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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

"All things are engaged in writing their own history. The air is full of sounds, the sky of tokens; the ground is all memoranda and signatures and every object covered with hints, which speak to the intelligent."

For The Spiritual Republic.

Ministering Spirits.

BY A. E. M. J.

Are they, are they all around us,
Gentle spirits of the dead—
Do their loving smiles surround us
Whoso'er our footsteps tread—
Watch they pitying o'er our wanderings
From the holy path of Right,
And with earnest patience wooing
Seek to win us back to Light?

Mark they, when in lowly anguish
Sorrow's sacred tears are shed—
And our burdened spirits languish
For the loved, the lost, the dead—
And is theirs the balm of healing
Shed by unseen hands so oft,
Till the tide of troubled feeling,
Sinks subdued with murmurs soft?

Come they to our couch of dreaming,
Sweeping back the veil of sense
From our souls, till midst the beaming
Of the spirit's light intense,
Forms and faces, long departed,
Freed from every earthly stain,
They of old, the fond, true-hearted
Living stand revealed again?

Yet we deem our pathway dreary,
Though beside us angels move,
And we drop all faint and weary
Midst their smiles of holy love—
Groping still, though brightly round us
Undiscovered glories lie—
Lone, though radiant hosts surround us,
All unseen, yet ever nigh.

Oh! to burst the chain that binds us
To these darkened walls of clay—
Oh! to rend the veil that blinds us
Midst the glories of the day—
And like him whose unsealed vision
Saw the flaming mountain glow.
Then to see our guardian angels
Walking with us here below.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Northern District of Illinois on January 5th, 1867, by Mrs. C. F. Corbin.

A WOMAN'S SECRET.

BY MRS. C. F. CORBIN.

CHAPTER XXXI.—(CONTINUED.)

Miss Joanna, in her pretty [white] jaconet, and old fashioned jewelry of jet and pearl, and the dainty rose blooming on her cheek, and motherly trembling and solicitude in her eye, was far more nervous than he appeared; while the doctor, in his great arm-chair, by the window, looked grave and hid a twinkle in his eye by down-cast lids.

"Milton," said Mr. Linscott, "let me hear you say your Primer verses."

The boy commenced with "Adam's fall," and went straight on through the whole alphabetical line without blunder or hesitation. His courage rose as he neared the close of his task, and seeing Miss Joanna's happy eye, and Mr. Linscott's look of grave approval, he wound up with a great flourish, and uplifted voice:

"Zaccheus he
Did climb a tree
His Lord to see;

*The limb did break, and he did fall,
And he didn't see his Lord at all.*

"Oh! Milton, how could you?" exclaimed Miss Joanna. "The doctor said so," said Milton, stoutly, with a look which plainly indicated his firm faith in the historical verity of the statement.

"But then it isn't in the book, you know, Milton."

Mr. Linscott looked very grave, but finally coughed and passed on to the next exercise.

"Who made you, child?" he asked, solemnly.

"God," the boy replied in a reverent tone.

"What is God? I suppose you know your catechism?"

"No, sir," said Milton.

"I'm sorry for that," said Mr. Linscott, "I hold that children cannot too early be taught the great foundations

of our holy belief. When my little Minnie was three years old, she could recite it perfectly. I shall tell you what God is, and I hope you will try to remember: In the language of the Westminster catechism, 'God is a spirit, infinite, eternal, and unchangeable in his being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth.' Now, my son, can you remember that?"

After a few trials, Milton was able to repeat it correctly.

"There, Milton," said Mr. Linscott, with satisfaction, "if you don't learn anything more than that to-day, you will nevertheless have cause to bless the day as long as you live."

"Milton," said the doctor, "what is a spirit?"

"New England rum," answered Milton, promptly.

"Oh!" said Mr. Linscott, much shocked, "that is a very serious error."

"Guess not," said Milton; "the doctor always calls it spirit; and when Tom Barker got drunk and fell off a load of hay and broke his neck, Miss Joanna took me to the funeral, and the minister said the Lord came to Tom in that black bottle; and that bottle had rum in it, I know."

Mr. Linscott spent a quarter of an hour, striving to enlighten the child's mind concerning the difference between matter and spirit, not, however, with the most satisfactory success; seeing that the language of theologians is usually for some occult reason very widely different from the simple phraseology in which their Master taught the multitudes; which is, perhaps, one great reason why the "carnal heart" is so averse to their teachings.

Miss Joanna was the more pained at this want of spiritual perception in Milton, because she had taken him to that funeral, in opposition to the doctor's ideas, for the express purpose of impressing his young mind with a terror of the judgments of God. Of course, if the doctor had not viewed the result with a twinkle of secret satisfaction, he would have been more or less than human.

But the religious examination went on.

"Milton," said Mr. Linscott, "when I say that God is an all-powerful Being, what do I mean?"

"That he can do anything he pleases."

"Yes, in the days of Joshua he commanded the sun and moon to stand still and they obeyed him. Do you suppose God could put the meeting-house into your pocket if He chose?"

"No, sir," said Milton.

"Why not, Milton? If he could part the Red Sea so that the Israelites could walk over on dry land, and make even the sun and moon stand still in the heavens, why couldn't he put the meeting house into your pocket?"

"Cause I haven't got any," said Milton.

"Oh!" said Mr. Linscott, taken a little aback.

"Milton," said the doctor, with deep interest, "haven't you got any pocket?"

Miss Joanna hastened to explain.

"When he came here," she said, "his clothes had pockets in them; and he kept them so full of everything, knives, and keys, and strings, and apples, and doughnuts, and sticks, and old stockings to make balls of, and they tore out so, that when I made his new clothes, I didn't put in any pockets."

"That will never do," said the doctor, "boys must have pockets. You may teach them the Westminster Catechism or not as you like; but you must give them pockets. It hurts a boy's self-respect not to have a pocket; I should expect a boy to grow up a liar and a thief if he didn't have one. Milton must have a pocket."

Miss Joanna sighed, but promised obedience.

Mr. Linscott indulged in a few deeply theological exhortations and then rose to go.

"He didn't ask me," said Milton, regretfully, as the door closed after him, "about the baby Jesus that lay in the manger, nor the Shepherds, nor the Wise Men, nor none of those things that I could have said better."

Miss Joanna, herself not a little heart-sore, took him in her arms and comforted him, and showed him the evening star and the beautiful golden sky of the sunset, and told him about the New Jerusalem with the River flowing through it, and the trees growing on its banks; and then she undressed him, and heard him say his evening prayers, and sat by his side till he went to sleep, watching for the moon to rise.

Then she went to her own room—not to wrestle with an old dead grief, that would steep her eyes in tears till midnight; but to thank God for this fresh young life, which did so draw hers out into the sunlight, and to ask him for grace and guidance to meet all the exigencies of its growth and demands; and then to sleep; sweet, calm, refreshing sleep.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ROSE COLOR.

In those days the lives of Rebecca and her lover flowed on to a golden tune. This new love was a broader and sweeter experience than either of them had ever known before. It renewed the cool fresh spring-time of their lives, and they became young again with the immortal youthfulness of love.

Mr. Gladstone was passionately fond of a fine horse. Rebecca rode well also, and often in the cool, dewy evenings of the early autumn they mounted their horses and rode out of the town through the deep woods where the late sunshine broke through golden-tinted foliage, and the air was sweet with the breath of the pines, and the silence was stirred by the chatter of squirrels and the dropping of nuts. On again over the smooth open hills, with God's beautiful world lying wide and varied at their feet; winding streams and glint of ponds and stretch of meadow and fringe of woodland with the soft autumn haze over all, and the pearly rim of the horizon enclosing all. And then the stars came out and the dew glistened on the leaves by the roadside, and the dusk fell through the great wide spaces, and the darkness separated these two trembling hearts from all the world beside. Or there were evening loiterings through the pine woods, or along the silver stream side, or bits of quiet chat under the trees on the lawn, or in the arbor which stood at the foot of the garden walk, all fragments of celestial light and beauty to be hidden away in their hearts, secretly treasured, like pearls in a mine, fit to light up hereafter all dull and dark experiences. This chat of lovers, so unspeakably tender and precious to themselves, so commonplace to all the world beside; these delicate revealings of the heart, so momentous to each other, so little significant outside that range of intimate interests which they are building up, a temple for their souls alone to abide in for a life-time, who shall transcribe it. The bloom on plum, the spray from the waterfall, the changing form of sunset clouds are not more exquisite or more intangible.

Rebecca sat in the library one evening, when Mr. Gladstone was announced. Her dress, some silvery poplin, shot with azure hues, with delicate lace collar pinned with a cross of pearls—her lover's gift—had been arranged purposely to please his eye; for Mr. Gladstone was fastidious, she had learned, and she took a womanly pleasure in giving him the simple, yet ever new delight of a fresh toilet. Reclining in an easy library chair with the late sunshine resting goldenly upon her hair, and a book of poems in her hand, her delicate white hand on which his ring glistened, Mr. Gladstone felt as he looked at her, a sweetness in the sense of ownership which he had scarcely ever felt before.

"So exquisite and—mine," was his secret thought.

"Don't rise, Rebecca," he said, "you look so sweetly now just as you sit there, that I would not have you lose the position for the world."

She looked up and smiled at his fond, foolish fancy.

"May I offer you this unoccupied hand," she said, "or will that, too, spoil your picture?"

"No," he said, "I shall take the hand," and he drew his chair beside her, so as to sit very near, but facing her, "that is just what is needed to the best effect. How is my little friend this evening?"

"Very well, very happy," she replied. "It some times seems, too happy."

"No, dear, God meant that people in love should be happy. Of all his earthly gifts, he has put his seal most plainly and indisputably on this one of love."

"As if he had made a rift in Heaven's walls, and let a slant beam of the glory down through. Having drawn our eyes upward, won't he by-and-by close up the seam and leave us to our darkness again?"

There was a look of trouble in her soft, child-like eyes, and Mr. Gladstone became instantly all tender eagerness to allay it.

"What saddens you to-night, my friend," he said. "Tell me all about it, and you will feel better."

She smiled. "Old memories, I think," she said. "Something in these poems I have been reading, made me think of my mother as I dimly remember her. She was a Quakeress of wealthy family, but marrying out of the society—my father was a Presbyterian clergyman—she was estranged from all her friends. Three years after her marriage she moved away from their vicinity, and from that time till the day she died—it was when I was five years old—she never heard from them except casually in an indirect way. This was the sadness of her life; the brightness of it was the tender, mutual love which made her and her husband the most quietly and deeply happy people I ever knew. But

when she died it was all changed. An aunt of my father, a middle-aged and most austere woman came to live with us, and all my memories from that time till I was twenty are chilled and saddened by the asperity of that woman's life. My father indeed loved me tenderly and kept me much with him. He educated me; I had learned to read Latin and Greek, and even listened intelligently to his reading of the Psalms in Hebrew. I remember so well the deep melody and beauty of the twenty-third psalm, as I caught from him its under depths of meaning. 'He leadeth me in green pastures and beside waters of stillness,' always gave, in the quaint Hebrew words, a sense of repose, and deep peacefulness that I never caught from any translation. He taught me reverence for my mother, for her gentleness, her dignity, her tender, gracious womanliness, building up my very soul after that saintly model, and showing me in a way that I could never forget, all that it is to be a true woman, tender wife and angel mother. When I was sixteen he died. It seemed then that all the light and beauty of my life had gone out forever. Four years more I lived with that sour, stern woman; all that was tenderest and most refined in me chilled, bruised, lacerated daily by her native angularities and her habitual acerbity. I think she meant well. I think life wore to her just that chill, forbidding aspect, and souls that found in it flowers and sunshine, brightness and beauty, seemed to her to be sporting upon the brink of precipices, with fiery billows rolling beneath them. To my life with my parents I look back with unutterable tenderness; all that came after—is bitter—bitter beyond telling."

"Then, dear, don't recall it. Don't dash with salt and brackishness the pure cup of the present happy time. You looked so sweet and pure when I came in, I cannot bear these tears and this look of pain upon your face."

"But, my friend, I wake up in the nights and feel guilty towards you; and yet when the day comes I can never, never tell you."

"Yes, dear, that is just it. It is in the night time that you feel guilty, not in the pure, open day. It is a morbid feeling—about something which when years of married happiness have tuned our lives to perfect unison, you will tell and I shall hear with a feeling as if it belonged to some far away time and some far away woman, and it will cause no pain to either, but which now would be a poignant grief to you and therefore a profound grief to me. Long ago you satisfied my heart in the matter. Let us say, let us think no more about it."

What is that strange power, is it fate, is it God, which so often impels us to do the very thing it would seem we ought not to do, and that against our own desires and inclinations. If there was one thing which, at some moments of his life Abraham Gladstone desired to know more than all others, it was just this thing which he was now burying from his knowledge. Something within him told him this was best, and therefore he did it, and so doing, insured, let us believe, his after reward.

So cheered and encouraged, Rebecca forgot her pain.

"I have been preparing a little surprise for you. You never heard me sing, I think."

"Do you sing? I'm delighted. Let me have a taste of your powers at once."

"I hadn't sung for many years," she said, "and fancied I had lost my voice altogether, till recently, I've been so happy that the old songs come back to me, and actually plead for utterance."

She led the way into the parlor where the piano stood, and sitting down played a soft prelude and then while he was still wondering at the delicacy of her touch, commenced the sweet and tender strains of an old ballad. Her voice did not seem to him wonderful for power or brilliancy, but possessed a rare and deep pathos, and a truth and beauty of expression which mere cultivation never bestows. Mr. Gladstone was charmed.

"Why did you never tell me this, before?" he asked.

"Why has your talent been left to slumber all these years?"

"Oh! the reason is part of the sad past," she said.

"When all the bloom and sunshine were stricken out of my life so suddenly, many gifts and graces were buried, which will find resurrection in the light of your love. Music in those early days was my one delight."

"And it is a delight which you shall enjoy once more to the full. My mother's piano has stood unopened since her death. Some happy day, please God, you shall possess the key of it, and bid its harmonies flow again. Oh! Rebecca, I get very impatient for that time."

They lingered over the piano, song following song, till the light faded and a moonbeam struck its white and ghostly silence across the instrument. Then her hands dropped upon the keys and their talk wandered off to other themes.

"How I shall miss you this coming winter," he said. "Sometimes as I think of it I'm half determined to carry you off by storm and make you share my exile."

"And you really expect to go to Washington? I have hardly spirit left to congratulate you."

"Yes, the nomination, in the present state of party affairs, is equivalent to an election. I am getting my business into proper shape to leave, and no doubt the first of December will find me en route for the capital."

She was silent, pouting in a pretty way that always pleased him, and running her fingers absently over the keys.

"You begin to grow distrustful of me," he said. "I see it in your face. Shall I take a vow to remain faithful to you amid divers and many temptations?"

"No," she replied, "the more men multiply vows, the more I believe they delight in breaking them. But, dear friend, with so many excitements, so much all about you to dazzle and bewilder, will your heart still remain true and steady to its one love? Oh! it is so very, very hard for me to trust."

"Dear, you may confide in me to the uttermost. Since I have seen my way clear to marry, I have ever had but one desire. Not fortune, nor beauty, nor wit, nor virtue, nor all these combined could tempt me for an instant, if love was wanting. I am more exacting than you can fancy on this score. And if I marry for love, you are to remember I will have love. There must be no after discoveries of hardness of heart or blindness of mind; no frauds on the revenue."

She smiled at his eagerness. "If you can remember," she said, "that a woman, too, has her requirements, not exactly like those of a man, but equally exigent, and be as willing to yield as you are to exact, there need be no trouble."

"Rebecca, I want you, need you, every minute of my life. Let us be married at once. I cannot leave you behind."

"Now you are rash. We have both need of patience; if you can come back to me from this six month's absence, still true, still infatuated," she said, looking up into his face with a smile, "I shall have a deeper trust in you, than is possible to me now. For this, if for no other reason, I would bar you from any precipitancy."

"I suppose you are right, but oh! my darling, the excitements you talk about will seem very tame after these hours at your side."

They stepped out under the vines and the stars shining down through the whispering foliage, witnessed their vows of mutual fidelity and love. The hours wore on, the air grew soft with dews, the night birds called from lonely forest depths, and the breeze that whispered love to the flowers outside, brushed the soft tresses of her hair against his cheek; but all the weird enchantments of the night were as nothing to the magic which lay in their hearts; and which wove out of the commonplace facts of their future, visions of fairy splendor.

"You have never been to the old home," he said. "Now remember, before I go away, you are to drive out there some evening with me. I want so much to show it to you and to consult your taste about the refitting. We shall not commence it to be sure till spring, but you can be thinking of it meanwhile."

"I should like to go," she said, "it would be pleasant to wander with you over the scenes of your boyhood. I should seem to know you so much better for knowing your home. And that, it seems, just now, is about all I have to live for; to know you deeply and well, and to grow able to please you, and make your happiness."

"That is an odd speech," he said, quizzically, "to come from a strong-minded woman like you."

"It is a great wonder to me," she said, "that you dare to take for better, for worse, a woman who cherishes the strange notions which you have so often heard me avow."

"The truth is, Rebecca, that I am less afraid of a woman who cherishes a high ideal of female attainments, than of one whose standard is set too low. I think you will be more likely to fill your life and mine with inspirations of courage, tenderness and truth, than if your ideal were a less noble one."

"Which may be, after all," she said with a smile of confidence and love, "only your way of subduing me; since a woman is ever as pliant as a reed in the hands of the man who fully trusts her, and whom she can fully trust."

He bade her good night then and walked away feeling more than he had expressed of the nobility and beauty of the woman whom he had left looking longingly after him through the dusk. Love has an instinctive comprehension of this matter of the equality of the sexes. No man in the fervor of a love dream ever felt or asserted any kind of superiority over the woman he loved, except a purely material one, or ever refused to her her rightful due of spiritual queenship.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE RIGHT OF A MAN TO WHIP HIS WIFE.

All through the fall Mr. Gladstone was very much occupied with preparations for his winter's absence. Beside that political affairs required a great proportion of his time, there was much to do to put his personal business in a condition to leave. But while Rebecca for this cause found herself deprived in a great measure of her lover's society, she was never allowed to feel herself for a moment neglected. A note of five lines at one time, a basket of fruit at another, or even a flower left on her desk at the office, reminded her pleasantly that though the head and hands were engrossed with cares, the heart still, through it all, preserved a tender thought for her. Thus, instead of his business working estrangement between them, it became actually the means of knitting their hearts in closer bonds; for though these little offices, in a purely practical view,

seemed trifling and insignificant, they were tenderer proofs than the most uninterrupted devotion during hours of leisure, of the fidelity of his attachment. Because of the fineness of a woman's nature, these delicacies and refinements of love are vital to her, and many a woman has perished, gone down to an untimely grave for the want of them. Many another has drooped all her lifetime like a blighted bud upon her stem, folding from bleak and chilling skies, or withering winds of sensualism, her tenderest graces in perpetual concealment; who to sunny warmth and free caressing breezes would have yielded how joyfully, her innermost charm.

Mr. Gladstone was one of the few men who instinctively appreciate these things, and there was no danger of Rebecca suffering from neglect. But it happened in this wise, that the visit which he had planned to the old mansion was postponed to the last week before his departure.

One evening, late in November, however, he drove to the door to fulfill that long delayed intention. Rebecca soon made her appearance, looking in her bright Fall outdoor suit, so cheerful and sparkling, that Mr. Gladstone's eye lingered upon her face with a warmth that was a caress in itself.

"Every time I see you," he said, "I feel less inclined for this long absence from you. Rebecca, if anything should happen to either of us during our separation—"

"Now, my friend," she interrupted him, "don't croak. I feel so joyful to-day, so trustful of the future, that I would not by any means have you disturb my perfect serenity. The birds sing, taking no thought for the morrow. Why should not we?"

Mr. Gladstone gladly acquiesced. "In truth," he said, "I feel lighter-hearted to-day than I have for many weeks. All my preparations for leaving are made; there is nothing left now to do, but to lay ever so many injunctions upon you concerning your future peace and mine, and that I propose to do at my leisure, during this long visit which we are to enjoy together."

She smiled in reply, and they stepped out to the carriage.

When Rebecca was seated Mr. Gladstone proceeded to release his horse from the hitching-post. It was a favorite animal of fine blood, which he had broken himself, and named Queen Mary, after the Scottish heroine.

"Look at her, Rebecca," he said, "isn't she a beauty, and doesn't she know her master? See how proudly she arches her neck! See, how fondly she turns her eye upon me! I broke her after the Rarey method. She has never felt the lash upon her pretty hide; she has never heard an angry tone in her master's voice, and she loves me almost like a human thing."

At this, the high-bred, delicate creature, laid her nose upon his shoulder, and, as if to confirm his words, gave a soft whinny of delight.

He looked up at Rebecca, and she was smiling mischievously at him.

"It is my equine enthusiasm," he said, "which amuses you?"

"Not at all," she replied. "I was only thinking what a curious reflection upon human nature it is, that the most distinct echo in our times of the Great Apostle's doctrine concerning love as the foundation of all real subjugation should illustrate the truth by an appeal to—horses."

