

THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

\$3.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

DEVOTED TO RADICAL REFORM.

[SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.

PUBLISHED BY
CENTRAL PUBLISHING HOUSE. }

CHICAGO, APRIL 13, 1867.

VOL. I.—NO. 15.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

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

For The Spiritual Republic.

LITTLE BON-BON.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

Not so wise as many another,
Not so deep and searching;
She is just a fairy song-bird
In the bright leaves perching.
What heeds she the ring-dove's mourning
Or the blue-jay's chatters?
If the hawks scream, or the crows caw,
Naught to her it matters.

Scented dews globe bright and trembling
For her all the summer,
Thistle seeds swell sweet and rich
For the gay young comer.
Blackbirds, rocking, touched with red,
Thinking, aye, of thieving,
Though your food were corns of gold,
She would not be grieving.

Dainty Bon-bon! never, never,
Saw I blue eyes sweeter!
Kinglets never reeled their riches
Into coils completer!
And your purse mouth that is shaped
To clear, amber candies,
Oh, light Bon-bon! your are just a
Pocket-piece for dandies!

And you talk of such sweet trifles;
Robes of blue and maizes;
Tucks, and puffs, and loops, and flounces,
And most charming laces;
Darling bonnets, gay boot-tassels—
"Monsieur, look a minute!"
Bon-bon flushes like a peacock,
Tiny as a linnnet!

Who declare they care not any
For such lissom creatures?
All the worthy sons of mothers,
Stoics, statesmen, preachers!
I'd believe them if they did not
Fib so with their fingers,
Beckoning to delicious Bon-bon!
But she laughs, and lingers.

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 XXXVI.

THE TRUE FREE LOVE.

Mr. Gladstone had a busy day and at evening bade farewell to his native town in a very much graver mood than any of the numerous friends who accompanied him to the depot, and sent him off with cheerful admonitions and good wishes, and heartfelt blessings, could have imagined.

All day those two lines had rung through his mind like far off chimes:

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way."

It seemed to him that hitherto he had been living in the vestibule of his life, which was opened by the door of this great sorrow, into a vast auditorium hitherto unsuspected. Already solemn purposes, sublime aspirations, strong endeavors beckoned him within, and he felt that if he joined them, clasped hands with them, he must leave much of life's airy splendor, its festal light and beauty behind him.

"Can I cast the shining charms of life to the winds?" he asked himself, "can I trample all its gay and tempting fascinations under my feet, can I die to the flesh, living only to the spirit; take the world's burdens upon my shoulders instead of the sweet burdens of love, and home, and children; can I satisfy myself with this spiritual wrestling, this shadowy, spiritual crown; and all without her—in that dismal, shivering cold and darkness which the eclipse of her heavenly yet human face dispenses?"

The whisper came to him as from that inmost cell in his heart where her sweet image was enshrined. "So shall she be nearest to you; so her smile sweetest through hours that were otherwise blank and bitter, so her memory and her love make bright and beautiful, what else no power on earth

could make other than cold, and barren, and desolate." He gained in that moment some faint glimpse of how infinitely the powers of the spirit transcend the powers of the flesh; how the one reach down and fetter themselves to clods of earth, whilst the other stretch away through fields of light beyond the stars, and stay themselves at last on the infinite bosom of God. He shed some tears, he heaved some sighs, he heaped some grave mounds, whose nameless headstones were more eloquent to him than mighty mausoleums of lettered marble; but he entered the gay capital with its dazzle, its fascinations, its shifting, sensual allurements, with a mind and faith as simple, yet as strong, as the faith of the Hebrew youth when he went forth to encounter the giant of Gath.

But on the morning of the day of his departure, the breakfast bell had rung at Mrs. Darrell's, and the family had gathered about the table, and there was still one absent. Mrs. Darrell said to Maude, as they rose from the table, and yet there was no addition to their number:

"My dear, do go up and knock at Reba's door, and see if she is ill. She is always so punctual that I really feel alarmed."

Maude came back in a few minutes with a frightened look. "Mamma," she said, "I think you ought to go yourself and see her. She is ill I am sure. She says it is only a headache, but her face has the look of death on it."

Mrs. Darrell hastened to her friend's bedside.

"Why, Reba," she said, "you are certainly sick. Why have you not sent for me before?"

"I have a slight headache, but that is all," said Reba, faintly. "Absolutely not another pain," she added, seeing the incredulous look upon Mrs. Darrell's face. "But I don't feel very strong, and I think I shall have to stay away from the office, if Mr. Darrell will take my excuses to them."

Mrs. Darrell sat in silence for a moment. Then she answered very quietly,

"Certainly, he will do that. What shall I send you up for breakfast?"

"Nothing."

"Not a cup of coffee and some toast?"

"No, I could not eat it. If I am quite by myself, perhaps I may get a little sleep."

Mrs. Darrell went down stairs deeply troubled. The doctor came in, in the course of the morning, and she told him her anxiety.

"H—m!" said the doctor. "Ho! ho!" and then after a few minutes' meditation with downcast eyes. "She rode out with Gladstone night before last, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"Went over to the old place?"

"Yes."

"Did she speak of going about the house? Did she see the portraits Marston painted there? You know he took the whole family."

"I'm sure I can't say," said Laura, quite at sea concerning the doctor's object in asking.

"I know she seemed very much out of spirits all day yesterday, but I thought it might be because Gladstone was going away. I even thought this morning that that, and her sitting up late, might have something to do with her headache, but she looks as I never saw her look before. Wouldn't you better go up and see her?"

"No, no," said the doctor, pensively. "I won't go up and see her now. You needn't say anything about what I said. I will come in again toward night, and if she isn't any better, I'll see her then."

The doctor went away with his head bowed down and a very grave look upon his face. In the afternoon he called again as he had promised. In the course of the day he had seen Mrs. Durfee, the farmer's wife at the old place, and had drawn from her in a quiet way all the facts which she knew concerning the visit there; among the rest that "Miss March had been in the parlor alone for near about half an hour;" that "standing outside on the piazza, she had seen her looking at the pictures. Dick Gladstone's was in that room, a standin' on the floor; but she saw when she went in to shut up the room that it had been moved."

"Ho! ho!" said the doctor. "Richard is coming home, I hear, coming home. Didn't do as well in South America as he expected to. Is coming home to settle down. Don't know what he'll find to do in this town. It is a small place for a big man. Richard was always a—mighty big—feeling—man. Good morning, Mrs. Durfee, good morning. If Job's rheumatism don't get any better, tell him to come down to my office and I'll give him some liniment. Good day."

"The doctor," said Mrs. Job Durfee, "is just the pry-

in'est man I ever did see. What airthly consarn o' his was't what that gal did when she was over to the place. It has just got to be a second natur' with him to squint, and pry, and dive inter things." Which conclusion answered Mrs. Durfee's turn just as well as a wiser one would have.

That evening the doctor went up to Reba's room. She was lying on her pillow very white, and as Maude had said with the look of death upon her face.

The doctor felt her pulse and held her hand in his a moment after; he asked few questions, but noted with careful, critical eye, two or three symptoms which told him all he wanted to know.

"Laura," he said to Mrs. Darrell, who stood by the bed, "you'd better go down and tell Nancy to get a jug of hot water ready to put to her feet. She needn't bring it up now, but when I am gone." Laura went down quite innocent of any suspicion that the doctor desired her absence.

"You must keep still," he said, "for a day or two, but not too long, Rebecca. It isn't best ever to give way to the feelings too long." He was holding her hand now, and leaning back in his chair with his eyes tightly closed. He had no wish to see the pain upon her face, which he knew his words would cause. "We can't any of us get out of the world till our time comes; but we must try to have strength to live in the world. I shall send you up a little medicine which I hope will give you a start, and just as soon as you are able, I want you to ride out with me. I shall like your company and it will do you good; do—you—good. Rebecca a friend is born for adversity, I should—like—it, if—you—would—consider me—a friend."

The doctor opened his eyes just in time. His gentle tone had touched Rebecca's heart. The tears had been stealing through the lids, against her firm determination to shun them back, all the while that he had been speaking, but at these last words, the flood gates burst, and she sobbed convulsively. The doctor laid his hand softly upon her.

"That's right," he said, "you haven't cried day. It will do you good." He sat by her five perhaps, in silence; his grave, gentle presence all the while softening the paroxysm of her grief. Then he said, "Now I think you are relieved, and might better take an anodyne. It is simple, it won't hurt you. When I came in, I was a little afraid of a slow fever, but—you'll—get over it—with-out—now—I hope. I hope you will." He took a powder from his pocket and dropping it into water, placed it to her lips, and she swallowed it. In another moment she was able to speak to him.

"Oh! doctor Gaines," she said, "I can't thank you."

"You needn't try, Rebecca, you needn't try," was all he said. "I shall come in again in the morning."

He did come in again, and found that his patient had slept, and was decidedly better. She was very weak yet. In that night of trial and sorrow, she had drained her system of its best energies; had used up nervous force enough to have sufficed for weeks of her ordinary life, but she had buoyed the soul of her lover up out of the slough into which it had threatened to sink; she had yielded him inspiration which should make him strong for months to come.

In three days time she was able to ride out with the doctor. In a week she was back at the office, pale, still, with that look of sustained trial on her face which challenged attention, but forbade remark; but able to go about her duties without faltering or failure. She made no confidants; she noticed as little as possible the remarks which were made concerning the fact that no letters came to her from Washington. To Mrs. Darrell she said, quietly, "It is all over; we shall never marry;" to the doctor still less. But she knew that he at least knew all. She could not tell how; she did not care to know; so long as his knowledge was her one unflinching comfort and the source of all her human consolation. Again and again, she said to herself, that but for the doctor, she must have sunk. Again and again, she reflected how much of misery might be saved to women, how oftentimes their very lives spared, if the men about them would yield them just this pure, wise, disinterested friendship.

The short December days came and went, and Christmas drew near. The Puritan horror of this most blessed anniversary is not yet extinct in New England; but year by year, it is softened by the inroads of a broader and brighter faith. On this year of all, Mrs. Darrell felt that it would be a twice blessed relief to at least one inmate of her house, if the season should be observed with unusual ceremony. So a Christmas tree was ordained, and many otherwise lonely and sorrowful hours Reba spent in the midst of the children, devising and executing decorations for the same. But

when that day arrived, the joy it brought to the Darrell household, was poor and pale beside that which illuminated the humbler home of the Mosses.

Hitherto Christmas had passed over their family chimney, and had dropped there no beneficent Santa Claus. The eager little Mosses always secretly hoped till the last, that some good genius, sprite or fairy, might alight upon their hearth stone, and surprise them with the present of a "boughten" toy, or at least a piece of "trainin'" gingerbread, but alas! none ever came. When the Christmas sun had circled the globe, and re-appeared on their horizon, a Christmas sun no longer; when the last doubt was banished, the last lingering hope dispelled, they always drew a long breath, and comforted themselves with the reflection that at least they were no worse off than they had been two days before. Adversity had made philosophers of the little Mosses.

But this Christmas was destined to be a brilliant exception to all its dingy predecessors. On that very Christmas eve after they had gone to bed, omitting as a useless ceremony to hang up their stockings, there came a stealthy knock at the door, and to the surprise of the two elders it opened to admit Miss March and the doctor.

"Why," said Mrs. Moss, "this is surprisin'. Why its a' most as good to have you two come, as 't would be to have a real Santa Claus."

"Ah!" said Reba, "how do you know that we haven't brought Santa Claus. See, here is a great bundle I received from New York to-day by express, the contents of which I was to deliver here at nine o'clock. Come, Mrs. Moss," she continued, with true Christmas glee, "get me some stockings at once, and hang them in a line. I've got enough to fill all there are in the house."

Moses was listening with open mouth and eyes. "What the dickens do you mean, Miss Reba," he asked, at length.

"Oh! I know," said Rachel, tears coming into her eyes. "Its my boy Theodore has sent it. I knew he hadn't forgot his home, but its the beater of all to think that he should send us a Christmas."

She bustled about, half demented with joy, to get the stockings, stopping every half minute to look at the wonders which Reba displayed. They were simple, inexpensive gifts, for Theodore was getting small pay yet, but they were well chosen, that it was evident he had spent a good deal of time and thought over the selection. A nice warm sonnet to his mother; a comical, colored pipe for his father; a pair of gloves for Jane; a neck tie for Belinda; and tops, and rattle-balls, and climbing monkeys for the younger fry. Each one something, and just the thing which each most wanted. And such a merry, rollicking Christmas letter too as had come with the bundle. It did them all good to hear it read, for Mrs. Moss got out her spectacles and read it aloud, half blinded and completely choked by spells with happy tears.

"You mustn't think I've been extravagant, mother," he said, "for I haven't taken a penny of my regular wages for these things, but have worked evenings at such jobs as I could get, earning two shillings one night and four the next maybe, on purpose for this. If I could only go home myself with the things and see how happy you all are, that would be the crowning thing of all. But I know you will write me, and so will Miss Reba, and next summer, if nothing happens, I mean to come home myself."

There had been a little postscript to the letter which Rebecca had not shown Mrs. Moss. In a pretty box by itself there had been a bracelet of Roman pearls, which he had asked Reba to deliver, if she thought it would not offend her, to Maude Darrell with his best wishes. "It is not expensive," he said, "and the young ladies here wear them, and Miss Maude was always so kind to me when I was in her father's store."

Reba had executed her commission in a very quiet and delicate way, and had watched the color creep into Maude's cheek—Maude had her Aunt Joanna's charming blush—and had indulged herself in a bit of speculation about it; but she had not thought it wise to tell all this to Mrs. Moss.

After Reba and the doctor had gone, Moses, Moss and his wife sat with clasped hands, and happier hearts than young lovers in their teens can dream.

"I tell you," said Mrs. Moss, "it is worth living for, worth being old and gray and worn out, to have such a boy as that."

"He'll do more in the world than his father has ever done," said Moses, pensively.

"Well, now you needn't say that," said Rachel, "for you've worked and slaved and gone without, to bring him up; and all the rest of 'em, and they're a likely lot so far, and the Father above he knows that its more to the world and more wearin' too to the flesh, to bring up a family of good children, than it is to make a fortune and keep it shut up in bank vaults. This night I tell ye Moses, I don't envy any rich man his fortune."

