the facts of Spiritualism, this inkling may be unfolded into knowledge.

HISTORICO SCIENTIFIC PARALLELS.—In the sixteenth century, the principal professor of philosophy in the University of Padua, refused to look through Galileo's telescope at the moon and planets. In the nineteenth century, one of the principal scientific men of England discourteously declined a courteous invitation from a committee of the London Dialectical Society, to be present at their investigations of the phenomena of modern Spiritualism, remarking that if genuine they would not interest him. The Paduan was too deeply immersed in Aristotelian metaphysics to bother himself about such trifling matters as astronomy. Huxley is too deeply immersed in the physical to care for that which lies at the basis of all phenomena—the soul of which phenomena are only the body. Prof. Henry is reported to have advised Dr. Hare, when commencing his investigations of Spiritualism, to drop the subject in view of its unpopularity. Posterity will place Henry and Huxley in the same category with the Paduan professor. "Free thinkers" so called, who indignantly repudiate the authority of great names in theology, but servilely bow to the same in science, have achieved not freedom but a change of masters. Cowardice and dishonesty are by no means confined to politicians and theologians.

"THE DAY OF GENESIS."—In a pamphlet entitled "More Criticisms on Darwin," Mr. Huxley brings to light some very important extracts from "A Treatise on the Work of the Six Days," by Father Suarez, a Jesuit, published in 1622. The father, it appears, has devoted two chapters to elucidate the significance of this word. He finally decides that the writer of Genesis meant that the word "day" should be taken in its natural sense, as "it is not probable that God, in inspiring Moses to write a history of creation which was to be believed by ordinary people, would have made him use language, the true meaning of which is hard to discover, and still harder to believe." And much more to the same effect. Yet geological, astronomical and other science clearly proves that creation has been going on for innumerable ages, is not, and never will be finished.

ART NOT LUXURY.—Sir Arthur Helps, replying recently to the arguments of those who ask how it was the decadence of a State had generally begun when art was at its best, maintained that the assertion implied was a total delusion. There was an enormous distinction between luxury and art. Nations had fallen, it might be, through luxury, but not through art. France had been pointed to; but while a few thousand persons were luxurious in Paris, the great body of the people are frugal and industrious, and in every way deserving of success. France has fallen, not from the rise and progress of art, but from maladministration, mal-organization and mal-government.

Darwin wrote as he rode in his battered old "sulky," on scraps of paper with a pencil ; Rosseau composed among rocks; while Chateaubriand sat at a table methodically piled with paper of various sizes, which he scattered to the ground as soon as they were filled with writing, to be finally gathered up and arranged at the completion of each chapter.

Spiritual Phenomena.

SPIRITUAL WONDERS.

"THE CITY BY THE SEA."

THE Spirit-phenomena in and around the school house at Newburyport Mass., after exciting comment for sometime, have led to one result which will be regreted by all lovers of truth and justice. A sub-committee consisting of Rev. J. S. Spalding, Rev. Geo. D. Johnson, and Hon. Richard Plummer Postmaster, and a prominent business man, was appointed by the School Committee. A report was made by the two clergymen, ascribing the phenomena to "the dilapidated state of the building," and "a ledge underneath" "which conveyed sounds;" the scholars also were charged with making the phenomena.

This report the Hon. Mr. Plummer refused to sign, as the statements made in it and represented to be the evidence of persons examined, are directly contradictory to the testimony they gave before him. However the School Committee, apparently anxious to hide the facts and stop investigation regarding Spiritualism, having held a secret meeting accepted the report and dismissed the teacher, Miss Perkins, whom every one declares to have been entirely candid, and only to have seen that which many observed. We can but see in this the work of unfair malignant bigotry, quite too common when ecclesiastics hold secular power. Since the report of the committee, the manifestations have increased, and were so obvious that the teacher in affright fainted, and was taken home in a carriage. The school house is overrun by visitors, and the committee are at their wits end. Eleven of the "big boys in the school certify to the phenomena." Lucky for Whittier's "City by the Sea," these are modern times. Salem is in the same section, and even Newburyport has not been undisturbed by signs and wonders, as witnesseth the following from "Coffin's History of Newbury." pp. 131 and 132. The date of the events is 1679, near a century ago and similar things are now occurring in the famous school house. The records say:

"The testimony of William Morse, which saith together with his wife aged about sixty-six yeeres, that Thursday night being the twenty-seventh day of November, we heard a great noyes without, round the house of knocking the boerds of the house and, as we conceived, throwing of stones at the house, whereupon myselfe and wife lookt out and saw nobody, and the boy all this time with us, but we herd stones and sticks thrown at us that we were forced to retire into the house againe. Afterwards we went to bed and the boy with us, and then the like noyes was upon the roof o the house. The same night about midnight the doore being lockt when we went to bed, we heard a great hog in the house grunt and make a noyes, as we thought willing to gett out, and that we might not be disturbed in our sleep I rose to let him out, and I found a hog in the house and the doore unlockt. The doore was firmly lockt when we went to bed. The next morning a stick of links, hanging in the chimney, they were thrown out of their place, and we hanged them up againe and they were thrown downe againe and came into the fire. The next night following I had a great awle lying in the window, the which awle we saw fall downe out of the chimney into the ashes by the fire. After this I bid the boy put the same awle into the cupboard, which we saw done and the doore shut to. This same awle came presently downe the chimney againe in our sight, and I took it up myselfe. Againe the same night we saw a little Indian baskett, that was in the loft before, came downe the chimney againe, and I took the same baskett, put a peice of brick in it, and the baskett with the brick was gone, and came down againe the third time with the brick in it and went up again the fourth time and came downe againe without the brick, and the brick came downe a little after. The next day, being Saturday, stones, sticks and peices of bricks came downe, so that we could not quietly eat our breakfast, and sticks of fire also came downe at the same time. The same day in the afternoon my thread four times taken away and came downe the chimney againe; my leather taken away, came downe the chimney againe. My nailes being in the cover of a firkin taken away, came downe the chimney. The next day, being Sunday, many stones and sticks and peices of bricks came downe the chimneye. On Monday Mr. Richardson,—the minister,—and my brother being there, the frame of my cow house they saw firme. I sent my boy to skare the fowles from my hogs meet. He went to the cow house and it fell downe, my boy crying with the hurt of the fall. In the afternoone the potts hanging over the fire, did dash so vehemently one against the other we sett downe one that they might not dash to peices. I saw the andiron leep into the pott and dance, and leap out, and againe leap in and dance and leep out againe, and leep on a table and there abide, and my wife saw the andiron on the table. Also I saw the pott turn itselfe over and throw down all the water. Againe we saw a tray with wool leap up and downe and throw the wool out and saw nobody meddle with it. Againe a tub his hoop fly off, of itself, and the tub turn over and no body neere it. Againe the woolen wheele upside downe and stood upon its end and a spade sett on it. Stephen Greenleaf saw it and myselfe and wife. Againe my rope tooles fell downe on the ground before my boy could take them, being sent for them, and the same thing of nailes tumbled downe from the loft into the ground and nobody neere. Againe my wife and the boy making the bed, the chest did open and shutt, the bedclothes would not be made to ly on the bed but fly off againe.

Thomas Rogers and George Hardy, being at William Morse his house, affirme that the earth in the chimney corner moved and scattered on them, that Thomas Roges was hit somewhat, Hardy, with an iron ladle, as is supposed. Somewhat hitt William Morse a great blow, but it was so swift that they could not tell what it was, but looking downe after they heerd the noyes they saw a shoe.

Mr. Richardson, the minister, testifyeth that a board flew against his chaire and he heerd a noyes in another roome, which he supposed in all reeson to be diabolicell.

John Dole saw a large fire stick of candlewood to fall downe, a stone, a fire brand, and these things he saw not whence they came, till they fell down by him."

SPIRIT PHENOMENA CERTIFIED.

THE investigation of Spiritualism is now interesting an increased number of minds many of them of the most critical type. Despite all the incongruites of action and expression, either by mediums or speakers; regardless of the attacks made from time to time by opponents, the public are regarding with more intense attention than ever, the self evident facts and profound philosophy of this important subject. Neither is this quite natural state of things, the only manifestation which marks the temper of the time in this connection. There is not only attention and observation awarded to Spiritualism, but from a host of earnest and well cultured persons, searching critical analysis is brought to bear, and a genuine investigation goes forward.

The days and nights of gaping open mouthed credulity have gone by, and the era of charlatanism hurries to its close, as the white light of science is cast upon the phenomena which have been the marvel of millions.

Spiritualists themselves, as would be expected by those who knew their sincerity, are the most earnest, as they are the most capable in exposing any trace of fraud and imposition, in relation to the whole matter of their communication with spirits; indeed, the complaint is made that some of them, in their ignorance of the laws which govern the matter, have been cruelly unjust to the mediums who depend for their justification upon uncontrollable powers, acting in a manner concerning which we have little information, and subject to "conditions" whose imperative need is understood in every department of science and art. Much as injustice to any person or class of persons is to be deplored, it is better even that some of our mediumistic friends suffer from this mistaken zeal for a time, than that their whole cause be trailed in the mire of deception, and penny turning commercial misuse. Let any honest medium who may so suffer be encouraged; to be misunderstood is not singular in the world we inhabit, and in due time the vindication of their honesty must come, and their fair fame be made all the fairer before those they serve as the channels of spirit influences. With those who investigate, let fairness candor and justice characterize all action in the premises. Bigoted sneers and trifling laughs no longer satisfy inquirers, but deliberation, discrimination and truth, must govern every step, for a tremendous reality demands the attention of the age, and the aching hearts of waiting thousands will inspire the bitter scorn soon to be poured upon the heads of those cowards who would conciliate the conservatism of the past, by lying or superficial reports regarding the verites of the living present.

A consciousness of this, and of the importance of Spiritualists as an integral part of community, has so changed the tone of the press of late, that with many of the most influential journals there is little left to desire. No one asks for more than free hearing and candid discussion for Spiritualism, and this the press generally seems determined it shall have. Since the sad, and yet absurd exposure of Gordon at Apollo Hall, the New York *World* has given place to what purports to be a report of an extensive investigation carried out by seven gentlemen, who took into their consideration the claims of a number of mediums of New York. They claim to have proved Mansfield, Slade, Foster, Parker and others, to be guilty of frauds of the grossest nature, and that one of their number has become a successful student and proficient, in all the prestidigitation they have witnessed. The editor offsetts this sweeping charge and statement, by a courteous and qualifying editorial. His hints as to the possible crudeness of his correspondent's conclusions, are not needed by those who read the extended report made by these "seven wise men." Not only does their narrative seem inconsistent in a large degree, but with an utter innocence of the stern requirements of the spirit of truth seeking science, these gentlemen inform us in the outset that one of them was an enthusiastic Spiritualist, over credulous and sanguine; while the other six entered upon their labors, with the paramount motive to disprove the belief of their friends, and not utterly and alone to discover through an unprejudiced mind, the real and actual in the affair!

Naturally enough, they fell into the old practice of imposing upon mediums, with the comical idea of eliciting truth by creating the conditions of falsehood. Presupposing the general truth of Spiritualism, the result of self deception could be surely predicated.

The reporter of the Boston *Times* recently made a similar investigation in that city, but entered upon it in a very different spirit, and therefore has a different result to chronicle. He says:

"It is due to our readers, no less than to ourselves, to premise at the outset that the gentleman who was an eye-witness of what he narrates below is not a Spiritualist, and is not to be suspected, therefore, of any wish to bolster up the pretentions of Spiritualism, he having in fact but one duty to perform, that being to faithfully record in these columns, for the benefit of Spiritualists, and all in any way interested in the subject, what actually occurred at the Concord square seance, leaving the public to ascribe them to whatever causes or influences may to them seem most satisfactory."

The *seance* was at the house of Mrs. Hardy, No. 4 Concord Square, who was herself the medium upon that occasion. The rooms were brilliantly lighted, and the fullest opportunity given for observation. The varied phenomena of writing upon slates, the presentation of spirit hands etc., etc., long since grown familiar to the reading public, became manifest and were the vehicle of intelligent and pertinent test communications. All this is detailed by the reporter at length in the columns of the *Times*, but these astounding marvels were the simplicites of the evening. We give the words of the scribe as to his having seen

THE SPIRITS WRITE SHORTHAND.

"Now all the other mysteries of the evening culminated in one greater than either—the reporter, who is a writer of Pitmanic shorthand, desiring to put the bona fide character of the proceedings to a crucial test, requested to know if any spirits were present who could write shorthand. The slate was at that moment being held underneath the table by the medium on the one side and the doctor on the other. Instantly the noise, as of a person writing, was heard again, and on the slate being brought to the light, to the utter astonishment of all present, and to none more than the writer, a shorthand sign which he at once recognized as the proper phonetic sign for the word "many" appeared. Being still sceptical as to the possibility of a spirit communicating by phonography, the reporter asked for a whole sentence to be written. Again the slate was placed beneath the table, and when withdrawn a further surprise was experienced when he distinctly saw before him in accurate phonetic outlines the words, "Freely give the news."

Again the reporter recalled his scepticism for another raid upon the spiritual votaries of the dexter pen, and asked them if they would kindly write him a still longer communication. To this came two unintelligible signs, and, being pressed again for a further message in shorthand, there appeared upon the slate, in ordinary longhand, the words, "We prefer this way."

Equally wonderful was another phenomenon, in which it is affirmed

THE SPIRITS OPERATE ON GAS.

"The company then adjourned to a large room on the first floor and took seats. In the centre of this room is a large chandelier, having some seven or eight burners, all of which were lighted as we entered the room. No circle was formed, those present being seated at considerable distance from each other. In a room adjoining was another similar chandelier which was also lighted. The gas in the room down stairs which the party had just left was also burning. That was the position of affairs when Mrs. Hardy invoked the

spirit of "Aaron" saying, "Come, Aaron, put out the lights." Directly the lights in the chandelier of the room where the company were seated commenced to lower, until they were almost extinguished; then at the request of the medium, who said "Come, Aaron, don't put them right out," they burned up brightly again. Not a hand was applied to the stop-cocks of the chandelier, and no one was within a yard or more of the lights thus mysteriously manipulated. Again Mrs. Hardy called upon "Aaron" to extinguish the lights. Again the willing spirit responded, and the lights faded away, and, what was stranger still, one-half of the burners on the same chandelier remained burning whilst the others were going slowly out, burning as they reached the point of exhaustion with a peculiar blue light. All the other lights in the house remained burning as brightly as before.

It was about 10 o'clock when the singular gentleman who plays the role of the inspired Italian melodist broke in upon the proceedings with another poetic snatch, which, when he sang the interpretation, seemed to be—

"And so, dear friends, we leave you now,
For we have scenes above;
And may heaven's light guide you through
To higher worlds of love."

And then the meeting broke up, and so terminated the seance, which is in many ways remarkable, and which forcibly suggests the thought that there may be more mysteries in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

The witness in this case, is but one of thousands who have visited the house of Mrs. Hardy, and with equal satisfaction tested her capacity as a medium. As an impartial record of the developments of the age, THE PRESENT ERA cheerfully gives publicity to such testimony. Having only the interest of truth and science to serve, this journal will be equally free and open to candid criticism upon any topic, coming in respectful form from any quarter.

THE SUMMER MIDNIGHT.

THE following beautiful lines are said to have been written by a young lady in Washington, who was just fourteen years old at the time of their production. She was subject to rapt moods in which a mysterious intelligence was displayed, apparently far transcending her own normal capacity. While we are not prepared to authenticate this statement, the question can in no way diminish the obvious merits of the poem. "The Summer Midnight" closely resembles Campbell's "Hohenlinden," and the versification is scarcely less flowing and musical.—Ed.

THE breeze of night has sunk to rest
Upon the river's tranquil breast,
And every bird has sought her nest,
Where silent is her minstrelsy.

The queen of heaven is sailing high,
A pale bark on the azure sky,
And not a breath is heard to sigh,
So deep the soft tranquility.

Forgotten now the heat of day
That on the waving waters lay;
The noon of night her mantle gray
Spreads for the sun's high blazonry.

But, glittering in that mantle bright,
There gleams a line of silvery light,
As tremulous on the sea of night
It hovers sweet and playfully.

At peace the distant shallop rides;
Not as when dashing o'er her sides
The roaring bay's unruly tides
Were beating round her furiously!

But every sail is furled and still,
Silent the seaman's whistle shrill,
While dreamy slumbers seem to thrill
The waiting heart with ecstasy.

Stars of the many-spangled heaven,
Brightly this night your beams are given,
And proudly where your hosts are driven,
Ye rear your dazzling galaxy.

And, far and wide, a softer hue
Is spread across the plains of blue,
Where, in bright chorus, ever true,
Forever swells your harmony.

Oh! for some sadly dying note
Upon this silent hour to float,
Where from the bustling world remote
The lyre might wake its melody.

One feeble strain is all can swell
From my almost deserted shell
In mournful accents, yet to tell
That slumbers not its minstrelsy.

There is an hour of deep repose
That yet upon my eyes shall close,
When all that Nature dreads or knows
Shall burst upon me wondrously!

Oh! may I then awake forever,
My heart to rapture's high endeavor,
And as from earth's vain scenes I sever,
Be lost in immortality!

Miscellaneous Department.

JULLIEN AND THE YORKSHIRE MAN.

M. LOUIS GEORGE JULLIEN, who departed this life at Paris in 1860, was the prince of orchestral leaders. While engaged in extensive preparations for a grand musical tour through the civilized world, he was unexpectedly arrested and imprisoned by some of his old creditors. The sudden destruction of his plans, and the consequent disappointment and mortification, preyed upon his mind continually. His proud but excitable and yielding nature—painfully alive to every discord in the scale of being, and of his own fickle fortune—suddenly gave way. He had not completed his forty-eighth year, when his ambitious but too sensitive spirit bowed beneath the pressure of pecuniary difficulty, to recover its mortal equipoise no more. He attempted suicide as a sure means of escape from unrelenting creditors who demanded the pound of flesh. Jullien answered the imperative demand by the sacrifice of reason, and at last—through Nature's universal insolvent law—discharged his obligations, and found repose in death.

How many are left to write the philosophies of the world with empty pockets and stomachs, we may not know. But of this fact we have painful certification—Jullien added another to the list of names, of such as have been required to sing the songs of the people while their hearts were breaking. His brilliant but varied career, of alternate success and failure, closed abruptly and mournfully in a Lunatic Asylum!

While Jullien was in this country with his magnificent band—embracing more than one hundred instrumental performers, and several of the best soloists in the world—we attended some thirty of his grand concerts. Necessarily we became familiar with the whole troupe, but especially with the personal appearance and leading characteristics of the "Man with the faultless vest and gloves," whose mysterious baton seemed potent as a magician's wand. The subjoined story of the interview between the Yorkshire man and M. Jullien will doubtless interest our readers.

A PLEASANT STORY.

It was the middle of July, 1853, when all London was stirred by the grand ovation which had just come off in honor of the "Lion Concert Giver," that a tall, raw-boned man might have been seen walking down one of the narrow streets of that foggy metropolis, alternately humming to himself little snatches of melody, and stopping to gaze at the signs over the doors. Pretty soon he came to the music store of Craner, Beale & Chapple, and strode heavily in, the large nails in the bottom of his shoes making music "in that part of the town."

"Hallo, mun!" said he, in the broad Yorkshire dialect, to a tradesmna behind the counter, who was intently examining a new and beautiful engraving that was designed as a frontispiece to Jullien's last polka, "Con ye teall me if Measther Jullien's in?"

"No, he is not, sir. He left about half an hour since," said Mr. Chapple (for he was the one addressed); and as he replied, he raised his eyes from the design, and scanned the rough-looking person who stood before him. He was coarsely clad, a man of brawny limb, with a complexion of that peculiar ashy color, slightly begrimmed with coal, which indicated that he had toiled for years beyond the light and the warmth of the sun.

"Wull'ee be in again to-day?" inquired the Yorkshireman.

"No, he will not—not before to-morrow. Did you wish to see him?"

"Wull, ye'as, aw wood loike to," said he, hesitatingly. "They talk sommat about ees gooin' to America," he continued.

"Yes, he sails next week; but how does that interest you?" said Mr. Chapple, who began to be curious about the motive that could prompt such a rough-looking customer to see the man of immaculate white kids and irreproachable vest.

"I'd loike to ga over wi' um," was the reply.

"Like to go over to America with him? Pray, what good could you do him?" said Mr. Chapple, with an expression as near contempt as was consistent with good breeding.

"Wull, aw think aw cood do' um a good deal o' good," said he, with a knowing twinkle of the eye.

"How! You certainly do not look like a musician."

"Wull, as to looks, thot's nowther here nor there, but aw blow't ophicleide sum—they say whoam—betther thon ony mon in t' coonty."

"Ah, indeed! What's your business?"

"Aw works in the cooal moine."

"Yes; well, how much do you earn a week?"

"About saxteen shillin'. And then, too, aw belong to a brass bond, and we make summat by gi'en yan or two concerts a week."

"I think, sir, that Mr. Jullien has engaged all the help he wants, and will not require your services;" and the music publisher having satisfied his curiosity, turned away to his business, as if he had already spent too much time to little purpose.

The Yorkshireman awkwardly scratched his head, and stood for a moment, as if undecided what to do, but at length took a few steps toward the end of the counter, and peering over a pile of music, behind which Mr. Chapple had taken refuge, said to him:

"Perhaps ye moight jus loike to hear me play a bit. 'Gim ye'll gi' me on instrument, aw'll show ye what aw con do."

The request was so good-naturedly made, that Mr. Chapple could hardly refuse; so he led him up stairs, and gave him an old ophicleide, which, after a moment's inspection, he threw down, jocosely exclaiming.

"Gang awa' wi' yer owd brass! Coom, mun, gi'e us a good un."

Chapple obligingly complied. The Yorkshireman took the piece of shining metal in his huge hands that were hardened, cracked, and blackened with toil, and raising it to his lips, played a legato air with such a purity of tone and beauty of expression, that it was hard to tell which sentiment was strongest in the mind of the listener, surprise or delight. "But all this may be by rote," thought Mr. Chapple. "Here, let me hear you play that," said he, as he placed before him a new and very difficult solo for the ophicleide. The Yorkshireman glanced it once through, and astonished his listener by executing it with marvelous accuracy, capping the climax by improvising a florid and appropriate cadenza.

"Zounds!" said Chapple. "Monsieur Jullien *must* hear you. Call to-morrow noon, and he'll be here."

"Cod! ye thought aw didn't play ony, eh?" said the performer, as he strode out of the room, and he gave vent to a broad guffaw as he tramped down stairs.

The next day, at the appointed hour, Jullien, with his publisher and the Yorkshire ophicleidist was in the same upper room. Jullien, after hearing him play, was in ecstasies, which he endeavored to express in half a dozen languages.

"Bravo!" he shouted, rubbing his hands. "Capital! Mon Dieu, *c'est extraordinaire*. Mr. Chapple, engage him, and give him five pounds a week."

"Five pounds a week!" exclaimed Mr. Chapple; "why, he'll be glad to go for one quarter of the money."

"Never mind that," said Jullien, "never mind that—hire him, and give him five pounds ($25) a week. He's worth it!"

This same rawboned Yorkshireman is better clad now; his countenance wears a healthier hue, and, our word for it, you will hear no provincial brogue in the tones of his ophicleide.

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LETTER FROM ALBANY.

ALBANY, N. Y., March 15th, '73.

THE morning light is indeed breaking. If any honest man doubts let him come to Albany. Let him walk among the corridors of the Delavan House. Let him listen to the statements of the *habitues* of that large and well-managed hotel. They will tell him that while the business of the establishment is still good, first-class, indeed, in all the respects that go to make up the desirables of elegance, comfort, conveniences, fine tables and prompt attentions, there are certain popularities that, for the nonce, at least are gone, whose places that once knew them now know them no more forever.

"He feels like one,
Who treads, alone,
Some banquet hall deserted."

Alas! for the palmy hotel days in Albany of Boss Tweed, and his hosts of *confreres!*

"They mind me of departed joys,
Departed never to return!"

Where, now, is the rotund form of the Boss? Where is the smooth face of the smiling Connelly? Where O, where is the gaunt man, with the white wash brush, and the plasterer's trowel? Where, also, is the waddling genius, with his endless bill for tassels, fringes, curtain loops, rep and damask? Gone! all gone.

"And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Left not a wreck behind."

For you must know that while Gotham was the point to be attacked, Albany was the *point d'appui* of these *chevaliers d'industrie*. It was in Albany these birds of a feather flocked together, and plucked up the sinews of war. The New York Common Council was well enough in its way; but for a big job, one worthy of his genius and pluck, give the Boss the Albany Senate, and he was perfectly "at home" complete "master of the situation."

But now what a change has come o'er the spirit of their dream! The Boss is in the capital of the great State of New York, as he thinks occasion requires, but the hails of state and revelry do not echo, as of yore, to his portly and lordly tread. The carcass is nearly all removed, and the hungry eagles fly screaming away. I say nearly all removed; because it would be the merest pretence to attempt to prove that all corruption, or temptation to legislative peculation, has fled from Albany. There are some stupendous swindles still on hand, covertly managed, adroitly manipulated, lobby-wise, and tavern-wise, and card-table-wise, and chamber-wise; but they are here, and all the while you may listen if you will, to the old song:

"Somebody's coming, nevertheless."

Like the swarm of flies that beset the old fox caught in the summer stream, the driving away of one hungry batch only gives room for a fresh one, hungrier still. This is no doubt true of Albany, as of every other Rialto where politicians "most do congregate." Still there is a change for the better. It is plain to see that the new class of public men is an improvement on the old one. *Laus Deo!*

This favorable change is seen among other things, in the proceedings of the State Commission for the revision of the Constitution. The commission, you are aware, is composed of gentlemen selected from all parts of the common-wealth, on account of their practical common-sense views of State affairs, embracing a fair representation of different professions. It certainly is a remarkable body, and entitled to a fair share of credit for the result of its labors. The two leading parties of the State are well represented, and the scales of administration appear to have been held with impartial hands.

The great proposal before this constitutional commission was that of submitting to the people of the State the question of voting or engrafting a proviso into the constitution prohibiting the sale, as a beverage, of all intoxicating drinks. It is believed that if this question can be fairly submitted to the people the most beneficient results would follow their balloting, It is earnestly to be hoped that such a test may come at an early day. This is a fair test. What is proved by such a vote, good for one State, may be proved in the same way, equally good for the whole.

What a blessing to have the acts of our Presidents, Congresses and State Legislatures forever purged from the curse of the intoxicating cup!

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Selected Miscellany.

MAMMON WORSHIP.

BY S. B. BRITTAN, M. D.

MAMMON is the Jupiter of our times; but the ancient Olympus is no more the dwelling-place of the god. The modern Jove holds his court in the market, and thunders from the cotton factories and rolling mills. Who shall resist the magnetism of Gold, since

"——Money has a power above
The stars and fate!"

We have been astonished and amused to witness the action of this magnet on the locomotive powers of vast numbers. Youth leaps and runs with electric fire and speed; an impulse——deep and powerful—is felt, and Manhood in its strength is shaken. The infirmities of Age, like unwelcome visitors, are admonished to retire, and not obtrude themselves at unseasonable hours. Even Indolence exhibits a kind of galvanic action, when the millions are moved by this golden motor. It is impossible to determine the measure of this power. Looking at the busy scene, and analyzing the chief objects of human endeavor, one might almost fancy that the springs of action all ultimate in this source. What privations and dangers will not man encounter to obtain gold!

"It tempts him from the blandishments of home,
Mountains to climb and distant seas to roam."

This world of time, custom, circumstance and business, how does it baffle the power and arrest the behest of the gods, and overcome our own souls! Men are not themselves. Each is what some one would have him to be, though it must be conceded that in the great avenues of trade the separate individualities distinctly appear. There is a great struggle! Every one pulls in his own direction and battles on his own account. To the man of the laughing philosophy, it is a scene that affords infinite amusement. Nearly every man you meet seems to be striving to shoulder the great globe and run off with it on his back! But when one finds himself well under way, he discovers that all the rest sustain so close a relation to earth that he must necessarily carry them with him. How unfortunate! Now he resolves to pull harder and run faster, in the hope of shaking off all excrescences, for what business have others to hold on when we are in a hurry? He makes a desperate rush—stumbles—and falls! The world rolls over him. But what of that? Do not all bodies revolve? And why should not he take his turn with the rest? *Blessed is that man who amid all this* heaving and rolling, keeps on the upper side of things, for he shall not be found at the bottom. Ah, this is one of the beatitudes it falls not to our lot to enjoy. For some reason, we know not why—certainly not from any inherent inclination of our own—we are occasionally on the under side. When this happens we are always conscious of our position from the weight of the evidence.

It has been said, with more truth than poetry, that the love of money is the root of all evil. Evidently nothing has tended more to demoralize the race; to weaken the springs of virtuous action; to paralize the energies of republican liberty, and to extinguish the sacred fires of a pure and undefiled religion. Men with whom love and lust are synonymous; who coil like vile serpents in the couch of innocence; men who scoff at virtue except when they speak in public, and whose unbridled members are set on fire of hell, yet creep into the church to hide their villainies. These are they who tempt, with golden bribes, the young and thoughtless from the bright eden of earthly hope and joy. When starving virtue is driven from her poor abode to the market-place, they are there, but not to redeem and save. When the world is cold and dreary, and young innocence would clothe its shivering form and seek a refuge from the ruthless elements; when honor is to be sacrificed for bread, and virgin chastity sold to the highest bidder; then and there these saintly hypocrites are present to purchase the treasure, only that they may defile the casket and destroy the jewels.

