

THE
SOCIAL REVOLUTIONIST.

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THE HUMAN BRAIN,
IN ITS RELATIONS TO HUMAN SOCIETY.

BY J. H. COOK.

Believing that a harmonious human brain corresponds with and foretells a harmonious society; believing also that a true and thorough knowledge of the structure and functions of the brain, or the whole nervous system, furnishes an unerring formula for the solution of all the momentous social questions, now interesting and perplexing the most exalted minds, I propose, in a few brief articles (as I must be brief for the want of space,) to partially state and apply the formula.

It is already generally admitted that society is as its individuals; but this truth needs to be scientifically and minutely stated and defined, and brought home to those who can think and feel.

The world will often thoughtlessly admit a truth stated in vague, general terms, which it will reject when accurately defined and applied. My philosophy and motives may be questioned, while I, through the human brain, attempt to solve some important questions. The brain is a world or sphere, whose organs or fibers, in the aggregate, point toward and relate to every object in the Universe, and fitly represent the world of mankind, who together also relate to and point to all things and principles.

The brain, like mankind, is in a progressive state, and is being perfected and built up plane upon plane, slowly but surely, shooting forward and upward into the harmonious, peaceful and heavenly regions of Wisdom and Love.

As the great mass of mankind have the lower and back brain in predominance, so all nations and societies, more or less are earthly, sensual, selfish, warlike, intolerant, ignorant and unloving. Like Geological upheavals; like the earthquake and the volcano; like the storms of the lower atmosphere; like the dwarfed and sickly plants, in sunless places, is the life of a man or a nation, whose bottom-head and back-head prevails over the superior regions.

Every coarse brain represents the coarse nations or tribes. Every refined and impressive brain represents the refined and spiritualized circles of mankind. The lowest brains represent the most undeveloped tribes of men. The highest brains represent the highest nations. The predominant top-heads and front-heads, whose radii sweep the hitherto unknown and unsurveyed regions of divine truth and goodness, have as yet no collective representation—that is prospective.

Leaving the reader to perceive the analogy between every form and degree of brain de-

velopment and "every nation, tribe and tongue" I proceed upon anthropological authority, to introduce a tolerating compromise between all degrees of conservatism and all degrees of reform.

A man mostly developed in the selfish, energetic and lower intellectual regions of brain, and therefore absorbed in the production and accumulation of material wealth, and not able to appreciate or comprehend the higher mental and spiritual life; looks upon the ultra Reformer as his enemy, working against him and his interests, because being ignorant of that mental philosophy which would assure him that he is not a whole man, nor such a fragment as his neighbor Reformer, he takes HIS OWN mind to be the measure of all others.

The man who is developed to see and feel the wrongs and discords of society; whose nature craves the spiritual and refined, is very apt to underrate or unduly censure the selfish or worldly man or his pursuit, upon whom or which he is often as dependent, as the sucking child upon its mother for physical sustenance.

Could these two men really know themselves, and perceive that they are working FOR each other on different parts of the great Unitary Temple of Truth, how liberal and God-like, comparatively, they would be!

These two cases will serve to indicate the results of all constitutional differences.—What is the great want of the present age? True philosophy and untrammled thought answers: Not similarity of opinions, pursuits and attractions, but toleration of ALL the unavoidable fruits and products of man's complex nature. The whole world, most reformers included, need to have the important truth that, "All nature's DIFFERENCE makes all nature's PEACE," deeply stamped upon the tablet of the soul.

Do we expect the sick to work, the deaf to hear, or the blind to see? Let us then have the same sympathy for and toleration of the mentally and spiritually lame, deaf, blind, etc. Do reformers give the selfish world credit for all it is doing for them? By no means. I have been for fifteen years, an ultra reformer, and have sacrificed most of my time and all of my means, to reform the world; but perhaps I have not done as much for that purpose, as the conservative capitalist, who, with his means, has developed the earth's physical wealth, so indispensable as a basis, for the support of that superstructure upon which I (and most reformers) are more inclined and better qualified to work. The reformer, to be happy and do good, needs for intimate and permanent associates, those who are "part and parcel of himself;"—"birds of a feather;" and to aid humanity on every plane, to grow out of any state into a higher one; and not vainly attempt to "tomahawk opinions into men," and teach them to jump from the bottom to the top of the stairs of human ascent.

In my next I will speak of the cerebral groups, as prophetic of a glorious future society.

FROM L. A. HINE:—My labor at home, and my lecturing abroad, are enough to whiten my locks, for I give nearly twice the lectures, under far greater disadvantages, in a year, than come from most other lecturers or preachers, sermons included; and friends may sometimes think I neglect them.

I am from home sometimes for two months, as I have been until yesterday, having held 60 meetings. I shall drop you a communication for the REVOLUTIONIST, soon as I can find time.

LOVELAND, Jan. 30, 1856.

SOCIAL AND MORAL CONDITION OF THE WORLD.—NO 2.

BY J. M. STAHL.

It is now universally admitted, at least by all thinking minds, that there are many discordant elements in the existing state of society. The different castes or classes into which mankind are divided, have separate interests. These clash with each other, and many of them are at war with the highest good of the human race. At first sight this may not appear; but upon further scrutiny, it does. These clashing interests are the source of much enmity and misery in the world; in fact, they are our greatest social evils; and if we would cure them, we must know their causes; we must investigate, scrutinize, ANALYZE existing society.

To throw in my mite toward this all-important work, is the object of these numbers. There is no danger of discussing the subject too much. Let us have it presented by different minds in every conceivable form.

One of the first and general divisions of mankind is into producers and non-producers. We are so constituted and related to the physical world, as to require food for the stomach, clothing for the back, shelter from the inclemencies of the weather, means of conveyance for ourselves from one locality to another, etc., all of which requires much manual labor to procure. In this necessitous work, a large majority of mankind are employed, and may justly be termed the producing class. The remaining minority perform none of this labor, and are a non-producing class. It is the interest of the former class to get as much for the products of his labor as he can, while the latter is interested in getting them as much below par as possible. Here then is a clashing, the effect of which runs through all society and strikes a death blow at the happiness of man.

These necessaries of life are termed wealth; and if all things were as they should be, the individual who labored most would be the most wealthy—wealth being the product or representative of labor. But this we find is not the case, for many of the most wealthy perform no labor; and as a general thing, the more wealthy the individual, the less he labors. But notwithstanding all do not labor, the world is full of wealth, sufficiently so to make every individual comfortable and happy, provided it was equally distributed. After wealth is produced, it is, as it were, set up to be gambled for by the world, and he who is the most expert gamester, gets the most. In ancient times, and even now, among savage and barbarous tribes, this game is played off by roving marauders, who follow plundering for a regular occupation. They are looked upon, by civilization, as a set of outlaws, cut-throats and robbers, and beneath the dignity of human beings. And yet the same civilizees under the sanction and protection of governments, are committing the same crimes, only in a milder form; for whenever an individual begins to possess more property than his own labor has produced, he must be taking the product of other men's toil; and though he may not be a cut-throat, he is as emphatically a robber, as the ruffian who plunders on the highway. The one takes property that is not his own, by force or stratagem; the other by his skill and cunning, and under the protection of law and custom. The man who steals a horse is prosecuted and imprisoned; but he who cheats his neighbor out of his horse in a trade, is lauded for his skill and shrewdness as a trader. He has taken a horse in a "respectable" way, and therefore he is a respectable man. But the former whose crime is no greater, is an outcast from all respectable society. So goes the world in regard to property.

The producing class is divided into head workers, and hand workers; and both do violence to their own natures, and to the best interests of the race. Man follows his attractions,—a large upper and frontal brain gives mental attractions; and the individual shuts himself up within doors—pores over books and papers, to the entire neglect of his body; and becomes a monstrosity. A large basilar and posterior development with the motive temperament, gives attractions to manual labor, and the individual hammers and digs away without ever stopping to think, and thus he too violates the laws of his being, and his immortal soul is crushed within him.

The non-producing class may be divided into those who perform no productive labor either mentally or physically, and those who exercise their brain in laying plans and schemes for the purpose of obtaining a large amount of wealth. The latter own their thousands of capital, and according to the law and custom of the age, so long as it is skillfully managed it continues to get more, and that too in an increased ratio. And thus the capitalist may have the wealth of hundreds of laborers at his command, though he himself, may produce nothing. This class might be termed licenced robbers, and are in fact a very useful class under the present condition of the world; for it is principally through their efforts that our rail-roads and all public improvements are made. The former division are drones of the world, and hang as a dead weight upon it. They "toil not," and yet they are fed and clothed. It is generally admitted that the world would be much better off without them, and so it would; but I am not certain that they are the worst class in society.

Another division of the world, is into professional and non-professional. We have M. D.'s and L. L. D.'s whose pecuniary interests are in direct opposition to the people and to the highest good of the race. The Dr. lives by his profession, and, of course, is interested in making that profession a remunerative one. And perhaps there is no other class that possesses the same facilities for accomplishing desired ends as the physician. And when we look around and behold the spread of disease at an accelerated rate, in proportion to the increase of physicians, we are led to conclude that they are exerting a deleterious influence on the health and constitution of the race. I admit that there are many individuals of this profession who are far above resorting to such base deeds; yet the temptation is there; the general tendency is in that direction, and all may unawares be led into it.

The lawyer lives by his profession, and he too is interested in making his business profitable. He may talk of peace and justice, but it is his interest to have "no peace;" for if peace and harmony always prevailed, he would have either to give up his cherished profession or starve. He is then interested in having society in a continual broil, that he may be regularly engaged in dispensing "justice" among the contending parties. And when we consider the increasing numbers of this profession, how busily they are employed, and how many of them are growing wealthy, we conclude that they wield a powerful influence in demoralizing society, and thereby making their profession pecuniarily profitable.

The foregoing divisions of the human family pertain more particularly to the present age; but there is still another division which has existed in all ages of the world. It is that of leaders and followers. There has, in all times, been those who have taken the lead in all the great achievements of man—those who have led the van and cleared the way for those who follow. The former class is small in comparison to the latter, but the individuals who compose it are, as the apostle says, "the salt of the earth." It is through their action that the world is kept moving onward and upward. Many of them are ambitious and restless, and at times, feel like getting behind the world and driving it at once into order and harmony. But all past experience tells them that man is not to be driven, and, hence, they must be content to lead, though it be at a snail's pace. This follow-my-leader class might be subdivided into those who may be led gently along, and those

who partake so much of the nature of a certain animal, that they are all the time falling back. And when we behold the vast numbers that belong to the latter subdivision, and reflect on the force with which they are pulling back, we wonder how the world moves along as fast as it does. But the tendency of man, as a unity, is onward and upward; it is a law of his being; and no power can permanently stop his upward course.

