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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."

MANHOOD.

Selected from a poem entitled "Life's Pilgrimage," by Robert Nichol, a young poet of Scotland, who has been called the "Second Burns."

Say, toiltest thou for gold?
Will all that earth can give of drossy hues
Compensate for that land of love foretold
Which Mammon makes thee lose?

Or waitest thou for power?
A vain ambition, trifter, doth thee raise,
To be the gilded bauble of the hour
That fools may, wondering, gaze.

But would'st thou be a man?
A lofty, noble, uncorrupted thing,
Beneath whose eye the false may tremble wan,
The good with gladness sing—

Go, cleanse thy heart, and fill
Thy soul with love and gladness, let it be
Like yonder lake, so holy, calm, and still,
And full of purity.

This is thy task on earth—
This is thy eager manhood's proudest goal,
To cast all meanness and world-worship forth,
And thus exalt the soul.

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 XXXIII.—(CONTINUED.)

It was as if one had risen from the dead to confront her with the memory of the bitter past.

The sun was just setting, and a flood of light poured in at a western window. Selecting a good position for the portrait, she placed it there, and then sat down upon the floor before it. She was lost utterly to the present. She was living over again in her memory the unspeakable agony of the past. The face she looked upon was younger than she had known it. There was a fresher glow upon it; a nobler enthusiasm; but the dark eyes glowed with the same deep fires; the strong lip curled with the same firm purpose; the luxuriant hair curled with a foreshadowing of the same rich grace; there was over all the same expression of princely will and power to do without endeavor.

She sat there till the sun was down, and the shadows deepened around her; her eyes still fixed upon that handsome, fascinating face, something of the old magnetism drawing her out of herself towards the scenes which they two had loitered through together. She knew, now, how heartless he was; how hollow his vows had been! there was no loving—only loathing in her heart for him; but the power he had wielded over her fate and fortunes, ah! she could not forget that.

Suddenly, the shutting of a door in a distant part of the house, recalled her to herself and to the present time and place. Recalled her with a shiver of agony and fear. How should she meet that noble, generous man whose footsteps even now were bringing him momentarily nearer her. Should she reveal this new discovery, or should she hide it in her own bosom. That she must give him up, utterly, entirely, erase with unflinching hand all the lines which he had drawn so deeply, so lovingly upon her heart—that she had felt from the first instant. But should she tell him the reason why?

"No," she said, with that womanly strength which is stronger than the strength of men, "the pit which this man digs ever beneath my feet, I will go down into alone. They two are brothers. That saint up yonder has an equal interest in them both. No doubt her heart years even more tenderly over the erring, the prodigal one, than even over him who has kept always the right path. No man is supreme over my fate. Only God, my Father, has ordered it all. To Him alone let me carry my heavy burden."

She rose, put back the portrait, and turned to meet her lover.

"I have kept you longer than I intended," he said, "it is late; are you weary of waiting?"

"No," she answered, quietly. "I have been looking at your mother's face. I should have loved her. But we must not linger now—we must go at once."

He closed the door, and gave the key into the hands of the man who was waiting outside, and then assisting her to enter the carriage, they started off. Rebecca felt it was the last ride which they should ever take together, and she was very silent, very sad. Only long years of the patient practise of self-control could have given her strength to conceal her pre-occupation from him. He, too, seemed quieter than usual, perhaps because the tender, haunting memories which the evening's experiences had evoked, were not yet laid in their accustomed graves; and the landscape, washed clear of color by the flood of moonlight which overflowed it, and lying one wide, varied study of pure light and shadow, was not more subdued in tone than their manner toward each other during that homeward drive. Mr. Gladstone remembered it afterwards, and it seemed to him, as if even then, he might have known that a great gulf had suddenly hollowed itself out between them, out of which blew an air that was like the wind which blows from a place of graves. One question she asked him; one request of his was graven forever upon her heart.

"You spoke of your brother," she said, "what is his true name?"

"His name is Richard Peyton Clovering, though he was so constantly called Dick Gladstone, that even the old residents of the town scarcely remember that he had any other patronymic."

"Which accounts," said Rebecca, "for my never having heard it?"

There was a moment's silence, and then Mr. Gladstone said earnestly and gravely:

"Reba, you are my good angel now. If ever you hear me speak unkindly or unforgivingly of this man, will you not remind me that he is my mother's son?"

The appeal struck deeper than he knew; but it did not sound the depths of that strong and tender heart.

"I will," she said. "God forbid that ever I should place dissension or bitterness between you two."

Her course lay plain before her then, traced by the hand of her Father himself. Oh! could she walk it steadily and without faltering to the end? They went each to their homes. He to a quiet, dreamless sleep; she to a storm-tossed vigil.

What memories she struggled with that night, what temptations, what weaknesses, only her Father knew. What angels visited her, strength from what fountains was poured into her fainting heart, He also knew.

When the morning came, she had resolutely broken every tie which bound her heart to her lover's. The only thing she leaned on now, was the Father's promise of peace. The peace of God's acre? She knew not. So broken, so humble, so weary was she, that she scarcely cared to know.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE ARK OF THE LORD IN TABERNACLES.

Ever since his illness, in the spring, Moses Moss had been cloudily revolving in his mind the problems which that occasion had suggested. He was past fifty now; he was nearing the bounds of his life, the Hereafter would soon be a present reality to him. Was he prepared to meet it?

Very possibly these serious impressions might have worn off with his convalescence if his patient and energetic wife had not taken great pains to preserve and deepen them. She had faithfully followed the doctor's advice, and by means of persuasions and flatteries, and various feminine artifices not transcribable, had, in good measure, won him from his old tavern life, and quickened his mind to a new interest in a higher order of things. But still she felt that her work was only begun, and that without the seal upon it of a Higher Power, there was no surety but that at any moment he might relapse into his old ways, and so all her efforts and his strivings go for naught.

He went to church with her every Sunday now; but it seemed to him, and sometimes to her, that the services of God's house were altogether thrown away upon him. The days were long and warm, the sermons were pitched to a key, which strain his mind as he might, he could never bring himself level to, and the result was, he would go to sleep. In fact, it was a matter of congratulation to Mrs. Moss, if by means of close watching and sundry frequent nudges, she got him through the service without snoring. Moses began to be discouraged.

"It ain't no use," he said, "I never did get no good out o' meetin'-going, when I was a boy, and its worse now if anything. I don't believe I'm one of the elect."

But Mrs. Moss had not been drilled in patience all her life by that turbulent brood of hers to give up now.

"Moses," she said, "that's just a temptation of the Evil One. It may be meetin'-goin' ain't the thing you need. God doesn't work by the same means in all cases; but if we keep steady on a tryin', it will come out plain by and by, w hat you do need. I have n't given it up yet."

And Mrs. Moss fell back upon that sure refuge, the way to which is deeply worn by the feet of sorrowing, perplexed, distressed mothers—prayer.

Towards autumn, there came rumors of a camp-meeting to be held in the woods near the town, in October. Then Rachel Moss' heart rejoiced.

"That's the very thing for Moses," she said. "I knew God was aware o' what he needed, and would send it if I only hung right on a prayin'."

From that day forward, Rachel said little about the camp meeting; but all her plans were silently shaped with reference to it. The boys' new trousers were bought and made. Moses' black coat was put in order, the Fall cleaning was all got out of the way, and there was an extra dollar's worth of sugar laid in to make cookies, and an extra ham bought to make sandwiches, all for camp-meeting.

"What is your mother a drivin' at so?" Moses enquired of Jane, one day. "Seems as if she didn't give herself no peace, day nor night, now a-days."

"She wants to go to camp-meetin'," said Jane, "and I think you might buy her a new gown. Mother hain't got a bit of ambition about fixing herself up, though she'll do for the rest of us, till the last breath."

"Lord, we can't go to camp-meetin' not to stay none," said Moses, "and I dunno as I want to go."

Camp-meeting, in Moses' mind, was associated with whiskey and scoffing and many things which just now he had a little fear of.

"Well, I guess mother will go, and maybe you too," said Jane, "for I never did see her get set on anything, just as she is on this, but what she carried her p'int."

Mrs. Moss had a brother, a small farmer, a very small farmer, living a mile or two out of the town. As a matter of course he kept a horse and wagon; a loose-jointed, faint-spirited, rickety concern, but still able to do duty as a means of transportation. The week before the camp meeting Mrs. Moss went over to brother Joe's on a visit. While she was there she managed to get a promise of the use of this beast of burden for one day. Moses had his weaknesses, and would never, she felt convinced, walk to camp-meeting.

It was now well understood in the family what Mrs. Moss' intentions were; but as the day grew nearer, Moses felt his heart sink within him. It was a great departure from his old course of life, for him to go to camp-meeting in any other character than that of a scoffer and a reveler. He began to doubt whether after all the old ways weren't good enough for him. He had lived in them all his life; what was the use in changing now? The crosses and renunciations which he had heard faint-hearted Christians talk about, began to loom up before him with great distinctness and were full of terrors to his weak soul. His sympathizing wife noted accurately all the changes in his mind, and as the expected time drew nearer and nearer, she worked with a faith that was almost desperate.

On the very day before the meeting was to commence, Moses declared stoutly that he would not go. Mother might go if she liked, though he didn't believe in women tramping off to such places by themselves; but as for him he never did know any good done by camp-meetings, and go he wouldn't.

At that moment, if poor Rachel's soul had not been firmly stayed on a Power outside of, and beyond herself, if she had not felt that every fiber of strength in the Omnipotent arm was pledged to her support, her courage must have failed. Instead of that, she spent that whole night in prayer. She repeated, over and over again, the good old promises on which she had leaned all her life-time, and which had never yet failed her. In the morning she remembered the old negro's declaration, "Ef the Lord tells me to jump through a stone wall, I'se going to jump at it. Jumpin' at it is my business; going through is the Lord's business!" Moses was very sulky at breakfast, and spoke of his day's work as though he meant to go about it as usual; but she, when she had cleared away her table, put out his Sunday suit upon the bed, and set one of the boys to blacking his boots. Then she calmly put on her own dress and laid out her bonnet and shawl.

"Come, father," she said, "it's time for you to dress, and I'm ready to put on your collar for you."

It was a desperate moment. Rachel could distinctly count her own heart-beats during that instant of hesitation. At

last Moses laid down his hammer and his lap stone, and approached the bedroom door.

"Seeln' you've engaged the horse, Rachel," said he, "I'll drive you down there. But I shan't promise to stay to none o' the doin's."

Rachel fairly turned pale; but she did not otherwise betray her agitation. How she bustled about, though, to keep him busy till the last moment, for fear his courage should fail!

At last, the old red wagon drove up to the door, with its poor, cadaverous, resigned looking horse. If it had been a chariot of gold Mrs. Moss could not have felt happier, as she mounted it. It was not the triumph of success which so elated her, but of that inward trust in God which stayed her soul, and the all-sufficiency of which she had again that morning tested. Just as she went out of the door, she said privately to Jane, who was to be housekeeper,

"If your father and I don't come home to-night, don't you worry; and if we don't come home all the week, don't you worry. We shall come back when the right time comes, and not before."

It was a wild, secluded place where the camp was pitched, but lighted up with the October splendor, it had a glory of its own, unsurpassed by minster or cathedral. The platform had been laid, the seats erected, and the tents pitched in a circle about them on the previous evening, and by mid-day the few late comers were properly domiciled, and the opening services were commenced. The seats were well filled with an attentive audience; up and down the broad promenade outside, the restless spirits who had come more for the novelty and excitement of the meeting than from any desire of spiritual advancement, constantly walked, while from the tents bright faces peeped, of women busy yet with household duties; and from the circle outside of all arose a savory smell of ripe watermelons and boiling sweet corn.

But over all the busy scene the great trees spread their solemn arches, veined with a tracery of foliage more exquisite than any carved by mortal hands upon unperishable stone; and the golden October sunshine streamed down through splendors of coloring, unrivaled by ancient pictorial windows; and the cool, sweet breath of the woodlands and the aromatic incense which mother earth sent up to greet her children who had thus cast themselves upon her bosom, was a sweet smelling savor prepared by the hand of the great High Priest himself.

There seems to be some souls whose religious feelings are so enveloped by the husks and swaddling bands of an embryotic state, that only some sudden flood tide of emotion, some resistless torrent of appeal, can penetrate to the germ and set the tide of life in motion. Such a soul was that of Moses Moss. The church with its solemn services and spiritual exhortations was powerless upon him; but out here in the woods there was a novelty and excitement of religious life which impressed him deeply. Prayer seemed to his materialized vision to have a clearer road to heaven up through these trees, than when it ascended from the church pulpit. The hymns, too, so full of rousing life and energy, sung by the whole vast crowd, sinners, as well as saints, catching the inspiration and swelling the full-voiced chorus, seemed to him a different and far more spiritual thing than the trained performances of the village choir. Somehow, sitting among those fervent worshipers, he caught, before he knew it, the spirit of their devotions, and began to feel a bursting and a riving of the bonds of his soul, such as he had never experienced before. At first the sensation was deeply painful, but that was the true sign, after all, that the soul was really quickened and struggling to outgrow its old cerements of materialism.

The sermon that morning chanced to be from the text, "Ye must be born again," and the speaker pointed his discourse with an illustration drawn from the forest around him. "These acorns which you see hanging from the boughs," he said, "are waiting for the frosts to ripen them, till they shall drop from the tree to the lap of the earth, perfected acorns. That will be their first birth. So you, my friends, were launched from the parent being out upon this material life. But the acorn is not an acorn simply, it holds within it the germ of the future oak, which, if the earth receives it into her bosom and the sunlight warms it, and the rain swells it to the bursting of its compact material shell, shall grow and thrive, and as the years pass on, add to the forest another tree, to this great beautiful temple of God another pillar. That is its second birth.

"So you, my friends, hold within your souls the still latent capacity, it may be, but still the capacity, to be an angel. You are not the child of fate or chance as the acorn is, but a free agent in God's moral world. You may hug close your material shell if you choose, and shut out the sunlight of God's word and the rain of His mercy, and so fail of your natural development, or you may open your hearts this day to the influences of his Gracious Spirit, and receive the spiritual quickening which you need, and begin to let that soul of yours out of its long, blind, blank imprisonment."

Now Moses could understand this and see a truth and a beauty in it, which the doctrine of regeneration, as he had heard it preached before, had utterly lacked to his vision.

"Why that is it," he said. "Mother's angel must have been growing—well, pretty nigh all the time since I've known her—and mine—I'm afraid mine is in the acorn yet." But from that moment he did ardently yearn to be set free from his bondage.

It happened, as Mrs. Moss had calculated, that they did not go home that night. Moses was one of the first to go forward for prayers, and after that Mrs. Moss would not have left the ground without the assurance that those prayers were answered, if it had been to receive a fortune. The old dry husks of Moses' soul needed a great deal of softening and mollifying before the spirit implanted within could burst through, but on the third day it was as if a little green shoot made out into the light, and a soul was born.

"Now, Moses," said the good minister who had touched his heart at first, and who seemed like a very tall angel to him, "it is a very tender plant yet, this new soul of yours; it will require much care; it will grow slowly, may be; it will have seasons of seeming to stand quite still; but you know the oak tree has all the great round earth to draw from, and all the great wide heavens to spread its arms to, and your soul is just as well provided for. Never forget that; never lose faith in it, and God's mercy will bring you through."

But Moses didn't want to go home now.

"Don't you suppose," he said to his wife, "that Jane will do well enough without us the rest of the week?"

"I'll tell you," said Rachel. "You stay right here, and I'll go home for an hour or two—any of the neighbors will give me a ride, or I can walk for that matter—and then I'll come back again."

It was settled so, and they staid the week out. When they went home Moses was a very humble, but a very hopeful man, and Rachel was—the happiest woman in the town.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE POWER THAT IS STRONGER THAN LOVE.

Blessed be God for labor! If Rebecca, on the day after her ride to the old place, had had no other occupation than to brood over her distress, her heart would no doubt have softened, her hand grown less firm for the work that was before her; but this morbid indulgence of feeling her circumstances denied her. The short sleep which she gained after daylight, refreshed her indeed but partially, yet she rose, bathed her face in clear water to remove the tear stains and dressed herself for the duties of the day. It did her good to get down once more into the keen, bracing air of traffic; to feel masculine strength all about her; to look into men's faces that were nerved for endeavor, to listen to their voices toned to absolute command. It is the curse of women in times of sorrow, that they are kept so apart from the sphere and influence of men. It is thus they grow sensitive, morbid, that their sorrow preys upon them to their own destruction. Rebecca did not lose all day the sense of the trial which lay before her. She knew that at evening Mr. Gladstone would seek her to say his last farewell before leaving for his Congressional duties. She knew she should need all the strength, composure, firmness which she could command, to still the moaning of her own heart, as she resolutely tore herself away from his clasp. Therefore she crowded her hours with work as she had never done before; therefore she listened to, talked and thought of, business, business all day long. When night came her brain was jaded, but her heart was calm, her blood cool. She looked back upon her decision, and knew that it was right, just, inevitable. To do otherwise than as she had planned, would be frightful, monstrous. Why she was made to suffer thus was a sealed mystery in the Father's hand; but as she pondered on it, the words of consolation that have fed the spiritual life of the world for ages, rose soothingly to her mind. 'As thy day is thy strength shall be.' 'A bruised reed he will not break.' 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust him.' Hereon she leaned as on a staff, and felt such fulness of strength supporting her, as those less tried can never know.

When evening came she dressed herself to meet her lover. Her hair was put back in a plain, quiet way, that yet became her. She chose a black robe, finished it with a plain linen collar, pinned with the cross of pearls. Her face was very pale, her eyes full of a deep and tender light, and the bright tint of her hair contrasting with the whiteness of her face and the somberness of her robe, crowned her like a saint's glory.

Mr. Gladstone entering, and finding her alone in the library, caught the expression of her downcast face and drooping figure at once, but attributed it to her sorrow at his near departure.

"My sweet Niobe," he said, as he took her outstretched hand and kissed it.

But as she looked up into his face he saw something there which startled him.

"Reba," he said, "you are in trouble. What is it?"

She looked at him still with that steady, tearful gaze; her heart swelling, her lips unable to frame the words she must speak. Her lengthened silence struck his heart with a chill; he drew her to him as if to melt the chain which

froze her utterance, by the warmth of his own bosom. She withheld herself from his embrace, and laying her clasped hands upon his shoulder, exclaimed,

"Oh! my darling," in an agony that was tearless.

She had never called him by that name before. He knew that only the deepest feeling could have wrung it from her lips. The unquenchable sorrow of her eyes, the tremor which shook her voice and pervaded her whole frame, appalled him. He thought at once of the mystery which overhung her life. It seemed to him that a cloud charged with the lightnings of heaven hung over him, and waited but for her speaking to discharge its fiery blast upon his head. The gloom of this suspense, the vagueness of this terror, affected him more deeply than the most alarming certainty could have done. His strength, his very manliness was shaken to the core.

"Reba," he faltered, "I implore you to speak; to tell me what it is that has so overwhelmed you."

The sight of his distress calmed her. She felt that she had need of all the strength and firmness that ever woman possessed.

"My friend," she said, "I have something very painful to convey to you. It will shake, perhaps entirely unsettle your trust in me. Therefore, first of all, I wish to assure you of one thing. However circumstances may seem to testify against me, I beg you still to believe that you have not been deceived in me; that were my heart and my life open utterly to your inspection, could you look at them as God looks at them, you could find nothing there to justify you in a single reproach, a single tremor of distrust."

"Reba," he said, "I know all this, from a surer source than any words of yours. I have looked into your heart, it is only your life which you withhold from me. I am wrong in suffering you to conceal even that. I will endure it no longer. Tell me all, my darling, and prove how true my love is, how worthy of your largest confidence."

"Alas! alas! that you should ask me now, when it is no longer possible for me to obey you. My friend I did wrong in that I ever supposed we could be happy together, with this dark chasm of woe, and sin, and mystery between us. God in his providence, and in a way more emphatic and terrible than I could imagine before hand, has shown me my error, and now I have to ask of you"—she hid her face, she could not control its workings—"that you will release me from all my vows, that you will accept release from yours."