"Well nor I neither, for that matter," said Moses. "The Lord has been pretty good to us after all, Rachel; and what little we don't get in this world, he'll more'n make up to us in another, I s'pose."

Moses' faith was a tender plant as yet, but it showed unmistakable signs of growth, and only the good Father knew

with what prayers, and tears, and watchings his faithful wife tended it.

Of the joy of the children on that Christmas morning it is bootless to speak. It was a thing long to be remembered. From that day forth, not at the home fireside only, but all through the village, for Mrs. Moss did not fail to spread the fame thereof with much motherly pride and joy, it was a settled conclusion that Theodore Moss was growing to be an honor to his friends.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE FLOWER OF THE AGES.

The winter passed, and Richard Clavering did not make his appearance, and all rumors concerning him ceased. Reba had once felt that she must leave the town before his arrival; but the time of that event seemed so uncertain, and the ties which bound her to this sheltering home, grew day by day so strong; above all she felt so little strength to go out again into the world, and make for herself new conditions and new ties, that she still lingered, comforting herself with the vague hope that this form of trial might be spared her.

As the spring opened, Mrs. Darrell's desire to enter the lists of Reform began to take definite shape.

"I have thought the matter over carefully and prayerfully," she said to Reba, one evening, and this is the result: "The field is white to the harvest; the laborers are few. They work in separate knots and cliques, as is best at present; one band laboring for reforms in dress and habits of life; another for freedom in the world of labor and commerce and art; another undertaking to obtain civil and political rights. These are all doing well; God speed them every one. Yet, there are two other points of vantage, one of them already partially occupied, which attract my more immediate and active efforts. The first is the field of medical science. The primary question in determining whether we ought to work at all in this direction, is: What is woman? What are her capacities? To what uses is she best fitted? To show what she can do, is truly to answer the question in one way; but to show what God made her, and with what intention he so made her, is to answer it in a more direct and irrefragable way. For this answer, we must appeal to science.

"We must have women thoroughly educated concerning the female organism, and its true uses; women who shall add to the knowledge already possessed by male physicians, a more intimate and farther-reaching comprehension and intuition concerning the primal and eternal laws of reproduction than men, from the utter barrenness of their experience in the matter, can possibly attain to. These women must be, not altogether physicians and nurses, though that is incidentally a desirable end; but teachers in all that relates to woman's great transcendent duty, the proper generation and bearing of children. If the terrible and murderous practices of married women toward their unborn offspring are ever abolished, it must be by throwing a flood of true intelligence upon the subject, through all classes of society. And this it is the work of women to do. Nor is this all. The alarming proportion of deaths among infants is a reproach to the race; and one which will never be removed till every woman is so trained and educated to a proper knowledge of facts concerning the laws of bearing and rearing children, that she shall be able to give her babes the intelligent care which Nature demands of her as the price of their lives. A true and thorough knowledge of all these things is the natural and inalienable Right of Woman.

"And such knowledge can only be secured to her through the persevering and well directed efforts of women. No writer on medical science ever yet had a mother's experiences; knew the thousand and one subtle links which connect the forming soul with the maternal life. The deep, absorbing, infinite mystery of motherhood, has been only superficially and oftentimes sneeringly observed by men who looked upon it in the main as drudge work spared the nobler sex by a beneficent Providence, and branded all over with marks of weakness and ignominy and a fallen estate. Science only waits our reverent, trustful asking to refute all this; but she will never reveal these sacred secrets of Womanhood to the impure, irreverent gaze of men: It is women themselves who must unlock the mystery."

"I have long been of the opinion," said Reba, "that the sciences of medicine, of jurisprudence and of theology, are destined to receive a thorough re-writing at the hands of enlightened, conscientious women. Men have laid the foundation, they have done and are doing such work as is fitted to them with more or less praiseworthy zeal and fidelity; but beyond this, there is a range of investigation and discovery which can only be entered and profitably worked by the finer and more intuitional powers of woman."

"This very subject of which we are now speaking is a case in point," said Mrs. Darrell. "Physicians cry 'quack' with holy horror, but what is the whole science of medicine as applied to the female constitution, but empiricism, so long as the regular collegiate teachings in this matter are so blind to the plain facts and deductions concerning it, as every intelligent mother knows them to be. More than half the physicians one meets, all the so-called conservatives of the profession,

sneer at the idea of ante-natal influences affecting the mental constitution of a child, while the commonest facts in the mother's experience are those which go to make up the irrefragable proofs of the law. Science depends on facts, not on *a priori* reasoning, and so long as the testimony of enlightened women is excluded and sneered at, I beg to know how these all-wise gentlemen are to possess themselves of the rudiments of knowledge on the subject?"

"But you mentioned another point toward which your efforts would tend. I am eager to hear what it is?"

"It is the purification of society from its over-mastering sin of licentiousness. There is great outcry, just now, about prostitution, as if that were the main-spring of all evil in that direction. But prostitution itself is but an effect, a more terrible and revolting one, it is true, than society at all recognizes as yet; but still the legitimate and inevitable effect of that license which the men of all ages have claimed concerning the indulgence of their passions. In the early times, the right of man to make a prey of woman was unquestioned. Later intelligence has had feeble suspicions concerning the inherent and inalienable nature of this right; but men have ever been ready with the most atrocious and blasphemous falsehoods to claim divine authority and sanction for the abomination. Physicians will even unblushingly declare that the God of Purity and Truth has so made the masculine portion of the race that impurity is an actual necessity to their physical well-being; while at the same time they carefully abstain from setting forth the irrefragable fact of the emphatic and terrible seal of condemnation which he has set upon it. But in these days, one need go to no physician or medical text book for proof of the penalties which men invoke upon themselves. Not only the newspapers teem with them; but in a most literal sense, the very stones of our walls and sidewalks cry aloud with the story of their shame.

"Now while women have always been the prey and victim of this state of things, it is also true that but for the negative support which it derives from their timidity and silence, it could not exist for a day. The bargain seems to have been, hitherto, that if the stronger sex would protect the weaker in the practice of virtue, the weaker sex would protect the stronger in the practice of vice. All this must be changed. As this advancing tide of licentiousness sweeps up into our very homes, assailing the honor and undermining the virtue of both men and women—for it has come to that, that among respectable women of idle and luxurious lives, not a few of the devotees of vice are found—women who still stand fast by honor and truth, and humanity and God must cry aloud and insist that not so shall altar and fireside be desecrated. Until women shall display the firmness and the moral courage necessary to this work, they will not be worthy of emancipation, and they surely will never obtain it."

"Mrs. Darrell, it gladdens my soul to hear one woman of your position and influence talk in this manner; and I am all eagerness to know the practical steps by which you intend to reach that pinnacle of success which I can but hope awaits you."

"The first and most pressing necessity is, it seems to me, to rouse the public mind to the need of such reforms. When I was married I had a portion of two thousand dollars, which, under Ralph's admirable management, is more than quadrupled. To this sum, Ralph promises to make a handsome addition as soon as it shall appear that the practical prosecution of the work requires it. Our children will never miss it, or if they should, may be better without it than with it; for I cannot but think that a heritage of pure and beneficent living is far better for children than much money. This fund, then, I propose to use for the following purposes: First, to incite in our Female Medical Colleges, and throughout the medical world generally, a more thorough study and *outspoken promulgation* of the fundamental laws of maternity. From college professors all the way down to girls in their teens, the light must be thoroughly transfused and made practical, until the great mass of women shall be made to feel not only that it is murder to kill their children, but that it is also murder to bring them into the world under such conditions that there is only one chance in a dozen of their reaching maturity. The cry of the innocents has gone up to heaven, and I feel in my soul that God will not much longer delay the answer to it."

"I like your plan heartily. Women have long enough given money to endow colleges for young men. It is quite time they began to do something for their own sex. Moreover, when women become enlightened concerning the significance and sacredness of their peculiar functions, they will no longer be the easy prey of licentious men, that they too often are at present; and by that very means men will learn in time to regard them with altogether a deeper respect."

"That is very true. It is the well-armed man whom robbers never attack, and the libertine is equally cowardly. There was a time when I was half disposed to found a Magdalen Asylum, but a little reflection taught me that while these institutions are excellent in their way, and ought by all means to be encouraged, they do not after all strike at the root of the evil. To attempt to stay the desolating

effects of man's sensuality by means of such appliances is like trying to dip up the ocean with a tea-spoon. The remedy must go deeper, and purify the nature of the man himself, till he shall learn to see in woman a being whom his own best interests require him to revere and not profane. In almost all our large cities there are good women at work among the abandoned of their own sex. These women learn from day to day, the most appalling facts concerning the hideous depravity of society in regard to licentiousness. They must be brought to speak aloud and shock the world, if need be, with a knowledge of its hidden sins. Then, and not till then, will a united, persevering, and irresistible effort be brought to bear upon this gigantic evil. Reports must be made, publications circulated, facts given, and the whole subject thoroughly exposed to the public view. Truly is 'Mystery the mother of harlots, and of the abominations of the earth.' And when the apocalyptic vision shall be realized, and this woman in scarlet smitten from her high pre-eminence, the dawn of a purer era will truly begin."

"Mrs. Darrell, this plan provides for the use of your money. What do you intend to do with your mental power, which, it seems to me, is an equally responsible gift?"

"Employ it whenever and wherever, whether in public or private appeals, I can make it available. I have not the literary experience necessary to enable me to write a book, but I can, perhaps, manage newspaper articles, and these I shall attempt, not with any idea of winning fame, but with the sole motive of stirring up public thought. There are too many educated women who neglect their duty in this respect, I think. Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow! Our battle-field is as wide as the world. Let every woman standing in the place whereto God has called her, use whatever power she has, steadily, earnestly, unflinchingly, and the result will soon be felt upon the world at large."

"In appealing to men, in the mass, I think we feel instinctively that they are selfish, and mostly accessible by means of arguments addressed to their self-interest. But it seems to me that the strongest appeal which can be made to unselfish, womanly natures, is the good which they have it in their power to bestow upon the race. Why, there are a thousand abuses which would slink away like thieves at daylight, before the influence of free, humane, enlightened Womanhood. Politics would become a business fit for decent men to engage in; our criminal courts would cease to be the theater of foul wranglings and obscene personalities; our police courts, instead of administering a mockery of justice to the ignorant and debased, serving no earthly purpose but to sink those vile wretches into still deeper depths of abasement, would radiate an enlightened charity. No man in his senses can imagine a decent woman sitting in such a stench of filth and iniquity, without crying aloud and raising the town for reform. There would be tenanted houses built fit for beings with souls in them to inhabit, and I even cherish the faint hope that the time would eventually come when brothels would cease to be a necessary evil, and the hecatombs of innocent women, now yearly sacrificed on the altars of man's lust, would be spared to be useful members of society."

"My dear Mrs. Darrell, it is a positive pleasure to hear you talk in this way, independently of what you say; your eyes do brighten up so, your cheek gets such a glorious color, and there is every way such a seeming of strength about you. I should like to see the man, who, looking at you this moment, would dare to think of your forty-five years, and sneer at you as an old woman."

"Ah! my dear, the strength is not in me, it is in the cause. I suppose if the most insignificant man were to grasp the thunderbolt of Jove, he would become in that moment sublime. For the rest, I thank God that if He spares my life, I have yet twenty years of usefulness before me, during which time I trust He will save me from the fate of sitting in the chimney-corner, knitting blue yarn-stockings and fretting at my grand-children. Women have inventive minds, and when they have been released, by age, from the more confining duties of the home, the more active of them have sought out many ways of employing themselves; but it has been a great loss to the world that so many others have been compelled to spend the remainder of their days in a slow process of rusting out. The woman who has borne and reared a family has a knowledge of human nature, and of the ways and means best adapted to control and influence it, which few men possess, and with her mind broadened and set free from prejudice by an outlook upon public affairs, she might do inestimable service in the world. It is by no means an anomaly that the best political economist of the age is also the foremost advocate of the political enfranchisement of woman."

"It has sometimes seemed to me, that Christianity itself waited to receive its grandest development, at the hands of emancipated woman," said Reba. "Its sole essential elements are love and faith, and so long as masculine influences control the world these can never be perfectly asserted and made operative. But it is the nature of woman to love and to trust. Whenever, therefore, the influence of woman predominates in the world's affairs, Christianity will find

its earthly home scarcely less congenial than its heavenly one."

"Ah! Reba, humanity is the flower of the ages, of which the calyx is formed first, and holds in long and dark imprisonment the inmost charm of the flower. But it is destined at last to part its bonds under the pressure of the inward expansion, and hold up to the Sun of the Universe the ineffable beauty of the perfected blossom. In this belief only can the age-long tyranny of man, the deep, unspeakable agony of women, from the creation till these later times, be justified as the dispensation of a righteous God. The bitter tears of subjection, the heart-throes of anguish borne in silence, concealed from all the world, were the needed dew to water hidden virtues; the proper nourishment for that divine germ which in the fullness of time should burst forth the crowning joy and grace and glory of the world."

The remark touched a sensitive chord in Reba's heart and impelled her, as deep feeling always did, to silence.

The new bent of Mrs. Darrell's life was not long in getting noised abroad. Of course she met, as she had expected to meet, opposition from various quarters; some of it amusing, and some touching the deeper chord of sadness. Among others, Mr. Linscott was seriously shocked. The county paper was published in Wyndham, and a vigorous article in it on the duty of woman toward reform, which he was certain could be attributed to no other pen than Mrs. Darrell's, irritated him so much that he harnessed his horse at once and drove over to Wyndham. He commenced his argument with Mrs. Darrell by assuring her of the deep respect he entertained for her, a respect fortified by her years, her capacities, her position in the world; and of the great grief which her recent action had caused him.

Laura listened to him patiently, plead an imposition of conscience as her main defense, and received in return the charge of an offense against the proprieties.

"My dear cousin," said Mr. Linscott, emphatically, "it is not for ladies to lift swine out of the mire."