SOCIALISM.—THE CAUSES OF FAILURE.

BY JOHN B. WOLFF.

Socialism is an attempt to reform the abuses and correct the evils incident to the undeveloped state of the human mind. Philanthropists intuitively perceive, and naturally seek to remedy the wrongs forced on their attention. Unfortunately the most of this class of minds are mere THEORISTS—lacking the power of practical operation. Their ideas and measures are tinged with their peculiar organizations, and the results of their efforts are determined in their own minds by their own conceptions of what should be—and not what can be. Generally they overlook the great demonstration of ages—that great changes—radical improvement—are not the result of sudden ebullitions of enthusiasts, but of slow progressive gradations, costing much time and a vast amount of labor.

One of your correspondents draws much consolation from the late and rapid strides we have made; but it strikes me that we have only changed the means, not the principle.—For while our military murderers do not pound their prisoners in mortars, or build them in walls—we find in China, tens of thousands slaughtered cruelly, while others are literally cut to pieces by inches. We see the Turk drinking the blood of the Russian, and shaking him with his teeth like the dog. Look at the despotisms of Europe;—the ignorance of the multitude;—the political and social wrongs and corruptions of the freest and most enlightened people on earth, and then tell me if the difference is not in the refinement of the means of murder and torture? Much remains to be done before day light dawns on the darkness of earth. Ages will yet elapse before there is any general approximation to a true state of society. Groups may harmonize, and demonstrate man's capacity for the most enlarged idea of freedom; but the masses will grow slowly into a fitness for the Eutopia of the higher life.

But herein is no reason why we should desist from our efforts to instruct and elevate.

I shall comprehend in a single sentence my idea of the causes of previous failures. Social Reformers have applied AN ABSOLUTELY PERFECT RULE TO AN IMPERFECT SUBJECT. Man has been taken as he might be—not as he is. He has been taxed beyond his present ability; more has been demanded than he is able to bestow; and hence the frequent and disastrous failures, with all their discouraging effect on the friends of Reform. We want a system progressively adapted to the growth of the interior faculties; a system that preserves the individuality of man, the sanctity of the family circle, the minimum of cost, the maximum of benefit—the natural stimuli to industry, improvement and perfection. We want fraternity, equality and freedom from falsities of all kinds. We want removed all temptations to vice, and we want it demonstrated that our highest happiness is subserved by virtue, truth, honesty and intelligence. We want no compulsory associations or relations, but all conjoined according to God's law, and not man's institutions.

Q U E R I E S .

I wish to propose a few questions.

Did God create pure angels? I mean, beings purely immaterial and intellectual. If so, where is their proper home? Did one such become "the serpent?" Did Paul sin in helping to kill Stephen? Will he eternally regret that sin? What do the orthodox mean by "pardon of sin?" Do you feel sure that your REVOLUTIONIST can live? Do you think the orthodox will wish to reply in it?

Could you afford to print 3 or 4 pages in the 'Revolutionist,' in 'phonotypy'? I am one of those who make little matters, bend to the Language Reform.

I hope that Theology, may be well examined in your paper.

In man's pristine state, was ignorance or the devil the cause of the first sin?

Well, dear sir, I find that I am so much inclined to run into questioning, that it occurs to my mind, that I may be an active contributor to your pages, simply in asking questions(?) You remember the adage: "A fool may ask a question that seven wise men cannot answer."

J. A. RUTHERFORD, Honey Grove, Texas.

ANSWERS.—We do not think there are any beings immaterial, for not being matter, they would be nothing. What God has done is difficult for any one to say who has not been admitted into his counsel chamber, as the orthodox divines appear to have been; but if you mean by pure, free from any temptation to evil, we do not believe that any such beings have ever existed, do exist now, or will ever exist. There may be individuals in the spirit world who have been born there, for we know of no reason why man should cease to propagate his species when he becomes better fitted to create noble souls, but we have no idea that such beings will be beyond the power of wrong-doing. Ignorance, we have no doubt, will continue forever, and must forever bear its fruits.

With regard to the serpent, we have no belief in his snakeship. The story is a childish attempt to account for the origin of evil.

If Paul is to be believed, he did sin in helping to kill Stephen, but he sinned ignorantly, and a sensible soul will see the folly of regretting what occurred of necessity.

With regard to the pardon of sin, friend Rutherford being a member of an orthodox church, can perhaps answer his own question better than we who have been so long outside of the sanctuary.

We believe the REVOLUTIONIST WILL live. The encouragement we have received hitherto, shows us that there are minds enough prepared to sustain a free, radical journal, such as ours. One thing we are determined to do, and that is to make it worthy of life, and we are not much concerned about anything else. Whether the orthodox will reply to our remarks in the journal, we know not; if they do, it will be of such a character as the specimen contained in the present number. Orthodoxy and Freedom are sworn enemies, and orthodoxy being a miserable coward, is seldom found in the field.

We should like to print a part of our journal in phonotypy, but cannot afford to buy the necessary type, at present. If friend Rutherford or some other phonetic friend would supply us with the type, it could easily be done. We are giving our labor to this work for nothing, and it is not too much to ask others to do a little of the needful work. W. D.

A CREED.—All men are brethren, and should treat each other as such.

All do as well as they know how; therefore, when a person does what looks wrong to us, we should rather pity his ignorance than blame or punish him. "Father forgive them for they know not what they do."

We need more freedom; less government; less artificial rules; more natural instinct; more natural and less artificial gods; more health and less luxuries; more simplicity and less mystery; more love and less hate.

W. GOULD.

PANORAMA OF HUMAN PROGRESS.

BY JACOB WOOD.

I was born and raised in the Fold of Methodism, and fed from infancy on free grace. My Pasture was fenced by Gospel Timber, guarded by opposition to all evil, such as swearing, lying, drinking whisky, Sabbath breaking, frolicking, fiddling and dancing; and it was governed by the code of the ten commandments. Taught to expect Salvation by faith in Christ; feasted on the love of God by attending to the preaching of the Gospel, going to prayer, class, and love-feast meetings; and was as happy as fallen man could be this side of Heaven. But passing one day on the east side of my beautiful Eden, I heard over the fence a great noise of splashing, and washing, and making clean of sins; and seeing one rider off, I felt a little mulish, and over the fence I went.

And here I found new pasture indeed, with many advantages. The people all seemed to be happy. They, too, seemed fenced in by gospel timber, and with this advantage, once in grace, all was safe now and forever more. This new doctrine pleased me well, for I had been taught, by many good men, that there was danger in yielding to sin and making shipwreck of faith, and go to hell at last. But now the idea of being secure, pleased me so well, and being much taken up with my new doctrine of final perseverance, I nearly forgot my old cloverfields of class and love-feast meetings, though still a believer in the meritorious sacrifice of Christ.

But one day, walking on the North-East side of my beautiful Eden, I heard over the fence a conversation, on this wise, showing how simple their neighbor Baptists and Methodists were, for pinning their faith to a dead man's sleeve, and of his being God-man with us; that man was a fallen and depraved being, incapable of saving himself; and they said how degrading such a doctrine for so noble a being as man, and how mortifying to think, he could only get to heaven by faith in a man who couldn't save himself!

And now having jumped the fence, because I had no fears but I could jump again, so over I went, and found much more liberty in doing as I pleased, in matters of religion, morality, etc.

Having now changed pastures three times, I lent freely a listening ear to anything I could hear; and passing still farther North, or into a colder latitude, I heard over in another pasture, a great noise of fiddling, dancing, drinking and making merry, and some telling what beauties their Eden had, and how much happier than their neighbors, "for we have no hell of unquenchable fire, no fears to keep us from enjoying life, by indulging in anything we may desire to do; for we may cheat, lie, steal, murder, sabbath break, and all sure of heaven at last. For the Bible has gone through so many priests, hypocrites and backsliders, that they can't prove there is any such place as hell in all the Bible. This doctrine pleased me well, for I thought the Bible a good book, if it had no hell in it.

I now began to have itching ears for anything new, and had nearly forgot my old clover pastures that used to make me so happy and fill me so full of God's love. I now rather desired new scenes of pleasure, and over the fence I went, and found myself surrounded by all the motley throng, making light of religion, etc. Here I found many who told me they once belonged, some to Baptists, Methodists, etc., and, in fact, some from all those pastures, I had passed through. There we had many talks; how glad we were, that now we were clear of church trammels and superstition; but sometimes our fears were alarmed when some of our number would die, for sometimes the fear of hell would get hold of them, and they would say, Universalism would do to live with, but would not do to die with. But then we would console ourselves by saying, they were not in their right minds, or had the deliriums; for, in fact, many of our numbers, after indulging in the

liberties of our doctrine, would indulge much in drinking and many other evils of the times and thereby shorten their days on earth.

And now having changed views often, I lost my relish for prayer-meeting, class and love-feasts; and having but little fear of hell, I avoided all places of solemn, serious thought, and avoided all places where I would hear of hell and those hobgoblin stories; but yet in spite of all I could do, when I laid me down to sleep, those fears would flit across my mind, and I thought if it was not for this old doctrine of hell, so often spoken of, I would have been much easier.

Still getting farther North, in a colder clime, I overheard, just over a low fence, not near so high as those already crossed, for in fact, I discovered a place, smooth as an otter slide, where many had passed over before me, and now with a hop, step and a jump, I found myself safe over.

And here I found new light, indeed, that the Bible was not inspired and written by the authors of unerring wisdom, and that all those passages which speak of a hell and suffering an eternity for a few sins in this life, was nothing but the old fogyism of priest-craft and superstition; and that in these days of human progress, we dug down in the bowels of the earth and found enough to convince any wicked man that the old Mosaic account of the creation is fifty-nine thousand years too late in its date, for we can easily prove this by finding many things that we can't account for, and it being one of the most prominent articles of our creed always to disbelieve, we find it much easier to give the lie to Moses account, notwithstanding much of old heathen history speak of many things that Moses spoke of; and now I had very little respect for what I did; seeing myself so far advanced, I could make light of my former religious fears; I could publicly mock and scoff at the Methodists coming to the mourners' bench, notwithstanding I once delighted in all those Godly employments.