"Reba," he said, catching her hand in a despair that was agony besides. "You do not know what you are saying, you do not mean it. You know well that you are my life, my one treasure. I have waited all these years for you; for you I have toiled, for you I have suffered; for you I have triumphed, since losing you, I lose the blessing of all that fortune and my own right arm have wrought out for me. Rebecca, ask me to die, to lay down my life at your feet, but never ask me, while I live, to release my hold on you."

Her bosom swelled and she heaved a pitiful sigh, but she was still firm.

"My friend," she said, "you do not know, you cannot know. In this one thing you must trust to me. You know that I love you, oh! how dearly I love you no man can know," she exclaimed, in a sudden passion of tears; then as she gained strength to speak again, "you know how lonely my life is; but for you, how utterly unloved; you see the temptation, you see the agony I feel in putting it away from me; do you think I would suffer all this myself, or inflict it upon you, if it were not imperatively necessary?"

"Reba, this is a case in which you have no right to be the sole judge. If this blow *must* fall, which I do not believe, there is only one way in which it can be softened, and I have a right to that amelioration."

"My friend, that is your error. If I saw that knowledge would soften the blow, if I did not see that it would only render the edge ten-fold more keen, believe me I would this instant disregard utterly the pain it would be to me. I would confess all; but I, knowing all, in mercy spare you." She had spoken purposely of her own pain, that he might by all possible means be restrained from urging her.

"Reba," he said at length, "is Mrs. Darrell acquainted with this new determination of yours, and its cause?"

"No, I can tell no one. It is a secret lodged sacredly, indefeasibly in my own possession."

"I thank heaven for that; after all we have been to each other, I could not have brooked a rival in this matter." Then after a pause. "You are treating me like a child, Rebecca. Show me something to do, to battle with, and prove if I have not a man's strength to defend my own."

"If you knew all, you would renounce me of your own free will," she said, "and I could not bear that."

"Oh! Reba, you will never know me. My diamond may have a flaw in it, but what then? It is a diamond, and I will part with it for no rubbish of too perfect paste."

"Oh! my friend, it is not I who have done this thing. It is God who has placed his hand between us. It is He who lays his finger on my lips, and compels silence. It is He who metes out this bitter cup to both of us, and bids us in patience drink of it."

"Don't tell me that Reba, you shake my faith in

heaven itself when you say that. There is no fatherly love, there is no God-like tenderness in such a dispensation as this."

Reba's answer flowed instinctively in the language of one of old, who was troubled beyond his strength to bear.

"Wait on the Lord," she said, "be of good courage, wait I say on the Lord."

"Wait," he exclaimed, "is there hope in waiting? Tell even that, and I will curb my impatient spirit; but have I not waited all these years. Oh! Reba, it is too much. If God takes you from me; if he brings blackness, and desolation, and anguish, in place of all this light, and joy, and bloom, then I will no longer call him Father; I will no longer believe him the beneficent Being he proclaims himself."

Reba had a strong spirit, but she shuddered at these rebellious words. Striving to soften and soothe him, her own heart grew soft.

"Oh! wait for Him," she said, "you cannot know his purposes, you cannot know his ways. I, to whom so much of suffering has come, have this testimony to bear; that, looking back over my life, I see not one trial now which has not been to me a most precious blessing. It cannot be that this, the worst of all, will fail of its destiny. Out of the bitter will come the sweet, if we can but possess ourselves with patience, and wait the Father's time."

He put his arms about her, and laid his head upon her shoulder, and cried out piteously:

"Oh! my good angel, my tender, holy saint, how can I give you up? Strong man as I am, with wealth and honors, and a will to do in the world, I faint, I languish under this blow; while you, a weak woman, lonely, friendless, unsustained, are strong and bear me up. I shall go all astray without you. My love, my life, I cannot give you up."

"No," she said, flaming into sudden energy, "you will not go astray without me, you will not drop into a pit of recklessness and despair. My one friend, I have loved you too well for that. The memory of these hours we have spent together; that, if naught else, will keep you from despair: Your hands have held mine, your lips have touched mine; keep them pure for me till we can meet in heaven. Oh, dearest heart, grow great, grow strong, thinking of that meeting. Life is a shred, a bit of tinder under the spark, it burns out while we look at it; but heaven is for all eternity. Let us live for that."

"No, Reba, life seems very long and very strong to me. Its duties press upon me. My way to heaven lies through the thick of them; and in every stress, every emergency, I shall need you."

"My friend, God is able to bring you through. The way which seems so long now will grow shorter as you advance. I knew a woman once who was separated by circumstances from the love of her youth. She married afterwards, was a true and worthy wife, a tender and excellent mother. Her husband adored, and her children revered her. But at seventy, while she was still a hale and hearty woman, with none of the childishness and infirmities of age upon her, she spoke to me of that early love. The girlish color came back to her cheek, the dim eyes filled with tears, and overflowed upon the wasted hands. 'Ah!' she said, 'he will be mine, I shall be his—in heaven. For the bliss of that reunion, it has not been long to wait.'"

He held her fast; he looked into her eyes, with a glance that seemed to pierce to her very soul.

"Reba," he said, "tell me this; you will not marry, you will not bear children to another."

She laid her hand in his, and answered gently:

"Never, my friend. If ever the time comes when I can safely and honorably resume these bonds, which now are so painfully laid off, there will be no obstacle of my creating in the way; and yet, that time may never come in this world, and you, with your strong life, your fair fame, your broad field of vision and action, you ought not to fetter yourself with any impracticable tie, and I do not ask it."

He looked at her for a moment, and then turned away in silence. At length he said:

"Reba, you make much of my house and lands, and name and honors. Know that for the right to call this little hand my own, and to appropriate to myself all that would go with it, I would renounce all these things forever. And this is no idle boast of passion, no gallant phrase from the lips of a headstrong, sensuous boy, but the full outcome of a strong man's heart. Reba, I love you; oh, I love you!"

The moisture of his eyes, the convulsive working of his features, touched her heart with anguish he could not know.

"It grieves me most of all," he said, "that you will not confide in me."

"Yes," she replied, "I know that, for the deepest sting of my own grief is that I cannot confide in you. If that resource, that consolation were left me, my trouble would have been lightened one half; but, my friend, it cannot be."

At the first, the suddenness of the blow had overwhelmed him, and taking advantage of his surprise, she had borne him on with the current of her own thought and feeling, past the natural barriers and obstacles which he might be

expected to raise; but now, as he nerved himself for the situation, and grew calm enough to make some effort to command it, they naturally recurred to his mind. But the advantage she had gained, she kept.

"Reba," he said, "it must be. You confess that to confide in me would lighten your sorrow; then I insist that you shall so confide, regardless of any other consequences. I am a man, you a woman. I would scorn an immunity from grief purchased at such cost. It is unnatural, it is wrong. It is Quixotic, absurd, in you to think of such a thing."

"I was wrong," she replied, "in speaking so, or you were wrong in so interpreting me. I only meant that if it were possible for me to confide in you, I should do so with relief. As it is, confession would rack both your soul and mine with unnecessary pain. Now, when you leave me, you have still a world to fall back upon, of action, of ambition, a world in which you will be recognized, and wherein you will earn rewards that cannot fail to cheer you. Ten words that I might speak would canker your ambition, paralyze your action, make your world a desert, and I should be ten fold more deeply lost to you than I am now."

"Your imagination still busies itself with the empty shows of this world. Reba they are nothing to me. Lean your head upon my shoulder, and tell me all that is in your heart; make yourself one with me in reality, as you have promised, and I will fly with you beyond the reach of this ban, this blight, this nameless thing of evil. We will wrench ourselves utterly out of this life which we have led, we will cast it behind us as a worn out garment, we will commence the world anew, as free from encumbrance as new born babes. Why, a man is no man, if he cannot free himself from an evil in which he has no actual part."

"A man, it is true, may defy the powers of evil; not so a woman. Besides, we cannot lay memory aside as a cast-off garment. If we take the wings of the morning, and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, even there shall this sin grimly come between us, a shadow, a ban, a curse forever. Oh! my friend, if I looked upon it utterly as a dispensation of man's will, I should sink in the deep waters of doubt and unbelief. But I know it is of God, therefore I dare not murmur. The hearts of men are in His hand, and he turneth them as the rivers of water are turned. When the time comes, he will assuage these billows, and set our feet upon dry land. Till then we must wait."

"And languish unto death. Reba, there is no force, no beauty, nothing to be desired in life, when you are taken from me."

"Yet still the world goes round; still the stars burn in their places; still the sun shines on the evil and on the good; still God reigneth over all. Oh! my love, my life, what is one human heart compared with this great universe built up in God's love, this vast illimitable sea of being upon which we are launched. While duty, aspiration, God, are left, let no man or woman despair. They are more than enough to live for at this present, and they will lead on to blessings untold, unutterable. You have a man's strength; let it first defy the evil of your own heart, its doubt, its unbelief, its despair."

I cannot tell you how the hours wore on, how those two, having put love—mere human passion—under their feet, soared into a region higher, more celestial, and drank of fountains they had never known before. The stars paled in the cold, gray dawn before he left her; but, when he wrung her hand in that last tearful adieu, the earth seemed no bigger than a point in space, and heaven lay all about them, wide, and free, and full of glory.

(To be continued.)

A PARIS WEDDING INCIDENT.—The other day a wedding took place at the Madeleine Church, between a very noble gentleman and lady, and among the crowd that gathered outside to see the splendid bridal party was a miserable beggar about twelve years old. Now in Paris every one who has not something to sell is carried off to a police house—if they stop in the streets as this one did—and accordingly an officer was just asking her if she had anything to dispose of, and the poor thing was trembling in every limb for fear of imprisonment, when a sweet little girl, a sister of the bride, happened to overhear the policeman as she passed by, and to save the ragged offender, she quickly placed in her hand a superb bouquet she was carrying, and answering for her, said, "Yes, she has these flowers, but she asks too much and I cannot buy them." As she turned to go on, an old gentleman, who saw and understood it all, stepped forward, and putting a gold piece in the poor child's palm, remarked, "I will give twenty francs for it," and presented it to the amiable little angel whose goodness had been more fragrant and beautiful than the choicest blossom that ever graced a garden.

The Prussian War Office has published a statement to show that it was not the superiority of the needle-gun, but of the men who carried it, that gave victory to the Prussian arms in the late war. The total consumption of cartridges during the campaign was only seven to each infantry soldier. In the bitterest engagement the highest figure was thirteen per man of those present. During the war 900 cannon were brought into play, and each gun fired forty rounds.

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.

FORCE OF IDEAS.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

How often do we hear it said in derision, this or that man is a theorist, a visionary, an idealist, and has no practical powers. Is this prevalent impression that the ideal is valueless correct? Is the world of the senses the only world, and are the men of the yardstick and scale the only valuable portion of mankind?

If we look deeper into this question, we shall find that the ideal world is the real, of which this vaunted real world is but the shadow.

What are these realities? They are incarnations of ideas! Look at the ponderous engine. Its bones are wrought of iron, its sinews are of steel, its vital energy is fire. How perfectly it performs its work! How wonderfully its parts are adjusted to each other! It is the very embodiment of reality and the practical. Yet, what would it be without the thought that gave it birth? A mass of inert metal slumbering in the earth. It is ideas that have found expression in the length of that piston, in the form of those valves, in the polish of that cylinder, in the condensation of that steam, in the draft of that fire; and from those ideas the engine has been actualized. Whether it be placed in the hull of a ship to propel it against adverse waves and winds, or mounted on wheels to drag freighted cars with the speed of the wind, it resides in the mind of its architect.

Before the iron is mined of which it is formed, the machine exists in the mental world. The inventor plans and projects, and when he enters the shop, and, by his hands, builds after these plans, he but clothes, with iron, and steel, and brass, this ideal.

What this machine does, results from the amount of mind he imparts to it. So far as it represents his idea it is perfect, and so far as it does not it is imperfect. The idea is its soul, which we discern when we examine its motions, clearly visible through their garb of metal. The boiler is tested at forty pounds pressure. We see the index move at forty-two, and the steam escapes to restore the necessary equilibrium. The inert metal has life, it is intelligent, it relieves itself when endangered! Mind has fashioned it; it retains the skill of the moulding hand.

The picture exists in the mind of the painter before he places it on canvas, and often with a force and beauty, an exquisiteness of outline, a brilliancy of coloring, which shames his every attempt at reproduction. The statue exists in the mind of the sculptor before chiseled in marble, and how often does he revile the unyielding stone! The machine exists in the mind of the inventor before it is clothed in raiments at the shop and factory.

This is all plain enough, but in the higher walks of morality—what then? Vastly more. Not to the actualizing men belongs the honor of the grand achievements of history. It is to the idealists, the fanatics, we owe everything.

The spread of Islamism was the actualization of an idea. Mohammed, in his tent alone with his wife in the desert, surrounded by the awful and terrible sublimities of nature, felt the promptings of a spiritual presence, and he felt that "there is but one God;" all the idol worship of his people was vain, all their mythology childish. "There is but one God." He the first to receive the sublime knowledge of the grand unity of all things, he was the "prophet of God." Chadihah, his beloved wife, said in the simple, all-receiving faith of a wife, "I believe," and thus strengthened he went forth. What was there, against the bigotry, intolerance, superstition and ignorance of those who surrounded this plain, simple man, that bore him up, and in the end subjugated all adverse elements? It was an IDEA. "There is one God, and Mohammed is his prophet." That is a plain thought, but to that people and time it was a clean Damascus blade. It destroyed the old, and, like a whirlwind gathering force, it spread from people to people, and still rolls onward along the African continent, displacing the tenets of all other sects, not excepting those of Christianity. Beginning with the humble man in his tent in the desert, it now is received by 300,000,000 souls, or more than one-fourth of the human family.

A child is born to a poor carpenter in Nazareth, and so destitute are they that they cradle him in a manger. When the child matures, he becomes possessed with the idea of brotherly love. He scorns the inequality, injustice and shams of the world. He believes in the universal applicability of love, and that it is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong; to do as we would be done by.

We may ask is there power in these? Yes, there is power enough to overturn a world, and resurrect a new and glorious race of angelic beings. Those ideas have worked through eighteen centuries, and are still at work with stronger force than ever.

There is this singular peculiarity about the men who first receive ideas—they cannot keep them. When the rising sun gilded the face of the Egyptian Memnon, he answered the

light with songs; so, when the sun of truth gilds our mental horizon, we cry out at the beautiful vision. No sooner does the man perceive that he has a new idea, than he becomes impressed that he has a mission. It is not egotism, it is not a desire for notoriety. The same power which gives him the idea, fills him with an irresistible impulse to reveal it. He cannot conceal his light; he rushes forth to light the lamp of his neighbors.

He cannot be diverted. Wealth, ease, comfort, home, wife, children, friends, the gentle amenities of life may plead, and poverty, disgrace, ruin and martyrdom with rod, fire and dungeon may menace, he rushes on to promulgate the new. He has gained an insight into the everlasting, the inscrutable, and his lips glow with the word with which he sets it forth. He controlled by the soft pleasures of this life? They are ephemeral. He proselyted? Never. In him the idea, for the first time since creation, has found a tongue of flame. It is no fault of his that he becomes fanatical, and over-estimates the importance of his treasure. The world gains by the equilibrium resulting from a thousand such. Stand aloof, men of the world, who cannot understand anything unless it is set down in dollars and cents, quarts and bushels. Stand aside, you are the freight, the dead freight, which such fanatics are to carry through; and the only possible use you serve is a retarding influence, which, out of kindness, we call conservative, by which you keep them in sight

For The Spiritual Republic.

THE PRAYER OF HUMAN NATURE.

BY HENRY C. WRIGHT.

In my last—on "A man of prayer"—I alluded to the folly and uselessness of all mere ritual prayers, and the sincerity, efficiency, and influence of all natural prayers. My position is, that our natural demands are our only sincere, earnest and heartfelt prayers. Mere ritual or ceremonial, formal prayer, is a mockery, and utterly useless to God and man; a waste of time and breath. Our demands for food, water, sleep, rest, light, air and heat, are but prayers of human nature for a supply for the needs of the body. In this I will state what is natural prayer for supplies for the soul.

Our nature demands knowledge. This longing to know ourselves and our surroundings is an ever present prayer of human nature. It is an honest, sincere and effectual prayer. It is effectual, because it prompts us to exert our intellectual powers to supply that demand and answer that prayer.

Our nature demands society. This demand is but a sincere, earnest and natural prayer. The answer is at hand. Fellow beings are ever around and near us to give us what we pray for. This prayer is not only honest and sincere, but effectual; inasmuch as it incites us to seek the society of men, women and children, and to render ourselves worthy their companionship. The prayer is addressed to God, as incarnated in them, and he answers it, as he does our prayer for bodily food; through our efforts to render ourselves pleasant and desirable to those whose society we seek.

Our nature demands love, truth and respect. How sincere, how earnest, how importunate is this prayer of our nature! God never did and never can answer it but in one way, *i. e.*, through our own efforts to make ourselves lovable and worthy the confidence and respect of those with whom we associate in the various relations of life. God has no power to make men and women respect, love and trust one another as husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, and friends and neighbors, unless they exert themselves to become worthy. We must work, work, to obtain an answer to this prayer, as we do to obtain an answer to our prayers for physical life and health. A drunkard, a tobacco chewer, a libertine, or glutton, prays for life and health while he persists in his unnatural indulgences. God cannot answer his prayer, because his actions give the lie to his prayer. His bodily nature prays for life and health; his actions pray for disease, pain and death. So God is powerless to answer our prayer for love and trust, while, by our dishonest, disagreeable and disgusting practices and habits we make ourselves unlovable, untrustworthy and repulsive to all around us.

The husband longs for the love, trust, and worship of his wife. Yet, in his treatment of her, in his utter contempt for her personal rights, as a wife and mother, he pursues a course which must necessarily end in death to all love, respect and confidence, if not in abhorrence and disgust. His actions give the lie to his prayers. As a husband, his nature prays for her love and worship; in his actions, he prays for her alienation and loathing. God cannot answer this prayer; because he will not work to obtain it; but constantly works to render his prayer ineffectual. So of the wife. So in all relations. God can answer our prayer for love, trust and respect, not through Christ, but only through our own efforts. Christ prayed for love and trust, and answered his own prayer. We pray for love, trust and respect; and we must answer our own prayers by our own exertions. Christ obtained an answer to this prayer of his nature by his own "good works." We must obtain an answer to this prayer of our nature by our "good works." God has no power to answer it in any other way.

Our nature demands, justice, truth, purity and honesty. This prayer can be answered but in one way, *i. e.*, by our becoming just, truthful, pure and honest.

We must work for these attributes or they can never be ours. Christ prayed for these blessings, and answered his own prayer by his own efforts to obtain them. So our nature prays for these divine attributes; but we must answer our own prayers by our own efforts to attain them.

Our nature demands heaven, but no power outside of ourselves can answer this prayer. We must answer it for ourselves, by our efforts to obtain it. Christ prayed for heaven, and obtained it by his own efforts to deserve it. We pray for heaven, but must get it by our exertions to deserve it. No prayers, or efforts, or blood of Christ, or of the church, or priesthood, can give us heaven, in or out of the body; but, if heaven ever comes to us, it must come because we merit it by our exertions to obtain it. In the nature of things, God cannot give us heaven and save us from hell, through the exertions, sufferings and blood of Christ, or of any other being outside of ourselves. By our own exertions alone, we must render ourselves conscious that we do deserve heaven, and that we do not deserve hell, or no power of God can save us from the one and give us the other.

Deserve Heaven and have it. In no other way can we have it. We find what we deserve. If we deserve heaven, we find it. Heaven is ours because we have earned it. Heaven comes to us, because it must. It cannot keep away if we merit it. No power in the universe can keep heaven away from us if we are conscious that we deserve it. So if we deserve hell we have it. It is ours because we have worked for it and earned it. God, neither through Christ, nor any other, can keep hell away from us, if, by our works, we earn and deserve it. If, by our exertions, we invest ourselves with the characteristics of a devil, the devil must have us. If by our efforts, our "good works," we invest ourselves with love, justice, truth, mercy and other attributes of God, God must have us. If, day by day and hour by hour, in the family, in the market, in the social circle, in the church, the prayer meeting, on 'change, and in the highways and byways of life, we bear the image and superscription of the devil, it must be said—"give to the devil that which belongs to the devil." If, on the contrary, as husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, and merchants and mechanics, and in all the natural relations of life, we bear the superscription of God, it will be said "give to God that which belongs to God."