We have a conspicuous illustration of Mammon worship in the selection of rich men to fill the places of honor and responsibility. When commerce folds her wings for a little season; when the wheel, the spindle and the hammer are arrested—the mill silent and the forge-fires extinguished—these favorites of Mammon buy their way to the world's proud places, and then summon the victims of their duplicity to celebrate a victory as fatal to public liberty as it is to private virtue. Even the veriest buffon or mountebank in society straightway becomes a great man, and a suitable leader and governor of the people, when once he is known to be rich. In the hour of trial, when virtue threatens to leave the national shrine deserted, and only lingers tremblingly around her waning altar-fires, the rich man walks into the highest place as though he belonged there; and on Freedom's sacred altar, fires of the bottomless pit are kindled, or kept alive by the excitement of unholy passions.

It is difficult to discover whether Mammon is most distinguished as a fire-kindler, or a fire extinguisher. He seems alike conspicuous in both these capacities. It is seldom indeed that the same agent is found to sustain relations so essentially dissimilar, and to perform functions so intrinsically diverse. Truly has Mammon become chief among the nation's gods; and while, in honor of the divinity, many flames are kindled which must consume the altars with the sacrifices, others, and more sacred fires, are quenched to be relighted no more at earthly shrines. Especially is this true when Mammon appears as a moral fire-annihilator, to put out the vestal fires of young innocence and truth, and to extinguish the last spark of virtue in the wandering and darkened soul. Who shall preserve and quicken those immortal fires that were fostered amid the darkness and peril, and storm of the olden time—the fires renewed and kept alive by saints, and seers, and martyred heroes in all ages. Will not Mammon quench all these with his annihilating breath? Even now he seeks the inner courts of a thousand temples—Christian temples—and perhaps rears a temple of his own, that he may pollute the sanctury with the sacrilegious presence and hypocrisy of his chosen ministers. When a corrupt priesthood stands sentry at the gates, it is not difficult for the lover of riches to 'enter the kingdom of heaven.' The blindest devotee of Mammon may purchase the keys of St. Peter, and secure to himself an abundant entrance.

That Mammon is worshiped is evident from the manner the rich man is treated whatever may be his character. He may be known to violate the most endearing and sacred relations; entering within the hallowed pale of the domestic circle to desecrate, by his adulterous purpose, the sanctuary of the heart and the home of its best affections. He may be the cruel spoiler of innocence—may spoil what he pleases and pay the cost—and yet the false world bows its brainless head as the rich man goes by; ladies of rank hang on his arm at the soiree and the opera, and the minister stoops gracefully to the vile rich man, and speaks eloquently of his public acts—but his secret iniquity cometh not with observation—while fashionable society places its infidel foot on the necks of his victims. When one bows at the glittering shrine he inclines to worship most obsequiously. He forgets the world—his friends—all—and to the deity renders undivided homage. Mammon, in the person of some proud millionaire, passes along the street, and the people bow very reverently. Christ, personated by his humblest and truest disciple, appears in the public highway, and he is reproached as a heretic or arrested as a vagrant. The world and the church follow after the Mammon worshiper. Even the *preacher*, whose duty it is to '*reprove and rebuke*' the rich man for his sins, feels the magnetism of his gold and is silent. But great is Mammon among the gods, and when he touches the lips of the orator, a new fire is kindled, and the gilded periods roll off sparkling from his tongue. When Mammon inspires the orator, there is a silvery crescendo in his every word, and the golden richness of his intonation thrills the people, as the orator speaks for the great man—the votary of Mammon—the rich man whose eyes 'stand out with fatness." Then the holy 'penury of Jesus' is despised and forgotten; and the people respond, Amen! and gold magnetizes the saints'; and they altogether,

"——to the chink of Mammon's box,
Give most rapacious heed."

We by no means entertain the thought that the aquisition of money is necessarily subversive of morals. Personally, we have no reason to quarrel with any class in society; nor would we foster an envious restlessness and fault-finding spirit. When the rich man leaves the eminences of worldly power and circumstance, and 'condescends to men of low estate,' he gives an evidence of his virtue that the poor may never have it in their power to furnish. Nor do we doubt that society has illustrious examples of such condescension and humanity. We only complain that wealth is worshiped and that gold is god. *If* men seek for wealth in legitimate channels, and as a means to some higher good, the pursuit is most honorable; but that man must be low and sordid, indeed, who labors for the mere pleasure of its possession. The chief secret involved in the accumulation of great treasures, though all unpracticed and unknown by many, is easily explained. In the acquisition of wealth, men study whole numbers; in its distribution, they work after the rule of decimal fractions. One would think that the great problem of life was to be solved and immortality secured by gold. If a man must be an idolator, are there not other and higher objects of adoration? Life—Beauty—Genius—Love—these, all have a measure of divinity in them. But the worship of *Mammon* is a species of idolatry so vile, that apostate angels must wonder and weep at such abasement.

SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

I BELIEVE there is a supernatural and a spiritual world, in which human spirits both good and bad live in a state of consciousness.

I believe that any of these spirits may, according to the order of God, in the laws of their place of residence, have intercourse with this world, and become visible unto mortals.

I believe Samuel did actually appear unto Saul, and that he was sent by the especial mercy of God, to warn the infatuated King of his approaching death.—*Adam Clarke.*

FUTURE GROWTH OF THE SOUL.

Among excellent arguments for the immortality of the soul there is one, drawn from its perpetual progress to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved on by others, though it seems to me to carry great weight. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? * * *

Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious beings for so mean and brief a purpose? Would he give us talents not to be exerted, capacities never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom that shines in all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing that the several generations which rise and disappear in quick succession are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity? There is not a more pleasing consideration in religion than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes toward the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine forever with new accessions of glory, that she will still be adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge, carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man.

Methinks this one consideration of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. The cherub that now appears as a god to a human soul, knows that a time will come when the soul shall be as perfect as he now is; nay, when she shall look down on that degree of perfection. It is true the higher nature still advances, and preserves his superiority, but he knows that how high soever the station may be of which he stands prepossessed, the inferior nature will mount up to it, and shine in the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our own souls where there are such hidden stores of perfection!—*Addison.*

GOD'S ANGELS.

How many times have we been strangely and unaccountably preserved in sudden and dangerous falls? And it is well if we did not impute that preservation to chance, or to our own wisdom or strength. Not so: God, perhaps, gave his angels charge over us, and in their hands they bore us up. Indeed men of the world will always impute such deliverances to accidents or second causes.

When a violent disease, supposed incurable, is totally and suddenly removed, it is by no means improbable that this is effected by the ministry of an angel. And perhaps it is to the same cause that a remedy is unaccountably suggested either to the sick person, or some one attending upon him, by which he is entirely cured.

It seems what are usually called divine dreams may be frequently ascribed to angels. We have a remarkable instance of this kind related by one who will hardly be called an enthusiast, for he was a heathen, a philosopher, and an emperor: I mean Marcus Antoninus. "In his meditations, he solemnly thanks God for revealing to him when he was at Cajeta, in a dream, what totally cured the bloody flux, which none of his physicians were able to heal." And why may we not suppose that God gave him this notice by the ministry of an angel?—*John Wesley.*

PRESENCE OF SPIRITS.

It appears to me no way contrary to reason to believe that the happy departed spirits see and know all they would wish, and are divinely permitted to know. In this, Mr. Wesley, (the founder of Methodism) is of the same mind, and that they *are* concerned for the dear fellow pilgrims whom they have left behind. I cannot but believe they are. Nor doth it seem contrary to reason to suppose a spirit in glory can turn its eye with as much ease, and look on any object below, as a mother can look through a window, and see the actions of her children in the court beneath it. If bodies have a language by which they can convey their thoughts to each other, though sometimes at a distance, have spirits no language, think you by which they can converse with our spirits, and by impressions on the mind, speak to us as easily as before they did by the tongue? And what can interrupt either the presence, communication, or sight of a spirit?

"Walls within walls no more its passage bar
Than unopposing space of liquid air."

Though it is allowed we may have communion with angels, various are the objections raised against the belief of our communion with that other part of the heavenly family—*the disembodied spirits of the just.* If there is joy throughout all the realms above, yea, "more joy over one sinner that repenteth than over the ninety and nine which went not astray," how evident it is to an impartial eye that the state of both the one and the other must be known there, together, with the progress of each individual! Have not spirits faculties suited to spirits, by which we may suppose they can as easily discern our soul as we could discern their body when they were in the same state as ourself? If "he maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire," cannot a spirit be with me in a moment, as easily as a stroke from an electrical machine can convey the fire for many miles in one moment, through thousands of bodies, if properly linked together?—*Mrs. Mary Fletcher (an early English Methodist).*

POWER OF SPIRITS.

The philosopher Tsang said: "Let there be a careful attention *to perform the funeral rites* to parents, and let them be followed when long gone *with the ceremonies of sacrifice;* then the virtue of the people will resume its proper excellence."

The Master said: "I consider my not being present at the sacrifice, as if I did not sacrifice."

He sacrificed *to the dead,* as if they were present. He sacrificed to the spirits, as if the spirits were present.

He said: "How vast the power of spirits! An ocean of invisible intelligences surround us everywhere. If you look for them you cannot see them. If you listen for them you cannot hear them. Identified with the substance of all things, they cannot be separated from it. They cause men to sanctify and purify their hearts. * * They are everywhere, above us, on the right, and on the left. Their coming cannot be calculated. How important we do not neglect them!"

Chapters from the Bible of the Ages.

HELEN'S STORY.

IT was with a throbbing heart that Helen Darrell took a little roll of manuscript in her hand, over which she had wept and dreamed and smiled with all the fond enthusiasm of a born genius, and walked up to the "Langham Hotel," where Miss Caroline Vane was staying.

Miss Vane was an authoress—thirty years of age, with high complexion, and snapping black eyes.

"Ah!" said Miss Vane graciously—she was sitting at a table with a handsome inkstand before her, a pile of books and papers gracefully scattered around, and a bouquet of flowers close by—"you are the teacher in the dear little rustic school-house near Hornsey, I remember—oh, dear, yes! I put that school-house in my last novel. I'll send you a copy when it's printed, if you like."

"Oh, thank you," said Helen, coloring and faltering. "But I have come to ask a very, very great favor of you, Miss Vane."

Helen's cheeks grew red as she hesitatingly produced her roll of manuscript.

"It is this," she faltered. "I would you—I know it must seem presumptuous—but I have written a story, and—"

"Oh!" said Miss Vane. "Exactly. And you wish me to read it?"

"To read it," said Helen Darrell, "and, if possible, to assist me to some probable channel of publication."

"That's not so easy," said Miss Vane frigidly. "However, since you have brought it here, you may leave it. I will glance over it when I find time, and, if it seems suitable, send it to some periodical."

Helen Darell waited and waited, but no word came from the brilliant authoress at the hotel. But at length, one evening, she met her walking in the quiet Hornsey lanes, with a tall, handsome gentleman sauntering at her side.

"Miss Vane," she said breathlessly, while the color went and came fitfully in her cheeks. "Pray excuse me for interrupting you, but did you send that story?"

"Of course I did," said Caroline impatiently. "Didn't I promise you I would?"

"Yes, I know; but—was it published?"

"Respectfully declined," said Miss Vane, shrugging her shoulders. "I told you so."

Poor Helen shrank and paled as Miss Vane turned away; nor did she venture to ask any further questions. She merely turned away and glided into the leafy umbrage like a vanishing Dryad.

"A pretty face that," said the gentleman. "Who is she?"

"Oh, a little country *protege* of mine," said Caroline, with unblushing effrontery. "Now come on, or we shall be too late for the little cascade in the woods, Mr. Morton."

But Mr. Morton somehow seemed to have lost all his interest in cascades and woodland rambles. He declared himself tired out, melted with heat, tormented by gnats. Caroline Vane could not comprehend him at all.

* * * * * *

"Pardon me—but cannot I do something to help assuage this grief?"

Helen Darrel started up from the fallen tree, close to which she had been crouching, her tear-stained cheeks the color of scarlet, and her eyes shining like those of a startled deer, as she recognized the gentleman she had seen an hour ago with Caroline Vane.

Helen was young and heart-sick; Mr. Morton was gentle and kindly, and sympathetic, and in five minutes she had impulsively confessed all her troubles.

"I knew it was a silly story," she faltered, "but—"

"Are you quite sure of that?" playfully demanded Mr. Morton. "Perhaps I should be a better judge of that than yourself. Do you know that I belong to the fraternity of editors?"

'You, sir?'

He drew a magazine from his pocket.

"If you do not believe me, Miss Darrell, look at this."

And he pointed to the name "Edwin Ellery Morton" on the corner.

"Your friend, Miss Vane, writes for us," he said. "There is a story of hers in this month's number—a story that has created quite a sensation in reading circles. Look!"

The color vanished from Helen's cheek as she read in printed characters the name of the very story she herself had dreamed out in wooded solitudes and along the sunset glen.

"'The Pearl of Penrhyn!'" she gasped. "Oh, Mr. Morton, I wrote that! It is the story I gave her—the story she told me was declined!"

He looked intently at her, without speaking.

"Can you prove this?" he asked.

"I can show you the original manuscript in my possession at home."

When Miss Vane saw Mr. Morton next, he walked quietly up to her.

"That was an awkward mistake of yours, Miss Vane."

"What mistake?" Caroline asked, sweetly.

"The confounding Miss Darrell's very excellent manuscript with your own productions. You see, I know all. It was Helen Darrell, not yourself, that wrote 'The Pearl of Penrhyn.'"

And Caroline's deep blush spoke the confession her lips were unwilling to frame.

Miss Vane was a shallow, false-natured person, but her heart, what little there was of it, was given to Edwin Morton, and this sudden blighting of all her hopes was bitterness indeed. And she had to thank that pink-cheeked, dewy-eyed Helen Darrell for it all.

"I wish I never had seen her, or her trashy story," she sobbed, when left once more to her own reflections.

"You must write another story, Miss Darrell," said the editor. Helen wrote it; and about three months later Helen astonished her grandmother Darrell by telling her she was to be married to Edwin Morton.

"And all this comes o' story writin'," said the old lady meditatively.

But then all "contributors" are not beauties, and all editors are not young, good looking and unmarried.—*For Everybody.*

A ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

SOME sixteen years since, a young gentleman in New York city contrived for a while to pay his addresses to a beautiful young girl there, the daughter of a worthy but obstinate merchant, who was opposed to the young man's visiting his daughter. He persisted in his endeavors to win the young lady, and at last was forbidden to enter the old man's house.

Still the lovers contrived to meet occasionally afterward, and at the expiration of six weeks matters having been previously so arranged, the girl consented to marry the youth who loved her, and for whom he would at any time have periled his life, so deeply rooted was his affection for her. He did not seek her fortune, for he was in the enjoyment of a handsome salary as principal bookkeeper in an extensive jobbing house, and his prospects pecuniarily, were very fair. But the parent was obdurate and he was driven from the house.

As we have hinted, at the end of a few weeks they agreed to be married, and all the requisite arrangements were made; the evening was fixed upon, even the chaplain had been engaged, but on the morning of the day proposed secretly for the nuptials, the whole plan was discovered, and the match was broken off peremptorily, by the absolute authority of the parents.

Time passed on. The daughter was sent to a distant part of the country for a while, and the young man, disappointed and disheartened, left New York for the West.

Meanwhile, a person to suit the taste of the parents turned up—a man of considerable means, but old enough to be the young girl's father—and a match was arranged, after long persuasion, between Emma and this man, and she wedded him at last.

Three years subsequently the young man found himself in New England, where he settled and took a wife also, finding it not good to dwell alone; and some dozen years or so passed away, with their thousand-and-one changes of place, of circumstance, and of fortune. From the time of their separation, the original lovers had never met.

The young man became the father of three little ones, and then lost two of these, which bereavment was soon after followed by the death of his wife. Time flew by. He had been a widower some years, and his oldest daughter had got to be quite a miss. He had been fortunate in his business, and resided a few miles out of the city, in a sweet little cottage, unclouded by sorrow, for the day of his fortune had long since gone by; and he endeavored to be contented and happy-surrounded as he was by the comforts of life, and in the enjoyment of the society of his dear little daughter.

One day he was returning home in the afternoon, and upon entering the cars he found them all full. He sought a seat, and found one occupied by a lady, beside whom he sat down, and the cars moved out of the depot. As they emerged into the light, he suddenly turned to the lady, and exclaimed:

"Madam! Emma! Is this you?"

He didn't know exactly what he said, but it was a fact that he was on the seat with the girl to whom he was once engaged to be married, whom he really had loved, and whom he had never seen from the day of their cruel separation. A mutual explanation quickly succeeded. Our widowed friend ascertained that his former intended was on her way to the North, upon a visit to her friends; that she had been married nearly eleven years, had but one child living, and her husband had been dead over two years. He pointed to his pretty cottage as the cars passed on, but did not leave the train.

He proceeded forward, renewed his acquaintance, found the lady her own mistress, proposed to her again, for he believed her as lovely as ever, and won her sure, this time! And we record the fact with ordinary degree of pleasure, that within three weeks the lovers were actually united together in marriage, in the city of Boston.

THE KINGDOM OF HOME.

A TRUE home is a haven of rest—a kingdom where happiness, such as cannot be found outside of it, exists to soothe "the restless pulse of care." Unwritten episodes, expressive of the best and holiest emotions of the heart, transpire daily within the sacred precincts of the home circle where the curious eyes of the world have no right to intrude. Here, free from the cold formalities and chilling restraints of the "outside world," the indescribable charm, the softening tenderness and elevating influences of home-love have full play.

Need it be said that the most attractive homes are those where affection and trust and confidence between the various members are ever present? Hearts are thus knit closely together, and where elevating recreation combined with instruction is provided, the tastes and habits are directed in a channel at once healthful, and engaging, and which banish a longing for unhealthy excitements calculated to lure the young into untoward paths.

It is one of the first duties that a man owes to his family, as well as to society, to make his home as pleasant as circumstances will admit, for herein largely consists the influence for good or evil which he and his exert upon the community.

No person, however humble, is without an influence, and that influence should be upon the better side of human life. The example of many a poor man and woman—the lesson taught by their lives—is like apples of gold in pictures of silver, and the influence shed around them in life, and long after they have ceased to live in the flesh.

A sublime thought is that in a beautiful poem published in these columns not long ago—

"And thus our lives go on and on
Like ships unceasingly;
Through morning's gold and shadows cold,
That check time's varied sea.
God grant that like the sweet ship bells
The good that in my being dwells
May echo after me."

Do you say that that is rose colored, and all very well in its way, but that it is not hard, practical every-day life? We do say that. It is always best to look aloft; to stand up bravely against the adversities and fight the battle of life like true soldiers. It requires the virtues of true moral courage and noble impulses. These are not altogether of spontaneous growth. They spring from the inner chambers of the heart where the good seed which mature them have been sown under the kindly and purifying influences of happy home life.

Does the autumnal night air blow chill, and the rain beat angrily against the panes? Bring in the lights; draw the curtains; shut out the world, and forget the cares of business. What if the wind whistles dismally without; there is warmth and content, and music within—the music of children's voices, as merry and as sweet as the tones of silver bells. Dark and cheerless it may be without, but there is a bright glad light within—the golden light of love in the kingdom of home.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.—As the through train from Providence for Worcester was about leaving the other day, some one called out at the doors, "Pawtucket and Valley Falls passengers take the forward car on the other track." There were some sixty passengers on the train to whom the call seemed applicable, all of whom very innocently passed to the other car, as requested, supposing it was to be attached to the train. The point of the joke was perceptible when the train had gone, and the credulous victims found themselves obliged to wait in the station for one hour.

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"SPRING" is represented by a little blonde maiden, garlanded by a spray of morning glories, and surrounded by flowers of different kinds still growing and in full bloom.

"SUMMER" is a rosy little boy, scantily attired, who has strayed into the field, where he stands, grasping with both hands the tall stalks of ripe grain and surrounded by asters and other blossoms of richest colors. Joyousness is in every feature, and one almost wonders whether he is not rejoicing at having hid away from an anxious mamma.

"AUTUMN" is a little miss standing under a grapevine, one shoe slipped off, and holding in her apron some clusters of ripe grapes. The picture is a favorite with all who possess it.

"WINTER" is peculiarly characteristic. It is again a little maid, this time warmly clad, standing near a denuded tree, feeding a bird with crumbs.

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ALCOHOL A POISON.

DR. WILLARD PARKER BEFORE THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

A CONFERENCE of the National Temperance Society was recently held in this city to consider the best means of suppressing the use of alcohol. Mr. A. M. Powell, in the absence of the President, occupied the chair, and in calling the Convention to order said no one could fail to see that there was some fault somewhere in the working of the institution, and that something must be done to stop the great suffering of humanity from the use of strong drink. The Society noticed, notwithstanding all their efforts, that some wiser plan must be taken to stop the use of alcohol. The people must be taught that in using alcohol they were administering to their ruin by one of the most powerful poisons. Hundreds and thousands of people were hourly using the beverage, believing that in it there was a great amount of nourishment most beneficial to the human frame. Under this delusion they suffer bodily and morally the greatest of injury. On the other side of the Atlantic the injury was as bad as here, but the physicians of London have been aroused to a sense of duty, and an enquiry was being made as to the deadly effects of alcohol as used in whiskey, brandy, and wine.

Dr. Willard Parker was then introduced to the meeting, and said:

It is now about eight years since I have had my attention directed to this subject of temperance. It is now more than half a century since the temperance cause originated, and since then a great amount of talent has been expended to determine the effects which the body receives from the use of alcohol. For the last year there has been as much drunkenness as there has ever been in this country before, notwithstanding the existence of the great societies. I was for many years connected with the care of inebriates, and paid particular attention to the character of those in my charge and I have arrived at the conclusion that drunkenness is a disease. A man so affected cannot control his appetite, and must have drink regularly, and will have it at all hazards. A healthy man can refrain from drinking, but a diseased man cannot; and these men so addicted readily admit that. Men suffering from the disease have been cured, and they will with tears in their eyes promise to abstain, yet on passing a liquor store they cannot help themselves, and will go in and have their whiskey. Now the question arises what can be done? How shall we go to work? The Society has been all the time trying to show what the use of alcohol makes us do, and many will reply it makes them feel good, and some will say it makes them crazy, drives them to desperation and to fight. Now let us drop that mode, and ask what does alcohol do to me, and not what it makes me do. That is the great starting point. We have to teach the people what alcohol does to them, and how it acts on them. It is as poisonous as arsenic or belladonna, and produces its deadly effect on those who use it; but then it is used in an adulterated state. There are, however, a few old friends who will stick up for it and say it is a good stimulant, prevents wasting of the body and stimulates the system; it banks up the fire within. Yes, for the time being, terminating as an extinguisher, I tell you all to take up the subject and consider with the best scientific men; but no doubt many of them will look upon it as beneficial as food. At Binghamton we had 360 drunkards from whiskey in 1871, and on their recovery they stated that they were of the opinion that whiskey was food and that was the reason why they used it. Whiskey is a poison, but some believe and have the idea if we can get pure spirits that is all right, but that is a mistake. Alcohol is poison, and the purer it is the more deadly is it in its effects, and if I was going to partake of it I would prefer that which is adulterated. Then, again, there is an idea that the older the spirit is the better; that is quite right, for from age the alcohol has evaporated, leaving more water behind. With regard to ales and beer it is believed that they are harmless, but with the presence of alcohol there is always danger. Those who partake of it become drowsy, and those who drink wines become stupid. In lager beer there is 3 or 4 per cent. of alcohol, in ale 7 or 8 per cent.; wine contains 23, gin 51 per cent., and brandy 53 per cent. of the poison present. Why do we use them? Alcohol is not found in the human system, and therefore it is not used as a repairer. St. Paul tells Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake, and so we see that poisons used moderately correct evils. But then, when you exceed and take it in poisonous doses you feel the face flushed, caused by the increased action of the heart; and that is the time to stop, for it is at that period that it shows itself to be poison. If all people would stop at that there would be very little harm done. I hope that some action will be taken by the Legislature, for it really deserves as much attention as any other disease, such as those which threaten at Quarantine every year. It is exceedingly gratifying to know that at the late inauguration liquors had been abandoned and temperance beverages instituted, and it looked well to see the President of the country commencing in this way.

At the conclusion of the address, the following resolutions were adopted;

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this Conference that total abstinence from all alcoholic liquors as a beverage is consistent with and conducive to the highest degree of physical and mental health and vigor.

Resolved, That we regard alcohol, whether in the form of distilled spirits, brandy, whiskey, wine, beer, or cider, pure or adulterated, as an essential poison; that it should be classified with other poisonous drugs, and like those be employed only for medicinal purposes.

Resolved, That we deprecate and denounce the traffic in so-called patent medicines in which alcohol is a large ingredient, as tending to injure the public health and to the increase of intemperance.

Resolved, That we earnestly entreat the members of the medical profession, as the especial guardians of the public health, to preach by example and precept the lesson of total abstinence from all alcoholic stimulants as a beverage, and thus to promote the true and permanent temperance reformation.

The meeting then adjourned.

THE PRESENT ERA.

THE convenient form, and neat typographical appearance of THE PRESENT ERA; the character of its editorials, as well as the quality of its contributed matter and carefully selected reprints, will we hope commend the paper to the liberal and cultivated friends of progress. We propose to make each succeeding number better than its predecessor. In our next we shall give a description and an illustrative view of an interesting locality in Central Park of this city. It is our purpose to issue as often as semi-monthly an illustrated number. We are making efforts to obtain correct portraits of the most noted advocates of religious, social and political reform. No effort shall be wanted on our part to make THE PRESENT ERA a welcome guest in every household. Our usefulness and the intrinsic value of our journal, must to a certain extent depend upon the patronage we receive.

The present number fully indicates the character of our paper and its course in the future. If it merits the approbation of the reader, we ask for a material manifestation to that effect, by remitting the annual subscription price, and by calling the attention of others to its claims. Subjects of the greatest importance are to be considered and decided by the American people within the next decade. In this great centre of commercial and political activities, an organ is needed that shall represent the most advanced intelligent radical thought. Such we propose to make THE PRESENT ERA. Subscribers should make known their choice of the Chromos, otherwise none will be sent.

THE TWENTY FIFTH ANNIVERSARY was appropriately celebrated by the Apollo Hall Society of Spiritualists of this city. In our next number we shall give a full account of the proceedings and the addresses made by Andrew Jackson Davis, Prof. Brittan, and others as taken by our own Phonographic Reporter.

THIS NUMBER we date one week in advance for the purpose of giving our friends and canvassing agents an opportunity to respond in the way of subscriptions. After that time our issues will be regular on Wednesday of each week. As a rule we shall hereafter send only to those who pay us in advance. The exceptional cases will be, where we know the parties, and to those who write us promising an early remittance.

THE INTERNATIONALS ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—In the Federal Council of the I. W. A., Section 9, Sunday, March 16, at 120 Spring street, New York city, the Committee on Capital Punishment reported that they were opposed to it on the ground that it never effected its object; that the leaving of the power of life and death in the hands of any individual was a relic of the old feudal and barbarous ages. This is not the only good idea in the creed of this all-embracing association. The idea of universal peace, is fitly complimented by that of cosmopolitan humanity and the sacredness of human life. Only believers in doctrines of "total depravity," and angry gods with brimstone hells, will wish to hang any murderer even, when it once demonstrates that executions exert no conservative influence. The idea of revenge is the murderer's thought, and punishment which is neither restraining or reformatory, is a blunder and crime.

PERSONAL.

REV. T. B. FORBUSH of Cleveland Ohio, Pastor of the Unitarian Society meeting at Case Hall in that city; is a courteous and refined gentleman of rare gifts. Among these, the uncommon ones of good sense and courage have a conspicuous place. His audience includes many of the most intelligent citizens, Spiritualists being numerous. Of late, Mr. Forbush, has preached a vigorous protest against the arrogant "Lenten Pastoral" of Bishop Gillmour of Ohio. The Bishop as Roman Catholic official, demands absolute possession of all church property in his diocese; asserting also that "Nationalites must be made subordinate to religion" (*i. e.*, the Roman Church) "we must learn we are Catholics first, citizens next * * * God is above man, the church above the state" and incites all Catholics to insist by votes that every school be made a Catholic institution, or be destroyed, &c. &c. &c. Mr. Forbush compliments the Bishop on his candor but resents his teaching as dangerous to liberty and progress. He urges jealous care of secular schools, and the taxation of Ecclesiastical property while no church is to be allowed political favor. We cheerfully support Mr. Forbush in his defence of the skirmish line of freedom, anticipating no serious danger to the cause of progress from jesuitical fossils, while such sentinels as he sound the bugle-note of alarm so near the standard.

HORACE SEAVER—Veteran editor of *The Boston Investigator* is *not* a Spiritualist. He calls himself a Materialist and his Christian neighbors dub him an Infidel. "A rose by any name would smell as sweet" and Brother Seaver is a rose though growing as some think on a thorny stem. He often sheds the perfume of reason from his cluster of blooming ideas in the halls of liberal debate as at "Hospitalier" in Boston. Frequently too he presents himself upon the platform of Spiritualist Societies as at Salem Mass., the 23d of March, and is an ever welcome exponent of the gospel of doubt and denial the forerunners of discovery. Contrary to his expectations, we are persuaded we shall meet Horace in heaven and sing with him—any tune we know in common.

B. F. UNDERWOOD, needs converting if there is any great truth or good in Christianity which he steadfastly denies; and moreover ever goeth about eloquently making his denial public. The last we heard of him he was in Pittsburg Pa., before "The Radical Society" debating "The Influence of Christianity, on Civilization." The Pittsburg *Daily Leader* of Monday, March 3d, says: "Mr. Underwood is generally accepted as the foremost American exponent of the views of the rationalists of to-day, and naturally the greatest interest was felt in his discourse. It is said that he will speak here again in a short time upon similar topics."

MRS. M. E. B. SAWYER who is recommended to us by good judges in the East, as a good speaker upon Spiritualism, and its cognate reforms, desires to make engagements in New Jersey and Pennsylvania until June first; Mrs. Sawyer will act as an Agent of THE PRESENT ERA, and as such we bespeak for her the attention and favor of the public. She may be addressed at this office.

