The Present Era.

I heard a great Voice saying, Go uphigher.

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THE FUTURE OF THE RACE.

BY J. K. INGALLS.

IN the first number of the current volume, an essay appears on the "Antiquity of Man, and the Future of the Races," which is suggestive of a train of thought, not so much in criticism as in supplementation.

While accepting the main propositions in the now popular theory of evolution, through natural selection, it seems necessary to consider that this theory gives but one side, and consequently but one-half of the truth. For nothing can be *evolved* which is not *involved*. Involution and evolution are as necessary complements to each other in the growths of Nature, and of human society, as in the process of numbers.

Natural selection has its limitations in human development, as already pointed out by Mill, Fiske, and others, and is also supplemented by reciprocation. Survival of the feeblest, whatever they have contributed to the stock of general wealth and intelligence in contradistinction to destructive competition and absorption of the weaker by the strong, who alone survive the struggle. In the development of the human race, we have then more than the problem of the strongest, or fleetest, as with horses, hounds, or birds,—nothing less, indeed, than that of the completest, the most rounded and perfect character we can possibly conceive. Most certainly it is vastly more than the mere question of the greatest aggressive force. If not, the problem has been solved long ago and a great many times over. Written history has thus far been little more than a record of successive and successful aggressions of one tribe, nationality, or race over others, in a veritable "struggle for existence."

Evolution, through natural selection, results only in differentiation, *i. e.*, in the determination of force to extremes, and in eccentricity of traits. The lion becomes more of a lion, for his triumphs in the forest over weaker species. But his extinction does not follow any the less, but all the more surely, from the fact that he is developed mainly in the direction of the greatest aggressive force, while the Jackal, in his descendent, the dog, is preserved in his inferiority, and becomes the companion of man; because, not so far differentiated as the lion from the central trunk of being, he retained a quality to reciprocate the human care and protection. In like manner the Negro who ate Massa's chicken and assumed that Massa had more Negro though less chicken, as a slave (a domestic animal,) has disappeared, while the chicken still remains to furnish the master's table with eggs, and lengthen out his income, so shortened by Pompey's disappearance. Thus as complementary to evolution, natural selection and differentiation, we have Involution, reciprocation, and equilibriation.

Now if we take but one of these lines of progress, certainly "the contact of the Caucassian with the inferior races will result disastrously to the latter;" but when each have become wise enough to reciprocate services in the struggle for existence, and find that they are mutually enriched thereby, more than either could possibly be by aggressive conflicts, aggression and destructive competition will be superceded by chivalrous emulation co-operatively employed.

If the Caucasian is really superior to the other races, it consists in his ability to reciprocate services, and to co-operate in effort for human advancement by mutual aid, rather than in any superiority of faculty for destruction and absorption. During the infancy of the human race, as through the gradation of animal life below man, the tendencies to differentiation are distinctly marked, but the tendencies to equlibriation have never been entirely without indication. While animal life has been developed in every possible *extreme* of form, of character, or of aptitude, the life of all has flowed into Man, and in him alone, approaches integrality and completeness.

In pre-historic times, as at present among the most savage people, doubtless the struggle for existence was but slightly different among men from what it was among the beasts, the birds, and the fishes. But with growth of intelligence, the idea of mutual aid and exchange of services arose, and must have exerted, in the most barbarous times, a much wider influence upon the progress of the race, than any historian or mere scientist has ever dreamed. The tale of blood and rapine is exciting; the clangor of arms is noisy, while the busy hum of industry is monotonous, and the story of patient effort unattractive. Hence history has dealt chiefly with war and the conquest of the weak by the strong. Are we, therefore, to suppose that all progress has been due to this blind conflict for supremacy? or that the strongest and fittest only have survived? Why, the expenses of the conqueror have often been more destructive to himself than his victories were to the vanquished. The Jew, so many centuries outlawed, still retains his distinctive nationality, while the Assyrian, Greek, and Roman have left but a feeble impress on the people who bear their names, their empires crushed and supplanted by the very barbarians, their arms had so often conquered.

And on this continent it is altogether too soon to decide whether the Castillian or Aztec will ultimately survive in Mexico, if one or the other must succumb. We have scattered the aboriginal tribes of red men, for a season, yet their blood flows in the veins of many noble men and women; their superstitions have been grafted upon our theology, and our form of government has derived some of its best features by suggestions from the natural government they enjoyed. When we shall cease to treat them as foreigners, and at the same time as incapable wards, it will be seen how far the destructive process now going on is a normal one.

With regard to the African, he already comprises one-eighth of our entire population, having increased rapidly under the system of slavery. Whether he will survive the enjoyment of freedom, is a question we may judiciously leave to be decided by the facts in the case, after the experience of a generation or two. Besides these two, we have quite a sprinkling in this country of what we may self-complacently term the "inferior races." The question is simply, How shall they be bestowed? by destructive absorption, or by mutual aid and reciprocation of service? or rather, and more scientifically, What is the process now going on? Evidently the drift of the present, especially in this country, is to equilibriation. Not the Anglo-Saxon, not the Caucasian or Aryan race alone has entered this "new career upon American soil," but the Human Race; and the motto of our "Union of States," "*E Pluribus Unum*," becomes doubly applicable to our "American Race," for from *many* it becomes *one*. Heretofore in the history of mankind, isolation of tribe, nationality or race, dissimilarity of tongue, religion, or custom, has enabled war to riot in the destruction of human lives and hopes; but behold what opposing nationalities, what bitter differences of creed, what contrast of habits and shades of complexion find tolerance and encouragement among us; what reciprocal exchange of services and of thought proceed under the protection of our laws and the genius of our age? We have established commerce with all the peoples of the earth. Our railroads, steamers, and telegraph, have completed the circle of intercommunication around the globe, so that the quickening and health-giving influence from each people circulates freely to all others.

In the great struggle which lies directly before us, and in which the interests of all races are united, the old conflict between the differentiation and equilibriation of force is distinctly visible. Survival of the strongest, on the economic, rather than the more physical plane, is the warfare in which society is now engaged. It is one which can result in no selection according to wisdom, but would terminate, if carried to its legitimate conclusion, in the destruction of all of every race, but those in whom swinish greed predominated, if not in the devouring of these ultimately by each other. To this tendency we find opposed, as its legitimate complement and corrective, reciprocation and equitable exchange of services. It is already seen that in the vicissitudes of the struggle to absorb, through trade, the wealth of society (into the hands of the few,) not the most intelligent or the fittest survive. That even success is no protection against the erratic working of the system. The grayest eagle of the Broker's Board is made to succumb with the "lame duck" he has just devoured. The "lion on 'Change," all the more for the plethory his prey has afforded, is at last set upon and devoured by the very jackals who hunted for him in his more active days. The railroad king, as well as his duped stockholders, is ground at last in the mill, he supposed he was running solely for his own profit. It is seen that the governments of the world are controlled by the narrowest as well as the basest considerations, that neither the strongest nor the fittest rule, but those with the greatest capacity for successful lying and stealing.

It hence becomes the interests of all peoples to harmonize, rather than antagonize, with each other. For however temporarily it may benefit one person, nationality, or race to despoil and destroy others, it can never prove beneficial on the whole, except in the way of teaching them the folly of the system which enables one to prey upon others, and so reform it. It is ignorance alone which suggests to an individual or a race that despoilment of others will prove beneficial. And as Man turns his attention to the sociological problems which now confront him, he will see more and more the utter childishness of those struggles which have constituted hitherto the apparent purpose of life, and raise to their proper place in his affections those peaceful arts and mutual services, which have formed the basis of all his grand and truly vital progress through the ages. The race of the future will be the Human Race, towards whose perfectibility all branches will have contributed, and in which all will have just recognition. It is possible to conceive, to be sure, of a long triumph of brute force, of cunning and of sheer persistency of the forces now in play in the surface drift of social movements, but only on the ground of perpetual ignorance, and the bigotries to which it gives birth; even we may conceive that the race itself will disappear and give place to a newer and higher creation, but the more rational conclusion is that reciprocation will become more and more the controlling influences in our destiny, and that unity of action and of interest will become the watchword of the men of thought and toil over all the earth, and bring the social instinct and the individual sympathy into harmonious relations.

MORE BARBAROUS BELLS.

BY AUGUSTUS WATTERS.

THAT eminently matter-of-fact individual Mr. Eli Perkins, recently drew particular attention to the subject of "Bells." Among other things he narrated the bitter complaining of a young up-town lady who testified that every Sunday morning, when rest was most needed and most naturally looked for, sleep was utterly banished from her pillow by the incessant and inconsiderate clamor of some eight or ten church-bells of the heaviest calibre. Now, the complaint of that young person was one of the most valid and reasonable complaints that could possibly be uttered. There is no more justification for the hideous din occasioned by these metallic abominations on a Sunday morning than there would be for the firing of an equal number of the biggest-sized cannons. It would be just as sensible for theatres to set up steeples and run big bells as for the churches. But these thunderous institutions were invented long before the days of theatres, and doubtless even before clocks were dreamed of. They were evidently intended to notify the inhabitants of rural neighborhoods of the time of prayer, and are now-a-days as utterly useless in large cities as the proverbial fifth wheel to a wagon. Not only are they useless, but they are an unmitigated nuisance. Nevertheless, if the young lady mentioned by that sober and sedate historian Mr. Perkins (Eli) were aware of the fact that at one time in the city of Moscow there were no less than seventeen hundred and six large bells in full blast—full *blare*, I should say—perhaps she might, by comparing her present condition with that of the inhabitants of the Russian city, derive some crumbs of comfort. During Easter week this enormous mass was kept clamoring and bellowing without any sort of harmony or accord until the effect was sufficient to create a spirit of bell-igerance in the tamest and most unsophisticated spirit. The bell is of enormous antiquity, and was used both by the Hebrews and the Egyptians. The Roman Catholics solemnly bless their bells. The ancient custom of ringing the "passing

bell" was instituted for the purpose of enabling those who heard it to pray for the soul that was leaving this world, and gave rise to the belief that evil spirits, waiting to seize the stranger about entering their dominions, were driven away in terror by the sound. The old English "curfew bell" was a signal for our subjugated Saxon forefathers to put out their fires. The great bell of Moscow, which was estimated to weigh some 443,772 lbs., and which was never suspended, became an object of worship to the superstitious peasants.

Like innumerable other customs which originated in barbarous times, and which today have no other reason for their observance than the simple fact that they have become habitual, the ringing of church-bells has entirely outgrown its use, and become an exceedingly disagreeable annoyance. But perhaps it is only those unfortunate people who reside immediately next door to these loud-tongued individuals that are especially qualified to bear witness to their charms. With Edgar Poe's morbidly sensitive organism they must have been little short of maddening, and it was doubtless nothing short of positive *suffering* that enabled him to give utterance to his marvellous apostrophy to what he termed "the tolling of the bells:"

"For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats,
Is a groan.
And the beings, yes, the people,
They that live up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone,
They are neither man nor woman,
They are neither brute nor human,
They are ghouls!"

EDUCATION A "SUPERSTITION."

BY ALFRED CRIDGE.

AT all events, this thorough drill system is a failure with the great mass of German students. It is the same in England * * * * * The number of students in Oxford and Cambridge, of whom ripe scholarship and high culture can be affirmed is scandalously few. Whatever truth there may be in Sydney Smith's remark that the universities are in the habit of taking credit for all the mind they do not succeed in inextinguishing, it is pretty certain that the small number of graduates who give character to the school, are those who would succeed under any system * * * When we consider the wealth and revenues of the English universities and great public schools, when we remember their ancient prestige and the talent at their command, and their high place in public confidence, in the light of the results produced, we can cordially agree with Prof. Blackie, of Edinburg, in his letters to Dr. Hodgson, when he pronounces the whole system '*a superstition, a blunder, and a failure.*'

In perhaps a less degree the above remarks have a *general* application to educational methods in the United States as well as in England. The results are out of all proportion to the means. Students are not to *think* so much as to *memorize*; thinking is inconvenient to established methods. Even such scientific training as our orthodox colleges furnish is twenty years behind the times; and as to religions, pretty much all the important results of historico-religious investigation for the last century are carefully suppressed or ignored. What theological student at our colleges knows from his text books or teachers—if he knows at all—that German critics pronounce the greater part of the epistles attributed to Paul to be spurious; or that of the references to Jesus, supposed to have been made by Josephus and Tacitus, (I think the only references claimed to be contemporary), the first is undoubtedly spurious and the latter probably so. How many of them are aware of the *very* apocryphal character of the Book of Acts, or of the gross anomalies of the Pentateuch? What do they know even of the *modern* history of religious thought and bearings of social movements? Absolutely nothing, unless by stealth. Yet they pay their money and give their time, (even their life-time, as a consequent result), to be taught the *whole* truth, and not merely selections therefrom which amount to a virtual falsehood. To "obtain money under false pretences" is, in most States, a penitentiary offence, but these colleges do worse; they obtain not only money, but *time*, effort, devotion under false pretences of giving instruction, of imparting the *truth*.

That truth really lies all around them, would they but see it. Were they to study true science, especially the science of men, not only in books, but in people; were they to look within their own souls instead of wholly into the dusty tomes of antiquity; were they to avail themselves of the "ministry of angels," which is ever around them, they would realize more in one year than now in a whole life time. Were education to centralize in that inner intuitive spiritual life as a sun amid which the intellectual life should revolve, it would cease to be "a superstition, a blunder, and a failure." The Horatio University at Washington, D. C., was started mainly by an unjustifiable appropriation of government funds to the amount of half a million or more, besides private donations. From what I can learn of the results I have no doubt that one-tenth of the amount controlled by intelligent liberalists, would produce ten times the results in useful, practical knowledge and training. Whenever thinking educated Spiritualists, having natural capacities as educators, can be supplied with the requisite means; When the Children's Lyceum, slightly modified, can be expanded into a day-school and then into a college, we shall see results that will astonish the most hopeful,—say five times the net results in one-half the time at one-quarter the cost. Spiritualists might have *their own* schools, if they would, when their children would learn more in one hour daily than they now do in five hours, with benefit to their health instead of injury.

Since writing the preceding, I observe in the *Boston Chemical Journal* a notice of a *new* scientific book for the use of schools, (name not given), which utterly ignores all the scientific discoveries of the last twenty years, with the exception of a blundering reference to the spectroscope.

VACCINATION.

MEDICAL ORTHODOXY *vs.* FREE SPEECH.

BY ALFRED CRIDGE.

"During the recent increase of smallpox cases throughout the country, a considerable number of newspapers have endeavored to prejudice the public mind against vaccination. This must certainly be regarded as a most reprehensible and dangerous course of conduct. *It would be perfectly justifiable for our legislatures to make laws punishing those who thus strive to excite in the minds of the uneducated prejudices so fatal to their own interest and that of others.*"

THIS smacks of seventeenth century, Salem. It is to be regretted that a periodical in general fair and candid, even in regard to as unpopular a subject as Spiritualism should assume such a mediæval position. It shows, however, a drifting on the part of conservatives to repressive measures which is significant. The *truth* is not likely to be on the side of those who fear full and free discussion, as is believed not to be in this case. I have had reason of late to look into the statistics and details of the question and firmly believe that whatever benefits may sometimes result from vaccination are far outweighed by its evils. Dr. Schieffenthaler, of New York, has published a small pamphlet containing a mass of valuable statistics, showing the injurious results of the practice; he claims that under the hydropathic treatment the natural disease is quite manageable and in many cases even beneficial. A few years ago a child on the Pacific coast was made idiotic by vaccination; a few weeks ago a lady was made insane by the same cause; and within the last half century the population of a whole district in Piedmont are said to have thus been infected with syphilis. About two months ago the subject was thoroughly examined, pro and con, in the *Capital* of this city; but the advocates of vaccination failed to hold their ground farther than to prove (what is not denied by its opponents,) that in *individuals* vaccination may lessen the liability to and severity of smallpox.

My object is not, however, so much to consider this special subject as to criticise the idea of determining by legislation what opinions shall be and what shall not be expressed. Once admit this *principle* and who shall determine the limit of its application? Consistently applied, it involves an end to all progress. Its logical ultimate is absolute despotism in Church and State. Something of this kind is already embodied in legislation on other subjects. But the advocates of vaccination are compelled to resort to *force* in order to overcome that common-sense of even uneducated people which instinctively opposes the deliberate introduction of poison into the system. With every facility for advocating their views in the public press of this city, the "Board of Health" feel compelled to call in the aid of the sword to supply the plentiful lack of reason. "Be vaccinated or you shall not be educated," they say to the school children; "be vaccinated or lose your means of support," say cabinet officers to clerks. "None shall buy or sell but those who have the mark of the beast on their foreheads, (or on their arms). Evidently the spirit of the "Blue laws," and of witch legislation still survive in the region where erst they ruled.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

For The Present Era.

THAT WHITE ELEPHANT.

FOR the past four months there has been lying in the Tombs of this city one of the most singular men of whom we have any account. Had he lived in the good old patriarchal times of Isaac and Jacob, undoubtedly he would have been regarded as a prophet, and either worshipped or stoned. But falling, as he has, upon these prosaic times, he is simply regarded as demented. Renan says, however, that sanity or insanity can only be spoken of in a relative sense. An out-and-out atheist, George Francis Train pronounces even such a man as Thomas Paine a "trimmer"—the latter being a Deist. He utterly denies any probability or possibility of a future condition of individual existence, and says that belief in a future state of happiness is the reason why hardly anything is done to make this world decent or endurable. Although denouncing society in the aggregate as a race of curs and slaves, in conversing with acquaintances he is one of the most affable of men, and seems to have the good of the race as much at heart as any of our philanthropists. Having no hope whatever of future consolation or reward, he yet seems to consider his life of no value save as it serves for the promulgation of what he considers to be the true philosophy for the regeneration of the race. When he talks it is with lightning-like rapidity, and his large blue eyes gleam with extraordinary animation, while his abundance of curly hair and rapidly-gesticulating hands give him a decidedly French appearance. As to his intense sincerity there cannot be a doubt. He regards himself as a born leader of the people, and traces all their misery and misfortunes to what he terms Christian superstition. In publishing in the "Train Ligue" the objectionable extracts from the Bible, his object was to prove that that book came under the head of obscene literature, and therefore that it should be suppressed according to the laws of the United States. When arrested, he pleaded guilty to the charge of obscenity, feeling satisfied that if he were sent to Sing Sing, the Bible also would be placed in limbo; or, if he were acquitted, he was free to go on with his publication without danger of future interference.

Since his incarceration an attempt has been made to prove that he is insane, which, to say the least, is altogether a premature movement. They should first have proceeded to try him upon the charge for which he was imprisoned, and then, if in the course of the trial it were proved that he was *non compos mentis*, a judgment should be rendered in accordance with the facts.

And here is the point wherein the public is particularly interested. This man has not only been summarily arrested, but he has been allowed to lie for some four months in the filthy caverns of that blot upon civilization justly named "the Tombs"—through a long and bitter winter, during which season it is almost impossible for the most robust prisoners to keep from freezing,—without a step being taken to decide upon his case. And in drawing attention to this fact, Train has certainly done the country a great service. The manner in which men are continually being arrested and thrown into these dungeons, and there allowed to lie for weeks, months, and even years, before anything is done to establish either their innocence or guilt, is one of the most disgraceful and sickening spectacles ever presented in a civilized land. Hundreds of entirely innocent men have lain for months in these cheerless and poisonous cells, and then been finally discharged, when brought to trial, with nothing whatever against them. I knew one unfortunate little German named Frederick See, who was immured in this manner for months, on a charge of murder, when it was eventually shown that the poor fellow had simply interfered to save his sister from being murdered by her brutal husband. In the meantime his mother and sisters, being deprived of the support which he afforded them, were driven to the utmost destitution and misery.

Leaving aside the question as to whether George Francis Train is, or is not, insane, the brutal stolidity of those editors of papers who have looked on, week after week, and beheld this man's detention without having a word to say as to his inalienable right to speedy trial, certainly does not give one a very exalted opinion of what is generally regarded as sanity. Moreover, one thing is certain. There is doubtless not one among the mercenary horde who publish "dailies" who would be willing to sacrifice the luxurious comforts of a Madison Avenue residence for the vile accommodations of a Tomb's cell, in support of a matter of abstract equity. Besides, it will perhaps appear rather startling to those astute individuals who have regarded this matter simply in the light of a huge joke, that Train, in his persistence to refuse bail, and to remain until the bitter end, has had sundry precedents established for him by two of the most illustrious names in the world's history—Sakya Mouni, the founder of Buddhism, and Socrates, the immortal master of Pluto. The first resigned one of the most exclusive and magnificent of thrones in order to become a missionary mendicant; and the latter, when provided with the means of escape, preferred to remain and drink the fatal hemlock rather than disobey the laws. At any rate, no true American will undertake to say that even an atheist is not as fully entitled to safety of life, limb, and property as any other person. We dont't contemplate the revival of the Spanish Inquisition in this country just yet, and the *ill-treatment* of this man will undoubtedly be the means of making more infidels than all that Train has ever written and said.

Christ's most strenuous injunction is to the effect that above all things we must set an example of mercy and meekness of spirit.

AUGUSTUS WATTERS.

THE SONS OF USNA.

Scene from an Unpublished Drama.

BY PROF. T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

Enter Caffa, the Druidical High Priest, to Connor, King of Ulster.

CAFFA.

LIFT up thine eyes to where the clear blue sky
Bastions the glory of the bending Heavens,
And muse here with me on the myriad years
Since God first laid the Corner Stone of earth,
And built the mighty Delta of the Sea.
Roam through the dark Abysses of the Past,
Into those sky-throned nebulæ realms of space.
Where the great Sun, Apollo of the Heavens,
Sweeps from his thunder harp of fire great seas
Of everlasting song, whose golden tones
Make joy throughout the world.

CONNOR.

I do! I do!
And hear the choral thunders of the years
Die into echoes in the far-off Heavens—
Filling Eternity with music! Now,
The chain which binds me to the world,
Is woven of three strands, Truth—Liberty—Love—
Which I defy even Destiny to break.

CAFFA.

But I will draw the lightnings down from Heaven
The dead stir in their coffins in their graves!
The voice of Liberty comes down through Heaven,
Precipitous, like a falling Star, with shouts,
Tearing the adamantine Gates of Hell—
Awake! Arise!

CONNOR.

So let it come! I hear!
But the dead do not wake! they sleep there still—
The everlasting sleep of death—no more
To wake! the Devils do not rush from Hell,
As loth to leave their monarch there so soon!
There is no power in earth, or Hell, I fear
Can shake the firm, foundation of my throne!

CAFFA.

From out the Old Eternities, far sounding,
I hear the primal God-voice mutely roar—
Withering the pestilential shades of Night
With its world-shaking thunders! Now, it comes!
Down through the abyssmal depths of space, it comes,
Shearing off, with its two-edged sword of fire,
The rotten limbs from the foul Upas tree of Hell!
The Tyrtean Trumpet-blast rings now through Heaven,
Proclaiming to the world thy speedy death!

CONNOR.

I live to give thy trumpet-blast the lie!
The old God's battle-cry dies on my lips—
"Victory, or death!"

CAFFA.

So cry the Eternal Years,
Answering the screaming Eagles from the East,
Coming to meet the Eagles from the West,
At their last Supper on the flesh of kings,
Spread out on Eman's plains!

CONNOR.

So let them come,
There is an EAGLE here will meet them there,
Buzzards, you know, like carrion crows fly low;
This EAGLE'S eyrie is the sun—high up
Above the flight of meaner birds—too high
For any but an Angel's gaze! He is
A Phœnix who can never die—sole bird,
Who has no fellow in this world—but lives

In solitary majesty above the earth—
The Emperor of kings—invulnerable—
Whose ashes do contain the germ of kings,
Each equal to himself—immortal, born
Above the possibility of death.

CAFFA.

Thy blasphemy shall be the bolt will lay
Thee low! Thy doom is sealed—sealed by thyself!

CONNOR.

Be thou my Warrant bearer to the Gods.

CAFFA.

Speak low! for fear the Clarion-voice of Truth
May draw the Avalanche of Vengeance down
From the Alpine peaks of Heaven, where sits enthroned
Eternal Liberty crowned with the crown
Of Immortality!

CONNOR.

Then let it come.

CAFFA.

But a Unicorn's horn on a beast's head
Were hurtful, because he might butt; but on
A wise man's, comely—like those radiant horns
Which adorned the brow of Moses when he
Went up on the Mountain to talk with God.

CONNOR.

Were Titans created to conquer Gods?

CAFFA.

But he who rows against a raging stream,
Losing one stroke, will fall back farther than
Before had gained by many.

CONNOR.

Let it rage!
May the Devil make a cup of his skull
For the damned Fiends to drink Lethe out of!

CAFFA.

Better make it a Chalice for the blest
Spirits in Heaven to drink nector out of—
Wherefrom you took so many draughts in life.

CONNOR.

Give his vile body to the dogs, or wolves!

CAFFA.

Better give it to the Ministers of Peace,
Who ever wait on spirits of the just.

CONNOR.

May the Hyenas tear him from his grave,
And surfeit on his corse.

CAFFA.

The day will come
When his proud soul shall feast here with the kings
Of all the world—he KING of all these kings,
Out of his Elysium where he reigns,
God of the Gods, he laughs to bitter scorn
Your weak impiety—for he is far
Above all mutability of power.
Living, he was the Pillar of our hope;
Now, dead, he is the Sun of many Stars.
Clothed in the garments of celestial light,
King of the immortal Harmonies of Heaven.
Farewell! God will protect the just.

CONNOR.

Farewell. *Exeunt.*

AN HOUR AT A MATINEE.

THE deponent, attache of THE PRESENT ERA, found himself in Boston the 8th of March. My business was with one of the true religionists and philanthropists of that city, where there are many. This man is not down on any church record, and is known on the street as a sharp and exacting financier, but his untold uncounted acts of humanity are the fruits by which some of us know him.

He manages in part a variety theatre, so I suppose would be buried from "around the corner" if he died in New York; but if he goes in a corner, in the life beyond funerals, a number of angels, this scribe included, will seek that spot, to return thanks and bless him for the way he lived in Boston.

I found my man, near the inner door of his theatre, and in ten minutes interrupted chat, told him all I knew that he did not.

"Go in; see the big show?" said this unchurched brother.

In a trice we were in a crowded audience. The big show had begun,—Well, it *was* a little thin; after Fechter and Booth, Charlotte Cushman etc., etc., it seemed cheap and trashy enough.

The people around were common folks too, and so there was a fitness.

"*Under the Red Light*," the play was called, the plot turning upon a switch, and two R. R., trains. The inevitable villian, is foiled by a tousled servant girl, and a comical one-armed veteran. The tableaux was thrilling, killing, "all fired," and *red* fired, and when the brave warm hearted girl at the same moment rights the misplaced switch, and shoots the villian who had tampered with it, the one-armed soldier and droll only waits for the trains to flash by, to range himself in line, and cry as he points out the heroine:

"*And these are the women not allowed to vote!*"

The satisfied people tier above tier, loudly applauded the reform argument.

Then we had a delicate touch of ballet by Miss Plumpness, a little Black Crookish to be sure; but hopelessly decent, by comparison. It merely showed what physical training and nerve will do for a woman, as the ballet always does, but the the thing to think about, and that which started my ideas and pen, to effect this writing was to follow.

LEONA DARE

was on the programme, and the performance was equal to the promise of the name. The house was rigged for an acrobatic performance extraordinary, and the ropes, the trapeze, and the swings, stretched like spider webs all over the place.

There came upon the stage a woman; young evidently, of pleasing face. She wore not the slightest evidence of a trail, no chignon, but flowing hair. She was tall, with rounded tapering limbs, a graceful lithe body, and head of medium size, no way remarkable. She stood under the trapeze many feet above her, and returned the smiling greeting of her spectators. Now, I began to moralize upon the "demoralization of the stage," after the ordinary fashion; and then thought of the ancient Greeks, and the glorious beatitude of their *sensuous*, but not sensual physical life. I closed my eyes, and could see *Phryne*, *Lais* and *Aspasia*, half nude, posed among the Athenean marbles they outshone in the perfection of their beauty. Beyond I saw women contending at the Olympian games. Then I was at Alexandria, and the Greek actress was rising naked from a sea of "real water" that covered the immense stage. She was "Venus first rising from the ocean," and the Egyptians and aliens shouted in uproarious erotic madness. Suddenly the Goths, the recent conquerors of the world seated in a body near the stage clanged their rude arms, and, outraged by the insult to their modesty, since their land-venerated chastity, commenced a murderous onslaught upon the people they despised. I came out of my brown study in an instant! The orchestra was in full blast, and in a hand's turn Leona Dare seized the end of a rope in her teeth, and (as it ran aloft over a pulley) began to haul herself up unassisted hand over hand. Slowly, steadily, and *gracefully* she rose aloft to the giddy trapeze, gained at last amid acclamation. There she sat and swung, and from a superior station, flung impartial kisses to the crowd. Then came the usual break-neck performance, and well-done; in no apparent way falling short of masculine recklessness. The performer then slowly glided down a web to the stage, flinging kisses from her fingers as she dropped.

Just before me on the lofty balcony, was a small platform, with a swing by which it seemed any one could sway into eternity. Leona disappeared from the stage, and in a minute was beside me preparing to launch herself by those slender lines off the giddy platform. She passed so near I could have touched her with my hand.

What a creature!

The very extasy of action whirled around her like a nimbus; she radiated energy; she fairly flashed courage and enthusiasm; it was the intoxication of performance, such as the singer, the orator, the soldier knows! For a little, while her attendant, himself an acrobat, adjusted the lines; she stood poised over the abyss, "on the perilous verge"—a study. The naked arms were not large, the waist was very slim, though the girdle was loose; *she* must breathe! The muscles showed on the arms, fine but round, too evident for voluptuous beauty, but impressive as they were the perfect instruments of an imperious will. A lithe panting pantheress could have looked so from her tree, before she sprang upon her victim. There was the same elastic energy, the same dauntless spirit, the same concentration of aim and purpose.

"All ready!" quietly said the attendant.

Leona seized the swings and with a rush and a flash, swept downward until she almost hit the sitters on the lowest floor. Then up, up, up, she swung, until she touched a high flying trapeze above the stage, hung head downward—and with both hands saluted the shouting assembly. In a moment she suspended a trapeze *from her neck*, and then the acrobat swung himself across, and hung by his toes from the bar. He was a man of medium size, and must have been a heavy load. He gave quite an exhibition thus supported; and yet the woman appeared in no way distressed. Together they then went up higher, and gave a variety of feats, ending at last as they began, with his hanging from the little bar dependent from the back of her neck, she too hanging by her toes. Then as they swung, he caught up a man from the stage, and the two vibrated back and forward, the woman sustaining them by the iron strength with which she threw back her head, and made her body a hook of steel!

"What will you do in case of war, Miss Anthony" [said Horace Greely] "if you assume the suffrage."

It is traditional that Miss Susan B. tall as one of The Great Fred's grenadiers, towered above the sage of Chappaqua, and mildly said; "*My Duty Sir! My Duty!!*"

As the two acrobatic gentlemen hang thus upon Leona's neck, heels up, and down, a whole brood of connundrums rush upon my affrighted soul, and ask to be answered before the performance ends.

Problem No. 1. — What is there a Woman can't do if she tries?

Problem No. 2. — If Leona Dare can support two men by her neck, what right has any man, to will away his wife's estate?

Problem No. 3. — Would not the same amount of training and courage displayed in her performance qualify Leona to vote?

Problem No. 4. — Or any other Woman?

5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and the rest.——

But Leona has descended, and the scene is changed. What a jolly lot of humbugs we are, philosophising and cogitating; and then sprawled at full length by facts! The tousled servant; Leona on the trapeze; The ballet girls; these prove the physical capacity of woman, even for muscular development; and are knock down arguments against those who would deprive their sex of any opportunity or right; on the assumed ground of physical incapacity.

Swing on Leona you are an Argument.

MORAL — A man can run a variety Theatre, in such a way as to educate and amuse, and not demoralize community.

AGAIN — "Search for *Truth* wherever found,
On Christian or on [theatrical] ground."

OUR WONDERLAND.

HAD the district now designated as the Yellowstone National Park been known in the earlier days of civilization, there would have been many a legend of classic romance as closely associated with its wonders as oracles are with Delphian groves, or the gloom of Avernus with the lake that rests on the sulphurous soil of the Campania. Even the formal report of 1872, of the Superintendent of the Park, transmitted to the Secretary of the Interior, breaks out at intervals in the superlatives by which language naturally attempts to describe that which surpasses it. The reports of the Exploring Expedition under Prof. Hayden and the engraved drawings accompanying them have widely familiarized the public with the leading features of this land of geysers and mud volcanoes, of plunging cataracts and precipitous canons. The report of the Superintendent gives many new particulars of the scenery and the curiosities, and specifies the simpler details of route, outfit and mode of travel, which are so necessary to the traveler in a region little known. July, August, and September are the best months for visiting it, and these, fortunately, are the months when our busy people are most at liberty.

Which of us, reading of the sunny slopes of Vesuvius, or the fleecy summits of the Alps, has not sighed in thinking that a wide and stormy ocean intervenes between us and those attractive scenes? But grander, wilder, and yet lovelier scenery is now within a week's journey, all by land, and almost all by rail. No tale of travel, or even of Eastern fairy-land, offers anything stranger than the Upper Basin, where hundreds of geysers project vast quantities of steam and water in every conceivable form, gleaming in the sunshine with rainbow colors, glittering by moonlight with a dazzling whiteness. Around Yellowstone Lake there are snow-clad mountains whose peaks have as yet proved inaccessible, being among the loftiest on the continent. From the bosom of the lake, between its green and beautiful islands, from time to time the water springs in air, and jets of steam arise. The Grand Canon of the Yellowstone is a chasm forty miles in length, from one to three thousand feet in depth. Jets of hot vapor issue from its sides. Cataracts plunge into it. From its depths the stars are visible in the daytime.

To the naturalist and the student of the physical sciences, there are opportunities here of the grandest character. There is not only novelty and the chance—nay, the certainty—of liberal additions to note-books and cabinets; there is a field where the most stupendous operations of nature and the problems of the earth's history are developed before the very eyes of the observer. There are basins lined with the most varied colored porphyries, and waters in which if any object be plunged it is covered with a calcite as pure as alabaster. There are depths of sulphurous vapors and of steaming springs that the plummet has not yet sounded. And there is not only an infinite variety in these objects of curiosity; they are changing in form and character, some hour by hour, some age by age. In some places the central heat has piled up its monuments and departed; in others it is evidently diminishing in power. Within the two years since their discovery old geysers have closed and new ones have opened. Pine trees more than an hundred feet in hight, that were growing on the margin of a mud volcano, have within the same period sunk into and been ingulfed by it, and the volcano itself has ceased operation, leaving only dried hillocks and a shapeless crater.

Surely in these days when the frailty of the means employed to preserve voyagers from the dangers of the sea has been made so terribly apparent, the artist, the tourist, the seeker for health, for pleasure, or for scientific knowledge, may with advantage take counsel of his fears, his purse, and his convenience, and find all that eye or imagination craves within the limits of our own domain.

Charity is not a railway that runs on theological lines, but a heart with wings, full of innate sympathies, recognizing and appreciating all classes of needs.

Nature, Etc.

For the Present Era.

GEOLOGICAL SKETCHES.

BY PROF. E. WHIPPLE.

AQUEOUS AGENCIES.

OCEANIC FORCES.—Fire and water have ever been the principal agents which have operated from time immemorial to alter the earth's crust and write the chapters in its geological history. But these forces act in opposite directions. They are in eternal and irreconcilable warfare. Fire is the agent of diversity. It has ever acted upon the rock masses to plicate them, and raise the general surface into mountain ridges and volcanic cones. Water is the agent of unity, it is ever striving to reduce all inequalities and eccentricities to a condition of uniformity. The frosts and rains on the up-lands are continually altering the topographical features of the globe; the tides and waves of the ocean tear away the fringes of the continent, and thus continually alter the contour of the land. The resultant of these two forces, fire and water, is a comparatively finished continent, with its lofty mountains, fertile valleys, and verdant plains.

Long Island is being rapidly swallowed up by the sea. One thousand tons of earthy matter is torn from its banks daily and transported to the bottom of the ocean. In Nova Scotia, the ledges of trap, several hundred feet in height, fronting the Bay of Fundy, are rapidly disappearing. The material along the waterline is eaten away by the waves until the overhanging cliffs tumble into the watery abyss where they are ground into mud and spread out on the sea-bottom. A part of the Bay, where it is seven miles wide, has been excavated in the solid trap by the action of the waves. While solid rocks crumble and old shores are obliterated, the sea itself remains without alteration the type of infinity.

OCEAN.

"Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee;
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms of deserts; not so thou,
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves play—
Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.'

The coast of Durham, England, fronting the German Ocean, has a stretch of bold cliffs from Sunderland to Hartlepool, composed of magnesian limestone which belongs to the permian formation. In these innumerable caves have been excavated by the waves, and their partitions continually growing thinner by attrition to which they are subjected, at last give way, and precipitate the unsupported roof into the sea, which, being ground up and removed, the waves make a fresh inroad upon the land. Further south, at Whitby, is an old abbey on the verge of the cliff. When built it was a mile and a half inland. The sea will soon appropriate it as its own. The towns of Auburn, Hyde, and Hartburn, together with the rocks on which they were built, have crumbled away and disappeared beneath the German Ocean. The ancient villages of Cromer, Eccles, Shipden, and Wimpwell still further south also shared a similar fate. At Dunwich, in Suffolk, a monastery, fifty-two churches, and 400 houses have been swept away. The site was a rocky elevation, but the sea is twenty feet deep where the houses once stood.

North Friesland, in Holland, was, in the thirteenth century, a neck of land, ten miles long and seven broad. At the beginning of the seventeenth century it had nearly disappeared. A flood swept over the island in 1634, destroying 1,300 houses, 6,000 human beings, and 50,000 head of cattle. Thus the shores are worn by the tempests, and wasted by the waves, and even the cities which men have builded sink down and cover the ocean's plains.

"On Lough-neah's banks as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days,
In the wave beneath him shining.
Then shall memory often in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over,
Thus sighing look through the waves of time,
For the long faded glories they cover."

Rivers are also a dynamical agent of mighty power, acting on the surface of the continent. They transport mountains to the sea and

entomb the the records of the passing world. The whole country, traversed by a river and tributaries, yield material to form a delta at its mouth. By imperceptible degrees the hills and mountain slopes are wearing away, the materials washed into the beds of running streams, and the finer sediment entering into solution with the water is carried beyond their termini and precipitated on the floor of the ocean. By this process many thousands of square miles of fertile plains have been built up and displaced the waters of the sea. Into these deltas not only the relics of plants and animals peculiar to the country are accumulated, but also specimens of human art and civilization indigenous to this age, are buried—wrecks of our steamboats containing human skeletons, fabrics, pottery, machinery, which, in a general way, illustrates the civilization of the period. And it is quite possible that a hundred thousand years hence, when our nationality shall have become extinct, and new waves of people succeed us, as we have succeeded the old Incas and Tolteans, that they will study the archeology of this period as we study that of the stone-age, and will speculate upon the strange people, the crude arts and cruder social usages vailed in the Mississippi valley the twentieth century after Christ.

The delta of the Mississippi, built of materials brought from the upper country, is 14,000 square miles in extent. The delta mud below New Orleans has been penetrated 600 feet without reaching its lowest stratum. The total annual deposit is 400,000,000 tons—equal to a mass one square mile twenty-four feet thick. Assuming this to have been the uniform rate of deposit in past times, the time required to accumulate a delta 600 feet thick and 14,000 square miles in area, would be 30,000 years. The annual discharge of water by the Mississippi into the Gulf of Mexico, is 600,000,000,000 tons, one fifteen hundreth of its volume consisting of solid matter. This water is only 25 per cent of that furnished by the rains over the regions traversed by this mighty river and its tributaries. The amount of solid matter carried down and deposited in the delta every year, would be sufficient to keep a train of cars employed 2,300 years, making daily trips and carrying 500 tons each trip. But how imperceptibly the great river accomplishes this prodigious task.

The Ganges and Brahmapootra, in India, have transported material for ages from the Himalaya ranges. The delta from these two great rivers is 50,000 square miles in extent. All lower Egypt was formed from mud swept down from the mountains of Abyssinia and deposited from the waters of the Nile.

THE RATTLE SNAKE'S BATTLE.

IN THE *American Naturalist* for February, Prof. Samuel Aughey gives the results of his observations upon the use made of their rattles by the rattlesnake. It is the vulgar opinion that the reptile sounds his rattle for the purpose of enticing birds, and some naturalists even are disposed to find here a mimicry of the sound made by the so-called locust or cicada. Prof. Aughey does not undertake to explain all the purposes served by the rattle, but he fully agrees with Mr. F. W. Putnam in rejecting this mimetic theory. Does the rattle, then, serve a useful purpose?

In reply to this question, the author tells us what he has himself observed. In July, 1869, he was in Wayne county, Neb., and as he was one day investigating the natural history of that district, he heard the familiar rattle of the snake. The sound was repeated at intervals, and proceeded from a rattlesnake that was calling its mate, which soon came in answer to the summons. Prof. Aughey had a similar experience the following year, and from these facts he is disposed to think that the purpose served by the rattle is to call the sexes together.

Another purpose may be to paralyze its victims with fright, and to inspire its natural enemies with terror. As an illustration of the use of the rattle for the former purpose, the author says that, as he followed through the woods of Dacotah county, Neb., a Baltimore oriole, he heard a rattle, and at once saw the bird, and as it were, paralyzed with fear, and ready to fall a prey to the serpent. The writer shot the rattlesnake. He adds that he once witnessed an attack of seven hogs on a rattlesnake. Soon after the battle opened, the snake rattled, and three others came to his aid. But the hogs were victorious in a few minutes.—*Popular Science Monthly for April.*

Faraday once said, "The only man who ought really to be looked upon as contemptible, is the man whose ideas are not in a constant state of transition."

Spiritual Phenomena.

For The Present Era.

FOUR WEEKS IN MORAVIA.

BY LAURA CUPPY SMITH.

IT was my good fortune to spend the month of March with my husband and child at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Andrews in Moravia, our apartments joined the Circle-room, and from the moment we entered the house as boarders, we had every possible opportunity allowed us for *rigid* investigation, and it is with great pleasure that I am able to give in my testimony,—at a time when the honesty of another medium has been called publicly in question,—to the perfect integrity and entire reliability of Mrs. Mary Andrews. She is a lady of fine natural gifts, with a countenance upon which candor and honesty have set their seal, out spoken and quick tempered to a fault, it is utterly impossible for her to disguise her loathing for anything low and mean, her eyes flash their indignation upon the offender, and her voice is not slow to express her contempt, and this I am sure she would do if thousands of dollars depended upon her silence. She has been charged with being actuated solely by mercenary motives. This I know to be false, and can cite my own experience to the contrary, for she voluntarily, and without any request from us, deducted largely from our own board bill, and in other instances, I have overheard her say to her husband, "I knew they were poor, and I had not the heart to charge such a one full price," or "I would not take pay from that woman." Repeatedly did this occur during our four week's stay, and I know that Mary Andrews has a warm, generous heart. She has been represented as a rude and uncultivated woman, when on the contrary, she is largely gifted by nature, possesses a musical voice, and when accompanying herself on the piano, is one of the sweetest ballad singers I ever heard; she has had no educational advantages whatever, save the few lessons taken by her in music, in moments snatched from household duties, for the qualification of this one predilection, yet she is a bright, intelligent woman, and infinitely the superior of many making greater pretensions. I could fill pages with well-authenticated accounts of persons,—wealthy farmers and others,—residing in the adjoining county, which would be very interesting, but I prefer confining myself strictly to what I myself *heard* and *saw*, and will proceed to give you a brief statement of the manifestations that occurred during our stay.

MANIFESTATIONS.

During the first seance nothing of note took place, yet we felt spirit hands in the dark circle caressing *simultaneously* several members of the circle; saw spirit lights darting about the room, etc. The next morning, however, a physician from a neighboring town, quite aged and very deaf, was the favored person. The circle was composed of seven persons, and in the light seance, George Jackson,—the controlling mind,—showed his face to every one present *distinctly*, and announced that he was there to converse with the Doctor, in behalf of his (the Doctor's) father, and I should think for twenty minutes at least, if not half an hour, that face remained in full view and talked with the old gentleman concerning matters known (as he afterwards declared, only to himself,) counselling and advising him, and giving a few sentences, pausing while the person sitting next the Doctor, screamed it into his ear, and then deliberately proceeding. At our next sitting, a lady from a distant city with her daughter, joined us and apologized for not giving their names, but soon after the first seance commenced, a spirit came, gave his name and stated that he had been killed suddenly by a fall from a carriage, all of which was endorsed by the new arrivals, when George Jackson said, "Madam, your husband, Mr. H———, bids me tell you he is here." No more concealments, then, but cheerful acknowledgment and tearful exclamations of delight. During the same seance, a razor, with a white handle, handle and blade gleaming in the light, and distinctly visible to all, was held out towards me, and a voice distinctly pronounced my name three times, to attract my attention. For the moment I failed to understand the significance of the fatal symbol. Then came the words, "Laura, I am *Mark*, I took my life by cutting my throat, and I have *suffered* for it," emphasising the last sentence. Thus was recalled to me the deed that snatched from earth fourteen years since in Eastern Pennsylvania, a gentleman of fine attainments, belonging to the legal profession, and who, with his wife, were dear friends of mine. At another seance several days later, this spirit showed me his face plainly, not as a dim and shadowy vision, but the real countenance apparently clothed with flesh, the eyes bright and expressive, every lineament distinct and instinct with life, no picture, no mask, but the face of my friend as I had seen it in the flesh. During a hasty visit to Moravia last August, I saw my spirit husband, Henry McAlpin, distinctly as I ever beheld him. For one moment we looked into each others eyes, when perceiving my uncontrollable emotion, his lips quivered, the dark eyes filled with tears, and motioning his inability to remain, he withdrew, but I would not exchange that one memory for the wealth of the world, it is priceless. During my recent stay, Henry McAlpin came and spoke to me in the dark seance, for some time alluding to his children, bidding me know that he was "ever near me," and as "I pleaded," give me some sign by which I may know you," he reached out his hand and stroked my hair, saying over and over again, "Poor child! poor child"! Hundreds of times in the years long gone, had he spoken to me thus, and I had said to, myself, "if Henry could so address me, it would be to me such a test." He then kindly laid his hands as if in benediction on Mr. Smith's head.

One day a party of seven or eight came from an adjacent city and entered the circle in a most cheerful mood, and by their singing and originality, added greatly to the interest of the seance. A gentleman and his wife, belonging to this party, occupied the centre of the circle, and to them the manifestations seemed to be addressed. We had nothing in dark circles, but in the light a great deal; a lady showed herself and pointed to several in this party, but looked persistently at the gentleman and lady just alluded to. "I think I know you," said the gentleman, "but show yourself plainer still. There, that's better, I thought if I made you spunky, you would do better," whereupon the spirit showed herself plainly, gave a mischief-loving expression to her friends, who exclaimed "Just as Louise Webster always looked." Then addressing the spirit, he said, "Well, Louise, I thought you had learned to do something pretty good by this time." Spirit—"If you think it so easy, come over and try it yourself." Then followed much genuine wit in questions and replies and conversation relating to private matters, the spirit remained in sight, and shaking her pretty curls. Still, the party wanted to see some one who they did not name, but the wife of the gentleman who had been spokesman, said to him, "Sing 'Finnegan's Wake,'—that was his favorite song." Accordingly the husband sang this song in admirable style, and soon a face appeared. "Ah!" said the singer, "I thought that would bring you, *Bub*, but you can do better than that; come right out here, if you explode in our midst," whereupon the face bent forward and addressed us thus: "Friends, pray excuse this brother of mine. I never *could* teach him good manners," and with an expression of love and happiness, smiled at his brother, and withdrew. "Sing Finnegan's Wake again, perhaps he will return," suggested some one, when in the midst of this song, a mild countenance, with Quaker cap appeared, and stretching out her hands, the palms together, exclaimed, "Thank God! thank God! I am Hannah Carpenter," bowed to a lady in the circle, and withdrew. This manifestation closed this remarkable seance.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE TEST.

During my stay in Moravia, I was summoned to McLean, Tompkins County, N. Y., to deliver the funeral address of Mr. Daniel Crittenden of that place, for whom I had long entertained a sincere friendship. Mr. Crittenden had been an active Spiritualist, and his transition was in harmony with the beautiful consistency of his life. The funeral services were performed in the Baptist church, McLean, and his body was consigned to the grave in the presence of those who had known and loved him from boyhood. I was impressed that he would manifest at Moravia before I left, and begged his friends to visit that place soon. Mr. Crittenden's widow, though not known save within a circle of appreciative friends, has very fine mediumistic powers, and her husband returned the second week after his transition, and appointed the day for the visit to Moravia, saying, through his wife, that he might not be able to show his face, but if his sister would go with his wife to Moravia, he would sing with them in an audible voice," (Mr. C—— used to lead the singing in McLean at our meetings.) Accordingly Mrs. Crittenden, with other relatives, came one afternoon leaving the sisters with a party of ten to follow the next day. As a matter of course, no allusion was made even to me, to the promises made by the spirit. But immediately after Mrs. Crittenden's arrival, we went into the circle-room, and the light was suddenly extinguished, when we *all* heard Mr. Crittenden address his wife thus: "Eliza, I am here according to appointment," with other personal allusions too sacred for public reference. In the light circle, George Jackson appeared, saying, "A friend is here (addressing the McLean people,) who used to sing in your midst. He bids me say that you shall, as he promised, hear his voice—Daniel Crittenden." Seance closed.

Next morning the sisters and a party, ten in all, and all save two Spiritualists, and us in the dark circle. Mr. Crittenden spoke to his wife with the utmost affection, and while with both hands he caressed her face, others were at the *same time* touched and addressed by their friends, giving their names. Mr. Crittenden laid his hand on my head, saying, "God bless you, I recognize you, I recognize you all." In the afternoon strangers arrived, enlarging the circle and breaking the harmony that prevailed. Nevertheless Mr. Crittenden kept his promise, and sung the chorus of the Indian Hunter from beginning to end, in the light circle, joining in the chorus as each verse closed, and his two sisters, overcoming their emotion, sung it to the close, when as the song ended, my husband, to continue the harmony, sung a verse of "We shall know each other there," and to our surprise, Mr. Crittenden sang it with him. During this seance a beautiful child, little Bella Haskin, showed herself to me. I had attended her funeral last August. Prior to our leaving, Mr. Smith received a communication from P. S. Shaw, of California. Mrs. Helen M. R. Haskin, of McLean, received a long message from her father-in-law, and the old gentleman held his grandchild (the little Bella before alluded to,) in his arms, and showed both himself and her so distinctly that Mr. Smith, who had not seen the child in life, recognised her from her likeness to her picture. These are only a few of the tests received, of course some circles were a complete failure,—the *best proof* of the manifestations.

The disposition of the circle, and arrangement of the room, is left entirely to some one of the persons present. The circle-room is left open to all visitors who choose to examine it, till the hour for the seance, and Mrs. Andrews enters the room always unaccompanied, and at all times, *after* the circle is seated, leaving no opportunity for collusion or deception.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrews have moved to Cascade, a station four miles from Moravia, on the Southern Central Railroad.* The house they have purchased, is the only residence in the place, having been built as a Summer resort, it is situated close to a small lake, with boats and facilities for fishing, etc. They will not receive visitors till May 1st. Their terms for board—including *sittings*—is $2 per day, and I can certify from a month's experience that the table is bountifully supplied; beds and other accommodations good. Mrs. Andrews will, I presume, be surprised to see this notice, but I deem it a well deserved tribute.

SCIENCE LIMITLESS;

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA SCIENTIFIC.

BY A. CRIDGE.

MATERIALISTS are inclined to unduly limit the signification of the word *science*. Spencer defines it to be "organized knowledge." The facts of spirit intercourse have been thus "*organized*"—less thoroughly, it is true, than they might be, were professed men of science to give the subject so much attention as to investigate it in a truly scientific spirit, and were Spiritualists, on the other hand, to post themselves as to the facts, processes and bearings of what is ordinarily understood by the word *science*. In the absence of this unity and co-operation both have suffered; science, so called, with all its triumphs in some of the most difficult fields of investigation, has failed to solve, or even suggest a solution of the commonest problem of every-day life—work and wages, the kitchen, marriage and parentage, utilization of labor and equitable distribution of results, etc. It can analyze distant suns, but has failed to analyze our daily relations on earth. It lacks that broad humanitarianism, that faith in God and immortality which Spiritualism would impart. Spiritualism, on the other hand, lacks that exactness, precision, method which familiarity with scientific processes would confer; were our lecturers scientifically trained, their influence would be enhanced probably ten-fold.

As bibliolaters desire that all truth should be subordinated, ignored or denied which their books do not contain, so conservative savans claim that nothing is science which they or their books have not reached. This is merely the latest form of a very old superstition, known in its earlier phases as *feticism*. As an example, it is stated that a medical college in Boston requires of its graduates the distinct renunciation of any belief in practice of, or reliance upon, any form of clairvoyance, human magnetism or spiritualism. Yet this institution (and all similar ones), claim to be specially scientific! They are as much entitled to be so regarded as the mediæval professors who fought experimental science at its advent. *True*, science is not to be "cribbed, cabined, and confined" by *their* definitions, or guaged by *their* pigmy intellects. *Its* field is the universe, not only of the outward forms, but the inward life.

The Jesuits have fallen into disfavor in San Salvador, South America. Recently they forbade the purchase or perusal of a book published against the Order, and the result was that the Government published and circulated the missive under its own direction throughout the country.

*Mrs. Andrew's address is still Moravia, Cayuga County, N. Y.

Selected Miscellany.

From Appleton's Monthly.

JACQUES TURGOT'S TREASURE.

THE old house is still standing—a square, two-storied, hip-roofed building, with double galleries in front. The lower story is of red brick; the upper of wood, once white, now stained by half a century's storms. A grove of pecan and of China trees, enclosed by a snake-fence hidden under a wild growth of Cherokee roses, separates it from the road, on the other side of which, shut in by the steep banks, flows the muddy current of Cane River. Before the Rigolet de Bon Dieu formed, this was the main channel of Red River, but now that erratic stream runs farther north, with Isle Brevell between it and its ancient course

In its day, this house was the most pretentious dwelling in Natchitoches Parish. When Jacques Turgot came home after so long an absence and built it, hard by the cabin where his father had lived and died, the Cote Joyeuse was struck with wonder. Jacques had left the parish a stripling; he came back a bronzed, bearded man. Almost a generation had passed from the stage since his exit. But few remembered him, and fewer recognized him. He had gone away with scarcely a coat to his back; he returned scattering gold with a prodigality suggestive of Fortunatus's purse. He bought lands, and negroes, and cattle. He added a thousand *arpents* to the plantation, and built brick quarters for a hundred hands.

Curiosity was still further aroused when Jacques brought home his wife and his son—she a pale, sad-eyed woman; he a lusty boy of five years. She lived a life of rigorous seclusion, devoted herself to the care of Achille, upon whom she lavished all her love. With her, the boy took precedence of everything. No pleasure was denied him, no wish of his was too extravagant to be gratified.

Between Jacques and his wife there was but little sympathy, and if the father had any affection for the son he made no display of it. His family cares appeared to end where most men's begin—with the establishment of a home. Scarcely were his hearth fires lighted, when he began to lead a wandering life, being absent often for weeks at a time. On the plantation, everything was left to the discretion and honesty of the overseer. It is doubtful if Jacques knew all his negroes even by sight.

Achille, ignored by his father and petted by his mother, grew up indolent, extravagant, and vain. His mother's death, which happened when he was still young, left him free to follow his own impulses. Having no white companions, he found associates among the young negroes on the plantation. His will was law to them, and he played the tyrant to his heart's content. With the shrewd insight of their race, they saw his weak point, and taught him to believe himself the impersonation of every virtue. With the plantation for his world, Achille passed thus from boyhood to youth, and from youth to manhood.

One day Jacques Turgot discovered that he had a son growing up in idleness. His conscience smote him, and he repaired with his pipe to the gallery to meditate. He was aroused from his abstraction by some one hallooing. Emile Labat, of Cotile, was just riding in at the gate. Jacques was struck by a happy thought. Emile Labat had an only daughter. Achille should marry her.

Three months thereafter, Achille Turgot and Coralie Labat became man and wife. One year later, Achille was presented with a son at the cost of the mother's life, and Jacques Turgot became a grandfather. Jacques had now nearly completed his third score of years. His hair and beard were streaked with white, and he was conscious of failing strength. As if to make ready for the inevitable change, he began to lead a new life. He discontinued his absences from home. He paid close attention to the plantation; rode often through the growing cotton, and called his overseer to a strict account. He cleared new lands; repaired buildings and fences; strengthened the levees, and planted fruit-trees and shade-trees. By way of atonement for his neglect of Achille, he began to devote his leisure time to Achille's child. Petit Jean, as his grandfather called him, gradually took a strong hold on his affections. As the boy grew up, he made him his constant companion. If he rode, Petit Jean was perched on the pommel of his saddle; if he drove to town, he sat beside him; if he smoked in the gallery, the boy was in his lap or playing at his feet. Petit Jean returned the old man's affection, and appeared never so happy as when with him. For his father, the boy cared little; and Achille, bound up in his pleasures, seldom saw his son.

As time passed on, Achille became more and more dissipated, and Jacques began to show great solicitude for the future. What would become of Petit Jean when he was gone? The old man had long fits of depression as the infirmities of age grew on him. He would sit in his great chair in the gallery for hours, plunged in meditation. At such times, nothing but the voice of Petit Jean could arouse him. For his boy, he had always a smile and a pleasant word; but sometimes he would try to escape even him. There was a room on the ground floor of the house which none but he ever entered. The heavy shutters were never unbarred; the key never left his person. Into this room, sacred to his own uses, he would often lock himself, suffering no one to disturb him.

One morning he announced his intention of going to Natchitoches. For the first time he refused to listen to Petit Jean's entreaties to be permitted to accompany him. He repelled the boy gently but firmly, and drove off alone. He returned about sunset, accompanied by M. Jean Baptiste Courtois, his friend and legal adviser. It was noticed when he entered the house that his face wore a less anxious look, and that his step was lighter than usual. As his grandson sprang to meet him, he clasped him in his arms and said: "I was grieved to refuse thee, Petit Jean, but thou shalt be recompensed." He and M. Courtois then entered his private room, where they remained until after midnight, when the lawyer returned home, and Jacques went to bed.

These circumstances, trivial in themselves, came forcibly to mind the next day, when Jacques Turgot was found dead in his bed. He had passed away peacefully, with his mind at rest; for he lay like one asleep, with a smile on his face, as if his last thought had been on Petit Jean.

Achille's first act was to make a thorough examination of the private room. If he expected to find a hoard of money, he was disappointed; there was nothing in it but a few articles of furniture hung with ancient spiders'-webs, and a chest of papers and business accounts. He stored in the room the few relics his father had left, as if anxious to hide them from his sight, and locked the door, he hoped, forever.

An examination of Jacques Turgot's affairs showed that there was little foundation for the stories of his immense wealth. The plantation, thanks to careful management, had been very productive the last few years; yet the income had little more than sufficed for the support of the family and its numerous dependants. Achille discovered, too, to his consternation, that his father had overdrawn his account with his factor in New Orleans, so that there was virtually a mortgage on the growing crops. He saw the necessity of moderating his expenses at once, and of paying, thenceforth, a strict attention to business.

Achille was aroused to a sense of duty in another direction. His son was now twelve years old, and, having seldom received any kindness from his parent, regarded him with indifference Achille found it a more difficult task to win his love than he had anticipated. He made an effort to console the boy in his affliction, but Jean sulked and would not listen to him. Mortified at his want of success, too ungenerous to ascribe it to its true cause, and too indolent to try to overcome his son's antipathy by the only means left to him—persistent kindness—Achille soon relinquished the effort, and left him, as before, to care for himself. Almost heartbroken, Petit Jean moped about for many days, studiously keeping out of his father's sight. He spoke to no one but Gustave, a negro boy whom his grandfather had given him for his special servant. Gustave was almost the reflection of his young master. He sympathized with his feelings, and appeared to know his wants intuitively. Their mutual attachment was intensified when Jean's grandfather died, for Jean, left to himself, found in Gustave his only consolation.

Achille tried hard to carry out his good resolutions, but temptation proved too strong, and he relapsed into his old habits. Relaxation of discipline on the plantation was followed by its usual effects. Bad luck appeared to attend every movement. His gin caught fire in some inexplicable way and burned to the ground; the colic decimated his mules; the scab swept off his flocks; and the worms and the floods destroyed his growing cotton. His crops failed for several successive years. Meanwhile, his personal habits went on from bad to worse. He lost heavily at cards, and was reduced to the necessity of borrowing money. In this straight, a shrewd Mississippian, named Lester, who had bought the adjoining plantation, befriended him and supplied his needs, taking a mortgage on the place as security. The money was to Achille like fuel to fire. He plunged deeper into dissipation, and, before many months, was again an applicant for relief. Lester put his purse at his disposal as long as Achille could give good security. When that failed his friendship failed, and he discovered that he had no more money to lend.

A crisis came at last. Achille, who had long been staring ruin in the face, awoke one morning to the consciousness that it could be averted no longer, and sought refuge from his sin in the cowards alternative—he blew out his brains. On the settlement of his estate it was found that the assets were insufficient to cover the debts, the greater part of which was due to Lester. Achille had quarrelled with M. Courtois, his father's friend, soon after succeeding to the property, and had employed one Davis, recommended by Lester, in all his after-business transactions. Some suspected this new attorney of double-dealing; but, as nothing could be proved, all of Lester's claims, which amounted in the aggregate to a sum much larger than the mortgages he held, had to be allowed. It was supposed that M. Courtois would interest himself in his old friend's grandson, notwithstanding his trouble with Achille; but it was noted as a strange circumstance that he kept aloof from all the proceedings until the day of sale, when he appeared, and made extraordinary efforts to buy the estate. But Lester showed equal determination and a longer purse. It was evident that Courtois had not counted on so strong an opposition, for he exhibited the utmost chagrin when the plantation became the property of Lester. At the close of the sale Courtois proposed to Lester to buy of him the west half of the plantation, including the house and other buildings, offering an advance on the cost; but Lester, irritated at the persistence with which the lawyer had bid against him, curtly declined to sell a foot. Courtois was supposed to be acting in the interest of Jean, and won much credit for his generous efforts to rescue a portion of the property from Achille's creditors, while the course pursued by Lester was universally condemned.

His patrimony having thus passed into the hands of strangers, Jean Turgot was thrown on the world penniless. The semi-vagabond existence that he had led during the last few years of his father's self-reliance, for Achille, notwithstanding his personal neglect, had supplied him freely with money as long as he was able.

Jacques Turgot had sedulously inculcated his grandson with the idea that he was born to be rich, and Jean had always been surrounded with the evidences of wealth. To one of his sensitive temperament, so sudden a descent to penury was a terrible blow. He was peculiarly constituted. He had never known a mother; he had never experienced a father's love. The memory of his grandfather was all he had to look back upon. Brought up among slaves, and taught to gratify every whim as soon as it was born, he was a strange mixture of tenderness, generosity and arrogance. His heart craved for sympathy, but his pride prompted the suppression of every tender feeling.

As a mark of special generosity, Lester gave Jean a bill of sale of Gustave, his body-servant. Jean hesitated to accept a present from him, but Gustave's earnest pleading and his own affection for the boy overcame his scruples. What to do was now the paramount question. He was too proud to go to his mother's relatives, with whom a coolness had sprung up since his grandfather's death, and he was unfitted for any useful occupation. Dissatisfied with himself, and owing the world a grudge, he felt as if he would like to bury himself somewhere out of sight, and brood over his bitter fancies in solitude.

Three or four miles back of Cane River lies a strip of land along a little bayou that empties into Old River, a still more ancient channel of Red River. In this isolated region, hedged in by funereal cypresses swinging long beards of moss in the malarious air, Jean Turgot found a new home. A deserted cabin, once used as a hunter's lodge, gave him and Gustave shelter, and the wood and the stream furnished them with food. Like a true hermit, Jean never left his solitude unless necessity compelled. He had given up the world, and the world in turn nearly forgot him.

Lester removed into his new residence, and set about making extensive repairs. Notwithstanding this evidence of his intention to retain his purchase, Courtois again came to him with a proposition to buy, offering a still larger advance on the cost, but Lester proved inexorable. Some who had given Courtois credit for a kind heart, began to suspect that his efforts had been prompted by selfishness, particularly as he had given to Jean not even a word of sympathy. Yet no one could penetrate his motives for offering so large a sum for the Turgot plantation, when others as good could be had at a much lower price. It was even insinuated that he was out of his head.

A short time after Courtois's last visit, a strange thing happened. It was a sultry night in July. Lester, unable to sleep in-doors, was lying in a hammock swung in a gallery. Awoke by a rising thunder-storm, he started up to go to his room before the rain fell. He had scarcely set foot to the floor, when a flash of lightning revealed the figure of a man at the other end of the gallery. Startled, he rubbed his eyes to assure himself that he was not dreaming. Another flash, and he saw distinctly the form of Jacques Turgot sitting in his chair, his flowing beard upon his breast, and his long, white locks confined by the skull-cap that he used to wear in life. He imagined that he saw even the smoke curling up from his pipe. A third flash, and all had faded away. Lester was a brave man, but this was a great shock to his nerves. He tried to persuade himself that it was a delusion; but, treat the matter as he would, he could not rub out from his memory the awful reality of the scene. His mind was yet more troubled by the discovery that the figure had been seen by others on the plantation. He found that his negroes were in a chronic state of terror, scarcely daring to step out of doors after nightfall. When questioned closely, they told pitiful stories of ghosts they had seen, and of unnatural disturbances to which they had been subjected. Stones had been thrown against their doors and shutters at night, and missiles of various kinds had come down their chimneys. They complained, too, of hearing strange noises, and one old woman declared that she had "done seen de whole buryin'-groun' a-follerin' ole Mass' Jacques up froo de cotton-field an' roun' about de house."