Mr. Gladstone was silent for a moment, as if deliberately viewing the matter in this new light.

At last he said, "I am not a theologian, but if I were, I think I should resent that speech as an imputation upon the church."

"The policy of the church towards heretics for more than a thousand years," said Rebecca, "was to slay, burn, exterminate. Later, the church militant contents herself with denunciation and threatenings. The Quakers, to be sure, asserted the principle, two or three centuries ago, but they could not live by it, and are slowly dying out. In this generation, Mr. Rarey stands the sole and single reviver of the neglected truth, that pure, unvarying kindness is the higher law of subjugation."

"But, Rebecca, Mr. Rarey's method includes positive force."

"Yes, but it must be administered without harshness."

"The truth is, there are very few men who can practice the Rarey method, because so few are capable of the necessary self-control. That is the man's great miracle, after all."

"Yet, judging from his slight physique and delicate, almost feminine organization, the power is not that of physical force, or of the will, but rather of a spirit so large, so loving, so tender, for the dear object of his enthusiasm, that however the noble brute may rebel, it causes him no anger, but only pity. It is love after all which is the overmastering power, enabling him to conquer, first himself, and then his horse."

"I begin to suspect, my little friend," said Mr. Gladstone, dryly, "that you have a private interest in this discussion. But you must remember that the right of a man to whip his wife is very ancient, and one which no man will be in haste to renounce."

Rebecca laughed. "But it seems," she said, "that you have already renounced your right to whip your horse."

Let us be thankful for that. It is a step in the right direction."

"Ah! but Queen is very submissive without the whip."

"Less fractious by nature than most women, you probably believe."

"No; she is a fiery, mettlesome thing, else I should not like her so well. But she yields all her superior strength and mettle and fire to my service for the pure sake of love, and a little gentle coercion which I practiced upon her in the early days of our acquaintance. You must not ask me to forget that fact, Rebecca."

"Since you insist on making the application, I will confess that I don't care that you should forget it. It is undoubtedly the duty of woman, as it is her nature, to yield implicit trust; but it is equally the man's duty, and as he becomes more enlightened he will see that it is also for his best interest never to betray that trust."

"Oh! since you yield without coercion, you spare me the need of the whip; but what has become of your strong-mindedness?"

"Let us be serious," she said. "A man is certainly the responsible head and representative of the family, and may, therefore, for all purposes of mutual use and benefit require obedience. If there were still any doubt, nature has settled it emphatically by giving to him a preponderance of will power. It is absurd to suppose that the weaker can or was intended to command the stronger. Yet I cannot but feel that there is a kind of submission which is not incompatible with the highest freedom. As the citizen is subject to the law, and yet only truly free under the law, so I think a woman may, during a whole life-time, yield a true and just obedience to her husband, and yet never feel her rights invaded, nor her conscience profaned. But then the man must be a man, and not a tyrant; not even addicted to that inherent vice of weak and narrow minds—the inclination to exact all possible rights, without yielding the corresponding duties."

"Rebecca, have you any fear that your rights will ever be invaded, or your conscience profaned?"

"No," she said. "I trust you perfectly. Yet I think you must see for yourself, that many women do so suffer."

"But that is the fault of the individual and not of the institution. In this, more than in any other way, it seems to me that I can trace the Divine agency in the ordering of the world's affairs. The primitive institutions of the race are all good and true. The Family, the State, the Church, who but God could have ordained them? The reforms which are needed must all be directed toward the heart of man, to bring it up to the level of those grand ideas which have their source in the bosom of God. They were fitted to man in the infancy of the race, and he may progress for ages and never outgrow them, though, age by age, his vision grows clearer and his heart purer, to appreciate them."

They had left the town behind them, and were driving through open fields. The landscape drawn in the soft tints of the Indian summer, and veiled by its delicate haze, was one to charm the eye and touch the heart. The pastures were sere and yellow, but along the old gray walls the golden asters still faintly nodded. The trees bore only a scant and fluttering foliage, which yet displayed some trace of the October splendor; the brooks threading the fresher meadows, reflected the pale azure and paler gold of the tender sky, softened from its summer brilliancy, to an aspect more accordant with the waning fortunes of the year. Already the wide-spread acres of the Gladstone estate were in view. Already the great square chimneys of the old house rose in sight among the trees.

"Rebecca," said Mr. Gladstone, "you cannot imagine the pride and joy of my heart, as I look on these dear old acres and think that they are safe again in my possession. If I had never been so near losing them, I should never have known how much I loved them."

"Your fortune has been very singular in that respect, I think," said Rebecca. "I never quite understood how so strange a combination of circumstances took its rise."

"It is a long story to tell," said Mr. Gladstone. "In fact, I am still a little puzzled about it myself. At times I have had my suspicions that there must have been some unfair influence brought to bear upon my father; or, worse, some tampering with his actual intentions. But I have no proof of anything of that kind, which would avail me in a legal way; therefore, I content myself with letting the matter rest. The trial has been a severe one; but, now that it is over, I would not have escaped it. Life, and all that it holds for me, are ten times dearer than they could have been if I had not so struggled for my hold upon them. I, myself, am the stronger, better, purer man for the hard work which this experience has entailed upon me. If my brother Dick ever wronged me, I freely forgive him; if not for his own sake, yet for the sake of this indirect good which I have gained, and for that dearer interest, our common mother. By the way," he said, "I had a letter from him the other day, and he is coming home soon."

"It is a long time since you have seen him, is it not?" said Rebecca, in an absent, meditative way, less interested in what she was saying than in her under thought of the grandness and purity of this man's life, and the pride she had in it as already a part of her own.

"Yes, he has not been in Wyndham for eight years, although it is only about five since he went to South America. I fancy, from his letter, that he has not been so successful as he expected to be, and intends to return to his old home to settle for life. Well, we will give him a welcome; and, so long as he shows a man's front to the world, he will have a man's place in it, whether he be rich or poor. He is a fine looking man, is Dick."

"Does he look like you?"

"Not at all. I am fair, but he is dark, with a natural polish and princeliness of bearing which I should never acquire. But he has, or used to have, a bad heart, Rebecca. I cannot promise you that you will like him for a brother."

"When will he arrive?" asked Rebecca.

"It is not quite certain. He may be here by Christmas. He speaks of renewing the old festivities in that case. Of course he doesn't know that I shall not be here then; or he may not come till spring. I should judge, by what he says, that he will not delay longer than that."

They had reached the gate, where the farmer stood ready to admit them, having already opened the house and left his wife in charge of it till the arrival of its owner. As they drove up the wide, handsome avenue, Mr. Gladstone took great pleasure in directing Rebecca's attention to his favorite points in the ground, and discussing with her the improvements which he already contemplated.

"It will be some years yet before I can carry my plans into execution; for, besides the farm, I have nothing to depend upon but my own exertions, which makes me, as compared with my father, a poor man; but, with industry and good management, the day will come when I can realize all these dreams, and leave the old place, when I die, in better order than I found it."

The house itself had, of course, the dreary look which an uninhabited building is sure to gather. There were the inevitable dust and cobwebs, the darkness and the smell of damp and mould; but as the shutters were taken down, revealing the handsome walls and wide, fine windows, and heavy antique furniture of the rooms, Rebecca felt that only sunshine and good cheer were needed to make it, not only a spacious and elegant, but a cosy and comfortable home.

They wandered about the house for an hour, Mr. Gladstone eloquent all the while with old memories. This was his mother's favorite rocking chair; these her best loved books. In this room his father died. This other had been his own room since he could remember, and this his brother Dick's. Dick was such a handsome fellow, so grand in his manners, courteous to his equals, but haughty and domineering towards his inferiors. Men, unless they were quite of his own stamp, seldom liked him; but the women adored him.

"I suppose," he said, half joking, half in earnest, "there is no end to the hearts he has broken."

And so he went on, with the abandon of a generous heart, calling up old and tender associations.

Stopping for a moment in a chamber, Mr. Gladstone said:

"Wait for a moment, Rebecca, while I look in this trunk for my opera glass. It has been packed away since I left the small house, and I may want it this winter."

He knelt, and selecting a key from the bunch he carried, unlocked the trunk and commenced removing the contents. The first thing brought to view was a blue silk dress. He grew grave, and was about to lay it silently aside, when, from some awkwardness of handling, the folds fell apart, and discovered great yellow stains of dampness.

"This isn't keeping well, is it?" he said. "Perhaps I'd better shake it out, and hang it in a closet."

As he did so the ruin of it became more evident. The beautiful lustre of the silk was faded. There wasn't a breadth of it that was not discolored and moulded, and the lace flounce, the one pride and treasure of Melissa's heart, was eaten to holes by the mice. It was a sad reminiscence, and the pathos of it was all the deeper, because it was so true a token of poor Melissa's life and memory.

There was not a word spoken as the ruined, faded thing was hung away; but a chill pervaded Mr. Gladstone's heart, which only a glance into Rebecca's pure, love-lighted face could wholly dispel.

The opera glass being found, they retraced their steps to the great parlor.

"I am going to leave you here for a few moments, Reba," said Mr. Gladstone, "while I go up stairs to look for some old letters which are stowed away there. I shall only be gone a short time, and then we will set out for home. The moon is coming up gloriously, and we shall have a fine drive."

Rebecca, left alone, seated herself in a great reception chair, and commenced, in an idle way, studying the furniture of the room. It was quaint and old fashioned, but still handsome. What most attracted her were the portraits upon the walls, done in oil, and with very creditable artistic skill. The one opposite the great window she knew in a moment was that of Mr. Gladstone's mother. It was a face of rare delicacy, yet not wanting in strength; the contour high and open, the features regular, the hair, which was dark and softly waving, and the exquisite skin ex-

pressing more than anything else the fineness of the organization. The expression was of perfect gentleness, touched with a sadness so tender and patient, that the heart of the beholder thrilled with an instinctive sympathy and reverence.

"Ah!" was Rebecca's thought, her eyes filling with tears. "She would have understood me, would have forgiven me, would have loved me," and as she looked longer, it seemed to her that from the very canvass floated down a blessing and a caress.

The portrait of Mr. Gladstone the elder hung there also; the face of a generous, open-hearted, yet upright man.

"Just the face I should have looked to see, from all I have heard of him," she thought; "tender, large-hearted, strictly conscientious. How could it have happened that he should have made so unjust a disposition of his property? I do not wonder that the feeling is so strong in the community against the half brother. There must have been some undue influence used, which it is very noble of Mr. Gladstone to forgive so freely."

There was simply a head of Abraham in his teens, a bold, free, spirited drawing, which amused while it delighted her. It seemed so strange to see the boyish look on those grave, settled features which she knew so well. After a short inspection of it, she returned to her seat; and returned, also, to her idle examination of the details of the room. Presently, in one corner, upon the floor, she espied another painting, the face turned toward the wall; but on the canvass she read, "A portrait of R. P. Clavering," with the date and the artist's initials. At the sight of that name, the color forsook her cheek and lip, and an uncontrollable emotion seized her. She sat for a moment powerless, the description which Mr. Gladstone had that hour given her of his brother flashing across her brain. The next moment there came a revulsion of feeling. It was no time now, she felt, for shrinking or uncertainty. Cost what it would, she must go forward and look at that hidden face. She rose and walked across the room, and bringing the picture out into a strong light, turned it towards her.

(To be continued.)

Shipwrecked.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

We two waited on the deck—
All around us rolled the sea;
Helpless, on our reeling Wreck,
Silent, wan, and worn were we.
Where the little boat went down,
Where the sun had plunged from sight,
Hope and light alike did drown—
O'er us, dark as Fate was night.

Face to face we stood alone,
Dreary, still, and sad were we;
Smitten by that wild cyclone,
All around us beat the sea,
Rose the sea, rushed the sea,
Roared the wrathful sea!

Cloudy shapes like hooded ghouls,
Flitted past our shuddering prow;
Death was reaching for our souls,
Chill his breath upon the brow:
Then, oh then, were we aware,
Through all war below, above,
Of a face sublimely fair—
Was it death unveiled, or Love?

Heart to heart we stood alone,
Smiling and serene were we;
Tortured by that wild cyclone,
All around us strove the sea,
Wailed the sea, mourned the sea,
Sobbed the toiling sea.

While we watched, a scething tide
O'er our sinking vessel crossed:
Out among the waters wide,
Smiling still we two were tossed;
Tossed and drifted, overcome
In a crowd of surges dread,
Bruised and beaten, blind and dumb,
So we sank among the dead.

Oh my love, and mine alone,
Sweet it was to die with thee!
Far beneath that dread cyclone,
All around us rocked the sea,
Crept the sea, sank the sea,
Slept the silent sea.

Through our slumber sweet and deep,
Stole the growing light of dawn;
Heart and brain its warmth did steep,
Out of death our souls were drawn.
So we breathed, awoke, arose,
Heart to heart, and lip to lip;
Where Love's golden ocean flows,
Ever sails our snowy ship.

Never sun so softly shone;
Fair in saintly robes are we!
O'er us shrieks no mad cyclone,
All around us sings the sea,
Gleams the sea, glides the sea,
Laughs the lovely sea!

ORIGINAL ESSAYS

"There is no other authority than that of thought; existence itself is known only by thought, and, for myself, I am, only because I think. All truth exists for me only upon this ground, that it becomes evident to me in the free exercise of my thought."

For The Spiritual Republic.

A Man of Prayer.

BY HENRY C. WRIGHT.

I am a man of prayer. I have lived a life of prayer. I have prayed "without ceasing." Prayer to God is a necessity of my being. I can no more live without prayer than I can without food. My prayers have always been earnest, sincere, honest and effectual. God has heard and answered my prayers in many things; and I have His sure and certain promise, that He will hear and answer them in every particular; I know in whom I trust; and that, though the answer be long delayed, it will certainly come. That God cannot lie, has given His word to me personally and individually, that my prayers shall all be fully and satisfactorily answered. On this personal, individual pledge of God to me, my soul relies with unquestioning faith. Indeed, there is no faith about it. I know my prayers will all be answered. *Where knowledge begins, faith ends.* So it is with me. I do not believe, I know, God hears and will answer all my prayers.

"How do you pray?" I hear you ask. How? Why naturally, spontaneously and necessarily, of course. No other prayers are heeded or answered. Only natural prayers can be honest, sincere and earnest. Only honest and earnest prayers can be effectual. There are lying prayers, and truthful prayers. There is a vast amount of lying done in so-called prayer. Christendom and heathendom perpetuate more dishonesty, insincerity and falsehood in prayer than in any other way. Do you ask how? I will tell through the *REPUBLIC*, if you will let me. Meantime, in this, I wish to inform you how I do not and how I do pray.

I never do other people's praying. I can no more do your praying than I can be truthful, honest, just and kind for you. Each one must say his own prayers. No other person can say them for him. I can no more pray for you, *i. e.*, in your stead, as your agent, or representative, than I can be hungry, thirsty, or sleepy in your stead. You can no more pray by proxy than you can be honest, just, holy, and in heaven, by proxy. Each human being must do his own praying. None can do it for him.

Do you kneel down in the closet or family and pray? No, never. I never go into a closet, nor into a domestic circle to pray. To pray in this way: to go on my knees alone, or in a family, and make a speech to an invisible Being, or Power, and tell him all I know—and more about Himself and myself, how great, wise, and good He is, and how insignificant, contemptible, ignorant and wicked I am, seems to me a mere waste of words and time. So far as giving God information respecting Himself or me, such prayers are useless; for He already knows more than I can tell Him about either of us. As to obtaining what I need by such prayers, they can avail nothing; for God has already assured me that the demands of my nature must be supplied in another way. No need thus, to ask Him to give me food, water, raiment, shelter, love, sympathy, justice, purity, truth; in a word, life, health of body and soul; for He has already placed these things within my reach, and if I do not reach out my hands and take them, the fault is mine, not God's.

To all such oral prayers, whether in secret or in the family, God gives one answer—only one—"Go earn and deserve what you need, and seek and you will have them." To the prayer, "Give me life and health," God answers, "Go learn and obey the laws of life and health, and you will have what you seek." To the prayer, "God save me and mine from drunkenness," God answers, "Go, be teetotalers, and your prayer is answered." To the prayer, "Oh, God! make us pure, true, just and holy," God answers, "Be pure, be true, be just and holy," and your prayer is answered. To the prayer, "Give us heaven," God answers, "Deserve heaven, and you will have it." To the prayer, "Save us from hell," God says, "Keep out of hell," and your prayer is answered. To the prayer, "Save us, oh, God! for Christ's sake!" God answers, "Go, work out your own salvation, and you are saved, and no damnation can come near you."

"Do you pray or make speeches to God in public assemblies?" No, never. This, too, seems to me a waste of time and breath, so far as influencing God or man is concerned. To the prayer, "God save society from drunkenness, pauperism, crime, anarchy and blood," the only answer that can be given has been given, *i. e.*, "Cease to drink alcohol, cease to teach the people that it is right to lie, steal, rob and murder; respect the personal rights of woman, and of the poor and ignorant, and society is safe." To the prayer, "God save the Republic," the only answer God ever did or can give, is, "Let the Republic cease to assume the right to create, annul and reverse moral obligations, to suit its convenience, and to 'kill, slay and destroy' men, women and children at discretion; let it do impartial justice to rich and poor; let it 'cease to do evil and learn to do well,'" and the prayer is answered.

This whole system of oral, formal praying, as practiced by Christendom and heathendom, seems to me simply useless and perille. It does not arrest the progress of war, tyranny, drunkenness, prostitution and all crime, nor make men and women more pure, true, healthful, and happy in their domestic, social, commercial, and political relations. It often happens that the more earnest, frequent and importunate people are, in the performance of such prayers, the more unscrupulous, unprincipled, and bloody-minded they become. Witness praying slaveholders and their praying allies; witness praying warriors, rumsellers, libertines, Mohammedans, Jews and Pagans. Even pirates, man-stealers and mankillers, are wont to kneel down thus, and pray to God for help as they enter on their work of rapine and blood.

But you ask, "How do you pray? What are your honest, sincere, earnest, effectual prayers?" My nature is a praying nature. So is yours. So is that of every human being. How?

What is hunger but a prayer of our nature for food? It is that, and nothing else. Were you ever hungry? Then you are a man of prayer, you have a praying nature. You can no more live without prayer, than without hunger. Hunger is but a call of our nature to that Power that can supply food; and the call, or prayer, is sincere, honest, earnest and effectual, in proportion as the hunger is intense.

What is thirst, but a prayer of human nature for water? Not for rum, whisky, gin, brandy, beer, elder, tea or tobacco; but for simple, pure, refreshing cold water. What are drunkenness and the deathly nausea produced by tobacco, but the terrible prayer or protest of nature against drinking alcohol and chewing or smoking tobacco?

What is drowsiness, but a prayer of nature for sleep? What is weariness, but a prayer of nature for rest? So of all the demands of the body. What are they, but prayers to nature's God, for a natural and healthful supply? Is not that oral prayer a lie, which asks for bodily health, while the one who prays is indulging in habits which he knows renders health impossible? I pray, orally and earnestly, to be delivered from dyspepsia, delirium tremens, gout, and all bodily disease and suffering, and yet do these things which I know must bring on my body these diseases and sufferings. What are such prayers but mockery and falsehood? How many of the oral prayers offered by Christians and Pagans, for bodily health and deliverance from bodily sufferings, are of this type? are simply lying prayers?

But I stop. Should you see fit to print this, respecting the true and natural prayer of the physical nature of man, I will send you one more on the natural prayer or demands of the soul.

For The Spiritual Republic.

Massachusetts Spiritual Association—"Integrity of Sexism."

BY LITA BARNEY SAYLES.

Let us compare the preamble of the declaration of Principles, subscribed to at Worcester, January, 1866, with that of the revision of the above at Boston, this January, 1867, and I can hardly think that "L." will demur to the original, as he and many others will, and do, to the revision. The first reads: "Whereas, the so-called Christianity of the world, known in modern times as popular theology, has, after many years of constant effort, utterly failed to meet the present religious demands of mankind; and, instead of bringing about a state of harmony between man and God, has, on the contrary, taught that there is an eternal enmity existing between them; and still farther, has sought to close up all means of communication between humanity and the spirit life; it therefore becomes us as Spiritualists, enjoying, as we claim to do, the light of a superior, more complete and daily revelation, to make to the world a clear and definite declaration of what Spiritualism teaches, and the benefits which flow therefrom," etc.

The revised declaration reads: "Whereas, Christianity, in common with other so-called 'revelations,' is neither homogeneous, normal nor scientific, and has been the fruitful cause of assumptive supernaturalism, dogmatic theologies, and cruel legislation," etc., which I should call a new declaration, instead of a revision of the old. The remainder of the principles are as differently worded from the original as this—condensed, I suppose; but condensation sometimes freezes the true life out of what it attacks. The Committee who revised this are so transcendental in their expressions, that we need a thorough explanation of their phraseology before we poor common people can understand them. Let them get off their stilts and come down to the level of our comprehension, or else not blame us at all if we misconstrue them.