MOSES HULL has just published a report of one of his frequent debates with the clergy, in which he generally gets the best of the argument. He has been in Boston this Winter getting out his books, and lecturing successfully in New England.

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The Present Era.

I heard a great Voice saying, Go up higher.

Vol. I. NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1873. No. 1.

THE GALLOWS MOLOCH.

REVIEW OF THE CASE OF WILLIAM FOSTER.

BY S. B. BRITTAN, M. D.

THE Gallows still stands as one of the expressive symbols of a vindictive theology and a semi-barbarous law. Its cold, accursed shadow falls on all the land—on the Church and State; on sympathetic human hearts, on the faces of little children that lisp, with tremulous voices, the names of its victims, and on the souls of unborn babes, to blight and blacken human nature. Its hideous image and its frightful work; its bloody record of the law's mistakes; its long lines of innocent victims and of creatures morally deformed—all grim and ghastly in their gory habiliments; the infamy that falls on desolate homes and blasts the hopes of families—all present to the living only sad and sickening scenes of tragic interest, and to the future a foul inheritance of blasted hopes and bitter memories.

We propose to discuss the law for the punishment of capital offenses on its principles, and in the light of the common experience of mankind, but not now. In the present instance we shall briefly review the case of William Foster, the last victim—in this State—of a statute that at once dishonors humanity and disfigures the civilization of the Nineteenth Century. Foster's crime did not answer to the legal description of murder in the first degree; hence, therefore, it did not call for the infliction of the Death Penalty. An important provision of that law excepts such cases—as his own is shown to be by any fair construction of the facts and evidence. There was neither that complete absence of mitigating circumstances, nor the proofs of such premeditation, on the part of the criminal, as are required by the terms of the statute to describe the greatest degree of criminality recognized by the law.

The principals in this tragedy were total strangers. Fifteen minutes before the commission of the fatal deed, Foster and his victim had no knowledge of each other; and, of necessity, up to that hour the former could have entertained no fell design. The homicide resulted from an angry altercation, commenced by Mr. Putnam, but not without strong provocation in the improper conduct of Foster, who, at the time, was under the influence of stimulants. We will here introduce the legal provisions applicable to the case, as the law was defined by the Court on the occasion of the trial.

"Before the jury can convict the prisoner of murder in the first degree they must find from the evidence that the prisoner had a specific, premeditated design to effect the death of the deceased; that they must be able to say, beyond a reasonable doubt, that such was his specific design."

"If the jury find that the prisoner, when he struck deceased, intended to inflict bodily harm upon deceased only, the death resulting from such assault does not amount in law to murder in the first degree."

"If the jury have a reasonable doubt, derived from all the evidence, as to what intent the prisoner had in assaulting deceased, they are bound to give the prisoner the benefit of that doubt and find the lesser intent."

"To make out in this instance a case of murder in the first degree one kind of malice is essential, viz., a premeditated design to effect death; no other species or quality of malice is sufficient, and this malice must be proved, affirmatively, to have existed to the satisfaction of the jury beyond a reasonable doubt."

"Whatever the intention of Foster in assaulting Putnam may have been, if it was not a premeditated design to take Putnam's life, it matters not how long the intention had been entertained, it does not constitute murder in the first degree."

"The fact that the prisoner came forward voluntarily, and gave his name as that of the unknown man who made the assault, is one proper for the jury to consider, as bearing upon the question whether he had any intention to make a fatal assault."

In the absence of any explanation we should be at a total loss to account for the verdict of the jury, which appears to admit of no reconciliation with the points of law, so clearly and emphatically stated by the presiding Judge. Moreover, it seems to us that the letter of Hon. Edwards Pierrepont to the Governor, presents the legal aspects of the case with sufficient clearness and force, to satisfy any humane and intelligent man that —even admitting the justice of Capital Punishment *per se*—Foster's case was not one that called for the execution. In the following paragraph the Judge explains the illusive theory and circumstances under which the jury finally united upon a verdict which at once antagonizes the provisions of the law, defeats the purposes of justice, and violates their own convictions.

By our statute the crime of murder in the first degree is *punishable with death*.

The crime of murder in the second degree may be expiated *by suffering imprisonment for ten years*.

The jury were well aware of this law. They did not believe that Foster had "premeditated designs to effect the death" of Mr. Putnam; they feared that if found guilty of murder in the second degree Foster would be pardoned after a short imprisonment and the ends of justice defeated; and they were assured and believed that if the prisoner were found guilty of murder in the first degree the sentence of death would be commuted to imprisonment for life *if a recommendation to mercy accompanied their verdict*. Upon this theory they agreed upon their verdict, and, without such understanding, it is entirely clear that a verdict *of guilty of murder in the first degree could not have been obtained*. The jury believed that a verdict of murder in the second degree would bring a punishment quite too light for the crime committed. They knew that a verdict of murder in the first degree, which involved a finding of "a premeditated design to effect the death" of Mr. Putnam, was not in accordance with their view of the facts in the case at all. But under the belief, and a lawyer's assurance, that a recommendation to mercy accompanying their verdict in the first degree would necessarily result in imprisonment for life they rendered the verdict which stands recorded.

All doubt upon this question is now removed by the affidavits and statements of the jurors.

Samuel Dowding, Robert Usher Jr, George K. Chase, Walter H. Bartlett, and perhaps other members of the jury, have solemnly declared, that they did not at the time of the trial, and that they do not now, believe that Foster designed to take the life of Putnam; and further, that they never would have rendered the verdict they did had they not been misled into the belief that the recommendation to mercy would save his life, by securing Executive interposition in the commutation of his sentence. In this erroneous conviction the jury was confirmed by the opinion of Mr. Rogers, one of their number, who is also a member of the legal profession.

If, then, the verdict was the result of a blunder, the sad consequences of which should, and *might have been averted*; if Foster's crime was not murder in the first degree, and hence did not demand his execution, it is easy to see that, in any just view of the case, the State has committed a deliberate murder. The jury was deceived, and should have been permitted to correct its error; and the Governor assumed a fearful responsibility in taking the life of a fellow-being whose conviction was not based on the facts and the law, but on a *technical mistake*.

"Quirks and quibbles have no place in the search after truth."

but they seem to have had a large place and a most fatal influence in the final adjudication of the case under review. Such illustrations of Roman virtue and judicial blindness may serve to awaken public apprehension. General Dix may be just the man to deal with the armed enemies of his country, and to subdue an undisciplined and mutinous soldiery——we believe he is——but his disposition of the Foster case goes very far to unsettle our faith in the magistrate. The execution of William Foster is likely to arouse a deep feeling of hostility against the sanguinary spirit of our criminal code. If his case shall lead to a modification of the law, in the common interest of humanity, he will still have suffered unjustly, but not in vain. The State will continue to demand its bloody sacrifices; the destructive passions will disfigure our criminal legislation and the administration of justice so long as thousands are permitted to grow up in ignorance. This is the one prolific source of the manifest evils of our civilization. This ignorance is not confined to the lowest classes. It often assumes an air of great respectability is well dressed, has a seat at the opera, and goes to Church. With such people the letter of a law, however antiquated, is often greater than the living spirit of the age; old customs and traditions are something better than the truth and man; imperfect institutions—rising out of the dark ages—tower above humanity and God; and the disposition of some people to run in an old groove, and have their own way, admits of no rational restraints. We shall be glad to know that the higher interests of the State have not fallen into such hands. It yet remains for the people hereafter to decide whether they will have Moses with his *lex talionis*, in the gubernatorial chair; or, in his stead, a more compassionate ruler——endowed with an intelligent perception of the degrees of personal criminality and responsibility——and invested with the diviner graces of an enlightened and humane Chief Magistrate.

We did not learn that Foster made any religious professions before his death; but the good Dr. Tyng labored earnestly with him to the last; and pious prayers were offered in the cell and on the scaffold; which, however, seem to have been interrupted by the apprehension—on the part of the sheriff—that he must hasten his horrible work, or Providence might possibly deprive the State of the privilege of staining its hands in the blood of its helpless victim. We copy from the *Evening Post's* report of the execution:

"While standing beneath the gallows, Foster grew rapidly worse, swayed to and fro like a drunken man, and Mr. Brennan, fearing that he would either die or faint, stopped the religious services and gave the signal to the hangman."

And so the sheriff very unceremoniously choked off the ministers of the religion of him who "came not to destroy men's lives;" and then he proceeded, in hot haste, to strangle the trembling object of their prayers. What a heterogeneous association of venerable forms, priestly robes, and the offices of religion, on the one hand; and, on the other, the manacles of steel, the black cap, the fatal trap, the hangman and all the infernal implements of the law! Grim, ghastly, and horrible spectacle! What deep and shameless hypocrisy to be on our knees petitioning God to save the poor wretch we have determined to destroy! This, alas! is an incongruous and mournful exhibition—the prayer-book and the halter; this clumsy machine for breaking necks; this miserable caricature of the religion of Jesus; and that pulseless form of the divine image, obscured by sin and venous congestion—dangling up there between heaven and earth, with face of orange hue, and eyeballs starting from their sockets! Oh, this is terrible! Verily, this must be the try with a strong cast. The inexorable ministers of the law say that justice is satisfied now, and the saints—

"They wait to hear the priest declare,
The sinner of last even',
To-day a saint, unfit for Earth,
Is good enough for Heaven."

For The Present Era.

ONE OF LIFES PICTURES.

BY MRS. SARAH E. HOWE.

A MAIDEN stands at the window-pane watching the whirling storm,
A matron sits in her easy chair where the light falls soft and warm,
Her hands rest idly on the work which has fallen to her knee,
Thus musing sat, while memory's door unlocked with a magic key.
She treads upon enchanted ground, shall we follow with footstep slow,
Adown the silent path that leads to the realm of "the long ago?"
She pauses not in the dusty track of the later sadder years,
O'er fair sweet flowers that exhale the fragrance of her tears!
She seeks a bower where the emerald turf is hung with gems of dew,
A trysting place where trusting hearts believe all things are true,
Where bright young eyes can only trace gay prophecies of time,
With ne'er a dream of the solemn march of destiny sublime—
Nor guessing half the heavy tasks, Fate set for her to do,
For Love's sun warmed her morning sky, and hope-stars lit night's blue.
Ah! she hath neared that sweeter time, which knew no doubt or pain,
Who would not give the half their days, for that one brief hour again?)
An instant sense as if a gulf had yawned 'twixt life and her,
Obscures the picture—yet her *soul* knelt there a worshipper.
A sudden shock, the pain of loss darkens the vision fair;
Unconsciously her dreaming thought, "built castles in the air"—
Like the fancy, so the fact had vanished in sombre hue,
For it was built on human hope, and like it proved untrue.
With patient steps she hastened back to where her duties lay,
And ruined castles were round her feet the weary toilsome way.
She looked not back the dusty track, her idols all were broken,
But came she into clearer light, with an immortal token.
As youth's dreams fled she bowed her head, beneath Fate's chast'ning rod
To consecrate her life anew to angels, Truth and God.

FREDONIA, N. Y.

Original Essays.

For the Present Era.

SPIRITUALISM.

WHAT SHALL WE EXPECT?

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

There is in the United States, it has been estimated, from one to two hundred thousand media. Of these a very large proportion are mere wonder-workers, ranking side by side with the "Medicine Man" of the red Indian, the negro "rain-makers," and the "Dancing Dervishes" of the Orient. There are, it has been stated, eleven millions of Spiritualists, the larger part of whom are wonder-seekers, furnished by the wonder-workers with appropriate phenomena. These have not outgrown the influence of preconceived religious ideas, and the waters flowing from the fountain of "Miracles" is yet sweet to their taste. They readily substitute, "thus saith the Spirits," for "thus saith the Lord," and in the place of "Special Providence," the special interposition of Spirits. When the hot soil of ignorance is watered from this fountain, fanaticism, superstition, bigotry, intolerance spring up in rank luxuriance, and flaunt their coarse foliage in the opposing breeze. Despicable, pitiable, whenever found; most in those who make the pretence to harmony and spirituality of life. And this is to be expected. When the pioneer clears away the primeval forest, and lays bare to the sun, the dank and oozy soil, shadowed from the light for ages, from every available turf, warmed by the newly received rays, spring worthless weeds of most surprising growth, indicative of the latent vitality which under culture will yield an equally beautiful harvest of golden corn. Exquisitely beautiful are the ideas of immortal life, and its perfectability, and of an Eternal Spiritual Father, yet to and around these cluster all religious dogmas, and from them have sprung, when conjoined with ignorance, the most terrible sufferings recorded by history, and the most abject and brutal debasement. Belief in immortality, has been seized with unflinching hand by the priesthood, and its history has been a part of the history of religion; written with fire and blood world. In its persistent struggle for light, to escape the bondage of the brute side of humanity, the deep dungeon has been excavated, indescribable engines of torture constructed, and the face of Nature disfigured with cross and gibbet; fagot's smoke, and the blaze of cities and fields whitening with human bones, has been turned appealingly to the affrighted heavens.

And what of this? Very much, indeed. By it we learn the danger of surrendering reason and individuality. The moment this is done, however slightly, the current swiftly sets toward a maelstrom, escape from which is only though suffering unspeakable, and immeasurable loss.

The fundamental principle of Spiritualism, held in common with all religions being the one whereon fanaticism has its stronghold, it is not wonderful that it has developed a rank growth in new soils and waste places. Rascality and ignorance have joined hands in its name, and shameless sensuality dragged its fair garments in the dust. It has borne grossest charlatanry, quackery, deception, villainy, folly, and the foul brood of vagaries, springing from the passions when first quickened by thought, yet unguided by reason, until any cause less vital, would have sunk in irretrievable disgrace. Yet has its pure light uncontaminated, shone clear as a star, and the whirl of petty individualities has disappeared like clouds of summer flies. The grand truths of immortal life, the beautiful consciousness of the communion with our departed friends, loses nothing by the baseness of those who would pervert them to ignoble purposes. The whisper of undying love from the other side of the grave, silences in our ears the clamor of the mob howling for notoriety.

The fanatical era is rapidly passing away. Mediumship is no longer sought as the most desirable of gifts; the golden road to knowledge. From its nature it must remain of rare occurrence, at least in its more perfect phase, wherein it becomes of substantial value. It is the result of laws at present almost entirely unknown, yet fixed and determinable. The world is rapidly learning that the spirit intelligences do not propose to ransack the globe for mineral deposits or buried treasures, or engage in the antagonistic strifes of mortal life. Communications on such subjects are only made for a special purpose, and where attention is called, they or their means invariably cease; they will not assume control of mortal affairs, nor put mankind in leading strings. His sphere demands self-exertion, and it were better that he stumble than be passively carried forward by the strength of others.

The ardent desire to organize Spiritualism as a *religious* movement, has somewhat cooled by repeated failure. Such efforts can never succeed. Spiritualism in its deepest sense, is the Science of Life, and it is plain that its acquisition can be gained only by observation and reflection, in the same manner that proficency is gained in other sciences, or provinces of knowledge, and it would be as wise to organize a religious system on the Problems of Euclid, or the truths of Natural Philosophy, as on the facts relative to immortal life. Religion as understood is a system of faith. It can proselyte, for *belief* is all in all. How can we proselyte, when we regard belief, unless founded on facts, as a childish delusion! But they who have just cast off the clothing of systems, feel a want of something, they know not what, and hence the past years have seen numberless conventions assemble, aping the church councils of old, with lengthy "resolutions" faintly copying the "creeds" of the assembled bishops. These old bottles will not hold the new wine. Knowledge will not consent to take up the rattle of blind belief, pleasing to babyhood. What is dead and effete, had best be left as it is, nor galvanized into spasmodic contortions, aping life. Leading strings are good in their place, and babies shoes, but they are quite out of place if too long retained.

If the knowledge of the inadaptibility of such systems to Spiritualism could not have been learned in any other way, then have past efforts had their uses.

Not of an isolated organization, but of the world is the genius of Spiritualism; to be the moving force, the vital power of all. Its phenomena must be carefully observed and recorded, and its laws traced with the precision employed in other branches of science. The day of the spiritual mountebank has nearly [illegible] bear the "conditions" of investigation, and not persistently surround themselves with those necessary for deception, will meet with approbation.

What shall we expect? That all become media? At times every individual *may* fall into a passive state, sleeping or waking, in health or sickness, and the iron veil between the mortal and spiritual world be momentarily drawn aside, but mediumship can never become a common possession. That spiritualism embody itself in a great religious organization? Then it will become *one* of the numberless sects, and lose entirely the catholicity which is its vital element. Let us not mourn over the impossible, nor consider its work a failure because the rude scaffolding, unskillful hands are constantly building against its side fall of their own weight. It has made unparelleled progress despite the scaffold-builders, and moves forward so steadily and triumphantly notwithstanding the efforts on all hands to obstruct and bring it to disgrace, that we are prone to think our feeble efforts even in the right direction will be of little avail. Its forces are from within, and it reaches and attracts because it has the true bread of life, the soul imperatively needs.

With sect comes proselytism, can Spiritualism proselyte? This is possible to a *belief*, not to a fact or class of facts; on them is based knowledge. Their understanding is gained by investigation and reflection, not through the confessional.

Spiritualism as a new science of existence, a new philosophy, moral, intellectual and spiritual, has a future deep and broad as the stream of humanity. Its labor is not for a day or a century; not for a man or for all men living, but for all the future and for all mankind. To the Spiritual Thinker a field wide as immensity, is thrown open; hitherto wholly unexplored. The old methods of thought are entirely useless, or even damaging in its investigation. New methods are to be invented, new schemes of research instituted, in short the beautiful and wonderful Science of Spirit created from its foundation. A wealth of material has been accumulated. History, sacred and profane, the natural sciences, the dreams of metaphysics, the dark and revolting dogmas of theology, furnish the unhewn blocks of the vast temple of Spiritual Science. Much has been said of scientific investigation. It is demanded, but it must be truly such, made in accordance with the laws and conditions of the subject, else it becomes ranting charlatanry.

Only within the last few years have we reached the greater generalizations in the realm of physical matter, and these only open up interminable vistas, tantalizingly presenting glimpses into the unknown depths of causes beyond. The spirit-realm, practically remains to day unexplored, no hardy foot has crossed its threshold. No Kepler has made statements of its laws, no Darwin generalized its facts. *They are yet to come*, and as the spiritual transcends the material, so will the achievements in its province surpass those in the latter. It casts a new light even on physical science, and changes the significence of its observations. It presents a vista broadening up to the throne of the Infinite. Its unbroken field furnishes the moralist, and the scientist each with his herculean task; more difficult because each step is made on ground entirely new, and the more glorious from the obstacles to be encountered.

THE JEWEL OF CONSISTENCY.

BY MRS. FRANCES KINGMAN.

"Be advised:
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself. We may outrun
By violent swiftness, that which we run at
And lose by over-running. Know you not
The fire that mounts the liquor till it run o'er
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advised."

SHAKSPEARE put a wise allegory into the mouth of the Duke of Norfolk, when he caused him to speak the preceding words; and it were well that the advisers of a monstrous fallacy heed it. I have reference to that class of persons called Christians, who desire a clause inserted in the National Constitution, holding us under penalty of the law to the fact that Jesus Christ be the ruler of the United States, and the Bible the fountain of our laws.

We are not astonished at such a call at this time. Dangers are at the doors of the Bigots. The vast theological institutions, sustaining civil and religious demagogues and dignitaries are tottering. The untamable spirit of progress is on the [illegible] monarchies and churches tremble. It is a most significant demand, while the the fatuous attempts of the clergy to sustain tradition in place of science is destroying the power of ecclesasticism, while Christian Credit Mobeliers emit stenchful oders, and the broad mantle of religion is created so elastic that it covers the corruption of Pharisaical priesthoods.

A most significant demand, while our great boulevards are filled with the grand equipages of a thousand Judas Iscariots, and ignorance hand in hand with vice and crime sets up its ghouls at every turn of our streets.

A most significant demand, at a time when if Jesus of Nazareth were among us, he would repeat the rebukes he once gave to formalists and hypocrites. The application of "whited sepulchres" would be synonymous with "whitewashing committees;" and his searching for all manner of uncleanliness in social life need require little exertion. Ah, would he not scourge from the legislatures the herds of lobbyists armed with moral sacrifices, and overturn the tables of the usurers with an unction?

The spirit of despotism which has characterized men from the dawn of history until this day, gasps in its death-throes. That same spirit that divided Hindoostan into castes, investing the priests with absolute authority over the poor masses, so subservient in their ignorance. The same spirit which has given the world its monarchs and serfs—which has caused the few by force of birth, wealth and patronage, to monopolize the goods of God's bounteous earth, commanding the world's Helots to obey implicitly and in silence. Demagogism fears for its life. Self-appointed dignitaries in sinecure positions, behold the great awakening of a nation's intellect and know that some emphatic fiat must be established in order to stop the raids of science and the great inroads of free thought. But we can safely inform conservatism that the bugle blast of superstition is sounding its last echo. Popery shivers under the cowl of its doom across the Atlantic. Monarchies turn their eyes toward the youthful face of Republicanism and beckon in bewitching persuasion.

The heathen are taught "at home" by the vast intricacy of rail and telegraph, while millions of voices chime in the tumultuous chorus for Liberty. Hindoostan, Egypt, China, Thibit, Greece, Rome have lapped the spirit of despotism one upon the other, and America can trace scarce a century agone, the throes of England to maintain the divine right of the few and the degradation of the many.

How suggestive was that declaration of Gov. Berkley's of Virginia. He thanked God that there were so few schools. What despotism does this gratitude display! Learning, he said, brought heresy. Thank heaven, that to-day [illegible] pregnant in the masses; thank heaven [illegible] priests in their immaculate linen, and Chr[illegible] in legislatures; Christians prosperous und[illegible] present partial system of government, are [illegible] fied to continue the anarchy of caste, and [illegible] to perpetuate an injustice which enriches [illegible] by calling loudly, Give us God, Christ and [illegible] Bible, fastened to the National Constitution, [illegible] let every soul in the United States be held [illegible] penalty of the law to this soul-destroying intelle[illegible] dwarfing mind, cramping, conspiring hypocri[illegible] Aye, we thank heaven, that the builders of syn[illegible] gogues, taking from the starving the leaves an[illegible] fishes their hard labor has gained, to insert in th[illegible] lists and diffuse in fresco, stained glass, [illegible] and oak carving, have called aloud for a law to hold the people to bigotry. God watches the mockers who are willing to clog the wheels of his progressive car, and will compensate their efforts by rousing the masses to action. Too well the laborers, the oppressed, understand the meaning of this vast gasp of superstition.

Madam Roland, that famous woman, leader of the Girondists, and faithful friend of freedom, while on her way to the guillotine passed a statue of liberty. She clasped her hands, exclaiming: "Oh, Liberty, how many crimes have in thy name been committed!"

The masses of people stand to-day before the Goddess of Liberty, and with upturned faces, and uplifted hands utter the same piteous appeal. In thy name, fair goddess, have churches imported sheep-skins for wolves—wolves belonging to the Credit Mobeliers, to railroad consolidations, supporting Judas Iscariots, to monopolies, public land thieving, ballot-box stuffing, aye, partial education, and all the partial etceteras sustained at the cost of the poor of America. Justice is the Christ, and it has dipped the sop for thousands of Judas Iscariots, who having betrayed the Master, shall receive the fists of compensation's irrevocable stings.

The finesse employed by conservatism and ignorance, to deprive a sovereign people of soul liberty, has come too late in the century. And the actors in the grand farce have heated the furnace so hot for science, for progress, that Shakspeare's words are already proven.

Bigotry is sadly singed. All history proves that forms kept in vogue after the people feel their emptiness, degenerate into idol worship, and greatly demoralize all classes. The masses realize this. Since the horrible doctrines of Jonathan Edwards have found a deep grave, and the philosophies of modern Spiritualism have found life with millions of persons in our nation, moral and mental, as well as intellectual and spiritual interrogation, dwells even with the humblest castes. Vague, quite untangible indeed, are the purposes and beliefs of the people; yet there is a certain consciousness, a certain appreciation of a prolonged slavery—an undefinable sense of injustice, which causes human nature to ask questions. Once aroused, the American citizen, aye, and the adopted citizen interrogates concerning his or her rights; the slightest suspicion of wrong; and press, pulpit or bar, cannot defeat investigation. What though whitewashing committees defraud justice of its dues? the laws of compensation stands in the back-ground with upraised finger and nonchalent smile, whispering: "I will repay." The perturbed heavens threaten long hours by voice of thunder and shifting cloud; cumulous fantasies send forth echoes of approaching danger all through the summers's day, and yet the storm breaks not till the light is down with her "veiled forgetments and curtained Luna."

So compensation threatens all through the seasons and the years, but projects her tempests when we least anticipate them. *Lex talionis*, proves its verity by the authority of "Vengeance is mine, I will repay."

And now the people are commencing to understand why Christianity desires to hold us to the worship of a Judaish God, by penalty of the law; why libraries should be closed to the public on Sunday, and street cars shall not accommodate, and why the Bible of the dead past shall be read in schools everywhere. Credit Mobiliers are of the churches which endorse this sort of thing; all subsidy cliques partake of the "body and the blood;" popular morality walks in the purples of an Alcibades while professing the virtue of a Lucretia. Religion, adopts the sumptuous apparel and blood-atoning rites of the Mosaic dispensation, that its votaries may especially invest the treasury of the laboring classes in luxuries, and the pomp of a Solomon. Ah, well! How strangely God works. Out of great evil a little good shall come. The fall of a nation's dignity at the courts of her government, prognosticates a bloodless revolution. Reason and common sense will do more than even Damascus blades; had our Congress proved itself an honest one, in less than two years, banners red in the blood of religious opinion might have hung sodden over the heads of armies; for the masses uneducated and held by secular prejudices, would have deferred the care to the superior wisdom of our Ciceros and Catos; but now, roused to realize, "the people" must think and act, that reason must govern us we have no fear. Our puny statesmen have denounced Roman Catilines and Caligulas, while they themselves were living examples of the rulers of the middle ages. And they stand up with as

much effrontery to vindicate their conspiracies as did that young patrician in the Roman senate to whom Cicero dictated words of severe scathing and dread satire.

If the tenth century, that centre of the dark period needed a chivalry, we certainly need such aid. Dr. Hallam describes the order of that day "as refreshing evidence that human nature's better instincts risen, do best work when harshes, oppression blackens every plank of social political and religious life, crushing the oppressed and making slaves of God's greatest genius and intellect."

Our chivalry is already caparisoned for the bloodless affray. And a Congress whose hands yet burn with the "thirty pieces of silver," must take heed to its ways. Let them know that appeals from bigotry, though vast in circumference and diameter, are to be legislated on when soul liberty is attacked, with the wisdom of a wiser than Solomon.

Let not self-appointed and self-projected dignity, ignore the fact that the masses are weeded of the imbeciles. Let these persons remember the time is unpropitious to attempt to thrust upon God, Christ and the Bible, (incorporated as scape graces in our national constitution) the stenchful odors of a Credit Mobilier and like frauds.

Regretting that verdancy has caused legislative responsibility to mistake bribery for business, that astute lawyers and capable journalists cannot discriminate between dividends and honor, yet if corruption must fester and discharge its poison, let us rejoice at the recent exposure, and trust Christianity for loyalty to the deities it professes.

If. Oakes Ames has been the vicarious atonement of a Congress, let not Christ and the Bible in the National Constitution be the vicarious atonement of a whole nation full of social and political C. M's. I repeat. By violent swiftness superstition has outreached its goal. The race is too hot. The reforms of the enlightened masses like the ghost of Banquo will not *down*.

The little good we have already received from the slight improvement in social life, tells an important story; issues sweet perfumes of promise. Immaculate cravats and black broadcloth, have lost in a vast measure their magnetic reverence. The self-appointed dignity of a theological education is becoming effete. The despotism which demagogues and dignitaries have wrapped themselves in, taking the cue away back as far as Hindoostan, and bringing down the same spirit of *despotism, the same desire for castes*, monarchs and serfs, this arrogant assumption has grown thin, until its transparency enables the masses to look through—and lo! the back ground is full of dead men's bones.

Hands off O bigotry! Heap up the fire O superstition! In seeming to augment you waste. You are singed; you have outrun your goal, and heaped the fire of tradition with coals of religious strife, until you have spilled your own conservatism. The attempt to simmer is fatal. Thomas Carlyle says, "It is astonishing how long a rotten post will stand if it be not shaken." Thank heaven the followers of tradition, have *especially*, in attempting to call upon the nation for aid in holding us all to a judicial God and the partially effete laws of the Bible, shaken the rotten pillars of superstition and they shall fall.

By attempting to force upon us theology, instead of religion the old pillars will soon lay prostrate. Religion is a chorus of many parts. Theology desires every soul to pitch its notes in the same key, and if the voices of human nature vary then call forth the rack, the flame, the tortures inconceivable, and apply until the earth is red with blood—because forsooth, God has not created every voice capable of pitching on one note.

It is utterly impossible to exaggerate the evil work, theology has perpetuated in the past. The same superstition has lapped itself on the successive centuries, save that it has appeared in different garbs, as the caprices of the human mind has demanded, and that each separate theological idea should live, the monuments of genius and intellect have been wasted, family ties have been broken, feelings perverted, souls perjured, lives blighted, and blood has watered the lands of earth, until we might view every blade of grass in scarlet shapes. Alas! what a world this has been to welcome the new births of generations. With hot haste, theology has dragged souls away from all natural proclivities, crushed the heaven-born philosophy of God's little ones, and substituted the pagan rites, the martyrdom of common sense, reason and love, and scourged the intuitions and mocked the best impulses of the soul.

Thousands of years ago the anchorites of Hindoostan inquired, what is God? who is He? whence came Evil? Theology attempted to settle the question, and it has striven so to do through all the centuries since; but to-day, is no nearer a solution of the enigma, than then.