Lester tried in vain to hush up these reports. They spread, with many exaggerations, from plantation to plantation, until the parish was alive with wonder and curiosity. Jacques Turgot's spirit created as much talk as he had done in the flesh. Old men shook their heads, and told of the time when he came home richer than any half dozen other men in the parish put together. Some thought there was a curse on the house he had built, because he had never devoted any of his wealth to sacred purposes, and for proof pointed to the sudden deaths of almost all who had lived in it; and one good man, who had the welfare of his neighbor at heart, suggested to Lester that he was imperilling his soul's salvation by remaining longer in a place so obviously under the dominion of Satan.

The disturbances became so notorious that no one would visit the house, and travellers obliged to pass the plantation at night rode fast until out of the haunted atmosphere. The negroes became so worthless from fear, that the overseer could do nothing with them, and many ran away into the swamps to escape "ole Mass' Jacques." Lester, wholly isolated, and seeing everything going wrong around him, was at his wits' end. He had invested too much money in the plantation to abandon it, and no one would care to buy it with the reputation it had acquired. He cursed his luck, and wished that the Turgot family had been in heaven—or a worse place—before he had met with them. While in this frame of mind, Courtois approached him for the third time with an offer to take the place off his hands. For a moment Lester was almost induced to stifle his pride; but, when he reflected on the course that Courtois had pursued, he swore that he would burn the house to the ground before he should set foot in it.

A few days after this interview, Lester was awoke in the night by a strange noise proceeding, as he thought, from the ground floor of the house. He had once caught a negro stealing from the store-room below, and it occurred to him that something of a similar nature was now going on. He arose quietly, and, with a candle in one hand and his revolver in the other, went down the stairs. A door at the foot opened into a large, square hall, or rather room, paved with octagonal bricks, running through the centre of the house. From this room, other doors opened; one on the front piazza, another in the rear, and two into smaller rooms on each side. Of the two doors opposite the stairway, the one in front led into Jacques Turgot's private room. It was still used, as in Achille's time, as a lumber-room, and was generally kept locked. The rear door on the same side belonged to the store-room.

Lester paused at the foot of the stairs to listen He distinctly heard stealthy steps on the brick pavement. Both hands being full, he pushed the door open quickly with his foot. As it swung back, the light flashed on the figure of a man standing by the door of Jacques Turgot's room, with his hand on the latch, as if about to enter. Lester's heart jumped as he saw again the flowing white beard and hair that the lightning had once disclosed to him. But now the head was turned toward him, and, to his horror, fiery eyes flashed from the face of a corpse.

Paralyzed with fear, both candle and pistol dropped from his hands. As the latter struck the floor, it exploded. The noise woke the household. Lester was found insensible at the foot of the stairs. The revolver, with one barrel empty, lay beside him, but no trace of the ball could be found on walls or floor. The front door was wide open, and on the sill were drops of fresh blood.

Jean Turgot led an unenviable life. When he and Gustave first sought a shelter in the swamps, his misanthropical hate served, in some degree, to sweeten his solitude; but, as time rolled on and brought no change his situation began to wear on him. The hours grew longer and longer, and the days seemed endless. Beyond the days he did not look. The morrow had no place in his calendar. When not asleep, he spent his time sitting in front of the cabin, in a state of utter dejection. The weary year that had passed since his home went into stranger hands had wrought a sad change in his appearance, so that he, who had lived but a third of the allotted time, looked like an old man. His face had grown haggard and careworn, and his hair, which had turned nearly white, fell in a tangled mass on his shoulders. Even Jacques Turgot, on the day of his death, showed less of infirmity. A strong likeness had always been noticeable between Jean and his grandfather, more marked than that between him and his father. This had become intensified, so that people who saw him were startled at the resemblance. But for the absence of the long beard, he might have passed for the shadow, if not for the substance, of Jacques Turgot.

Had it not been for Gustave, Jean would have died from starvation, if not from sheer despair. The faithful negro watched over him as if he had been a child, ministering to his wants, and providing for him every comfort that his ingenuity could command. But, despite his efforts, Gustave could succeed in arousing his young master to take an interest in anything. Jean accepted his endeavors apathetically, seldom betraying either like or dislike. He seemed to re-

gard himself as dead to the world, and he set his face resolutely against communication with it. It was with difficulty that Gustave persuaded him to receive a messenger that came one morning from M. Courtois. It is doubtful if any one else could have won his attention; but that name, connected, as it had been, with all that Jean had ever held dear, appeared to arouse him from his apathy.

The message was brief. M. Courtois was at the point of death. It was of the utmost importance that Jean should come to him at once, to receive a communication that could be given to his ear only.

"How can I go to Natchitoches without a horse?" asked Jean, peevishly.

"Take mine, sir," replied the man. "I'll borrow one at Chevalier's."

Jean mounted the horse without another word, and rode away into the forest.

The meeting between Jean Turgot and M. Courtois was a painful one. M. Courtois was in bed, propped up with pillows. His face, which was very pale, flushed when Jean entered. He had not expected to see such a wreck.

"Will you take my hand, Jean?" he asked, faintly.

Jean gave him his hand in silence.

"I have wronged you," said M. Courtois, "foully wronged you, and I have met a just punishment. Thank God! It is not yet too late to make atonement. Can you forgive me?"

Jean had felt hurt that his grandfather's old friend had not come to him in his trouble with even a word of sympathy. Aside from that, he knew of nothing to reproach him with. He therefore bowed a cool assent.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried Courtois, in anguish, "I have not yet told you. Hear me, and, if you can then forgive—

"I cannot talk much," he continued, "but I have written it all. Here is a packet of papers I had prepared to be sent to you in case you failed to come to-day. That you may understand what I have to tell you, first read this. It is a communication from your grandfather, written by me at his request. It is in my handwriting, but the signature, you will note, is his."

Jean opened the paper with trembling hands. It was to him like a message from the dead. The firm, bold signature at the bottom was, indeed, his grandfather's. It was dated the night before he died—the night that he spent with M. Courtois in the private room.

He sat down and read:

"My Dear Jean:

"The thought that this will not meet your eye until both your father and I are in the grave renders the task of writing it a solemn one; yet I cannot but feel in it a certain satisfaction, for I know that what I am about to do will conduce to your happiness, which, above all things else in the world, I have chiefly at heart.

"It is needless to tell you how little of sympathy there is between your father and myself. His unfortunate disposition and habits render any confidence between us impossible. I feel that I am partly to blame for his character, and I have tried to make some amends by doing for you what I ought to have done for him. But let that pass. To lament over it now is useless. I can only hope that there is yet time to make provision against the possible results of my negligence. Your father is provided for amply in the plantation. Its income is more than sufficient to supply his wants and yours during his life, which, with his present habits, cannot last long. I have thought it best, therefore, to lay aside a large sum for your benefit, to be given to you on the death of your father, when you come into possession of the plantation. This money I have put into the charge of M. Jean Baptiste Courtois, in whom I have full confidence, tested through a friendship of years. He it is who will have the gratification of putting into your hands your grandfather's last bequest. I trust that a regard for my memory, and the unfortunate example which your father has set you, will inspire you to lead an upright life, and to make a good use of that which I intrust to you.

"M. Courtois will give you other papers, containing details and directions. He has full legal power to act in any emergency now unforeseen.

"Jacques Turgot."

Courtois watched Jean with eager eyes while he read. The humiliation which he felt in disclosing his perfidy manifested itself in great drops of sweat upon his forehead. The minutes seemed to him interminable. Would he never end and speak to him?

Jean finished the paper at last, and arose, trembling with emotion. There was something in his looks that frightened Courtois.

"Well?" he said, with his eyes fixed upon Jean's gaunt face.

"You stole my money!" hissed Jean through his teeth, approaching the bedside with a threatening gesture.

"My God! no. I have never seen a dollar of it. I would have taken it, but God and the saints forbade."

"Does this paper lie? This tells me, in your own writing, that the money was put into your hands."

"The packet will explain," moaned Courtois. "The gold is buried under the house, in your grandfather's room."

"And you, knowing this, suffered me to be driven out to die like a dog!"

"Pardon! The temptation was too great."

"What right have you, miserable wretch, who have blasted my life and made me a beggar and an outcast, to speak of pardon?"

"I know I have no right to hope for it. I suffer hell's torments now. But listen while I have strength to speak. When your father died, the devil put it into my head to buy the plantation, and thus secure the treasure for myself. The sale was for cash, and my means were insufficient; but I obtained by borrowing what I thought would be enough to cover the price, knowing that the buried money was ample to repay. Lester foiled my plan, and obtained possession. Even then I did not resign hope, but tried to pray upon Lester's fears, believing that I could frighten him into selling the place. My efforts were all in vain. I then tried my last resource. I entered the house one night, with the intention of digging up and removing a part of the treasure at any risk. The room, I knew, was seldom visited; perhaps I could get it all away without discovery. Lester surprised me as I was about to open the door. I received a ball from his pistol. I did not know I was hit until nearly home, when I began to feel the loss of blood. It was not a serious wound, but want of proper care—for I dared not call a surgeon—has brought me to this. I am about to die, but none but you will ever know the cause of my death."

"What if I proclaim that Jean Baptiste Courtois, the pure and upright man, my grandfather's friend, met his death in the commission of a burglary?"

"You will not do so," replied Courtois, "for two good reasons: it would injure only my family, against whom you have no cause for enmity, and it would destroy your hopes of obtaining the money."

My hopes? What are hopes to me, whom you have crushed, body and soul, until I bear scarcely the semblance of a man? Look at me, scoundrel! Are you pleased with your work?"

"Mercy!" groaned Courtois, alarmed at Jean's wild eyes.

"Mercy!" repeated Jean, with a mocking laugh. "The same mercy that you gave to me! Liar! thief! murderer! you shall escape me neither here nor in hell."

Courtois tried to cry out, but Jean was upon him before he could utter a sound. Courtois was too weak to offer resistance. Jean hurled him, with the death-rattle in his throat, to the floor, and sprung out of the window just in time to escape the household, whom the noise had aroused.

That evening, at sunset, Lester's horse galloped home riderless. Lester had started for Natchitoches, and search was made at once in that direction. About three miles from the plantation, the road, which crosses a tongue of land made by a bend in the river, is bordered by a thicket of paw-paws. Marks of a desperate struggle were found here, and tracks and blood-stains leading to the river. Further search revealed Lester's body lying at the foot of the bank, close to the water's edge. It was a ghastly sight—the face and neck torn as if by the claws of a wild beast, the clothes blood-drenched and stripped into shreds.

M. Courtois and Lester were buried on the same day. At the funeral of the latter the body was exposed in the large room on the ground floor, where Courtois had received his death-wound. The house was crowded. All the neighboring planters, and many from a distance, were in attendance; for Lester's awful death had cast a gloom over the whole country. Its suddenness, the peculiar circumstances and the mystery attending it, were the subjects of wondering comment and speculation; and there were not a few who saw a connection between it and the current stories of ghostly visitants. A feeling of unusual awe pervaded the assemblage, and, when Father Demouriez began the solemn burial service, the silence was almost oppressive. The day was obscured by clouds, and the flickering tapers that burned beside the corpses shed but a faint light over the room.

Of a sudden, a wild cry, more beast-like than human, broke upon the air. Every cheek paled. A spell seemed to have fallen on the congregation. All stood in the hush of expectancy. Again that terrible cry broke forth, followed by others in quick succession. Men's hearts throbbed, and women shrieked. Many fled from the house. Father Dumouriez was the first to recover his self-possession.

"Open that door!" he cried.

Some one threw open the door leading into Jacques Turgot's room. The priest stepped forward and looked in, but recoiled in horror at what he saw.

In the corner, grovelling amid a mass of upturned bricks and earth, with both hands full of gold coin, crouched what had once been a man—ragged and blood-smeared, with the fire of madness in his eyes.

Jean Turgot was a maniac.

John D. Chaplin, Jr.

KISSES.

Give me kisses—do not stay
Counting in the careful way;
All the coins your lips can print
Never will exhaust the mint.
Kiss me, then,
Every moment—and again!

Give me kisses—do not stop
Measuring nectar by the drop;
Though to millions they amount,
They will never drain the fount.
Kiss me, then,
Every moment—and again!

Give me kisses—all is waste
Save the luxury we taste,
And for kissing—kisses live
Only when we take or give.
Kiss me, then,
Every moment—and again!

Give me kisses—though their worth
Far exceeds the gems of earth;
Never pearls so rich and pure
Cost so little, I am sure.
Kiss me, then,
Every moment—and again!

Give me kisses—nay, 'tis true,
I am just as rich as you;
And for every kiss I owe,
I can pay you back, you know,
Kiss me, then,
Every moment—and again!

A CHINESE MARRIAGE.

The marriage ceremony in China differs in many respects from that of our own and other countries. Love before marriage was never the fashion with the Chinese. A Chinaman, if he moves in polite circles, has never seen the lady to whom he is betrothed, and has not the remotest idea of what she is like, whether she will at all resemble the creature his fond fancy has painted, or whether the first sight of her unveiled face on the day of marriage will cast a shadow over the prospect of his future life. He does not understand love; it is no part of the marriage contract. He was probably betrothed by his parents before his infant eyes opened upon the charms of his country. His intended wife has been reared for him in the strict seclusion of her paternal home.

The parents of marriageable children usually engage a professional person, or go-between, to negotiate an alliance for their son or daughter. Suitable presents are exchanged, and an astrologer is called in to fix a lucky day for the ceremony. This individual professes to investigate the horoscope of the contracting parties, and to ascertain whether the combined ages of bride and bridegroom and the exact time of birth, will create any bad influence if the two are united on a given day. Should a lady who has been betrothed in the customry manner by her parents die before marriage, the bereaved youth is at liberty to make another engagement; but, should he die before marriage, the young lady must go into weeds for the term of her natural life: and, should she during her widowhood be held in esteem by her neighbors for perfect chastity, the Imperial Government will erect a stone arch over her grave. There are many who, when in this situation, prefer to commit suicide rather than face the ills of a spinster's or widow's life.

It is usual, during the marriage week, to engage a procession of coolies, to parade the streets with the articles of household furniture, the silks, and jewels, of the new couple. On the day of marriage the bride is in a flutter, as she is being dressed and painted by her female relatives and attendants. The head-dress, hung with glistening sprays of pearls, is poised on the head, the last touch is given to the uniform folds of her red-silk robe, the gorgeous gilded chair waits at the door; she is gently raised in her brother's arms, and held over a fire of charcoal to dispel any lurking devilry that may be about her. She is then carried to her chair, followed by a chorus of weeping females, four of whom are the bridesmaids, who are old married women, dressed in black and red scarfs. Then, amid the deafening din of fire-crackers, the shrill tones of native flutes, and boon of gongs, she is borne off to the home of the bridegroom, at the door of which she is met by an old woman, the mother of male children. It is then that one of the most tedious of earthly ceremonies begins, wherein the spirits of ancestors have to be worshipped, the marriage contract read. They then drink the sacred wine-cups, are united with a red silk thread, and the contents drunk by the young couple before the assembled guests. The bride and bridegroom are usually seated during this part of the ceremony. We were present on one occasion at a Chinese marriage when they stood, as shown in the sketch. When the ceremony is over, the bride takes off her outer robe, and prepares herself to submit to the varied, and what we would consider extremely rude, remarks of the gentleman present, who talk freely of the form of her hands, feet, head, nose, mouth, eyes, etc. A feast follows, and the happy pair don't go off in a chair-and-four on their honeymoon. The lady retires to, and keeps the strict seclusion of, her new home, while the bridegroom joins in the feast, which is kept up to a late hour.—*London Graphic.*

Excentricities.

GEN. MORGAN CARRIES OUT THE JOKE.

While we were lying in camp at Rossville, Georgia, writes a correspondent, the Sixtieth Illinois returned from their furlough with a number of recruits. One of these having exhausted his supply of clean shirts, and not having learned to be his own laundress, asked a veteran where he could get some washing done.

"Do you see those tents there by the church? Well, go there and ask Mr. Morgan; he does washing. He's a crusty old cuss, but if you'll talk pretty nice to him he'll do it for you."

The recruit went as directed and found Gen. Morgan walking in front of his tent, dressed as was his custom in the uniform of a high private.

"Where will I find Mr. Morgan?" asked the recruit.

"My name is Morgan. What will you have?"

"I came here to get some clothes washed."

"H-m-m. Who sent you here to get your clothes washed?"

"John Smith, over here in the Sixth."

"Corporal of the guard!" (The corporal approached and saluted Morgan). "Young man, go with the corporal and show him John Smith, so that he can bring him here. And you come back with him and all the dirty clothes you have."

They departed and soon returned with the guilty veteran and a huge armful of dirty shirts socks, etc.

The General to Smith—"Did you send this young man here to have his clothes washed?"

"Yes, sir, for a joke."

"For a joke! Well, we'll have the joke carried out. We do have clothes washed here sometimes Corporal, take this man Smith and that bundle of clothes down to the creek and have him wash them, fold them up neatly, and return them to the owner! See that he does the job up handsomely."

The veteran went away to his work sorrowfully and the general resumed his walk.

The Judge and the Juggler.—A notorious scamp was once brought before an Onondago Justice of the Peace. He was accused of having "come the strap game" over a native. The portly Justice, wishing to decide understandingly, asked to see a sample of his skill.

"The party" instantly produced a leather strap, gave it a scientific whisk across the bench and remarked:

"You see, Judge, the quarter under the strap?"

"What!" interrupted the dignified functionary, "do you mean to say there is a quarter under there?"

"Sartin!" was the reply.

"No such thing?" said the Justice.

"I'll go you a dollar on it!" exclaimed the prisoner,

"Agreed!" said the Justice.

With accustomed adroitness the strap was withdrawn, when lo! there was the quarter.

"Well," said the astonished Shallow, "I wouldn't have believed it, if I had not seen it with my own eyes. Here is your dollar; and you are fined five dollars for gambling contrary to the statute in such cases made and provided."

The elongated countenance of the gambler require no additional evidence to testify his appreciation of the sell."

Jefferson, Ohio, is credited with the ownership of a cat which possesses the power of ventriloquism in a remarkable degree. The effect when he gets on the roof of a barn and exercises his vocal gifts is said to be startling; an old gentleman is said to have taken a solemn oath that, to the best of his knowledge and belief, no less than nine thousand cats were in town on one night recently. This visitation is probably in lieu of the smallpox.

A few days ago a widower in Louisiana took to himself a second wife, and started off on a bridal tour, but had not gone far ere he was taken into custody for the non-payment of the undertaker who officiated at his first wife's funeral. The bride's father, learning the situation of affairs, liquidated the bill and sent the pair on their way rejoicing.

In Covington, Ky., last Wednesday, George Washington was arrested for beating his wife, Martha Washington. Among the witnesses in the case were Thomas Jefferson, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson, and John C. Calhoun. The General was fined $10 and costs, and Mr. Calhoun, who failed to appear, was fined $10 for contempt of Court.

The *Guide to Health* doubts if there are twenty really healthy and strong women in any State in the Union.



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PROGRESS IS THE COMMON LAW OF THE WORLD.

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

NEW YORK, APRIL 30, 1873.

PERCEPTION AND ACTION.

THE accuracy of our perceptions, whether sensorial, mental or spiritual, must depend on a symmetrical constitution and the correctness of our physical and moral states. The man whose eye is defective discerns all outward things imperfectly. The slightest organic imperfection may change the general appearance of many things, and, perhaps, modify the superficial aspects of the whole objective creation. The unequal development of the different parts of the visual mechanism, or even a trifling inequality in the distribution of the impalpable fluid that circulates through the optic nerve, may discolor, distort, and possibly demolish the world—so far as our disordered powers of perception enable us to recognize its existence. In like manner a small defect in the structure of the ear may either stifle all sounds or render them harsh and terrible. A malformation—not to be discovered without dissecting the organ—or the want of a free circulation of the subtile aura that pervades the auditory nerve, might hush the music of innumerable voices, and leave the Universe—in its relation to ourselves—silent forever. All our other sensorial perceptions are equally dependent on organic perfection and existing states. A sudden cold may render one incapable of perceiving odors; a fever may make the patient insensible of the most pungent aromatic flavors, while the touch of the torpedo might totally suspend the sense of feeling.

But our sensorial impressions are not alone in this dependence on existing conditions. The intellectual and moral perceptions are equally under the operation of the same general law, and they are subject to frequent and constant modifications by the ever-varying mental and moral states and aspects of our being. When the faculties are unequally developed and improperly exercised, the mental perceptions are liable to be obscure, grotesque, or otherwise illusory; the judgment is rendered unreliable, and the ability to recognize a nice moral distinction may be wholly wanting. There are persons who can never form any accurate conception of size, weight and distance; some are unable to distinguish colors, while others have no perception of the relation of musical sounds. On a few inspired souls burns the promethean fire—to warm and illuminate the dark solitudes of the Ages; the philosopher dwells alone in the measureless temple of his thought, while the mantle of the ascending prophet falls only on consecrated shoulders.

Indeed, in every department of inquiry and discovery our perceptions are influenced, and in some degree determined by organic peculiarities, and by the prevailing moods of the mind. Every one sees his neighbor and the world, not precisely *as they are*, but rather *as he is*. If one has a hopeful and mirthful spirit, he will be prone to laugh at the errors and follies of mankind; while the man of melancholy temperament—who has less trust in God than he has love for Humanity—weeps over the misconceptions and moral desolations of the world. Clouds darken the horizon of his prospects; his brain is peopled with gloomy phantoms, and his heart swells and throbs with stifled lamentations.

Every person, then, is either a false or true mirror wherein mankind, the earth, and all things are reflected. In proportion to the number and magnitude of his constitutional defects will be his liability to form and entertain erroneous views; and, in this degree, will the obliquity of his reason and the fallibility of his judgment be made manifest to others. A mind that is swayed by mere feeling, warped by false education, and cramped by prejudice, can never see things as they really are. The defects in himself—in the intellectual and moral media through which he looks, are naturally and almost inevitably transferred to the forms and conditions of being that are subject to his inspection. Hence it happens that certain persons readily satisfy themselves that whatever occurs in the history of nations and the individual conduct of men—under all the circumstances—is not only eminently proper but strictly right. They virtually assume that reverence and blasphemy, charity and robbery are equally good. Such men discover no wrong in the unrestrained indulgence of their animal appetites. If, in their apprehension, there is wrong anywhere, they expect to find it lodged with their powers that impose a salutary restraint upon their passions by fixing rational limits to individual freedom of action.

When the judgment is warped by the force of irresistible inclination; when the excited passions are left without restraint to play on the imagination, over the sensory nerves, and through the muscles and secretions, we may expect to witness some singular performances. And accordingly it so happens, that we have several slipshod people (not spiritual) among us, with whom life very much resembles a French cotillion party. Those balance who can, some go forward and many go back, down in the middle, round the outside, cross over, swing their partners (every time a new one), and all in the name of Progress!

> "It's up and down—away they go,
> Oh, what delight it is to know,
> The pleasures of the polka!"

As an exhibition for the amusement of idlers this is a success. The forms are flexible, the movement is lively, and the figures various and intricate; but the evidences of any genuine progress—in the actual lives of such people—we wait to see.

THE MATERIALISM OF THE PULPIT.

THE GREAT ANNIVERSARY OF THE CHURCH.

THE grand Festival of the Christian religion was celebrated in many churches in this City by the chiming of the bells; by splendid floral decorations, and grand musical memorials—all of which were perhaps suited to awaken sacred memories, and to inspire pious convictions and resolutions. The state of society in New York is such that it requires all really human and truly religious influences to lift it out of the deep perdition of its daily life. We have no doubt that the churches may do as much to compel a decent moral seeming among their members, as they do to foster the pride displayed in the extravagant dress and jewelry exhibition that accompanies the religious celebration. The beautiful saints who assembled on Easter morning, ostensibly for devotional purposes, kept their eyes open as usual to the Spring Fashions, and doubtless enjoyed the new styles as well as the memorial services of their Master.

The discourses preached in the several churches—so far as their essential character and general drift may be determined by the brief reports in the *Herald*—were such as to justify the apprehension, that our religious teachers are not likely to get out of the old groove in which they have been running so long. The ministers all talked of their risen Lord, vaguely as usual, and after the stereotyped fashion, leaving their hearers to infer that they still hold on to the exploded dogma of the literal resurrection of the body. This appears to be true even of Dr. Chapin, and others from whom the public might reasonably have expected the annunciation of more enlightened views.

At St. Patrick's Cathedral Rev. Dr. Spaulding, nephew of the late Archbishop, repeated the scripture texts and theological arguments supposed to favor the supreme divinity of Christ. We extract a brief passage from the *Herald's* report:

> "As the Resurrection was the crowning mystery of man's redemption, so it was also the crowning proof of Christ's divinity. It was a triumphant confirmation of what the prophets had foretold, as well as of the words which Jesus Christ gave utterance to. No man could raise himself from the dead. Christ was the only one; and by so doing he proved himself God. Hence the mystery celebrated formed the basis of our faith, hope, love and religion."

Here it is assumed that "Christ was the only *man* who could raise himself from the dead," and by thus raising himself he proved that he was not man at all, but God. This is a luminous specimen of genuine Irish logic. Let us put the Doctor's argument into the form of a brief syllogism:

1. Christ was a *man*.
2. No man can raise himself from the dead.
3. Conclusion—As Christ did raise himself from the dead *he was not a man*.

It will be perceived that this reasoning is utterly false. The third proposition or conclusion, contradicts the first, and is, therefore, in no sense a legitimate deduction from the premises.

But how does such a resurrection as is here recognized furnish any rational foundation for our hope of another life? We never infer that squashes grow on trees because pears do; nor can it be reasonably assumed that a fish can live out of water, because birds inhabit the regions of the atmosphere. Neither can we logically infer that what occurs in the experience of God will happen unto men. We must predicate our chances of life and immortality rather of the ascertained experience of beings constituted like ourselves. If God ever *died* (we reject the story on account of its manifest absurdity and blasphemy) he may have been raised from the dead; but as we are not Gods, that fact does nothing to inspire our hope of another life for man. But while it utterly fails to prove that man will live "hereafter" the alleged fact—if, indeed, it be a fact—does prove that *God may die again*, since what has been in the past may also be in the future.

At the Church of the Divine Paternity, Dr. E. H. Chapin, followed in the track of the venerable father of St. Patrick's. We suppose the doctrine of his discourse is expressed in the following extract from the *Herald's* report:

> "On this day the Christian world celebrates the resurrection of Christ from the tomb. The empty tomb of Christ had been the foundation of Christianity. There is no man, said the Doctor, who can prove the impossibility of a future. When I stand with Christ in the sepulcher and touch those nail-pierced hands I am convinced of the force of fact, and know full well that I have a future before me, even after my eyelids shall have been closed in death."

If Dr. Chapin is correctly reported he rests his Christianity on a hollow foundation—*on an empty sepulcher*. His hopes depend on the sensuous evidence of an external fact. We read that when one Thomas, otherwise called Didymus, had put his fingers into the prints of the nails he was satisfied that it was all right. Mr. Chapin seems to be similarly constituted, He does not appear to apprehend the import of the spiritual evidences of his religion. It is not in states of great spiritual exaltation that he feels the assurance of an irresistible conviction. He has not "*the witness in himself*." To be satisfied of his immortality he must go outside of his own consciousness. It is not necessary to ascend into the heavens, by the force of a spiritual gravitation; but rather to descend into *hades*. He would stand in the deserted grave, and put his fingers into the prints of the very nails that were used to fasten the body of his Master to the cross. It is then and there that he feels the force of the great fact that he will live when he is dead! The doctrine of reincarnation may possibly find an illustration in the case of one Didymus.

Dr. Thompson, at Christ's Protestant Episcopal Church portrayed in glowing rhetoric the conquests of death—his visitations on the land and the sea, and discoursed in a somewhat declamatory style on the power of Christ to subdue the last enemy of man. The eloquence of the Doctor was well calculated to impress the common mind.

There was a great crowd assembled at Old Trinity, and thousands were obliged to go away without being able to reach the vestibule. The music, vocal and instrumental, was on a grand scale. The general drift of religious instruction at Trinity may be inferred from the following extract which is not wanting in genuine eloquence:

> "Dr. Dix delivered a very impressive and appropriate address, in the course of which he saluted the recurrence of the great Christian festival of Easter. After depicting in eloquent language the glories of the resurrection morning, the reverend preacher said the Gospel of Easter tells us that somewhere in front there is relief for all the long care and exhaustion of this troublesome world. The time of trial has gone into all lands, and day by day is added to each man's burden. But no one of us ever had, or ever could have, a load to carry even distantly approaching in heaviness to that which Jesus bore. As His trouble passed away, so likewise shall ours. We are wont to say, "the life of man is short." Alas! when we reflect what they have to go through, from first to last, the wonder is that these poor frames, these brains overworked, these hearts filled too full, hold out as long as they do. Who would not long to rest? To whom is it not grateful to hear of the Eastertide—of the glory that followed in the Redeemer's case after the shame and grief were ended? After the cross comes the crown; after death, life from the dead; after the dark grave, the sunlit garden; after the night, the morning of eternity.
>
> Let us remember to apply all this to our own improvement. "If ye be risen with Christ seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God." He bears to no purpose of the risen Christ who does not get him up straightway from the dust of his worldliness, and the grave-clothes of his sins and find his way into the true light of his righteousness. The soul must have its resurrection now, that the body may hereafter be partaker in the blessed state. It is, indeed, in the higher and nobler part of man that his rising into life begins the work commences in the heart which seeks the things above, which keeps the feast not with the leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth. Thence it grows, and keeps on growing till it has taken in the whole life of the whole man. Let us, then, arise from our sins. Let us hear what, doubtless was an antiphon of some old church service quoted by the apostle, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light!"

Here a moral and spiritual resurrection seems to be recognized as of paramount importance; and yet the corruptible body comes in for its opportunity. The spirit's old clothes must be dug up, cleansed, and put on over the robes of its essential immortality. It is not enough that the soul is purified, exalted and glorified; flesh, and blood, and bones, after being reduced to common dust by the trituration of countless centuries perhaps, must be gathered up, put into the divine crucible, and by the mysterious chemistry of the day of judgment be prepared to become a "partaker in the blessed state." How and why, or to what purpose? If the soul can retain its conscious individuality for millions of years, why may it not go on forever without carrying along with it the worthless remains of the old body?

At the Church of the Disciples, Mr. Hepworth selected as his theme, "*Our Friends in Heaven*;" but almost any other title would have answered the purpose as well. On the question of the resurrection he followed in the same old rut. Indeed, it is a rare thing to find a Christian minister who has any original views of the leading theological questions. We clip the following from the report of Mr. Hepworth's remarks:

> "The historical fact of the resurrection of Christ—whose authenticity is beyond all doubt or cavil—is the most important fact in the moral history of man. In the world of spirits it is what gravitation is in the world of physics. It is the wonderful something that solves all enigmas, and which fills even despair with something like hope. The whole system of future rewards and punishments depends upon this."

Precisely how the alleged fact of the reanimation of the body of Jesus corresponds to gravitation does not appear to be very clearly revealed either by the preacher or any other man; nor do we see how that fact furnishes a solution of all questions and explains all enigmas—obscure sayings or riddles. And then, why all "future rewards and punishments" should be made to depend on that isolated fact, is quite incomprehensible. Did not God, man and the laws of the moral universe exist before that fact occurred? And were there no legitimate and inevitable consequences of human actions until the resurrection of Christ? Were men without consciences; had justice no place on earth or in heaven; and was God so limited in the exercise of his divine prerogatives, that no one was properly rewarded and punished before the beginning of the present era? Evidently, Mr. Hepworth is not likely to establish a reputation for either logical discrimination or theological consistency.

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> "The resurrection of the body is the great lesson of Easter. We cannot think of a spirit without form. This flesh—palpable, material form—is a grave of the human being himself. Our bodies are moulded of what has gone before, and were not brought down from heaven. There probably never was a man wholly human. We are the fragments of people—small pieces clipped off from the great whole. One is all heart, another all head. Here is a man who can measure the finest scruples of thought, but cannot digest his dinner. Habits are the unconscious actions of men that get to acting of themselves. Intemperance is a hideous habit from which millions cannot emancipate themselves. Intemperance is a vice of the nervous system. Suppose men take only what is good for them, to measure their desires by their necessities, and their ambitions, so that the lower classes may be emancipated from their dreadful habits. We should learn to eat that we may live, and not to live that we may eat. Faith in the resurrection of the body through the Son of Man helps the spirit to obey the Master's call. Mind and organization go together. They are inseparable. The most fervent argument against immortality is the predominance of the anima in us.

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The Present Era.

PROGRESS IS THE COMMON LAW OF THE WORLD.

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

NEW YORK, APRIL 30, 1873.

PERCEPTION AND ACTION.

THE accuracy of our perceptions, whether sensorial, mental or spiritual, must depend on a symmetrical constitution and the correctness of our physical and moral states. The man whose eye is defective discerns all outward things imperfectly. The slightest organic imperfection may change the general appearance of many things, and, perhaps, modify the superficial aspects of the whole objective creation. The unequal development of the different parts of the visual mechanism, or even a trifting inequality in the distribution of the impalpable fluid that circulates through the optic nerve, may discolor, distort, and possibly demolish the world—so far as our disordered powers of perception enable us to reognize its existence. In like manner a small defect in the structure of the ear may either stifle all sounds or render them harsh and terrible. A malformation—not to be discovered without dissecting the organ—or the want of a free circulation of the subtile aura that pervades the auditory nerve, might hush the music of innumerable voices, and leave the Universe—in its relation to ourselves—silent forever. All our other sensorial perceptions are equally dependent on organic perfection and existing states. A sudden cold may render one incapable of perceiving odors ; a fever may make the patient insensible of the most pungent aromatic flavors, while the touch of the torpedo might totally suspend the sense of feeling.

But our sensorial impressions are not alone in this dependence on existing conditions. The intellectual and moral perceptions are equally under the operation of the same general law, and they are subject to frequent and constant modifications by the ever-varying mental and moral states and aspects of our being. When the faculties are unequally developed and improperly exercised, the mental perceptions are liable to be obscure, grotesque, or otherwise illusory ; the judgment is rendered unreliable, and the ability to recognize a nice moral distinction may be wholly wanting. There are persons who can never form any accurate conception of size, weight and distance ; some are unable to distinguish colors, while others have no peception of the relation of musical sounds. On a few inspired souls burns the promethean fire —to warm and illuminate the dark solitudes of the Ages ; the philosopher dwells alone in the measureless temple of his thought, while the mantle of the ascending prophet falls only on consecrated shoulders.

Indeed, in every department of inquiry and discovery our perceptions are influenced, and in some degree determined by organic peculiarities, and by the prevailing moods of the mind. Every one sees his neighbor and the world, not precisely *as they are*, but rather *as he is*. If one has a hopeful and mirthful spirit, he will be prone to laugh at the errors and follies of mankind ; while the man of melancholy temperament—who has less trust in God than he has love for Humanity—weeps over the misconceptions and moral desolations of the world. Clouds darken the horizon of his prospects ; his brain is peopled with gloomy phantoms, and his heart swells and throbs with stifled lamentations.

Every person, then, is either a false or true mirror wherein mankind, the earth, and all things are reflected. In proportion to the number and magnitude of his constitutional defects will be his liability to form and entertain erroneous views ; and, in this degree, will the obliquity of his reason and the fallibility of his judgment be made manifest to others. A mind that is swayed by mere feeling, warped by false education, and cramped by prejudice, can never see things as they really are. The defects in himself—in the intellectual and moral media through which he looks, are naturally and almost inevitably transferred to the forms and conditions of being that are subject to his inspection. Hence it happens that certain persons readily satisfy themselves that whatever occurs in the history of nations and the individual conduct of men —under all the circumstances—is not only eminently proper but strictly right. They virtually assume that reverence and blasphemy, charity and robbery are equally good. Such men discover no wrong in the unrestrained indulgence of their animal appetites. If, in their apprehension, there is wrong anywhere, they expect to find it lodged with their powers that impose a salutary restraint upon their passions by fixing rational limits to individual freedom of action.

When the judgment is warped by the force of irresistible inclination ; when the excited passions are left without restraint to play on the imagination, over the sensory nerves, and through the muscles and secretions, we may expect to witness some singular performances. And accordingly it so happens, that we have several slipshod people (not spiritual) among us, with whom life very much resembles a French cotillion party. Those balance who can, some go forward and many go back, down in the middle, round the outside, cross over, swing their partners (every time a new one), and all in the name of Progress !

> "It's up and down—away they go,
> Oh, what delight it is to know,
> The pleasures of the polka!"

As an exhibition for the amusement of idlers this is a success. The forms are flexible, the movement is lively, and the figures various and intricate ; but the evidences of any genuine progress—in the actual lives of such people—we wait to see.

THE MATERIALISM OF THE PULPIT.

THE GREAT ANNIVERSARY OF THE CHURCH.

THE grand Festival of the Christian religion was celebrated in many churches in this City by the chiming of the bells ; by splendid floral decorations, and grand musical memorials—all of which were perhaps suited to awaken sacred memories, and to inspire pious convictions and resolutions. The state of society in New York is such that it requires all really human and truly religious influences to lift it out of the deep perdition of its daily life. We have no doubt that the churches may do as much to compel a decent moral seeming among their members, as they do to foster the pride displayed in the extravagant dress and jewelry exhibition that accompanies the religious celebration. The beautiful saints who assembled on Easter morning, ostensibly for devotional purposes, kept their eyes open as usual to the Spring Fashions, and doubtless enjoyed the new styles as well as the memorial services of their Master.

The discourses preached in the several churches—so far as their essential character and general drift may be determined by the brief reports in the *Herald*—were such as to justify the apprehension, that our religious teachers are not likely to get out of the old groove in which they have been running so long. The ministers all talked of their risen Lord, vaguely as usual, and after the stereotyped fashion, leaving their hearers to infer that they still hold on to the exploded dogma of the literal resurrection of the body. This appears to be true even of Dr. Chapin, and others from whom the public might reasonably have expected the annunciation of more enlightened views.

At St. Patrick's Cathedral Rev. Dr. Spaulding, nephew of the late Archbishop, repeated the scripture texts and theological arguments supposed to favor the supreme divinity of Christ. We extract a brief passage from the *Herald's* report :

> "As the Resurrection was the crowning mystery of man's redemption, so it was also the crowning proof of Christ's divinity. It was a triumphant confirmation of what the prophets had foretold, as well as of the words which Jesus Christ gave utterance to. No man could raise himself from the dead. Christ was the only one ; and by so doing he proved himself God. Hence the mystery celebrated formed the basis of our faith, hope, love and religion."

Here it is assumed that "Christ was the only *man* who could raise himself from the dead," and by thus raising himself he proved that he was not man at all, but God. This is a luminous specimen of genuine Irish logic. Let us put the Doctor's argument into the form of a brief syllogism :

1. Christ was a *man*.
2. No man can raise himself from the dead.
3. Conclusion—As Christ did raise himself from the dead *he was not a man*.

It will be perceived that this reasoning is utterly false. The third proposition or conclusion, contradicts the first, and is, therefore, in no sense a legitimate deduction from the premises.

But how does such a resurrection as is here recognized furnish any rational foundation for our hope of another life? We never infer that squashes grow on trees because pears do; nor can it be reasonably assumed that a fish can live out of water, because birds inhabit the regions of the atmosphere. Neither can we logically infer that what occurs in the experience of God will happen unto men. We must predicate our chances of life and immortality rather of the ascertained experience of beings constituted like ourselves. If God ever *died* (we reject the story on account of its manifest absurdity and blasphemy) he may have been raised from the dead ; but as we are not Gods, that fact does nothing to inspire our hope of another life for man. But while it utterly fails to prove that man will live "hereafter" the alleged fact—if, indeed, it be a fact—does prove that *God may die again*, since what has been in the past may also be in the future.

At the Church of the Divine Paternity, Dr. E. H. Chapin, followed in the track of the venerable father of St. Patrick's. We suppose the doctrine of his discourse is expressed in the following extract from the *Herald's* report :

> "On this day the Christian world celebrates the resurrection of Christ from the tomb. The empty tomb of Christ had been the foundation of Christianity. There is no man, said the Doctor, who can prove the impossibility of a future. When I stand with Christ in the sepulcher and touch those nail-pierced hands I am convinced of the force of fact, and know full well that I have a future before me, even after my eyelids shall have been closed in death."

If Dr. Chapin is correctly reported he rests his Christianity on a hollow foundation—*on an empty sepulcher*. His hopes depend on the sensuous evidence of an external fact. We read that when one Thomas, otherwise called Didymus, had put his fingers into the prints of the nails he was satisfied that it was all right. Mr. Chapin seems to be similarly constituted, He does not appear to apprehend the import of the spiritual evidences of his religion. It is not in states of great spiritual exaltation that he feels the assurance of an irresistible conviction. He has not "*the witness in himself*." To be satisfied of his immortality he must go outside of his own consciousness. It is not necessary to ascend into the heavens, by the force of a spiritual gravitation ; but rather to descend into *hades*. He would stand in the deserted grave, and put his fingers into the prints of the very nails that were used to fasten the body of his Master to the cross. It is then and there that he feels the force of the great fact that he will live when he is dead! The doctrine of reincarnation may possibly find an illustration in the case of one Didymus.

Dr. Thompson, at Christ's Protestant Episcopal Church portrayed in glowing rhetoric the conquests of death—his visitations on the land and the sea, and discoursed in a somewhat declamatory style on the power of Christ to subdue the last enemy of man. The eloquence of the Doctor was well calculated to impress the common mind.

There was a great crowd assembled at Old Trinity, and thousands were obliged to go away without being able to reach the vestibule. The music, vocal and instrumental, was on a grand scale. The general drift of religious instruction at Trinity may be inferred from the following extract which is not wanting in genuine eloquence :

> "Dr. Dix delivered a very impressive and appropriate address, in the course of which he saluted the recurrence of the great Christian festival of Easter. After depicting in eloquent language the glories of the resurrection morning, the reverend preacher said the Gospel of Easter tells us that somewhere in front there is relief for all the long care and exhaustion of this troublesome world. The time of trial has gone into all lands, and day by day is added to each man's burden. But no one of us ever had, or ever could have, a load to carry even distantly approaching in heaviness to that which Jesus bore. As His trouble passed away, so likewise shall ours. We are wont to say, "the life of man is short." Alas! when we reflect what they have to go through, from first to last, the wonder is that these poor frames, these brains overworked, these hearts filled too full, hold out as long as they do. Who would not long to rest? To whom is it not grateful to hear of the Eastertide—of the glory that followed in the Redeemer's case after the shame and grief were ended? After the cross comes the crown ; after death, life from the dead ; after the dark grave, the sunlit garden ; after the night, the morning of eternity.
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We can hardly believe that Mr. Frothingham is correctly reported in the foregoing paragraph. If he still entertains the old dogma

of the bodily resurrection his theology is not so radically reformed as we had been led to suppose. However, to assume that the mind must necessarily, be destitute of a suitable form or organization, unless the old body is raised, involves the preposterous assumption that *the mind must be disorganized and the identity destroyed* during the intervening period between death and the resurrection. We cordially admit that mind and organization go together and are inseparable, but perceive no necessary connection between this fact and the question of the resurrection of our mortal bodies. If, indeed, "there is a spiritual body," as Paul affirmed, of what possible use is the other to the unshackled soul? If, as Mr. Frothingham represents it, the "flesh is a grave of the human being" why should the resurrected spirit return to its sepulcher?

At the Church of the Holy Trinity the musical exercises were of a high order, and Dr. Hall delivered an eloquent discourse; but, like the others, it was lame in its logic and erroneous in its conclusions. We extract the following also from the *Herald*:

Dr. Hall was very eloquent on the subject which all church goers heard treated on Easter Sunday. His text was from the First Epistle to the Corinthians, fifteenth chapter and part of the forty-fourth verse—"It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body." A man dies, said he, and where is he? Who knows? There is his natural body; but what body has he now? It is such a body as Christ's, in which the spirit is pre-eminent. The body of Christ after the resurrection was a spirit body; there was a natural body before death and a spiritual body after death. When the disciples sought for Jesus the body had disappeared. That flesh had not seen corruption and the spiritual change had absorbed the whole body. This fact establishes the identity of the two bodies. St. John asserted that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God. Christ risen was not human. You may fall back on a continuous miracle, but that is weakness. What means it to us unless we are to be like Him! I assert that, taken just as they are, the two facts run co-ordinate—first, that Christ was human; second, Christ risen was not human.

Dr. Hall thus makes the identity of Christ to depend on his outward form instead of his inward, spiritual individuality. He quotes from an Apostle who describes two distinct bodies, one frail, corruptible, mortal, and "sown in dishonor;" the other incorruptible, immortal and raised in power. No two things could be more clearly defined and plainly distinguishable, one from the other; and yet, Dr. Hall maintains, not merely the identity of Christ, but *the absolute identity of the two bodies*. Now identity means oneness, or *sameness*, as distinguished from both diversity and similarity. If the bodies were one and the same, why so much effort to point out the separate or peculiar characteristics by which each might be distinguished, from the other? The disciples could not find the mortal body, and Dr. Hall presumes that by some miraculous process in spiritual chemistry all the flesh and blood, the thoracic and abdominal viscera, and even the *bones* were rapidly absorbed by the risen spirit, so that nothing tangible remained.

This is not only at war with the laws of Nature, but irreconcilable with the principles of the spiritual constitution. We should as soon expect a horse to assimilate paving stones, or that a tree might absorb a lamppost, as that a spirit should at once incorporate the gross elements of a corpse—*the dead body it had but just rejected*—into its own incorruptible nature. Carnivorous animals may live on flesh, and vegetables be nourished by the phosphate of lime and other matter extracted from bones; but spiritual beings find the elements that nourish their natures and make them strong in spiritual substances and divine forces.

After affirming the absolute identity of the two bodies, Dr. Hall virtually assumes that they are not identical. "Christ was human—Christ risen, was not human." Were we to accept this assumption it would appear not merely that there were two distinct bodies; but, also, that Christ actually lost his personal identity in his resurrection. Nor does this define or otherwise determine the limit of his loss. According to Dr. Hall, "Christ was human" at first, but having risen "he was not human; and hence must have lost—in addition to his personal identity—his natural relation to his own species!

With such religious teachers, it is not surprising that the common people believe so much, and know so little.

Unity is the principle of all things, and rom this unity went forth an infinite duality.

SPIRITUALISM NOT SECTARIAN.

If the Church would but open its doors, we would enter and speak against the gigantic abominations which flourish in its shadow, and are fostered and cherished at the very altar. Nor should we, in this case, indorse the Church ritual or identify ourselves with the old organism, any more than Jesus of Nazareth was identified with the religion of the Pharisees, because he went into the Temple to refute the Jewish doctors, and expose the spiritual wickedness which was enthroned in high places. We have no disposition to identify the Spiritual movement with any existing form or modification of Sectarianism. Nor is it the object of those most deeply interested in the Spiritual Philosophy to establish a *new* sect. The world has been long enough engaged in making creeds, and in wielding the weapons of a dogmatic warfare. Humanity has been rent in pieces, and the fragments are scattered and quivering in the pangs of expiring life. Be it our mission to aid in gathering them together, that these many members may be one body, harmoniously constituted, and animated by the same life.

"For *modes* of *faith* let graceless zealots fight."

To avoid the tendency to Sectarianism we erect no standard of faith; we prescribe no limits to the developement and the researches of the human mind. In the annunciation of our views we appeal to Nature and Reason, instead of authority and tradition. It shall be our object to illustrate, as far as we are able, the laws of Nature and the Soul, in their application to the interests of Society; to devise "ways and means" to instruct, refine, and save the dangerous and perishing classes. Thus we hope to promote, in some humble manner, a comprehensive Reform, in which the *causes* of existing evils may be removed, and the interest and duty of man, so long divorced, may become one and indivisible.

We believe there are thousands in the churches who are ready to adopt a more rational, spiritual and practical religion. Let them stand up in their manhood, and—

——"*Act*
As conscience orders."——

And though the palsied *body* of the outward church may writhe in its great anguish, Humanity will be comforted, and the fallen and enslaved millions will rejoice in the Gospel of To-day.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

We use the above caption in the popular acceptation of the term, for the purpose of calling special attention to the very excellent communication found in the Phenominal Department of this number, from the pen of Mrs. Laura Cuppy Smith. Of the fact that persons who once lived here, have after their departure to spirit-life, returned and manifested themselves in the same form as when they occupied earthly bodies, we have ample evidence in human history. Equally positive is the testimony of sacred and profane historians, that spirits once inhabitants of earth, have manifested their power and presence by "Physical Manifestations." The Jewish and Christian Scriptures abound in evidences of this character. It has, however, been left to Modern Spiritualism to answer the question and demonstrate the fact that, "if a man die, he shall live again." We are well aware of the opposition and ridicule attempted just now by the religious and a part of the secular Press, in denouncing all Mediums, because a few have been detected as impostors. These "exposures" may be in many cases just, but not always. What of it? Have we not abundant evidence even in the Christian Church of "many false brethren"? One of the chosen twelve, companion of Jesus, as we are told, became a traitor. We do not believe that Spiritual Mediums are proportionately impostors, although we sorrowfully admit that many persons claiming mediumistic powers, fall into ways of wrong doing, and bring odium upon the cause they profess to serve. We concede this and approve fair means for their exposure, but our columns shall ever be open to report the evidences of an immortal life, being received through worthy Mediums, upon whom the world now frowns, but will in the future bless. For the Mediums who have thus erred, sensitive as they are to influences good and bad from both worlds, we have words of sympathy only, and would say, "Go and sin no more." It devolves upon Spiritualists, not merely to expose those who trifle with these "gifts," but to carefully analyze this wonderful power and use it for high and noble purposes. Mediums are not the only parties responsible for the present distrust and disbelief in Spiritual manifestations, nor for the degeneracy charged upon modern Media. The great mass of Spiritualists should have long since organized, if for no other purpose than for the protection and sustenance of their Mediums. As Spiritualists, we have much to learn in this direction, and as journalists we purpose to speak our thoughts hereafter.

We do not fully accord with the half condemnatory remarks relating to physical manifestations made by one of the speakers at the recent Anniversary Meeting in this city. The tiny rap (a physical manifestation) heard twenty five years ago and interpreted by a little girl has reverberated throughout the world. As the sound of the first cannon fired at Fort Sumpter caused a nation to rush to arms and paved the way for universal civil liberty, even so has the little rap and the various manifestations that have followed, aroused a sleeping world to action, and the work thus inaugurated in that eventful year by the invisibles, will never cease, until the nations and peoples of the whole earth are liberated from the tyranny of religious despotism. We know thousands of Spiritualists who are satisfied only with the food they get on the phenomenal plane of spiritualism. We marvel at this, but must express our convictions that the phenomena is just as much needed to-day as ever. In this view if we rightly interpret the signs of the times, we are fully confirmed by the fact, that each year of the New Dispensation is marked with some new and marvelous power, evidently displayed to convince the denizens of earth, that the two worlds are to be brought into yet more intimate relations.

We shall welcome to our columns, well authenticated reports of phenomena, particularly if leading the mind into new channels of thought and investigation. We cannot see that our readers will be profited by repeating for the hundreth time accounts of phenomena that have become familiar in every part of the country. These manifestations are no doubt interesting to those who witness them, but not to the general reader. Remarkable manifestations of invisible power and new phases of Mediumship we shall be glad to publish. In the report made by Mrs. Smith to which reference has been made, tests of personal identity are given, under circumstances that admit of no possibility of deception. We intend to avail ourselves of the earliest opportunity to visit the house of Mr. and Mrs. Andrews where we hope to see some dear friends gone to that life to which we hasten, and of which all are anxious to learn.

UTILIZATION OF THE EMOTIONS
AS MORAL FORCES.

Surely we need not take the trouble to learn Latin and Greek in quest of true philosophy not there to be found, merely that we may read, in the original, ingenious theories founded on *false views of human nature, declamatory generalities about virtue and happiness, the practical worthlessness of which were exposed by their lack of practical effects* in mitigating the selfishness, injustice, cruelty and vice of the people *to whom they are taught* or rather *before whom they are vainly displayed*. (Simpsons Philosophy or Education.)

Those expressions as to ancient philosophers are equally applicable to modern theologians. Nearly all assume as a basis that many of the natural faculties require to be *suppressed* instead of being *directed*. Yet the more destructive a natural faculty is when misdirected, the more beneficial is it when provided with a suitable sphere and mode of activity; it is the province of science to ascertain and provide the sphere. In physics the problem to be solved is how to *utilize* natural forces; but in morals it would seem to be how to *suppress* them; but the one can be no more *suppressed* than the other; the attempt to do so involves inevitable mischief. The human emotions are *forces*, as much so as electricity. Franklin and Morse by observing its method of action utilized in a very high degree that which previously was only conceived of as an agent of mischief. Were the faculties of alimentiveness and amativeness, studied on the same principle with a view not to *prescribe* but to *ascertain* the laws regulating them, the kingdom of heaven would soon be among us.

MR. AUGUSTUS WATTERS.

Small men with nervous temperaments, in whom the tissues are delicate and the fibrous structure compact and elastic, are usually characterized by great intensity of feeling and action, while they ordinarily display more grace than dignity of manner and motion. A huge frame, a phlegmatic temperament, nerves like chain-cables, and the distention of the cellular tissue by excessive deposits of adipose matter are conditions altogether unfavorable to the acquisition of easy and graceful manners and the true "poetry of motion." Giants are usually sluggish in mind and body in proportion to their avoirdupois; but Psyche was a delicate nymph, and Mercury, the swift messenger of the gods, was encumbered by no superfluous flesh.

This train of thought was suggested by the interesting entertainment given by Mr. Augustus Watters. We have seldom witnessed a similar performance with so much real pleasure. This gentleman, like Edwin Booth, whom he somewhat resembles, is rather below the ordinary stature; but the fine proportions of his brain; the combination of temperamental conditions and qualities, and his lithe and symmetrical organization, all indicate the complete equilibrium of a constitution, not powerful but enduring, extremely flexible, and denoting withal a natural capacity for artistic pursuits and achievements. The peculiar intensity, inseparable from such a nature, has evidently in this case been restrained by earnest thought and judicious discipline. His personality and his bearing exhibit equal grace and dignity; and he otherwise manifests a just discrimination that can neither mistake "sound and fury," nor the distortions of ungovernable passion for the significance of artistic modulation and genuine dramatic effect. His voice has more melody than strength; however, his intonation is altogether agreeable, and his articulation so measured and distinct that no sudden emotion is allowed to interrupt the rhythmical flow of his recitation.

We hazard nothing in saying that Mr. Watters has a fine appreciation of the relations of the several parts of speech, and of modulation and action, in the expression of mental emotions and ideas; that he possesses a fine combination of physical and spiritual qualities, and his plastic and versatile powers are happily illustrated in his whole performance. Moreover, his entertainments contain valuable lessons which our young people especially should profit by. It is in no inferior sense that we recognize him as a teacher, whose course of instruction is separated from the real and imaginary evils that cluster about the drama. In this capacity he certainly merits encouragement, not only from the press, but from the Board of Education and the religious community.

There is nothing either embraced in the programme, or in the manner of rendering the several selections that could possibly offend the taste of the cultivated hearer. His transitions from the impressive gravity of Shakspeare's most stately creations, to the light and humorous portions of his performance are easy, natural and graceful, indicating unusual range and scope in his elocutionary capacity, and a just appreciation of some of the finer elements of esthetic conception and dramatic expression. His rendering of Poe's mysteriously musical poem entitled "The Bells," was in all respects a masterly performance. We can scarcely expect to witness a more effective representation of that weird genius with whom poetry was a passion approaching delirium.

Rationalize Education.—"It seldom happens that a man in any part of his life deserves any convenience or advantage from some of the most laborious and troublesome parts of his education."—*Adam Smith.*

Almost as true now as it was a century ago. Probably three-fourths of the time in schools is spent uselessly by reason of routine methods and antiquated prejudices. This will continue to be the case as long as the religious nature of man is uncontrolled by reason. Why reason is excluded from the higher faculties of our nature, and secures but imperfect control of the lower. It should be the special work of Spiritualists to *rationalize education*. Children taught to reason on *all* subjects, will not only acquire knowledge in much less time than others, but will never become the slaves of superstition.

DO AS I SAY, NOT AS I DO.

"Inductive inquiry refuses patient industry and a humble conscientious acceptance of *what nature reveals*. The first condition of success is an honest receptivity—a willingness to abandon all preconceived motives however cherished, if they be found to contradict the truth." *Tyndall, quoted in Spencer's "Education."*

"The great deeds of philosophers have been less the fruit of the intellect than of the direction of that intellect, by an eminently religious tone of mind. Truth has yielded herself rather to their patience, their love, their single-heartedness, and their self-denial, rather than to their logical acumen."—*Huxley*, as quoted in Spencer's "*Education*."

IT is precisely in this spirit that the facts of Spiritualism have been reached; it is very nearly the opposite spirit which Tyndall, Huxley and other eminent men of science have exhibited in the investigation of this subject. While attaining a success richly deserved in their own fields of investigation by a humble and conscientious acceptance of what nature reveals," in which "truth has yielded herself to their patience," as soon as they take up Spiritualism, they expect in an hour, not only to *dictate* to nature *what* she shall reveal, and *how* she should reveal it, but conclude that it is a fraud or a failure unless they can realize more results in an hour than in their own sciences they expect to realize in years. As the leaders, so the followers. Those who have just begun to look into the subject, jump instanter at adverse conclusions, regardless of the experience of those who have given to it their lives—just as of some novice in Physics were to seriously assure Tyndall or Huxley that they were utterly mistaken in regard to the first principles of natural science.

The quotation at the head of this article should be inscribed on the pulpit and platform. They are the key-notes of the science of the future, Modern Spiritualism is the *consequence* of their application to a field of thought, for which, previous to its advent, science, was, by universal consent, excluded. It is passing strange that to this extension of the boundaries of the republic of science two of its noblest citizens should be indifferent or hostile.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN ENGLAND.

IT would certainly appear by the following from an exchange, that England leads us considerably on the Woman Suffrage question: "Woman as a voter is an accomplished fact in England. Every woman who occupies a dwelling in any city or town of England, Ireland, Wales, or Scotland has a vote for aldermen and town officers in general. Under Mr. Foster's new act in England, widows and spinsters who pay rates have votes in the election of school boards. In Ireland, every woman who pays any sum as poor rate has a vote in the election of poor guardians. It is said that the women exercise these rights heartily, and in many cases where saloon-keepers represented the wards of cities in municipal positions they were finally defeated by the votes of the women. In London, as is well known, Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D., is one of the most useful members of the school board, and the same is true of Miss Becker, in Manchester. The right of suffrage seems to have been conferred on the principle that where women pay a tax for any object they shall have the right to a vote in the disposition of the funds."

Victory.—The Homœpathists have finally won a victory in the Michigan Legislature. As a resident of that State we have united with others year after year in petitioning the Legislature of Michigan for this act of justice which has now been granted, for it is now provided by law, that two of the medical departments of the State University shall be of that faith. How the two systems can be taught in the same school, however, is a problem we cannot solve. We imagine they will not always have peaceful times. To us the two systems seem to be antagonistic—the one or the other false. Yet we believe Homœpaths of the State entitled to the boon they have obtained, but would it not have been wiser to have established a separate institution?

Mrs. Helen M. Barnard, of Washington, D. C., who edited the *Woman's Campaign* last summer, has been appointed by the President to visit the Vienna Exhibition; expenses to be paid out of the contingent fund of the Treasury. This is "respectful consideration."

THE QUESTION.

WORDS of encouragement and unqualified expressions in approval of the form, size and contents of The Present Era, have come to us from every part of the country. Four numbers have been issued, and although far short of the model paper we purpose to make it, our readers have seen enough to enable them to decide the question of approval or disapproval. If the former, the most satisfactory answer possible, would be a response in the shape of greenbacks, or their equivalent. We appreciate words of encouragement, but they have a double force, when accompanied by something of material value, indispensable in publishing even an ordinary Newspaper, but absolutely necessary in sustaining such a paper as The Present Era, published in the very best style of the typographic art, and filled with matter of interest for the humblest learner and the most profound thinker. The friendly recipient of our paper can also favor us by soliciting subscriptions, and sending the names of persons who would probably subscribe if specimen copies were sent them. We could fill several columns with favorable words from the press and the people, but we prefer to leave each reader to decide as to our merits and the claim we have for patronage. From the thousands of persons who have enjoyed the reading of the The Present Era in the past and present, we ask an immediate response.

Speakers' Register.—We will cheerfully and gratuitously publish the post-office address, and engagements for the current month, of any and all of our lecturers when requested. The only compensation we ask is the presentation of The Present Era to the audience addressed. We will send specimen copies to all who desire to use them for that purpose. We should be glad to have all our speakers become active agents, and for that purpose offer a very liberal commission. For full particulars please send for "confidential circular to agents."

"Robert Dale Owen has espoused Christianity with its comforting belief in a future and immortal state.—*Golden Age.*

Robert Dale Owen unquestionably believes in a "future and immortal life," but will be somewhat surprised to see the announcement that he had "espoused Christianity." A belief in a future life is one thing, and the "espousal of Christianity is quite another. "Comforting belief in a future life" was cherished by earth's inhabitance thousands of years before the dawn of Christianity, and a more perfect knowledge of that life will survive it, by thousands of ages.

What Answer have the persistent advocates for capital punishment to make to the fact that more murders have been committed in this city since the hanging of the unfortunate Foster, than for the same length of time immediately preceding that event? Other men have since been tried, condemned to death, and in their gloomy cells await their apparently certain doom; certain, because from an Executive who could turn a deaf ear to such appeals as were made in behalf of Foster, no mercy can be expected. We are living under the shadow of the gallows, yet murders are of no less frequent occurrence. Again, we ask, "What answer?"

Woman Suffrage.—The irrepressible woman is coming again to New York to talk about her rights, and the Chairman of the Executive Committee, Matilda Joslyn Gage, makes the announcement, found in another column, of the next national anniversary, to be beheld in this city, May 6th. We hope and confidently expect to see the largest assemblage of woman suffragists ever convened in this city, and we predict that a new impulse will be given to the movement.

"The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" through an agent, Loring Moody of Melrose, Mass., are seeking to secure the enactment of a law, prohibiting the seal fisheries. It seems as if such butchery must soon end in the extermination of the species and the end of a profitable business. The same may be said of the buffalo of the plains.

"IT IS COMMON!"

BY GRACE H. HORR.

So are the stars in the arching skies,
So are the smiles in the children's eyes;
Common the life-giving breath of the spring,
So are the songs which the wild birds sing.
Blessed be God, they are common.

Common the grass in its glowing green,
So is the water's glistening sheen;
Common the springs of love and mirth,
So are the precious gifts of earth.

Common the fragrance of rosy June,
So is the generous harvest-moon;
So are the towering, mighty hills,
So are the twittering, trickling rills.

Common the beautiful tints of the fall;
So is the sun, which is over all;
Common the rain, with its pattering feet—
So is the bread, which we daily eat:—
Blessed be God, it is common!

So is the sea, in his wild unrest—
Kissing for ever the earth's brown breast!
So is the voice of undying prayer,
Evermore piercing the ambient air!

So, unto all, are the "promises" given;
So, until all, is the hope of heaven;
Common the rest from the weary strife—
So is the life which is after life!
Blessed be God, it is common!

[*Note.*—If anything specified in these verses is *not* common. If it is denied, directly or indirectly, by man to his brother man, I think it is evident there is a mistake somewhere. Man, with all his boasted civilization and progress, cannot *very much* have improved on the original design of God. Yet, we well know hat there are good honest persons languishing for want of daily bread: nay, in some seasons, for want of air! What does it mean?—G. H.]

STORIES ABOUT DOGS.

THE following story about the great musical magician and his Fido, from the St. Louis *Democrat*, may have some foundation in fact; but we think that Ole Bull will not be pleased to have such questionable English put into his mouth by the reporters. Having enjoyed the excellent society and brilliant conversation of the great Norwegian, at our own fireside, we protest against the poor invention of this Western scribbler, who thinks he must make a gentleman growl and bark because he is telling a story of his dog. Ole Bull does not talk like an ignorant Dutchman, and that reporter deserves to be arrested for assault and battery.

Ole Bull's Dog.—Ole Bull, the great Norwegian violinist, has two pets which he loves passing well—his fiddle and his dog. The former is more useful than ornamental, and the latter is more ornamental than useful. The dog is a small white poodle covered with fleece as soft as Mary's little lamb. Yesterday morning as Ole Bull was walking along Fourth street, followed by his little dog, a squad of dog-catchers espied the canine, and noticing that Fido was not provided with a ticket of-leave from Collector Wright, in the shape of a three-dollar brass medal, they marked him as a foe worthy of their steel wire.

One of the boys, carrying a wire noose behind his back, slipped cautiously up to Fido, and with a dexterous turn of the wrist lassoed him. A distressing "yawp" from the dog attracted the attention of the musician, and looking around, he saw his favorite in the hand of the Philistines. Then ensued a scene at once ludicrous and tragical. Ole Bull exclaimed, "Mein Gott! vot you do wiz my little dog?"

"He ain't got no 'C. T. P.' on," replied the dog catcher, "and we's goin' to impound him."