And now I neither feared the God of the Bible, nor regarded man. I could openly violate the Sabbath laws of our land, by the economy of keeping Nature's Sabbath, that is, every night when sleeping. I could then keep Sabbath with the hogs, horses, mules and other animals, who worship the God of Nature, just as I do by eating and sleeping, only I could make more of a scoff at religion than they.

But one night while keeping Nature's Sabbath, was led to take a retrospective view of my past life, and involuntarily led to exclaim: "What wonderful progress I have made, like metempsychoses, passed through some five different species of nondiscript animals, I hardly knew whether I was anything or nothing, so that nothing seemed to trouble me except now and then, when some of our number would die. You don't believe how it made me feel, when I heard of the death of our worthy brother Voltaire, who, when told by his Doctor, he would soon die, said: 'Then I will go to hell and you will go with me.'" And then there was our gifted brother Tom Paine, who labored long and hard to crush Christianity, but when on his death bed, called on God to help him—on Christ to help him; and whose death bed scene was so awful, that the servant girl did not want to stay in the room with him. And there was Francis Newport, when on his death bed, acknowledged he was one of those spoken of in Revelation, who blasphemed God because of their pains. And there was Servin, and Gibbon, and Hobbes, and Altamont and a number of others, while in life and health, despised and made light of the religion of the Bible; yet when they came to die, they acknowledged the awful foreboding of future punishment.

Now those with one-half inch of conscience disturbed almost all my Sabbaths with much uneasiness, but I was aroused from this by one of my brothers coming in and telling of the great discovery lately made in human progress; that we had now discovered a real spirit progress, not such as spoken of in the Bible, where it speaks of the spirit of God,

witnessing with ours, that we have passed from the fear of death to that state of happiness, so often exemplified in those crazy Methodists, when they shout and say glory.

But, says my friend, this is accomplished by sitting down and putting your hands on a table, and if there is a medium, the table will tip, tip, tip; and now you may ask it many questions, and will almost always receive answers. And futher, there is one way by which you can always tell, if they speak truth or not; whatever they say, be sure and weigh it well, in the scale of human progress or reason, and then you will know if it is true. Do with them as you would with a bad boy, when he said he fed your horse. Go and see and then you will know. And farther, it is said this spirit rapping has been so powerful, that a few years ago, down near Dayton, the floor of the house tipped down into the cellar, and this set the cook-stove to tipping with its contents of hot water, fire and all, so that they thought the devil had come to take them to hell, some badly burned and scalded. And many other wonderful things have been done by them. There was the Fox girls, who, after having tipped a fine fortune out of the pockets of the credulous, have retired to private life, with many others, who have found a home in the insane asylum, and others still wandering round, like wild geese without a leader.

And now I awoke and found myself in the vicinity of the Rising Star Community, Darke County, Ohio.

REMARKS. —There again is that grand bugaboo of the death-bed repentance of "infidels." Puissant argument! None so stupid but they can use it, and, in their imaginations, put ten thousand infidels to flight! And Doctors of Divinity don't think it beneath the range of their wisdom. The case of Altamont—of Altamont? Verily! A spectre of remorse which leaped from the brain of Dr. Young, as Minerva from the head of Jupiter! In like manner have originated many other such goblin shapes of terror.

The dying rationalist suffers pain, as dying people often do, and he exhibits some muscular contortion, not unusual under such circumstances and the servant girl is frightened. She tells her preacher about it, and he manufactures therefrom, a monstrous story to frighten people out of reason into the irrational support of the clergy. We wonder if all, who are not members of some orthodox church, die so wretchedly!

A few years ago a story was circulated, that Orson S. Murray in a storm on lake Erie, called on God for mercy, but was drowned, while his orthodox friend escaped. Now this was a falsehood without any foundation in fact, and brother Murray is still alive, and doing good service against the priestly knaves who palm off such mischievous fabrications upon the unsuspecting people. False as this story is, it is yet retailed from the pulpit by those who claim to be the ministers of God. This is a specimen of the way they do it; and if THEIR God loves the service of a lie, why let them do their master's will.

In an article in our last No. on "Infidel Repentance and What it Proves not," we presented some evidence, of which there is a vast abundance, that Spiritualists, "infidel" as they are, die in the triumphant hope of happiness in the spirit world. If the happy death-bed scenes of orthodox Christians prove their faith true; then does it certainly follow, that the happy death-bed scenes of Spiritualists prove Spiritualism true.

We expect no one to give our article on "Infidel Repentance" a candid consideration and still continue to prate about the death-bed remorse of heretical believers, to bolster up the declining power of superstition and priestcraft. That the attorney of orthodoxy resort to such flimsy make-believe and futile argument, betrays either their own ignorance, or their dread of the "troublous times" which are coming upon all the abettors of heathenish error. The "signs of the times" are all against them, the fatal decree has gone out against the craft; and that decree is sealed in heaven. By the light of truth and science will all be judged; and whatever the sentence of any one, it will be for his own ultimate good.

But Spiritualism has made lunatics. A pretty story for a Methodist to tell! The storms of hell fire and brimstone, and raging devils, and a vengeful God, which orthodox preachers have poured upon ignorant, fearful, trembling audiences, have sent far more to the lunatic asylums, than modern Spiritualism has, or ever will. "But modern Spiritualism has been the occasion of insanity, therefore, it is of the devil," Fine logic; let us see whither it leads. The official reports, show that before the late manifestations of Spiritualism were heard of, hundreds became the inmates of lunatic asylums in consequence of religious excitement, having its origin in orthodox teachings; therefore, is orthodoxy of the devil! We must be careful that we don't prove too much. Logic is a two-edged sword, and if we don't handle it aright, it is apt to cut our own fingers.

This insanity, my friend, has a deeper cause, than has ever been dreamed of, in your philosophy. All who have lost their reason, from any kind of religious excitement, were predisposed thereto; and that predisposition, has grown out of the social and theological fables, under which they have been born and raised. Parents living in discord, or in the fear of want, in the apprehension of a dreadful hell, or in disregard of the physiological conditions of the conjugal relationship, give birth to nervous, quaking children; and then educate them into all the dread, and terror, which their devil-peopled theology inspires;—and no wonder that such are unbalanced by a spiritual communication, a Methodist revival, or end-of-the-world prediction.

The following article was suggested by our friend's "Panorama," and we commend it to his special attention.

THE ELF OF FOGYISM.

As our popular theologies are abundantly peopled with elfs, demons or "devils," as they call them, their votaries must not be offended if I give a running history of one of them.

The Elf of Fogyism has figured in all ages of the world. He is always respectable, always popular, always in a majority, or else in authority. His especial mission on earth is to oppose all change and innovation; to quash all reform, and war with progress at every step. His devotees are the "fogies;" and they do the work which their master instigates.

A long time ago, the fogies in Greece held to faith in a multitude of gods; but Socrates had faith in only one. He was a disciple of Human Progress and Reform, and when he taught the unity of God in the face of the Greek Pantheon, which contained no less than 30,000, the fogies charged him with corrupting the Athenian youth. Baffled in argument, they resorted to ridicule, just as the fogies do now. But ridicule had no terrors for the calm old sage, and the fogy rulers gave him the juice of hemlock to drink;—a summary method of putting a stop to Reform, which, thanks to Human Progress, fogies can't use now-a-days.

Afterward appeared a certain man among the Jews, named Jesus, and a most noted innovator was he. He violated the holy Sabbath, ate with publicans and sinners, denounced the hypocrisy of the times, and taught truths which the Scribes and Pharisees did not teach. And was the ubiquitous Elf idle all this while? Not a bit of it. He roused up the indignation of his votaries, and they called Jesus many hard names, accused him of perverting the people, and brought him bound before Pontius Pilate. There was no evidence to sustain the accusation, the Governor declared; but the fogy people cried out the more, "Away with him! Away with him! Crucify him!" And when he was nailed to the cross, they passed by and railed on him, wagging their heads—the fogies

mocking the man Jesus. They could have daubed a caricature of Human Progress!

Centuries after, when Christianity had sadly degenerated, came one, Martin Luther, who published heretical theses, inveighed against priestly corruption, and strove manfully for Reform. The Elf of Fogyism was greatly incensed, and he swore a terrible oath that he would have Luther burned, as Huss was for the same offense, one hundred years before. But in this, the Elf failed, and the angel of Progress began a new song; and the earth has rung with one eternal pean of triumph from that day to this!

Galileo was no sort of a foggy, but a reckless innovator and revolutionist. He didn't hesitate even to upset the heavens and turn the planets topsy turvy. He changed the center of planetary motion, fixed the sun, tore up from its deep foundations this big earth of ours, and set it in giddy whirl, to usher in the morn and eve, and ever varying seasons of the year—a paltry errand; and the fogies were indignant. It was heresy, they said; and the Elf raged in the Pope and Cardinals; and Mr. Galileo had to recant. He did indeed point his telescope toward the heavens and show the moons of Jupiter and the crescent shape of Venus; but the Elf so “biologized” his subjects, that they wouldn't believe what their own eyes saw. And when poor Galileo died, they would not allow his body to be buried in consecrated ground. Such a pattern of a long face is this same Elf of Fogyism! He always affects sanctity, and pretentiously assumes to be the especial guardian of all that is holy.

Protestantism was struggling for life, in England, and Queen Mary and Bishop Bonner sacrificed a few noble men to the Demon of Fogyism. In time, the High Churchmen became Fogies, and then it was their turn to persecute, and they pounced upon the Dissenters.

At length came the Wesleys, and both churchmen and dissenters persecuted them.—But what mischief had John and Charles Wesley done? O, nothing, only they did good by a method of their own; and that is a high crime in the penal code of Fogyism. They had a little Society at Oxford for mutual improvement; and they visited prisons and poor families, to dispense charities and impart religious instruction; but all this was unpardonably “IRREGULAR” at that time; it was a step in human progress, and the meddling Elf tickled the tongue of slander, and it told lies about the Wesleys; and the dupes of Fogyism believed all that the envenomed tongue of slander told.

The Wesleys took to preaching;—not in churches, in a regular way, as the regular preachers did, but in private houses and the open fields, for the church was closed against them. They taught some novelties of doctrine, and ten thousand people would flock together at one time, to hear them. This alarmed the emissaries of Fogyism; they thought there must be something bad in it, and they invented ingenious modes of persecution. They assailed the field preachers with noisy horns and rowdy jeers, besieged their meeting places, pulled down houses over their heads, and spouted water from engines to drown out their religious zeal. But the Elf of Fogyism grows weaker as the world grows older. In the case of the Wesleys, he failed. The Methodists made their opprobrious name honorable; but the Elf is a wily one, for when he could not quash the innovation, he set about it as usual, to make fogies of the innovators, and at last he succeeded. Leading Methodists—and I am sorry to have to say it—are no longer for innovation and progress, as in the days of John Wesley; they are fogies now, and the ugly Elf is their standard bearer.

