

THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

\$3.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

DEVOTED TO RADICAL REFORM.

[SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.

PUBLISHED BY
CENTRAL PUBLISHING HOUSE.]

CHICAGO, APRIL 20, 1867.

VOL. I.—NO. 16.

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.

LINES WRITTEN IN DECEMBER.

BY BELLE BUSH.

'Tis winter, and the chilling snow
Lies on the hills and plains below,
And round my home the bleak winds blow.

"'Tis cold and cheerless out to-day,"
I hear some thoughtless sister say,
"And time moves wearily away."

"I wish," she sighs, "'twas summer time,
Or that my home were in some clime,
Where earth is always in her prime.

"I love the bowers where blooms the rose,
The banks on which the violet grows,
Where soft and warm, the South wind blows.

"I pine to reach the sunny shore,
Where wintry winds with awful roar,
May sweep across my path no more.

"I love not Nature's stormy moods,
Her wrathful winds, the swollen floods,
Wild tempests sweeping through the woods

"Wake terrors in my throbbing heart,
Till all my dreams of joy depart,
And phantoms drear before me start."

Thus sighs my sister day by day,
While wintry hours glide fast away,
Yet when 'tis March, she sighs for May.

Not thus I look on earth's repose,
The leaves may fade, or droop the rose,
Yet still my heart with peace o'erflows.

Nature I love in every mood,
Her changing scenes, or mild or rude,
Call forth my heart's deep gratitude.

Too well I know the Father's love,
The wintry winds and tempests prove,
No less than flowery field or grove.

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 XXXVIII.

OUR BEST SOCIETY.

Mr. Linscott was married early in June. At the last moment Miss Riddlehuber succeeded in convincing him that his health was suffering from excessive activity in his pastorate, and that a week at the Springs was the only thing which would restore him. By which means her prediction was verified, and they did go to Saratoga on their wedding tour.

It was quite late in the month before they returned to Jericho. The event reminded Mrs. Darrell of "the duty she owed to society," which now-a-days has come to mean, not justice, nor mercy, nor yet hospitality, but is all summed up in the operation of giving a great party. Therefore the Darrell mansion was astir with preparation. Cards were issued by the hundred, refreshments were provided on a grand scale, the whole house was put in readiness for invasion, and throughout the region round about, dress-making assumed the form of an epidemic.

Even Mr. Gladstone, who was lingering through the last days of a protracted session of Congress, got a hint of the anticipated event, and passed a whole week in a divided state of mind, leaning one moment toward appropriation bills, and the next toward the duty of meeting his constituents, with especial drawing, if the truth must be told, toward a certain fair non-voter, whose memory still remained precious to him.

The long expected day at length arrived. Rebecca had remained at home to assist in the final preparations, and at dusk, leaving the wide suite of reception-rooms lying in fresh, cool and flower-scented readiness, waiting only for lights to emblazon their silence and elegant repose, she went into the dining-room to get a cup of coffee, intending

thereafter to retire to her own room for an hour's rest before dressing.

All day there had been a stir of anticipation, partly pleasant, partly painful in Reba's mind. She knew that Mr. Gladstone had been invited, and had written to say that he should come if it were possible. She had received as yet no news of his arrival in the town, but there was an afternoon train, and spite of herself, when she had heard the distant whistle, which announced it, her hands had faltered, and the flowers she was arranging had well nigh slipped from her grasp. But the occupation of the day had helped to preserve her mental balance. With the suspense and anxiety deepening every moment upon her, she dreaded to be alone. "Unless I can calm myself now," she said, "how can I meet him in the face of all these people and maintain the proper composure?" Every moment her chances for getting through the evening creditably, and without attracting attention, seemed to grow fainter.

As she stood sipping her coffee, the doctor entered the room. His face was very grave, but it nevertheless cheered her. That grand, solid, substantial manhood carried reassurance in its very atmosphere. After a few minutes' chat, he said in his kindest manner,

"I was down town to see the train come in this afternoon. I met a friend of yours there."

Reba turned very pale, and grasped the back of a chair for support.

"It isn't worth while to get excited, Rebecca," said the doctor slowly. "Mr. Gladstone has come home, and will be here to-night. His brother, Richard Peyton Clavering, he calls himself now, will be with him, I suppose. I saw them both, and heard Mr. Darrell asking Clavering to come. It isn't worth while to get excited about these things. We shall get through the party well enough. You look tired and nervous. You must take a few drops; I'll send some up to your room, they're simple, they won't hurt you; and you must keep a stiff upper lip, Rebecca; keep—a—stiff—upper—lip. There won't be any trouble. I shall be there."

When Reba heard the name of Peyton Clavering, her head swam, and the earth seemed to be slipping from under her feet. But the doctor's steady voice seemed to have a magnetic power over her, and by the time he had finished speaking, she was able to falter a few grateful words, to which her eyes added a mute emphasis.

The doctor took her outstretched hand and pressed it gravely, and then walked away with a deep sorrowfulness at his heart.

"What is to be done," he said to himself, "I don't know. Clavering is a man, and Rebecca is a woman; the little world of Wyndham, like the great world outside of it, will uphold him in crime, and frown upon her in misfortune. It isn't right, but that is the way of the world; the—way—of the—world."

It would be useless to try to analyze Reba's feelings for the next hour. For a time it seemed to her that she could never face the world again; that life in the future was wrung dry, for her, of every drop of joy; that only death could bring that sweet release from pain, which was all the boon she craved. How the soul struggles through such crises, only God knows. Perhaps it is not the soul which frees itself from those depths, fathomless to all human measurement, but divine strength which bears it safely on. Somehow at the last moment Reba came to feel this, to trust again the Unseen Arm, to see in some dim, blind way the littleness of our earthly trials as compared with Infinite strength and wisdom.

"Peyton Clavering is only a man," she said. "My father is God, and I will trust him yet."

She dressed herself deliberately, and with an unconscious purpose of pleasing. Perhaps she herself could not have told whether it was the melting eye of love, or the cool, critical glance of disdain which foreshadowed itself most clearly to her mind, and proved her most effectual stimulant. Certainly when she had shaken out the folds of a lovely white grenadine, over which floated a scarf of finely wrought black lace, and twined a wreath of blue convolvulus in her hair, and taken in her hand her lace pocket handkerchief, and the exquisite bouquet which the doctor had gallantly sent to her room, she had never, even in the palmy days of her youth, looked more sweetly.

When she reached the drawing rooms, the guests had already begun to assemble, and at Mrs. Darrell's request she assisted in receiving them. She had a presentiment, strengthened perhaps, by knowledge long ago acquired, that the guests whom she awaited with so much anxiety, would be late; and at ten o'clock, when the arrivals were

getting few and irregular, she withdrew into the shadow of a bay window, where she could get a waft of out-door air, and divest herself of all traces of heat and agitation. Perhaps too, she had selected that spot for her retirement, because it afforded her a glimpse of the hall and an opportunity to guard against surprise. She had not long to wait. For some reason, she missed the moment of entrance, and heard first the low murmur which announced the appearance of Mr. Gladstone. As she looked up the two gentlemen, both tall, handsome, distinguished; the one fair, with a frank, open countenance, the other dark, with an eye lustrous and piercing, the one in attire, simple, the other a faultlessly elegant man of the world, advanced up the room to meet their hostess.

It was to Reba a moment of curious sensations, but thanks to the doctor's warning, and perhaps in a smaller degree to the potent virtue of the drops, she was able not only to restrain all external manifestations of them, but in a dazed way to note the appearance of those around her. Mr. Clavering produced, as he always did, with that handsome face and courtly bearing, a decided impression. The younger portion of the party seemed quite overpowered by his presence, but Reba felt certain that among the elders, she could distinguish a slight reserve of manner, as if certain old prejudices existed in their minds not easily forgotten, and which even this imposing man of the world might find it difficult to overcome. More than ever was she convinced of this, when having paid the customary respect to Mrs. Darrell, they turned away to greet old acquaintances. Mr. Gladstone was met everywhere with the open hand and hearty welcome; for his brother there was an abatement of cordiality and a reticence of manner which he could not fail to perceive. But apparently this did not in the least concert him. He was very quiet and exceedingly well-bred, there was no doubting that; and in his secret heart felt that with such resources as he always had at command, the prejudices of these simple provincial people were matters for his scorn rather than his serious regret. Still, if he was to settle in Wyndham, as he now intended to do, it might be well enough to show the "best society" of the place how easily he could disarm them. He was, of course, speedily presented to Mrs. Linscott. In an instant he felt his footing secure under him. Five minutes' chat with her, revealed to her practiced eye his superior accomplishments of mind and person and the immense social prestige which he must wield wherever he moved. Mr. Linscott, watching the protracted conversation, grew a shade uneasy.

"My dear," he said, as he drew her away under pretence of introducing an old friend whom she had not yet met, "my dear, Mr. Clavering is all very well as an acquaintance, but there are some sad stories afloat about him. I should be sorry to see you cultivate him."

The bride looked up into the adoring face of her husband, and murmured with such a tender grace,

"Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!"

"If such a charming man as Mr. Clavering and so *au fait* to the best society is not amenable to Christian mercy, I cannot imagine who would be. All men, *but you*, are liable to little lapses, you know."

Whether the shade of Thomas Hood would have relished that quotation, I cannot say; but Mr. Linscott was vanquished, and before the evening was over, his submissive wife was hanging on Mr. Clavering's arm, listening with evident delight to his honeyed speeches.

Meanwhile Mr. Clavering, quite satisfied with his success in that quarter, had already singled out the next victim of his ambitious social designs. This was the fat dowager of one of the oldest and most respectable families in the county. Five minutes of respectful compliment, and charmingly ready memories of her early triumphs in society, and admiration of her daughters, present this evening, and quite radiant to their mother's eyes in back hair and pearl powder and glass beads, fastened her to his chariot wheels, and he already felt his triumph secure.

"As for this bevy of young girls," he inly said, "once I get among them, the only danger will be that I shall be crushed by their attentions. But, ye gods! who is that in the white grenadine, yonder?"

He stepped back into the shadow and surveyed Reba long and critically.

"Humph!" he said, "one must move cautiously."

Appealing to his friend, the dowager, he asked:

"Can you inform me, madam, who is that young woman in white, just opposite; I don't recollect to have seen her in Wyndham before?"

"That, ah! that is Miss Reba March, a great friend of Mrs. Darrell; she lives in the family. It is strange you have n't been introduced."

"A relative of Mrs. Darrell, did I understand you?"

"Oh, no, not in the least; quite a stranger; indeed, between ourselves, too much of a stranger, some of us thought at first, since nobody knows anything whatever of her antecedents. But Mrs. Darrell was very determined, and we've all been forced to give way; she is really quite popular in society."

How much more the dowager might have said will never be known, for at this moment the doctor, who had not been an uninterested observer of Mr. Clavering's progress, advanced to speak to him, and interrupted the conversation.

Mr. Clavering replied to the doctor's cool greeting with rather more than his usual impressment. He remembered the doctor as one of the powers of Wyndham, and had, besides, some personal reason for respecting him; but after the first few minutes' chat he could not resist the temptation of going back to the subject which just now engrossed him. If anybody knew anything about this woman it would certainly be the doctor.

"This young protege of Mrs. Darrell's, of whom I was just speaking to Mrs. Graves, is very interesting. I think Mrs. Graves said she was a relative."

"No," said the doctor, in his emphatic way, "she is not a relative, but she is a person whom we respect, whom we very much respect. She has been of great assistance to Mrs. Darrell, and Laura always expects her to be treated as her best friend. *We—don't—allow—anybody—to slight—Rebecca.*"

"Thank you," said Mr. Clavering, gayly, "for putting me on my guard. But, doctor, really, your enthusiasm about this young lady has a suspicious look. You did n't use to favor the young ladies of my time with such emphatic praise."

"The young ladies of your time were not very different from the majority of young ladies at this time, except, perhaps, in the matter of back hair. There is a great rage for back hair just now."

"The fashions now-a-days do certainly provoke the suspicion that the ladies carry more on the outside of their heads than on the inside. The effect, on an exile like myself coming suddenly upon them, is rather appalling."

"Well," said the doctor, "there may be a doubt whether there isn't as much brains in back hair, as there is character in a rattan cane, or religion in a white neck-cloth. There may be a question about it, I think."

"Really, doctor, your devotion to the fair sex certainly is suspicious. I must think that this unknown is exercising a more potent influence over you than any of her peers have been able to do."

"Rebecca has good sense," said the doctor. "She isn't over eager to follow the fashions, especially if they are ridiculous ones. It is not only good sense, but it is womanly delicacy that makes her averse to wearing other people's hair. It seems to me that real delicacy is not so much a female trait as it used to be."

"Very likely not," said Mr. Clavering, indifferently.

The doctor walked away, leaving precisely the impression upon Mr. Clavering's mind which he had designed to do.

"It is really serious with the doctor," thought Clavering. "I should be sorry to disarrange any of his little plans, but if I find this old town as slow as it used to be, I may be obliged to enforce a prior claim to the property. What a cool way the little sinner has of going about the rooms without seeing me. I wonder if she thinks I am always to be ignored in that way. If she provokes me too much, I may let the light in on the doctor rather sooner than would tally with her plans. All in good time. Let us be circumspect."

A half-dozen young ladies were grouped around the piano, and the musical display of the evening was well under way. There was a little flutter among this group when, during a pause in the music, Mr. Clavering approached them. Women are falsely accused by men who see only the surface of things, of preferring the society of libertines. The truth is, that women do infinitely prefer the society of men who understand them, and who use a knowledge of their accessible points with tact and skill. In the present state of society, men of this description mostly are loose and immoral in their lives, because men are so constituted that they must see some very obvious interest to be subserved before they will devote themselves in just this self-forgetting way to women. Therefore it often happens that the selfish seeker after unlawful pleasure is the man most pleasing to unreflecting women. This was especially true of a man so accomplished as Mr. Clavering. He had graces and artifices at his command sufficient to turn the heads of nineteen out of twenty of the girls he met. In provincial Wyndham he would scarcely have thought it worth his while to exercise these charms, if he had not known, what those good men who belittle female influence, are too stupid to reflect upon, or perhaps too self-confident to care for, that each one of these young women might be of use to him in establishing himself in the good graces of the Wyndhamites. "Let me have the women of the

town in my favor," was the sentiment of this man of experience, "and I can afford to snap my fingers in the faces of the men." And so shining out in his most attractive luster, he was not long in revealing himself as a hero to the eyes of these girls. He moved among them so fearlessly; he had such deft ways of turning music-leaves, and arranging drapery; he looked into each separate young lady's eyes with a glance so delicately expressive of consciously superior knowledge, yet at the same time of chivalrous admiration and respect. If a young performer were timid, he smoothed all her little difficulties with an easy grace, which at once inspired her with confidence and made her feel eternally grateful to him; if another were confident, he shared her assurance and bowed to her with a practiced air of gallantry and *savoir faire* that was a compliment in itself. It was small wonder that Mr. Clavering was a lion in society.

Presently some one called on Miss March to sing. Mr. Clavering's eye followed the call with deep interest. Reba was perfectly aware of the situation at the piano, and of the trial which awaited her if she responded to the invitation. For a moment she grew a little pale, and hesitated. Mr. Clavering's eye sparkled with triumph, and he stepped forward with an audacity quite easy to him, and was about to offer to conduct her to the instrument. He was a moment too late. The doctor was bowing before her with offered arm. Reba looked up, gratefully, and saw in the doctor's eye that it was wisdom for her to overcome her fears. With that stately column of strength beside her, it was not so very difficult to do, and when the doctor, with a good deal more than his usual gallantry of bearing, had seated her at the piano, and stood beside her ready to turn the music, she felt perfectly self-possessed, and sang with a clear and steady voice.

Mr. Clavering's quick eye took in at a glance the deepest meaning of the scene. He was enraged at any power which should enable this delicate woman, whose whole destiny had once been in his hands to make or to mar, even while he knew that she held the inner fortress of her soul impregnable against him, to face him with even an assumed independence of his will. He knew what this thing called human justice is. He knew that while he had committed against her the basest sin, and that with the most aggravating concomitants, and her whole life had been pure of any crime against the laws of God or man, it was still his manly prerogative to face the exposition of these facts with a cool, satanic triumph, and her womanly doom to be filled with ineffable terror and dismay. He gnashed his teeth to feel that even for this fleeting moment she should dare look a disagreement to these conditions. The song was not finished before his resolution was taken.