"I vill pound you if you let him not go," said the fiddler, taking hold of the dog and freeing him from the noose. The dog ran for his life, the dog catchers pursued, half a dozen newsboys followed, and Ole Bull brought up the rear. The dog was now put to his trumps. Several times the catcher threw out his noose, which the dog cunningly dodged. Ole Bull was greatly agitated, and was no doubt angry enough to annihilate every dog catcher in the city. Being unable, however, to keep up with the chase, he resorted to strategy. Taking a position in an open door on Chestnut street, he whistled to the dog, and the sagacious animal ran in, and bounding up stairs, was soon safe from pursuit. Ole Bull then secured him, and the fiends of the dog pound were cheated out of a victim.

Conclusive Reasoning.—Some one relates a story of an Irish soldier, who being on guard at night, in Bermuda, killed a savage dog the property of the Adjutant of the regiment to which the private belonged. The animal was wont to prowl about the barracks at night, and was the terror of all who had occasion to be out on sentry duty. It will be seen that when called to account for slaying the brute, the native wit of the Irishman came to his relief, and found expression in his peculiar manner of putting the *argumentum a posteriori*.

One night the dog was the subject of conversation in the guard-room, and one of the soldiers, a native of the Emerald Isle, broke: "If that dog comes near on my post, I'll stick the bayonet in him." Sure enough he did; for in the morning "Nip" was found stark and stiff, with the ominous three-cornered ventilator made by the bayonet in his breast, through which his canine soul had fled.

There was a tremendous outcry, and Dennis, the murderer, soon found himself the inmate of a "prisoner's room." On his being brought before Col. H—, the offense was read over, and then the colonel, after hearing the evidence, asked the prisoner what he had to say for himself. "Well, sir, in the middle of the night, while on sentry, the dog came rushing toward me, snarling and showing his teeth, and I used my bayonet to defend myself." The adjutant here broke in with, "If the dog was rushing at you to bite you why did you not strike him with the butt of your piece?" "So I would, sir," said Denris, "had he run at me with his tail." The answer convulsed the colonel, and Dennis was ordered to return to duty at once."

How A Dog Reasoned and Suffered.—Here is a case of canine sagacity and self-sacrificing devotion to a helpless child, that eclipses the benevolent societies and discounts the humanity of nine-tenths of the human race:

"The Nashua (N. H.) *Telegraph* relates that not long since a Newfoundland dog belonging to a family was left for a few minutes in a room with an open grate, in which there was a child just old enough to creep. The child crept toward the fire, and the dog, who apparently saw and understood the danger, at once lay down between the child and the fire and remained there until the mother came to the rescue. The hair was burned from the dog's side.

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.

Give the Dogs their Due.—Respectable dogs are so much more reliable than many men in these degenerate days, that we think the superior species deserve promotion. Several dogs we know of are fairly entitled to compete for places of responsibility. Here is one who was assigned the important position of mail carrier, and he discharged the duty admirably. Let those whose business it is to look after the Civil Service Reform, ascertain the name of this dog and take his claims to a government appointment into consideration. His qualifications for a place that requires industry and integrity, are clearly enough demonstrated. On reflection we strongly incline to the opinion, that mail robberies would be much less frequent than now should the Department be pleased to give the contracts to the dogs.

Miss Mary Edith Peehy, a successful competitor for a prize at the chemistry course at Edinburg, has been denied her reward because she has not the good fortune to be a man. Shame!

Jeremiah Hacker formerly Editor of *The Portland Pleasure Boat*, is old and poor living at Berlin, Camden Co. N. J. He is a deserving pioneer of reforms, a veteran of progress. Help him now.

Prof. Huxley has been elected Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen by a considerable majority over the Marquis of Huntley—a result which the editor of the *Nature* regards as a satisfactory evidence of the estimation in which eminence in science is held by the younger minds in Scotland.

Editorial Correspondence.

THE PRESENT ERA;

COLORED SOLDIER'S BOUNTY, ETC.

I WAS just about to depart for Fortress Monroe, Norfolk, Portsmouth, and other lands historic; when the news reached me that the freedom of *The Present Age* had been invaded. I had hopes for the child at the first, but now I knew that its birth was prophetic; that its career would be important and eventful, else why this injunction to suppress the vigorous life just ushered into being? *The Golden Age* has given us a gratuitous advertisement worthy of our thanks—thrown a *lasso* at our heads, lest we should outstrip it at the first bound, and we are no longer an 'Age' but an *Era* in the world's history, sure to leave its impress on the *Golden Age*, or whatever age shall come after. Our mind is not only a hopeful one, but a legal one; and while we were reflecting upon what our next duty might be in this sudden turn of affairs, not having been *legally* consulted, a message came from Baltimore from two of the heirs of

THE CHASE MILLIONS,

asking us to bring our legal knowledge in ferreting out, settling up, and dividing the immense fortune in the Court of Chancery, in Lancashire, England, since 1848, but decided in 1865 by that Court to belong to the heirs of the Rev. Richard Chase, who settled in America in 1732, the father having previously visited the country under the auspices of Lord Baltimore, the proprietary governor of Maryland, coming with him in the same ship, the 'Fricton,' Clement Brook, Commander; and landing at Annapolis, Md. Afterward, in company with Lord Baltimore, he visited York, Va., and in a few days returned to Annapolis, where his two sons, Richard and Jeremiah Chase, settled some years later.

REV. RICHARD CHASE,

the ancestor, has a history at once romantic and interesting. A worthy commoner, and a young man of decided talent and address, he became enamored of Lady Margaret Frances Towneley, the youngest daughter of Sir Towneley, of Towneley Hall, Lancashire. This family was of noble blood, and allied to the Royal House, having descended from Charles the Second. Lady Margaret was surpassingly beautiful, and as amiable and gracious as beautiful, but with a true woman's will. Although opposed by her father and by Sir Wm. Halton, who had married the elder and only sister, she returned the affection of the rising young commoner, and consented to a private and somewhat clandestine marriage with him. It is the character of true love to overleap rank and difficulties. Accordingly, we find this marriage thus recorded.

"Margaret Frances Towneley was married to the Rev. Richard Chase, Sunday, Oct. 31st, 1714, by the Rev. Wm. Shaw, at his house, College Court, Westminster, in presence of Mrs. Shaw and Mr. Richard Lunn.

"It is by the issue of this marriage that the Towneley estate has descended to the Chase heirs, the wife of Sir Wm. Halton dying without issue. Of the two sons of Richard Chase, Jeremiah married Judith Dent, of Charles Co., Md., and died without issue. Richard married Catharine Stredwick, of Calvert Co,, Md.; settled in Baltimore, and died leaving a son, Jeremiah Townley Chase, and a daughter, Frances Halton Chase, who also died without issue. Thus three times has this ancient family been reduced to a single line. Jeremiah Townley Chase left five living descendents. Catharine died without heirs. Frances Townley Chase left three children, two of whom survive. Matilda married Thomas Chase, son of the signer of the Declaration of Independence, and died leaving three daughters. Richard Moale died leaving four sons and one daughter. Of these heirs, six live in and about Annapolis. But the oldest living descendant of Lady Margaret Frances Townley is the youngest daughter of Jeremiah Townley Chase,

HESTER ANN CHASE.

She is, perhaps, the most remarkable woman living, and the most important heir to the Townley estate. Of her previous history, or the romance of her life, I know nothing except the rumor that the breaking off of an engagement, by whose act I know not, in early womanhood, has caused her to live a spinster, until now she is verging on her 85th year. I mention her age that all young men or ambitious widowers may refrain from paying court to her with an eye to her immense fortune; for no one would dream by looking at or conversing with this plump, rosy-cheeked, well-preserved matron, presiding over her own business, that so many Summers had glided over her unwrinkled brow. She has well-preserved teeth, reads fine print, writes well and rapidly without glasses, walks without a cane or stoop in her figure, and during the Lenten Season, may be seen daily at Church, conning her prayer book, and taking an after walk with her two elegant nieces. Besides this recent fortune, she is possessed of $200,000 in her own right; much of it in real estate in Baltimore and Annapolis, and the balance in bank. Her mind is still clear and vigorous, and the traces of early beauty still linger on her cheek, as the sunlight of Autumn glimmers over the frost touched tree, making it the more beautiful.

OUR VISIT TO AUNT HESTER

was a pleasant one, and two busy, but dreamy days were spent in turning over the old family papers part of the time with her, and part of time with her two elegant nieces, the Misses Harwood. These papers and accounts run back for nearly 200 years, and the genealogy of the family, which Aunt Hester gave us from memory, is as perfect and unbroken as though each birth and death had been at the time recorded. The old family silver shown us bears the coat of arms of the Townley family, and came originally from the House of Lancashire. It is a shield with crest—a falcon standing on a serpent, or the ensignia of the Knight of the Garter; the while rose; a black girdle with three stars, and the motto, '*ne se de mah's.*' On the walls hang three old portraits in oil, painted by Sir Godfrey Weller, as far back as 1720. They are well-preserved, and the one of Lady Townley represents a beautiful woman caressing a royal spaniel. Miss Chase has an heir-loom in the shape of a gold snuff box, on the cover of which is a likeness of Sir Charles Townley set in diamonds—an exquisite piece of ancient art. Among the papers, the names of Lady Brown Fisher, grandmother to Lady Townley, and Lady Day, appear. We descended from baronial titles and the light of other days on the third day of our second pilgrimage to Annapolis, and commenced the investigation of the Colored Bounty Claims, under a recent act of Congress, as a

FEMALE CLAIM AGENT AND ATTORNEY,

Of course, the lawyers, the clerks and the judges of this staid town were all taken aback, and looked on in surprise, wondering what would happen next! We marshaled our colored band up to the clerk's desk to take the accustomed oath, and then ensued an hour's talk as to whether we could get the signature of the Clerk and the seal of the Court without first going to a magistrate or notary, the Clerk insisting that we *could not*, and we insisting that we *could*. Finally the Judge was called, and *he* demurred, until a lawyer of the male persuasion arrived, and declared that we were right. So the oaths were taken by the Judge, and with the usual gallantry of the Southern gentlemen, he declined the fees.

"The colored man, however, is as yet gregarious, and no sooner had one set disappeared than another appeared with his discharge in his pocket, desiring his bounty claim made out immediately. Set after set marched up to take the required oaths and make the usual signatures, until the day was spent, and the next day, and the next, until the third day arrived, and the cry was 'still they come,' and then came the pensioners who had failed to make their applications and claims against the Railroad Co., until we seriously thought of opening a law office in Annapolis; but then came the thoughts of THE PRESENT ERA and all that it will bring forth; the trips we have promised to take in its behalf; the Summer pilgrimages we mean to make; the beautiful in Nature we mean to see, and all the health-inspiring air we mean to breathe. So, just for a little season, we will make this matter of law the subject and not the object of our life. Yet this bounty engagement must be completed; the Chase millions secured though it cost several trips to England; THE PRESENT ERA reach to the remotest corners of the earth; after which, we shall ferret out all of the deep and as yet unfathomable mysteries of law; edit a new code for women, and die.

BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.

ANNAPOLIS, MD., April 9th, 1873.

For The Present Era.

A SHORT LAY SERMON UPON A MUSICAL SUBJECT.

BY J. S.

MUSIC, from the time when it crystallized into an art, has been founded (in its harmonic relations) upon consonant and dissonant chords. Originally, these terms meant agreeable and disagreeable. But as a positively *ugly* sound or combination of sounds is not permissable in the art, and the word *agreeable* has merely a relative significance in its broader sense, it became necessary, consequent upon a better understanding of the subject, to define them as meaning *repose* and *motion*. Though the *fact* of these two elements of a musical composition have ever remained constant, their theory has been modified as stated. For, no art can base itself upon, or, indeed, even contain an element of the purely ugly. The word dissonant, therefore, as meaning discord, can have no existence in music—neither the contrary or consonant as meaning purely beautiful, for they are relative facts, and assume significance from their contrast. Were it not so, the predominance of consonants would render a composition more beautiful; and the same in proportion to the absence of dissonants!

Nothing, however, can be truer than the new meaning of the terms. A pure sound or chord has no musical meaning. It is simply that and nothing more! The mind takes it as a starting point, and seeks a resting place. The intermediate steps are meaningless without reference to these goals; and the latter cannot be attained except by the aid of the former—in other words, the consonants are the resting places of the musical mind; giving one the delicious sense of perfect repose, and the dissonants as healthfully creating a desire for this rest.

Life in general, furnishes its analogy to this. The views concerning it have likewise changed similarly to the mooted one. Likening the moral, mental and physical world to a grand musical symphony, we find that its consonant and dissonant elements are daily construed in a different spirit. Where we observe cosmical and human activity as the incentive to repose; and, this, in its turn, evolving a sound stimulous for further exertion. Our forefathers saw the one as obeying or manifesting a Satanic agency; the other as the most perfect exponent of Divine desire. The consonants of life were interpreted as ugly, and to be avoided; the dissonants as supremely beautiful, and the most desirable. The concerns of religion were the objects only worth living for; all else was but devilish discords. The lethargic, "Thou shalt not," largely supplanted the busy and life-giving "Thou shalt."

Trust in God and a perfect faith in Him, has been inculcated as a more glorious element of the grand human symphony, than a constant strife toward self-development, and an intellectual appreciation of His mighty works, and thereby their Creator.

CHICAGO, April, 1873.

WOMANS REAL NEEDS.

MISS EMILY FAITHFUL.

THIS well known able and earnest advocate of the Woman's Suffrage Movement in England, was most cordially welcomed in New York, soon after her arrival in October last. Since that time she has visited various parts of the country and addressed large and intelligent audiences in several of our larger cities. She has been received with marked favor, and her work has not been in vain. Her eminent social position, has enabled her to reach a class who have heretofore given little or no attention to the necessity and importance of this movement.

Thursday afternoon three weeks ago, a large audience convened in Steinway Hall, of this city to listen to her farewell words. The Woman Question was the subject and she discoursed most eloquently on the "Elements of Woman's true progress." The platform was occupied by members of Sorosis, and by many friends of the movement for the advance of women. The Rev. Dr. Bellows opened the exercises. He spoke briefly of Miss Faithful's services, and alluded to the presence on the platform of Lucretia J. Mott. She thereupon arose, and expressed her unwillingness to take up time which properly belonged to Miss Faithful, whose persistent and noble efforts in a good work deserved the tribute of the presence of so large a number to express regard and respect. In every effort to advance woman, and to open abundant avenues for her progress, she had accomplished much. Mrs. Mott proceeded with reminiscences of the earlier days of the movement for woman's rights. Miss Faithfull, on rising, was greeted with an earnest welcome, and for an hour thereafter claimed the strict attention of her hearers, whose approval was shown by frequent ripples of applause.

When she reached America, in October last, she had not expected to find it so very hard to say farewell in the following April. From the moment of landing she had been the recipient of the kindliest hospitality, and now that the time had come to sever the ties which, manifold and strong, bound her to America and Americans she felt too much regret to trust herself to give expression to her emotions and gladly recalled the object of the meeting. The subject on which she was to speak had received unmerited abuse, and its agitators had been charged with trying to set women against men. The movement truly arises from the deepest sympathy with men, with their noblest efforts and best aspirations. It is a war of principles, and in it men and women are equally interested. There are three great subjects at present exciting England; first, the Relations of Labor to Capital; second, Pauperism; third, the Woman Question. The last, taken in its broadest sense, was to be the theme of the speaker's utterance on this occasion. She would not appeal to chivalry and compassion, but to justice and good sense.

In England there are now nearly 3,000,000 women dependent on their own exertions. To tell such as these that woman's proper sphere is home is mockery, for they are forced from their homes to get bread. Though many a barrier to woman's earning a livelihood had been broken down, there are still terrible difficulties in finding employment for women especially onerous is the effort in the case of those of fallen fortunes, members of the genteel classes. To relieve such Miss Faithful had founded a "Fund for Destitute Gentlewomen," to which she would devote the proceeds of the lecture. True it is that young men now find it hard to get suitable work; they often have to go West. But there is no analogy among them to the wholesale yearly destruction of consciences, bodies, and souls among women—destruction too often brought by destitution. How can tender-hearted people fold their hands while so many of their sisters are driven to the gates of hell by want of bread? Statements are published that capable women, willing to work, can get employment at good wages. Good, steady, skilled labor is wanted in just those departments where women have not gained position. The unremitting, earnest application required to acquire skill in these departments, is hard for women to go through. In them, love of work for its own sake is no more inherent than in men. Moreover, women are always looking for the appearance of the possible emancipator. Men have nothing but their work to look to for dependence. The greatest evil of all is the lack of the right early training, and for this the family, the parents, society in general, must be impeached. Society casts a stigma on women who earn their own livelihood, and parents pray that their daughters may never be brought so low. As to education, a girl's training stops just where the main part of a boy's begins. Men are allowed full opportunity to devote themselves to their chosen work, and are not diverted by social demands. Women are at the beck and call of everybody, as it were, and have so many society duties, so many distracting little trifles to attend to, that the wonder is not that there has not been a female Shakespeare, Raphael, Newton, but that women have done so much.

The problem, what we shall do with our redundant women in England, is answered by some philosophers by proposing emigration and marriage. But emigration has already been largly tried, and Scotch, English, and Irish women have been sent to Australia and America in great numbers without much diminishing the gravity of the problem; while as for marriage, there is yet to be found the women to say "No" when the right man appears. As long as the number of woman in Great Britain exceeds that of the men by six per cent, marriage will not wholly do away with the difficulty unless Mormonism is tried. True marriage is the crown and glory of a woman's life; but it must be founded on love, and not on the desire of a home or of support, while nothing can be more deplorable, debasing, and corrupting than the loveless marriages brought about in our upper society by a craving ambition and a longing for a good settlement. Loveless marriages and a different standard of morality for men and women are the curses of modern society. The dignity of labor is not yet properly appreciated. We agree that work is honorable in a man, but are not yet convinced that idleness is dishonorable in a woman. A contempt for work is at the bottom of the mind of a fashionable young lady. Frivolity is so general that it is surprising that so much good survives in spite of neglect. So long as we frown down and sneer at the efforts to enlarge woman's sphere we are encouraging frivolity and idleness in women. We hear the interests and rights of woman spoken of as if these could be separated from those of men, as if men and women were creatures of different kind. A most common and mischievous error is that which would make woman the mere shadow and attendant of her lord as if a shadow could be a true helpmeet. We have long heard that man's

sphere is the world; woman's is home. But women have a part in the world too, while men are not ciphers in the home circle. The speaker protested against setting up an ideal standard and recognizing no womanliness but such as conformed to that standard. The material need of opening fresh avenues to woman is obvious; the moral necessity is also of the utmost importance. Women must have such occupations as will give them true and genuine sympathies with their fathers and husbands, who are toiling day by day for their support, while the women dependent on them are wearying out the hours trying to kill time. In this way a wide gulf, constantly expanding, is opened between men and women.

The speaker then inveighed against the undue extravagance of dress which so demoralizes upper society, but thought that reform was in the power of the men who supply the means for this extravagance and admire the effect. In considering the admission of women to suffrage, she thought that politics and electioneering might be elevated and purified for their participation. She recounted a conversation with Horace Greeley, "one," she said, "who must always be held in respect and veneration by the whole country." In answer to his inquiry as to the reasons English women had for wishing a part in politics, she stated that they had reason to complain of three great hardships: First, the great educational endowments left by their ancestors for the use of both sexes are confined to the benefit of boys. Thus, Christ's Hospital in London yearly educates 1,200 boys, and only 26 girls. Second, the property of married women is under the husband's control. Third (and hardest of all) landlords will not have women tenants because they want voters. Miss Faithful proceeded to discuss the arguments for and against woman suffrage at considerable length, and closed her address by showing the imperative need of woman's aid in the reform of prisoners, in the improvement of the criminal classes, in lessening the evils of the factories, where young children are overworked, and finally and chiefly in the formation of such a public sentiment as will, welcome every effort for the good of man and woman, and will oppose that worship of mammon which now holds such universal sway.

The Rev. Dr. Bellows closed the exercises with a graceful eulogy of Miss Faithfull's course in England and America, and in behalf of the audience, uttered a most fervent wish for her safe and pleasant voyage; a wish which he said, in view of recent terrible calamities, has much significance.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE ANNIVERSARY.

NATIONAL WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

THE Twenty-Fifth Woman Suffrage Anniver- will be held in Robinson Hall, Sixteenth street, New York, Tuesday, May 6th, 1873.

Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who called the first Woman's Rights Convention at Seneca Falls, 1848, will be present to give their reminiscenses. That Convention was scarcely mentioned by the local press; now, over the whole world, equality for woman is demanded. In the United States, Woman Suffrage is the chief political question of the hour. Great Britain is deeply agitated upon the same topic; Germany has a Princess at the head of its National Woman's Rights Organization. Portugal, Spain, and Russia have been roused. In Rome an immense meeting composed of the representatives of Italian democracy, was recently called in the old Coliseum; one of its resolutions demanded a reform in the laws relating to woman and a re-establishment of her natural rights.

Turkey, France, England, Switzerland, Italy sustain papers devoted to woman's enfranchisement. A Grand International Woman's Rights Congress is to be held in Paris in September of this year, to which the whole world is invited to send delegates, and this Congress is to be under the management of the most renowned liberals of Europe. Come up, then, friends, and celebrate the Silver Wedding of the Woman's Suffrage Movement. Let our Twenty-Fifth Anniversary be one of power; our reform is everywhere advancing. Let us redouble our energies and our courage.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Pres.
MATILDA JOSLIN GAGE, Ch'n Ex. Com.

Many of the following may be expected to speak, and perhaps persons from abroad.

Lucretia Mott, Pa., Sarah R. T. Williams, Ohio, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, N. J. Catherine F. Stebbins, Mich. Mathilda Anneke, Wis., Paulina W. Davis, R. I., Rev. Olympia Brown, Ct., Mrs W. F, Channing, R. I., A. J. Duniway, Oregon, Mrs. E. W. Willard, Vt., Sarah E. Vibbert, Mass., Mary Godbe, Utah, Laura De Force Gordon, Cal., Marthat C. Wright, N. Y., Belva A. Lockwood, D. C., Laura Curtis Bullard, N. Y. Elizabeth A. Merriweather, Tenn. Helen M. Bernard, D. C. Lavina, C. Dundore, Md., Lucy A. Snowe. Me., Izabella Beecher, Hooker, Ct., Sarah Pugh, Pa., Catharine V. Waite, Ill., Maria Mott Davis, Pa., Charlotte B. Wilbour, N. Y., Ellen Sargent, Cal., Phebe Cozens, Mo., Clara Nieman, N. Y. Emily Pitts Stevens, Cal., Elizabeth S. Bladen, Pa. L. Devereuz Blake, N. Y. Lucinda Chandler, Pa., Mary F. Thomas, Ind., Jane Graham Jones, Ill. Methilde F. Wendt. Mary F. Davis, Ill.

For the Present Era.

THE GUEST CHAMBER.

BY LUCY A. MILLINGTON.

IN this low and dusky chamber,
Spirits wander to and fro,
Who have met with loving welcome,
In the old time, long ago.

I remember blue-eyed maiden
With a forehead white, and fair,
As the young moon, softly shining,
Through her golden clouds of hair.

Gray old man, and youthful lover
Looked with smiles of tender pride,
On the gentle, tearful daughter,
On the happy, beaming bride.

Where she sat beside her father,
Silent oft I sit and dream,
Till before me bright and real,
All the shadowy past doth seem.

Checkered by the clustering vine-leaves
Moonlight sleepeth on the floor;
Light and song and cheerful voices,
Ringing through the open door.

Out into the world of shadows
All those sounds of gladness flow,
Had the gloom no voice to whisper,
Whisper of the coming woe?

With the morning o'er the threshold
Pass the lover and the bride.
All our household angels bless them,
While the doors they open wide.

Every morn I watch the sunlight
Brightening o'er the ocean plain,
Till their white-winged ship seems flying,
Down a path of light again.

Over ocean's foamy brightness,
Rosy flushes come and go,
Like the opening gates of Heaven,
Seem the cloud shapes, all aglow.

Golden glories stretch and brighten
Far into the misty west;
While the sun uplifts his forehead,
From the ocean's heaving breast.

They who walk upon the waters,
And go down to sea in ships,
Hear strange voices ever speaking,
From the waves, with trembling lips.

From the sky, and from the water,
Voices speaking, evermore;
Mind them of a breeze in summer,
Of a pebbled river's shore,

Where cool waters sweetly singing
Under green-roofed temples flow,
While the breath of blooming meadows
Through their lofty arches blow.

But earth hath no sound to liken
Unto ocean's ceaseless moan,
Or the wind that wildly rageth
O'er the darkening waves, alone.

When both wind and wave awaken
Echoes from the starless sky,
Thunder upon thunder waileth,
And the sounding deeps reply.

What is man who calmly smileth
While deep calleth unto deep,
That his soul, o'er pain and terror
Its divine resolve should keep.

All men's hearts are like that flower
Whose bright face still courts the sun;
Hope and joy still greet the morning,
Gladness for the day begun.

But when crimson glories gather
Round the cloudy pillared west,
Memories brighten, thoughts of kindness,
Seek like birds some far-off nest.

Fluttering through the gathering twilight,
Stirring as they swiftly pass,
Orchard blooms and drooping vine-leaves,
And the tender blades of grass.

Seeing lights on well-known hearth-stones
Forms that in the fire-light show,
Hearing footsteps, hearing voices,
While they wander to and fro.

All the angel eyes of heaven
Looked upon the gentle bride,
While with face still turning westward
Leaning o'er the vessel's side.

Her sweet soul drank in the beauty
Of the rosy clouded sky,
And the purple tinted shadows
That each moment seemed more nigh.

"Beautiful are ocean's changes,"
Said a voice beside her then
"Over all this earth of ours
Where are found the homes of men

I have wandered, slowly conning,
All their scenes of beauty o'er,
But my soul was dull and cheerless
Till I stood on ocean's shore."

He was one whom storms had beaten
Into strength of heart, and limb,
And with eyes of eagle fierceness,
That no burning suns could dim.

Beard and hair were bleached to whiteness
By the frosts of care and age,
And his broad high brow was lined,
Like a smoothly written page.

Yet his voice was clear and ringing,
With a strange mysterious tone,
As with saddening remembrance,
Of some sorrow he had known.

"Twice," he said, "my ship has stranded
On a bleak and desert shore,
Twice among the fragrant spice isles
I have heard the breakers roar.

While the wind that shred the palm leaves
Tore my close reefed sails away,
Tossed me like a bubble over
Where the reefs of coral lay.

Yet my soul was never stricken
With a grim and ghastly fear,
While I grappled with the real,
Or beheld the danger near.

Years ago, with gold and palm oil,
I had left the Gambian coast,
When there came a wild tornado,
And our ship was well-nigh lost.

Unto that a calm succeeded
Stiller than the noon of death.
There was neither pulse in ocean,
Or in air a trembling breath.

It was like their scorching deserts
Where the quivering sunbeams fall,
On the faint, unsheltered traveler,
Like a fiercely flaming pall.

Broken spars, and shreds of cordage
Floated with us day by day,
And two white sharks close beside us,
Watched, and waited for their prey.

Like a quenched torch, each sunset
In the ocean seemed to die;
While the moon, her blood-red banner,
Trailed across a starless sky.

Ere the desert wolf had wakened
Travelers with her morning wail,
All our silent ship seemed shrouded
By a dim and misty veil.

Thick, and fast, it gathered round us,
Whiter than the arctic snow,
But its touch was like the simoon
That o'er burning sands doth blow.

From its deeps we heard strange voices
Sounds as of some vessel near,
And our bravest hearts were shaken
With a thrill of sudden fear.

There were footsteps as of watchers,
Murmured words of seeming prayer,
Moans, as of the faint and dying,
Shrieks of passionate despair.

O'er those cries, whose wild despairing
Told of fever crazed brains,
O'er the heavy tread of watchers
Rose the fiercer clank of chains.

When the vapors round us brightened
With the light of coming day,
Other voices heard we speaking
Words of wildest blasphemy.

Then with trembling lips we numbered
How death wrought with them o'er night
When their dead, they slowly buried
In the ocean, out of sight.

Many times two score had parted
Underneath that spectral veil,
That before the sun dissolved,
As the stars at morning pale.

Oft with eye and glass we questioned
Of the earth and of the sky,
"Where among your burning shadow,
Doth this fearful stranger lie."

Never bleaching sail, or pennon,
Saw we with the sun haze dim,
Or the slender topmast cutting,
'Gainst the near horizon's rim.

But each night we heard those voices
When the vapors round us fell,
Like the sound of souls in torment,
Coming to us out of hell.

When our faintest hopes had perished
And our souls were nigh to death,
God, who had in wrath or mercy
Stayed the breezes freshening breath.

Veiled with clouds the burning heavens
Fanned us with a pleasant gale,
That like new wine, blest and cheered us,
While we watched the filling sail.

O'er the green and stagnant ocean
Rolled the widening rifts of foam,
And our ship like bird long caged
Spread her yearning wings for home.

Mrs. Cobbe, an English female adept in mental philosophy, has lately published long and well written articles in two London magazines, in which she contends that dogs as well as men have immortal souls.

A special edict tolerating Christianity throughout Japan has been promulgated, and it is determined to throw the whole country open to foreigners. The Government is endeavoring to form a code based upon the European systems.

TO LOVERS OF PURITY,

EVERYWHERE.

"Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?"
"Can an evil tree bring forth good fruit, or a corrupt fountain send forth pure waters?"

THE continued increase in the number of criminals, lunatics, paupers, epileptics, deformed persons, and helpless, wretched human beings, from all classes of society; the increasing tendency to sensuality, as evinced by the dress and literature of the times, and the frequent cases of seduction, suicide, abortion, infanticide, mortality of infants—all of these accumulated horrors unite to demand of us, as American women, a thorough investigation of the causes of these fearful disorders, and a fearless application of whatever remedies lie within our reach.

We therefore submit the following propositions, held to be true by many noble, philanthropic minds, and ask for them the candid, dispassionate consideration of all lovers of humanity.

1. That according to Divine order, every person should experience a conscious delight in *living*, and in performing the uses of life; but that the race, by a long course of selfish, sensual, devitalizing indulgence, has lost zest in, and relish for, the daily blessings and use of a pure life.

2 That the act by which a human soul is called into existence *is a creative act*, designed by the Infinite Creator to people earth and heaven with pure, happy human beings, each soul to be the sublimated essence of the best qualities and happiest conditions of its parents; and that the earthly agents of our Heavenly Father have no right to degrade this high and holy use to low and selfish purposes.

3. That through ignorance and selfishness the human family have perverted this exalted office to merely sensual indulgence, resulting in a diseased, abnormal condition, which physicians and the world in general call "*normal* appetite," "natural propensity," "physical necessity," and, more deplorable still, resulting in a constant and frightful increase of vicious, depraved, and diseased human beings, doomed to infamy and suffering by the sins of their parents before they were born, according to the inexorable law, "the fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth shall grind."

4. That thus, through the degradation of a holy sacrament, the earth is filled with violence and crime, and the regions of despair with lost human souls.

5. That men themselves need all the vital force which is not demanded for parentage to enable them to perform the mighty material, intellectual, and moral labors to which, as sons of the Most High, they are called; and by wasting their powers in enervating indulgence they sacrifice vigor, health, happiness, and the most glorious possibilities of manhood, here and hereafter.

6. That the present condition of the human race imperatively demands the active exercise of the refining, elevating, spiritualizing power of pure womanhood, to eradicate moral poison, restore spiritual and physical health, and thus to lead humanity to a higher plane of thought and feeling and to richer fountains of perennial joy.

7. That what the world needs is not a mere increase of population, but an improvement in quality, and that any attempt at reformation in the lives and condition of the masses which ignores these vital principles, and neglects to provide proper education on these subjects, must fail to produce tangible or permanent results.

8. That while, under painful and adverse circumstances, Woman has demonstrated herself capable of performing a large share of the material, intellectual, social, moral, and spiritual work of the world, yet, far above all other duties and offices, she is especially created, and appointed and consecrated.

MOTHER OF THE HUMAN RACE.

9. That the one who suffers all the agony, even unto death that attends the earthly advent of a human soul, who nourishes the body with her own life-blood, and guides the little one through the sufferings and perils of infancy, should, by every law of reason and justice, decide, not from entreaty or compulsion, but from her own divine, motherly intuitions, when she is ready for the grand self-renunciation of true motherhood.

10. That the holy office of parentage should be only assumed when the husband and wife *truly love each other*, and fervently wish for a pure, heaven-endowed child, whom they can rear for noble uses on earth, and a full, rich, angelic life hereafter.

11. That while the mother's body is the temple of a possible angel, sacred duty to her unborn child should take precedence of all other duties.

12. That suffering herself to be degraded, while in that holy state, for merely sensual purposes, is a crime against the human race, a sin against her own soul and against the Holy Spirit.

13. That wives, who are kept in a perpetual state of torturing anxiety lest they have incurred probable motherhood under unfavorable circumstances, are deprived of the prime conditions of conjugal happiness and glad, successful maternity—security, and peace.

14. That the mutual tenderness, devotion forbearance and love that rendered the period of

courtship an ever-remembered season of delight—when the presence, voice, smile, or even glance of the beloved one exceeded all other joys, are made an utter wreck to marriage by rendering the communion, which should be for a high and holy use, common and unclean.

15. That if each woman would claim and hold complete ownership of her own body, preserving herself pure from every merely sensual thought or approach; permitting herself to incur the risk of motherhood only when all the conditions are favorable for a wise parentage and a pure offspring, there would soon be scarcely a crime left on the calendar, and the serpent Sensuality, with "bruised head," would flee from the Eden of the human race.

We appeal to all lovers of Purity, Peace, and Order to aid us by counsel, suggestion, or co-operation, in our work of social purification and reform.

All communications may be addressed to either the

President or Secretary of Woman,s Club,
Box No. 9. P. O., Washington, D. C.

The real name and address of the correspondent who desires to aid us must be given to insure reply.

We cheerfully yield to the request to publish the above in our columns, confident that the sentiments will meet a favorable response from the great majority of the readers of the PRESENT ERA. EDITORS.

COOPERATION IN KANSAS.—The cooperative movement in Kansas, started about four years ago by E. V. Boissiere and E. P. Grant, seems to be prospering. The culture and manufacture of silk is to be one of the principal industries of this Association, and accordingly their domain, comprising more than three thousand acres, has taken the name of Silkville. A silk factory is already in operation and ten thousand mulberry trees have had three years of thrifty growth. Two hundred and fifty acres of this immense farm have been brought under cultivation, and now the projectors of the enterprise announce themselves as ready to receive associates to carry into effect its original purposes. The Association is to be formed on Fourier's plan of the combined Household." A building large enough to accommodate from eighty to one hundred persons, will be erected the coming season. Each person admitted will be required to deposit one hundred dollars.

QUESTIONS THAT ANSWER THEMSELVES.—Is not a lady she who illustrates a fine and strong character by thoughtful culture and gracious manners? What matters it whether she be rich or poor? What matters it whether she work for pay, or simply because by reason of her ladyhood she must abhor laziness? A man who lives on relatives or friends to whom be is a burden, forfeits the name of a gentleman. Work is his patent of gentility. Why should a woman in that plight be hindered from honorable toil? This moral ligature that witholds our girls of so-called position from manual labor is more cruel and mischievous than any French corset or Chinese slipper that ever maimed or tortured.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A QUESTION.—Should the President (male) of a female college kiss the students? The Rev. Dr. Munsell, President of the Illinois Wesleyan University, has been brought before the Trustees upon a charge of "paternally kissing the young ladies." The Trustees report that they "regard the course of Dr. Munsell in kissing *different* young ladies unwise and improper," from which we infer that the salutes would have been perfectly wise and proper if the doctor had confined himself to one young lady. But the Trustees say that the kissing was always "in the presence of third parties, so that there could have been no improper intent." This is mild; but the Doctor is huffy about the matter, and has resigned the President's chair.

REVOLUTION AT "THE HUB."—The experiment of opening the reading room of the Public Library in Boston, inaugurated after a long struggle, on Sunday has had several trials, and the result has thus far fulfilled all the promises and predictions made by those who advocated the scheme. Still it cannot be said to have had a fair test, as yet, inasmuch as sufficient time has not elapsed to distinguish between those who seek to be benefited and those who go from the inspiration of curiosity or novelty. This will be definitely determined, however, in a few more weeks, and will be recorded and made known in the interesting statistics which always form an agreeable and valuable feature of the regular reports o Superintendent Winsor.

If the ratio of increase in the attendance continues, the entire floor will hardly afford sitting room, and some plan may have to be devised for accommodating boys and girls. The officers are heartily pleased with the result so far, and the prediction is ventured that another year will see the library itself opened.

It is a question now agitated among cellar connoisseurs whether ruby wine and topaz sherry should not be classed with mineral waters.

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The second number of this unique publication is now ready. The first number ran through three editions, and the repeated calls for a second number would long ere this have been gratified but for the pressing business pre-occupations of the Editor.

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The Present Era.

New York, Wednesday, April 30, 1873.

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ANOTHER NEW LIGHTHOUSE.

WE are sure it will interest our readers here and elsewhere to know that ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS & Co. have established a Publishing House and Bookstore, at No. 24 East Fourth Street, in this city, where all Books and Periodicals that illustrate the principles of Universal progress will be kept and sold at publisher's prices. Mr. Davis is not too early in recognizing a growing public necessity, and we trust the people will not be too late in a suitable practical recognition of his enterprise.

In making this announcement we would not leave room for the inference that this is a complimentary invitation to that class of beggars who desire to advance every liberal cause,—always at the expense of somebody else. Those who want to see Libraries founded, or would aid young Societies, build up the fortunes of poor Newsdealers, and supply irrepressible Peddlers with a stock in trade, should assume the responsibility themselves —buy the books for cash and trust those whom they would assist—instead of acting as brokers in obtaining donations, perhaps for the "usual commission." Mr. Davis will doubtless be surprised when he reads these suggestions; but we know how it is ourselves. When the writer of this was in the Book business, some years ago, he could easily have given away $100,000 worth of books in a year —to his friends of course. One man (he said he was a friend), came from the far West, a distance of two thousand miles, to get us to give him a Printing press, type, fixtures etc., to the value of more than we were worth in the world—all too for "the benefit of the cause," and to enable an ignorant, conceited vagabond to mount his hobby with whip and spurs and ride—to some place, we cannot say where.

Among the suffering virtues great forbearance, under extreme provocation, is very rare; but Mr. Davis possesses this in a degree that has often surprised us. If he should relate his experience it would show that he has been through a long course of topical bleeding; that he has had ample opportunity to study the habits of leeches, has seen a vampire or two in his time, and is not at present in need of any further depletion. This is our diagnosis of his case, for which no charge is made. It is given for the information of numerous professed friends, and to save the object of their friendship from that species of martyrdom whose patient victims are only too numerous to admit of their being illustrous.

If any one should feel any anxiety about the condition of Bro. Davis after what he has been through—not forgetting the loss of all that remained of the former Editions of his books, in the fiery ordeal that tried Boston—we may say that he still looks well and is undismayed. He has also issued new, uniform, and very beautiful Library Editions of all his works, which are now more voluminous than those of any spiritual writer since Swedenborg. It should also be borne in mind, that the new Publishing House can furnish all valuable American and Foreign Books at the lowest market prices.

Having given our diagnosis of the case under treatment it only remains for us to *prescribe*, and this we do at the risk of being impertinent, since we have not been professionally employed. After looking over this case and finding that Mr. Davis has great natural vitality, we conclude that what he most needs is that kind of co-operation among his friends that furnishes the "visible means of support," which we trust he will soon realize in a liberal patronage. Babies and other new enterprises need to be fed often until they cut their eye teeth and can run alone. Tonics and stimulants will be useful, in the shape of large orders for Books—always including BRITTAN'S QUARTERLY JOURNAL, and THE PRESENT ERA—cash drafts, payable to the order of A. J. D., and strengthening plasters in the shape of greenbacks. We believe this is good treatment enough for any man, since we have never known it to fail. As a proof of our sincerity, we are willing to take our own prescription; and if any man doubts let him put us to the trial.

Friends in New York and vicinity—Instead of going to some great Behemoth of the Book trade on Broadway or Cliff street, just step in at No. 24 East Fourth street, pay your money and take your choice of all the elegant and substantial books necessary, either to adorn your tables, to fill the vacant shelves in the library, or to furnish and illuminate the upper stories that are yet empty, and dark.

THE MODOC MASSACRE.

THE horrors of the Modoc Massacre has for the past ten days, afforded a sensation for the daily press, and a fine opportunity is afforded for condemning the Peace policy of the Administration toward the Indians. We have seen much in the administration of Gen. Grant to condemn, but we have felt confident of his good intentions towards the Indians, and were sorrowfully surprised last week to see the following announcement in the morning papers:

"General Sherman, in his army order to General Gillem, touching the murder of General Canby, says 'the President authorizes me to instruct you to make the attack (on Captain Jack and his band) so strong and persistent that their fate may be commensurate with their crime,' and that 'you will be fully justified in their utter extermination.' In his despatch to General Schofield, commanding the Military Division of the Pacific, General Sherman says, 'the President now sanctions the most severe punishment of the Modocs, and I hope to hear they have met the doom they have so richly earned by their insolence and perfidy.'"

We have seen no contradiction of this order, characteristic of barbaric ages, and unworthy the Chief Magistrate of an enlightened nation. For this murderous act the perpetrators, and they alone, should be punished. Not even members of the tribe not directly implicated. The spirit manifested by the *New York Herald* and a large part of the press throughout the country, calling for the extermination of the tribe, and a change from a peace to a war policy with all the Indian tribes, is not only wicked but perfectly diabolical. That these ignorant savages, under the excitement of the moment, will be terribly punished, perhaps annihilated, we have no reason to doubt, but, by and by, the sober second thought will come, and then we shall present the other side of the question. Not until the nation recognize these people as its wards and deals with them accordingly, will they be justly treated. We have carefully read Secretary Delano's instructions to the Peace commission. In reference to the removal of the Indians from the reservation they claim, the language is clearly against removal, *except with their consent.*

LATER.

Since writing the above, later intelligence from the scene of strife gives information of the escape of most of the tribe. The disgraceful part remains to be told, but we cannot darken our pages with the horrible detail of acts perpetrated by United States troops, apparently with the sanction of Army officers in command—acts that would disgrace savages, and for which we have no language to express our detestation and horror. Our humiliation is greater when we consider that these crimes were committed by the soldiers of a nation claiming to be the most civilized and Christian on the face of the earth. The so called friendly Indians were permitted to scalp and horribly mutilate the wounded and dead bodies of the Modocs; and several days after the battle white soldiers killed indiscriminately all the wounded of the enemy. We doubt not a due proportion of Christian (?) chaplains, are with the troops, professed ministers of him whose birth is said to have been heralded by angels, proclaiming "PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN."

ANNOUNCEMENT.

WITH the present number, I close my connection with the editorial department of THE PRESENT ERA. Circumstances satisfactory to myself justify this voluntary withdrawal. I desire to say in this connection, that I have not taken this step because of any inharmony with Prof. Brittan, with whom my relations have been pleasant indeed. THE PRESENT ERA is worthy the cause it represents, and should be liberally aided by Spiritualists and Liberalists. It will be sustained if these classes realize the importance of such a journal in the contest surely at hand in this country, between church despotism and religious freedom. May the right prevail.

D. MORTON FOX.

WM. H. SEWARD.

MEMORIAL services in honor of one of our nation's greatest statesmen, Wm. H. Seward, were held at Albany last week. The exercises were appropriately conducted under the auspices and by authority of the State Government. Charles Francis Adams was the orator, and delivered an address on the occasion, worthy the distinguished citizen eulogized, the nation, and himself. The selection of Mr. Adams to discharge this duty was particularly appropriate, as will appear by the remarks made by Gov. Dix on introducing the speaker:

"A quarter of a century ago, this very month, and within these walls, William H. Seward delivered a memorial discourse on the character and public services of John Quincy Adams, and to-day the son of Mr. Adams is here to pronounce a similar discourse on Mr. Seward. Thus, with these two kindred ceremonies, are associated the names of three eminent statesmen who have shared largely in the confidence and respect of their countrymen, and who, by their distinguished talents and the purity of their lives, have contributed largely to their country's welfare and reputation. I present to you the Hon. Charles Francis Adams.

Mr. Adams then stepped forward, and in a voice, low, but well modulated and distinct, began the delivery of his tribute to Wm. H. Seward. The opening sentences in which he spoke of his own relation to the day's event and to its subject, and referred to the fact that Mr. Seward was the eulogist to his illustrious father this day twenty-five years ago, were delivered with marked tenderness of feeling, and impressed the audience with the fact that his heart, as well as the best gifts of his mind, was fully enlisted in the task he had set before him. He then proceeded to give an interesting review of the political history of the country with which Mr. Seward was so intimately identified, following him through his active career in State and national affairs, touching, meantime, upon some of the secret springs which guided campaigns and influenced public events, and referring with delicacy and judgment to the prominent events in the life of Mr. Seward, giving, in doing so, a kaleidoscopic picture of the past of rare beauty and singular completeness.

FACTS AND RELATIONS.—It is not so important to learn facts as to learn to observe and to think. Here is room for improvement. Facts don't stick, unaccompanied by *relations;* the latter are so many hooks which adhere to the memory; the former, alone, are so many rolling stones on a declivity, unless fastened by means of their relations. "Cosmos" is a vitally scientific book because it enters into *relations*, while many books of great pretension are mere catalogues, and poor ones at that, because relations are not perceived or not explained by the writers.

EDUCATE ARIGHT.—Those interested in the success of Lyceums, should read Herbert Spencer's "*Education, Intellectual, Moral, and Physical,*" and *act* upon it with the least possible delay. We must educate aright not only *our* children, but those of others, unless we desire to do over again all that has been done for the last twenty-five years. Our ecclesiastical opponents know and *act* upon the knowledge that the only way to continue their hold on the people is to *catch them when young.* Let not the children of the world continue to be wiser in their generation than the children of light.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY is likely to prove too much for the United States District Attorney at Rochester. "Is it a crime for a United States citizen to vote?" is what she is asking of the people of every town and village in Monroe county, and the District Attorney wrathfully asserts that, as he will be unable to get an impartial jury for her trial on May 13th, he must move Susan's case into another county. Susan courts the change. She will continue stumping until the official himself is a convert. The arrest of Miss Anthony and her trial may possibly prove in its influence and results as powerful an auxiliary to the Woman Suffrage movement, and hasten its consummation as did the celebrated Dred Scott decision the solution of the American Slavery question. "So be it."

PERSONAL.

J. L. MANSFIELD.—We announce with pleasure the fact just communicated to us by letter from Prof. E. Whipple, that Mr. Mansfield will soon enter the lecture field. *The Present Age*, when published in Chicago, was favored with several communications from his pen. One, a poem entitled "The Unfaithful Soul," will be remembered by all readers. We cannot do better than to let Prof. Whipple be heard as follows:

MESSRS. EDITORS: I wish to say to the readers of THE PRESENT ERA, that our brother J. L. Mansfield, of Sharon Center, Ohio, will soon take the field as a lecturer. Brother Mansfield is known in Ohio as an able lecturer on Spiritualism, Temperance, and especially as an effective speaker in political campaigns. He combines masculine strength with genuine sympathy and earnestness for reform. His mediumistic experiences have been fraught with singular interest. Five years since he had a series of wonderful visions regarding an impending religious and social revolution, and received directions regarding the establishment of an industrial school. His partners in business alleged he was crazy, got him into the Asylum at Utica, N. Y., and through the connivance of physicians and bigots, obtained control of his business, and stripped him of his property. While in the Asylum, he was an "elephant" on their hands. His influence developed new symptoms every day, which baffled the diagnosis of the physicians, and so he was taken from ward to ward, in each of which he suffered in person, and became an eye-witness to the monstrous abuses practiced there. It is his intention now to unmask those abuses, and he will take the field on that line. I have known him intimately the last five years, and cordially recommend him to the favorable consideration and hearty support of all Spiritualists and Liberalists throughout the country.

E. WHIPPLE.

MISS NETTIE M. PEASE has been speaking to large audiences in Paterson, N. J., for some time past. Last Sunday in Vineland, from which place she returns to Paterson, where the interest has so increased that the largest Hall in the city has been engaged.

PROF. E. WHIPPLE.—From a private letter received from Worcester, Mass., we learn that the audiences are unusually large, and the lectures eloquent, scientific, and deeply interesting. Prof. Whipple is well received, as we doubt not he will be throughout the Eastern States on this his first visit. Prof. W. has been re-engaged in Worcester for the first two Sundays of May.

MOSES HULL, speaks in Washington through April, and if we mistake not, goes South for the month of May. He is agent for THE PRESENT ERA and other publications.

Obituary.

PASSED to spirit-life, from Cleveland, O., March 31st, Mrs. M. J., wife of John Madden, after a short illness of ten days. The deceased was an intelligent and practical spiritualist, and an active worker in our little Lyceum band. As a woman she was sympathetic, genial, pleasant, and self-reliant; as a friend she was true and kind, and endeared herself to all whom she came in contact with. Her life was one bright exemplification of the principles of our philosophy, and she leaves none but friends behind, as she steps forward to the glorious realization which only the angels' voices have verificated to mortals. The funeral services were conducted by O. P. Kellogg, of East Trumbull, Ohio., and was very largely attended.

Resolved, That we the members of the Cleveland Progressive Lyceum, do offer our warmest sympathy to the afflicted husband and mourning friends; may they be soothed and sustained by the sweet presence of the ministering angels as they throw their influence around them.

Resolved, That the above be read in the Lyceum next Sunday, and that a copy be sent to the husband and relations of the deceased, and also a copy be sent to the PRESENT ERA, *Banner of Light*, and *Religio Journal* for publication.

CLEVELAND, O.

The Present Era.

I heard a great Voice saying, Go uphigher.

Vol. I. NEW YORK. WEDNESDAY. APRIL 30, 1873. No. 3

THE FUTURE OF THE RACE.

BY J. K. INGALLS.

IN the first number of the current volume, an essay appears on the "Antiquity of Man, and the Future of the Races," which is suggestive of a train of thought, not so much in criticism as in supplementation.

While accepting the main propositions in the now popular theory of evolution, through natural selection, it seems necessary to consider that this theory gives but one side, and consequently but one-half of the truth. For nothing can be *evolved* which is not *involved*. Involution and evolution are as necessary complements to each other in the growths of Nature, and of human society, as in the process of numbers.

Natural selection has its limitations in human development, as already pointed out by Mill, Fiske, and others, and these are supplemented by reciprocation which return to the feeblest, whatever they have contributed to the stock of general wealth and intelligence in contradistinction to destructive competition and absorption of the weaker by the strong, who alone survive the struggle. In the development of the human race, we have then more than the problem of the strongest, or fleetest, as with horses, hounds, or birds,—nothing less, indeed, than that of the completest, the most rounded and perfect character we can possibly conceive. Most certainly it is vastly more than the mere question of the greatest aggressive force. If not, the problem has been solved long ago and a great many times over. Written history has thus far been little more than a record of successive and successful aggressions of one tribe, nationality, or race over others, in a veritable "struggle for existence."

Evolution, through natural selection, results only in differentiation, *i. e.*, in the determination of force to extremes, and in eccentricity of traits. The lion becomes more of a lion, for his triumphs in the forest over weaker species. But his extinction does not follow any the less, but all the more surely, from the fact that he is developed mainly in the direction of the greatest aggressive force, while the Jackal, in his descendent, the dog, is preserved in his inferiority, and becomes the companion of man; because, not so far differentiated as the lion from the central trunk of being, he retained a quality to reciprocate the human care and protection. In like manner the Negro who ate Massa's chicken and assumed that Massa had more Negro though less chicken, as a slave (a domestic animal,) has disappeared, while the chicken still remains to furnish the master's table with eggs, and lengthen out his income, so shortened by Pompey's disappearance. Thus as complementary to evolution, natural selection and differentiation, we have Involution, reciprocation, and equilibriation.

Now if we take but one of these lines of progress, certainly "the contact of the Caucassian with the inferior races will result disastrously to the latter;" but when each have become wise enough to reciprocate services in the struggle for existence, and find that they are mutually enriched thereby, more than either could possibly be by aggressive conflicts, aggression and destructive competition will be superceded by chivalrous emulation co-operatively employed.

If the Caucasian is really superior to the other races, it consists in his ability to reciprocate services, and to co-operate in effort for human advancement by mutual aid, rather than in any superiority of faculty for destruction and absorption. During the infancy of the human race, as through the gradation of animal life below man, the tendencies to differentiation are distinctly marked, but the tendencies to equlibriation have never been entirely without indication. While animal life has been developed in every possible *extreme* of form, of character, or of aptitude, the life of all has flowed into Man, and in him alone, approaches integrality and completeness.

In pre-historic times, as at present among the most savage people, doubtless the struggle for existence was but slightly different among men from what it was among the beasts, the birds, and the fishes. But with growth of intelligence, the idea of mutual aid and exchange of services arose, and must have exerted, in the most barbarous times, a much wider influence upon the progress of the race, than any historian or mere scientist has ever dreamed. The taste of blood and rapine is exciting; the clangor of arms is noisy, while the busy hum of industry is monotonous, and the story of patient effort unattractive. Hence history has dealt chiefly with war and the conquest of the weak by the strong. Are we, therefore, to suppose that all progress has been due to this blind conflict for supremacy? or that the strongest and fittest only have survived? Why, the expenses of the conqueror have often been more destructive to himself than his victories were to the vanquished. The Jew, so many centuries outlawed, still retains his distinctive nationality, while the Assyrian, Greek, and Roman have left but a feeble impress on the people who bear their names, their empires crushed and supplanted by the very barbarians, their arms had so often conquered.

And on this continent it is altogether too soon to decide whether the Castillian or Aztec will ultimately survive in Mexico, if one or the other must succumb. We have scattered the aboriginal tribes of red men, for a season, yet their blood flows in the veins of many noble men and women; their superstitions have been grafted upon our theology, and our form of government has derived some of its best features by suggestions from the natural government they enjoyed. When we shall cease to treat them as foreigners, and at the same time as incapable wards, it will be seen how far the destructive process now going on is a normal one.

With regard to the African, he already comprises one-eighth of our entire population, having increased rapidly under the system of slavery. Whether he will survive the enjoyment of freedom, is a question we may judiciously leave to be decided by the facts in the case, after the experience of a generation or two. Besides these two, we have quite a sprinkling in this country of what we may self-complacently term the "inferior races." The question is simply, How shall they be bestowed? by destructive absorption, or by mutual aid and reciprocation of service? or rather, and more scientifically, What is the process now going on? Evidently the drift of the present, especially in this country, is to equilibriation. Not the Anglo-Saxon, not the Caucasian or Aryan race alone has entered this "new career upon American soil," but the Human Race; and the motto of our "Union of States," "*E Pluribus Unum*," becomes doubly applicable to our "American Race," for from *many* it becomes *one*. Heretofore in the history of mankind, isolation of tribe, nationality or race, dissimilarity of tongue, religion, or custom, has enabled war to riot in the destruction of human lives and hopes; but behold what opposing nationalities, what bitter differences of creed, what contrast of habits and shades of complexion find tolerance and encouragement among us; what reciprocal exchange of services and of thought proceed under the protection of our laws and the genius of our age? We have established commerce with all the peoples of the earth. Our railroads, steamers, and telegraph, have completed the circle of intercommunication around the globe, so that the quickening and health-giving influence from each people circulates freely to all others.

In the great struggle which lies directly before us, and in which the interests of all races are united, the old conflict between the differentiation and equilibriation of force is distinctly visible. Survival of the strongest, on the economic, rather than the more physical plane, is the warfare in which society is now engaged. It is one which can result in no selection according to wisdom, but would terminate, if carried to its legitimate conclusion, in the destruction of all of every race, but those in whom swinish greed predominated, if not in the devouring of these ultimately by each other. To this tendency we find opposed, as its legitimate complement and corrective, reciprocation and equitable exchange of services. It is already seen that in the vicissitudes of the struggle to absorb, through trade, the wealth of society (into the hands of the few,) not the most intelligent or the fittest survive. That even success is no protection against the erratic working of the system. The grayest eagle of the Broker's Board is made to succumb with the "lame duck" he has just devoured. The "lion on 'Change," all the more for the plethory his prey has afforded, is at last set upon and devoured by the very jackals who hunted for him in his more active days. The railroad king, as well as his duped stockholders, is ground at last in the mill, he supposed he was running solely for his own profit. It is seen that the governments of the world are controlled by the narrowest as well as the basest considerations, that neither the strongest nor the fittest rule, but those with the greatest capacity for successful lying and stealing.

It hence becomes the interests of all peoples to harmonize, rather than antagonize, with each other. For however temporarily it may benefit one person, nationality, or race to despoil and destroy others, it can never prove beneficial on the whole, except in the way of teaching them the folly of the system which enables one to prey upon others, and so reform it. It is ignorance alone which suggests to an individual or a race that despoilment of others will prove beneficial. And as Man turns his attention to the sociological problems which now confront him, he will see more and more the utter childishness of those struggles which have constituted hitherto the apparent purpose of life, and raise to their proper place in his affections those peaceful arts and mutual services, which have formed the basis of all his grand and truly vital progress through the ages. The race of the future will be the Human Race, towards whose perfectibility all branches will have contributed, and in which all will have just recognition. It is possible to conceive, to be sure, of a long triumph of brute force, of cunning and of sheer persistency of the forces now in play in the surface drift of social movements, but only on the ground of perpetual ignorance, and the bigotries to which it gives birth; even we may conceive that the race itself will disappear and give place to a newer and higher creation, but the more rational conclusion is that reciprocation will become more and more the controlling influences in our destiny, and that unity of action and of interest will become the watchword of the men of thought and toil over all the earth, and bring the social instinct and the individual sympathy into harmonious relations.

MORE BARBAROUS BELLS.

BY AUGUSTUS WATTERS.

THAT eminently matter-of-fact individual Mr. Eli Perkins, recently drew particular attention to the subject of "Bells." Among other things he narrated the bitter complaining of a young up-town lady who testified that every Sunday morning, when rest was most needed and most naturally looked for, sleep was utterly banished from her pillow by the incessant and inconsiderate clamor of some eight or ten church-bells of the heaviest calibre. Now, the complaint of that young person was one of the most valid and reasonable complaints that could possibly be uttered. There is no more justification for the hideous din occasioned by these metallic abominations on a Sunday morning than there would be for the firing of an equal number of the biggest-sized cannons. It would be just as sensible for theatres to set up steeples and run big bells as for the churches. But these thunderous institutions were invented long before the days of theatres, and doubtless even before clocks were dreamed of. They were evidently intended to notify the inhabitants of rural neighborhoods of the time of prayer, and are now-a-days as utterly useless in large cities as the proverbial fifth wheel to a wagon. Not only are they useless, but they are an unmitigated nuisance. Nevertheless, if the young lady mentioned by that sober and sedate historian Mr. Perkins (Eli) were aware of the fact that at one time in the city of Moscow there were no less than seventeen hundred and six large bells in full blast—full *blare*, I should say—perhaps she might, by comparing her present condition with that of the inhabitants of the Russian city, derive some crumbs of comfort. During Easter week this enormous mass was kept clamoring and bellowing without any sort of harmony or accord until the effect was sufficient to create a spirit of bell-igerance in the tamest and most unsophisticated spirit. The bell is of enormous antiquity, and was used both by the Hebrews and the Egyptians. The Roman Catholics solemnly bless their bells. The ancient custom of ringing the "passing

bell" was instituted for the purpose of enabling those who heard it to pray for the soul that was leaving this world, and gave rise to the belief that evil spirits, waiting to seize the stranger about entering their dominions, were driven away in terror by the sound. The old English "curfew bell" was a signal for our subjugated Saxon forefathers to put out their fires. The great bell of Moscow, which was estimated to weigh some 443,772 lbs., and which was never suspended, became an object of worship to the superstitious peasants.

Like innumerable other customs which originated in barbarous times, and which today have no other reason for their observance than the simple fact that they have become habitual, the ringing of church-bells has entirely outgrown its use, and become an exceedingly disagreeable annoyance. But perhaps it is only those unfortunate people who reside immediately next door to these loud-tongued individuals that are especially qualified to bear witness to their charms. With Edgar Poe's morbidly sensitive organism they must have been little short of maddening, and it was doubtless nothing short of positive *suffering* that enabled him to give utterance to his marvellous apostrophy to what he termed "the tolling of the bells:"

"For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats,
Is a groan.
And the beings, yes, the people,
They that live up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone,
They are neither man nor woman,
They are neither brute nor human,
They are ghouls!"

EDUCATION A "SUPERSTITION."

BY ALFRED CRIDGE.

AT all events, this thorough drill system is a failure with the great mass of German students. It is the same in England * * * * * The number of students in Oxford and Cambridge, of whom ripe scholarship and high culture can be affirmed is scandalously few. Whatever truth there may be in Sydney Smith's remark that the universities are in the habit of taking credit for all the mind they do not succeed in inextinguishing, it is pretty certain that the small number of graduates who give character to the school, are those who would succeed under any system * * * When we consider the wealth and revenues of the English universities and great public schools, when we remember their ancient prestige and the talent at their command, and their high place in public confidence, in the light of the results produced, we can cordially agree with Prof. Blackie, of Edinburg, in his letters to Dr. Hodgson, when he pronounces the whole system '*a superstition, a blunder, and a failure.*'

In perhaps a less degree the above remarks have a *general* application to educational methods in the United States as well as in England. The results are out of all proportion to the means. Students are not to *think* so much as to *memorize*; thinking is inconvenient to established methods. Even such scientific training as our orthodox colleges furnish is twenty years behind the times; and as to religions, pretty much all the important results of historico-religious investigation for the last century are carefully suppressed or ignored. What theological student at our colleges knows from his text books or teachers—if he knows at all—that German critics pronounce the greater part of the epistles attributed to Paul to be spurious; or that of the references to Jesus, supposed to have been made by Josephus and Tacitus, (I think the only references claimed to be contemporary), the first is undoubtedly spurious and the latter probably so. How many of them are aware of the *very* apocryphal character of the Book of Acts, or of the gross anomalies of the Pentateuch? What do they know even of the *modern* history of religious thought and bearings of social movements? Absolutely nothing, unless by stealth. Yet they pay their money and give their time, (even their life-time, as a consequent result), to be taught the *whole* truth, and not merely selections therefrom which amount to a virtual falsehood. To "obtain money under false pretences" is, in most States, a penitentiary offence, but these colleges do worse; they obtain not only money, but *time*, effort, devotion under false pretences of giving instruction, of imparting the *truth*.

That truth really lies all around them, would they but see it. Were they to study true science, especially the science of men, not only in books, but in people; were they to look within their own souls instead of wholly into the dusty tomes of antiquity; were they to avail themselves of the "ministry of angels," which is ever around them, they would realize more in one year than now in a whole life time. Were education to centralize in that inner intuitive spiritual life as a sun amid which the intellectual life should revolve, it would cease to be "a superstition, a blunder, and a failure." The Horatio University at Washington, D. C., was started mainly by an unjustifiable appropriation of government funds to the amount of half a million or more, besides private donations. From what I can learn of the results I have no doubt that one-tenth of the amount controlled by intelligent liberalists, would produce ten times the results in useful, practical knowledge and training. Whenever thinking educated Spiritualists, having natural capacities as educators, can be supplied with the requisite means; When the Children's Lyceum, slightly modified, can be expanded into a day-school and then into a college, we shall see results that will astonish the most hopeful,—say five times the net results in one-half the time at one-quarter the cost. Spiritualists might have *their own* schools, if they would, when their children would learn more in one hour daily than they now do in five hours, with benefit to their health instead of injury.

Since writing the preceding, I observe in the *Boston Chemical Journal* a notice of a *new* scientific book for the use of schools, (name not given), which utterly ignores all the scientific discoveries of the last twenty years, with the exception of a blundering reference to the spectroscope.

VACCINATION.

MEDICAL ORTHODOXY VS. FREE SPEECH.

BY ALFRED CRIDGE.

"During the recent increase of smallpox cases throughout the country, a considerable number of newspapers have endeavored to prejudice the public mind against vaccination. This must certainly be regarded as a most reprehensible and dangerous course of conduct. *It would be perfectly justifiable for our legislatures to make laws punishing those who thus strive to excite in the minds of the uneducated prejudices so fatal to their own interest and that of others.*"

THIS smacks of seventeenth century, Salem. It is to be regretted that a periodical in general fair and candid, even in regard to as unpopular a subject as Spiritualism should assume such a mediæval position. It shows, however, a drifting on the part of conservatives to repressive measures which is significant. The *truth* is not likely to be on the side of those who fear full and free discussion, as is believed not to be in this case. I have had reason of late to look into the statistics and details of the question and firmly believe that whatever benefits may sometimes result from vaccination are far outweighed by its evils. Dr. Schieffenthaler, of New York, has published a small pamphlet containing a mass of valuable statistics, showing the injurious results of the practice; he claims that under the hydropathic treatment the natural disease is quite manageable and in many cases even beneficial. A few years ago a child on the Pacific coast was made idiotic by vaccination; a few weeks ago a lady was made insane by the same cause; and within the last half century the population of a whole district in Piedmont are said to have thus been infected with syphilis. About two months ago the subject was thoroughly examined, pro and con, in the *Capital* of this city; but the advocates of vaccination failed to hold their ground farther than to prove (what is not denied by its opponents,) that in *individuals* vaccination may lessen the liability to and severity of smallpox.

My object is not, however, so much to consider this special subject as to criticise the idea of determining by legislation what opinions shall be and what shall not be expressed. Once admit this *principle* and who shall determine the limit of its application? Consistently applied, it involves an end to all progress. Its logical ultimate is absolute despotism in Church and State. Something of this kind is already embodied in legislation on other subjects. But the advocates of vaccination are compelled to resort to *force* in order to overcome that common-sense of even uneducated people which instinctively opposes the deliberate introduction of poison into the system. With every facility for advocating their views in the public press of this city, the "Board of Health" feel compelled to call in the aid of the sword to supply the plentiful lack of reason. "Be vaccinated or you shall not be educated," they say to the school children; "be vaccinated or lose your means of support," say cabinet officers to clerks. "None shall buy or sell but those who have the mark of the beast on their foreheads, (or on their arms). Evidently the spirit of the "Blue laws," and of witch legislation still survive in the region where erst they ruled.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

For The Present Era.