"Mr. Linscott," was Laura's firm reply, "if so many women were not compelled to *live with the swine* in the mire, the case might be different. As it is, I do not see how any woman of leisure and capacity, can possibly escape the responsibility of doing what she can, be it more or less, toward crying out that *there is a mire*, and setting forward the work of releasing its millions of willing and unwilling victims. For my own part, I do not in the least fear but what if my hands go into the work pure, they will come out of it pure. There is a vileness which no woman can touch without being contaminated, but it is one which enters into the heart, not one which the pure heart goes out to overcome."

But Mr. Linscott was hopelessly fossilized. He had so long believed in the absolute inferiority of woman and her rightful subjection to the will, or avarice, or lust, or whatever else might happen to be the ruling principle of the man, had for so many years failed to see the breadth and scope of that manliness which is greater than kingliness, and to which the heart and understanding of woman are ever so truly and so gladly loyal, that the new direction of things seemed altogether wrong to him. He could not comprehend it.

"I have always thought, Cousin Laura," he said, vaguely, "that you were a happy wife."

"I have had my own trials," was Laura's reply, "as all women have, and all men also, but I have been in the main most happy in my domestic relations. The best strength in my arm and heart to-day, next to the inherent strength of a great, good cause, is drawn from my husband's loving sympathy and companionship. He is to me as base to pinnacle, and no womanhood can be firm and noble, and point with steady truth to heaven, that is not in some way supported by a broad, solid, truth-loving and truth-living manhood. That is why, Mr. Linscott, I would have every true man and true woman cry out against the errors and vices, which, handed down from remote ages, to-day so restrict and stultify the growth of the race. I would have the free spirits of all Christendom band themselves together to secure for the race a wise, strong, pure manhood, and a tender, loving, pure womanhood; and until each and every Christian is willing so to labor, according to his opportunities and abilities, I do not see how he can consistently pray, 'Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven!'"

Mr. Linscott turned away with a heavy heart, to mourn over the degeneracy and willfulness of the present evil times; to declare that the world grew worse with every generation, forgetting the fact that year by year it is traveling on toward that glorious time foretold from the beginning, when all shall know the Lord from the least to the greatest; and how can we "know the Father," except we "do His will?"

(To be continued.)

The end is not always given in order that it be attained, but to serve as a mark to aim at. For example, the precept to love our enemies.

Consult the ancients, listen to the aged. He is little wise who has only his own wisdom, and little learned is he who has only his own learning.

ONCE I WAS PURE.

Oh the snow! The beautiful snow!
Filling the sky and the earth below,
Over the house tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet;
Dancing, flitting, skimming along,
Beautiful snow, it can do nothing wrong.
Flying to kiss some fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in frolicsome freak.
Beautiful snow from the heavens above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

Oh the snow! The beautiful snow!
How the flakes gather and cling as they go,
Whirling about in its frolicsome fun,
It plays in its glee with every one.
Chasing, laughing, hurrying by,
It lights up the face and sparkles the eye,
While even the dogs with a bark and bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around.
The town is agog and its heart is aglow
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the gay crowds go swaying along,
Hailing each other with mirth and with song,
How the gay sledges go swift gliding by,
Bright for one moment, then lost to the eye.
Ringing, swinging, rushing they go,
Over the crest of the beautiful snow,
Snow so pure when it fell from the sky
To be trampled in mud by the crowd hurrying by,
To be trampled and trod 'neath thousands of feet,
Till it mix with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell—
Fell like the snow, from Heaven to Hell—
Fell to be trod on, to be spit on and beat.
Starving, cursing, fearing to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead.
Merciful God! Have I fallen so low!
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With a brow like its lily, an eye like its glow!
Once I was loved for my beauty and grace,
Admired and sought for the charms of my face,
Father, mother, sisters, all
God and myself have I lost by my fall;
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by,
Takes a wide sweep lest I wander too nigh,
For all that is on me or above me, I know
There is nothing so pure as the beautiful snow!

How strange it is that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a creature with nowhere to go!
How strange it would be when the morn came again
The snow and the ice struck this desperate brain.
Fainting, freezing, dying alone,
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan,
To be heard by the bustling, crazy town,
Gone mad with the joy of the snow coming down.
To lie and to die in my terrible woe
With a bed and shroud of the beautiful snow!

For The Spiritual Republic.

A SHADOW PICTURE.

BY H. F. M. B.

A few mornings since, a woman, young, thinly clothed, pale and weak from recent illness, was seen in our streets carrying, in her arms, an infant child. She called to a den of infamy on Wells street, and asked permission to leave the "little thing" while she (the mother), went out an hour in search of employment. The inmates of this anti-Christian hell took the child in charge. The day went by, but no mother returned to her child. Another day, and another passed. With the third day the child went back to its native paradise. Poor starving! It found no welcome here; no home, no sweet charities, no loving father, no cared-for mother, to make its earth-life a blessing. Its short life was but the record of its father's guilt, its mother's shame, and a protest against our laws and institutions.

The mother—what of her? She will see her child no more. To-day it is buried from human sight. She may never know its fate. The world calls her "brutal," "inhuman." Elsewhere there are other judgments. It is well to wait till the verdict comes from Him who holds evenly the scales of justice.

Could the veil be lifted that now hides that young mother's heart from the world's gaze, we might find far more cause for pitying tears than cursing.

"I believe
That woman, in her deepest degradation,
Holds something sacred, something undefiled;
Some pledge and keystone of her higher nature,
And, like the diamond in the dark, retains
Some quenchless beam of the celestial light."

It was, indeed, a sad mischance that sent a young girl, in thread-bare garments, with a three weeks' old child in her arms to face the March winds and the scornful gaze of Pharisees.

A mother's love is undying. She will dare and do unto life's end for the sake of her child. It must have been a great burden—a heavy cross—that prompted this

mother to cast her human waif upon the mercy of strangers. But her soul bears still the cross; the broad earth is her Golgotha, the thorn-crown, plaited by thieves, she will wear in silence and in sorrow to the grave. With this child's short life—with twenty-four days—the mother's life history is linked. Her young hopes, loves, joys, aspirations, defeats, disappointments, tears, heart aching, all, all are out-written in this little child life. Eternity will finish the record.

Like some others, this woman, no doubt, loved, trusted, was betrayed, deserted, cursed, it may be, by those of her own household, cast into the street by strangers, refused a kitchen-home with the incumbrance of a wee bit of humanity. What, then, remained to be done? Leave the intruder where it would be cared for?

The woman dared not look the world fully in the face. She knew too well its stern verdict; there were no Nazarenes to say, "Daughter, thy sins are forgiven, go and sin no more;" so this poor, aching heart, nerved by a great love for the child, and by stress of poverty, went to her own class and begged protection—not for herself—but for her child—her sweet, sinless babe.

This woman may find employment, she may find her way back into the society of the respected. None may know her trials, her tears. None may know she has been defrauded, wrecked. She may teach her lips to smile, and her turbulent heart "be still," but henceforth a dark cloud will darken her way, and the night will bring her only troubled dreams.

She will meet true men, loving fathers, loyal husbands, and whisper to her soul, "had I but loved worthily." In the children of strangers she will see the sweet face of her own child, and say, "mine may be as beautiful, God knows." When little hands are out-reached to hers, she will ask, "who cares for mine?" Weary with life's burdens she will pray for rest and find it in Heaven.

Chicago, March 20.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS

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

For The Spiritual Republic.

PRINCIPLES AND PHENOMENA, OR PHILOSOPHY AND SCIENCE.

BEARINGS ON THE PROGRESS OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY J. S. LOVELAND.

There are two predominant phases of mental development, Philosophic and Scientific; and from them spring two methods of thought and investigation, termed the Deductive and the Inductive. They are sometimes called the subjective and objective methods, which may be explained as follows: the subjectivist creates the universe from himself, while the objectivist creates himself from the universe. The strict philosopher always begins to reason from principles to conclusions. These principles are born into the "pure reason," the intuitive faculties of the inner, or higher life of man. They spring up from that shoreless, fathomless ocean of his inmost, highest life, which, for aught we know, is the absolute—the infinite. These principles, so-called, are, in the human consciousness, ideas, and ideas are images, or rather archetypes of the unoriginated, eternal forces, which, in their complex, yet orderly workings, make up the perfect whole.

Archimedes said, give me whereon to stand and I will move the world; but the philosopher declares, give me a principle, and I will make a world.

The genuine scientist always begins with facts. His object is not to make worlds, but to find out what is in the one already existing. He is a discoverer. He notes down all he sees, and groups like things in classes, larger or smaller, according to the nearness or remoteness of their relationship. If there be some considerable degree of philosophic insight, the scientist will, through his classification of things, ascend to a perception of principles; but if not, he will stop short, affirming a gross, material pantheism, that matter and motion constitute the whole of being, that there are no absolute principles, but, as affirmed by the Positivists, only a "profound relativity!" Such a man becomes infatuated with facts, and, whether they have any bearing upon any great question of human welfare is, to him, of no sort of consequence.

It is, of course, not common to find persons who are exclusively under the domination of either one of these methods, though there are multitudes who belong essentially to one or the other. Education may largely modify these tendencies, though it neither creates, nor can it fully control them; the philosopher will be philosophic, as the scientist must be scientific in his methods.

These methods are not antagonistic, though, as we have seen, opposite. One is from the within to the without—from principle, power to form, fact, or phenomena. The other is from the without to the within, from phenomena, fact, to principle or power. One is masculine, the other feminine. The devotees of the two methods often disparage

each other, not seeming to apprehend that they are the dual modes—the parallel roads leading to the temple of truth. The philosopher is prone to overlook or undervalue phenomena. These facts, he says, have always existed—have always been known, but they amounted to nothing till philosophy disclosed the principles by which alone they have been explained, and thus made valuable. Give us principles, and we can tell what the facts must be.

The devotee of science retorts that facts are realities. They belong to the realm of tangibility, and can be tested by the senses—science is positive, it deals with demonstrations, not theories. What, he asks, was philosophy till science observed and classified the phenomena of the world? Philosophy, he affirms, is theory, uncertainty; belongs to the land of dreams and not of realities. There is a modicum of truth in both these statements, but they are equally extreme, and, therefore, untrue as a whole. It is true, that if the philosopher admits an iota of error in his postulation of principles, it will attain gigantic proportions in his conclusions; and these monstrous errors of the old philosophies have been corrected by the discoveries of science. On the other hand, facts have read horrible lies to men, until a correct system of philosophy had furnished the means of rectification. They, therefore, complement each other, and are mutually necessary. But, as already hinted, there is no such possibility of a scientist utterly destitute of philosophy, or a philosopher with no science. But the difficulty is, that the shallow scientist groups his facts under impossible theories, which he miscalls principles; and this entirely perverts the facts themselves; while the careless philosopher goes on with his principles and inferences, heedless of the drift, or teaching of phenomenal manifestations. If the facts don't agree with his theory, why "so much the worse for the facts." Such carelessness has led to a vast amount of discordant controversy, and to the contempt cast upon philosophy by many, and the general neglect of thorough scientific culture on the part of the mass of the people; and also to the prevalence of a shallow superficialism in both.

It is time this chaos of thought was ended, and science be no longer confounded with philosophy; nor, through ignorance, the legitimate claims of either be overlooked, or disregarded. No class of people more need to give heed to this caution than Spiritualists. If no individual man can live for himself alone, much more is it an impossibility for thousands, aye, even millions, to live, without largely influencing the general status of their age, and the destiny of those which are to follow. And, the force of this position is immensely augmented, if those thousands are the advance corps of a new age—the representatives of a New Dispensation. Such is the position of the Spiritualists of to-day—positionally, we head the march of the vast columns of the future ages. And the actor of this age is, to a great degree, the key of the music, to which the coming generations are to keep step. And a right solution and application of the problems we have been discussing, will do the work. We shall either initiate the method of a shallow philosophy, and consequent halting science, or we shall adopt and inaugurate a thoroughly exhaustive method in our science, which will ensure an ample comprehensiveness in philosophy, or we shall grope on in the middle of our present theological quagmire, in which most persons, ignorant and learned, are floundering. For, notwithstanding the fact that Spiritualism, in its multifarious phenomena, appeals with countless tongues for exhaustive scientific methods; and, also, in those varied phenomena, involves the necessity of thorough acquaintance with many of the sciences, as well as with the profound researches of philosophy, we find no general tendency in the direction of such study. This augury is unfavorable. Questions the most vital and profound in their character, and almost inconceivably important, are pressing for solution, but who is prepared to solve them? The very soul of philosophy, and all the resources of the most recondite science are involved in the question—Are there evil spirits? now, to some extent, agitating the Spiritualist public. But, how little of such culture is exhibited in the essays written upon the question.

But there is another more important subject claiming examination and solution at our hands—Social Science.

Spiritualism belongs in the category of the Universals, and, therefore, embraces all things in its scope. Social statics cannot be ignored, and to discuss it intelligently, and settle it on the correct basis, demands acquaintance with the theory of government—the elemental principles of justice or moral order—political economy in all its bearings—the law of supply and demand, together with the involutions of our commercial and financial system. No one can fail to see the application of our prior statements, in view of these existing, imperative conditions. What a demand is here made for the most extensive observation and generalization of the facts in these broad fields. Analysis of the most acute and accurate character is indispensable. Large and various learning is demanded to institute the necessary comparisons. And to this must be joined the profound philosophic insight, to detect the existence and working of subtle principles, which the mere scientist would not see. Every phenomenon is but the body of some

incarnating principle, which the philosophic eye alone can see. But crude philosophizing and hasty generalizing only lead us into experiments, bringing the bitter results of failure. Thoroughness is the great demand of the age, nevertheless it is our marked deficiency, though improvement is discernable.