Human nature ever prays for peace. It demands love for hatred, blessing for cursing, good for evil, a kiss for a blow. It demands that we suffer rather than inflict suffering; that we die rather than kill. To the end that blood and carnage and all the crimes, cruelties and pollutions incidental to man, may cease, and "peace on earth and good will to man abound," our nature demands and ever prays that "swords be at once beaten into ploughshares, and spears into pruning hooks," and that people learn war no more. But no answer can come to this deep, earnest and ever importunate prayer of the human soul, except through our exertions. We, as individuals and nations, must "love our enemies," "bless those that curse us," "do good to those who hate us," "forgive all injuries as we would be forgiven," and "never return evil for evil, but overcome evil with good." We must suffer rather than inflict suffering, and die rather than kill. God must save us from the blood, carnage and plunder of war, not by the blood, prayers and efforts of Christ, but only by our "ceasing to learn war" and by our doing the things that make peace.

Thus human nature prays, and thus, and only thus can her prayers be answered. Man's natural demands are man's only natural prayers. These prayers are true, sincere and practical. Answers to them can come only through our own efforts. The more earnest and urgent the prayer, the more energetic and persevering our exertions to procure an answer. Man must answer his own prayers.

Oak Hill, Mass., March 13, 1867.

For The Spiritual Republic.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS IN THE DARK.

BY NEWMAN WEEKS.

Seeing, in number eleven of the REPUBLIC, the expose of W. T. Church, leads me to say that I am glad and hopeful that the day is coming, and now is, when Spiritualists are willing to stand as watchmen on the tower of our Spiritual temple, and guard well the doors against those "wolves in sheeps clothing," who would walk in and out, and by pretenses and tricks, "deceive the very elect." There is no class of people who should be more interested and earnest in detecting and exposing those persons who, in the name of Spiritualism, deceive for notoriety or gain, than the Spiritualists themselves. No class of skeptics or opposers can be as competent to detect the spurious manifestations as are the experienced Spiritualists, could they but see and feel that they are in duty bound to do so, for the good of the cause, and in defence of truth, honesty and personal integrity.

Therefore, why should Spiritualists keep silent and allow the tricksters to go from place to place and practice their deceptions with impunity? Arise, Spiritualists! Be on

your guard! Be kind, yet firm! Be charitable, but not deceived! By silence we give consent; and, by too great charity, we seemingly overlook or apologize for those who wantonly trifle with the most sacred feelings and interests of humanity.

I am fully satisfied that the conditions required for manifestations by the dark circle mediums, open the doors so wide and invitingly to both the outright impostors and some who, although mediumistic, are unfortunately of a trickish disposition, that the attempt, on the part of a portion of the Spiritualists, to sustain and continue the dark circle manifestations, has been a sad detriment to the cause of true Spiritualism. The conditions required by the different mediums, in order to produce the same results, are so varied, that the real thinkers and close investigators search in vain for any fixed law or principle that can govern in all cases; and hence they come to the very natural conclusion that there is an error or unreality somewhere, and turn away in silence, perhaps, lest some over-credulous or jealous ones might think it out of character for a Spiritualist to ask a question, or even entertain a doubt in the dark.

While some may have been led to a full knowledge and belief in the Spiritual Philosophy by first witnessing such manifestations, hundreds and thousands have been disgusted and ceased to investigate by the frequent exposures, the strife and contentions, and sometimes riots, prosecutions and imprisonments that follow in the wake of physical manifestations in cabinets and dark circles; as in the Kalamazoo, Mich., and New York cases, and with the Davenport, Eddys, Church, Colchester, etc. in many places.

There can be no excuse for Spiritualists who cover up, or in any way overlook the appearance of deception in a medium, because they think, or know, that in some respects their mediumship is genuine. The slightest deception practiced upon honest investigators by any person, however truly endowed with mediumistic powers, does more harm to the progress of Spiritual truth than a hundred confirmed and thoroughly exposed tricksters as H. Melville Fay, Von Bleck, etc. The lack of truth and honesty of purpose, based upon genuine integrity of soul, will destroy the mediumship of any person sooner or later.

With a promise that at some future time I will give some of my experience in the investigation of physical manifestations in the dark to the readers of the REPUBLIC, I will close by saying that my faith in the ministration of spirits, and the final overthrow of all sectarian creeds and theological dogmas, and the upbuilding of a free, progressive and practical Spiritual philosophy, was never so strong as upon this 20th day of March, 1867.

For The Spiritual Republic.

INTEMPERANCE AND THE REMEDY.

BY O. S. POSTON.

I propose briefly to consider whether the use of intoxicating drinks is an evil, what are the chief causes of intemperance, and what remedies exist for the suppression thereof.

The highest medical authority asserts that the use of intoxicating fluids produces inflammation of the stomach and viscera, and extends the ravages of diseased action to the nerves and brain, involving, ultimately, the most remote parts of the body. At the same time they predispose the system to epidemics and render them more fatal where they attack those addicted to the vice.

The reports made of the causes of lunacy, attest the fact that the same vice contributes largely to fill the hospital with persons whose minds have been deranged through the same influence.

The criminal calendar of our courts is but a record of the names of those who, having been demented by "the dark beverage of hell," have progressed from the smaller vices to the commission of enormous crimes, that shock the community by their atrocity.

All those who have read the confessions of great criminals, who have expiated their offences by death, are aware that they attribute the sad result to the use of intoxicating drinks.

I can assert that it is my conviction that it is the cause of nine-tenths of the crime, vice and poverty, and that without its use it will be impracticable to inaugurate another rebellion. That it contributed largely to produce the late rebellion, from personal knowledge, I can truthfully affirm.

My conviction is that intemperance embodies in itself many great evils, that will impede progress in sound morality and virtue so long as it exists, and that by abstinence alone can it be prevented from accomplishing its sure work of destruction.

Among the causes that promote the desire and love for intoxicating drinks, I mention that those appetites are sometimes inherited from ancestors who have indulged in the use of stimulants of some kind. That they are sometimes engendered by the too free use of tobacco, coffee, tea or meat. Every stimulant, solid or fluid, that produces a great exhalation of the animal spirits, is followed in a few hours by a corresponding depression; and at such times almost any stimulant that will relieve that depression

becomes, eventually, an habitual necessity. Those periods of depression rarely occur when all our dietetical habits are correct. But the chief cause of the evil exists in our social habits, and the temptation presented to the young and unwary, in the thousand saloons, existing everywhere, by sanction of law, whereby the pursuit is rendered comparatively respectable, and intemperance is rendered attractive. The appetite is thus often produced by accidental association, and when it has once become established all know that it is difficult to eradicate. How often a slight provocation will persuade the reclaimed intemperate to forget his pledges and return. Many have relapsed from taking the sacramental wine or a tonic administered with alcoholic basis. If knowledge would save the intemperate, he would long since have been saved.

The most eloquent lecturers and writers have presented the evil in all its hideous deformity, time and again, to show who are the victims of that vice, and accomplished very little. If resolves, expressed with all the sanction of solemn vows, were kept, how many would now live honored members of society that are the slaves of appetite. Man is too often but a bundle of habits, and the laws of the land should not hold forth a temptation that, if not resisted, leads to certain ruin. Lastly, I propose to consider what remedies exist for the suppression of the vice.

I admit it is well to enlighten public sentiment, and show the detrimental influences of such fluids on mind, body and estate, on private and public morals, and thus persuade the enlightened judgment to desist from the use of such articles.

Physiology and Hygiene should be taught in all our schools, and the young impressed with the results of the pervading evil, to whose temptation they will too soon be subjected.

It is also of some advantage to organize temperance associations, and accept the solemn pledges of its members to abstain from the use of intoxicating drink.

To a limited extent all these efforts have been productive of some benefit, and deserve the commendation of the moral community, but, notwithstanding, the evil has steadily increased, recording its achievements on the court calendar and the gravestone of its victims.

There remains another remedy: To prohibit its manufacture and sale by law.

Many are too weak to stand alone and are not capable of resisting the temptation which society and appetite present. Thousands of dens exist in every great city and village, authorized by law to sell the destroying beverage to all who have the means to purchase. The law licenses and considers them a source of revenue.

The law punishes all crime and vice, which are the necessary and legitimate result of using intoxicating fluids, yet hesitates to take any steps to suppress the crime from which they proceed.

The common law of the country declares everything to be a nuisance "which worketh hurt, inconvenience or damage." The law, under that class of evils, has suppressed gaming houses, brothels, and manufactories that poison the air in the neighborhood. The greatest of all that class still survives and flourishes.

The church utters its stereotyped prayer Sabbath after Sabbath, to "deliver us from evil and temptation," but has not dared to wage an exterminating war against the great source of vice and crime. We ask then to-day to whom shall the world look for salvation but to the reformers of the age, those who do not desire popularity, office nor power, but who are devoted to the amelioration of the race. The people must come to the rescue if we are to destroy the hydra-headed monster. They are the law makers and can destroy the evil. Some persons will assert you cannot legislate so as to correct men's appetite. They say that was tried in Maine and proved a failure.

If one failure should determine a question how little would be accomplished in any great or small matter. Many republics were organized and, existing but a brief period, expired before our great experiment commenced.

If those who resisted the encroachments of slaveholders had retired in despair after the first compromise made to that oligarchy, to-day, perhaps, the evil would have extended over our great domain.

To those who have great and worthy objects there should be no such word as fail, and the conflict should pass as our best inheritance from sire to son.

When one's vices are in their effect confined to himself, there might exist some plea that the sovereign right of the individual should be protected, and every one permitted to follow his own interests and pleasures; but surely that can not be seriously urged in behalf of a vice which persuades its victim to the perpetration of every crime that affects the lives and property of his fellow citizens, and may endanger the very life of the republic.

We certainly have the right to legislate for our own protection, and for the destruction of what we know to be the prominent cause of so much crime and evil in our midst.

Let us, if defeated in one scheme, try another, and thus avoid the cause of failure in the past.

In view of the lights afforded by experience, I would suggest that we petition for the passage of a law whereby the people of each county and city may, from time to time, vote

and determine whether or not the making and selling of intoxicating beverages shall be longer permitted within their precincts.

That right should be accorded as often as a definite number of citizens filed a notice before the proper officer of the county, or city, or town.

In that way we will soon create great centers of temperance, from which the destroying evil will be excluded, and can demonstrate to the world the good effects resulting from its prohibition. All things good or evil radiate out from centers of action and diffuse their influence through the community.

It will thus become an isolated question and cannot affect other issues or injure prospects of any political party. The people, the sole sovereigns of this republic, can determine the question for themselves, and suppress the vice by their avowed sentiments when the majority shall so determine.

One man or one woman may agitate questions, but can not hope to accomplish much. Great reforms have been made successful by combined and persistent effort.

I suggest, as an aid to this one great purpose, that we organize an association who shall enter into a solemn pledge to abstain from the manufacture, importation, sale and use of intoxicating liquors, and also to prosecute the endeavor to insure the prohibition by law. Commencing first in such localities as are ready to accept it, and ultimately extending the law to the State. Certainly no reform presented for consideration promises results more beneficial to humanity, and none can more earnestly demand the efforts of philanthropists.

For The Spiritual Republic.

THE METALLIC MAN.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

"Some men think that with the four metallic qualifications—gold in the purse, silver on the tongue, brass in the face, and iron in the heart, they are sure of earthly success."

Yes, yes! the wealthy day-breaks
Yield him their rose and gold.
Sundowns are rich in orange
And purples grand and old.
For he whose purse is gold-filled
Commands his sense and eyes,
And he can count, at leisure,
The glad larks in the skies.

He looks at ease, and marks not
The heavy lines of pain
Which cross the shadowed forehead
Of those who toil in vain.
Indeed, it is most pleasant,
Though want cut like a knife,
To look on broad-blown faces
Above the freaks of life.

So vulgar crowds press near him,
With faces blank and dun,
And sun themselves, like turtles,
Facing the yellow sun.
They love to look upon him
And see his diamonds shine,
And would if their own fingers
Bled toiling in the mine.

They love the dulcet carols
His silver tongue can play,
As grasses do the fountain
Baptizing them in spray.
And stepping to its music
They march, and march, and march,
And dream there is one angel
Beneath God's airy arch.

What though the tongue of silver
Ring sweetly, "twelve per cent.,"
Or clang its ringing music
Demanding "higher rent,"
Or tinkles in the street car,
"Two seats, sir, if you please,"
And wavers, "You are blue curd,
But I am rich cream cheese!"

It is a little matter;
The world will let it go,
And say in every action,
"My dear sir, you must know."
And so the tongue of silver
Plays on the face of brass
While crowds are all attention,
As Christians are at mass.

When a great heart of iron
Keeps telling what to ring,
You see the man of metal
Can "make a splendid thing;"
Can dwell in halls of marble,
A prince to dazzled men,
But when among the angels—
Oh, what will he be then?

To think what we do not feel, is to lie to ourselves. Whatever we think, we should think with our whole being, will and body.

Never cut what you can untie.

For The Spiritual Republic.

TRUTH.

BY H. T. WATSON.

In a former article, published some time ago, we took occasion to ask the question—"Is there such a thing as absolute truth; or, are all truths relative?"

That there are truths, which in their nature are merely relative to passing events and circumstances, and accordingly pass away with the conditions on which they are dependent, will not, we think, be denied. Such truths, however important at the time, are of no permanent value, except in so far as they leave their impress upon, and tend toward the progress and ultimate happiness and well-being of our race. Relative truths are transitory; absolute truths are eternal; "the same yesterday, to-day and forever." Relative truths comprehend but a part; absolute truth embraces the whole. Truth is one, even as nature is one, however diversified it may be in its modes of manifestation. All relative truths are of importance only as they are connected with the absolute; the absolute is the controlling and directing power; is identical with fact, is positive existence, not mere theory. Relative truths deal with effects; absolute truth with causes. The relative becomes merged in the absolute. Such being the case, it is to the absolute we must look for direction and guidance, and just in so far as we depart from the standard of the absolute, shall we be left to wander in darkness and wretchedness. Truth alone, is or can be, the savior of the world; and upon its recognition and practical outworking, depend the safety, progress and welfare of the universe.

Truth is eminently practical, and applies to everything pertaining to man, as a physical, intellectual, social, moral and spiritual being; and it is toward the truth that his highest, best and holiest aspirations ever tend. No matter how low in the scale of existence, the divine element is not, and cannot be altogether eliminated and destroyed; there ever remains a yearning, blinded though it may be, for something higher, purer and nobler. Herein lies the hope of humanity. All truths bear a relation to existing facts, whether those facts be known or unknown, and it is man's province to seek out the facts to which they are related, to make himself acquainted with the laws by which they are governed, and their adaptability to his nature and surroundings. In the material universe, we find everything subject to and controlled by laws so exact, immutable and unerring, that there is but little room for dispute or misapprehension. Possessed of facts tangible to the senses, guided by past observations and experiences, every step in the process of our reasonings is based upon that which is actually known. So long as our inquiries are confined to the tangible, that which can be seen, felt or heard, we can go on with confidence, and reach out to conclusions with almost the skill of prescience; but no sooner do we step beyond the visible, and enter upon the invisible, than we begin to doubt and dispute. Man is finite; truth infinite. We can grasp it but in a fragmentary condition. Bewildered and confused by the multiplicity of our sensations; failing to reconcile the anomalies and discrepancies which apparently exist, we nevertheless feel that "All discord is harmony not understood; all practical evil, universal good." Notwithstanding the confusion and discord, there is sufficient light given for our guidance, if we will but heed and apply it to our advantage. More will be given as more is required. Let us use the material we have, before making further demands. All things then, are governed by laws, arising out of their mutual necessities and dependencies; and truth may be defined as the knowledge of those laws, their relation to each other, and the things controlled by them. In relation to the physical constitution of man, we know that pure air, cleanliness, wholesome food and moderate exercise of the mental and bodily powers, are requisite to preserve him in health and promote his happiness. We know that moderate indulgence of natural appetites is beneficial, and that all perversions or excesses, are, to a greater or less extent, injurious. When we violate the laws of health, we suffer for the infraction, and are made sensible of some broken law that is inflicting the penalty. Whilst we live temperately, existence is a blessing; when we lapse into intemperance, it becomes a burden and a curse. Effect follows cause with inevitable exactness, and the penalty is always strictly proportioned to the transgression. Nature outraged, knows no forgiveness. "Our senses," says Volney, "may for a time deceive us through our ignorance or our passions. Through ignorance, when we act without knowledge of the effects that are to follow; through passion, when knowing, we yet pursue that which is injurious." Whether through ignorance or passion, those results are the same. Those are truths in relation to our physical organization; oft reiterated, yet too little known or heeded. They are absolute truths; essential to the progress and welfare of each and all, and yet we are daily and hourly, either from choice or compulsion, living at variance with them. Man's moral and intellectual nature, is closely and inseparably allied to his physical. That which weakens one, weakens the other also. Man's social condition, too, is dependent on the same laws for its government. "Society springs from his natural necessities, and is a condition imposed upon him by his very organization." The conditions requisite for happiness and

harmony are, that each and every individual shall be impartially secured in the peaceable possession of every element needed for his support and proper development in every department of his nature. That each and all shall be placed on equal footing as regards the "inalienable rights" of "Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." And how can such a state of things be secured so long as monopolies of land and capital exist? The earth was given for *man*; not for an exclusive class, but for man universally; for the free and unrestricted use of the toiling millions of her children, who at present are day after day fighting sternly for a precarious foothold on their *God-given inheritance*. Here, human laws have interfered with, and attempted to supplant the laws of God; and as a natural result, in conjunction with other causes, has filled the earth with rapine, discord, poverty, disease and death. Blinded by the influence of passion, prejudice and selfishness, we have succeeded in producing isolation in place of unity, distrust instead of confidence, hatred instead of love, malice instead of charity and forbearance. We have lost sight of the fact, that no member of the social circle can suffer deprivation of his just rights without affecting the health and stability of the whole. "Man liveth not for himself alone," is the declaration of Omnipotence.

When some terrible epidemic is raging, with what solicitude is its progress watched, and how careful we are that even the humblest shall, so far as possible, be provided with the means of cleanliness, and whatever is wanting to secure his exemption from disease.

The unerring laws of nature make themselves felt, enforce attention, and speak in tones of thunder to awaken us to a sense of neglected duties. We begin to feel that, notwithstanding the false, artificial and accidental distinctions which prevail, that we are, after all, indissolubly joined together. We fail, however, to learn the full lesson it teaches; or, learning, fail to practice. The truth is, we live too much for the material, and too little for the mental and social. We are too much bent upon the acquisition of our own selfish ends, and too little mindful of the welfare of others. We spend too much time providing for the animal, and too little in developing and unfolding the human and spiritual. Thousands and millions are placed in unnatural and uncongenial circumstances; the greater part of their lives are spent in incessant toil for the barest necessities of life. Their minds are continually occupied in that pursuit, to the almost utter exclusion of all else. The masses are huddled together in hovels, that the privileged few may live in idleness, and revel in luxurious profusion. Society is in a disorganized state, governed by laws based upon self-interest alone, instead of upon the eternal principles of truth and justice. We are in an Ishmaelitic condition; our hand against every man, every man's hand against us. Hence the long and dreary catalogue of wars, famines and pestilences, and all the horrid crimes that blacken and disfigure the face of the earth; hence spring the galleys, jails, guillotines and gibbets; hence comes our dens of vice, our hells of corruption and depravity, that blast the characters and ruin the prospects of teeming thousands. Our criminal laws have aimed too much at simply punishing, mere retribution, without a thought of regenerating and elevating their victims. Poor wretches are dragged to prison; from thence to the bar of misnamed justice. Crushed down by the oppressions of society, overcome by the temptation of poverty and unfavorable surroundings, tossed from wave to wave of adversity, tried, tempted, scorned, goaded, driven to crime and shame, and then—what? Punished by an "outraged community." Outraged community; indeed! God forgive them.