But an enlightened people have at last, through the help of the Spirit world, answered the profound query and truth and immortality are proved beyond a doubt. The germ of Spiritualism proven to be the receptical of all things past, present, and to come, all science, philosophy, intellect, genius. This blessing, this infallible benediction will in time regulate and systemize the present distracted conditions of society. So, let us hope on. *Fidoli certa merces.*

And thousands truly observe this fact, who cling to the mouldy horns of tradition, because the balance of power and patronage is yet on the side of the churches; not the people, understand, but the churches—the institution holds empire over the consciences of multitudes which to-day are heart and soul with Spiritualism and all the modern reforms, yet so afraid of the unpopular truth they are willing like vassals, to stoop to the despotic sway of theology.

And these thousands, like the revered French statesman Guizot, who rather have a monarchy than a republic, because he would save trouble by stifling the thunder voices of the Commune, rather in garb of hypocrisy seek some such absurd and impossible fallacy as the insertion of a Judaish God in the Constitution than meet the great upheavings of science and Spiritual philosophy.

They cry, let us bridge the smouldering volcano with iron bars and lock its wreathing vapors in granite harness; think these persons to prevent the eruption?

Ah no, they only enhance the explosion, as M. Goizot, must realize, a monarchy built over the deathless purposes of the Commune may for a little time defer the vast revolution, while it must enhance tenfold its violent determination when it shall break the atrocious links of injustice.

Think, hypocritical Christians there is a panacea for irritated truth in such a futile attempt? Will any be unwise enough to give such barbarism a thought? O nineteenth century! epoch of the vastest revolution on record! Precedent of the golden age in its return! blot not thy fair pages with so shallow a subterfuge. Bigot, be advised: "Heat not thy furnace of superstition so hot for thine enemy, that it do singe thyself."

For The Present Era,

GRAND SUN.

THE LAST OF THE NATCHES.

BY FRANCES R. MCDOUGAL.

FROM thy dark cypress vallies, O, Father of Waters,
The Race of the Red Man is passing away;
We must leave our old woods and the Graves of our Fathers.
To roam in the track of the vanishing day.

Yet the Lord of the Forest was noble and stately,
Ere the strength had expired in his slackening bow;
He stood like a rock, in the moment of danger,
With a hand on his hatchet, his face to the foe.

His people, like leaves of the summer-wood, numberless,
O'er their Hunting Grounds wandered, the Fair and the Free;
And the Long-House, outreaching from Sunrise to Sunset,
Threw a shadow unbroken from mountain to sea.

The Great Spirit saw the fair home of his children,
And blest with a sweet smile the generous land;
He gave us the corn, the squash and the bean-plant,
And answered our wants with a bountiful hand.

From the North to the South, on the wall of the Sunrise,
He hung a cloud-curtain, to hide us from view,
And told the bright Stars who were set there to keep it,
That the eye of no stranger must ever look through.

Then for moons without number, in virginal beauty,
The Land of the Red Man reposed in the deep;
And only the angels that guarded her gateway
Might behold her, or look on her shadowy sleep.

The King of the Beavers, traversing our headlands,
Sought the site of a city both secret and strong,
Where, away from the track of their arrow-armed Foeman,
In freedom might flourish his wall-building throng.

His heart had grown sore with the conflict of ages;
And still his poor people were worried and slain;
He saw the big rope the dark cloud-curtain mooring,
And swore by his teeth, to divide it in twain.

Then hard by the rock, in the core of the *crescent,
He gnawed at the big rope from sunset till dawn,
When the Morning-star woke to her watch and her duty,
And to her fair couch the young Hesper had gone.

So many moons passed, and the Beaver-King, tireless,
Still tugged at his task, till the heavy sweat pearled;
But at length the last fiber hung, pensile and parted,
And the Cloud-curtain flew from the face of the world.

It flaunted away o'er the gates of the Orient,
Refulgent with all the bright beauty of morn;
Into banners of crimson, and saffron, and purple,
By mischievous, frolicsome winds it was torn.

Still higher upfurling, the inflow of splendor,
Unheard of as yet, was strange to behold;
Until the whole earth was so flooded with glory,
That the air and the light were all blazing with gold.

The bright Morning Star had been lingering in love-dreams,
That were tinged, ere she woke, with the coloring fair.
For a youth of Orion had won her, and borne her
In his own arms, away through the ambient air.

She woke half unconscious; and, blinded with splendor;
She scarcely could see the sad mischief thus brought;
But the brightness and beauty, confusing—alarming—
With visions of terror were suddenly wrought.

She strove to regain and replace the lost shadow;
But alas! all too far, and too freely, it fled;
Then she hid from the face of the angry Great Spirit,
And pillowed in darkness her beautiful head.

Out afar, and afar, flew the crimson Cloud-curtain;
Away, and away, o'er the shadowless sea,
Where the Big Water dwells, with his sunny Spice Islands,
That rest on his bosom, or climb at his knee.

Then the White Stranger looked, with his far-seeing eye beams,
To that light in the distance, that opened the way:
No Terror could chain, and no danger disarm him,
Nor would he a moment be tempted to stay.

By his powers of enchantment, courageous and cunning,
Away o'er the unmeasured waters he flew;
By his magic all spirits were bound to obey him;
And evil Winds wafted his winged canoe.

The White Demon strode o'er our beautiful borders,
Leaving blood in each foot-print—a spirit of wrath—
He was clothed with a bad strength and crowned with destruction;
And the fire of our blazing towns lighted his path.

He stole from old* Heno his fire-feathered Thunder,
To unbind, and let loose, on our innocent shore;
And by its breath blasted, our suffering people
Dropped silently down, and were heard of no more.

All we loved, or held sacred—our time-honored treasures—
He touched with some deadly and withering spell;
Till his corn had grown rank with the mold of four Fathers;
And at his sharp ax-ring our old forests fell.

For all the dear rights of home, country and freedom,
We poured, in red rivers, the blood of our braves;
But he conquered at last, by the cruel Fire-Water,
That robbed us of reason, and made us his slaves.

And now, from the long-cherished Land of our Fathers
We are driven away, to behold it no more;
The deep dark around us, no sunrise shall brighten;
For the day of our pride, and our glory, is o'er.

Away, then away, with our perishing people,
To lave in the beams of the far-sinking sun;
We may linger awhile, but to struggle and suffer
Until our last journey is joyfully done.

And when the Deep River rolls darkly before us,
And on Life's cold hearth lie the fast fading coals,
The Angel of Death, on the trail of the *rainbow,
Shall lead us away to the Country of Souls.

*In the tribe of the Natches their chiefs were called Suns; and the last who bore that title was not only a distinguished chief and patriot, but a man of so fine ability that he was called Grand Sun, both by the Indians and white people.

†Most of the Northern Tribes had a kind of millennial tradition of a reign of universal peace, when all the nations were united in one common league of friendship and brotherhood. This, in their highly poetic language, they termed the Long House; and they described it as reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

*The northern promontory of Cape Cod.

†With the Indians nothing is held so sacred as their Fathers' Graves.

* The rainbow to the poetic eye of the Indian is always the path to or from Heaven and wild and wondrous are the legends in which this beautiful superstition, if superstition it be, has clothed itself.

For the Present Era.

ARE OUR LIBERTIES IN DANGER?

BY E. WHIPPLE.

IT is a grave question whether the recent attitude of government officials, and the blindness of the great mass of American people, do not portend the loss of what little territory has already been conquered from barbarism or whether the conflict which transpiring events is surely precipitating upon us, will enlarge the boundaries of freedom and teach the people a truer appreciation of liberty.

Despotism has hitherto been the primary fact, and the masses to day are in sympathy with its spirit and methods. It is indeed a painful reflection that comparatively few care for freedom except as a means to serve their own selfish ends. Seldom do we meet with a writer who gets sufficiently above personal considerations to perceive the sweep and logical application of its essential principles. The aspiration for liberty in its widest application, is as yet but a feeble manifestation—more a lip service than a conviction of the soul. It is a latent power which must be awakened to life and energy by fresh encroachments of despotism. The hand of violence must be again laid upon the people's liberties before the hatefulness of assumed authority will be fully realized and the supremacy of liberty vindicated.

Revolution is impending. As surely as Kansas troubles, John Brown raids, and Lovejoy massacre's were symptoms of the late rebellion, so God in the Constitution conventions, and efforts for the muzzling of the press are symptoms of a conflict frightful in its magnitude.

The attitude of both press and people in this country—the almost universal willingness to forestall public opinion, defend "revered citizens" at whatever cost to freedom of speech, persecution for opinion's sake, and the imprisonment of obnoxious parties without a hearing, proves too conclusively they are ready to unite against freedom and would throttle liberty, if they can at the same time feel assured they do not thereby endanger themselves.

But at last a reaction has set in, and the usurpations by government officials, acting under direction of the Young Men's Christian Association, are receiving rebuke by the same press which, a few months before, sanctioned their infamous proceedings. Their present attitude however is no indication that they would defend liberty for its own sake. Neither is their desire to suppress agitation less intense. They would not tolerate an other issue of an independent paper if their own safety was compatible with its suppression. Having laid hold of the pillars of the temple, they hesitate to remove them only because they fear the edifice will tumble about their own heads. I would of course have it understood that there are many honorable exceptions to this sweeping charge, both among the gentleman of the press and the people at large. But the great body of the people lack faith both in liberty and in man. They dare not risk their conventional usages in an open field in competition with new theories which the incidents of progress force upon public attention. They have no faith that "struggle for existence and survival of the fittest" is a law which will determine what institution as well as species, shall survive the changes wrought by evolution. They assume that our institutions came to us from God with the stamp of perfection; and hence why should we tolerate new theories of society, or accept new solutions of social progress. It is assumed that the problem of social life is not an open question. It is already settled, freedom means only freedom to do right, and *my* criterion is the standard by which the right must be judged.

Liberty must be respected by all and for all, even though the education of the public conscience necessary to secure this respect, shall cost the nation the struggle of a revolution. It must be respected the same when used to advance opinions to which we are opposed, as when used for any object with which we may be in sympathy. The only limit we have any right to impose upon individual action, is *the equal freedom of all.* I repeat, to secure this respect and recognition beyond the pale of self-interest—to secure the public acknowledgement that freedom is one and inseparable, whether applied to government, religion, or social life will necessitate not only a war of ideas, but a war in which swords and cannon will play an important part.

Christianity, though in its dotage, still retains a wonderful vitality, and is essentially autocratic in its spirit and aims. It aspires to universal dominion, and will never stop short of death or victory. Rule or ruin is its policy, and we may as well make up our mind to meet the issue. I have no doubt we are entering upon the most frightful century in history, yet I have no foreboding that the outcome of the struggle will be other than glorious for freedom and emancipated reason.

For The Present Era.

THE WOMAN QUESTION.

IF ever there was a creature upon earth who more knew her duty, and more did it not, than the needy American girl of the present day, we would like to see that stiff-necked curiosity.

In relation to her general answer about the kind of work that she will do for wages, and her deadly stand at one kind of work that she will *not* do for wages, viz:—housework,—on this rests her sin and folly. Both the friends and foes of woman-suffrage so take the pulpit against her, that it would seems as if only total depravity could account for her obstinate refusal. Continual appeals are made to her. Here is a young family man who tells how feeble is his wife; how unspeakable atrocious the Hibernian maid-of-all-work; how preferable would be an American maid-of-all-work; but she will not come, although the woman's right's people declare that she is starving every-where! The young family man exclaims,—"*starving!* when there is bread enough in his house, and to spare, for anybody who will come and make it;" men are not so absurd as to go starving when there's honest work waiting for them; he can get everything done but his housework!

Let women observe how comparatively free men are from this sort of prideful nonsense about labor. The female exhorters on the subject use precisely the same weapons of reproof: "Young daughters of the Republic, go to work!" cries the woman-suffrage oratress from the platform;—"be lawyers, lecturers, or ministers, if you can, but if you cannot, go smartly out to kitchen service, for to earn one's living is glorious, in any employment whatever."

Thus pronounces the Pythoness of Reform, and when she beholds her counsels unheeded she turns round on her sex with the unkindest cut of all, that *men* do not so behave themselves,—never make the vain feminine fuss about the rank of an avocation.

Gail Hamilton,—a woman understood to be on the other side, and who may be called an audacious theorist of woman's rights to do nothing,—still swoops down all the same on the unfortunates who, alas! *must* do something, with a tyranny of demand which may

well make the long line of women seeking employment shake in their worn-out shoes before this dreadful searcher of hearts, who informs them that "what they really want is not work, but to be paid for *not* working;" that all their noise is "the cry and clamor of the weak; "that she is amazed, indignant at them," &c &c; all the gusty Hamilton storm winding up with the invidious comparison of man as a laborer, enforced by some particularly cutting illustrations.

It is an undeniable fact that men, under pressure of necessity, show no such distressed reluctance as women do, to come down to an inferior employment, but inasmuch as for most phenomena of human conduct there are reasons, it strikes us that it might be well to search with what eyes are given us if haply any reason can be found why here, *where the man marches on, the woman stands like a dolorous block, with everybody beseeching and preaching and screeching her out of the way.* Justice demands that we must first endeavor to come at his or her point of view.

Perhaps woman somewhat shrinks from coarse labor in itself, because, one of the first emerging steps was to exalt her, (in the barbarian era,) from women who served into ladies who were served! In poverty's back alleys the barbarian style yet lingers; so the iron of the pots and kettles enters somewhat into the very soul of this poor, ambitious daughter of the enlightened age. Man's first upward move having been to labor, his primal great waking up to shame of laziness eternally lingers in him perhaps to make him feel it less a man's disgrace to work, at any work, than to do nothing. In short, man to labor, and woman to look pretty, is the crude notion of the semi-refined order of things. And we assume, of course, that many of the young women of whom we speak, are somewhat crude in their refined aspirations.

We think in the next place, that it is inevitable that those who are not going to have what is called a career, should be intensely particular about all their transient circumstances, since these leave more than a transient record. A man can be a boot-black, negro-minstrel, tavern hostler, ship's cook, charcoal-pedlar,—revolve through any number of dingy and ungenteel trades, and [illegible] railroad-king, and member of Congress. Of course not every urchin who begins life with "Boots, Sir?" at the street corners will be "one of the most remarkable men of the country" before he dies, but the vast numbers of men who actually do attain from nothing to quite substantial somethings, and the infinitely various avenues open to masculine endeavor through which mere industry and pluck can push a successful way,—these facts surround the whole sex, as it were, with the possibility of redeeming *any* present mean condition by some future prosperity and renown; and some subtle recognition of this potential quality of a man to rise in the world is, we fancy, at least one of the reasons why a boy is never contemned in that final way in which a girl is, in precisely the same circumstances of worldly humiliation. It is only by the possession of certain absolute gifts, as artistic or literary talent,—gifts so few and so rarely bestowed, that in no estimate of a class can their chance be taken into account,—that a woman ever has a career;—we use this word in default of a better one, to devote that line of brilliant personal achievements by which one's accidents are forgotten, or remembered only to add lustre to the victorious power which has climbed so far. Nilsson's fair cheek burns not that she was born in the ochre-daubed hut of a peasant, and brought fagots from the wood in her childish arms; but the famous singer's origin and history argue not to the poor American girl, who will never be a prima-donna, that she can therefore without sacrifice sell bundles of kindling-wood from door to door.

We do not propose now to enter upon the vast deeps of a disputation with our Woman's Rights friends, in regard to "the crying need of a career for woman equally with man;" our present small endeavor is merely to inquire how things *are*, leaving it to more inspired souls to declare how they shall *be*; reminding such, however, that the actual and not the theoretical must assuredly be our basis when we assume to judge a class so closely pressed by the actual as are young and dependent girls. And we repeat, these, in the actual present world find themselves *marked* by their labor so differently from the other sex, that in this condition of a servant (for instance)—a boy may do even woman's work and be less looked down on than a girl. He holds his head up, and looks the world in the face with seldom a trace of unhappy humiliation, while the girl blanches and trembles and is miserable. Housekeepers often take boys from the almshouse, to assist them in the kitchen, but they shun the girls. Solemnly pondering this additional proof of woman's bankrupt estate, that even in the almshouse circle girls are at a discount, we asked a particular matron who had been eminently successful in bringing up her poor boys, why she did not take a girl from the almshouse. The upshot of her reason was that the place she could give would make the pauper boy happy, but the girl miserable, and therefore untractable. The boy could have some mates of his own age, was not painfully snubbed at school or elsewhere; but with such a girl there was no creature, American born, that would affiliate. Of course when we come down to the Almshouse ranks, the pauper *girl* suffers another extra penalty in that the distinctive requirement which we think will always be made for purity in woman, almost instinctively inclines to impute special loss to the girl over the boy, among these poor young lives, at which the humblest respectability that knows its father and its mother looks askance for a while, to see what their dubiousness will clear up into.

Is not here one more confirmation of our general truth of woman's greater subjection to circumstances? In such a state of subjection, what shall be her *opportunities* to enter the one vocation to which she looks as her substitute for a career—the matrimonial vocation?—to which grand question any smallest discussion of woman's position must speedily come. And here, what just comparison is there between a young man seeking skill, training, money, knowing that he can afford to gain these anyhow and anywhere, if honestly—having his whole life long in which to improve on his beginnings—and the *girl* who has but a few short years wherein the *status* of her bread-winning labors will almost certainly determine the place of her after life? The office of hired domestic, from whatever causes, has fallen to such social status among Americans that the hired servant-girl has to be very superior indeed whom the Yankee milkman will think a worthy match for him. So long as this notion is in *force*, no matter how absurd its foundation, the most glorified modern kitchen under the sun will not tempt from any other work which will keep her from starvation the poorest American girl who does not wish to marry an Irish laborer.

Among the ranks of dependent women are found, in our country, very widely different individuals. In the sudden transitions of fortune peculiar to our national life, or through some of those complications of family trouble possible to *all* life, or again in the case of those natures which ever and anon blossom in by-places, whose atmosphere is really not meet for their nourishing—through any of these causes, young lives, sensitive and gifted, are cast away from all props of family, friends and fortune, to find their own place where chance of doing so is at present so sadly small. There are histories among these which verily seem to cry aloud for entirely new opportunities for woman. This class, however, since it is the more exceptional, we have not had in view in this writing, but those far larger numbers of girls whose trouble *might* be helped without a revolution, since it is really not the old work that they feel superior to, but something that has become more or less factitiously linked to that work. So, although the present movement toward finding some new things for women to do is doubtless a just and needed one, we fancy a yet wider field for solidly practical accomplishments might lie in searching *how to do the old things after a new manner.* For it is certain that woman's old work will still have to be done by somebody, and argue as we will, in the way of her entering very largely upon most of the employments hitherto monopolized by man, lies in the fact of such an eternal inequality in the conditions of their lives, that it seems to us the final result of such innovation would be, poorer work at lower prices; men, to be sure, to some extent driven out of the field, but by the cheapness and not the skill of the new competitor.

There is a good deal of *boomerang* about the cry of sending all the marriageable young men West, to go to ploughing, while the young women take their places in offices and stores. Equal rights—equal competition—would probably send as many young women as young men West and elsewhere.

Let us deviate a moment, as a momentous thought strikes us.

Woman, under a republican government, is under an absolute monarchy. It does not matter that there may be—that there is—a difference in the kind of power exercised, or in the stringency of the laws that were and are in power—the principle is the same. What kind of freedom is it that a people has by sufferance, compared by that enjoyed by right? In this question there is contained all the advantage there is to be gained by self-government. There have been monarchs in the past under whom the people enjoyed as much freedom and equality as woman does under the republic. If she have any power in or over government, it is obtained by her personal power as woman over man; this same power has been possessed and exercised in all ages and nations. There is, then, no difference in principle between the absolute government now exercised over woman, and that which was exercised over the whole people ages since. From that power and rule man has freed himself, but his sisters still linger under its baneful influence—baneful, because it militates against her obtaining individuality.

When woman obtains the same kind of freedom, and exercises the same rights that man does, she will begin to live for the same ends that man does. At present, marriage is the all in all for woman. It is the end of woman's individual existence, instead of being, as it should be, a means to a still greater and more glorious consummation. Whatever greatness man has ever attained, has been gained by the exercise of his individual powers; his adapting his acquirements to some grand practical and general result. It would be an instructive lesson were all the great attainments made by woman analyzed, to find which were made by her as the woman, and which by her as the wife. It has been the free women who have been great, or those who, by nature, could not be subjugated, even by the marriage contract. It is proverbial that husbands do not wish their wives to become conspicuous, even by great actions. They wish to ever remain the "I am." Greatness brings honor and homage, which men cannot endure to see paid by others to their wives.

Our digression has been too long.

To go back to the old work that must be done by somebody, to shift this old necessary work to the lowest body that can be got to do it has long been a growing endeavor with both men and women, even those quite unable to afford the infinite waste and disorder consequent on such a state of things.

The rush from country to city, the abandoning of what is called productive labor, and together with this the refusal of American girls to do housework, is by no means universally induced by distaste and scorn of the work itself. Between sweat of body and sweat of brains, most persons prefer the former perspiration; but we all have a natural loathing, and a just one, for a life that is all work, or whose work has somehow suffered such false depression that it degrades those who do it below all their essential equals, as in the case of the particular avocation on which we have dwelt so much. It is a blot upon our humanity and our civilization for those outside to *fail* to rightly esteem such work. Why, the poorest Irish washerwoman, who would not know what the words "dignity of labor" meant, if you were to say them at her, and if she were a person to have a strong feeling about the dignity of her labor—nay, she does have the feeling if she is human—and if she were in a position to *act* upon that feeling, be sure that your sentiment would influence her action. And be altogether sure that you could not deceive her about that sentiment. We may impose on our superiors in station, with much mock obeisance, but there is no way to make our inferiors believe that we respect them, but—to respect them.

In the light of all the influences which tell upon her, within and without, our American dependent girl should be considered; and we insist that these are too complex, and that her case should be dismissed, when it becomes troublesome, with mere affirmations without inquiry. She is a girl of the period, and as the period will probably not get any girls but its own, it might as well make the best of them, in all their varieties; and in the least of these may be far more promise than doth yet quite appear.

How much cogitation there is on this woman question! and what but this mischief of cogitations makes all their burden? Away back in the peaceful wigwam era aforementioned, when the chief function of the cogitating organ was the passive one of being scalped, and such activity as there was in the brains of the scalpers certainly did not lie in the direction of making nice distinctions—how lovely smooth ran everything in that good old time! There was no "cry and clamor of the weak" then, for the weak made but one cry before the face of the strong, and that was a mortal one. This very woman question, in that wise day, had an admirable short and decisive adjustment, until some advanced Spirit, shaking back his top-knot of wolf's tails and porcupine quills, as he was about to squeeze the small windpipe of an infant daughter *de trop*, must needs begin morally to cogitate. And the doomed pappoose being doubtless rather an uncommonly handsome one, and the reflection occurring to the top-knotted sire that the squaw mamma, and not he, would have its troublesome nose to flatten, and all the other labors incident to its polite training and bringing up, thus did the ethical disturber spare the little brown windpipe, declaring that the strangling of female infants should be no more; and so came extra women into the world, and all our woe!

Nevertheless, that ancient simplicity being thus, alas! done away with, and the mixed up moral age upon us, the old method of settling difficulties, whether with words or tomahawks, will no longer avail; for the lowest beings of a civilized society have a sufficient glimmer of intelligence to know, whether or not you speak with any true feeling in regard to the facts of their position, and the tomahawk privilege being unfortunately abolished, you *cannot* silence with words, unless you somewhat come into that grace of Insight.

For the Present Era.

THE DAYS AND OUR DUTIES.

BY EMMA CHURCH.

THE days, like quick winged messengers, scarcely here before they have taken their night, pass in such rapid succession, and bring so quickly in their turn birthdays, anniversaries and holidays, that we hardly realize that we hold within our grasp, not only the living present with its scenes, but are seemingly the treasurers of the mighty and unreturning past, and that even the unimpenetrable future is ours, and only awaits the call to do our bidding. Although change and decay are the heritage of nature, our souls cannot bring home the fulness of this truth to their acceptance. Friends drop away one by one: the curtain falls before familar scenes, and yet eternity seems not more real and stationary than we in our position; we grow indifferent, and lose sight in our struggle for transitory possessions and achievements, of the inevitable destiny and of that weighty responsibility resting upon each human soul, in its discipline and the work it should accomplish.

If we choose the better path, trifles turn us; and empty baubles allure us from our higher aspirations and purposes. And yet the Creator who formed this world with such wonderful exactness, that even the hairs of our head are numbered, has so arranged and hedged it in by fixed and unalterable laws, that not the least act in the drama of life fails in its significance; not even one footstep can be taken but it moves the whole earth, and not to one word can our lips give utterance but its influence acting upon surrounding nature, must live and live forever.

Our very existence helps to mould the globe and it is vastly better or worse, that we have lived upon it. The heart of humanity, to day is beginning to be thrilled with the magnitude of these great truths; and many acknowledge that an idle existence; a servile worship and a blind faith are not alone sufficient for the day, and for an existence that knows no ending.

Never has the command sounded with a grander meaning, that we work while it is day, than at this hour, nor need we turn with enquiry upon our lips, of what we shall do, for the harvest is at hand and the world is ripe for the worker. Not all can fill the kingl places, but that Providence who has ordered all things, knows no high nor low, and work well done will ever have its just compensation. We have each one our own work to do, and not that of another, and with sufficient ability to accomplish it, and, in the manner this labor is performed, should humanity be taught, depends its happiness, not only here but in that great hereafter; all should learn that it is trifles form the sum of human things, and that the little daily acts of honor and of kindness make the true nobility of manhood and womanhood.

While convicts almost weekly stepping upon the scaffold believing that by the prison days of

wretchedness with a conscience that would not sleep, or by a few hours of prayer with groans and tears, they have found absolution for the sins of a life time, and an acceptance with heaven; go with rejoicing, soul tarnished, to that land of purity; while granting the fact that repentance comes better late than never; it should be sounded from the housetops, and breathed into the hearts of little children that they make practical the true life knowing that effects follow just causes, that as they sow they shall surely reap. Then shall the arms of the law no more be needed to send unbidden into eternity the sin sick soul.

While intemperance is taking the crown of nobility from the brow, and noble intellects and warm hearts are grovelling in the dust, and while there is one place where the youth of our land can turn, learning corruption and crime, should we cease our toil? Not until temperance has placed her signet upon each brow, and the bright eye proclaims her universal victory.

While there are those who would invade the sanctity of home, and would destroy the sacredness of the marriage relation, robbing our children of God-given ties, and the most blessed of memories, the halo of which falls over us still, and will follow us to our graves, sanctifying our souls throughout our mortal life; while inharmony is running riot in the home circle, there is something for us to do; Spiritualist how do you acquit yourself in this place? are you preaching the peace that the angels know, and by harsh words and unkind words following in the ways of discord and inharmony?

Not merely the fact that the loved ones remember us still, and with angel visits enter our households; not alone that they learn us of that life of purity, is sufficient; but the truth should quicken within your heart, as the sun penetrating the earth brings to life the tiny seed, unfolding and perfecting the bud, flower and fruit. Our whole lives should ever attest that we hold communion with a land where sin is not; and truth, love and purity be our greatest safeguards, keeping us from all evil, until the doors are opened, and the grand anthem sounding, proclaims our victory over death, and our worthiness to enter that better land.

Sturgis, Feb. 19, 1873.

OH! TELL ME NOT.

BY FLORA FREELOVE.

The following is somewhat *irregular in versification, but it is so* sweet in sentiment and fine in expression that we cannot undertake to improve it.

After death, our love of God will so transcend all our earthly affections, that they will cease to be remembered.—Rev. Mr.———.

Oh! tell me not when this vail of earth
From my longing eyes is thrown—
When my soul from out these prison bars,
Like a wild-wood bird has flown—
That this yearning love for my cherished ones,
Like a flower from my heart shall die,
And far, far down in the earth's cold depths,
Like a buried treasure lie.

Oh! tell me not in that glorious sphere
I shall meet my friends no more;
That I never may gaze in those earnest eyes
Whence the leve-light beamed of yore;
Or that I shall pine for a father's kiss,
And a mother's gentle tone;
For a sister's laugh, and her bounding step
From my darkened pathway flown.

Oh! tell me not that this angel of love
From my spirit shall lightly part;
That my pulse shall not thrill as her sun-touched curls
Rustle softly within my heart;
That her out-flowing breath which envelopes my soul
In a halo of heavenly brightness,
Shall condense into tears, and sink low in the earth,
Like a cloud of ethereal lightness.

When this girlish head shall droop faintly and low
On an invalid's restless pillow,
And I whisper a prayer in a loved one's ear
To be laid 'neath the green drooping willow;
Ere the angel of death, the fond pressure of love,
With his white, cloud-like pinions shall sever;
Oh, breathe not the thought so it fall on my ear,
That our hands are unlinking forever.

And when I awaken in brighter worlds,
And look out on a new life's wide ocean,
Oh! bid me not think I shall miss from my soul
This gushing and holy emotion,
Which now wells so brightly in sunshine and shower,
Like a fount in the wilderness springing,
And through the green nooks of my joyous heart,
Like a musical anthem is ringing.

When over a loved form passed from earth
Have fallen my sorrowing tears,
And heavily on my heart hath pressed
The first grief of my early years;
When I know that the friend who in sorrow's hour
Watched over my sire's pale brow,
Has closed his calm eyes in the sleep of death,
And lies low 'neath the snow-wreath now.

When I knock at his door, and miss the clasp
Of his warm and welcoming hand,
When his pale, sweet wife and her orphan babes
Alone on the hearth-stone stand;
Oh! tell me not I shall never again
Look up in those beaming eyes,
Through whose soul-lit depths humanity gleamed
Like a star through the azure skies.

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Opinions of the Press.

FROM THE HARTFORD DAILY TIMES.