We are satisfied that this is the opening period of a new era; and, it would seem, ought not to be oblivious to the importance of having true principles submitted at the outset. If our religion is to benefit man, it must be correctly unfolded. Positive falsehood in one or two important points will throw discredit over the whole subject, in the minds of thousands. Such untoward results must follow, unless the exhaustive thoroughness of which we have spoken be inexorably required. The tendency of all inspirational epochs is to a shallow philosophizing, because spiritual influences seem to promise the development of all truth without the necessity of that culture, which is gained only by patient and thorough study. A mental indolence is thereby induced, and, what is worse, an overweening egotism is cultivated, leading to a domineering, tyrannical selfishness. Small minded persons, narrow and selfish in feeling and thought, because of their impressibility, become easily inflated, through flattery, with an overmastering feeling of self-importance. Theories, crude and false, are urged as the sublimated essence of wisdom, and it is deemed personally offensive, by these egotists, if their rhapsodies are not implicitly received. They become sour and morose, jealously watching the progress of others, and enviously seeking to do them injury. Others, of a more ardent and fanatical make up, become the mouthpieces of God, Jesus, Paul, Franklin, or some class of very "high spirits," and propose very kindly to take the whole world into their charge for keeping and appropriate rectification. They haven't the least objection to becoming "Patriarchs," or "Omniarchs," for the sake of the world! Does any one pretend to say that such moon-struck fancies are not the result of defective scientific and philosophic culture! And that a thorough knowledge of the facts and principles of Spiritualism would not have directed this mis-spent enthusiasm in a useful channel? And is it not a dear bought wisdom, which takes years of the most earnest lives to learn what proper culture would have bestowed. Not only have these years been thus lost, comparatively speaking, but they have served to cloud and hinder the very result at which they were aiming. But the reader, from his own knowledge and reasoning, can add any amount of illustrative argumentation on this point, for it is all around us and meets us everywhere.

It preaches the important lesson we are here seeking to inculcate—the importance of thorough culture—the necessity of some more definite and positive efforts for the education of the people. The world needs a model educational system, one which includes the whole of life, embodying every legitimate pursuit and employment, as only different departments of the one grand system of a complete culture, and so graduated as to meet the successive changes of our earthly existence. This is the demand of this age, and it must be met; nay, it will be met. But who can meet it now, if the Spiritualists fail? They cannot fail, if true to their calling and the impulses of their high inspiration, and the basic teachings of their angel visitants, all of which, from the very first, have been pointing along the pathway of radical and integral reform.

Here, again, comes in our prior reasonings, for we are in danger of wasting our time and energies upon mere specialties, as temperance, dress-reform, or some other, so as to entirely overlook the broader and deeper principles involved in making "all things new;" or we become so general as to ignore the particular entirely, and waste our own energies, and embezzle others' time, in wordy declamation upon the evils that are, and the reform that should be, while we do nothing but swell the tide of existing wrong and falsehood.

Harmony between philosophy and science, or thorough culture, can alone change the present superficialism and discord into wise and orderly action. It is matter of profound gratulation that the signs of the times indicate progress in the right direction. The Great West, in its commercial heart, is speaking the right word. THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC is modeled upon the idea of a composite unity, resulting from that universal eclecticism of thought, which combines, in orderly wholeness, philosophy and science, phenomena and principles; which sees in Spiritualism no narrow phase of partialistic sectism—no mere exceptional phenomenalism, for a party shibboleth, but a sublime embodiment and unification of hitherto discordant and opposing methods of thought and life, which constitute a platform so broad and free that all genuine workers can meet and act in harmony thereon.

The workmen of England and Scotland are demanding reduction of hours for a legal day's work. The aristocratic masters refuse to give their consent. The true lords then say, "we strike." Keep the ball in motion; roll it all round the world.

Tenderness is the repose of passion.

For The Spiritual Republic.

"VINEYARD HOME."

To James L. Randall, Esq., Binghamton, N. Y.

BY MRS. F. O. HYZER.

You'll find this little Eden on
The sunny mountain side,
Not far from where the waters of
The bright Chenango glide:
Where first the spring's sweet warblers sing
Their matins to the sky—
Where, when the autumn cometh back,
They ever latest fly.

'Tis sheltered 'mid the branches of
The fir and maple green,
The zephyr-parted leaves of which
The roses peep between;
Where crystal fountains gurgle from
The bosom of the hill,
And bound, and dance, and murmur
Into many a shining rill.

To this sweet spot, the warrior
Upon life's battle plains,
Worn with defeats and victories,
Aspirings, doubts and pains,
Until distrust of human-kind
Within his soul doth burn,
Should have his eye directed—
His weary feet should turn.

Here will he find the wild-bird's song,
The tree, the flower, the rill;
The clusters of empurpled grapes
That ripen on the hill
Are living, breathing symbols
Of that pure immortal wine,
The dwellers of the "Vineyard Home"
Press from love's throbbing vine.

He'll find the Gospel of the Lord
From truth divine distill'd
Through our new-born philosophy,
In words and deed fulfill'd;
And while he breathes the incense
Arising from its shrine,
He'll go forth reanointed
For the work of love divine.

Sweet fountain in the wilderness!
Fruit-island in the sea!
Haven of dear protectiveness,
And tender care for me!
Again I may not share thy rest,
While o'er the earth I roam,
But by all blessing be thou blest,
Thou lovely "Vineyard Home."

Baltimore, Md., March 4, 1867.

For The Spiritual Republic.

PHRENOLOGY AND MAGNETISM.

BY LAROE SUNDERLAND.

Two articles have appeared in THE REPUBLIC recently, one on Phrenology, by Mr. Tuttle, and another on Magnetism, by Mr. Marsh, both of which seem to me to be well timed and deserving attention. These subjects have now become so vastly overestimated, that it should not seem wonderful if the minds of intelligent people are disgusted in view of the empiricism and cupidity which both these theories are now being so obviously made to subservise. What else should be expected? See the numerous advertisements, which teem in our papers, of the "thirty-three thousand treated cured" by one magnetiser, and of those, also, who can "put magnetism in a letter or small piece of paper, to cure the worst cases, even when a thousand or ten thousand miles distant." Is not that putting it strong?

For myself, I discarded the processes of manipulating and "laying on of hands" in 1837, when Mons. Payen first introduced the subject into this country. And, although I have brought on, by Pathetism, a state of trance in some thousands of cases, during the lectures I have delivered on this subject in our principal cities, yet I never approved or used what are called the "passes," or "laying on of hands," except in certain cases incidentally. My lectures were delivered for scientific purposes, and when that object was gained, some twenty years ago, and since then, I have felt a decided repugnance against putting my hands upon any human being for the purpose of "getting control" over the mind. When such a "control" was necessary, as in the case of numerous surgical operations, which I had performed in my lecturing, without pain, I found no such "laying on of hands" necessary. And now, since the first use of the "Nitrous Oxide," by the lamented Horace Wells, (for it was by Dr. Wells that this discovery was made, in 1844,) I say, since this discovery, there is no excuse for the sufferance of pain in surgical operations. The use of this gas will, unquestionably, supersede all other means for the prevention of pain in such cases.

I do not believe it is right for one mind to "obtain control" over another in any case, except that of infancy, idiocy, or insanity. We may be inspired, assisted, it may be, but never CONTROLLED. The only sense in which it can be said the human mind is free is in that it is,

or should be, perfectly free from "control," and independent of every other mind, in the body or out. It seems to me that it is not right for me to consent to leave my selfhood in the will of another, and thus to be led, as it were, by the nose, in an utterly "unconscious state," after which I cannot remember how many silly things I may have uttered, nor how many unjustifiable deeds I may have done. Nor is it easy for me to understand how it can be right for any one to do so.

And if this were the time and the place, I think I could satisfy the candid of all parties that there are indeed weighty objections against any and all those processes of treating the sick which come under the name of the "mysterious," the abnormal and recondite, or even the homeopathic, as a business profession, not to speak of what may be done incidentally. These processes are not based upon a design of preventing disease, nor are they calculated to direct the mind of the invalid to the knowledge and a just appreciation of those hygienic laws upon which good health always depends. I am opposed to drugs, and to all those methods of curing diseases which recommend medicines of any kind; and the "spirits," "clairvoyants," or "doctors," who cannot assist the sick without a resort to medicine, or even the "laying on of hands," as a business profession, are not such physicians as we shall have, I am sure, in the good time coming. What the invalid needs is a just appreciation of nature's laws.

Matter and motion, in certain proportions, are life and health; more or less, as the case may be, is disease. Hence the absurdity of that old notion that disease is a creature, an entity to be expelled from the system by pills. Disease is a defect in the vital motions, more or less. Loss in one function, often is more in another. The balance, the due proportion, in these motions, is disturbed. The causes of any such interruptions may be as various as the stars in heaven. But whenever the economy of life is interrupted, from whatever cause, we say the result is disease. Hence, it seems to me, that nothing is gained to science when disease is defined as a "morbid condition," a "malady," a "fever," "disorder," or an "affection." And, least of all, when it is said by Dr. Trall and his disciples to be "remedial effort." "Disease," say they, "is remedial, because the object is to get rid of things injurious." The "object" here spoken of is affirmed of disease, which is an excess or a diminution of the vital motions! According to this notion, then, the more disease, or "remedial effort," the better. When one dies it is because he was not sick enough, had not "remedial effort" enough to get well. And this is the doctrine taught in a "medical school," and its author is about visiting England for the purpose of teaching this notion there. When the nutritive motions are perfect throughout the organism there is a condition of perfect health. But when these motions are interrupted, increased in one organ and diminished in another, the result is disease, and hence it becomes manifest what the remedy should be. It must consist in a change brought about in matter and motion—in our food as to its quantity and quality; and also in our motions. Our exercises, we say, are active when performed by ourselves, and passive when performed by another. The cure is not in "something to take;" it is in the work to be done. We work for food. We must work for health, and not rely upon "Perkins' Tractor," once so popular in the cure of disease, as much so as "clairvoyant," or "magnetic" processes of the present time are or possibly could be. And are we not now living over again the days of that far-famed "Tractor" man?

I know very well how it may have been, incidentally, sometimes, when a case may have been relieved after a prescription by a "clairvoyant," or after the "laying on of hands;" albeit, I am quite sure that confidence in these processes would very soon die out, if the operators were to give a faithful report of all the cases in which they had failed.

For myself, I am for the woods, for the gymnasium in the forest; and, if I could, I would banish, yes, banish forever all the pill-boxes in the land. I would cast into the sea all the "bitters," all the "schnapps," all the medical nostrums, so that not one should be left. And then, when the sick applied for medical advice, instead of giving them "something to take," I would tell them what to do! In the acquisition of good health, there is, I repeat it, something to be done. And gymnastics, natural or artificial, are an essential, and, perhaps, the most important part of the hygienic work. The amount of air we inhale depends on the size of the lungs and the motions we make, and on these preceding conditions depend the quantity of food we need. Where the exercise is what it should be, in the open air, the qualities of our diet are not of so much consequence as the quantity. This is manifest among the farmers and hunters, some of whom eat "hog, dog, snake and devil." Hogs are always unfit for human food. Among the vast herds, comprising thousands on thousands I have seen in Ohio and farther West, all were more or less affected with scrofula, erysipelas, and the itch. I have seen them with tubercles hanging from their throats as big as a waterpail, which the miserable creatures dragged upon the ground in searching for their food. And these nasty animals are eaten. "Hog and hominy" is a common dish South. And think, for one mo-

ment, how many of these diseased animals were eaten by our brave soldiers during the recent war! And how many of them are sent East every year, and are consumed in boarding-houses and private families far and near! Accounts have appeared in our newspapers of scores of people in Germany who have died, suddenly, from eating diseased pork. It has now become a well-established fact among medical and scientific men that these animals are often alive with small worms, which burrow in their flesh and multiply with astonishing rapidity. These worms are so tenacious of life that they are not killed by fire in the process of cooking, and thus immense quantities of them are eaten, and the tape-worm, disease and death thus result to the pork-eater. A young lady in Detroit died recently from eating pork.

The point I make here is this: That hunters and farmers, whose whole time is spent in lively exercise in the fresh air, are well, even when their food is, some of it, of the very worst kind.

The inference is that all in search of health should eat less and exercise more. Banish all medical nostrums, and take to the woods.

"All day, all night, the linden bloom
Breathes tenderly a sweet perfume
Through shady dell, o'er mellow plain;
O fragrance fair!
O luscious air!
Then, my poor heart, come rest from care!
Past grief and pain,
O, smile again!"

For The Spiritual Republic.

WOMEN PHYSICIANS.

BY SUSIE WRIGHT, M. D.

If the exclusive sphere of woman is the domain of the domestic, she has but to cast our eyes upon even a small portion of her own acquaintances to be convinced of the fact. But she are debarred the privilege of filling that sphere, and to have same time denied the liberty of seeking to fill those mouldering bubbling springs of spiritual energy defiled with the power of circumstances and time, we need not be surprised to find her native powers directed in other ways. Ah, they as time may prove, equally legitimate ones.

To such as feel the call to efficient activity, in the arms of commend the broad and noble field of medicine to you; then Theologians and physicians have well nigh crushed the freshness of spiritual life, beauty of physical form, the strength rightfully belonging to the people.

Priests feed them on sharp, dry, withered husks of doctrine, the nourishing substance of which has been extracted and appropriated by ancients, and physicians exhaust all the powers of the system in the mistaken effort to expel disease.

To my apprehension the labor of love for the elevation of the spirit, and the purification of the body, are strangely and beautifully interwoven, and success can never crown the efforts of those who would divorce them.

To this work the intuitive skill and sympathetic nature of woman is earnestly called.

Her instinctive comprehension of the close and intricate relation existing between physical substance and spiritual forces, of part to part and one to all, eminently fit her for it. Her warm sympathies and loving touches, her gentle encouragement and ready perception of needs, wants and wishes, and her quiet alacrity in supplying the same, inspires confidence, allays nervous irritation, soothes, relaxes, comforts and cures.

The care of the suffering, and the duty of administering medicine, is ever unhesitatingly left to woman, and who is able to say how much more efficient would be her labors did she thoroughly understand the laws of life and the art of prescribing.

There is belonging to every condition in life, joys and sorrows peculiar to that condition, realized and appreciated only by actual experience. This truth alone is sufficient to wrest from male practitioners three-fourths of their practice, for that amount, if not more, is among women and children. Of woman's peculiar diseases, trials and sorrows, they can know nothing, or have any genuine sympathy with, and they do not even remember to have been once themselves children.

I have in my mind this moment scores of noble women, whose lives must ever remain a burden and a misery to them, so rendered by the rashness and unskillfulness of male practitioners in their hours of greatest trial and suffering. Rash and unskillful, because their condition was to them incomprehensible.