As she struck the final chords he laid his white hands together and gallantly applauded.

"Miss March," he said, with his most deferential air, "your voice, charming as it is in ballads, has still, I perceive, a wider compass. I don't doubt you sing opera?"

She met his eye with cool composure and slightly bowed her head. He held the music of "*Robert, toi que J'aime*" in his hand.

"May I beg that you will favor us?" he asked as he arranged the music on the rack. He would also have superseded the doctor, but that the latter would, by no means, be set aside at this stage of the game. A quiet glance from Reba's eyes had warned him to keep his place, and he would have done so against the charge of a column of cavalry.

Mr. Gladstone, who had been seeking vainly all the evening a word aside with Reba, had been attracted by the sound of her voice, but seeing what was to come, and dreading the power of such music over his excited nerves, stepped out at a side window, that opened on the piazza, to quaff unseen his cup of mingled joy and pain.

Reba's fingers faltered slightly as she played the prelude. Too many old associations were connected with those notes not to shake in a measure her composure. But her danger made her desperate, and when she struck the first vocal note her voice had a sustained power and mellowness which surprised herself. She had not been carried back so forcibly to that old time for nought. The golden quiver of melody which she had dropped there years ago, she picked up again this night, and sang as she had never sung before in Wyndham. There had been a murmur of talk as she commenced. It was quickly silenced. To the tender, imploring strains of the opening, succeeded brilliant roudades, passionate cadenzas, which were received with rapt attention, bated breath, that assured Peyton Clavering that he had simply roused this woman's spirit and paved the way for her triumph, instead of humbling her as he had hoped to do. When she finished there was silence and then a spontaneous murmur of applause.

"Reba," exclaimed Mr. Linscott, "how have you kept that imprisoned angel silent all these years. I did not dream you had such power of song."

She smiled, her face a little pale, but her eyes sparkling. She was strong now, and the doctor knew that he might safely retire.

Mr. Clavering saw and seized the opportunity. He had yet one shaft unspent.

"Miss March," he said, "there is a little Moorish song which I should like to hear you sing, if you are acquainted

with it. It is a duet, the air of singular beauty, and the bass, which I will try to finish in some imperfect fashion, is quite subservient to it."

He mentioned a song full of fire and passion and tenderness, which he had taught her years ago, and into which she knew he would throw all the fire and pathos which he could command; but she did not flinch. She felt a calmness and a strength, which she herself did not understand. "He may grind me to powder to-morrow if he chooses," was her thought, "but to-night he shall know that I am no longer his slave."

She sang the song with him. Her execution was perfectly artistic; the sentiment was fully expressed, but nowhere exaggerated, and not once, from first to last, did her tones falter. All the persuasive eloquence of his voice failed utterly to move her, and he knew that it failed. At the close of the song she rose with the most perfect and graceful composure and meeting Mr. Clavering's glittering eye with a glance as cool and firm as if no memory of passionate yesterdays was seething in her brain, she stepped aside among the group at the opposite end of the piano.

At that moment there was a general movement toward the supper room, which frustrated Reba's design of stealing out doors for a breath of fresh air, and a quiet interlude to the troubled emotions of the evening. The honors of the coffee urn had been assigned to her, but after the cups had been filled for the first time she resigned her position on plea of fatigue, and crossing the hall and the now deserted parlors, stepped out upon the piazza. The dining-room with its hum and stir was quite upon the other side of the house, and here among the glistening shrubbery, the night lay still and starry and lucent. Wafts of sweet odors from the flowers beyond, came up before the dew-laden breeze, and in and out among the roses and honeysuckles the fire-flies came and went with joyous sparkle.

Reba stood for a moment just outside the window, her silver drapery glistening faintly in the light which streamed out from the brilliant scene within; then gathering her lace scarf about her, she commenced walking up and down.

As she passed one of the heavy, leaf-draped pillars, a figure emerged from the shadow, and a hand caught hers. She knew instinctively what hand it was, but she shrank from it with a little cry.

"There is then no fire left in the old ashes?" said Mr. Gladstone, sadly.

Reba looked up into his face and spoke with passionate energy:

"I will answer you that a hundred years hence, when time and circumstance, and earth itself shall be beneath our feet."

He took her hand and drew her nearer, but she shrank from him.

"Reba," he said, "I have been jealous all the evening of the bright look on your face; the winged arrows of your voice have pierced me through and through. I could not have sung those passion-freighted strains so firmly. But your face is very wan and sad now. I watched you as you stood yonder in the light and I know your heart aches. Will you rest it here on mine?"

"No, Mr. Gladstone, I will not."

"Reba, why refuse your own. I've touched no woman's hand since I held yours last. My lips keep your kiss sacred still. If you will not be my wife, must you still refuse my tenderest, purest, most devoted care?"

"Mr. Gladstone, I am no worker of miracles that I can handle fire and not be burned. I do not misjudge you; I know that you would be my friend, my comforter, my helper, but it can never be."

"It hurts me so, my darling, for you are and always will be my darling, to see your pale, wan face, and feel that I cannot chase away the wanness and the pallor, and win back the light, the dew, the smiling curves again."

They stood for a moment in silence, and a tear fell on his hand. When he spoke again his voice had a different accent.

"Reba," he said, "one thing I ask, not as a favor but as a right. Nothing which I could suffer could equal this torture of blind conjecture and surmise. Since we are hopelessly parted, and there is no crumb of comfort left for us, not even this poor show of friendliness, possible to our two eager hearts, I must know the worst. You have no right any longer to conceal it."

She covered her face with her hands, and remained silent for a moment, stifling a pain he could not comprehend.

"Very well," she said, "God overrules all things. Come to me to-morrow evening at eight o'clock and I will tell you all."

"Reba, I haven't pained you unnecessarily, have I? You don't feel that I am arbitrary and unreasonable?"

"No, oh, no. It is quite right," and then her tears burst forth afresh. He would take no denial now, he drew her tenderly to him, held her weeping on his shoulder for a moment, kissed her as one might kiss a sobbing babe, dried the tears from her cheeks, and then said:

"Good night, my little one. Go quietly to your chamber and hide the traces of your tears. Dream pleasant dreams, my own. The faith you gave me when we parted last, I bring back to you to-night. God will not suffer love like

ours always to go unfulfilled. Now that you have promised me your whole confidence, I feel already the strength of ten men within me. Trust me, there will be some way out of this most painful labyrinth."

There were voices in the drawing-room, and lifting her tear-stained face to his for the last farewell, she slipped from his embrace, and flitting around to a side door gained her room unobserved.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A SACRIFICE FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD.

Provincial Wyndham had not reached the metropolitan pitch of turning night into day, and as the town clock was striking twelve Abraham Gladstone and Peyton Clavering turned their steps homeward from Mrs. Darrell's. They were each, in a different way, inwardly perturbed. Mr. Gladstone's agitation inclined him to silence. Mr. Clavering, on the contrary, was just in that state of irritation which made talking a necessity to him. He was not a man of very great intellectual caliber, though his attainments were certainly creditable. His shining traits were all superficial; there was nothing particularly firm or stable about him, except his ambition and his will. To be crossed in these points, and that by a woman; a woman, too, whom he had won and worn and cast aside, was precisely the kind of affront which he was most likely to feel and to resent with the inconsiderate zeal of a shallow nature.

"A very fair entertainment," he said to his companion, "for Wyndham. Decidedly, the Darrells have come up during the last eight years."

"Yes, Darrell has managed his business shrewdly, and his wife is a woman to grace any circle. A man with such a wife naturally grows ambitious."

"In the narrow firmament of Wyndham Mrs. Darrell is no doubt a star. She has always borne an unblemished reputation, I believe."

"Certainly; so much so that your remark sounds strangely in Wyndham ears. One would like to know what suggested it?"

"Oh! nothing, except that she seems to keep a very pretty piece of trumpery about her house. Miss Rebecca March, ha, ha! that is a fine dodge for that old sinner to practice."

The June midnight lay dense and dark around them; even the fitful fireflies had disappeared, and the drooping boughs of the great umbrageous elms under which they walked, shut out the stars. It was well. No human eye noted the swift flush which passed over Abraham Gladstone's face, or the quick, resentful gesture of his arm, as these cool, sardonic tones grated on his ear. But a second thought arrested his hand, and even checked the words that would have betrayed him.

"You know her, then?" he said.

"Know her? I should think so. She lived with me two years as *belle amie*. She'll find out that I know her before I have done with her."

Then was made manifest the crowning glory of the masculine organization, its princely strength. There was no quivering of the flesh, no weak sinking of the nerves, with surprise and horror; but after the momentary shock, a calm, lucid comprehension of the facts, and a steady, orderly massing of the virile forces to meet them.

"I should like to hear the whole of that story," said Mr. Gladstone. "It is early yet for you and me. Let us turn in here at my office, and light our cigars, and talk the matter over."

If there was a harshness and constraint in his voice, Mr. Clavering was too pre-occupied to notice it. The office was a tiny building, standing by itself, at a corner of the road, with wild ivy and a Virginia creeper covering its low roof, and hanging in festoons over its walls. Mr. Clavering was nothing loth to the proposition, and they entered and struck a light. Mr. Gladstone's mind was working rapidly all that time, though his pre-occupation took the form, to the eye of his companion, of an eager search after matches, and a hospitable arrangement of chairs.

They were seated at length, Mr. Clavering in any easy office chair, with his feet tilted upon the stove, and a fragrant Havana between his lips; Mr. Gladstone a little back of him in the shadow, facing his desk, upon which were strewn blank forms and writing materials. Clavering took out his pocket-flask of brandy, and passed it to his companion, but the latter had need of strong nerves, and imbibed very lightly; and that entirely for the sake of promoting the companionable feeling upon which so much depended. Mr. Clavering indulged himself in a liberal potation, smacked his lips as if the flavor of it pleased him, and set the flask by his side for farther use.

"The summer after I left Wyndham," he commenced, "I went out to a little village among the Catskills to spend a few weeks. The business which originally took me there is of no importance; the business I found there is the main thing in this story. During the first week of my stay, accident brought me acquainted with Miss Granger and her pretty niece. The spinster was a prim and starched old ironside; the maiden as demure and captivating as one could imagine. She was kept, too, in very strict bonds; saw no society, except the few elect and sanctified saints

with whom her aunt consorted; had no real company, except a cracked piano and a few old books, mostly classics, which had been her father's. As for modern works of fiction and the like, the old lady would as soon have permitted her to eat strychnine as to read them. The whole arrangement took my fancy at once. It was just the kind of sport that suited me, to break that old dragon's chains and let the pretty warbler go free. I had to manage, as you may imagine, with a good deal of dexterity. The spinster was wary, the maiden shy; but by going to church regularly, putting on a long face, and suffering her to lend me Alleyne's Alarm, I got around the first, and obtained permission to call on the lady bird. She has a fine voice, as you know, but she had known nothing of true culture at that time. I brought her music and trained her voice, and flattered her besides, with telling her that she ought to have Italian masters. There were moonlight walks and serenades, and much reading of sentimental poetry. All these things tell, you know, on an unsophisticated maiden, and in a month's time I had taught the little girl her first lessons in kissing, and had won her promise to marry me."

Mr. Clavering paused, removed his cigar, offered the brandy flask to his companion, who declined it, and then took a strong and deep potation himself. The liquor he had already drunk was by this time exercising a mollifying influence upon his temper, and together with the pleasant memories which his story called up, gave an exceeding glibness to his tongue.

"The worst was that the maiden continued shy. Not that she was not in love. I fancy there were very few women who under the circumstances would not have felt the influence of such fascinations as I could bring to bear. But she was one of a thousand. Her father had been a Presbyterian clergyman of Puritan ancestry, her mother a Quakeress; and the daughter had inherited the demure ways of the one and the stubborn sentiments of the other. When a woman is in love there is always some way to be found of managing her; this one was much too prudish to be won by any easy method, but then she was also much too pretty and too infatuated to be abandoned at this stage of the game. The difficulty, too, enhanced the zeal of the enterprise. My time was mostly on my hands then, and I lingered in the town a good deal longer than I at first intended. The old lady at last began to be suspicious, but it was too late in the day. There was little love between her and her niece, and Emile was very much prepossessed in my favor. Of course when the old lady began to persecute her, Emile clung to me with all the more fervor. I thought then the time had really come to strike a blow, but it was of no use. I dropped a casual word one evening to try her, and she blazed out in such a way that I knew if I persisted she would forbid me the house if her heart broke the next minute. I think my blood was never fairly up till then, but from that moment I swore to possess her. There was only one dodge that was certain to be effectual, and that was to propose a private marriage, and so get her to New York with me. She was a little averse even to this, but by gentleness and fervent protestations, I finally won her consent. Then I sent at once to New York for Malbranche, and under pretence of not being able to trust the clergymen of the town, I got her to drive over to the next village, where of course Malbranche met us in a black coat and neckcloth, and the thing was done."

Mr. Gladstone edged around more into the shadow, and Clavering, who sat turned a quarter from him, could not see how nervously his fingers worked with the pens and bits of paper before him. He was too well trained in his profession to interrupt a witness who was telling his story in an unexceptionable manner, but just here he interposed a question:

"I suppose you told her afterwards?"

"Egad, no; the best of the story is yet to come. That woman was always a puzzle to me. She's not at all like the common run. After I had married her—ahem! I naturally expected she would turn a cold shoulder on the proprieties; but in the whole two years I kept her I never saw a day when I felt it safe to tell her that she was not my wife. It was expensive living in New York—that was my excuse you understand—so I rented a little cottage up the river and put her at house keeping, to which she took with the true woman instinct. I only visited her once a week, more or less, as I felt inclined. I intimated to her that being away so much I should hardly desire her to see a great deal of company, and that was sufficient. She snubbed every soul that called on her. I've seen women in love, in my time, not a few; but such a little fool as she was you seldom come across. Why, just before we left her home, she come to me one day and brought me some papers; they were vouchers for her little portion—about two thousand dollars—which an old uncle of her mother had left to Emily after her mother's death, as a sort of expiation for the way the whole family had treated her when she married out of the society. It was just so with everything. She trusted me to the last degree. Malbranche had taken a fancy to her from the first, and went up there once during my absence, determined to undeceive her and try on the strength of that act of friendship to come in himself for her favor, but it was useless. She turned him out of doors the first five

minutes. To have the keeping of such a woman as that was, as you may imagine, quite a distinction among the fellows of our set. I invited two or three of them occasionally out to see her. I had taken great pains with her voice and she sang them into the seventh heaven of admiration. Occasionally I took her into town to an opera, or a good theatrical performance. I bought her books, and, in short, made a lady of her."

"I should imagine you might have gotten quite in love yourself," said Mr. Gladstone.

"In love, yes; for the first month I was rather taken. After that her style bored me, but I kept the thing up just because there were half a dozen fellows dying of envy, and ready any minute to take her off my hands. She used to think sometimes that I was not very ardent and cry about it, but it never made any difference with her. She would have gone to the death with me till the last. After a while she grew mysterious and happy, and at last confided to me that she was *enciente*. That finished the business for me, and from that time I was bored to death with her, but I would not give her up just because Malbranche was so dead in love with her."

Mr. Gladstone's face was very pale, and his voice was so husky that he hardly dared to ask,

"What did you do with her, when you left for South America?"

"Oh! I was hard up and Malbranche had one way or another gotten my I. O. U.'s for a thousand dollars. For the promise of her he burnt the notes before my eyes."

The blood was running hotter and hotter in Mr. Gladstone's veins, but he had not been made a man, to make himself a fool; and he controlled himself, even forced himself to speak in a voice as natural as he could command.

"I think you mentioned that you had two thousand dollars or so, of her money?"

"Oh! that was all gone long before. I lost that at *ecarte*. As I was saying I turned her over to Malbranche, or promised to. There was a pretty scene when I told her of it. I went up there the evening of the day before the one on which I was to sail. In the morning just before I left I told her the whole thing and explained the arrangement I had made with Malbranche. She fainted and cried and took on, of course, after the way of women. By Heaven! she wouldn't so much as take my hand to say good-by, after she knew it. I heard afterwards that she was taken sick that day and on the next her child was born."

"You don't know what became of her after that?"