"BRITTAN'S JOURNAL"——Accepting as genuine the numberless phenomena of these days which assert for themselves a spiritual origin, this Magazine proposes a calm and searching examination into the inner nature and constitution of human life, its laws and phenomena, to examine, analyze, classify, and present this subject and its essential facts, in the light of Spiritual Science. It is claimed that a quarter of a century of careful observation, experiment, classification and reflection have crystalized these interesting phenomena into an orderly and intelligible system.

Dr. Brittan and his distinguished friends who contribute to the "Quarterly" do not propose to excite themselves or their readers with mere marvels. Of these they have seen, during the past quarter of a century, an ample variety; and they are prepared to deal with the general subject in the way of a calm and philosophical discussion of the laws and principles involved.

Unquestionably these astonishing occurrences do involve some very interesting principles and laws. Apparently they are intimately connected with some of the deepest problems of life. They suggest questions to which the answer may, not improbably, explain some of the profoundest and most important mysteries of our being. We are living in the latter part of the boasted Nineteenth Century, and Christian communities and beliefs prevail in all the enlightened parts of the world; yet it is a discouraging fact that to-day, in the hearts even of some of the great lights of religion and certainly in the more outspoken thoughts of hundreds of thousands of thinking men—who outwardly accept the forms and observances of the churches—the old question still presents itself with painful earnestness and persistency, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

But it is in no sectarian or narrow spirit that "Brittan's Quarterly Journal" discusses the general question. Broad and liberal in its philosophy it gives a welcome to all who can intelligently discuss essential principles. Its aim is to go to the root of the matter, and examine into the nature and the facts of our strange and mysterious two-fold life here in the body, as well as the evidences which are presented of a life beyond the grave.

This is a broad field; and the harvest awaits the reapers. The public has groped and stumbled too long, "Open the shutters, and let in more light." Brittan's Journal appears at the right moment. It has the field to itself. Its contributors are among those who have a reputation, many of them, wider than the land in which it is published.

The magazine, by its candid and liberal tone, as well as in the nature of its themes and the manifest ability which it brings to bear in their discussion, is well fitted to challenge the respect and command the attention even of those who reject its philosophy. We very much doubt if any intelligent, thoughtful man, be he orthodox clergyman or downright atheist, can take this Quarterly and fail to be interested—nay, elevated and instructed and made conscious of a gleam of joy and gladness in his heart.

FROM THE NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW.

The only condition we require from a journal exhibiting culture and ability, is that it treat with due deference the social fabric as constructed and approved by the enlightened common sense of modern civilization. In the present instance there is no risk in this respect.

Brittan's journal is edited by a veteran journalist. There are few, if any, abler writers in America than Dr. Brittan; in the peculiar field to which he has devoted himself he has no equal. Our readers know that none have less faith in what is called Spiritualism than we. We believe in no miracles but those of science—the results of irrevocable laws. Nevertheless we have read several of Dr. Brttan's essays on Spiritualism with interest and pleasure; if he has not succeeded in making a convert of us, however, it is because no one could.

We do not hesitate to recommend Brittan's Journal. We acknowledge its decided merits all the more readily, because if the editor occasionally introduces a ghost or two in his essays, they are not of the vulgar tribe—they are, in fact, philosophical, interesting, instructive ghosts. Moreover, we are satisfied that he will not allow his contributors—of whom he has quite a galaxy already—to introduce any of the common herd of spirits. And need we care much whether the spirit is genuine or spurious, if he entertains, amuses, or instructs us? There are but few who regard the ghost in Hamlet as a real representative of the nether world; and still fewer think the less of that noble drama on account of its ghost, even when the latter stalks about in his clumsiest fashion. By all means, then, let "Brittan's Journal" be read. We wish we could extract a large part of the Editor's Salutatory, addressed to the Friends of Progress, replete as it is with striking thoughts; but we can only make room for the opening paragraph:

"Revolutions are thoughts endowed with life and locomotion. Some revolutions proceed in a noiseless manner, so as really to endanger no human interest; and these, especially, are most potent. Like the gravitation that moves worlds, these silent forces are greater in their development, and far more lasting in their effects, than the shock that rends a continent, and rocks the globe to its center. The boom of thunders and the hoarse voices of the sea shake the audience-chamber of the soul, but a silent thought has power to move the soul itself. The waves rise and beat the unyielding shore; the impassable walls of the ocean remain, but the angry billows fall, recede, and disappear. In like manner do great facts and principles resist the elements of passion and prejudice through all ages. Like bold promontories, from which we look out above life's troubled sea, they are left unmoved when the elemental strife is over."

FROM THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

BRITTAN'S Quarterly Journal is all that could be demanded by the ideal of any reader. A want of genuine Spiritualistic literature thus promises to be filled. The first number opens with a profoundly appreciative and affectionately familiar biographical sketch of N. P. Tallmadge, whose noble head and clean-cut features make so positive an impression on the frontispiece illustration. Prof. Brittan has evidently written this sketch *con amore*, and it will heighten the popular estimate of the writer and his subject together. Senator Tallmadge is truthfully represented in the *role* of the public man and statesman; and the gradual acceptance of the facts of Spiritualism, with his inward experiences and outward life afterwards, is given with rare insight and the personal knowledge which nothing but sympathy could bring. The Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century by Prof. J. R. Buchanan, is a lucid and instructive *resume* of the history of thought for the last seventy years, particularly on the grand problems and underlying principles which govern the progress of mental and spiritual developement.

Following these two noticeable papers is "Souls and Scenes in Spirit-Life," by Fanny Green McDougal, whose title suggests its character and its peculiar merits. Then a sterling paper on "Labor, Wages and Capital," by J. K. Ingalls; next, "Spiritual Mathematics," by Prof. Ewell; "Invisible Artists," by the Editor; "The Future Life," by Judge Edmonds; with essays and poetry interspersed, from the pens of such well-known authors as Belle Bush, T. L. Harris, and Charlotte Wilbour.

The Editor's department is full and skillfully made up, catering to a variety of tastes and wants, commenting in not too cursory a manner upon recent movements, events, and social and religious phenomena; and bringing up to the body of the Quarterly a light artillery reserve which sets off the whole to excellent advantage. It has the appearance of stability and intellectual permanence. There is nothing slazy about the paper, or careless about the printing. The initial number will strike all eyes and minds as supremely successful.

We sincerely bespeak for Prof. Brittan a most generous support for his new Spiritual Quarterly, and appeal on his and its behalf to all readers of the best spiritualistic literature to give it a prompt and efficient support. Let it be borne in mind that the literature of Spiritualism is one of its most powerful buttresses in the popular opinion. However convincing the phenomena to individual minds, it is not until they have passed through the alembic of intelligent discussion, and become clarified as well as classified in the general mind, by restatement in their right relations, that the profound value of their truth and meaning is made more and more apparent to searching and inquiring souls. Prof. Brittan has launched a Quarterly that deserves a long life, which will not fail to be an influential one. We welcome the new and stately visitor in the field of spiritual literature with sincerest greeting.

FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

BRITTAN'S JOURNAL.—Among the contributors to this number are names widely known in the literature of Spiritualism. It is the intention of Dr. Brittan to make this work an organ of high character in a literary point of view for the treatment of profound questions in metaphysics and psychology, of the great problems of life, death, and immortality, and of the laws of vital motion, sensation, thought and consciousness. The influence of this journal will be antagonistic to the material tendencies of the physical sciences of the day, and will undertake to present the latest information, not only on the phenomena of the Spiritual World, but to expound the philosophy of the spiritual arcana.—New York *Tribune*.

FROM THE ORANGE N. J. CHRONICLE.

BRITTAN'S JOURNAL presents the finest typographical appearance of any American publication The object of the new quarterly is to present the claims of the Spiritual Philosophy, and the application of its principles to Universal Progress. The Editor is a gentleman of culture and literary attainments, and there are other contributors of [illegible] belong."

FROM THE GOLDEN AGE.

S. B. Brittan, well known in reform and literary circles, has begun the publication of a Quarterly Journal, which will represent the higher and more philosophical and more advanced phase of Spiritualism. The first number is full of interesting and suggestive matters, whether one accepts or rejects its philosophy. Considering the sloppy and insipid character of much of the spiritualistic literature, this journal is a much needed and promising venture, and deserves success.

FROM THE DAILY ALTA CALIFORNIA.

BRITTAN'S JOURNAL—In everything relating to appearances this quarterly is faultless. We have no doubt that this magazine will find anxious readers, who will yearn to have a more practical elucidation of the special benefits the world is about to realize from Spiritual Manifestations We recommend the perusal of this quarterly as the best exponent of the doctrines it expounds

FROM THE CALIFORNIA MORNING BULLETIN.

BRITTAN'S JOURNAL.—Is a medium for the dissemination of ideas on Life, Death and Immortality, and the connection between Matter and Spirit. It promises to be free from the crudities and nonsense which characterize a large proportion of Spiritualistic literature.

FROM THE SUNDAY CALL.

The *Sunday Call*, published in Newark, N. J. notices Brittan's Journal in a candid and complimentary manner in spite of its chronic skepticism. After bestowing high praise on the Editor's biography of Hon. N. P. Tallmadge; the "Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century," by Professor Buchanan; "Labor Wages and Capital," by J. K. Ingalls; "Souls and Scenes in Spirit Life," by Fanny Green McDougal; and "The Future Life," by Judge Edmonds, the Editor of the *Call* adds:

"Space will not permit us to mention further the other excellent articles which the work in hand contains. Dr. Brittan evidently understands what he has undertaken, and we welcome his periodical to our sanctum with pleasure. His clear, analytic style, and evident scholastic ability well adapt him for the editorship of a magazine of this distinctive literary character."

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To old friends and readers of The Tribune, no words of commendation are called for, but its illustrious founder having recently passed to a higher life, no little anxiety has been manifested by people sympathizing with Mr. Greeley in his great desire for amnesty and peace and for an Independent Press, to know as to the [illegible] of The Tribune in the future. The course of the present editor has satisfactorily answered the question, and all are assured that The Tribune, "is not to be debased to the level of a partisan sheet,"—that "it is to live independent of party grace and dictation"—that it is to help in "the triumph over party tyranny"—that it is neither to support nor to condemn the Administration, save for good reason—that "The Tribune is to encourage independence of thought in its readers"—that "it is to advocate fairly, boldly, charitably and intelligently the truth"—that, in short, it is to be true to its traditions, and to the very last wishes regarding its conduct entertained by its lamented founder. $2 per annum.

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THE PRESENT WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, March 20, 1873.

WELL, the great, grand and glorious re-inauguration of PRESIDENT GRANT has come and gone. As an event it is now *en passe*. With all its pomp and parade, it will soon be forgotten, as a thing of the past. But this vain, idle, and costly pageant, will long be a festering thing. Many a bleeding heart in our country will ever remember the bold and extravagant d.splay, as a silly aping after foreign courts, which the fires of the American revolution, it was fondly hoped by our patriot fathers, had burnt out of the land.

It will, of course, be charged that if the inauguration ceremonies of these ides of March had installed the opposition candidates in power, our estimate of them would be different. With some this is undoubtedly true—but by no means with all. No candid man, of any party, can shut his eyes to the real facts of the case. If the other canditate of the people of this country had been declared elected, it is idle to pretend that he would have surrounded his inauguration with such military and naval demonstrations as those of the last Fourth of March. The army, the navy, the diplomats, the courts, the national legislature, the foreign representatives, the civil association representative of our different arts and callings, should, of course, take part in all our inaugural proceedings. But beyond this, not an inch—not a hair's breadth. A few men judiciously chosen from each branch of the government, and every pursuit of industry would be all sufficient. Will any sensible man pretend that we need a force of *ten thousand bristling bayonets to inaugurate* a professed civilian into a civil office? Will it be claimed that the impression made by this marshalled array was beneficial to the people assembled? Was it necessary? Was it expedient? Was it in good taste? There is not a sincere and intelligent patriot in the land, but most fervently prays that it may be the last inauguration in America of a mere military hero. Especially is such a prayer pertinent, when we remember the inaugural of some former presidents.

Take, for instance, the inauguration of President Jefferson. He was content to mount alone, at the door of the executive mansion, and ride horseback unattended to the capitol, to dismount without aid, and walk by himself to the presence of the Chief Justice of the United States, where he took the oath of office. Surrounded by the representatives of the people, before the law-makers of the Republic, without the signal of a gun, the roll of a drum, or the clangor of a trumpet, he delivered the most remarkable Inaugural Address ever announced in Washington. Wise, patriotic, calm, impersonal, replete with the most valuable public information, that State paper stands to-day as the model of its class in the present age.

Jefferson rose superior to party, and to section, and spoke for the people of the nation; and entered on his much more difficult and arduous duties at that period of the presidential office, with a modesty and self-abnegation that speak to all posterity of the rare greatness of the man. Jefferson and Grant! What a contrast!

Jefferson was the victim of the vilest slanders that party malice could invent. But he treated his maligners with the dignity of silence, the contempt of conscious innocence.

A new era is dawning upon us—the era of stock-jobbery, of legislative frauds, of corrupt panderings to fashion and crime, that will more and more distinguish the future until the disastrous fall of the political speculators now in high places, which must come ere long.

CARL ROBBINS.

A SHOWER OF QUICKSILVER is reported as having fallen at *San Ignasia, Sinoloa* in Mexico. It fell in fine drops, which were gathered by the inhabitants as curiosities, and are to be subjected to chemical analysis.

Various Items.

RECIPE TO MAKE A FASHIONABLE WOMAN.—Take ninety-nine pounds of flesh and bones—but chiefly bones—bore holes in the ears, cut off the smal toes; bend the back to conform to the Grecian Bend, the Boston Dip, the Kangaroo Droop, or the Saratoga Slope, as the taste inclines; then add three yards of linen, one hundred yards of ruffles, seventy-five yards of edging, eighteen yards of dimity, one pair of Balmoral boots with heels three inches high, four pounds of whalebone in strips, two hundred and sixty yards of steel wire, half a mile of tape, two pounds of cotton or wire hemispheres, fifty yards of silk or other dress goods, one hundred yards of point lace, four hundred yards of fringe and other trimmings, twelve gross of buttons, one box of pearl powder, one saucer of carmine, one bushel of "store" hair, frizzled and fretted *a la maniaque*, one quart of hair pins, one pound of braid, one lace handkerchief nine inches square, with patent holder, perfumed with otto of roses and musk, and "clear the track."

N. Y. Science of Health.

A FAITHFUL DOG.—Among the section men mentioned caught out in the frightful Minnesota storm, was one who lived several miles from St. James. He was unable to reach home, and his wife became alarmed for his safety, and he was uneasy for his family. On Thursday a shepherd dog belonging to him came bounding into St. James with a little leather bag attached to his collar, in which was a letter from his wife containing the joyful intelligence that they were "all well at home," and asking for news of her husband. Another letter was written informing the wife that the husband was safe and would return home as soon as he could reach there. This letter was placed in the leather bag, and the faithful animal told to "go home." Away started the almost human animal through the feaful storm and snow drifts, and arrived safely at home with the precious news so anxiously looked for by the waiting wife and mother. The next day the husband reached home. This same dog was also sent with a letter to a sick neighbor, and brought back an answer. That dog is not for sale.

HOW THE NEWS COMES UNDER THE SEA.—Here is a man sitting in a darkened room, at Heart's Content. A fine wire attached the cable is made to surround two small cores of soft iron. As the electric wave, produced by a few pieces of copper and zinc at Valentia, passed through the wire these cores become magnetic enough to move the slightest object. A looking-glass, half an inch in diameter, is fixed on a bar of iron one tenth of an inch square and half an inch long. On this tiny glass a lamp is made to glare so that its light is reflected on a tablet on the wall. The language of the cable is denoted by the shifting of this reflected light from side to side. Letter by letter is thus expressed in this flitting idiom in utter silence on the wall.

There is no record made by the machine except as the patient watcher calls out to a comrade the translated flashes as they come, and which he records. It seems a miracle of patience. There is something of awe creeps over us we see the evidence of a human touch 3,000 miles away swaying that line of light.

By such a delicate process as this, and after being repeated from line to line five times before its ultimate copy is in New York, the late news has been recorded in our daily papers with great particularity and sent throughout the Union.

GOING TO TEXAS.—Texas is a great State—large enough to cut up into four big States—and this is a fortunate thing if the existing great emigration from the other Southern States goes on. Georgia, Florida, Alabama, South Carolina, Mississippi, and other Southern States are fairly emptying themselves into Texas. Among other features of this great exodus is a large negro emigration. Thousands of this class of the population are following the example of the white men, and are going to Texas. No matter how great the tide of immigration may be, even though it were to be increased fifty-fold, Texas can accommodate it all, and have plenty of room to spare. Her vast area is an empire in itself, and capable of a development little dreamed of yet.

THE NEWBURYPORT GHOST.—Several newspaper reporters from abroad, spent a whole night in the Charles street school-house. We understand that at about eleven o'clock in the evening the reporters were startled by the appearance of a fiery hand which with the index finger traced upon the wall the letters "H. G." The undaunted inquired, "Who is H. G?" The reply was returned by raps upon the wall, "Horace Greeley." They asked again why he was there, and were answered, "In honor of the assembled representative of the press." We do not vouch for the truth of the story, but have no doubt that it is as authentic as many which have been told in this connection.

Newburyport Herald. 21*st*.

The soldiers at Fort Laramie are obliged to attend prayer meeting, or suffer the loss of a month's pay.

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No. 925 Broadway.

NEW YORK CITY.

The Present Era.

PROGRESS IS THE COMMON LAW OF THE WORLD.

S. B. BRITTAN,
D. MORTON FOX, } EDITORS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 9, 1873.

DEPRAVITY OF THE PRESS.

THERE is scarcely an instrument of good that may not be grossly perverted, and thus made to produce an incalculable amount of evil. This is especially true of the Press. It is a great light-diffusing instrument, and the most powerful engine of universal progress; and yet it is so fearfully prostituted, in these days, that we are prone to pause and inquire, which is dominant, the good or evil of its work? It is a sad state of things, indeed, that even suggests such an inquiry—sadder still if the facts justify the question. Strange to say the direst evils that may be fairly traced to its agency, are, by most men and women, referred to other sources. The mass of low thought and base feeling that finds expression through this channel; the foul fictions that madden the brains of the young; the disgusting details of every species of crime; the tide of filth that makes the press a common cess-pool; the gilded covering, artfully thrown over the secret vices of rich and titled persons; the unmerciful handling of the poor and friendless, and the foul shadows it exhibits above the sinks of fathomless iniquity and the festering remains of the morally dead—these are all fearful in fact, and terrible in their influence on human life and character.

That human nature in this country is more corrupt now than it was half a century ago, is the common conviction, whether true or false. If it be true, that, as a people, we are becoming more debased, in spite of our progress in every department of knowledge, it is high time to inquire into the causes of this degeneracy, to ascertain if it be possible to stay the tide of popular pollution; and to discover the true principles and best methods by which we may institute and prosecute the work of Reformation. Nor should this be neglected until law and order are subverted; reason and justice overthrown; and a moral poison diffused through all the springs of our individual and national life.

There are evils so great and so gross that we must speak of them without reserve. It is not a pleasant task. The dissecting room is not the place where one would prefer to entertain his friends. But with a feeling of painful solicitude, the most sensitive mortals go to the morgue, and turn over the sleepers on battle fields, to ascertain what death may have done for those they loved. It is with similar hesitation and a kindred feeling that we approach this subject, prompted by an unpleasant sense of the duty we owe the community.

As a people we have little knowledge of the springs of human feeling and action. We have multitudes all around us who know so little of human nature, and the laws that determine the characters and pursuits of men, that they really think they are doing their utmost to restrain the destructive passions, and to prevent crime, by exposing every foul deed to public observation. In their estimation the moral health of the community is to be promoted by advertising—in displayed lines and by pictorial representations—every base character, that instinctively seeks the cover of congenial darkness, and every vile deed that is comprehended in the infamy of secret chambers. For wholesome restraints and proper incentives they appear to look to the illustrated record of the *Day's Doings*. In attempting to correct the irregularities of social life on the sensuous plane, they depend on the virtues of black-mail rather than on the principles of moral science.

In attempting to reason against such views and practices, one feels an oppressive sense of humiliation. To undertake the work of moral purification by the use of such means as are now frequently employed, argues a base abandonment of every principle of enlightened reason and a scientific philosophy. One might as well attempt to improve the sanitary condition of the town by either emptying the yellow fever and small-pox hospitals into our popular churches and crowded assembly rooms, or by dragging the corpses of the Potter's Field into our parlors and nurseries! Are such conductors of the American newspaper press lunatics, that they should have no rational conception of the real influence of their labors? Should a man venture to take a single ship-fever patient up Broadway, he would be arrested; but he may send out 50,000 copies a day of a vile sheet, full of the records of crime; aglow with infernal fire; and reeking with moral filth as if coming up from a baptism in hell, and the people appear to think it is all right. True, they feed continually on elements rank with corruption and the aroma of the charnel-house; they inhale the mephitic vapors from the decay of ages and all uncleanness; the basest passions are inflamed; the blood of millions is poisoned, and the souls of men obscured by dense clouds that come up out of a bottomless perdition.

All this, it is assumed, must be permitted, that "the Freedom of the Press" may be maintained. And this is a specious and mischievous fallacy. Like every other form of popular liberty, this freedom of the press is susceptible of unlimited abuses, and may become a powerful instrument of oppression. When it is understood to imply the right to assail the innocent and to tarnish the fame of womanhood; when it is used to blast the hopes of humble but honorable men; when it becomes a powerful scourge in the hands of unscrupulous writers; when it is employed to glorify error and to defame the truth; when it is a whip in the hands of political demagogues and sectarian teachers to drive better men into unreasoning and dishonorable submission to their authority; when it is used to defend great monopolies, to gild the crimes of vile rich men, and to burnish the characters of pious rascals, who still strive to serve satan with a saintly seeming—in short, when this great engine degenerates into an infernal machine or a common sewer, it is no rational freedom that the press illustrates. No, never! On the contrary, such a freedom of the press is rather the devil's special charter or combination patent for the sum of all villainies.

Will it be said that we color the truth, or misrepresent the character of a large proportion of American journalism? Let us appeal to facts. We take up the first daily paper that comes in our way. It happens to be a New York journal in folio form, not very large, but rather strongly flavored, so as to suit the taste of numerous readers—who appear to like to take their daily food highly seasoned with cursed condiments. We have no occasion to exaggerate the truth, if indeed that were possible; and so we will make this literal record of a portion of the contents of the soiled sheet on our table.

IMPERFECT LIST OF CONTENTS.

A Double Tragedy; A Murder Trial; Stealing a load of Newspapers; Bribing Congressmen; False swearing for Colfax; Murder of a Wife; Felonious Assault; Murder in Boston; Drunken Fracas and Fatal Stabbing; Hanging of Gaffney; Latest Arkansas Iniquity; Louisiana Outrages; West Farms Wife Murder; Murder of James Graham, Knocking down his Wife and maliciously breaking Windows; Bribery of Honorable Gentlemen; High-toned Cock-fight; Spiritualism Unmasked. This last article occupies over two columns, and is designed to show how one Bailey, a profane juggler, contrived to deceive his best friends by his dexterous imitations of spiritual phenomena—all appearing in this newspaper, under the lying title of "Spiritualism Unmasked." How the dreary details of such a fraud can uncover Spiritualism—or any other form of truth—does not appear. The false scribe might as well show up the persons, implements and methods employed in counterfeiting, and then call his work—Unmasking of the National Currency.

All this we have in one small newspaper, in a single day. To be sure, the variety may not equal the public expectation, based on familiar experience; for, to tell the truth, things are not very lively just now. But then, reasons for this will readily occur to the mind. There was no "*mill*" yesterday; and the regular case of ministerial apostacy—or clerical "falling from grace," through the "weakness of the flesh" and the "wiles of the devil"—was not reported. The illicit lovers, though not less numerous and demonstrative, were mostly indoors, owing to the inclemency of the weather; and the pure, patient, periodical spasm of the police—which usually results in a descent upon the poor cyprians—did not come off before the hour of going to press; and hence we have no pen portraits of the fallen angels in this number.

We have looked through the twenty-eight columns of fine type, contained in the paper before us, for evidence of something *good* in human nature. We did discover a single illustration of forgiveness, set down to the credit of the President of the United States, who has granted an unconditional pardon to one Seth Johnson, sentenced to pay a fine of $40,000 for embezzlement. Said Johnson had served out the period of imprisonment, comprehended in his sentence, except eight days; and as he had nothing wherewith to pay his fine, the President wisely held that his further incarceration would be a preposterous and useless infliction. Beyond this one act of executive clemency, the Editor speaks of his having been requested to grant a small favor to "a constant reader" of his paper—a fond father who solicited the same in the interest of his son. To have yielded to the solicitation, would have involved a sacrifice to that Editor of just *two cents cash and ten minutes time*. But the coveted favor the Editor declined to grant, for very puerile reasons which occupy a quarter of a column in his paper.

And this is all—absolutely everything—that Humanity has to its credit in this dismal account of the man who keeps a daily journal of its transactions. Is the whole race bankrupt in respect to every noble principle, every generous sentiment, and every active virtue? Are there none left who work in faith and suffer in silence for the truth? Are there no magnanimous men among us ready to sacrifice time and money for great, unselfish and beneficent ends? Are there no pure women who peril life for virtue; who toil in silence and tears through the long day, and to the noon of night, for sleeping innocents? Are there no gentle ministers who watch the tottering steps of the aged, and keep their silent vigils by the couches of the sick and dying? If there are such pure and noble natures, why are their loving examples—so full of great incentives to good deeds—kept out of sight and out of mind, that the carnival of deviltry may go on, and the ministers of tophet have a perpetual exhibition?

TRUTH AGAINST THE WORLD.

WE copy the following from an editorial that appeared in the *World* of the 16th ult., for the purpose of exposing the bad logic of the writer. The idea that any facts in his possession can possibly justify his own sweeping conclusion, illustrates the editor's cheap estimate of human testimony, and the amazing ignorance that still characterizes the journalistic opposition to Spiritualism.

FROM THE WORLD.

If Spiritualists have no criterion, by which they can distinguish the "manifestations" which seem to them so important from jugglery of a very vulgar kind, they cannot blame anybody for including all mediums in the compendious category of knaves, and all believers in mediums under the general designation of fools.

Now, while there may be no absolute criterion whereby the Spiritualist of average intelligence may invariably distinguish between genuine and spurious phenomena, it does not follow, either that all mediums are knaves, or that all who believe in mediumship are fools. Unfortunately the *World* does not appear to have any one on its editorial staff who possesses any reliable knowledge of psychological facts and principles. Whenever it meddles with any subject that calls for the recognition of metaphysical distinctions and psychological laws, it is sure to expose its ignorance. Has the man of the *World* yet to learn that outside of the limits of exact science he can set up no absolute standard by which he may distinguish truth from error? But if he has no such unerring rule and infallible guide, his case must be disposed of under his own summary classification, and he find his place in that same category of "knaves and fools."

In the discussion of this subject let us come into more intimate relations. Has the editor of the *World* any certain criterion which enables him to distinguish, always and unerringly, a genuine National Bank note, so that he is never in danger of taking a counterfeit? If he has not the precise knowledge and infallible judgment, and yet uses the national currency in his business transactions, is he either a knave or a fool, and which?

Again—the editor of the *World* doubtless has some knowledge of cosmogony, natural philosophy, chemistry, mineralogy, meteorology, electricity, magnetism, physiology theology, and psychology; but where are his absolute criteria and the infallible judgment which render it impossible for him to be deceived? If he possesses such a perfect standard, and is endowed with this omniscient wisdom in its application, he is himself the very oracle that is wanted by that numerous class of people who are too lazy to get at the truth by hard study. But if, on the other hand, he is wanting a rule that admits of universal application, or deficient in the ability to apply it without a possible mistake, what then? Why, he has nothing to do but take his place in the category to which he has already assigned many wiser and better men.

Once more—has the editor of the *World* ever read the Bible? If he has, he must have discovered that everything in the shape of spiritual phenomena have been successfully imitated, for thousands of years, by the tricks of cunning jugglers. According to the record the wonders of Moses were duplicated—with some exceptions—by the Egyptian magicians. They tracked him so closely for a while, in the production of his so-called miracles, that the Jewish law-giver had but a small margin in his favor, and his claims to superiority appear to have been advocated with more than his usual modesty. Moreover, it may well be doubted whether the majority of the spectators could distinguish the slightest difference between Moses' frogs and those produced by the Egyptians.

A similar state of things existed in the early Church. Jesus emphatically told his disciples that there would be "false Christs and false prophets," who would exhibit such "great signs and wonders," as might possibly "deceive the very elect." The literal verification of the prophecy is confirmed by authentic history. The early Church was filled with such pretenders, and their disciples were very numerous; is there, therfore, no Christian religion? Simon Magus was a prince among miracle workers, and he obtained more followers in a given time than did Jesus. Justin, Jerome, Irenius, *and other ancient authors* make mention of the exploits of the great Samaritan magician. From Justin's letter in defense of Christianity, we learn that in the reign of Claudius Cæsar, Simon was deified at Rome, and by a decree of the Senate, a statue was erected on an island in the Tiber, bearing the inscription—*Simoni Deo Sancto*. The Christian Church now regards Simon as a blasphemous imposter; but those who witnessed his performances, though they were neither fools nor knaves—accepted his claims and worshiped him.

When the editor of the *World* shall have grown wiser, and discovered that unerring standard of judgment—he in common with others, so much needs—he will revise his conclusions in respect to the true nature and just claims of Spiritualism.

ORTHODOXY vs. SCIENCE.