It certainly was designed by the "giver of good," that women should sustain and minister to each other in passing through sufferings and sorrows, that women alone can realize, and the wailing cries of suffering, tender infants, and moaning children imperatively beckon her forward. I know the great fear of opposition, slander, and good motives misunderstood and undervalued, weaken and render inert many an otherwise active and useful hand and brain, but a thorough qualification, a steady perseverance in the line of duty, and gentle forbearance, will soon disarm prejudice and bring to your side many noble men and women,

ready to give encouragement, sympathy and assistance, and will we be surprised if, in the coming years, the sex who have ever assumed the prerogative, should kneel, that we may, with gentle, loving fingers unclasp from his brow the dictator's crown? and we together learn that the development of every attribute of our being, the giving free and full expression to all the good within us, is living in strict accordance with Divine law.

Carmel, Ind., April, 1867.

For The Spiritual Republic.

LIMITS OF KNOWLEDGE.

BY E. WHIPPLE.

There are innumerable facts in the world around us, which do not awaken the ordinary intelligence to a cognition of their reality. Grand truths throng the mental chambers of the philosopher, of which the savage has no intimation. There are harmonies of the Infinite, so related to the slumbering faculties of the soul, that their development into outer life will be necessary to acquaint us with the divine reality. In the same sense that the fish foreshadows the mammal, does the savage foreshadow the philosopher, and the philosopher something infinitely greater. As our senses of hearing and vision are related to a limited range of atmospheric and ethereal vibrations, so our logical and intuitive faculties, in their present state of development, catch but few notes that fall from the kingdom of the beautiful.

We know but little of the universe, and much less of ourselves; but the boundaries of thought are continually pushing out beyond the circumscribed limits which have prescribed the range of its action, and a disclosure of truths is being made to the expanding intelligence. The mysterious soul objectified itself in the base material as the earth would yield sustenance for a while, and it has succeeded in symbolizing itself in the higher cerebral centers to justify the material that it will assume more finely wrought material and display more perfectly the exalted existence of its interior life. There are objects in creation which do not respond to the ordinary vision; sounds which do not respond to the auditory nerve; truths to which the senses do not testify. In regard to the objects we see, the sensations displayed around us, we know but little; our intelligence is limited, but we feel the enthusiasm of our nature and are impatient to explore the boundless realms that lie beyond the boundaries of our ignorance, and to comprehend the envioning agencies that help to shape our destiny. The sensations, intellect, and institutions, respond to different aspects of the same universe, and in our ignorance we sometimes foolishly conclude, that we can predicate no facts, or truths, except on the testimony of the senses.

As an illustration of the limited range of our sensations, I will discuss the phenomena of light and sound.

It is well understood that sound consists of motion, propagated in pulses or waves, each of which has a certain relative length and pitch. A heavy, coarse sound, consists of long waves with a low pitch; a fine, shrill note, consists of aerial vibrations, short and rapid, with a higher pitch. A vibrating harp-string causes a condensation of the air in the direction of its motion, and a rarefaction of the air following the line of its movement. The length of the resulting wave is from the center of rarefaction to the center of condensation. If the finger is placed on the center of the vibrating string, the oscillations will be more short and rapid, and the pulses will ascend a whole octave in pitch of note. Now, some bodies will propagate aerial waves of too low a pitch to be heard, and others of too high a pitch to excite in us the sensation of sound. Our auditory apparatus has a certain practical range, beyond which, though objective causes exist, they fail to communicate the fact to our intelligence through the sensational channels.

That form of motion, which our auditory apparatus is the symbol, has its correlations in the insect world, where sounds and phenomena are enjoyed to which we are comparative strangers; and in the opposite direction, where it extends beyond limits of material sense, the pulses of sound that have too high a key to affect our material bodies, are related to spiritual beings and spiritual senses, which respond to their heavenly music.

What has been said of sound, may also be said of light. Light, as sound, is a form of motion propagated in waves of inconceivable minuteness. Its objective symbol, in the human body, is the organ of vision. A beam of light is made up of compound rhythms—notes of various pitch; and those which are either too high or too low, fail to produce a sensible effect upon the retina. If a beam of white light be directed through a prism from an electric lamp, a spectrum is projected upon a properly prepared surface, with the colors all separated. In passing through the prism, the differently colored rays are deflected from a straight line, corresponding to their peculiar vibrations. The vibratory pulses of each color have a different length. If these waves were arranged end to end, a red beam would consist of 39,000 undulations to the linear inch; a violet

ray, 57,000. The violet ray has the highest pitch, the red ray the lowest pitch, and these constitute the two extremes in the visible spectrum. A wave of light which has more than 57,000 waves to the inch would not awaken in us the sensation of light; and yet it can be demonstrated that there are heat-rays beyond the red, and chemical rays beyond the violet, that are not included within the visible limits of the spectrum.

Discoveries of the present century, relating to the material forces, are very suggestive of generalizations pertaining to our condition in the spirit world.

When the earthly pilgrim becomes unflashed, it only needs to suppose, that the spirit body with corresponding parts and functions, be constructed on a higher octave of nature's scale, to initiate the soul into experiences as much more exalted than the conditions of earth life, as the spirit body and its environments are elevated above the grossness of material things.

For The Spiritual Republic.

LATE HOURS.

BY LYMAN C. HOWE.

THE LITTLE BOUQUET is a gem that should be in every household. It teems with important facts for young and old, breathes moral health in exalted counsel, and sparkles with beauty and spirituality. Every reader of the REPUBLIC should—if they have not—immediately subscribe for the LITTLE BOUQUET. And those who can should send a dollar for some one whom they know to be in humble circumstances, and bless them with the light of this intellectual and moral diamond, thus adding to that treasure which "moths may not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal." One dollar thus expended may enrich thousands yet unborn! What infinite good we may do with small means if we use it rightly. But I took up my pen to write, under the inspiration of an article in the February number of the LITTLE BOUQUET, headed as above, being a "lady's advice to young men." It is capital, and equally so the timely hit in the editorial remarks which introduce them. I hate hypocrisy, yet it is a very common weakness. Plain words are always better than blind hints, "monosyllables, or yawning," for both men and women, boys and girls. I do not mean harsh words, or unnecessarily blunt, but simply plain and truthful.

The sin of late hours is quite common, not only with the young, who may forget the flight of time in the charm of love, but all ages and classes are subject to the demoralizing habit more or less. It is a prominent sin among Spiritualists. It tends to subvert health, harmony, and moral purity.

Three-fourths of the moral turpitude in the world is either directly caused by this, and other enervating habits, considered harmless, or greatly aggravated by them. If we would reform the world we must balance ourselves. If we would conquer evil we must learn the secrets of its strongholds, and the strength and position of its allies. "Innate depravity" does not solve the problem, nor its advocates find a cure. Faith in Christ nor love of God cannot do it, unless it manifest itself in a knowledge of his laws and a will to obey them.

No man can love and serve the true God and constantly rebel against his decrees of sleep and rest. Under the charm of Spiritualism, the hours haste away unheeded as much as in the society of earthly love and flattery. Mediums have been worn out, or debauched by the pressure of enthusiasm and the thoughtlessness of investigators and believers. Discords have been created in body and soul. Antagonistic minds—in the body—have held dictatorial influence in circles. The pure of the Summer Land have been repelled or submerged by the positive emanations and powerful wills of earthlings, until error and contradiction have demonstrated the presence of "evil spirits." There may be evil disposed minds unflashed, but I think at least three-fourths of the false and low communications are either dictated by the circle—made positive in their own conceit—or so colored by the recipient as to leave a wrongful impression of the spirits who seek to elevate and benefit us. If we would grow in a knowledge of the truth, and make our light acceptable to the intelligent world, we must follow our theory of progress by practicing its methods. If we would have more and exalted mediums we must do our duty toward them and strengthen their lives instead of martyring them, to please curiosity. We all need the kiss of Aurora's flashing lips, and should be rested by abundant sleep ere the dawn of her presence sings the night watchers to sleep in their cradle of blue, and baptizes the earth in her golden smiles. There is strength in the morning, and inspiration flows in her breath. The more we obey nature the freer we are, and the higher our gifts of mediumship.

New Albion, N. Y., March 27, 1867.

No one is good, cannot be useful, deserves not to be loved, if he has not something heavenly, either in his intellect through thoughts, or in his will through affections directed upward.

To wish to do without our fellows, and to be under obligations to no one, is a sure sign of a soul void of sensibility.

PHYSIOLOGY.

For The Spiritual Republic.

THE BILIOUS TEMPERAMENT.

BY J. P. COWLES, M. D.

This is characterized by a harshly angular outline of person and features. The body is of medium size, sometimes tall and heavily built, with a firm, dense muscular system, capable of highly active movements. There is, however, a small type of this temperament more commonly met with among women, but in either case the complexion is dark, the hair black, with dark eyes, usually termed black. The head is of average size, and is developed obliquely upwards and backwards, so that the front and back bones are nearly parallel with each other, and the head is elongated posteriorly more than in the sanguine.

The forehead recedes and contracts as it rises; the nose is usually above the medium size, and most frequently elevated on the dorsum; in this respect, however, differing from the sanguine, in that the nose of the bilious temperament is more aquiline, or of the Roman form; it is, however, sometimes long and slender, and should be thus in the bilious woman.

The nose is a more certain index to physical and mental characteristics than many suppose. A large aquiline nose is a purely masculine feature; we occasionally, however, meet a woman having such a nose, who often endeavors to convert it into an index of ability.

Every one knows that a well developed, prominent nose, in its proper place, is a mark of ability. Thus we never see a good turf horse with small nostrils, nor a Clay, a Webster, a Calhoun, a Washington, or a Lincoln with inferior noses. A woman may have a well defined nose to correspond with a high physical endowment and proper position in society, and be complimented in the possession of such a treasure; but to see a large aquiline Roman, nose on a lady's face is as much out of place as to see a goatee on her chin.

But to return. We have in the bilious constitution another variety, which we denominate the xanthons. It is characterized by all the anatomical outlines of the dark variety, but has red hair, bluish grey eyes, and a florid complexion.

It has been generally supposed by physiologists that this variety represents most perfectly the sanguine constitution. We, on the contrary, hold a different opinion, and we cannot better present our reasons for this position than quoting from the late Prof. Powell. In his Journal of Human Science, Vol. 1, page 21, he remarks that "physiologists generally regard those who have the most highly florid complexion as being the most highly sanguine; but we, on the contrary, have been unable to resist the conviction that those who are distinguished by coarse red hair, light grey eyes, and a florid complexion, do, *ceteris paribus*, belong to this class, the bilious. And we presume that it will not be deemed out of place for us to present some of the evidences of our conviction, in opposition to physiologists generally.

Upon one occasion, in the mountains of Pennsylvania, we met with a family in which the progenitors had a dark, bilious complexion. One of them was bilious, the other bilious encephalic, but both of them had black hair and eyes, and a dark, sallow complexion. They had emigrated from Louisiana, and their children, born before their emigration, had, also, dark bilious complexions; but those born subsequently in the mountains, where we met them, had coarse red hair, florid complexions, and light bluish-grey eyes. This observation became a new starting point for us in the investigation of this subject.

When traveling in the State of Alabama, we made the acquaintance of a physician whose hair was red, complexion florid, arms, legs, and breast covered with strong red hairs—as these parts are with black hair in the dark bilious—and he assured us that his parents were of the dark bilious character. He further informed us of a fact which we had previously observed, viz.: That mercury, morphine, and quinine operated on florid people as they did upon dark bilious people.

The Rev. J. Gooldsmith, in his 'Manners and Customs of Nations,' informs us that among some of the Mongol Tartar tribes red and black beard occur indiscriminately.

Dr. Prichard informs us that the progeny of those dark complexioned Jews who emigrated from Palestine to Northern Germany, became distinguished for their large, bushy, red beards.

Some years since we met with a talented young lady in the interior of Kentucky, whose hair, on one side of her head, was black, and on the other red, and the eye of the dark side was of a dark brown color, and that on the florid side was bluish grey, but the form of the head, on both sides, was the same: bilious. And, lastly, we have not been able to discover a difference between the form of the head of the dark and florid varieties.

This xanthous class has all the indices of the long recognized bilious temperament, except complexion, and this we believe to be confined to the dermoid system. This conclusion appears to us far more reasonable than that highly bilious progenitors should produce a highly sanguine

progeny. Dark progenitors, by emigrating to a colder climate, have their constitution so operated upon that they produce their progeny with such a dermoid system as adapts them to the climate of their birth. This change we think to be similar to that which is effected with some animals.

"In Siberia, birds, having a dark complexioned plumage, become white during winter, and yet the bird continues to be the same variety and species. We presume a turkey taken from our Western forests, in the summer, to a Siberian forest, and becoming white before the next summer, would not change the fact of its being a turkey. Nor do we regard the florid complexioned progeny of dark bilious progenitors to be any less bilious than their parents."

This similarity in outline of head, in black and red haired people, has ever perplexed ethnologists, but with this view of it we have no more difficulty.

We find the bilious element very abundant among the Jews, French, and Spanish nations.

Bilious people are the driving-wheels in community. We find them among our moneyed men, and those who rise from inferior families to eminence and influence, wealth and power, and when in the possession of power they yield it very reluctantly. In this respect they are quite the opposite of the sanguine, and while the sanguine wait for, yield to, and are governed by circumstances, the bilious create for themselves circumstances and power; are capable of grappling with and surmounting great difficulties. In the capacity of agents, where it becomes necessary to press claims, and command attention even when opposed, such as life insurance, patent rights, selling goods by sample, etc., the bilious, or those largely so, are the most successful.

Those who are entirely bilious are rarely of a literary turn of mind.

Parties to a marriage, having, respectively this temperament, will experience the same incompatibility as those having the sanguine.

As illustrations of this temperament we refer the reader to Thomas Jefferson, R. D. Owen, A. Lincoln, and A. J. Davis. We think the two last named gentlemen have some of the encephalic which is, however, placed on the top of the head.

In our next we shall speak of the compound of the sanguine and bilious.

ANGEL MINISTRY.

"And angels came and ministered unto him."