"Well, I have Malbranche's word for what happened. A more enraged man never lived than he was when he wrote me about it, and I didn't blame him. Counting that thousand he as good as paid me, that woman cost him fifteen hundred dollars clear cash before she left him, and for that money he never got so much as the chance to lay his little finger on her. You see she was so affected by my going away that she was sick in her bed three months, and during all the time he paid her bills, waiting for her to recover. At last she was able to get about the house; then he went to see her. They had a stormy time of it, but the upshot of it was, that she utterly refused to have anything to do with him. It ran along that way three or four weeks till he found that he might as well give up the straight course, and try a round about one. That is the way women compel men to practice villainy on them. Malbranche was very honorable but he couldn't stand everything. He pretended at last to be overcome by her virtue, but told her that the cottage she had been living in was rented to a n-other party, and that she must move. She was clearly unable to take care of herself just then, and he would take her home to his mother's, where she would be perfectly safe, till she was able to look around and find employment. He laid more perjuries on his soul than would sink him into the hottest hell—if he believed in one, which he don't—and finally persuaded her. Then he thought he was sure of her, for he took her straight to old Mother Rosamond, the biggest she devil in all New York, with orders to keep her a week, to hide nothing from her concerning the character of the house, but to let no man look upon her face. Malbranche's plan was to get rid of the child in that time, and break down her spirit, so that she would go with him willingly to a better place; for Malbranche meant to treat her well and keep her like a lady. But there was where he erred. He gave her too much tether, and I wrote him so. Somehow, it is a mystery to this day, how, for old Rosamond is the devil and all, and she had an old hag of a portress; an African they called Egypt, that was a perfect tigress, but with all their care, that woman did get away from them on the second morning, and Malbranche never saw her afterwards."

Mr. Gladstone drew a long breath, but his face had still the hue of death upon it. There was a silence which it behooved him to break.

"Had she money," he asked, "with which to take care of herself?"

"Oh! no, but then she had a watch and a few valuable trinkets, which had been her mother's, which she no doubt pawned."

"You seem to have very little conscience about the mat-

ter," said Mr. Gladstone, with bitter emphasis, and a rising heat of manner.

"Oh!" said Clavering, removing his cigar from his mouth, and knocking the ashes against his boot, "I settled that long ago. Prostitution is a necessary evil. The ranks must be kept full for the safety of society. It may as well be I—"

"Stop! right there," exclaimed Mr. Gladstone, springing to his feet with the stern and wrathful energy of a Roman Tribune, "say one word more and I'll choke that stale lie down your throat. You have shown yourself a miscreant of the deepest dye; you shall not now cover yourself with the thin disguise of a public benefactor."

Clavering turned around, and looked at the flashing eyes which scowled at him from under those heavy brows, and the tall, strong figure, full of fire and action, with surprise not unmixed with cool scorn. He waved his hand deprecatingly, the splendid diamond on his little finger flashing in the light.

"Sit down," he said, "sit down, don't get excited over a little story like this. Why, twenty gentlemen whom you and I both know might tell you the essential counterpart of it."

"No, I will not sit down," said Gladstone. "I know too well that the lives of many men might furnish parallel cases, but this concerns a woman whom I love. I shame to listen to these brazen boasts of villainy and think that my country's laws are powerless to avenge such wrongs. But though this hellish iniquity might stalk unabashed through all the market places of the world, I thank my God that a petty crime, a thing which is to this damnable contrivance of vice, a mere trifling misdemeanor, is still a weighty thing enough to let loose upon you the well sharpened fangs of the law."

"Why, brother you wax excited. What is this woman to you?"

"Simply the woman I love, and whom please God I will marry, and upon whose face you shall never look again, till you meet it at the bar of the Great Judge."

"These are brave words, brother, and need strong backing."

"They shall have it too. Never call me brother again. For six months that lie has shut my lips. This moment I abjure it, and call upon her whose gentle blood created it, to bless the deed. Listen Peyton Clavering—I thank God you are no Gladstone—I have now a little story to tell you."

(To be continued.)

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

AS DESCRIBED BY HIMSELF IN HIS NEW POEM "THE TENT ON THE BEACH."

And one there was, a dreamer born,
Who, with a mission to fulfill,
Had left the muses' haunts to turn
The crank of an opinion mill,
Making his rustic reed of song
A weapon in the war with wrong,
Yoking his fancy to the breaking plow
That beam-turned the soil for truth to spring and grow.

Too quiet seemed the man to ride
The winged hippogriff Reform;
Was his a voice from side to side
To pierce the tumult of the storm?
A silent, shy, peace-loving man,
He seemed no fiery partisan
To hold his way against the public wrong,
The ban of church and state, the fierce mob's hounding down.

For while he wrought with strenuous will
The work his hands had found to do,
He heard the fitful music still
Of winds that out of dreamland blew.
The din about him could not drown
What the strange voices whispered down;
Along his task field wired processions swept,
The visionary pomp of stately phantoms stepped.

The common air was thick with dreams—
He told them to the toiling crowd;
Such music as the woods and streams
Sang in his ear, he sang aloud;
In still, shut bays, on windy capes,
He heard the call of beckoning shapes,
And, as the gray old shadows prompted him
To homely moulds of rhyme he shaped their legends grim.

He rested now his weary hands,
And lightly moralized and laughed,
As, tracing on the shifting sands
A burlesque of his paper craft,
He saw the careless waves o'er run
His words, as time before had done,
Each day's tide water washing clean away,
Like letters from the sand, the work of yesterday.

Idleness is the nursery of crime. It is that prolific germ of which rank and poisonous vices are the fruits. It is the source of temptation. It is the field where "the enemy sows tares while men sleep." Could we trace the history of a large class of vices, we should find that they originate from the want of employment, and are brought in to supply its place.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS

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

SKETCHES OF THE OLD THEOLOGY—No. 2.

BY C. BARING PECKHAM.

While the Lord on the one hand, and the devil on the other, continued the war in heaven, with sea and waves roaring vapors and smoke, Mr. Lecky finds that "it is equally certain that the witches constantly employed their knowledge of the property of herbs for the purpose of curing disease, and that they attained, in this respect, a skill which was hardly equalled by the regular practitioners." Like the modern mediums and Christ, they could also cure by the laying on of hands—the Lord and the devil proving themselves equally expert in medicine as in theology. Whether Michael or the devil, or both, were called in the case of Moses that they should dispute about his body, as per St. Jude, does not clearly appear, nor whether there were indicated in diagnosis, allopathic or homeopathic doses. At any rate they lost their patient before the dispute was ended, while "his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated," but the Lord buried him, so that no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day, though buried in a valley in the land of Moab and over against Beth-peor.

It is curious to see how the church clinched its points with Scripture. "Satan, it was remembered, had borne Christ through the air, and placed him on a pinnacle of the temple; and therefore, said St. Thomas Aquinas, if he could do this to one body he could do it to all. The prophet Habakkuk had been transported by a spirit from Judea to Babylon, and Phillip, the evangelist, had been the object of a similar miracle. St. Paul had, likewise, been carried, perhaps in the body, into the third heaven," and therefore, "witches might be transported through the air some hundreds of miles in a very few minutes on a broomstick." It must be confessed that the conclusions are legitimate from the premises of God's Word, while our modern church experts are very ridiculous in trying to evade the logic of the earlier saints. With more open vision, the earlier seekers of the Lord and witch-finders saw that parallel causation would result in parallel phenomena, while the modern church is at its wit's end to know how to separate the sauce of the goose from the sauce of the gander, and thus smother the Lord and the devil among the giblets of the olla-podrida.

The witches remembered the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Here, again, the devil came up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. "At all events, the devil might furnish, for the occasion, a duplicate body, in order to baffle the ministers of justice, and two famous Catholic miracles were triumphantly quoted in its support." Trance and double presences made sure the duplicate of the devil, whether in the deep track of hell, or coming up among the sons of God; and if two or three were gathered together, he was always there; "and the miracle of transubstantiation seems to destroy all the improbability of the pluri-presence of the human body." Paul, in being caught up to the third heaven, could not tell whether he was in the body or out—quite as difficult was it to decide how much and how often the devil, by transubstantiation or pluri-presence, was transformed into an angel of light, as he executed many flank movements of a very marvelous character. The devil not only took Eve captive by the snake of Eden, and pursued the woman of Revelation as a dragon, besides garrisoning the heaven of Job in the winding serpent, and "that the devil could assume the form of any animal he pleased, seems to have been generally admitted." Nebuchadnezzar and Lot's wife were reasons sufficient that the devil could transform himself into gods newly up. "Dancing bears" and other intelligent animals seem also to have been connected with the devil; and an old council anathematized at once magicians, and those "qui ursas aut similes bestias ad ludum et perniciem simplicidum circumferent," "for what fellowship can there be between Christ and Belial?" An amusing story is also told concerning a dog which was "moved by the spirit of Pytho," so that Hudibras was right in pitching into the bears as the first step in the way of a godly reformation. In the fifth century any sorceress who has devoured a man was condemned by divine, and "fined by human laws two hundred sous."

How often has it been claimed by the Christian church that it has secured in fulness all the sphere of woman; but Mr. Lecky disposes of this audacious claim, and shows how closely the church has identified woman with the devil and witchcraft, and how it has made her the universal scape-goat for the darkest and cruelest of superstitions—nor even to this day has she recovered her equal status before the law, or is paid more than half for her equal labors—yet it is most to woman that the priesthoods hold for the sustaining of the church; for in ignorance, broken and weary laden, she supposes her salvation must be there.

As woman, in the Hebrew fable, had brought death into the world and all our wo, "it is not difficult to conceive the order of ideas that produced that passionate horror of the fair sex, which is such a striking characteristic of old

Catholic theology. Celibacy was universally regarded as the highest form of virtue, and in order to make it acceptable, theologians exhausted all the resources of their eloquence in describing the iniquity of those whose charms had rendered it so rare. Hence the long and fiery disquisitions on the unparalleled malignity, the inconceivable subtlety, the frivolity, the unfaithfulness, the unconquerably evil propensities of woman." They were the agents of the devil in sorcery "by the inherent wickedness of the sex." "Chrysostom only interpreted the general sentiment of the fathers, when he pronounced woman to be a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestic peril, a deadly fascination, and a painted ill. Doctor after doctor echoed the same lugubrious strain, ransacked the pages of history for illustrations of the enormities of the sex, and marshaled the ecclesiastical testimonies on the subject with the most imperturbable earnestness and solemnity."

She was a Satanic presence, and all the phenomena of love the fiery darts of the devil. "Hence those wild gleams of strange and grotesque romance, which, from time to time, light up the literature of witchcraft"—for by the women the devil was "often successful against the virtues of the saints."

By witchcraft the women often brought down from heaven strange fire from the Lord, and kindled in the monastic breast a more terrestrial fire. Four successive abbots in a German monastery had been wasted away in an unholy flame. Occasionally, with a still more refined malice, the evil one assumed the appearance of some noted divine, in order to bring discredit upon his character; and an astonished maiden saw, prostrate at her feet, the form of one whom she knew to be a bishop, and whom she believed to be a saint. The devil not only assumed the appearance of this holy man, in order to pay his addresses to a lady, but when discovered, he crept under a bed, suffered himself to be dragged out, and declared that he was the veritable bishop." It was found necessary to perform a miracle to show that it was the very devil and not the veritable bishop—the miracle being no less potent than the fishy fume which cast out the devil from the seven times wedded maid of the young Tobias.

"The witches were continually disturbing, by their machinations, the joys of wedlock; and none can tell how many hundreds have died in agonies for afflicting with barrenness the marriage bed;" for, instead of God being love, the devil was love, and so flanked the Almighty that He was not "able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham"—the witches, by aid of the devil, being able to prevent the marital consummation.

"Les esprits forts et les libertins qui donnent tout a la nature et qui ne jugent des choses que par la raison, ne veulent pas se persuader que de nouveaux—maries puissent par l'artifice et la malice du demon estre empesches on de se rendre le devoir conjugal puisque l'Eglise, qui est conduite par le Saint Esprit, et par consequent ne peut errer, reconnoit qu'il se fait par l'operation du demon. The last sorcerer who was burnt in France perished on this charge—nor was Satan less omnivorous of wives and concubines than David, Solomon, and other godmen of old time. Not only the Bible and the Christian fathers, but the Greek philosophers were cited to prove "the credulity and fragility of the female sex;" "that women were peculiarly subject to evil influences."

The *Westminster Review*, of October, 1865, begins an article on the woman question from that old heathen Aristotle, who says: "Where the condition of woman is bad there, the nation is nearly one-half unhappy." The whole article is of that higher humanity which so distinguishes the *Westminster* above all other reviews.

But let us recur to Mr. Lecky, and in quitting the Catholic witches, let us see what was the status in Scotland where the Presbyterian witches "were unscrupulously put to death." No wonder that the devil, having possession of all the women, and, as Prince of the air, could enable them to ride on broomsticks, or bear them aloft, as he bore Christ to the pinnacle of the temple, while his going forth was from the end of heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it. No wonder that the women thus bifalutin in the clouds of heaven, with their Lord a-coming through the air, instead of trailing their skirts on earth, should draw much men after them, so that "Robert Kirk, minister of Aberfoyle, complains very sadly of the affection of many young Scotchmen for the 'fair ladies of this aerial order,' whether in the body or out of the body, God knoweth, or whether in their lifting up they drew all men unto them. One thing appears quite sure, that the church made them a hell as soon as they came down by the cruelest of torments. It would seem impossible that biblical civilization could so infuriate human beings; but "Scotch witchcraft was but the result of Scotch Puritanism, and it faithfully reflected the character of its parent. * * * They were but illustrations of the great truth, that when men have come to regard a certain class of their fellow creatures as doomed by the Almighty to eternal and execrable agonies, and when their theology directs their minds with intense and realizing earnestness to the contemplation of such agonies, the result will be an indifference to the suffering of those

whom they deem the enemies of their God, as absolute as it is perhaps possible for human nature to attain. * *

* Arising amid the ignorance of an early civilization, it was quickened into an intenser life by a theological struggle which allied terrorism with credulity, and it declined under the influence of that great rationalistic movement, which, since the seventeenth century, has been on all sides encroaching on theology."

The grim, dark, terrible Jehovah of witchcraft and miracle-working, had an aspect of light in Romanism not found in the hell of the Puritans—the superceding of God by his mother, the virgin—and woman rose to better estate in the worship of many.

"The world is governed by its ideals, and seldom or never has there been one which has exercised a more profound, and on the whole, a more salutary influence than the mediæval conception of the virgin." Let us thank God and take courage that after so much dark night and terrible suffering from the *he*, the yoke was made easier and the burden lighter by the rising of the *she*-star in mariolatry even though "in the devotions of the people she was addressed in terms identical with those employed to the Almighty," and even though these were soon counted into the sum of the matters, "other saints, who speedily assume the position of the minor deities of paganism." Let democracy and progress thrive and women be translated from witches into saints or goddesses.

As "God has commonly chosen the dark and ignorant ages wherein to work miracles, but seldom or never the times when natural knowledge prevailed," it would appear that the miracles are to be received *cum grano*, and also account why Jesus could do no mighty works on such conditions because of unbelief—"and a great part of the miracles of the second and third centuries stand upon the credit of the writers of the fourth," who believed in "pious frauds," and that it was right to lie for the glory of God. "Nothing, indeed, could be more unlike the tone of the fathers, than the cold, passionless, and prudential theology of the eighteenth century; a theology which regarded Christianity as an admirable auxiliary to the police force, and a principle of decorum and of cohesion in society, but which carefully banished from it all enthusiasm, veiled or attenuated all its mysteries, and virtually reduced it to an authoritative system of moral philosophy." Witchcraft destroyed by the infidels, the church was in weeds, while Lucifer, son of the morning, shone with a sadly diminished luster. No devil, no church, was quite as true as no bishop, no church. Oh, Lucifer, how hast thou fallen! They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him, being interchangeable as the Saviour of the world, were equally essential to orthodoxy, and where the devil is left out in the cold, and the churches have to kindle their own fires with frosty fingers, how gladly would they recall him, as prince of the air, to fan again the embers—to woo him from the frosty Caucasus to the Vesuvian mountain of the good old devilish times when he had all the kingdoms of the earth.

The devil, being the father of lies, the fathers of the church would seem to be chips of the old block; for Middleton "showed that they had applauded falsehood, that they had practiced the most wholesale forgery, that they had habitually and grossly falsified history, that they had adopted to the fullest extent the system of pious frauds, and that they continually employed them to stimulate the devotion of the people. These were the charges which he brought against men, around whose brows the saintly aureolæ had sparkled for centuries with an unfading splendor; against those great fathers who had formed the theological systems of Europe; who had been the arbitrators of so many controversies, and the objects of the homage of so many creeds."