"I AM now advised that a new astrologer is risen who presumeth to prove that the earth moveth and goeth about, not the firmament; the sun and moon, not the stars—like as when one sitteth on a coach, or in a ship that is moved, thinketh he sitteth still and resteth, but the earth and trees do move and run themselves. Thus it goeth; we give ourselves up to our own foolish fancies and conceits. This fool (Copernicus) will turn the whole art of astronomy upside down; but the Scripture showeth and teacheth another lesson when Joshua commandeth the sun to stand still, and not the earth." *Martin Luther* quoted in "*Exeter Hall.*"

Orthodoxy is relaxing its opposition to that which it perceives to be unconquerable—*physical* science, and is endeavoring to control it in the interest of faith; but too late. But now that science is reaching the *future* life, as well as the present, the spirit as well as the body, and hesitates not to criticise our *social* forms and social ethics, the virulence of conservatism is mainly transferred to those who dare thus to extend the boundaries of exact thought. And men learned in physical science are not ashamed to combine with the enemies of *all* true science, and to cast obloquy on those who desire to extend its field of operations to the future life, and to improvements in social mechanism for the benefit of future generations.

RECKLESS BRAVADO.

AMONG the inebriate habitues of a certain low public house in Lebanon Pa. was Thomas Hart, a man of family and some pecuniary means, who stood in tolerable esteem among his associates and with the public. He was slightly addicted to dram drinking, and one night about the 5th inst. he had perhaps partaken of his fourth or fifth drink, when the bar-room door opened and in stepped a traveling chiropodist. Had any man there any corns or bunions which he would like to have removed, here was the identical man with the identical medicine to do it. It would not hurt; it was the grandest achievement of the age, &c., &c. Said Hart to him, "Your medicine is all trash, I am not afraid to drink a whole bottle of it." This exasperated the corn-doctor, and in order to cool down the other's depreciating sentiments, he dared him to swallow the dose, when to the utter astonishment of all present, he quaffed the contents as if it were the most delicious nectar. He was immediately taken ill, and medical aid summoned, but he was beyond the physician's skill, and at an early hour the same night he expired in the most excruciating torments. The corn-doctor is missing, and the affair has quite shaken the town with excitement.

Many a man has perished as Hart did, from a dose prescribed by a quack, and swallowed by a fool; one who could endure promiscuous whiskey drinking, should have been content not to mix poisons; but when one "puts into his mouth that which steals away his brains," it is not surprising that he should apply that which steals away his corns, in the same manner. Hart cut short the career on which many enter by their first glass, with a single drink; his elected poison did not take him to the grave *via* the felon's cell, and the gallows tree, so his mad folly was wisdom compared to the average insanity of the common drunkard.

THE PRESIDENT'S PARSON.

DR. NEWMAN pastor of "The National M. E. Church" (ominous name) at Washington D. C., the Church to which President Grant resorts for Spiritual Consolation when heart-broken over "Rings" and "Credit Mobiliers, has been supersed ed by a new man one Dr. Tiffany. The pastor of this Church has been Chaplain of the Senate, and to his prayers it may be due "that things are as well as they are" in that body. Cameron of Penn. moved to reconsider the vote which gave the office to Newman this time since Tiffany deserved it, and was backed by Simpson the Bishop; every body knows that Cameron, as well as Colfax, Pomeroy, Harlan, Patterson, &c. are good church members, but Cameron is as much of a political partisan as a Christian, and when he found that his political pope had in his heart decreed that the Chaplain should be none but The Rev. J. P. Newman, he (Cameron) at once withdrew his motion, and the nation may be assured that hereafter as before "fervent effective" STUMP SPEECHES will be made from the Chaplain's desk. There will be no more U. S. prayers we suppose in the Senate, for as we read that:

"To show his confidence in Newman, the President not only backed up his claims for the position of Chaplain, but appointed him to the position of Inspector of Consulates, with a roving commission to go around the world at a salary of $6,000 a year in gold, expenses paid, and his wife thrown in as clerk."

"Inspector of Consulates" is good, at least the pay is, and Rev. Newman can do his praying for the Government of the United States just as well in Trebizond and Jerusalem, as in Washington. Were we a Consul, and not orthodox, as Harlan, Pomeroy, and Colfax are, we should quiver in our boots at this appointment and betake ourselves incontently to the study of Clark's Commentaries and The Methodist Discipline."

We are sorry this appointment has been made; sorry we have any Chaplain in Congress; sorry *any* sect or Church receives any aid or favor from the general Government; sorry the whole matter of administration and jurisprudence is not divorced utterly——not from religion in the sense of piety, but from creeds, cant, and Ecclesiastical Conspiracies.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.—Many people of good intelligence and considerable reading find themselves at loss to understand Livingstone the African explorer. Something more than the love of geographic discovery impels this second Ulysses "much enduring man." He is preeminently a humanitarian—a lover of men—and seeks by introducing civilization into Africa to end the slave trade and promote African progress. His idea is no chimera, and he has already done much. From this point of view, as well as the material outlook, THE PRESENT ERA congratulates the world upon his exploits, believing in Livingstone's own language, "It is better to lessen human woe than to discover the sources of the Nile."

THE WOLF AND LAMB.

THE wolf who maintained that the lamb fouled the water for him, though drinking below him on the stream, has recently attended the God in the Constitution convention and has

Resolved, "That the signs of the times, the *rapid deterioration of the public morals*, and the bold demands of organized political infidelity show * * * * that failure to adopt this amendment involves ultimately general immorality and anarchy."

And this in the face of the fact, that the men most notorious for political and commercial dishonesty, are ardent orthodox religionists, many of them being among the most prominent supporters of this very amendment, while the few liberal religionists, Spiritualists and free thinkers, who are or have been politically prominent, are, as Cæsar's wife should have been—above suspicion.

To prevent the "rapid deterioration of public morals," it would seem that we need not less, but more of such men in public life; and were liberalists in religion *directly* represented in legislatures in proportion to their numbers—which is "proportional," or "minority representation," we should have them. On this basis we should soon see an *end* to frauds, of which, at present, we have only seen the *beginning*. Only the *outcrop* of these fraudulent strata is visible; superincumbent layers of party strategy, and official red tape hide the mass.

PERTINENT, NOT PERSONAL.

WE have recently been favored with a letter for publication, which reflects with exceeding severity upon one of the best advertised, and most active women of American. As the person referred to has been cursed into public notice, and persecuted into fame and present prosperity, THE PRESENT ERA cannot serve her enemies by denouncing her; and her friends do not seem aware that she needs more than her own voice, pen, and press for her defence.

For good or ill, the time to crush her, and suppress the agitation she exasperates, has gone by. And yet it is not evident that the short road to reform is by such a pre-Raphaelite exposure of personal faults, as shall photograph the secret social disorders of the age, and make of the columns of the press, an offensive picture gallery, or anatomical museum of moral deformities.

Not that THE PRESENT ERA would shun investigation, and radical reform; but that it avoids personalities, and chooses to effect the benefit of all, without infringing the freedom and happiness of any. We are pleased to record the progress of the science of anatomy, and have our plaudits for the physiologist who dares death at the *post mortem*, in the interest of human health; but dissections are not to be performed on the curb stone, nor can microscopic examinations *of fungi* be allowed in the middle of the street or at the breakfast table. Tis true as Mrs. Browning writes:

"That men of science, osteologists
And surgeons, beat some poets in respect
For nature,—count nought common or unclean,
Spend raptures upon perfect specimens
Of indurated veins, distorted joints,
Or beautiful new cases of curved spine."

But even they, are forbidden to practice vivisection—they may not torture and destroy a dog, thus to educate and save men.

Murder, may be done with the Scalpel, and criticism of persons, easily degenerates into unwarranted impertinence, and reprehensible scandalmongering; hence the fault of the letter we are asked to publish; and the same evil is exemplified in the abuse a sensational press has so long given the subject of it. The consequent reaction has begun, and the woman assailed, imprisoned and suppressed, is provided by her foes with the conspicuous *role* of a persecuted heroine, the champion of free speech, and a free press. THE PRESENT ERA will not repeat the blunders of those who supposed themselves guardians of society, and at the same time will avoid the faults charged upon the object of their disparagement, conscious that—

"O! wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel as ithers see us;
It wad from mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

THE IRISH UNIVERSITY.

IN Ireland there is an avowedly Protestant University, whose honors, offices and sympathies are all for Protestants alone. This is one of the many oppressions saddled upon the Catholic Irish, by their English fellow Christians. The University is supported by the whole people; but Catholics may merely study and pay within it. Of course they consider it a standing insult, and perpetual grievance. Another University affects to be impartial as to sects, but neither are much patronized by Catholics.

Premier Gladstone put forward a bill in Parliament on the night of the 11th of March, which, if passed, would have completely secularized the Irish University, giving of course equal rights and opportunities to all. This was defeated by the "Conservatives" and the Catholics. John Bright, and Jacob Bright his brother; the Scotch and Welch members, with the Marquis of Lorne, son-in-law of the Queen, supported the bill, with Gladstone and the Liberals.

Under such circumstances Gladstone resigns, and yet a new government could not be formed. All this was brought about, by the obstinate determination of the Catholics, to secure the incorporation and establishment by government of a Catholic University, on the same impolitic sectarian basis as the abominable institution now left unreformed. Gladstone is glad to get out of office after his forty years of public life, and he has been beaten as a statesman should be—if at all—on a reform measure, which was unsuccessful only because it conflicted with the meanness of English bigotry, and the impracticable arrogance of Catholic sectarianism. To Americans the suggestion is forcible, that in every sense our schools supported by the public, be made utterly secular and unsectarian. *It is the only chance* for an intelligent citizenship, and those who oppose it, whatever their creed, are unwittingly perhaps, traitors to the spirit of Republican Democracy, and foes of human progress and civilization. Let us be warned in time, and by removing every reasonable pretext of oppression of conscience, prevent the possibility of such bitter absurdity, as seeks to thrust aside the humane statesmanlike proposal of Gladstone, and insists upon offsetting one crime against the law of religious freedom, by a fresh insult to the spirit of the present age.

AN UNCOUNTED HOST.—"There were plenty of these timid Christians in Christ's time, who died in the bondage of the Mosaic law, because they dared not be among the few to profess the faith in the "good news" he brought; plenty of Protestant's in Luther's glorious day, who died in the Romish Church because they had not the courage to welcome or own the light that had really penetrated their minds. If the Liberal Christians in America could be drawn to each other—could rise like one man at a given signal, and discover in what formidable numbers they exist, what a mass of intelligence, character, influence and worth they carry—they might achieve a momentous triumph in a twelvemonth."—*Bellows' tract on "Orthodoxy and Liberal Christianity."*

These remarks are still more applicable to Spiritualists, Free Religionists or Free Thinkers; add to these the Liberal Christians; have all of them represented in proportion to numbers, and the whole course of legislation would be changed; its main force would be directed to prevention instead of punishment, to growth instead of repression, to construction instead of destruction, to philanthrophy instead of party.

LOST AND FOUND.

AN ACROSTIC.

All treasures of the heart we count as lost—
Stolen by fate from our fond jealous keeping,
Have gained a life no more by this death crossed
Though we grieve on that "they in death are sleeping."
Our lost are found, in angel life supernal;
Nor can we miss their sweetest love eternal!

Such are the treasures stored for us in heaven,
Making our journey thither full of blessed peace.
In earthly loss, we see that better wealth increase,
There, those we mourn, our coming wait to greet;
Here, we leave those we soon above shall meet.

E. S. WHEELER.

Editorial Correspondence.

For the Present Era.

A WEEK IN ANNAPOLIS.

Continued.

IN 1699 this city was made the chief place and seat of justice for holding assemblies and provincial courts. The first State House was burned; and in 1704 an Act was passed by the General Assembly, making appropriations for a new building. This house was completed in 1706, and continued to be occupied for purposes of state until 1769, when it was demolished to make room for the edifice which now occupies the site. Seventy-five hundred pounds sterling were appropriated for this building, and it seems to have been well applied, for like the "deacon's one horse shay," it was built in such a wonderful "way," that it still remains intact, after more than a hundred years have rolled away.

GOV. WILLIAM PINCKNEY WHYTE,

the present incumbent, is a lineal descendant on his mother's side, of the illustrious Pinckney. He is a pleasant, genial gentleman, with an intellectual cast of countenance, and said to be eloquent in debate, and popular with the people. The Executive Room is on the second floor of the building and connected with the Armory. The room is large and airy, overlooking the lower portion of the city, and hung round with portraits of the early governors under the State authority. Back of the Speaker's desk is a full length portrait of Cecilius Calvert Baltimore. In a far corner is a full length portrait of Thomas H. Hicks, the governor of Maryland during the war. On the opposite of the building on the same floor, is the room of the Court of Appeals, with its committee rooms. These rooms are upholstered in green, and have a quiet, home-like air, favorable to meditation.

THE TREASURY,

is a low brick building enclosed in the State House Circle, on the eastern side. This building is venerable, as well as memorable, for having been at one time the legislative hall of the Provincial Government. In those days more unpretending structures held legislative bodies. It is fire-proof, contains the old colonial records, and is used as the land office. Many of the old land patents, away back to 1633 are here. Between it and another small brick building used by the State Comptroler is an old cannon, brought over by the first settlers under Lord Baltimore. It is a rude piece of mechanism compared with the finished field-pieces of to-day. This old State House with its surroundings, is full of interest. Built at a time when Annapolis rivaled any colonial capital; when she was the old shipping-port of the Chesapeake Bay; with a line of ships from the Old World entering her harbor; the residence of many wealthy English lords; the society which gathered here is said at one time to have rivaled in luxury and fashion even Paris herself. A French hair-dresser was then a man of importance; and a fair dame living here at that period was said to have hired one at a thousand crowns per year. Many elegant brick buildings were erected here before 1717. They were built in the English fashion, of imported bricks, and were so perfect in construction that many of them to this day show no signs of decay. Among these is the house formerly occupied by Governor Eden, now in possession of Denis Claude. The walls, the wood-carving, the plastering, are very perfect. Many of the window casings are of carved mahogany. Nearly all of these old dwellings have their peculiar history and their romance. The luxury and the fashion of the English nobility were imported here, and their impressions and their manners are still to some extent retained. As the State Capitol, the seat of the Continental Congress, the foster-mother of legal lore, and the home of distinguished men, Annapolis has an instructive and an interesting history.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH CIRCLE

a little way from the Capitol, is the site of the first church built in the place; and the money for its erection was procured by the levying of a tax on the planters of so much per. pound on tobacco. Although Maryland was originally settled by the Catholics under Queen Mary, and their numbers were fully equal to the Protestants, this sect seems not to have acquired much power and influence in the colony. Under the reign of Queen Anne they were forbidden from holding office in the

colony. Governor Sharpe, who had been reproved for encouraging Catholics, in a letter to the Lord Proprietary, Dec. 16, 1758, says: "By an Act of Assembly made May 1756, all land holders of the Romanish faith are obliged to pay by way of land tax, twice as much as the rest of your lordship's tenants who are Protestants." It did not pay well in those days to be a Catholic, as the perquisites of office, light taxes, and royal favor seem all to have been witheld.

QUEEN ANNE

presented the bell to this primitive church, which for so many years called the faithful descendants of St. Peter into its fold; and on its demolition to make way for the new one since erected, Queen Victoria was asked to have her name commemorated by a similar donation. She was not, however, able to see clearly the force of the compliment intended, and declined for want of means.

THE COURT HOUSE

opposite this church, celebrated for the eminent legal men whose eloquence has resounded through its walls has become recently a double object of interest as the place of the prolonged trial of Ellen G. Wharton, for a complication of crimes, and it seems now that her trial will be more than proportionately long to the crimes charged. There is a feeling in the community that she is guilty, but the evidence educed does not seem to substantiate the fact. For days and weeks, through two protracted trials, ever accompanied by her devoted daughter, she has sat in this little court-room, crowded with curious, and often unsympathizing spectators, and yet preserving ever the most perfect decorum, and a command of feeling that has never allowed a muscle to move under the most trying ordeal. Not once has she been betrayed into an indiscreet word, or a symptom of emotion. It is rumored that Miss Nellie Wharton will be married to a gentleman from Philadelphia, as soon as the painful trial is concluded, which now goes over to the May Term, when a new jury will be empanneled. One of the old jurors has died since the conclusion of the last trial, and another is seriously ill. Three others have had deaths in their families.

THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE,

is an elegant brick building, enclosed in a circle, contiguous to the State House Circle, and from this trio of circles the principal streets of Annapolis radiate. It has only served to do the honors and hospitalities of two governors as yet, and the present governor spends his winters in Baltimore. The old governmental mansion which has served for successive generations of governors, is now doing good service as the Naval Academy Library.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

delightfully situated on the Western Shore of the Severn River, is one of the oldest Collegiate Institutions in the country, having been founded in 1784, the year succeeding the signing of "The Treaty of Peace," between the United States and Great Britain. Its charter was granted by the Legislature of Maryland, through the exertions of such men as Most Rev. John Carroll, first Catholic archbishop of America, Charles Carroll, Samuel Chase, John Eager Howard, the Right Rev. Thomas John Claggett, Luther Martin, Benedict Calvert and others. Wm. Paca the then Governor of the Province, also favored the scheme. The sum of 1750 pounds was annually and forever thereafter given and granted as a donation by the public to the use of said College. So says the old Journal of Assemblies. The Legislature also granted four acres of land which has ever since been known as College Green. This piece of ground has an historic and military, as well as scholastic record. It was once in the possession of Gov. Eden, and he had commenced to build thereon an elegant brick residence. At the breaking out of the Revolution he took sides with the Tories and was obliged to flee the country. His property was confiscated, and the house commenced now forms the main College Building, the line of demarkation still being distinctly visible in the brick, where Gov. Eden ceased to build, and the College trustees began.

The three College buildings are large and commodious; and the grounds afford ample facilities for exercise; while the placid waters of the Severn furnish the delights of bathing. This ground formed the encampment for the French Army under La Fayette during the Revolution; for the American Army in the war of 1812; and for the Union Army during the late war. To the right of the buildings stands an old tulip tree, that was standing there in 1649, when the settlement of this country was first made. It is twelve feet in diameter at the base, and still symmetrical and hardy, although the storms of more than two centuries have passed over it; the fire has blackened it, and the axe of the soldier mutilated it.

By an act of assembly and also by the wish of the trustees, the funds of the famous "King William School," begun during the reign of William the Third in 1696, but not completed until Queen Anne's time; were transferred to St. John's College, and helped substantially to its establishment. After the lapse of years in 1806, the funds originally voted by the State were entirely withdrawn. In 1811, $1,000, per. year was granted. This was increased to three thousand dollars in 1832, on the condition that the Visitors and Governors should agree to accept it as the "full satisfaction of all legal or equitable claims which they might have or be supposed to have against the State." William Pinckney made an eloquent remonstrance against the passage of the act which withdrew the funds from St. John's College. In June 1868, the General Assembly by an act, restored the arrearages of the annuity of $3,000 which had been suspended during the war, and appropriated to the College annually for five years $12,000.

This College has now a full Professorship, one hundred and fifty students, and a library of 3,000 volumes. There have graduated from its walls many eminent and distinguished men. Among them Wm. Pinckney, the distinguished lawyer, statesman and diplomatist of Md., Hon. Reverdy Johnson, Md., Bishop Pinckney Md., Hon. John Paten, of N. C., Hon. J. Taloe Lomax, Va., Francis Key, author of "Star Spangled Banner," and many others. By virtue of the State annuity, six students from each Senatorial District in the State are educated free of charge for tuition, room rent, and use of text books. Two of this number are furnished, board, fuel, lights and washing, after a competitive examination, the appointment subject to the approval of the State Senator.

The day was drawing to a close as we strolled over the old College ground, recalling the reminiscences of our own College days; when the vesper bell called the students to prayers. Quietly we passed into the Chapel and sat down, still half dreaming of the past, but anxious once more to hear the College chant. To our surprise we were quietly but persistently invited out, and not only reminded of the customs of the East, but that we were a *Woman*.

THE NAVAL ACADEMY

Is beautifully situated on that precise point of land where the Severn River and the Chesapeake Bay meet and blend, formerly the site of old Ft. Severn. It is a child of the National Government, established by an act of Congress in 1845 during the Presidency of Jas. K. Polk, and while Geo. Bancroft was Secretary of the Navy. It is to this important branch of the Government, what West Point is to the army; a training school for the more complete preparation of naval officers for their duties than can otherwise be obtained. It is under the general control of the Secretary of the Navy, but more immediately that of the Superintendent, rear Admiral Worden; and the assistant Superintendent, Commander Henry L. Howison.

Formerly the boys were taken and trained entirely on ship board, but the course was found inadequate to produce the results desired. Now they are required to pass through four years of severe discipline; eight months in school and four at sea, of each year. They have 262 pupils, one being allowed from each congressional district one from the District of Columbia, and four from Japan, admitted by courtesy. About thirty three per cent. of those who enter graduate. There is one colored student. A strict record is kept of each day's recitations and deportment, and each student permitted to know from day to day his standing. It is supported by yearly appropriations from Congress.

Each midshipman, after passing his examination is enroled as an officer of the Navy on pay of $500, per year. From this fund his expenses are paid, and on his graduation the balance is paid over to him. Then as past midshipman, his salary is raised to $1000, per year.

Thus from the time of his matriculation into the Naval Academy, the young midshipman is provided with an adequate support, and an honorable calling for life; of which nothing but death insubordination, or incapacity can deprive him. The government undertakes to give him a superior education at the public expense, and in return, binds him to eight years of public service unless sooner discharged.

The fine grounds of the institution are surrounded by the Academy, the Chapel, the Library, the midshipmen's quarters, the gymnasium, and the dwellings of the officers. There is a fine model room in the institution, with miniature ships constructed with the most perfect exactness. Here all of the mysteries of the art of ship building are taught. We were shown a standard compass presented to the Institution by Prince Alexis, the adjustment of it is his Highness invention. The library of the Academy is a quiet nook formerly the residence of the Governor, well filled with choice literature, systematically arranged, and rare works of sculpture and art. Two practice ships the Constitution and Santee are by the shore, one for the practice of gunnery and the other for seamanship.

DISMISSED FOR FRENCHING.

Yesterday a fine looking midshipman from the South received walking papers for what is termed in naval parlance *frenching*, or going outside of the enclosure without permission. No permission is granted to students who have sixteen demerits standing against them. These demerits are given for the slightest offences, such as leaving a brush out of place, a tobacco pouch on the bed. The consequences are that when this restraint becomes too onerous, they escape over the wall to see friends outside. The breach of the rules is very common, but most of them are prudent enough not to be caught.

THE NATIONAL CEMETERY

containing three thousand soldiers graves is a half mile out of the city, on a pleasant rolling ground, bordered by a brook on one side; and neatly and tastefully laid out. The house and grounds are in good repair, and under the superintendance of a valiant veteran of the Mexican War, Bennett M. Reese. There is a lack of shade trees and flowers in the enclosure, which doubtless the Government will supply the coming summer. It is well to render beautiful these resting places of the dead, to pay public honor to the unknown graves.

If the public spirit of the past could again reanimate Annapolis, and her commerce and manufactures be revived, the promise of other days might be realized; and renewed prosperity awaken to new life her citizens.

MEASURING THE BABY.

We measured the riotous baby
  Against the cottage wall;
A lily grew at the threshold,
  And the boy was just as tall.
A royal tiger lily,
  With spots of purple and gold,
And a heart like a jeweled chalice,
  The fragrant dew to hold.

Without the blackbird whistled,
  High up in the old roof trees,
And to and fro at the window
  The red rose rocked her bees;
And the wee pink fists of baby
  Were never for a moment still,
Snatching at shine and shadow
  That danced at the lattice-sill.

Ah, me! in a darkened chamber,
  With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like bitter rain,
  We measured the baby to-day,
And the little bare feet that were dimpled
  And sweet as a budding rose,
Lay side by side together
  In the hush of a long repose.

Up from the dainty pillow,
  White as the risen dawn,
A fair little face lie smiling
  With the light of heaven thereon;
And the dear little hands, like rose leaves
  Dropped from the rose, lay still,
Never to catch at the sunshine
  That crept to the shrouded sill.

We measured the sleeping baby
  With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
  That awaited him below.
And out of the darkened chamber
  We went with a childless moan;
For to the height of the sinless angels
  Our dear little one has grown.

Nature, Science and Art.

ARTS OF THE ANCIENTS.

THE Roman walls were built without mortar, and yet so nicely jointed that you could not get a penknife between them. One of the obelisks that were taken to France was worked upon by an engraver for three weeks, and after spoiling several cases of his best tools he could only engrave two lines. These facts would imply instruments superior to our own. If Champollion can be trusted, the Damascus blades of the crusading times cannot be rivaled. They could be bent double without breaking. Allusions to the cold-blast may be found in the Hindoo writings of seven hundred years ago, where it is said of a chieftain who had no sword, and waiting for one to be forged, grew so impatient that he seized it from the anvil, while yet hot, and rushed up a mountain side to join the fray, when the cold air tempered it before he met the foe. Every one who has read Sir Walter Scott's works, knows the description of a banquet-meeting between Richard Cœur de Lion and Saladin, where each tested the character of his weapon; Richard cut an iron bar at a blow, but Saladin severed a light cushion at a touch; and throwing up a kerchief so light that it floated away on the air, drew away his blade across it without any disturbance of its easy motion, dividing it in two pieces.

PRODUCTION OF PIG IRON.

PRESIDENT A. B. Stone, of Ohio, at a late meeting of the American Pig Iron Association delivered an address from which we condense the following valuable information: The total production of pig iron in the United States, during the year 1872, has not yet been entirely returned; but, from the data already at hand, it will not vary from 2,888,250 tons—an increase over the production of 1871 of twenty-five per cent. The total production of ore in the United States, for 1870, as stated by the census return, was 3,210,918 tons; and, in view of the increased development since, it is fair to reckon on an increase for 1872, of one hundred and fifty per cent., or 6,421,836 tons. The increase of blast-furnaces, for 1872, far surpasses that of any year of which we have any record. The total number of new furnaces built or begun in 1872 was one hundred and nine; and of those projected for 1873, which only includes those actually determined upon, was thirty-nine, giving an addition to the product of 1870 of 327,000 tons. A comparison of the exports from Great Brittain, for the year 1871 and 1872, shows a decrease of 42,248 tons. From a table of the various sources of consumption, we learn that the seventy thousand miles of railroads required, for their equipment, 12,250,000 tons, with an addition per annum. for repairs, of ten per cent., or 1,250,000 tons. Among the other sources of demand, we note, for gas and water-pipes, 190,000 tons; for stoves, 250,000 tons; for nuts, bolts, nails and tacks, 500,000 tons. As a noteworthy fact, illustrating the immense demand for only two of the most recent of improved machines, it is stated that the manufacturers of mowers and reapers alone consumed 33,000 tons, and those of sewing machines 20,000 tons. In the present connection we would notice the fact that, at a late meeting of the National Association of Iron Manufacturers at Philadelphia, Mr. Danks, the inventor of the improved puddling-furnace which bears his name, was presented to the members, and gave his experience with the iron-trade of England. He stated that, in spite of the efforts of interested parties, he had successfully introduced his furnace throughout England and Scotland; while in France Belgium, Austria, Sweden, and Norway, furnaces upon his system were being erected. At the conclusion of his remarks, Mr. Danks was elected an honorary member of the association, "in view of the eminent services rendered by him to the iron manufacturers of the United States, by his inventions and successful efforts in the line of mechanical puddling."

DO TORPID TOADS RESPIRE?

THERE is a belief, largely prevalent, that toads, under certain conditions, may and have lived for countless years without either food to eat or air to breathe. One of these "queer toads" was recently presented, by Mr. Cornwall, President of the Black Diamond Coal Mines, to the museum of the California Academy of Sciences. In presenting the case, the president stated that frequently, on former occasions, it had been reported that frogs or toads had been found hundreds of feet below the surface alive, but inquiry had failed to ever recover the *matrix* in which they were embedded; and, until such is found, scientific men must think either that they fell down the shaft (like poor Bowers, of Calaveras County), or else were placed in position with a purpose to mislead the finder. Regarding this particular frog, Mr. Cornwall stated that it was

found at a depth of two hundred and twenty-eight feet, and while the men were *picking*, not blasting, and that he had been unable to find the pieces from which it was taken. The circumstances attending this discovery are so suspicious that we would not have considered the subject worthy of notice, were it not that the subsequent debate elicited some interesting general facts from Dr. Dall, who called attention to some novel and apparently conclusive experiments where an English gentleman had tried how long a toad would live in this manner. A slab of stone was taken, and a number of holes cut in it, and in each of these was placed a toad, previously carefully washed and weighed. Then a glass was put over each hole, and fastened on with Portland cement. The slab was then buried in the garden, and not taken up for some time. On being finally examined, it was found that, where the cement was perfect, the toads were dead; while those in the holes over which the cement was cracked were still alive. The slab was buried again, and not taken up for three years, when it was found that three of the toads were alive; but, when the holes were examined, it turned out that the cement was cracked in each instance, and, perhaps, had let in some small insects, as one of the toads actually weighed more than when it was put in. Although these experiments would seem to settle the fact that the toad is not immortal—as to its body at least—yet we shall not be surprised to learn that some new unfortunate has been again unearthed, and made the theme of wonder-loving discourse or scientific thesis.

The experiment of thus enclosing a live and lively reptile, suddenly in a cemented chamber, differs much in its conditions and of course in results, from the slow process by which a torpid toad is incased in the stiffening, hardening, petrifying mass, where he is said to be found entombed long generations afterward. There exists a class of facts, of which reptilian capacity for long suspended animation is one, which suggest that science has as yet but an inkling of the nature of the vital principle. We confidentially expect, that through the growing investigation of the facts of Spiritualism, this inkling may be unfolded into knowledge.

HISTORICO SCIENTIFIC PARALLELS.—In the sixteenth century, the principal professor of philosophy in the University of Padua, refused to look through Galileo's telesoope at the moon and planets. In the nineteenth century, one of the principal scientific men of England discourteously declined a courteous invitation from a committee of the London Dialectical Society, to be present at their investigations of the phenomena of modern Spiritualism, remarking that if genuine they would not interest him. The Paduan was too deeply immersed in Aristotelian metaphysics to bother himself about such trifling matters as astronomy. Huxley is too deeply immersed in the physical to care for that which lies at the basis of all phenomena—the soul of which phenomena are only the body. Prof. Henry is reported to have advised Dr. Hare, when commencing his investigations of Spiritualism, to drop the subject in view of its unpopularity. Posterity will place Henry and Huxley in the same category with the Paduan professor. "Free thinkers" so called, who indignantly repudiate the authority of great names in theology, but servilely bow to the same in science, have achieved not freedom but a change of masters. Cowardice and dishonesty are by no means confined to politicians and theologians.