Talk of war, tyranny, intemperance, and that foulest blot, woman's degradation; who is responsible for them? You, I, this or that man or woman? No; we are all responsible. The crime lays at the door of society at large; and the greater the means and influence possessed by any man or woman, or association, the greater the responsibility attached if they fail to use them for the elevation of the downtrodden and degraded. "Am I my brother's keeper?" Thief, liar, murderer, *thou art*. If each man, and woman, and child, owes duties to society, then society has its duties toward them. The obligation is either mutually binding, or it is radically unjust. Society is the big thief, liar, seducer and murderer; all the rest are the little ones, made such, too often, by conditions which lie within the power of society to remove. Their crimes are only evidences of the black corruption that festers within the "whited sepulchre." Extremely radical! Well, Christ, we believe, was radical, if radical means telling the truth without fear or varnish. What is the cause and the remedy?

Go to nature and she will tell you, and truly, that it is because her laws relating to man's social and moral condition are outraged and defied. That is the truth. Truth, which is but the voice of nature, cries, Away with your unjust laws, your false distinctions based upon accident. Listen no longer to prejudice and passion. Seek no longer your own exclusive benefit, for you can never obtain it. Learn to consult the interest and welfare of others, that they, in return, may seek to promote yours. Then crime, and poverty, which is too often its cause, will disappear, and a regenerated world will stand forth in the full stature

of a noble, vigorous and glorious manhood. Nature, in this as in every other respect, is the only reliable instructor. From the study and observance of her unchangeable laws, we may learn all of truth that is needed for our development as physical and spiritual beings. She will furnish us with rules all sufficient for our guidance in every emergency, and under every condition of our existence. The nearer we get to nature, the nearer we are to truth and to God.

In every moment of our lives we are dependent on her bounty. Her watchful care provides for and sustains us through our earthly career; and even when the grave shall close over our mortal forms, she will not desert us, but will accompany us to the evergreen hills of the spirit land. The next life is as natural as this. Supermundane it may be; supernatural never. All nature's laws are self-evident. They are not the result of any arbitrary decision, but are the necessary conditions of her existence and stability. Truth is the knowledge and application of her laws to all the affairs of man, individually and collectively.

Guided by them, we may march onward unfalteringly in the paths of eternal progression.

West Chester, Pa.

For The Spiritual Republic.

THE CHURCH UNION.

BY J. EDWIN CHURCHILL.

When any cause begins to fail, it seeks the alliance of any whom it can induce to make war upon the "common enemy." Now, the "Evangelical Churches" of Boston, finding "free thought and unrestrained inquiry" has noiselessly and silently been creeping into the minds of many of their best paying members, and there are many more who openly avow that they cannot believe all their creed teaches, nor unreservedly subscribe to the God-dishonoring dogmas of the "divines," the clergy have entered into a compact called the "Church Union," and are publishing a paper in their interest, in which they invite all evangelical Christians to join them in the "open communion;" not with the spirit world, but with one another, in eating bread and drinking wine, emblems of the body and blood of the crucified Nazarene, whom they believe to be their Saviour, not only of the sins of omission and commission, but the crimes of their parents to the third and fourth generation; and, also, the sin of the fall of the mythological Adam and Eve. Here is their bond of union:

"We, the undersigned, believers in the doctrines of the Holy Scriptures, as set forth in the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds, do hereby pledge ourselves to secure, under God, an open communion, and the recognition of one evangelical ministry, by the interchange of pulpits, thus to make visible the unity of the church. And we, furthermore, solemnly pledge ourselves to stand by each other in securing these ends."

And having, personally, in days gone by, been connected with such movements, while in the orthodox connection, I know with what an uncompromising spirit their pledge will be carried out. "The end justifies the means," has been the motto of the "mother of all harlots," and the "daughters" have well learned, and piously practiced, her teachings; and we be to him or her who dare dissent or apostatize from the "right way," or reason or think for themselves, or claim the right of private judgment.

They know their inward weakness, and are taking this means to strengthen their tottering, disintegrating fabric, and are endeavoring to "whitewash" their "sepulchre," which is all rottenness within, and filled with the "dead bones of the past."

They say "Liberty and Union" is their watchword; but, on the contrary, "slavery and disunion" is the fruits of all creed-worship. "Rationalism and ritualism" are antagonistic to "liberty and union," and to the church union, and they are the evil spirits which must be exorcised before this church unity can be established. They wind up by divers offers of organs, sewing machines, etc., to induce others to get subscribers for their paper called the *Church Union*.

They call "Christ the head," "Christ the central force of every movement. He is the church."

Now, if he has the direction of the church, being the head, I do not see how the church could be hydra-headed, and why they, the churches, have warred and contended for the mastery so long; and it is passing strange to me (a rationalist) how the church should need uniting, when Christ-God, the very God, was the church; "three persons in one," and not one word of the Holy Ghost, the third person in the Trinity.

They propose to use "black mail" on all who do not come into line with them, and close by an anathema or threat that every shepherd shall be removed, or made unpopular, by and through their instrument, the paper called the *Church Union*, and close in this wise:

"If you fail to recognize, as true ministers, one of the least of his elect disciples, you are disloyal, and shall be removed; not by us—save the mark, but by the truth we tell—even Christ. If you shut up one little township by your exclusive communion, you have seceded, rebelled, and need to be reconstructed on freedom's principles. If you

appropriate in one sect one portion of His doctrine, to the exclusion of the rest to the exercise of any freedom whatever, you have but repeated the evil, and it becomes, instead of an insurrection, a grand rebellion, and needs the attention of the whole church."

ANGEL MINISTRY.

"And angels came and ministered unto him."

For The Spiritual Republic.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. A. A. SHUEY.

What hopes, what fears, what dreams,
Unuttered, half formed prayers;
What aspirations, pure and deep;
What thwarting, dark'ning cares,
Pleasure and grief, plenty and dearth,
Sunbeams and shadows, mirth;
Chasing each other, as in mirth,
Across our devious way.

'Tis well—for were it one
Illumined sheet of light;
Where there no chilling storms,
No weary, starless night;
No contrast between good and ill,
No good for which to strive,
No aspirations unattained—
'Twere not worth while to live.

Our satiated powers
Would stagnate and decay,
Were there no hearts to heal,
No tears to wipe away,
No angry storms to quell,
No timid souls to cheer;
Nothing to rouse these dormant powers,
We'd lose by living here.

'Tis effort, purpose, aim,
The ceaseless, constant play,
The using of the faculties,
That wears the rust away;
The first attempt to walk
Brings many a tear and fall,
But should we sit and wait,
We'd never walk at all.

For The Spiritual Republic.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES OF J. OSGOOD BARRETT.

The vision of the Spiritual telegraph was a revelation of theological bonds. They were inwoven with the very tissues of his education. He knew not then he was as far from "the perfect law of liberty" as the heavens are from the earth. True to his instincts, voiced by his angels as the Lord's Providence, he and his faithful wife, always the "Olive of Peace," after bidding many friends in the East adieu, pressing their children closer to their hearts for protection, took wing, nine years ago, for the great West. Tenacious and self-sacrificing, attached strongly to his good Universalist brethren, wishing to take them with him in his progressive journey, aiming directly at the cultivation of the religious nature of Spiritualists and the final union of all the liberal forces, he unavoidably brought upon himself a succession of trials, rising as Alps on Alps. A hundred times he sought to blend those elements for a new compound, to "put new wine into old bottles," and as often—what? Ask the religious revolution, now breeding with relentless power to scatter in its fury the whole dark pile of ecclesiastic mockeries, preparing for the new Spiritual Church and State. It was necessary for him to learn this fact by bitter experience, that, when the revolution did come, he might be ready, as a tried soldier.

Oh, Spiritualism! disintegrator of all churches, tormentor of all pastors, what scourings are thine! To taste of thy fountains is to have immortal longings which earth cannot quench; to espouse thee is to die more than a thousand deaths; to endure thee is to dwell in "everlasting burnings"; to follow thee is into Eden with bleeding feet on coals of fire! It has been all this to our brother; yea, more, it has been the poisoning of his soul, as in a divine balance, with tears and rainbows, sorrows and joys, pains and joys, battles and victories, losses and gains, clouds and glories, baptisms, crucifixions, and resurrections. Passing him through fiery ordeals, well have the angels, as they promised, educated him "in a natural religion for practical work." His grateful exclamation is—"Oh, the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments and his ways past finding out! For of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things; to whom be glory forever!"

During the late war, in which he took an active part, as a union patriot, inspiring courage and fortitude by word and deed, he governed himself in policy just as it was mapped out to him in visions. By trials he had strengthened his spiritual perceptives. He read the plots of the enemy. Not a betrayal was at hand, not a peril, but he was warned of it in proper season to avert personal calamity.

Near the outbreak of the war, when the cloud was darkest, and our security seemed to rest in keeping the constitution intact, as it then was, and many patriots began to advocate such a policy, Washington appeared to him and demonstrated the absolute necessity of a constitutional reconstruction, not only to crush the rebellion, but to emancipate the slaves. He commenced immediately to write and spoke in favor of such reconstruction.

Just as the war closed, a voice spoke to him, thrilling his spirit with startling resolves—"Another revolution cometh—this time to the Church—prepare for battle and reconstruction!" Under the inspiration of this impelling power, he wrote a sermon in the summer of 1865, which by request was offered to the BANNER OF LIGHT for publication. It was entitled, "The Reconstruction of the Church." It was radical, severely critical, and defiant to denominational intervention. Soon after this was sent on, there was a mass meeting of the Universalist ministers of the West, held in Chicago, to deliberate on measures for denominational growth and educational influence. Mr. Barrett, being present, listened quietly to the remarks, and, during one of his negative states of mind, a powerful spirit approached and whispered in a persuasive voice clearly articulated to him, "Send immediately to the BANNER OF LIGHT, and order the expunging of those features, which, if published, will surely sever you from this worthy body of brothers and sisters of the faith your good father taught you." "It is too late," replied Mr. B., trembling in spirit as on a pivot.

"No, it is not too late, if you are prompt," was the persuasive voice. Hesitating a moment what course to take, Mr. B. rose and passed out, and, after a long struggle to escape from the magnetic coils, that influence suddenly left him, reflecting back an impulsive murmur—"He is lost to us!"—when his familiar guide, rejoicing in the conquest, came near and said, "No backward steps—forward!" and a calm settled instantly upon him, positive and potent as the noonday sun. A few weeks after this, the sermon was published.

In the meanwhile, Mr. B. had engaged as pastor over the Universalist Society of Sycamore, Ill. Was not the nominal position inconsistent with his published sentiments? So the *Popes* said, and they said, too, "The Society is in danger of being lost to the denomination!"

In the general examining of the "situation," Mr. B. had a vision to plainly indicate his work. A company of Universalist ministers—all familiar personages never to be forgotten—approached in a long procession, each carrying a horrid spear which he thrust madly into the body of our then defenseless brother. Whilst agonizing under the wounds, beseeching mercy, a Chicago woman who leads the van of the denomination in the West, rushed to the rescue, and after great effort, succeeded in drawing them away. It was kindly done, Sister L., to prevent the publication of those cruel letters. Other *Maries* have defended the crucified.

On the surface, all was prosperous; but Mr. B. was again informed in vision of awaiting trials and conquests. He was on the north bank of a dark winding river, filled with slippery rocks. On these nearly half a score of Universalist ministers crossed on foot. He was lying upon a couch, wearied by the fatigues of labor, and as they circled around him, he sought to cover his half nakedness, but found his clothes too short! Without noticing this, they besought him to travel with them; some argued the advantages of such society; but failing in this, they offered bribes; and failing in this, they threatened. This roused him to indignation; he sternly refused, and they retired. He had a work to do on a certain bridge, which some strong, earnest persons on the other side were building, projecting it toward him. Co-operating with this enterprise, as best he could, "on the wrong side," he at length saw it finished, a solid, new bridge. Night set in; they all rested; at break of morn, he found himself driving toward the bridge a span of swift young colts attached to a beautiful carriage. On, on, he sped, and as he entered upon it, the top of the vehicle struck the arch, and broke into a thousand pieces. On inspection of the wreck, lo, the thing broken was only the top, which, unseen before, was nothing but painted pasteboard. The leader of his society, suddenly appearing, was extremely mad at his "carelessness." The rest of the carriage held firm, and, unheeding the threat of his rich brother, he dashed on, crossed the bridge, and was free!

The vision did, indeed, augur danger to the society, that it might be "lost to the denomination." Well did he realize that his probation of many years was fast drawing to its close. Besieged on all sides, imperiled by enslaving magnetisms, conscious that his spiritual sentiment, though but faintly uttered as yet, awoke suspicions in the minds of the conservatives, goaded to action by insults, inspired by a positive spirit to strike, after the style of "Joshua," for righteous possession of the "sacred grounds," every muscle intensified, every nerve on fire, feeling that all his discipline under angel ministry was then culminating in one tremendous focus, he resolved to proclaim the full truth, to fight his way out at any hazard, and plant the standard of religious liberty high in the clear, dimless light. Aided by steadfast friends, he planned his campaigns, and fused heaven's thunderbolts for the battle. When the signs were

right, he announced his intention of delivering a series of lectures on Spiritualism. It was the first shock of the battery. His conservative brothers entreated him to desist, for "the society cannot stand it; it will divide!" That plea was another spur to activity, for what is society that cannot endure the truth? Should he obey man, or God? He entered at once upon the task. Many trembled, but the hand that held the sword was steady.

His premises were firmly taken; "God's laws are immutable. What was done may be done again. A truth of the Bible is a truth now. Human experience is a test of the validity of the word. There is no vital faith where there is no ocular evidence. Modern Spiritualism is the interpreter of all history. The *spirit* is the man of virtue, or the man of sin. Death is not change of character. There are unregenerate spirits. Beware! we are all in spiritual circles! Were there New Testament devils? So there are now. They not only produce domestic mischief, but prejudice persons against belief in angel ministry, lest conversion may snatch them from control for lustful purposes! But all this, to be cleansed, reveals our truth, assures us of a divine Spiritualism thus abused. Rejoice! the grave is the portal of light; our friends long lost return; two worlds are one in labor; we are immortal. Plume thy wings, oh soul, for moral ascension! Seership, prophecy, rappings, visions, spirit paintings, healing by the laying on of hands, spirit oratory, speaking in unknown tongues, interpretation of tongues—here they are all around us; there they are in Egypt, in Rome, in Persia, in China, in Hindoostan, in India. Behold the parallels! thread to thread, line to line, woven together all in order, the mantle of God spread over the nations! Spiritualism is founded in law. I am committed here. I believe the Bible, history, angels, God! I am a Spiritualist!"

The effect was electrical; the excitement was intense; the reward was slander, alienation, want, a manly conscience, grateful friendships, lofty inspirations. The "high priests" abroad said, "Bro. B. is lost to us, let us save the society, if possible!" They sent in letters of warning: "Your minister is not in fellowship with the Fox River Association. [He had not signed the creed.] If you hire him one year, your society loses it fellowship!"

In a vision he saw a monstrous wheel turning down, and off slid a great raft, himself, family and friends upon it. It moved, as a thing of life, majestically across a stormy sea in mid-winter. On its rear end clung the conservatives; but there it lashed and sunk, madly tost by the terrible waves. The shore was gained, the Rubicon was passed!

At the close of the year's engagement, Mr. B., as announced, delivered his farewell discourse to a densely crowded house. He reviewed the events of his labors, the trials of his ministry, and counseled charity that accepts all truth and forms a gladdening union. Under spiritual influence, his hands seemed to grasp the lightnings which he hurled with herculean force upon the enemies of heaven. He defied the denomination to remove him from his rock of defense. He exposed the sectarian plots to supplant him. He rose to the very parapets, and charged with words that went home as cannon balls, in tremendous, fiery victory. A brilliant star blazed on his forehead; a shout of angels was heard above the murmuring by those who can hear, "The truth shall make thee free!"

When that stormy hour ended, there was a desperate effort to counteract the effect of the angels' work upon the people; it was in vain; they expressed their endorsement in resolutions. Then the church was sealed until its pulpit is free; for it is written in the Life Book of the nineteenth century, that NO ENTERPRISE SHALL SUCCEED WHICH ABUSES THE MINISTRIES OF HEAVEN.

Justice rewards all fidelities. "Out in the cold," perplexed, scarcely knowing which way to turn, Mr. B., through the instrumentality of Hon. H. C. Childs, of Wheaton, Ill., was unexpectedly elected, by the Board of Directors, Secretary of the Religio-Philosophical Publishing Association, now known as the CENTRAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, and Junior Editor of the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC. On commencing his official duties, he had a vision of his herculean task, under the symbol of laying the foundation of a great temple, teaching him that brotherly love, with fidelity, secures completeness of structure. (See first issue of the REPUBLIC, department of Angel Ministry.)

Schooled in adversity, sympathizing with his bond brethren, a "chosen vessel" to bear incense to heaven, let him be "wise as a serpent, but harmless as a dove;" and, under divine guidance, lead many a forlorn traveler to the oasis of immortality.

For The Spiritual Republic.

NEW PHASE OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

BY DR. H. T. CHILD.

A very interesting phenomenon has occurred recently in one of the interior towns of the State, which I hope may become as general as it will be interesting.

A young lady, the daughter of a physician, has become developed as a medium and is influenced when sitting in the family circle, and while under the influence, there are to be seen pictures upon the glass shade over the lamp which

are distinctly visible and easily recognized by all present; sometimes several of these may be seen in a single sitting. The lamp being lighted at the time renders the pictures visible.

Photography is a spiritual art and I doubt not there are to be many improvements in this glorious means of obtaining records, more or less permanent, of the shadows that are continually falling unseen around us.

I have watched with much interest, every effort which has been made to produce spirit pictures and spirit photographs, and although many difficulties have existed and still exist, I have no doubt that there have been cases in which partial success has attended the efforts, and there will come a time when the visions of seers will be rendered perceptible to mortals generally. Let us hail every effort in this direction, while we wait patiently, and endeavor to co-operate with the loved ones in all their labors to bring the two worlds into a closer and more perceptible relationship to each other.

One of the most encouraging features in this, is that phenomena more or less successful are occurring in many places and under different phases. Some very interesting facts have occurred in New York, which I have no doubt will be thoroughly investigated as the parties engaged therein are among the most intelligent and competent of "living" observers, as we sometimes say of those who are groping among the shadows of earth.

The experiences of Spiritualism more than any other, it seems to me, have a tendency to prepare us to wait patiently for the unfolding of that which is to come, not supinely and indifferently, but with a consciousness that wiser heads and abler hands are at the work, and that it is our privilege to co-operate with these just in proper time as we fulfill the laws of our being. And thus each revolving year brings to us its new developments.

MARRIAGE.—The following extract is from a lecture recently delivered in San Jose, Cal., by Rev. Charles G. Ames, of Santa Cruz:

"What is marriage? It is the loving, living union of one man and one woman—a spiritual, interior friendship, which having made them one in heart, works outward and makes them one in interest and life. A union founded on mutual love, which is approved by the judgment and sanctioned by the conscience of each. Such a union is true marriage, not only on the wedding day, but as it goes on, ever renewing and perfecting itself till death doth them part. Among the better sort of people, the happiest years of married life are not the first years. Marriage grows; grows more real, more satisfactory; grows less superficial, more spiritual. It is like true religious experience, ever renewed and ever deepened. Marriage is divine, because men and women are made for each other. The civil law does well to protect it; religion does well to consecrate it; for, being the foundation of the family, it is the creator of both church and state. Marriage is not only the fountain of population: it is also the fountain of the general morality. The quality of the population, and therefore the quality of civilization, must depend on the quality of marriage. You have already seen, from the advance made in civil law, that as nations rise to higher level of intelligence and virtue, marriage acquires a nobler form—acquires new sanctity and new safeguards. Marriage, then, like every other divinely human affair, is capable of improvement. *It would be nonsense to say that something else could be substituted for it; we are not to outgrow marriage, but to grow more truly into the divine idea of it.*"

FACTS CONCERNING HUMAN LIFE.—The total number of human beings on the earth is computed at 1,000,000,000, (one thousand millions,) and they speak 3,064 known tongues. The average duration of human life is 33½ years. One-fourth of those born die before they are seven years old, and one-half before the age of seventeen. Out of one hundred persons, only six reach the age of sixty years. Out of five hundred persons, only one attains the age of eighty years. Sixty persons die every minute. Tall men live longer than short ones. Married men are longer lived than the single. Rich men live, on the average, forty-two years, but the poor only thirty years. There is a drunkard to every seventy-four persons.