This terrible charge by a doctor of divinity, presented the church, like Judas, with its bowels all gushed out. What were the data of miracles? Could the devil work them by the word of God? If so, what was the distinguishing mark of God's finger? If I by Beelzebub cast out devils, by whom do your sons cast them out? Who shall gather up the fragments so that nothing remains where the spirits of devils work miracles? How about "the deluge, the exploits of Sampson, the speaking ass, and possessed pigs?" *Quien sabe?* The Bible neither asserts nor implies the revocation of supernatural gifts—so that miracles are quite as much in order at one time as at another, and are by no means exclusive when they come up to the help of the Lord or the devil against the mighty. Sloughing off the grosser parts of Christianity, its high ideal yet remains—nor has its better spirit been overtopped by any progress that the world has made. The perversions of its letter which the priesthoods have wrought into their damnable theologies have indeed made sad wrecks of humanity, and the church has ever failed to represent the higher estate of the gospel spirit, even counting this as of simple humanity to be assimilated into any ranges of progressive thought. "The fate of Lot's wife is reserved for those churches which look back on the city of dogmatism from which they fled."

Any church not open to all truth, from whatever source, is to be cast upon the dunghill and trodden under foot

of men. In the more open vision of to-day, Christianity has to become rehabilitated, and its seamless coat turned t'other side out, and "is regarded as a system which courts the strictest investigation, and which, among many other functions, was designed to vivify and stimulate all the energies of man. The idea of the miraculous, which a superficial observer might have once deemed its most prominent characteristic, has been driven from almost all its intrenchments, and now quivers faintly and feebly through the mists of eighteen hundred years."

It must be granted, however, that this very extensive disemboweling of Christianity of its miraculous parts will leave the remainder to quiver very faintly to the strength of those who have maintained an exclusive squatter sovereignty upon its miracles; but so that truth be in the field, let her and falsehood grapple even though "the government, by miracle, in which Europe once believed," is clean gone forever.

The clergy, with rarely an exception, have ever withstood all progress as subversive of Christianity, and being blind leaders of the blind; could never see how the pith could be clothed upon by continued resurrection and the life. "If it be true Christianity to cultivate a love of truth for its own sake, * * then never, since the days of the Apostles, has it been so vigorous as at present, and the decline of dogmatic systems and of clerical influence has been a measure if not a cause, of its advance."

Of the Christian "symbols, many were taken without hesitation from Paganism. * * In addition to those symbols which were manifestly taken from Paganism, there were others mainly or exclusively produced by the church itself. Thus the fish was the usual emblem of Christ, chosen because the Greek word forms the initials of his name and titles, and also because Christians are born by baptism in water." The name of *Ma-re* was the Mediterranean Sea which fetched a compass to the Dagan god of the Philistines. St. Augustine identified Hercules with Sampson, and Christ by being symbolized in the fish, had an ancient and fish-like name from the sea of *Ma-re* or *Mary*, and in mystical compass to the sea of Gallilee and pool of Bethesda. Jesus commanded tribute to be paid from the fish's mouth, and even to this day the Pope's church has its fish days as holy. In all ages the gudgeons have been caught by the priesthoods casting their nets into the various seas till a *quantum suff.* of sea-weeds were brought to the surface for the emeshing of men and women in ceremonial muddy waters. "Even now, from the summit of the baldachino of St. Peter's, the genii of Paganism look down on the proudest ceremonies of Catholicism. Once or twice on the Christian sarcophagi, Christ is represented in triumph with the sky, or perhaps more correctly, 'the waters above the firmament,' beneath his feet, in the form of a man, extending a vail above his head, the habitual Pagan representation of an aquatic Deity." A curious sight, to be sure, to behold Christ swimming in the waters above the firmament, with the trident of Neptune as a symbol of the trinity fetching a compass to harpoon the whale which swallowed Jonah—for Jonah also was a fish-god at Joppa, as per Wilkinson. No wonder that De Blondell, of Guy's Hospital, London, finds man an aquatic animal in the first form of existence, when God himself was aquatic and moved upon the face of the waters and made them pregnant, unfolding from the tadpole to the paragon of animals. A compound being in the *HE-SHE* of the Lord "were Christ and a female spirit termed the Divine Sophia or Ennoa, and sometimes known by the strange name of 'Prounce,'" somewhat suggestive of St. John's scarlet lady—the Holy Ghost as a woman referring to the Sophia. As Moses was fished from the water, we may suppose his symbol to have been the brazen eel. "Christianity triumphed not so much by superseding rival faiths as by absorbing and transforming them. Old systems, old rites, old images were grafted into the new belief, retaining much of their ancient character with new names."

For The Spiritual Republic.

RESPONSIBILITY.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Some four weeks ago, "*, in a friendly critique on my article on "Phrenology," made it appear that I denied "moral accountability." I had not intended to reply, but letters from my friends warn me that I have been misunderstood. I employed the term in its theological sense. By it I intended to express that we are not placed in a probationary state, nor is a God finally to judge us; nor are we held accountable after the manner theologians hold forth. How far, and in what manner we are accountable, I have endeavored to state in this article. There has, of late, been so much loose talk on this and kindred subjects, that it is dangerous ground to tread; and, besides, it is an intricate and labyrinthine maze difficult to explore, and still more difficult to perfectly solve. Some recent writers say that freedom is the freedom of every faculty of the mind. They do not consider that it is a universal law that the lower must be subjected to the higher; that the base of the brain is not the equal, but the instrument of the moral region. As the savage tiger is bound by the intellect of man, so should the tiger passions of his own brain be held vassal. But, I anticipate.

I have no intention of discussing this vast question on metaphysical grounds. The plain facts of science must lead me. They are my only appeal.

The extent of our free will seems unlimited when we look simply at our own actions; but, when we rise far above the turmoil of our petty individual lives, when we melt all its incidents and relations into nature, and survey creation as a unit, narrow, indeed, become our voluntary powers.

We are born without consultation. Our position geographically is not our choice; nor to what race or nationality we shall belong. Our deaths are forced upon us. Of the limited space between these events how far have we control? We should command our senses; but can we avoid seeing objects presented to our vision? Can we avoid hearing sounds, or smelling odors in the atmosphere? As little can we prevent the thoughts of the brain awakened by the excitation of our senses. We should control our nerves of motion, for we move surely as we please. Yet the nerves of motion are not under control, except in a certain manner. If the right hand be made to move in a circle, as though winding thread on a ball, and then the left be moved in a similar manner, but in an opposite direction, the attempt made to perform both motions at the same time will convince any one that the will cannot control the muscles. We cannot cease breathing by any amount of will power, except for a few breaths. Where is free will here?

Man's distribution on the globe holds him under check of iron law. The great Southern hemisphere, and we may include the Northern torrid zone, or the whole world south of the tropic of Cancer, has yielded no grand civilization, nor a single great man; neither has that portion north of the Arctic Circle. A narrow belt of country along the Mediterranean Sea, across Europe, and extending into the same latitudes of North America, is the whole area of history. Man, outside of this little blot on the map of the globe, has done nothing worthy of record. Why is this, unless mentality is held amenable to physical laws? And here I come to the consideration of man, morally and intellectually.

The heat of the torrid enervates, the cold of the frigid produces torpidity. The two extremes are equalized in the temperate. Man, having acquired the control of forces, supplying himself with light and heat, penetrates the bounds of nature. When he migrates, he carries the heat and light of the sun with him. He neutralizes the cold by stoves in winter. He invents clothing and appliances. Nine-tenths of his life is devoted to overcoming the antagonism of surrounding nature. If he has free will, it is in this combat; but even here he engages in the same manner as do animals—there is difference of degree only. He is as irresistibly impelled as are they by their instinct; but it is by higher motives. A man who realizes the feasibility of a dam across a river, and constructs it accordingly, is impelled to action as much as the beaver, and has as much choice about it. Here lies the difference:

Shut the beaver in a room and it will construct a dam across one corner, out of any material it can find. The beaver is impelled by blind desire inherited from progenitors; the man by equally blind thirst for property and power, also inherited from ancestors.

The intimate connection between man's psychological being and nature, is startlingly set forth by Draper, who says that, without the Gulf Stream, Newton would not have written the Principia, nor Milton sung. In other words, but for the Gulf Stream, England would be bleak and cold as Labrador; and had these great men been born they would have been Esquimaux instead of Anglo-Saxons. Such is the sympathy existing between man and nature.

It was no choice of the Finn and Lapp that they were driven into the most inhospitable climate of Europe by the Sudo-Germanic peoples; no fault that they have become depressed by the inhospitable shores of the icy north.

No fault of the Irish that, from British tyranny, they have sukk from a leading Celtic people to such wretchedness.

If Washington had been born in poverty, and obliged to labor from sun to sun to obtain the bare necessities of life, he never would have led America to freedom. Excessive toil brutalizes the mind, and the over-worked laborer is glad to repose after the struggle of the day.

But we arrive at moral considerations. Is there a province here outside of and unamenable to the laws of nature? Shall we apply law everywhere else, and leave this province to the wild caprice of the individual?

We will examine the statistics of the world. Life insurance companies have, from statistics of longevity, determined the mean length of life, and so determinately that rates of insurance are based on it with mathematical accuracy. The number of deaths in cities, except when visited by contagious diseases, scarcely varies from year to year. In the records of births, marriages and deaths, in New York or London, if one month be selected, and the corresponding months of a series of years, there is scarcely a difference. If we examine the record of crimes, we find that during the summer there are less crimes against property and more against persons; in the winter the reverse. The proportion of criminals among the inhabitants of river banks is much

greater than any where else. Previous to the twenty-fifth year there is a great preponderance of crime against property, at which age the maximum is reached; after that the preponderance is against persons. The liberal professions are inclined to trespass against persons, laborers against property.

In France the tendency of females to crime, when compared to men, is as twenty-three to one hundred. Their tendency to commit crimes against persons is to that against property as sixteen to twenty-six. It is interesting to learn that the latter numbers almost precisely represent the relations of physical strength of the two sexes. There is no doubt, if statistics were collected, it could be shown that crime holds exact relations to strength.

The seeming irregularity of the phenomena of individual mind confuses the superficial gaze; but, if we cannot predict the action of the individual, we can of the mass. We cannot predict that a certain day will be clear or rainy; but we know that, from year to year, the amount of rainfall and the number of clear days scarcely varies. We cannot say of a particular Frenchman that he will commit a crime; but we know that every year one Frenchman in every six hundred and fifty will do so. Extended over a sufficient length of time, the force impelling to crime is an invariable quantity.

Even the mistakes of men are controlled by laws dimly seen in the gathered statistics. Of a million letters dropped into the general post office, a scarcely varying number are misdirected. We may look in whatever direction we please, we meet with proofs of the dominion of incomprehensible, but nevertheless immutable law.

In a moment of egotism we start up and ask, Are we not free agents? Are we not capable of doing as we please, and are we not responsible for the consequences? Are we not, like the gods, willing and doing as we please? Have we not vast responsibilities? Can we avoid them?

These are pleasing questions to the vanity; but if we survey the whole ground, they apply equally well to a grasshopper as to man. It might, with equal propriety, mount a grass-stalk and ask itself: "See, am I not a free agent in mounting this grass-stalk? Am I not intimately related to the vast grasshopper family? Can I avoid my tremendous responsibilities?"

To the grand sum of nature our individuality is nothing. We must, to obtain the truth, look to the Supreme, the Eternal, and not to the evanescent flashes of the hour. Human pleasures, passions, wants, emotions, are fleeting expressions, and valueless except as they point us to the constant, the inexorable power of law.

Of the brute we expect brute actions. What shall we expect of the man with the organization of the brute? We cannot avoid the conclusion that whatever be the relations of spirit and brain, the manifestations of mind are dependant on its organization.

Wagner, Vogt, and other eminent comparative anatomists, have remarked the approach of the idiotic brain to the lower animals.

The brains of savage peoples, Indians, negroes, etc., approach that of the Caucasian infant, facts attested even by the reluctant Owen. It is observed, by all who have studied insanity, that the insane are actuated by the desires of animals, and are as ungovernable in carrying out their conceptions.

All these facts have one significance. They point with unerring finger to the supremacy of law in the moral and intellectual worlds.

So far as we are bundles of past circumstances, we are center-stances, reaching outward in a little sphere, as causes; but above, around, beneath us, loom the terrible elemental forces of physical nature, from which we cannot escape, against which it is folly to strike.

We are accountable, but not in the manner of our accountability to artificial law. We are accountable to laws which form an integral part of our constitution. Out of the slough of passions, pure morality can elevate us; but the acquisition of moral principles is little more dependent on ourselves than the acquisition of our bodies. The morality of the Chinese, South Sea Islander, and Esquimaux, is none of their choosing. We are, however, held responsible. The moral laws are channels of force, as well defined as those of the physical world.

If we move with them it is well; if not, we are torn by other forces to which we expose ourselves. We cannot do wrong without suffering. In other words, we cannot move in channels other than those worked out by the laws of our nature without pain. Wise or ignorant, we are held with the grasp of iron; the pleasure or pain cannot be averted.

By morality and intellect we are removed above the realm of brute passions. As immortal beings, our grandest and most exalting relations are through our sentiments flowing from these pure sources; relations vividly expressed by "A," by a few pertinent questions.

Berlin Heights, Ohio.

A smile may be bright while the heart is sad. The rainbow is beautiful in the air, while beneath is the moaning of the sea.

For The Spiritual Republic.

A SONG OF LIFE AND DEATH.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

O, sweet-browed Philanthropy! dew from the skies
Shine tender and tremulous under your lashes,
And hope never fades from your beautiful eyes,
Though sadly you walk o'er the holiest ashes,
To-day you are weeping for classical Creta,
And doing for love of her sanctified labor,
For glory is chained at a tyrant's base feet
And Jove's sunny darling is gashed by the saber.
Do for her, sigh for her,
Strengthen her hands,
Mute powers shall cry for her,
Breaking her bands!

Then, thou of the myrtle crown, look o'er the crest
Of our hills which the sun glids with glory when setting,
And pity the Indian, far in the West,
Whose future is hopeless, whose present regretting,
Defrauded by intellect bright as the sun,
Where honor should reign with her luminous scepter,
He knows where the lines of his future will run
For silver-tongued dupers have acted preceptor.
Pity his helplessness,
Child of the light,
Moved, like the men in chess,
Suiting sly sleight.

Stretch out your white fingers, in token of shame,
To those whose white creed is "The valor of heroes,"
And ask if mean tricks from frank-faced honor came,
Or sprang up from spirits as petty as Nero's,
The wisdom which thrives upon ignorance seems
Like stealing the oats where a blind horse is feeding;
E'en knives cannot thrive on such lily planned schemes,
And thence came the war-whoop, the scalping, the bleeding,
Face the fact, own to it,
Wish the page cleaner;
Alter the face of wit
From its base senior!

The power and the triumph, all matchless and grand,
The glory of race, 'round the white man is blazing;
The red man stands sullen, his bow in his hand,
And sees our great grain fields where shy game was grazing.
His forests are gone, and he follows afar
The antelope lithe, and the bison terrific,
To realms where the great woods, and wild mountains are,
And loud rolls the surge of the solemn Pacific.
Gloomy oblivion,
Conched in the shadows,
Beckons him ever on
From his wild meadows.

The ages come on when his type will be lost,
His history lives but in legend and story,
And white-faced displacers the land shall have crossed
To live in the light of progression and glory.
Reluctantly, sadly the truth breaketh so,
And speaketh fatality changeless and solemn:
"That race which advances not, surely must go
Where now are the Aztecs, and all the long column."
Brothers, in face of this,
Softener his fall!
Though he may act amiss
Yet, forgive all!

WHERE ARE WE?