In the progress of human events, Spiritualism arose with a power it had seldom or never manifested before. And what is Spiritualism? Simply the belief that spirits can and do communicate with persons still in the flesh. The means of communication are various, the most important of which are by images, writing and speaking. On the day of Pentecost, the spiritual mediums there “spoke with tongues;” and the mediums amongst us at this day, often do the same thing. But the fogies scoffed in the days of the apostles, as they are scoffing still.

Many of our day who have been outraged by the selfishness, sordidness, exclusiveness, aristocracy, profligacy and hypocrisy of the churches in general, had renounced the doctrine of immortality and given themselves to the oblivion of spiritual annihilation. Spiritualism has been a messenger of joy to many of these. It has restored their faith in immortality and "given them a blessed hope of happiness beyond the grave." But the votaries of the Elf, say all this is evil, and Spiritualism a trick of the devil. But here again will their master's work not be done. Spiritualism is going on to conquer and make glad. Its manifestations are so obvious and demonstrable, that few who investigate are able long to resist the evidence of spiritual agency. Professor Hare, one of the most scientific men of the age, commenced experimenting to prove electricity the agency; but he unexpectedly proved it to be spirits; and now he and his book are converting their thousands. John Bovee Dodds wrote a book to prove that the agency was not spiritual; but now he has renounced his book and become a Spiritualist. The "heresy" of Spiritualism is advancing with a rapidity which is a matter of wonder even to its friends. In some parts of the country, whole congregations are turning from Orthodoxy to Spiritualism, and their churches into temples for free investigation. And thus, the Elf and his coadjutors are foiled, as in the days of the Wesleys. Wesleyism was one step in the pathway of Human Progress; and Spiritualism is another. Progress is the law of the race; but the Elf of Fogyism is infatuated and doomed, and he will persevere to the last in a fruitless war against God, Truth and Progress.

Socialism is another step toward universal harmony and happiness. It is disorganizing and revolutionary, as well as reconstructive; and the Elf becomes unusually rabid. Aspirations for harmony and fraternity, and practical attempts at realization, reproach the isolation, antagonism, discordance and sordidness of Fogyism in general, and are singularly offensive to the sanctimonious Elf; and he lets loose the asp of calumny to sting and torture the good and brave.

The spirit of Fogyism has been the same in all ages, but the weapons of its warfare are not as effectual now, as in earlier times. Hemlock juice, the cross, fire and fagot, rack, and rod were his agencies of old; but now, they are misrepresentation, calumny, and social outlawry. And why is it that the Elf has to use gentler means than of old? Christians tortured and burned one another to save Christianity. In the name of the Christian religion did they take each others lives. There is constant strife still among the sects; but homicide no more, and why? Simply because the Race is progressing; and in consequence of this very progress which Fogies try to ridicule, the Nineteenth Century enjoys a bliss of freedom the world never knew before. Liberalism is gaining daily; men may think, speak and live true to their highest ideas of right, and none can hinder.

But still lives the Elf of Fogyism, though his dominion is passing away. And the same spirit which induced Aristophanes to ridicule Socrates, and the Athenian Judges to pass sentence of death; the same spirit which induced the Jews to arraign Jesus, for breaking the Sabbath, and teaching strange doctrines; the same spirit which burned Huss, Servetus and Latimer in the sacred name of religion, and hung the Quakers; that spirit which brought false accusations against the Wesleys and beset them with mobs;—that very same spirit has actuated our Orthodox brother to ridicule Spiritualism and Human Progress. Had he lived in the days of Jesus Christ, he would have exclaimed in derision, wagging his head, "Hail, king of the Jews!" He would have done the bidding of the chief priests and elders and cried out with the multitude, "Crucify him! Crucify him!"

SUGGESTIONS AS TO PRACTICAL MOVEMENT.

BY PETER JEFFRY.

There are undoubtedly great inducements for Reformers to immigrate in companies to the unsettled portions of the great West. There, on navigable streams, they can settle in social groups, each in his own element of social reform, from the practical 160 acre farmer to the perfect communist. The want of funds is undoubtedly one of the greatest obstacles in the way of practical reform. Those who are rich enough to be independent, are not very likely to do much for practical reform, because it does not pay two per cent a month and a share of the spoils from the poor man's misfortunes. However, in union there is strength, and where there is a will there is a way. By taking advantage of the present crisis of affairs with regard to Kansas, emigrant companies can get pecuniary assistance from those infants of reform, whose one idea is absorbed in the evils of African slavery. They seem to be willing to pay people to go to Kansas and oppose the extension of negro slavery; and if a group of social reformers should go at their expense, and stop, or help stop not only chattel slavery but every other system of slavery and wrong, I suppose it would do no harm. This plan is within reach of social reformers, if they but will.

It is true that the law and the profits are all opposed to the real interests of progressive truth; but there is one law in the state of Ohio, which a band of true-hearted Reformers might turn to account. I mean the law that provides for the organization of primary and graded schools in every township. I believe there are yet whole townships in Western Ohio, in the hands of non-resident speculators. Now supposing that eight or ten families should purchase twenty or forty acre lots, in the center of one of these townships, and organize the whole into one school district; levy a tax of ten or twenty thousand dollars, with which to build primary and graded schools; five or six thousand to make roads, bridges, etc.; a yearly tax of three mills on a dollar, to pay teachers and meet other incidental expenses? Would not this be apt to make land sharks think they were biting the bare hook? I have every reason to believe they would give up the ship and sell their lands to pay their taxes. I have no reason to believe that any but liberal-minded people would buy such land, or that any one man would be willing to buy a large farm, where taxes were laid on with such liberal hands! For my part, I have no scruples about the honesty of such a scheme, and very few about the practicability of it. If these thoughts are worth putting in your pages, I should like to see them there; if not, I would like to hear PRACTICAL plans divulged by others.

REMARKS.—The above suggests the following thoughts: 1. Those Reformers who would not have energy enough to get to a new country, without emigrants' aid, I should not have much faith in after they got there;—so far, at any rate, as practical efficiency is concerned. There are palliating circumstances, however, and there might be some exceptions. 2. I have rather more faith in a really active Reformer, who has a few hundred dollars, than in one who has no property at all. Cause why; a full purse is generally fatal to the activities of Reform; and the penniless Reformer has not been tried. 3. One reason why Reformers are so generally "poor," is because they are a self-sacrificing people. They rise in their aspirations above the earth-plane, and have become habitually shiftless and improvident. Such would not be very suitable cooperators for the initiative of a Western movement, in which skillful business management and hard labor would be necessary for awhile. 4. Speculators have generally understood their game too well to locate a township in one body. They are apt to leave alternate lots to settle up and increase the price of theirs. 5. The idea of a Western home for all classes of liberal persons, from those who want the family in isolation, to those who want individual sovereignty, social freedom and the Phalanstery, is a good one. We expect to hear much of this before the close of the year 1856. "The devil has all the best places" east of the Mississippi, and Reformers should see to it at once that he don't get all west of it.

PRACTICAL SOCIALISM.

THE LOCATION.

A location far West—Kansas for example—would have the following, as perhaps, its principal advantages. 1. The cheapness of land would enable all classes of reformers to locate in the vicinity of each other. 2. In a pecuniary point of view, there could be no risk, as the increase in the value of property would be a sufficient guarantee against all possibility of loss. 3. The fashion of immigration is tending Westward, and it seems to be rather easy to fall in with the fashion. 4. By going far enough, the right proportions of woodland and prairie might be obtained, which would greatly facilitate farming operations. 5. The fertility of the soil would well reward the husbandman's toil.

The disadvantages might be summed up thus: 1. The difficulty of getting there with the various implements of industry. 2. The trouble and expense of transporting groceries, dry goods, hardware, &c. 3. The difficulty of procuring any considerable variety of fruits for several years. 4. For some time, there would be little demand for mechanical labor, except for the Community's purposes, and it could not be relied on as a paying business. 5. If on a stream to secure water power and other advantages, there would be danger of agues and fevers, and their relics, as heart, liver, nervous and dropsical diseases. 6. Such a location would remove positive minds too far from their appropriate field of action; and a press could not be sustained. 7. An atmosphere of gorging selfishness and speculation so fatal to the higher aims of life. By the contagion of legal gambling, prevalent in the far West, perished the Wisconsin Phalanx at Ceresco. That Stoicism which ignores this shape of evil, must equally ignore the educational influence of any condition of society whatever. Few are above temptation; none independent of their circumstances; and all would do better, if surrounded by right conditions.

A Northern location would be favorable to the development of energy and hardihood, but it is not the region for a variety of delicious fruits. A Southern locality would have the advantage of a genial climate, but its very blandness and benignity relax the physical energies and weaken the activities of our higher nature. I would prefer a medium—say on or near the 39th parallel. Here flourish the peach, apricot and grape, with pretty much all the fruits of a higher latitude; and here, too, obtains that change of season which favors the principle of action and reaction, a necessary condition of human development.

A locality in the States—say Western Virginia—would have the following advantages: 1. A central position with ready access to markets, the objects of interest, and the spheres of reformatory labor in the U. S. 2. Fertile valleys; and slopes adapted to grazing and wheat culture. 3. An abundance of stone and the best of timber. 4. Mountain scenery. 5. Pure atmosphere;—exempt from the various diseases which arise directly and indirectly from malaria, and far enough South to be out of the region of pulmonary complaints. 6. Pure soft water gushing from sandstone rock. The pure air and water, and mountain scenery with freedom from pulmonary and malarious diseases, would make a community of liberal people in that locality, an inviting retreat for invalids and students. Situated between the East and West, of medium temperature and ready access, it would be adapted to various occupations, and to cooperators from all points of the compass.

The objections, I shall leave for others to list; for if I did it, I might find myself answering them as I proceeded. I am rather partial to Western Virginia, and have been for years past. It is under pro-slavery rule, but there are not many slaves in that part of the state, and many of the people wish it to be free. The laws will help us nowhere; and negro slavery is not the worst of slaveries.

I don't present this synopsis as perfect, by any means. I wish to hear from others who

contemplate action. Let the statements be brief. Thinkers will understand; and they only will take an interest in this department.

THE INITIATIVE.