THAT WHITE ELEPHANT.

FOR the past four months there has been lying in the Tombs of this city one of the most singular men of whom we have any account. Had he lived in the good old patriarchal times of Isaac and Jacob, undoubtedly he would have been regarded as a prophet, and either worshipped or stoned. But falling, as he has, upon these prosaic times, he is simply regarded as demented. Renan says, however, that sanity or insanity can only be spoken of in a relative sense. An out-and-out atheist, George Francis Train pronounces even such a man as Thomas Paine a "trimmer"—the latter being a Deist. He utterly denies any probability or possibility of a future condition of individual existence, and says that belief in a future state of happiness is the reason why hardly anything is done to make this world decent or endurable. Although denouncing society in the aggregate as a race of curs and slaves, in conversing with acquaintances he is one of the most affable of men, and seems to have the good of the race as much at heart as any of our philanthropists. Having no hope whatever of future consolation or reward, he yet seems to consider his life of no value save as it serves for the promulgation of what he considers to be the true philosophy for the regeneration of the race. When he talks it is with lightning-like rapidity, and his large blue eyes gleam with extraordinary animation, while his abundance of curly hair and rapidly-gesticulating hands give him a decidedly French appearance. As to his intense sincerity there cannot be a doubt. He regards himself as a born leader of the people, and traces all their misery and misfortunes to what he terms Christian superstition. In publishing in the "Train Ligue" the objectionable extracts from the Bible, his object was to prove that that book came under the head of obscene literature, and therefore that it should be suppressed according to the laws of the United States. When arrested, he pleaded guilty to the charge of obscenity, feeling satisfied that if he were sent to Sing Sing, the Bible also would be placed in limbo; or, if he were acquitted, he was free to go on with his publication without danger of future interference.

Since his incarceration an attempt has been made to prove that he is insane, which, to say the least, is altogether a premature movement. They should first have proceeded to try him upon the charge for which he was imprisoned, and then, if in the course of the trial it were proved that he was *non compos mentis*, a judgment should be rendered in accordance with the facts.

And here is the point wherein the public is particularly interested. This man has not only been summarily arrested, but he has been allowed to lie for some four months in the filthy caverns of that blot upon civilization justly named "the Tombs"—through a long and bitter winter, during which season it is almost impossible for the most robust prisoners to keep from freezing,—without a step being taken to decide upon his case. And in drawing attention to this fact, Train has certainly done the country a great service. The manner in which men are continually being arrested and thrown into these dungeons, and there allowed to lie for weeks, months, and even years, before anything is done to establish either their innocence or guilt, is one of the most disgraceful and sickening spectacles ever presented in a civilized land. Hundreds of entirely innocent men have lain for months in these cheerless and poisonous cells, and then been finally discharged, when brought to trial, with nothing whatever against them. I knew one unfortunate little German named Frederick See, who was immured in this manner for months, on a charge of murder, when it was eventually shown that the poor fellow had simply interfered to save his sister from being murdered by her brutal husband. In the meantime his mother and sisters, being deprived of the support which he afforded them, were driven to the utmost destitution and misery.

Leaving aside the question as to whether George Francis Train is, or is not, insane, the brutal stolidity of those editors of papers who have looked on, week after week, and beheld this man's detention without having a word to say as to his inalienable right to speedy trial, certainly does not give one a very exalted opinion of what is generally regarded as sanity. Moreover, one thing is certain. There is doubtless not one among the mercenary horde who publish "dailies" who would be willing to sacrifice the luxurious comforts of a Madison Avenue residence for the vile accommodations of a Tomb's cell, in support of a matter of abstract equity. Besides, it will perhaps appear rather startling to those astute individuals who have regarded this matter simply in the light of a huge joke, that Train, in his persistence to refuse bail, and to remain until the bitter end, has had sundry precedents established for him by two of the most illustrious names in the world's history—Sakya Mouni, the founder of Buddhism, and Socrates, the immortal master of Pluto. The first resigned one of the most exclusive and magnificent of thrones in order to become a missionary mendicant; and the latter, when provided with the means of escape, preferred to remain and drink the fatal hemlock rather than disobey the laws. At any rate, no true American will undertake to say that even an atheist is not as fully entitled to safety of life, limb, and property as any other person. We don't't contemplate the revival of the Spanish Inquisition in this country just yet, and the *ill-treatment* of this man will undoubtedly be the means of making more infidels than all that Train has ever written and said.

Christ's most strenuous injunction is to the effect that above all things we must set an example of mercy and meekness of spirit.

AUGUSTUS WATTERS.

THE SONS OF USNA.

Scene from an Unpublished Drama.

BY PROF. T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

Enter Caffa, the Druidical High Priest, to Connor, King of Ulster.

CAFFA.

LIFT up thine eyes to where the clear blue sky
Bastions the glory of the bending Heavens,
And muse here with me on the myriad years
Since God first laid the Corner Stone of earth,
And built the mighty Delta of the Sea.
Roam through the dark Abysses of the Past,
Into those sky-throned nebulæ realms of space.
Where the great Pæan, Apollo of the Heavens,
Sweeps from his thunder harp of fire great seas
Of everlasting song, whose golden tones
Make joy throughout the world.

CONNOR.

I do! I do!
And hear the choral thunders of the years
Die into echoes in the far-off Heavens—
Filling Eternity with music! Now,
The chain which binds me to the world,
Is woven of three strands, Truth—Liberty—Love—
Which I defy even Destiny to break.

CAFFA.

But I will draw the lightnings down from Heaven
The dead stir in their coffins in their graves!
The voice of Liberty comes down through Heaven,
Precipitous, like a falling Star, with shouts,
Tearing the adamantine Gates of Hell—
Awake! Arise!

CONNOR.

So let it come! I hear!
But the dead do not wake! they sleep there still—
The everlasting sleep of death—no more
To wake! the Devils do not rush from Hell,
As loth to leave their monarch there so soon!
There is no power in earth, or Hell, I fear
Can shake the firm, foundation of my throne!

CAFFA.

From out the Old Eternities, far sounding,
I hear the primal God-voice mutely roar—
Withering the pestilential shades of Night
With its world-shaking thunders! Now, it comes!
Down through the abyssmal depths of space, it comes,
Shearing off, with its two-edged sword of fire,
The rotten limbs from the foul Upas tree of Hell!
The Tyrtean Trumpet-blast rings now through Heaven,
Proclaiming to the world thy speedy death!

CONNOR.

I live to give thy trumpet-blast the lie!
The old God's battle-cry dies on my lips—
"Victory, or death!"

CAFFA.

So cry the Eternal Years,
Answering the screaming Eagles from the East,
Coming to meet the Eagles from the West,
At their last Supper on the flesh of kings,
Spread out on Eman's plains!

CONNOR.

So let them come,
There is an EAGLE here will meet them there,
Buzzards, you know, like carrion crows fly low;
This EAGLE'S eyrie is the sun—high up
Above the flight of meaner birds—too high
For any but an Angel's gaze! He is
A Phœnix who can never die—sole bird,
Who has no fellow in this world—but lives

In solitary majesty above the earth—
The Emperor of kings—invulnerable—
Whose ashes do contain the germ of kings,
Each equal to himself—immortal, born
Above the possibility of death.

CAFFA.

Thy blasphemy shall be the bolt will lay
Thee low! Thy doom is sealed—sealed by thyself!

CONNOR.

Be thou my Warrant bearer to the Gods.

CAFFA.

Speak low! for fear the Clarion-voice of Truth
May draw the Avalanche of Vengeance down
From the Alpine peaks of Heaven, where sits enthroned
Eternal Liberty crowned with the crown
Of Immortality!

CONNOR.

Then let it come.

CAFFA.

But a Unicorn's horn on a beast's head
Were hurtful, because he might butt; but on
A wise man's, comely—like those radiant horns
Which adorned the brow of Moses when he
Went up on the Mountain to talk with God.

CONNOR.

Were Titans created to conquer Gods?

CAFFA.

But he who rows against a raging stream,
Losing one stroke, will fall back farther than
Before had gained by many.

CONNOR.

Let it rage!
May the Devil make a cup of his skull
For the damned Fiends to drink Lethe out of!

CAFFA.

Better make it a Chalice for the blest
Spirits in Heaven to drink nector out of—
Wherefrom you took so many draughts in life.

CONNOR.

Give his vile body to the dogs, or wolves!

CAFFA.

Better give it to the Ministers of Peace,
Who ever wait on spirits of the just.

CONNOR.

May the Hyenas tear him from his grave,
And surfeit on his corse.

CAFFA.

The day will come
When his proud soul shall feast here with the kings
Of all the world—he KING of all these kings,
Out of his Elysium where he reigns,
God of the Gods, he laughs to bitter scorn
Your weak impiety—for he is far
Above all mutability of power.
Living, he was the Pillar of our Hope;
Now, dead, he is the Sun of many Stars.
Clothed in the garments of celestial light,
King of the immortal Harmonies of Heaven.
Farewell! God will protect the just.

CONNOR.

Farewell. *Exeunt.*

AN HOUR AT A MATINEE.

THE deponent, attache of THE PRESENT ERA, found himself in Boston the 8th of March. My business was with one of the true religionists and philanthropists of that city, where there are many. This man is not down on any church record, and is known on the street as a sharp and exacting financier, but his untold uncounted acts of humanity are the fruits by which some of us know him.

He manages in part a variety theatre, so I suppose would be buried from "around the corner" if he died in New York; but if he goes in a corner, in the life beyond funerals, a number of angels, this scribe included, will seek that spot, to return thanks and bless him for the way he lived in Boston.

I found my man, near the inner door of his theatre, and in ten minutes interrupted chat, told him all I knew that he did not.

"Go in; see the big show?" said this unchurched brother.

In a trice we were in a crowded audience. The big show had begun,—Well, it *was* a little thin; after Fechter and Booth, Charlotte Cushman etc., etc., it seemed cheap and trashy enough.

The people around were common folks too, and so there was a fitness.

"*Under the Red Light*," the play was called, the plot turning upon a switch, and two R. R., trains. The inevitable villian, is foiled by a tousled servant girl, and a comical one-armed veteran. The tableaux was thrilling, killing, "all fired," and *red* fired, and when the brave warm hearted girl at the same moment rights the misplaced switch, and shoots the villian who had tampered with it, the one-armed soldier and droll only waits for the trains to flash by, to range himself in line, and cry as he points out the heroine:

"*And these are the women not allowed to vote!*"

The satisfied people tier above tier, loudly applauded the reform argument.

Then we had a delicate touch of ballet by Miss Plumpness, a little Black Crookish to be sure; but hopelessly decent, by comparison. It merely showed what physical training and nerve will do for a woman, as the ballet always does, but the the thing to think about, and that which started my ideas and pen, to effect this writing was to follow.

LEONA DARE

was on the programme, and the performance was equal to the promise of the name. The house was rigged for an acrobatic performance extraordinary, and the ropes, the trapeze, and the swings, stretched like spider webs all over the place.

There came upon the stage a woman; young evidently, of pleasing face. She wore not the slightest evidence of a trail, no chignon, but flowing hair. She was tall, with rounded tapering limbs, a graceful lithe body, and head of medium size, no way remarkable. She stood under the trapeze many feet above her, and returned the smiling greeting of her spectators. Now, I began to moralize upon the "demoralization of the stage," after the ordinary fashion; and then thought of the ancient Greeks, and the glorious beatitude of their *sensuous*, but not sensual physical life. I closed my eyes, and could see *Phryne*, *Lais* and *Aspasia*, half nude, posed among the Athenean marbles they outshone in the perfection of their beauty. Beyond I saw women contending at the Olympian games. Then I was at Alexandria, and the Greek actress was rising naked from a sea of "real water" that covered the immense stage. She was "Venus first rising from the ocean," and the Egyptians and aliens shouted in uproarious erotic madness. Suddenly the Goths, the recent conquerors of the world seated in a body near the stage clanged their rude arms, and outraged by the insult to their modesty, since their land-venerated chastity, commenced a murderous onslaught upon the people they despised. I came out of my brown study in an instant! The orchestra was in full blast, and in a hand's turn Leona Dare seized the end of a rope in her teeth, and (as it ran aloft over a pulley) began to haul herself up unassisted hand over hand. Slowly, steadily, and *gracefully* she rose aloft to the giddy trapeze, gained at last amid acclamation. There she sat and swung, and from a superior station, flung impartial kisses to the crowd. Then came the usual break-neck performance, and well-done; in no apparent way falling short of masculine recklessness. The performer then slowly glided down a web to the stage, flinging kisses from her fingers as she dropped.

Just before me on the lofty balcony, was a small platform, with a swing by which it seemed any one could sway into eternity. Leona disappeared from the stage, and in a minute was beside me, preparing to launch herself by those slender lines off the giddy platform. She passed so near I could have touched her with my hand.

What a creature!

The very extasy of action whirled around her like a nimbus; she radiated energy; she fairly flashed courage and enthusiasm; it was the intoxication of performance, such as the singer, the orator, the soldier knows! For a little, while her attendant, himself an acrobat, adjusted the lines; she stood poised over the abyss, "on the perilous verge"—a study. The naked arms were not large, the waist was very slim, though the girdle was loose; *she* must breathe! The muscles showed on the arms, fine but round, too evident for voluptuous beauty, but impressive as they were the perfect instruments of an imperious will. A lithe panting pantheress could have looked so from her tree, before she sprang upon her victim. There was the same elastic energy, the same dauntless spirit, the same concentration of aim and purpose.

"All ready!" quietly said the attendant.

Leona seized the swings and with a rush and a flash, swept downward until she almost hit the sitters on the lowest floor. Then up, up, up, she swung, until she touched a high flying trapeze above the stage, hung head downward—and with both hands saluted the shouting assembly. In a moment she suspended a trapeze *from her neck*, and then the acrobat swung himself across, and hung by his toes from the bar. He was a man of medium size, and must have been a heavy load. He gave quite an exhibition thus supported; and yet the woman appeared in no way distressed. Together they then went up higher, and gave a variety of feats, ending at last as they began, with his hanging from the little bar dependent from the back of her neck, she too hanging by her toes. Then as they swung, he caught up a man from the stage, and the two vibrated back and forward, the woman sustaining them by the iron strength with which she threw back her head, and made her body a hook of steel!

"What will you do in case of war, Miss Anthony" [said Horace Greely] "if you assume the suffrage."

It is traditional that Miss Susan B. tall as one of The Great Fred's grenadiers, towered above the sage of Chappaqua, and mildly said; "*My Duty Sir! My Duty!!*"

As the two acrobatic gentlemen hang thus upon Leona's neck, heels up, and down, a whole brood of connundrums rush upon my affrighted soul, and ask to be answered before the performance ends.

Problem No. 1. — What is there a Woman can't do if she tries?

Problem No. 2. — If Leona Dare can support two men by her neck, what right has any man, to will away his wife's estate?

Problem No. 3. — Would not the same amount of training and courage displayed in her performance qualify Leona to vote?

Problem No. 4. — Or any other Woman?

5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and the rest.——

But Leona has descended, and the scene is changed. What a jolly lot of humbugs we are, philosophising and cogitating; and then sprawled at full length by facts! The tousled servant; Leona on the trapeze; The ballet girls; these prove the physical capacity of woman, even for muscular development; and are knock down arguments against those who would deprive their sex of any opportunity or right; on the assumed ground of physical incapacity.

Swing on Leona you are an Argument.

MORAL — A man can run a variety Theatre, in such a way as to educate and amuse, and not demoralize community.

AGAIN — "Search for *Truth* wherever found,
On Christian or on [theatrical] ground."

OUR WONDERLAND.

HAD the district now designated as the Yellowstone National Park been known in the earlier days of civilization, there would have been many a legend of classic romance as closely associated with its wonders as oracles are with Delphian groves, or the gloom of Avernus with the lake that rests on the sulphurous soil of the Campania. Even the formal report of 1872, of the Superintendent of the Park, transmitted to the Secretary of the Interior, breaks out at intervals in the superlatives by which language naturally attempts to describe that which surpasses it. The reports of the Exploring Expedition under Prof. Hayden and the engraved drawings accompanying them have widely familiarized the public with the leading features of this land of geysers and mud volcanoes, of plunging cataracts and precipitous canons. The report of the Superintendent gives many new particulars of the scenery and the curiosities, and specifies the simpler details of route, outfit and mode of travel, which are so necessary to the traveler in a region little known. July, August, and September are the best months for visiting it, and these, fortunately, are the months when our busy people are most at liberty.

Which of us, reading of the sunny slopes of Vesuvius, or the fleecy summits of the Alps, has not sighed in thinking that a wide and stormy ocean intervenes between us and those attractive scenes? But grander, wilder, and yet lovelier scenery is now within a week's journey, all by land, and almost all by rail. No tale of travel, or even of Eastern fairy-land, offers anything stranger than the Upper Basin, where hundreds of geysers project vast quantities of steam and water in every conceivable form, gleaming in the sunshine with rainbow colors, glittering by moonlight with a dazzling whiteness. Around Yellowstone Lake there are snow-clad mountains whose peaks have as yet proved inaccessible, being among the loftiest on the continent. From the bosom of the lake, between its green and beautiful islands, from time to time the water springs in air, and jets of steam arise. The Grand Canon of the Yellowstone is a chasm forty miles in length, from one to three thousand feet in depth. Jets of hot vapor issue from its sides. Cataracts plunge into it. From its depths the stars are visible in the daytime.

To the naturalist and the student of the physical sciences, there are opportunities here of the grandest character. There is not only novelty and the chance—nay, the certainty—of liberal additions to note-books and cabinets; there is a field where the most stupendous operations of nature and the problems of the earth's history are developed before the very eyes of the observer. There are basins lined with the most varied colored porphyries, and waters in which if any object be plunged it is covered with a calcite as pure as alabaster. There are depths of sulphurous vapors and of steaming springs that the plummet has not yet sounded. And there is not only an infinite variety in these objects of curiosity; they are changing in form and character, some hour by hour, some age by age. In some places the central heat has piled up its monuments and departed; in others it is evidently diminishing in power. Within the two years since their discovery old geysers have closed and new ones have opened. Pine trees more than an hundred feet in hight, that were growing on the margin of a mud volcano, have within the same period sunk into and been ingulfed by it, and the volcano itself has ceased operation, leaving only dried hillocks and a shapeless crater.

Surely in these days when the frailty of the means employed to preserve voyagers from the dangers of the sea has been made so terribly apparent, the artist, the tourist, the seeker for health, for pleasure, or for scientific knowledge, may with advantage take counsel of his fears, his purse, and his convenience, and find all that eye or imagination craves within the limits of our own domain.

Charity is not a railway that runs on theological lines, but a heart with wings, full of innate sympathies, recognizing and appreciating all classes of needs.

Nature, [illegible]

For the Present Era.

GEOLOGICAL SKETCHES.

BY PROF. E. WHIPPLE.

AQUEOUS AGENCIES.

OCEANIC FORCES.—Fire and water have ever been the principal agents which have operated from time immemorial to alter the earth's crust and write the chapters in its geological history. But these forces act in opposite directions. They are in eternal and irreconcilable warfare. Fire is the agent of diversity. It has ever acted upon the rock masses to plicate them, and raise the general surface into mountain ridges and volcanic cones. Water is the agent of unity, it is ever striving to reduce all inequalities and eccentricities to a condition of uniformity. The frosts and rains on the up-lands are continually altering the topographical features of the globe; the tides and waves of the ocean tear away the fringes of the continent, and thus continually alter the contour of the land. The resultant of these two forces, fire and water, is a comparatively finished continent, with its lofty mountains, fertile valleys, and verdant plains.

Long Island is being rapidly swallowed up by the sea. One thousand tons of earthy matter is torn from its banks daily and transported to the bottom of the ocean. In Nova Scotia, the ledges of trap, several hundred feet in height, fronting the Bay of Fundy, are rapidly disappearing. The material along the waterline is eaten away by the waves until the overhanging cliffs tumble into the watery abyss where they are ground into mud and spread out on the sea-bottom. A part of the Bay, where it is seven miles wide, has been excavated in the solid trap by the action of the waves. While solid rocks crumble and old shores are obliterated, the sea itself remains without alteration the type of infinity.

OCEAN.

"Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee;
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms of deserts; not so thou,
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves play—
Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.'

The coast of Durham, England, fronting the German Ocean, has a stretch of bold cliffs from Sunderland to Hartlepool, composed of magnesian limestone which belongs to the permian formation. In these innumerable caves have been excavated by the waves, and their partitions continually growing thinner by attrition to which they are subjected, at last give way, and precipitate the unsupported roof into the sea, which, being ground up and removed, the waves make a fresh inroad upon the land. Further south, at Whitby, is an old abbey on the verge of the cliff. When built it was a mile and a half inland. The sea will soon appropriate it as its own. The towns of Auburn, Hyde, and Hartburn, together with the rocks on which they were built, have crumbled away and disappeared beneath the German Ocean. The ancient villages of Cromer, Eccles, Shipden, and Wimpwell still further south also shared a similar fate. At Dunwich, in Suffolk, a monastery, fifty-two churches, and 400 houses have been swept away. The site was a rocky elevation, but the sea is twenty feet deep where the houses once stood.

North Friesland, in Holland, was, in the thirteenth century, a neck of land, ten miles long and seven broad. At the beginning of the seventeenth century it had nearly disappeared. A flood swept over the island in 1634, destroying 1,300 houses, 6,000 human beings, and 50,000 head of cattle. Thus the shores are worn by the tempests, and wasted by the waves, and even the cities which men have builded sink down and cover the ocean's plains.

"On Lough-neah's banks as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days,
In the wave beneath him shining,
Then shall memory often in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over,
Thus sighing look through the waves of time,
For the long faded glories they cover."

Rivers are also a dynamical agent of mighty power, acting on the surface of the continent. They transport mountains to the sea and

entomb the the records of the passing world. The whole country, traversed by a river and tributaries, yield material to form a delta at its mouth. By imperceptible degrees the hills and mountain slopes are wearing away, the materials washed into the beds of running streams, and the finer sediment entering into solution with the water is carried beyond their termini and precipitated on the floor of the ocean. By this process many thousands of square miles of fertile plains have been built up and displaced the waters of the sea. Into these deltas not only the relics of plants and animals peculiar to the country are accumulated, but also specimens of human art and civilization indigenous to this age, are buried—wrecks of our steamboats containing human skeletons, fabrics, pottery, machinery, which, in a general way, illustrates the civilization of the period. And it is quite possible that a hundred thousand years hence, when our nationality shall have become extinct, and new waves of people succeed us, as we have succeeded the old Incas and Tolteans, that they will study the archeology of this period as we study that of the stone-age, and will speculate upon the strange people, the crude arts and cruder social usages vailed in the Mississippi valley the twentieth century after Christ.

The delta of the Mississippi, built of materials brought from the upper country, is 14,000 square miles in extent. The delta mud below New Orleans has been penetrated 600 feet without reaching its lowest stratum. The total annual deposit is 400,000,000 tons—equal to a mass one square mile twenty-four feet thick. Assuming this to have been the uniform rate of deposit in past times, the time required to accumulate a delta 600 feet thick and 14,000 square miles in area, would be 30,000 years. The annual discharge of water by the Mississippi into the Gulf of Mexico, is 600,000,000,000 tons, one fifteen hundreth of its volume consisting of solid matter. This water is only 25 per cent of that furnished by the rains over the regions traversed by this mighty river and its tributaries. The amount of solid matter carried down and deposited in the delta every year, would be sufficient to keep a train of cars employed 2,300 years, making daily trips and carrying 500 tons each trip. But how imperceptibly the great river accomplishes this prodigious task.

The Ganges and Brahmapootra, in India, have transported material for ages from the Himalaya ranges. The delta from these two great rivers is 50,000 square miles in extent. All lower Egypt was formed from mud swept down from the mountains of Abyssinia and deposited from the waters of the Nile.

THE RATTLE SNAKE'S BATTLE.

IN THE *American Naturalist* for February, Prof. Samuel Aughey gives the results of his observations upon the use made of their rattles by the rattlesnake. It is the vulgar opinion that the reptile sounds his rattle for the purpose of enticing birds, and some naturalists even are disposed to find here a mimicry of the sound made by the so-called locust or cicada. Prof. Aughey does not undertake to explain all the purposes served by the rattle, but he fully agrees with Mr. F. W. Putnam in rejecting this mimetic theory. Does the rattle, then, serve a useful purpose?

In reply to this question, the author tells us what he has himself observed. In July, 1869, he was in Wayne county, Neb., and as he was one day investigating the natural history of that district, he heard the familiar rattle of the snake. The sound was repeated at intervals, and proceeded from a rattlesnake that was calling its mate, which soon came in answer to the summons. Prof. Aughey had a similar experience the following year, and from these facts he is disposed to think that the purpose served by the rattle is to call the sexes together.

Another purpose may be to paralyze its victims with fright, and to inspire its natural enemies with terror. As an illustration of the use of the rattle for the former purpose, the author says that, as he followed through the woods of Dacotah county, Neb., a Baltimore oriole, he heard a rattle, and at once saw the bird, and as it were, paralyzed with fear, and ready to fall a prey to the serpent. The writer shot the rattlesnake. He adds that he once witnessed an attack of seven hogs on a rattlesnake. Soon after the battle opened, the snake rattled, and three others came to his aid. But the hogs were victorious in a few minutes.—*Popular Science Monthly for April.*

Faraday once said, "The only man who ought really to be looked upon as contemptible, is the man whose ideas are not in a constant state of transition."

Spiritual Phenomena.

For The Present Era.

FOUR WEEKS IN MORAVIA.

BY LAURA CUPPY SMITH.

IT was my good fortune to spend the month of March with my husband and child at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Andrews in Moravia, our apartments joined the Circle-room, and from the moment we entered the house as boarders, we had every possible opportunity allowed us for *rigid* investigation, and it is with great pleasure that I am able to give in my testimony,—at a time when the honesty of another medium has been called publicly in question,—to the perfect integrity and entire reliability of Mrs. Mary Andrews. She is a lady of fine natural gifts, with a countenance upon which candor and honesty have set their seal, out spoken and quick tempered to a fault, it is utterly impossible for her to disguise her loathing for anything low and mean, her eyes flash their indignation upon the offender, and her voice is not slow to express her contempt, and this I am sure she would do if thousands of dollars depended upon her silence. She has been charged with being actuated solely by mercenary motives. This I know to be false, and can cite my own experience to the contrary, for she voluntarily, and without any request from us, deducted largely from our own board bill, and in other instances, I have overheard her say to her husband, "I knew they were poor, and I had not the heart to charge such a one full price," or "I would not take pay from that woman." Repeatedly did this occur during our four week's stay, and I know that Mary Andrews has a warm, generous heart. She has been represented as a rude and uncultivated woman, when on the contrary, she is largely gifted by nature, possesses a musical voice, and when accompanying herself on the piano, is one of the sweetest ballad singers I ever heard; she has had no educational advantages whatever, save the few lessons taken by her in music, in moments snatched from household duties, for the qualification of this one predilection, yet she is a bright, intelligent woman, and infinitely the superior of many making greater pretensions. I could fill pages with well-authenticated accounts of persons,—wealthy farmers and others,—residing in the adjoining county, which would be very interesting, but I prefer confining myself strictly to what I myself *heard* and *saw*, and will proceed to give you a brief statement of the manifestations that occurred during our stay.

MANIFESTATIONS.

During the first seance nothing of note took place, yet we felt spirit hands in the dark circle caressing *simultaneously* several members of the circle; saw spirit lights darting about the room, etc. The next morning, however, a physician from a neighboring town, quite aged and very deaf, was the favored person. The circle was composed of seven persons, and in the light seance, George Jackson,—the controlling mind,—showed his face to every one present *distinctly*, and announced that he was there to converse with the Doctor, in behalf of his (the Doctor's) father, and I should think for twenty minutes at least, if not half an hour, that face remained in full view and talked with the old gentleman concerning matters known (as he afterwards declared, only to himself,) counselling and advising him, and giving a few sentences, pausing while the person sitting next the Doctor, screamed it into his ear, and then deliberately proceeding. At our next sitting, a lady from a distant city with her daughter, joined us and apologized for not giving their names, but soon after the first seance commenced, a spirit came, gave his name and stated that he had been killed suddenly by a fall from a carriage, all of which was endorsed by the new arrivals, when George Jackson said, "Madam, your husband, Mr. H———, bids me tell you he is here." No more concealments, then, but cheerful acknowledgment and tearful exclamations of delight. During the same seance, a razor, with a white handle, handle and blade gleaming in the light, and distinctly visible to all, was held out towards me, and a voice distinctly pronounced my name three times, to attract my attention. For the moment I failed to understand the significance of the fatal symbol. Then came the words, "Laura, I am *Mark*, I took my life by cutting my throat, and I have *suffered* for it," emphasising the last sentence. Thus was recalled to me the deed that snatched from earth fourteen years since in Eastern Pennsylvania, a gentleman of fine attainments, belonging to the legal profession, and who, with his wife, were dear friends of mine. At another seance several days later, this spirit showed me his face plainly, not as a dim and shadowy vision, but the real countenance apparently clothed with flesh, the eyes bright and expressive, every lineament distinct and instinct with life, no picture, no mask, but the face of my friend as I had seen it in the flesh. During a hasty visit to Moravia last August, I saw my spirit husband, Henry McAlpin, distinctly as I ever beheld him. For one moment we looked into each others eyes, when perceiving my uncontrollable emotion, his lips quivered, the dark eyes filled with tears, and motioning his inability to remain, he withdrew, but I would not exchange that one memory for the wealth of the world, it is priceless. During my recent stay, Henry McAlpin came and spoke to me in the dark seance, for some time alluding to his children, bidding me know that he was "ever near me," and as "I pleaded," give me some sign by which I may know you," he reached out his hand and stroked my hair, saying over and over again, "Poor child! poor child"! Hundreds of times in the years long gone, had he spoken to me thus, and I had said to, myself, "if Henry could so address me, it would be to me such a test." He then kindly laid his hands as if in benediction on Mr. Smith's head.

One day a party of seven or eight came from an adjacent city and entered the circle in a most cheerful mood, and by their singing and originality, added greatly to the interest of the seance. A gentleman and his wife, belonging to this party, occupied the centre of the circle, and to them the manifestations seemed to be addressed. We had nothing in dark circles, but in the light a great deal; a lady showed herself and pointed to several in this party, but looked persistently at the gentleman and lady just alluded to. "I think I know you," said the gentleman, "but show yourself plainer still. There, that's better, I thought if I made you spunky, you would do better," whereupon the spirit showed herself plainly, gave a mischief-loving expression to her friends, who exclaimed "Just as Louise Webster always looked." Then addressing the spirit, he said, "Well, Louise, I thought you had learned to do something pretty good by this time." Spirit—"If you think it so easy, come over and try it yourself." Then followed much genuine wit in questions and replies and conversation relating to private matters, the spirit remained in sight, and shaking her pretty curls. Still, the party wanted to see some one who they did not name, but the wife of the gentleman who had been spokesman, said to him, "Sing 'Finnegan's Wake,'—that was his favorite song." Accordingly the husband sang this song in admirable style, and soon a face appeared. "Ah!" said the singer, "I thought that would bring you, *Bub*, but you can do better than that; come right out here, if you explode in our midst," whereupon the face bent forward and addressed us thus: "Friends, pray excuse this brother of mine. I never *could* teach him good manners," and with an expression of love and happiness, smiled at his brother, and withdrew. "Sing Finnegan's Wake again, perhaps he will return," suggested some one, when in the midst of this song, a mild countenance, with Quaker cap appeared, and stretching out her hands, the palms together, exclaimed, "Thank God! thank God! I am Hannah Carpenter," bowed to a lady in the circle, and withdrew. This manifestation closed this remarkable seance.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE TEST.

During my stay in Moravia, I was summoned to McLean, Tompkins County, N. Y., to deliver the funeral address of Mr. Daniel Crittenden of that place, for whom I had long entertained a sincere friendship. Mr. Crittenden had been an active Spiritualist, and his transition was in harmony with the beautiful consistency of his life. The funeral services were performed in the Baptist church, McLean, and his body was consigned to the grave in the presence of those who had known and loved him from boyhood. I was impressed that he would manifest at Moravia before I left, and begged his friends to visit that place soon. Mr. Crittenden's widow, though not known save within a circle of appreciative friends, has very fine mediumistic powers, and her husband returned the second week after his transition, and appointed the day for the visit to Moravia, saying, through his wife, that he might not be able to show his face, but if his sister would go with his wife to Moravia, he would sing with them in an audible voice," (Mr. C—— used to lead the singing in McLean at our meetings.) Accordingly Mrs. Crittenden, with other relatives, came one afternoon leaving the sisters with a party of ten to follow the next day. As a matter of course, no allusion was made even to me, to the promises made by the spirit. But immediately after Mrs. Crittenden's arrival, we went into the circle-room, and the light was suddenly extinguished, when we *all* heard Mr. Crittenden address his wife thus: "Eliza, I am here according to appointment," with other personal allusions too sacred for public reference. In the light circle, George Jackson appeared, saying, "A friend is here (addressing the McLean people,) who used to sing in your midst. He bids me say that you shall, as he promised, hear his voice—Daniel Crittenden." Seance closed.

Next morning the sisters and a party, ten in all, and all save two Spiritualists, and us in the dark circle. Mr. Crittenden spoke to his wife with the utmost affection, and while with both hands he caressed her face, others were at the *same time* touched and addressed by their friends, giving their names. Mr. Crittenden laid his hand on my head, saying, "God bless you, I recognize you, I recognize you all." In the afternoon strangers arrived, enlarging the circle and breaking the harmony that prevailed. Nevertheless Mr. Crittenden kept his promise, and sung the chorus of the Indian Hunter from beginning to end, in the light circle, joining in the chorus as each verse closed, and his two sisters, overcoming their emotion, sung it to the close, when as the song ended, my husband, to continue the harmony, sung a verse of "We shall know each other there," and to our surprise, Mr. Crittenden sang it with him. During this seance a beautiful child, little Bella Haskin, showed herself to me. I had attended her funeral last August. Prior to our leaving, Mr. Smith received a communication from P. S. Shaw, of California. Mrs. Helen M. R. Haskin, of McLean, received a long message from her father-in-law, and the old gentleman held his grandchild (the little Bella before alluded to,) in his arms, and showed both himself and her so distinctly that Mr. Smith, who had not seen the child in life, recognised her from her likeness to her picture. These are only a few of the tests received, of course some circles were a complete failure,—the *best proof* of the manifestations.

The disposition of the circle, and arrangement of the room, is left entirely to some one of the persons present. The circle-room is left open to all visitors who choose to examine it, till the hour for the seance, and Mrs. Andrews enters the room always unaccompanied, and at all times, *after* the circle is seated, leaving no opportunity for collusion or deception.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrews have moved to Cascade, a station four miles from Moravia, on the Southern Central Railroad.* The house they have purchased, is the only residence in the place, having been built as a Summer resort, it is situated close to a small lake, with boats and facilities for fishing, etc. They will not receive visitors till May 1st. Their terms for board—including *sittings*—is $2 per day, and I can certify from a month's experience that the table is bountifully supplied; beds and other accommodations good. Mrs. Andrews will, I presume, be surprised to see this notice, but I deem it a well deserved tribute.

SCIENCE LIMITLESS;

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA SCIENTIFIC.

BY A. CRIDGE.

MATERIALISTS are inclined to unduly limit the signification of the word *science*. Spencer defines it to be "organized knowledge." The facts of spirit intercourse have been thus "*organized*"—less thoroughly, it is true, than they might be, were professed men of science to give the subject so much attention as to investigate it in a truly scientific spirit, and were Spiritualists, on the other hand, to post themselves as to the facts, processes and bearings of what is ordinarily understood by the word *science*. In the absence of this unity and co-operation both have suffered; science, so called, with all its triumphs in some of the most difficult fields of investigation, has failed to solve, or even suggest a solution of the commonest problem of every-day life—work and wages, the kitchen, marriage and parentage, utilization of labor and equitable distribution of results, etc. It can analyze distant suns, but has failed to analyze our daily relations on earth. It lacks that broad humanitarianism, that faith in God and immortality which Spiritualism would impart. Spiritualism, on the other hand, lacks that exactness, precision, method which familiarity with scientific processes would confer; were our lecturers scientifically trained, their influence would be enhanced probably ten-fold.

As bibliolaters desire that all truth should be subordinated, ignored or denied which their books do not contain, so conservative savans claim that nothing is science which they or their books have not reached. This is merely the latest form of a very old superstition, known in its earlier phases as *feticism*. As an example, it is stated that a medical college in Boston requires of its graduates the distinct renunciation of any belief in practice of, or reliance upon, any form of clairvoyance, human magnetism or spiritualism. Yet this institution (and all similar ones), claim to be specially scientific! They are as much entitled to be so regarded as the mediæval professors who fought experimental science at its advent. *True*, science is not to be "cribbed, cabined, and confined" by *their* definitions, or guaged by *their* pigmy intellects. *Its* field is the universe, not only of the outward forms, but the inward life.

The Jesuits have fallen into disfavor in San Salvador, South America. Recently they forbade the purchase or perusal of a book published against the Order, and the result was that the Government published and circulated the missive under its own direction throughout the country.

*Mrs. Andrew's address is still Moravia, Cayuga County, N. Y.

Selected Miscellany.

From Appleton's Monthly.

JACQUES TURGOT'S TREASURE.

THE old house is still standing—a square, two-storied, hip-roofed building, with double galleries in front. The lower story is of red brick; the upper of wood, once white, now stained by half a century's storms. A grove of pecan and of China trees, enclosed by a snake-fence hidden under a wild growth of Cherokee roses, separates it from the road, on the other side of which, shut in by the steep banks, flows the muddy current of Cane River. Before the Rigolet de Bon Dieu formed, this was the main channel of Red River, but now that erratic stream runs farther north, with Isle Brevell between it and its ancient course.

In its day, this house was the most pretentious dwelling in Natchitoches Parish. When Jacques Turgot came home after so long an absence and built it, hard by the cabin where his father had lived and died, the Cote Joyeuse was struck with wonder. Jacques had left the parish a stripling; he came back a bronzed, bearded man. Almost a generation had passed from the stage since his exit. But few remembered him, and fewer recognized him. He had gone away with scarcely a coat to his back; he returned scattering gold with a prodigality suggestive of Fortunatus's purse. He bought lands, and negroes, and cattle. He added a thousand *arpents* to the plantation, and built brick quarters for a hundred hands.

Curiosity was still further aroused when Jacques brought home his wife and his son—she a pale, sad-eyed woman; he a lusty boy of five years. She lived a life of rigorous seclusion, devoted herself to the care of Achille, upon whom she lavished all her love. With her, the boy took precedence of everything. No pleasure was denied him, no wish of his was too extravagant to be gratified.

Between Jacques and his wife there was but little sympathy, and if the father had any affection for the son he made no display of it. His family cares appeared to end where most men's begin—with the establishment of a home. Scarcely were his hearth fires lighted, when he began to lead a wandering life, being absent often for weeks at a time. On the plantation, everything was left to the discretion and honesty of the overseer. It is doubtful if Jacques knew all his negroes even by sight.

Achille, ignored by his father and petted by his mother, grew up indolent, extravagant, and vain. His mother's death, which happened when he was still young, left him free to follow his own impulses. Having no white companions, he found associates among the young negroes on the plantation. His will was law to them, and he played the tyrant to his heart's content. With the shrewd insight of their race, they saw his weak point, and taught him to believe himself the impersonation of every virtue. With the plantation for his world, Achille passed thus from boyhood to youth, and from youth to manhood.

One day Jacques Turgot discovered that he had a son growing up in idleness. His conscience smote him, and he repaired with his pipe to the gallery to meditate. He was aroused from his abstraction by some one hallooing. Emile Labat, of Cotile, was just riding in at the gate. Jacques was struck by a happy thought. Emile Labat had an only daughter. Achille should marry her.

Three months thereafter, Achille Turgot and Coralie Labat became man and wife. One year later, Achille was presented with a son at the cost of the mother's life, and Jacques Turgot became a grandfather. Jacques had now nearly completed his third score of years. His hair and beard were streaked with white, and he was conscious of failing strength. As if to make ready for the inevitable change, he began to lead a new life. He discontinued his absences from home. He paid close attention to the plantation; rode often through the growing cotton, and called his overseer to a strict account. He cleared new lands; repaired buildings and fences; strengthened the levees, and planted fruit-trees and shade-trees. By way of atonement for his neglect of Achille, he began to devote his leisure time to Achille's child. Petit Jean, as his grandfather called him, gradually took a strong hold on his affections. As the boy grew up, he made him his constant companion. If he rode, Petit Jean was perched on the pommel of his saddle; if he drove to town, he sat beside him; if he smoked in the gallery, the boy was in his lap or playing at his feet. Petit Jean returned the old man's affection, and appeared never so happy as when with him. For his father, the boy cared little; and Achille, bound up in his pleasures, seldom saw his son.

As time passed on, Achille became more and more dissipated, and Jacques began to show great solicitude for the future. What would become of Petit Jean when he was gone? The old man had long fits of depression as the infirmities of age grew on him. He would sit in his great chair in the gallery for hours, plunged in meditation. At such times, nothing but the voice of Petit Jean could arouse him. For his boy, he had always a smile and a pleasant word; but sometimes he would try to escape even him. There was a room on the ground floor of the house which none but he ever entered. The heavy shutters were never unbarred; the key never left his person. Into this room, sacred to his own uses, he would often lock himself, suffering no one to disturb him.

One morning he announced his intention of going to Natchitoches. For the first time he refused to listen to Petit Jean's entreaties to be permitted to accompany him. He repelled the boy gently but firmly, and drove off alone. He returned about sunset, accompanied by M. Jean Baptiste Courtois, his friend and legal adviser. It was noticed when he entered the house that his face wore a less anxious look, and that his step was lighter than usual. As his grandson sprang to meet him, he clasped him in his arms and said: "I was grieved to refuse thee, Petit Jean, but thou shalt be recompensed." He and M. Courtois then entered his private room, where they remained until after midnight, when the lawyer returned home, and Jacques went to bed.

These circumstances, trivial in themselves, came forcibly to mind the next day, when Jacques Turgot was found dead in his bed. He had passed away peacefully, with his mind at rest; for he lay like one asleep, with a smile on his face, as if his last thought had been on Petit Jean.

Achille's first act was to make a thorough examination of the private room. If he expected to find a hoard of money, he was disappointed; there was nothing in it but a few articles of furniture hung with ancient spiders'-webs, and a chest of papers and business accounts. He stored in the room the few relics his father had left, as if anxious to hide them from his sight, and locked the door, he hoped, forever.

An examination of Jacques Turgot's affairs showed that there was little foundation for the stories of his immense wealth. The plantation, thanks to careful management, had been very productive the last few years; yet the income had little more than sufficed for the support of the family and its numerous dependants. Achille discovered, too, to his consternation, that his father had overdrawn his account with his factor in New Orleans, so that there was virtually a mortgage on the growing crops. He saw the necessity of moderating his expenses at once, and of paying, thenceforth, a strict attention to business.

Achille was aroused to a sense of duty in another direction. His son was now twelve years old, and, having seldom received any kindness from his parent, regarded him with indifference. Achille found it a more difficult task to win his love than he had anticipated. He made an effort to console the boy in his affliction, but Jean sulked and would not listen to him. Mortified at his want of success, too ungenerous to ascribe it to its true cause, and too indolent to try to overcome his son's antipathy by the only means left to him—persistent kindness—Achille soon relinquished the effort, and left him, as before, to care for himself. Almost heartbroken, Petit Jean moped about for many days, studiously keeping out of his father's sight. He spoke to no one but Gustave, a negro boy whom his grandfather had given him for his special servant. Gustave was almost the reflection of his young master. He sympathized with his feelings, and appeared to know his wants intuitively. Their mutual attachment was intensified when Jean's grandfather died, for Jean, left to himself, found in Gustave his only consolation.

Achille tried hard to carry out his good resolutions, but temptation proved too strong, and he relapsed into his old habits. Relaxation of discipline on the plantation was followed by its usual effects. Bad luck appeared to attend every movement. His gin caught fire in some inexplicable way and burned to the ground; the colic decimated his mules; the scab swept off his flocks; and the worms and the floods destroyed his growing cotton. His crops failed for several successive years. Meanwhile, his personal habits went on from bad to worse. He lost heavily at cards, and was reduced to the necessity of borrowing money. In this straight, a shrewd Mississippian, named Lester, who had bought the adjoining plantation, befriended him and supplied his needs, taking a mortgage on the place as security. The money was to Achille like fuel to fire. He plunged deeper into dissipation, and, before many months, was again an applicant for relief. Lester put his purse at his disposal as long as Achille could give good security. When that failed his friendship failed, and he discovered that he had no more money to lend.

A crisis came at last. Achille, who had long been staring ruin in the face, awoke one morning to the consciousness that it could be averted no longer, and sought refuge from his sin in the cowards alternative—he blew out his brains. On the settlement of his estate it was found that the assets were insufficient to cover the debts, the greater part of which was due to Lester. Achille had quarrelled with M. Courtois, his father's friend, soon after succeeding to the property, and had employed one Davis, recommended by Lester, in all his after-business transactions. Some suspected this new attorney of double-dealing; but, as nothing could be proved, all of Lester's claims, which amounted in the aggregate to a sum much larger than the mortgages he held, had to be allowed. It was supposed that M. Courtois would interest himself in his old friend's grandson, notwithstanding his trouble with Achille; but it was noted as a strange circumstance that he kept aloof from all the proceedings until the day of sale, when he appeared, and made extraordinary efforts to buy the estate. But Lester showed equal determination and a longer purse. It was evident that Courtois had not counted on so strong an opposition, for he exhibited the utmost chagrin when the plantation became the property of Lester. At the close of the sale Courtois proposed to Lester to buy of him the west half of the plantation, including the house and other buildings, offering an advance on the cost; but Lester, irritated at the persistence with which the lawyer had bid against him, curtly declined to sell a foot. Courtois was supposed to be acting in the interest of Jean, and won much credit for his generous efforts to rescue a portion of the property from Achille's creditors, while the course pursued by Lester was universally condemned.

His patrimony having thus passed into the hands of strangers, Jean Turgot was thrown on the world penniless. The semi-vagabond existence that he had led during the last few years of his father's self-reliance, for Achille, notwithstanding his personal neglect, had supplied him freely with money as long as he was able.

Jacques Turgot had sedulously inculcated his grandson with the idea that he was born to be rich, and Jean had always been surrounded with the evidences of wealth. To one of his sensitive temperament, so sudden a descent to penury was a terrible blow. He was peculiarly constituted. He had never known a mother; he had never experienced a father's love. The memory of his grandfather was all he had to look back upon. Brought up among slaves, and taught to gratify every whim as soon as it was born, he was a strange mixture of tenderness, generosity and arrogance. His heart craved for sympathy, but his pride prompted the suppression of every tender feeling.

As a mark of special generosity, Lester gave Jean a bill of sale of Gustave, his body-servant. Jean hesitated to accept a present from him, but Gustave's earnest pleading and his own affection for the boy overcame his scruples. What to do was now the paramount question. He was too proud to go to his mother's relatives, with whom a coolness had sprung up since his grandfather's death, and he was unfitted for any useful occupation. Dissatisfied with himself, and owing the world a grudge, he felt as if he would like to bury himself somewhere out of sight, and brood over his bitter fancies in solitude.

Three or four miles back of Cane River lies a strip of land along a little bayou that empties into Old River, a still more ancient channel of Red River. In this isolated region, hedged in by funereal cypresses swinging long beards of moss in the malarious air, Jean Turgot found a new home. A deserted cabin, once used as a hunter's lodge, gave him and Gustave shelter, and the wood and the stream furnished them with food. Like a true hermit, Jean never left his solitude unless necessity compelled. He had given up the world, and the world in turn nearly forgot him.

Lester removed into his new residence, and set about making extensive repairs. Notwithstanding this evidence of his intention to retain his purchase, Courtois again came to him with a proposition to buy, offering a still larger advance on the cost, but Lester proved inexorable. Some who had given Courtois credit for a kind heart, began to suspect that his efforts had been prompted by selfishness, particularly as he had given to Jean not even a word of sympathy. Yet no one could penetrate his motives for offering so large a sum for the Turgot plantation, when others as good could be had at a much lower price. It was even insinuated that he was out of his head.

A short time after Courtois's last visit, a strange thing happened. It was a sultry night in July. Lester, unable to sleep in-doors, was lying in a hammock swung in a gallery. Awoke by a rising thunder-storm, he started up to go to his room before the rain fell. He had scarcely set foot to the floor, when a flash of lightning revealed the figure of a man at the other end of the gallery. Startled, he rubbed his eyes to assure himself that he was not dreaming. Another flash, and he saw distinctly the form of Jacques Turgot sitting in his chair, his flowing beard upon his breast, and his long, white locks confined by the skull-cap that he used to wear in life. He imagined that he saw even the smoke curling up from his pipe. A third flash, and all had faded away. Lester was a brave man, but this was a great shock to his nerves. He tried to persuade himself that it was a delusion; but, treat the matter as he would, he could not rub out from his memory the awful reality of the scene. His mind was yet more troubled by the discovery that the figure had been seen by others on the plantation. He found that his negroes were in a chronic state of terror, scarcely daring to step out of doors after nightfall. When questioned closely, they told pitiful stories of ghosts they had seen, and of unnatural disturbances to which they had been subjected. Stones had been thrown against their doors and shutters at night, and missiles of various kinds had come down their chimneys. They complained, too, of hearing strange noises, and one old woman declared that she had "done seen de whole buryin'-groun' a-follerin' ole Mass' Jacques up froo de cotton-field an' roun' about de house."

Lester tried in vain to hush up these reports. They spread, with many exaggerations, from plantation to plantation, until the parish was alive with wonder and curiosity. Jacques Turgot's spirit created as much talk as he had done in the flesh. Old men shook their heads, and told of the time when he came home richer than any half dozen other men in the parish put together. Some thought there was a curse on the house he had built, because he had never devoted any of his wealth to sacred purposes, and for proof pointed to the sudden deaths of almost all who had lived in it; and one good man, who had the welfare of his neighbor at heart, suggested to Lester that he was imperilling his soul's salvation by remaining longer in a place so obviously under the dominion of Satan.

The disturbances became so notorious that no one would visit the house, and travellers obliged to pass the plantation at night rode fast until out of the haunted atmosphere. The negroes became so worthless from fear, that the overseer could do nothing with them, and many ran away into the swamps to escape "ole Mass' Jacques." Lester, wholly isolated, and seeing everything going wrong around him, was at his wits' end. He had invested too much money in the plantation to abandon it, and no one would care to buy it with the reputution it had acquired. He cursed his luck, and wished that the Turgot family had been in heaven—or a worse place—before he had met with them. While in this frame of mind, Courtois approached him for the third time with an offer to take the place off his hands. For a moment Lester was almost induced to stifle his pride; but, when he reflected on the course that Courtois had pursued, he swore that he would burn the house to the ground before he should set foot in it.

A few days after this interview, Lester was awoke in the night by a strange noise proceeding, as he thought, from the ground floor of the house. He had once caught a negro stealing from the store-room below, and it occurred to him that something of a similar nature was now going on. He arose quietly, and, with a candle in one hand and his revolver in the other, went down the stairs. A door at the foot opened into a large, square hall, or rather room, paved with octagonal bricks, running through the centre of the house. From this room, other doors opened; one on the front piazza, another in the rear, and two into smaller rooms on each side. Of the two doors opposite the stairway, the one in front led into Jacques Turgot's private room. It was still used, as in Achille's time, as a lumber-room, and was generally kept locked. The rear door on the same side belonged to the store-room.

Lester paused at the foot of the stairs to listen. He distinctly heard stealthy steps on the brick pavement. Both hands being full, he pushed the door open quickly with his foot. As it swung back, the light flashed on the figure of a man standing by the door of Jacques Turgot's room, with his hand on the latch, as if about to enter. Lester's heart jumped as he saw again the flowing white beard and hair that the lightning had once disclosed to him. But now the head was turned toward him, and, to his horror, fiery eyes flashed from the face of a corpse.

Paralyzed with fear, both candle and pistol dropped from his hands. As the latter struck the floor, it exploded. The noise woke the household. Lester was found insensible at the foot of the stairs. The revolver, with one barrel empty, lay beside him, but no trace of the ball could be found on walls or floor. The front door was wide open, and on the sill were drops of fresh blood.

Jean Turgot led an unenviable life. When he and Gustave first sought a shelter in the swamps, his misanthropical hate served, in some degree, to sweeten his solitude; but, as time rolled on and brought no change his situation began to wear on him. The hours grew longer and longer, and the days seemed endless. Beyond the days he did not look. The morrow had no place in his calendar. When not asleep, he spent his time sitting in front of the cabin, in a state of utter dejection. The weary year that had passed since his home went into stranger hands had wrought a sad change in his appearance, so that he, who had lived but a third of the allotted time, looked like an old man. His face had grown haggard and careworn, and his hair, which had turned nearly white, fell in a tangled mass on his shoulders. Even Jacques Turgot, on the day of his death, showed less of infirmity. A strong likeness had always been noticeable between Jean and his grandfather, more marked than that between him and his father. This had become intensified, so that people who saw him were startled at the resemblance. But for the absence of the long beard, he might have passed for the shadow, if not for the substance, of Jacques Turgot.

Had it not been for Gustave, Jean would have died from starvation, if not from sheer despair. The faithful negro watched over him as if he had been a child, ministering to his wants, and providing for him every comfort that his ingenuity could command. But, despite his efforts, Gustave could succeed in arousing his young master to take an interest in anything. Jean accepted his endeavors apathetically, seldom betraying either like or dislike. He seemed to re-

gard himself as dead to the world, and he set his face resolutely against communication with it. It was with difficulty that Gustave persuaded him to receive a messenger that came one morning from M. Courtois. It is doubtful if any one else could have won his attention; but that name, connected, as it had been, with all that Jean had ever held dear, appeared to arouse him from his apathy.

The message was brief. M. Courtois was at the point of death. It was of the utmost importance that Jean should come to him at once, to receive a communication that could be given to his ear only.

"How can I go to Natchitoches without a horse?" asked Jean, peevishly.

"Take mine, sir," replied the man. "I'll borrow one at Chevalier's."

Jean mounted the horse without another word, and rode away into the forest.

The meeting between Jean Turgot and M. Courtois was a painful one. M. Courtois was in bed, propped up with pillows. His face, which was very pale, flushed when Jean entered. He had not expected to see such a wreck.

"Will you take my hand, Jean?" he asked, faintly.

Jean gave him his hand in silence.

"I have wronged you," said M. Courtois, "foully wronged you, and I have met a just punishment. Thank God! It is not yet too late to make atonement. Can you forgive me?"

Jean had felt hurt that his grandfather's old friend had not come to him in his trouble with even a word of sympathy. Aside from that, he knew of nothing to reproach him with. He therefore bowed a cool assent.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried Courtois, in anguish, "I have not yet told you. Hear me, and, if you can then forgive—

"I cannot talk much," he continued, "but I have written it all. Here is a packet of papers I had prepared to be sent to you in case you failed to come to-day. That you may understand what I have to tell you, first read this. It is a communication from your grandfather, written by me at his request. It is in my handwriting, but the signature, you will note, is his."

Jean opened the paper with trembling hands. It was to him like a message from the dead. The firm, bold signature at the bottom was, indeed, his grandfather's. It was dated the night before he died—the night that he spent with M. Courtois in the private room.

He sat down and read:

"MY DEAR JEAN:

"The thought that this will not meet your eye until both your father and I are in the grave renders the task of writing it a solemn one; yet I cannot but feel in it a certain satisfaction, for I know that what I am about to do will conduce to your happiness, which, above all things else in the world, I have chiefly at heart.

"It is needless to tell you how little of sympathy there is between your father and myself. His unfortunate disposition and habits render any confidence between us impossible. I feel that I am partly to blame for his character, and I have tried to make some amends by doing for you what I ought to have done for him. But let that pass. To lament over it now is useless. I can only hope that there is yet time to make provision against the possible results of my negligence. Your father is provided for amply in the plantation. Its income is more than sufficient to supply his wants and yours during his life, which, with his present habits, cannot last long. I have thought it best, therefore, to lay aside a large sum for your benefit, to be given to you on the death of your father, when you come into possession of the plantation. This money I have put into the charge of M. Jean Baptiste Courtois, in whom I have full confidence, tested through a friendship of years. He it is who will have the gratification of putting into your hands your grandfather's last bequest. I trust that a regard for my memory, and the unfortunate example which your father has set you, will inspire you to lead an upright life, and to make a good use of that which I intrust to you.

"M. Courtois will give you other papers, containing details and directions. He has full legal power to act in any emergency now unforeseen.

"JACQUES TURGOT."

Courtois watched Jean with eager eyes while he read. The humiliation which he felt in disclosing his perfidy manifested itself in great drops of sweat upon his forehead. The minutes seemed to him interminable. Would he never end and speak to him?

Jean finished the paper at last, and arose, trembling with emotion. There was something in his looks that frightened Courtois.

"Well?" he said, with his eyes fixed upon Jean's gaunt face.

"You stole my money!" hissed Jean through his teeth, approaching the bedside with a threatening gesture.

"My God! no. I have never seen a dollar of it. I would have taken it, but God and the saints forbade."

"Does this paper lie? This tells me, in your own writing, that the money was put into your hands."

"The packet will explain," moaned Courtois. "The gold is buried under the house, in your grandfather's room."

"And you, knowing this, suffered me to be driven out to die like a dog!"

"Pardon! The temptation was too great."

"What right have you, miserable wretch, who have blasted my life and made me a beggar and an outcast, to speak of pardon?"

"I know I have no right to hope for it. I suffer hell's torments now. But listen while I have strength to speak. When your father died, the devil put it into my head to buy the plantation, and thus secure the treasure for myself. The sale was for cash, and my means were insufficient; but I obtained by borrowing what I thought would be enough to cover the price, knowing that the buried money was ample to repay. Lester foiled my plan, and obtained possession. Even then I did not resign hope, but tried to pray upon Lester's fears, believing that I could frighten him into selling the place. My efforts were all in vain. I then tried my last resource. I entered the house one night, with the intention of digging up and removing a part of the treasure at any risk. The room, I knew, was seldom visited; perhaps I could get it all away without discovery. Lester surprised me as I was about to open the door. I received a ball from his pistol. I did not know I was hit until nearly home, when I began to feel the loss of blood. It was not a serious wound, but want of proper care—for I dared not call a surgeon—has brought me to this. I am about to die, but none but you will ever know the cause of my death."

"What if I proclaim that Jean Baptiste Courtois, the pure and upright man, my grandfather's friend, met his death in the commission of a burglary?"

"You will not do so," replied Courtois, "for two good reasons: it would injure only my family, against whom you have no cause for enmity, and it would destroy your hopes of obtaining the money."

My hopes? What are hopes to me, whom you have crushed, body and soul, until I bear scarcely the semblance of a man? Look at me, scoundrel! Are you pleased with your work?"

"Mercy!" groaned Courtois, alarmed at Jean's wild eyes.

"Mercy!" repeated Jean, with a mocking laugh. "The same mercy that you gave to me! Liar! thief! murderer! you shall escape me neither here nor in hell."

Courtois tried to cry out, but Jean was upon him before he could utter a sound. Courtois was too weak to offer resistance. Jean hurled him, with the death-rattle in his throat, to the floor, and sprung out of the window just in time to escape the household, whom the noise had aroused.

That evening, at sunset, Lester's horse galloped home riderless. Lester had started for Natchitoches, and search was made at once in that direction. About three miles from the plantation, the road, which crosses a tongue of land made by a bend in the river, is bordered by a thicket of paw-paws. Marks of a desperate struggle were found here, and tracks and blood-stains leading to the river. Further search revealed Lester's body lying at the foot of the bank, close to the water's edge. It was a ghastly sight—the face and neck torn as if by the claws of a wild beast, the clothes blood-drenched and stripped into shreds.

M. Courtois and Lester were buried on the same day. At the funeral of the latter the body was exposed in the large room on the ground floor, where Courtois had received his death-wound. The house was crowded. All the neighboring planters, and many from a distance, were in attendance; for Lester's awful death had cast a gloom over the whole country. Its suddenness, the peculiar circumstances and the mystery attending it, were the subjects of wondering comment and speculation; and there were not a few who saw a connection between it and the current stories of ghostly visitants. A feeling of unusual awe pervaded the assemblage, and, when Father Demouriez began the solemn burial service, the silence was almost oppressive. The day was obscured by clouds, and the flickering tapers that burned beside the corpses shed but a faint light over the room.

Of a sudden, a wild cry, more beast-like than human, broke upon the air. Every cheek paled. A spell seemed to have fallen on the congregation. All stood in the hush of expectancy. Again that terrible cry broke forth, followed by others in quick succession. Men's hearts throbbed, and women shrieked. Many fled from the house. Father Dumouriez was the first to recover his self-possession.

"Open that door!" he cried.

Some one threw open the door leading into Jacques Turgot's room. The priest stepped forward and looked in, but recoiled in horror at what he saw.

In the corner, grovelling amid a mass of upturned bricks and earth, with both hands full of gold coin, crouched what had once been a man—ragged and blood-smeared, with the fire of madness in his eyes.

Jean Turgot was a maniac.

JOHN D. CHAPLIN, JR.

KISSES.

GIVE me kisses—do not stay
Counting in the careful way;
All the coins your lips can print
Never will exhaust the mint.
Kiss me, then,
Every moment—and again!

Give me kisses—do not stop
Measuring nectar by the drop;
Though to millions they amount,
They will never drain the fount.
Kiss me, then,
Every moment—and again!

Give me kisses—all is waste
Save the luxury we taste,
And for kissing—kisses live
Only when we take or give.
Kiss me, then,
Every moment—and again!

Give me kisses—though their worth
Far exceeds the gems of earth;
Never pearls so rich and pure
Cost so little, I am sure.
Kiss me, then,
Every moment—and again!

Give me kisses—nay, 'tis true,
I am just as rich as you;
And for every kiss I owe,
I can pay you back, you know,
Kiss me, then,
Every moment—and again!

A CHINESE MARRIAGE.

THE marriage ceremony in China differs in many respects from that of our own and other countries. Love before marriage was never the fashion with the Chinese. A Chinaman, if he moves in polite circles, has never seen the lady to whom he is betrothed, and has not the remotest idea of what she is like, whether she will at all resemble the creature his fond fancy has painted, or whether the first sight of her unveiled face on the day of marriage will cast a shadow over the prospect of his future life. He does not understand love; it is no part of the marriage contract. He was probably betrothed by his parents before his infant eyes opened upon the charms of his country. His intended wife has been reared for him in the strict seclusion of her paternal home.

The parents of marriageable children usually engage a professional person, or go-between, to negotiate an alliance for their son or daughter. Suitable presents are exchanged, and an astrologer is called in to fix a lucky day for the ceremony. This individual professes to investigate the horoscope of the contracting parties, and to ascertain whether the combined ages of bride and bridegroom and the exact time of birth, will create any bad influence if the two are united on a given day. Should a lady who has been betrothed in the customry manner by her parents die before marriage, the bereaved youth is at liberty to make another engagement; but, should he die before marriage, the young lady must go into weeds for the term of her natural life: and, should she during her widowhood be held in esteem by her neighbors for perfect chastity, the Imperial Government will erect a stone arch over her grave. There are many who, when in this situation, prefer to commit suicide rather than face the ills of a spinster's or widow's life.

It is usual, during the marriage week, to engage a procession of coolies, to parade the streets with the articles of household furniture, the silks, and jewels, of the new couple. On the day of marriage the bride is in a flutter, as she is being dressed and painted by her female relatives and attendants. The head-dress, hung with glistening sprays of pearls, is poised on the head, the last touch is given to the uniform folds of her red-silk robe, the gorgeous gilded chair waits at the door; she is gently raised in her brother's arms, and held over a fire of charcoal to dispel any lurking devilry that may be about her. She is then carried to her chair, followed by a chorus of weeping females, four of whom are the bridesmaids, who are old married women, dressed in black and red scarfs. Then, amid the deafening din of fire-crackers, the shrill tones of native flutes, and boon of gongs, she is borne off to the home of the bridegroom, at the door of which she is met by an old woman, the mother of male children. It is then that one of the most tedious of earthly ceremonies begins, wherein the spirits of ancestors have to be worshipped, the marriage contract read. They then drink the sacred wine-cups, are united with a red silk thread, and the contents drunk by the young couple before the assembled guests. The bride and bridegroom are usually seated during this part of the ceremony. We were present on one occasion at a Chinese marriage when they stood, as shown in the sketch. When the ceremony is over, the bride takes off her outer robe, and prepares herself to submit to the varied, and what we would consider extremely rude, remarks of the gentleman present, who talk freely of the form of her hands, feet, head, nose, mouth, eyes, etc. A feast follows, and the happy pair don't go off in a chair-and-four on their honeymoon. The lady retires to, and keeps the strict seclusion of, her new home, while the bridegroom joins in the feast, which is kept up to a late hour.—*London Graphic.*

Excentricities.

GEN. MORGAN CARRIES OUT THE JOKE.

WHILE we were lying in camp at Rossville, Georgia, writes a correspondent, the Sixtieth Illinois returned from their furlough with a number of recruits. One of these having exhausted his supply of clean shirts, and not having learned to be his own laundress, asked a veteran where he could get some washing done.

"Do you see those tents there by the church? Well, go there and ask Mr. Morgan; he does washing. He's a crusty old cuss, but if you'll talk pretty nice to him he'll do it for you."