"THE DAY OF GENESIS."—In a pamphlet entitled "More Criticisms on Darwin," Mr. Huxley brings to light some very important extracts from "A Treatise on the Work of the Six Days," by Father Suarez, a Jesuit, published in 1622. The father, it appears, has devoted two chapters to elucidate the significance of this word. He finally decides that the writer of Genesis meant that the word "day" should be taken in its natural sense, as "it is not probable that God, in inspiring Moses to write a history of creation which was to be believed by ordinary people, would have made him use language, the true meaning of which is hard to discover, and still harder to believe." And much more to the same effect. Yet geological, astronomical and other science clearly proves that creation has been going on for innumerable ages, is not, and never will be finished.

ART NOT LUXURY.—Sir Arthur Helps, replying recently to the arguments of those who ask how it was the decadence of a State had generally begun when art was at its best, maintained that the assertion implied was a total delusion. There was an enormous distinction between luxury and art. Nations had fallen, it might be, through luxury, but not through art. France had been pointed to; but while a few thousand persons were luxurious in Paris, the great body of the people are frugal and industrious, and in every way deserving of success. France has fallen, not from the rise and progress of art, but from mal-administration, mal-organization and mal-government.

Darwin wrote as he rode in his battered old "sulky," on scraps of paper with a pencil; Rosseau composed among rocks; while Chateaubriand sat at a table methodically piled with paper of various sizes, which he scattered to the ground as soon as they were filled with writing, to be finally gathered up and arranged at the completion of each chapter.

Spiritual Phenomena.

SPIRITUAL WONDERS.

"THE CITY BY THE SEA."

THE Spirit-phenomena in and around the school house at Newburyport Mass., after exciting comment for sometime, have led to one result which will be regreted by all lovers of truth and justice. A sub-committee consisting of Rev. J. S. Spalding, Rev. Geo. D. Johnson, and Hon. Richard Plummer Postmaster, and a prominent business man, was appointed by the School Committee. A report was made by the two clergymen, ascribing the phenomena to "the dilapidated state of the building," and "a ledge underneath" "which conveyed sounds;" the scholars also were charged with making the phenomena.

This report the Hon. Mr. Plummer refused to sign, as the statements made in it and represented to be the evidence of persons examined, are directly contradictory to the testimony they gave before him. However the School Committee, apparently anxious to hide the facts and stop investigation regarding Spiritualism, having held a secret meeting accepted the report and dismissed the teacher, Miss Perkins, whom every one declares to have been entirely candid, and only to have seen that which many observed. We can but see in this the work of unfair malignant bigotry, quite too common when ecclesiastics hold secular power. Since the report of the committee, the manifestations have increased, and were so obvious that the teacher in affright fainted, and was taken home in a carriage. The school house is overrun by visitors, and the committee are at their wits end. Eleven of the "big boys in the school certify to the phenomena." Lucky for Whittier's "City by the Sea," these are modern times. Salem is in the same section, and even Newburyport has not been undisturbed by signs and wonders, as witnesseth the following from "Coffin's History of Newbury." pp. 131 and 132. The date of the events is 1679, near a century ago and similar things are now occurring in the famous school house. The records say:

"The testimony of William Morse, which saith together with his wife aged about sixty-six yeeres, that Thursday night being the twenty-seventh day of November, we heard a great noyes without, round the house of knocking the boerds of the house and, as we conceived, throwing of stones at the house, whereupon myselfe and wife lookt out and saw nobody, and the boy all this time with us, but we herd stones and sticks thrown at us that we were forced to retire into the house againe. Afterwards we went to bed and the boy with us, and then the like noyes was upon the roof o the house. The same night about midnight the doore being lockt when we went to bed, we heard a great hog in the house grunt and make a noyes, as we thought willing to gett out, and that we might not be disturbed in our sleep I rose to let him out, and I found a hog in the house and the doore unlockt. The doore was firmly lockt when we went to bed. The next morning a stick of links, hanging in the chimney, they were thrown out of their place, and we hanged them up againe and they were thrown downe againe and came into the fire. The next night following I had a great awle lying in the window, the which awle we saw fall downe out of the chimney into the ashes by the fire. After this I bid the boy put the same awle into the cupboard, which we saw done and the doore shut to. This same awle came presently downe the chimney againe in our sight, and I took it up myselfe. Againe the same night we saw a little Indian baskett, that was in the loft before, came downe the chimney againe, and I took the same baskett, put a peice of brick in it, and the baskett with the brick was gone, and came down againe the third time with the brick in it and went up again the fourth time and came downe againe without the brick, and the brick came downe a little after. The next day, being Saturday, stones, sticks and peices of bricks came downe, so that we could not quietly eat our breakfast, and sticks of fire also came downe at the same time. The same day in the afternoon my thread four times taken away and came downe the chimney againe; my leather taken away, came downe the chimney againe. My nailes being in the cover of a firkin taken away, came downe the chimney. The next day, being Sunday, many stones and sticks and peices of bricks came downe the chimneye. On Monday Mr. Richardson,—the minister,—and my brother being there, the frame of my cow house they saw firme. I sent my boy to skare the fowles from my hogs meet. He went to the cow house and it fell downe, my boy crying with the hurt of the fall. In the afternoone the potts hanging over the fire, did dash so vehemently one against the other we sett downe one that they might not dash to peices. I saw the andiron leep into the pott and dance, and leap out, and againe leap in and dance and leep out againe, and leep on a table and there abide, and my wife saw the andiron on the table. Also I saw the pott turn itselfe over and throw down all the water. Againe we saw a tray with wool leap up and downe and throw the wool out and saw nobody meddle with it. Againe a tub his hoop fly off, of itself, and the tub turn over and no body neere it. Againe the woolen wheele upside downe and stood upon its end and a spade sett on it. Stephen Greenleaf saw it and myselfe and wife. Againe my rope tooles fell downe on the ground before my boy could take them, being sent for them, and the same thing of nailes tumbled downe from the loft into the ground and nobody neere. Againe my wife and the boy making the bed, the chest did open and shutt, the bedclothes would not be made to ly on the bed but fly off againe.

Thomas Rogers and George Hardy, being at William Morse his house, affirme that the earth in the chimney corner moved and scattered on them, that Thomas Roges was hit somewhat, Hardy, with an iron ladle, as is supposed. Somewhat hitt William Morse a great blow, but it was so swift that they could not tell what it was, but looking downe after they heerd the noyes they saw a shoe.

Mr. Richardson, the minister, testifyeth that a board flew against his chaire and he heerd a noyes in another roome, which he supposed in all reeson to be diabolicell.

John Dole saw a large fire stick of candlewood to fall downe, a stone, a fire brand, and these things he saw not whence they came, till they fell down by him."

SPIRIT PHENOMENA CERTIFIED.

THE investigation of Spiritualism is now interesting an increased number of minds many of them of the most critical type. Despite all the incongruites of action and expression, either by mediums or speakers; regardless of the attacks made from time to time by opponents, the public are regarding with more intense attention than ever, the self evident facts and profound philosophy of this important subject. Neither is this quite natural state of things, the only manifestation which marks the temper of the time in this connection. There is not only attention and observation awarded to Spiritualism, but from a host of earnest and well cultured persons, searching critical analysis is brought to bear, and a genuine investigation goes forward.

The days and nights of gaping open mouthed credulity have gone by, and the era of charlatanism hurries to its close, as the white light of science is cast upon the phenomena which have been the marvel of millions.

Spiritualists themselves, as would be expected by those who knew their sincerity, are the most earnest, as they are the most capable in exposing any trace of fraud and imposition, in relation to the whole matter of their communication with spirits; indeed, the complaint is made that some of them, in their ignorance of the laws which govern the matter, have been cruelly unjust to the mediums who depend for their justification upon uncontrollable powers, acting in a manner concerning which we have little information, and subject to "conditions" whose imperative need is understood in every department of science and art. Much as injustice to any person or class of persons is to be deplored, it is better even that some of our mediumistic friends suffer from this mistaken zeal for a time, than that their whole cause be trailed in the mire of deception, and penny turning commercial misuse. Let any honest medium who may so suffer be encouraged; to be misunderstood is not singular in the world we inhabit, and in due time the vindication of their honesty must come, and their fair fame be made all the fairer before those they serve as the channels of spirit influences. With those who investigate, let fairness candor and justice characterize all action in the premises. Bigoted sneers and trifling laughs no longer satisfy inquirers, but deliberation, discrimination and truth, must govern every step, for a tremendous reality demands the attention of the age, and the aching hearts of waiting thousands will inspire the bitter scorn soon to be poured upon the heads of those cowards who would conciliate the conservatism of the past, by lying or superficial reports regarding the verites of the living present.

A consciousness of this, and of the importance of Spiritualists as an integral part of community, has so changed the tone of the press of late, that with many of the most influential journals there is little left to desire. No one asks for more than free hearing and candid discussion for Spiritualism, and this the press generally seems determined it shall have. Since the sad, and yet absurd exposure of Gordon at Apollo Hall, the New York *World* has given place to what purports to be a report of an extensive investigation carried out by seven gentlemen, who took into their consideration the claims of a number of mediums of New York. They claim to have proved Mansfield, Slade, Foster, Parker and others, to be guilty of frauds of the grossest nature, and that one of their number has become a successful student and proficient, in all the prestidigitation they have witnessed. The editor offsetts this sweeping charge and statement, by a courteous and qualifying editorial. His hints as to the possible crudeness of his correspondent's conclusions, are not needed by those who read the extended report made by these "seven wise men." Not only does their narrative seem inconsistent in a large degree, but with an utter innocence of the stern requirements of the spirit of truth seeking science, these gentlemen inform us in the outset that one of them was an enthusiastic Spiritualist, over credulous and sanguine; while the other six entered upon their labors, with the paramount motive to disprove the belief of their friends, and not utterly and alone to discover through an unprejudiced mind, the real and actual in the affair!

Naturally enough, they fell into the old practice of imposing upon mediums, with the comical idea of eliciting truth by creating the conditions of falsehood. Presupposing the general truth of Spiritualism, the result of self deception could be surely predicated.

The reporter of the Boston *Times* recently made a similar investigation in that city, but entered upon it in a very different spirit, and therefore has a different result to chronicle. He says:

"It is due to our readers, no less than to ourselves, to premise at the outset that the gentleman who was an eye-witness of what he narrates below is not a Spiritualist, and is not to be suspected, therefore, of any wish to bolster up the pretentions of Spiritualism, he having in fact but one duty to perform, that being to faithfully record in these columns, for the benefit of Spiritualists, and all in any way interested in the subject, what actually occurred at the Concord square seance, leaving the public to ascribe them to whatever causes or influences may to them seem most satisfactory."

The *seance* was at the house of Mrs. Hardy, No. 4 Concord Square, who was herself the medium upon that occasion. The rooms were brilliantly lighted, and the fullest opportunity given for observation. The varied phenomena of writing upon slates, the presentation of spirit hands etc., etc., long since grown familiar to the reading public, became manifest and were the vehicle of intelligent and pertinent test communications. All this is detailed by the reporter at length in the columns of the *Times*, but these astounding marvels were the simplicites of the evening. We give the words of the scribe as to his having seen

THE SPIRITS WRITE SHORTHAND.

"Now all the other mysteries of the evening culminated in one greater than either—the reporter, who is a writer of Pitmanic shorthand, desiring to put the bona fide character of the proceedings to a crucial test, requested to know if any spirits were present who could write shorthand. The slate was at that moment being held underneath the table by the medium on the one side and the doctor on the other. Instantly the noise, as of a person writing, was heard again, and on the slate being brought to the light, to the utter astonishment of all present, and to none more than the writer, a shorthand sign which he at once recognized as the proper phonetic sign for the word "many" appeared. Being still sceptical as to the possibility of a spirit communicating by phonography, the reporter asked for a whole sentence to be written. Again the slate was placed beneath the table, and when withdrawn a further surprise was experienced when he distinctly saw before him in accurate phonetic outlines the words, "Freely give the news."

Again the reporter recalled his scepticism for another raid upon the spiritual votaries of the dexter pen, and asked them if they would kindly write him a still longer communication. To this came two unintelligible signs, and, being pressed again for a further message in shorthand, there appeared upon the slate, in ordinary longhand, the words, "We prefer this way."

Equally wonderful was another phenomenon, in which it is affirmed

THE SPIRITS OPERATE ON GAS.

"The company then adjourned to a large room on the first floor and took seats. In the centre of this room is a large chandelier, having some seven or eight burners, all of which were lighted as we entered the room. No circle was formed, those present being seated at considerable distance from each other. In a room adjoining was another similar chandelier which was also lighted. The gas in the room down stairs which the party had just left was also burning. That was the position of affairs when Mrs. Hardy invoked the

spirit of "Aaron" saying, "Come, Aaron, put out the lights." Directly the lights in the chandelier of the room where the company were seated commenced to lower, until they were almost extinguished; then at the request of the medium, who said "Come, Aaron, don't put them right out," they burned up brightly again. Not a hand was applied to the stop-cocks of the chandelier, and no one was within a yard or more of the lights thus mysteriously manipulated. Again Mrs. Hardy called upon "Aaron" to extinguish the lights. Again the willing spirit responded, and the lights faded away, and, what was stranger still, one-half of the burners on the same chandelier remained burning whilst the others were going slowly out, burning as they reached the point of exhaustion with a peculiar blue light. All the other lights in the house remained burning as brightly as before.

It was about 10 o'clock when the singular gentleman who plays the role of the inspired Italian melodist broke in upon the proceedings with another poetic snatch, which, when he sang the interpretation, seemed to be—

"And so, dear friends, we leave you now,
For we have scenes above;
And may heaven's light guide you through
To higher worlds of love."

And then the meeting broke up, and so terminated the seance, which is in many ways remarkable, and which forcibly suggests the thought that there may be more mysteries in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

The witness in this case, is but one of thousands who have visited the house of Mrs. Hardy, and with equal satisfaction tested her capacity as a medium. As an impartial record of the developments of the age, THE PRESENT ERA cheerfully gives publicity to such testimony. Having only the interest of truth and science to serve, this journal will be equally free and open to candid criticism upon any topic, coming in respectful form from any quarter.

THE SUMMER MIDNIGHT.

THE following beautiful lines are said to have been written by a young lady in Washington, who was just fourteen years old at the time of their production. She was subject to rapt moods in which a mysterious intelligence was displayed, apparently far transcending her own normal capacity. While we are not prepared to authenticate this statement, the question can in no way diminish the obvious merits of the poem. "The Summer Midnight" closely resembles Campbell's "Hohenlinden," and the versification is scarcely less flowing and musical.—Ed.

THE breeze of night has sunk to rest
Upon the river's tranquil breast,
And every bird has sought her nest,
Where silent is her minstrelsy.

The queen of heaven is sailing high,
A pale bark on the azure sky,
And not a breath is heard to sigh,
So deep the soft tranquility.

Forgotten now the heat of day
That on the waving waters lay;
The noon of night her mantle gray
Spreads for the sun's high blazonry.

But, glittering in that mantle bright,
There gleams a line of silvery light,
As tremulous on the sea of night
It hovers sweet and playfully.

At peace the distant shallop rides;
Not as when dashing o'er her sides
The roaring bay's unruly tides
Were beating round her furiously!

But every sail is furled and still,
Silent the seaman's whistle shrill,
While dreamy slumbers seem to thrill
The waiting heart with ecstasy.

Stars of the many-spangled heaven,
Brightly this night your beams are given,
And proudly where your hosts are driven,
Ye rear your dazzling galaxy.

And, far and wide, a softer hue
Is spread across the plains of blue,
Where, in bright chorus, ever true,
Forever swells your harmony.

Oh! for some sadly dying note
Upon this silent hour to float,
Where from the bustling world remote
The lyre might wake its melody.

One feeble strain is all can swell
From my almost deserted shell
In mournful accents, yet to tell
That slumbers not its minstrelsy.

There is an hour of deep repose
That yet upon my eyes shall close,
When all that Nature dreads or knows
Shall burst upon me wondrously!

Oh! may I then awake forever,
My heart to rapture's high endeavor,
And as from earth's vain scenes I sever,
Be lost in immortality!

Miscellaneous Department.

JULLIEN AND THE YORKSHIRE MAN.

M. LOUIS GEORGE JULLIEN, who departed this life at Paris in 1860, was the prince of orchestral leaders. While engaged in extensive preparations for a grand musical tour through the civilized world, he was unexpectedly arrested and imprisoned by some of his old creditors. The sudden destruction of his plans, and the consequent disappointment and mortification, preyed upon his mind continually. His proud but excitable and yielding nature—painfully alive to every discord in the scale of being, and of his own fickle fortune—suddenly gave way. He had not completed his forty-eighth year, when his ambitious but too sensitive spirit bowed beneath the pressure of pecuniary difficulty, to recover its mortal equipoise no more. He attempted suicide as a sure means of escape from unrelenting creditors who demanded the pound of flesh. Jullien answered the imperative demand by the sacrifice of reason, and at last—through Nature's universal insolvent law—discharged his obligations, and found repose in death.

How many are left to write the philosophies of the world with empty pockets and stomachs, we may not know. But of this fact we have painful certification—Jullien added another to the list of names, of such as have been required to sing the songs of the people while their hearts were breaking. His brilliant but varied career, of alternate success and failure, closed abruptly and mournfully in a Lunatic Asylum!

While Jullien was in this country with his magnificent band—embracing more than one hundred instrumental performers, and several of the best soloists in the world—we attended some thirty of his grand concerts. Necessarily we became familiar with the whole troupe, but especially with the personal appearance and leading characteristics of the "Man with the faultless vest and gloves," whose mysterious baton seemed potent as a magician's wand. The subjoined story of the interview between the Yorkshire man and M. Jullien will doubtless interest our readers.

A PLEASANT STORY.

It was the middle of July, 1853, when all London was stirred by the grand ovation which had just come off in honor of the "Lion Concert Giver," that a tall, raw-boned man might have been seen walking down one of the narrow streets of that foggy metropolis, alternately humming to himself little snatches of melody, and stopping to gaze at the signs over the doors. Pretty soon he came to the music store of Craner, Beale & Chapple, and strode heavily in, the large nails in the bottom of his shoes making music "in that part of the town."

"Hallo, mun!" said he, in the broad Yorkshire dialect, to a tradesmna behind the counter, who was intently examining a new and beautiful engraving that was designed as a frontispiece to Jullien's last polka, "Con ye teall me if Measther Jullien's in?"

"No, he is not, sir. He left about half an hour since," said Mr. Chapple (for he was the one addressed); and as he replied, he raised his eyes from the design, and scanned the rough-looking person who stood before him. He was coarsely clad, a man of brawny limb, with a complexion of that peculiar ashy color, slightly begrimmed with coal, which indicated that he had toiled for years beyond the light and the warmth of the sun.

"Wull'ee be in again to-day?" inquired the Yorkshireman.

"No, he will not—not before to-morrow. Did you wish to see him?"

"Wull, ye'as, aw wood loike to," said he, hesitatingly. "They talk sommat about ees gooin' to America," he continued.

"Yes, he sails next week; but how does that interest you?" said Mr. Chapple, who began to be curious about the motive that could prompt such a rough-looking customer to see the man of immaculate white kids and irreproachable vest.

"I'd loike to ga over wi' um," was the reply.

"Like to go over to America with him? Pray, what good could you do him?" said Mr. Chapple, with an expression as near contempt as was consistent with good breeding.

"Wull, aw think aw cood do' um a good deal o' good," said he, with a knowing twinkle of the eye.

"How! You certainly do not look like a musician."

"Wull, as to looks, thot's nowther here nor there, but aw blow't ophicleide sum—they say whoam—betther thon ony mon in t' coonty."

"Ah, indeed! What's your business?"

"Aw works in the cooal moine."

"Yes; well, how much do you earn a week?"

"About saxteen shillin'. And then, too, aw belong to a brass bond, and we make summat by gi'en yan or two concerts a week."

"I think, sir, that Mr. Jullien has engaged all the help he wants, and will not require your services;" and the music publisher having satisfied his curiosity, turned away to his business, as if he had already spent too much time to little purpose.

The Yorkshireman awkwardly scratched his head, and stood for a moment, as if undecided what to do, but at length took a few steps toward the end of the counter, and peering over a pile of music, behind which Mr. Chapple had taken refuge, said to him:

"Perhaps ye moight jus loike to hear me play a bit. 'Gim ye'll gi' me on instrument, aw'll show ye what aw con do."

The request was so good-naturedly made, that Mr. Chapple could hardly refuse; so he led him up stairs, and gave him an old ophicleide, which, after a moment's inspection, he threw down, jocosely exclaiming.

"Gang awa' wi' yer owd brass! Coom, mun, gi'e us a good un."

Chapple obligingly complied. The Yorkshireman took the piece of shining metal in his huge hands that were hardened, cracked, and blackened with toil, and raising it to his lips, played a legato air with such a purity of tone and beauty of expression, that it was hard to tell which sentiment was strongest in the mind of the listener, surprise or delight. "But all this may be by rote," thought Mr. Chapple. "Here, let me hear you play that," said he, as he placed before him a new and very difficult solo for the ophicleide. The Yorkshireman glanced it once through, and astonished his listener by executing it with marvelous accuracy, capping the climax by improvising a florid and appropriate cadenza.

"Zounds!" said Chapple. "Monsieur Jullien *must* hear you. Call to-morrow noon, and he'll be here."

"Cod! ye thought aw didn't play ony, eh?" said the performer, as he strode out of the room, and he gave vent to a broad guffaw as he tramped down stairs.

The next day, at the appointed hour, Jullien, with his publisher and the Yorkshire ophicleidist was in the same upper room. Jullien, after hearing him play, was in ecstasies, which he endeavored to express in half a dozen languages.

"Bravo!" he shouted, rubbing his hands. "Capital! Mon Dieu, *c'est extraordinaire*. Mr. Chapple, engage him, and give him five pounds a week."

"Five pounds a week!" exclaimed Mr. Chapple; "why, he'll be glad to go for one quarter of the money."

"Never mind that," said Jullien, "never mind that—hire him, and give him five pounds ($25) a week. He's worth it!"

This same rawboned Yorkshireman is better clad now; his countenance wears a healthier hue, and, our word for it, you will hear no provincial brogue in the tones of his ophicleide.

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LETTER FROM ALBANY.

ALBANY, N. Y., March 15th, '73.

THE morning light is indeed breaking. If any honest man doubts let him come to Albany. Let him walk among the corridors of the Delavan House. Let him listen to the statements of the *habitues* of that large and well-managed hotel. They will tell him that while the business of the establishment is still good, first-class, indeed, in all the respects that go to make up the desirables of elegance, comfort, conveniences, fine tables and prompt attentions, there are certain popularities that, for the nonce, at least are gone, whose places that once knew them now know them no more forever.

"He feels like one,
Who treads, alone,
Some banquet hall deserted."

Alas! for the palmy hotel days in Albany of Boss Tweed, and his hosts of *confreres!*

"They mind me of departed joys,
Departed never to return!"

Where, now, is the rotund form of the Boss? Where is the smooth face of the smiling Connelly? Where O, where is the gaunt man, with the white wash brush, and the plasterer's trowel? Where, also, is the waddling genius, with his endless bill for tassels, fringes, curtain loops, rep and damask? Gone! all gone.

"And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Left not a wreck behind."

For you must know that while Gotham was the point to be attacked, Albany was the *point d'appui* of these *chevaliers d'industrie*. It was in Albany these birds of a feather flocked together, and plucked up the sinews of war. The New York Common Council was well enough in its way; but for a big job, one worthy of his genius and pluck, give the Boss the Albany Senate, and he was perfectly "at home" complete "master of the situation."

But now what a change has come o'er the spirit of their dream! The Boss is in the capital of the great State of New York, as he thinks occasion requires, but the halls of state and revelry do not echo, as of yore, to his portly and lordly tread. The carcass is nearly all removed, and the hungry eagles fly screaming away. I say nearly all removed; because it would be the merest pretence to attempt to prove that all corruption, or temptation to legislative peculation, has fled from Albany. There are some stupendous swindles still on hand, covertly managed, adroitly manipulated, lobby-wise, and tavern-wise, and card-table-wise, and chamber-wise; but they are here, and all the while you may listen if you will, to the old song:

"Somebody's coming, nevertheless."

Like the swarm of flies that beset the old fox caught in the summer stream, the driving away of one hungry batch only gives room for a fresh one, hungrier still. This is no doubt true of Albany, as of every other Rialto where politicians "most do congregate." Still there is a change for the better. It is plain to see that the new class of public men is an improvement on the old one. *Laus Deo!*

This favorable change is seen among other things, in the proceedings of the State Commission for the revision of the Constitution. The commission, you are aware, is composed of gentlemen selected from all parts of the common-wealth, on account of their practical common-sense views of State affairs, embracing a fair representation of different professions. It certainly is a remarkable body, and entitled to a fair share of credit for the result of its labors. The two leading parties of the State are well represented, and the scales of administration appear to have been held with impartial hands.

The great proposal before this constitutional commission was that of submitting to the people of the State the question of voting or engrafting a proviso into the constitution prohibiting the sale, as a beverage, of all intoxicating drinks. It is believed that if this question can be fairly submitted to the people the most beneficient results would follow their balloting. It is earnestly to be hoped that such a test may come at an early day. This is a fair test. What is proved by such a vote, good for one State, may be proved in the same way, equally good for the whole.

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ALPHONZO.

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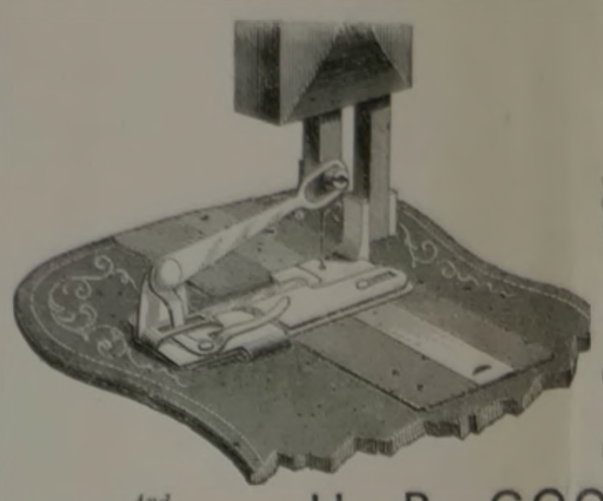
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MAMMON WORSHIP.

BY S. B. BRITTAN, M. D.

MAMMON is the Jupiter of our times; but the ancient Olympus is no more the dwelling-place of the god. The modern Jove holds his court in the market, and thunders from the cotton factories and rolling mills. Who shall resist the magnetism of Gold, since

"——Money has a power above
The stars and fate!"

We have been astonished and amused to witness the action of this magnet on the locomotive powers of vast numbers. Youth leaps and runs with electric fire and speed; an impulse——deep and powerful—is felt, and Manhood in its strength is shaken. The infirmities of Age, like unwelcome visitors, are admonished to retire, and not obtrude themselves at unseasonable hours. Even Indolence exhibits a kind of galvanic action, when the millions are moved by this golden motor. It is impossible to determine the measure of this power. Looking at the busy scene, and analyzing the chief objects of human endeavor, one might almost fancy that the springs of action all ultimate in this source. What privations and dangers will not man encounter to obtain gold!

"It tempts him from the blandishments of home,
Mountains to climb and distant seas to roam."

This world of time, custom, circumstance and business, how does it baffle the power and arrest the behest of the gods, and overcome our own souls! Men are not themselves. Each is what some one would have him to be, though it must be conceded that in the great avenues of trade the separate individualities distinctly appear. There is a great struggle! Every one pulls in his own direction and battles on his own account. To the man of the laughing philosophy, it is a scene that affords infinite amusement. Nearly every man you meet seems to be striving to shoulder the great globe and run off with it on his back! But when one finds himself well under way, he discovers that all the rest sustain so close a relation to earth that he must necessarily carry them with him. How unfortunate! Now he resolves to pull harder and run faster, in the hope of shaking off all excrescences, for what business have others to hold on when we are in a hurry? He makes a desperate rush—stumbles—and falls! The world rolls over him. But what of that? Do not all bodies revolve? And why should not he take his turn with the rest? *Blessed is that man who amid all this* heaving and rolling, keeps on the upper side of things, for he shall not be found at the bottom. Ah, this is one of the beatitudes it falls not to our lot to enjoy. For some reason, we know not why—certainly not from any inherent inclination of our own—we are occasionally on the under side. When this happens we are always conscious of our position from the weight of the evidence.

It has been said, with more truth than poetry, that the love of money is the root of all evil. Evidently nothing has tended more to demoralize the race; to weaken the springs of virtuous action; to paralize the energies of republican liberty, and to extinguish the sacred fires of a pure and undefiled religion. Men with whom love and lust are synonymous; who coil like vile serpents in the couch of innocence; men who scoff at virtue except when they speak in public, and whose unbridled members are set on fire of hell, yet creep into the church to hide their villainies. These are they who tempt, with golden bribes, the young and thoughtless from the bright eden of earthly hope and joy. When starving virtue is driven from her poor abode to the market-place, they are there, but not to redeem and save. When the world is cold and dreary, and young innocence would clothe its shivering form and seek a refuge from the ruthless elements; when honor is to be sacrificed for bread, and virgin chastity sold to the highest bidder; then and there these saintly hypocrites are present to purchase the treasure, only that they may defile the casket and destroy the jewels.