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC:—I appeal to you. Can you answer my query? After nearly two decades of the new dispensation, what is there to show for it of any practical utility to man, individually and collectively? I hear that the BANNER OF LIGHT has a circulation of over thirty thousand, and that it is increasing. It has its standing bulletin of a column and a half, advertising public speakers, whose tongues are said to be a flame of heaven; its army of contributors and correspondents, from whom comes up the cry, *light! more light!* Your own REPUBLIC groans under the gravity of its philosophy and essays. New and startling phenomena prick the jaded curiosity for a moment, and then it relapses into quiet, while its possessor plunges into the practice of the frauds, the cheateries, the lies, and adulteries of a debased civilization, in the service of self, at the expense of the neighbor. As the "new faith" makes conquests in the outlying territories, it seems to be dying out in those of its first conquest. Many of the earliest, and confessedly, ablest of its devotees and teachers, have long since retired from the field of its active service, to better paying and more respectable associations. Others are about to do likewise. Others seem to feel that the "new faith" wants to be trained in wisdom, needs to be enlightened by philosophy, and to be put through a course of metaphysics, before it can amble according to the gait, of what they please to call philosophy and science. Others again feel themselves responsible for the morals of all who, for any purpose, profess the "new faith."

Like all Pharisees, they must see that harlots and sinners don't soil their saintly garments by so much as a touch, while they are continually exclaiming, God's holy angels are with us! Others are concerned that Spiritualism will be profaned by contact with the materialism of this bad world; and hence they feel constrained to adjurations, against its alliance and co-operation with any of the great social issues

of the hour; and especially with the great problem of social reconstruction.

These are like the old sects. They are ready to go almost as fast as the people go. It won't do to inspire the people to a quick-step. It might be hard to keep up with them. These are they who preach for hire and divine for money. They have an occupation, and it might go from them, if the people were to get absorbed in some work, important to the practical interests of society.

In the meantime the local associations or societies all over the country are dissolving from sheer weariness, on the part of those composing them, of the platitudes and sameness of the ministrations, of the great body of the speakers. From East to West, this work of dissolution is going on; and there is a growing repugnance to paying fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five dollars a week, for what is without life or the savor thereof. The zeal of many an ardent apostle, dies with the shutting up of the purse; their former disciples are, many of them, sorely disappointed, at the paucity of the fruits the "new dispensation" has brought them.

Others are looking back and listening to the seductive invitations of the Unitarian and Universalist sects—so rich, so learned, so respectable, so refined; just as the Unitarian who has run the gauntlet of all the Protestant sects, his own included, and found but "the husks which the swine did feed on," turns at last, with fond accepting joy, to the embrace of the holy Mother Church.

Again, we are told that there are hundreds of thousands of Spiritualists in the world, members of churches, who do not so avow themselves. Why is this? Why is it, that scarcely two of the public speakers and mediums, are on friendly and cordial terms with each other? Why are they, the apostles of the new dispensation, which we are told transcends all other dispensations, so filled with envy and jealousy of one another? Why so busy with tale-bearing and detraction? Could they not profitably read and lay to heart, the disquisition of one of the apostles of the preceding dispensation—the Christian dispensation, on charity?

I have put these questions in no querulous spirit. I find no fault. I have thus far, but stated facts, patent to every intelligent observer. I have asked, where are we? Let me suggest the answer to my question, by asking another one. Are we not in the period of transition, from the infancy to a more advanced stage, of a great movement? Have we not come to the time, when we ought to lay aside the rattle and the top; and as the manly and womanly disciples of the new dispensation, ally ourselves to the great social questions, which are to make the new life? It must be so, or Spiritualism will be left behind, as the last spasm of an inconsequential and baleful sectism.

Spiritualism has done more since its advent to disturb, agitate, and break up old prejudices, opinions, creeds, relations, associations and institutions than any other power for the last century. This it had no right to do, unless it had something better to propose as a substitute.

Hitherto it has excited the curiosity and stimulated the intellect. It must now like every vital religion, be embraced by the heart. When it shall have so allied itself to the people, as to become the Mother, to whom they will reveal all their sorrows and oppressions; knowing that she will arise for their deliverance and demand the establishment of justice, in every department of social life—when it shall summons every one of its disciples to earnest struggle therefor, then will all that littleness, which so much occupies us, be absorbed in the nobler service of Man, whose elevation is the end of all faiths and of all religions.

I am very faithfully yours,
JOHN ORVIS.

For The Spiritual Republic.

MASSACHUSETTS SPIRITUALISTS' ASSOCIATION.

BY E. S. WHEELER.

In reply to the criticism of "L." upon the "Preamble and Declarations of Principles" of this body of Spiritualists, I wish to offer a few words, simply as a member of that organization. Able minds may hereafter more fully develop our thoughts, but in so simple a matter, it seems the requisition must be for candor and fearlessness only. It should be understood that those who compose the association are not to be "duped" with the facility imagined by their critic. His supposition is an insult to their intelligence; while every one, conversant with the facts, will most decidedly disclaim for the committee of revision the "craft," "inconsistency," and "unfairness" which "L." is "satisfied" they have been guilty of. The whole matter debated by "L." is the definition of the word Christianity. He admits that what is improperly termed Christianity, is "open to the charges thus made." He defines Christianity to mean the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man as taught by Jesus. And he assumes that "Spiritualists, in common with the progressive rationalists of the day," agree with his definition. "We are not disposed to criticise mere forms of expression," and if Christianity is indeed simply the fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man, it is not "open to the charges thus made" in the "preamble." Granted that the word is a popular catch phrase, and has been a partisan war cry from Constantine down to

Plus the IX., still it hardly seems worth while to "put the new wine into old bottles," or cast the reforming thought of to-day's inspiration in the scandalized phraseology of old superstitions.

If Christianity means all "L." claims for it, and no more, the "Massachusetts Spiritualists' Association" had better, at their next annual convention, modify their form of expression, which they will, in that case, be ready to do, no doubt.

But if it can be shown that, by *common consent* and *general usage*, "Christianity" means that jumble of Platonism, Paganism, Judaism, "assumptive supernaturalism," and "dogmatic theology," which forms the stock in trade of orthodox churchanity, and comprehends the dogmas of the sectarian creeds, then, not even "L." will object to clause one of the preamble, unless he doubts the expediency of candidly avowing an existing radicalism.

In the latter part of his article "L." assures us he cannot find the word *sexism* in "Webster," but he can find the word "Christianity" there, and it is defined to mean the "religion of Christians."

Eureka! If we but learn what the "religions of Christians" is? Now, who shall inform us? Who, indeed, but Christians themselves? Nor are we to be satisfied until we have a *full* and general answer. We must accept the definition furnished us by Christian believers, priests, scholars, conventions, synods and councils.

Now, no one will assume that the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, will be the sum total of their response. Since A. D. 325, the "Nicene creed" has been accepted by the major part of Christians, as a definition of their religion, and to-day the Christian churches hold to the dogmas of a "trine God," "the vicarious atonement," "a personal devil," "a brimstone hell," "the eternal damnation of unbelievers," "the truth of miracles," "the unnatural birth of Jesus and his Godship," "the infallibility of the Bible," and some other propositions "neither homogeneous, normal nor scientific." Such is Christianity! The teachings of Jesus may have been one thing or another. *This is Christianity!* by the proud statement of all recognized Christians. If "Webster" is correct we are at the end of our search. Religion is a "form of belief," and here we have the "belief of Christendom." Some of the so-called "liberal" sects may demur, but they are few in numbers and in no way represent Christianity. Unitarians are acknowledged as Christians only by Unitarians, and even here there is dissension.

The Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, and the Rev. Dr. E. H. Kirk, both representative Christians and prominent churchmen, disclaimed them long ago with common consent, and now the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, an able and popular Unitarian, in the March number of *The Radical*, says tersely: "We are not Christians any more." "Modern life is not Christian in any intelligible sense." "Christendom declines! Jesusdom awakes."

Is the Rev. O. B. Frothingham one of the "progressive rationalists" who "agree" that "Christianity" is the "fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man," as proclaimed by Jesus. It is worse than useless to torture words from their plain significance and common meaning in order to save a *strong cause* from the extra and temporary opposition a correct use of terms may provoke.

By "Christianity" we mean, with Webster, "the religion of Christians." We accept their statement of their belief in preference to the definition given by "L." and believe we are right in so doing, hence the preamble. As to the declaration of principles, "The Spirituality of Nature," "The correlation, equality and universality of Law," "The spirituality of the soul," and "the eventual fraternization of nations," are understood. But the "humanity of progress" is, to "L.," unconceivable. It means just what it says! We speak of the humanity of noble action. The humanity of men, of laws, of Governments, meaning they are good and benevolent. We speak of the "humanity of progress" in a broad sense, meaning the tendency of *all* "evolution" to benefit, some way the, human race.

Now, with a sharp lookout for "Ithuriel's spear," let us approach "the equality of the sexes," and "the moral integrity of sexism," scaring the "cat" from under the "meal," driving away the "toad," and softly whispering in the ear of "Eve" that we mean well and purely by her sex, and effect no concealment; nor are we morbidly suspicious of double meanings in others.

"The equality of the sexes" is understood; "the integrality of sexism" stumbles "L." badly. Perhaps some honest Roman Catholic Priest, the sick and suffering inmates of convents, or the members of Shaker communities, could have helped him to an idea in the matter.

The assertion of the "moral integrality of sexism" is a recognition of the natural law of "sacramental marriage," in opposition to the teachings of millions of Christians, who profess that a life of celibacy, after the manner of Jesus, is the condition of highest development. "L." has "not the slightest doubt" that the committee of revision meant to disparage the works of brother A. J. Davis, because he finds the word "revelation" in quotation marks!

The committee would hardly have had the stupidity to assert that the book called "Nature's Divine Revelations"

had "been the cause of assumptive supernaturalism," and "dogmatic theology," or that it had exerted any visible effect upon legislation. In his reflections upon the committee, "L." would make it appear that they were as lacking in common sense as they were deficient in common honesty; being capable, however, of "duping" the convention by an excessive craftiness worthy members of the "Society of Jesus." The simple fact is that "L." has "not the slightest doubt" he is right in a point wherein he is entirely wrong, as the "preamble" itself shows. No sane person would think of making this assertion concerning the works of Brother Davis, while the individuals of the committee deny that they were in their thoughts at all in that connection. "L." has committed the mistake, common to champions of Christianity, in that he has taken for granted that which remains to be proved.

No doubt the committee, in common with many Spiritualists, acknowledge the truth of much that Brother Davis has given the world, but that his writings constitute a "revelation," according to the popular conception, or that they are all in all scientifically correct, the committee do not wish to assert, nor will any thorough investigator so conclude.

The instructions of that committee were "to be brief," and in condensing to a phrase the expression of a broad thought it was required that a few words should stand as a representative of a truth worthy of volumes in definition. Such must be my answer to "L." I regret that a lack of time has hindered me from being as thorough as might be desired. The future may be richer in expression from others; still, as the matter seemed so plain, I have ventured, and now if transfixed by "Ithuriel's spear" for my temerity, I can only refer the anxious to the report of the second annual convention of the Massachusetts Spiritual Association, published in the BANNER OF LIGHT during the month of January, 1867. There "L." will have all doubts removed from his mind as to the authenticity of the documents he has received, and will also be able to learn what sort of "sexual relations" found favor in Massachusetts among Spiritualists composing the association.

For The Spiritual Republic.

THE PHILADELPHIA LYCEUM ANNIVERSARY.

BY MARY F. DAVIS.

According to previous arrangement, the Children's Progressive Lyceum, of Philadelphia, on the evening of March 29th, gave its anniversary exhibition. At the appointed hour Musical Fund Hall, the largest in the city, was thronged with spectators, among whom were many leading citizens, and the exercises were opened by the Grand Banner March of over two hundred Lyceum members, led by Mrs. Ballenger, the genial and dignified Guardian of Groups.

When this beautiful line of soldiers in the army of progress had concluded their evolutions and were massed upon the platform, they united in singing an opening song entitled "Lyceum Greeting," written by Mrs. Sargent for the occasion, and sung with such genuine enthusiasm as awakened an answering thrill throughout the immense audience. Then was given, in a deeply impressive manner, the following silver-chain recitation, selected from one of Lizzie Doten's sublime poems, entitled

"REVELATION.

"God of the Granite and the Rose!
Soul of the Sparrow and the Bee!
The mighty tide of Being flows
Through countless channels, Lord, from Thee.
It leaps to life in grass and flowers,
Through every grade of being runs,
Till from Creation's radiant towers
Its glory flames in stars and suns.

"O, ye who sit and gaze on life
With folded hands and fettered will,
Who only see, amid the strife,
The dark supremacy of ill—
Know, that like birds, and streams, and flowers,
The life that moves you is divine!
Nor time, nor space, nor human powers,
Your God-like spirit can confine.

"God of the Granite and the Rose!
Soul of the Sparrow and the Bee!
The mighty tide of Being flows
Through all Thy creatures back to Thee.
Thus round and round the circle runs—
A mighty sea without a shore—
While men and angels, stars and suns,
Unite to praise Thee evermore."

This truly sacred hymn and the joyous opening song were printed on the back of the programme, thus giving all present the privilege of participating in the cheering and exalted sentiments expressed. When the musical cadences of the silver-chain recitation had ceased, the Lyceum phalanx again took up its line of march, and gracefully, steadily, with foot-falls in chime with the magical throb of music, passed like a triumphal pageant from the stage.

Then came the more special exercises. The managers of the exhibition had felt some solicitude, as the hall regulations forbade the erection of a stage with its drop curtain and scenic effects—advantages which they had always hith-

erto secured—but they need have had none. Thrown upon their individual resources, the Lyceum members acquitted themselves admirably. The exhibition was, in every way, a delightful and choice entertainment, and won, from first to last, well merited and unqualified approbation.

Songs, duets, quartettes, recitations, piano solos, gymnastics by Infant Group, the wand, ring, and club exercises, and the charming Columbia March and chorus, by sixteen young ladies, followed each other without delay, and revealed a great variety of excellent talent, which had been well disciplined by the faithful officers of the Lyceum. The burden of preparation was shared in an especial manner by the musical director, Mr. Sargent, as could be seen in the variety of exquisite airs and ballads, which were sung with such natural grace, sweetness and true artistic effect by those under his supervision.

One could not witness these lovely groups of young, aspiring natures, on their gala night, unmoved. Among them was the infant band, whose little feet came toddling upon the stage, and whose tiny hands held miniature dumb-bells, while, with wondering eyes, they looked alternately at their leader, Charlie Dyott, and at the vast crowd before them as if puzzled to know what it all meant, trying hard to make the motions right, their very mis-moves so full of unconscious baby grace, and so innocently droll. I believe nothing was ever so bewitchingly natural and comic, so attractive and refreshing, as the gymnastic efforts of these little darlings at our exhibitions.

Next older than these were the musicians and actors, among whom were the children of genius—the sunny, inspired young face of the future woman-orator; the clear, bright eyes of the musically gifted children whose father learned the mystery of tune beside the "castled Rhine;" the sisters of song, whose rich and mellow tones floated from rosy lips with sweet, bird-like melody. There were beautiful girls approaching with tremulous grace the verge of noble womanhood; brave boys with true hearts and manly brows turned towards the duties and triumphs of manhood; middle-aged men and women with faces aglow with the light of benevolence and hope; the silver-crowned looking on with peaceful, beaming smiles; the toil-worn Professor, by whom "Sheridan's Ride" was most grandly re-enacted, and amid all and over all, like hovering angels, giving a helping hand here and a kindly look or word there, moved the noble conductor and his soul-inspired companion, Mr. and Mrs. Dyott.

An anthem of thanksgiving arose from the silence of my spirit as I looked and listened, that this idea of spirit culture had come to earth—that all these beloved ones and the children and friends of countless societies in the new dispensation, might thus be gathered in beautiful groups to be taught the truths of nature and of God.

For The Spiritual Republic.

SOCIAL RECONSTRUCTION.

FROM FRANCIS BARRY, TO J. K. INGALLS.

I propose to take room for only a few hints as to my views of the true plan of reconstruction.

I believe the Berlin Heights movement to have been organized on the only plan that can prove successful with individualized reformers for material. Our idea, since ultimately, was, after selecting a location combining the greatest possible number of advantages together, or rather, to invite to this locality as many persons of character as chose to come, who could accept, theoretically and practically, the general principles of freedom and toleration; leaving each and all free to carry out, as best they could, their own ideas and theories in all respects consistent with the central idea. It was foreseen that, if an effort were made to combine a large number of persons of independence of character, and (necessarily) diversity of habits, tastes, opinions and tendencies, in one specific experiment, it would assuredly fail, and the individuals composing it would scatter to the "ends of the earth." But, gathering a large number in the same general locality, all sympathizing and co-operating in a general way, and to a great extent in details, each one, or each few, free to make any experiment, all the rest looking on to see and be made wiser by its success or failure, but not insuring its failure by piling into it a host of incongruous and ill-assorted elements, the general movement being always ready to "catch the pieces" of the particular effort that might fail, the particular elements being always improved by the experiment, it was believed that the only success possible would be achieved. The results, I think, have demonstrated the correctness of this view. The movement, *such as it is*, is a success. As to the value and importance of what has as yet been attained, it depends entirely upon what you consider the great desideratum. If it is all important to sleep under the same roof, eat at the same table and pronounce the same "shibboleth," I confess that socialism, for independent, progressive minds, is a failure and an impossibility. But if the success of freedom and human rights, and the development of independent manhood and womanhood, are more important, I would rather have the socialism that any half dozen earnest, determined men and women can inaugurate almost anywhere, than the results of the efforts of all the Perfectionists or Shakers in Christendom.