Could not radical Socialists organize a joint stock company for the purpose of raising funds, wherewith to purchase a domain, in some locality, to be determined upon by the stockholders in their own way? Lay off the domain in lots converging toward, or convenient to the site for unitary dwelling. Sell these to groups or individuals to be held in their own right. Sell at cost, or at an advance no greater than six per cent per annum. The site for Phalanstery, Orchard, Garden, Ornamental Grounds and other general purposes, might be held in trust. Practical farmers and the requisite mechanics would remove first, and put the home in readiness for others. The various social centers already established might remain for the present, as points of social attraction, discipline and assimilation.

When and how will a sufficient number of earnest cooperators unite to solve the problem of fraternity and social freedom? Practical minds must determine. Let us hear.

TO THE TRUE REFORMER.

BY W. D.

List to thy thought, as its gentle voice greets thee,
 And sternly unshrinking, obey its behest;
 Heed not the clamor of Custom that meets thee,
 Still doing thy duty, leave Heaven the rest.

Cherish thy thought, 'tis a sapling supernal,
 Transplanted from heaven, to flourish below;
 Food fit for gods, it will yield thee eternal;
 Neglected, its fruit will be sorrow and woe.

Live to thy thought, be the God-given plan
 Thy guide, as the soul's walls successively rise;
 Patiently build, thou shalt see, brother man,
 A temple of beauty ascend to the skies.

Trust in thy thought, 'tis an anchor will hold thee
 From drifting when storms of adversity blow;
 A compass, when thick clouds of darkness enfold thee,
 Still guiding thy bark o'er the billows of woe.

Utter thy thought, see thou lock not the coffer;
 Thus meanly and miserly hiding it there;
 Out with it boldly, not fearing the scoffer,
 As bright as the sun, and as free as the air.

Follow thy thought, it will lead to the mountain;
 Thy soul shall then bask where the flowers bloom ever,
 Drink blessed draughts at felicity's fountain,
 Rejoicing with friends that no Future shall sever.

IMMORTALITY.—SP. COM.

I had a worthy and beloved friend, James Hambleton. Three months since he passed away. A few days since I took a letter from the Post Office, and as usual threw the envelope away before I read the letter, hence I cannot say whether mailed in this, or another sphere. The sentiments are in accordance with those of my departed friend. That is all I can say about it. It is forwarded to be at your disposal. AMOS GILBERT.

TO AMOS GILBERT:—MY DEAR FRIEND:—Our early entrance upon the investigation of creeds, dogmas, doctrines and sciences—attracted our minds towards each other, as these investigations led us out from and away from all theological organizations, and into, as it were, a new and untried field. Together we journeyed along, combating error wherever it showed its hydra-head, until we found ourselves trusting only in the tangible and demonstrable, and rejecting everything invisible and intangible. Thus while we had to our own minds demolished (and risen above) creeds, doctrines, myths, fables and all the uncertainties of which modern theology and teachings of a future are made up, we found ourselves limited to intellectual research, and our existence to the occupation of this outward form.

Thus it may be truly said that in our passage from ignorance and superstitions, we stopped at the half way house of FACTS and KNOWLEDGE, which treat of outward or external, and never arrive at the haven of the interior TEMPLE, where wisdom and eternal principles open up to the higher intuitive faculties of the mind; causes; their source; their inherent properties, and their power of unfolding all things material, intellectual, aspirational.

We never rightly apprehended the great law or principle of formation, however well we may have comprehended reproduction in its higher manifestations. An eternal existence must, as a cause, necessarily produce eternal existences; if that eternal cause is possessed of and manifest love, wisdom, goodness, justice and intelligence, then the offspring, or the eternal existences springing out of that cause, will or may possess (though in a limited degree) all these. And if transmutation or transformation of matter is a manifest process in its passing from a low or to a higher state or condition; then it may as truly apply to those destined or conditioned to live or exist eternally, as to the lower forms of unfoldings. Again; as ultimates are in all unfoldings of forms, so in the human; and as these vary in the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms; the same rule, or law applies to man. The OVA of the butterfly, finally after passing through various forms and stages of apparent existence, ultimates in a butterfly. The effect, or offspring is tending constantly to a likeness of the cause from which it started. There is great truth in, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit." As the germinal essences differ, so will the ultimate differ; their grossness, or fineness, or elementary constituents, determine the character and intelligence of their ultimates. Now the germinal essences are as widely different in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, as sap and blood differ. Every germinal essence or principle, should be likened to the essence or principle called LEAVEN; that is, it has the power to bring matter to its own condition. Again: the germinal essence of the human, is endowed with the elements of love, intelligence, reason and aspiration for a future, which belong not to the germinal essence of plants or animals. It is a well established law or principle, that supply precedes wants, or desires; and the whole order and correspondence in nature, tend to establish this position. Are not the wants, needs and desires (so to speak) of the vegetable kingdom at hand, and supplied from the mineral and the elements? Are not the wants, needs and desires of the animal kingdom at hand, and supplied from the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms and the elements? And is it to be supposed that a cause endowed with power, wisdom and intelligence, will not keep up and manifest harmony throughout his unfoldings? Impossible!

Then man's germinal essence, being endowed with the elements of, and unfolding these higher attributes, (wants, needs and desires, of a continued existence,) must, and will find their appropriate foods, and gratifications; else, absurdity is in nature's unfoldings, which is impossible. Now if there exists, an invisible CAUSE, possessing love, knowledge, wisdom, intelligence, justice, form and power; then in the history of unfoldings, there must be an ultimate unfolded, possessing, though (it be in the external,) all these in a limited degree, at least. And as a secondary cause, can only impart itself in the impartation it makes, and as all things and matter, are tending from a grosser, to a finer condition, so it is with all essences, or leavening principles, and particularly of germinal essences, or principles. It is gross in mineral, finer in the vegetable, more refined in the animal, and finest in the humans. That which is invisible in the mineral, scarcely detectable in the vegetable; quite apparent in the highest forms of the animal, and perfectly apparent, or unfolded in the humans, is conscious existence, and wants, or desires and (in man) aspirations for immortality, or continued existence, with continued progress, or unfolding in knowledge and wisdom; and they too, must be gratified. As a cause cannot impart more than itself, and what it does impart, is of itself; then the germinal essence, or principle, must of necessity contain the element of desire, as manifested in the animal, whose fruit is aspiration in the humans; a looking up for things to descend into and gratify that aspiration, or appetite. And as wants exist secondary to supplies, or foods to gratify that want, desire, or appetite; and as man cannot cease to need, want, or desire, so there must continue to be the elements of supply; hence the being called man, springing into being from germinal essences of all the mineral, vegetable, and animal forms, united and refined, and having added these to the man unfolded, refined, progressed, essences or leavens, capable of unfolding the human form, and with it the principles of love, aspirations, intelligence, wisdom, goodness, and justice, all analogy, or correspondence in the several kingdoms (independent of the fact being demonstrated to many highly unfolded minds) goes to prove most conclusively that the humans are immortal, and must ever continue to exist in some form as conscious, and as aspirational beings or existences.

DEC. 6, 1855.

JAMES HAMBLETON.

SIN.—We are fenced in by the laws of Nature on every side; fenced in from surrounding harm. These laws can neither be destroyed nor broken; they are as eternal and immutable as God himself. To sin is to pass over the boundary that they make, and wander on the forbidden ground. The man, woman or child who does so is a sinner; and may generally observe the evil effects produced by the trespass; for outside of the boundary the air is unhealthy, and pain, sorrow and woe are the fruits that grow in the land.

Sins of ignorance are common; we pass the boundary and are often unaware of it till the evil consequent upon transgression visits us. Sins of compulsion are perhaps as common; selfish men take possession of the land, which is the heritage of all, and thus coop up in murky cities, millions of human beings who cannot do other than sin; they are driven by society to the commission of crime, and ever driven back by the pains and penalties of nature, till wearied out they lay down their miserable lives.

The greatest, the worst sinners, are those who thus compel others to sin; the honorable members of society, who denounce the compelled sinners in unmeasured terms, that make nets in which to catch these little flies that buzz around Humanity, while they, the great buzzards that feed on her vitals, dash through and escape.

W. D.

SOCIAL PROGRESS.

BY WM. MC DIARMID.

It is not a little singular, that, at this period of the world—after all the thousand-and-one essays which have been written, demonstrating the almost total absence of happiness from social life, as heretofore, and up to the present hour, existing—that the possession of wealth cannot grasp it; that all the institutions which the wisdom of men have invented, cannot secure it;—we say, notwithstanding all this, and our great attainments in science, happiness seems farther off than ever, showing conclusively, as we think, something radically wrong with the social machine.

It will not do now to tell us, that this is all owing to man's natural depravity. (That old woman's story has now well nigh run its cycle; at least, it is dead with all enquiring minds.) Neither will it do for some old fogies to say, "let well enough alone; it is God's Providence," and all such nonsense as that, for assuredly the time has now fully come when this question must come up for judgment; the problem must be solved, though all the old cherished institutions of society should be bundled in a heap and sunk in the mighty ocean!

It is not my present purpose to enquire where the wrong is, or to attempt to point out a remedy. I only intend to glance at, what I call, a piece of patch-work upon our present system of things—a kind of tinkering of the old tea kettle of our worn out, corrupt society.

Not that I am inimical to this said "patch-work," for who knows but it may lead (in time) to the desired Reforms, which all humanitarians have so much at heart. Probably it is a truth, as some assert, that our present institutions of society, bad as they are, and corrupt, are only in the ratio to the immense amount of ignorance in the great mass which constitutes that society; consequently, that we are fitted for no better.

I need not pause here to inquire as to the truth of such assertions, nor who is to blame for such an amount of ignorance. Let us take it for granted that it is true, and let us go to work and patch again—and again! Certain am I, however, that we never can make a new implement out of the old materials. All that we can hope for is, that it will the more speedily tend to open the eyes of the great mass to their true position, when the work of Reform will progress accordingly. After all, what can we do with ignorance? Nothing!

To all writers upon Social Science, we of the present day must confess ourselves highly indebted, but to none more so, than to the proprietor of the "Journal of Man." This great teacher—if not the greatest—is most assuredly doing his part in the great question of Reform, and, strange to say, noticed more by presses at a distance, than those at our very door! Neither shall we stop to enquire whence is this—nor the petty squabbles about petty things, which I think degrade the columns of our public presses at the present day. Suffice it to say; there is more truth than poetry in the assertion that, "a prophet hath no honor in his own country." And this is exactly the case with the amiable editor of the above Journal.