It is no wonder that "L." in the *REPUBLIC* of March 9th, speaks of the last part of the fourth article of the revised declarations, as "a puzzle to us," for it can certainly only be a puzzle to every one that was not or is not now, in the "ring" that originated that revision. I remember studying upon that expression, "the integrity of sexism," in reading the report of said Convention, and failing to become enlightened by the elucidations of several of its friends, as reported, gave it up for the time, and supposed it was some-

thing that, in my ignorance, I was not developed sufficiently to understand. But if the clear mind of "L." cannot comprehend it, I feel more like excusing myself for my obtuseness. I suspect that "L." is right in his definition of the term under consideration, as I can only understand it to assert a right to great laxity of morals, shrouded in specious phrase, although I would not aver that all who spoke in its favor there, were aware of such a construction being put upon it.

The Committee who drew up the original instrument, consisted of five, with Henry C. Wright as chairman; there were many more words in that than in this, but there was nothing but what was so plain that the "runner might read." Every affirmation was well defined, and sustained, and perfectly clear. Sometimes it is well to revise and abbreviate, but if we are to lose all our definitions by it, obscure and cloud what it is intended to express, and indeed have ideas entirely foreign introduced, and those which are of doubtful propriety, I cannot think an improvement is made. At the quarterly meeting in Lawrence, October, 1866, Mr. Robinson, of Salem, asked for the appointment of a Committee of three, to revise the original articles, whereupon J. H. W. Toohy, E. S. Wheeler, and A. C. Robinson were appointed such Committee, and made their report at the Second Annual State Convention, at Boston, January, 1867.

One reason why I do not feel a confidence in this revision is, that I do not forget that one of this Committee said in Providence at the National Convention, that "such a thing as moral sense did not exist among Spiritualists as Spiritualists. There was no recognition of any such thing as morality by Spiritualists. Their lecturers told the people that it was just as good to be immoral as moral, etc." (See report of Convention.) Now a man that would make any such assertion concerning the great body of our people, is not a fit person to be trusted with revising the declaration of principles, as defining the position of the Massachusetts Spiritualists. Such a man judges by himself, and by the sphere of Spiritualism where he happens to be best acquainted, but is not the proper person to define true Spiritualism, which is pure and holy, and dwells in light unapproachable to those who do not believe in "morality." I deny any such assertions concerning the majority of Spiritualists, and no lecturers that I have heard, ever dared to malign Spiritualism in the way this one man did, or ever "told the people that vice was as good as virtue, immorality as good as morality," etc. If this man has had the opportunity of hearing lecturers make such assertions, it was not "to the people," I venture to say, but by some "wolf in sheep's clothing," after he went behind the scenes, and knew who he was talking to. It is shameful to traduce the character of our speakers thus, and more shameful that the defamation should come through a speaker, too.

This speech in last August Convention, in addition to the unnecessary ambiguity of the term, is one of my reasons for understanding it as I do. Another is, that a gentleman who was "in the ring," upon being pressed hard to know if this article did not intend to declare that every man and every woman had a right to do as they pleased in regard to their sexual relations, shrugged his shoulders, and smiled, knowingly, and answered, "You don't want me to say, do you?" and would not deny it. Another reason is that when the explanation of the term was urgently called for, and the chairman of the Committee, rose to respond, there was nothing expressed by what was replied, except to reiterate the "integrity of sexism," which was more lurid than lucid. Some pure souls there knew well enough to what the expression pointed, and spoke against it, but the majority had so much confidence in their Committee that it was almost sacrilege to question their immaculateness.

It is folly to suppose that the Spiritualists of Massachusetts, as a body, will indorse any such promiscuous teachings as are given in the revision here alluded to, and their State organization will have to undergo another revision to prevent the whole thing from breaking up by "spontaneous combustion;" though heaven knows, and we may just as well own the truth, (1) there are too many, both men and women, that class themselves under the general caption of Spiritualists, that have got just the declaration which they desire. But, Emma Hardinge says, "You are talking of materialism, and Spiritualism has nothing to do with that. Spiritualism is perfect purity." So it certainly is; and those men and women who delight in the material plane, may imagine that they are courting the fires of hell, in order to purify themselves for heaven, (and no doubt the poor souls will have enough of the former before they reach the latter,) but it is too much like the allopathic mode of medicine—pulling down the whole system that you may build it up; whereas, the more modern and better school say, "Build up as fast as you can, and not destroy; repair, and make your repairing good." All the ideas that such people have in common with a pure-minded Spiritualist, is the phenomena of spirit intercourse. But a person may earnestly believe that, and be just as material as ever. One is not necessarily a spiritual man or woman, because of belief in the phenomena, no more than is a spirit spiritual, because he has laid away the flesh; for we naturally attract such

spirits to us, as are like us, and they will often talk to suit us, particularly if they and we occupy a low plane of development; and if persons are superstitious enough to believe that because a friend has laid away his earth garment, and lives as a spirit, that he is therefore omniscient, and omnipresent, and whatever he says we must do, putting our own reason aside, as teach the churches, we may allow ourselves to be led into all kinds of excesses, at the same time supposing that we are being honest to ourselves. Such people have a hard lesson to learn; and, though it may be no merit, perhaps, of our own, but only a consequence of our temperaments that some of us have never seen the necessity of subscribing to that creed, yet every day we should feel thankful that we have been able to stand in the slippery places, thankful that our surroundings and circumstances have assisted us in a purer path.

And those who denounce this great hideousness of "Free Love," as it is termed, should not, in justice to the cause, withdraw themselves (as I know many people have,) from the ranks of Spiritualism. And I do not mean that they should fraternize with what is repulsive and wrong, but I feel sad to hear good, true men and women say, "I don't have anything to do with Spiritualism now. I find so much rottenness in it. I can get a better inspiration from Progressive Unitarianism." Don't you know, good souls, that you are the leaven of the whole lump, and that if you will only take up your cross, and bide your time, and let the spirit within you work out, you will, by and by, leaven the whole to the complete justification of Spiritualism? These things work slowly, sometimes, but they surely work, and thus shall you be saviors in the true sense; you shall "save the people from their sins." Let us rather say, "I will never deny my Savior, for such has Spiritualism been to my soul; I will exalt and glorify thee by a pure and holy life, and walk; because thou art traduced, so much the more will I maintain thy purity, for I have known thee in thy depths, and found thee to be perfect peace. Thou art the Holy of Holies in the temple of the ever living Spirit of the universe; I will overthrow the 'money-changers,' and drive their polluting presence from out thy sanctuary. Although I am unworthy, yet will I aid to cleanse thy halls, to remove the smoke and dust from thy windows, that the illumination from thy lamp of Perpetual Inspiration may be seen, known and revered by the whole world. Angels helping me, this shall be my joyful task, until the universe shall know of Thy glory!"

Dayville, Conn., March, 1867.

For The Spiritual Republic.

Psychometric Reading of Major General John A. Logan, Representative at Large from Illinois.

BY ABBY M. LAFLIN FERREE.

"See the conquering hero comes."

Naturally gentlemanly, positive and clear of thought in what he sees, knows. Feels parties, their aims and desires. Hope in man is good, but he must see him all he seems to be—a revolutionist. Speaks voluntarily; is not pushed up to it by others. Off-hand in speech, makes hit after hit. Elocution is not known by him; that is, he is not measured by its rules; yet men feel what he says, because he feels what he speaks to be true. A builder and a separator, divides the good from the bad.

Will not buy, sell, or traffic in government patronage. Will not act the coward. Logan is his name. Cannon is his mission. A big gun. Not a reasoner; does what he knows must be done. Will not sit down and see the weak trodden down; will not connive at party intrigues; holds to what he sees is right; will grow stronger and stronger in the light of liberty. A column. One of the few who will help reconstruct the Southern States, by acting up to the country's laws. Not as radical as some, but a strong friend to the most radical moves. Grows stronger and stronger, and, like the banyan tree, that throws out its limbs and shoots them in the soil, forming new shade and shelter for those who will come under it. What courage! either at the head of an army, or as a statesman. "Logan, act as a man and a Christian," says his inner spirit; "act as you ever have done, and much good will be done by you to the country." Another form comes to me; side by side you stand; 'tis Butler. He will drive with the same mallet, break up some of those hidden schemes; will untie the worthy and tie up the worthless. Day by day, Logan, your work will be presented to you, and I see you do it. Seek the best minded men and women, and remember that they will bring what you require, hope, zeal, faith and light. One year from now, I hear these words spoken by many men and women, "I knew that Logan was a man, a good worker; he will be better than the little giant Douglas was. He has less ambition, and has more soul."

Yes, and the light shines on you through these honest-hearted ones; their good wishes rest on you daily as benison. "Logan is right, I know," is caught up, and resounds from hillside to valley, over the broad prairies, lakes and rivers.

Spirituality is so closely woven in all your outer being, 'tis like the genial sunshine of spring calling into new life and beauty the grass, leaf, and flower, as well as the dashing

water, the freshened evergreen of the mountains, and the vast verdure of the limitless plains.

As nature brings out her productions one by one from her vast store house, so he, as man, grows, produces, what it is his nature to grow and produce. A full rounded, energetic character is moulded like the ball, rolls, moves easily and with great power; but nothing in man, earth or heaven can stay him, when he sees it must be done. God is ever with such minds, such men. They work for Him; they are His instruments; they should live near him, thereby ever ready to do his bidding.

Logan! humanity calls you out to work for her sons and DAUGHTERS. Let this new advancement, this place of power, this place of trust, which the people have conferred upon you, inspire you to act the best that is in you. Over you is written "Excellior."

Washington, D. C., March 14, 1867.

For The Spiritual Republic.

There Lived a Man.

BY THOMAS H. HOWARD.

I met him many a time
When the world seemed in its prime,
Ere its glory and its freshness had gone outward from my eyes;
And his glad and ringing voice
By its tone would say Rejoice,
And it gave the lie forever unto Mourning and Lies.

There was nothing like a sorrow
In his Present—his To-morrow
Was a sea of singing gladness, joy'd forever to the brim;
For whatever came of trouble,
He trode over it like stubble,
For he knew the Father loved him, and he knew his love for Him.

So, if injured by another,
He exclaimed unto his Brother,
You have wronged yourself and God, sir, you have done no wrong to me;
And when ghastly Shadows strode
In the light of his abode,
He would say The day is shrouded but the Soul can always see.

Thus he drew his daily lessons
From the everlasting Presence,
And he never paused a moment in the shadow of a Sin;
For his heart was grand and porous,
And the ever-sounding chorus
Of the birds of Immortality was always raining in.

There was thought, intense and torrid,
Grandly written on his forehead,
But its rigor still was handsome as his earnestness was glad.
Giving alms, he said What matters?
I do homage to your tatters,
And your wrongs time will avenge, sir, so it doth not make me sad.

So he always seemed most starry
Where the human, rent and scarry,
Bore the spirit drenched in sable, like a seared and ruined thing;
And to Death he said Thou smotest,
But Heaven's near, at the remotest,
And our sorrow will be with us and be sure to give us wing.

He would say The Father ever,
Not in Language, but Endeavor,
Speaks to all who sin or suffer through all those who understand;
All his winged words love healing—
They were golden-tipped with feeling,
And the livery of Contagion flushed to health at his command.

He companioned stars and mountains—
And his spirit drank from fountains
Of the measureless Unseen, and it expanded as it filled;
Not a bird but shared his spirit—
He would say, I do inherit
All its gladness and its music, and I would not have it killed.

As the years came whitening o'er him
Heaven richer bounties bore him;
Oft he said, I am a part of higher glories than we scan;
And at death, he uttered blandly
I begin existence grandly
For I leave in mortal memories the thought, THERE LIVED A MAN.

For The Spiritual Republic.

Public Prayer.

BY LAROT SUNDERLAND.

"Jesus must have prayed publicly in uttering the 'Lord's Prayer,' as we term it; so it must have been in the utterance of the prayer recorded in John's Gospel, or these prayers would not have been reported as they were."—Clericus.

This clerical friend is not, by any means, the first, nor will he be the last, Christian teacher, who will tell us that we have the authority and example of Jesus for public prayer. Whereas, we know, that, according to the New Testament account, Jesus forbade public prayer, both by precept and by example. Nor can this clergyman be a "Master in Israel," and not know that what is said of Jesus in "John's Gospel," is not to be received as paramount authority in a matter of this kind. Nor is it to be considered as an example of public praying, when we are told the form of words which Jesus taught his disciples to use when they prayed.

Here follows the "weight of evidence" as to what he

taught, both by precept and example. And, first as to his command. About this there can be no mistake:

"When thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites; for they love to pray standing in the synagogues, and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, they shall have their reward. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy father which is in secret; and thy father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."—Matt. vi. 5, 6.

This command is plain and to the point, and his practice is described as corresponding with it:

"And when he had sent the multitude away, he went up to a mountain apart to pray."—(Matt. xiv. 23.)

"Woe unto you, scribes and pharisees, hypocrites; who for a pretence make long prayers!"—(Matt. xxiii. 14.)

"And he saith unto his disciples, sit ye here while I go and pray yonder."—(Matt. xxvi. 26.)

"And when he had sent them away, he departed into a mountain to pray."—(Mark xvi. 47.)

"And he saith to his disciples, sit ye here while I pray."—(Mark xiv. 32.)

"And he withdrew himself into a wilderness and prayed."—(Luke v. 16.)

"And he went up into a mountain to pray."—(Luke ix. 29.)

"And when he was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast, he kneeled down and prayed."—(Luke xxii. 41.)

So much, then, as to the precepts and the example of Jesus. And now, a few words in respect to the origin and the nature of prayer. The theological or Christian idea of prayer may be thus defined: An aspiration addressed to one's conception of an inscrutable personage.

It originates in a condition of infancy; or a condition of the human mind analogous to that of childhood. That condition is one of ignorance, helplessness, and a sense of dependence upon superior, or parental wisdom. Hence there is a feeling of fear, and a sense of want which inspires the prayer for assistance. As the infant is ignorant, helpless, fearful, credulous, and hopeful, so has been the infancy of the human race, and these conditions of the human mind are sufficient for showing how it has been that the race has contracted the habit of prayer. At first, the aspiration was addressed to leeks, onions, sticks, stones, birds, beasts, and then to the heavenly bodies; and so in the process of ages, to imaginary personages that were supposed to be in the atmosphere above. Even the Jewish conception of Elohim (gods) was scarcely in the advance of the Heathenish idea, which prevailed ages before the first period referred to in the Bible. Says that good man, Theodore Parker:

"When you come to look at the Bible itself, and study it part by part, and then put the results of your study into a whole, you find a remarkable difference in regard to the character of God himself, that depends on the general civilization and enlightenment of the times and the writers; the further you go back the ruder all things become. Take the whole of Greek literature, from Homer, eleven hundred years before Christ, to Anna Commana, eleven hundred years after him, and there is a great change in the poetic representations of God. The same thing happens in the books of the Bible. They extend over twelve or thirteen hundred years; it may be, perhaps, fourteen hundred. Perhaps Genesis is the oldest book, and the Fourth Gospel the newest. What a difference between the God in Genesis and that in the Fourth Gospel! Can any thoughtful man conceive that these two conflicting and various notions of God, could ever have come from the same source? Let any one of you read through the book of Genesis, and then the Fourth Gospel, and you will be astonished at the diversity, nay, the hostility even, between the God in the old book and the new one. Then, and at some subsequent time, look at the various books between the two, and you see what different notions of the Divine Being there are in this 'infallible, miraculous revelation of God.'"

Thus it has been, man has formed his conceptions of an inscrutable personage, in "his own image," or according to his capacity, and his actual knowledge of nature and the constitution of things.

Aspiration, faith, and hope are developed from the filial relation. To the parental appertain wisdom, power, and authority, whence is the right to govern. And hence it is easy to see how prayer is originated. It is from a condition of ignorance, helplessness, and a love of the mysterious, the invisible, the inscrutable. The prayer is promoted by fear, by credulity, and hope.

But "Clericus" appeals to phrenology as authority for prayer. To this I have objections:

First. Phrenology was always as true as it is new. That is, the functions of the human brains were always the same. But the farther back you go in the history of the race, the more prayer we find. The habit of praying has always prevailed to the greatest extent among the Papists and the heathens of the past ages.

Second. Were prayer, properly speaking, an instinctive act, all men would pray precisely alike; that is, they would have the same conceptions of an inscrutable personage as an object to pray to. There would be as much agreement in the act of prayer, as there now is, and always has been in the sexual instincts, and the appetite for food. We laugh, we weep alike, but this cannot be affirmed of matters that come within the range of credulity.

As to phrenology, I may say in passing, that I received my first lessons in that theory, from Spurzheim and George Comb, and from the Fowlers also. And my estimate of it as a "science," is fittingly expressed by Mr. Hudson Tuttle in the same number of THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC which contains the article of "Clericus," that has called forth

these remarks. Indeed, it may be called a "nose of wax," and a "chart" of the human head might be stereotyped, and it would answer equally well for any, or for all heads alike. The fact is, this theory has been driven into the ground and vastly over estimated in its application to business, to marriage, and to religion. Mr. S. R. Wells holds it out as authority for belief in the dogmas of theology, and "Clericus" leans upon it as a sufficient reason for addressing our highest aspiration to an inscrutable personage, who is "past finding out." Yes, past finding out, and now, I call upon this "Clericus" to face the music, and tell us what authority he finds in the ultimates of science for affirming attributes of an *inscrutability*?

It may be said, perhaps, that we do all of us, instinctively feel those emotions to which we have given the name of worship; and they arise in the human mind upon the conception of the beautiful. We romance in our highest conceptions of heroism, which is worship. But these emotions in a condition of ignorance may be perverted into a palaver to any imaginary beings, whose alleged communications cannot be authenticated. And if told that God is inscrutable, then we are estopped from the affirmation of all attributes whatsoever. Hence the necessity of credulity in all forms of the supernatural religion. And see here what a monster of contradiction that matter of faith is:

"Faith lends its realizing light
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly,
The invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye."

Indeed, the theological idea of faith is the cognate idea to the theological description of an inscrutable being.

Rustic Lodge, Quincy, Mass., March 12, 1867.

Remote and Permanent Results.

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Those results in moral conduct, in intellectual enterprise, in social elements, which interpose the least time and the fewest processes between the cause and the effect, are the most evanescent, the poorest. In other words, the things that it takes the shortest time to do are usually the meagerest—are apt to have the least in them; whereas, those results which spring from complex causes, from long-acting and inter-acting influences, and which require a great deal of time in their development, are generally the most rich and the most enduring. It is so because God made it to be so.

This is the hourly observation of men. It has not just now been discovered for the first time. It is not a philosophical deduction. It is a homely proverb, and has been since there has been a proverb. "Soon come, soon gone." In every language there are proverbs that substantially cover this idea. "Come quick, go quicker." Without any philosophical insight, and merely from general experience, there is an impression, and there has been for ages, that "haste makes waste;" that, for instance, wealth, or honor, or praise, or power, which is quickly gained, can not be permanent. Men do not know why; they merely know that that has been the ordinary course of things. There is, therefore, the impression that it will continue to be so; and it is a just impression. On the other hand, there has been an impression that whatever is susceptible of consolidation and enduringness must have had a real period of structural growth; that a certain waiting, proving, growing, is indispensable to permanence. And that is so. It is so, not by accident, but by the action of laws infixed in the world. "Patient continuance in well-doing" is the very law of success; and all results that are really sudden are to be suspected as transient and unsubstantial.

God has established human life on a law of reciprocity. As you can not buy from a fellow-man commodities without a price equivalent to their value, so you can not obtain from nature, nor from society, benefits out of proportion to the price which you pay for them. And if in any surreptitious manner you obtain possession of results out of proportion to the outlay which you make for them, nature and society will repay themselves by giving you possession but a little time.

I do not know that there is one thing outside of love to God that it is more important that young men and women should understand, than that there is a law of equity which runs through every department of human life, and that you cannot get more than you pay for. Whatever you want in thought, you must render an equivalent for in industry. Whatever you want of praise, of power, of wealth, since it cannot be stolen, must be earned by fair equivalents. If any man seems to get it without having paid an equivalent, the results will show, at last, that it was illusive, and that no man ever did have and keep that which was worth having and keeping, except it had been earned by square equivalents. Half of the temptations that beset men to sacrifice character and moral principle arise from the want of conviction on this subject. There is an impression that men can take short ways to prosperity. There is an impression that men can safely make haste to be rich. And if men felt universally that it was as absurd to take short and dubious ways to obtain success and influence in wealth, in learning, in art, in literature, as it would be to take short ways in husbandry, it would raise the tone of morality fifty per cent.

in a single year. It is very important that the impression should be produced that there is a moral law in secular affairs, just as really as there was a moral law on Mount Sinai; that there is a moral law asserting itself perpetually, unheralded, unsuspected, unproclaimed; that although there is no thunder or lightning about it, no table of stone on which it is written, and no prophet to declare it, after all there is the same moral law running through business, social intercourse, every department of life, that is silently asserting itself by its rewards and penalties. And what is wanted is that men should be taught to look at it and realize it.