For The Spiritual Republic.

ANOTHER PROPHECY FULFILLED.

BY G. W. FIELD.

The following brief history I gather from reminiscences of my friend and neighbor, Lieutenant Thomas S. Belknap, now in his sixty-seventh year, and well known in this community as a man of truth and veracity.

Let us unite in rescuing this history, now, probably, only preserved in the memory of a few persons, from that gulf of oblivion, where the stream of time is fast sweeping it, and in securing it a niche in the great store-house of facts where the future investigator must go for his material wherewith to lay the foundation and rear the superstructure of a philosophy that shall furnish a satisfactory exposition of prophetic gifts and phenomena of the character therein recorded:

In the fall of the year 1818, as near as my informant can recollect, he visited a Methodist Camp Meeting, near Steubenville, on the Ohio River, in the eastern part of the State of Ohio, which was largely attended by both white and colored people, many of the latter of whom were slaves from the adjoining State of Virginia.

This camp meeting was an occasion of unusual interest, especially to the colored people, who came, many of them, from a great distance and in large numbers, and who seemed to enjoy the somewhat limited privileges there extended to them to a far greater degree than the more privileged whites.

These colored people would sometimes gather around about the camp of the more favored class, enjoying the warm and emotional discourses of the white preacher, and the inspiring music of the white congregation, but they seemed to find their greatest happiness when gathered by themselves in some part of the leafy temple, where, unrestrained by the immediate presence of the white folks, they gave free expression to those religious feelings and emotions, which are so characteristic of their warm and ardent natures, by praying, singing, speaking, and relating their experiences as the spirit moved them.

My informant frequently remained at a short distance from these groups and listened to the story of their religious experiences, persecutions, and sufferings—many of them on account of their religion—related, at times, with a pathos so touching and tender as to excite the deepest sympathies and emotions of all who heard them. Their old men would occasionally utter words of exhortation, glowing with zeal and burning with enthusiasm, while the feelings of the mul-

titude seemed exalted to the highest degree by the mingled harmonies of their united voices.

To him the most impressive exercise of the occasion was the singing. The tunes were usually familiar, but the words, many times, seemed extemporized by some leader, the whole assembly joining only in the chorus, which became familiar from frequent repetition, and in which, at times, the souls of these devout children of God seemed to go out in strains of sweetest melody that rang and reverberated through the vast forest, and in which the "spirit of prophecy," as well as harmony, were united.

Among many hymns of a sweet and exalted, if not prophetic character, sung by the colored people as above set forth, my informant distinctly remembers the chorus of one, which was as follows:

"In eighteen hundred sixty-three,
They say those people shall be free,
'Tis writ in Jeremiah, go sound the jubilee!"

This refrain, in which the whole assembly seemed to join with the greatest enthusiasm, impressed my informant as prophetic of the ultimate freedom of the slaves, many of whom seemed to catch an inspiration from the occasion, and to pour forth the utterance of their most cherished hopes in those prophetic lines.

Having been, for many years, a member of the Methodist Church, and hence more interested than many others in these experiences and events connected with its early history in this country, he has frequently recalled with peculiar interest the events connected with that camp meeting, and more especially the sweet and solemn hymns sung by those sable men and women on that occasion. The chorus above quoted has been the subject of much meditation and yearly conversation with his friends; and during the darkest periods in the history of American slavery he has ever borne in mind the burden of that song, its prophetic truthfulness being firmly impressed on his mind.

At the commencement of the recent bloody struggle, which resulted in the emancipation of the slaves, my informant was among the first to step forth in defense of the flag of his country. He volunteered as a private, but was soon promoted to a lieutenant, and was in the service when the memorable "Proclamation of Emancipation" was issued on the first of January, 1863. Then the truth of those lines that had, for more than forty years, been echoing in his ears to mock him with hopes deferred, was fully realized; and he, with millions of the American people, went forth with gushing feelings of joy and rejoicing, to "sound the jubilee!"

From the foregoing account it would appear quite probable, at least, that with the generous hopes and religious enthusiasm of that enslaved people, was united "prophetic gifts" and glimpses of a better condition in the future, when their bonds should be broken and they emancipated, and anticipating that event for more than forty years, they commenced at that old camp ground to "sound the jubilee."
Anamosa, Iowa, March, 1867.

For The Spiritual Republic.

A VOICE FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

COMMUNICATED THROUGH A MEDIUM.

Earth has upon its bosom everything to promote present and future happiness; yet, we see mankind engaged in perpetual warfare, clutching for vain riches, and passing the period called earth-life in a manner which envelopes the spirit with the dust of vanity, and the dingy web of falsity, until its brightness is completely obscured, and the poor decaying body stands forth deformed and tortured, hung with glittering trappings, until we are led to ask where is the man?

O, creatures of earth! will you ever know yourselves? Do you never pause and realize that, in a few days, you will be ushered into the land of Light Divine; that this decorated encasement which has occupied hand and brain ever since you have been able to use either, must soon become an object of disgust, and must necessarily be laid away, thrown aside as an old garment, and you be compelled to stand forth in spirit form, where soul reads soul, passing for just what you are in reality? The first sensation experienced by a spirit, newly-born, is, invariably, one of remorse, and usually the objects which have before attracted most attention look most insignificant.

All should endeavor to keep the body in a perfect condition of health, and use every faculty aright, thus developing the spirit, which knows no decay, but is destined to live on through an eternity of ages. Tear away the mask from the web of human life and see how the threads are woven. Everything is so artfully concealed that a smile becomes a tear, and the echo of a laugh rings through a broken heart. Misery flaunts a gorgeous robe, while deceit and crime borrow white mantles of truth and honor. All the natural blessings by which you are surrounded were provided for the comfort and service of mankind, and when you go farther than this, spending time and money for vain surroundings, which enhance neither health nor true pleasure, you have gone a step too far, and all these mistakes are seen and most painfully felt by the released spirit.

Could the simple peasant behold his earthly sovereign

robbed of wealth and power, standing upon the immortal shore, dwarfed, humiliated, and disgraced, disgusted with his shrunken proportions, longing for a hiding place, and trembling with surprise, he would not envy him his little hour of rank and display. We come to you from the other side and tell you what you will soon know to be truths, that the spirit may enter here with a full knowledge of the laws which govern it, that it may be fully prepared to meet its "loved ones gone before," and that all may so pass through the first plane of existence that they will have no cause for reproaches. We do not expect any to come here perfected or uncontaminated, but for the sake of your own present and future happiness, we implore you to cultivate the intellectual, exercise the benevolent, live naturally; in short, live, act, and be yourselves, ready to stand pure and unabashed, face to face, and heart to heart, with man or God.

For The Spiritual Republic.

THE DEAD.

BY F. R. MARVIN.

They are not dead. No, they live. Live not in our memory only; they come not to us in dreams only, nor are their bodies with us only, but they are with us. They linger around us, we feel their presence in the very air we breathe, they sweep over our thoughts like a spell, we seem to hear them speak, and sometimes methinks the eyes grow brighter, the vision sharper, and we see the dead, we know them, throw out our arms to them—and they are gone.

Yes, I believe beside the living walk the dead; they crowd our thoroughfares. In the busy marts of life, they are there; alone, they are with us; in the sanctuary of God, there are they; and when we sleep, unseen hands smooth our pillows, spirit eyes, eyes of loved and departed ones, gaze upon us in our slumbers, with love and anxiety; perhaps the form of a mother, now sainted and holy; perhaps a reverend father, whose counsels we have missed, but the sound of whose earthly voice seems scarcely yet to have departed from your ears; perhaps her whose mould crumbles beneath yonder mound, was more sacred still—one around whose soul our childlike affections had twined themselves, and whose name was that of wife. Ah, they are with us still! Ye skeptics! go lay the crumbling vase, the urn that held the spirit which you loved in the arms of death; then say, if you can, they are dead to you; then tell me spirit cannot hold communion with spirit.

With some the veil which hides the spirit world from their vision is thin; much washing in the waters of affliction has weakened and worn its threads; some sorrow may have opened the way by which soul can commune with soul.

"The spirit world, around this world of sense,
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air."

I am reminded just now of those beautiful lines of Southey's, with which I close:

"Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
Follow thy friend beloved!
But in the lonely hour,
But in the evening walk,
Think that he accompanies thy solitude;
Think that he holds with thee
Mysterious intercourse;
And though remembrance wake a tear,
There will be joy in grief."

Bishop Colenso has been making a visitation to the coast of Africa, preaching in the churches to large congregations, and making himself acquainted with the people. He preached in the three churches of Durban without any interruption whatever. But at Verulam, a small town about twenty miles from Durban, there was "a scene." The rector had the altar furniture removed, leaving within the rails (says the *Natal Mercury*,) nothing but a deal table, a soap box and one chair, in which he had seated himself, having first had the entrance within the rails fastened up by a bar of wood. The Bishop removed the bar, went in, and sat down on the box, but a chair was afterward brought. The incumbent beginning to read an address or protest, Dr. Blaine, resident magistrate and church warden, said: "Sir, we are here for Divine service, and this is out of order altogether." The reverend gentleman, however, concluded his address, but made no further opposition, remaining in his seat and taking no part in the service. At other places the Bishop appears to have been well received.

A large meteor fell south of San Juan, Cal., February 11th, at about half past five in the morning, startling the people of San Juan, Watsonville and Gilroy with a loud report and a shock like an earthquake. The same was seen in its passage along the sky in San Francisco, and the report of its explosion was like the sound of a distant cannon.

A maxim is the exact and noble expression of an important and indisputable truth. Sound maxims are the germs of good; strongly imprinted in the memory, they nourish the will.

"God will punish," say the Orientals, "him who sees and him who is seen." Beautiful and terrible recommendation of modesty!

THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

CHICAGO, APRIL 13, 1867.

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

PUBLISHED BY THE CENTRAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Office, 84, 86 and 88 Dearborn Street.

H. C. CHILDS, President. W. SMITH, Vice-President. J. O. BARRETT, Secretary. S. REED, Treasurer. H. H. MANN, Auditor.

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

TO POSTMASTERS.

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

TO OUR PATRONS.

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

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

In renewing subscriptions the date of expiration should be given. On subscribing for the REPUBLIC, state the number of the paper at which you wish to commence.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

On the 14th of January last, Theodore Tilton lectured in this city, and aimed his words at the establishment of "impartial suffrage," claiming the elective franchise for the colored man. Away off in Utopia he beheld Universal Suffrage; he would gladly beckon it hither, but it lingered, and we understood by his tone of voice that hope lighted dimly the distance between us and so great a boon.

We knew that the American Equal Rights Association, in the East, was making demands upon the public attention, for its appeals in behalf of Human Rights had echoed far over the Western prairies, and New York State had become the field of operation for such persons as Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Parker Pillsbury, Susan B. Anthony, and several others, of perhaps no less power, yet the question had not been generally demanded. Other considerations absorbed the attention, and no one wondered that Mr. Tilton spoke of Utopia and Universal Suffrage with the same breath.

But these are times in which the fruits of mental labor

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

SPEECH OF HON. J. T. DOW, OF ROCK COUNTY, IN THE WISCONSIN ASSEMBLY, MARCH 20TH, 1866.

The question being on the passage of the resolution for an amendment to the Constitution extending the right of suffrage to women, Mr. Dow said:

MR. SPEAKER: The resolution under consideration at this time proposes to erase from the suffrage clause of the Constitution of this State the words "white" and "male," that, by so amending, color and sex will no longer remain necessary qualifications for the elective franchise.

It has already been decided by our courts that a law is in force which takes away the effects of the word white from article three of the Constitution of this State. We simply embody it in this proposed amendment that the Constitution may appear right upon its face. Then the main question to be discussed in this resolution is, shall women have the same privilege to the Elective Franchise that men enjoy, and no other or greater?

We claim that the opponents of this measure cannot produce a sound reason why they should not. That a denial of that privilege is at variance with the fundamental principles upon which our free republican institutions are based, and that the future growth and prosperity of our commonwealth depend largely upon the granting or refusing that right. Hence we have introduced and intend to support this resolution, and one of the most potent arguments in its favor is, justice demands it. After the experience of the past few years and in the light of the nineteenth century, all will admit that we, as a people, must rise or fall in proportion to our adhesion to the principles of justice and equality. Each battle of our country has been fought to obtain some right. We are in hopes this measure of justice will be granted without a physical struggle. Is not our knowledge sufficient?

The preamble of the Constitution of the United States and of this State commences by saying: We, the people, and in the declaration of rights, declares that we derive our just powers from the consent of the governed. Now, in the light of common sense and reason, we appeal to you to know if women are not a part of the people. Are they not amen-

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An twel numl thou and Mars ism, ever or wl a sol quest the v Th over is ne in c som

able to, and governed by, the laws of the land? Is it not a direct violation of the inalienable human rights spoken of in the declaration, to compel a class to submit to laws in the creation of which they are denied a voice?

If the supreme and fundamental rights spoken of in the declaration of our State Constitution as inherent, do not apply to every class who constitute a part of the people, we are at a loss to see that degree of equality and justice, necessary to perpetuate our republican institutions. The moment we deny the right of suffrage to one class, we may to another. There is no safe or substantial ground save that of universal suffrage on a Manhood and Womanhood basis. When taxation without representation was imposed upon the early settlers of our country, the roar of artillery, the sacrifice of life and property, long years of suffering, war and destitution, were called into requisition to supply the demands of justice and equality.

Shall we refuse a class equally entitled to the same privilege—the rights we sacrificed so much to obtain? Are we so heedless and careless of our own interests as to vote to deprive the so-styled better half of community of a privilege that, rather than be deprived of ourselves, we would pay the last dollar and drench the soil with the best blood of our land? Shame on the man who is so cowardly and selfish as to openly and boldly deny others what he so emphatically demands for himself. We hope no member of this Legislature will be so regardless of his own interests as to vote against a measure of this kind.

In all legislation the question should arise in the mind of the legislator, is it right? is it just? and in the light of unbiased reason and the evidence before him he should vote in harmony with his honest answer to these questions.