The recruit went as directed and found Gen. Morgan walking in front of his tent, dressed as was his custom in the uniform of a high private.

"Where will I find Mr. Morgan?" asked the recruit.

"My name is Morgan. What will you have?"

"I came here to get some clothes washed."

"H-m-m. Who sent you here to get your clothes washed?"

"John Smith, over here in the Sixth."

"Corporal of the guard!" (The corporal approached and saluted Morgan). "Young man, go with the corporal and show him John Smith, so that he can bring him here. And you come back with him and all the dirty clothes you have."

They departed and soon returned with the guilty veteran and a huge armful of dirty shirts socks, etc.

The General to Smith—"Did you send this young man here to have his clothes washed?"

"Yes, sir, for a joke."

"For a joke! Well, we'll have the joke carried out. We do have clothes washed here sometimes Corporal, take this man Smith and that bundle of clothes down to the creek and have him wash them, fold them up neatly, and return them to the owner! See that he does the job up handsomely."

The veteran went away to his work sorrowfully and the general resumed his walk.

THE JUDGE AND THE JUGGLER.—A notorious scamp was once brought before an Onondago Justice of the Peace. He was accused of having "come the strap game" over a native. The portly Justice, wishing to decide understandingly, asked to see a sample of his skill.

"The party" instantly produced a leather strap, gave it a scientific whisk across the bench and remarked:

"You see, Judge, the quarter under the strap?"

"What!" interrupted the dignified functionary, "do you mean to say there is a quarter under there?"

"Sartin!" was the reply.

"No such thing?" said the Justice.

"I'll go you a dollar on it!" exclaimed the prisoner,

"Agreed!" said the Justice.

With accustomed adroitness the strap was withdrawn, when lo! there was the quarter.

"Well," said the astonished Shallow, "I wouldn't have believed it, if I had not seen it with my own eyes. Here is your dollar; and you are fined five dollars for gambling contrary to the statute in such cases made and provided."

The elongated countenance of the gambler require no additional evidence to testify his appreciation of the sell."

Jefferson, Ohio, is credited with the ownership of a cat which possesses the power of ventriloquism in a remarkable degree. The effect when he gets on the roof of a barn and exercises his vocal gifts is said to be startling; an old gentleman is said to have taken a solemn oath that, to the best of his knowledge and belief, no less than nine thousand cats were in town on one night recently. This visitation is probably in lieu of the smallpox.

A few days ago a widower in Louisiana took to himself a second wife, and started off on a bridal tour, but had not gone far ere he was taken into custody for the non-payment of the undertaker who officiated at his first wife's funeral. The bride's father, learning the situation of affairs, liquidated the bill and sent the pair on their way rejoicing.

In Covington, Ky., last Wednesday, George Washington was arrested for beating his wife, Martha Washington. Among the witnesses in the case were Thomas Jefferson, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson, and John C. Calhoun. The General was fined $10 and costs, and Mr. Calhoun, who failed to appear, was fined $10 for contempt of Court.

The *Guide to Health* doubts if there are twenty really healthy and strong women in any State in the Union.



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CONTENTS:
CHAP. 1. The Absentee; Initial Reflections.
2. Early Recollections; Visions and Thoughts.
3. Boyhood Days: Mental Influences; Nature.
4. A Vivid Dream; Home Conversations; Gingerbread Visions; A Father's Counsel.
5. Contemplations; The Ancient Prophets; Swedenborg and Andrew Jackson Davis.
6. The Phenomena of Spiritualism; The Fox Family; A Mother's Advice.
7. Went to Hear the Rappings; Rev. Charles Hammond; Motives of the Departed.
8. Various Opinions concernihg the Dead.
9. Reflections; Free Thinkers; Beauty of Nature: A strange Sight.
10. Personal Realizations; A Vision.
11. A Year's Travel; Singular Phenomena in Springfield.
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The Present Era.

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

NEW YORK, APRIL 30, 1873.

PERCEPTION AND ACTION.

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But our sensorial impressions are not alone in this dependence on existing conditions. The intellectual and moral perceptions are equally under the operation of the same general law, and they are subject to frequent and constant modifications by the ever-varying mental and moral states and aspects of our being. When the faculties are unequally developed and improperly exercised, the mental perceptions are liable to be obscure, grotesque, or otherwise illusory ; the judgment is rendered unreliable, and the ability to recognize a nice moral distinction may be wholly wanting. There are persons who can never form any accurate conception of size, weight and distance ; some are unable to distinguish colors, while others have no perception of the relation of musical sounds. On a few inspired souls burns the promethean fire —to warm and illuminate the dark solitudes of the Ages ; the philosopher dwells alone in the measureless temple of his thought, while the mantle of the ascending prophet falls only on consecrated shoulders.

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Every person, then, is either a false or true mirror wherein mankind, the earth, and all things are reflected. In proportion to the number and magnitude of his constitutional defects will be his liability to form and entertain erroneous views ; and, in this degree, will the obliquity of his reason and the fallibility of his judgment be made manifest to others. A mind that is swayed by mere feeling, warped by false education, and cramped by prejudice, can never see things as they really are. The defects in himself—in the intellectual and moral media through which he looks, are naturally and almost inevitably transferred to the forms and conditions of being that are subject to his inspection. Hence it happens that certain persons readily satisfy themselves that whatever occurs in the history of nations and the individual conduct of men —under all the circumstances—is not only eminently proper but strictly right. They virtually assume that reverence and blasphemy, charity and robbery are equally good. Such men discover no wrong in the unrestrained indulgence of their animal appetites. If, in their apprehension, there is wrong anywhere, they expect to find it lodged with their powers that impose a salutary restraint upon their passions by fixing rational limits to individual freedom of action.

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As an exhibition for the amusement of idlers this is a success. The forms are flexible, the movement is lively, and the figures various and intricate ; but the evidences of any genuine progress—in the actual lives of such people—we wait to see.

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THE GREAT ANNIVERSARY OF THE CHURCH.

THE grand Festival of the Christian religion was celebrated in many churches in this City by the chiming of the bells ; by splendid floral decorations, and grand musical memorials—all of which were perhaps suited to awaken sacred memories, and to inspire pious convictions and resolutions. The state of society in New York is such that it requires all really human and truly religious influences to lift it out of the deep perdition of its daily life. We have no doubt that the churches may do as much to compel a decent moral seeming among their members, as they do to foster the pride displayed in the extravagant dress and jewelry exhibition that accompanies the religious celebration. The beautiful saints who assembled on Easter morning, ostensibly for devotional purposes, kept their eyes open as usual to the Spring Fashions, and doubtless enjoyed the new styles as well as the memorial services of their Master.

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At St. Patrick's Cathedral Rev. Dr. Spaulding, nephew of the late Archbishop, repeated the scripture texts and theological arguments supposed to favor the supreme divinity of Christ. We extract a brief passage from the *Herald's* report :

> "As the Resurrection was the crowning mystery of man's redemption, so it was also the crowning proof of Christ's divinity. It was a triumphant confirmation of what the prophets had foretold, as well as of the words which Jesus Christ gave utterance to. No man could raise himself from the dead. Christ was the only one ; and by so doing he proved himself God. Hence the mystery celebrated formed the basis of our faith, hope, love and religion."

Here it is assumed that "Christ was the only *man* who could raise himself from the dead," and by thus raising himself he proved that he was not man at all, but God. This is a luminous specimen of genuine Irish logic. Let us put the Doctor's argument into the form of a brief syllogism :

1. Christ was a *man*.
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3. Conclusion—As Christ did raise himself from the dead *he was not a man*.

It will be perceived that this reasoning is utterly false. The third proposition or conclusion, contradicts the first, and is, therefore, in no sense a legitimate deduction from the premises.

But how does such a resurrection as is here recognized furnish any rational foundation for our hope of another life? We never infer that squashes grow on trees because pears do; nor can it be reasonably assumed that a fish can live out of water, because birds inhabit the regions of the atmosphere. Neither can we logically infer that what occurs in the experience of God will happen unto men. We must predicate our chances of life and immortality rather of the ascertained experience of beings constituted like ourselves. If God ever *died* (we reject the story on account of its manifest absurdity and blasphemy) he may have been raised from the dead ; but as we are not Gods, that fact does nothing to inspire our hope of another life for man. But while it utterly fails to prove that man will live "hereafter" the alleged fact—if, indeed, it be a fact—does prove that *God may die again*, since what has been in the past may also be in the future.

At the Church of the Divine Paternity, Dr. E. H. Chapin, followed in the track of the venerable father of St. Patrick's. We suppose the doctrine of his discourse is expressed in the following extract from the *Herald's* report :

> "On this day the Christian world celebrates the resurrection of Christ from the tomb. The empty tomb of Christ had been the foundation of Christianity. There is no man, said the Doctor, who can prove the impossibility of a future. When I stand with Christ in the sepulcher and touch those nail-pierced hands I am convinced of the force of fact, and know full well that I have a future before me, even after my eyelids shall have been closed in death."

If Dr. Chapin is correctly reported he rests his Christianity on a hollow foundation—*on an empty sepulcher*. His hopes depend on the sensuous evidence of an external fact. We read that when one Thomas, otherwise called Didymus, had put his fingers into the prints of the nails he was satisfied that it was all right. Mr. Chapin seems to be similarly constituted, He does not appear to apprehend the import of the spiritual evidences of his religion. It is not in states of great spiritual exaltation that he feels the assurance of an irresistible conviction. He has not "*the witness in himself.*" To be satisfied of his immortality he must go outside of his own consciousness. It is not necessary to ascend into the heavens, by the force of a spiritual gravitation ; but rather to descend into *hades*. He would stand in the deserted grave, and put his fingers into the prints of the very nails that were used to fasten the body of his Master to the cross. It is then and there that he feels the force of the great fact that he will live when he is dead ! The doctrine of reincarnation may possibly find an illustration in the case of one Didymus.

Dr. Thompson, at Christ's Protestant Episcopal Church portrayed in glowing rhetoric the conquests of death—his visitations on the land and the sea, and discoursed in a somewhat declamatory style on the power of Christ to subdue the last enemy of man. The eloquence of the Doctor was well calculated to impress the common mind.

There was a great crowd assembled at Old Trinity, and thousands were obliged to go away without being able to reach the vestibule. The music, vocal and instrumental, was on a grand scale. The general drift of religious instruction at Trinity may be inferred from the following extract which is not wanting in genuine eloquence :

> "Dr. Dix delivered a very impressive and appropriate address, in the course of which he saluted the recurrence of the great Christian festival of Easter. After depicting in eloquent language the glories of the resurrection morning, the reverend preacher said the Gospel of Easter tells us that somewhere in front there is relief for all the long care and exhaustion of this troublesome world. The time of trial has gone into all lands, and day by day is added to each man's burden. But no one of us ever had, or ever could have, a load to carry even distantly approaching in heaviness to that which Jesus bore. As His trouble passed away, so likewise shall ours. We are wont to say, "the life of man is short." Alas! when we reflect what they have to go through, from first to last, the wonder is that these poor frames, these brains overworked, these hearts filled too full, hold out as long as they do. Who would not long to rest? To whom is it not grateful to hear of the Eastertide—of the glory that followed in the Redeemer's case after the shame and grief were ended? After the cross comes the crown ; after death, life from the dead ; after the dark grave, the sunlit garden ; after the night, the morning of eternity.
>
> Let us remember to apply all this to our own improvement. "If ye be risen with Christ seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God." He hears to no purpose of the risen Christ who does not get him up straightway from the dust of his worldliness, and the grave-clothes of his sins and find his way into the true light of his righteousness. The soul must have its resurrection now, that the body may hereafter be partaker in the blessed state. It is, indeed, in the higher and nobler part of man that his rising into life begins the work commences in the heart which seeks the things above, which keeps the feast not with the leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth. Thence it grows, and keeps on growing till it has taken in the whole life of the whole man. Let us, then, arise from our sins. Let us hear what, doubtless was an antiphon of some old church service quoted by the apostle, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light!"

Here a moral and spiritual resurrection seems to be recognized as of paramount importance ; and yet the corruptible body comes in for its opportunity. The spirit's old clothes must be dug up, cleansed, and put on over the robes of its essential immortality. It is not enough that the soul is purified, exalted and glorified ; flesh, and blood, and bones, after being reduced to common dust by the trituration of countless centuries perhaps, must be gathered up, put into the divine crucible, and by the mysterious chemistry of the day of judgment be prepared to become a "partaker in the blessed state." How and why, or to what purpose? If the soul can retain its conscious individuality for millions of years, why may it not go on forever without carrying along with it the worthless remains of the old body?

At the Church of the Disciples, Mr. Hepworth selected as his theme, "*Our Friends in Heaven*;" but almost any other title would have answered the purpose as well. On the question of the resurrection he followed in the same old rut. Indeed, it is a rare thing to find a Christian minister who has any original views of the leading theological questions. We clip the following from the report of Mr. Hepworth's remarks :

> "The historical fact of the resurrection of Christ—whose authenticity is beyond all doubt or cavil—is the most important fact in the moral history of man. In the world of spirits it is what gravitation is in the world of physics. It is the wonderful something that solves all enigmas, and which fills even despair with something like hope. The whole system of future rewards and punishments depends upon this."

Precisely how the alleged fact of the reanimation of the body of Jesus corresponds to gravitation does not appear to be very clearly revealed either by the preacher or any other man ; nor do we see how that fact furnishes a solution of all questions and explains all enigmas—obscure sayings or riddles. And then, why all "future rewards and punishments" should be made to depend on that isolated fact, is quite incomprehensible. Did not God, man and the laws of the moral universe exist before that fact occurred? And were there no legitimate and inevitable consequences of human actions until the resurrection of Christ? Were men without consciences ; had justice no place on earth or in heaven; and was God so limited in the exercise of his divine prerogatives, that no one was properly rewarded and punished before the beginning of the present era? Evidently, Mr. Hepworth is not likely to establish a reputation for either logical discrimination or theological consistency.

Mr. Frothingham in his discourse at Lyric Hall, is represented to have used, in substance, the following language :

> "The resurrection of the body is the great lesson of Easter. We cannot think of a spirit without form. This flesh—palpable, material form—is a grave of the human being himself. Our bodies are moulded of what has gone before, and were not brought down from heaven. There probably never was a man wholly human. We are the fragments of people—small pieces clipped off from the great whole. One is all heart, another all head. Here is a man who can measure the finest scruples of thought, but cannot digest his dinner. Habits are the unconscious actions of men that get to acting of themselves. Intemperance is a hideous habit from which millions cannot emancipate themselves. Intemperance is a vice of the nervous system. Suppose men take only what is good for them, to measure their desires by their necessities, and their ambitions, so that the lower classes may be emancipated from their dreadful habits. We should learn to eat that we may live, and not to live that we may eat. Faith in the resurrection of the body through the Son of Man helps the spirit to obey the Master's call. Mind and organization go together. They are inseparable. The most fervent argument against immortality is the predominance of the anima in us.

We can hardly believe that Mr. Frothingham is correctly reported in the foregoing paragraph. If he still entertains the old dogma

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3. Conclusion—As Christ did raise himself from the dead *he was not a man*.

It will be perceived that this reasoning is utterly false. The third proposition or conclusion, contradicts the first, and is, therefore, in no sense a legitimate deduction from the premises.

But how does such a resurrection as is here recognized furnish any rational foundation for our hope of another life? We never infer that squashes grow on trees because pears do; nor can it be reasonably assumed that a fish can live out of water, because birds inhabit the regions of the atmosphere. Neither can we logically infer that what occurs in the experience of God will happen unto men. We must predicate our chances of life and immortality rather of the ascertained experience of beings constituted like ourselves. If God ever *died* (we reject the story on account of its manifest absurdity and blasphemy) he may have been raised from the dead; but as we are not Gods, that fact does nothing to inspire our hope of another life for man. But while it utterly fails to prove that man will live "hereafter" the alleged fact—if, indeed, it be a fact—does prove that *God may die again*, since what has been in the past may also be in the future.

At the Church of the Divine Paternity, Dr. E. H. Chapin, followed in the track of the venerable father of St. Patrick's. We suppose the doctrine of his discourse is expressed in the following extract from the *Herald's* report:

> "On this day the Christian world celebrates the resurrection of Christ from the tomb. The empty tomb of Christ had been the foundation of Christianity. There is no man, said the Doctor, who can prove the impossibility of a future. When I stand with Christ in the sepulcher and touch those nail-pierced hands I am convinced of the force of fact, and know full well that I have a future before me, even after my eyelids shall have been closed in death."

If Dr. Chapin is correctly reported he rests his Christianity on a hollow foundation—*on an empty sepulcher*. His hopes depend on the sensuous evidence of an external fact. We read that when one Thomas, otherwise called Didymus, had put his fingers into the prints of the nails he was satisfied that it was all right. Mr. Chapin seems to be similarly constituted, He does not appear to apprehend the import of the spiritual evidences of his religion. It is not in states of great spiritual exaltation that he feels the assurance of an irresistible conviction. He has not "*the witness in himself*." To be satisfied of his immortality he must go outside of his own consciousness. It is not necessary to ascend into the heavens, by the force of a spiritual gravitation; but rather to descend into *hades*. He would stand in the deserted grave, and put his fingers into the prints of the very nails that were used to fasten the body of his Master to the cross. It is then and there that he feels the force of the great fact that he will live when he is dead! The doctrine of reincarnation may possibly find an illustration in the case of one Didymus.

Dr. Thompson, at Christ's Protestant Episcopal Church portrayed in glowing rhetoric the conquests of death—his visitations on the land and the sea, and discoursed in a somewhat declamatory style on the power of Christ to subdue the last enemy of man. The eloquence of the Doctor was well calculated to impress the common mind.

There was a great crowd assembled at Old Trinity, and thousands were obliged to go away without being able to reach the vestibule. The music, vocal and instrumental, was on a grand scale. The general drift of religious instruction at Trinity may be inferred from the following extract which is not wanting in genuine eloquence:

> "Dr. Dix delivered a very impressive and appropriate address, in the course of which he saluted the recurrence of the great Christian festival of Easter. After depicting in eloquent language the glories of the resurrection morning, the reverend preacher said the Gospel of Easter tells us that somewhere in front there is relief for all the long care and exhaustion of this troublesome world. The time of trial has gone into all lands, and day by day is added to each man's burden. But no one of us ever had, or ever could have, a load to carry even distantly approaching in heaviness to that which Jesus bore. As His trouble passed away, so likewise shall ours. We are wont to say, "the life of man is short." Alas! when we reflect what they have to go through, from first to last, the wonder is that these poor frames, these brains overworked, these hearts filled too full, hold out as long as they do. Who would not long to rest? To whom is it not grateful to hear of the Eastertide—of the glory that followed in the Redeemer's case after the shame and grief were ended? After the cross comes the crown; after death, life from the dead; after the dark grave, the sunlit garden; after the night, the morning of eternity.
>
> Let us remember to apply all this to our own improvement. "If ye be risen with Christ seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God." He bears to no purpose of the risen Christ who does not get him up straightway from the dust of his worldliness, and the grave-clothes of his sins and find his way into the true light of his righteousness. The soul must have its resurrection now, that the body may hereafter be partaker in the blessed state. It is, indeed, in the higher and nobler part of man that his rising into life begins the work commences in the heart which seeks the things above, which keeps the feast not with the leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth. Thence it grows, and keeps on growing till it has taken in the whole life of the whole man. Let us, then, arise from our sins. Let us hear what, doubtless was an antiphon of some old church service quoted by the apostle, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light!"

Here a moral and spiritual resurrection seems to be recognized as of paramount importance; and yet the corruptible body comes in for its opportunity. The spirit's old clothes must be dug up, cleansed, and put on over the robes of its essential immortality. It is not enough that the soul is purified, exalted and glorified; flesh, and blood, and bones, after being reduced to common dust by the trituration of countless centuries perhaps, must be gathered up, put into the divine crucible, and by the mysterious chemistry of the day of judgment be prepared to become a "partaker in the blessed state." How and why, or to what purpose? If the soul can retain its conscious individuality for millions of years, why may it not go on forever without carrying along with it the worthless remains of the old body?

At the Church of the Disciples, Mr. Hepworth selected as his theme, "*Our Friends in Heaven*;" but almost any other title would have answered the purpose as well. On the question of the resurrection he followed in the same old rut. Indeed, it is a rare thing to find a Christian minister who has any original views of the leading theological questions. We clip the following from the report of Mr. Hepworth's remarks:

> "The historical fact of the resurrection of Christ—whose authenticity is beyond all doubt or cavil—is the most important fact in the moral history of man. In the world of spirits it is what gravitation is in the world of physics. It is the wonderful something that solves all enigmas, and which fills even despair with something like hope. The whole system of future rewards and punishments depends upon this."

Precisely how the alleged fact of the reanimation of the body of Jesus corresponds to gravitation does not appear to be very clearly revealed either by the preacher or any other man; nor do we see how that fact furnishes a solution of all questions and explains all enigmas—obscure sayings or riddles. And then, why all "future rewards and punishments" should be made to depend on that isolated fact, is quite incomprehensible. Did not God, man and the laws of the moral universe exist before that fact occurred? And were there no legitimate and inevitable consequences of human actions until the resurrection of Christ? Were men without consciences; had justice no place on earth or in heaven; and was God so limited in the exercise of his divine prerogatives, that no one was properly rewarded and punished before the beginning of the present era? Evidently, Mr. Hepworth is not likely to establish a reputation for either logical discrimination or theological consistency.

Mr. Frothingham in his discourse at Lyric Hall, is represented to have used, in substance, the following language:

> "The resurrection of the body is the great lesson of Easter. We cannot think of a spirit without form. This flesh—palpable, material form—is a grave of the human being himself. Our bodies are moulded of what has gone before, and were not brought down from heaven. There probably never was a man wholly human. We are the fragments of people—small pieces clipped off from the great whole. One is all heart, another all head. Here is a man who can measure the finest scruples of thought, but cannot digest his dinner. Habits are the unconscious actions of men that get to acting of themselves. Intemperance is a hideous habit from which millions cannot emancipate themselves. Intemperance is a vice of the nervous system. Suppose men take only what is good for them, to measure their desires by their necessities, and their ambitions, so that the lower classes may be emancipated from their dreadful habits. We should learn to eat that we may live, and not to live that we may eat. Faith in the resurrection of the body through the Son of Man helps the spirit to obey the Master's call. Mind and organization go together. They are inseparable. The most fervent argument against immortality is the predominance of the anima in us.

We can hardly believe that Mr. Frothingham is correctly reported in the foregoing paragraph. If he still entertains the old dogma

of the bodily resurrection his theology is not so radically reformed as we had been led to suppose. However, to assume that the mind must necessarily, be destitute of a suitable form or organization, unless the old body is raised, involves the preposterous assumption that *the mind must be disorganized and the identity destroyed* during the intervening period between death and the resurrection. We cordially admit that mind and organization go together and are inseparable, but perceive no necessary connection between this fact and the question of the resurrection of our mortal bodies. If, indeed, "there is a spiritual body," as Paul affirmed, of what possible use is the other to the unshackled soul? If, as Mr. Frothingham represents it, the "flesh is a grave of the human being" why should the resurrected spirit return to its sepulcher?

At the Church of the Holy Trinity the musical exercises were of a high order, and Dr. Hall delivered an eloquent discourse; but, like the others, it was lame in its logic and erroneous in its conclusions. We extract the following also from the *Herald*:

Dr. Hall was very eloquent on the subject which all church goers heard treated on Easter Sunday. His text was from the First Epistle to the Corinthians, fifteenth chapter and part of the forty-fourth verse—"It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body." A man dies, said he, and where is he? Who knows? There is his natural body; but what body has he now? It is such a body as Christ's, in which the spirit is pre-eminent. The body of Christ after the resurrection was a spirit body; there was a natural body before death and a spiritual body after death. When the disciples sought for Jesus the body had disappeared. That flesh had not seen corruption and the spiritual change had absorbed the whole body. This fact establishes the identity of the two bodies. St. John asserted that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God. Christ risen was not human. You may fall back on a continuous miracle, but that is weakness. What means it to us unless we are to be like Him! I assert that, taken just as they are, the two facts run co-ordinate—first, that Christ was human; second, Christ risen was not human.

Dr. Hall thus makes the identity of Christ to depend on his outward form instead of his inward, spiritual individuality. He quotes from an Apostle who describes two distinct bodies, one frail, corruptible, mortal, and "sown in dishonor;" the other incorruptible, immortal and raised in power. No two things could be more clearly defined and plainly distinguishable, one from the other; and yet Dr. Hall maintains, not merely the identity of Christ, but *the absolute identity of the two bodies*. Now identity means oneness, or *sameness*, as distinguished from both diversity and similarity. If the bodies were one and the same, why so much effort to point out the separate or peculiar characteristics by which each might be distinguished, from the other? The disciples could not find the mortal body, and Dr. Hall presumes that by some miraculous process in spiritual chemistry all the flesh and blood, the thoracic and abdominal viscera, and even the *bones* were rapidly absorbed by the risen spirit, so that nothing tangible remained.

This is not only at war with the laws of Nature, but irreconcilable with the principles of the spiritual constitution. We should as soon expect a horse to assimilate paving stones, or that a tree might absorb a lamppost, as that a spirit should at once incorporate the gross elements of a corpse—*the dead body it had but just rejected*—into its own incorruptible nature. Carnivorous animals may live on flesh, and vegetables be nourished by the phosphate of lime and other matter extracted from bones; but spiritual beings find the elements that nourish their natures and make them strong in spiritual substances and divine forces.

After affirming the absolute identity of the two bodies, Dr. Hall virtually assumes that they are not identical. "Christ was human—Christ risen, was not human." Were we to accept this assumption it would appear not merely that there were two distinct bodies; but, also, that Christ actually lost his personal identity in his resurrection. Nor does this define or otherwise determine the limit of his loss. According to Dr. Hall, "Christ was human" at first, but having risen "he was not human; and hence must have lost—in addition to his personal identity—his natural relation to his own species!

With such religious teachers, it is not surprising that the common people believe so much, and know so little.

Unity is the principle of all things, and rom this unity went forth an infinite duality.

SPIRITUALISM NOT SECTARIAN.

If the Church would but open its doors, we would enter and speak against the gigantic abominations which flourish in its shadow, and are fostered and cherished at the very altar. Nor should we, in this case, indorse the Church ritual or identify ourselves with the old organism, any more than Jesus of Nazareth was identified with the religion of the Pharisees, because he went into the Temple to refute the Jewish doctors, and expose the spiritual wickedness which was enthroned in high places. We have no disposition to identify the Spiritual movement with any existing form or modification of Sectarianism. Nor is it the object of those most deeply interested in the Spiritual Philosophy to establish a *new* sect. The world has been long enough engaged in making creeds, and in wielding the weapons of a dogmatic warfare. Humanity has been rent in pieces, and the fragments are scattered and quivering in the pangs of expiring life. Be it our mission to aid in gathering them together, that these many members may be one body, harmoniously constituted, and animated by the same life.

"For *modes* of *faith* let graceless zealots fight."

To avoid the tendency to Sectarianism we erect no standard of faith; we prescribe no limits to the developement and the researches of the human mind. In the annunciation of our views we appeal to Nature and Reason, instead of authority and tradition. It shall be our object to illustrate, as far as we are able, the laws of Nature and the Soul, in their application to the interests of Society; to devise "ways and means" to instruct, refine, and save the dangerous and perishing classes. Thus we hope to promote, in some humble manner, a comprehensive Reform, in which the *causes* of existing evils may be removed, and the interest and duty of man, so long divorced, may become one and indivisible.

We believe there are thousands in the churches who are ready to adopt a more rational, spiritual and practical religion. Let them stand up in their manhood, and—

——"*Act*
As conscience orders."——

And though the palsied *body* of the outward church may writhe in its great anguish, Humanity will be comforted, and the fallen and enslaved millions will rejoice in the Gospel of To-day.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

We use the above caption in the popular acceptation of the term, for the purpose of calling special attention to the very excellent communication found in the Phenominal Department of this number, from the pen of Mrs. Laura Cuppy Smith. Of the fact that persons who once lived here, have after their departure to spirit-life, returned and manifested themselves in the same form as when they occupied earthly bodies, we have ample evidence in human history. Equally positive is the testimony of sacred and profane historians, that spirits once inhabitants of earth, have manifested their power and presence by "Physical Manifestations." The Jewish and Christian Scriptures abound in evidences of this character. It has, however, been left to Modern Spiritualism to answer the question and demonstrate the fact that, "if a man die, he shall live again." We are well aware of the opposition and ridicule attempted just now by the religious and a part of the secular Press, in denouncing all Mediums, because a few have been detected as impostors. These "exposures" may be in many cases just, but not always. What of it? Have we not abundant evidence even in the Christian Church of "many false brethren"? One of the chosen twelve, companion of Jesus, as we are told, became a traitor. We do not believe that Spiritual Mediums are proportionately impostors, although we sorrowfully admit that many persons claiming mediumistic powers, fall into ways of wrong doing, and bring odium upon the cause they profess to serve. We concede this and approve fair means for their exposure, but our columns shall ever be open to report the evidences of an immortal life, being received through worthy Mediums, upon whom the world now frowns, but will in the future bless. For the Mediums who have thus erred, sensitive as they are to influences good and bad from both worlds, we have words of sympathy only, and would say, "Go and sin no more." It devolves upon Spiritualists, not merely to expose those who trifle with these "gifts," but to carefully analyze this wonderful power and use it for high and noble purposes. Mediums are not the only parties responsible for the present distrust and disbelief in Spiritual manifestations, nor for the degeneracy charged upon modern Media. The great mass of Spiritualists should have long since organized, if for no other purpose than for the protection and sustenance of their Mediums. As Spiritualists, we have much to learn in this direction, and as journalists we purpose to speak our thoughts hereafter.

We do not fully accord with the half condemnatory remarks relating to physical manifestations made by one of the speakers at the recent Anniversary Meeting in this city. The tiny rap (a physical manifestation) heard twenty five years ago and interpreted by a little girl has reverberated throughout the world. As the sound of the first cannon fired at Fort Sumpter caused a nation to rush to arms and paved the way for universal civil liberty, even so has the little rap and the various manifestations that have followed, aroused a sleeping world to action, and the work thus inaugurated in that eventful year by the invisibles, will never cease, until the nations and peoples of the whole earth are liberated from the tyranny of religious despotism. We know thousands of Spiritualists who are satisfied only with the food they get on the phenomenal plane of spiritualism. We marvel at this, but must express our convictions that the phenomena is just as much needed to-day as ever. In this view if we rightly interpret the signs of the times, we are fully confirmed by the fact, that each year of the New Dispensation is marked with some new and marvelous power, evidently displayed to convince the denizens of earth, that the two worlds are to be brought into yet more intimate relations.

We shall welcome to our columns, well authenticated reports of phenomena, particularly if leading the mind into new channels of thought and investigation. We cannot see that our readers will be profited by repeating for the hundreth time accounts of phenomena that have become familiar in every part of the country. These manifestations are no doubt interesting to those who witness them, but not to the general reader. Remarkable manifestations of invisible power and new phases of Mediumship we shall be glad to publish. In the report made by Mrs. Smith to which reference has been made, tests of personal identity are given, under circumstances that admit of no possibility of deception. We intend to avail ourselves of the earliest opportunity to visit the house of Mr. and Mrs. Andrews where we hope to see some dear friends gone to that life to which we hasten, and of which all are anxious to learn.

UTILIZATION OF THE EMOTIONS
AS MORAL FORCES.

Surely we need not take the trouble to learn Latin and Greek in quest of true philosophy not there to be found, merely that we may read, in the original, ingenious theories founded on *false views of human nanature, declamatory generalities about virtue and happiness, the practical worthlessness of which were exposed by their lack of practical effects* in mitigating the selfishness, injustice, cruelty and vice of the people *to whom they are taught* or rather *before whom they are vainly displayed.* (Simpsons Philosophy of Education.)

Those expressions as to ancient philosophers are equally applicable to modern theologians. Nearly all assume as a basis that many of the natural faculties require to be *suppressed* instead of being *directed.* Yet the more destructive a natural faculty is when misdirected, the more beneficial is it when provided with a suitable sphere and mode of activity; it is the province of science to ascertain and provide the sphere. In physics the problem to be solved is how to *utilize* natural forces; but in morals it would seem to be how to *suppress* them; but the one can be no more *suppressed* than the other; the attempt to do so involves inevitable mischief. The human emotions are *forces*, as much so as electricity. Franklin and Morse by observing its method of action utilized in a very high degree that which previously was only conceived of as an agent of mischief. Were the faculties of alimentiveness and amativeness, studied on the same principle with a view not to *prescribe* but to *ascertain* the laws regulating them, the kingdom of heaven would soon be among us.

MR. AUGUSTUS WATTERS.

Small men with nervous temperaments, in whom the tissues are delicate and the fibrous structure compact and elastic, are usually characterized by great intensity of feeling and action, while they ordinarily display more grace than dignity of manner and motion. A huge frame, a phlegmatic temperament, nerves like chain-cables, and the distention of the cellular tissue by excessive deposits of adipose matter are conditions altogether unfavorable to the acquisition of easy and graceful manners and the true "poetry of motion." Giants are usually sluggish in mind and body in proportion to their avoirdupois; but Psyche was a delicate nymph, and Mercury, the swift messenger of the gods, was encumbered by no superfluous flesh.

This train of thought was suggested by the interesting entertainment given by Mr. Augustus Watters. We have seldom witnessed a similar performance with so much real pleasure. This gentleman, like Edwin Booth, whom he somewhat resembles, is rather below the ordinary stature; but the fine proportions of his brain; the combination of temperamental conditions and qualities, and his lithe and symmetrical organization, all indicate the complete equilibrium of a constitution, not powerful but enduring, extremely flexible, and denoting withal a natural capacity for artistic pursuits and achievements. The peculiar intensity, inseparable from such a nature, has evidently in this case been restrained by earnest thought and judicious discipline. His personality and his bearing exhibit equal grace and dignity; and he otherwise manifests a just discrimination that can neither mistake "sound and fury," nor the distortions of ungovernable passion for the significance of artistic modulation and genuine dramatic effect. His voice has more melody than strength; however, his intonation is altogether agreeable, and his articulation so measured and distinct that no sudden emotion is allowed to interrupt the rhythmical flow of his recitation.

We hazard nothing in saying that Mr. Watters has a fine appreciation of the relations of the several parts of speech, and of modulation and action, in the expression of mental emotions and ideas; that he possesses a fine combination of physical and spiritual qualities, and his plastic and versatile powers are happily illustrated in his whole performance. Moreover, his entertainments contain valuable lessons which our young people especially should profit by. It is in no inferior sense that we recognize him as a teacher, whose course of instruction is separated from the real and imaginary evils that cluster about the drama. In this capacity he certainly merits encouragement, not only from the press, but from the Board of Education and the religious community.

There is nothing either embraced in the programme, or in the manner of rendering the several selections that could possibly offend the taste of the cultivated hearer. His transitions from the impressive gravity of Shakspeare's most stately creations, to the light and humorous portions of his performance are easy, natural and graceful, indicating unusual range and scope in his elocutionary capacity, and a just appreciation of some of the finer elements of esthetic conception and dramatic expression. His rendering of Poe's mysteriously musical poem entitled "The Bells," was in all respects a masterly performance. We can scarcely expect to witness a more effective representation of that weird genius with whom poetry was a passion approaching delirium.

Rationalize Education.—"It seldom happens that a man in any part of his life deserves any conveniency or advantage from some of the most laborious and troublesome parts of his education."—*Adam Smith.*

Almost as true now as it was a century ago. Probably three-fourths of the time in schools is spent uselessly by reason of routine methods and antiquated prejudices. This will continue to be the case as long as the religious nature of man is uncontrolled by reason. Why reason is excluded from the higher faculties of our nature, and secures but imperfect control of the lower. It should be the special work of Spiritualists to *rationalize education.* Children taught to reason on *all* subjects, will not only acquire knowledge in much less time than others, but will never become the slaves of superstition.

DO AS I SAY, NOT AS I DO.

"Inductive inquiry refuses patient industry and a humble *conscientious acceptance* of *what nature reveals*. The first condition of success is an honest receptivity—a willingness to abandon all preconceived motives however cherished, if they be found to contradict the truth." *Tyndall, quoted in Spencer's "Education."*

"The great deeds of philosophers have been less the fruit of the intellect than of the direction of that intellect, by an eminently religious tone of mind. Truth has yielded herself rather to their patience, their love, their single-heartedness, and their self-denial, rather than to their logical acumen."—*Huxley*, as quoted in Spencer's "*Education*."

IT is precisely in this spirit that the facts of Spiritualism have been reached; it is very nearly the opposite spirit which Tyndall, Huxley and other eminent men of science have exhibited in the investigation of this subject. While attaining a success richly deserved in their own fields of investigation by a humble and conscientious acceptance of what nature reveals," in which "truth has yielded herself to their patience," as soon as they take up Spiritualism, they expect in an hour, not only to *dictate* to nature *what* she shall reveal, and *how* she should reveal it, but conclude that it is a fraud or a failure unless they can realize more results in an hour than in their own sciences they expect to realize in years. As the leaders, so the followers. Those who have just begun to look into the subject, jump instanter at adverse conclusions, regardless of the experience of those who have given to it their lives—just as of some novice in Physics were to seriously assure Tyndall or Huxley that they were utterly mistaken in regard to the first principles of natural science.

The quotation at the head of this article should be inscribed on the pulpit and platform. They are the key-notes of the science of the future, Modern Spiritualism is the *consequence* of their application to a field of thought, for which, previous to its advent, science, was, by universal consent, excluded. It is passing strange that to this extension of the boundaries of the republic of science two of its noblest citizens should be indifferent or hostile.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN ENGLAND.

IT would certainly appear by the following from an exchange, that England leads us considerably on the Woman Suffrage question: "Woman as a voter is an accomplished fact in England. Every woman who occupies a dwelling in any city or town of England, Ireland, Wales, or Scotland has a vote for aldermen and town officers in general. Under Mr. Foster's new act in England, widows and spinsters who pay rates have votes in the election of school boards. In Ireland, every woman who pays any sum as poor rate has a vote in the election of poor guardians. It is said that the women exercise these rights heartily, and in many cases where saloon-keepers represented the wards of cities in municipal positions they were finally defeated by the votes of the women. In London, as is well known, Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D., is one of the most useful members of the school board, and the same is true of Miss Becker, in Manchester. The right of suffrage seems to have been conferred on the principle that where women pay a tax for any object they shall have the right to a vote in the disposition of the funds."

Victory.—The Homœpathists have finally won a victory in the Michigan Legislature. As a resident of that State we have united with others year after year in petitioning the Legislature of Michigan for this act of justice which has now been granted, for it is now provided by law, that two of the medical departments of the State University shall be of that faith. How the two systems can be taught in the same school, however, is a problem we cannot solve. We imagine they will not always have peaceful times. To us the two systems seem to be antagonistic—the one or the other false. Yet we believe Homœpaths of the State entitled to the boon they have obtained, but would it not have been wiser to have established a separate institution?

Mrs. Helen M. Barnard, of Washington, D. C., who edited the *Woman's Campaign* last summer, has been appointed by the President to visit the Vienna Exhibition; expenses to be paid out of the contingent fund of the Treasury. This is "respectful consideration."

THE QUESTION.

WORDS of encouragement and unqualified expressions in approval of the form, size and contents of The Present Era, have come to us from every part of the country. Four numbers have been issued, and although far short of the model paper we purpose to make it, our readers have seen enough to enable them to decide the question of approval or disapproval. If the former, the most satisfactory answer possible, would be a response in the shape of greenbacks, or their equivalent. We appreciate words of encouragement, but they have a double force, when accompanied by something of material value, indispensable in publishing even an ordinary Newspaper, but absolutely necessary in sustaining such a paper as The Present Era, published in the very best style of the typographic art, and filled with matter of interest for the humblest learner and the most profound thinker. The friendly recipient of our paper can also favor us by soliciting subscriptions, and sending the names of persons who would probably subscribe if specimen copies were sent them. We could fill several columns with favorable words from the press and the people, but we prefer to leave each reader to decide as to our merits and the claim we have for patronage. From the thousands of persons who have enjoyed the reading of the The Present Era in the past and present, we ask an immediate response.

Speakers' Register.—We will cheerfully and gratuitously publish the post-office address, and engagements for the current month, of any and all of our lecturers when requested. The only compensation we ask is the presentation of The Present Era to the audience addressed. We will send specimen copies to all who desire to use them for that purpose. We should be glad to have all our speakers become active agents, and for that purpose offer a very liberal commission. For full particulars please send for "confidential circular to agents."

"Robert Dale Owen has espoused Christianity with its comforting belief in a future and immortal state.—*Golden Age.*

Robert Dale Owen unquestionably believes in a "future and immortal life," but will be somewhat surprised to see the announcement that he had "espoused Christianity." A belief in a future life is one thing, and the "espousal of Christianity is quite another. "Comforting belief in a future life" was cherished by earth's inhabitance thousands of years before the dawn of Christianity, and a more perfect knowledge of that life will survive it, by thousands of ages.

What Answer have the persistent advocates for capital punishment to make to the fact that more murders have been committed in this city since the hanging of the unfortunate Foster, than for the same length of time immediately preceding that event? Other men have since been tried, condemned to death, and in their gloomy cells await their apparently certain doom; certain, because from an Executive who could turn a deaf ear to such appeals as were made in behalf of Foster, no mercy can be expected. We are living under the shadow of the gallows, yet murders are of no less frequent occurrence. Again, we ask, "What answer?"

Woman Suffrage.—The irrepressible woman is coming again to New York to talk about her rights, and the Chairman of the Executive Committee, Matilda Joslyn Gage, makes the announcement, found in another column, of the next national anniversary, to be beheld in this city, May 6th. We hope and confidently expect to see the largest assemblage of woman suffragists ever convened in this city, and we predict that a new impulse will be given to the movement.

"The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" through an agent, Loring Moody of Melrose, Mass., are seeking to secure the enactment of a law, prohibiting the seal fisheries. It seems as if such butchery must soon end in the extermination of the species and the end of a profitable business. The same may be said of the buffalo of the plains.

"IT IS COMMON!"

BY GRACE H. HORR.

So are the stars in the arching skies,
So are the smiles in the children's eyes;
Common the life-giving breath of the spring,
So are the songs which the wild birds sing.
Blessed be God, they are common.

Common the grass in its glowing green,
So is the water's glistening sheen;
Common the springs of love and mirth,
So are the precious gifts of earth.

Common the fragrance of rosy June,
So is the generous harvest-moon;
So are the towering, mighty hills,
So are the twittering, trickling rills.

Common the beautiful tints of the fall;
So is the sun, which is over all;
Common the rain, with its pattering feet—
So is the bread, which we daily eat:—
Blessed be God, it is common!

So is the sea, in his wild unrest—
Kissing for ever the earth's brown breast!
So is the voice of undying prayer,
Evermore piercing the ambient air!

So, unto all, are the "promises" given;
So, until all, is the hope of heaven;
Common the rest from the weary strife—
So is the life which is after life!
Blessed be God, it is common!

[*Note.*—If anything specified in these verses is *not* common. If it is denied, directly or indirectly, by man to his brother man, I think it is evident there is a mistake somewhere. Man, with all his boasted civilization and progress, cannot *very much* have improved on the original design of God. Yet, we well know hat there are good honest persons languishing for want of daily bread: nay, in some seasons, for want of air! What does it mean?—G. H.]

STORIES ABOUT DOGS.

THE following story about the great musical magician and his Fido, from the St. Louis *Democrat*, may have some foundation in fact; but we think that Ole Bull will not be pleased to have such questionable English put into his mouth by the reporters. Having enjoyed the excellent society and brilliant conversation of the great Norwegian, at our own fireside, we protest against the poor invention of this Western scribbler, who thinks he must make a gentleman growl and bark because he is telling a story of his dog. Ole Bull does not talk like an ignorant Dutchman, and that reporter deserves to be arrested for assault and battery.

Ole Bull's Dog.—Ole Bull, the great Norwegian violinist, has two pets which he loves passing well—his fiddle and his dog. The former is more useful than ornamental, and the latter is more ornamental than useful. The dog is a small white poodle covered with fleece as soft as Mary's little lamb. Yesterday morning as Ole Bull was walking along Fourth street, followed by his little dog, a squad of dog-catchers espied the canine, and noticing that Fido was not provided with a ticket-of-leave from Collector Wright, in the shape of a three-dollar brass medal, they marked him as a foe worthy of their steel wire.

One of the boys, carrying a wire noose behind his back, slipped cautiously up to Fido, and with a dexterous turn of the wrist lassoed him. A distressing "yawp" from the dog attracted the attention of the musician, and looking around, he saw his favorite in the hand of the Philistines. Then ensued a scene at once ludicrous and tragical. Ole Bull exclaimed, "Mein Gott! vot you do wiz my little dog?"

"He ain't got no 'C. T. P.' on," replied the dog catcher, "and we's goin' to impound him."

"I vill pound you if you let him not go," said the fiddler, taking hold of the dog and freeing him from the noose. The dog ran for his life, the dog catchers pursued, half a dozen newsboys followed, and Ole Bull brought up the rear. The dog was now put to his trumps. Several times the catcher threw out his noose, which the dog cunningly dodged. Ole Bull was greatly agitated, and was no doubt angry enough to annihilate every dog catcher in the city. Being unable, however, to keep up with the chase, he resorted to strategy. Taking a position in an open door on Chestnut street, he whistled to the dog, and the sagacious animal ran in, and bounding up stairs, was soon safe from pursuit. Ole Bull then secured him, and the fiends of the dog pound were cheated out of a victim.

Conclusive Reasoning.—Some one relates a story of an Irish soldier, who being on guard at night, in Bermuda, killed a savage dog the property of the Adjutant of the regiment to which the private belonged. The animal was wont to prowl about the barracks at night, and was the terror of all who had occasion to be out on sentry duty. It will be seen that when called to account for slaying the brute, the native wit of the Irishman came to his relief, and found expression in his peculiar manner of putting the *argumentum a posteriori*.

One night the dog was the subject of conversation in the guard-room, and one of the soldiers, a native of the Emerald Isle, broke: "If that dog comes near on my post, I'll stick the bayonet in him." Sure enough he did; for in the morning "Nip" was found stark and stiff, with the ominous three-cornered ventilator made by the bayonet in his breast, through which his canine soul had fled.

There was a tremendous outcry, and Dennis, the murderer, soon found himself the inmate of a "prisoner's room." On his being brought before Col. H——, the offense was read over, and then the colonel, after hearing the evidence, asked the prisoner what he had to say for himself. "Well, sir, in the middle of the night, while on sentry, the dog came rushing toward me, snarling and showing his teeth, and I used my bayonet to defend myself." The adjutant here broke in with, "If the dog was rushing at you to bite you why did you not strike him with the butt of your piece?" "So I would, sir," said Dennis, "had he run at me with his tail." The answer convulsed the colonel, and Dennis was ordered to return to duty at once."

How A Dog Reasoned and Suffered.—Here is a case of canine sagacity and self-sacrificing devotion to a helpless child, that eclipses the benevolent societies and discounts the humanity of nine-tenths of the human race:

"The Nashua (N. H.) *Telegraph* relates that not long since a Newfoundland dog belonging to a family was left for a few minutes in a room with an open grate, in which there was a child just old enough to creep. The child crept toward the fire, and the dog, who apparently saw and understood the danger, at once lay down between the child and the fire and remained there until the mother came to the rescue. The hair was burned from the dog's side.

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.

Give the Dogs their Due.—Respectable dogs are so much more reliable than many men in these degenerate days, that we think the superior species deserve promotion. Several dogs we know of are fairly entitled to compete for places of responsibility. Here is one who was assigned the important position of mail carrier, and he discharged the duty admirably. Let those whose business it is to look after the Civil Service Reform, ascertain the name of this dog and take his claims to a government appointment into consideration. His qualifications for a place that requires industry and integrity, are clearly enough demonstrated. On reflection we strongly incline to the opinion, that mail robberies would be much less frequent than now should the Department be pleased to give the contracts to the dogs.

Miss Mary Edith Peeby, a successful competitor for a prize at the chemistry course at Edinburg, has been denied her reward because she has not the good fortune to be a man. Shame!

Jeremiah Hacker formerly Editor of *The Portland Pleasure Boat*, is old and poor living at Berlin, Camden Co. N. J. He is a deserving pioneer of reforms, a veteran of progress. Help him now.

Prof. Huxley has been elected Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen by a considerable majority over the Marquis of Huntley—a result which the editor of the *Nature* regards as a satisfactory evidence of the estimation in which eminence in science is held by the younger minds in Scotland.

Editorial Correspondence.

THE PRESENT ERA;

COLORED SOLDIER'S BOUNTY, ETC.

I WAS just about to depart for Fortress Monroe, Norfolk, Portsmouth, and other lands historic; when the news reached me that the freedom of *The Present Age* had been invaded. I had hopes for the child at the first, but now I knew that its birth was prophetic; that its career would be important and eventful, else why this injunction to suppress the vigorous life just ushered into being? *The Golden Age* has given us a gratuitous advertisement worthy of our thanks—thrown a *lasso* at our heads, lest we should outstrip it at the first bound, and we are no longer an 'Age' but an *Era* in the world's history, sure to leave its impress on the *Golden Age*, or whatever age shall come after. Our mind is not only a hopeful one, but a legal one; and while we were reflecting upon what our next duty might be in this sudden turn of affairs, not having been *legally* consulted, a message came from Baltimore from two of the heirs of

THE CHASE MILLIONS,

asking us to bring our legal knowledge in ferreting out, settling up, and dividing the immense fortune in the Court of Chancery, in Lancashire, England, since 1848, but decided in 1865 by that Court to belong to the heirs of the Rev. Richard Chase, who settled in America in 1732, the father having previously visited the country under the auspices of Lord Baltimore, the proprietary governor of Maryland, coming with him in the same ship, the 'Fricton,' Clement Brook, Commander; and landing at Annapolis, Md. Afterward, in company with Lord Baltimore, he visited York, Va., and in a few days returned to Annapolis, where his two sons, Richard and Jeremiah Chase, settled some years later.

REV. RICHARD CHASE,

the ancestor, has a history at once romantic and interesting. A worthy commoner, and a young man of decided talent and address, he became enamored of Lady Margaret Frances Towneley, the youngest daughter of Sir Towneley, of Towneley Hall, Lancashire. This family was of noble blood, and allied to the Royal House, having descended from Charles the Second. Lady Margaret was surpassingly beautiful, and as amiable and gracious as beautiful, but with a true woman's will. Although opposed by her father and by Sir Wm. Halton, who had married the elder and only sister, she returned the affection of the rising young commoner, and consented to a private and somewhat clandestine marriage with him. It is the character of true love to overleap rank and difficulties. Accordingly, we find this marriage thus recorded.

"Margaret Frances Towneley was married to the Rev. Richard Chase, Sunday, Oct. 31st, 1714, by the Rev. Wm. Shaw, at his house, College Court, Westminster, in presence of Mrs. Shaw and Mr. Richard Lunn.

"It is by the issue of this marriage that the Towneley estate has descended to the Chase heirs, the wife of Sir Wm. Halton dying without issue. Of the two sons of Richard Chase, Jeremiah married Judith Dent, of Charles Co., Md., and died without issue. Richard married Catharine Stredwick, of Calvert Co,, Md.; settled in Baltimore, and died leaving a son, Jeremiah Townley Chase, and a daughter, Frances Halton Chase, who also died without issue. Thus three times has this ancient family been reduced to a single line. Jeremiah Townley Chase left five living descendents. Catharine died without heirs. Frances Townley Chase left three children, two of whom survive. Matilda married Thomas Chase, son of the signer of the Declaration of Independence, and died leaving three daughters. Richard Moale died leaving four sons and one daughter. Of these heirs, six live in and about Annapolis. But the oldest living descendant of Lady Margaret Frances Townley is the youngest daughter of Jeremiah Townley Chase,

HESTER ANN CHASE.

She is, perhaps, the most remarkable woman living, and the most important heir to the Townley estate. Of her previous history, or the romance of her life, I know nothing except the rumor that the breaking off of an engagement, by whose act I know not, in early womanhood, has caused her to live a spinster; until now she is verging on her 85th year. I mention her age that all young men or ambitious widowers may refrain from paying court to her with an eye to her immense fortune; for no one would dream by looking at or conversing with this plump, rosy-cheeked, well-preserved matron, presiding over her own business, that so many Summers had glided over her unwrinkled brow. She has well-preserved teeth, reads fine print, writes well and rapidly without glasses, walks without a cane or stoop in her figure, and during the Lenten Season, may be seen daily at Church, conning her prayer book, and taking an after walk with her two elegant nieces. Besides this recent fortune, she is possessed of $200,000 in her own right; much of it in real estate in Baltimore and Annapolis, and the balance in bank. Her mind is still clear and vigorous, and the traces of early beauty still linger on her cheek, as the sunlight of Autumn glimmers over the frost touched tree, making it the more beautiful.

OUR VISIT TO AUNT HESTER

was a pleasant one, and two busy, but dreamy days were spent in turning over the old family papers part of the time with her, and part of time with her two elegant nieces, the Misses Harwood. These papers and accounts run back for nearly 200 years, and the genealogy of the family, which Aunt Hester gave us from memory, is as perfect and unbroken as though each birth and death had been at the time recorded. The old family silver shown us bears the coat of arms of the Townley family, and came originally from the House of Lancashire. It is a shield with crest—a falcon standing on a serpent, or the ensignia of the Knight of the Garter; the while rose; a black girdle with three stars, and the motto, '*ne se de mah's.*' On the walls hang three old portraits in oil, painted by Sir Godfrey Weller, as far back as 1720. They are well-preserved, and the one of Lady Townley represents a beautiful woman caressing a royal spaniel. Miss Chase has an heir-loom in the shape of a gold snuff box, on the cover of which is a likeness of Sir Charles Townley set in diamonds—an exquisite piece of ancient art. Among the papers, the names of Lady Brown Fisher, grandmother to Lady Townley, and Lady Day, appear. We descended from baronial titles and the light of other days on the third day of our second pilgrimage to Annapolis, and commenced the investigation of the Colored Bounty Claims, under a recent act of Congress, as a

FEMALE CLAIM AGENT AND ATTORNEY.

Of course, the lawyers the clerks and the judges of this staid town were all taken aback, and looked on in surprise, wondering what would happen next! We marshaled our colored band up to the clerk's desk to take the accustomed oath, and then ensued an hour's talk as to whether we could get the signature of the Clerk and the seal of the Court without first going to a magistrate or notary, the Clerk insisting that we *could not*, and we insisting that we *could*. Finally the Judge was called, and *he* demurred, until a lawyer of the male persuasion arrived, and declared that we were right. So the oaths were taken by the Judge, and with the usual gallantry of the Southern gentlemen, he declined the fees.

"The colored man, however, is as yet gregarious, and no sooner had one set disappeared than another appeared with his discharge in his pocket, desiring his bounty claim made out immediately. Set after set marched up to take the required oaths and make the usual signatures, until the day was spent, and the next day, and the next, until the third day arrived, and the cry was 'still they come,' and then came the pensioners who had failed to make their applications and claims against the Railroad Co., until we seriously thought of opening a law office in Annapolis; but then came the thoughts of THE PRESENT ERA and all that it will bring forth: the trips we have promised to take in its behalf; the Summer pilgrimages we mean to make; the beautiful in Nature we mean to see, and all the health-inspiring air we mean to breathe. So, just for a little season, we will make this matter of law the subject and not the object of our life. Yet this bounty engagement must be completed; the Chase millions secured though it cost several trips to England; THE PRESENT ERA reach to the remotest corners of the earth; after which, we shall ferret out all of the deep and as yet unfathomable mysteries of law; edit a new code for women, and die.

DELVA A. LOCKWOOD.

ANNAPOLIS, MD., April 9th, 1873.

For The Present Era.

A SHORT LAY SERMON UPON A MUSICAL SUBJECT.

BY J. S.

MUSIC, from the time when it crystallized into an art, has been founded (in its harmonic relations) upon consonant and dissonant chords. Originally, these terms meant agreeable and disagreeable. But as a positively *ugly* sound or combination of sounds is not permissable in the art, and the word *agreeable* has merely a relative significance in its broader sense, it became necessary, consequent upon a better understanding of the subject, to define them as meaning *repose* and *motion*. Though the *fact* of these two elements of a musical composition have ever remained constant, their theory has been modified as stated. For, no art can base itself upon, or, indeed, even contain an element of the purely ugly. The word dissonant, therefore, as meaning discord, can have no existence in music—neither the contrary or consonant as meaning purely beautiful, for they are relative facts, and assume significance from their contrast. Were it not so, the predominance of consonants would render a composition more beautiful; and the same in proportion to the absence of dissonants!

Nothing, however, can be truer than the new meaning of the terms. A pure sound or chord has no musical meaning. It is simply that and nothing more! The mind takes it as a starting point, and seeks a resting place. The intermediate steps are meaningless without reference to these goals; and the latter cannot be attained except by the aid of the former—in other words, the consonants are the resting places of the musical mind; giving one the delicious sense of perfect repose, and the dissonants as healthfully creating a desire for this rest.

Life in general, furnishes its analogy to this. The views concerning it have likewise changed similarly to the mooted one. Likening the moral, mental and physical world to a grand musical symphony, we find that its consonant and dissonant elements are daily construed in a different spirit. Where we observe cosmical and human activity as the incentive to repose; and, this, in its turn, evolving a sound stimulous for further exertion. Our forefathers saw the one as obeying or manifesting a Satanic agency; the other as the most perfect exponent of Divine desire. The consonants of life were interpreted as ugly, and to be avoided; the dissonants as supremely beautiful, and the most desirable. The concerns of religion were the objects only worth living for; all else was but devilish discords. The lethargic, "Thou shalt not," largely supplanted the busy and life-giving "Thou shalt."

Trust in God and a perfect faith in Him, has been inculcated as a more glorious element of the grand human symphony, than a constant strife toward self-development, and an intellectual appreciation of His mighty works, and thereby their Creator.

CHICAGO, April, 1873.

WOMANS REAL NEEDS.

MISS EMILY FAITHFUL.

THIS well known able and earnest advocate of the Woman's Suffrage Movement in England, was most cordially welcomed in New York, soon after her arrival in October last. Since that time she has visited various parts of the country and addressed large and intelligent audiences in several of our larger cities. She has been received with marked favor, and her work has not been in vain. Her eminent social position, has enabled her to reach a class who have heretofore given little or no attention to the necessity and importance of this movement.

Thursday afternoon three weeks ago, a large audience convened in Steinway Hall, of this city to listen to her farewell words. The Woman Question was the subject and she discoursed most eloquently on the "Elements of Woman's true progress." The platform was occupied by members of Sorosis, and by many friends of the movement for the advance of women. The Rev. Dr. Bellows opened the exercises. He spoke briefly of Miss Faithful's services, and alluded to the presence on the platform of Lucretia J. Mott. She thereupon arose, and expressed her unwillingness to take up time which properly belonged to Miss Faithful, whose persistent and noble efforts in a good work deserved the tribute of the presence of so large a number to express regard and respect. In every effort to advance woman, and to open abundant avenues for her progress, she had accomplished much. Mrs. Mott proceeded with reminiscences of the earlier days of the movement for woman's rights. Miss Faithfull, on rising, was greeted with an earnest welcome, and for an hour thereafter claimed the strict attention of her hearers, whose approval was shown by frequent ripples of applause.

When she reached America, in October last, she had not expected to find it so very hard to say farewell in the following April. From the moment of landing she had been the recipient of the kindliest hospitality, and now that the time had come to sever the ties which, manifold and strong, bound her to America and Americans she felt too much regret to trust herself to give expression to her emotions and gladly recalled the object of the meeting." The subject on which she was to speak had received unmerited abuse, and its agitators had been charged with trying to set women against men. The movement truly arises from the deepest sympathy with men, with their noblest efforts and best aspirations. It is a war of principles, and in it men and women are equally interested. There are three great subjects at present exciting England; first, the Relations of Labor to Capital; second, Pauperism; third, the Woman Question. The last, taken in its broadest sense, was to be the theme of the speaker's utterance on this occasion. She would not appeal to chivalry and compassion, but to justice and good sense.

In England there are now nearly 3,000,000 women dependent on their own exertions. To tell such as these that woman's proper sphere is home is mockery, for they are forced from their homes to get bread. Though many a barrier to woman's earning a livelihood had been broken down, there are still terrible difficulties in finding employment for women especially onerous is the effort in the case of those of fallen fortunes, members of the genteel classes. To relieve such Miss Faithful had founded a "Fund for Destitute Gentlewomen," to which she would devote the proceeds of the lecture. True it is that young men now find it hard to get suitable work; they often have to go West. But there is no analogy among them to the wholesale yearly destruction of consciences, bodies, and souls among women—destruction too often brought by destitution. How can tender-hearted people fold their hands while so many of their sisters are driven to the gates of hell by want of bread? Statements are published that capable women, willing to work, can get employment at good wages. Good, steady, skilled labor is wanted in just those departments where women have not gained position. The unremitting, earnest application required to acquire skill in these departments, is hard for women to go through. In them, love of work for its own sake is no more inherent than in men. Moreover, women are always looking for the appearance of the possible emancipator. Men have nothing but their work to look to for dependence. The greatest evil of all is the lack of the right early training, and for this the family, the parents, society in general, must be impeached. Society casts a stigma on women who earn their own livelihood, and parents pray that their daughters may never be brought so low. As to education, a girl's training stops just where the main part of a boy's begins. Men are allowed full opportunity to devote themselves to their chosen work, and are not diverted by social demands. Women are at the beck and call of everybody, as it were, and have so many society duties, so many distracting little trifles to attend to, that the wonder is not that there has not been a female Shakespeare, Raphael, Newton, but that women have done so much.

The problem, what we shall do with our redundant women in England, is answered by some philosophers by proposing emigration and marriage. But emigration has already been largly tried, and Scotch, English, and Irish women have been sent to Australia and America in great numbers without much diminishing the gravity of the problem; while as for marriage, there is yet to be found the women to say "No" when the right man appears. As long as the number of woman in Great Britain exceeds that of the men by six per cent, marriage will not wholly do away with the difficulty unless Mormonism is tried. True marriage is the crown and glory of a woman's life; but it must be founded on love, and not on the desire of a home or of support, while nothing can be more deplorable, debasing, and corrupting than the loveless marriages brought about in our upper society by a craving ambition and a longing for a good settlement. Loveless marriages and a different standard of morality for men and women are the curses of modern society. The dignity of labor is not yet properly appreciated. We agree that work is honorable in a man, but are not yet convinced that idleness is dishonorable in a woman. A contempt for work is at the bottom of the mind of a fashionable young lady. Frivolity is so general that it is surprising that so much good survives in spite of neglect. So long as we frown down and sneer at the efforts to enlarge woman's sphere we are encouraging frivolity and idleness in women. We hear the interests and rights of woman spoken of as if these could be separated from those of men, as if men and women were creatures of different kind. A most common and mischievous error is that which would make woman the mere shadow and attendant of her lord as if a shadow could be a true helpmeet. We have long heard that man's

sphere is the world; woman's is home. But women have a part in the world too, while men are not ciphers in the home circle. The speaker protested against setting up an ideal standard and recognizing no womanliness but such as conformed to that standard. The material need of opening fresh avenues to woman is obvious; the moral necessity is also of the utmost importance. Women must have such occupations as will give them true and genuine sympathies with their fathers and husbands, who are toiling day by day for their support, while the women dependent on them are wearying out the hours trying to kill time. In this way a wide gulf, constantly expanding, is opened between men and women.

The speaker then inveighed against the undue extravagance of dress which so demoralizes upper society, but thought that reform was in the power of the men who supply the means for this extravagance and admire the effect. In considering the admission of women to suffrage, she thought that politics and electioneering might be elevated and purified for their participation. She recounted a conversation with Horace Greeley, "one," she said, "who must always be held in respect and veneration by the whole country." In answer to his inquiry as to the reasons English women had for wishing a part in politics, she stated that they had reason to complain of three great hardships: First, the great educational endowments left by their ancestors for the use of both sexes are confined to the benefit of boys. Thus, Christ's Hospital in London yearly educates 1,200 boys, and only 26 girls. Second, the property of married women is under the husband's control. Third (and hardest of all) landlords will not have women tenants because they want voters. Miss Faithful proceeded to discuss the arguments for and against woman suffrage at considerable length, and closed her address by showing the imperative need of woman's aid in the reform of prisoners, in the improvement of the criminal classes, in lessening the evils of the factories, where young children are overworked, and finally and chiefly in the formation of such a public sentiment as will, welcome every effort for the good of man and woman, and will oppose that worship of mammon which now holds such universal sway.

The Rev. Dr. Bellows closed the excercises with a graceful eulogy of Miss Faithfull's course in England and America, and in behalf of the audience, uttered a most fervent wish for her safe and pleasant voyage; a wish which he said, in view of recent terrible calamities, has much significance.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE ANNIVERSARY.

NATIONAL WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

THE Twenty-Fifth Woman Suffrage Anniver- will be held in Robinson Hall, Sixteenth street, New York, Tuesday, May 6th, 1873.

Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who called the first Woman's Rights Convention at Seneca Falls, 1848, will be present to give their reminiscenses. That Convention was scarcely mentioned by the local press; now, over the whole world, equality for woman is demanded. In the United States, Woman Suffrage is the chief political question of the hour. Great Britain is deeply agitated upon the same topic; Germany has a Princess at the head of its National Woman's Rights Organization. Portugal, Spain, and Russia have been roused. In Rome an immense meeting composed of the representatives of Italian democracy, was recently called in the old Coliseum; one of its resolutions demanded a reform in the laws relating to woman and a re-establishment of her natural rights.