The great ends which men are seeking are wealth, praise, honor and love. Their price is high. Gained without paying that price in exertion, which implies time, they are surreptitiously gained, and will surely be held briefly. If you want to be wise, do not be in a hurry. If you want to be true, do not make haste unduly. Take time to let that which you want grow.

The habit of working for immediate results in honor, in praise, in love, and in wealth, is, then, comprehensively viewed, morally weakening. And all things which are worth having, and worth having permanently, are in their nature to be got on conditions that imply time, patience, proving, laboring.

If you attempt to overreach, and come suddenly upon those things in which time is indispensable, it affects the character of the results themselves; for, if results are to be truly great, they must conform to nature, and be seasoned by time. It affects character yet more, preventing patience, comprehension, foresight, faith in the unresent, the power of putting the full value on future and unseen things, endurance and hardihood. Although the impression is that those results which are near, and can be reduced to the control of the senses, are the most real and the only substantial things, while remote and contingent effects are visionary; yet, a higher wisdom and a larger experience satisfy every man that the transient is associated with near, easy and immediate things, while permanence and value are associated with remote and difficult ones.

You use language that does not really befit your sober judgment. I hear men saying, all the time, in respect to purely religious or philosophical things, "Oh, these thread-drawings in philosophy, these imaginary states, may be very well; but we practical men have to attend to practical things!" There is an implication that practical things are the substratum on which a man must stand before he can begin to take care of invisible results, such as report themselves in character, and power, and what not. But these men, while they say this in respect to religious things, are most strenuous advocates of invisible things when speaking of their own affairs, in which they are better educated, and in which they are therefore better judges.

A man begins commercial life, and, after many vicissitudes, at fifty years of age he succeeds, and comes into possession of pre-eminent prosperity. Now, what, as the result of his experience, is his anxious advice to his son? When talking to me he says: "It will do very well, to be sure, for you to preach sentimental views; and yet, you know, a man has to attend to near things, home things, substantial things." And I say to him, How do you talk to your son, who is about to start out in life? Do you say to him, "My boy, live for what you can find to-day?" Do you not say to him, "My son, foresight is the very life of business?" Do not you point to this or that man, and say, "He does not see further than the end of his nose?" Do not you warn him against following the example of men who seek first things, who run upon quick adventures and get sudden harvests? Do not you say to him, "My son, you must lay foundations; it is not possible for you to organize a great business, and understand affairs in all their parts, and have the confidence of men, so that you can have command of social and commercial resources, in a day; therefore, you must not be in a hurry?" What does a man say to his son that is setting out in business, but this: "Do not live for sudden things, but learn to live by faith in remote results. Begin by preparing to augment your proportions; earn your prosperity by thinking; by proving your fidelity; by showing yourself to be sagacious and industrious. Lay down your lines and then work up to them. And then by and by you will come where you will be not only prospered, but substantially prospered." And does he not say, calling his attention to one and another, "They are mushroom men, that come up in a night and last but a day?" And does not every man who has attained permanent prosperity corroborate the wisdom of such advice? Is it not a generally recognized fact in regard to business matters, that effects for which preparation is made beforehand, and which are wrought out gradually, always stand, whereas sudden effects for which no preparation is made always fall? Why, that which you can grow in a day is lettuce; and how long will it last? That which it takes a hundred years to grow is oak; and it lasts forever. Time is the best tannin in the world. It seasons things and makes them tough as leather.

Take another illustration of the same thing in the matter of scholarship. Gather together the men that are most versed in teaching, that have labored years and years in

schools and colleges, that have educated generations of young men, and ask them how intellectual wealth is acquired. Any man that talks about a royal road to learning is an empiric, a charlatan. Any man that says he "will teach you French in five lessons" is a fool, or thinks you are a fool. What estimate must that man put upon you who offers to teach you to write in three copies? Who does not know that all these hot-bed, forcing processes of education are fruitless and unsatisfactory? What do wise parents think on this subject? They are good judges about education. What does every professional educator, who has made it the conscientious business of his life to teach, think? What do they say, as well as think, but this: "No man can gain knowledge but by giving an equivalent therefor?" You cannot inherit another man's experience. You cannot bribe books. Still less can you bribe Nature, the unwritten book of all knowledge. And if any man will have that education which consists in the training of the faculties, and which is the only real education, he must render an equivalent for it of thought, of pain, of watching, of various and long-continued industry. Sudden learning is superficial gilding; and learning that is deep-seated comes with long-breathed, long-paced industry.

There is no such thing, then, as a royal road to learning, either in mechanics, or engineering, or chemistry, or geology, or natural history, or any department of education. Understand that whatever knowledge you have you must quarry out. "Work out your own salvation" may be applied to intellectual matters as well as to moral and spiritual.

There is an impression, however, that God gives some men the right to go through without paying toll. No, there are no deadheads in nature. Nobody rides there without paying. There are no men that run the gate under any pretense in nature. What, not men of genius? No, not men of genius. What, not men of rare endowments? No, not men of rare endowments. Great men are the great workers; and men that pretend to know without working are impostors, I do not care who they are. Men that have left works that have stamped them with a just reputation of possessing genius have been, since the world began, the most industrious, the most multifarious, and the most continuous workers, I do not care where you look for them. And men that pretend to have genius as a substitute for diligence and industry, may have capacity, but it falls dead and fruitless.

What is genius? You may describe men as divided into two classes, one of whom have brains, and an organized trunk with them, such that they have the power of automatic action, and the other of whom have the power of being inspired into action. That is, some men are organized so low in grade as to make them think or feel there must be causes, social or material, acting on them from without. Those we call common folks. There are others who are organized higher than these. They have sensibility of fiber such that their brain, unmoved by external reasons, by its own tendency seems to develop thought and feeling. Where a man is inspired in the direction of music, we call him a genius for music. The word *genius* merely indicates a more than ordinarily fine organization in any single faculty. If this fineness of organization extends through the whole brain, then the whole brain is brought under the law of genius. A man who has genius simply has a little better instrument than one who has not.

One man has a chest of tools consisting of one chisel, one saw, one plane, a jack-knife and a hammer. He has a house to build. He will build it with those tools; but it will be rougher when built than it would have been with a more complete set of tools, and his work will have been a great deal harder. The duller the ax, the more strength must be put on it. Another man has a chest filled with every conceivable tool of the best possible temper; and can he set those tools down in a meadow, and go away, and then after a while go back and find a house built? What is it, but that both must work, only one has a better chance and works easier? Every board has to be planed, every timber has to be squared, every tenon has to be made, and every joint has to be fitted, in either case. It is only a question of whether one can do these things easier and better than the other. Doing implies work in one case the same as in the other.

And so it is in what is called genius, and common sense, which sometimes does not go with genius—and then genius is good for nothing.

And so, in whatever department of life you find yourself, and whatever your endowments may be, you are subject to this universal law by which every man is required to give an equivalent, in thought, in skill, in industry, in one way or another, sooner or later, for everything he has.—*Herald of Health*.

A new method of computing interest at six per cent. appears very simple. Multiply any given number of dollars by the number of days of interest desired, separate the right hand figure, and divide by six; the result is the true interest for such sum for such number of days, at six per cent.

ANGEL MINISTRY.

"And angels came and ministered unto him."

For The Spiritual Republic.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES OF J. OSGOOD BARRETT.

In a biography of so brief note, the writer can only glance at detached facts in a life-long experience, sufficient, however, to show the degree of spirituality and cast of character. Among his friends Mr. Barrett has always had the reputation of being "absent minded," a "prophet," a "Seer," a "castle-builder." As he is concentrative in will, intense and tenacious in thought, living mostly in the interior world, some have interpreted him as unsocial, when, in truth, he is a fast friend, and an ardent lover of humanity. His spiritual communings have cost him innumerable heart-pangs and tears. He has purchased his freedom at a great price. If anything, he lingers too long on the mount of transfiguration; but when he does come down, he is sure to cast out the devils. A man of nervo-sanguine temperament, sensitive, positive, severe in his moral positions, and now in the prime of his life, being forty-three years old, reared amid the granite hills of Maine, accustomed to hard labor, determined in his purposes, he is naturally appointed for social agitation as a genuine revolutionist. Phrenologists aver he is a "fighter on the plane of Reform."

When a mere child, full of pranks, his mother used to say, "This is my little minister." A Psychometrist declares that, during his anti-natal life, his mother was impressed with deep religious thoughts. His father, still living, instructed him in the Universalist faith; and, despite the dismal influence of an orthodox Sunday School, he grew to manhood, strongly wedded to its principles. He took great delight in hearing his mother narrate the career of Jesus, and thus obtained a happy view of his mission. Like other children he conceived heaven to be a place in the sky, the enjoyments of which were secured by being "a good boy." One night his youthful vision opened, and he saw himself walking over the elysian fields between two white vested angels, each lovingly holding him by the hand, instructing him on the way respecting temptations, trials and duties; the one he called "Jesus," the other "Christ."

During "revivals," when all his school mates "got religion," he, whom every body supposed would be among the first to go forward, was strongly held back by forces explainable only on the ground of spirit control. The "converted" pitied, warned and scorned him. This developed a deep prejudice in his mind against all such operations, making him more retiring in thought, and combative in position.

The death of his mother, which occurred when he was only eleven years old, was like cutting his heart in twain; but the departure was so calm and heavenly, it added a new enchantment to his life. Her farewell kiss and last whisper about "angels, angels!" seemed to place him in the very vestibule of "the house not made with hands." Oh! the desolation of his home after that! Oh! the trial scenes, too painful to write! He died more than a thousand deaths. Existence seemed a bane, and life a burden. Excessive toil, unsympathizing associations, chilled aspirations, uncongenial discipline, sleepless nights and fevered brain, well-nigh crushed the opening bud of spirituality. The soul was encased as in iron; every hour was an agony; every hope a death; every thought a cry for help; and help did come—that departed mother, and two sisters, who were early snatched away, did return and manifest themselves in ways unmistakable. Light gilded the cloud; he felt a mother's hand upon his brow; heard her commandment—"Be patient, my son!"

Under the sunny influence of a second step-mother, he and his four then happy brothers, elate with ambition, prepared as best they could for the conflict of manhood. By contact with ministers he imbibed quite a prejudice against them, they were so cold, and austere, and gloomy in ideal; and yet he felt that he must enter the ministry. The impression haunted him day and night. Resolved to rid himself of the unwelcome "call," he engaged in business well calculated to callous every such thought. A flood of new trials came; he fought strong against the voices that spoke of his mission in dreams and visions; it was a very battle between self and duty. He continued in this rebellious condition several years, resisting the angels, until they were able to demonstrate their presence in more tangible light, plainly marking out his future career under their holy guardianship.

In Bangor, Maine, he had a good friend who then best of any one knew his inner life. After considerable importuning, he consented to go and hear the "rappings." In open daylight he was led to an obscure dwelling, and was soon in the presence of a bashful girl, whom the Doctor afterwards married. No introduction was given. By use of the alphabet rapping at the letters, his name, though unknown to her, was spelled out. What could it mean? In a few moments, letter by letter, a communication was given, never to be forgotten, for it thrilled with a divine melting influence through his soul—"I am with you, my dear son!"

The agitation was followed by a deep silence. At length he asked, "Who is this?" and it was answered—"Your mother!" What a power in those simple, unexplainable raps to lift the heart! what strange awakenings of thought! what a rapture in believing! Those who appreciate all this from experience will never belittle the good of phenomenal Spiritualism.

Through this medium, so purely unsophisticated, most remarkable tests were given, one of which is worthy of special note. On a dark, rainy night, supposed to be very unfavorable to the manifestations, he entered the house at quite a late hour, and found a large company sitting at the table vainly trying to obtain the raps. The friends immediately moved back, leaving him and the medium sitting alone opposite each other with hands resting upon the lids. The familiar signals of the spirit friends being present were given. After happy greetings and animated conversation by rappings and writings, Mr. Barrett asked the spirits to make the most powerful demonstration of which they were capable through the medium, in the form of raps. About five minutes of solemn silence ensued, when, like a clap of thunder, a blow was struck upon the inside of the door, jarring the very house. It appeared to be like a ball of electricity, for it instantly shivered, and sprinkled itself in gentle raps, as in showers of rain, all over and under the table, on the chairs, on the walls, on the floor, till the whole room was filled as with an "overshadowing cloud" out of which voices spoke, by those signs of immortality, declaring news of a new dispensation.

A few weeks after this heavenly showering, Mr. Barrett, one Sunday morning, depressed by ill health in body and mind, lay upon his bed in a partial clairvoyant state. Life rolled before him like a panorama, real, strange, clouded, overguarded with God's eternal bow of love. Feeling spirit hands touching him, he looked up, and lo, a heart pulsing with vigorous life, radiating with musical coruscations, descending gently and lighting upon his breast; there it fluttered a moment in plain sight, and then descended into its proper place in the body, thrilling through and through his whole being, creating a joy which no language is adequate to describe. Gazing out upon the city and people just returning from worship, he saw the soul of things, the heaven within that is struggling for fit expression, "the divinity that shapes our ends."

From that blessed moment he was resolved to enter the ministry; the heart heaven gave was the seal of spiritual consecration. Under the tuition of a Universalist clergyman he commenced his "theological studies." They seemed dry; they furnished no vital food; they were as husks. Voices spoke to him, "We will educate you in a natural religion for practical work!" What! drive him now from the pursuit to which he was driven? Dissatisfied with himself he sought a more popular minister, and discovered no rest there; the voices haunted him—"We will educate you!" and this deep, sweet call, so oft spoken, was not unfrequently accompanied with flashings of melodious light in the darkness of his study, forming a heavenly atmosphere for him to breathe. Angels met him, walked with him, conversed with him, during his day rambles amid the beauties of nature. At one time, when in a forest, he received what he denominates a "baptism of the Holy Spirit;" it fell upon the leaves of the trees in gentle sounds as of a shower of soft rain, although not a cloud was in the sky, and then enveloped his person with its divinity, inspiring all his energies with the afflatus of the prophet of God; no pen, no words can tell what visions opened, what glories enrapt his soul, what "joy ineffable" pervaded his inner life. Beautiful, sanctifying as all such experiences were, he was compelled to keep them secret; all his surroundings antagonized with his deepest instincts of duty as a Spiritualist.

He could not long endure the inward fires; he resolved to trust to the guides of heaven, and amid trials learn the needs of humanity direct without the "measuring reed" of letter-theology. Three months of such study were enough of needless burden. Into the work he plunged as a swimmer into cold water; glad for the freedom, he uttered his thoughts with an enthusiasm that won success; it was spiritual; a few sisters guessed "he is a Spiritualist!" The discovery troubled him. He found the majority of his society wanted the good old scriptural exposition—the Bible proof that all men would be saved—though they themselves were believers. Pressed into this task, he commenced on this base key, and made poor music. Under the burden of care he broke down in health, and was told by his physician that he must abandon the ministry. Why this calamity? Had he been true to his inspirational convictions? Had he fed his people on shells, when they needed the inside meat? Half trembling between hope and fear as to his future prospects, he was one night visited by his spirit guides opening to view his eventual work. He was in an ancient city, walking it at midnight, carrying in his arms a dead child. It was a painful task which he could not avoid; gloomily he hugged the cold burden to his bosom, praying for deliverance; and at length it came. Just as the morning gilded the East with a gray light, he entered a bank where was gathered a large company waiting a chance to get money. The cashier took a large bundle of bills and carelessly scattered them among the dark

crow who sprang squabbling for the spoils. In the general confusion, Mr. B. was able to secure but a few of a small denomination. "Just my luck!" he said, and was about to put them into his pocket, when a voice exclaimed "No—you must destroy them; they are not gold—only representatives of it." Disobedient to the heavenly mandate, he was about to secrete them, when the voice spoke again with greater emphasis, demanding they should be torn up. He could see no reason in such waste of money, and determined to keep them, when, the third time, the voice with persuasive command promising a greater good for fidelity, spoke with an authority which could not be resisted. Taking them in his hands he instantly tore them into shreds, and then looked about for his dead child, whom he had brought thither, and lo, it was alive! The money-seekers had vanished. The house was no longer a bank, but a telegraph room. Before him was the machinery of spiritual telegraphing, that was really alive, wheel within wheel, self-acting, golden in luster, all in motion, beating as in heart-pulses the "spirit rappings," and sending heavenly news along the attached wires, or chords of love-thought, uniting heaven with earth. Beside this battery-work stood a lamp of gold, having seven branches right and left, each tipped with different colored lights that flashed forth, not only with enrapturing music, but with an aroma most enchanting. Three angels were there, their faces beaming with benignancy, their forms enrobed with white and blue garments, their heads crowned with silvery diadems. They were superintending the telegraphing operation and explaining the conditions requisite to reception of news from the spirits. A door opened on the right, and in walked persons of dark understanding, palled in the horrors of false theology, and blotched with the plague spots of evil habits; and, in a few moments, they were transformed into happy, morally beautiful angels, to be sent forth on ministries of love to the desolate children of wretched homes. Altogether it was a scene and an experience worth a whole life-time of self-sacrifice to enjoy. Waking from the entrancement, whilst in the full tide of its splendor, and coming to his outer consciousness to sense the holy calm that, rested upon his home and enshrined his mental being, the great truth at once flashed upon him with overpowering force, that eventually, necessity might press him from his attached denomination! The ancient city was his creedal doctrine grown dim with age; the dead child was his sectarian faith; the dawn was the spiritual dispensation commencing its practical sunshine and work in his affections; the bank was a hireling ministry catering to the customs of popular sentiment, for the sake of fashionable caste; the child resurrected was his secret belief born into active form and life; the light was inspirational wisdom; the telegraph was the angelic relation he sustained to the world of spirits; the spirits themselves, really appearing, were his guardians; the happy transformation of the dark visitors into holy ministrants of mercy, was significant of the success in converting poor souls to truth that would attend the gospel labors of the newly illuminated and spiritually commissioned brother of men and of angels. Was it not a plain lesson? a solemn duty? a grateful destiny? a promise that unseen hands "shall bear thee up lest thou dash thy foot against a stone?"

The heavenly vision was a grand restorative, returning him to his profession, under better incentives to endure its incidental trials. Thence after, stronger in will and independence, he battled against antagonisms with an energy that swept them from his pathway, bringing in a harvest sown in tears, but reaped in joy.

(To be continued.)

We clip the following from the New York Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT:

"GRACE CHURCH AND RAGGED CHILDREN.—February 23d.—Noon. Snows and thaws; meeting at Grace church; a carpet spread from the church door across the yard and sidewalk to the landing place, where the carriages drive up, and the Christians who worship there step out on the carpet and avoid the wet sidewalk.

"Not many rods distant may be seen little ragged children, with bare feet, on the snow and cold stones. In the church they pray to OUR FATHER. Does the OUR include the poor children, or are they left out in the cold by God and man? Oh Christianity, what a mockery! Every day shows the glaring absurdity of calling God our Father, and not recognizing the brotherhood of man."

THOUGHTS.—The sufferers now-a-days are not the wrong doers, but the injured, robbed and slandered; and it is more profitable and attractive to be scoundrels, than to be honorable men and women.

Corporeal punishment and war are generally not so cruel as mental oppression and slander. That the latter are even less opposed than the former, shows a degraded state of society.

Capital punishment is probably no punishment at all.

F. H. W.

Longfellow is now busily engaged in revising the proofs of his translation of Dante, which will not be given to the public for several months, as the revision is scrupulously minute. Longfellow has just turned his sixtieth year.

THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

CHICAGO, MARCH 30, 1867.

RESIDENT EDITORS,
 F. L. WADSWORTH, J. O. BARRETT.
 CORRESPONDING EDITORS,
 MARY F. DAVIS, S. J. FINNEY, J. S. LOVELAND,
 HUDSON TUTTLE, EMMA TUTTLE.

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"No question of general human well-being is foreign to the spirit,
 idea, or genius of the great Spiritual Movement."

TO POSTMASTERS.

All Postmasters in the United States and British Provinces are requested to act as Agents for this paper—to receive and remit subscriptions, for which they will be entitled to retain FORTY CENTS of each \$3.00 subscription, and TWENTY CENTS of each \$1.50 (half-year's) subscription.

TO OUR PATRONS.

Persons sending post office orders, drafts, etc., are requested to make them payable to J. O. Barrett, Sec'y.

In changing the direction, the old as well as the new address should be given.

In renewing subscriptions the date of expiration should be given.

On subscribing for the REPUBLIC, state the number of the paper at which you wish to commence.

THE WORKER AND HIS WORK.

There is, in the nature of things, a law of fitness by which means are exactly applied for the attainment of ends. There is a right time in which to do any thing desirable, and a best way to do it. Means, time and manner are the requisites to success. The wisdom that can encompass these lifts its possessor to perpetual victory, and helps him to a great degree of happiness. This is the lesson of the age.