Mr. Speaker: We believe it to be one of the immutable laws of our existence, as fixed and unchangeable as the laws which govern our physical growth, or hold the earth in its orbit, that no great truth is born, no advance made or good attained, without a struggle, without sacrifice. The sweetest joys are born of the deepest sorrows.

Where a political reformation becomes indispensable to the growth and prosperity of a commonwealth, its few advocates must become odious and submit to the sneers and ridicule of many, until the proposed theme becomes a popular one. But I trust there is not a gentleman upon this floor, who will have the audacity to stand up in the light of all the intelligence before us and aver that it is not right and just that every human being within the State should, with the same restrictions, have equal privilege to the Elective Franchise.

We do not object to the provisions of our Constitution which require a voter to be twenty-one years of age, and one year a resident of the State, or to laws disfranchising criminals, etc.

Equality in this, as in other respects, is all we ask, and we never will be satisfied with anything less.

We can imagine the emotion of Shakspeare when he said,

"Countrymen, I sue for simple justice at your hands, Naught else I ask, nor less will have: Act right, therefore, and yield my claim, Or, by the great God that made all things, I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hacked."

And, gentlemen, this question of right and justice between individuals and classes, is a matter of no small consideration in our government as well as social relations. Had the American people extended to all within its borders, the inalienable right bequeathed to them through the blood of their fathers and forefathers—subsequent cruel, bloody and destructive wars, unsurpassed in the annals of history, would not have been indispensable to the perpetuity of our national existence. But just so long as one class of human beings will usurp power and privilege which it denies to another, there will be conflict. And it is right there should be. We have laid it down as a maxim, that no individual or race of individuals can long enjoy a blessing and at the same time withhold the benefits of that blessing from those in social or political relation with them.

We could not continue in the quiet enjoyment of the blessings of liberty, until every soul beneath the shade of our national emblem had a right to the same inestimable boon, or until we had acknowledged that right. They were always entitled to it.

To-day other forms of human slavery cry aloud for the application of impartial justice. If we turn a deaf ear, or pass by on the other side, who can tell how long it will be ere two belligerent elements will come in conflict, and terrible waste of blood and treasure will be called out to atone for this reckless regard for the demands of justice. This neglect of duty is as criminal as wrong doing. Let us wake up to a sense of our duty in this respect, and while we are in the way of political reformation on the suffrage question, let us go to the ultimate in that direction. While we are extending the elective franchise to one class that has heretofore been deprived of its benefits, let us make it universal. The demands of justice will not allow us to stop short of a radical, impartial, fundamental law, bearing the impress of that divine attribute which is no respecter of persons.

There are many reasons why it is politic and important that we should at this time adopt this resolution. We will call your attention to but few of them.

There is a continual complaint among the people, that corrupt and dishonest men find their way into office; and thus in power, they retard the progress of every wise measure, steal the public treasury poor, and disgrace and dishonor the dignity of their offices by schemes of perfidy and legalized dishonesty. Now the only way to remedy this is to raise the moral standard of the voting population. For just as long as men will lie, and cheat, and get drunk, just so long will they be represented by men of that stamp. Say what you will, office holders are, on an average, the true moral and political exponents of their constituents. Now if we can add to the voting population of our State one hundred per cent., without increasing that element engendered by the use of lager beer, whisky and tobacco, we shall have taken at a single bound at least one broad step toward the desired end. And as one step leads to another, we believe this measure will lead to a political reformation, worthy the honest consideration of every politician in the State. By giving life and activity to the now paralyzed lobe of the political brain, a healthy circulation will be created which will tend to purify and refine every fiber of the body politic.

Who will say that it is not good policy for us to invite this element into our ranks, even though no other object could be accomplished than to strike a mighty blow upon the head of that evil, the pernicious source of all evils, that hideous monster whose burning breath dries up the fountains of virtue and clogs every move toward human aggrandizement—intemperance. For, Mr. Speaker, when we are striking blows at that monstrous vice, we are doing battle in behalf of every noble cause connected with our social or political commonwealth. It is truly said that "intemperance gnaws at the vitals, and corrupts the life-blood of the fairest, noblest and purest of earth." It paves the way and leads men into every crime human nature is heir to: self-debasement, lying, stealing, political intrigue, slavery, treason, rebellion, war, anarchy, poverty, destitution, and so on. Now could we adopt the amendment proposed, we should so far remove that mighty curse as to reduce our public expenses to one-half their present amount, to say nothing of what is vastly more, the elevating and refining effect upon the people. We did not intend to crowd a temperance lecture into our remarks, but simply to show what would be the effect of this amendment.

If women were allowed to vote, instead of spending so much of their precious time to adopt styles, which make an orderly person feel that dress and brains are wonderfully out of proportion—styles that are void of beauty or comfort, she would cultivate the nobler traits of her character, and in place of over taxed systems caused by compressed lungs, cramped waists, fettered limbs and poor health, the glow of her intelligence would brighten the prospects of our political horizon, and merry, healthy youths and happy homes would speak of a wonderful change.

Did we not have faith that this measure would do away with much of the worse than useless extravagance and divert the minds of many females from unworthy styles, we should favor a law compelling the inventors of fashion to have their inventions patented before they could be adopted, so that in addition to being new they should possess merit superior to the old.

We will notice but few of the objections to this amendment. One is, women do not want to vote; they do not ask for the elective franchise.

In the first place it is not true that women do not ask or want the privilege of voting. All over the land, more especially now that slavery is abolished and colored people are obtaining equal rights before the law, women are petitioning the Legislatures, calling mass meetings, making speeches and writing articles, all in favor of universal suffrage.

In the second place, we do not ask a law to compel them to vote—simply to concede the right, and like men, they can vote or let it alone, as they choose. All men do not vote. But take away the rights of that very class, and a revolution would immediately follow. We have no doubt that the proportion of females who ask to vote is greater than that of the slaves who asked for liberty, yet none will deny the necessity of their liberation. If there was but one woman in the State who desired that privilege, or if it was true that none asked for that right, even then the law should concede it, and she would be free, as all human souls should be, to govern herself, by proxy or representation, if she chose.

Mrs. Stanton said, in a speech to the citizens of New York: "Your laws disfranchise women, criminals, and negroes not worth \$250; and, moreover, for the crime of treason, deemed the highest crime known to the law, you have disfranchised the leaders of the late rebellion, thus admitting that there is no severer penalty to be visited upon any citizen than disfranchisement."

"How humiliating for respectable, law-abiding women, and black men not worth \$250, to be thrown outside of political consideration, with traitors, with those convicted of bribery, larceny and infamous crimes, and, worse than all, with those who bet on elections."

For one, Mrs. Stanton says she is ashamed of her company.

As in the war, freedom was the keynote of victory; so now universal suffrage is the keynote of reconstruction.

Another objection claimed is that women are inferior. This objection, though urged as one of the strongest, is hardly worth a passing notice. In the first place, it is utterly impossible to prove that they are inferior, and in the next place, if one could prove it, it would have no weight upon the question. Is there a shadow of a law that now exists, or ever *did* exist, that would regulate the elective franchise on a moral, intellectual or physical basis? And did such a law exist, and we were to draw a line between the superior and the inferior, would all the men be on one side and all the women on the other? And who could decide where that line should be drawn? Away with such a pretence for an argument. Even the sword and its terrible accompaniments could not decide that question.

What a reflection upon the refined, intelligent and highly educated women of our State, to insinuate that they are not qualified to vote intelligently, when our elections are crowded by so many low, vulgar, illiterate and sometimes dissipated men, some of whom cannot even write their own names, untutored, gross and ignorant in a normal condition, and worse than fiends when in a state of intoxication, they blunderingly exercise that franchise which controls the destiny of our commonwealth. While women, with all their powers of quick perception, intuitive thought, education and refinement, must submit to arbitrary and unjust laws, taxation and oppression, without a voice in the matter. He who ever heard of that jewel, consistency, will not urge such an argument. Our Pilgrim fathers taught us that taxation without representation was tyranny. Is not resistance to tyrants obedience to God?

The question of time is raised. There are those who believe it is *right* and *just* that the suffrage laws should apply impartially to all classes; and that eventually that will be the supreme law of the land, but they do not think it advisable to say anything about it just now.

This objection reminds us of a class of persons who believe that religion is a very good thing, and that everybody ought to have it before they die, but seek to defer obtaining it until they get as nearly through with this world as possible; as though the business and pleasure of this life were in conflict with righteous conduct.

How easy to postpone granting to others what we are already in possession of ourselves. Have we not learned from the past history of our country, that to postpone a compliance with the demands of justice leads to the most disastrous results?

One of the greatest evils that ever cursed the moral or political framework of our Government is, that conservative element which would kill every measure of justice by deferring and postponing it until it is buried beneath the dust of time.

If we would vote and act as our best judgment tells us is *right*, regardless of official bread-and-butter, or the *frowns* of some old conservative constituent who lives upon the must and decay of past ages, and clings to the peculiar notions of his great-grandfather, we should go forward with our work of construction and reconstruction until universal equality before the law would crown our labors with honor and glory.

One after another, the evils which disturb the harmony and progress of the people would pass away, until peace and plenty would reign in every hamlet. But if we continue to put off what we know to be right, general stagnation and its terrible consequences is the result.

I tell you, gentlemen, the demands of justice are as imperative and unyielding as the laws that govern the universe. To satisfy them we have sacrificed hundreds and thousands of the noblest and bravest of our land, and filled our country with widows, orphans and cripples, as a living witness of the awful consequences of wrong doing—of unrighteous conduct. A refusal to do unto others as we would that others should do unto us—the only principle under heaven by which nations or individuals can enjoy the blessings of liberty and a legitimate pursuit of happiness. Sooner or later this must take place. Indefinite postponement is properly moved to kill any measure.

You are aware that before this amendment becomes a part of our State Constitution, it must pass two Legislatures, and be ratified by the votes of the people.

We have decided to enfranchise the colored population, partly on the grounds of loyalty, etc. What class has been more faithful and true to the interests of our country than the women? Have they not labored upon the field, in the camp and at home, taking care of the sick and wounded, and supplying the sanitary stores, as important a work as any performed during the war? But we choose to advocate their claim to the elective franchise, as a matter of equity and right; and call the attention of voters to the rule already given you, that in order to help ourselves we must help others.

Among the savage and barbarous tribes, women have been treated as a mere drudge or slave. With the advance of civilization and education, she has approached a plain of equality with the opposite sex. In Germany, only last summer, a writer states that he saw women yoked to the

plow. But since that time, we read of their adopting measures for her benefit and relief.

In the United States, some of the brightest intellects of the age are those of women. Schools and colleges are being opened, diplomas granted, and everything tends toward placing them side by side with man. The great onward movement upon the suffrage question is bringing up the rank and file of England and other European powers, the colored people of the United States, and ere long a majority of the loyal States will have extended that right to women. Let us not be behind our sister States in this noble cause. The people are ready for it. We notice one paper in our State with the motto at its head, "Equal rights to all, men and women, white or black."

Gentlemen, we ask no member upon this floor to vote for this resolution against the honest convictions of his own mind, but we do ask that you allow no *groundless* prejudice to keep you from voting for a measure which your highest light tells you is just and equitable. If you choose to put your name on the record against a measure which, in the sight of God and enlightened humanity, this generation and those that follow will honor and respect, you can do so. But to me it seems cowardly, unjust and oppressive. May I never refuse to others what I demand for myself.

REVERENCE FOR HUMAN BEINGS.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: A Radical Peace Convention has just closed in this place. The Universalist church and society generously tendered the use of their house for the object. The sessions were attended by a large and deeply interested audience. George Thompson, of England, J. M. Peebles, Melvina S. Townsend, L. K. Joslin, and others, were prominent speakers.

The Convention adopted, as its watchword of progress and revolution of ideas, *Down with all institutions that cannot exist without killing men.*

MAN SACRED! God seen and worshiped in men, women and children, and not in bibles, creeds, constitutions, churches, governments, nor in ordinances and institutions of any kind in church or State! Reverence for human beings, the only safeguard of human rights! God personified and made manifest in every human being as He was in Christ, differing only in degree. Those who most lovingly and tenderly reverence, cherish and care for man, most devoutly and acceptably worship God! These were the sentiments and such was the spirit that controlled the Radical Peace Convention that has just closed. Such a spirit could lead us to suffer, but never to inflict suffering on others. It would lead us to die to save others, but never lead us to kill others to save ourselves.

DIE RATHER THAN KILL! With this spiritual, divinely-tempered, and polished weapon, we propose to abolish war and restore peace to the earth and good will to man.

The following resolutions were offered, discussed and adopted:

Resolved, That in our Radical Peace Movement our war of ideas is against a principle and a system, and not against their deluded victims, for whom we would ever pray in the language of Jesus when he prayed for those who betrayed and killed him, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Resolved, That man is before and above his institutions: therefore, no church nor government is worth the killing of one human being to preserve it; and we would adopt this as our watchword, *Down with all institutions that cannot exist without killing men.*

Resolved, That to kill men from motives of patriotism, or in defense of our country, is no less unchristian, inhuman and barbarous than to kill them in defense of our individual persons and property.

WHEREAS, Patriotism, sustained by military power, like sectarianism, is a denial of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; therefore,

Resolved, That the more intense our patriotism, the more heinous our sin, and the greater the patriot the greater the sinner.

Resolved, That, if it is wrong in one man to hire and drill a man to kill human beings, sack and burn towns and cities, and desolate a country at his bidding and for his benefit, it is equally wrong for millions, acting as a State, nation, or government, to employ armies and navies to do the same deeds at their bidding and for their benefit.

Resolved, That it is always murder to kill innocent human beings at our discretion and for our benefit, whether the killing be done by an individual acting alone, or by millions acting as a nation or a government.

Resolved, That each and every member of a State or government, who approves of any war waged by the State of which he is a member, is individually responsible, as a murderer, for all the innocent blood necessarily shed in such war, inasmuch as there can be no divided responsibility, but each one must be held responsible for the known and necessary results of the principles which he adopts and for which he pleads.

Resolved, That, in theory and practice, the military power or system is necessarily a denial of the sovereignty of God and of all moral distinctions, and makes it a *crime punishable with death to be a Christian*, and as such "love our enemies," "to forgive as we would be forgiven," "to overcome evil with good," "to recognize the will of God, as interpreted by Jesus and by human nature, our higher law," and "to obey God rather than man."