A cheese factory is proposed at Byfield, Mass. The large profits of these enterprises are having a stimulating effect on farmers throughout the country, and cheese factories, which will relieve them of their surplus milk at reasonable prices, and enable them to keep large stocks of cattle, which contribute so much to the productiveness of the farm, are springing up in all quarters.

By means of chastity the soul breathes a pure air in foulest places; by means of continence it is strong in whatever state the body may be. The soul is regal through its empire over the senses, beautiful by its light and its peace.

The most ancient manuscripts are written without accents, stops or separation between the words, nor was it until after the ninth century that copyists began to have spaces between words.

Morality is a curb, not a spur.

THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

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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.

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BE WHAT YOU ARE; AND NOT SEEM WHAT YOU ARE NOT.

It is a fair presumption that Spiritualism is something tangible in idea and method. That it has certain definite principles of action and a definite end in view as the result of its life method. It is not supposable that so many thousands and tens of thousands of persons have left churches and promising prospects for an intangible, incomprehensible nothing. This is not sanity—it is not human nature. We must, then, conclude that there are principles of philosophy and of life involved in Spiritualism. That this life sustains certain fixed relations to the future must be admitted, and it consequently becomes immensely significant, and all its processes and manifestations assume an importance not possessed before. Whatever lack of accord there may be on some questions, all agree in the universality and absoluteness of law. That happiness or misery is the result of certain mental and spiritual conditions, and that this is true of all men and all worlds.

Mental and spiritual progress constitute the measure of human joy, or sorrow; and, as certain phases of progress can be better secured in the present than in the future, not to secure them will be a loss and made up with more difficulty there, than it would have required to prevent it in this stage of existence. This, to the Spiritualist, is a fact of natural law; it exists in the nature of things, and not through the impulse of some capricious sovereign, called God. Every act of life, every motion of the intellectual functions, is either adding a timber to the indestructible house of joy in the eternal future, or it is furnishing more material to the perishable structure, which being "of the earth, earthy," must perish when the soul leaves its "house of clay," and soars away to the Spirit Home. "The kingdom of heaven is within us;" the growth or ungrowth of the spiritual and intellectual consciousness, determines its extent, and largely its resources.

To seek it, then, to develop the faculties of the immortal entity, is the primal end of earthly existence. To know, or appreciate that end, is the object sought to be attained by the manifestations and teachings of modern Spiritualism. Limiting, as it does, all things and changes, to the domain of universal and absolute law, and binding them to the eternal sequence of cause and effect, it makes all things new. Man lives and moves in a new world, and among powers and forces uncomprehended, though they might have been seen before: The concealing veil has been lifted, and the dread mystery, which inspired such awe, and perhaps even terror in the past, is now confronted without dread, because understood. Whatever man may now do he will do without fear of wrath on the one hand, or hope of special, personal favor on the other. He will act from the innate promptings of his nature, guided by the light of his own reason, enabling him to read the open book of destiny—the natural results of action and condition in the present life. These results will be seen to be very largely independent of the intentions, or voluntary action, on the part of those involved.

Ignorance will be followed by its own legitimate results, whether compulsory, inevitable, or voluntary; and this is true of much more pertaining to earthly existence. Therefore, much of the evil of being is not the result of personal misconduct, but of inevitable conditions. But these conditions are amenable to change and modification; at least, this is true of a very large proportion. Those of ignorance and poverty may be rectified, for one can be supplanted by

knowledge, the other by comfort. The Spiritualist thus finds himself, by the very necessity of the case, transformed into a teacher. Falsehood is all around him. Church and State, and social life are the crystallized forms of falsehood, hoary with years, and venerable through custom.

Exposure and denunciation of the false may constitute one of the essential processes in teaching, but it is not all. To say to our fellow: your theology is false, and your religion wrong, even if perfectly demonstrated, is only half teaching. He wants something in its place. He needs, not only to reject the false, but to see and accept the true. He tells you truly that the whole framework of society, as it is, depends upon, because it grew out of, his religion. He points you to the fact that the morality and law of civilized nations are both derived from his religion, and asks if you are prepared to sacrifice law and order to your faith, and if so, what you propose to substitute therefor? Some, when brought to this point, endeavor to dodge the difficulty by denying the position, saying, "Spiritualism has nothing to do with politics, and questions of social science, they are side issues." But the lynx-eyed priesthood know better than that, if those who make the assertion do not. They know perfectly, that the present constitution of society, in all its parts—its criminal laws, its subjugation of woman, etc., are the legitimate results of their theology. Yea, they know that the very theory or philosophy of law and government, as it is held to-day, is but an inference from their own teachings. With equal clearness, they see that the prevalence of the Spiritual Philosophy would be the complete ruin of their entire system. But they are unwilling to meet the real issue, in its primary form, and therefore attack some of the inferences, assail some of the results, instead of warring with the fundamentals. It is disorganizing, consequently wrong, is their argument, and many deem it sound. But it is the shallowest of sophistry. A constitutional convention may give woman the privilege of voting, as well as to the negro, and this would be destruction to an old, unrighteous custom, but humanity would find itself more perfectly organized than ever. It might provide against all monopolies and mere class legislation in the future, and this might destroy the selfish hopes of social blood-suckers and robbers, but it would consolidate, and augment the sum total of human industry, possessions and happiness.

The institution of better laws and customs would, as matter of course, be the destruction of the worse and old; but would it be wrong? Unless what is is so perfect that it cannot be improved, the proposition to change is not a wrong *per se*. But this opposition to change proceeds from the theological standpoint of perfect revelation, which the Spiritualist at once rejects. By that rejection, however, he becomes bound to investigate all problems anew, and give his reasons, based upon his own philosophy and religion, for accepting or rejecting all, or part of existing order or institutions. To accept things, simply because they have the sanction of custom or tradition, is to be false to our profession; as it also is to yield deference to what we do not believe and receive. From the statements made above, the Spiritualist can occupy no other position than that of universal reconstructionist. As everything has a direct bearing upon, and relation to, the growth of the inner life here, and consequent favorable conditions hereafter, he must be engaged in seeking to make all things new. Not to do this, is to seem to be what he is not. It is pretending to be one thing, when in reality another. It is walking abroad in garments which conceal our identity. It is saying to the world my name is not John Smith, when really we know no other. It is worse than that. It is bearing false witness in reference to a system, and of those who sincerely receive it. You cannot escape by saying you don't receive all the errors of individuals, nor adopt the vagaries of fanatics. We are talking of the natural, logical influences flowing from universally allowed principles. No man can hold himself free from any of the inferences deducible from his premises. Spiritualists look over your premises, your primary affirmations, once more. 1, Converse between the two worlds. 2, Human brotherhood. 3, Progress, according to law. 4, The power of conditions over progress as a result; and, 5, The power of intelligent men to make and modify the conditions of poverty and ignorance. The admission of these positions, and Spiritualism compels their admission, transforms the selfish specialist into the unselfish universalist.

It is impossible to live longer, merely for personal ease and aggrandizement. The field of effort has suddenly widened out so broad that it takes in the whole humanity, and all of time, if not eternity. Effort must correspond with principle, else it becomes the baldest of theory, with no right or title to the name of principle—it is the sheerest hypocrisy.

If Spiritualism is nothing more than a fine-spun theory, respecting the communion of the souls passed on with those waiting the change, but not affecting the practical relations of man to his fellow here, nor essentially changing the whole scope and tenor of life in time, then it is of no value, and may be even accursed. If it reveals no new idea, furnishes no new means for the rectification of vested wrongs, and enjoins no imperative duty on man to work in the

direction of progress, the sooner we dismiss it for something philanthropic and practical the better for us and others. But, as we reject these latter suppositions we must accept the former, and be bound thereby; consequently, we must be what we profess to be, workers for change everywhere, where rights are denied or humanity wronged. A new order of social life must be commenced. A new system of trade, banking, commerce and education must be inaugurated, and every genuine Spiritualist will be heartily engaged therein. The pseudo ones, those who have only sought the pass of spirit messages, so as to idly dream of future bliss, while doing nothing to create it, will draw back to an easy method when they find that work is needed; and they will be accompanied by the sordid worshipers of mammon, who hold on to the dollar as though it and heaven were synonymous terms. Everything valuable has to be tested, and, in the New Dispensation, men and women are to be tested; and not a few will fall in the day of trial. When the darling forms of selfish ease and pride are demanded, they will fall. They will find that they never really knew what Spiritualism was. They had never dreamed that it would impose duties, and bind with obligations. Poor souls, they dream that Spiritualism gives license to all the selfishness of the old theology, without amenability to its penalties. This great mistake will be corrected, and many sad ones will see, in that correction, the death of their fondest expectations. But the true soul will appear in their glory and strength, not afraid to avow their principles, nor disinclined to live and work in accord therewith.

The time is not far in the future when events will compel us to show ourselves in our real principles. All disguises will have to be laid aside, and each one wear his own garments.

It does not follow that a man is immoral because he rejects the old theory and principles of morality; nor that he is irreligious because he discards the dogmas and creeds of the old religions. Nor can we charge any one with treason for wishing to change a constitution and laws; nor is he an enemy to society who would eliminate its falsities and wrongs, and replace them with truth and righteousness. This is precisely what the principles of Spiritualism require us to do, and not stand disputing upon impossible and non-understandable theories. It demands a living, practical exemplification of the principles of justice, truth and love. And if we fail in this, we are seeming to be what we are not; that is, we are claiming to adopt principles to which our practical life gives the lie. We are doing just what we charge upon the old church, having one set of principles in our profession and another in our practice. L.

THE EIGHT HOUR LAW.

The country, and we may say the world, resounds with the voice of the Workingmen. Never before has the public attention been so fully called to the interests of labor; and never before have Manhood and Womanhood seemed so great, when contrasted with the claims of capital. We are rejoiced at the signs of the times; not that they argue the demolition or the defrauding of capital, as they do not, but because the "Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man" is beginning to shine with a luster whose brightness exceeds that of gold.

The Eight Hour Law is the initial step—the visible means to the coming change. Illinois has enacted this law. In the New York Assembly it has passed to a third reading by a vote of sixty to twelve. In the National House, as a means to regulate work in Government establishments, it was passed, and lost in the Senate by two votes. In Wisconsin it passed the Assembly by a vote of fifty-one to thirty-two. In nearly all of the Northern States it has received more or less attention, and in all of them there is an increasing interest in its favor.

It will at once be seen that such a question, if lacking vital and universal importance, could not attain so great an influence in State and national councils. It was not warmed into life by love of popular gain, nor has it been supported by monied interests. On the contrary, these are against it, and it has reached its present eminence by virtue of its own intrinsic merit. If we inquire rightly and earnestly for the cause of this movement on the part of the workingmen and their friends, we shall find it resides in the very constitution of society. Nothing is more apparent than that our present social system is corrupt—does not answer the real demands of any class; and it is equally apparent that a more thorough, as well as a more extensive education of the masses, is absolutely necessary, before a permanently satisfactory reformation can take place.

Heretofore, educational exercises have been limited to the earlier years of childhood; and unless some profession was aspired to, a very meager education was deemed sufficient. The ignorant could lift as many pounds as the learned, and probably more. They could do as much farm work, or pursue the trade of the mechanic. The times have changed. The era of brute force is rapidly passing away; the intellect is relieving the muscle and calling the vital forces up to higher manners of expression, and the inquiry is not for strength, but for skill; it is the skillful, the well

educated workman, and the man or woman of good judgment that receives the highest wages, and the most favor. Workingmen are not fools; they partake of the quality, and consequently have the average ambition of human nature generally. They observe and draw conclusions; they know that "knowledge is power;" they know that art is advantage; that skill is equal to capital in the scale of industries. Why, then, since they are by far the larger portion of society, and in fact the most essential to its existence and comfort, should they not be felt and heeded in their real life wants and demands?

The Eight-Hour Law dates its origin from the necessities of society, and fairly bases itself upon the demands for the education of the masses; and it is because of the common sense and justice of these demands that it has a hearing, and works itself up to State and National importance.

It is because of this that it will, ere long, become the rule regulating, measurably, the relation of capital to labor. There are other reasons for its increasing influence, but these are fundamental, and the merit of the act must be awarded accordingly. It is not to be supposed that every individual workingman will appreciate the movement, or the advantages coming to him, nor expected that none will abuse the time thus gained. No great step is wholly understood when it is taken, nor can the benefits to any be at once fully realized. Give us the law, the time gained by it and opportunity to reorganize society under the new advantages afforded, and we will show a decided gain to every man woman and child, capitalists not excepted.

We are not surprised that employers oppose the movement. Industry creates the wealth of the Nation and the world. Toll has coined the hoarded millions of the rich, and self dislikes to relinquish power. So the capitalist warns society: Commerce will be crippled! Industry will languish! Enterprise will fail! In fact, to take one fifth of the working hours, as now used, and give them to education, and culture will ruin the general prospects of civilization! Indeed!

On the contrary the history of civilization shows conclusively that general welfare and social competence is ever proportioned to the enlightened condition of the masses, therefore, this cry of capital against reform is the old clog to civilization in another form. It is a sham, as superficial in its merits as any of the arguments against free labor or progress in whatever direction. Statistics may be shown, logical inferences drawn. Sneers may be cast against workingmen when they seek to rise, still the eternal truth carries the movement on, intelligence conquers barbarism, and the time is not far distant when co-operation shall displace our present system of monopoly, making every workingman who will, the receiver and enjoyer of the profits of his own labor. This is the significance of the movement that steps to the Eight Hour Law, thence to education, thence to universal comfort.

"LOW-PLANE SPIRITUALISM."

In the department of "Voices from the People," is another article from our esteemed Swedenborgian Brother, in which he, with positive plainness, as all just men should, defines his honest convictions of Spiritualism. We love candid criticism; it is the sieve that blows away the chaff. He maintains that the Spiritual Movement has an overplus of materialism, and is on a "low, very low plane of nature." If this be true, is it, therefore, without hope of good to humanity? In our world, what is there, pray, that has not a "materialism which overrates a physical sign?" Politics has a starved soul in an uncomely body; the popular church is dead-locked, so grossly incarnated it is full of theological gout, rotting bones and muscles; our trade system is a very ankylosis in the body politic; our newly invented machinery for economy and thrift is huge as a bumble-bee just hatched, destined to be smaller and swifter by and by. How difficult for the human soul to find fitting expression through its physical forms! Hath it not a "materialism which overrates a physical sign?" And yet the ratiocination of spirit force to matter, and *vice versa*, is as perfect on a low as on a high plane. In this progress is evolved; imprisonment nurtures ambition. After we have ascended to a higher plane, we, in time, discover an overplus of materialism, and, through pain and trial, as before, are "born again." Even "the heavens are unclean in His sight."

Our brother questions the authority of the spirit communications. Well, all books, all revelations, have been questioned. Doubt is the initial of truth. The ambiguity of the communications develops philosophic reasoning. Look at the confused mass of opinions and statements out of which the Ecclesiastic councils culled our Bible. Let us have as severe a criticism upon all other testimonies, until Bible, Spiritualism, Swedenborgianism, etc., undergo "thorough repairs." Give us a pure Eclecticism. But, brother, don't take away the sunbeams for the sake of observing the spots on the sun. Owing to ignorant and depraved conditions, engendered by false educations, vagaries, contradictions, and phantasies, are unavoidable; but do these prove that Spiritualism is *wholly* on a low plane? To us it proves a grand truth underlying the Spiritual Move-

ment, a divine influx which wicked men, of course, will abuse, which good men will appropriate for holy uses. What if the telegraph, in the hands of Ignoramus, brings news strangely mixed, is the telegraph in fault? Let us put wise practitioners at the batteries; and then listen to the love that thrills along the heavenly wires. There will be less evil spirits when we purify the mediumistic temples.

Free lust is *not* the necessary concomitant of Spiritualism, as our brother evidently thinks. The world was in hells of passion ere the heavens opened. Spiritualism brings all secrets to the surface. If it intensifies lust in the lustful, it burns it out the sooner. It saves "so as by fire." Bring in your scalpel knife, doctor, and let us amputate rotten limbs, and "begin at my sanctuary, saith the Lord."

Our brother is obviously alarmed, because Spiritualism crops out deformed on the animal plane. What an ugly world we had when salamanders and ichthauruses inhabited it! It has made a little improvement since. There is *ever* "a good time coming; wait a little longer."

If, as we grant, Spiritualism reaches the lowest, it inspires all the highest; is therefore universal, as facts prove, having for its devotees minds of every possible grade, inaugurating stupendous revolutions, embracing under its inspiration many of the master geniuses of all nations. Be not hopeless for the ill, because it sprouts in the mud. Jesus was from mean Nazareth.

"A Spiritualism upon a higher plane would be so discreted from the present, as to appear in antagonism with, and would be rejected, as it is daily, by the receivers of the present." What does this mean? Is it a "rhetorical flourish?" Is a tree discreted? It is fruit to flowers, flowers to leaves, flowers and leaves to limbs, limbs to trunk, trunk to root, root to earth, and *there* is a "materialism which overrates a physical sign." Spiritualism—the Tree of Life, connecting heaven with earth—discrete, or concrete?

Come, brother, marry the heart of the angels, and this "twain," being "one flesh," will constitute an "institutionalizing of the inspired thought of the age in beautiful and glorious proportions." Are not such, and all institutions, forms of thought? Why are you, O Swedenborgian, so puzzled? Give us your *in* in the name of the "Divine Humanity."

VOCAL CULTURE.

Last week we made some remarks concerning vocal culture, referring to Prof. McCoy as a person well qualified to aid parties in this direction. Our interest in this art leads us to the subject again. It is not an uncommon thought that modes of culture to be worthy must be promulgated in the East. We like the "East," we are a part of it, but we are conscious that there's a West. The East is called the "head" of the country; very well, then the West is the body, and they needn't quarrel. Prof. McCoy doesn't teach "head" tones, nor "throat" tones, nor "pectoral" tones, as the best, or as the true tones, but the *body* tones, those that resound through the whole system, and awaken every nerve, not by their mightiness but by their pureness. Nerves respond and leap to the touch of purity, they shrink and corrode in harshness and disease. Fitz Hugh Ludlow, of New York, lately visited Prof. McCoy's academy at Crosby's Opera House, and witnessed illustrations of his mode of training and exercising the vocal organs. On his return to New York, he wrote to a friend:

"I am familiar with most of the special methods—used like Garcia's and Lablache's in training for artistic vocalization—and I willingly acknowledge, that neither the best of these, nor of those taught by elocutionists whom I know, compare with Prof. McCoy's, for radical treatment of the sources and laws of vocal utterance. I feel that in his present occupation, the Professor, in another sort, is as much an apostle of Free Speech, as when he spoke for liberty during the war."

FRED. DOUGLASS IN CHICAGO.

Mr. Fred. Douglass lectured in this city, on Saturday evening, 23d ult., on the "Sources of Danger to our Government." His words were listened to with evident satisfaction, and hearty reponse was given by frequent applause.

Mr. Douglass is in favor of largely reducing the "one man power" of our present form of government, and reposing more confidence in the people on whom the effects of the administration fall. He said he "had faith in the people. The masses mean well. This is shown by the many benevolent institutions that rise on every hand. The masses may not always be right, but they always *mean* right. When the Government derives its inspiration from them, it will, as a rule, go right. In seeking a basis of government he would base it upon the people, and if it is made in harmony with the idea of the Constitution that all governments derive their power from the consent of the governed; that all citizens may take part in the government; that no man may be kept from the ballot-box on account of his color; that no woman may be kept from it by reason of her sex—he saw no reason why it should not continue as long as the world stood."