We do not lack force as a people; we do not lack ambition and industry; we lack fineness of perception, care in execution, and wisdom in the adjustment of means to ends. Could the active force of human beings be applied wisely in the direction it is aimed, we should marvel at the abundant results. Now we fret because of the littleness thereof.

One of the prominent reasons for this unsatisfactory state of things is that people are in too much haste to attain the summit of the mountain before them.

Are they in school, they would graduate early, and are more likely to advance rapidly, than thoroughly, taking on conceit rather than acquiring knowledge and wisdom. Such persons seek position, and take it if they can get it, under the delusion of egotism, and being actually unfitted for the places they occupy—failing to honor them, irritate and cast a shadow on all around, then wonder why there is no success for them.

In seeking wealth, people strive for great and easy results. Thousands a year, tens of thousands a year! Without being willing to bide the legitimate turns of labor or trade, they plunge recklessly into chance enterprises, worry, struggle and plot for a lifetime, and die in the aims house, cursing fate.

In reform work the same haste is apparent. John, the Baptist, cried, "The kingdom of heaven is at hand," eighteen hundred years ago, and there is some evidence that Paul thought they would reach it during his generation. The millennium has been welcomed as "dawning," by every generation since, and now it is "dawning." To be sure, the world has advanced some in the past hundred thousand years, but we very cheerfully submit that the event of the lamb and lion lying down together will not occur for some generations to come, and the more we try to theorize it here now and neglect to do just those nice things that would hasten it, the more it won't come. The millennium is a great triumph. It is the result of perfect adaptation, so that there is no jar or discord in any of life's relations or performances. We had better not look for it as the result of a few years' labor and experience, lest we should find ourselves fretfully wasting our time and force, in disappointment.

What is to be done, do we hear asked?

1st. Consider the simple fact that we get what we earn, that there is an exact proportion between doing and attaining, with the provision that the debit and credit shall be actual, not seeming.

2d. Not only cease to be in a hurry, but consider the fitness of things unselfishly. The true worker is ever less than his work and its significance; therefore in the full dignity of manhood or womanhood, there can be devotion and forgetfulness of self. When this relation exists, all there is of the person goes to his work, yet he loses nothing; but for a moment let the worker think he is greater than his work, and seek self-aggrandizement through it, and all the antagonisms of false relationship fall back upon his being, he is lost to usefulness, if, indeed, he does not revile the power that he could not prostitute to his own littleness.

This consideration is especially appropriate at the present period of time. Perhaps never before was there a tendency to progress so powerfully manifest as now. This is an age of transition. "Old things are passing away," and we are in the mighty tide of spirit that is rushing forward to assert its power over forms, more completely than ever before. This same impulse, touching the souls of persons, causes them to assert their individuality with a pertinacity never before equaled; therefore the temptation to the individual is to self-emulation, while the towering impulse of the age crushes self-imposed autocrats, and scorns selfishness. It is very evident that no man can master the progressive impulse of this glorious time, and turn it to his special account, in any worthy enterprise; therefore the only possibility of comfort or success is in fitting the individual to the times—the spirit of the times—rather than in trying to fit the times to the individual. Can the great Spiritual Movement be subject to man, cliques or parties? No, it crushes every pretender and pretention to this end. Fortunately there is but one successful course, and that is in the subordination of selfism to the good of the whole. No matter who you are, or what you are, assert yourself and you are hurled down, or fretted out of your false relation; but for once assert humanity, assert justice to the whole, assert the great idea of the age, as embodied in spirituality and progress, assert one or all of these with a divine constancy, and you are lifted above the fretting turmoil of society; yet you do for that same society its noblest work. In this lofty devotion, position, praise and fame are unthought of, when put in contrast with the work to be done. Wherever you are you work with the same spirit, and go straight to the end that is to be accomplished.

It has seemed to us, and does so seem now, that a very large percentage of force among workers is squandered on self, and unwise, hasty efforts at great accomplishments with little devotion. All should have a care, they are enlisted for life; the object is to accomplish good for the world, not fame or place for self; therefore, the first interest should be to relate one's self to work. Time, means, manner, take these at advantage, trusting in the perfect law of compensation, and the worker becomes the world's savior.

VOCAL CULTURE.

Without culture, there is no true civilization, while complete culture, to the end of nicest perception and highest possible expression, is, at the same time, one of the highest objects of civilization. In these days, the person who ignores culture is justly denominated stupid and slovenly, for wholeness, while it requires spirit, Ideas and common sense, requires also a corresponding fitness in manners. These views are beginning to be felt, and to rule in America. In agriculture and mechanics, skill, which is born of culture, is courted and attained, and in proportion to exactness in operation, there is economy in expenditure and profit in the results. How incompetent and awkward would the men and methods of fifty years ago appear to-day, if reproduced in agriculture, horticulture, mechanics, and other fields of productive industry. Literature too must wear the signet of culture and refinement; every year its qualities must be enhanced, and its purpose in thought fitted to the progress of the times. True we have a flourishing strata of lyrical, passion-hot stuff called Literature afloat in the market, uncultured and unrefined, therefore sought and devoured by a morbid appetite, which appetite is the result of smothered and perverted forces that culture alone can correct; but our standard literature is chaste, full of object, being actually an increasing power calling the masses up to higher levels of thought.

Moral and spiritual culture are now deemed a possibility by all persons of good understanding. Unswerving integrity can be established by a careful education of the moral sense. And the "change of heart," once supposed to be the means of moral and spiritual attainment, is now abandoned to give room for true moral and spiritual growth.

In the past ten years, physical culture, by various systems of gymnastics, has become popularly useful. Sick people, complaining people, physically weak people, once were pitied, now they are viewed with an increasing feeling of—shall we say it—contempt. Sickness and physical lassitude once were deemed a dispensation unavoidable, now they are beginning to be seen as the result of a lack of care, culture and good judgment. There are worthy exceptions to all rules in practice; we speak of the rules and the tendency of things, and shall be glad to see the time, as we hope to, when the person who neglects to cultivate and care for the body will be deemed *non-computus mentis*.

With all of our tendencies to culture, there is one branch that has not yet been reached; and that of not less importance to health and wholeness than any other—the voice. True there is cultivation and progress in that department, but they are exceptional and professional, not yet dignified by popular attention. There has been progress in vocal music; but how few good singers we have. There has been progress in elocution, but how few good talkers we have, and how many, in public and private, shorten their lives here, by defective, irritating, exhausting habits of speech, not knowing that the function of speech is executed

in accordance with certain principles, and that it is as fatal to violate the requirements of principle in one part of the body as another, degree being equal. That Theodore Parker might have lived years longer than he did, had he given more attention to his manner of speaking, there is no doubt. Observe the smothered, studied, unmusical voices of clergymen, as a class, and you will detect a logical relation between them and the dismal theologies thus promulgated. Give these same persons a full physical, and vocal discipline, improve the breathing, remove the irritation of a bad voice, and the sulphurous fumes of hades so apparent in their very air, will disappear and give place for pleasant influences, and the inspiration of clearer thought.

In a complete civilization, we understand that all of the functions of mind and body should receive attention; especially should those that depend upon volition for degree of attainment be objects of discipline. We are not born with full intelligence or with speech; we attain them. If our schools are defective, we adopt wrong notions; if our companions are uncultivated in speech, we take on their habits.

We are all aware of the defects of intellect; they exist universally, and millions of dollars are spent annually in our country to overcome them, besides the vast amount of personal devotion in that direction. Physical deformities are repulsive, and a deal of talent is devoted to their eradication; but, as yet, little attention is given to voice, the effect of which, either for good or bad, is not less than malformation of body or awkwardness, or the ordinary crudities of unskilled brains.

We often have the finest thoughts of a carefully disciplined mind revealed to us, by means of a voice that rasps our nerves; though the thought is delicious, its vehicle is so shabby that its effects are sadly neutralized.

It is not uncommon for people to laugh at the extreme defects of voice that sometimes appear, the squeaking falsetto, the pinched nasal, the dismal, pectoral, and the smothered guttural; yet these are only extreme representations of the faults we all have, of which we are unconscious.

"Laugh and grow fat," is a jolly sentiment, but the tittering, smothered, yelling, screeching, grunting laugh of seven-eighths of the American people, would fill a grave yard sooner than it would make a pound of fat; and so on. There is no one fault of the American people that is greater, according to a true standard of culture, or more injurious, according to physiological and anatomical rules, than that of voice, and yet it receives little attention, not being deemed of sufficient importance to merit it. We are decidedly in favor of reform in this direction, because it will improve the health, it will improve the mind, it will elevate the tone of the individual character, and therefore the social life, it will render all speech musical and penetrating; and because a bad voice is just as inconsistent with the pretensions of a reformer as a bad liver, bad digestion, or bad habits generally.

What is to be done? If you understand the rules and standard of correct voice, discipline yourself. If you do not, seek knowledge in that direction. In cities there are usually persons who can aid you in these matters; elocutionists, who have made the art of breathing and speaking correctly a study for years. In this city we have Prof. Amasa McCoy, at his rooms in the Opera House. You think you have a good voice; in a few minutes he will put you in possession of knowledge that will show you that it might be much better; and where there is opportunity for improvement it is certainly desirable. Prof. McCoy gives private instructions, also class instructions, the latter being sufficient for ordinary attainment; and, at \$15 for fifteen lessons, are within the reach of nearly all. There is a class now about to be organized to meet on Friday evenings, and any person wishing to join it can leave his or her name at this office, or at Prof. McCoy's rooms. We are thus explicit, because we want practice to follow theory or information.

IN PRESS.

"A Woman's Secret" is already taking book form, and will be issued the first of May, immediately after its close in the REPUBLIC. We unite with our many readers in expressions of satisfaction at the complete success of Mrs. Corbin's story. The hundreds of letters that we have received from all parts of the country, from men and women of high literary rank, and from the thinking artisan testify fully that Mrs. Corbin has reached the heads and hearts of the people in this grand effort in behalf of woman. A valued and gifted author writes, "Mrs. Corbin's story bears the same relation to woman's emancipation, as does Uncle Tom's Cabin to the abolition of slavery." This is the keynote to the prevailing sentiment with reference to the forthcoming admirable book, and we shall joyfully hasten it on its way in the accomplishment of its divine mission.

POOR PAPER.

Last week we were obliged to print THE REPUBLIC on an inferior quality of paper, but were not informed of the necessity in season to put in our protest. We were very sorry to issue the paper thus, and are just as sorry this week, but it cannot be avoided. We anticipate our usual quality for the next number.

DARK CIRCLES.

TIPTON, Iowa, March 6, 1867.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: I received a letter yesterday from a brother who is seeking truth, and he asked this question: "Why is it, that it seems so many of the spirit manifestations can only be given at night, and even then that we must turn the light off, and sit in darkness; why don't they come forth with their good works, and not act as though afraid of being seen by men?" Now, my limited knowledge of such things prompts me to submit the same to you, hoping you will allow space in your paper for an explanation by some person who is ready to feed the hungry. By so doing I think you will not only oblige the writer of this, but many others of your interested readers.

Yours truly,

JESSE JAMES.

The above question is in the minds of thousands; let us be candid to find an answer. If our humble opinion suggests thought, "feeding the hungry," educing faith in the ministry of angels, even in one poor darkened soul, we are amply rewarded.

Why does the photographer develop his pictures in the dark? The fact is, light is the neutralizer of his chemical designs. Some maintain that the human eye, being a powerful magnetizer, acts precisely upon the processes of spiritual chemistry or phenomena, as light does upon the incipient photograph.

Night is the negative state of nature, receptive of influences necessary to recuperation. Man's positive labors closed, his mind, enveloped in the solemn silence all around him, driving the forces of the senses to their centers, engendering reflections upon death and the "world to come," is better conditioned to receive spiritual impression. If he is calm, trustful, truth-loving—the initial of heavenly communings—trooping angels, obedient to his inmost prayer, respond in revelations of the "mysteries of godliness"—*God-like-ness*. During the day, they are not so much needed, for then all our powers are active, on the alert, watching, planning, executing; but, at night, the intellectual brain sinks down in its beautiful temple for repose, and the spiritual affections, more free, rise to greet the guardian visitants, to bask in the celestial sunshine, to wander in dreams and visions, and poise themselves on some holy mountain of thought, prophet-like, preparatory for practical work.

It may be of some utility to the inquirer here to state, that most of the spiritual phenomena of the Bible was produced in the night, thus showing a perfect parallel between the ancient and modern, centralizing in immutable law repeatable in effect under similar conditions and necessities.

At night Jesus had his heavenly worship; at night he calmed the stormy sea of Tiberias; at night he walked upon its waves; at night the prison doors opened by the power of spirits to emancipate Peter; at night the stone was rolled from the sepulchre, and the crucified came forth, conqueror of "death and hell."

Dark circles do not incidentally imply dark spirits. The good can be trusted at all times. If tricksters abuse our confidence, it is no reason that we should ignore a natural law, or cease to use it in conversion. Let us not judge principles by human actions. If we have been deceived, why, all is, be more vigilant in the right. The underlying science is not harmed by any humbugs. If even one suffering mortal, long wandering in the gloom of atheism, can, in a dark circle, catch the faintest view of the star of immortal hope, it is worth a world to him. We ought not to be indifferent to others' claims for ocular evidence.

Let us not forget the rudiments. In our progress, let us not tear down the guide-boards to the haven of rest. If any of the parties concerned in a dark circle are suspicious, strike a light! A medium who dares not be thus criticised is a trickster, without doubt. The plea that the spirits are thus thwarted, or that "somebody will be hurt," is all sheer subterfuge, evidencing hypocrisy. "Prove all things and hold fast that which is good."

We sincerely believe, however, that the dark must give place to the light circle. No truth needs long be hidden. The fact that some phases of the spiritual phenomena can be produced in the light is a sure augury of honest sunshine by and by. That blessed hour is fast approaching. Wise are we if we apply in patient work for reconstruction what say the "lively oracles."

PURE WATER.

Chicago is in her glory to-day, (Monday, March 25, 1867.) This is a gala day. The Tunnel is completed. All of Lake Michigan has tried to get into it, but the Crib is obstinate, and refused admittance, except to the select, the aristocratically pure water. And the Tunnel, though of itself a very democratic institution, can't hold all out-doors; so what passes the Crib, the Tunnel hands over to the millions. Our streets are full of people, and we heard a fellow, probably from Calumet, remark that "there were a great many people this year." The grandees are out; consisting of Police, Knights Templars, Tylers—(no relation to John)—Stewards, Master Masons, Wardens, etc., etc. They carry drawn swords, Square, Level and Plumb, "Vessels of oil," "Vessels of wine," "Vessels of corn," old "Constitutions," etc.; all of which, we suppose, symbolize the condition of the country. Then there are "Deacons" with rods, showing to the observers that they'd like to rule with rods of iron; but we opine that when we Chicagonians have pure

water to drink, it will be all over with the Deacons, their "occupation will be gone," for it can be statistically shown that Deacons thrive in proportion as pure water is not introduced to the people.

Following these, to see that no mischief is done, is His Honor the Mayor. And away toward the rear of a long line of marching men, we noticed the members of the Common Council in charge of the Clergy of the city, the latter followed up by the members of the press, who, with the fear of reportorial quills, manage to keep them from straggling. There were many others, and while we write they have all gone over to talk grandiloquently to the shore end of the Tunnel. It is estimated that two hundred thousand dollars will be spent to-day, because Chicago wants to convince the Tunnel that it is a big thing. All that we expect to realize out of this is pure water—so good by riley water, muddy water, nasty water, good by, fishes heads and fishes tails, fishes fins, fishes ribs and fishes bones and flesh generally, you are all good enough when properly "organized," in Lake Michigan, but mixed indiscriminately in the water we drink we don't like you.

If the REPUBLIC improves after this issue it will be on account of our Tunnel and pure water.

LAND GRANT AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

For years past reflecting minds have seen that our country needs a system of education in which each pupil is learned to love work and to do it. The Land Grant to the States by Congress is one of the results—but it is being held by some of the Trustees of the College Board of this State, that the fund it produced cannot be employed in learning pupils to work, but only in teaching the sciences "allied to labor." This opinion is so strongly held by some leading members of the Board, that it is now highly probable that the people's land will be used up and devoted to a purpose quite different from that intended by those who voted for the grant, and that the name adopted, "The Industrial University of Illinois," will turn out a deceptive lie.

The first act of the Board was the appointment of a Regent, whose salary they fixed at \$3,000 a year. He is a reverend clergyman, educated to convert sinners, not to teach the young men of this Republic, by example as well as precept, the duty of earning a living and the way to do it. The most that the Illinois public has of his history is, that he was very acceptable as President of a Baptist College in Michigan.

If the Board have determined beforehand that no work but brain work shall be done by the teachers and pupils of the College, they can claim the merit of consistency in having chosen a sectarian minister as chief officer of the Industrial Institution.

Our public lands are being absorbed by speculators and monopolists—are fast passing into a few hands. When they are gone and there are no more cheap lands, woe to the poor man! The capitalist will then control the conditions by which he is allowed to exist.

It is saddening to see 480,000 acres of the land donated for industrial education used up, as this is likely to be, without one effort to teach practical industry.

If the people could have paused in their career of politics and of business long enough to reflect, they would have given an almost unanimous verdict in favor of appropriating the Land Grant for the support of a system of education, in which labor, study, recreation, and rest should be included in the every day routine of the pupil. They would have perceived that every man and woman who works is worth something, whether he is learned in books or not, and that all who do not work are a curse to society, however much of book knowledge they may possess; and they would never have allowed the fund to be wasted in perpetrating the folly of leaving the more essential part of a man's education to chance.

The control of that fund afforded a good opportunity to the Board of Trustees to have met the demands of the country and the age by organizing a system of education to produce healthy, intelligent, honest, high minded, useful workers, worthy of the magnificent western portion of the Republic. They are likely to use it to reproduce men whose best qualification will be the power to get a living by some fancy occupation, without work. They have appointed a clergyman for Regent. We shall expect that their next move will be, to set some political hack to experimenting in the production of cattle, sheep and swine.

"A WOMAN'S SECRET."

"The Ark of the Lord in Tabernacles" tells how the new birth came to Moses Moss. "The Power that is Stronger than Love," combats the old fallacy that the earthly passion called Love is the mightiest force in the human soul; and shows how the real master passion may set life and death, and love and time at naught, and rise triumphant even on earth, into the ineffable blessedness of the heavenly spheres.

DR. RANDOLPH'S WORKS.—We have on hand "Ravallette," \$1.50, and "Dealings with the Dead," \$1.00. Postage prepaid at this office.

EQUAL RIGHTS PETITIONS FOR MICHIGAN.

The readers of the REPUBLIC will soon receive petitions to the Constitutional Convention to meet in May, in behalf of such change in the State Constitution as shall make suffrage broadly impartial, irrespective of race or sex. Every friend of justice, every believer in the impartial enjoyment of equal rights, of course will take pains to sign and circulate these petitions, and send them to some member of the Convention, at Lansing, by May 15th, with a request that they be presented, *without fail, at an early date.*

Distinctions of race or color will probably be swept away—surely should be. A broader application of the same principle would open the ballot-box for woman also, and thus introduce a new and vital element into direct action on our political life—a great moral and spiritual reserve force, to come up with sublime and ennobling power in times when temperance, purity and freedom are in peril. Let the petitions be signed by many. It is no question of party or sect, but of the broad recognition of equal rights. Many noble women ask it. No man can justly deny them. Let the great work begin in this auspicious hour. Its victory is sure, for "ever the right comes uppermost." It is only a question of time. It may come now, with earnest work, or it may wait for a while, but now is the hour full of promise, rich in opportunity to begin. The "signs of the times" point up in the path of enfranchisement. Let the open-eyed and true-hearted walk therein. G. B. S.

PERSONAL.

Miss Lizzie Doten is engaged to lecture in Mercantile Hall, Boston, Mass., every Sunday afternoon until further notice.

Governor Brownlow has commissioned Wm. Sumner, Jr., a respectable colored man, Captain in the State Guard of Tennessee.

N. Frank White lectures in Cincinnati, Ohio, next month. Letters from Louisville speak of his good work there during January and February. Among other extras we are glad to note the organization of a Children's Progressive Lyceum. Let all our lecturers turn their minds and efforts in this direction and we shall truly be a band of practical workers.

William H. Furness, widely known as an artist, died quite suddenly at his residence, in Boston, on Tuesday morning last. He was the son of Rev. Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. J. R. Orton, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has passed to the spiritual world. He was early associated with the Spiritual Movement in New York.

Charles Dickens was a spectator of the recent reform demonstration in London, from the balcony of the Athenaeum Club, in company with the Archbishop of York, who, about a year and a half ago, denounced the reading of novels as pernicious.

A mulatto slave in Brazil has carried off a national prize medal for the best works of sculpture, and has also received a paper of manumission.

Rev. A. D. Mayo, of Cincinnati, will go abroad to return in October. He goes for relief from dyspepsia, which is very troublesome and has afflicted him at times for twenty years.