WHEREAS, No man is fit to be trusted with power over the life and property of others till he has learned to govern himself; therefore,

Resolved, That we will do nothing to invest any man with governing power over ourselves or others, till, by his fruits, he assures us that he can govern himself by the laws of love, justice and humanity.

WHEREAS, The Rev. Dr. Barnes Sears, President of Brown University, has urged before the American Social Science Association, and also be-

fore a committee of Congress, the adoption of a military education for young men in our American colleges; therefore,

Resolved, That we view, with apprehension and sorrow, this effort by professed Christians to introduce into professedly Christian colleges, the art of man-wounding and man-killing as a scientific and commendable study for youth; and we regard such teaching, not only as anti-Christian, but as positively immoral and wicked.

My friends, no military system can exist, and no war for offense or defense, can be waged without the assumption and exercise of discretionary power over the lives and moral obligations and duties of men in all relations, to blot them out at their pleasure and to suit their convenience. Such a system necessarily destroys all reverence for life, liberty and property, and leads to contempt for all moral obligations and duties between husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, friends and neighbors, and breaks the bonds of social order, and ends in anarchy, blood and violence.

Christians! What a ridiculous and lying comedy, or tragedy, ministers and Christians enact for the amusement of the gaping crowd! On Sunday they urge us to "love our enemies," and if we do on Monday, they shoot us. On Sunday their cry is "Forgive, as you would be forgiven," then Monday shoot us if we try to do so. On Sunday they say, "If your enemy hunger, feed him; if he is thirsty, give him drink," and "return good for evil," and then Monday, they blow our brains out if we do so. On Sunday, they tell us "to follow Christ," "to put on Christ," and then, if we dare to follow Christ and to wear Christ on Monday, they hang or shoot us as traitors. They urge us, with tears, to be Christians, and then, in hot wrath and revenge, they kill, slay and destroy us, as traitors, for being Christians! They plead for a system that could not exist, except by making it a crime punishable with death, to be a Christian!

God forgive these foolish, deluded and inhuman deacons, priests, elders, bishops and popes, for threatening us with hell-fire and damnation, if we do not follow Christ, and then, in the next breath, hanging, shooting or stabbing us if we do! God forgive all advocates of defense by arms and blood for impiously and blasphemously assuming to be followers of Christ, *for they know not what they do.*

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

Pawtucket, R. I., March 28, 1867.

WATER AND MORALS.—A very slight declivity suffices to give the running motive to water. Three inches per second in a smooth, straight channel, gives a velocity of three miles per hour. Now what is true of water is true of morals. The best of men only need a slight push from adversity to obtain a down-hill momentum. Be careful, therefore, how you lose your equilibrium.

A rule of conscience for one's self, a code of morals for one's self, a religion for one's self! By their nature, things cannot be private.

Happiness enters most frequently into that mind which is the most tranquil in its desires.

THE USHER.

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

Died, of consumption, in Chickamang, Mich., March 28th, CHARLES A. WILCOX, aged 24 years.

Mr. Wilcox was an estimable young man. He leaves a large circle of friends, besides a wife and child, to mourn his early departure to the Morning Land.

In Bellevue, Eaton county, Mich., December 6th, 1866, Mrs. BETSY CUMMINGS, aged seventy-nine years, passed through the golden gate to the land she loved, and the company of angels with whom she almost lived, while tarrying and waiting for the summons, "Come up higher."

Educated a Presbyterian of the darkest type, her loving nature sought only a God of Love, and Universalism was grasped and treasured by her over forty years ago. Then when the angels came "Tapping on our heart-strings," sixteen years ago, she "listened to their music," and she "listens even now," for a warmer, truer, more uncompromising believer in the truths of Spiritualism never lived than she. It was to her, "the word, the truth, the life."

Parting with an old sister friend, a few years ago, when visiting the home of bygone days, who weepingly remarked, "Betsy, good by, we will never meet again," "Oh, yes," she replied, smiling, her whole countenance illumined with joy unspeakable, "Oh, yes, we will meet again, and never part."

Miss Mary Avery comforted the mourning children and grandchildren, and neighbors who had known and loved her for thirty years, in a discourse and prayer replete with beauty. What but Spiritualism can do comfort in the dying hour?

"They live, and still unbroken

Is that magnetic chain,

Which in your tearful blindness

You thought was rent in twain.

That chain of life was fashioned

By more than human art,

And every link is welded

So firm it cannot part.

Why should we mourn and weep for those

Whose places know them here no more;

Released from all their earthly cares,

They are not lost, but gone before." S. E. W.

On the 22d ult., in Warsaw, Mich., E. M. STRONG, aged 56 years, took his departure for the Summer Land.

That day he was chopping in the woods with a brother, when a limb struck him on the top of his head, staving in the skull and shattering

it all to pieces. He lived but twelve hours. Mr. Strong was a Spiritualist. His beautiful faith made life a beautiful reality.

In Mattawan, Van Buren Co., Mich., on the 1st of March, 1867, aged eleven months and sixteen days, ALBERT A., the birdling of E. C. and Ella A. Towers, took flight, nestling in the arms of its spirit mother.

This little birdie was the pet of many loving hearts; the only grand-son of Sallie M. and A. Fuller, so long known in Ohio and Michigan to all the pioneers and workers in the world of ideas.

"Angels breathe their songs of gladness Over one of tender years; Come they to the weeping mother, Silently, to dry her tears."

S. E. W.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

REAL MERIT ALWAYS VICTORIOUS.—I was delighted to read the report of the Committee—in our Evening Post—on the result of the "Great Trial" at Island Park.

DR. MILLER'S HEPATIC POWDERS.—A Clairvoyantly discovered Specific for the certain cure of all Liver derangements. Worth their weight in gold to remove biliousness.

VALUABLE USES OF MAGNETISM.—Dr. J. Wilbur, of Milwaukee, Wis., has removed his office to 112 Mason street, one street north of the Post office.

M. C. Jordan, Healing, Prophetic and Business 33 Clark street, Room No. 9, Morrison's Building.

AND'S MAGIC BILIOUS POWDERS.—These powders are cures for liver complaint, and all bilious derangements. They can be obtained at all drug stores, or by mail.

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

BROOKLYN, L. I.—The Spiritualists and Friends of Progress hold regular meetings in Cumberland Street Lecture Room, between Lafayette and DeKalb avenues, every Sunday at 3 and 7 1/2 P. M.

GALESBURG, ILL.—The Friends of Progress meet every Sunday at 11 A. M., and 7 1/2 P. M., in Olmsted's Hall, next building west of Galesburg House, third story.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—The Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists meets every Sunday evening in Black's Musical Institute, [Palmer's Hall,] Main street. Public Circle Thursday evening.

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

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

QUINCY, ILL.—The Association of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress meet every Sunday, at 2 1/2 P. M., for conference and addresses.

STURGIS, MICH.—Regular meetings of the "Harmonical Society" morning and evening in the "Free Church."

CINCINNATI.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati, hold regular meetings on Sundays, at Greenwood Hall, corner of Sixth and Vine streets, at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M.

CLEVELAND, O.—Regular meetings every Sunday in Temperance Hall, on Superior street, at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The "Society of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress" hold regular meetings every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M.

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

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

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

The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at the same Hall every Sunday afternoon at 2 1/2 o'clock.

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

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Waybosset street, Sunday afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7 1/2 o'clock.

MORRISANIA, N. Y.—First Society of Progressive Spiritualists—Assembly Rooms, corner Washington avenue and Fifthstreet.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Meetings formerly held at Sansom street Hall are now held at Washington Hall, corner of Eighth and Spring Garden streets, every Sunday.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Friends of Progress hold meetings in their new hall, Phoenix street, every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock P. M.

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

RICHMOND, IND.—The Friends of Progress hold meetings in Henry Hall every Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock.

OSWEGO, N. Y.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M., in Lyceum Hall, West Second, near Bridge street.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Association of Spiritualists hold meetings and have addresses by able speakers, in Union League Hall, every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M.

ST. LOUIS.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold their meeting in the (new) Polytechnic Hall, corner of Seventh and Chestnut streets, at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M.

PUBLIC REGISTER.

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

- Rev. Orrin Abbott. Address Chicago, Ill. Rev. Adin Ballou, Hopedale, Mass. Mrs. H. F. M. Brown. Address drawer 6325 Chicago, Ill. B. J. Butts. Address Hopedale, Mass. Warren Chase. Address 544 Broadway, New York. Henry T. Child, M. D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa. Prof. J. Edwin Churchill. Address Pontiac, Mich. Mrs. Eliza C. Clark. Address care of Banner of Light office. Dr. James Cooper, Bellefontaine, O. Mrs. Augusta A. Currier. Address box 815, Lowell, Mass. Mrs. Laura Cuppy's address is San Francisco, Cal. Andrew Jackson and Mary F. Davis can be addressed at Orange, N. J. Mrs. A. P. Davis, 273 Tenth street, Louisville, Ky. Dr. E. C. Dunn. Address Rockford, Ill. Rev. James Francis. Address, Estherville, Emmet co., Iowa. Isaac P. Greenleaf. Address Lowell, Mass. N. S. Greenleaf. Address Lowell, Mass. J. B. Harrison, Bloomington, Ill. W. H. Hoisington, lecturer. Address, Farmington, Wis. Lyman C. Howe, trance speaker, Clear Creek, N. Y. Charles A. Hayden. Address 82 Monroe street, Chicago. S. S. Jones, President Illinois State Association of Spiritualists. Address, Room 12, Methodist Church Block, Chicago, Ill. Mrs. Emma M. Martin, inspirational speaker, Birmingham, Michigan. Dr. Leo Miller, box 2326, Chicago, Ill. Anna M. Middlebrook, Box 778, Bridgeport, Conn. J. L. Potter. Address, West Salem, Wis. Mrs. Anna M. L. Potts, M. D., lecturer. Address, Adrian, Michigan. Austin E. Simmons. Address Woodstock, Vt. Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Milford, Mass. Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio. A. B. Whiting, Albion, Mich. Henry C. Wright. Address care Bela Marsh, Boston. Lois Waisbrooker can be addressed at Union Lakes, Rice Co., Minn., care of Mrs. L. A. F. Swain, till further notice. F. L. H. Willis. Address, P. O. box 39, Station D, New York City.

SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

- SPEAKERS for whom we advertise are solicited to act as agents for THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC. J. Madison Allyn, trance and inspirational speaker. Address, Woodstock, Vt., care of Thomas Middleton. Joseph Baker, Janesville, Wis., will attend to calls for lectures on Progressive Reforms. Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes will speak in Somers, Conn., during April. M. C. Bent, inspirational speaker. Address Pardeeville, Wis. 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. S. J. Finney lectures in Troy, N. Y., until further notice. Address accordingly. Lyman C. Howe, inspirational speaker. Address New Albion, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y. Mrs. Emma Harding can be addressed during April, care of A. Miltenberger, Esq., St. Louis, Mo.; in May, care of A. W. Pugh, Esq., Cincinnati, Ohio; also, care of Thos. Renney, Esq., 50 Federal street, Boston, Mass. S. C. Hayford will answer calls to lecture and organize Children's Lyceums, if desired. Address, Coopersville, N. Y. Moses Hull, 724 Jackson street, Milwaukee, Wis., will respond to calls to lecture, in any part of the United States. Harvey A. Jones will answer calls to lecture on Sundays in the vicinity of Sycamore, Ill., on the Spiritual Philosophy and the Reform questions of the day. Susie M. Johnson lectures in Sturgis, Mich., in April. Address accordingly. Mr. O. P. Kellogg speaks to the Friends of Progress at Monroe, O., the first Sunday, and at Andover the second Sunday of each month. Address, East Trumbull, Ohio. J. S. Loveland lectures in Cleveland, Ohio, during April. Address accordingly.

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

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

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

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

L. Judd Pardee, Philadelphia, Pa. Mrs. Lydia Ann Pearsall, Inspirational Speaker, Disco, Mich.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mrs. S. E. Warner will lecture in Beloit, Wis., during April. Address accordingly, or Box 14, Berlin, Wis.

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

Miss Elvira Wheelock, normal speaker, Janesville, Wis. E. V. Wilson lectures in New Boston, Ill., during the months of April and May.

E. Whipple. Address Sturgis, Mich. Mrs. Alcinda Wilhelm, M. D., Inspirational Speaker. Address, during April, box 255, Louisville, Ky.

A. A. Wheelock, trance and inspirational speaker, St. John's, Mich. Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson will labor in New England, during April, May and June. Friends on the Springfield and Boston road, who wish to secure her services, please address immediately at Hammonton, Atlantic Co., N. J.

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

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EDITED BY MRS. A. BUFFUM, 194 South Clark Street, Room 11. 11-3m

THE MAY NUMBER OF THE NEWS FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD

will appear early, for the reason that the paper will be enlarged in June, which will, in fact, be the initial number. Consequently those who have already subscribed will be rewarded by three gratuitous numbers for their faith in the efforts of Spirit World, and their subscription will date from the first day of June. A. BUFFUM, Agent for the Spirit World. 15-1t

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DR. J. P. BRYANT will heal the sick, by the laying on of hands, at Fitz Gibbons' Hall, corner Kearney and Post streets, San Francisco, Cal., from 9 A. M. to 11 A. M., commencing Friday, October 12th, continuing each day, Sundays excepted. Free to all. After the above hours he will receive patients at his private rooms, Bush street, between Occidental and Cosmopolitan Hotels, till 5 P. M., who will be charged according to their means. 3-10-tf

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THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC is a large octavo, printed on good paper with plain new type. Published every Saturday, at 84 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—IN ADVANCE: One year, \$3.00; six months, \$1.50; single copies, 10 cents each.

Address, J. O. BARRETT, Sec'y, P. O. Drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill.

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Table showing club rates: 10 do do 27.00, 25 do do 65.00, 50 do do 125.00, 100 do do 240.00.

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AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 119 and 121 Nassau street, New York. Western News Company, corner Dearborn and Madison sts., Chicago. J. C. Parker, Post Office News Stand, Washington, D. C.

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