This great modern Philosopher, sometime ago, had an article in his Journal, entitled "Mending the World," in which, all the various nostrums of the "menders" were most ably reviewed. Whether he located himself among the group, I cannot pretend to say; but at the time, I reserved a place for him among them; at least, I thought as much. Be that as it may, this gentleman, some years ago, planned a unitary dwelling in which, a few of suitable minds, might live and enjoy many advantages which our present system of isolated house-keeping absolutely deny us; and at one-tenth less cost, too. But it was not realized.

In the present January Number of his Journal, he comes out with another article entitled, "The Panegyrium," prefaced with the question: "What have we to do?"—a very proper question indeed.

We will here quote a few paragraphs from this article, leaving the reader to peruse the whole at his leisure. Would that we could find space enough to quote it entire;—it will amply repay the perusal.

"A noble edifice should be erected, towering above surrounding buildings. In a village it should be surrounded with a grove and a garden; in a city it should be central. In this edifice we should concentrate every thing that is loved by man or woman, and every influence that could purify, elevate, or enlighten. There should be a large hall devoted to public lectures, and smaller apartments for smaller assemblies. The directory should provide a course of miscellaneous lectures, from gentlemen distinguished for talent, eloquence, learning, or their prominent position before the public. They should also provide full and able courses of instruction in all the sciences and various species of knowledge which are deemed useful. Thus the Panegyrium would afford to the whole people an opportunity not only of being amused, but of being instructed in Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Geology, Botany, Natural History, Astronomy, Anatomy, Physiology, Phrenology, Moral Philosophy, Education, History, Biography, the Science of Health or Hygiene, Political Economy, Constitutional Law, &c. Every evening of the week might be occupied by one or more lectures.

Another hall should be devoted to amusements. In this, every evening should be occupied by something attractive. Either an exhibition of paintings and panoramas, a vocal or instrumental concert, a fair, a ball, or some other species of enlivening exhibition or engagement, should be prepared for every evening.

In a third hall, a library supplied with all the late and interesting books, easy of access, and a reading-room supplied with all the leading newspapers and periodicals, should be open at all times.

In another portion of the building should be the gymnasium, where lively athletic exercises should give health and pleasure.

For the parlors there should be a suite of apartments richly furnished, under the control of the ladies, where gentlemen should be admitted only by special invitation, as in the etiquette of the private residence. In other apartments the sexes would meet upon equal terms; throughout the whole the influence of woman should be felt, and visitors disposed to violate the laws of social courtesy and decorum, should be carefully excluded, or, if admitted, should be expelled if they disregard a proper admonition."

"Among the most important refining social influences of the Panegyrium would be a dancing room, in which, without the formality and ostentation of a regular ball, social groups might at any time, enjoy the pleasures of dancing and music, whenever inclination should prompt. It is probable that, through the greater part of the year, small dancing parties would occupy the hall every evening, when there was not some very engrossing attraction elsewhere, and on frequent monthly, if not weekly occasions, the dancing hall would become a general resort for all the supporters of the Panegyrium, either as spectators to enjoy the music, or as participants in the dance. Dancing and music, thus rendered accessible at all times to the people, would not be accompanied by the irregular hours, unusual expenses and temptations to dissipation, or intemperance, with which they are often at present associated. On the contrary, they would become a highly important portion of the moral culture of the people. Refined amusements would thus fill all the intervals between the more sober and intellectual attractions of the lecture-hall, library and reading-room."

But Dr. Buchanan is not alone in this matter, for we find a paragraph bearing upon the subject, in the *Spiritual Messenger* of Jan 19th, under the caption of "Unitary Homes," and is as follows:—

True and intelligent republicanism clearly points to a state of society in which the private possession of great pecuniary wealth ought to be a comparatively unimportant matter, because it should yield to its possessor little more real comfort, or even luxury, than can be readily acquired by every industrious man. Complete protection from the weather in healthy, well-ventilated, comfortably appointed and tastefully arranged apartments, good food, scientific cookery and an ample supply of artificial light, appropriate clothing,

pretty furniture and draperies, delightful books, engravings and works of art, may all be obtained at little cost, by skillful combination of liberal economy and wise arrangement. Ignorance, not poverty, is the barrier to be surmounted, and the richest man in the world can scarcely realize more than this, though he may, of course, carry out the idea on a more magnificent scale. But even here his advantage need not be really worth mentioning, for public baths, gymnasiums, theaters and music-halls, libraries, lecture-rooms, parks, gardens, picture-galleries, museums, schools and everything that is needed for the liberal education of an intelligent freeman's children, can easily be obtained by the genuine republican, if he will only take the trouble to want them. All, and more than all, these sources of gratification lie folded up in his industrial palm.—VAUX'S ARCHITECTURE.

I confess myself fully indebted to Dr. Buchanan for so ably doing that in detail, which I had intended to sketch a bare outline of, myself, for the consideration of a number of individuals now organizing in New York, under the name of "The Kansas Vegetarian Company," and who intend emigrating thither in the Spring. I find the subject thus all "cut and dry" to my hand, and have no hesitation in recommending it to their attentive perusal. However, some of them already say,—“We will run a tilt with the great Doctor, and in the wilderness, we will beat him at his own game; for his scheme will only suit a few, being confined likely to those having capital,—whereas we will show the way to the millions without capital. It will be city fog, suffocation, disease, starvation, crime, and all uncharitableness, *VERSUS* heaven's pure air, exercise, health, freedom of body and mind—in short, the *TRUE* life up to the point of temperance.”

Well that is great boasting, certainly; but after all, if properly conducted, we don't see why it should not be realized. Who, indeed, would waste time and means, in patching and plastering up an old rickety concern like a city? It is like putting a piece of new cloth upon an old garment. It is "full of rotteness and dead mens' bones." Without pretending to the gift of prophecy, we predict that a time will come, when our great cities will be depopulated, and that will be, when man shall arrive at a knowledge of himself and his true position in this mundane sphere—a knowledge which the worthy Doctor above mentioned, by his writings is laboring hard, and for these 16 years past, too, to sow broadcast amongst his fellow men, all over the country.—verily he shall have his reward! Swedenborg wrote for generations (as he said,) 100 years after him—Buchanan for less than half that time.

WM. MC DIARMID.

REMARKS.—The spirit truly is moving upon the face of the waters. Some three or four weeks before the above article and Buchanan's Journal for Jan., were received, the Junior Editor of the S. R. delivered a lecture on Temperance, at which the writer hereof was present. Whilst listening with thoughtful attention, the latter seemed to see the Upas tree of drunkenness, from its topmost and outermost branches, down to the lowest fiber and spongiole of its roots, deep set in the great heart of humanity. How futile seemed all the efforts of Temperance Societies, Secret Orders, Maine Laws, etc., to eradicate this evil!

In the cause of drunkenness must be found the remedy. And what is the cause? Is it constitutional depravity, in consequence of an arbitrary curse? No philosopher thinks so. True happiness consists in the legitimate gratification of all our faculties; and if thus gratified, there would be no perversions, as in gambling, drunkenness and other vicious habits. If our nature is suppressed in one direction, it is sure to break out in excessive action in another. Existing institutions do thus suppress it, and hence, our houses of prostitution, gambling, drunkenness, lunacy, and thus on to the end of the catalogue.—People live in social exclusion, too often with uncongenial mates and the children of discord; and to escape the vacuity, ennui, platitude and unloveliness of home, the husband goes to vicious places of resort, and begins a career which ends in the lunatic asylum, the penitentiary, or a premature grave.

The human mind requires variety, diversity, freshness—something to rouse it up into pleasurable action; and if it don't get this on a high plane, it will on a low one. If it cannot get social enjoyment in connection with elevating tendencies, it will have it in connection with degrading tendencies. If we stop dram-drinking by compulsion and make no provisions for elevating enjoyments; tobacco-chewing, smoking, card-playing and other vitiating practices will only increase. Maine laws will do but a small part of this work. Deprivation will not answer; we must furnish the positive, substantial means of elevation. We must DRAW humanity upward; we cannot FORCE it.

Having divulged these views to my friend after the lecture, he replied: "We have the authority of the Chambers, W. E. Channing and Joseph Barker for it; and a lecture on amusements as a means of temperance would be good." Of course it would. There is a vital principle in it, and the world does move.

Dr. Buchanan's plan, as referred to, is good so far as it goes. It is philosophic and strikes toward the roots of the evil; and when it is fairly in operation, and the old earth and heavens are on fire with the agitation of social freedom, and all the slaveries are melting with fervent heat, we may look for the new heaven and new earth, wherein will be freedom and happiness.

Nothing short of a radical, heroic treatment will remove the distempers of the social body. We want social revolution and reorganization. Fraternity and cooperation, as indispensable to individual sovereignty, must be established. We want the conditions of integral life—a range for all the activities of our nature—objects for the gratification of all the faculties of our being.

Appended to Buchanan's article are newspaper notices of philanthropic movements in Boston, the object of which is to provide the means of education, social recreation and amusement for the working classes and others. Stephen Pearl Andrews has already accomplished this to a considerable extent, in a very simple and economical manner, in the city of New York, by means of his social League. "Honor to whom honor is due." Panegyriums, Social Leagues, Lyceum Hotels, Our Homes, Artizans' Protective Unions, etc., are Social Stations on the road of Humanitary Progress. There is a perceptible tendency toward the more comprehensive Phalanstery of Fourier.

THE WAKEMANITES.

A new sect has arisen in New Haven under the shadows of Yale College and Orthodox y in general. The founder is Mrs. Rhoda Wakeman, who testifies of herself as follows:

"I shall be 70 years old next November, have had 17 children, and been a widow 20 years. I have been a messenger from God about 30 years; experienced religion about that time, and have walked with Jesus Christ ever since. First experienced religion because my husband abused me, and I expected to die. He finally killed me and I was dead seven hours, and then raised. Two angels stood beside me when I went to heaven and touched me with their bright swords, and I rose again! Christ came to me when I was in Heaven, with his nails in his hands, and spoke peace to my soul. Another spirit came to me and spoke, saying: Make your peace with God. I then kept on praying. He took me to Paradise and told me all about Adam and Eve, and all the other spirits. This light then came on me so that I had to look up, and the spirits said I was numbered as one of them. Saw Christ and all the holy angels. Christ had on the thorns and looked as he was when crucified. Saw God sitting upon his throne in all his glory; about the throne were all the angels in their white robes, and they were all happy spirits there. This spirit then came and took me back to earth again, and when I got there, I saw my dead body on the floor, and felt bad because I had come back to this wicked world to live again. Soon after I saw two angels who came to me and spoke to me kindly, and then

Christ appeared to me, and I fell down before him. And Oh! how happy I felt! and how happy I then was!"