New York, April 1, 1867.

THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

CHICAGO, APRIL 20, 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. J. W. SMITH, Vice-President
J. O. BARRETT, Secretary. S. K. REED, Treasurer.
H. H. MARSH, 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.

LAW OF UNITY.

Man is a unity in diversity. No force of his can act in an isolated relation. If he eats, drinks, speaks, walks, thinks, every organ and sense of his being must contribute something. The musician cannot make melody without his whole powers play to song; muscle, and nerve, and brain, and voice, and soul, all sing. The writer cannot use his pen, nor the carpenter his plane, nor the farmer his hoe, nor the operator his telegraph, nor the engineer his car, nor the sailor his ship, but the heart must beat there, and the lungs must breathe there, and the blood must course there, and the nerves must feel there, and the brain must think there. Success is proportioned to the harmony and energy of the combined forces applied.

So it is in society. "We are members one of another," so conjointly related, that, "if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; and if one member rejoice, all the members rejoice with it." One rich man may elevate or degrade thousands. One vicious boy costs society ten times as much money as is necessary to educate him, to say nothing of his pernicious influence engendering crimes in others to augment again a needless taxation. "No man liveth to himself." No retreat can separate us magnetically. In his attempt to hide from the world, Peter the Hermit prepared to revolutionize Christendom. The dwellers in caves and monasteries were once the greatest civilizers of nations. Moral responsibility can be neither argued down, nor destroyed by imprisonments.

Our influence is not proportioned to talent, or wealth, but to functional balance in the social body. The youth of Nazareth among the doctors was mightier than Napoleon ruling empires. He uncovered his head, even at the image of Jesus. The prattling babe, warming a broken spirit into life, makes a mother Spartan in fortitude. But for it she would not know her force. All the powers of a nation could not redeem Moore's obdurate robber; but a child at prayer melted his hard heart, welling up a repentant tear, which moved the "crystal bar," and opened the gate of Paradise.

Influence augments fast as we affiliate with humanity—sympathetically. Living side by side, doing business together, reaping the emoluments of trade, marrying for profits, do not necessarily imply unity. Such may be as far apart really as are the poles. The contact may, and often does, generate continual broils. No adjustment of social machinery can harmonize incongruous, or repellant forces. God always confuses Babel builders.

The duration and prosperity of every Social Movement depends upon its approximation to, and alliance with, man's religious nature. Have the Shakers any better financial system than others long since dead? In some instances not as practical; but the Shakers are religious, have an unselfish heart pulsing in their work; hence they live. Why are Protestant churches so evanescent? They are mainly intellectual, cultivated, influential, for a season; but they succeed each other rapidly in death as spires of grass before the scythe. The Catholic church, less scientific, has lived a thousand years. Why this difference? The Catholic is more religious, more maternal. Were it as free in thought as it is motherly in spirit, it would save our starving humanity; but, as priestly tyranny is allied with its maternity, it is the greater peril to the soul. The devil is most sure of success when he adjusts his plots to human affections. Beware! this Catholic virgin may be the "mother of harlots!"

Every one has felt the unsatisfaction of mere intellectual disputation. A metaphysical discourse, destitute of reverential love, however brilliant and logical, never gives rest to the soul, but throws it from its poise. "The undevout philosopher is mad." Societies thus molded are ephemeral. The experiment proves it. An exclusively intellectual religion is a soulless excrescence—shell to the nut. An artificial socialism is a labyrinth, grinding souls in its bloody maw.

Plainly, then, is it written all over social structures, erecting and laid in ruins, that they will be hells of discord, if love sits not in their judgment seats. How starved is our humanity! Men, women, children are perishing for want of love. Short of this nothing cements, nothing saves. New laws and institutions, good as they are, hurl us into insanity, if no heart is in them. Love blending with wisdom, love working in reform, love reconstructing government to be better adapted to human needs, love destroying tyrannies to open improvements, love projecting inventions to abridge labor, love bringing heaven down to cold hearts sunny and pure as "the dews of Hermon," hallows all passions, supports in adversity, awakens moral heroism, forgives trespass, rebukes in charity, bathes fevered hopes with pitying tears, sanctifies all interests, unites all minds as drops of water, transfigures humanity into angelhood of character. Apply no rules here! Measure not the sunbeams of heaven! Reduce not religious inspirations to scientific formularies! Do not stop, poor starving soul, to reason upon it, ere you eat this bread of life! "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat, yea, buy wine and milk, without money and without price!" Religion is our great need—spirituality in our work—divinity in our purpose. The spiritual intuitions catch at truth quick as the eye catches the beauties of nature. A glance at the city from a tower conveys a better idea of its magnitude than a whole year of street navigation. When we have an inspired heart matching an inspired mind, ten thousand times ten thousand will instantly rally around the standard of our heavenly gospel. What stirred America four long years of blood? Her heart was inspired, uniting all into one grand army. We lack this heart. We are scattered in forces. Angularities are giving us a hydrophobia! Jealousy, like an adder, is stinging us to a spiritual death! Suspicion is stultifying the angel's high mission to earth! Internal belligerency is paralyzing our hands, discouraging our vanguards, weakening our rank and file! Have we not drilled long enough in these sham fights? In solid columns we must move, if we would carry the enemy's works.

No carnal weapons! No fighting for a millennium! "Peace, be still!" We need not wander forty years in the wilderness of Philosophy. There is a better way through the Spiritual Intuitions. Reformers! would you redeem? would you institute protection to the individuals and education of all human powers and possibilities? "Love one another!"

AMERICAN CHRISTIANITY NOT CHRIST'S CHRISTIANITY.

Harper's Monthly for April, 1867, has an article entitled "A Christian Neighborhood."

In this, the writer complains that Christian neighborhoods in this country are anything but Christian in the true sense of the term. In sketching such neighborhood, "we find six or eight large mansions and extensive grounds arranged with lavish expenditures. On an average, each may contain five or six parlors and nearly as many in kitchens. Those in the parlor have books and pictures, fancy work, horses and carriages, leisure to visit, receive company and travel. Excepting the father, they do nothing to earn their livelihood. * * * The children of the family are educated to enjoy this life themselves, instead of working for the good of others. To have a good time in this world seems to be their chief aim."

Around these large mansions there will be, near by, small tenement houses. "In the small tenements the boys rise early and go forth to work in the pure air and life-giving sun. They work from eight to ten hours, with little opportunity for amusement or for reading and study. In the large houses the boys sleep till a late breakfast, then study or play till school time; then spend three hours in a crowded and ill-ventilated school, stimulating brain and nerves, then home to a hearty dinner, then again to school three hours. Thus one class of boys work most of the day with little exercise of the brain; the other class work the brain with little exercise of the muscles, and little sun and air. So with the girls: in the tenement houses, the girls go to kitchens and shops to work most of the day, with little chance for mental culture or the refinement of taste. In the large mansions the daughters sleep late, do but little labor for the family, and spend their time in school or in light reading. * * * Thus one class are trained to feel that they are a privileged few for whom others are to work, while they do only a very little to promote the improvement or enjoyment of their poorer neighbors."

Whoever has looked out with open eyes upon human life as it is in this country, knows that the quotation above is strictly true; that there is not the faintest resemblance be-

tween Christianity, as taught by Jesus eighteen hundred years ago, and Christianity as practiced by professed Christians of the nineteenth century. There are scarcely any wealthy Christian fathers or mothers who are educating their sons and daughters to bear so much of the cross as is necessary to earn their own food or raiment. The same writer shows the effects of this perversion on the overworked and on the idle. "Labor being confined chiefly to the unrefined and uncultivated, is disgraced and rendered unattractive to the young. One class is overworked and the body deteriorated from excess. The other class overwork the brain and the nerves, and the neglected muscles grow thin, flabby and weak. One class has round shoulders, projecting necks and hard hands from excess of toil. The other class has stooping shoulders, projecting necks and flat chests from want of muscular exercise. One class is all brain, nerves, refinement and selfish indolence. The other class is all muscle, is vulgar, unrefined and envious."

Let Spiritualists ponder upon this subject and learn the truth and obey it: All who have ears to hear will catch the warning uttered eighteen hundred years ago, so modified as to apply to us. "Verily, verily I say unto you, unless your righteousness shall exceed that [of Christian Churches,] you can in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven."

CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUMS.

There is nothing more cheering in the whole Spiritual Movement than the great increase of interest in the Children's Lyceum. From all quarters we hear of new Lyceums being organized, and of a great advancement in those that have been established one, two, three and four years.

At first it only appeared to those who looked upon the Lyceum from without, that it was intended as a substitute for the Sunday school, and they meted out their interest in accordance with their appreciation of it; which, in this view, was very limited. Gradually, its allotted sphere and usefulness have widened and increased, until we find it, in its most advanced stages, proposing, not only to be self-sustaining, but voluntarily aggressive in its operations.

The Philadelphia Lyceum has taken the initial step toward erecting a building, which shall contain a hall in which its exercises can be fully enjoyed, and extended to the most useful and refining branches of culture; and in which, by lectures, experiments and illustrations, the most useful information can be conveyed to the mind. On the 22d of this month, the officers and members repeat their most successful exhibition, and will realize some hundreds of dollars to be appropriated in that direction, which as a nucleus, will continue to increase until the object will be accomplished.

This but illustrates the vitality and purpose which inhere in the Movement, and we know that it is but an example that can be followed by a score of Lyceums already in existence. The Lyceum was never intended for Sunday alone. It possesses the genius of universal education, and we would that all who take hold of it could feel that, in so doing, they are but cultivating a tender plant, which, by care and cheerful devotion, will extend itself into an independent productive institution.

Our plans of education generally are very deficient, often destructive to health and fettering to genius. We are hoping much from this growing Lyceum Movement to correct errors in this respect.

In this connection we call attention to the announcement that Mr. and Mrs. Davis, original founders of the Lyceum offer their services as missionaries to organize them wherever called. We hope their services will be promptly and extensively secured. None know the Lyceum as well as they do, and none can give it so healthy an impulse on its way through a long life.

Just at this time when the West is so well aroused to the need of real, substantial work, it would be a happy event for these pioneers to come among us. We hope it may be so, for the sake of the Lyceum Movement.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN ENGLAND.

Mr. Mill, in the English Parliament, has broached the question of woman suffrage, by proposing to use the word "person" instead of "male" in the Government Reform Bill. It is hoped that the amendment may succeed. Mr. Mill's proposition so far, by members of the press, only receives the support of the *Daily News*. Its proposal is to give the franchise to those women who possess independently and in their own person, the qualification prescribed by the law of the land. A woman in England appoints and dismisses the great officers of State; no law can be enacted without her concurrence; and legally qualified women are accustomed to vote all over the country, in matters of local concern. Why not, then, for members of the Legislature? Women who are rate-payers, not women who are the wives and daughters of rate-payers, are contemplated by Mr. Mill and the *Daily News*.

See advertisement of "A Woman's Secret," on the last page of this paper. It is to be the real live book of the season.

MISS ELLA E. VAN WIE.

Below we publish the resolutions of the St. Johns (Mich.) Society of Spiritualists, concerning Miss Van Wie and A. A. Wheelock and wife. They are morally sublime. May their example be contagious, until the excessive love of the marvelous, often *compelling* mediumistic deception, shall be consumed as dross from the gold.

With Miss Van Wie we have no personal acquaintance. We pity her. We hope the terrible and deserving rebuke which she and others of hypocritical tendencies have received from an outraged public, will be a lesson suggestive of repentance. If she is mediumistic to any degree, so much greater is her sin in the sight of heaven. If she has been controlled by any agency outside of her own volition to deceive as she has, it is no excuse, but a greater reason, to disown and repel such influences, and be wiser for the ordeal, as was the Magdalene out of whom were cast seven devils. Atoning thus for the "obsessive" merchandize she has made of "the kingdom of heaven," weeping before the cross of self-denial, she can thence be a "sister of the angels." Whilst we must be just in our exposures of iniquity, "let him that is without sin first cast a stone." Society, as it now is, has a false heart, developing in all directions every possible species of deception, of which Spiritualism has its due share. We who have the "lively oracles," can afford to be calm amid all abuses and persecutions, illustrating more practically in example, that, when the erring sorrow over an injured confidence, our religion teaches "to forgive is divine."

Mr. and Mrs. Wheelock, who superintended the *seances*, are regarded in the highest esteem by all who know them. Mr. W. has published a candid statement of his operations, which we have not space to reprint. Suffice it to say, that in this matter, the honor and integrity of Mr. and Mrs. Wheelock are unscathed. In her confession at Lowell, Mich., where she was detected, Miss Van Wie, asserting her mediumship, publicly said, "As for Mr. Wheelock and his wife, they knew nothing of the deception here this evening—they are entirely innocent—I did it myself." Here let the matter rest—resolved to "prove all things and hold fast that is good."

WHEREAS, It has come to our knowledge, that Ellen E. Van Wie, a member of this society, has been guilty of deception and imposture, in palming upon us and the public, certain tricks of her own inventions, as spiritual manifestations; and,

WHEREAS, When detected, in such imposture, said Ellen E. Van Wie, in a public hall, in the village of Lowell, in this State, before an audience there assembled to witness her pretended spiritual manifestations, did confess that such manifestations were impostures and tricks of her own invention; therefore,

Resolved, by the St. Johns Society of Spiritualists—1st. That our sister Ellen E. Van Wie has, in our opinion, forfeited all claim to be longer considered a genuine medium for Spiritual manifestations of any class or character, and that we have no confidence whatever in her pretended mediumship or truthfulness.

2d. That we will not, in the future, countenance any person coming among us, proposing to exhibit Spiritual manifestations for a price; that, in our opinion, all persons claiming spiritual gifts, and proposing for a price in money to exhibit them, may justly be suspected as impostors, seeking to enrich themselves by imposing upon the credulous, and ought to be discountenanced by all lovers of truth, and well wishers of humanity.

3d. That we do not intend to say, that there are no genuine spirit manifestations, such as are claimed by Spiritualists generally, to exist, nor that we will not countenance and sustain mediums for such manifestations; but our experience, we think, justifies us in avoiding all persons who advertise through newspapers and circulars their spiritual gifts, to be exhibited for a price, or traverse the country, posting themselves by handbills, for a like purpose.

4th. That we deeply sympathize with our brother A. A. Wheelock and his estimable wife, whom Miss Van Wie accompanied, and who have been placed in a false position before the public, by her baseness; and we hereby declare that it is our solemn conviction that Brother Wheelock was not cognizant of the fraud and imposition practised by Miss Van Wie, but was himself a victim to the designing art of the impostor.

S. HOYT, President.

Mrs. A. E. N. Rich, Secretary.
St. Johns, April 7, 1867.

COMMUNION WITH THE DEPARTED.

Again, and again, we are solicited by our many correspondents to give information respecting their departed friends. Fast as one cuts the "silver cord," and the lingering heart lies bleeding, there is a looking, oh! how earnest, for some reliable testimony of their presence, as the angel of the household. Among the many, we have to notice the bereavement of Bro. R. B. Ground, of Edwardsville, Ill. His young wife, to him and others the sunbeam of life, whose very existence encircled his "with a perfect halo of love and joy," entered the Summer Land, on the 19th ult. Writing us he says:

"There is no one that I have met who believes that spirits can communicate; and now, under the utmost oppression of grief, I ask you, as a friend, is there any possible chance to communicate with my dear wife, who has passed to the spirit world?"

Yes, the chance for such communication is for the bereft. "Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted." Cannot our brother consult the oracles, through some honest medium in his locality? "Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you."