Lucretia Mott, we are pained to hear, is quite seriously ill, from a recent severe cold. Her indisposition is the occasion of much anxiety to her family and friends. We shall hope soon to hear that she is better.

W. W. Thayer, of the *Right Way*, says the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, is about to assume the editorial management of the *North Missouri Courier*, published at Hannibal, Mo. Mr. Thayer is a vigorous writer, thoroughly radical in sentiment, and of clear insight. He will be a valuable gain to the *Courier*. He has our hearty good will in his new engagement, which we trust will prove to be a pleasant one to himself, and in a large degree useful in the field of journalism.

SPIRIT PORTRAITS.

In answer to the many inquiries relative to my terms for taking pictures, I would say, that they are \$15.00 (fifteen dollars,) accompanying the order, which order should also give name, age, time of departure from earth-life, and lock of hair, if convenient. We then give the order a setting, and send result to applicant; if not correct, then we have another setting, and send result without further charge. These pictures are the same size and style that we receive \$35.00 (thirty-five dollars) for in this city.

Fraternally thine,
W. P. ANDERSON.
P. O. Box 2521, New York City.

SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at Crosby's Music Hall every Sunday at 10:30 A. M.

Conference at 1 o'clock P. M.
Mr. H. Green lectures in Crosby's Music Hall on Sunday evening, March 31st, at 7:30 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend.

NOTICES AND REVIEWS.

BUTTERFIELD'S MUSICAL VISITOR. J. A. Butterfield & Co., Publishers, Indianapolis, Ind., \$1 a year.

This is a neat Monthly octavo, devoted to music, containing in each number some fine selections of new composition, besides answers to correspondents, answers to questions, etc., etc., together with a fine selection of literature. In connection with the *Musical Visitor*, we have received the following pieces of sheet music:

Instrumental.—Sparkling Billow, Gem Waltz—35 cents.

Songs.—The Old Boat; Sweet Home where Mother Dwells; Minnie Wayne; Nina May; Wearing of the Blue; The Unreturning Brave; When you and I were Young, Maggie; Ever Dreaming; We have been Friends; Lena; This World has a Thousand Mischances; Zulena; Waiting To-night; Rally, Boys, Rally; The Queen of the Cottage; It is not always May—30 cents.

A MESSAGE OF LOVE.—Mr. Thomas R. Hazard, in a note of introduction, says, that this little book is in part a message through the mediumship of John C. Grinnell, of Newport, R. I.

The *Message* is from a spirit mother to her children in earth-life. The mother assures the loved ones of her memory of them; of her love, care and guidance; she speaks very gently to her little boy; advises him in regard to his life on earth; she gives excellent advice to her daughters, and concludes the *Message* by an appeal for woman.

THE OLIVE WREATH. A Monthly Magazine, devoted to Odd-Fellowship. Edited and published by W. J. Chaplin, 54 Reynolds' Block, Dearborn street, Chicago, at \$2 a year.

The *Olive Wreath*, for March, is before us. It is a pleasant magazine; but in this last number, we hear the tinkling of a *Bell*, informing women why they are excluded from the Order. He says, "The only reason why women are not permitted to become members of the Order is found in the fact that it is exclusively designed in its organization for the rougher portion of creation. Man is prone to selfishness as the 'sparks are to fly upward' * * * He, therefore, needs something to teach him to feel for another's woes, and to make him understand the fact 'that all men are brethren.'"

If the I. O. O. F. is so constituted that it can permit only the "rougher portion of creation" to participate in its workings, we move its immediate abolishment.

It is evident in the nature of things that the "rougher portion" is refined and cultured by association with the finer. And it is equally well attested that clubs and exclusive associations of men engender and perpetuate bad habits rather than otherwise, though some partial good may come of them.

It seems, however, that Odd-Fellowship teaches "that all men are brethren." Are women less than brothers or more? Are they not good enough, or too good for membership? Would the Order be debased or elevated by their presence? If they are the "rougher portion," the Order is for them. If, on the other hand, they are the most refined portion, the sooner the Order rises to their level, the better. We hope Mr. Bell's next contribution will be an appeal to the Order to "come up higher," rather than an excuse to women for "excluding" them from it on the ground of its roughness.

PROGRESS OF EVENTS.

Extensive frauds have been discovered in the New York Custom House; the affair seems to be one of those plots of deepest corruption, in which high officials have stooped to take part.

Reports with reference to the Corps Legislatif of France and the Emperor are conflicting. Much discussion regarding the Emperor's foreign policy is reported, but at last accounts he seems to have been sustained by a large majority of the Legislators.

For several weeks, foreign dispatches have partaken largely of news from Ireland, relative to the Fenian uprising. From present appearances the whole matter is to end as Fenian efforts ever have, with a great deal of noise and bluster, and little accomplished. We would gladly see the wrongs of Ireland redressed; but it is very certain that the Irish character lacks the elements of success in revolution.

General Sickles, some time since, issued an order abolishing the public whipping post in North Carolina. Andrew Johnson countermanded the order, and restored the barbarous practice. General Schofield, the new commander of the district of Virginia, has repeated Gen. Sickles' order. Will Andrew Johnson countermand this order? We shall see.

It appears from a correspondence recently published in the *BANNER OF LIGHT*, furnished by Mrs. Frances Lord Bond, that she (Mrs. Bond) has applied to the acting President for a Consulship, which application has been filed with the Secretary of State, and an appointment to the first opening in Great Britain is promised. It would be an event most gratifying should some of our noble and competent women receive appointments to responsible positions now occupied by incompetent men.

Earl Russell has formally retired from the leadership of the Liberal party in the English Parliament, Mr. Gladstone being his acknowledged successor. The following we extract from the reported remarks of Earl Russell on that occasion: "The present moment is one of supreme importance to the country. I have known but three periods in my political experience which could properly be compared with it, namely, 1829, 1832, and 1846, representing Catholic Emancipation, the first Reform Bill agitation, and the repeal of the Corn Laws. For the Liberal party to succeed, it is necessary for you to have at your head some one in whom you place the utmost confidence. I bid you look to Mr. Gladstone as a statesman of clear views, of great reputation, and one who has most eloquently defended the principles and policy of our party."

The general election has been held in Italy. Garibaldi is elected member of Parliament.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Mr. J. H. Luther, writing from Crown Point, Ind., says, "Our cause in this county has been on the wane for some time, but has recently been very much revived through the labors of Sister Fanny T. Young, a trance speaker from Boston—now of your city. She came to us a stranger without stipulations as to compensation, and after the first lecture drew out full houses, both here and at Lowell, which place she also visited. Her strong, forcible manner, together with the adaptation and masterly handling of her subjects engaged the attention, and entranced her audiences—believers and un-believers. We cheerfully recommend her to the friends everywhere in full confidence that none will be disappointed who engage her services."

Mr. Luther also commends Mrs. Amelia H. Colby as "a good woman and an earnest efficient worker in the field of Progress."

Prussian wits have to mind their P's and Q's. Herr Dohm, editor of the *Kladderadatsch* (the Prussian *Punch*), has been sentenced to eight days imprisonment for ridiculing the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church in his paper.

There are 485,000 Catholics in New York City, 25,000 of whom are regular church attendants. The total includes 50,000 young men between the ages of fifteen and thirty.

Our cotemporary, the *BANNER OF LIGHT*, entered upon its twenty-first volume on the 23d inst. It has been issued regularly for ten years, and now stands on a good financial basis, the oldest publication devoted to Spiritualism in the world. We write what we deem a simple fact, when we say it has very bravely earned its existence by persevering against great obstacles until it overcame them. We sincerely wish it success in all good things, and hope it may go on reaching higher and higher after golden truths and scattering them with a generous hand.

Illinois furnishes New York with more than one-half of the whole number of live stock received in that city. In 1866, the total number of cattle received there, was 278,882, of which 165,287 were from Illinois, the aggregate value of which was \$18,373,302.62.

FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN EQUAL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION.

The first annual meeting of the American Equal Rights Association will be held in the City of New York, at the Church of the Puritans, on Thursday and Friday, the 9th and 10th of May next, commencing on Thursday morning at 10 o'clock.

The object of this Association is to secure Equal Rights to all American citizens, especially the right of suffrage, irrespective of race, color or sex.

American Democracy has interpreted the Declaration of Independence in the interest of slavery, restricting suffrage and citizenship to a *white, male minority*.

The black man is still denied the crowning right of citizenship, even in the nominally free States, though the fires of civil war have melted the chains of chattelism, and a hundred battlefields attest his courage and patriotism.

Half our population are disfranchised on the ground of sex; and though compelled to obey the law, and taxed to support the government, they have no voice in the legislation of the country.

This Association then has a mission to perform, the magnitude and importance of which cannot be over estimated.

The recent war has unsettled all our governmental foundations. Let us see that in their restoration, all these unjust proscriptions are avoided. Let Democracy be defined anew, as the *Government of the people, AND THE WHOLE PEOPLE*.

Let the gathering then at this anniversary, be in numbers and character, worthy in some degree the demands of the hour. The black man, even the black soldier, is yet but half emancipated, nor will he be, until his full suffrage and citizenship are secured to him in the *Federal Constitution*. Still more deplorable is the condition of the black woman; and legally, that of the white woman is no better!

Shall the sun of the nineteenth century go down on wrongs like these, in this nation, consecrated in its infancy

to justice and freedom? Rather let our meeting be pledge as well as prophesy to the world of mankind, that the redemption of at least one great nation is near at hand.

In behalf of the American Equal Rights Association.

LUCRETIA MOTT, *Pres.*

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, *Cor. Sec'y,*

HENRY B. BLACKWELL, *Rec. Sec'y.*

New York, 12th March, 1867.

[Communications relating to this Anniversary, and donations in aid of its objects, to be addressed to Susan B. Anthony, 464 West Thirty-fourth street, New York.]

WHERE IS HON. M. H. BOVEE?

A Wisconsin Court has decided that a man has a right to chastise his wife to a "reasonable extent."

Mr. Bovee has been for some years a missionary to this guilty nation. He has neutralized the Illinois gallows this winter. He has pledged himself to woman—promised to open to her the way to the ballot box. The work is good. But Mr. Bovee lives in Wisconsin. That barbarous State has need of him.

A drunkard or a knave may chastise his wife in Wisconsin and escape punishment. Will Mr. Bovee make haste to wipe this foul stain from the statute books of his State? But let him remember us who are still in bonds.

OSWEGO LYCEUM.

On Monday evening, March 4th, the hall in which the Oswego, N. Y., Lyceum held its sessions was burned. All of the Lyceum equipments were destroyed; no insurance. With commendable determination the officers ordered an entire new outfit, immediately secured another hall, so the exercises of the Lyceum met with no interruption. That's the way to do it. And that is the sort of enthusiasm that comes up from the Lyceum movement. It lifts people above the common obstacles to success. Calls for a hundred or two hundred dollars and gets them, where other purposes would wince and try to shirk the responsibility of effort. Purpose and pluck will always win when in the right.

A Religious Challenge.

To any Catholic Clergyman in the United States:

In view of the rapid development and spread of Spiritualism and rationalism during the past fifteen years, and the evident inability of the Evangelical Protestant Church to contend against them; and the further consideration that through the public discussions between Rev. Alexander Campbell, Bishop Purcell and others, the contest between orthodox Protestantism and Catholicism, and the claims of each religious system, was fairly set before the public, and the relative merits and objections to both defended and exposed, to that extent that they need no further consideration in a similar public manner; but owing to the new development of rationalistic religion through Spiritualism, there is a demand for a public discussion between a champion of the Catholic faith and a champion of the new Spiritual faith, for the purpose of putting the strong and weak points of both systems together, side by side, and letting them go to the public with the aid of whatever new truths religious or metaphysical science may afford.

Such a discussion could not possibly harm the public, but on the other hand, would do much to awaken thought upon the great religious interest of the age, which seems now to be existing between dissatisfaction on one side and uncertainty on the other.

To meet this seeming want of the public mind, a Spiritualist, whose personal habits and integrity of character make him a worthy and exemplary citizen, and whose superior education, and classical learning eminently fit him for debate; has consented to join in a discussion with any Catholic clergyman who is in good standing in the church and a champion of the Catholic faith, and who dare to defend it in public against an unbeliever. The discussion to be held in St. Louis as soon as the challenge is accepted and arrangements made, and to embrace substantially the following points of dispute:

1. That there is no evidence of the divine authority either of the Bible or the Catholic Church, and therefore, any claim to infallibility on the part of either, is false.

2. That there is an endless amount of evidence against the divinity and infallibility of either.

3. That the doctrine of Spiritualism, is, so far as it teaches, that the living on earth, can and do hold communion with their departed friends, and other spirits in the after life, is true.

4. That the religious philosophy of Spiritualism is the highest form of moral truth that has yet come into the world.

It being understood that when the challenge is accepted, that the disputants are to arrange the questions of debate, and agree upon the detail of the discussion.

Any Catholic clergyman who is willing to accept this challenge, can make it known by addressing

JOHN J. OUTLEY.

St. Louis, Mo., March 14, 1867.

VOICES FROM THE PEOPLE.

"Let every man have due liberty to speak an honest mind in every land."

From Joseph Baker.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: I have carefully read your paper since it changed its name, which was a good change, and its matter, which is still a better one. The reforms you have introduced and advocate are generally most warmly commended by those who, reading it, are friends of reformatory measures; though there is a small class who oppose all concerted action for reform, object to all moral tests, and oppose all organized discipline. These, of course, will complain of your changes. Permit me to photograph a few of these: One busy set are not mediums, nor even illuminated, and yet assume to be leaders, and dictate in all important movements. Their Spiritualism (?) seems to culminate in a wish to have a free development of animal-ity; hence they deny moral responsibility, and oppose all restraints on the passions. They claim "freedom" and individuality, and the right of every one to act for himself. As these persons deny responsibility, we are not responsible for them; nor are Spiritualists bound to uphold them, nor countenance them. They are Animalists, not Spiritualists.

The sooner the Spiritualists are rid of such, the better for the cause of truth. If such persons ever do receive spiritual communications, they will be of a low and worthless character, and even false; for such spirits they will naturally draw around them. Highly developed spirits will seek pure mediums; as fine musicians will not use imperfect instruments, nor those out of tune. The harp must first be put in perfect tune before even a master's hand can discourse sweet music from its trembling nerves. It is vain to expect valuable communications through vicious, licentious, or base minds. It is clearly impossible, and the public owe you a debt of gratitude for your carefulness in these respects. Spiritualists cannot be too much on their guard against impostors, who would sink our holy faith to their own low, dark, undeveloped conditions.

From the general prevalence of the opinion that there is much wrong needing remedies in opinions, customs, habits, laws and conditions, I take it for granted that very few believe that "whatever is, is right," as Pope asserts, or that there is no evil in existence, clearly as a few persons think they can demonstrate that philosophy. I am glad you do not believe that a lie is as good as the truth, and hence prefer the great truths of Spiritualism to clerical dogmas.

The evils that arise from false marriages, to both parents and offspring, are appalling. Marriages for money, houses, fashions, or animal passion, are too fearfully prevalent, and require reform. Instruction and higher motives are needed. But let us avoid the other extreme, and not attack *true* marriage, a lasting union between one man and one woman on the plane of mutual love. Those who advocate the Mormon or Dr. Noyes' theories, have as little claim to the name of Spiritualists as the incendiary has to be considered a public benefactor.

Quack nostrums are as thick as frogs in Egypt. Every medicine made of secret ingredients is a quack medicine. Spiritualism reveals nature's secrets, not to benefit the few makers. Patent medicines are a public curse. I hope your columns will not be the means of puffing, you know not what, to deceive the ignorant. There may be some virtue in positive and negative powders; but I must consider them sheer quackery till we know of what and how they are made.

Sick men need not be treated as fish, nor do all stomachs require bran bread. Our conventions are not political gatherings, milliners' or tailors' shops, much as we need reform in such matters. When we are developed to a true humanity, then we shall show it in rational reforms, in which work may God speed you.

Janesville, Wis.

Our Insane Asylum.

[The following communication is from an educated and worthy lady, who was formerly an inmate of the Illinois Insane Asylum. She speaks from experience. Let us have the facts from both sides, ere public judgment is pronounced upon that institution:]

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: I have just learned, by the public press, that there is soon to be a thorough examination of the Jacksonville Lunatic Asylum. No intelligence could please me more.

There is an apathy, an almost total ignorance generally, through the State, respecting this institution and the way it is managed, or, rather, *mismanaged*, that is heart-sickening to contemplate; and nothing but the most efficient and thorough ventilation of the whole subject can suffice to enlighten the public as to the facts.

Do you say that a most intelligent and learned Superintendent is now and long has been at the head of this institution? That we have a Board of Trustees, whose business it is to visit it periodically and inspect all its operations? And more, that its interests are guarded by the legislative and executive powers, the very fountains of authority and influence in the State; and that, under the supervision of such agencies, it is sufficiently protected, and, therefore,

needs no special thought on the part of private individuals? I answer you by referring to the recent history of our country. A few years ago, its freedom and prosperity were guarded by a President, whose power some have estimated as even greater than the most potent European monarch. In addition, the Senate and House of Representatives executed their respective functions for the good of the whole country; and these powers were supported by the whole people of our land. Yet, with these guarantees of prosperity, and the immense wealth of our country, and all our intellectual and moral influence superadded, the terrible disease of slavery insinuated itself into our body politic. It spread widely, and more widely, until its deadly miasm nearly poisoned to death the very heart of the nation. A devastating war resulted, whose wide tornado of destruction filled our mourning country with widows and orphans, and brought suffering and dismay to every home, and to every heart.

So all those guarantees of safety, to which I have alluded as existing within and around the Jacksonville Asylum; a terrible disease is within its walls that threatens its dissolution. Yes, *there is a slavery*, a white slavery; and as its influences for evil are no less potent than were formerly those of negro slavery, so the appliances for its extermination demand no less energy on the part of all interested than did those formerly needed on the part of negro slavery.

Let every person be on the alert, for there are now many throbbing hearts burning with desire for the way to open by which a presentation of *facts* may be given, that will ventilate the scenes *behind the curtain* of those *dark walls of iniquity!* "The hidden things of darkness shall all be brought to light."

I wish to add some brief suggestions respecting the law just passed by our State Legislature, in reference to the terms of admission for the future patients of the Asylum. It appears that they must be pronounced insane by a regular trial by jury before they can be consigned to the tender (?) mercies of Dr. —. Some, I learn, have found fault with this law, and have prayed for its repeal. For my part, I hope it will *never* be repealed, for I think it must inevitably necessitate that very investigation so much needed.

This new law, and the objections very naturally arising upon its surface, must eventually open people's eyes; for, under its operation, those who have a friend supposed insane, will not be in haste to subject that friend to the fearful ordeal that such an examination would require. No, they would apply more patience and perseverance in the care of that friend at home; and this would essentially diminish the number of admissions to the asylum. Besides, no decent or sensible jury will be in a hurry to give a verdict, the result of which will be the consignment of their unhappy victim to that concentration of horrors, the Jacksonville Lunatic Asylum!

The superintendent, I understand, objects to this law, and well he may object. He well knows that so surely as that law is recognized, and properly respected, his doom is written. His days of maladministration are numbered. He has already been "weighed in the balances" and most sadly "found wanting."

Yours for the truth, MARY —.
March 5, 1867.

From K. Parker.

How supremely blessed are we, as women, to live cotemporary with such brave souls as Lucretia Mott, Frances D. Gage, Frances Brown, Ernestine L. Rose, Lita B. Sayles, and a host of others, too numerous to mention, who are struggling to emancipate our sex from political nonentity. Let us

"Cherish no secret misgiving,
All dangers are naught to the brave;
They dishonor the land of the living
Who bow down their neck as a slave."

All are slaves of custom and habit in a greater or less degree. Lita, you are remembered, and will have hosts to strengthen your hands before the next decenary passes away. I, too, am waiting and working to help create a public opinion in regard to the elective franchise for women, so that she will be enabled to take the first step.

A gentleman once said he knew of no law to forbid woman's voting. If I should act on that next election day, and attend with my protector and look over the names of the candidates for town office, intelligently decide that they were competent, take a vote and deposit it, what would be the result? I expect they would follow the precedence of Congress when petitioned by females; the vote would be laid on the table. The facts are, we are subjects, if not counted sovereigns. We may be willing to step forward, and do our duty, and prepare ourselves to act understandingly; but if, after all our willingness, we are told we don't mean it, we don't universally demand it, then we must stand back and see the governmental housekeeping all in confusion, for the want of that intuitive element that it is acknowledged woman possesses. Why do not men see that they would never have had a free school law passed if they had waited for a universal demand from all the *dunces* in the State. The *Chicago Republican*, in its first editorial,

came out strongly in favor of intelligence as a qualification for the elective franchise, without regard to nationality or color, but never mentioned *sex*.