Mr. Douglass also strongly advocates the entire abolishment of the office of Vice-President; and if asked what he would do in case the President should die, he would reply, "He won't be as likely to die."

The lecture occupied two hours, and was the best effort we have ever heard from Mr. Douglass.

PERSONAL.

Dr. J. P. Bryant, as we learn by the *Banner of Progress*, intends to become a permanent resident of San Francisco, Cal.

Dr. Peabody, and Professors Bowen and Agassiz, all of them connected with the faculty of Harvard College, spoke before the Massachusetts Legislature in behalf of a license law, and were particularly anxious for the introduction of light wines. Harvard College has been extensively represented on the question, and all the Professors and President endorse wine. This may explain many of the reports about the morals of Harvard. A hopeful place for a son!

Spurgeon, the noted Baptist preacher, of London, is to be in Chicago in May next.

Garibaldi insists on the union of Rome with Italy, even if it should involve a war with France, and he strongly objects to presenting the clergy with an enormous property, which he thinks can be more profitably employed for meeting the wants of the people.

Lucy Stone and Henry B. Blackwell are employed to address several meetings in Kansas, on the question of Woman's Suffrage. This grand reform is fairly inaugurated.

Gen. Butler is making a terrific onslaught upon the conduct of the Lincoln assassination trials.

Wendell Phillips, it is expected, will lecture in Brooklyn, under the auspices of the Brooklyn Fraternity, on Tuesday evening, April 23d.

Rev. O. B. Frothingham is giving, in New York, a course of lectures on the social position of woman.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Parker Pillsbury, Louisa Jacobs and Susan B. Anthony are addressing Equal Rights meetings in Central New York.

Harriet Martineau has re-printed for private circulation among her own friends and friends of the families most concerned, her memoirs of the late Lord Canning and the late Lord Elgin, from *Once a Week* and the *Daily News*, respectively. The work is called "A British Friendship," and is full of reminiscences not only of India, but also of the days when those two great men and the late Lord Dalhousie were all at Oxford together.

Sixty Roman Catholic priests are to arrive in New Orleans next week to open schools for the freedmen. Romanism seeks a new life in this country through the blacks.

"A WOMAN'S SECRET."

Chapter XXXVI is entitled "The True Free Love." It is a precept with the writer that love, so long as it is trammelled with earthly passion, must be subject to law for the passion's sake. It is only when it rises into the purer atmosphere of perfect unselfishness that it becomes, by a beautiful necessity, as free of all man-made enactments as the blessed light of heaven itself. It was this free love which Rebecca found a more potent medicament than all the doctor's stores besides.

Chapter XXXVII is entitled "The Flower of the Ages." As the blossom of any plant is only reached after long and slow development, from root to trunk, from trunk to branch, from branch to leaf, from leaf to blossom, but when it does appear is compounded equally of the *outer or masculine* and the *inner or feminine* element, so will the true perfected humanity stand related to the developments of past ages. It is a keen, prophetic insight into this sublime truth, which inspires in Laura Darrell's soul an irresistible impulse to adopt that life so severe, but so richly rewarded in spiritual blessings, which is the portion of the true Reformer.

CERTIFICATE.

To all whom it may concern:

Know ye, that the First Spiritual Society of Beloit does hereby grant this certificate of fellowship to Mrs. S. E. Warner, and recognize her as a regular minister of the Gospel, and as such authorize her to solemnize marriages in accordance with law.

Given under our hands at Beloit, this sixteenth day of March, A. D. 1867.

S. E. DOWNER, Pres't, } Executive Board
J. L. V. THOMAS, V. P. } of said Society.
A. C. SPAULDING, Sec. }

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Thanking our patrons for returning duplicate copies of No. one of THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, we still ask for more to supply the great demand. Let every one who has a copy of that number to spare, or who can find one not wanted, forward at our expense, and oblige many new subscribers.

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.

J. O. Barrett lectures in Music Hall on Sunday evening, April 7th, at 7:30. Subject—"Economy of Forces." All are cordially invited.

PROGRESS OF EVENTS.

Mr. Gladstone, in the House of Commons, has come out against the Government plan of Reform. The Bill has passed to the second reading, and April 8th is fixed as the day for debate.

A resolution amending the Constitution, allowing the elective franchise to negroes, passed the Ohio Senate on the 27th ult., 23 to 11.

The Constitutional Convention Bill has finally passed the New York Legislature. The negro suffrage clause is omitted.

An act of the Legislature of New Jersey prohibiting flogging in public schools, went into effect on the 27th ult. Mr. Birch isn't in as good repute as he used to be. Good.

Mr. Andrew Johnson has amused himself again by vetoing the Supplemental Reconstruction Bill. It passed the House and Senate over the veto, of course.

Great excitement was created at Meriden, Conn., a few days since, because a colored man was permitted to register his name as a voter.

The ex-rebel Gen. Longstreet has expressed his opinions on the reconstruction plan, in the columns of the New Orleans Times. He says there is no humiliation attached to an acceptance of the terms proposed by Congress, and he has no reason to doubt that such an acceptance, in good faith, will secure the re-admission of the Southern States.

Female evangelists appear to be on the increase in England. In addition to Mrs. Thistlethwaite and Mrs. Booth, who occasionally address congregations in London, Miss McFarlane has been holding services at the Polytechnic Institution; Miss Octavia Jary has been addressing large congregations at Atherstone; Miss Geraldine Hooper, besides "her usual ministrations at Bath," has been holding services at various other places; and Miss J. L. Armstrong has been preaching at Arbroath and Dundee.

The Wisconsin State Journal, under the head of "Democratic Victory," comments with just severity upon recent events in Omaha, Nebraska. At the city election a company of roughs stationed themselves near the polls, armed with pistols, bludgeons, etc., and when negroes came to vote, they drove them back, allowing none the right of suffrage. The Mayor and Sheriff, when appealed to to enforce the law, replied that negroes had no right to vote, and a policeman stood upon the steps of the Court House and declared they should not vote. When the colored citizens found that they would not be permitted the exercise of their just rights, they quietly retired, affording the rioters no pretext for proceeding to the more violent measures for which they thirsted. A Democratic victory indeed!

Dispatches from Constantinople state that the Porte will never consent to give up Candia to Greece.

The colored people of Washington and Georgetown are making arrangements to celebrate the 16th of next month, which is the anniversary of emancipation in the District of Columbia.

A young woman, Miss Tiune, is the captain of a Dutch yacht, called the Vreney, which sails in the Mediterranean. She is about twenty-seven years of age, and attracts great attention.

The New York State Temperance Convention has resolved to discourage the growth of grapes for the manufacture of wine, nearly two-thirds of which is manufactured into brandy; also to agitate for a constitutional prohibition against licenses in any form for the sale of intoxicating liquors.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We call attention to the advertisement in another column, of the Lamb Knitting Machine. We have seen the machine operate, and feel assured it is all that is claimed in its favor. The variety of its work, the simplicity of its construction, and the profits that are made on the goods manufactured by it, alike commend it to the attention of the farmer, wool-grower, or manufacturer, while its benefit to large families cannot be too highly estimated. We would advise all to see the "Lamb," before purchasing elsewhere.

Test mediums and speakers are invited by H. C. Train to visit Winona, Minnesota. He intimates that good material is there for a progressive organization.

Daniel Dillon, one of our agents, formerly a Quaker, calls the popular church "Babylon"—justly named, and justly deserving the fate of her elder sister. Forty-two years ago he "helped make Illinois," as a veteran farmer, and is surely qualified to help make a New Church for the people.

W. Furnas, of Ononwa, Iowa, writes that the Children's Lyceum, though necessarily small, is a "great success." Under the auspices of a recently organized association, lectures are given occasionally. We would suggest to our friends in that rural region, to call out home talent. Make every mind a working battery.

G. Wilcox, writing from Rochester, Minn., says: "Moses Hull has delivered thirteen lectures in this place, and given the Spiritual cause a new impetus. A society has been organized, and prospects for the future are very favorable."

Ten thousand persons in Chicago were driven from their homes by the flood.—R. I. Paper.

Chicago was not the only place where the people were driven from their homes at that time, if we believe the Bible.—Exchange.

We don't know anything about Chicago before the flood, or at the time the "shower" commenced, but we are sure it hasn't been flooded since. The Rhode Island editor hasn't seen our new Official Geological Survey of the State, perhaps.

Grace Greenwood, writing to the Chicago Tribune, says: "My husband is not the Mr. Lippincott so often bestowed upon me in marriage, but who never endows me with his 'worldly goods'—not Mr. B. Lippincott, of Philadelphia, the 'great publisher.' He is Mr. L. K. Lippincott, but he publishes a great little magazine in Philadelphia, viz.: the Little Pilgrim, devoted to the instruction and amusement of the dear children—God bless them!"

Sarah J. Carpenter, of Leon, Wis., writes that there is a genuine "revival" of Spiritualism in that place; that Bro. J. L. Potter, who is lecturing there, has provoked the churches to emulation, in that he has the largest congregations. There is a movement to employ him for a year. We like this. Let us have stable work, local culture, concentrated effort, and development of individual talent.

We have received the able speech of Hon. J. T. Dow, delivered in the Wisconsin Legislature in favor of Universal Suffrage, which we shall print next week.

Senator Yates, of Illinois, made a speech in the Senate, a few days since, in which he announced himself unalterably for universal suffrage, not merely in the South, but in Illinois and throughout the North. He said he should not cease his labor in that direction till every citizen in Illinois has the right to vote.

A temperance meeting was held in the jail at Washington, D. C., on the 24th of March. Nearly all of the prisoners attended, and about half of them signed the pledge. Surratt and Conover refused to appear.

Mrs. A. Wilhelm, writing from St. Clair, Mich., says Mr. N. B. Starr, of Cincinnati, Ohio, is meeting with most complete success in this place as a spirit artist. He is varying somewhat from his former style, and now produces fine paintings of scenery.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for April, contains: "The Guardian Angel," part IV, by Oliver Wendell Holmes; "The Restless," a poem, by Hiram Rich; "Pioneering," facts and suggestions that may tend to a more just appreciation of President Lincoln's life and character, by Mrs. Caroline H. Dall; "The United States Sanitary Commission," by Rev. Edward Everett Hale; "The Haunted Window," by W. T. Higginson; "Katharine Morne," part VI, by the author of "Herman"; "Timon's Soliloquy," by T. Buchanan Read; "Considerations on University Reform," by John Fiske; "The Claudian Emissary," by Theodore Bacon; "Travel in the United States," by Bayard Taylor; "Chester Harding," a sketch of the artist's career; "A Familiar Epistle to a Friend," a poem, by James Russell Lowell; "Adelaide Ristori;" "A Winter Adventure on the Prairie;" "Reviews and Literary Notices." Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

BLUE ANCHOR (N. J.) CO-OPERATIVE SETTLEMENT.

To the Friends of Progress: A progressive settlement is now forming on that superior tract of land long known as Blue Anchor, twenty-five miles from Philadelphia, fronting on the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, in Camden county, New Jersey.

It is the purpose of the founders of this village and settlement, and of those thus far co-operating, not to repeat the old system of things that exists in all the towns and cities of the world, based on antagonism, speculation and fraud; whence result poverty, want and misery on the one side, and monopoly, affluence and extravagance, on the other, with happiness on neither; but, as soon as practicable, to institute attractive, co-operative industry in all the various branches of agriculture, horticulture, manufacturing, mechanics and arts. Here, then, is a golden opportunity for philanthropists and the friends of progress to realize, in the proper development of this splendid domain of four thousand acres, a higher, a nobler and a more harmonious state of society, and to found institutions worthy of the age, and in response to the deep yearnings and aspirations of universal humanity.

Let those who believe that something better than war, want and oppression await the world, reflect seriously upon their responsibility at this eventful hour, and ask themselves if a better state of things can ever come upon the earth, so long as the superstructure of society is based upon selfish rivalry, upon remorseless monopoly, and a contempt of the laboring classes and of the poor? As well expect "sweet waters from bitter fountains," or look for the kingdom of heaven to come into the souls of men while they were practicing the most damning deeds of darkness.

One of the specific objects sought by the projectors of this movement is the establishment of a self-sustaining Industrial College, incorporating therein, on a large scale,

the essential elements of the "Children's Progressive Lyceum," as inaugurated by Andrew Jackson Davis. For this purpose three hundred acres of land are held in reserve. A unitary palace, model homes, a co-operative store, a hygienic institute, a lecturer's retreat, and children's playgrounds are also contemplated. These are some of the features distinguishing this settlement from Hammonton, Vineland, and other places.

Persons could now engage with advantage upon the grounds, in such branches of industry as manufacturing shoes, baskets, kegs, barrels, boxes, clothing, earthenware, brick, pocket books, etc. A large steam saw mill is now in successful operation, also an extensive green house, and several private residences, of unique design, are being erected on Central avenue.

The lands are furnished at lower rates than any of similar quality and eligibility in the State. Those wishing further information are earnestly requested to visit the place, rather than rely upon the meager knowledge to be obtained through correspondence. Those to whom this is, at present, impracticable, may address the undersigned, at Blue Anchor, Camden county, New Jersey. The route from Philadelphia is from the foot of Vine street to Winslow Station, which is two miles from Blue Anchor village.

March 20, 1867.

MILO A. TOWNSEND.

WHO WILL RESPOND?

We are pushing on with indefatigable energy in the reformatory work, and judging from the commendations of the people whom we serve, we are assured that success will crown the enterprise. One voice swells up from the freedom-loving masses, unitedly indorsing the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC. Our flag is unfurled, and thousands greet it with acclamations. Onward let us move in one phalanx for victory. Every REPUBLIC subscriber for is another battle gained. Which of the prize orders will you fill, good friends? The engravings are ready for distribution, and the sewing machine is aching with steel fingers to perform its beautiful task, that time may be gained to read the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC. We hear of ladies who are already at work canvassing to procure the machine. Still there is room, and a "few more of the same sort left." Who will next respond?

SEWING MACHINE.

We have entered into an arrangement with Messrs. Finkle & Lyon to supply our friends with their

SUPERB SEWING MACHINE.

It is a first class Lock-stitch Machine, divested of every loose and clumsy attachment, of even delicate and complicated contrivance, is perfectly simple in its construction, easily understood, and readily adjusted. It is strong and durable, and adapted to a great range of work. The most inexperienced can operate and regulate it without difficulty.

To canvassers we will furnish this Machine, properly packed, marked and delivered at our office, as ordered, on the following liberal terms: For 50 copies SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, pre-paid one year, Machine worth \$60.

" 26 " " " " with \$10 extra " " " 23 " " " " " \$20 " " " " 10 " " " " " \$30 " " "

ENGRAVINGS.

In offering our steel engravings to canvassers, it is understood that they are to make their own selections from our advertised list:

Table with 3 columns: Quantity, Description, Price. Includes 20 copies SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, prepaid, 1 year, \$15 worth of engravings; 15 " " " " \$12 " " " 10 " " " " 8 " " " 8 " " " " 6 " " " 5 " " " " 4 " " " 3 " " " " 2 " " " " 1 " " " 50c. " "

BOOKS.

We offer the following new inducements to canvassers for the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC. Postage prepaid at this office:

Table with 3 columns: Quantity, Description, Price. Includes 20 one year subscribers or subscription of \$60—books worth \$12; 10 " " " " 30 " " " 6; 6 " " " " 18 " " " 3; 2 " " " " 6 " " " 1

One year's subscription, \$3—Emma Hardinge's Lectures, or Biography of Satan.

If canvassers desire, we will furnish them, instead of books, copies of THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC or LITTLE BOUQUET to the amount of their premiums as above.

PRIZE.

Aside from the cash club, or agency rates, we will give ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS to the canvasser who, within a year, obtains for the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC the largest list of prepaid subscribers, with the greatest amount of money. Thus every competitor will receive his or her just compensation, fast as subscriptions are procured, and at the close of the year the victor will be paid the prize of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS. Those who propose to compete for the prize will send in their names to be kept on record with their doings.

VOICES FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

FROM OUR "SWEDENBORGIAN BROTHER."

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: In your "remarks," commenting upon a suggestion conveyed to you in a private letter of February 28, you say:—"If we understand our Swedenborgian brother, he too believes that the spirit must have its physical manifestations; why then does he underrate the good of physical tests of angel ministry?"

To this I feel permitted to reply that I do not in my own estimation, underrate physical manifestations of spiritual force and intelligence; but I object to the materialism which overrates a physical sign—and accepts the incoherent, indefinite, contradictory statements of (admit it) spirits; which from their low states are nearest to, and *en rapport* with, (usually) ignorant minds and depraved organizations, as *Angel Ministry*. Let it be granted that there are, and have been, rare exceptions to this rule; that some highly intelligent persons, of unimpeachable integrity, have been brought into a state of open communication with spirits; yet, through the best of these, so far as I am informed, we have received no revelation of higher truthfulness, or more practical value in the development, progress and salvation of mankind than we had before.

I do certainly believe that "Spirit must have its physical manifestation." Indeed, I recognize the fact that all "physical manifestations"—the sweep of my pen across this page in communicating to you my thoughts, and the swing of the world in its ceaseless revolutions, alike, are nothing but the outward manifestations of spirit force and intelligence. But it does not follow that because my pen is driven, and words are here formed conveying to you the thoughts of a spirit, (as I am a spirit, living as in eternity, the "everlasting now") that these are words of wisdom—are angelic, or in any other sense authoritative.

Do not suppose that I "scorn" any thing that has a use, no matter upon what plane it may be ultimated. Or that I have not recognized use in modern or "physical manifestative" Spiritualism, permitted of Divine Providence. My impression is, nevertheless, that it is an ultimatum of spiritual force upon a low, very low plane of nature, and is addressed to, as it appeals to, and enters into control of the organic superstitions of the old religious orders, and a floating multitude who, without spiritual perceptions of any degree before, accept these manifestations practically, as the ultimate of spiritual intelligence, and adopt the vagaries, and especially the licenses of this supposed Angel Ministry, as a rule of faith and guide of life.

I am aware that this may be regarded as the assertion of an extreme view; but it is based upon my personal experiences of spiritual communication, my reading of literature purporting to come from individual spirits—and my observation of the character and life of many professing Spiritualism as a substitute for religion. May I be permitted a thought suggested by your further remarks. You say, "Were humanity to stop on the present plane of Spiritualism, and there crystallize into a sect, its condition would indeed be lamentable!"

Herein I find an objection to Spiritualism as a medium for reformers. Ideas are comparatively without manifest force until "crystallized" into external form; the form often retaining a kind of mechanical force, the force of inertia, after the idea is changed, dead, or withdrawn, *vide*, Romanism, and other conventional bodies of spiritual forces.

Spiritualism will either dissipate itself, or it will crystallize into a sect upon its present plane; for, a Spiritualism upon a higher plane would be so discreted from the present as to appear in antagonism with, and would be rejected, as it is daily, by the receivers of the present.

Your assertion that there is a "general demand of Spiritualists and other Radicals for a higher and more orderly religious economy" is very significant and hopeful. But just what you mean by the terms "institutionalizing the inspired thought of the age in beautiful and glorious proportions," somewhat puzzles me.

If this is anything more than a rhetorical flourish, may I not hope for a definition? You could not interest me more than by a brief statement of what you regard "the inspired thought of the age" to be, and how you hope to institutionalize it. That which will interest me cannot fail to interest many.

With sincere personal regard, I am your friend and
SWEDENBORGIAN BROTHER.
Michigan City, Ind., March 22.

OUR INSANE ASYLUM.—No. 2.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: Believing, as I do, from more than a year's acquaintance with the scenes behind the curtain, that the influence of this institution is evil, and only evil, and that continually, I cannot forbear adding my testimony in concert with those who are opposed to it.

When I say this, I do not mean that there never has been any good done there, nor do I accuse all the officers and servants there as wicked and cruel.