We are dual in natures. To every physical organ is its spiritual counterpart which is just as susceptible to culture and use. The departure of a friend quickens it to powerful action; we follow after in aspiration; death has not severed but strengthened the tie; we are nearer the "better country." Whence comes that thought, so sudden, bounding with rapture into the soul's consciousness, laden with familiar language? Whence that "still small voice,"—"I am with you; be faithful?" Whence that vision, aglow with ineffable joy,

"When the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door,
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit us once more?"

Whence that hallowed influence, so deeply felt, so uplifting in prayer, kindling to quicker pulse the love of a heavenly presence? The cultivation of such experiences ally us closer with angels, till, at length, not a doubt beclouds the inner sight, for we both see, and hear, and taste, too, of the founts of eternal life. This spiritual telegraphing is so delicate, the least counter influence may dilute the communication. The spirits are constantly striving to convince us of their guardianship; but many are so entangled in fears, or doubts, or positiveness of will forces, as to prevent satisfactory testimony. Serenity of disposition, faith in the Divine, self-denial, purity of heart, are the prerequisites to successful communications, experimentally, with our guardian friends.

Is not the image well defined when the lake is clear and still? Personal devotion to a heavenly life marries heart to heart again, never more to separate.

LABOR GANGS.

The New York Times' London correspondent writes:

"If the missionary and abolition societies of America are out of work, I beg to call their attention to the labor gangs of the eastern counties of England. Nearly all the lighter work of agriculture is done by gangs of twenty to forty boys and girls, from six years old to twenty, who go from farm to farm under a driver, and work early and late, under a system which tasks to the utmost their physical powers. They walk long distances, and work long hours. They pig together with no more regard for the decencies of life than the animals. They are as ignorant and as vicious as it is possible to conceive. The children get no education except in depravity. Examined by the Commissioners they were found not to know the county in which they lived, or the name of the gracious Sovereign who reigns over them. They overwhelm a stranger with blasphemy and obscenity. Clergymen and magistrates, who had the best means of knowing, agreed that virtue—female virtue—was unknown among them from the tenderest age."

Is this the condition to which the British free-trade competitive system would invite the American laborer? To this they must come if American capital and trade is suffered to mature upon the basis of the English models.

If the people of the United States would save the Republic, they must rebuild, by making labor the only passport to respectability.

SIGNIFICANT AND IMPORTANT VERDICT.

Under the appropriate heading of "An Arrow to the Mark," the editor of the *Independent* says: "The number of our truly Christian churches is lamentably small—of equal rarity with Christian charity."

We are sincerely of the same opinion, and have been called infidel, and all sorts of hard names, because we have expressed it so freely during the last fifteen years. We are rejoiced to find that a mind so sincere and so highly illuminated as that of Theodore Tilton has come to the same conclusion as ourselves regarding the Christian churches. With the candid, enlightened mind, free from hereditary and educational prejudice, there can be no doubt that the Christian churches are largely counterfeiters, uttering a vast amount of spurious currency, and passing it off on the world as genuine.

It is a great relief to us to find the *Independent* joining hands with us in this impeachment.

WORKINGMEN'S DEMONSTRATION.

On the first day of May, there is to be a great demonstration of the workingmen of Chicago. We are assured that May Day will be really a gala day, not a frolicking of the peasantry on the green as in days of yore; but the lifting up of the people in purpose; an inauguration of the better time, when education is to be hailed as the possible accompaniment of all labor, and the necessity to all who wish to redeem labor from its present embarrassments.

The programme of the day will, in general, consist of a procession, which, after parading the streets will pass to Michigan Avenue, where, as announced, Gov. Oglesby, of Ill., Gov. Stone, of Iowa, Gov. Fletcher, of Missouri, Gov. Morton, of Indiana, Gov. Fairchild, of Wisconsin, and other eminent men and talented speakers will address the multitude from stands erected for the occasion. We hope that all will pass off well, and that the day will be one of enjoyment and instruction.

PERSONAL.

John Orvis, of Boston, was announced to speak in Music Hall, on Sunday evening last. He came upon the platform, but had spoken but a few minutes when he was suddenly affected by irregularity in the action of the heart, producing such physical weakness as to oblige him to abandon his effort to lecture. The Rev. Robert Collyer being in the hall, by request came forward, and delivered a very entertaining and instructive lecture on the Everlasting Human Life.

Kersey Graves, formerly of Harveysburgh, Ohio, has removed to Richmond, Ind., where he can be addressed for the future.

A. J. and Mary F. Davis offer their services to the Spiritualists as missionaries to organize Children's Progressive Lyceums, on condition that a fund is raised sufficient to afford them a fair compensation, which, Mr. Davis says, "shall not exceed the day wages of boss carpenters and blacksmiths."

Frederick Douglass is urged by several influential papers as a delegate to the Convention to amend the Constitution in New York.

Dr. James Cooper will deliver a funeral discourse, on the departure of the daughter of Mr. David Richardson, at Montezuma, Mercer Co., Ohio, on Sunday, May 5th.

THE LITTLE BOUQUET.

The last number of volume one of the *LITTLE BOUQUET* is just issued. It will commence its second volume the first of May, under most favorable auspices, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown being the chosen editor. The publishers return hearty thanks to the friends of children and the Lyceum Movement, for the cordial support this little sheet has thus far received, and take pleasure in announcing that during the coming year it will be issued semi-monthly at the same price, viz.: one dollar a year, in advance.

The subscription list of the *LITTLE BOUQUET* must be largely increased to pay the first cost of publishing the paper at this rate, but the publishers, wishing to do the greatest possible good, trust this much to the Lyceums and readers generally, hoping that they will take hold with renewed and increased interest, and give their full co-operation.

It is the determination of all concerned to make the *LITTLE BOUQUET* one of the best papers for children and youths, therefore in every way a helper to the Lyceum Cause. We call the attention of Lyceum officers and parents to its claims, and invite their co-operation with us.

Address "LITTLE BOUQUET," Drawer 6325, Chicago.

THE CONNECTICUT ELECTION.

In the *Independent* of the 11th of April is an article from the pen of the Rev. John P. Gulliver, of Chicago, upon the late election in Connecticut.

Mr. G. deplors the result of the election—calls Connecticut "one of the very best of our Northern States." Hear his reason:

"I say one of the best, not without good reason, for I am told by those who delight in statistics, that though it is common to charge Connecticut men with parsimony, the average contributions of the members of the Congregational churches in that State are considerably higher than in Massachusetts or any other State."

The above quotation contains or suggests three prominent ideas,

1st. That a State may be false to freedom and false to justice, and yet be one of the very best of the Northern States.

2d. That the Rev. John P. Gulliver estimates "contributions" as something more than an offset against the most contemptible political meanness that ever disgraced any people of any age.

3d. It demonstrates the relative weight of the Christian graces as measured in the scales of a sectarian clergyman.

All this is significant and suggestive. Doughnuts and "donations" have great redeeming value!

"A WOMAN'S SECRET."

"Two Equal Souls; one round perfected Whole," makes the experiences of Rebecca and Mr. Gladstone the text for the writer's opinion concerning true marriage. "The Pestilence that walketh in Darkness; the Destruction that wasteth at Noonday," concludes the story by rehearsing the tragic end of Theodore Moss, who fell a victim to that secret scourge of the race which has slain more of the world's manhood than ancient plague and modern epidemic combined.

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

Conference at 1 o'clock P. M.
Rev. Robert Collyer will lecture before the First Society of Spiritualists at Crosby's Music Hall, on Sunday evening, 21st inst., at 7:30 o'clock. All are cordially invited.

NOTICES AND REVIEWS.

A PEEP INTO SACRED TRADITION.—Second edition revised and enlarged. By Rev. Orrin Abbott. Published Chicago, Illinois, 1867.

This little work is before us, fresh from the press, and ready for public distribution. The book is composed of a review of several books of the Bible, analyzing them chronologically, historically and otherwise. The composition is clear, the analysis careful and, aided by notes and references, renders the book one of value to all biblical students, or persons in any way interested in contrasting different opinions relative to the Bible.

The type of the book is large enough to be very easily read. The impressions are clear, its appearance is pleasing, and we deem it altogether a work that will well reward the purchaser for his money and time of perusal. Price 50 cents post paid. For sale at this office.

THE IMPENDING EPOCH.—A Southern Spiritualist monthly! This is something new in the order of human progress; and well does it illustrate the happy fact that the Empire of Inspiration hath "no North, no South, no East, no West," but, like sunshine, blesses all climes and all people. The *Epoch* is earnest, on fire of enthusiasm, hath a warm heart of Southern pulses, devoted to peaceful measures of reform.

Without defining for others their methods—for this would be trespass—we affiliate soul to soul with all who work to gladden a darkened humanity with the heavenly religion of the All-Father, as ministered unto us by holy angels, bringing "peace on earth and good will toward men." The *Epoch* is published in Augusta, Georgia. Edited by Henry J. Osborne and Miss Lydia H. Baker. Terms \$2 00.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Mr. J. G. Terrill, of St. Charles, sends us an order for books, but neglects to mention in what State he resides. By a reference to the post office guide, we find that he might live in either of the following States: Illinois, Ohio, North Carolina, Arkansas, Iowa, Missouri, Michigan, Minnesota, Louisiana. We have also on hand an order from Miss Lillie Dickey, which we will fill as soon as we know where she lives. Her letter does not inform us.

W. F. Jamieson, publisher of the *SPIRITUAL REPORTER*, informs us that Nos. one and two of that excellent little work are all disposed of; therefore, orders for them cannot be filled. There are only a few left of numbers three and four.

The Spiritualists of Sheboygan Falls, Wis., have sustained a great loss in the departure of Bro. Charles D. Cole for the Summer Land; but, says a correspondent, "It may be that his influence for good will be more extensively felt than when he was visibly moving among us."

A. G. Johnson, of Lytle, Iowa, writes that the people there are deeply interested in Mrs. Corbin's radical story, and that a Baptist brother, who accidentally read a number of the *REPUBLIC*, suggested to his brethren that it was a paper worthy of their support. "So prejudice is dying out." "So mote it be."

A correspondent, writing from Madison, Wis., criticises, with mournful foreshadowings, the want of respect among some Spiritualists when they speak of Jesus Christ or the Bible. No true Spiritualist will utter a contemptuous word about the good and pure, or any truth in any book. Let us ever give justice where justice is due.

J. H. Stanley, of Terra Haute, Ind., being deeply interested in our mutual work of human regeneration, states that there are prospects of an organized effort there for lecturing. Let our speakers note the place, and be ready to obey the "Macedonian cry." "God and angels speed the good work," says our brother.

The Friends of Progress in Galesburg, Ill., are organized in working order. Bigotry is represented as rampant there, fighting against them, but they are determined. E. Summers speaks with encouraging words respecting the services of W. F. Jamieson and Mrs. Hannah Morse. Mrs. M. is a clairvoyant medium, and is recommended as a "self-sacrificing and successful pioneer in our great work." We are happy to learn that a movement is projected to purchase a library. Dr. E. C. Dunn speaks there in May, and E. V. Wilson in July. Let our efforts be ever characterized by a reverential spirit, devoted to truth, charity and wisdom.

We notice by the Oswego, N. Y., papers, that the Children's Progressive Lyceum of that place is wide awake. The members have given several exhibitions, the last two of which occurred on the evenings of April 4th and 5th.

Mr. Isaac Hildebrand, writing from Fond du Lac, Wis., says the Society of that place has been revived of late, by ministrations from Mr. Joseph Baker, of Janesville, Wis., formerly a Universalist Minister. Mr. Baker is said to be a man of fine talents and very earnest in the cause of human progress. We wish him abundant success. He will answer calls to lecture. Address Janesville, Wis.

A Children's Progressive Lyceum is about to be established in Bridgeport, Ct., by A. J. and Mary F. Davis.

Thomas Wilson Harding, Secretary of Producers National Organization, will lecture on Social and Political Reconstruction and Spiritualism, on the route to St. Louis, via Chicago. Address, Box 905 Coldwater, Mich.

There are about one thousand Cashmere goats in Illinois. They are as easily raised as the common goat, and are said to be very profitable.

PROGRESS OF EVENTS.

The farmers near Coldwater, Mich., have authorized Thomas M. Harding to lecture to them on themes relating to reconstruction. Charles Parkinson speaks well of his success, claiming that his lecture, entitled "Union, Reconstruction and Government, on a New Plan," involves principles, which, when carried into practice, will make the "Golden Rule a necessity," in politics and business, rejoicing the people in the liberties thus secured.

It is rumored that hostilities are imminent between France and Prussia.

William Lloyd Garrison delivered a lecture in the Town Hall, in Leominster, Mass., on the 20th ult., in which he called on the Fortieth Congress to perform promptly their duty—"to lift high the axe of impeachment and let it fall on the Presidential neck. And let all the people say Amen! and Amen!" Whereupon many in the audience broke forth in a responsive Amen!

Both Houses of the Ohio Legislature have passed a resolution submitting, at the October election, the question of amending the State Constitution so as to allow negroes to vote. So the work goes on, sometimes slowly, but always surely.

A. H. Love, of Philadelphia, writing to the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, says: "I find a P. S. to my letter of last week a necessity. The admission of the colored people into our city cars is not unattended with opposition and insult. I have seen ladies, so-called, move away from them, and say, 'We will let you sit beside your friends.'"

"On some of the routes quite a number refuse to enter the cars when colored people are in, or leave them when they are admitted. Thus the secession spirit is active even here, and no wonder we do not have Sunday cars and other necessary conditions of peace and prosperity. We may well say, When will we get out of work?"

"Philadelphia, 4th mo. 2, 1867. A. H. LOVE." Philadelphia is the famed city of "Brotherly Love." We suggest that the citizens thereof conform their actions to the standard of their reputation as soon as possible.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE IN WISCONSIN.

We noticed last week that the Wisconsin Legislature had submitted the question of amending the Constitution of that State, so as to secure Universal Suffrage to the people. We were not certain of the entire situation, and therefore made enquiry of Hon. J. T. Dow, one of the foremost in the cause of reform in the Assembly, who gives us the following cheering information:

EDITORS *SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC*: You desire to know the situation of the Universal Suffrage question since its agitation in our State Legislature, and as both houses adjourned *sine die* to-day, I take this opportunity to inform you how the matter is left. After the decided expression in the Assembly, of 63 ayes to 22 noes, the vote was re-considered, and, under peculiar circumstances, the joint resolution favoring Universal Suffrage was lost.

The *State Journal* claimed that the first vote was a joke. Not being willing to give it up so, notwithstanding a much greater victory had already been won than I at first anticipated, I again introduced the resolution and carried it through the Assembly by a vote of fifty-eight to twenty-seven, and through the Senate by a vote of nineteen to nine, a strong constitutional majority in both branches of the legislature; thus taking the first broad step towards erasing from the suffrage clause of our State Constitution, the distinction of color and sex. This resolution must pass another legislature and be ratified by the people before it becomes a part of our State Constitution, both of which we have strong faith will take place without unnecessary delay.

We did not expect, when first moving this question, that over about a dozen votes could be obtained in its favor in the Assembly, much less come to a vote in the Senate. But the agreeable surprise has convinced us that no obstacle will prevent the onward movement of this glorious cause, until every human being, not only within our State, but the United States, may enjoy equal rights before the law.

This is, indeed, a progressive age. Broad, liberal, free and independent thought is pervading the hearts of the people, and when the question of woman suffrage or any other class of suffrage is submitted to them they will demonstrate their knowledge of the fact, that there is no safety except through universal justice and equality. The past few years have been mighty educators. Blood and treasure have not been poured out in vain. Keep up the ventilating, agitating, purifying controversy already commenced, and all will be well.

Yours for truth and progress,

J. T. Dow.

Assembly Chamber, Madison, Wis., April 11, 1867.

CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUMS.

EDITORS *SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC*: By way of encouragement to those working in the Lyceum cause you will confer a favor by inserting in your paper the few remarks hereto appended, calling attention to the fact that the Lyceum is not only capable of self-sustenance, but is competent to undertake a far nobler work; one that is destined to lay the foundation stone, indeed, to be the foundation, of a superstructure that God and the angels will dedicate, and beneath the dome of which, the beautiful teachings of Spiritualism shall be unfolded.

Yours for truth and progress, M. B. DYOTT,
Conductor of Phila. Children's Progressive Lyceum.
Philadelphia, Pa., April 4, 1867.