We have a conspicuous illustration of Mammon worship in the selection of rich men to fill the places of honor and responsibility. When commerce folds her wings for a little season; when the wheel, the spindle and the hammer are arrested—the mill silent and the forge-fires extinguished—these favorites of Mammon buy their way to the world's proud places, and then summon the victims of their duplicity to celebrate a victory as fatal to public liberty as it is to private virtue. Even the veriest buffon or mountebank in society straightway becomes a great man, and a suitable leader and governor of the people, when once he is known to be rich. In the hour of trial, when virtue threatens to leave the national shrine deserted, and only lingers tremblingly around her waning altar-fires, the rich man walks into the highest place as though he belonged there; and on Freedom's sacred altar, fires of the bottomless pit are kindled, or kept alive by the excitement of unholy passions.

It is difficult to discover whether Mammon is most distinguished as a fire-kindler, or a fire extinguisher. He seems alike conspicuous in both these capacities. It is seldom indeed that the same agent is found to sustain relations so essentially dissimilar, and to perform functions so intrinsically diverse. Truly has Mammon become chief among the nation's gods; and while, in honor of the divinity, many flames are kindled which must consume the altars with the sacrifices, others, and more sacred fires, are quenched to be relighted no more at earthly shrines. Especially is this true when Mammon appears as a moral fire-annihilator, to put out the vestal fires of young innocence and truth, and to extinguish the last spark of virtue in the wandering and darkened soul. Who shall preserve and quicken those immortal fires that were fostered amid the darkness and peril, and storm of the olden time—the fires renewed and kept alive by saints, and seers, and martyred heroes in all ages. Will not Mammon quench all these with his annihilating breath? Even now he seeks the inner courts of a thousand temples—Christian temples—and perhaps rears a temple of his own, that he may pollute the sanctury with the sacrilegious presence and hypocrisy of his chosen ministers. When a corrupt priesthood stands sentry at the gates, it is not difficult for the lover of riches to 'enter the kingdom of heaven.' The blindest devotee of Mammon may purchase the keys of St. Peter, and secure to himself an abundant entrance.

That Mammon is worshiped is evident from the manner the rich man is treated whatever may be his character. He may be known to violate the most endearing and sacred relations; entering within the hallowed pale of the domestic circle to desecrate, by his adulterous purpose, the sanctuary of the heart and the home of its best affections. He may be the cruel spoiler of innocence—may spoil what he pleases and pay the cost—and yet the false world bows its brainless head as the rich man goes by; ladies of rank hang on his arm at the soiree and the opera, and the minister stoops gracefully to the vile rich man, and speaks eloquently of his public acts—but his secret iniquity cometh not with observation—while fashionable society places its infidel foot on the necks of his victims. When one bows at the glittering shrine he inclines to worship most obsequiously. He forgets the world—his friends—all—and to the deity renders undivided homage. Mammon, in the person of some proud millionaire, passes along the street, and the people bow very reverently. Christ, personated by his humblest and truest disciple, appears in the public highway, and he is reproached as a heretic or arrested as a vagrant. The world and the church follow after the Mammon worshiper. Even the *preacher*, whose duty it is to '*reprove and rebuke*' the rich man for his sins, feels the magnetism of his gold and is silent. But great is Mammon among the gods, and when he touches the lips of the orator, a new fire is kindled, and the gilded periods roll off sparkling from his tongue. When Mammon inspires the orator, there is a silvery crescendo in his every word, and the golden richness of his intonation thrills the people, as the orator speaks for the great man—the votary of Mammon—the rich man whose eyes 'stand out with fatness." Then the holy 'penury of Jesus' is despised and forgotten; and the people respond, Amen! and gold magnetizes the saints'; and they altogether,

"——to the chink of Mammon's box,
Give most rapacious heed."

We by no means entertain the thought that the aquisition of money is necessarily subversive of morals. Personally, we have no reason to quarrel with any class in society; nor would we foster an envious restlessness and fault-finding spirit. When the rich man leaves the eminences of worldly power and circumstance, and 'condescends to men of low estate,' he gives an evidence of his virtue that the poor may never have it in their power to furnish. Nor do we doubt that society has illustrious examples of such condescension and humanity. We only complain that wealth is worshiped and that gold is god. If men seek for wealth in legitimate channels, and as a means to some higher good, the pursuit is most honorable; but that man must be low and sordid, indeed, who labors for the mere pleasure of its possession. The chief secret involved in the accumulation of great treasures, though all unpracticed and unknown by many, is easily explained. In the acquisition of wealth, men study whole numbers; in its distribution, they work after the rule of decimal fractions. One would think that the great problem of life was to be solved and immortality secured by gold. If a man must be an idolator, are there not other and higher objects of adoration? Life—Beauty—Genius—Love—these, all have a measure of divinity in them. But the worship of *Mammon* is a species of idolatry so vile, that apostate angels must wonder and weep at such abasement.

SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

I BELIEVE there is a supernatural and a spiritual world, in which human spirits both good and bad live in a state of consciousness.

I believe that any of these spirits may, according to the order of God, in the laws of their place of residence, have intercourse with this world, and become visible unto mortals.

I believe Samuel did actually appear unto Saul, and that he was sent by the especial mercy of God, to warn the infatuated King of his approaching death.—*Adam Clarke.*

FUTURE GROWTH OF THE SOUL.

Among excellent arguments for the immortality of the soul there is one, drawn from its perpetual progress to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved on by others, though it seems to me to carry great weight. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? * * *

Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious beings for so mean and brief a purpose? Would he give us talents not to be exerted, capacities never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom that shines in all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing that the several generations which rise and disappear in quick succession are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity? There is not a more pleasing consideration in religion than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes toward the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine forever with new accessions of glory, that she will still be adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge, carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man.

Methinks this one consideration of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. The cherub that now appears as a god to a human soul, knows that a time will come when the soul shall be as perfect as he now is; nay, when she shall look down on that degree of perfection. It is true the higher nature still advances, and preserves his superiority, but he knows that how high soever the station may be of which he stands prepossessed, the inferior nature will mount up to it, and shine in the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our own souls where there are such hidden stores of perfection!—*Addison.*

GOD'S ANGELS.

How many times have we been strangely and unaccountably preserved in sudden and dangerous falls? And it is well if we did not impute that preservation to chance, or to our own wisdom or strength. Not so: God, perhaps, gave his angels charge over us, and in their hands they bore us up. Indeed men of the world will always impute such deliverances to accidents or second causes.

When a violent disease, supposed incurable, is totally and suddenly removed, it is by no means improbable that this is effected by the ministry of an angel. And perhaps it is to the same cause that a remedy is unaccountably suggested either to the sick person, or some one attending upon him, by which he is entirely cured.

It seems what are usually called divine dreams may be frequently ascribed to angels. We have a remarkable instance of this kind related by one who will hardly be called an enthusiast, for he was a heathen, a philosopher, and an emperor: I mean Marcus Antoninus. "In his meditations, he solemnly thanks God for revealing to him when he was at Cajeta, in a dream, what totally cured the bloody flux, which none of his physicians were able to heal." And why may we not suppose that God gave him this notice by the ministry of an angel?—*John Wesley.*

PRESENCE OF SPIRITS.

It appears to me no way contrary to reason to believe that the happy departed spirits see and know all they would wish, and are divinely permitted to know. In this, Mr. Wesley, (the founder of Methodism) is of the same mind, and that they *are* concerned for the dear fellow pilgrims whom they have left behind. I cannot but believe they are. Nor doth it seem contrary to reason to suppose a spirit in glory can turn its eye with as much ease, and look on any object below, as a mother can look through a window, and see the actions of her children in the court beneath it. If bodies have a language by which they can convey their thoughts to each other, though sometimes at a distance, have spirits no language, think you by which they can converse with our spirits, and by impressions on the mind, speak to us as easily as before they did by the tongue? And what can interrupt either the presence, communication, or sight of a spirit?

"Walls within walls no more its passage bar
Than unopposing space of liquid air."

Though it is allowed we may have communion with angels, various are the objections raised against the belief of our communion with that other part of the heavenly family—*the disembodied spirits of the just.* If there is joy throughout all the realms above, yea, "more joy over one sinner that repenteth than over the ninety and nine which went not astray," how evident it is to an impartial eye that the state of both the one and the other must be known there, together, with the progress of each individual! Have not spirits faculties suited to spirits, by which we may suppose they can as easily discern our soul as we could discern their body when they were in the same state as ourself? If "he maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire," cannot a spirit be with me in a moment, as easily as a stroke from an electrical machine can convey the fire for many miles in one moment, through thousands of bodies, if properly linked together?—*Mrs. Mary Fletcher (an early English Methodist).*

POWER OF SPIRITS.

The philosopher Tsang said: "Let there be a careful attention *to perform the funeral rites* to parents, and let them be followed when long gone *with the ceremonies of sacrifice;* then the virtue of the people will resume its proper excellence."

The Master said: "I consider my not being present at the sacrifice, as if I did not sacrifice."

He sacrificed *to the dead*, as if they were present. He sacrificed to the spirits, as if the spirits were present.

He said: "How vast the power of spirits! An ocean of invisible intelligences surround us everywhere. If you look for them you cannot see them. If you listen for them you cannot hear them. Identified with the substance of all things, they cannot be separated from it. They cause men to sanctify and purify their hearts. * * They are everywhere, above us, on the right, and on the left. Their coming cannot be calculated. How important we do not neglect them!"

Chapters from the Bible of the Ages.

HELEN'S STORY.

IT was with a throbbing heart that Helen Darrell took a little roll of manuscript in her hand, over which she had wept and dreamed and smiled with all the fond enthusiasm of a born genius, and walked up to the "Langham Hotel," where Miss Caroline Vane was staying.

Miss Vane was an authoress—thirty years of age, with high complexion, and snapping black eyes.

"Ah!" said Miss Vane graciously—she was sitting at a table with a handsome inkstand before her, a pile of books and papers gracefully scattered around, and a bouquet of flowers close by—"you are the teacher in the dear little rustic school-house near Hornsey, I remember—oh, dear, yes! I put that school-house in my last novel. I'll send you a copy when it's printed, if you like."

"Oh, thank you," said Helen, coloring and faltering. "But I have come to ask a very, very great favor of you, Miss Vane."

Helen's cheeks grew red as she hesitatingly produced her roll of manuscript.

"It is this," she faltered. "I—would you—I know it must seem presumptuous—but I have written a story, and—"

"Oh!" said Miss Vane. "Exactly. And you wish me to read it?"

"To read it," said Helen Darrell, "and, if possible, to assist me to some probable channel of publication."

"That's not so easy," said Miss Vane frigidly. "However, since you have brought it here, you may leave it. I will glance over it when I find time, and, if it seems suitable, send it to some periodical."

Helen Darell waited and waited, but no word came from the brilliant authoress at the hotel. But at length, one evening, she met her walking in the quiet Hornsey lanes, with a tall, handsome gentleman sauntering at her side.

"Miss Vane," she said breathlessly, while the color went and came fitfully in her cheeks. "Pray excuse me for interrupting you, but did you send that story?"

"Of course I did," said Caroline impatiently. "Didn't I promise you I would?"

"Yes, I know; but—was it published?"

"Respectfully declined," said Miss Vane, shrugging her shoulders. "I told you so."

Poor Helen shrank and paled as Miss Vane turned away; nor did she venture to ask any further questions. She merely turned away and glided into the leafy umbrage like a vanishing Dryad.

"A pretty face that," said the gentleman. "Who is she?"

"Oh, a little country *protege* of mine," said Caroline, with unblushing effrontery. "Now come on, or we shall be too late for the little cascade in the woods, Mr. Morton."

But Mr. Morton somehow seemed to have lost all his interest in cascades and woodland rambles. He declared himself tired out, melted with heat, tormented by gnats. Caroline Vane could not comprehend him at all.

* * * * * *

"Pardon me—but cannot I do something to help assuage this grief?"

Helen Darrel started up from the fallen tree, close to which she had been crouching, her tear-stained cheeks the color of scarlet, and her eyes shining like those of a startled deer, as she recognized the gentleman she had seen an hour ago with Caroline Vane.

Helen was young and heart-sick; Mr. Morton was gentle and kindly, and sympathetic, and in five minutes she had impulsively confessed all her troubles.

"I knew it was a silly story," she faltered, "but—"

"Are you quite sure of that?" playfully demanded Mr. Morton. "Perhaps I should be a better judge of that than yourself. Do you know that I belong to the fraternity of editors?"

"You, sir?'

He drew a magazine from his pocket.

"If you do not believe me, Miss Darrell, look at this."

And he pointed to the name "Edwin Ellery Morton" on the corner.

"Your friend, Miss Vane, writes for us," he said. "There is a story of hers in this month's number—a story that has created quite a sensation in reading circles. Look!"

The color vanished from Helen's cheek as she read in printed characters the name of the very story she herself had dreamed out in wooded solitudes and along the sunset glen.

"'The Pearl of Penrhyn!'" she gasped. "Oh, Mr. Morton, I wrote that! It is the story I gave her—the story she told me was declined!"

He looked intently at her, without speaking.

"Can you prove this?" he asked.

"I can show you the original manuscript in my possession at home."

When Miss Vane saw Mr. Morton next, he walked quietly up to her.

"That was an awkward mistake of yours, Miss Vane."

"What mistake?" Caroline asked, sweetly.

"The confounding Miss Darrell's very excellent manuscript with your own productions. You see, I know all. It was Helen Darrell, not yourself, that wrote 'The Pearl of Penrhyn.'"

And Caroline's deep blush spoke the confession her lips were unwilling to frame.

Miss Vane was a shallow, false-natured person, but her heart, what little there was of it, was given to Edwin Morton, and this sudden blighting of all her hopes was bitterness indeed. And she had to thank that pink-cheeked, dewy-eyed Helen Darrell for it all.

"I wish I never had seen her, or her trashy story," she sobbed, when left once more to her own reflections.

"You must write another story, Miss Darrell," said the editor. Helen wrote it; and about three months later Helen astonished her grandmother Darrell by telling her she was to be married to Edwin Morton.

"And all this comes o' story writin'," said the old lady meditatively.

But then all "contributors" are not beauties, and all editors are not young, good looking and unmarried.—*For Everybody.*

A ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

SOME sixteen years since, a young gentleman in New York city contrived for a while to pay his addresses to a beautiful young girl there, the daughter of a worthy but obstinate merchant, who was opposed to the young man's visiting his daughter. He persisted in his endeavors to win the young lady, and at last was forbidden to enter the old man's house.

Still the lovers contrived to meet occasionally afterward, and at the expiration of six weeks matters having been previously so arranged, the girl consented to marry the youth who loved her, and for whom he would at any time have periled his life, so deeply rooted was his affection for her. He did not seek her fortune, for he was in the enjoyment of a handsome salary as principal bookkeeper in an extensive jobbing house, and his prospects pecuniarily, were very fair. But the parent was obdurate and he was driven from the house.

As we have hinted, at the end of a few weeks they agreed to be married, and all the requisite arrangements were made; the evening was fixed upon, even the chaplain had been engaged, but on the morning of the day proposed secretly for the nuptials, the whole plan was discovered, and the match was broken off peremptorily, by the absolute authority of the parents.

Time passed on. The daughter was sent to a distant part of the country for a while, and the young man, disappointed and disheartened, left New York for the West.

Meanwhile, a person to suit the taste of the parents turned up—a man of considerable means, but old enough to be the young girl's father—and a match was arranged, after long persuasion, between Emma and this man, and she wedded him at last.

Three years subsequently the young man found himself in New England, where he settled and took a wife also, finding it not good to dwell alone; and some dozen years or so passed away, with their thousand-and-one changes of place, of circumstance, and of fortune. From the time of their separation, the original lovers had never met.

The young man became the father of three little ones, and then lost two of these, which bereavment was soon after followed by the death of his wife. Time flew by. He had been a widower some years, and his oldest daughter had got to be quite a miss. He had been fortunate in his business, and resided a few miles out of the city, in a sweet little cottage, unclouded by sorrow, for the day of his fortune had long since gone by; and he endeavored to be contented and happy-surrounded as he was by the comforts of life, and in the enjoyment of the society of his dear little daughter.

One day he was returning home in the afternoon, and upon entering the cars he found them all full. He sought a seat, and found one occupied by a lady, beside whom he sat down, and the cars moved out of the depot. As they emerged into the light, he suddenly turned to the lady, and exclaimed:

"Madam! Emma! Is this you?"

He didn't know exactly what he said, but it was a fact that he was on the seat with the girl to whom he was once engaged to be married, whom he really had loved, and whom he had never seen from the day of their cruel separation. A mutual explanation quickly succeeded. Our widowed friend ascertained that his former intended was on her way to the North, upon a visit to her friends; that she had been married nearly eleven years, had but one child living, and her husband had been dead over two years. He pointed to his pretty cottage as the cars passed on, but did not leave the train.

He proceeded forward, renewed his acquaintance, found the lady her own mistress, proposed to her again, for he believed her as lovely as ever, and won her sure, this time! And we record the fact with ordinary degree of pleasure, that within three weeks the lovers were actually united together in marriage, in the city of Boston.

THE KINGDOM OF HOME.

A TRUE home is a haven of rest—a kingdom where happiness, such as cannot be found outside of it, exists to soothe "the restless pulse of care." Unwritten episodes, expressive of the best and holiest emotions of the heart, transpire daily within the sacred precincts of the home circle where the curious eyes of the world have no right to intrude. Here, free from the cold formalities and chilling restraints of the "outside world," the indescribable charm, the softening tenderness and elevating influences of home-love have full play.

Need it be said that the most attractive homes are those where affection and trust and confidence between the various members are ever present? Hearts are thus knit closely together, and where elevating recreation combined with instruction is provided, the tastes and habits are directed in a channel at once healthful, and engaging, and which banish a longing for unhealthy excitements calculated to lure the young into untoward paths.

It is one of the first duties that a man owes to his family, as well as to society, to make his home as pleasant as circumstances will admit, for herein largely consists the influence for good or evil which he and his exert upon the community.

No person, however humble, is without an influence, and that influence should be upon the better side of human life. The example of many a poor man and woman—the lesson taught by their lives—is like apples of gold in pictures of silver, and the influence shed around them in life, and long after they have ceased to live in the flesh.

A sublime thought is that in a beautiful poem published in these columns not long ago—

> "And thus our lives go on and on
> Like ships unceasingly;
> Through morning's gold and shadows cold,
> That check time's varied sea.
> God grant that like the sweet ship bells
> The good that in my being dwells
> May echo after me."

Do you say that that is rose colored, and all very well in its way, but that it is not hard, practical every-day life? We do say that. It is always best to look aloft; to stand up bravely against the adversities and fight the battle of life like true soldiers. It requires the virtues of true moral courage and noble impulses. These are not altogether of spontaneous growth. They spring from the inner chambers of the heart where the good seed which mature them have been sown under the kindly and purifying influences of happy home life.

Does the autumnal night air blow chill, and the rain beat angrily against the panes? Bring in the lights; draw the curtains; shut out the world, and forget the cares of business. What if the wind whistles dismally without; there is warmth and content, and music within—the music of children's voices, as merry and as sweet as the tones of silver bells. Dark and cheerless it may be without, but there is a bright glad light within—the golden light of love in the kingdom of home.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.—As the through train from Providence for Worcester was about leaving the other day, some one called out at the doors, "Pawtucket and Valley Falls passengers take the forward car on the other track." There were some sixty passengers on the train to whom the call seemed applicable, all of whom very innocently passed to the other car, as requested, supposing it was to be attached to the train. The point of the joke was perceptible when the train had gone, and the credulous victims found themselves obliged to wait in the station for one hour.

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"AUTUMN" is a little miss standing under a grapevine, one shoe slipped off, and holding in her apron some clusters of ripe grapes. The picture is a favorite with all who possess it.

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☞All other Communications, whether of a business nature or intended for our columns must be addressed to THE PRESENT ERA.

ALCOHOL A POISON.

DR. WILLARD PARKER BEFORE THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

A CONFERENCE of the National Temperance Society was recently held in this city to consider the best means of suppressing the use of alcohol. Mr. A. M. Powell, in the absence of the President, occupied the chair, and in calling the Convention to order said no one could fail to see that there was some fault somewhere in the working of the institution, and that something must be done to stop the great suffering of humanity from the use of strong drink. The Society noticed, notwithstanding all their efforts, that some wiser plan must be taken to stop the use of alcohol. The people must be taught that in using alcohol they were administering to their ruin by one of the most powerful poisons. Hundreds and thousands of people were hourly using the beverage, believing that in it there was a great amount of nourishment most benificial to the human frame. Under this delusion they suffer bodily and morally the greatest of injury. On the other side of the Atlantic the injury was as bad as here, but the physicians of London have been aroused to a sense of duty, and an enquiry was being made as to the deadly effects of alcohol as used in whiskey, brandy, and wine.

Dr. Willard Parker was then introduced to the meeting, and said:

It is now about eight years since I have had my attention directed to this subject of temperance. It is now more than half a century since the temperance cause originated, and since then a great amount of talent has been expended to determine the effects which the body receives from the use of alcohol. For the last year there has been as much drunkenness as there has ever been in this country before, notwithstanding the existence of the great societies. I was for many years connected with the care of inebriates, and paid particular attention to the character of those in my charge and I have arrived at the conclusion that drunkenness is a disease. A man so affected cannot control his appetite, and must have drink regularly, and will have it at all hazards. A healthy man can refrain from drinking, but a diseased man cannot; and these men so addicted readily admit that. Men suffering from the disease have been cured, and they will with tears in their eyes promise to abstain, yet on passing a liquor store they cannot help themselves, and will go in and have their whiskey. Now the question arises what can be done? How shall we go to work? The Society has been all the time trying to show what the use of alcohol makes us do, and many will reply it makes them feel good, and some will say it makes them crazy, drives them to desperation and to fight. Now let us drop that mode, and ask what does alcohol do to me, and not what it makes me do. That is the great starting point. We have to teach the people what alcohol does to them, and how it acts on them. It is as poisonous as arsenic or belladonna, and produces its deadly effect on those who use it; but then it is used in an adulterated state. There are, however, a few old friends who will stick up for it and say it is a good stimulant, prevents wasting of the body and stimulates the system; it banks up the fire within. Yes, for the time being, terminating as an extinguisher, I tell you all to take up the subject and consider with the best scientific men; but no doubt many of them will look upon it as beneficial as food. At Binghamton we had 360 drunkards from whiskey in 1871, and on their recovery they stated that they were of the opinion that whiskey was food and that was the reason why they used it. Whiskey is a poison, but some believe and have the idea if we can get pure spirits that is all right, but that is a mistake. Alcohol is poison, and the purer it is the more deadly is it in its effects, and if I was going to partake of it I would prefer that which is adulterated. Then, again, there is an idea that the older the spirit is the better; that is quite right, for from age the alcohol has evaporated, leaving more water behind. With regard to ales and beer it is believed that they are harmless, but with the presence of alcohol there is always danger. Those who partake of it become drowsy, and those who drink wines become stupid. In lager beer there is 3 or 4 per cent. of alcohol, in ale 7 or 8 per cent.; wine contains 23, gin 51 per cent., and brandy 53 per cent. of the poison present. Why do we use them? Alcohol is not found in the human system, and therefore it is not used as a repairer. St. Paul tells Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake, and so we see that poisons used moderately correct evils. But then, when you exceed and take it in poisonous doses you feel the face flushed, caused by the increased action of the heart; and that is the time to stop, for it is at that period that it shows itself to be poison. If all people would stop at that there would be very little harm done. I hope that some action will be taken by the Legislature, for it really deserves as much attention as any other disease, such as those which threaten at Quarantine every year. It is exceedingly gratifying to know that at the late inauguration liquors had been abandoned and temperance beverages instituted, and it looked well to see the President of the country commencing in this way.

At the conclusion of the address, the following resolutions were adopted;

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this Conference that total abstinence from all alcoholic liquors as a beverage is consistent with and conducive to the highest degree of physical and mental health and vigor.

Resolved, That we regard alcohol, whether in the form of distilled spirits, brandy, whiskey, wine, beer, or cider, pure or adulterated, as an essential poison; that it should be classified with other poisonous drugs, and like those be employed only for medicinal purposes.

Resolved, That we deprecate and denounce the traffic in so-called patent medicines in which alcohol is a large ingredient, as tending to injure the public health and to the increase of intemperance.

Resolved, That we earnestly entreat the members of the medical profession, as the especial guardians of the public health, to preach by example and precept the lesson of total abstinence from all alcoholic stimulants as a beverage, and thus to promote the true and permanent temperance reformation.

The meeting then adjourned.

THE PRESENT ERA.

THE convenient form, and neat typographical appearance of THE PRESENT ERA; the character of its editorials, as well as the quality of its contributed matter and carefully selected reprints, will we hope commend the paper to the liberal and cultivated friends of progress. We propose to make each succeeding number better than its predecessor. In our next we shall give a description and an illustrative view of an interesting locality in Central Park of this city. It is our purpose to issue as often as semi-monthly an illustrated number. We are making efforts to obtain correct portraits of the most noted advocates of religious, social and political reform. No effort shall be wanted on our part to make THE PRESENT ERA a welcome guest in every household. Our usefulness and the intrinsic value of our journal, must to a certain extent depend upon the patronage we receive.

The present number fully indicates the character of our paper and its course in the future. If it merits the approbation of the reader, we ask for a material manifestation to that effect, by remitting the annual subscription price, and by calling the attention of others to its claims. Subjects of the greatest importance are to be considered and decided by the American people within the next decade. In this great centre of commercial and political activities, an organ is needed that shall represent the most advanced intelligent radical thought. Such we propose to make THE PRESENT ERA. Subscribers should make known their choice of the Chromos, otherwise none will be sent.

THE TWENTY FIFTH ANNIVERSARY was appropriately celebrated by the Apollo Hall Society of Spiritualists of this city. In our next number we shall give a full account of the proceedings and the addresses made by Andrew Jackson Davis, Prof. Brittan, and others as taken by our own Phonographic Reporter.

THIS NUMBER we date one week in advance for the purpose of giving our friends and canvassing agents an opportunity to respond in the way of subscriptions. After that time our issues will be regular on Wednesday of each week. As a rule we shall hereafter send only to those who pay us in advance. The exceptional cases will be, where we know the parties, and to those who write us promising an early remittance.

THE INTERNATIONALS ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—In the Federal Council of the I. W. A., Section 9, Sunday, March 16, at 120 Spring street, New York city, the Committee on Capital Punishment reported that they were opposed to it on the ground that it never effected its object: that the leaving of the power of life and death in the hands of any individual was a relic of the old feudal and barbarous ages. This is not the only good idea in the creed of this all-embracing association. The idea of universal peace, is fitly complimented by that of cosmopolitan humanity and the sacredness of human life. Only believers in doctrines of "total depravity," and angry gods with brimstone hells, will wish to hang any murderer even, when it once demonstrates that executions exert no conservative influence. The idea of revenge is the murderer's thought, and punishment which is neither restraining or reformatory, is a blunder and crime.

PERSONAL.

REV. T. B. FORBUSH of Cleveland Ohio, Pastor of the Unitarian Society meeting at Case Hall in that city; is a courteous and refined gentleman of rare gifts. Among these, the uncommon ones of good sense and courage have a conspicuous place. His audience includes many of the most intelligent citizens, Spiritualists being numerous. Of late, Mr. Forbush, has preached a vigorous protest against the arrogant "Lenten Pastoral" of Bishop Gillmour of Ohio. The Bishop as Roman Catholic official, demands absolute possession of all church property in his diocese; asserting also that "Nationalites must be made subordinate to religion" (*i. e.*, the Roman Church) "we must learn we are Catholics first, citizens next * * * God is above man, the church above the state" and incites all Catholics to insist by votes that every school be made a Catholic institution, or be destroyed, &c. &c. &c. Mr. Forbush compliments the Bishop on his candor but resents his teaching as dangerous to liberty and progress. He urges jealous care of secular schools, and the taxation of Ecclesiastical property while no church is to be allowed political favor. We cheerfully support Mr. Forbush in his defence of the skirmish line of freedom, anticipating no serious danger to the cause of progress from jesuitical fossils, while such sentinels as he sound the bugle-note of alarm so near the standard.

HORACE SEAVER—Veteran editor of *The Boston Investigator* is *not* a Spiritualist. He calls himself a Materialist and his Christian neighbors dub him an Infidel. "A rose by any name would smell as sweet" and Brother Seaver is a rose though growing as some think on a thorny stem. He often sheds the perfume of reason from his cluster of blooming ideas in the halls of liberal debate as at "Hospitalier" in Boston. Frequently too he presents himself upon the platform of Spiritualist Societies as at Salem Mass., the 23d of March, and is an ever welcome exponent of the gospel of doubt and denial the forerunners of discovery. Contrary to his expectations, we are persuaded we shall meet Horace in heaven and sing with him—any tune we know in common.

B. F. UNDERWOOD, needs converting if there is any great truth or good in Christianity which he steadfastly denies; and moreover ever goeth about eloquently making his denial public. The last we heard of him he was in Pittsburg Pa., before "The Radical Society" debating "The Influence of Christianity, on Civilization." The Pittsburg *Daily Leader* of Monday, March 3d, says: "Mr. Underwood is generally accepted as the foremost American exponent of the views of the rationalists of to-day, and naturally the greatest interest was felt in his discourse. It is said that he will speak here again in a short time upon similar topics."

MRS. M. E. B. SAWYER who is recommended to us by good judges in the East, as a good speaker upon Spiritualism, and its cognate reforms, desires to make engagements in New Jersey and Pennsylvania until June first; Mrs. Sawyer will act as an Agent of THE PRESENT ERA, and as such we bespeak for her the attention and favor of the public. She may be addressed at this office.

MOSES HULL has just published a report of one of his frequent debates with the clergy, in which he generally gets the best of the argument. He has been in Boston this Winter getting out his books, and lecturing successfully in New England.

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