Turkey, France, England, Switzerland, Italy sustain papers devoted to woman's enfranchisement. A Grand International Woman's Rights Congress is to be held in Paris in September of this year, to which the whole world is invited to send delegates, and this Congress is to be under the management of the most renowned liberals of Europe. Come up, then, friends, and celebrate the Silver Wedding of the Woman's Suffrage Movement. Let our Twenty-Fifth Anniversary be one of power; our reform is everywhere advancing. Let us redouble our energies and our courage.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, PRES.
MATILDA JOSLYN GAGE, Ch'n Ex. Com.

Many of the following may be expected to speak, and perhaps persons from abroad.

Lucretia Mott, Pa., Sarah R. T. Williams, Ohio, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, N. J. Catherine F. Stebbins, Mich. Mathilda Anneke, Wis., Paulina W. Davis, R. I., Rev. Olympia Brown, Ct., Mrs W. F, Channing, R. I., A. J. Duniway, Oregon, Mrs. E. W. Willard, Vt., Sarah E. Vibbert, Mass., Mary Godbe, Utah, Laura De Force Gordon, Cal., Marthat C. Wright, N. Y., Belva A. Lockwood, D. C., Laura Curtis Bullard, N. Y. Elizabeth A. Merriweather, Tenn. Helen M. Bernard, D. C. Lavina, C. Dundore, Md., Lucy A. Snowe, Me., Izabella Beecher, Hooker, Ct., Sarah Pugh, Pa., Catharine V. Waite, Ill., Maria Mott Davis, Pa., Charlotte B. Wilbour, N. Y., Ellen Sargent, Cal., Phebe Cozens, Mo., Clara Nieman, N. Y. Emily Pitts Stevens, Cal., Elizabeth S. Bladen, Pa. L. Devereuz Blake, N. Y. Lucinda Chandler, Pa., Mary F. Thomas, Ind., Jane Graham Jones, Ill. Methilde F. Wendt. Mary F. Davis, Ill.

For the Present Era.

THE GUEST CHAMBER.

BY LUCY A. MILLINGTON.

IN this low and dusky chamber,
Spirits wander to and fro,
Who have met with loving welcome,
In the old time, long ago.

I remember blue-eyed maiden
With a forehead white, and fair,
As the young moon, softly shining,
Through her golden clouds of hair.

Gray old man, and youthful lover
Looked with smiles of tender pride,
On the gentle, tearful daughter,
On the happy, beaming bride.

Where she sat beside her father,
Silent oft I sit and dream,
Till before me bright and real,
All the shadowy past doth seem.

Checkered by the clustering vine-leaves
Moonlight sleepeth on the floor;
Light and song and cheerful voices,
Ringing through the open door.

Out into the world of shadows
All those sounds of gladness flow,
Had the gloom no voice to whisper,
Whisper of the coming woe?

With the morning o'er the threshold
Pass the lover and the bride.
All our household angels bless them,
While the doors they open wide.

Every morn I watch the sunlight
Brightening o'er the ocean plain,
Till their white-winged ship seems flying,
Down a path of light again.

Over ocean's foamy brightness,
Rosy flushes come and go,
Like the opening gates of Heaven,
Seem the cloud shapes, all aglow.

Golden glories stretch and brighten
Far into the misty west;
While the sun uplifts his forehead,
From the ocean's heaving breast.

They who walk upon the waters,
And go down to sea in ships,
Hear strange voices ever speaking,
From the waves, with trembling lips.

From the sky, and from the water,
Voices speaking, evermore;
Mind them of a breeze in summer,
Of a pebbled river's shore,

Where cool waters sweetly singing
Under green-roofed temples flow,
While the breath of blooming meadows
Through their lofty arches blow.

But earth hath no sound to liken
Unto ocean's ceaseless moan,
Or the wind that wildly rageth
O'er the darkening waves, alone.

When both wind and wave awaken
Echoes from the starless sky,
Thunder upon thunder waileth,
And the sounding deeps reply.

What is man who calmly smileth
While deep calleth unto deep,
That his soul, o'er pain and terror
Its divine resolve should keep.

All men's hearts are like that flower
Whose bright face still courts the sun;
Hope and joy still greet the morning,
Gladness for the day begun.

But when crimson glories gather
Round the cloudy pillared west,
Memories brighten, thoughts of kindness,
Seek like birds some far-off nest.

Fluttering through the gathering twilight,
Stirring as they swiftly pass,
Orchard blooms and drooping vine-leaves,
And the tender blades of grass.

Seeing lights on well-known hearth-stones
Forms that in the fire-light show,
Hearing footsteps, hearing voices,
While they wander to and fro.

All the angel eyes of heaven
Looked upon the gentle bride,
While with face still turning westward
Leaning o'er the vessel's side.

Her sweet soul drank in the beauty
Of the rosy clouded sky,
And the purple tinted shadows
That each moment seemed more nigh.

"Beautiful are ocean's changes,"
Said a voice beside her then
"Over all this earth of ours
Where are found the homes of men

I have wandered, slowly conning,
All their scenes of beauty o'er,
But my soul was dull and cheerless
Till I stood on ocean's shore."

He was one whom storms had beaten
Into strength of heart, and limb,
And with eyes of eagle fierceness,
That no burning suns could dim.

Beard and hair were bleached to whiteness
By the frosts of care and age,
And his broad high brow was lined,
Like a smoothly written page.

Yet his voice was clear and ringing,
With a strange mysterious tone,
As with saddening remembrance,
Of some sorrow he had known.

"Twice," he said, "my ship has stranded
On a bleak and desert shore,
Twice among the fragrant spice isles
I have heard the breakers roar.

While the wind that shred the palm leaves
Tore my close reefed sails away,
Tossed me like a bubble over
Where the reefs of coral lay.

Yet my soul was never stricken
With a grim and ghastly fear,
While I grappled with the real,
Or beheld the danger near.

Years ago, with gold and palm oil,
I had left the Gambian coast,
When there came a wild tornado,
And our ship was well-nigh lost.

Unto that a calm succeeded
Stiller than the noon of death.
There was neither pulse in ocean,
Or in air a trembling breath.

It was like their scorching deserts
Where the quivering sunbeams fall,
On the faint, unsheltered traveler,
Like a fiercely flaming pall.

Broken spars, and shreds of cordage
Floated with us day by day,
And two white sharks close beside us,
Watched, and waited for their prey.

Like a quenched torch, each sunset
In the ocean seemed to die;
While the moon, her blood-red banner,
Trailed across a starless sky.

Ere the desert wolf had wakened
Travelers with her morning wail,
All our silent ship seemed shrouded
By a dim and misty veil.

Thick, and fast, it gathered round us,
Whiter than the arctic snow,
But its touch was like the simoon
That o'er burning sands doth blow.

From its deeps we heard strange voices
Sounds as of some vessel near,
And our bravest hearts were shaken
With a thrill of sudden fear.

There were footsteps as of watchers,
Murmured words of seeming prayer,
Moans, as of the faint and dying,
Shrieks of passionate despair.

O'er those cries, whose wild despairing
Told of fever crazed brains,
O'er the heavy tread of watchers
Rose the fiercer clank of chains.

When the vapors round us brightened
With the light of coming day,
Other voices heard we speaking
Words of wildest blasphemy.

Then with trembling lips we numbered
How death wrought with them o'er night
When their dead, they slowly buried
In the ocean, out of sight.

Many times two score had parted
Underneath that spectral veil,
That before the sun dissolved,
As the stars at morning pale.

Oft with eye and glass we questioned
Of the earth and of the sky,
"Where among your burning shadow,
Doth this fearful stranger lie."

Never bleaching sail, or pennon,
Saw we with the sun haze dim,
Or the slender topmast cutting,
'Gainst the near horizon's rim.

But each night we heard those voices
When the vapors round us fell,
Like the sound of souls in torment,
Coming to us out of hell.

When our faintest hopes had perished
And our souls were nigh to death,
God, who had in wrath or mercy
Stayed the breezes freshening breath.

Veiled with clouds the burning heavens
Fanned us with a pleasant gale,
That like new wine, blest and cheered us,
While we watched the filling sail.

O'er the green and stagnant ocean
Rolled the widening rifts of foam,
And our ship like bird long caged
Spread her yearning wings for home.

Mrs. Cobbe, an English female adept in mental philosophy, has lately published long and well written articles in two London magazines, in which she contends that dogs as well as men have immortal souls.

A special edict tolerating Christianity throughout Japan has been promulgated, and it is determined to throw the whole country open to foreigners. The Government is endeavoring to form a code based upon the European systems.

TO LOVERS OF PURITY,

EVERYWHERE.

"Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?"
"Can an evil tree bring forth good fruit, or a corrupt fountain send forth pure waters?"

THE continued increase in the number of criminals, lunatics, paupers, epileptics, deformed persons, and helpless, wretched human beings, from all classes of society; the increasing tendency to sensuality, as evinced by the dress and literature of the times, and the frequent cases of seduction, suicide, abortion, infanticide, mortality of infants—all of these accumulated horrors unite to demand of us, as American women, a thorough investigation of the causes of these fearful disorders, and a fearless application of whatever remedies lie within our reach.

We therefore submit the following propositions, held to be true by many noble, philanthropic minds, and ask for them the candid, dispassionate consideration of all lovers of humanity.

1. That according to Divine order, every person should experience a conscious delight in *living*, and in performing the uses of life; but that the race, by a long course of selfish, sensual, devitalizing indulgence, has lost zest in, and relish for, the daily blessings and use of a pure life.

2 That the act by which a human soul is called into existence *is a creative act*, designed by the Infinite Creator to people earth and heaven with pure, happy human beings, each soul to be the sublimated essence of the best qualities and happiest conditions of its parents; and that the earthly agents of our Heavenly Father have no right to degrade this high and holy use to low and selfish purposes.

3. That through ignorance and selfishness the human family have perverted this exalted office to merely sensual indulgence, resulting in a diseased, abnormal condition, which physicians and the world in general call "*normal* appetite," "natural propensity," "physical necessity," and, more deplorable still, resulting in a constant and frightful increase of vicious, depraved, and diseased human beings, doomed to infamy and suffering by the sins of their parents before they were born, according to the inexorable law, "the fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth shall grind."

4. That thus, through the degradation of a holy sacrament, the earth is filled with violence and crime, and the regions of despair with lost human souls.

5. That men themselves need all the vital force which is not demanded for parentage to enable them to perform the mighty material, intellectual, and moral labors to which, as sons of the Most High, they are called; and by wasting their powers in enervating indulgence they sacrifice vigor, health, happiness, and the most glorious possibilities of manhood, here and hereafter.

6. That the present condition of the human race imperatively demands the active exercise of the refining, elevating, spiritualizing power of pure womanhood, to eradicate moral poison, restore spiritual and physical health, and thus to lead humanity to a higher plane of thought and feeling and to richer fountains of perennial joy.

7. That what the world needs is not a mere increase of population, but an improvement in quality, and that any attempt at reformation in the lives and condition of the masses which ignores these vital principles, and neglects to provide proper education on these subjects, must fail to produce tangible or permanent results.

8. That while, under painful and adverse circumstances, Woman has demonstrated herself capable of performing a large share of the material, intellectual, social, moral, and spiritual work of the world, yet, far above all other duties and offices, she is especially created, and appointed and consecrated.

MOTHER OF THE HUMAN RACE.

9. That the one who suffers all the agony, even unto death that attends the earthly advent of a human soul, who nourishes the body with her own life-blood, and guides the little one through the sufferings and perils of infancy, should, by every law of reason and justice, decide, not from entreaty or compulsion, but from her own divine, motherly intuitions, when she is ready for the grand self-renunciation of true motherhood.

10. That the holy office of parentage should be only assumed when the husband and wife *truly love each other*, and fervently wish for a pure, heaven-endowed child, whom they can rear for noble uses on earth, and a full, rich, angelic life hereafter.

11. That while the mother's body is the temple of a possible angel, sacred duty to her unborn child should take precedence of all other duties.

12. That suffering herself to be degraded, while in that holy state, for merely sensual purposes, is a crime against the human race, a sin against her own soul and against the Holy Spirit.

13. That wives, who are kept in a perpetual state of torturing anxiety lest they have incurred probable motherhood under unfavorable circumstances, are deprived of the prime conditions of conjugal happiness and glad, successful maternity—security, and peace.

14. That the mutual tenderness, devotion forbearance and love that rendered the period of

courtship an ever-remembered season of delight—when the presence, voice, smile, or even glance of the beloved one exceeded all other joys, are made an utter wreck to marriage by rendering the communion, which should be for a high and holy use, common and unclean.

15. That if each woman would claim and hold complete ownership of her own body, preserving herself pure from every merely sensual thought or approach; permitting herself to incur the risk of motherhood only when all the conditions are favorable for a wise parentage and a pure offspring, there would soon be scarcely a crime left on the calendar, and the serpent Sensuality, with "bruised head," would flee from the Eden of the human race.

We appeal to all lovers of Purity, Peace, and Order to aid us by counsel, suggestion, or co-operation, in our work of social purification and reform.

All communications may be addressed to either the

President or Secretary of Woman's Club,
Box No. 9. P. O., Washington, D. C.

The real name and address of the correspondent who desires to aid us must be given to insure reply.

We cheerfully yield to the request to publish the above in our columns, confident that the sentiments will meet a favorable response from the great majority of the readers of the PRESENT ERA. EDITORS.

COOPERATION IN KANSAS.—The cooperative movement in Kansas, started about four years ago by E. V. Boissiere and E. P. Grant, seems to be prospering. The culture and manufacture of silk is to be one of the principal industries of this Association, and accordingly their domain, comprising more than three thousand acres, has taken the name of Silkville. A silk factory is already in operation and ten thousand mulberry trees have had three years of thrifty growth. Two hundred and fifty acres of this immense farm have been brought under cultivation, and now the projectors of the enterprise announce themselves as ready to receive associates to carry into effect its original purposes. The Association is to be formed on Fourier's plan of the combined Household." A building large enough to accommodate from eighty to one hundred persons, will be erected the coming season. Each person admitted will be required to deposit one hundred dollars.

QUESTIONS THAT ANSWER THEMSELVES.—Is not a lady she who illustrates a fine and strong character by thoughtful culture and gracious manners? What matters it whether she be rich or poor? What matters it whether she work for pay, or simply because by reason of her ladyhood she must abhor laziness? A man who lives on relatives or friends to whom he is a burden, forfeits the name of a gentleman. Work is his patent of gentility. Why should a woman in that plight be hindered from honorable toil? This moral ligature that witholds our girls of so-called position from manual labor is more cruel and mischievous than any French corset or Chinese slipper that ever maimed or tortured.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A QUESTION.—Should the President (male) of a female college kiss the students? The Rev. Dr. Munsell, President of the Illinois Wesleyan University, has been brought before the Trustees upon a charge of "paternally kissing the young ladies." The Trustees report that they "regard the course of Dr. Munsell in kissing *different* young ladies unwise and improper," from which we infer that the salutes would have been perfectly wise and proper if the doctor had confined himself to one young lady. But the Trustees say that the kissing was always "in the presence of third parties, so that there could have been no improper intent." This is mild; but the Doctor is huffy about the matter, and has resigned the President's chair.

REVOLUTION AT "THE HUB."—The experiment of opening the reading room of the Public Library in Boston, inaugurated after a long struggle, on Sunday has had several trials, and the result has thus far fulfilled all the promises and predictions made by those who advocated the scheme. Still it cannot be said to have had a fair test, as yet, inasmuch as sufficient time has not elapsed to distinguish between those who seek to be benefited and those who go from the inspiration of curiosity or novelty. This will be definitely determined, however, in a few more weeks, and will be recorded and made known in the interesting statistics which always form an agreeable and valuable feature of the regular reports o Superintendent Winsor.

If the ratio of increase in the attendance continues, the entire floor will hardly afford sitting room, and some plan may have to be devised for accommodating boys and girls. The officers are heartily pleased with the result so far, and the prediction is ventured that another year will see the library itself opened.

It is a question now agitated among cellar connoisseurs whether ruby wine and topaz sherry should not be classed with mineral waters.

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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. Brtttan'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:

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THE MODOC MASSACRE.

THE horrors of the Modoc Massacre has for the past ten days, afforded a sensation for the daily press, and a fine opportunity is afforded for condemning the Peace policy of the Administration toward the Indians. We have seen much in the administration of Gen. Grant to condemn, but we have felt confident of his good intentions towards the Indians, and were sorrowfully surprised last week to see the following announcement in the morning papers:

"General Sherman, in his army order to General Gillem, touching the murder of General Canby, says 'the President authorizes me to instruct you to make the attack (on Captain Jack and his band) so strong and persistent that their fate may be commensurate with their crime,' and that 'you will be fully justified in their utter extermination.' In his despatch to General Schofield, commanding the Military Division of the Pacific, General Sherman says, 'the President now sanctions the most severe punishment of the Modocs, and I hope to hear they have met the doom they have so richly earned by their insolence and perfidy.'"

We have seen no contradiction of this order, characteristic of barbaric ages, and unworthy the Chief Magistrate of an enlightened nation. For this murderous act the perpetrators, and they alone, should be punished. Not even members of the tribe not directly implicated. The spirit manifested by the *New York Herald* and a large part of the press throughout the country, calling for the extermination of the tribe, and a change from a peace to a war policy with all the Indian tribes, is not only wicked but perfectly diabolical. That these ignorant savages, under the excitement of the moment, will be terribly punished, perhaps annihilated, we have no reason to doubt, but, by and by, the sober second thought will come, and then we shall present the other side of the question. Not until the nation recognize these people as its wards and deals with them accordingly, will they be justly treated. We have carefully read Secretary Delano's instructions to the Peace commission. In reference to the removal of the Indians from the reservation they claim, the language is clearly against removal, *except with their consent.*

LATER.

Since writing the above, later intelligence from the scene of strife gives information of the escape of most of the tribe. The disgraceful part remains to be told, but we cannot darken our pages with the horrible detail of acts perpetrated by United States troops, apparently with the sanction of Army officers in command—acts that would disgrace savages, and for which we have no language to express our detestation and horror. Our humiliation is greater when we consider that these crimes were committed by the soldiers of a nation claiming to be the most civilized and Christian on the face of the earth. The so called friendly Indians were permitted to scalp and horribly mutilate the wounded and dead bodies of the Modocs; and several days after the battle white soldiers killed indiscriminately all the wounded of the enemy. We doubt not a due proportion of Christian (?) chaplains, are with the troops, professed ministers of him whose birth is said to have been heralded by angels, proclaiming "PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN."

ANNOUNCEMENT.

WITH the present number, I close my connection with the editorial department of THE PRESENT ERA. Circumstances satisfactory to myself justify this voluntary withdrawal. I desire to say in this connection, that I have not taken this step because of any inharmony with Prof. Brittan, with whom my relations have been pleasant indeed. THE PRESENT ERA is worthy the cause it represents, and should be liberally aided by Spiritualists and Liberalists. It will be sustained if these classes realize the importance of such a journal in the contest surely at hand in this country, between church despotism and religious freedom. May the right prevail.

D. MORTON FOX.

WM. H. SEWARD.

MEMORIAL services in honor of one of our nation's greatest statesmen, Wm. H. Seward, were held at Albany last week. The exercises were appropriately conducted under the auspices and by authority of the State Government. Charles Francis Adams was the orator, and delivered an address on the occasion, worthy the distinguished citizen eulogized, the nation, and himself. The selection of Mr. Adams to discharge this duty was particularly appropriate, as will appear by the remarks made by Gov. Dix on introducing the speaker:

"A quarter of a century ago, this very month, and within these walls, William H. Seward delivered a memorial discourse on the character and public services of John Quincy Adams, and to-day the son of Mr. Adams is here to pronounce a similar discourse on Mr. Seward. Thus, with these two kindred ceremonies, are associated the names of three eminent statesmen who have shared largely in the confidence and respect of their countrymen, and who, by their distinguished talents and the purity of their lives, have contributed largely to their country's welfare and reputation. I present to you the Hon. Charles Francis Adams.

Mr. Adams then stepped forward, and in a voice, low, but well modulated and distinct, began the delivery of his tribute to Wm. H. Seward. The opening sentences in which he spoke of his own relation to the day's event and to its subject, and referred to the fact that Mr. Seward was the eulogist to his illustrious father this day twenty-five years ago, were delivered with marked tenderness of feeling, and impressed the audience with the fact that his heart, as well as the best gifts of his mind, was fully enlisted in the task he had set before him. He then proceeded to give an interesting review of the political history of the country with which Mr. Seward was so intimately identified, following him through his active career in State and national affairs, touching, meantime, upon some of the secret springs which guided campaigns and influenced public events, and referring with delicacy and judgment to the prominent events in the life of Mr. Seward, giving, in doing so, a kaleidoscopic picture of the past of rare beauty and singular completeness.

FACTS AND RELATIONS.—It is not so important to learn facts as to learn to observe and to think. Here is room for improvement. Facts don't stick, unaccompanied by *relations;* the latter are so many hooks which adhere to the memory; the former, alone, are so many rolling stones on a declivity, unless fastened by means of their relations. "Cosmos" is a vitally scientific book because it enters into *relations*, while many books of great pretension are mere catalogues, and poor ones at that, because relations are not perceived or not explained by the writers.

EDUCATE ARIGHT.—Those interested in the success of Lyceums, should read Herbert Spencer's "*Education, Intellectual, Moral, and Physical,*" and *act* upon it with the least possible delay. We must educate aright not only *our* children, but those of others, unless we desire to do over again all that has been done for the last twenty-five years. Our ecclesiastical opponents know and *act* upon the knowledge that the only way to continue their hold on the people is to *catch them when young.* Let not the children of the world continue to be wiser in their generation than the children of light.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY is likely to prove too much for the United States District Attorney at Rochester. "Is it a crime for a United States citizen to vote?" is what she is asking of the people of every town and village in Monroe county, and the District Attorney wrathfully asserts that, as he will be unable to get an impartial jury for her trial on May 13th, he must move Susan's case into another county. Susan courts the change. She will continue stumping until the official himself is a convert. The arrest of Miss Anthony and her trial may possibly prove in its influence and results as powerful an auxiliary to the Woman Suffrage movement, and hasten its consummation as did the celebrated Dred Scott decision the solution of the American Slavery question. "So be it."

PERSONAL.

J. L. MANSFIELD.—We announce with pleasure the fact just communicated to us by letter from Prof. E. Whipple, that Mr. Mansfield will soon enter the lecture field. *The Present Age*, when published in Chicago, was favored with several communications from his pen. One, a poem entitled "The Unfaithful Soul," will be remembered by all readers. We cannot do better than to let Prof. Whipple be heard as follows:

MESSRS. EDITORS: I wish to say to the readers of THE PRESENT ERA, that our brother J. L. Mansfield, of Sharon Center, Ohio, will soon take the field as a lecturer. Brother Mansfield is known in Ohio as an able lecturer on Spiritualism, Temperance, and especially as an effective speaker in political campaigns. He combines masculine strength with genuine sympathy and earnestness for reform. His mediumistic experiences have been fraught with singular interest. Five years since he had a series of wonderful visions regarding an impending religious and social revolution, and received directions regarding the establishment of an industrial school. His partners in business alleged he was crazy, got him into the Asylum at Utica, N. Y., and through the connivance of physicians and bigots, obtained control of his business, and stripped him of his property. While in the Asylum, he was an "elephant" on their hands. His influence developed new symptoms every day, which baffled the diagnosis of the physicians, and so he was taken from ward to ward, in each of which he suffered in person, and became an eye-witness to the monstrous abuses practiced there. It is his intention now to unmask those abuses, and he will take the field on that line. I have known him intimately the last five years, and cordially recommend him to the favorable consideration and hearty support of all Spiritualists and Liberalists throughout the country.

E. WHIPPLE.

MISS NETTIE M. PEASE has been speaking to large audiences in Paterson, N. J., for some time past. Last Sunday in Vineland, from which place she returns to Paterson, where the interest has so increased that the largest Hall in the city has been engaged.

PROF. E. WHIPPLE.—From a private letter received from Worcester, Mass., we learn that the audiences are unusually large, and the lectures eloquent, scientific, and deeply interesting. Prof. Whipple is well received, as we doubt not he will be throughout the Eastern States on this his first visit. Prof. W. has been re-engaged in Worcester for the first two Sundays of May.

MOSES HULL, speaks in Washington through April, and if we mistake not, goes South for the month of May. He is agent for THE PRESENT ERA and other publications.

Obituary.

PASSED to spirit-life, from Cleveland, O., March 31st, Mrs. M. J., wife of John Madden, after a short illness of ten days. The deceased was an intelligent and practical spiritualist, and an active worker in our little Lyceum band. As a woman she was sympathetic, genial, pleasant, and self-reliant; as a friend she was true and kind, and endeared herself to all whom she came in contact with. Her life was one bright exemplification of the principles of our philosophy, and she leaves none but friends behind, as she steps forward to the glorious realization which only the angels' voices have verificated to mortals. The funeral services were conducted by O. P. Kellogg, of East Trumbull, Ohio., and was very largely attended.

Resolved, That we the members of the Cleveland Progressive Lyceum, do offer our warmest sympathy to the afflicted husband and mourning friends; may they be soothed and sustained by the sweet presence of the ministering angels as they throw their influence around them.

Resolved, That the above be read in the Lyceum next Sunday, and that a copy be sent to the husband and relations of the deceased, and also a copy be sent to the PRESENT ERA, *Banner of Light*, and *Religio Journal* for publication.

CLEVELAND, O.

The Present Era.

I heard a great Voice saying, Go uphigher.

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THE FUTURE OF THE RACE.

BY J. K. INGALLS.

IN the first number of the current volume, an essay appears on the "Antiquity of Man, and the Future of the Races," which is suggestive of a train of thought, not so much in criticism as in supplementation.

While accepting the main propositions in the now popular theory of evolution, through natural selection, it seems necessary to consider that this theory gives but one side, and consequently but one-half of the truth. For nothing can be *evolved* which is not *involved*. Involution and evolution are as necessary complements to each other in the growths of Nature, and of human society, as in the process of numbers.

Natural selection has its limitations in human development, as already pointed out by Mill, Fiske, and others, and these are supplemented by reciprocation, which return to the feeblest, whatever they have contributed to the stock of general wealth and intelligence in contradistinction to destructive competition and absorption of the weaker by the strong, who alone survive the struggle. In the development of the human race, we have then more than the problem of the strongest, or fleetest, as with horses, hounds, or birds,—nothing less, indeed, than that of the completest, the most rounded and perfect character we can possibly conceive. Most certainly it is vastly more than the mere question of the greatest aggressive force. If not, the problem has been solved long ago and a great many times over. Written history has thus far been little more than a record of successive and successful aggressions of one tribe, nationality, or race over others, in a veritable "struggle for existence."

Evolution, through natural selection, results only in differentiation, *i. e.*, in the determination of force to extremes, and in eccentricity of traits. The lion becomes more of a lion, for his triumphs in the forest over weaker species. But his extinction does not follow any the less, but all the more surely, from the fact that he is developed mainly in the direction of the greatest aggressive force, while the Jackal, in his descendent, the dog, is preserved in his inferiority, and becomes the companion of man; because, not so far differentiated as the lion from the central trunk of being, he retained a quality to reciprocate the human care and protection. In like manner the Negro who ate Massa's chicken and assumed that Massa had more Negro though less chicken, as a slave (a domestic animal,) has disappeared, while the chicken still remains to furnish the master's table with eggs, and lengthen out his income, so shortened by Pompey's disappearance. Thus as complementary to evolution, natural selection and differentiation, we have Involution, reciprocation, and equilibriation.

Now if we take but one of these lines of progress, certainly "the contact of the Caucassian with the inferior races will result disastrously to the latter;" but when each have become wise enough to reciprocate services in the struggle for existence, and find that they are mutually enriched thereby, more than either could possibly be by aggressive conflicts, aggression and destructive competition will be superceded by chivalrous emulation co-operatively employed.

If the Caucasian is really superior to the other races, it consists in his ability to reciprocate services, and to co-operate in effort for human advancement by mutual aid, rather than in any superiority of faculty for destruction and absorption. During the infancy of the human race, as through the gradation of animal life below man, the tendencies to differentiation are distinctly marked, but the tendencies to equlibriation have never been entirely without indication. While animal life has been developed in every possible *extreme* of form, of character, or of aptitude, the life of all has flowed into Man, and in him alone, approaches integrality and completeness.

In pre-historic times, as at present among the most savage people, doubtless the struggle for existence was but slightly different among men from what it was among the beasts, the birds, and the fishes. But with growth of intelligence, the idea of mutual aid and exchange of services arose, and must have exerted, in the most barbarous times, a much wider influence upon the progress of the race, than any historian or mere scientist has ever dreamed. The tale of blood and rapine is exciting; the clangor of arms is noisy, while the busy hum of industry is monotonous, and the story of patient effort unattractive. Hence history has dealt chiefly with war and the conquest of the weak by the strong. Are we, therefore, to suppose that all progress has been due to this blind conflict for supremacy? or that the strongest and fittest only have survived? Why, the expenses of the conqueror have often been more destructive to himself than his victories were to the vanquished. The Jew, so many centuries outlawed, still retains his distinctive nationality, while the Assyrian, Greek, and Roman have left but a feeble impress on the people who bear their names, their empires crushed and supplanted by the very barbarians, their arms had so often conquered.

And on this continent it is altogether too soon to decide whether the Castillian or Aztec will ultimately survive in Mexico, if one or the other must succumb. We have scattered the aboriginal tribes of red men, for a season, yet their blood flows in the veins of many noble men and women; their superstitions have been grafted upon our theology, and our form of government has derived some of its best features by suggestions from the natural government they enjoyed. When we shall cease to treat them as foreigners, and at the same time as incapable wards, it will be seen how far the destructive process now going on is a normal one.

With regard to the African, he already comprises one-eighth of our entire population, having increased rapidly under the system of slavery. Whether he will survive the enjoyment of freedom, is a question we may judiciously leave to be decided by the facts in the case, after the experience of a generation or two. Besides these two, we have quite a sprinkling in this country of what we may self-complacently term the "inferior races." The question is simply, How shall they be bestowed? by destructive absorption, or by mutual aid and reciprocation of service? or rather, and more scientifically, What is the process now going on? Evidently the drift of the present, especially in this country, is to equilibriation. Not the Anglo-Saxon, not the Caucasian or Aryan race alone has entered this "new career upon American soil," but the Human Race; and the motto of our "Union of States," "*E Pluribus Unum*," becomes doubly applicable to our "American Race," for from *many* it becomes *one*. Heretofore in the history of mankind, isolation of tribe, nationality or race, dissimilarity of tongue, religion, or custom, has enabled war to riot in the destruction of human lives and hopes; but behold what opposing nationalities, what bitter differences of creed, what contrast of habits and shades of complexion find tolerance and encouragement among us; what reciprocal exchange of services and of thought proceed under the protection of our laws and the genius of our age? We have established commerce with all the peoples of the earth. Our railroads, steamers, and telegraph, have completed the circle of intercommunication around the globe, so that the quickening and health-giving influence from each people circulates freely to all others.

In the great struggle which lies directly before us, and in which the interests of all races are united, the old conflict between the differentiation and equilibriation of force is distinctly visible. Survival of the strongest, on the economic, rather than the more physical plane, is the warfare in which society is now engaged. It is one which can result in no selection according to wisdom but would terminate, if carried to its legitimate conclusion, in the destruction of all of every race, but those in whom swinish greed predominated, if not in the devouring of these ultimately by each other. To this tendency we find opposed, as its legitimate complement and corrective, reciprocation and equitable exchange of services. It is already seen that in the vicissitudes of the struggle to absorb, through trade, the wealth of society (into the hands of the few,) not the most intelligent or the fittest survive. That even success is no protection against the erratic working of the system. The grayest eagle of the Broker's Board is made to succumb with the "lame duck" he has just devoured. The "lion on 'Change," all the more for the plethory his prey has afforded, is at last set upon and devoured by the very jackals who hunted for him in his more active days. The railroad king, as well as his duped stockholders, is ground at last in the mill, he supposed he was running solely for his own profit. It is seen that the governments of the world are controlled by the narrowest as well as the basest considerations, that neither the strongest nor the fittest rule, but those with the greatest capacity for successful lying and stealing.

It hence becomes the interests of all peoples to harmonize, rather than antagonize, with each other. For however temporarily it may benefit one person, nationality, or race to despoil and destroy others, it can never prove beneficial on the whole, except in the way of teaching them the folly of the system which enables one to prey upon others, and so reform it. It is ignorance alone which suggests to an individual or a race that despoilment of others will prove beneficial. And as Man turns his attention to the sociological problems which now confront him, he will see more and more the utter childishness of those struggles which have constituted hitherto the apparent purpose of life, and raise to their proper place in his affections those peaceful arts and mutual services, which have formed the basis of all his grand and truly vital progress through the ages. The race of the future will be the Human Race, towards whose perfectibility all branches will have contributed, and in which all will have just recognition. It is possible to conceive, to be sure, of a long triumph of brute force, of cunning and of sheer persistency of the forces now in play in the surface drift of social movements, but only on the ground of perpetual ignorance, and the bigotries to which it gives birth; even we may conceive that the race itself will disappear and give place to a newer and higher creation, but the more rational conclusion is that reciprocation will become more and more the controlling influences in our destiny, and that unity of action and of interest will become the watchword of the men of thought and toil over all the earth, and bring the social instinct and the individual sympathy into harmonious relations.

MORE BARBAROUS BELLS.

BY AUGUSTUS WATTERS.

THAT eminently matter-of-fact individual, Mr. Eli Perkins, recently drew particular attention to the subject of "Bells." Among other things he narrated the bitter complaining of a young up-town lady who testified that every Sunday morning, when rest was most needed and most naturally looked for, sleep was utterly banished from her pillow by the incessant and inconsiderate clamor of some eight or ten church-bells of the heaviest calibre. Now, the complaint of that young person was one of the most valid and reasonable complaints that could possibly be uttered. There is no more justification for the hideous din occasioned by these metallic abominations on a Sunday morning than there would be for the firing of an equal number of the biggest-sized cannons. It would be just as sensible for theatres to set up steeples and run big bells as for the churches. But these thunderous institutions were invented long before the days of theatres, and doubtless even before clocks were dreamed of. They were evidently intended to notify the inhabitants of rural neighborhoods of the time of prayer, and are now-a-days as utterly useless in large cities as the proverbial fifth wheel to a wagon. Not only are they useless, but they are an unmitigated nuisance. Nevertheless, if the young lady mentioned by that sober and sedate historian Mr. Perkins (Eli) were aware of the fact that at one time in the city of Moscow there were no less than seventeen hundred and six large bells in full blast—full *blare*, I should say—perhaps she might, by comparing her present condition with that of the inhabitants of the Russian city, derive some crumbs of comfort. During Easter week this enormous mass was kept clamoring and bellowing without any sort of harmony or accord until the effect was sufficient to create a spirit of bell-igerance in the tamest and most unsophisticated spirit. The bell is of enormous antiquity, and was used both by the Hebrews and the Egyptians. The Roman Catholics solemnly bless their bells. The ancient custom of ringing the "passing

bell" was instituted for the purpose of enabling those who heard it to pray for the soul that was leaving this world, and gave rise to the belief that evil spirits, waiting to seize the stranger about entering their dominions, were driven away in terror by the sound. The old English "curfew bell" was a signal for our subjugated Saxon forefathers to put out their fires. The great bell of Moscow, which was estimated to weigh some 443,772 lbs., and which was never suspended, became an object of worship to the superstitious peasants.

Like innumerable other customs which originated in barbarous times, and which today have no other reason for their observance than the simple fact that they have become habitual, the ringing of church-bells has entirely outgrown its use, and become an exceedingly disagreeable annoyance. But perhaps it is only those unfortunate people who reside immediately next door to these loud-tongued individuals that are especially qualified to bear witness to their charms. With Edgar Poe's morbidly sensitive organism they must have been little short of maddening, and it was doubtless nothing short of positive *suffering* that enabled him to give utterance to his marvellous apostrophy to what he termed "the tolling of the bells:"

"For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats,
Is a groan.
And the beings, yes, the people,
They that live up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone,
They are neither man nor woman,
They are neither brute nor human,
They are ghouls!"

EDUCATION A "SUPERSTITION."

BY ALFRED CRIDGE.

AT all events, this thorough drill system is a failure with the great mass of German students. It is the same in England * * * * * The number of students in Oxford and Cambridge, of whom ripe scholarship and high culture can be affirmed is scandalously few. Whatever truth there may be in Sydney Smith's remark that the universities are in the habit of taking credit for all the mind they do not succeed in inextinguishing, it is pretty certain that the small number of graduates who give character to the school, are those who would succeed under any system * * * When we consider the wealth and revenues of the English universities and great public schools, when we remember their ancient prestige and the talent at their command, and their high place in public confidence, in the light of the results produced, we can cordially agree with Prof. Blackie, of Edinburg, in his letters to Dr. Hodgson, when he pronounces the whole system '*a superstition, a blunder, and a failure.*'

In perhaps a less degree the above remarks have a *general* application to educational methods in the United States as well as in England. The results are out of all proportion to the means. Students are not to *think* so much as to *memorize*; thinking is inconvenient to established methods. Even such scientific training as our orthodox colleges furnish is twenty years behind the times; and as to religions, pretty much all the important results of historico-religious investigation for the last century are carefully suppressed or ignored. What theological student at our colleges knows from his text books or teachers—if he knows at all—that German critics pronounce the greater part of the epistles attributed to Paul to be spurious; or that of the references to Jesus, supposed to have been made by Josephus and Tacitus, (I think the only references claimed to be contemporary). the first is undoubtedly spurious and the latter probably so. How many of them are aware of the *very* apocryphal character of the Book of Acts, or of the gross anomalies of the Pentateuch? What do they know even of the *modern* history of religious thought and bearings of social movements? Absolutely nothing, unless by stealth. Yet they pay their money and give their time, (even their life-time, as a consequent result), to be taught the *whole* truth, and not merely selections therefrom which amount to a virtual falsehood. To "obtain money under false pretences" is, in most States, a penitentiary offence, but these colleges do worse; they obtain not only money, but *time*, effort, devotion under false pretences of giving instruction, of imparting the *truth*.

That truth really lies all around them, would they but see it. Were they to study true science, especially the science of men, not only in books, but in people; were they to look within their own souls instead of wholly into the dusty tomes of antiquity; were they to avail themselves of the "ministry of angels," which is ever around them, they would realize more in one year than now in a whole life time. Were education to centralize in that inner intuitive spiritual life as a sun amid which the intellectual life should revolve, it would cease to be "a superstition, a blunder, and a failure." The Horatio University at Washington, D. C., was started mainly by an unjustifiable appropriation of government funds to the amount of half a million or more, besides private donations. From what I can learn of the results I have no doubt that one-tenth of the amount controlled by intelligent liberalists, would produce ten times the results in useful, practical knowledge and training. Whenever thinking educated Spiritualists, having natural capacities as educators, can be supplied with the requisite means; When the Children's Lyceum, slightly modified, can be expanded into a day-school and then into a college, we shall see results that will astonish the most hopeful,—say five times the net results in one-half the time at one-quarter the cost. Spiritualists might have *their own* schools, if they would, when their children would learn more in one hour daily than they now do in five hours, with benefit to their health instead of injury.

Since writing the preceding, I observe in the *Boston Chemical Journal* a notice of a *new* scientific book for the use of schools, (name not given), which utterly ignores all the scientific discoveries of the last twenty years, with the exception of a blundering reference to the spectroscope.

VACCINATION.

MEDICAL ORTHODOXY *vs.* FREE SPEECH.

BY ALFRED CRIDGE.

"During the recent increase of smallpox cases throughout the country, a considerable number of newspapers have endeavored to prejudice the public mind against vaccination. This must certainly be regarded as a most reprehensible and dangerous course of conduct. *It would be perfectly justifiable for our legislatures to make laws punishing those who thus strive to excite in the minds of the uneducated prejudices so fatal to their own interest and that of others.*"

THIS smacks of seventeenth century, Salem. It is to be regretted that a periodical in general fair and candid, even in regard to as unpopular a subject as Spiritualism should assume such a mediæval position. It shows, however, a drifting on the part of conservatives to repressive measures which is significant. The *truth* is not likely to be on the side of those who fear full and free discussion, as is believed not to be in this case. I have had reason of late to look into the statistics and details of the question and firmly believe that whatever benefits may sometimes result from vaccination are far outweighed by its evils. Dr. Schieffenthaler, of New York, has published a small pamphlet containing a mass of valuable statistics, showing the injurious results of the practice; he claims that under the hydropathic treatment the natural disease is quite manageable and in many cases even beneficial. A few years ago a child on the Pacific coast was made idiotic by vaccination; a few weeks ago a lady was made insane by the same cause; and within the last half century the population of a whole district in Piedmont are said to have thus been infected with syphilis. About two months ago the subject was thoroughly examined, pro and con, in the *Capital* of this city; but the advocates of vaccination failed to hold their ground farther than to prove (what is not denied by its opponents,) that in *individuals* vaccination may lessen the liability to and severity of smallpox.

My object is not, however, so much to consider this special subject as to criticise the idea of determining by legislation what opinions shall be and what shall not be expressed. Once admit this *principle* and who shall determine the limit of its application? Consistently applied, it involves an end to all progress. Its logical ultimate is absolute despotism in Church and State. Something of this kind is already embodied in legislation on other subjects. But the advocates of vaccination are compelled to resort to *force* in order to overcome that common-sense of even uneducated people which instinctively opposes the deliberate introduction of poison into the system. With every facility for advocating their views in the public press of this city, the "Board of Health" feel compelled to call in the aid of the sword to supply the plentiful lack of reason. "Be vaccinated or you shall not be educated," they say to the school children; "be vaccinated or lose your means of support," say cabinet officers to clerks. "None shall buy or sell but those who have the mark of the beast on their foreheads, (or on their arms). Evidently the spirit of the "Blue laws," and of witch legislation still survive in the region where erst they ruled.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

For The Present Era.

THAT WHITE ELEPHANT.

FOR the past four months there has been lying in the Tombs of this city one of the most singular men of whom we have any account. Had he lived in the good old patriarchal times of Isaac and Jacob, undoubtedly he would have been regarded as a prophet, and either worshipped or stoned. But falling, as he has, upon these prosaic times, he is simply regarded as demented. Renan says, however, that sanity or insanity can only be spoken of in a relative sense. An out-and-out atheist, George Francis Train pronounces even such a man as Thomas Paine a "trimmer"—the latter being a Deist. He utterly denies any probability or possibility of a future condition of individual existence, and says that belief in a future state of happiness is the reason why hardly anything is done to make this world decent or endurable. Although denouncing society in the aggregate as a race of curs and slaves, in conversing with acquaintances he is one of the most affable of men, and seems to have the good of the race as much at heart as any of our philanthropists. Having no hope whatever of future consolation or reward, he yet seems to consider his life of no value save as it serves for the promulgation of what he considers to be the true philosophy for the regeneration of the race. When he talks it is with lightning-like rapidity, and his large blue eyes gleam with extraordinary animation, while his abundance of curly hair and rapidly-gesticulating hands give him a decidedly French appearance. As to his intense sincerity there cannot be a doubt. He regards himself as a born leader of the people, and traces all their misery and misfortunes to what he terms Christian superstition. In publishing in the "Train Ligue" the objectionable extracts from the Bible, his object was to prove that that book came under the head of obscene literature, and therefore that it should be suppressed according to the laws of the United States. When arrested, he pleaded guilty to the charge of obscenity, feeling satisfied that if he were sent to Sing Sing, the Bible also would be placed in limbo; or, if he were acquitted, he was free to go on with his publication without danger of future interference.

Since his incarceration an attempt has been made to prove that he is insane, which, to say the least, is altogether a premature movement. They should first have proceeded to try him upon the charge for which he was imprisoned, and then, if in the course of the trial it were proved that he was *non compos mentis*, a judgment should be rendered in accordance with the facts.

And here is the point wherein the public is particularly interested. This man has not only been summarily arrested, but he has been allowed to lie for some four months in the filthy caverns of that blot upon civilization justly named "the Tombs"—through a long and bitter winter, during which season it is almost impossible for the most robust prisoners to keep from freezing,—without a step being taken to decide upon his case. And in drawing attention to this fact, Train has certainly done the country a great service. The manner in which men are continually being arrested and thrown into these dungeons, and there allowed to lie for weeks, months, and even years, before anything is done to establish either their innocence or guilt, is one of the most disgraceful and sickening spectacles ever presented in a civilized land. Hundreds of entirely innocent men have lain for months in these cheerless and poisonous cells, and then been finally discharged, when brought to trial, with nothing whatever against them. I knew one unfortunate little German named Frederick See, who was immured in this manner for months, on a charge of murder, when it was eventually shown that the poor fellow had simply interfered to save his sister from being murdered by her brutal husband. In the meantime his mother and sisters, being deprived of the support which he afforded them, were driven to the utmost destitution and misery.

Leaving aside the question as to whether George Francis Train is, or is not, insane, the brutal stolidity of those editors of papers who have looked on, week after week, and beheld this man's detention without having a word to say as to his inalienable right to speedy trial, certainly does not give one a very exalted opinion of what is generally regarded as sanity. Moreover, one thing is certain. There is doubtless not one among the mercenary horde who publish "dailies" who would be willing to sacrifice the luxurious comforts of a Madison Avenue residence for the vile accommodations of a Tomb's cell, in support of a matter of abstract equity. Besides, it will perhaps appear rather startling to those astute individuals who have regarded this matter simply in the light of a huge joke, that Train, in his persistence to refuse bail, and to remain until the bitter end, has had sundry precedents established for him by two of the most illustrious names in the world's history—Sakya Mouni, the founder of Buddhism, and Socrates, the immortal master of Pluto. The first resigned one of the most exclusive and magnificent of thrones in order to become a missionary mendicant; and the latter, when provided with the means of escape, preferred to remain and drink the fatal hemlock rather than disobey the laws. At any rate, no true American will undertake to say that even an atheist is not as fully entitled to safety of life, limb, and property as any other person. We dont't contemplate the revival of the Spanish Inquisition in this country just yet, and the *ill-treatment* of this man will undoubtedly be the means of making more infidels than all that Train has ever written and said.

Christ's most strenuous injunction is to the effect that above all things we must set an example of mercy and meekness of spirit.

AUGUSTUS WATTERS.

THE SONS OF USNA.

Scene from an Unpublished Drama.

BY PROF. T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

Enter Caffa, the Druidical High Priest, to Connor, King of Ulster.

CAFFA.

LIFT up thine eyes to where the clear blue sky
Bastions the glory of the bending Heavens,
And muse here with me on the myriad years
Since God first laid the Corner Stone of earth,
And built the mighty Delta of the Sea.
Roam through the dark Abysses of the Past,
Into those sky-throned nebulæ realms of space.
Where the great Sun, Apollo of the Heavens,
Sweeps from his thunder harp of fire great seas
Of everlasting song, whose golden tones
Make joy throughout the world.

CONNOR.

I do! I do!
And hear the choral thunders of the years
Die into echoes in the far-off Heavens—
Filling Eternity with music! Now,
The chain which binds me to the world,
Is woven of three strands, Truth—Liberty—Love—
Which I defy even Destiny to break.

CAFFA.

But I will draw the lightnings down from Heaven
The dead stir in their coffins in their graves!
The voice of Liberty comes down through Heaven,
Precipitous, like a falling Star, with shouts,
Tearing the adamantine Gates of Hell—
Awake! Arise!

CONNOR.

So let it come! I hear!
But the dead do not wake! they sleep there still—
The everlasting sleep of death—no more
To wake! the Devils do not rush from Hell,
As loth to leave their monarch there so soon!
There is no power in earth, or Hell, I fear
Can shake the firm, foundation of my throne!

CAFFA.

From out the Old Eternities, far sounding,
I hear the primal God-voice mutely roar—
Withering the pestilential shades of Night
With its world-shaking thunders! Now, it comes!
Down through the abyssmal depths of space, it comes,
Shearing off, with its two-edged sword of fire,
The rotten limbs from the foul Upas tree of Hell!
The Tyrtean Trumpet-blast rings now through Heaven,
Proclaiming to the world thy speedy death!

CONNOR.

I live to give thy trumpet-blast the lie!
The old God's battle-cry dies on my lips—
"Victory, or death!"

CAFFA.

So cry the Eternal Years,
Answering the screaming Eagles from the East,
Coming to meet the Eagles from the West,
At their last Supper on the flesh of kings,
Spread out on Eman's plains!

CONNOR.

So let them come,
There is an EAGLE here will meet them there,
Buzzards, you know, like carrion crows fly low;
This EAGLE'S eyrie is the sun—high up
Above the flight of meaner birds—too high
For any but an Angel's gaze! He is
A Phœnix who can never die—sole bird,
Who has no fellow in this world—but lives

In solitary majesty above the earth—
The Emperor of kings—invulnerable—
Whose ashes do contain the germ of kings,
Each equal to himself—immortal, born
Above the possibility of death.

CAFFA.

Thy blasphemy shall be the bolt will lay
Thee low! Thy doom is sealed—sealed by thyself!

CONNOR.

Be thou my Warrant bearer to the Gods.

CAFFA.

Speak low! for fear the Clarion-voice of Truth
May draw the Avalanche of Vengeance down
From the Alpine peaks of Heaven, where sits enthroned
Eternal Liberty crowned with the crown
Of Immortality!

CONNOR.

Then let it come.

CAFFA.

But a Unicorn's horn on a beast's head
Were hurtful, because he might butt; but on
A wise man's, comely—like those radiant horns
Which adorned the brow of Moses when he
Went up on the Mountain to talk with God.

CONNOR.

Were Titans created to conquer Gods?

CAFFA.

But he who rows against a raging stream,
Losing one stroke, will fall back farther than
Before had gained by many.

CONNOR.

Let it rage!
May the Devil make a cup of his skull
For the damned Fiends to drink Lethe out of!

CAFFA.

Better make it a Chalice for the blest
Spirits in Heaven to drink nector out of—
Wherefrom you took so many draughts in life.

CONNOR.

Give his vile body to the dogs, or wolves!

CAFFA.

Better give it to the Ministers of Peace,
Who ever wait on spirits of the just.

CONNOR.

May the Hyenas tear him from his grave,
And surfeit on his corse.

CAFFA.

The day will come
When his proud soul shall feast here with the kings
Of all the world—he KING of all these kings,
Out of his Elysium where he reigns,
God of the Gods, he laughs to bitter scorn
Your weak impiety—for he is far
Above all mutability of power.
Living, he was the Pillar of our hope;
Now, dead, he is the Sun of many Stars.
Clothed in the garments of celestial light,
King of the immortal Harmonies of Heaven.
Farewell! God will protect the just.

CONNOR.

Farewell. *Exeunt.*

AN HOUR AT A MATINEE.

THE deponent, attache of THE PRESENT ERA, found himself in Boston the 8th of March. My business was with one of the true religionists and philanthropists of that city, where there are many. This man is not down on any church record, and is known on the street as a sharp and exacting financier, but his untold uncounted acts of humanity are the fruits by which some of us know him.

He manages in part a variety theatre, so I suppose would be buried from "around the corner" if he died in New York; but if he goes in a corner, in the life beyond funerals, a number of angels, this scribe included, will seek that spot, to return thanks and bless him for the way he lived in Boston.

I found my man, near the inner door of his theatre, and in ten minutes interrupted chat, told him all I knew that he did not.

"Go in; see the big show?" said this unchurched brother.

In a trice we were in a crowded audience. The big show had begun,—Well, it *was* a little thin; after Fechter and Booth, Charlotte Cushman etc., etc., it seemed cheap and trashy enough.

The people around were common folks too, and so there was a fitness.

"*Under the Red Light*," the play was called, the plot turning upon a switch, and two R. R., trains. The inevitable villian, is foiled by a tousled servant girl, and a comical one-armed veteran. The tableaux was thrilling, killing, "all fired," and *red* fired, and when the brave warm hearted girl at the same moment rights the misplaced switch, and shoots the villian who had tampered with it, the one-armed soldier and droll only waits for the trains to flash by, to range himself in line, and cry as he points out the heroine:

"*And these are the women not allowed to vote?*"

The satisfied people tier above tier, loudly applauded the reform argument.

Then we had a delicate touch of ballet by Miss Plumpness, a little Black Crookish to be sure; but hopelessly decent, by comparison. It merely showed what physical training and nerve will do for a woman, as the ballet always does, but the the thing to think about, and that which started my ideas and pen, to effect this writing was to follow.

LEONA DARE

was on the programme, and the performance was equal to the promise of the name. The house was rigged for an acrobatic performance extraordinary, and the ropes, the trapeze, and the swings, stretched like spider webs all over the place.

There came upon the stage a woman; young evidently, of pleasing face. She wore not the slightest evidence of a trail, no chignon, but flowing hair. She was tall, with rounded tapering limbs, a graceful lithe body, and head of medium size, no way remarkable. She stood under the trapeze many feet above her, and returned the smiling greeting of her spectators. Now, I began to moralize upon the "demoralization of the stage," after the ordinary fashion; and then thought of the ancient Greeks, and the glorious beatitude of their *sensuous*, but not sensual physical life. I closed my eyes, and could see *Phryne*, *Lais* and *Aspasia*, half nude, posed among the Athenean marbles they outshone in the perfection of their beauty. Beyond I saw women contending at the Olympian games. Then I was at Alexandria, and the Greek actress was rising naked from a sea of "real water" that covered the immense stage. She was "Venus first rising from the ocean," and the Egyptians and aliens shouted in uproarious erotic madness. Suddenly the Goths, the recent conquerors of the world seated in a body near the stage clanged their rude arms, and outraged by the insult to their modesty, since their land-venerated chastity, commenced a murderous onslaught upon the people they despised. I came out of my brown study in an instant! The orchestra was in full blast, and in a hand's turn Leona Dare seized the end of a rope in her teeth, and (as it ran aloft over a pulley) began to haul herself up unassisted hand over hand. Slowly, steadily, and *gracefully* she rose aloft to the giddy trapeze, gained at last amid acclamation. There she sat and swung, and from a superior station, flung impartial kisses to the crowd. Then came the usual break-neck performance, and well-done; in no apparent way falling short of masculine recklessness. The performer then slowly glided down a web to the stage, flinging kisses from her fingers as she dropped.

Just before me on the lofty balcony, was a small platform, with a swing by which it seemed any one could sway into eternity. Leona disappeared from the stage and in a minute was beside me, preparing to launch herself by those slender lines off the giddy platform. She passed so near I could have touched her with my hand.

What a creature!

The very extasy of action whirled around her like a nimbus; she radiated energy; she fairly flashed courage and enthusiasm; it was the intoxication of performance, such as the singer, the orator, the soldier knows! For a little, while her attendant, himself an acrobat, adjusted the lines; she stood poised over the abyss, "on the perilous verge"—a study. The naked arms were not large, the waist was very slim, though the girdle was loose; *she* must breathe! The muscles showed on the arms, fine but round, too evident for voluptuous beauty, but impressive as they were the perfect instruments of an imperious will. A lithe panting pantheress could have looked so from her tree, before she sprang upon her victim. There was the same elastic energy, the same dauntless spirit, the same concentration of aim and purpose.

"All ready!" quietly said the attendant.

Leona seized the swings and with a rush and a flash, swept downward until she almost hit the sitters on the lowest floor. Then up, up, up, she swung, until she touched a high flying trapeze above the stage, hung head downward—and with both hands saluted the shouting assembly. In a moment she suspended a trapeze *from her neck*, and then the acrobat swung himself across, and hung by his toes from the bar. He was a man of medium size, and must have been a heavy load. He gave quite an exhibition thus supported; and yet the woman appeared in no way distressed. Together they then went up higher, and gave a variety of feats, ending at last as they began, with his hanging from the little bar dependent from the back of her neck, she too hanging by her toes. Then as they swung, he caught up a man from the stage, and the two vibrated back and forward, the woman sustaining them by the iron strength with which she threw back her head, and made her body a hook of steel!

"What will you do in case of war, Miss Anthony" [said Horace Greely] "if you assume the suffrage."

It is traditional that Miss Susan B. tall as one of The Great Fred's grenadiers, towered above the sage of Chappaqua, and mildly said; "*My Duty Sir! My Duty!!*"

As the two acrobatic gentlemen hang thus upon Leona's neck, heels up, and down, a whole brood of connundrums rush upon my affrighted soul, and ask to be answered before the performance ends.

Problem No. 1. — What is there a Woman can't do if she tries?

Problem No. 2. — If Leona Dare can support two men by her neck, what right has any man, to will away his wife's estate?

Problem No. 3. — Would not the same amount of training and courage displayed in her performance qualify Leona to vote?

Problem No. 4. — Or any other Woman?

5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and the rest.——

But Leona has descended, and the scene is changed. What a jolly lot of humbugs we are, philosophising and cogitating; and then sprawled at full length by facts! The tousled servant; Leona on the trapeze; The ballet girls; these prove the physical capacity of woman, even for muscular development; and are knock down arguments against those who would deprive their sex of any opportunity or right; on the assumed ground of physical incapacity.

Swing on Leona you are an Argument.

MORAL — A man can run a variety Theatre, in such a way as to educate and amuse, and not demoralize community.

AGAIN — "Search for *Truth* wherever found,
On Christian or on [theatrical] ground."

OUR WONDERLAND.

HAD the district now designated as the Yellowstone National Park been known in the earlier days of civilization, there would have been many a legend of classic romance as closely associated with its wonders as oracles are with Delphian groves, or the gloom of Avernus with the lake that rests on the sulphurous soil of the Campania. Even the formal report of 1872, of the Superintendent of the Park, transmitted to the Secretary of the Interior, breaks out at intervals in the superlatives by which language naturally attempts to describe that which surpasses it. The reports of the Exploring Expedition under Prof. Hayden and the engraved drawings accompanying them have widely familiarized the public with the leading features of this land of geysers and mud volcanoes, of plunging cataracts and precipitous canons. The report of the Superintendent gives many new particulars of the scenery and the curiosities, and specifies the simpler details of route, outfit and mode of travel, which are so necessary to the traveler in a region little known. July, August, and September are the best months for visiting it, and these, fortunately, are the months when our busy people are most at liberty.

Which of us, reading of the sunny slopes of Vesuvius, or the fleecy summits of the Alps, has not sighed in thinking that a wide and stormy ocean intervenes between us and those attractive scenes? But grander, wilder, and yet lovelier scenery is now within a week's journey, all by land, and almost all by rail. No tale of travel, or even of Eastern fairy-land, offers anything stranger than the Upper Basin, where hundreds of geysers project vast quantities of steam and water in every conceivable form, gleaming in the sunshine with rainbow colors, glittering by moonlight with a dazzling whiteness. Around Yellowstone Lake there are snow-clad mountains whose peaks have as yet proved inaccessible, being among the loftiest on the continent. From the bosom of the lake, between its green and beautiful islands, from time to time the water springs in air, and jets of steam arise. The Grand Canon of the Yellowstone is a chasm forty miles in length, from one to three thousand feet in depth. Jets of hot vapor issue from its sides. Cataracts plunge into it. From its depths the stars are visible in the daytime.

To the naturalist and the student of the physical sciences, there are opportunities here of the grandest character. There is not only novelty and the chance—nay, the certainty—of liberal additions to note-books and cabinets; there is a field where the most stupendous operations of nature and the problems of the earth's history are developed before the very eyes of the observer. There are basins lined with the most varied colored porphyries, and waters in which if any object be plunged it is covered with a calcite as pure as alabaster. There are depths of sulphurous vapors and of steaming springs that the plummet has not yet sounded. And there is not only an infinite variety in these objects of curiosity; they are changing in form and character, some hour by hour, some age by age. In some places the central heat has piled up its monuments and departed; in others it is evidently diminishing in power. Within the two years since their discovery old geysers have closed and new ones have opened. Pine trees more than an hundred feet in hight, that were growing on the margin of a mud volcano, have within the same period sunk into and been ingulfed by it, and the volcano itself has ceased operation, leaving only dried hillocks and a shapeless crater.

Surely in these days when the frailty of the means employed to preserve voyagers from the dangers of the sea has been made so terribly apparent, the artist, the tourist, the seeker for health, for pleasure, or for scientific knowledge, may with advantage take counsel of his fears, his purse, and his convenience, and find all that eye or imagination craves within the limits of our own domain.

Charity is not a railway that runs on theological lines, but a heart with wings, full of innate sympathies, recognizing and appreciating all classes of needs.

Nature, Fun...

For the Present Era.

GEOLOGICAL SKETCHES.

BY PROF. E. WHIPPLE.

AQUEOUS AGENCIES.

OCEANIC FORCES.—Fire and water have ever been the principal agents which have operated from time immemorial to alter the earth's crust and write the chapters in its geological history. But these forces act in opposite directions. They are in eternal and irreconcilable warfare. Fire is the agent of diversity. It has ever acted upon the rock masses to plicate them, and raise the general surface into mountain ridges and volcanic cones. Water is the agent of unity, it is ever striving to reduce all inequalities and eccentricities to a condition of uniformity. The frosts and rains on the up-lands are continually altering the topographical features of the globe; the tides and waves of the ocean tear away the fringes of the continent, and thus continually alter the contour of the land. The resultant of these two forces, fire and water, is a comparatively finished continent, with its lofty mountains, fertile valleys, and verdant plains.

Long Island is being rapidly swallowed up by the sea. One thousand tons of earthy matter is torn from its banks daily and transported to the bottom of the ocean. In Nova Scotia, the ledges of trap, several hundred feet in height, fronting the Bay of Fundy, are rapidly disappearing. The material along the waterline is eaten away by the waves until the overhanging cliffs tumble into the watery abyss where they are ground into mud and spread out on the sea-bottom. A part of the Bay, where it is seven miles wide, has been excavated in the solid trap by the action of the waves. While solid rocks crumble and old shores are obliterated, the sea itself remains without alteration the type of infinity.

OCEAN.

"Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee;
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms of deserts; not so thou,
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves play—
Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now."

The coast of Durham, England, fronting the German Ocean, has a stretch of bold cliffs from Sunderland to Hartlepool, composed of magnesian limestone which belongs to the permian formation. In these innumerable caves have been excavated by the waves, and their partitions continually growing thinner by attrition to which they are subjected, at last give way, and precipitate the unsupported roof into the sea, which, being ground up and removed, the waves make a fresh inroad upon the land. Further south, at Whitby, is an old abbey on the verge of the cliff. When built it was a mile and a half inland. The sea will soon appropriate it as its own. The towns of Auburn, Hyde, and Hartburn, together with the rocks on which they were built, have crumbled away and disappeared beneath the German Ocean. The ancient villages of Cromer, Eccles, Shipden, and Wimpwell still further south also shared a similar fate. At Dunwich, in Suffolk, a monastery, fifty-two churches, and 400 houses have been swept away. The site was a rocky elevation, but the sea is twenty feet deep where the houses once stood.

North Friesland, in Holland, was, in the thirteeth century, a neck of land, ten miles long and seven broad. At the beginning of the seventeenth century it had nearly disappeared. A flood swept over the island in 1634, destroying 1,300 houses, 6,000 human beings, and 50,000 head of cattle. Thus the shores are worn by the tempests, and wasted by the waves, and even the cities which men have builded sink down and cover the ocean's plains.

"On Lough-neah's banks as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days,
In the wave beneath him shining.
Then shall memory often in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over,
Thus sighing look through the waves of time,
For the long faded glories they cover."

Rivers are also a dynamical agent of mighty power, acting on the surface of the continent. They transport mountains to the sea and

entomb the the records of the passing world. The whole country, traversed by a river and tributaries, yield material to form a delta at its mouth. By imperceptible degrees the hills and mountain slopes are wearing away, the materials washed into the beds of running streams, and the finer sediment entering into solution with the water is carried beyond their termini and precipitated on the floor of the ocean. By this process many thousands of square miles of fertile plains have been built up and displaced the waters of the sea. Into these deltas not only the relics of plants and animals peculiar to the country are accumulated, but also specimens of human art and civilization indigenous to this age, are buried—wrecks of our steamboats containing human skeletons, fabrics, pottery, machinery, which, in a general way, illustrates the civilization of the period. And it is quite possible that a hundred thousand years hence, when our nationality shall have become extinct, and new waves of people succeed us, as we have succeeded the old Incas and Tolteans, that they will study the archeology of this period as we study that of the stone-age, and will speculate upon the strange people, the crude arts and cruder social usages vailed in the Mississippi valley the twentieth century after Christ.

The delta of the Mississippi, built of materials brought from the upper country, is 14,000 square miles in extent. The delta mud below New Orleans has been penetrated 600 feet without reaching its lowest stratum. The total annual deposit is 400,000,000 tons—equal to a mass one square mile twenty-four feet thick. Assuming this to have been the uniform rate of deposit in past times, the time required to accumulate a delta 600 feet thick and 14,000 square miles in area, would be 30,000 years. The annual discharge of water by the Mississippi into the Gulf of Mexico, is 600,000,000,000 tons, one fifteen hundreth of its volume consisting of solid matter. This water is only 25 per cent of that furnished by the rains over the regions traversed by this mighty river and its tributaries. The amount of solid matter carried down and deposited in the delta every year, would be sufficient to keep a train of cars employed 2,300 years, making daily trips and carrying 500 tons each trip. But how imperceptibly the great river accomplishes this prodigious task.

The Ganges and Brahmapootra, in India, have transported material for ages from the Himalaya ranges. The delta from these two great rivers is 50,000 square miles in extent. All lower Egypt was formed from mud swept down from the mountains of Abyssinia and deposited from the waters of the Nile.

THE RATTLE SNAKE'S BATTLE.

IN THE *American Naturalist* for February, Prof. Samuel Aughey gives the results of his observations upon the use made of their rattles by the rattlesnake. It is the vulgar opinion that the reptile sounds his rattle for the purpose of enticing birds, and some naturalists even are disposed to find here a mimicry of the sound made by the so-called locust or cicada. Prof. Aughey does not undertake to explain all the purposes served by the rattle, but he fully agrees with Mr. F. W. Putnam in rejecting this mimetic theory. Does the rattle, then, serve a useful purpose?