In the name of my sex, I will make a universal demand for the *equal legal rights of all persons*, for the reason that so many women wish, but dare not ask for them, fearing their husbands may not like to have it known how dissatisfied they really are. All persons who will continue to deprive woman of the right to vote, (which is the foundation of all rights in a Republic,) first steal their good name, then engage in the most infamous robberies, which take from women all opportunities to strive with honorable and just enthusiasm for the honors and emoluments of office, and the learned professions, and then boastfully claim superiority. This will continue so long as the surest road to honor and fame is reached by stealing girls' rights and woman's good name. But what can we expect when civil, religious and secular governments are all wedded to the idea that certain castes or classes are unfitted for self-government?

Let us work and agitate, accepting all the liberty we may have, and never give up until we can stand, politically, equal with our fathers, brothers, sons, husbands and friends, that we may unite woman's wisdom and love with man's power and justice, to elevate legislation above bribery and corruption, and bring us all in harmony with the laws of nature, as displayed in our physical adaptation to conditions. I call upon all the world's workers to unite in one *grand pull altogether*.

Marengo, Ill.

Gleanings from Correspondence.

FROM G. NEWCOMER, M. D.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: It is no more a question, "Is man progressive?" This is marked in our daily march onward, and is truly seen in the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC. It will be one of the journals bound and laid up for future generations, from which to read the mind and great movements of the middle of this nineteenth century, and but about twenty years since the first demonstrations in our spiritual and progressive unfoldment. A. J. Davis' Divine Revelations, so full of predictions of what was about to fall upon us, which we now, in our Spiritual Philosophy, so fully realize, was copy-righted in the year 1847, and in the following year were the first intelligent manifestations of spirit power, beginning with what is known as the Rochester knockings.

This first startled the world from its deep slumber, and soon shook the foundation of every institution; and to-day they stand *trembling*, not knowing how to shift their *sail in the increasing breeze of human progress*. But let them tremble; twenty years more of such an onward march will see them fall. The hands of five millions in America, and four millions in Europe, have taken hold of the car of progress, and still increasing in a mathematical ratio, and the tottering institutions must soon fall. THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, the BANNER OF LIGHT, and the many volumes of Spiritual and progressive literature, with thousands of speakers and ten thousand mediums scattered all over the civilized world, are all lending a helping hand in this great movement. May angels speed the day when the kingdom of heaven may be recognized by the children of earth. "Supone with another, and be taught by the angels of God; being led into all truth, so that His will may be done on earth as it is in heaven."

Meadville, March 10, 1867.

FROM W. W. BABRETT.

I am much interested in the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC. It is food for my thirsting soul; it quickens the divine within; it is broad in its scope, charitable in its spirit, and tends to unfold the divinity of all souls. Each department is full of instruction. I feel a lively interest in all that I find relates to the laws of our being. "The proper study of mankind is man," and the greatest work of the reformer is to discover and proclaim to the world the laws of body and mind. The New Dispensation is leading the way, making manifest many of them, and yet how many are yet undeveloped! What is it that gives the child his or her bent of mind and character? Ah, is not there the *key* that shall unlock the mysteries of life?

The energies of the popular churches are exerted to produce the "second birth." This is a *popular* theme; the *first* birth is unpopular; but to the pure all of God's works are pure. It is a well grounded conviction of my mind, that would we improve humanity, have healthy and harmonious children, whose loving natures would "grow in grace and in the knowledge of the truth," then husband and wife must understand and obey the laws and conditions that will produce the better type. By attention to the laws and conditions relating to fruit and animals, great improvements have been made; and, now, earnest, thoughtful minds declare that, to improve and save humanity, the parents must live pure and holy lives, that the child may *inherit* a pure and loving nature. God aid you to hasten the day when all shall obey all the laws of life and be saved.

Eau Claire, Wis.

FROM JOHN CORWIN.

The spiritualistic idea is the underlying principle of all true reform. My first and greatest object in life is the growth and development of my own humanity, both as a moral and spiritual individual; and, next to that, I hold myself under obligation to my brothers and sisters in all conditions, and under all circumstances, to aid and encourage them to attain the highest possible degree of intelligence and spiritual growth as independent individualities, and yet bound together by one common interest—the ultimate unity and harmony of the whole.

I think the most radical measures, based on correct and true principles, will, in the long run, be most effectual in reconstructing social, political and religious institutions.

Five Corners, Cayuga Co., N. Y., March 15.

SARAH G. CROSBY,

of Albion, Maine, penned a to us letter just after hearing the news of the departure of a "dearly loved sister to dwell evermore with the angels," from which we make the following extract:

"I know the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC cannot fail to elevate the moral and spiritual feelings of its readers. I hail its arrival with heartfelt joy, and it is a pleasure to me to introduce it to my friends. The spreading of our glorious truths, as presented in the REPUBLIC, is a work worthy of our highest endeavors, and I only wish I could do more.

"Albion, Me., March 6, 1867."

FROM D. E. PEASE.

Most encouraging news comes that the workers for truth in Richland Center, Wis., have an enthusiastic society and Lyceum, having a regular attendance of sixty to seventy members, all within about a year since they were organized. Our correspondent writes:

"Our society has survived, thus far, the tempestuous storms and assaults of the allied forces of some four or five organizations, reputed Christian, who hurl all the untruths, slanders and abuses against us which fertile brains for that kind of trash are capable of conceiving; and yet we live and prosper, and shrink not in the least from our undertaking.

"Richland Center, Wis., March 17, 1867."

FROM D. J. MANDELL.

I am glad to see you both, in connection with other worthy names, associated in public relations, which promise influence and success in behalf of blinded and bleeding humanity, if rightly directed. Your ability is unquestioned, the title of your paper "a sign of the times," and its general arrangement and style first class and unexceptionable.

I discern, however, here and there, a cropping out of the same elements which have conspired to belittle the Spiritual cause, narrow the circulation, and annul the existence of previous Spiritual publications. What, for instance, are we to think of a publication whose motto is that "No question of general human well-being is foreign to the spirit, etc., of the great Spiritual movement," while in its leading editorial we see a decided tendency to set aside *Christianity*, on the plea that "the Christian plan of salvation has failed," etc.

I have long ago suggested to this class of philosophers that the failure of Sectarianism is not even the *fault*, much less the "failure" of *Christianity*. It has had its due weight in certain quarters, but evidently needs, as it is deserving of, more consideration in other directions. The "rap," etc., is great in relative present effect, but there are many things recorded in "the Bible" which are of a vital and abiding importance never yet exceeded, and never will be. A thing must be judged by its relations to other things, as well as by immediate results.

Athol Depot, Mass., Feb. 23.

[REMARKS.—Not, brother Mandell, as you think we say, that *Christianity*, as a principle, but that the "plan" of it, as devised by the modern church, is a failure. Beautiful and divine is *Christianity*, when shorn of all its fashionable trappings and vicarious atonements. Jesus, the unpretentious Nazarene, obeyed the laws of God in his being; that is salvation that never has and never can fail. When shall we leave the husks of technical disputation, study order, and practice that charity which "endureth all things?"]

FROM JOSEPH WOLFF.

THE REPUBLIC is a weekly feast to a hungry soul, and I love it. Oh how I love it, and long for the day when its glorious rays of Spiritual truth shall illumine the minds of millions, and dispel the darkness of bigotry and ecclesiastical ignorance and intolerance. But, my brother, the day has dawned. There is a work for our REPUBLIC to accomplish, which, heretofore, would have proved the death of a similar enterprise. But the time is ripe. The harvest is ready, and the REPUBLIC is one of the giant reapers. I am hopeful of the issue.

Boulder City, Colorado, March 2.

The subscriptions to defray the expenses of provincial schoolmasters to the Paris Exhibition have reached the sum of 16,000 francs.

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL REFORM.

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just—
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

For The Spiritual Republic.

Our Common Humanity.

BY SHORLAND HARRIS.

We all do meet on common soil,
The titled lords, or sons of toil;
The poor, yet unknown man of worth,
Stands equal with the kings of earth;
Equal, in all that makes a man,
Equal in soul! Deny it, who can?
We all do breathe the same free air,
The wild, dark man, the woman fair,
The pleasant breeze, the playful wind,
Blows for us all, all human kind;
One sky above, by day or night,
Gives to us all the same sweet light,
One sun shines bright for every man,
And each enjoys it if he can;
One common earth gives us our food,
One heaven above, rains water good,
The same glad earth gives trees, and flowers,
And dancing rills and fairy bowers,
And pretty birds, whose tuneful sound
Makes hill and vale with joy resound.
The clothes we wear, both rich and poor,
On animals were worn before;
On poor, on rich, vast nature's store,
On every hand, she free doth pour:
One common life she gives to all,
One after-life to great and small;
We're equal then! Deny it, who can?
Equal in all that makes a man.

February 22d, 1867.

The Organization of Labor.—No. 5.

BY A. BRISBANE.

In my last article, I gave a chart, so to say, of the Social System, showing the different parts or branches of which it is composed. With its aid the reader will, I think, be able to form an opinion of the influence which the various reform movements, now urged, will have on society; and will be able to determine the part of the social system which each reform will affect. It is of the highest importance that a comprehensive view should be taken of improvement and reform, so that the mind may not be lost in little details. The real reformer should be able to overlook the whole field of action—the whole field in which change and improvement can be effected, so as to be able to act wisely and efficiently; to see where the blow is to be struck, and how; to determine the vulnerable point; and to comprehend *fundamental* measures, which, carried out, will lead to great ulterior results. The work of social reform and progress is a great and complex one; it requires insight and talent to labor in this difficult field. The reformer should instruct himself fully, and acquire a clear knowledge of the subject, if he wishes to accomplish anything by his labors.

I wish especially to call the attention of persons, who are interested in social progress and the devotion of their race, to the importance of a COMPLETE OR INTEGRAL ORGANIZATION OF INDUSTRY. It is the basis and the true beginning of all other reforms. It can be carried out easily, if begun *rightly*; and if carried out, will effect peacefully and in a natural manner—that is, as an ulterior result of its own influence—a MIGHTY REVOLUTION in society.

It will change our whole commercial system, and transform it into a system of communion business—making it the agent of productive industry. It is now a system of unlimited speculation, spoliation, knavery, cheating and deception; it is the master of productive industry, and contracts it to suit its purposes.

It will change our whole Banking system. The currency is now monopolized and controlled by individuals and corporations, who use it to spoliolate labor, which they do most effectually, amassing immense fortunes through interest and usury. Besides, they furnish credit and moneyed capital to the hordes of speculators who are engaged in spoliating industry. The commercial and financial classes are merely industrial freebooters, whose power must and can be taken from them by a true organization of labor. Under such an organization, the producers will establish a true commercial and financial system; they will organize agencies for effecting sales and purchases, and for giving credit or making advances, which will entirely supplant the present system.

It will render wealth general among the population. With a true organization of labor, production—which is the sole source of wealth, or is wealth—would be increased tenfold; and this increased wealth would, under a system of proper economics, go twice as far as at present. With the enjoyment of general wealth, will come education, intelligence, refinement, true social equality—based on intelligence and refinement—pecuniary independence, and other collateral results.

It will secure to woman productive occupations, suited to her nature; open to her congenial fields of action; give her health and vigor, and free her from pecuniary dependence

on man. With these advantages, she will soon take part in social and political affairs, and will regulate that department of social relations and legislation which properly belongs to her, namely, that relating to marriage and the family. What an anomaly it will appear in the future to reflect that juries of—often coarse—men sat in judgment to determine divorce cases, breaches of promise, seduction, guardianship of children, etc.! What a disgrace to women that they are brought before bars of justice, where men with sensual natures, often filled with whisky and tobacco, pass judgment on their interests, feelings, acts and relations!

It will secure the reign of universal health and physical strength. The health of the poor is now undermined by over-work, poor food, poor tenements, exposure, etc.; that of the rich, by idleness, in-door life, and excessive indulgence in the few material pleasures they possess, to which they have scarcely any counter-poise in spiritual pleasures.

It will act powerfully on the intellectual development of the population. Woman, rendered independent, engaged in pursuits that call out the various faculties of her mind, feeling her personality, and relieved from a thousand vexations, cares, anxieties, heart-burnings, and brutalities to which she is now subjected, will give a vastly superior cerebral organization to her offspring. She is literally the *artificer* of the race; she manufactures it. Now, the mind is dependent on its organ—the brain. The scantily and poorly constituted brains, which are at present produced by the mothers of the race, is the primary cause of the mental inferiority, animality or viciousness of so large a portion of the population. Woman, placed in entirely new circumstances, will produce a new race.

It will effect those partial reforms, which the working classes are now striving for, such as the eight hour system; and will realize those dreams of justice which flit before men's minds, such as the union of labor and capital, and the right of man to the soil—measures, which cannot be carried out isolatedly, and in an Industrial System which is false as a whole.

Such are some of the results that would flow from the scientific Organization of Labor—from the organization of the physical activity and the material life of man.

In the table or chart of the social Organism, which was given in the last article, it was seen that this Organism is composed of three primary parts or branches:

First, The Industrial System, which creates wealth; which feeds, clothes and houses the human race; which ministers to the physical wants of, and provides for, the body of man.

Second, The system of Social Institutions, which regulates the affectional relations of human beings—that is, the relations to which love, the parental sentiment, friendship, etc., give rise, and which ministers to the spiritual wants of the soul, and provides for the satisfaction of its sympathies and affections.

Third, The system of Political Institutions or Government, which regulates the general relations of human beings as members of society, or as actors in the collective and complex whole, called the body politic or the community, and which provides for the collective or political wants of man, and meets the need of order and unity in society.

The Educational system forms the transitional branch, as its function is to develop the child—the germ of the man. The Religious system forms the pivotal branch, as it connects and associates in sentiment and idea the individual with the universe.

The Industrial system is the basis of the other systems; it is the body, so to say, of which they are the spirit. As the body, in the case of man, must be developed before the mind; and further, as the body must be well constituted and healthy in order to permit the full and normal action of the mind, so the industrial system, in the social organism, must be organized, before social and political institutions can be; and it must be scientifically organized to permit the establishment of true institutions.

It is a law of nature that the material must precede the spiritual; and that the material must be properly constituted to allow a true and harmonious development of the spiritual. Let us illustrate this by an example or two.

How is it possible to establish or create true, devoted and noble relations between the sexes under our false and repulsive system of Labor, which entails poverty, ignorance, brutal toil and coarseness on the masses? Which makes a drudge and slave of Woman? Which houses wretchedly the multitude, and which affords them no facilities and comforts in their homes? We might as well expect a man to indulge in elevated and poetic ideas, stuck up to his armpits in a quagmire.

Again, how can justice, benevolence and fraternity exist in a social Order, in which all interests are in conflict; in which every man is impelled, in order to live, to take advantage of his neighbor; in which wealth can only be secured by spoliating the masses of the fruit of their toil, and in which the working classes are the hirelings of the rich and dependent upon them?

There is, and can be no social redemption for Humanity, but in the SCIENTIFIC ORGANIZATION OF LABOR. This great

truth should be shouted through the land until the leaders of opinion are made to comprehend it—until statesmen, editors, priests, and others whose business is with ideas, see into this fundamental truth—the A, B, C of Social Science. In my next I will endeavor to explain clearly what is to be understood by the Organization of Labor.

Let us examine briefly in what departments of society reforms are now being attempted.

The greatest practical improvements are perhaps being made in Education. All classes, progressive and conservative, are interested in this branch. No prejudice exists against progress in it. The erection of our system of free schools is a notable achievement, and is doing great good. These educational improvements do not influence directly the condition of society, but they are preparing men for future action.

In the Industrial system, the only reform that is distinctly urged, is the eight hour system, or the reduction of the hours of labor to that number per day. The rich and influential classes take no interest whatever in industrial reforms.

The establishment of National Banks with a uniform currency, is a modification of, and improvement upon, the State Bank system. It was an effect of the late civil war, and due to necessity, not to any desire on the part of the public for financial reform. The abolition of Slavery was a gigantic achievement; it is partly industrial in its character, partly political. It was a reform forced on the people by a combination of events, and carried out from necessity, not from devoted and benevolent motives. Still it is not the less a great work accomplished, and marks a vast progress in our age. In England, efforts are making to establish a direct system of trade between producer and consumer, that is to effect a commercial reform. It is being prosecuted on a humble scale at Rochdale, but merits great sympathy and respect. There is a movement going on in the same country to associate Labor and Capital. Some large manufacturers are giving their workmen a small interest in their profits. It is a slight beginning, but may lead to something. In Germany, People's Banks are being established to make advances or give credit to the working classes. A good deal of success is attending this movement. In France, workmen are forming associations to prosecute on their own account various branches of Industry. Such are, in brief, the industrial movements of our time, and they are partial and flickering efforts at innovation and improvement. In comparison with an *integral and Scientific Organization of Industry*, they are but the feeble utterances of instinct, showing that the human mind is, however, awakening to the conception that some great change is needed and is coming in the industrial world.

We class Commercial and Financial reforms under the head of the Industrial, as Commerce and Banking form the second branch of the industrial system, as we have before explained.

1st Branch: *Production of Wealth*, through agriculture, manufactures, mining, etc.

2d Branch: *Exchange of Wealth* by Commerce and Banking.

3d Branch: *Division of Wealth* by the operation of the laws and customs that govern property, labor, capital, rents, interest, etc.

In social relations, there is a tendency to extend to Woman more rights than she has heretofore possessed. This tendency is realized to some extent in the Constitutions of the new States of the West. The most marked effort in this direction is the agitation, just beginning, to secure to woman the right of suffrage. If it succeeds, it will lead to important ulterior results. Another movement, which is in silent progress, is a doubt growing in many minds, of the present marriage institution. Very little is said openly; and no public criticism is urged. It is felt that society is not ready for it, which is the case.

Our system of permanent and coerced unions, whether there is love or not between the parties, is the best in the present social order, with its poverty and isolated households, and the coarseness of the masses. In Europe, no reform movements in this department are urged at the present time.

In Political Institutions or Government, some innovations are taking place in the State constitutions, as they are remodeled, or as new States are founded. Some changes are advocated also, and will take place in the Constitution of the United States. They are not, however, of much importance. The great reform of the times is the abolition of slavery. It is an immense progress. In Europe, Political reforms are very actively urged. There the people are victims of monarchical and aristocratic monopolies and oppression, and they feel keenly the need of liberty. Political reforms occupy public attention far more than all others combined. Some important ones have been effected within a brief period. Among them are the realization of Italian Unity, and the partial unity of Germany, and the abolition of serfage in Russia.

In Religion, nothing of a positive or constructive character is doing. The formation of new sects appears to be at a stand-still. Rationalist criticism, like that of Strauss and Renan, is more impartial and less hostile. There is a ten-

dency to quietude, impartiality and indifference. There is on no side any positive innovation in religion, that is, any promulgation of radically new religious ideas, with the single exception of a new conception of the future life by the Spiritualists.

Science has not made sufficient progress in universal principles to furnish a new conception of God, of His plan of Government, of the nature of man, and of his destiny; and until this is done, the religious Institution cannot take any radical step in advance. In Europe, there is far less religious activity than in this country. Indifference has there reached a point that is equivalent to complete negation.

We have now taken a very brief survey of the different reform movements that are being agitated in the civilized world. They are fragmentary and incoherent, without integrality and science. A great movement in favor of social innovation and progress will not be inaugurated until Social Science is created and constituted, and until a strong faith in, and an ardent desire for, the elevation of the human race take possession of the human mind.

While no great direct, practical and conscious efforts at reform are being made, there is a great undercurrent of progress going on, which for the most part is instructive, and is unconscious of the end to be attained. We will speak of them briefly.

First, in Industry, new machinery, and processes are being invented or discovered, which are facilitating greatly labor, and preparing the materials to be used in a scientific organization of Industry. What grand achievements are, for example, the steam engine and the railway; and how they are aiding in freeing man from the dominion of matter, or from the slavery of imperfect material arrangements! Another great movement in industry is silently progressing which is of a very different character. It is the tendency to the creation of an INDUSTRIAL FEUDALISM by capital; that is, of a *gigantic monopoly by joint-stock companies of all the leading branches of Industry, and their prosecution in a strict and rigid manner, with regard only to the profits of capital, and very little to the welfare of the laboring classes*. In a century more, if nothing arrests this movement, productive industry will be entirely monopolized; all property and business will be concentrated in the hands of corporations and joint-stock companies; and the working classes reduced to a state of entire dependence and servitude. These two great movements, which are not understood, and attract no attention, are destined to exercise a vast influence on the future. The Eight-hour movement, for example, is but a ripple on the surface, in comparison with the mighty flood which is advancing.

In social and domestic arrangements, our great first class hotels are, I think, destined to set an example which will lead to important innovations. They will show the rich by practical demonstration—the only one understood—that DOMESTIC COMBINATION is possible; and in addition, that it is desirable, and if properly managed, economical. The rich must take the lead; domestic or household combination must begin with them; it will then descend to the middle and poorer classes. Such combination is one of the most important results to be attained. The *Isolated Household* is one of the greatest obstacles in the way of social progress. It enslaves woman, blights true relations between the sexes, prevents sociability, generates physical debility and disease, and hinders the mental development of children. The isolated household is a domestic slave pen in which more than one-half of women wear out their existence in menial and unrequited drudgery.