The little good of which I speak is not by virtue of the institution, as such, nor is it sufficient to justify the continuance of it, in its existing form. The real good, after all, is done by the patients themselves, and not by those who hold the keys of their liberty, as I hope to be able to show. Yet even these benefits, under the restrictions and disadvantages to which they are subject, are immensely overbalanced by the evils that result in the aggregate—evils which are essential, and cannot be dissociated from that administration.

A late writer in one of our popular journals, alluding to this institution, calls it "this most noble charity of our State." The generosity and kindness of the original authors of the enterprise, backed up by the ample and unsparing munificence of the State, cannot be sufficiently admired; money has been poured out like water, to erect and endow a most magnificent edifice with every possible facility for making happy the wretched; but alas, all this wealth has been spent in vain! It has not in the aggregate alleviated, but, by the saddest and most inexcusable misappropriation of the funds of a confiding people, it has immeasurably multiplied the sufferings of that most unfortunate class of our fellow citizens, termed Insane.

If the above assertions can be substantiated, the tide of public opinion which now supports that institution will be reversed. Too long have these sufferers, *most unjustly imprisoned*, groaned and wept alone, and reiterated their just complaints to un pitying ears. Their cries have now gone up to heaven, and I cannot doubt, that in the Providence of a just God, He is now hearing those prayers and opening a way for complete emancipation.

I hope, as I said in my former communication, that the public "will be on the alert," and that no one will suppose himself or herself not interested in this question. Is there a man, or woman, in the State, however healthy and happy now, who certainly knows that he or she will never, by some unforeseen calamity, become insane? Or could you yourselves be certain of such an exemption, can you be positively sure that none of your family or other dear friends, will ever become the victims of mental alienation? There can be but one answer to this question, and, if you admit such a possibility, will you not also admit the propriety of understanding beforehand something of the fate that may, under such a contingency, await you?

Instead of longer consenting blindly to pay taxes for the support of a salaried corporation of interested individuals to do your thinking for you, will you not rather use your own brains, and think this subject into shape for yourselves?

In my next paper it will be my attempt to show some of the evils I have alluded to as existing essentially in connection with the insane asylum.

Very respectfully yours,

March 9, 1867.

MARY.

GLEANINGS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM N. H. COLSON.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: While writing to renew my subscription, I cannot withhold the expression of the high esteem in which I hold THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC. Its weekly visits are truly welcome. Its interesting literary department—its thoughtful and thought-inspiring essays—its pure Angel Ministries—its deep and thorough editorials—the candid and fraternal spirit in which all differences of opinion are discussed—and its voices fresh and warm from the people, cannot fail to receive a cordial welcome by all truly progressive minds.

But the discussion of the subject of "Social Science" is particularly interesting to me; for I regard the reorganization of society, and its establishment upon the basis of justice and equal rights to all of both sexes and all colors, as the golden fruits of Spiritualism.

I have just read with deep interest, Bro. Ira Porter's lecture on "Social Science," and the report of a "Convention of Friends of Progress" at Blue Anchor, N. J. The lecture was truly a "feast of reason," and the report of the Convention caused a delightful "flow of soul;" for it inspired a hope that I may yet see before my departure from earth-life, some of the first fruits of the "salvation," which our heaven-born principles are destined to accomplish.

Forest Home, West Va., March, 1867.

FROM A. K. SILVERNALE.

DEAR REPUBLIC: We look for your weekly visit with pleasure, and with a keen appetite do we partake of the fruits you furnish. We feel our spiritual strength renewed. The weary traveler, lost in the wilderness, almost famished for want of food, wanders to and fro, so bewildered that he sees no signs by which he can gain a knowledge of his whereabouts; but lo! a tree laden with nutritious fruits stands in his path! He comes to it and eagerly partakes and is refreshed. A well man again, he begins to think, to observe the phenomena of nature. He notices the stars, the moon, and other things, indicating points of compass. Keeping these ever in view, he marks out his course, and he pursues his journey. As he travels on, everything looks more rational; the birds sing sweeter in the early dawn;

every form wears a lively aspect; light from a distant clearing breaks upon his vision; his heart throbs with unspeakable joy; he presses on with redoubled energy, and soon he has the pleasure of beholding the golden rays of the morning sun, falling gently on the home he once mourned as lost. So it is, dear REPUBLIC, with your humble readers and subscribers. I have been lost in the dense forest of human ignorance, amid the cold dampness of theological swamps; but thank God for the light, I can see ahead faintly; faintly though it be, it appears to my benighted vision as a golden beam, for wherever I turn my eyes, I behold signs, wonders; in short, everything in nature's handiwork points onward to that home to which we are all tending. We are happy to hear of the goodly number of media scattered through the land, by which means conversation may be carried on between the spheres for a general diffusion of knowledge among earth-benighted inhabitants. I know of no other course to take better than to work diligently to swell the subscription list of the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

It has been a light to me and my family, and, in fact, many of my neighbors. We are poor here; are just starting a settlement in the woods, about eight miles from Bay City. Some Spiritualists in Bay City dare not talk their full sentiments. I do wish a good speaker would come in occasionally and stir them up.

Bay City, Mich., March 17.

FROM MARY A. WHITAKER.

I am growing less and less interested in those societies that aim at too much, or rather neglect the humanity that lies bleeding at their feet, while they are solving the great problems of the future. It is well to discuss great questions, and try to arrive at the best means of elevating the masses; but it is not well, while doing this, to turn a deaf ear to the cry of misery that so often pleads for recognition, where no tongue will ever tell to the world who was the ministering angel that changed that cross to a song of thankfulness. We need more individual sympathy with individual needs and sufferings. It is by sympathy with men as individuals that the Catholic Church has obtained so great a power and became so strong as an association. We are too hard and cold, and distant and formal in our plans and operations.

Chicago, March, 1867.

[We feel there is solemn truth in the above remarks. Today is all we have. Is it wise economy to devote all energy to providing for future generations, and let the suffering in the present starve and die? The future is well provided for, if we provide for the living now. It seems to us impossible to forestall the effects of vice and crime from developing ugly characters hereafter by any reconstructive policy which neglects famishing souls all around us.] *

FROM H. A. FARNHAM.

My dear brother you will see dark days and trying times; but trust in the right! The cause we cherish is gathering strength; it throws its loving arms around all God's children, and bears them up to the Father of all spirits. By and by you will see a multitudinous gathering. Then shall you see the fruits of your labor and be glad.

I trust the angels will comfort you with the manna of the Summer Land.

Waneka, Wis., March 19.

FROM WM. H. WRIGHT.

We cannot do without the REPUBLIC. It is just what we need; just what the age demands. Our numbers are sewed into a book, and circulated among people of intelligence, and we think are thus doing a vast deal of good. We have some believers in this place, and many earnestly seeking more light. If we could have lectures here, such as Mrs. Wilhelm gave us a year ago, many more would be brought to understand the beauties of our harmonial philosophy; which to know is to love.

Barry, Ill., March 17.

FROM GEO. W. WILSON.

Allow me to congratulate you on the thorough and efficient manner in which you have "reconstructed" the REPUBLIC; each number is an improvement on the preceding one. I admire the boldness and freedom with which you discuss all the great questions of the age. I trust that you may receive the earnest and hearty co-operation of every true reformer in your labors for the elevation and perfection of our common humanity.

Danville, N. Y., March 17.

FROM ROBERT THOMAS.

The hand of affliction has been laid heavily upon me of late; a dear companion, the partaker of all my joys and sorrows, for these thirty-nine years, was called by death from works to rewards, on the 25th of February. She was a firm believer in the truths of Spiritualism for the last fifteen years of her life, and as her life and belief were peace itself, her departure to the land of the hereafter was without dread or fear. In my lonely state, I look to your excellent paper for some consolation.

Osseo, Hennepin Co., Minn., March 19.

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.

THE CRY OF THE DESOLATE.

BY MRS. EMMA S. LEDSHAM.

Fortune, list to our appeal;
Turn, oh, turn thy fateful wheel;
Turn joy up, and sorrow down,
Let content its apex crown.
We have shed enough of tears
In the sullen, bygone years,
We have poured our share of groans
On the city's paving stones.
Go, hard-hearted skeptics, go
Ask of them if you would know
What we suffer, night by night,
When the street lamps are alight.
They are witnesses for us;
They can tell you of our curse—
We who walk with want and shame,
We who bear a blasted name.

They have seen a mother, wild
With despair, destroy her child—
Dash its brains out 'gainst the wall,
Sink it in the moaning river;
Heard her heap upon the Giver
Curses, loud and horrible,
While the tiny form went down;
Seed in death untimely sown.

They have seen a woman tear
Soft locks from her flowing hair,
Trample them beneath her feet
In a rage you dare not meet.
They have seen her beat her breast
Till the blood in rills ran down
O'er her lace bedizened gown,
Raving in her sore distress,
Like the ancient Pythoness,
Only that her ecstasy
Was a cruel agony,
While the priestess, it is said,
Reveled in high bliss instead.

They have seen a woman sell
Soul and body into hell,
Urged by gaunt starvation on,
And some loved one's pleading moan—
Some forlorn dependant, dearer
Far to her than life or fame.
Hark! She hears the death-knell clearer,
And she plunges into shame—
Anything, so she may save
That poor idol from the grave.

Oh! ye sneering Pharisees,
Who but mock at scenes like these,
We could bring a thousand more
Such fierce beggars to your door,
Crying, with increasing din,
To your conscience, "Let us in.
Aid us, succor us, we pray;
Should you spurn us now away
We will throng about your feet
In the mart and crowded street,
You shall have nor peace nor rest
While our wrongs lie unredressed."

Men, or lustful demons, rather,
Who the flowers of virtue gather
For pollution's hideous use,
There for you is no excuse.
You had better take the lives
Of your sisters and your wives,
Than degrade to beastly sense
Woman's sacred innocence.
Never think to hide your head
With the voiceless, viewless dead.
Life is not a fleeting breath,
There is no such thing as death.
We shall sup with joy or pain
In the future as the now,
We must reap what'er we sow;
Like will bring forth like again.

Brothers, we to you appeal,
Authors of our woe and weal,
In your mighty strength arise,
Bare your foreheads to the skies,
Swear that justice shall be done,
By your blessed hopes of heaven,
Equal rights to every one,
Male and female, shall be given.

Dedicate your lives henceforth
To the service of true worth.
Aid the advancement of your kind,
Aid the improvement of all mind,
Aid the enfranchisement of all,
Rich and poor, and great and small.
Wrong oppose, and right befriend,
Bravely, nobly to the end.
Then, by no cold doubts oppressed,
You may enter into rest.

Our own hands weave the crowns we wear
In the eternal realms of God,
Our busy minds alone prepare
Our places in His grand abode.
And some among the proud of earth,
Of highest fame, and honored birth,
Will, when exposed, be fain to share
A beggar's scanty portion there.
While some among the poor, despised,
The persecuted, harshly blamed,
Will at His call to glory rise—
Thrice blessed be His gracious name,
The Good, the Wise, the Pure, the True,
Who walks with all their journey through.

Painesville, Ohio, March, 1867.

INFANTICIDE.

A LECTURE DELIVERED AT CROSBY'S MUSIC HALL, CHICAGO,
MARCH 24, 1867, BY SETH PAINE.

Speaking in a technical sense, the war is over. The roar of cannon, the screaming shell, the bursting bomb, the clash of musketry, the fierce bayonet encounter, the dash of cavalry, the groans of the dying, and the burying of the dead by thousands, have passed away, and that form of war is no more. There had been before, all along down the ages, since the advent of man on earth, this kind of war. As man has advanced in development, his objects in war have been correspondingly high and elevated.

The war of the American Revolution was based on a declaration of sentiment, or principle, far in advance of any predecessor; yet its battles were fought to maintain the rights and establish the independence of *white men alone*.

The author of that declaration himself, who asked no other epitaph for his tombstone, content with an immortality based on the authorship of so sublime a truth—yet lived and died, only, with his latest breath, granting freedom to slaves held, till that moment, with a grip as tight as those who believed no word he wrote for universal freedom.

Washington, "father of his country," who led the armies seven years through sunshine and shadow, intended nothing more, and fought for nothing else, than independence for the particular race to which he himself belonged. Like Jefferson, he, too, stopped breathing ere the shackles fell from off his manacled slaves. Henry, whose eloquence charmed, and whose power carried Virginia into the war, already begun on the plains of Boston; who, rising to the highest round of the ladder of conception, said, "Give me liberty or give me death!" Yes, Henry, Patrick Henry, of whom William Wirt said, "He was that man, take him all in all, we never shall look on his like again," was a master of slaves of his own purchase, and he, too, lived, if he did not die, a slaveholder. Fought as this war confessedly was, for a fragment of, and not for universal humanity, it still inscribed on its banner, if not in intent, "All men are entitled to equal rights;" and this it was which distinguished the war of '76, from all other wars. This declaration brought to its aid a Lafayette, Steuben and Kosciusko. It was the highest object for which men had ever gone to battle. But it was reserved for the last great civil contest to strike the highest blow of all. Compared with all other wars this was the most unselfish. It was a war of the *white race* for the *black man's liberty*.

To prepare a people for such a war, there must have been great intelligence. No soldiers were like the soldiers who fought on the side of *universal freedom*. War, with all its terrible combinations; war, the great demoralizer of men; war, with all its desolation, had no power over soldiers so intelligent and unselfish as these. Never before was the angel of mercy so close and so constant by the field of carnage.

Never before was womanly character and power, courage and endurance, brought so largely into active being. Never before were a whole people so united, so persistent, so long suffering, so patient, so determined as ours. The end, the object—*freedom for all*—was the great sanctifier.

We came out of the war better than we went in. It was the people's educator; and its lessons, so well learned, will never be forgotten. Thousands, millions, of our people did not believe a negro slave could ever be a soldier. Necessity educated them to the point of trial. One single regiment, led by the gallant Shaw, leaped the ramparts of Wagner; another shook willing hands with death at Port Hudson, and the nation, electrified, put the uniform of manhood on to two hundred thousand more. These bore aloft the proclamation, which, but to pen, made Abraham Lincoln immortal.

Diversity of labor had ever been denied to woman; but this war took young men from the pulpit, the printing office, the counting house, schoolhouse and places of business, and necessity—the grand old mother of possibility—filled these vacant places with woman. Thus has the sphere of woman been enlarged, and the way opened up for her possible and speedy enfranchisement.

The smoke, the din, the array of battle, have passed and gone. A million of men, armed in the holiest cause for which blood was ever shed, lay aside the uniform, return to arsenals their weapons of death, and come again among a

grateful people to receive their plaudits, and their love for all coming time. Spending three millions each day, this people grew richer as each sun sank to his western rest.

With a nominal debt of \$3,000,000,000 they are stronger and more resolute than ever before to grapple with and subdue all obstacles, overcome all barriers, accomplishing all they undertake, and undertaking everything which ought to be accomplished.

Such a people, coming out of such a war, fighting the battle that others might rise from slaves to freemen, could not, cannot be demoralized, and they must and will embrace the divine law of progression and will solve the mystic problem of universal brotherhood.

These soldiers and these people have changed the mode of warfare. They have only gone from these to other fields of battle. With more peaceful weapons, but with not less warlike intent, they proclaim that all wrong shall die. Famine and pestilence can never follow in the wake of such a war.

For a few years, while the people were digging deeper for foundations on which to rest liberty—the chief corner stone of the great temple of human life—for a few years, while they corrected by war the mistakes of the fathers, it was natural that other reforms, not less important in their place, should defer and wait until liberty was proclaimed in all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof.

This being done, and the nation, to-day, more a unit, with all its divisions, than ever before, these reforms beat the *revellie* and call again to arms every friend of human good.

If, during the lull, some ground has been lost, it will now be rapidly regained; and ere long, it will appear that a war, however terrible and prolonged, which accomplished the overthrow of the "sum of all villainy," has left the people stronger and better prepared to attack, grapple with, and achieve conquest over every wrong which afflicts the human race. The key note has been sounded at the Capital of the Nation, and the answer goes echoed back from every organization and every friend of temperance proclaiming freedom from the tyrant alcohol.

Glorious Richard Yates, the wholesouled, the noble representative of Illinois; the man to whom the negro slave and all friends of liberty are so much indebted; this man, who stood at the helm of State, and made us proud of our prairie home, has struck hands with that other friend of the soldier and of freedom, Henry Wilson of Massachusetts, and with others we all delight to honor, they have pledged life, fortune and honor that, hereafter, and for all time, they will roll on the car of temperance, until the second curse of this land has passed where American slavery has gone.

Speedy work will now be made of this giant evil. The manufacturer, the buyer and the seller will all be made to wear the brand of Cain alike. That which curses our people—the people will now put down.

The war has educated us to respect creeds and constitutions just so far as creeds and constitutions respect us—no farther. The sticklers for a musty parchment have learned that man is of more consequence than all. This education will direct our sturdy blows against hoary wrongs of every kind, wherever found, and by whomsoever, practiced. Too long have men hid themselves behind vested *wrongs*, and called them "vested rights." Nothing is sacred that is not right. Let all men who engage in business remember that the time is close at hand when the possession of property wrung from the hands of honest toil, no matter by what process or by what pretence, will have to be accounted for at the bar of public opinion. Even now it is a suspicious circumstance that a man should possess a large amount of property. The question "who earned it?" "who created it?" "who did the labor?" is being asked on every hand. Vast sums have been earned by the masses of the people who live close to the margin which holds soul and body together, while those who have not labored, but who pick the bones of those who have, are known as millionaires. Let them take a note of warning.

The princely donations of George Peabody may serve to hush public inquiry, and for the time being only, may stifle the workings of an educated conscience. But the trumpet notes of the angel few will be sounded still, and the question will be pressed for answer, "Whence comes the five millions gathered to the coffers of George Peabody, by which he is enabled after 'giving away a million,' to retain to himself four millions still, per annum?"

George Peabody is but a man. Labor is the only means of wealth. A mechanic with ten hours of productive toil gets \$1,000 per annum, and nets, perhaps, \$300. George Peabody, with less hours of toil which leaves, perhaps, no show of production, gets \$5,000,000, and after giving back to the channels of toil as "donations" \$1,000,000, has still \$4,000,000 to account for. Intelligence is after even the liberal George Peabody. There is hocus pocus somewhere. Part of the tale is yet unfolded. Wait a little longer.

But another matter scarcely less important, perhaps even more so, than that of the temperance reform, has startled the public mind of late. Thanks to the Rev. Dr. Eddy of the Methodist Church, editor of the *North Western Christian Advocate* of this city—a paper of wide circulation and great influence—for having broken

from the fastnesses of a corrupt and demoralized social life, and over-leaped all those bounds of false modesty with which the age and our people are filled, in order that he might bring before the public mind in all its disgusting horror the fact that *in the Church, and out of it*, thousands on thousands of so-called "respectable" women are guilty of the crime of fœticide and infanticide. That these women, while keeping up a most dexterous show of outside "respectability"; while they have a scorn in each eye, and a stone in each hand, for the "prostitute" of their own sex, only technically so called, are actually adding the crime of murder to that of their own prostitution.

I thank Dr. Eddy for the bold stand taken in this matter. He has proven himself a moral hero. He hesitated long before conclusion; but strike at last he did. His has been the work of revelation. He has lifted the curtain and pointed at the terrible work behind the scene. It is a task comparatively easy to follow up his beginning, but it required special bravery to take the first public step.

When the jaws of the whole Catholic power were open for Luther's destruction he made immortal his declaration, "I will go to Wurms if there are as many devils in their streets as there are tiles on their houses!" He went to Wurms, and no power was equal to oppose Martin Luther.

But much as was the need of these revelations, and much as I thank Dr. Eddy for them he has only given us the superficial; he has only given results; he has not probed the moral ulcer to its seat of life; he has left causes and remedies for future investigation.

One great point is gained. Hitherto, this subject, as well as nearly all others relating to the laws of life and health, have, as Dr. Eddy well says, been left to the physician of bodies—not of souls.

Dr. Eddy's movement is an innovation, a move of great importance in the right direction. Hitherto it has been a species of etiquette between doctors of physic and doctors of divinity, that what pertained to the special department of each should be left to themselves to manage and control. Under this rule the doctor of physic was kept from the realm of spiritual things, and, in all such matters consulted his spiritual adviser. In turn the doctor of Divinity felt bound to keep himself blissfully ignorant of all, except he was directed by his medical adviser. Dr. Eddy has broken the spell, and thousands will follow his worthy example.