Three fanatical murders have grown out of this new religion, and how many legal ones will follow is not yet known. It seems that Amos Hunt was a bad man, and tried to poison the "prophetess" and some of her followers.

"Amos Hunt," says she, "was the man of sin, and he put his spirit on Justus Mathews. I was sick, expected to die, and asked them to take Mathews out of the house. He had such a bad spirit that he was taking away my divine spirit, and killing me by it; and if I should die, the judgment would come. This man of sin cursed God, and when he died, there was a black spot on the throne of God!"

Her "brother" killed Mathews to get rid of the evil spirit, save the "messenger of God," and stave off the "judgment." One of the instruments of death was a "witch hazel" club. The victim was a believer, it seems, and was willing to be sacrificed for the good of the world. The founder of the sect has assured the jury, that if herself or any of her people are convicted, the world will immediately be destroyed!

It was in the legal investigation of the case, that the preceding developments were made. A precious compliment to the 19th century, it is! Such, however, are the fruits of a fabulous religion. So long as our theologies are peopled with devils and vindictive gods, we may expect such sects to rise. The ignorant and uncultivated will not be much better than the demons they fear and worship; and when the dark counsels of superstition, in their dreary, quaking souls, demand an outrage against humanity, their hands are ready for the deed.

A S O N G F O R T H E B L O O M E R S .

BY J. H. COOK.

TUNE.—"O Susanna," etc.

Come all ye daughters of the land,
 And sing in joyous strains;!
 For your salvation is at hand,
 From fashion's filth and pains.
 Loud let the name of Bloomer sound,
 Hills, plains and valleys o'er,
 As lightly, freely skip and bound,
 As birds unfettered soar.
 O the Bloomer, that's the dress for me;
 Soon may its beauty, freedom, health appreciated be.

The "house I live in" shall no more,
 Be burdened and confined;
 With broom I'll sweep the earth and floor,
 But not with skirt behind.
 I walk with freedom, run with ease,
 Can gaily whirl or dance.
 I ramble now just as I please,
 For now I "wear the pants."
 O, the Bloomer, etc.

I'll never mind the scoff or hiss,
 Of senseless fop or belle;
 For they have sorrow, I have bliss;
 They're sick, but I am well.
 My garments e'er shall indicate
 Depth, purity of mind.
 My form shall be elastic, straight,
 Attractive and refined.
 O, the Bloomer, etc.

LABOR.

There is the earth, said God to man, labor and it is thine. Bestow thy strength upon it, and it will make thee strong in return; beautify it and it shall make thee beautiful. I have done the best I could, but there is much room for improvement, work with me then, and thou shalt be rewarded; spend thy time in idleness and thou shalt be cursed in body and mind. So has it been, so is it, so will it be.

Labor is a necessity of our nature, and we can no more do without it, than we can be healthy when eating improper food or breathing impure air. A piece of iron in constant, moderate use is kept bright and wears but little; throw it into a corner, and it soon becomes a useless piece of earth. A book used with care will last for centuries; shut it up in a closet, and the moth and mould will make it useless in a few years. So is it with man; idleness eats him up like rust, destroys him like a canker-worm; while labor ever keeps him fresh and vigorous. We were made then to be workers; happy the man who understands this law of his being and acts accordingly. The necessity for labor that exists, is no more a curse than the necessity for drink when we are thirsty; and the theological fable that teaches it should be discarded by all sensible people.

Not only does the body demand that the body should work, but the soul demands that the body should work. Constant mental labor cannot compensate for the want of bodily labor; to ensure perfect health of body and soundness of mind, both must be actively engaged. What is the reason that priests, poets and lecturers are so notoriously vicious? Is it because their vocation naturally tends to vice? The true priest and prophet, the true poet and lecturer is engaged in one of the most soul-elevating employments: and such men are vicious because they consider it disgraceful to work with their hands, live on rich diet, thus stimulate the animal propensities to unnatural activity, and having no manual exercise to reduce the tone of the system, when the winged seeds of temptation fall, they find a deep soil and produce an abundant harvest of crime.

Burns, the ploughman, writing poetry, awakening in the hearts of his countrymen a love of the beautiful, the free and the true, was a noble fellow—and had he owned the land on which he labored—in a right manly position. But Burns the poet, neglecting his work, associating with literary idlers and frequenting taverns, was a pitiable sight—a man “fallen from his high estate.” Had Byron been a working man, he might have lived till now and poured from his golden harp such matchless strains as angels love to hear. But he was born a lord, or in other words, a titled idler, and the consequence was, he lived as the fool lives, and died as the fool dies. Priests, as a class, are determined to dodge the Adamic curse, and however much the brain may sweat, they are determined that the brow shall escape. What is the consequence? They are the world’s curse; the greatest pretenders to sanctity, and yet living a life of continual transgression. They uphold the tyrannical government of England and the slave holding republic of the United States; they take under their sacerdotal cloak the woman whipper and the man thief, and profess to give God’s sanction to the basest crimes. They stand in the way of all reforms, ever pull the world back, and not till they are out of the way—scattered or ground to powder—will mankind march on to happiness and heaven. Give every one of these black locusts a ten acre lot, and let him build upon it his own cottage, dig and plant fruit trees around it, plough his own field, plant his potato patch, and chop his own wood, and he will be likely to think more clearly, and act more nobly than he ever did before. There is nothing but labor that can save these most helpless and hopeless of the human race.

“We must all labor or steal, by whatever name we call our stealing.” We need food clothing, shelter and means for improvement; somebody must provide them; if I do nothing towards it, then others must do their share and mine too, and what right have I to throw this burden on them?

CRITICAL NOTICES.

MARY LYNDON, OR REVELATIONS OF A LIFE.—The excellent autobiography of Mary Lyndon is not without faults. As a truthful narrative, there is too strong an infusion of romance. The artistic finish of the work is so complete, that one suspects too much imagination. We do not question its essential truthfulness, however; the facts are given, doubtless, as the romantic mind of the writer sees them. As to truthful autobiography, we confess to a taste for what is a little more prosy. We like the scenes to be laid in this common-place earth of ours. In Mary's love for the angel Lynde, one feels that the scene is laid in heaven.

Another fault occurs in the shape of "too much of a good thing." We have been in moods when we could have relished, perhaps, twenty pages of those love-letters; but forty would have been quite too much at any time. At present we could not enjoy more than ten. Their egotism is one of the most natural things in the world, under the circumstances, and was doubtless of infinite importance and thrilling interest to the parties at the time, and may be yet, but as a matter of publicity, so much of it, is not quite to our taste.

One almost feels that in its execution the author was too absorbingly intent upon the esthetic and marketable quality of the book. But its redeeming features would cover a multitude of sins. Its substantial merits far outweigh its faults, in the balance of any just criticism; and what are faults to one mind may be real merits to another. We have become terribly practical and are no longer prone to hero-worship.

The vigor of conception; the beauty and chasteness of style; the roundness and completeness of finish, must attract every reader. But it is to the Reformer, with philosophy in his head and humanity in his heart, that this book especially commends itself. It brings out the startling hideousness of existing social wrongs, especially those of marriage, as sustained by law and public opinion. It is a telling work for truth and purity, and God speed it on its glorious mission, is our soul's deepest wish!

FEMALE LIFE AMONG THE MORMONS.—We commenced the reading of "Mary Lyndon" expecting the incidental portraiture of the wrongs of exclusive monogomy, and we found what we expected. We commenced the reading of "Female Life Among the Mormons," expecting a fair expose of the wrongs of polygamy, but finished it in disappointment. The picture is so outrageously over-wrought, so blotched with perfidy and besmeared with human gore, that it cannot but disgust any charitable mind. So far from being a true record, after the first few chapters, the fiction betrays its malignant injustice, on every page. None but morbid minds, looking out for hideousness amongst those of different faith from themselves, can relish such a book. Had it not been carried to the extreme of falsehood and calumny, it might have served a useful purpose, in exposing the evils of polygamy as a system of despotism, resulting in equal wrong to tyrant and slaves.

But as it is, it deserves to be "damned," and would be if the American public were charitable and just. So far from being the work of a woman, as it purports to be, it is in all probability the contrivance of some masculine caterer to the morbid cravings of a vicious taste for tales of intrigue, perfidy, lust, cruelty and bloodshed. One feels that the writer must have a heart almost as bad as that which he attributes to Joe Smith or Brigham Young.

Some peering eyes on the look out for the dreadful consequences of "Free Love" have managed to find them to their heart's content, in this volume. We have not been so lucky. The book deals with an institution which is one of the worst, if not the worst

form of despotism over the affections. If it exposes anything, it is tyranny, not freedom. Whoever heard tell of the Mormon or polygamic recognition of the sacred rights of woman to self-ownership and the voluntary control, through life, of all that affects her womanhood? The Mormon wives are owned by the husband. They are slaves, without freedom to assert the claims of love and chastity. The asp of connubial despotism stings alike the victims of polygamy and monogamy.

TALKS WITH BIBLE-MEN. NO. 1.

“Trust in the Lord with all thy heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding.”

What do you mean, Solomon, by trusting in the Lord, and not leaning to our own understanding? You do not seem to be aware that if people trust at all, they must do it with that very understanding which you tell them they must not trust to. I suppose you mean the same as the orthodox priests do, when they talk after a similar fashion, and there meaning appears to be this: Trust not in your own judgement, it will lead you astray and the pit that is bottomless receive you; but trust in our teaching, which is infallible and heaven shall be your portion. But Solomon, we have not confidence in you, we cannot help being suspicious of a man who made a thousand women the victims of his unbridled lust, and lived a life of titled idleness, appropriating what the toil of thousands produced; were you indeed as wise as some people imagine, and as good as our best thought, we should still dislike your advice, for to neglect to lean on our own understandings would keep us children forever. We beg leave therefore to change your language and make the text read thus: Trust in the laws of God with all thy heart, and lean upon thy own understanding.

“Whosoever shall say to his brother, thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire.” If you speak the truth, Jesus, you are yourself in danger of hell fire. If I mistake not you are the person who said to the Pharisees, “Ye fools and blind;” now it is not very becoming for you to threaten others with hell fire for doing no worse than you do. You should be an example yourself of mildness and forbearance, which I am sorry to say you are far from being at times, or you stand in the way of your own instructions, and pull down with your right hand while building with your left. I am sorry, too, to hear you repeat that old rabbinical story of hell fire, to deter people from wrong doing. It seems a great pity that a man who has nobly outgrown so many Jewish fables, should still retain such a foolish notion as that; for I fear there will be many silly enough to believe it because you give it sanction, without looking any farther.