In reply to this question, the author tells us what he has himself observed. In July, 1869, he was in Wayne county, Neb., and as he was one day investigating the natural history of that district, he heard the familiar rattle of the snake. The sound was repeated at intervals, and proceeded from a rattlesnake that was calling its mate, which soon came in answer to the summons. Prof. Aughey had a similar experience the following year, and from these facts he is disposed to think that the purpose served by the rattle is to call the sexes together.

Another purpose may be to paralyze its victims with fright, and to inspire its natural enemies with terror. As an illustration of the use of the rattle for the former purpose, the author says that, as he followed through the woods of Dacotah county, Neb., a Baltimore oriole, he heard a rattle, and at once saw the bird, and as it were, paralyzed with fear, and ready to fall a prey to the serpent. The writer shot the rattlesnake. He adds that he once witnessed an attack of seven hogs on a rattlesnake. Soon after the battle opened, the snake rattled, and three others came to his aid. But the hogs were victorious in a few minutes.—*Popular Science Monthly for April.*

Faraday once said, "The only man who ought really to be looked upon as contemptible, is the man whose ideas are not in a constant state of transition."

Spiritual Phenomena.

For The Present Era.

FOUR WEEKS IN MORAVIA.

BY LAURA CUPPY SMITH.

IT was my good fortune to spend the month of March with my husband and child at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Andrews in Moravia, our apartments joined the Circle-room, and from the moment we entered the house as boarders, we had every possible opportunity allowed us for *rigid* investigation, and it is with great pleasure that I am able to give in my testimony,—at a time when the honesty of another medium has been called publicly in question,—to the perfect integrity and entire reliability of Mrs. Mary Andrews. She is a lady of fine natural gifts, with a countenance upon which candor and honesty have set their seal, out spoken and quick tempered to a fault, it is utterly impossible for her to disguise her loathing for anything low and mean, her eyes flash their indignation upon the offender, and her voice is not slow to express her contempt, and this I am sure she would do if thousands of dollars depended upon her silence. She has been charged with being actuated solely by mercenary motives. This I know to be false, and can cite my own experience to the contrary, for she voluntarily, and without any request from us, deducted largely from our own board bill, and in other instances, I have overheard her say to her husband, "I knew they were poor, and I had not the heart to charge such a one full price," or "I would not take pay from that woman." Repeatedly did this occur during our four week's stay, and I know that Mary Andrews has a warm, generous heart. She has been represented as a rude and uncultivated woman, when on the contrary, she is largely gifted by nature, possesses a musical voice, and when accompanying herself on the piano, is one of the sweetest ballad singers I ever heard; she has had no educational advantages whatever, save the few lessons taken by her in music, in moments snatched from household duties, for the qualification of this one predilection, yet she is a bright, intelligent woman, and infinitely the superior of many making greater pretensions. I could fill pages with well-authenticated accounts of persons,—wealthy farmers and others,—residing in the adjoining county, which would be very interesting, but I prefer confining myself strictly to what I myself *heard* and *saw*, and will proceed to give you a brief statement of the manifestations that occurred during our stay.

MANIFESTATIONS.

During the first seance nothing of note took place, yet we felt spirit hands in the dark circle caressing *simultaneously* several members of the circle; saw spirit lights darting about the room, etc. The next morning, however, a physician from a neighboring town, quite aged and very deaf, was the favored person. The circle was composed of seven persons, and in the light seance, George Jackson,—the controlling mind,—showed his face to every one present *distinctly*, and announced that he was there to converse with the Doctor, in behalf of his (the Doctor's) father, and I should think for twenty minutes at least, if not half an hour, that face remained in full view and talked with the old gentleman concerning matters known (as he afterwards declared, only to himself,) counselling and advising him, and giving a few sentences, pausing while the person sitting next the Doctor, screamed it into his ear, and then deliberately proceeding. At our next sitting, a lady from a distant city with her daughter, joined us and apologized for not giving their names, but soon after the first seance commenced, a spirit came, gave his name and stated that he had been killed suddenly by a fall from a carriage, all of which was endorsed by the new arrivals, when George Jackson said, "Madam, your husband, Mr. H———, bids me tell you he is here." No more concealments, then, but cheerful acknowledgment and tearful exclamations of delight, During the same seance, a razor, with a white handle, handle and blade gleaming in the light, and distinctly visible to all, was held out towards me, and a voice distinctly pronounced my name three times, to attract my attention. For the moment I failed to understand the significance of the fatal symbol. Then came the words, "Laura, I am *Mark*, I took my life by cutting my throat, and I have *suffered* for it," emphasising the last sentence. Thus was recalled to me the deed that snatched from earth fourteen years since in Eastern Pennsylvania, a gentleman of fine attainments, belonging to the legal profession, and who, with his wife, were dear friends of mine. At another seance several days later, this spirit showed me his face plainly, not as a dim and shadowy vision, but the real countenance apparently clothed with flesh, the eyes bright and expressive, every lineament distinct and instinct with life, no picture, no mask, but the face of my friend as I had seen it in the flesh. During a hasty visit to Moravia last August, I saw my spirit husband, Henry McAlpin, distinctly as I ever beheld him. For one moment we looked into each others eyes, when perceiving my uncontrollable emotion, his lips quivered, the dark eyes filled with tears, and motioning his inability to remain, he withdrew, but I would not exchange that one memory for the wealth of the world, it is priceless. During my recent stay, Henry McAlpin came and spoke to me in the dark seance, for some time alluding to his children, bidding me know that he was "ever near me," and as "I pleaded," give me some sign by which I may know you," he reached out his hand and stroked my hair, saying over and over again, "Poor child! poor child"! Hundreds of times in the years long gone, had he spoken to me thus, and I had said to, myself, "if Henry could so address me, it would be to me such a test." He then kindly laid his hands as if in benediction on Mr. Smith's head.

One day a party of seven or eight came from an adjacent city and entered the circle in a most cheerful mood, and by their singing and originality, added greatly to the interest of the seance. A gentleman and his wife, belonging to this party, occupied the centre of the circle, and to them the manifestations seemed to be addressed. We had nothing in dark circles, but in the light a great deal; a lady showed herself and pointed to several in this party, but looked persistently at the gentleman and lady just alluded to. "I think I know you," said the gentleman, "but show yourself plainer still. There, that's better, I thought if I made you spunky, you would do better," whereupon the spirit showed herself plainly, gave a mischief-loving expression to her friends, who exclaimed "Just as Louise Webster always looked." Then addressing the spirit, he said, "Well, Louise, I thought you had learned to do something pretty good by this time." Spirit—"If you think it so easy, come over and try it yourself." Then followed much genuine wit in questions and replies and conversation relating to private matters, the spirit remained in sight, and shaking her pretty curls. Still, the party wanted to see some one who they did not name, but the wife of the gentleman who had been spokesman, said to him, "Sing 'Finnegan's Wake,'—that was his favorite song." Accordingly the husband sang this song in admirable style, and soon a face appeared. "Ah!" said the singer, "I thought that would bring you, *Bub*, but you can do better than that; come right out here, if you explode in our midst," whereupon the face bent forward and addressed us thus: "Friends, pray excuse this brother of mine. I never *could* teach him good manners," and with an expression of love and happiness, smiled at his brother, and withdrew. "Sing Finnegan's Wake again, perhaps he will return," suggested some one, when in the midst of this song, a mild countenance, with Quaker cap appeared, and stretching out her hands, the palms together, exclaimed, "Thank God! thank God! I am Hannah Carpenter," bowed to a lady in the circle, and withdrew. This manifestation closed this remarkable seance.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE TEST.

During my stay in Moravia, I was summoned to McLean, Tompkins County, N. Y., to deliver the funeral address of Mr. Daniel Crittenden of that place, for whom I had long entertained a sincere friendship. Mr. Crittenden had been an active Spiritualist, and his transition was in harmony with the beautiful consistency of his life. The funeral services were performed in the Baptist church, McLean, and his body was consigned to the grave in the presence of those who had known and loved him from boyhood. I was impressed that he would manifest at Moravia before I left, and begged his friends to visit that place soon. Mr. Crittenden's widow, though not known save within a circle of appreciative friends, has very fine mediumistic powers, and her husband returned the second week after his transition, and appointed the day for the visit to Moravia, saying, through his wife, that he might not be able to show his face, but if his sister would go with his wife to Moravia, he would sing with them in an audible voice," (Mr. C—— used to lead the singing in McLean at our meetings.) Accordingly Mrs. Crittenden, with other relatives, came one afternoon leaving the sisters with a party of ten to follow the next day. As a matter of course, no allusion was made even to me, to the promises made by the spirit. But immediately after Mrs. Crittenden's arrival, we went into the circle-room, and the light was suddenly extinguished, when we *all* heard Mr. Crittenden address his wife thus: "Eliza, I am here according to appointment," with other personal allusions too sacred for public reference. In the light circle, George Jackson appeared, saying, "A friend is here (addressing the McLean people,) who used to sing in your midst. He bids me say that you shall, as he promised, hear his voice—Daniel Crittenden." Seance closed.

Next morning the sisters and a party, ten in all, and all save two Spiritualists, and us in the dark circle. Mr. Crittenden spoke to his wife with the utmost affection, and while with both hands he caressed her face, others were at the *same time* touched and addressed by their friends, giving their names. Mr. Crittenden laid his hand on my head, saying, "God bless you, I recognize you, I recognize you all." In the afternoon strangers arrived, enlarging the circle and breaking the harmony that prevailed. Nevertheless Mr. Crittenden kept his promise, and sung the chorus of the Indian Hunter from beginning to end, in the light circle, joining in the chorus as each verse closed, and his two sisters, overcoming their emotion, sung it to the close, when as the song ended, my husband, to continue the harmony, sung a verse of "We shall know each other there," and to our surprise, Mr. Crittenden sang it with him. During this seance a beautiful child, little Bella Haskin, showed herself to me. I had attended her funeral last August. Prior to our leaving, Mr. Smith received a communication from P. S. Shaw, of California. Mrs. Helen M. R. Haskin, of McLean, received a long message from her father-in-law, and the old gentleman held his grandchild (the little Bella before alluded to,) in his arms, and showed both himself and her so distinctly that Mr. Smith, who had not seen the child in life, recognised her from her likeness to her picture. These are only a few of the tests received, of course some circles were a complete failure,—the *best proof* of the manifestations.

The disposition of the circle, and arrangement of the room, is left entirely to some one of the persons present. The circle-room is left open to all visitors who choose to examine it, till the hour for the seance, and Mrs. Andrews enters the room always unaccompanied, and at all times, *after* the circle is seated, leaving no opportunity for collusion or deception.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrews have moved to Cascade, a station four miles from Moravia, on the Southern Central Railroad.* The house they have purchased, is the only residence in the place, having been built as a Summer resort, it is situated close to a small lake, with boats and facilities for fishing, etc. They will not receive visitors till May 1st. Their terms for board—including *sittings*—is $2 per day, and I can certify from a month's experience that the table is bountifully supplied; beds and other accommodations good. Mrs. Andrews will, I presume, be surprised to see this notice, but I deem it a well deserved tribute.

SCIENCE LIMITLESS;

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA SCIENTIFIC.

BY A. CRIDGE.

MATERIALISTS are inclined to unduly limit the signification of the word *science*. Spencer defines it to be "organized knowledge." The facts of spirit intercourse have been thus "*organized*"—less thoroughly, it is true, than they might be, were professed men of science to give the subject so much attention as to investigate it in a truly scientific spirit, and were Spiritualists, on the other hand, to post themselves as to the facts, processes and bearings of what is ordinarily understood by the word *science*. In the absence of this unity and co-operation both have suffered; science, so called, with all its triumphs in some of the most difficult fields of investigation, has failed to solve, or even suggest a solution of the commonest problem of every-day life—work and wages, the kitchen, marriage and parentage, utilization of labor and equitable distribution of results, etc. It can analyze distant suns, but has failed to analyze our daily relations on earth. It lacks that broad humanitarianism, that faith in God and immortality which Spiritualism would impart. Spiritualism, on the other hand, lacks that exactness, precision, method which familiarity with scientific processes would confer; were our lecturers scientifically trained, their influence would be enhanced probably ten-fold.

As bibliolaters desire that all truth should be subordinated, ignored or denied which their books do not contain, so conservative savans claim that nothing is science which they or their books have not reached. This is merely the latest form of a very old superstition, known in its earlier phases as *feticism*. As an example, it is stated that a medical college in Boston requires of its graduates the distinct renunciation of any belief in practice of, or reliance upon, any form of clairvoyance, human magnetism or spiritualism. Yet this institution (and all similar ones), claim to be specially scientific! They are as much entitled to be so regarded as the mediæval professors who fought experimental science at its advent. *True*, science is not to be "cribbed, cabined, and confined" by *their* definitions, or guaged by *their* pigmy intellects. *Its* field is the universe, not only of the outward forms, but the inward life.

The Jesuits have fallen into disfavor in San Salvador, South America. Recently they forbade the purchase or perusal of a book published against the Order, and the result was that the Government published and circulated the missive under its own direction throughout the country.

*Mrs. Andrew's address is still Moravia, Cayuga County, N. Y.

Selected Miscellany.

From Appleton's Monthly.

JACQUES TURGOT'S TREASURE.

THE old house is still standing—a square, two-storied, hip-roofed building, with double galleries in front. The lower story is of red brick; the upper of wood, once white, now stained by half a century's storms. A grove of pecan and of China trees, enclosed by a snake-fence hidden under a wild growth of Cherokee roses, separates it from the road, on the other side of which, shut in by the steep banks, flows the muddy current of Cane River. Before the Rigolet de Bon Dieu formed, this was the main channel of Red River, but now that erratic stream runs farther north, with Isle Brevell between it and its ancient course

In its day, this house was the most pretentious dwelling in Natchitoches Parish. When Jacques Turgot came home after so long an absence and built it, hard by the cabin where his father had lived and died, the Cote Joyeuse was struck with wonder. Jacques had left the parish a stripling; he came back a bronzed, bearded man. Almost a generation had passed from the stage since his exit. But few remembered him, and fewer recognized him. He had gone away with scarcely a coat to his back; he returned scattering gold with a prodigality suggestive of Fortunatus's purse. He bought lands, and negroes, and cattle. He added a thousand *arpents* to the plantation, and built brick quarters for a hundred hands.

Curiosity was still further aroused when Jacques brought home his wife and his son—she a pale, sad-eyed woman; he a lusty boy of five years. She lived a life of rigorous seclusion, devoted herself to the care of Achille, upon whom she lavished all her love. With her, the boy took precedence of everything. No pleasure was denied him, no wish of his was too extravagant to be gratified.

Between Jacques and his wife there was but little sympathy, and if the father had any affection for the son he made no display of it. His family cares appeared to end where most men's begin—with the establishment of a home. Scarcely were his hearth fires lighted, when he began to lead a wandering life, being absent often for weeks at a time. On the plantation, everything was left to the discretion and honesty of the overseer. It is doubtful if Jacques knew all his negroes even by sight.

Achille, ignored by his father and petted by his mother, grew up indolent, extravagant, and vain. His mother's death, which happened when he was still young, left him free to follow his own impulses. Having no white companions, he found associates among the young negroes on the plantation. His will was law to them, and he played the tyrant to his heart's content. With the shrewd insight of their race, they saw his weak point, and taught him to believe himself the impersonation of every virtue. With the plantation for his world, Achille passed thus from boyhood to youth, and from youth to manhood.

One day Jacques Turgot discovered that he had a son growing up in idleness. His conscience smote him, and he repaired with his pipe to the gallery to meditate. He was aroused from his abstraction by some one hallooing. Emile Labat, of Cotile, was just riding in at the gate. Jacques was struck by a happy thought. Emile Labat had an only daughter. Achille should marry her.

Three months thereafter, Achille Turgot and Coralie Labat became man and wife. One year later, Achille was presented with a son at the cost of the mother's life, and Jacques Turgot became a grandfather. Jacques had now nearly completed his third score of years. His hair and beard were streaked with white, and he was conscious of failing strength. As if to make ready for the inevitable change, he began to lead a new life. He discontinued his absences from home. He paid close attention to the plantation; rode often through the growing cotton, and called his overseer to a strict account. He cleared new lands; repaired buildings and fences; strengthened the levees, and planted fruit-trees and shade-trees. By way of atonement for his neglect of Achille, he began to devote his leisure time to Achille's child. Petit Jean, as his grandfather called him, gradually took a strong hold on his affections. As the boy grew up, he made him his constant companion. If he rode, Petit Jean was perched on the pommel of his saddle; if he drove to town, he sat beside him; if he smoked in the gallery, the boy was in his lap or playing at his feet. Petit Jean returned the old man's affection, and appeared never so happy as when with him. For his father, the boy cared little; and Achille, bound up in his pleasures, seldom saw his son.

As time passed on, Achille became more and more dissipated, and Jacques began to show great solicitude for the future. What would become of Petit Jean when he was gone? The old man had long fits of depression as the infirmities of age grew on him. He would sit in his great chair in the gallery for hours, plunged in meditation. At such times, nothing but the voice of Petit Jean could arouse him. For his boy, he had always a smile and a pleasant word; but sometimes he would try to escape even him. There was a room on the ground floor of the house which none but he ever entered. The heavy shutters were never unbarred; the key never left his person. Into this room, sacred to his own uses, he would often lock himself, suffering no one to disturb him.

One morning he announced his intention of going to Natchitoches. For the first time he refused to listen to Petit Jean's entreaties to be permitted to accompany him. He repelled the boy gently but firmly, and drove off alone. He returned about sunset, accompanied by M. Jean Baptiste Courtois, his friend and legal adviser. It was noticed when he entered the house that his face wore a less anxious look, and that his step was lighter than usual. As his grandson sprang to meet him, he clasped him in his arms and said: "I was grieved to refuse thee, Petit Jean, but thou shalt be recompensed." He and M. Courtois then entered his private room, where they remained until after midnight, when the lawyer returned home, and Jacques went to bed.

These circumstances, trivial in themselves, came forcibly to mind the next day, when Jacques Turgot was found dead in his bed. He had passed away peacefully, with his mind at rest; for he lay like one asleep, with a smile on his face, as if his last thought had been on Petit Jean.

Achille's first act was to make a thorough examination of the private room. If he expected to find a hoard of money, he was disappointed; there was nothing in it but a few articles of furniture hung with ancient spiders'-webs, and a chest of papers and business accounts. He stored in the room the few relics his father had left, as if anxious to hide them from his sight, and locked the door, he hoped, forever.

An examination of Jacques Turgot's affairs showed that there was little foundation for the stories of his immense wealth. The plantation, thanks to careful management, had been very productive the last few years; yet the income had little more than sufficed for the support of the family and its numerous dependants. Achille discovered, too, to his consternation, that his father had overdrawn his account with his factor in New Orleans, so that there was virtually a mortgage on the growing crops. He saw the necessity of moderating his expenses at once, and of paying, thenceforth, a strict attention to business.

Achillie was aroused to a sense of duty in another direction. His son was now twelve years old, and, having seldom received any kindness from his parent, regarded him with indifference Achille found it a more difficult task to win his love than he had anticipated. He made an effort to console the boy in his affliction, but Jean sulked and would not listen to him. Mortified at his want of success, too ungenerous to ascribe it to its true cause, and too indolent to try to overcome his son's antipathy by the only means left to him—persistent kindness—Achille soon relinquished the effort, and left him, as before, to care for himself. Almost heartbroken, Petit Jean moped about for many days, studiously keeping out of his father's sight. He spoke to no one but Gustave, a negro boy whom his grandfather had given him for his special servant. Gustave was almost the reflection of his young master. He sympathized with his feelings, and appeared to know his wants intuitively. Their mutual attachment was intensified when Jean's grandfather died, for Jean, left to himself, found in Gustave his only consolation.

Achille tried hard to carry out his good resolutions, but temptation proved too strong, and he relapsed into his old habits. Relaxation of discipline on the plantation was followed by its usual effects. Bad luck appeared to attend every movement. His gin caught fire in some inexplicable way and burned to the ground; the colic decimated his mules; the scab swept off his flocks; and the worms and the floods destroyed his growing cotton. His crops failed for several successive years. Meanwhile, his personal habits went on from bad to worse. He lost heavily at cards, and was reduced to the necessity of borrowing money. In this straight, a shrewd Mississippian, named Lester, who had bought the adjoiuing plantation, befriended him and supplied his needs, taking a mortgage on the place as security. The money was to Achille like fuel to fire. He plunged deeper into dissipation, and, before many months, was again an applicant for relief. Lester put his purse at his disposal as long as Achille could give good security. When that failed his friendship failed, and he discovered that he had no more money to lend.

A crisis came at last. Achille, who had long been staring ruin in the face, awoke one morning to the consciousness that it could be averted no longer, and sought refuge from his sin in the cowards alternative—he blew out his brains. On the settlement of his estate it was found that the assets were insufficient to cover the debts, the greater part of which was due to Lester. Achille had quarrelled with M. Courtois, his father's friend, soon after succeeding to the property, and had employed one Davis, recommended by Lester, in all his after-business transactions. Some suspected this new attorney of double-dealing; but, as nothing could be proved, all of Lester's claims, which amounted in the aggregate to a sum much larger than the mortgages he held, had to be allowed. It was supposed that M. Courtois would interest himself in his old friend's grandson, notwithstanding his trouble with Achille; but it was noted as a strange circumstance that he kept aloof from all the proceedings until the day of sale, when he appeared, and made extraordinary efforts to buy the estate. But Lester showed equal determination and a longer purse. It was evident that Courtois had not counted on so strong an opposition, for he exhibited the utmost chagrin when the plantation became the property of Lester. At the close of the sale Courtois proposed to Lester to buy of him the west half of the plantation, including the house and other buildings, offering an advance on the cost; but Lester, irritated at the persistence with which the lawyer had bid against him, curtly declined to sell a foot. Courtois was supposed to be acting in the interest of Jean, and won much credit for his generous efforts to rescue a portion of the property from Achille's creditor's, while the course pursued by Lester was universally condemned.

His patrimony having thus passed into the hands of strangers, Jean Turgot was thrown on the world penniless. The semi-vagabond existence that he had led during the last few years of his father's self-reliance, for Achille, notwithstanding his personal neglect, had supplied him freely with money as long as he was able.

Jacques Turgot had sedulously inculcated his grandson with the idea that he was born to be rich, and Jean had always been surrounded with the evidences of wealth. To one of his sensitive temperament, so sudden a descent to penury was a terrible blow. He was peculiarly constituted. He had never known a mother; he had never experienced a father's love. The memory of his grandfather was all he had to look back upon. Brought up among slaves, and taught to gratify every whim as soon as it was born, he was a strange mixture of tenderness, generosity and arrogance. His heart craved for spmpathy, but his pride prompted the suppression of every tender feeling.

As a mark of special generosity, Lester gave Jean a bill of sale of Gustave, his body-servant. Jean hesitated to accept a present from him, but Gustave's earnest pleading and his own affection for the boy overcame his scruples. What to do was now the paramount question. He was too proud to go to his mother's relatives, with whom a coolness had sprung up since his grandfather's death, and he was unfitted for any useful occupation. Dissatisfied with himself, and owing the world a grudge, he felt as if he would like to bury himself somewhere out of sight, and brood over his bitter fancies in solitude.

Three or four miles back of Cane River lies a strip of land along a little bayou that empties into Old River, a still more ancient channel of Red River. In this isolated region, hedged in by funereal cypresses swinging long beards of moss in the malarious air, Jean Turgot found a new home. A deserted cabin, once used as a hunter's lodge, gave him and Gustave shelter, and the wood and the stream furnished them with food. Like a true hermit, Jean never left his solitude unless necessity compelled. He had given up the world, and the world in turn nearly forgot him.

Lester removed into his new residence, and set about making extensive repairs. Notwithstanding this evidence of his intention to retain his purchase, Courtois again came to him with a proposition to buy, offering a still larger advance on the cost, but Lester proved inexorable. Some who had given Courtois credit for a kind heart, began to suspect that his efforts had been prompted by selfishness, particularly as he had given to Jean not even a word of sympathy. Yet no one could penetrate his motives for offering so large a sum for the Turgot plantation, when others as good could be had at a much lower price. It was even insinuated that he was out of his head.

A short time after Courtois's last visit, a strange thing happened. It was a sultry night in July. Lester, unable to sleep in-doors, was lying in a hammock swung in a gallery. Awoke by a rising thunder-storm, he started up to go to his room before the rain fell. He had scarcely set foot to the floor, when a flash of lightning revealed the figure of a man at the other end of the gallery. Startled, he rubbed his eyes to assure himself that he was not dreaming. Another flash, and he saw distinctly the form of Jacques Turgot sitting in his chair, his flowing beard upon his breast, and his long, white locks confined by the skull-cap that he used to wear in life. He imagined that he saw even the smoke curling up from his pipe. A third flash, and all had faded away. Lester was a brave man, but this was a great shock to his nerves. He tried to persuade himself that it was a delusion; but, treat the matter as he would, he could not rub out from his memory the awful reality of the scene. His mind was yet more troubled by the discovery that the figure had been seen by others on the plantation. He found that his negroes were in a chronic state of terror, scarcely daring to step out of doors after nightfall. When questioned closely, they told pitiful stories of ghosts they had seen, and of unnatural disturbances to which they had been subjected. Stones had been thrown against their doors and shutters at night, and missiles of various kinds had come down their chimneys. They complained, too, of hearing strange noises, and one old woman declared that she had "done seen de whole buryin'-groun' a-follerin' ole Mass' Jacques up froo de cotton-field an' roun' about de house."

Lester tried in vain to hush up these reports. They spread, with many exaggerations, from plantation to plantation, until the parish was alive with wonder and curiosity. Jacques Turgot's spirit created as much talk as he had done in the flesh. Old men shook their heads, and told of the time when he came home richer than any half dozen other men in the parish put together. Some thought there was a curse on the house he had built, because he had never devoted any of his wealth to sacred purposes, and for proof pointed to the sudden deaths of almost all who had lived in it; and one good man, who had the welfare of his neighbor at heart, suggested to Lester that he was imperilling his soul's salvation by remaining longer in a place so obviously under the dominion of Satan.

The disturbances became so notorious that no one would visit the house, and travellers obliged to pass the plantation at night rode fast until out of the haunted atmosphere. The negroes became so worthless from fear, that the overseer could do nothing with them, and many ran away into the swamps to escape "ole Mass' Jacques." Lester, wholly isolated, and seeing everything going wrong around him, was at his wits' end. He had invested too much money in the plantation to abandon it, and no one would care to buy it with the reputution it had acquired. He cursed his luck, and wished that the Turgot family had been in heaven—or a worse place—before he had met with them. While in this frame of mind, Courtois approached him for the third time with an offer to take the place off his hands. For a moment Lester was almost induced to stifle his pride; but, when he reflected on the course that Courtois had pursued, he swore that he would burn the house to the ground before he should set foot in it.

A few days after this interview, Lester was awoke in the night by a strange noise proceeding, as he thought, from the ground floor of the house. He had once caught a negro stealing from the store-room below, and it occurred to him that something of a similar nature was now going on. He arose quietly, and, with a candle in one hand and his revolver in the other, went down the stairs. A door at the foot opened into a large, square hall, or rather room, paved with octagonal bricks, running through the centre of the house. From this room, other doors opened; one on the front piazza, another in the rear, and two into smaller rooms on each side. Of the two doors opposite the stairway, the one in front led into Jacques Turgot's private room. It was still used, as in Achille's time, as a lumber-room, and was generally kept locked. The rear door on the same side belonged to the store-room.

Lester paused at the foot of the stairs to listen He distinctly heard stealthy steps on the brick pavement. Both hands being full, he pushed the door open quickly with his foot. As it swung back, the light flashed on the figure of a man standing by the door of Jacques Turgot's room, with his hand on the latch, as if about to enter. Lester's heart jumped as he saw again the flowing white beard and hair that the lightning had once disclosed to him. But now the head was turned toward him, and, to his horror, fiery eyes flashed from the face of a corpse.

Paralyzed with fear, both candle and pistol dropped from his hands. As the latter struck the floor, it exploded. The noise woke the household. Lester was found insensible at the foot of the stairs. The revolver, with one barrel empty, lay beside him, but no trace of the ball could be found on walls or floor. The front door was wide open, and on the sill were drops of fresh blood.

Jean Turgot led an unenviable life. When he and Gustave first sought a shelter in the swamps, his misanthropical hate served, in some degree, to sweeten his solitude; but, as time rolled on and brought no change his situation began to wear on him. The hours grew longer and longer, and the days seemed endless. Beyond the days he did not look. The morrow had no place in his calendar. When not asleep, he spent his time sitting in front of the cabin, in a state of utter dejection. The weary year that had passed since his home went into stranger hands had wrought a sad change in his appearance, so that he, who had lived but a third of the allotted time, looked like an old man. His face had grown haggard and careworn, and his hair, which had turned nearly white, fell in a tangled mass on his shoulders. Even Jacques Turgot, on the day of his death, showed less of infirmity. A strong likeness had always been noticeable between Jean and his grandfather, more marked than that between him and his father. This had become intensified, so that people who saw him were startled at the resemblance. But for the absence of the long beard, he might have passed for the shadow, if not for the substance, of Jacques Turgot.

Had it not been for Gustave, Jean would have died from starvation, if not from sheer despair. The faithful negro watched over him as if he had been a child, ministering to his wants, and providing for him every comfort that his ingenuity could command. But, despite his efforts, Gustave could succeed in arousing his young master to take an interest in anything. Jean accepted his endeavors apathetically, seldom betraying either like or dislike. He seemed to re-

gard himself as dead to the world, and he set his face resolutely against communication with it. It was with difficulty that Gustave persuaded him to receive a messenger that came one morning from M. Courtois. It is doubtful if any one else could have won his attention; but that name, connected, as it had been, with all that Jean had ever held dear, appeared to arouse him from his apathy.

The message was brief. M. Courtois was at the point of death. It was of the utmost importance that Jean should come to him at once, to receive a communication that could be given to his ear only.

"How can I go to Natchitoches without a horse?" asked Jean, peevishly.

"Take mine, sir," replied the man. "I'll borrow one at Chevalier's."

Jean mounted the horse without another word, and rode away into the forest.

The meeting between Jean Turgot and M. Courtois was a painful one. M. Courtois was in bed, propped up with pillows. His face, which was very pale, flushed when Jean entered. He had not expected to see such a wreck.

"Will you take my hand, Jean?" he asked, faintly.

Jean gave him his hand in silence.

"I have wronged you,' said M. Courtois, "foully wronged you, and I have met a just punishment. Thank God! It is not yet too late to make atonement. Can you forgive me?"

Jean had felt hurt that his grandfather's old friend had not come to him in his trouble with even a word of sympathy. Aside from that, he knew of nothing to reproach him with. He therefore bowed a cool assent.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried Courtois, in anguish, "I have not yet told you. Hear me, and, if you can then forgive—

"I cannot talk much," he continued, "but I have written it all. Here is a packet of papers I had prepared to be sent to you in case you failed to come to-day. That you may understand what I have to tell you, first read this. It is a communication from your grandfather, written by me at his request. It is in my handwriting, but the signature, you will note, is his."

Jean opened the paper with trembling hands. It was to him like a message from the dead. The firm, bold signature at the bottom was, indeed, his grandfather's. It was dated the night before he died—the night that he spent with M. Courtois in the private room.

He sat down and read:

"My Dear Jean:

"The thought that this will not meet your eye until both your father and I are in the grave renders the task of writing it a solemn one; yet I cannot but feel in it a certain satisfaction, for I know that what I am about to do will conduce to your happiness, which, above all things else in the world, I have chiefly at heart.

"It is needless to tell you how little of sympathy there is between your father and myself. His unfortunate disposition and habits render any confidence between us impossible. I feel that I am partly to blame for his character, and I have tried to make some amends by doing for you what I ought to have done for him. But let that pass. To lament over it now is useless. I can only hope that there is yet time to make provision against the possible results of my negligence. Your father is provided for amply in the plantation. Its income is more than sufficient to supply his wants and yours during his life, which, with his present habits, cannot last long. I have thought it best, therefore, to lay aside a large sum for your benefit, to be given to you on the death of your father, when you come into possession of the plantation. This money I have put into the charge of M. Jean Baptiste Courtois, in whom I have full confidence, tested through a friendship of years. He it is who will have the gratification of putting into your hands your grandfather's last bequest. I trust that a regard for my memory, and the unfortunate example which your father has set you, will inspire you to lead an upright life, and to make a good use of that which I intrust to you.

"M. Courtois will give you other papers, containing details and directions. He has full legal power to act in any emergency now unforeseen.

"Jacques Turgot."

Courtois watched Jean with eager eyes while he read. The humiliation which he felt in disclosing his perfidy manifested itself in great drops of sweat upon his forehead. The minutes seemed to him interminable. Would he never end and speak to him?

Jean finished the paper at last, and arose, trembling with emotion. There was something in his looks that frightened Courtois.

"Well?" he said, with his eyes fixed upon Jean's gaunt face.

"You stole my money!" hissed Jean through his teeth, approaching the bedside with a threatening gesture.

"My God! no. I have never seen a dollar of it. I would have taken it, but God and the saints forbade."

"Does this paper lie? This tells me, in your own writing, that the money was put into your hands."

"The packet will explain," moaned Courtois. "The gold is buried under the house, in your grandfather's room."

"And you, knowing this, suffered me to be driven out to die like a dog!"

"Pardon! The temptation was too great."

"What right have you, miserable wretch, who have blasted my life and made me a beggar and an outcast, to speak of pardon?"

"I know I have no right to hope for it. I suffer hell's torments now. But listen while I have strength to speak. When your father died, the devil put it into my head to buy the plantation, and thus secure the treasure for myself. The sale was for cash, and my means were insufficient; but I obtained by borrowing what I thought would be enough to cover the price, knowing that the buried money was ample to repay. Lester foiled my plan, and obtained possession. Even then I did not resign hope, but tried to pray upon Lester's fears, believing that I could frighten him into selling the place. My efforts were all in vain. I then tried my last resource. I entered the house one night, with the intention of digging up and removing a part of the treasure at any risk. The room, I knew, was seldom visited; perhaps I could get it all away without discovery. Lester surprised me as I was about to open the door. I received a ball from his pistol. I did not know I was hit until nearly home, when I began to feel the loss of blood. It was not a serious wound, but want of proper care—for I dared not call a surgeon—has brought me to this. I am about to die, but none but you will ever know the cause of my death."

"What if I proclaim that Jean Baptiste Courtois, the pure and upright man, my grandfather's friend, met his death in the commission of a burglary?"

"You will not do so," replied Courtois, "for two good reasons: it would injure only my family, against whom you have no cause for enmity, and it would destroy your hopes of obtaining the money."

My hopes? What are hopes to me, whom you have crushed, body and soul, until I bear scarcely the semblance of a man? Look at me, scoundrel! Are you pleased with your work?"

"Mercy!" groaned Courtois, alarmed at Jean's wild eyes.

"Mercy!" repeated Jean, with a mocking laugh. "The same mercy that you gave to me! Liar! thief! murderer! you shall escape me neither here nor in hell."

Courtois tried to cry out, but Jean was upon him before he could utter a sound. Courtois was too weak to offer resistance. Jean hurled him, with the death-rattle in his throat, to the floor, and sprung out of the window just in time to escape the household, whom the noise had aroused.

That evening, at sunset, Lester's horse galloped home riderless. Lester had started for Natchitoches, and search was made at once in that direction. About three miles from the plantation, the road, which crosses a tongue of land made by a bend in the river, is bordered by a thicket of paw-paws. Marks of a desperate struggle were found here, and tracks and bloodstains leading to the river. Further search revealed Lester's body lying at the foot of the bank, close to the water's edge. It was a ghastly sight—the face and neck torn as if by the claws of a wild beast, the clothes blood-drenched and stripped into shreds.

M. Courtois and Lester were buried on the same day. At the funeral of the latter the body was exposed in the large room on the ground floor, where Courtois had received his death-wound. The house was crowded. All the neighboring planters, and many from a distance, were in attendance; for Lester's awful death had cast a gloom over the whole country. Its suddenness, the peculiar circumstances and the mystery attending it, were the subjects of wondering comment and speculation; and there were not a few who saw a connection between it and the current stories of ghostly visitants. A feeling of unusual awe pervaded the assemblage, and, when Father Demouriez began the solemn burial service, the silence was almost oppressive. The day was obscured by clouds, and the flickering tapers that burned beside the corpses shed but a faint light over the room.

Of a sudden, a wild cry, more beast-like than human, broke upon the air. Every cheek paled. A spell seemed to have fallen on the congregation. All stood in the hush of expectancy. Again that terrible cry broke forth, followed by others in quick succession. Men's hearts throbbed, and women shrieked. Many fled from the house. Father Dumouriez was the first to recover his self-possession.

"Open that door!" he cried.

Some one threw open the door leading into Jacques Turgot's room. The priest stepped forward and looked in, but recoiled in horror at what he saw.

In the corner, grovelling amid a mass of upturned bricks and earth, with both hands full of gold coin, crouched what had once been a man—ragged and blood-smeared, with the fire of madness in his eyes.

Jean Turgot was a maniac.

John D. Chaplin, Jr.

KISSES.

Give me kisses—do not stay
Counting in the careful way;
All the coins your lips can print
Never will exhaust the mint.
Kiss me, then,
Every moment—and again!

Give me kisses—do not stop
Measuring nectar by the drop;
Though to millions they amount,
They will never drain the fount.
Kiss me, then,
Every moment—and again!

Give me kisses—all is waste
Save the luxury we taste,
And for kissing—kisses live
Only when we take or give.
Kiss me, then,
Every moment—and again!

Give me kisses—though their worth
Far exceeds the gems of earth;
Never pearls so rich and pure
Cost so little, I am sure.
Kiss me, then,
Every moment—and again!

Give me kisses—nay, 'tis true,
I am just as rich as you;
And for every kiss I owe,
I can pay you back, you know.
Kiss me, then,
Every moment—and again!

A CHINESE MARRIAGE.

The marriage ceremony in China differs in many respects from that of our own and other countries. Love before marriage was never the fashion with the Chinese. A Chinaman, if he moves in polite circles, has never seen the lady to whom he is betrothed, and has not the remotest idea of what she is like, whether she will at all resemble the creature his fond fancy has painted, or whether the first sight of her unveiled face on the day of marriage will cast a shadow over the prospect of his future life. He does not understand love; it is no part of the marriage contract He was probably betrothed by his parents before his infant eyes opened upon the charms of his country. His intended wife has been reared for him in the strict seclusion of her paternal home.

The parents of marriageable children usually engage a professional person, or go-between, to negotiate an alliance for their son or daughter. Suitable presents are exchanged, and an astrologer is called in to fix a lucky day for the ceremony. This individual professes to investigate the horoscope of the contracting parties, and to ascertain whether the combined ages of bride and bridegroom and the exact time of birth, will create any bad influence if the two are united on a given day. Should a lady who has been betrothed in the customry manner by her parents die before marriage, the bereaved youth is at liberty to make another engagement; but, should he die before marriage, the young lady must go into weeds for the term of her natural life: and, should she during her widowhood be held in esteem by her neighbors for perfect chastity, the Imperial Government will erect a stone arch over her grave. There are many who, when in this situation, prefer to commit suicide rather than face the ills of a spinster's or widow's life.

It is usual, during the marriage week, to engage a procession of coolies, to parade the streets with the articles of household furniture, the silks, and jewels, of the new couple. On the day of marriage the bride is in a flutter, as she is being dressed and painted by her female relatives and attendants. The head-dress, hung with glistening sprays of pearls, is poised on the head, the last touch is given to the uniform folds of her red-silk robe, the gorgeous gilded chair waits at the door; she is gently raised in her brother's arms, and held over a fire of charcoal to dispel any lurking devilry that may be about her. She is then carried to her chair, followed by a chorus of weeping females, four of whom are the bridesmaids, who are old married women, dressed in black and red scarfs. Then, amid the deafening din of fire-crackers, the shrill tones of native flutes, and boon of gongs, she is borne off to the home of the bridegroom, at the door of which she is met by an old woman, the mother of male children. It is then that one of the most tedious of earthly ceremonies begins, wherein the spirits of ancestors have to be worshipped, the marriage contract read. They then drink the sacred wine-cups, are united with a red silk thread, and the contents drunk by the young couple before the assembled guests. The bride and bridegroom are usually seated during this part of the ceremony. We were present on one occasion at a Chinese marriage when they stood, as shown in the sketch. When the ceremony is over, the bride takes off her outer robe, and prepares herself to submit to the varied, and what we would consider extremely rude, remarks of the gentleman present, who talk freely of the form of her hands, feet, head, nose, mouth, eyes, etc. A feast follows, and the happy pair don't go off in a chair-and-four on their honeymoon. The lady retires to, and keeps the strict seclusion of, her new home, while the bridegroom joins in the feast, which is kept up to a late hour.—*London Graphic.*

Excentricities.

GEN. MORGAN CARRIES OUT THE JOKE.

While we were lying in camp at Rossville, Georgia, writes a correspondent, the Sixtieth Illinois returned from their furlough with a number of recruits. One of these having exhausted his supply of clean shirts, and not having learned to be his own laundress, asked a veteran where he could get some washing done.

"Do you see those tents there by the church? Well, go there and ask Mr. Morgan; he does washing. He's a crusty old cuss, but if you'll talk pretty nice to him he'll do it for you."

The recruit went as directed and found Gen. Morgan walking in front of his tent, dressed as was his custom in the uniform of a high private.

"Where will I find Mr. Morgan?" asked the recruit.

"My name is Morgan. What will you have?"

"I came here to get some clothes washed."

"H-m-m. Who sent you here to get your clothes washed?"

"John Smith, over here in the Sixth."

"Corporal of the guard!" (The corporal approached and saluted Morgan). "Young man, go with the corporal and show him John Smith, so that he can bring him here. And you come back with him and all the dirty clothes you have."

They departed and soon returned with the guilty veteran and a huge armful of dirty shirts socks, etc.

The General to Smith—"Did you send this young man here to have his clothes washed?"

"Yes, sir, for a joke."

"For a joke! Well, we'll have the joke carried out. We do have clothes washed here sometimes Corporal, take this man Smith and that bundle of clothes down to the creek and have him wash them, fold them up neatly, and return them to the owner! See that he does the job up handsomely."

The veteran went away to his work sorrowfully and the general resumed his walk.

The Judge and the Juggler.—A notorious scamp was once brought before an Onondago Justice of the Peace. He was accused of having "come the strap game" over a native. The portly Justice, wishing to decide understandingly, asked to see a sample of his skill.

"The party" instantly produced a leather strap, gave it a scientific whisk across the bench and remarked:

"You see, Judge, the quarter under the strap?"

"What!" interrupted the dignified functionary, "do you mean to say there is a quarter under there?"

"Sartin!" was the reply.

"No such thing?" said the Justice.

"I'll go you a dollar on it!" exclaimed the prisoner,

"Agreed!" said the Justice.

With accustomed adroitness the strap was withdrawn, when lo! there was the quarter.

"Well," said the astonished Shallow, "I wouldn't have believed it, if I had not seen it with my own eyes. Here is your dollar; and you are fined five dollars for gambling contrary to the statute in such cases made and provided."

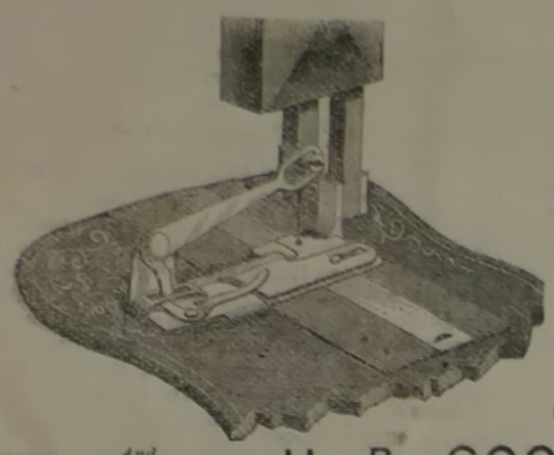
The elongated countenance of the gambler required no additional evidence to testify his appreciation of the sell."

Jefferson, Ohio, is credited with the ownership of a cat which possesses the power of ventriloquism in a remarkable degree. The effect when he gets on the roof of a barn and exercises his vocal gifts is said to be startling; an old gentleman is said to have taken a solemn oath that, to the best of his knowledge and belief, no less than nine thousand cats were in town on one night recently. This visitation is probably in lieu of the smallpox.

A few days ago a widower in Louisiana took to himself a second wife, and started off on a bridal tour, but had not gone far ere he was taken into custody for the non-payment of the undertaker who officiated at his first wife's funeral. The bride's father, learning the situation of affairs, liquidated the bill and sent the pair on their way rejoicing.

In Covington, Ky., last Wednesday, George Washington was arrested for beating his wife, Martha Washington. Among the witnesses in the case were Thomas Jefferson, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson, and John C. Calhoun. The General was fined $10 and costs, and Mr. Calhoun, who failed to appear, was fined $10 for contempt of Court.

The *Guide to Health* doubts if there are twenty really healthy and strong women in any State in the Union.



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PROGRESS IS THE COMMON LAW OF THE WORLD.

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

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PERCEPTION AND ACTION.

THE accuracy of our perceptions, whether sensorial, mental or spiritual, must depend on a symmetrical constitution and the correctness of our physical and moral states. The man whose eye is defective discerns all outward things imperfectly. The slightest organic imperfection may change the general appearance of many things, and, perhaps, modify the superficial aspects of the whole objective creation. The unequal development of the different parts of the visual mechanism, or even a trifling inequality in the distribution of the impalpable fluid that circulates through the optic nerve, may discolor, distort, and possibly demolish the world—so far as our disordered powers of perception enable us to recognize its existence. In like manner a small defect in the structure of the ear may either stifle all sounds or render them harsh and terrible. A malformation—not to be discovered without dissecting the organ—or the want of a free circulation of the subtile aura that pervades the auditory nerve, might hush the music of innumerable voices, and leave the Universe—in its relation to ourselves—silent forever. All our other sensorial perceptions are equally dependent on organic perfection and existing states. A sudden cold may render one incapable of perceiving odors; a fever may make the patient insensible of the most pungent aromatic flavors, while the touch of the torpedo might totally suspend the sense of feeling.

But our sensorial impressions are not alone in this dependence on existing conditions. The intellectual and moral perceptions are equally under the operation of the same general law, and they are subject to frequent and constant modifications by the ever-varying mental and moral states and aspects of our being. When the faculties are unequally developed and improperly exercised, the mental perceptions are liable to be obscure, grotesque, or otherwise illusory; the judgment is rendered unreliable, and the ability to recognize a nice moral distinction may be wholly wanting. There are persons who can never form any accurate conception of size, weight and distance; some are unable to distinguish colors, while others have no perception of the relation of musical sounds. On a few inspired souls burns the promethean fire—to warm and illuminate the dark solitudes of the Ages; the philosopher dwells alone in the measureless temple of his thought, while the mantle of the ascending prophet falls only on consecrated shoulders.

Indeed, in every department of inquiry and discovery our perceptions are influenced, and in some degree determined by organic peculiarities, and by the prevailing moods of the mind. Every one sees his neighbor and the world, not precisely *as they are*, but rather *as he is*. If one has a hopeful and mirthful spirit, he will be prone to laugh at the errors and follies of mankind; while the man of melancholy temperament—who has less trust in God than he has love for Humanity—weeps over the misconceptions and moral desolations of the world. Clouds darken the horizon of his prospects; his brain is peopled with gloomy phantoms, and his heart swells and throbs with stifled lamentations.

Every person, then, is either a false or true mirror wherein mankind, the earth, and all things are reflected. In proportion to the number and magnitude of his constitutional defects will be his liability to form and entertain erroneous views; and, in this degree, will the obliquity of his reason and the fallibility of his judgment be made manifest to others. A mind that is swayed by mere feeling, warped by false education, and cramped by prejudice, can never see things as they really are. The defects in himself—in the intellectual and moral media through which he looks, are naturally and almost inevitably transferred to the forms and conditions of being that are subject to his inspection. Hence it happens that certain persons readily satisfy themselves that whatever occurs in the history of nations and the individual conduct of men—under all the circumstances—is not only eminently proper but strictly right. They virtually assume that reverence and blasphemy, charity and robbery are equally good. Such men discover no wrong in the unrestrained indulgence of their animal appetites. If, in their apprehension, there is wrong anywhere, they expect to find it lodged with their powers that impose a salutary restraint upon their passions by fixing rational limits to individual freedom of action.

When the judgment is warped by the force of irresistible inclination; when the excited passions are left without restraint to play on the imagination, over the sensory nerves, and through the muscles and secretions, we may expect to witness some singular performances. And accordingly it so happens, that we have several slipshod people (not spiritual) among us, with whom life very much resembles a French cotillion party. Those balance who can, some go forward and many go back, down in the middle, round the outside, cross over, swing their partners (every time a new one), and all in the name of Progress!

> "It's up and down—away they go,
> Oh, what delight it is to know,
> The pleasures of the polka!"

As an exhibition for the amusement of idlers this is a success. The forms are flexible, the movement is lively, and the figures various and intricate; but the evidences of any genuine progress—in the actual lives of such people—we wait to see.

THE MATERIALISM OF THE PULPIT.

THE GREAT ANNIVERSARY OF THE CHURCH.

THE grand Festival of the Christian religion was celebrated in many churches in this City by the chiming of the bells; by splendid floral decorations, and grand musical memorials—all of which were perhaps suited to awaken sacred memories, and to inspire pious convictions and resolutions. The state of society in New York is such that it requires all really human and truly religious influences to lift it out of the deep perdition of its daily life. We have no doubt that the churches may do as much to compel a decent moral seeming among their members, as they do to foster the pride displayed in the extravagant dress and jewelry exhibition that accompanies the religious celebration. The beautiful saints who assembled on Easter morning, ostensibly for devotional purposes, kept their eyes open as usual to the Spring Fashions, and doubtless enjoyed the new styles as well as the memorial services of their Master.

The discourses preached in the several churches—so far as their essential character and general drift may be determined by the brief reports in the *Herald*—were such as to justify the apprehension, that our religious teachers are not likely to get out of the old groove in which they have been running so long. The ministers all talked of their risen Lord, vaguely as usual, and after the stereotyped fashion, leaving their hearers to infer that they still hold on to the exploded dogma of the literal resurrection of the body. This appears to be true even of Dr. Chapin, and others from whom the public might reasonably have expected the announciation of more enlightened views.

At St. Patrick's Cathedral Rev. Dr. Spaulding, nephew of the late Archbishop, repeated the scripture texts and theological arguments supposed to favor the supreme divinity of Christ. We extract a brief passage from the *Herald's* report:

> "As the Resurrection was the crowning mystery of man's redemption, so it was also the crowning proof of Christ's divinity. It was a triumphant confirmation of what the prophets had foretold, as well as of the words which Jesus Christ gave utterance to. No man could raise himself from the dead. Christ was the only one; and by so doing he proved himself God. Hence the mystery celebrated formed the basis of our faith, hope, love and religion."

Here it is assumed that "Christ was the only *man* who could raise himself from the dead," and by thus raising himself he proved that he was not man at all, but God. This is a luminous specimen of genuine Irish logic. Let us put the Doctor's argument into the form of a brief syllogism:

1. Christ was a *man*.
2. No man can raise himself from the dead.
3. Conclusion—As Christ did raise himself from the dead *he was not a man*.

It will be perceived that this reasoning is utterly false. The third proposition or conclusion, contradicts the first, and is, therefore, in no sense a legitimate deduction from the premises.

But how does such a resurrection as is here recognized furnish any rational foundation for our hope of another life? We never infer that squashes grow on trees because pears do; nor can it be reasonably assumed that a fish can live out of water, because birds inhabit the regions of the atmosphere. Neither can we logically infer that what occurs in the experience of God will happen unto men. We must predicate our chances of life and immortality rather of the ascertained experience of beings constituted like ourselves. If God ever *died* (we reject the story on account of its manifest absurdity and blasphemy) he may have been raised from the dead; but as we are not Gods, that fact does nothing to inspire our hope of another life for man. But while it utterly fails to prove that man will live "hereafter" the alleged fact—if, indeed, it be a fact—does prove that *God may die again*, since what has been in the past may also be in the future.

At the Church of the Divine Paternity, Dr. E. H. Chapin, followed in the track of the venerable father of St. Patrick's. We suppose the doctrine of his discourse is expressed in the following extract from the *Herald's* report:

> "On this day the Christian world celebrates the resurrection of Christ from the tomb. The empty tomb of Christ had been the foundation of Christianity. There is no man, said the Doctor, who can prove the impossibility of a future. When I stand with Christ in the sepulcher and touch those nail-pierced hands I am convinced of the force of fact, and know full well that I have a future before me, even after my eyelids shall have been closed in death."

If Dr. Chapin is correctly reported he rests his Christianity on a hollow foundation—*on an empty sepulcher*. His hopes depend on the sensuous evidence of an external fact. We read that when one Thomas, otherwise called Didymus, had put his fingers into the prints of the nails he was satisfied that it was all right. Mr. Chapin seems to be similarly constituted, He does not appear to apprehend the import of the spiritual evidences of his religion. It is not in states of great spiritual exaltation that he feels the assurance of an irresistible conviction. He has not "*the witness in himself*." To be satisfied of his immortality he must go outside of his own consciousness. It is not necessary to ascend into the heavens, by the force of a spiritual gravitation; but rather to descend into *hades*. He would stand in the deserted grave, and put his fingers into the prints of the very nails that were used to fasten the body of his Master to the cross. It is then and there that he feels the force of the great fact that he will live when he is dead! The doctrine of reincarnation may possibly find an illustration in the case of one Didymus.

Dr. Thompson, at Christ's Protestant Episcopal Church portrayed in glowing rhetoric the conquests of death—his visitations on the land and the sea, and discoursed in a somewhat declamatory style on the power of Christ to subdue the last enemy of man. The eloquence of the Doctor was well calculated to impress the common mind.

There was a great crowd assembled at Old Trinity, and thousands were obliged to go away without being able to reach the vestibule. The music, vocal and instrumental, was on a grand scale. The general drift of religious instruction at Trinity may be inferred from the following extract which is not wanting in genuine eloquence:

> "Dr. Dix delivered a very impressive and appropriate address, in the course of which he saluted the recurrence of the great Christian festival of Easter. After depicting in eloquent language the glories of the resurrection morning, the reverend preacher said the Gospel of Easter tells us that somewhere in front there is relief for all the long care and exhaustion of this troublesome world. The time of trial has gone into all lands, and day by day is added to each man's burden. But no one of us ever had, or ever could have, a load to carry even distantly approaching in heaviness to that which Jesus bore. As His trouble passed away, so likewise shall ours. We are wont to say, "the life of man is short." Alas! when we reflect what they have to go through, from first to last, the wonder is that these poor frames, these brains overworked, these hearts filled too full, hold out as long as they do, Who would not long to rest? To whom is it not grateful to hear of the Eastertide—of the glory that followed in the Redeemer's case after the shame and grief were ended? After the cross comes the crown; after death, life from the dead; after the dark grave, the sunlit garden; after the night, the morning of eternity.
>
> Let us remember to apply all this to our own improvement. "If ye be risen with Christ seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God." He hears to no purpose of the risen Christ who does not get him up straightway from the dust of his worldliness, and the grave-clothes of his sins and find his way into the true light of his righteousness. The soul must have its resurrection now, that the body may hereafter be partaker in the blessed state. It is, indeed, in the higher and nobler part of man that his rising into life begins the work commences in the heart which seeks the things above, which keeps the feast not with the leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth. Thence it grows, and keeps on growing till it has taken in the whole life of the whole man. Let us, then, arise from our sins. Let us hear what, doubtless was an antiphon of some old church service quoted by the apostle, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light!"

Here a moral and spiritual resurrection seems to be recognized as of paramount importance; and yet the corruptible body comes in for its opportunity. The spirit's old clothes must be dug up, cleansed, and put on over the robes of its essential immortality. It is not enough that the soul is purified, exalted and glorified; flesh, and blood, and bones, after being reduced to common dust by the trituration of countless centuries perhaps, must be gathered up, put into the divine crucible, and by the mysterious chemistry of the day of judgment be prepared to become a "partaker in the blessed state." How and why, or to what purpose? If the soul can retain its conscious individuality for millions of years, why may it not go on forever without carrying along with it the worthless remains of the old body?

At the Church of the Disciples, Mr. Hepworth selected as his theme, "*Our Friends in Heaven*;" but almost any other title would have answered the purpose as well. On the question of the resurrection he followed in the same old rut. Indeed, it is a rare thing to find a Christian minister who has any original views of the leading theological questions. We clip the following from the report of Mr. Hepworth's remarks:

> "The historical fact of the resurrection of Christ—whose authenticity is beyond all doubt or cavil—is the most important fact in the moral history of man. In the world of spirits it is what gravitation is in the world of physics. It is the wonderful something that solves all enigmas, and which fills even despair with something like hope. The whole system of future rewards and punishments depends upon this."

Precisely how the alleged fact of the reanimation of the body of Jesus corresponds to gravitation does not appear to be very clearly revealed either by the preacher or any other man; nor do we see how that fact furnishes a solution of all questions and explains all enigmas—obscure sayings or riddles. And then, why all "future rewards and punishments" should be made to depend on that isolated fact, is quite incomprehensible. Did not God, man and the laws of the moral universe exist before that fact occurred? And were there no legitimate and inevitable consequences of human actions until the resurrection of Christ? Were men without consciences; had justice no place on earth or in heaven; and was God so limited in the exercise of his divine prerogatives, that no one was properly rewarded and punished before the beginning of the present era? Evidently, Mr. Hepworth is not likely to establish a reputation for either logical discrimination or theological consistency.

Mr. Frothingham in his discourse at Lyric Hall, is represented to have used, in substance, the following language:

> "The resurrection of the body is the great lesson of Easter. We cannot think of a spirit without form. This flesh—palpable, material form—is a grave of the human being himself. Our bodies are moulded of what has gone before, and were not brought down from heaven. There probably never was a man wholly human. We are the fragments of people—small pieces clipped off from the great whole. One is all heart, another all head. Here is a man who can measure the finest scruples of thought, but cannot digest his dinner. Habits are the unconscious actions of men that get to acting of themselves. Intemperance is a hideous habit from which millions cannot emancipate themselves. Intemperance is a vice of the nervous system. Suppose men take only what is good for them, to measure their desires by their necessities, and their ambitions, so that the lower classes may be emancipated from their dreadful habits. We should learn to eat that we may live, and not to live that we may eat. Faith in the resurrection of the body through the Son of Man helps the spirit to obey the Master's call. Mind and organization go together. They are inseparable. The most fervent argument against immortality is the predominance of the anima in us.

We can hardly believe that Mr. Frothingham is correctly reported in the foregoing paragraph. If he still entertains the old dogma

of the bodily resurrection his theology is not so radically reformed as we had been led to suppose. However, to assume that the mind must necessarily, be destitute of a suitable form or organization, unless the old body is raised, involves the preposterous assumption that *the mind must be disorganized and the identity destroyed* during the intervening period between death and the resurrection. We cordially admit that mind and organization go together and are inseparable, but perceive no necessary connection between this fact and the question of the resurrection of our mortal bodies. If, indeed, "there is a spiritual body," as Paul affirmed, of what possible use is the other to the unshackled soul? If, as Mr. Frothingham represents it, the "flesh is a grave of the human being" why should the resurrected spirit return to its sepulcher?

At the Church of the Holy Trinity the musical exercises were of a high order, and Dr. Hall delivered an eloquent discourse; but, like the others, it was lame in its logic and erroneous in its conclusions. We extract the following also from the *Herald*:

Dr. Hall was very eloquent on the subject which all church goers heard treated on Easter Sunday. His text was from the First Epistle to the Corinthians, fifteenth chapter and part of the forty-fourth verse—"It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body." A man dies, said he, and where is he? Who knows? There is his natural body; but what body has he now? It is such a body as Christ's, in which the spirit is pre-eminent. The body of Christ after the resurrection was a spirit body; there was a natural body before death and a spiritual body after death. When the disciples sought for Jesus the body had disappeared. That flesh had not seen corruption and the spiritual change had absorbed the whole body. This fact establishes the identity of the two bodies. St. John asserted that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God. Christ risen was not human. You may fall back on a continuous miracle, but that is weakness. What means it to us unless we are to be like Him! I assert that, taken just as they are, the two facts run co-ordinate—first, that Christ was human; second, Christ risen was not human.

Dr. Hall thus makes the identity of Christ to depend on his outward form instead of his inward, spiritual individuality. He quotes from an Apostle who describes two distinct bodies, one frail, corruptible, mortal, and "sown in dishonor;" the other incorruptible, immortal and raised in power. No two things could be more clearly defined and plainly distinguishable, one from the other; and yet Dr. Hall maintains, not merely the identity of Christ, but *the absolute identity of the two bodies*. Now identity means oneness, or *sameness*, as distinguished from both diversity and similarity. If the bodies were one and the same, why so much effort to point out the separate or peculiar characteristics by which each might be distinguished, from the other? The disciples could not find the mortal body, and Dr. Hall presumes that by some miraculous process in spiritual chemistry all the flesh and blood, the thoracic and abdominal viscera, and even the *bones* were rapidly absorbed by the risen spirit, so that nothing tangible remained.

This is not only at war with the laws of Nature, but irreconcilable with the principles of the spiritual constitution. We should as soon expect a horse to assimilate paving stones, or that a tree might absorb a lamppost, as that a spirit should at once incorporate the gross elements of a corpse—*the dead body it had but just rejected*—into its own incorruptible nature. Carnivorous animals may live on flesh, and vegetables be nourished by the phosphate of lime and other matter extracted from bones; but spiritual beings find the elements that nourish their natures and make them strong in spiritual substances and divine forces.

After affirming the absolute identity of the two bodies, Dr. Hall virtually assumes that they are not identical. "Christ was human—Christ risen, was not human." Were we to accept this assumption it would appear not merely that there were two distinct bodies; but, also, that Christ actually lost his personal identity in his resurrection. Nor does this define or otherwise determine the limit of his loss. According to Dr. Hall, "Christ was human" at first, but having risen "he was not human; and hence must have lost—in addition to his personal identity—his natural relation to his own species!

With such religious teachers, it is not surprising that the common people believe so much, and know so little.

Unity is the principle of all things, and rom this unity went forth an infinite duality.

SPIRITUALISM NOT SECTARIAN.

IF the Church would but open its doors, we would enter and speak against the gigantic abominations which flourish in its shadow, and are fostered and cherished at the very altar. Nor should we, in this case, indorse the Church ritual or identify ourselves with the old organism, any more than Jesus of Nazareth was identified with the religion of the Pharisees, because he went into the Temple to refute the Jewish doctors, and expose the spiritual wickedness which was enthroned in high places. We have no disposition to identify the Spiritual movement with any existing form or modification of Sectarianism. Nor is it the object of those most deeply interested in the Spiritual Philosophy to establish a *new* sect. The world has been long enough engaged in making creeds, and in wielding the weapons of a dogmatic warfare. Humanity has been rent in pieces, and the fragments are scattered and quivering in the pangs of expiring life. Be it our mission to aid in gathering them together, that these many members may be one body, harmoniously constituted, and animated by the same life.

"For *modes* of *faith* let graceless zealots fight."

To avoid the tendency to Sectarianism we erect no standard of faith; we prescribe no limits to the developement and the researches of the human mind. In the annunciation of our views we appeal to Nature and Reason, instead of authority and tradition. It shall be our object to illustrate, as far as we are able, the laws of Nature and the Soul, in their application to the interests of Society; to devise "ways and means" to instruct, refine, and save the dangerous and perishing classes. Thus we hope to promote, in some humble manner, a comprehensive Reform, in which the *causes* of existing evils may be removed, and the interest and duty of man, so long divorced, may become one and indivisible.

We believe there are thousands in the churches who are ready to adopt a more rational, spiritual and practical religion. Let them stand up in their manhood, and—

——"*Act*
As conscience orders."——

And though the palsied *body* of the outward church may writhe in its great anguish, Humanity will be comforted, and the fallen and enslaved millions will rejoice in the Gospel of To-day.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

WE use the above caption in the popular acceptation of the term, for the purpose of calling special attention to the very excellent communication found in the Phenominal Department of this number, from the pen of Mrs. Laura Cuppy Smith. Of the fact that persons who once lived here, have after their departure to spirit-life, returned and manifested themselves in the same form as when they occupied earthly bodies, we have ample evidence in human history. Equally positive is the testimony of sacred and profane historians, that spirits once inhabitants of earth, have manifested their power and presence by "Physical Manifestations." The Jewish and Christian Scriptures abound in evidences of this character. It has, however, been left to Modern Spiritualism to answer the question and demonstrate the fact that, "if a man die, he shall live again." We are well aware of the opposition and ridicule attempted just now by the religious and a part of the secular Press, in denouncing all Mediums, because a few have been detected as impostors. These "exposures" may be in many cases just, but not always. What of it? Have we not abundant evidence even in the Christian Church of "many false brethren"? One of the chosen twelve, companion of Jesus, as we are told, became a traitor. We do not believe that Spiritual Mediums are proportionately impostors, although we sorrowfully admit that many persons claiming mediumistic powers, fall into ways of wrong doing, and bring odium upon the cause they profess to serve. We concede this and approve fair means for their exposure, but our columns shall ever be open to report the evidences of an immortal life, being received through worthy Mediums, upon whom the world now frowns, but will in the future bless. For the Mediums who have thus erred, sensitive as they are to influences good and bad from both worlds, we have words of sympathy only, and would say, "Go and sin no more." It devolves upon Spiritualists, not merely to expose those who trifle with these "gifts," but to carefully analyze this wonderful power and use it for high and noble purposes. Mediums are not the only parties responsible for the present distrust and disbelief in Spiritual manifestations, nor for the degeneracy charged upon modern Media. The great mass of Spiritualists should have long since organized, if for no other purpose than for the protection and sustenance of their Mediums. As Spiritualists, we have much to learn in this direction, and as journalists we purpose to speak our thoughts hereafter.