Cheap printing, which has been greatly promoted by modern inventions in machinery, is exercising an important influence. It is disseminating newspapers and periodicals of all kinds, and increasing the habit of reading. The publication of large numbers of novels is doing a great deal of good. These works of romance excite the imagination, stimulate ideality, the fancy and the activity of other faculties which lie near dormant in our prosaic, material society. They may do a little mischief in individual cases, but their action in exciting the emotions is, I think, of great value. In like manner, the spread of music is operating favorably and strongly on the poetic side of our nature. At the beginning of this century, there was hardly a piano in the city of New York, and none in the country; now, thanks to cheap production, they are everywhere. In Germany, we can judge of the great influence which poetry and music have had on the people;—like results will be produced in this country by their cultivation.

In the intellectual sphere, two great movements are in progress, which are destined to exercise a greater influence in Social Reform than all others combined. The one is the Spiritual Movement, which, with thinking minds, is undermining all faith in the present Theology and the present social organization. It is producing a radicalism that has never been equaled, as it is engendering a systematic doubt of all existing institutions and social arrangements. It is setting a vast number of minds free, and preparing them for a new order of things. With many, it ministers merely to the other-worldly selfishness which characterizes our churches, but with thinking minds, it is stimulating to inquiring into all human opinions, beliefs and institutions

and is making havoc of old opinions and traditions. Such a process is very necessary, as it prepares men for a new mental world. The second movement is more important even than this. It is the study and spread of SOCIAL SCIENCE. This Science is a creation of the nineteenth century; it is as yet in its infancy, but able thinkers are at work at, and are gradually elaborating it, and promulgating the truths discovered. AUGUSTE COMTE's works are being widely studied in France and England, and to some extent in this country. They are gradually creating a conviction among the best minds that there can be, and is, such a thing, as Social Science; and that man can, *a priori* and with forethought, act on the organization of society. In France, the study of FOURIER's works has prepared a great number of minds for higher conceptions of human destiny, and the social future of mankind. They are not yet translated into English, and are therefore but little known in England and this country. The study and spread of Social Science is destined in time to fully convince men that they hold their social destiny in their own hands; that they can act on, and modify the organization of society; and that they can construct a social system on true or scientific principles. Its study is thus preparing silently the way for great social changes in the future.

In concluding our survey of influences at work in the social world, we may mention that exercised upon Europe by the example of the Republican system of the United States. It is demonstrating the possibility and the advantages of Democratic institutions, or the government of the people by the people; and cannot fail to foster hopes of political liberty, and of enfranchisement from political monopoly and oppression.

Such, very briefly sketched out, are the two classes of reformatory movements going on in the world. With the analysis of the social system, contained in our last article, and this review of reform efforts and influences at work in the different branches of social affairs, the reader will be able to take a general view of the whole field of reform and progress of our age.

Religious Belief of Abraham Lincoln.

As to Mr. Lincoln's religious belief, no one can be better posted upon the subject than Mr. Herndon, and he has given us a synopsis of it as follows:

1. He did not believe in the special, miraculous inspiration of the Scriptures. At the same time, he believed they were inspired to a higher degree than perhaps any other book.

2. But he believed that other works were also inspired—such as those of Plato, Aristotle, Shakespeare, and numbers of others—and inspired, in a very high degree, also. He believed that all writings were more or less inspired.

3. In fact, he believed in a general law of inspiration, to which every man, woman and child born upon the earth, and even the earth itself, and the productions, animal and vegetable, thereon, were alike subject according to their powers and capabilities, in the degree of receptivity of each. The whole world and all things thereon, were to him a vast receptacle into which God was continually breathing the life of lives—the soul by which and through which the universe, with all things therein, exists.

4. He did not believe in the miraculous conception of the Virgin Mary, or in the miraculous birth of Jesus Christ. He looked upon Christ as a man endowed with superior inspiration, but only as a man. In fact, he was decidedly Unitarian in his belief as respects this dogma of the Christian religion.

5. He believed in the ultimate salvation of all men. He was wont to observe that if one man was saved, then all men would be, or God could not be a just God. "All would be saved or nobody," was an expression he was in the habit of using to his friends.

He generally, however, avoided discussions upon religious subjects; and was heard, on more than one occasion, to say, "It would not do to investigate the subject of religion too closely, as it was apt to lead to infidelity."

In 1835, Mr. Herndon informs me, Mr. Lincoln wrote a rationalistic work, giving his peculiar views on religion at length, and which he showed to a merchant named Samuel L. Hill. Mr. Hill took the manuscript from him, and consigned it to the flames, warning Mr. Lincoln of the fate of Tom Paine and other infidels; placing before him the fact that he was a young man having his way to make in the world, and that the publication of such a work would ruin his social as well as political prospects. This work was subsequently thrown in Mr. Lincoln's face while he was stumping this district for Congress against the celebrated Methodist preacher, Rev. Peter Cartwright. But Mr. Lincoln never publicly or privately denied its authorship, or the sentiments expressed therein. Nor was he known to change his religious views to the latest period of his life.

Lincoln was too good a man to be a Pharisee; too great a man to be a sectarian; and too charitable a man to be a bigot.—*Springfield Letter*.

It is said that Queen Victoria is preparing a work for the press, illustrated by plates of her own execution.

THE USHER.

"Death is but a kind and welcome servant who unlocks with noiseless hand life's flower-encircled door to show us those we love."

On the 5th of February, 1867, MILA C. BROWN, daughter of C. P. Eaton, of Laona, Chautauque Co., N. Y., arose from her suffering form, rejoicing in her emancipation.

She was born September 5th, 1836, in Michigan, married February 12th, 1854, in Pennsylvania, and "born again" in 1867, into the world of souls, where Progress brightens forever! The year following her marriage, July, 1855, she, with her husband, moved to Wisconsin. In 1861, while on a visit to her father's in Laona, N. Y., her little daughter Ida, sickened and died, July 4th, and their forms now sleep in the same grave, while their immortal lives blend anew in the dear embrace of heaven, stronger than the power of death.

Mila's heart was full of faith to the last, as her life had been full of virtue and love. She was a flower of light in this world of clouds, and thousands have grown strong in the fine fragrance of her sphere. Her last hours were full of suffering, and she prayed for the Usher to break the chain that bound her here. Her trust never faltered, and her death expressed the power of a good life and a pure, correct faith. She knew the influence of Spiritualism, and bathed in its holy fountains. All who knew her wept in sympathy, for they felt that the world had lost a friend.

But she lives with those who love her,
And who know her nature true:
While their bright hopes bloom above her
And invite her onward too.

With the life that lies before her,
With God's glory blending o'er her,
And the dear ones that deplore her,
She hath higher work to do.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

Gone home. FRANK N., son of Abram and Laura Wheeler, aged seven years, left his bright home and loving friends in Marengo, Ill., on the 16th inst., to join the loved ones in the Summer Land.

Just before leaving, he called his mother to his bedside and said, "Ma, don't you see how bright and green the fields are? Come, let us go out and lie down among the cool, green grass." Then, as if recollecting her poor health, he said, "No, call grandpa and tell him to go with me." He had been suffering from fever and congestion for several days, and no doubt the vision of the bright green fields was refreshing. Frankly was an only son, loving and beloved to all who knew him. The funeral service was attended by Rev. Mr. Adams of the M. E. Church. He is a brother and friend indeed to those in affliction. God send us more such comforters. He bids us consider our dear ones not lost, only gone on to the bright land a little before, there to await our coming.

Died, on the 9th inst., at Fulton, Ill., in the sixty-second year of his age, Dr. A. W. BENTON.

Dr. Benton was a firm believer in Spiritualism, was a man of strong, clear intellect, and retained his consciousness until the last moment.

F. S. NORTON.

Departed to the Higher Life, March 8th, 1867, of consumption, with a clear knowledge of immortality, ROBERT T. PLATT, in his thirty second year.

"His spirit, no longer fettered to the feeble form of clay,
To a high, harmonious union soars, elate with hope, away,
Where the aris arch of beauty bridges o'er celestial skies,
And the golden line of duty, like a living pathway, lies."

The funeral services were conducted at the U. P. Church, by N. Frank White and Mrs. A. Wilhelm, assisted by the Universalist choir, on the afternoon of the 12th inst.

The opening invocation by Mrs. W., singing by the choir, followed by Mr. White with a well selected poem and very appropriate discourse on the subject of Death, after which Mrs. Wilhelm referred more particularly to the personal characteristics of the deceased, as a noble son, brother, friend and Spiritualist, with words of cheering consolation to the bereaved relatives in the glorious fact of his immortality. The occasion was one of impressive interest to the many attentive listeners. Dayton, Ohio.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

MY BEST FRIEND.—Miss Lucie A. Morrison, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "No reasonable amount of money could persuade me to part with my Willcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine—unless assured of its immediate replacement by another just like it—IT HAS BECOME MY BEST FRIEND."

IT IS A FACT, that more suffering, disease and distress, is alleviated by Coe's Dyspepsia Cure than by any other one medicinal preparation extant. It is infallible in Dyspepsia, General Debility, Lassitude, Weakness, no Appetite, Indigestion, and is an immediate cure for any disease of the stomach and bowels.

Would also say in this connection that Coe's Cough Balsam, compounded by the same firm, is invaluable in all cases of Croup, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, and all throat and lung complaints.

DR. MILLER'S HEPATIC POWDERS.—A Clairvoyantly discovered Specific for the certain cure of all Liver derangements. Worth their weight in gold to remove biliousness. Sent by mail, with full directions for use, for fifty cents and two three-cent stamps. Address, Dr. LEO MILLER, Box 2326, Chicago, Ill. 11-1f

VALUABLE USES OF MAGNETISM.—Dr. J. Wilbur, of Milwaukee, Wis., has removed his office to 112 Mason street, one street north of the Post office. He uses no medicine whatever, yet he challenges competition from prescribers of drugs and nostrums. Patients at a distance are cured by magnetized paper. All that is required is a superscribed envelope and fifteen cents. Magnetized paper and consultation free to all who call at his office. Office hours from 10 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 P. M., and 7 to 9 P. M. 3-10-1f

Mrs. M. C. Jordan, Healing, Prophetic and Business medium, 133 Clark street, Room No. 9, Morrison's Building.

POLAND'S MAGIC BILIOUS POWDERS.—These powders are a sure cure for liver complaint, and all bilious derangements. They never fail. Can be obtained at all drug stores, or by mail. Price 50 cents. C. G. CLARK & Co., New Haven, Conn. Fuller, Finch & Fuller, Chicago, General Agents. 3-3-1y

MEDICAL NOTICE.—Dr. Henry Slade, Clairvoyant Physician, will examine the sick in person, or by hair, in his office, Merriman Block, Jackson, Mich., every Friday and Saturday. Terms for examination, \$2. The money should accompany orders. 15-1f

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

BROOKLYN, L. I.—The Spiritualists and Friends of Progress hold regular meetings in Cumberland Street Lecture Room, between Lafayette and DeKalb avenues, every Sunday at 3 and 7½ P. M.

GALESBURG, ILL.—The Friends of Progress meet every Sunday at 11 A. M., and 7½ P. M., in Olmsted's Hall, next building west of Galesburg House, third story.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—The Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists meets every Sunday evening in Black's Musical Institute, [Palmer's Hall,] Main street. Public Circle Thursday evening. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at the same place every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.

MEETINGS AT CHICAGO.—Regular morning and evening meetings are held by the First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago, every Sunday, at Crosby's Music Hall—entrance on State street. Hours of meeting at 7½ P. M.

Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at the same hall every Sunday at 10:30 A. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Spiritualists hold meetings regularly in their Hall and the Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

QUINCY, ILL.—The Association of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress meet every Sunday, at 2½ P. M., for conference and addresses. Hall No. 130 Main street, third floor.

STURGIS, MICH.—Regular meetings of the "Harmonial Society" morning and evening in the "Free Church." Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at the same place at 12:30 P. M.

CINCINNATI.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati, hold regular meetings on Sundays, at Greenwood Hall, corner of Sixth and Vine streets, at 11 A. M., and 7½ P. M.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, meets in the same hall, every Sunday at 9½ A. M. Seats free.

CLEVELAND, O.—Regular meetings every Sunday in Temperance Hall, on Superior street, at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds its sessions every Sunday at 1 P. M.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The "Society of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress" hold regular meetings every Sunday at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Seats free. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same Hall every Sunday afternoon, at 2½ o'clock.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee Street Church, afternoon and evening. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the forenoon.

FOND DU LAC, WIS.—Regular meetings at Moor's Hall, corner of Maine and Fourth sts., at 10:30 A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

PROGRESSIVE MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday morning and evening, in Ebbitt Hall, No. 55 West 33d street, near Broadway.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at the same Hall every Sunday afternoon at 2½ o'clock.

Speakers wishing to make engagements to lecture in Ebbitt Hall should address P. E. Farnsworth, Secretary, P. O. Box 5679, New York

WORCESTER, MASS.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 11½ A. M. every Sunday.

NEW YORK CITY.—The First Society of Spiritualists holds meetings every Sunday in Dodworth's Hall. Seats free.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Waybosset street, Sunday afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7½ o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10½ o'clock.

MORRISANIA, N. Y.—First Society of Progressive Spiritualists—Assembly Rooms, corner Washington avenue and Fifthstreet. Services at 3½ P. M.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Meetings formerly held at Sansom street Hall are now held at Washington Hall, corner of Eighth and Spring Garden streets, every Sunday. The morning lecture is preceded by the Children's Lyceum meeting, which is held at 10 o'clock—the lecture commencing at 11½ A. M.; evening lecture at 7½.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Friends of Progress hold meetings in their new hall, Phoenix street, every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds regular Sunday sessions at 10 A. M., in the same place.

WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y.—Spiritual meetings are held one evening each week, in Continental Hall.

RICHMOND, IND.—The Friends of Progress hold meetings in Henry Hall every Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same place at 2:30 P. M.

OSWEGO, N. Y.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 2½ and 7½ P. M., in Lyceum Hall, West Second, near Bridge street. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 12½ P. M.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Association of Spiritualists hold meetings and have addresses by able speakers, in Union League Hall, every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M.

ST. LOUIS.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold their meeting in the (new) Polytechnic Hall, corner of Seventh and Chestnut streets, at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Children's Lyceum at 3 P. M. Myron Colony, Conductor.

SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

SPEAKERS for whom we advertise are solicited to act as agents for THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

J. Madison Allyn, trance and inspirational speaker. Address, Woodstock, Vt., care of Thomas Middleton.

C. Fannie Allyn, Inspirational Speaker. Address, Ludlow, Vt., till January 1st, 1867.

Joseph Baker, Janesville, Wis., will attend to calls for lectures on Progressive Reforms.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes will speak in Mechanic' Hall, Charleston, Mass., during March; in Somers, Conn., during April.

S. M. Beck, inspirational and normal speaker. Address Rochester, Olmstead county, Minn.

M. C. Bent, inspirational speaker. Address Pardeeville, Wis.

J. P. Cowles, M. D., will answer calls to lecture upon scientific subjects, embracing Hygiene, Physiology, (cerebral and organic) announcing truths new to the scientific world and of great practical use. Address 22 Court street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Mary J. Colburn, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address Champlain, Hennepin, Co., Minn.

Dean Clark, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address Brandon, Vt.

Mrs. Amelia H. Colby, trance speaker, Monmouth, Ill.

Mrs. A. P. M. Davis will answer calls to lecture. Address Box 1155 Bloomington, Ill.

Miss Lizzie Doten. Address Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

A. T. Foss lectures in Plymouth, Mass., during February; in Springfield, Mass., during March. Permanent address, Manchester, N. H.

H. P. Fairfield. Address Greenwichvillage, Mass.

S. J. Finney lectures in Troy, N. Y., until further notice. Address accordingly.

Lyman C. Howe, inspirational speaker. Address New Albion, Cattaugaus Co., N. Y.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge can be addressed during March and April, care of A. Miltenberger, Esq., St. Louis, Mo.; in May, care of A. W. Pugh, Esq., Cincinnati, Ohio; also, care of Thos. Kenney, Esq., 50 Federal street, Boston, Mass.

S. C. Hayford will answer calls to lecture, and organize Children's Lyceums, if desired. Address, Girard Avenue, Railroad Depot, Philadelphia, Pa., care of C. Mallory.

Moses Hall, 724 Jackson street, Milwaukee, Wis., will respond to calls to lecture, in any part of the United States.

Harvey A. Jones will answer calls to lecture on Sundays in the vicinity of Sycamore, Ill., on the Spiritual Philosophy and the Reform questions of the day.

Susie M. Johnson lectures in Cleveland, Ohio, during March; in Sturgis, Mich., in April. Address accordingly.

Mr. O. P. Kellogg speaks to the Friends of Progress at Monroe, O., the 1st Sunday, and at Andover the second Sunday of each month. Address, East Trumbull, Ohio.

J. S. Loveland lectures in Sturgis, Mich., during March. Address accordingly.

Dr. Leo Miller will answer calls to lecture Sundays within a reasonable distance of Chicago. Address, P. O. box 2326, Chicago, Ill.

A. L. E. Nash will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals, in Western New York. Address Rochester, N. Y.

Miss Sarah A. Nutt will speak in Lawrence, Kansas, one third; Topeka, one third, and Wyandotte one third of the time for the present. Address as above.

Mrs. Kate Parker, Marengo, Ill., lectures on Spiritualism, and Political Equality for Woman.

L. Judd Pardee, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Lydia Ann Pearsall, Inspirational Speaker, Disco, Mich.

G. W. Rice, trance speaking medium, will answer calls to lecture Address, Brodhead, Green county, Wis.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe will answer calls to lecture in the Pacific States and Territories. Address San Jose, Cal.

Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson, Inspirational Speaker, 36 Bank street, Cleveland, O.

Selah Van Sickle, Green Bush, Mich., will answer calls to lecture in that vicinity.

Ewing Summers, Utilitarian, Galesburg, Ill., will answer calls to lecture.

Elijah Woodworth will lecture near Coldwater, in Branch Co., Mich., during January and February.

N. Frank White will lecture in Cincinnati, Ohio, during March and April; in Battle Creek, Mich., during May; in Oswego, N. Y., during June. Will answer calls to lecture week evenings in vicinity of Sunday appointments.

Mrs. S. E. Warner will lecture in Beloit, Wis., the Sundays of March and April. Address accordingly, or Box 14, Berlin, Wis.

N. S. Warner, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture in Iowa. Address Woodbin, Harrison Co. Iowa.

E. Whipple. Address Sturgis, Mich.

E. V. Wilson lectures in New Boston, Ill., during the months of April and May.

E. Whipple will speak in Clyde, Ohio, March 10th; commence a course on Geology in Chagrin Falls, Ohio, March 6th; will speak in South Newberry, Ohio, Sunday, March 17th. Address, Sturgis, Mich.

Mrs. Alcinda Wilhelm, M.D., (Inspirational Speaker,) will lecture in the vicinity of Detroit, Mich., during March. Address, care of H. N. F. Lewis, Detroit.

A. A. Wheelock, trance and inspirational speaker, St. John's Mich.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson will labor in New England, during April, May and June. Friends on the Springfield and Boston road, who wish to secure her services, please address immediately at Hammonton, Atlantic Co., N. J.

Mrs. Fannie Young, of Boston, will answer calls to lecture in the West this winter. Address 285 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

PUBLIC REGISTER.

We insert in this department the names of those whose address is an item of public interest.

Rev. Orrin Abbott. Address Chicago, Ill.

Rev. Adin Ballou, Hopedale, Mass.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown. Address drawer 6325 Chicago, Ill.

B. J. Butts. Address Hopedale, Mass.

Warren Chase. Address 544 Broadway, New York.

Henry T. Child, M. D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Prof. J. Edwin Churchhill. Address Pontiac, Mich

Mrs. Eliza C. Clark. Address care of Banner of Light office.

Dr. James Cooper, Bellefontaine, O.

Mrs. Augusta A. Currier. Address box 815, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy's address is San Francisco, Cal.

Andrew Jackson and Mary F. Davis can be addressed at Orange, N. J.

Dr. E. C. Dunn. Address Rockford, Ill.

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J. B. Harrison, Bloomington, Ill.

W. H. Hoisington, lecturer. Address, Farmington, Wis.

Lyman C. Howe, trance speaker, Clear Creek, N. Y.

Charles A. Hayden. Address 82 Monroe street, Chicago.

S. S. Jones, President Illinois State Association of Spiritualists.

Address, Room 12, Methodist Church Block, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Emma M. Martin, inspirational speaker, Birmingham, Michigan

Dr. Leo Miller, box 2326, Chicago, Ill.

Anna M. Middlebrook, Box 778, Bridgeport, Conn.

J. L. Potter. Address, Burns, La Crosse Co, Wis.

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Lois Waisbrooker can be addressed at Union Lakes, Rice Co., Minn., care of Mrs. L. A. F. Swain, till further notice.

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