W. D.

NOTES FROM THE LECTURING FIELD.—During the last month, I attended for three days, a meeting of the Friends of Human Progress, held at Greensboro, Henry Co., Indiana. The subjects of Land Reform, Woman's Rights, Treatment of Criminals, Education and Orthodox Theology, came up for discussion. Mr. Lockwood, a young, but remarkably eloquent lecturer, Dr. Pease, Samuel Maxwell, and others took part in the discussions. Old Orthodoxy received some hard blows and though some of its dear friends were present, they could not be induced to lift up hand or tongue in its defense. But on the day after our meeting, thinking probably that we had gone, a traveling dentist, backed by two Methodist preachers, lectured against the positions taken by us at our meetings. At the conclusion of his lecture, friend Lockwood and I replied to his remarks. His ignorance was remarkable even for a defender of orthodoxy; one of the scripture passages quoted by him, and fathered on St. Paul was—“Though I be slain it will not prove a fact!”

From Greensboro, Lockwood and I went to Spiceland, a little quaker town, about three miles off. Found an excellent school house and lectured on Theology and Spelling reform to large audiences. A Campbellite minister made some remarks at the close of the theological lectures, and we had a short, though agreeable discussion; he was an intelligent and manly opponent, but the difference between us was not great. I lectured three times in the court house at Anderson Town, where I found some noble hearted friends, and at Chesterfield also three times to crowded houses. In the last mentioned place I obtained eight subscribers for the Revolutionist; the people are wide awake and the power of orthodoxy is broken forever. Spiritualism has been mightily at work, and its fruits prove its divinity. It is doing more to destroy the false religious notions, that abound in the world, than all other agencies combined. Angels are breaking to the people the bread of life, and the dry husks of a dead theology are consequently cast aside.

NORTH POLAR SEA AND FREE LOVE LEAGUE.

The same No. of the N. Y. Weekly Tribune brings us the news of two discoveries: Of the North Polar Sea by Dr. Kane; and of the Free Love League by the city press and police.

Dr. Kane and party have undergone many hardships, made some discoveries, and thus affected a good for which they are given a right brotherly welcome home. They have added to science, are honored for the service, and this is right.

The advocates of freedom for the affections have, as they think, discovered certain principles of social science of great value to the Race, and semi weekly meetings have been instituted to give them a practical bearing. The public is apprised of the fact, and in a twinkling the censors of the press and the police pounce upon the social party, and arrest the most conspicuous members.

The public have an appreciation of the enlargements of science in the direction of geography, but not in the direction of our affectional nature. Social innovation puts in jeopardy the interests of professional aristocrats, and the prejudices of ignorance everywhere; and the strong arm of the police is appealed to to put it down. But why send the police here? why not first clear out the dens of Mercer street, Church street, Five Points, and Cow Bay? All these places are known and acknowledged to be infamous, but law and custom sanction their existence. They are, I believe, held by the infallible public to be a necessary condition of civilized society, and must be tolerated, or worse will follow. And this is our glorious civilization!

But the Free Love League projected and controled by some of the noblest men and women in N. Y. City,—that must be broken up. Its members act from principle and for principle, they eschew all shapes of adulterous license, and conduct their social reunions with a proper regard for freedom and order;—and herein lies the secret of police interference. "But rowdy outsiders congregated about the door and made disturbances in that part of the city". Did they? Then, why not arrest THEM, and let the quiet insiders alone? The very fact that principle lies at the bottom of the reformatory movement, and that noble and distinguished persons are enlisted, makes the arbitrary interposition of the authorities necessary to bring it into disgrace, and put it down. Vain hope! and the legal plotters, how shallow! Their act, the offshoot not of intelligent deliberation, but of blind impulse! These arrests will do more to advance the cause they were meant to suppress, than the combined efforts of a whole host of its friends. The N. Y. Tribune has done far more by its opposition, to spread Free Loveism than to suppress it. It has done it indirectly, I will concede; but without its opposition, the doctrines could not have attained such wide publicity, to the conviction of many. The late disclosures by the ubiquitous press of N. Y. City, are a godsend to the doctrine of freedom for the affections.

Dr. Kane's name stands high in public estimation, and popular men seek to do it honor; the leaders of the Free Love League are unpopular, and the authorities have tried to bring odium upon them. It will be different in the future. While the name of Dr. Kane will be esteemed as much as ever, (bating the usual wear of time,) the names of Andrews, Brisbane, Lazarus, Nichols, and others will stand far above it. The greater exaltation will obtain in consequence of the far greater sum of human happiness growing out of the labors of these social reformers; and the bounding hearts of disenthralled millions will award the just meed of gratitude and respect to the world's benefactors.

The announcement of a Free Love League would not arouse a tythe of the restive lasciviousness amongst the native children of the American forest, that it has amongst the virtue-loving people of Gotham. And N. Y. City is famous for its civilization. Wealth,

and schools and churches abound; preachers, notables, and respectables give tone to public morals; but the announcement of a league which meets to promote freedom for the affections, arouses lewdness in the rabble—the spawn of civilization—and lewd suspicions in the puppets of social conventionalism and the executors of municipal law. Have not our social arbiters and dictators had it all their own way long enough? If the repressions and perversions extant in the affectional relations, have resulted in a lustfulness of impulse, and a foulness of imagination, far surpassing anything of the kind known amongst our native savages, is it not time that we consider whether or not there be principles of purity and freedom, upon which may be generated a diviner type of humanity?

O U R C I T I E S .

Our cities are rotten to the core; they are beyond the power of medicine and surgery, and must of necessity die. Hypocrisy whines in their pulpits; falsehood pleads at their bars; roguery stands behind their counters; brazen-faced effrontery sits in their editors' chairs; and poverty, slavery, filth and disease, like wild beasts, live in their dens and make them a perpetual home. It is not in the power of mortal to live the true life in a city; the citizen is of necessity a sinner; he breathes impure air, drinks impure water and eats impure food. If a lawyer, minister, editor or teacher, he cannot obtain the physical exercise that his system requires; he cannot be a healthy man. If a poor artizan, he is at the mercy of his employer, working at unhealthy and dangerous employment, or for long, weary hours to the detriment of his soul and body.

Manhood is a poor thing for a man to possess in a city; it is stock sadly below par; a suspicious note rejected by everybody. Are you rich? you must be mean to keep so; are you poor? you must be mean to live. If you cannot be, order your coffin, or get into the country, buy, beg or claim a piece of land, go to work and be a man.

Whether our cities are built on rock, clay, gravel or sand, lying is the stratum on which they rest. The priest is a grand retailer of lies, it is his life business; the lawyer lies, lies, and is proud of it, lies, and is paid for it; and the better the liar, the better the lawyer. The physician lies to his patient, the merchant to his customer, the servant to her mistress, the editor to his subscribers, and the quack medicine vender, by his aid, to every body.

Cities are cesspools to which flow a thousand filthy streams, there they stagnate and breed corruption; they are dens of thieves, continually despoiling the laborers of the country; they are nests in which the drones of the social hive love to congregate, and where they manage to consume a large portion of what the working bees produce. W. D.

SPIRITUALISM.—Your synopsis ["Spirit Counsel"] is good. It may be rendered useful and reliable, but only to free and independent minds, seeking light and truth; controlling their own mental states, and attempting no control of others. And even then, the action of no mind in or out of the body should be substituted for the action of our own minds. Exercise is the PABULUM of mind. He who relies on another, wrongs his own soul. It may answer his present purpose, but it ends in loss. J. B. WOLFF

SELF RELIANCE.—Neither do I desire to LEAD, or to be LED; but simply to RECEIVE and IMPART. I know of no way enabling us to arrive at conclusions so well or so correctly, as that of improving and developing our OWN powers of judging. I, too, am thine for WELL CONSIDERED ACTION. J. R. M., Modern Times.

Q U E S T I O N S A N D A N S W E R S .

BY J. H. COOK.

Who is the wisest man? He who has discovered the most links in nature's chain and can see their relation and dependencies.

Who is the best man? He who does the most good, present or ultimate.

What, to every person, is the import of such words as, good, wise, right, just, duty, pure, beautiful, spiritual? A meaning which no person can PRECISELY define for, or impress upon another person.

If God is every WHERE, is He not every THING? Yes, YES, YES. Why should Spirit ualists MASCULINIZE God, by calling Him "The Great Positive Mind" and not also, The Great Negative Mind? Echo answers why. Can law, custom, or opinion, create or destroy, any human attraction? Impossible.

In what world should we take the most interest? The little world(?) on our shoulders.

What constitutes the TRUNK of the tree of Social Evil? Legal marriage. Is the sun a polygamist? Yes, all the planets in the Solar System are his wives. Is legal marriage a far greater curse than African Slavery? Yes, by far. Is the world as wise and good as it now, can be? Yes. What is the SOURCE of human law? The occipital and basilar-brain?

Could any one's action in the past have been different? No.

[Queer idea that of the sun's polygamy. We don't see its application. Rather "revolutionary" to transform those thunderers Mars and Jupiter into two of Apollo's wives.]

D I R G E O F T H E H E A R T .

BY G. E. LOCKWOOD.

With silent lip and folded eye,
 Thou sleeps't to wake no more on earth;
 Yet in my heart's lamenting sigh,
 Still lives the mem'ry of thy worth;
 And, even in my dreams, I see
 Thy face and form, so dear to me.

Thy grave is where, in other years,
 Our childish whispers oft were breathed,
 Where, hallowed by affection's tears,
 The tendrils of the vine are wreathed,
 And sobbing winds, through night and day,
 Now sadly sing thy funeral lay.

'Twas long ago! and time has left
 His lines and shadows on my brow,
 I live of all but life bereft,
 And what is life unto me now?
 My soul is wedded to the past,
 Oh! can this grief forever last?

From spirit-lips thy own loved strains
 Have thrilled upon my pensive ear;
 Till, saddened by the sweet refrains,
 Mine eyes have wept the scalding tear;
 So sweet the pathos, so divine,
 I thought the very words were thine.

And spirit eyes have turned to me
 Their beautiful and earnest light,
 So like the joy that circled thee,
 When all around was calm and bright,
 That well I know the charnel's gloom
 Has not destroyed thy youthful bloom.

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