We do not fully accord with the half condemnatory remarks relating to physical manifestations made by one of the speakers at the recent Anniversary Meeting in this city. The tiny rap (a physical manifestation) heard twenty five years ago and interpreted by a little girl has reverberated throughout the world. As the sound of the first cannon fired at Fort Sumpter caused a nation to rush to arms and paved the way for universal civil liberty, even so has the little rap and the various manifestations that have followed, aroused a sleeping world to action, and the work thus inaugurated in that eventful year by the invisibles, will never cease, until the nations and peoples of the whole earth are liberated from the tyranny of religious despotism. We know thousands of Spiritualists who are satisfied only with the food they get on the phenomenal plane of spiritualism. We marvel at this, but must express our convictions that the phenomena is just as much needed to-day as ever. In this view if we rightly interpret the signs of the times, we are fully confirmed by the fact, that each year of the New Dispensation is marked with some new and marvelous power, evidently displayed to convince the denizens of earth, that the two worlds are to be brought into yet more intimate relations.

We shall welcome to our columns, well authenticated reports of phenomena, particularly if leading the mind into new channels of thought and investigation. We cannot see that our readers will be profited by repeating for the hundreth time accounts of phenomena that have become familiar in every part of the country. These manifestations are no doubt interesting to those who witness them, but not to the general reader. Remarkable manifestations of invisible power and new phases of Mediumship we shall be glad to publish. In the report made by Mrs. Smith to which reference has been made, tests of personal identity are given, under circumstances that admit of no possibility of deception. We intend to avail ourselves of the earliest opportunity to visit the house of Mr. and Mrs. Andrews where we hope to see some dear friends gone to that life to which we hasten, and of which all are anxious to learn.

UTILIZATION OF THE EMOTIONS AS MORAL FORCES.

Surely we need not take the trouble to learn Latin and Greek in quest of true philosophy not there to be found, merely that we may read, in the original, ingenious theories founded on *false views of human nanature, declamatory generalities about virtue and happiness, the practical worthlessness of which were exposed by their lack of practical effects* in mitigating the selfishness, injustice, cruelty and vice of the people *to whom they are taught* or rather *before whom they are vainly displayed*. (Simpsons Philosophy of Education.)

THOSE expressions as to ancient philosophers are equally applicable to modern theologians. Nearly all assume as a basis that many of the natural faculties require to be *suppressed* instead of being *directed*. Yet the more destructive a natural faculty is when misdirected, the more beneficial is it when provided with a suitable sphere and mode of activity; it is the province of science to ascertain and provide the sphere. In physics the problem to be solved is how to *utilize* natural forces; but in morals it would seem to be how to *suppress* them; but the one can be no more *suppressed* than the other; the attempt to do so involves inevitable mischief. The human emotions are *forces*, as much so as electricity. Franklin and Morse by observing its method of action utilized in a very high degree that which previously was only conceived of as an agent of mischief. Were the faculties of alimentiveness and amativeness, studied on the same principle with a view not to *prescribe* but to *ascertain* the laws regulating them, the kingdom of heaven would soon be among us.

MR. AUGUSTUS WATTERS.

SMALL men with nervous temperaments, in whom the tissues are delicate and the fibrous structure compact and elastic, are usually characterized by great intensity of feeling and action, while they ordinarily display more grace than dignity of manner and motion. A huge frame, a phlegmatic temperament, nerves like chain-cables, and the distention of the cellular tissue by excessive deposits of adipose matter are conditions altogether unfavorable to the acquisition of easy and graceful manners and the true "poetry of motion." Giants are usually sluggish in mind and body in proportion to their avoirdupois; but Psyche was a delicate nymph, and Mercury, the swift messenger of the gods, was encumbered by no superfluous flesh.

This train of thought was suggested by the interesting entertainment given by Mr. Augustus Watters. We have seldom witnessed a similar performance with so much real pleasure. This gentleman, like Edwin Booth, whom he somewhat resembles, is rather below the ordinary stature; but the fine proportions of his brain; the combination of temperamental conditions and qualities, and his lithe and symmetrical organization, all indicate the complete equilibrium of a constitution, not powerful but enduring, extremely flexible, and denoting withal a natural capacity for artistic pursuits and achievements. The peculiar intensity, inseparable from such a nature, has evidently in this case been restrained by earnest thought and judicious discipline. His personality and his bearing exhibit equal grace and dignity; and he otherwise manifests a just discrimination that can neither mistake "sound and fury," nor the distortions of ungovernable passion for the significance of artistic modulation and genuine dramatic effect. His voice has more melody than strength; however, his intonation is altogether agreeable, and his articulation so measured and distinct that no sudden emotion is allowed to interrupt the rhythmical flow of his recitation.

We hazard nothing in saying that Mr. Watters has a fine appreciation of the relations of the several parts of speech, and of modulation and action, in the expression of mental emotions and ideas; that he possesses a fine combination of physical and spiritual qualities, and his plastic and versatile powers are happily illustrated in his whole performance. Moreover, his entertainments contain valuable lessons which our young people especially should profit by. It is in no inferior sense that we recognize him as a teacher, whose course of instruction is separated from the real and imaginary evils that cluster about the drama. In this capacity he certainly merits encouragement, not only from the press, but from the Board of Education and the religious community.

There is nothing either embraced in the programme, or in the manner of rendering the several selections that could possibly offend the taste of the cultivated hearer. His transitions from the impressive gravity of Shakspeare's most stately creations, to the light and humorous portions of his performance are easy, natural and graceful, indicating unusual range and scope in his elocutionary capacity, and a just appreciation of some of the finer elements of esthetic conception and dramatic expression. His rendering of Poe's mysteriously musical poem entitled "The Bells," was in all respects a masterly performance. We can scarcely expect to witness a more effective representation of that weird genius with whom poetry was a passion approaching delirium.

Rationalize Education.—"It seldom happens that a man in any part of his life deserves any convenience or advantage from some of the most laborious and troublesome parts of his education."—*Adam Smith.*

Almost as true now as it was a century ago. Probably three-fourths of the time in schools is spent uselessly by reason of routine methods and antiquated prejudices. This will continue to be the case as long as the religious nature of man is uncontrolled by reason. Why reason is excluded from the higher faculties of our nature, and secures but imperfect control of the lower. It should be the special work of Spiritualists to *rationalize education*. Children taught to reason on *all* subjects, will not only acquire knowledge in much less time than others, but will never become the slaves of superstition.

DO AS I SAY, NOT AS I DO.

"Inductive inquiry refuses patient industry and a humbly conscientious acceptance of *what* nature reveals. The first condition of success is an honest receptivity—a willingness to abandon all preconceived motives however cherished, if they be found to contradict the truth." *Tyndall, quoted in Spencer's "Education."*

"The great deeds of philosophers have been less the fruit of the intellect than of the direction of that intellect, by an eminently religious tone of mind. Truth has yielded herself rather to their patience, their love, their single-heartedness, and their self-denial, rather than to their logical acumen."—*Huxley*, as quoted in Spencer's "*Education*."

IT is precisely in this spirit that the facts of Spiritualism have been reached; it is very nearly the opposite spirit which Tyndall, Huxley and other eminent men of science have exhibited in the investigation of this subject. While attaining a success richly deserved in their own fields of investigation by a humble and conscientious acceptance of what nature reveals," in which "truth has yielded herself to their patience," as soon as they take up Spiritualism, they expect in an hour, not only to *dictate* to nature *what* she shall reveal, and *how* she should reveal it, but conclude that it is a fraud or a failure unless they can realize more results in an hour than in their own sciences they expect to realize in years. As the leaders, so the followers. Those who have just begun to look into the subject, jump instanter at adverse conclusions, regardless of the experience of those who have given to it their lives—just as of some novice in Physics were to seriously assure Tyndall or Huxley that they were utterly mistaken in regard to the first principles of natural science.

The quotation at the head of this article should be inscribed on the pulpit and platform. They are the key-notes of the science of the future. Modern Spiritualism is the *consequence* of their application to a field of thought, for which, previous to its advent, science, was, by universal consent, excluded. It is passing strange that to this extension of the boundaries of the republic of science two of its noblest citizens should be indifferent or hostile.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN ENGLAND.

IT would certainly appear by the following from an exchange, that England leads us considerably on the Woman Suffrage question: "Woman as a voter is an accomplished fact in England. Every woman who occupies a dwelling in any city or town of England, Ireland, Wales, or Scotland has a vote for aldermen and town officers in general. Under Mr. Foster's new act in England, widows and spinsters who pay rates have votes in the election of school boards. In Ireland, every woman who pays any sum as poor rate has a vote in the election of poor guardians. It is said that the women exercise these rights heartily, and in many cases where saloon-keepers represented the wards of cities in municipal positions they were finally defeated by the votes of the women. In London, as is well known, Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D., is one of the most useful members of the school board, and the same is true of Miss Becker, in Manchester. The right of suffrage seems to have been conferred on the principle that where women pay a tax for any object they shall have the right to a vote in the disposition of the funds."

Victory.—The Homœpathists have finally won a victory in the Michigan Legislature. As a resident of that State we have united with others year after year in petitioning the Legislature of Michigan for this act of justice which has now been granted, for it is now provided by law, that two of the medical departments of the State University shall be of that faith. How the two systems can be taught in the same school, however, is a problem we cannot solve. We imagine they will not always have peaceful times. To us the two systems seem to be antagonistic—the one or the other false. Yet we believe Homœpaths of the State entitled to the boon they have obtained, but would it not have been wiser to have established a separate institution?

Mrs. Helen M. Barnard, of Washington, D. C., who edited the *Woman's Campaign* last summer, has been appointed by the President to visit the Vienna Exhibition; expenses to be paid out of the contingent fund of the Treasury. This is "respectful consideration."

THE QUESTION.

WORDS of encouragement and unqualified expressions in approval of the form, size and contents of The Present Era, have come to us from every part of the country. Four numbers have been issued, and although far short of the model paper we purpose to make it, our readers have seen enough to enable them to decide the question of approval or disapproval. If the former, the most satisfactory answer possible, would be a response in the shape of greenbacks, or their equivalent. We appreciate words of encouragement, but they have a double force, when accompanied by something of material value, indispensable in publishing even an ordinary Newspaper, but absolutely necessary in sustaining such a paper as The Present Era, published in the very best style of the typographic art, and filled with matter of interest for the humblest learner and the most profound thinker. The friendly recipient of our paper can also favor us by soliciting subscriptions, and sending the names of persons who would probably subscribe if specimen copies were sent them. We could fill several columns with favorable words from the press and the people, but we prefer to leave each reader to decide as to our merits and the claim we have for patronage. From the thousands of persons who have enjoyed the reading of the The Present Era in the past and present, we ask an immediate response.

Speakers' Register.—We will cheerfully and gratuitously publish the post-office address, and engagements for the current month, of any and all of our lecturers when requested. The only compensation we ask is the presentation of The Present Era to the audience addressed. We will send specimen copies to all who desire to use them for that purpose. We should be glad to have all our speakers become active agents, and for that purpose offer a very liberal commission. For full particulars please send for "confidential circular to agents."

"Robert Dale Owen has espoused Christianity with its comforting belief in a future and immortal state.—*Golden Age.*

Robert Dale Owen unquestionably believes in a "future and immortal life," but will be somewhat surprised to see the announcement that he had "espoused Christianity." A belief in a future life is one thing, and the "espousal of Christianity is quite another. "Comforting belief in a future life" was cherished by earth's inhabitance thousands of years before the dawn of Christianity, and a more perfect knowledge of that life will survive it, by thousands of ages.

What Answer have the persistent advocates for capital punishment to make to the fact that more murders have been committed in this city since the hanging of the unfortunate Foster, than for the same length of time immediately preceding that event? Other men have since been tried, condemned to death, and in their gloomy cells await their apparently certain doom; certain, because from an Executive who could turn a deaf ear to such appeals as were made in behalf of Foster, no mercy can be expected. We are living under the shadow of the gallows, yet murders are of no less frequent occurrence. Again, we ask, "What answer?"

Woman Suffrage.—The irrepressible woman is coming again to New York to talk about her rights, and the Chairman of the Executive Committee, Matilda Joslyn Gage, makes the announcement, found in another column, of the next national anniversary, to be beheld in this city, May 6th. We hope and confidently expect to see the largest assemblage of woman suffragists ever convened in this city, and we predict that a new impulse will be given to the movement.

"The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" through an agent, Loring Moody of Melrose, Mass., are seeking to secure the enactment of a law, prohibiting the seal fisheries. It seems as if such butchery must soon end in the extermination of the species and the end of a profitable business. The same may be said of the buffalo of the plains.

"IT IS COMMON!"

BY GRACE H. HORR.

So are the stars in the arching skies,
So are the smiles in the children's eyes;
Common the life-giving breath of the spring,
So are the songs which the wild birds sing.
Blessed be God, they are common.

Common the grass in its glowing green,
So is the water's glistening sheen;
Common the springs of love and mirth,
So are the precious gifts of earth.

Common the fragrance of rosy June,
So is the generous harvest-moon;
So are the towering, mighty hills,
So are the twittering, trickling rills.

Common the beautiful tints of the fall;
So is the sun, which is over all;
Common the rain, with its pattering feet—
So is the bread, which we daily eat:—
Blessed be God, it is common!

So is the sea, in his wild unrest—
Kissing for ever the earth's brown breast!
So is the voice of undying prayer,
Evermore piercing the ambient air!

So, unto all, are the "promises" given;
So, until all, is the hope of heaven;
Common the rest from the weary strife—
So is the life which is after life!
Blessed be God, it is common!

[*Note.*—If anything specified in these verses is *not* common. If it is denied, directly or indirectly, by man to his brother man, I think it is evident there is a mistake somewhere. Man, with all his boasted civilization and progress, cannot *very much* have improved on the original design of God. Yet, we well know hat there are good honest persons languishing for want of daily bread: nay, in some seasons, for want of air! What does it mean?—G. H.]

STORIES ABOUT DOGS.

THE following story about the great musical magician and his Fido, from the St. Louis *Democrat*, may have some foundation in fact; but we think that Ole Bull will not be pleased to have such questionable English put into his mouth by the reporters. Having enjoyed the excellent society and brilliant conversation of the great Norwegian, at our own fireside, we protest against the poor invention of this Western scribbler, who thinks he must make a gentleman growl and bark because he is telling a story of his dog. Ole Bull does not talk like an ignorant Dutchman, and that reporter deserves to be arrested for assault and battery.

Ole Bull's Dog.—Ole Bull, the great Norwegian violinist, has two pets which he loves passing well—his fiddle and his dog. The former is more useful than ornamental, and the latter is more ornamental than useful. The dog is a small white poodle covered with fleece as soft as Mary's little lamb. Yesterday morning as Ole Bull was walking along Fourth street, followed by his little dog, a squad of dog-catchers espied the canine, and noticing that Fido was not provided with a ticket of-leave from Collector Wright, in the shape of a three-dollar brass medal, they marked him as a foe worthy of their steel wire.

One of the boys, carrying a wire noose behind his back, slipped cautiously up to Fido, and with a dexterous turn of the wrist lassoed him. A distressing "yawp" from the dog attracted the attention of the musician, and looking around, he saw his favorite in the hand of the Philistines. Then ensued a scene at once ludicrous and tragical. Ole Bull exclaimed, "Mein Gott! vot you do wiz my little dog?"

"He ain't got no 'C. T. P.' on," replied the dog catcher, "and we's goin' to impound him."

"I vill pound you if you let him not go," said the fiddler, taking hold of the dog and freeing him from the noose. The dog ran for his life, the dog catchers pursued, half a dozen newsboys followed, and Ole Bull brought up the rear. The dog was now put to his trumps. Several times the catcher threw out his noose, which the dog cunningly dodged. Ole Bull was greatly agitated, and was no doubt angry enough to annihilate every dog catcher in the city. Being unable, however, to keep up with the chase, he resorted to strategy. Taking a position in an open door on Chestnut street, he whistled to the dog, and the sagacious animal ran in, and bounding up stairs, was soon safe from pursuit. Ole Bull then secured him, and the fiends of the dog pound were cheated out of a victim.

Conclusive Reasoning.—Some one relates a story of an Irish soldier, who being on guard at night, in Bermuda, killed a savage dog the property of the Adjutant of the regiment to which the private belonged. The animal was wont to prowl about the barracks at night, and was the terror of all who had occasion to be out on sentry duty. It will be seen that when called to account for slaying the brute, the native wit of the Irishman came to his relief, and found expression in his peculiar manner of putting the *argumentum a posteriori*.

One night the dog was the subject of conversation in the guard-room, and one of the soldiers, a native of the Emerald Isle, broke: "If that dog comes near on my post, I'll stick the bayonet in him." Sure enough he did; for in the morning "Nip" was found stark and stiff, with the ominous three-cornered ventilator made by the bayonet in his breast, through which his canine soul had fled.

There was a tremendous outcry, and Dennis, the murderer, soon found himself the inmate of a "prisoner's room." On his being brought before Col. H——, the offense was read over, and then the colonel, after hearing the evidence, asked the prisoner what he had to say for himself. "Well, sir, in the middle of the night, while on sentry, the dog came rushing toward me, snarling and showing his teeth, and I used my bayonet to defend myself." The adjutant here broke in with, "If the dog was rushing at you to bite you why did you not strike him with the butt of your piece?" "So I would, sir," said Dennis, "had he run at me with his tail." The answer convulsed the colonel, and Dennis was ordered to return to duty at once."

How A Dog Reasoned and Suffered.—Here is a case of canine sagacity and self-sacrificing devotion to a helpless child, that eclipses the benevolent societies and discounts the humanity of nine-tenths of the human race:

"The Nashua (N. H.) *Telegraph* relates that not long since a Newfoundland dog belonging to a family was left for a few minutes in a room with an open grate, in which there was a child just old enough to creep. The child crept toward the fire, and the dog, who apparently saw and understood the danger, at once lay down between the child and the fire and remained there until the mother came to the rescue. The hair was burned from the dog's side.

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.

Give the Dogs their Due.—Respectable dogs are so much more reliable than many men in these degenerate days, that we think the superior species deserve promotion. Several dogs we know of are fairly entitled to compete for places of responsibility. Here is one who was assigned the important position of mail carrier, and he discharged the duty admirably. Let those whose business it is to look after the Civil Service Reform, ascertain the name of this dog and take his claims to a government appointment into consideration. His qualifications for a place that requires industry and integrity, are clearly enough demonstrated. On reflection we strongly incline to the opinion, that mail robberies would be much less frequent than now should the Department be pleased to give the contracts to the dogs.

Miss Mary Edith Peeby, a successful competitor for a prize at the chemistry course at Edinburg, has been denied her reward because she has not the good fortune to be a man. Shame!

Jeremiah Hacker formerly Editor of *The Portland Pleasure Boat*, is old and poor living at Berlin, Camden Co. N. J. He is a deserving pioneer of reforms, a veteran of progress. Help him now.

Prof. Huxley has been elected Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen by a considerable majority over the Marquis of Huntley—a result which the editor of the *Nature* regards as a satisfactory evidence of the estimation in which eminence in science is held by the younger minds in Scotland.

Editorial Correspondence.

THE PRESENT ERA;

COLORED SOLDIER'S BOUNTY, ETC.

I WAS just about to depart for Fortress Monroe, Norfolk, Portsmouth, and other lands historic; when the news reached me that the freedom of *The Present Age* had been invaded. I had hopes for the child at the first, but now I knew that its birth was prophetic; that its career would be important and eventful, else why this injunction to suppress the vigorous life just ushered into being? *The Golden Age* has given us a gratuitous advertisement worthy of our thanks—thrown a *lasso* at our heads, lest we should outstrip it at the first bound, and we are no longer an 'Age' but an *Era* in the world's history, sure to leave its impress on the *Golden Age*, or whatever age shall come after. Our mind is not only a hopeful one, but a legal one; and while we were reflecting upon what our next duty might be in this sudden turn of affairs, not having been *legally* consulted, a message came from Baltimore from two of the heirs of

THE CHASE MILLIONS,

asking us to bring our legal knowledge in ferreting out, settling up, and dividing the immense fortune in the Court of Chancery, in Lancashire, England, since 1848, but decided in 1865 by that Court to belong to the heirs of the Rev. Richard Chase, who settled in America in 1732, the father having previously visited the country under the auspices of Lord Baltimore, the proprietary governor of Maryland, coming with him in the same ship, the 'Fricton,' Clement Brook, Commander; and landing at Annapolis, Md. Afterward, in company with Lord Baltimore, he visited York, Va., and in a few days returned to Annapolis, where his two sons, Richard and Jeremiah Chase, settled some years later.

REV. RICHARD CHASE,

the ancestor, has a history at once romantic and interesting. A worthy commoner, and a young man of decided talent and address, he became enamored of Lady Margaret Frances Towneley, the youngest daughter of Sir Towneley, of Towneley Hall, Lancashire. This family was of noble blood, and allied to the Royal House, having descended from Charles the Second. Lady Margaret was surpassingly beautiful, and as amiable and gracious as beautiful, but with a true woman's will. Although opposed by her father and by Sir Wm. Halton, who had married the elder and only sister, she returned the affection of the rising young commoner, and consented to a private and somewhat clandestine marriage with him. It is the character of true love to overleap rank and difficulties. Accordingly, we find this marriage thus recorded.

"Margaret Frances Towneley was married to the Rev. Richard Chase, Sunday, Oct. 31st, 1714, by the Rev. Wm. Shaw, at his house, College Court, Westminster, in presence of Mrs. Shaw and Mr. Richard Lunn.

"It is by the issue of this marriage that the Towneley estate has descended to the Chase heirs, the wife of Sir Wm. Halton dying without issue. Of the two sons of Richard Chase, Jeremiah married Judith Dent, of Charles Co., Md., and died without issue. Richard married Catharine Stredwick, of Calvert Co,, Md.; settled in Baltimore, and died leaving a son, Jeremiah Townley Chase, and a daughter, Frances Halton Chase, who also died without issue. Thus three times has this ancient family been reduced to a single line. Jeremiah Townley Chase left five living descendents. Catharine died without heirs. Frances Townley Chase left three children, two of whom survive. Matilda married Thomas Chase, son of the signer of the Declaration of Independence, and died leaving three daughters. Richard Moale died leaving four sons and one daughter. Of these heirs, six live in and about Annapolis. But the oldest living descendant of Lady Margaret Frances Townley is the youngest daughter of Jeremiah Townley Chase,

HESTER ANN CHASE.

She is, perhaps, the most remarkable woman living, and the most important heir to the Townley estate. Of her previous history, or the romance of her life, I know nothing except the rumor that the breaking off of an engagement, by whose act I know not, in early womanhood, has caused her to live a spinster; until now she is verging on her 85th year. I mention her age that all young men or ambitious widowers may refrain from paying court to her with an eye to her immense fortune; for no one would dream by looking at or conversing with this plump, rosy-cheeked, well-preserved matron, presiding over her own business, that so many Summers had glided over her unwrinkled brow. She has well-preserved teeth, reads fine print, writes well and rapidly without glasses, walks without a cane or stoop in her figure, and during the Lenten Season, may be seen daily at Church, conning her prayer book, and taking an after walk with her two elegant nieces. Besides this recent fortune, she is possessed of $200,000 in her own right; much of it in real estate in Baltimore and Annapolis, and the balance in bank. Her mind is still clear and vigorous, and the traces of early beauty still linger on her cheek, as the sunlight of Autumn glimmers over the frost touched tree, making it the more beautiful.

OUR VISIT TO AUNT HESTER

was a pleasant one, and two busy, but dreamy days were spent in turning over the old family papers part of the time with her, and part of time with her two elegant nieces, the Misses Harwood. These papers and accounts run back for nearly 200 years, and the genealogy of the family, which Aunt Hester gave us from memory, is as perfect and unbroken as though each birth and death had been at the time recorded. The old family silver shown us bears the coat of arms of the Townley family, and came originally from the House of Lancashire. It is a shield with crest—a falcon standing on a serpent, or the ensignia of the Knight of the Garter; the while rose; a black girdle with three stars, and the motto, '*ne se de mah's.*' On the walls hang three old portraits in oil, painted by Sir Godfrey Weller, as far back as 1720. They are well-preserved, and the one of Lady Townley represents a beautiful woman caressing a royal spaniel. Miss Chase has an heir-loom in the shape of a gold snuff box, on the cover of which is a likeness of Sir Charles Townley set in diamonds—an exquisite piece of ancient art. Among the papers, the names of Lady Brown Fisher, grandmother to Lady Townley, and Lady Day, appear. We descended from baronial titles and the light of other days on the third day of our second pilgrimage to Annapolis, and commenced the investigation of the Colored Bounty Claims, under a recent act of Congress, as a

FEMALE CLAIM AGENT AND ATTORNEY.

Of course, the lawyers, the clerks and the judges of this staid town were all taken aback, and looked on in surprise, wondering what would happen next! We marshaled our colored band up to the clerk's desk to take the accustomed oath, and then ensued an hour's talk as to whether we could get the signature of the Clerk and the seal of the Court without first going to a magistrate or notary, the Clerk insisting that we *could not*, and we insisting that we *could*. Finally the Judge was called, and *he* demurred, until a lawyer of the male persuasion arrived, and declared that we were right. So the oaths were taken by the Judge, and with the usual gallantry of the Southern gentlemen, he declined the fees.

"The colored man, however, is as yet gregarious, and no sooner had one set disappeared than another appeared with his discharge in his pocket, desiring his bounty claim made out immediately. Set after set marched up to take the required oaths and make the usual signatures, until the day was spent, and the next day, and the next, until the third day arrived, and the cry was 'still they come,' and then came the pensioners who had failed to make their applications and claims against the Railroad Co., until we seriously thought of opening a law office in Annapolis; but then came the thoughts of THE PRESENT ERA and all that it will bring forth: the trips we have promised to take in its behalf; the Summer pilgrimages we mean to make; the beautiful in Nature we mean to see, and all the health-inspiring air we mean to breathe. So, just for a little season, we will make this matter of law the subject and not the object of our life. Yet this bounty engagement must be completed; the Chase millions secured though it cost several trips to England; THE PRESENT ERA reach to the remotest corners of the earth; after which, we shall ferret out all of the deep and as yet unfathomable mysteries of law; edit a new code for women, and die.

BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.

ANNAPOLIS, MD., April 9th, 1873.

For The Present Era.

A SHORT LAY SERMON UPON A MUSICAL SUBJECT.

BY J. S.

MUSIC, from the time when it crystallized into an art, has been founded (in its harmonic relations) upon consonant and dissonant chords. Originally, these terms meant agreeable and disagreeable. But as a positively *ugly* sound or combination of sounds is not permissable in the art, and the word *agreeable* has merely a relative significance in its broader sense, it became necessary, consequent upon a better understanding of the subject, to define them as meaning *repose* and *motion*. Though the *fact* of these two elements of a musical composition have ever remained constant, their theory has been modified as stated. For, no art can base itself upon, or, indeed, even contain an element of the purely ugly. The word dissonant, therefore, as meaning discord, can have no existence in music—neither the contrary or consonant as meaning purely beautiful, for they are relative facts, and assume significance from their contrast. Were it not so, the predominance of consonants would render a composition more beautiful; and the same in proportion to the absence of dissonants!

Nothing, however, can be truer than the new meaning of the terms. A pure sound or chord has no musical meaning. It is simply that and nothing more! The mind takes it as a starting point, and seeks a resting place. The intermediate steps are meaningless without reference to these goals; and the latter cannot be attained except by the aid of the former—in other words, the consonants are the resting places of the musical mind; giving one the delicious sense of perfect repose, and the dissonants as healthfully creating a desire for this rest.

Life in general, furnishes its analogy to this. The views concerning it have likewise changed similarly to the mooted one. Likening the moral, mental and physical world to a grand musical symphony, we find that its consonant and dissonant elements are daily construed in a different spirit. Where we observe cosmical and human activity as the incentive to repose; and, this, in its turn, evolving a sound stimulous for further exertion. Our forefathers saw the one as obeying or manifesting a Satanic agency; the other as the most perfect exponent of Divine desire. The consonants of life were interpreted as ugly, and to be avoided; the dissonants as supremely beautiful, and the most desirable. The concerns of religion were the objects only worth living for; all else was but devilish discords. The lethargic, "Thou shalt not," largely supplanted the busy and life-giving "Thou shalt."

Trust in God and a perfect faith in Him, has been inculcated as a more glorious element of the grand human symphony, than a constant strife toward self-development, and an intellectual appreciation of His mighty works, and thereby their Creator.

CHICAGO, April, 1873.

WOMANS REAL NEEDS.

MISS EMILY FAITHFUL.

THIS well known able and earnest advocate of the Woman's Suffrage Movement in England, was most cordially welcomed in New York, soon after her arrival in October last. Since that time she has visited various parts of the country and addressed large and intelligent audiences in several of our larger cities. She has been received with marked favor, and her work has not been in vain. Her eminent social position, has enabled her to reach a class who have heretofore given little or no attention to the necessity and importance of this movement.

Thursday afternoon three weeks ago, a large audience convened in Steinway Hall, of this city to listen to her farewell words. The Woman Question was the subject and she discoursed most eloquently on the "Elements of Woman's true progress." The platform was occupied by members of Sorosis, and by many friends of the movement for the advance of women. The Rev. Dr. Bellows opened the exercises. He spoke briefly of Miss Faithful's services, and alluded to the presence on the platform of Lucretia J. Mott. She thereupon arose, and expressed her unwillingness to take up time which properly belonged to Miss Faithful, whose persistent and noble efforts in a good work deserved the tribute of the presence of so large a number to express regard and respect. In every effort to advance woman, and to open abundant avenues for her progress, she had accomplished much. Mrs. Mott proceeded with reminiscences of the earlier days of the movement for woman's rights. Miss Faithfull, on rising, was greeted with an earnest welcome, and for an hour thereafter claimed the strict attention of her hearers, whose approval was shown by frequent ripples of applause.

When she reached America, in October last, she had not expected to find it so very hard to say farewell in the following April. From the moment of landing she had been the recipient of the kindliest hospitality, and now that the time had come to sever the ties which, manifold and strong, bound her to America and Americans she felt too much regret to trust herself to give expression to her emotions and gladly recalled the object of the meeting. The subject on which she was to speak had received unmerited abuse, and its agitators had been charged with trying to set women against men. The movement truly arises from the deepest sympathy with men, with their noblest efforts and best aspirations. It is a war of principles, and in it men and women are equally interested. There are three great subjects at present exciting England: first, the Relations of Labor to Capital; second, Pauperism; third, the Woman Question. The last, taken in its broadest sense, was to be the theme of the speaker's utterance on this occasion. She would not appeal to chivalry and compassion, but to justice and good sense.

In England there are now nearly 3,000,000 women dependent on their own exertions. To tell such as these that woman's proper sphere is home is mockery, for they are forced from their homes to get bread. Though many a barrier to woman's earning a livelihood had been broken down, there are still terrible difficulties in finding employment for women especially onerous is the effort in the case of those of fallen fortunes, members of the genteel classes. To relieve such Miss Faithful had founded a "Fund for Destitute Gentlewomen," to which she would devote the proceeds of the lecture. True it is that young men now find it hard to get suitable work; they often have to go West. But there is no analogy among them to the wholesale yearly destruction of consciences, bodies, and souls among women—destruction too often brought by destitution. How can tender-hearted people fold their hands while so many of their sisters are driven to the gates of hell by want of bread? Statements are published that capable women, willing to work, can get employment at good wages. Good, steady, skilled labor is wanted in just those departments where women have not gained position. The unremitting, earnest application required to acquire skill in these departments, is hard for women to go through. In them, love of work for its own sake is no more inherent than in men. Moreover, women are always looking for the appearance of the possible emancipator. Men have nothing but their work to look to for dependence. The greatest evil of all is the lack of the right early training, and for this the family, the parents, society in general, must be impeached. Society casts a stigma on women who earn their own livelihood, and parents pray that their daughters may never be brought so low. As to education, a girl's training stops just where the main part of a boy's begins. Men are allowed full opportunity to devote themselves to their chosen work, and are not diverted by social demands. Women are at the beck and call of everybody, as it were, and have so many society duties, so many distracting little trifles to attend to, that the wonder is not that there has not been a female Shakespeare, Raphael, Newton, but that women have done so much.

The problem, what we shall do with our redundant women in England, is answered by some philosophers by proposing emigration and marriage. But emigration has already been largly tried, and Scotch, English, and Irish women have been sent to Australia and America in great numbers without much diminishing the gravity of the problem; while as for marriage, there is yet to be found the women to say "No" when the right man appears. As long as the number of woman in Great Britain exceeds that of the men by six per cent, marriage will not wholly do away with the difficulty unless Mormonism is tried. True marriage is the crown and glory of a woman's life; but it must be founded on love, and not on the desire of a home or of support, while nothing can be more deplorable, debasing, and corrupting than the loveless marriages brought about in our upper society by a craving ambition and a longing for a good settlement. Loveless marriages and a different standard of morality for men and women are the curses of modern society. The dignity of labor is not yet properly appreciated. We agree that work is honorable in a man, but are not yet convinced that idleness is dishonorable in a woman. A contempt for work is at the bottom of the mind of a fashionable young lady. Frivolity is so general that it is surprising that so much good survives in spite of neglect. So long as we frown down and sneer at the efforts to enlarge woman's sphere we are encouraging frivolity and idleness in women. We hear the interests and rights of woman spoken of as if these could be separated from those of men, as if men and women were creatures of different kind. A most common and mischievous error is that which would make woman the mere shadow and attendant of her lord as if a shadow could be a true helpmeet. We have long heard that man's

sphere is the world; woman's is home. But women have a part in the world too, while men are not ciphers in the home circle. The speaker protested against setting up an ideal standard and recognizing no womanliness but such as conformed to that standard. The material need of opening fresh avenues to woman is obvious; the moral necessity is also of the utmost importance. Women must have such occupations as will give them true and genuine sympathies with their fathers and husbands, who are toiling day by day for their support, while the women dependent on them are wearying out the hours trying to kill time. In this way a wide gulf, constantly expanding, is opened between men and women.

The speaker then inveighed against the undue extravagance of dress which so demoralizes upper society, but thought that reform was in the power of the men who supply the means for this extravagance and admire the effect. In considering the admission of women to suffrage, she thought that politics and electioneering might be elevated and purified for their participation. She recounted a conversation with Horace Greeley, "one," she said, "who must always be held in respect and veneration by the whole country." In answer to his inquiry as to the reasons English women had for wishing a part in politics, she stated that they had reason to complain of three great hardships: First, the great educational endowments left by their ancestors for the use of both sexes are confined to the benefit of boys. Thus, Christ's Hospital in London yearly educates 1,200 boys, and only 26 girls. Second, the property of married women is under the husband's control. Third (and hardest of all) landlords will not have women tenants because they want voters. Miss Faithful proceeded to discuss the arguments for and against woman suffrage at considerable length, and closed her address by showing the imperative need of woman's aid in the reform of prisoners, in the improvement of the criminal classes, in lessening the evils of the factories, where young children are overworked, and finally and chiefly in the formation of such a public sentiment as will, welcome every effort for the good of man and woman, and will oppose that worship of mammon which now holds such universal sway.

The Rev. Dr. Bellows closed the exercises with a graceful eulogy of Miss Faithfull's course in England and America, and in behalf of the audience, uttered a most fervent wish for her safe and pleasant voyage; a wish which he said, in view of recent terrible calamities, has much significance.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE ANNIVERSARY.

NATIONAL WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

THE Twenty-Fifth Woman Suffrage Anniversary will be held in Robinson Hall, Sixteenth street, New York, Tuesday, May 6th, 1873.

Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who called the first Woman's Rights Convention at Seneca Falls, 1848, will be present to give their reminiscenses. That Convention was scarcely mentioned by the local press; now, over the whole world, equality for woman is demanded. In the United States, Woman Suffrage is the chief political question of the hour. Great Britain is deeply agitated upon the same topic; Germany has a Princess at the head of its National Woman's Rights Organization. Portugal, Spain, and Russia have been roused. In Rome an immense meeting composed of the representatives of Italian democracy, was recently called in the old Coliseum; one of its resolutions demanded a reform in the laws relating to woman and a re-establishment of her natural rights.

Turkey, France, England, Switzerland, Italy sustain papers devoted to woman's enfranchisement. A Grand International Woman's Rights Congress is to be held in Paris in September of this year, to which the whole world is invited to send delegates, and this Congress is to be under the management of the most renowned liberals of Europe. Come up, then, friends, and celebrate the Silver Wedding of the Woman's Suffrage Movement. Let our Twenty-Fifth Anniversary be one of power; our reform is everywhere advancing. Let us redouble our energies and our courage.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Pres.
MATILDA JOSLYN GAGE, Ch'n Ex. Com.

Many of the following may be expected to speak, and perhaps persons from abroad.

Lucretia Mott, Pa., Sarah R. T. Williams, Ohio, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, N. J. Catherine F. Stebbins, Mich. Mathilda Anneke, Wis., Paulina W. Davis, R. I., Rev. Olympia Brown, Ct., Mrs W. F, Channing, R. I., A. J. Duniway, Oregon, Mrs. E. W. Willard, Vt., Sarah E. Vibbert, Mass., Mary Godbe, Utah, Laura De Force Gordon, Cal., Marthat C. Wright, N. Y., Belva A. Lockwood, D. C., Laura Curtis Bullard, N. Y. Elizabeth A. Merriweather, Tenn. Helen M. Bernard, D. C. Lavina, C. Dundore, Md., Lucy A. Snowe. Me., Izabella Beecher, Hooker, Ct., Sarah Pugh, Pa., Catharine V. Waite, Ill., Maria Mott Davis, Pa., Charlotte B. Wilbour, N. Y., Ellen Sargent, Cal., Phebe Cozens, Mo., Clara Nieman, N. Y. Emily Pitts Stevens, Cal., Elizabeth S. Bladen, Pa. L. Devereux Blake, N. Y. Lucinda Chandler, Pa., Mary F. Thomas, Ind., Jane Graham Jones, Ill. Mathilde F. Wendt. Mary F. Davis, Ill.

For the Present Era.

THE GUEST CHAMBER.

BY LUCY A. MILLINGTON.

IN this low and dusky chamber,
Spirits wander to and fro,
Who have met with loving welcome,
In the old time, long ago.

I remember blue-eyed maiden
With a forehead white, and fair,
As the young moon, softly shining,
Through her golden clouds of hair.

Gray old man, and youthful lover
Looked with smiles of tender pride,
On the gentle, tearful daughter,
On the happy, beaming bride.

Where she sat beside her father,
Silent oft I sit and dream,
Till before me bright and real,
All the shadowy past doth seem.

Checkered by the clustering vine-leaves
Moonlight sleepeth on the floor;
Light and song and cheerful voices,
Ringing through the open door.

Out into the world of shadows
All those sounds of gladness flow,
Had the gloom no voice to whisper,
Whisper of the coming woe?

With the morning o'er the threshold
Pass the lover and the bride.
All our household angels bless them,
While the doors they open wide.

Every morn I watch the sunlight
Brightening o'er the ocean plain,
Till their white-winged ship seems flying,
Down a path of light again.

Over ocean's foamy brightness,
Rosy flushes come and go,
Like the opening gates of Heaven,
Seem the cloud shapes, all aglow.

Golden glories stretch and brighten
Far into the misty west;
While the sun uplifts his forehead,
From the ocean's heaving breast.

They who walk upon the waters,
And go down to sea in ships,
Hear strange voices ever speaking,
From the waves, with trembling lips.

From the sky, and from the water,
Voices speaking, evermore;
Mind them of a breeze in summer,
Of a pebbled river's shore,

Where cool waters sweetly singing
Under green-roofed temples flow,
While the breath of blooming meadows
Through their lofty arches blow.

But earth hath no sound to liken
Unto ocean's ceaseless moan,
Or the wind that wildly rageth
O'er the darkening waves, alone.

When both wind and wave awaken
Echoes from the starless sky,
Thunder upon thunder waileth,
And the sounding deeps reply.

What is man who calmly smileth
While deep calleth unto deep,
That his soul, o'er pain and terror
Its divine resolve should keep.

All men's hearts are like that flower
Whose bright face still courts the sun;
Hope and joy still greet the morning,
Gladness for the day begun.

But when crimson glories gather
Round the cloudy pillared west,
Memories brighten, thoughts of kindness,
Seek like birds some far-off nest.

Fluttering through the gathering twilight,
Stirring as they swiftly pass,
Orchard blooms and drooping vine-leaves,
And the tender blades of grass.

Seeing lights on well-known hearth-stones
Forms that in the fire-light show,
Hearing footsteps, hearing voices,
While they wander to and fro.

All the angel eyes of heaven
Looked upon the gentle bride,
While with face still turning westward
Leaning o'er the vessel's side.

Her sweet soul drank in the beauty
Of the rosy clouded sky,
And the purple tinted shadows
That each moment seemed more nigh.

"Beautiful are ocean's changes,"
Said a voice beside her then
"Over all this earth of ours
Where are found the homes of men

I have wandered, slowly conning,
All their scenes of beauty o'er,
But my soul was dull and cheerless
Till I stood on ocean's shore."

He was one whom storms had beaten
Into strength of heart, and limb,
And with eyes of eagle fierceness,
That no burning suns could dim.

Beard and hair were bleached to whiteness
By the frosts of care and age,
And his broad high brow was lined,
Like a smoothly written page.

Yet his voice was clear and ringing,
With a strange mysterious tone,
As with saddening remembrance,
Of some sorrow he had known.

"Twice," he said, "my ship has stranded
On a bleak and desert shore,
Twice among the fragrant spice isles
I have heard the breakers roar.

While the wind that shred the palm leaves
Tore my close reefed sails away,
Tossed me like a bubble over
Where the reefs of coral lay.

Yet my soul was never stricken
With a grim and ghastly fear,
While I grappled with the real,
Or beheld the danger near.

Years ago, with gold and palm oil,
I had left the Gambian coast,
When there came a wild tornado,
And our ship was well-nigh lost.

Unto that a calm succeeded
Stiller than the noon of death.
There was neither pulse in ocean,
Or in air a trembling breath.

It was like their scorching deserts
Where the quivering sunbeams fall,
On the faint, unsheltered traveler,
Like a fiercely flaming pall.

Broken spars, and shreds of cordage
Floated with us day by day,
And two white sharks close beside us,
Watched, and waited for their prey.

Like a quenched torch, each sunset
In the ocean seemed to die;
While the moon, her blood-red banner,
Trailed across a starless sky.

Ere the desert wolf had wakened
Travelers with her morning wail,
All our silent ship seemed shrouded
By a dim and misty veil.

Thick, and fast, it gathered round us,
Whiter than the arctic snow,
But its touch was like the simoon
That o'er burning sands doth blow.

From its deeps we heard strange voices
Sounds as of some vessel near,
And our bravest hearts were shaken
With a thrill of sudden fear.

There were footsteps as of watchers,
Murmured words of seeming prayer,
Moans, as of the faint and dying,
Shrieks of passionate despair.

O'er those cries, whose wild despairing
Told of fever crazed brains,
O'er the heavy tread of watchers
Rose the fiercer clank of chains.

When the vapors round us brightened
With the light of coming day,
Other voices heard we speaking
Words of wildest blasphemy.

Then with trembling lips we numbered
How death wrought with them o'er night
When their dead, they slowly buried
In the ocean, out of sight.

Many times two score had parted
Underneath that spectral veil,
That before the sun dissolved,
As the stars at morning pale.

Oft with eye and glass we questioned
Of the earth and of the sky,
"Where among your burning shadow,
Doth this fearful stranger lie."

Never bleaching sail, or pennon,
Saw we with the sun haze dim,
Or the slender topmast cutting,
'Gainst the near horizon's rim.

But each night we heard those voices
When the vapors round us fell,
Like the sound of souls in torment,
Coming to us out of hell.

When our faintest hopes had perished
And our souls were nigh to death,
God, who had in wrath or mercy
Stayed the breezes freshening breath.

Veiled with clouds the burning heavens
Fanned us with a pleasant gale,
That like new wine, blest and cheered us,
While we watched the filling sail.

O'er the green and stagnant ocean
Rolled the widening rifts of foam,
And our ship like bird long caged
Spread her yearning wings for home.

Mrs. Cobbe, an English female adept in mental philosophy, has lately published long and well written articles in two London magazines, in which she contends that dogs as well as men have immortal souls.

A special edict tolerating Christianity throughout Japan has been promulgated, and it is determined to throw the whole country open to foreigners. The Government is endeavoring to form a code based upon the European systems.

TO LOVERS OF PURITY,

EVERYWHERE.

"Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?"
"Can an evil tree bring forth good fruit, or a corrupt fountain send forth pure waters?"

THE continued increase in the number of criminals, lunatics, paupers, epileptics, deformed persons, and helpless, wretched human beings, from all classes of society; the increasing tendency to sensuality, as evinced by the dress and literature of the times, and the frequent cases of seduction, suicide, abortion, infanticide, mortality of infants—all of these accumulated horrors unite to demand of us, as American women, a thorough investigation of the causes of these fearful disorders, and a fearless application of whatever remedies lie within our reach.

We therefore submit the following propositions, held to be true by many noble, philanthropic minds, and ask for them the candid, dispassionate consideration of all lovers of humanity.

1. That according to Divine order, every person should experience a conscious delight in *living*, and in performing the uses of life; but that the race, by a long course of selfish, sensual, devitalizing indulgence, has lost zest in, and relish for, the daily blessings and use of a pure life.

2 That the act by which a human soul is called into existence *is a creative act*, designed by the Infinite Creator to people earth and heaven with pure, happy human beings, each soul to be the sublimated essence of the best qualities and happiest conditions of its parents; and that the earthly agents of our Heavenly Father have no right to degrade this high and holy use to low and selfish purposes.

3. That through ignorance and selfishness the human family have perverted this exalted office to merely sensual indulgence, resulting in a diseased, abnormal condition, which physicians and the world in general call "*normal* appetite," "natural propensity," "physical necessity," and, more deplorable still, resulting in a constant and frightful increase of vicious, depraved, and diseased human beings, doomed to infamy and suffering by the sins of their parents before they were born, according to the inexorable law, "the fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth shall grind."

4. That thus, through the degradation of a holy sacrament, the earth is filled with violence and crime, and the regions of despair with lost human souls.

5. That men themselves need all the vital force which is not demanded for parentage to enable them to perform the mighty material, intellectual, and moral labors to which, as sons of the Most High, they are called; and by wasting their powers in enervating indulgence they sacrifice vigor, health, happiness, and the most glorious possibilities of manhood, here and hereafter.

6. That the present condition of the human race imperatively demands the active exercise of the refining, elevating, spiritualizing power of pure womanhood, to eradicate moral poison, restore spiritual and physical health, and thus to lead humanity to a higher plane of thought and feeling and to richer fountains of perennial joy.

7. That what the world needs is not a mere increase of population, but an improvement in quality, and that any attempt at reformation in the lives and condition of the masses which ignores these vital principles, and neglects to provide proper education on these subjects, must fail to produce tangible or permanent results.

8. That while, under painful and adverse circumstances, Woman has demonstrated herself capable of performing a large share of the material, intellectual, social, moral, and spiritual work of the world, yet, far above all other duties and offices, she is especially created, and appointed and consecrated.

MOTHER OF THE HUMAN RACE.

9. That the one who suffers all the agony, even unto death that attends the earthly advent of a human soul, who nourishes the body with her own life-blood, and guides the little one through the sufferings and perils of infancy, should, by every law of reason and justice, decide, not from entreaty or compulsion, but from her own divine, motherly intuitions, when she is ready for the grand self-renunciation of true motherhood.

10. That the holy office of parentage should be only assumed when the husband and wife *truly love each other*, and fervently wish for a pure, heaven-endowed child, whom they can rear for noble uses on earth, and a full, rich, angelic life hereafter.

11. That while the mother's body is the temple of a possible angel, sacred duty to her unborn child should take precedence of all other duties.

12. That suffering herself to be degraded, while in that holy state, for merely sensual purposes, is a crime against the human race, a sin against her own soul and against the Holy Spirit.

13. That wives, who are kept in a perpetual state of torturing anxiety lest they have incurred probable motherhood under unfavorable circumstances, are deprived of the prime conditions of conjugal happiness and glad, successful maternity—security, and peace.

14. That the mutual tenderness, devotion forbearance and love that rendered the period of

courtship an ever-remembered season of delight—when the presence, voice, smile, or even glance of the beloved one exceeded all other joys, are made an utter wreck to marriage by rendering the communion, which should be for a high and holy use, common and unclean.

13. That if each woman would claim and hold complete ownership of her own body, preserving herself pure from every merely sensual thought or approach; permitting herself to incur the risk of motherhood only when all the conditions are favorable for a wise parentage and a pure offspring, there would soon be scarcely a crime left on the calendar, and the serpent Sensuality, with "bruised head," would flee from the Eden of the human race.

We appeal to all lovers of Purity, Peace, and Order to aid us by counsel, suggestion, or co-operation, in our work of social purification and reform.

All communications may be addressed to either the

President or Secretary of Woman's Club,
Box No. 9, P. O., Washington, D. C.

The real name and address of the correspondent who desires to aid us must be given to insure reply.

We cheerfully yield to the request to publish the above in our columns, confident that the sentiments will meet a favorable response from the great majority of the readers of the PRESENT ERA. EDITORS.

COOPERATION IN KANSAS.—The cooperative movement in Kansas, started about four years ago by E. V. Boissiere and E. P. Grant, seems to be prospering. The culture and manufacture of silk is to be one of the principal industries of this Association, and accordingly their domain, comprising more than three thousand acres, has taken the name of Silkville. A silk factory is already in operation and ten thousand mulberry trees have had three years of thrifty growth. Two hundred and fifty acres of this immense farm have been brought under cultivation, and now the projectors of the enterprise announce themselves as ready to receive associates to carry into effect its original purposes. The Association is to be formed on Fourier's plan of the combined Household." A building large enough to accommodate from eighty to one hundred persons, will be erected the coming season. Each person admitted will be required to deposit one hundred dollars.

QUESTIONS THAT ANSWER THEMSELVES.—Is not a lady she who illustrates a fine and strong character by thoughtful culture and gracious manners? What matters it whether she be rich or poor? What matters it whether she work for pay, or simply because by reason of her ladyhood she must abhor laziness? A man who lives on relatives or friends to whom he is a burden, forfeits the name of a gentleman. Work is his patent of gentility. Why should a woman in that plight be hindered from honorable toil? This moral ligature that witholds our girls of so-called position from manual labor is more cruel and mischievous than any French corset or Chinese slipper that ever maimed or tortured.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A QUESTION.—Should the President (male) of a female college kiss the students? The Rev. Dr. Munsell, President of the Illinois Wesleyan University, has been brought before the Trustees upon a charge of "paternally kissing the young ladies." The Trustees report that they "regard the course of Dr. Munsell in kissing *different* young ladies unwise and improper," from which we infer that the salutes would have been perfectly wise and proper if the doctor had confined himself to one young lady. But the Trustees say that the kissing was always "in the presence of third parties, so that there could have been no improper intent." This is mild; but the Doctor is huffy about the matter, and has resigned the President's chair.

REVOLUTION AT "THE HUB."—The experiment of opening the reading room of the Public Library in Boston, inaugurated after a long struggle, on Sunday has had several trials, and the result has thus far fulfilled all the promises and predictions made by those who advocated the scheme. Still it cannot be said to have had a fair test, as yet, inasmuch as sufficient time has not elapsed to distinguish between those who seek to be benefited and those who go from the inspiration of curiosity or novelty. This will be definitely determined, however, in a few more weeks, and will be recorded and made known in the interesting statistics which always form an agreeable and valuable feature of the regular reports o Superintendent Winsor.

If the ratio of increase in the attendance continues, the entire floor will hardly afford sitting room, and some plan may have to be devised for accommodating boys and girls. The officers are heartily pleased with the result so far, and the prediction is ventured that another year will see the library itself opened.

It is a question now agitated among cellar connoisseurs whether ruby wine and topaz sherry should not be classed with mineral waters.

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MODERN THINKER No. 2.

The second number of this unique publication is now ready. The first number ran through three editions, and the repeated calls for a second number would long ere this have been gratified but for the pressing business pre-occupations of the Editor.

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The Present Era.

New York, Wednesday, April 30, 1873.

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☞We do not hold ourselves responsible for any views or opinions expressed in the communications of our Correspondents.

☞Manuscripts sent to THE PRESENT ERA cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

☞By a decision of the Post Office Department all persons receiving or taking papers from the Post Office —even when addressed to them—become responsible for the subscription price.

☞Personal letters, and all communications of a private nature intended for S. B. BRITTAN, should be addressed to him, at this Office, Room 46.

☞All other Communications, whether of a business nature or intended for our columns must be addressed to THE PRESENT ERA.

ANOTHER NEW LIGHTHOUSE.

WE are sure it will interest our readers here and elsewhere to know that ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS & Co. have established a Publishing House and Bookstore, at No. 24 East Fourth Street, in this city, where all Books and Periodicals that illustrate the principles of Universal progress will be kept and sold at publisher's prices. Mr. Davis is not too early in recognizing a growing public necessity, and we trust the people will not be too late in a suitable practical recognition of his enterprise.

In making this announcement we would not leave room for the inference that this is a complimentary invitation to that class of beggars who desire to advance every liberal cause,—always at the expense of somebody else. Those who want to see Libraries founded, or would aid young Societies, build up the fortunes of poor Newsdealers, and supply irrepressible Peddlers with a stock in trade, should assume the responsibility themselves —buy the books for cash and trust those whom they would assist—instead of acting as brokers in obtaining donations, perhaps for the "usual commission." Mr. Davis will doubtless be surprised when he reads these suggestions; but we know how it is ourselves. When the writer of this was in the Book business, some years ago, he could easily have given away $100,000 worth of books in a year —to his friends of course. One man (he said he was a friend), came from the far West, a distance of two thousand miles, to get us to give him a Printing press, type, fixtures etc., to the value of more than we were worth in the world—all too for "the benefit of the cause," and to enable an ignorant, conceited vagabond to mount his hobby with whip and spurs and ride—to some place, we cannot say where.

Among the suffering virtues great forbearance, under extreme provocation, is very rare; but Mr. Davis possesses this in a degree that has often surprised us. If he should relate his experience it would show that he has been through a long course of topical bleeding; that he has had ample opportunity for study the habits of leeches, has seen a vampire or two in his time, and is not at present in need of any further depletion. This is our diagnosis of his case, for which no charge is made. It is given for the information of numerous professed friends, and to save the object of their friendship from that species of martyrdom whose patient victims are only too numerous to admit of their being illustrous.

If any one should feel any anxiety about the condition of Bro. Davis after what he has been through—not forgetting the loss of all that remained of the former Editions of his books, in the fiery ordeal that tried Boston—we may say that he still looks well and is undismayed. He has also issued new, uniform, and very beautiful Library Editions of all his works, which are now more voluminous than those of any spiritual writer since Swedenborg. It should also be borne in mind, that the new Publishing House can furnish all valuable American and Foreign Books at the lowest market prices.

Having given our diagnosis of the case under treatment it only remains for us to *prescribe*, and this we do at the risk of being impertinent, since we have not been professionally employed. After looking over this case and finding that Mr. Davis has great natural vitality, we conclude that what he most needs is that kind of co-operation among his friends that furnishes the "visible means of support," which we trust he will soon realize in a liberal patronage. Babies and other new enterprises need to be fed often until they cut their eye teeth and can run alone. Tonics and stimulants will be useful, in the shape of large orders for Books—always including BRITTAN'S QUARTERLY JOURNAL, and THE PRESENT ERA—cash drafts, payable to the order of A. J. D., and strengthening plasters in the shape of greenbacks. We believe this is good treatment enough for any man, since we have never known it to fail. As a proof of our sincerity, we are willing to take our own prescription; and if any man doubts let him put us to the trial.

Friends in New York and vicinity—Instead of going to some great Behemoth of the Book trade on Broadway or Cliff street, just step in at No. 24 East Fourth street, pay your money and take your choice of all the elegant and substantial books necessary, either to adorn your tables, to fill the vacant shelves in the library, or to furnish and illuminate the upper stories that are yet empty, and dark.

THE MODOC MASSACRE.

THE horrors of the Modoc Massacre has for the past ten days, afforded a sensation for the daily press, and a fine opportunity is afforded for condemning the Peace policy of the Administration toward the Indians. We have seen much in the administration of Gen. Grant to condemn, but we have felt confident of his good intentions towards the Indians, and were sorrowfully surprised last week to see the following announcement in the morning papers:

"General Sherman, in his army order to General Gillem, touching the murder of General Canby, says 'the President authorizes me to instruct you to make the attack (on Captain Jack and his band) so strong and persistent that their fate may be commensurate with their crime,' and that 'you will be fully justified in their utter extermination.' In his despatch to General Schofield, commanding the Military Division of the Pacific, General Sherman says, 'the President now sanctions the most severe punishment of the Modocs, and I hope to hear they have met the doom they have so richly earned by their insolence and perfidy.'"

We have seen no contradiction of this order, characteristic of barbaric ages, and unworthy the Chief Magistrate of an enlightened nation. For this murderous act the perpetrators, and they alone, should be punished. Not even members of the tribe not directly implicated. The spirit manifested by the *New York Herald* and a large part of the press throughout the country, calling for the extermination of the tribe, and a change from a peace to a war policy with all the Indian tribes, is not only wicked but perfectly diabolical. That these ignorant savages, under the excitement of the moment, will be terribly punished, perhaps annihilated, we have no reason to doubt, but, by and by, the sober second thought will come, and then we shall present the other side of the question. Not until the nation recognize these people as its wards and deals with them accordingly, will they be justly treated. We have carefully read Secretary Delano's instructions to the Peace commission. In reference to the removal of the Indians from the reservation they claim, the language is clearly against removal, *except with their consent.*

LATER.

Since writing the above, later intelligence from the scene of strife gives information of the escape of most of the tribe. The disgraceful part remains to be told, but we cannot darken our pages with the horrible detail of acts perpetrated by United States troops, apparently with the sanction of Army officers in command—acts that would disgrace savages, and for which we have no language to express our detestation and horror. Our humiliation is greater when we consider that these crimes were committed by the soldiers of a nation claiming to be the most civilized and Christian on the face of the earth. The so called friendly Indians were permitted to scalp and horribly mutilate the wounded and dead bodies of the Modocs; and several days after the battle white soldiers killed indiscriminately all the wounded of the enemy. We doubt not a due proportion of Christian (?) chaplains, are with the troops, professed ministers of him whose birth is said to have been heralded by angels, proclaiming "PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN."

ANNOUNCEMENT.

WITH the present number, I close my connection with the editorial department of THE PRESENT ERA. Circumstances satisfactory to myself justify this voluntary withdrawal. I desire to say in this connection, that I have not taken this step because of any inharmony with Prof. Brittan, with whom my relations have been pleasant indeed. THE PRESENT ERA is worthy the cause it represents, and should be liberally aided by Spiritualists and Liberalists. If will be sustained if these classes realize the importance of such a journal in the contest surely at hand in this country, between church despotism and religious freedom. May the right prevail.

D. MORTON FOX.

WM. H. SEWARD.

MEMORIAL services in honor of one of our nation's greatest statesmen, Wm. H. Seward, were held at Albany last week. The exercises were appropriately conducted under the auspices and by authority of the State Government. Charles Francis Adams was the orator, and delivered an address on the occasion, worthy the distinguished citizen eulogized, the nation, and himself. The selection of Mr. Adams to discharge this duty was particularly appropriate, as will appear by the remarks made by Gov. Dix on introducing the speaker:

"A quarter of a century ago, this very month, and within these walls, William H. Seward delivered a memorial discourse on the character and public services of John Quincy Adams, and to-day the son of Mr. Adams is here to pronounce a similar discourse on Mr. Seward. Thus, with these two kindred ceremonies, are associated the names of three eminent statesmen who have shared largely in the confidence and respect of their countrymen, and who, by their distinguished talents and the purity of their lives, have contributed largely to their country's welfare and reputation. I present to you the Hon. Charles Francis Adams.

Mr. Adams then stepped forward, and in a voice, low, but well modulated and distinct, began the delivery of his tribute to Wm. H. Seward. The opening sentences in which he spoke of his own relation to the day's event and to its subject, and referred to the fact that Mr. Seward was the eulogist to his illustrious father this day twenty-five years ago, were delivered with marked tenderness of feeling, and impressed the audience with the fact that his heart, as well as the best gifts of his mind, was fully enlisted in the task he had set before him. He then proceeded to give an interesting review of the political history of the country with which Mr. Seward was so intimately identified, following him through his active career in State and national affairs, touching, meantime, upon some of the secret springs which guided campaigns and influenced public events, and referring with delicacy and judgment to the prominent events in the life of Mr. Seward, giving, in doing so, a kaleidoscopic picture of the past of rare beauty and singular completeness.

FACTS AND RELATIONS.—It is not so important to learn facts as to learn to observe and to think. Here is room for improvement. Facts don't stick, unaccompanied by *relations;* the latter are so many hooks which adhere to the memory; the former, alone, are so many rolling stones on a declivity, unless fastened by means of their relations. "Cosmos" is a vitally scientific book because it enters into *relations*, while many books of great pretension are mere catalogues, and poor ones at that, because relations are not perceived or not explained by the writers.

EDUCATE ARIGHT.—Those interested in the success of Lyceums, should read Herbert Spencer's "*Education, Intellectual, Moral, and Physical,*" and *act* upon it with the least possible delay. We must educate aright not only *our* children, but those of others, unless we desire to do over again all that has been done for the last twenty-five years. Our ecclesiastical opponents know and *act* upon the knowledge that the only way to continue their hold on the people is to *catch them when young.* Let not the children of the world continue to be wiser in their generation than the children of light.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY is likely to prove too much for the United States District Attorney at Rochester. "Is it a crime for a United States citizen to vote?" is what she is asking of the people of every town and village in Monroe county, and the District Attorney wrathfully asserts that, as he will be unable to get an impartial jury for her trial on May 13th, he must move Susan's case into another county. Susan courts the change. She will continue stumping until the official himself is a convert. The arrest of Miss Anthony and her trial may possibly prove in its influence and results as powerful an auxiliary to the Woman Suffrage movement, and hasten its consummation as did the celebrated Dred Scott decision the solution of the American Slavery question. "So be it."

PERSONAL.

J. L. MANSFIELD.—We announce with pleasure the fact just communicated to us by letter from Prof. E. Whipple, that Mr. Mansfield will soon enter the lecture field. *The Present Age*, when published in Chicago, was favored with several communications from his pen. One, a poem entitled "The Unfaithful Soul," will be remembered by all readers. We cannot do better than to let Prof. Whipple be heard as follows:

MESSRS. EDITORS: I wish to say to the readers of THE PRESENT ERA, that our brother J. L. Mansfield, of Sharon Center, Ohio, will soon take the field as a lecturer. Brother Mansfield is known in Ohio as an able lecturer on Spiritualism, Temperance, and especially as an effective speaker in political campaigns. He combines masculine strength with genuine sympathy and earnestness for reform. His mediumistic experiences have been fraught with singular interest. Five years since he had a series of wonderful visions regarding an impending religious and social revolution, and received directions regarding the establishment of an industrial school. His partners in business alleged he was crazy, got him into the Asylum at Utica, N. Y., and through the connivance of physicians and bigots, obtained control of his business, and stripped him of his property. While in the Asylum, he was an "elephant" on their hands. His influence developed new symptoms every day, which baffled the diagnosis of the physicians, and so he was taken from ward to ward, in each of which he suffered in person, and became an eye-witness to the monstrous abuses practiced there. It is his intention now to unmask those abuses, and he will take the field on that line. I have known him intimately the last five years, and cordially recommend him to the favorable consideration and hearty support of all Spiritualists and Liberalists throughout the country. E. WHIPPLE.

MISS NETTIE M. PEASE has been speaking to large audiences in Paterson, N. J., for some time past. Last Sunday in Vineland, from which place she returns to Paterson, where the interest has so increased that the largest Hall in the city has been engaged.

PROF. E. WHIPPLE.—From a private letter received from Worcester, Mass., we learn that the audiences are unusually large, and the lectures eloquent, scientific, and deeply interesting. Prof. Whipple is well received, as we doubt not he will be throughout the Eastern States on this his first visit. Prof. W. has been re-engaged in Worcester for the first two Sundays of May.

MOSES HULL, speaks in Washington through April, and if we mistake not, goes South for the month of May. He is agent for THE PRESENT ERA and other publications.

Obituary.

PASSED to spirit-life, from Cleveland, O., March 31st, Mrs. M. J., wife of John Madden, after a short illness of ten days. The deceased was an intelligent and practical spiritualist, and an active worker in our little Lyceum band. As a woman she was sympathetic, genial, pleasant, and self-reliant; as a friend she was true and kind, and endeared herself to all whom she came in contact with. Her life was one bright exemplification of the principles of our philosophy, and she leaves none but friends behind, as she steps forward to the glorious realization which only the angels' voices have verificated to mortals. The funeral services were conducted by O. P. Kellogg, of East Trumbull, Ohio., and was very largely attended.

Resolved, That we the members of the Cleveland Progressive Lyceum, do offer our warmest sympathy to the afflicted husband and mourning friends; may they be soothed and sustained by the sweet presence of the ministering angels as they throw their influence around them.

Resolved, That the above be read in the Lyceum next Sunday, and that a copy be sent to the husband and relations of the deceased, and also a copy be sent to the PRESENT ERA, *Banner of Light*, and *Religio Journal* for publication.

CLEVELAND, O.