He says that physicians have acted nobly and bravely in this matter; that they have never failed faithfully to utter a voice of warning, and sound the needed alarm.

But Dr. Eddy, rising to the sublime conception that all law is God's law; that violations of physical law should be understood as violations of moral law; says in substance that it is the proper business of a minister in the pulpit as well as out of it, on Sunday as well as on other days of the week, to teach his hearers how to treat their bodies as well as their souls, and that the salvation of their souls depends greatly on how they treat their bodies. Brave words these for a doctor of Divinity. Fowler and Wells have not lived and spoke, and written, and printed in vain. What a lesson is here. How encouraging to reformers to persevere. You have penetrated the innermost of the Church with your radicalism on slavery, temperance and kindred movements, and now the vestibule has been reached on physical reform generally. The millennium is dawning. The nightmare of ages is passing away. God be praised.

Too much cannot be said on this point of the value of Dr. Eddy's movement. It will change our whole theological system. It will introduce to the pulpit and into the public press a harmony not before known between secular and religious action.

It will reduce theories to practice. It will demonstrate the necessity of fitting up temples for the "Holy Ghost." Not temples of wood or stone—for that is well known in the present system of theology—but temples of pure bodies, holy, healthy—for there can be no holy, which is not a healthy body.

When this result is attained, when it comes to be the minister's business to teach the anatomy of the body, and of the spirit, and when he shall be capable, as some men now are, who have never been hampered by church etiquette—of showing the analogy of one with the other, then sin will be found the exception, and not, as now, the rule of life. Says Dr. Eddy:

"Those two mighty movers of moral reform, the Pulpit and Religious Press, must at once come to the rescue. In the present extremity, excessive modesty is incompetence, false delicacy a sin, and open, chaste, thorough, earnest discussion but bounden duty."

HE STATES THE CRIME.

"The crime in question is *Fœticide*, or the killing of unborn children. When necessary, it is simple 'abortion'; when unavoidable under certain circumstances, miscarriage, and when unnecessary, 'criminal abortion'—murder, as we will presently prove, and until then, assume.

"Using the word in its third sense, the extended American practice is a branch of *infanticide*, which horror many suppose confined to the heathen nations for whose evangelization we endow our mission treasures. It may appear that there are 'Baby Towers' outside of China and that a Ganges flows at our Christian doors.

"In an unmitigated barbarism, infanticide is seldom dissociated from fœticide. The guilty transition from taking the life of an unborn, to that of killing a born child is logically facile. 'From time immemo-

rial * * * there has existed in countless human breasts a wanton disregard of foetal life, a practicable approval of infanticide.'

"In 1860, Dr. M. B. Wright said to the Ohio State Medical Society, that:

"The time is not far distant when children will be sacrificed among us with as little hesitation as among the Hindoos."

"Now, in 1867, two Hindoo provinces alone sacrificed thirty thousand children. Dr. Reamy, chairman of the same committee, in the same society, says:

"From a very large verbal and written correspondence in this and other States, together with personal investigation and facts accumulated, * * * that we have become a nation of murderers."

"Dr. Hugh L. Hodge, of the University of Pennsylvania, utters fearful warning. Dr. Taylor speaks of the 'frightful tendency to criminal abortion.' Dr. Stewart laments 'its increased and increasing prevalence * * * found to be * * * the fruit of legitimate wedlock in every grade of society, high and low.' Dr. Storer said, in 1859, 'forced abortions in America are of very frequent occurrence, and this frequency is rapidly increasing.' A correspondent of the Albany Argus says:

"Within a few years, a large number of private medical institutes have sprung up. Their general appearance is that of a genteel family residence, and no one would for a moment suppose that within their quiet walls is witnessed the daily crime of murder. * * * The board and moderate attendance is at such places enormous, ranging from \$500 to \$1,000 for a few days' attendance. Therefore it is not poverty that drives these women to commit the crime of infanticide, nor is it to cover shame, as the crime is perpetrated as often by married as by unmarried women. A distinguished medical gentleman estimated the slaughter of children at thirty a week."

"Fœticide seems to have been first employed to conceal the shame of fallen women, but at present it is practiced by the married to a far greater extent than by the unmarried. Dr. Kyle says, 'Among thirty-seven cases of criminal abortion, I found thirty-four married and three unmarried.' Dr. Storer gives the ratio of nine in wedlock to one out. Dr. Reamy says:

"Criminal prosecutions for abortions procured upon unmarried females for concealing shame, murder of the new born infant, by neglect or otherwise, for the same purposes, etc., must all cease, unless abortions among married women for convenience can be brought to an end."

"Miscarriages are frequent, and certain uninstructed or imbruted feminine circles have their centers where the means employed and successes attained are topics of exchangeable information. For instance, we could prove that in one little village of one thousand inhabitants, prominent women have been guilty of what we will presently show to be murder. And, sadder still, half of these are members of Christ's church.

"We certainly are not apt to be influenced to make a distinction between the two classes of criminals by the fact that fallen females find their most unrelenting, insatiate and persistent persecutors among their own sex. Law restrains the one class—but the crimes of the married render that law nugatory, thus directly encouraging the lapses of the first class. We must let the one go untouched or else prosecute, imprison, or, if necessary, hang the wedded murderer."

"We are accustomed to call public prostitution 'The Social Evil,' but this form of vice, of which New York City with her 2,574 public prostitutes and over 30,000 cases of venereal disease in 1866, is representative, is not near so nationally and socially demoralizing as fœticide. The former is outlawed, while the latter owes its greater and increasing iniquity and insidious danger to the very fact that it is not outlawed."

"Polygamy is an outrage upon civilization and Christianity, because of its plurality of wives. These wives are often esteemed among Mormons in proportion to the number of children they bear. Mrs. Waite, in her 'Mormon Prophet,' says, 'The title of mother includes that of "Queen," consequently the highest distinction.' Strike the balance between polygamous plurality of wives and the extinction of the plurality of children, and where is the onus of iniquity?"

Is Dr. Eddy correct in thus stating that in contrast with Mormonism our social system appears the more corrupt?

Dr. Eddy further says: "That fœticide, so common among Protestants, is unknown in the Catholic Church, and as a consequence Papal ascendancy in this country is possible."

"Said a physician, already quoted, 'In my practice alone I can find you fifty wives, who, by abortion, are forever incapacitated to bear children.'

"One more statement we must add, viz.: Not only the ignorant, but the instructed; not only the 'outsider,' but the church member—and not only the pews, but the pulpit, has in a few cases domestically endorsed, and in fewer cases still, actually resorted to criminal abortion. Dr. Kyle, of Xenia, Ohio, says:

"The abortions occur most frequently among those who are known as the better class, amongst church members, and those generally who pretend to be the most polite, virtuous, moral and religious. A venal press—a demoralized clergy, the prevalence of [medical] charlatanry * * * are the principal causes of the fearful increase of the abominable crime of criminal abortions."

"Dr. Stewart says:

"But few of either sex enter the marital relation without full information as to the way and means of * * * destroying the legitimate results of matrimony. * * * Among married persons, so extensive has this practice become, that people of high repute not only commit this crime, but do not even shun to speak boastfully among their intimates of the deed and the means of accomplishing it."

Dr. Eddy concludes:

"Don't fear chaste, open discussion, even with such young persons as you are entitled to instruct. The plain, vital truth of a delicate, but inevitable subject, is far more pure than the uninstructed devices of the human heart. 'The truth shall make you free' of the evil which is working such calamitous results."

"Pulpit and press must echo the cry until the cry is heeded. We would be glad to see a small, compact, inexpensive tract upon this topic come from our presses and be distributed by multiplied thousands for the instruction of the millions."

The case may be stated thus—Dr. Eddy being authority: Infanticide, or the killing of infants after birth, is murder. Fœticide is the killing of, or destroying, before birth, the

fœtus after the process of life has commenced. This is equally murder.

But the cause of all lies back of this, and is not even hinted at by Dr. Eddy.

He knows and so does every other doctor of divinity or physic, and what they know, in this respect, is known to almost every person in this community, of age sufficient to bear children, and, by many much younger—that the practice of cohabitation by married people for no other purpose than that of gratifying the lusts of the flesh, is nearly or quite universal.

Dr. Eddy knows that this uncondemned practice—condemned by neither doctor of divinity or of medicine, leads to the foetal formation in most cases, especially among the knowing ones, by accident and not by intention.

All know that such children, in the foetal and in the infant state, born or unborn, are not the offspring of either love or design. That they are the result of merest hazard. There is not a prostitute walks the streets of Chicago who does anything more than this. Her prostitution is for the double purpose of gratifying lust and satisfying, by its proceeds, other demands of her nature. Jesus well understood this principle, and of the practice among the Jews, when they brought the prostitute to him for judgment. "Let him that is without sin cast the first at her." They all forsook her, threw their stones away, and fled from before his judgment.

This kind of prostitution is quite as common with us as among the Jews, perhaps even more so. Well may Dr. Eddy say that legal prostitution is so common as to forbid prosecution against the illegal.

If we wish to do away with houses of "Ill Fame," we must make for our own homes a better and purer fame. Could the pulpit and press be brought to bear against the cause of this crime of child murder, there would be hope in such agencies. But, alas! doctors of modern divinity, doctors of physic, and those who control the press, are as deep in the mud as those they teach are in the mire. Here is the fountain of crime in this direction. The man who takes his own life is a criminal no less than one who murders his fellow man. The voluntary, known violation of any law of the body is also and alike murder. If the organs of generation were given to man, as his nature and the nature of all animals of the higher order indicate, for purposes of procreation only, then their use for gratifying lust is a crime—crime of the highest import—murder in the first degree. It saps the very fountain of life itself.

Men talk and preach of the crime of "adultery," and yet—Jesus being my guide—the men who talk most and preach loudest against "adultery"—technically so known—are constantly practicing the same thing themselves.

"If a man look upon a woman to lust after her he has committed adultery in his heart already." Not this man upon that woman, but a man upon a woman. This applies as well to married as to unmarried life. A man can commit adultery with his own wife as well as with any other woman. Whoever uses the organs of procreation for any other end—whether man or woman—is an adulterer, and must stand speechless, self-condemned, before any "prostitute" who makes her trade a business; or the "Free Lover" with his "variety" hunting—or the Mormon with his many wives.

Paul, in reasoning of this matter, says "Marriage is honorable with the bed undefiled," not otherwise.

Here opens the door that leads Dr. Eddy and all others to stand appalled at the crime of child murder, with its terrible effects on the mothers and people of our country. Here is the place for the pulpit and the press, religious and secular, to strike the heaviest blows. Prostitution is on the increase everywhere. Who wonders?

If the pulpit and press were true to their mission, no crime could long shield itself behind statute law. Yet how few pulpits but regard the absolute divorce of "religion" from "politics" as essential to the purity of the church. How many pulpits in Chicago will admit the discussion of the merits of candidates for the office of law makers on the Sabbath day? How many who do not regard the Sabbath more than they do man, for whom all Sabbaths were made?

Who wonders that women murder their infant children? Who does not know that without any moral restraint, not a note or word of warning in pulpit or in press from doctors of any kind, men in the married state brutally practice their carnality on wives already broken down with having children? Who does not know that many a woman—indeed nearly all—all, who know enough—use means to prevent conception—use remedies to destroy foetal possibility. Can you blame them? I cannot find it in my heart to do so. I feel to say as Jesus said "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more."

It is a fact that one-half the infants born—not including those destroyed by design—die before they are five years of age. What is this but murder? The truth is so long as the organs are prostituted from their original purpose this stream of life and death will flow. It is murder to create life without a thought. Never will pure and beautiful children be the rule on earth; never will the dawn of millennial

glory gladden human hearts until we know, and, knowing, obey the laws of our whole being.

Can we depend upon the pulpit and the religious press to meet this issue? Are they the appointed means to reform the world and save mankind!

The Jewish pulpits was the greatest hindrance which Christ and his followers had to contend with. The people gladly followed him; listened to him; hung in raptures on the words of eternal life as they flowed from his lips. But the Jewish Rabbis, with their strong hold on the people, finally succeeded in raising the cry "crucify him," "crucify him." "He hath a devil and is mad." The heathen Pilate was more tolerant than Jewish pulpits.

The bulrushes and the manger have furnished the greatest of reformers. The schoolhouse and lecture room are among our greatest means of human salvation.

The Jewish pulpits found it easier to kill Jesus than answer his arguments. The only harsh sayings of Jesus were leveled at the occupants of Jewish pulpits, while his words fell on the poor and unfortunate like the gentlest zephyrs of the summer's day?

In later years, when the Christian church had come to be a power and its system had been recognized by Constantine and other rulers of the earth, did they not pattern after the bloody Jewish code, and did they not become the most venomous of persecuting bigots? From whom but its priesthood, and where but from its pulpits, came the "Inquisition," with its tortures never known before? Who but those who filled its pulpits made Gallileo recant and say, "the earth does not go round the sun?" Who made it necessary to go outside the church, and leave its pulpits, when Luther led on the reformation? Who persecuted the Puritans out of England? Who hung the Quakers, and who made Methodists to feel the heavy hand of religious power?

When Beecher and Muzzy came out on the great question of temperance, was it the churches or schoolhouses of New England which first gave them shelter? If the pulpit and religious press had been true to its purpose, it would be unnecessary for Dr. Eddy to apologize, as he felt he must do, for writing an article which he felt was necessary to close the floodgates of murder—murder, too, of children by their own natural mothers.

What pulpit sustained Wm. Lloyd Garrison when he planted the "Liberator" in Boston, and denounced slavery—as Wesley had done before him—"the sum of all villainies?" Who persecuted Orange Scott for being true to the teachings of John Wesley on the subject of slavery, and who but Methodist pulpits made it necessary for him to start the Wesleyan Methodist Church? What stand have the pulpits of the land taken at every new discovery affecting human welfare? Did they not, and do they not now, oppose, denounce and ignore phrenology, a science that has outstripped all others in its humanizing effects on Society? Where but from orthodox pulpits has come the denunciation of Universalists and Unitarians, only because they thought better of human beings and more of God's love? When animal magnetism first made its advent, where stood the pulpit, and what but denunciation was heard from its preacher's lips? As a class, are preachers investigators? Do they teach by inquiry and by illustrations, such as Christ drew from nature, or do they dogmatize as if they knew it all beforehand.

And now, when the voices of love and recognition are crossing the threshold of spirit life; when angel whisperings descend—gentle as the snow flakes and quite as pure—to lift man up from the sordid and groveling things of earth; when the weeds of mourning are laid aside, because the mother has found her child and the child its mother; when knowledge comes to stand guard where faith has so long stood; when heaven is once more opened, not now to a chosen few, but to the millions, where is the almost-universal voice and influence of the American pulpit. Alas! alas! It stands where pulpits have ever stood, with few exceptions, the most determined, most bitter, most heartless, most unscrupulous, most untruthful persecutor of every one who has found and embraced the better way. This is not because ministers need to be worse than other men; but it comes from the fact they think themselves better. It comes from the fact that they represent, and are part of a system. Religion does not consist in a system; on the contrary, it has no system. It consists in going about doing good. It consists in recognizing every man a brother whose father is God.

Whence but from the numerous pulpits of the land issues the fire and smoke of endless torment? Whence but from the pulpit came the horrible doctrine—worse, a million times, than child murder—of "infant damnation?"

Whence comes the horrible doctrine of "total depravity;" a doctrine the very logic of which is child murder, and murder of every form and grade?

I would far rather any child of mine had left its body in yonder graveyard, where the green grass kisses the dews of heaven, than to have swallowed such hemlock as comes from this cup of "total depravity." It murders common sense. It murders all the kindly and holier feelings of the human heart. To such, and kindred dogmas and doctrines, may be traced the multiplying forms of hell on earth.

To save everybody from prostitution, we must dignify and ennoble human nature. We must find, if we have not already found, that man is created in the image of God, and that the declaration of that fact is not a mere "rhetorical flourish," but a solid, everlasting truth which our senses must take hold of. We must hold aloft the moral law of universal righteousness, and destroy the general belief that one man or woman is better than any other man or woman.

While we are mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds, principalities and systems, we must take every man by the hand as a brother, and make him welcome to all we have and are.

We must dignify man's nature by holding up the standard of human equality, without regard to age, sex or color.

If we would stop child murder, we must elevate woman and do her justice. Woman asks only justice. Love is hers already. She must be placed, by law, where man is placed. In this country she must be allowed the ballot. If woman elsewhere can be a queen, a ruler, a governor of great and mighty kingdoms and empires, may she not have rights here in a republic at least equal to the poorest Irishman and negro?

Is monarchy better than republican institutions? Is America ages behind other countries beyond the sea?

Where are the pulpits of the land on this question of Woman's Rights? We know where they are on woman's wrongs. They have been foremost to point the finger of the scoffer at those noble women who have proved themselves the very redeemers of their sex. They have derided and scouted the idea of public speaking by woman. In spite of them, and not by their aid, have Lucretia Mott, Anna Dickinson, Susan B. Anthony and Clara Barton charmed assembled thousands by their grace, and electrified them by their power.

It is a crime against woman, and, as Dr. Eddy is my authority for saying, the pulpit and religious press are the proper and chosen means of correction, I charge child murder at their doors, because they have stimulated females, in the church and out of it, to marriage in very early life, and without giving them, or urging them to have, the knowledge to fit them for such a life. They know how utterly ignorant women generally are of human physiology, and they know that, in consequence of this ignorance, instead of a paradise, earth is a charnel house of death, where "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth" pervades all classes, religious and irreligious alike. I protest against such ignorance, and against such "blind leaders of the blind." I protest against a state of society where it is indecent and immodest to discuss anything before men and women which is demanded for human welfare. I protest against such a hireling priesthood and a venal press, and declare they are not the two mightiest levers of moral reform. I protest against the heathenism of fashion, which compels woman, rich and poor alike, to drag beautiful fabrics through the mud, mire and filth of a great city like this; fabrics into which have been wrought the very life pulses of the overtasked laborer; fabrics into which are mingled the genius and skill of human greatness, thus murdering good taste, outraging economy, and bidding defiance to the divine law of human architecture.

In all this city can a church be found where the teacher of all the laws of life and health can have admittance? Why shall a church stand idle six days out of seven, closed and barred against every practical means to lift men up and insure their salvation.

Ten thousand children in this city are without education for want of schoolhouses; yet we are paying—so says the Chicago Tribune—over seven million dollars a year for drinking, smoking, theatres, and worse things still, if possible. There are more than one hundred and ten churches and pulpits in this city; and yet, such is the rottenness of public sentiment, that as good and as earnest a divine as Dr. Eddy, finds it needful to apologize for writing an article bringing out only the surface of crime which reveals child murder, prostitution and kindred elements, which he says compels our society to stand back of the Mormons at Salt Lake, and give the prostitutes of New York the front seats in our sin-a-gogue.

I protest that woman shall not be compelled, as she now is, to bear children against her nature and inclination. I protest against the public sentiment which binds her to the embraces of a man she does not and cannot love.

She has the right to choose the father of her children, and if she makes a mistake in the choice, it is her equal right to choose again.

She has the right to freedom, justice, equality and education. She has the right to enter upon and cultivate any field of labor she chooses.

Give her these and the murder of children, born or unborn, will be unknown.

If the pulpit can become the teacher of mankind; if it can compete with and outstrip the school, the college, the workshop; if it can do better than science has, better than instinct and intuition does; I, for one, shall welcome it as foremost among the methods of human salvation.

But if it still continues joined to its idols; if it denies the possibility, to-day, of the same class of spiritual facts and truths acknowledged centuries ago; if it ignore every new

truth instead of warming it into life, as it has ever done, then other instrumentalities must do the work, and the pulpit, as always before, must come bringing up the rear, seldom acknowledging the truth until compelled by outside pressure and the instincts of self-preservation.

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

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

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

A. T. Foss. Permanent address, Manchester, N. H.

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