To the friends of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, and those favorable to the extension of Physical, Intellectual and Moral Culture:

The Progressive Lyceum, and Association with which it is connected, having no permanent hall, it is deemed necessary to start a Building Fund, to which annual or monthly contributions may be solicited, donations, bequests and legacies made. As many persons were unable to gain admittance to their Exhibition at Musical Fund Hall, upon the 29th of March, and a large proportion of the audience then present, request a repetition of that entertainment, the officers, leaders and members have consented to repeat it, and to appropriate the entire proceeds to the starting of a Building Fund, and to continue their efforts from time to time until their purposes shall be accomplished. The first object to be obtained is a building in which the Progressive Lyceum can hold its meetings, where lectures upon scientific, philosophical, religious and humanitarian subjects, can be maintained; where a thorough musical education may be acquired; where physical culture and the laws of health shall be prominent in its teachings; where the fact that man has a body, as well as a soul to educate, shall be recognized; and that the surest guarantee for a true and holy life, is to educate the body, so that the immortal spirit that inhabits it, may have a fitting instrument through which the God-like attributes of a noble life may be evolved. Where the reasoning faculties of the young shall be cultivated and drawn out; where a free Library and Reading Room shall be established, stored with the wisdom of the past, and redolent with the inspirations of the present; where our children shall be taught to love God, and not to fear him; where Elocution, Rhetoric and Oratory shall be taught, and the dormant powers and capacities of the mind be aroused into activity. These are a few of its primary aims and purposes, and are all comprehended within their present abilities, and will be inaugurated as soon as funds can be obtained to procure a suitable building for their use. The Lyceum Movement is one which has within it inherent powers of self-sustenance; it is a working and progressive institution, and, although it is a child of but four years old, it now numbers 110 flourishing schools, and has a membership of 12,000 children. We say to those who are able, assist us, and the monument of usefulness you will help to rear, will be a source of greater happiness to you, than that which would be yours were you to build and endow a Girard College or a Peabody Institute.

Communications may be addressed to the Conductor,
M. B. DYOTT, Box 684, Philadelphia, Pa.

USE OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

DEAR *REPUBLIC*: One of the greatest cures on record in this part of the country has been effected here, and is looked upon by the outside world as miraculous. The patient, Maria L. Hoage, who suffered ill health for about a year, and consulted several physicians, some of whom gave it as their opinion that she was *enceinte*. Feeling that none of them understood her complaint, she put herself under the care and medical treatment of Mrs. L. E. Dow, Clairvoyant Physician of Davenport. At her first examination, Mrs. Dow discovered the disease to be an *ovarian tumor*. She called in the surgical assistance of Dr. Grover, who performed the operation of *paracentesis* several times, and finally extracted the tumor, which, with its contents, weighed twenty-five pounds. In character, it is what surgeons call *multilocular*, and contains in its various cysts serum, pus, and a gelatinous or albuminous fluid. The conclusion to operate was originally based on a clairvoyant diagnosis by Mrs. Dow, who gave a clear description of the tumor and its attachments, as attested by Dr. Grover after the operation was performed. The other doctors, Brackett, Worley and Kunze, who witnessed this operation of *ovariotomy*, said there was no probability that the patient would survive; but she is now, after seventeen days, doing well, and a living witness of her own innocence and the power of the healing hands of the Spiritual physician. Mrs. Dow, as a clairvoyant and healing medium, has no superiors, and few equals, in the West; and Dr. Grover, who possesses great skill as a surgeon, has lately given excellent evidence of healing powers.

R. N.

Davenport, Iowa, April 7th, 1867.

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

VOICES FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

FROM J. B. HARRISON.

OUR WORK IN THE WEST.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: I wish to write for your paper a series of short articles concerning the religious condition and interests of the West. They will not be elaborate essays; some of them may have the form of letters to friends, responding to many which I have received during the last two years. I have been from boyhood intimately acquainted with the Spiritualist movement, and with many Spiritualists. For two years I have felt that the development and establishment of free, rational and practical religion in the West, is the greatest interest of my life; and each passing month deepens my sense of the importance of this work. I fear that what I write may have the appearance of egotism, that I may seem to attach undue importance to my own impressions and opinions. I am not certain that I have anything valuable to say. I have discovered no new principles, have no new or distinctive ideas in regard to our needs or work, no views that are not held by very many liberal men and women in our country. I only wish, in direct and simple style, to answer some questions, and encourage the people to work.

About two months ago I printed a thousand copies of a circular addressed to the friends of religious freedom in the West. It was published in THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, BANNER, Radical, Investigator, New York Tribune, and in many Western newspapers. I have sent out several hundreds of these circulars by mail, addressed to men and women of all phases of liberal religious belief, in all parts of the West. And during the last three months I have also written more than three hundred letters to such persons, asking for information in regard to the state of the liberal cause in their respective localities—methods of organization and work, number and character of adherents, etc. I have also asked each person so addressed to give me his or her opinion of the chief needs of the liberal cause in the West—of what is required to give it the greatest possible measure of success. I have received prompt and cordial responses to nearly every one of my circulars and letters. Very many have written whom I had not directly addressed, complying with my request in the papers I have named. I regard the number of letters received in answer to my inquiries as very remarkable. I did not expect one-fourth as many. I am gratified and delighted, and wish here to express my most cordial thanks to all these hundreds of friends. Permit me also to say that I am still pursuing my inquiries, and shall be grateful for letters from all of "my dear five hundred" other friends.

I shall send you extracts from some of these letters from earnest men and women, (not using their names,) thus fulfilling my promise to use the knowledge acquired in this correspondence for the advancement of our cause. One word more. Some of my suggestions and opinions may invite criticism. I am not at all sensitive about their reception by the people. I wish directly and without apology to express my own thoughts and judgment in answer to inquiries from many friends to whom I cannot write for want of time.

Finally (for this time) I am more than ever moved to work and encourage every body to work. I think that many of our people have not such a perception as they should and might have of the importance of the present time. Both the work to be done, and the opportunities for performing it, are much greater than most of our friends think them. For my own part, I am burdened "like a cart under sheaves," driven and absorbed by my work, yet doing nothing that hints any measure of what I wish to do. I lack time and means, lack ability, lack strength, physical, mental and spiritual, lack culture, and wisdom, and inspiration. If I say anything, the world may well ask "Who are you?"

Bloomington, Ill., April 2, 1867.

FROM W. LONG SMITH

I have been a reader of every paper devoted to Spiritualism, from the *Spiritual Telegraph* to the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, and can truly say that I like the last named the best. Some articles in it I like well, some better, and some best. The lecture on infanticide, by Seth Paine, is among the best. Reformation on the subjects of marriage, child bearing and child rearing is the *one thing needful* in order to a progressed, good and happy condition of the human family.

For not less than ten years past I have written a little and spoken more, upon the great importance of educational reformation in that direction, meeting with small approbation, limited success and much misrepresentation. I am sure that no great and durable improvement in the human family will ever take place short of an educational basis, begun in the ante-natal state and continued in after life in harmony with the laws of anatomy, physiology and phrenology.

I know it is said by very clever teachers that the spirits can and do educate. Be it so. But if it be so they do it in

harmony with the law governing human organization. According to my experience and observation there has been too great a tendency heretofore, by both lecturers and writers, to leave the impression on the minds of the masses that, by spirit communications and influx, there is a *short and easy* method of becoming intelligent; but close attention, for not less than ten years, has satisfied me that those who have rested easy with that view of the matter have made but little progress. There may be exceptions, but I am sure that it is not the rule.

Is it not injurious to teach, directly or indirectly, anything to cause people to be content with a *do nothing system*? We have been under the influence of that sort of system mostly from the days of our great grandfathers; but I am pleased to see that in THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC you are taking higher grounds; that our attention is called to things practical in business, trade, labor, education, and, by H. C. Wright, even to prayer *that works*. That is the kind of prayer that I have believed in for many years; but I am acquainted with many Spiritualist brethren who seem to be content with things as they are in nearly all the affairs of every day life as much as those who make no pretensions to progression.

There are Spiritualists who know that the spirits of their departed friends return and communicate to them, and who rejoice in their comforting influence, who are happy to encourage mediums, who are much pleased with the efforts making to extend the knowledge of spirit communion; but when it comes to the education of their sons and daughters, appear to be as well satisfied with the old fashioned methods as are any of their orthodox neighbors. These things ought not to be. Multitudes of Spiritualists have their children taught the old fogy ways of commerce, trade and speculation; the necessity of looking up to lawyers; the old methods of medication; and, those who can afford it, the old notions of gentility, dandyism and fashionable idleness and indolence. Great bargains, great speculations, great incomes, much idleness, indulgence and selfishness, seem to be the order of the day. THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC is striking hard blows at such misappropriations of life. Lay on. All that has yet been done is hardly as a drop to the bucket full.

W. L. S.

P. S. Of phrenology, I am satisfied that whatever else has contributed to the advance of Spiritualism as well as everything else in the way of reform and progression, phrenology has done much, very much, in enlightening the minds of the people. So far as my knowledge extends the best Spiritualists, and most intelligent, were firm believers in its truths. Laroy Sunderland and Hudson Tuttle write of it as though they had some private grief to settle with phrenologists. I do not believe all the Fowlers say of it, but they have done much good, and the ideas advanced by Combe lie at the root of all reform.

De Soto, Jefferson county, Mo., April 8th, 1867.

GLEANINGS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM CANDACE J. S. PALMER.

THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC is truly a consoler to my spirit. I have read with attention the lecture delivered by Seth Paine in your city, and can attest to its truthfulness. For the last five years, I have been convinced that something must be done to put a stop to polygamy, adultery and abortions. What can uproot such bad habits? Use the generative powers *only* for generating our species—When such a moral condition is established in our cities and country, married and unmarried women will have no need of resorting to the horrible process of abortion in order to become free from the fetus that has been begotten in lust. I do believe that nature never designed the generating organs to be used save for reproduction. If all reformers would espouse this measure, what great good could be done in the right direction! It would relieve all married women from the painful task of having children when they do not want them. If once this lustful habit could be abolished among the married part of community, then could they successfully teach their children to shun its vices. We want practice as well as precept. If we cannot live up to the standard of the faith that we reformers preach, how can we expect that others will? Let us break the shackles of lust! and we can pull out the mote from our brothers' and sisters' eyes when the beam is removed from our own eyes.

New Durham, Ind., April 8, 1867.

[REMARKS.—Bro. Paine, as our correspondent avers, truly struck the bell that rings in the arches of heaven, when he announced and demonstrated that the redemption of society from the horrors of adultery and infanticide, lies in self-denial from all lust, or in the use of the generative organs "only for procreation." It is a startling position. It strikes down the chief demon that holds society in hellish oppression. It was against sexual promiscuity, sensuous professions, damnation in silks, devilism in high places. It is the inauguration of social virtue. We support the measure. For a moment, reader, contemplate the divinity of a reform that will save woman from the constant agonies that harrow her very soul in view of "the unwelcome child." See her protected in her integrity, uncontaminated in her experiences, pure as an angel of heaven, bearing the

child after the pattern of Jesus of Nazareth, as Mary his mother, as sainted in the affections of all. What a reform! Dark as is our world, we dare to hope for a gospel like this. Who will heed his solemn lessons? who will worship no longer in the outer court of sense, but, in the "holy of holies," prepare to be a parent of whom it can be said, "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God?"] *

FROM ALEX. KING.

Through the kindness of my friend, LaRoy Sunderland, of Quincy, Mass., I have been put in possession of two numbers of THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC; and, although I am not a "Spiritualist," so far as believing in the communications through mediums, yet I am with you in all of your labors to reform, elevate and improve mankind—to make them better and happier, and am a strong believer in progression. We all need more of the inspiration of Jesus, that will cause us to be "meek and lowly," and that will give us universal love to our brother man, without regard to clime or color. When this disposition pervades the masses of our people, we will have better times. Then will the "wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose"—then will peace and prosperity abound. May this time soon arrive and may all who are striving to this end, be prospered and abundantly blessed.

Americus, Ga., April 2, 1867.

[The spirit of the above letter is excellent. Are there many of our Southern brethren who cherish so fraternal feelings? Come, let us be one brotherhood, filled with that love which prayed on the cross, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."] *

[Miss Lydia H. Baker, of Lancaster, Texas, associated editorially with Bro. Osborne, of the *Epoch*, Augusta, Georgia, earnestly calls for fraternity. We respond with a heart and hand for this vote. Enough of war—give us peace, *peace*, PEACE, founded in justice. She says:] *

I feel it a duty incumbent on us all to fraternize, and cooperate more than we do. Try to disguise it as we may, there are a sectionalism and an antagonism existing between Spiritualists North and South, that is unworthy of us, or the philosophy we profess to teach; and it is the duty of all of us to try and remove it.

FROM WM. WESTERMAN.

How delighted I was with the late number, where you spoke of Labor Reform! Go on, and God bless you in your work. In the years 1814 and 1815, I worked in a cotton factory, in Manchester, England. It was the rule to labor fourteen hours per day the year round. In 1815, I think it was, the British Parliament passed a law making twelve hours a day's work. Did it reduce the wages? Not one cent. But it built up more factories, employed more hands from the streets, besides giving a little more time to consider whether we were human or not. The same results followed when the ten hour system was adopted. The next reform will be to close working at 12 o'clock at noon. Madison, Wis., March 25, 1867.

FROM C. L. BOTTUM.

THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC—we would not like to do without it, as we think it comes more from the wisdom sphere than any paper now published. Canandaigua, N. Y., March 25.

FROM MRS. M. C. CULVER.

I cannot conveniently dispense with so good a paper. It is the only ray of light that breaks the orthodox darkness hanging over this little village of Clarence. It is the prayer of four or five lonely Spiritualists who live here, to welcome a good lecturer. Oh! for the day when poor, starving souls in the by-places shall be supplied with spiritual food palatable to their souls.

Clarence, Mo., March 27, 1867.

Those who work hard seldom yield themselves entirely up to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands and mournfully feeds upon its tears, weaving a dim shadow that a little exertion would sweep away, into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master. When troubles flow upon you, dark and heavy, toll not with the wave—wrestle not with the torrent—rather seek by occupation to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you in a thousand channels, which the duties of life present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh flowers, that they may brighten the future—flowers that will become pure and holy, in the sunshine that penetrates to the path of duty. Grief, after all, is but a selfish feeling; and most selfish is he who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion that brings no joy to his fellow-men.

A bigot's mind, like the pupil of an eye, contracts as the light increases.

Men are like wagons; they rattle most when there is nothing in them.

The multitude of affections enlarges the heart.

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL REFORM.

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

THE IDEAL IS THE REAL.

BY ANN PRESTON.

"God never permitted us to form a theory too beautiful for His power to make practicable."—Phillips.

Men take the pure ideals of their souls,
And lock them fast away,
And never dream that things so beautiful
Are fit for every day.
So, counterfeits pass current in their lives,
And stones they give for bread;
And starv'ingly, and fear'ingly they walk
Through life among the dead;
Tho' never yet was pure ideal
Too fair for them to make their real.

The thoughts of beauty dawning on the soul
Are glorious Heaven gleams,
And God's eternal truth lies folded deep
In all man's lofty dreams!
'Twas first in Thought's clear world that Kepler saw
What ties the planets bound,
And through long years he searched the spheres, and there
The answering law he found!
Men said he sought a wild ideal,
The stars made answer "it is real."

Paul, Luther, Howard, all the crowned ones,
Who, star-like, gleam thro' time,
Lived boldly out before the clear-eyed sun
Their inmost thought sublime.
These truths to them; more beautiful than day,
They knew would quicken men,
And deeds at which the blinded gazers sneered,
They dared to practice them;
'Till those who mocked their young ideal,
In meekness owned it was the real.

Thine early dreams, which came in "shapes of light,"
Came bearing prophecy—
Commissioned sweetly to unfold
Thy possible to thee.
Fear not to build thine eyrie in the heights,
Bright with celestial day;
And trust thyself unto thy inmost soul,
In simple faith alway,
And God will make divinely real
The highest forms of thy ideal.

—Philadelphia Press.

For The Spiritual Republic.

SOCIAL RECONSTRUCTION.—No. 3.

BY J. K. INGALLS.

In considering what is to be done, now and here, for the promotion of co-operative movements, we find our way somewhat embarrassed by the conflicting theories prevailing, especially of two systems of sociology, which, though antagonistic in many respects, are both French in origin, and similar in this respect; that they make human rights subservient to order, and though professing to accept the spirit of history, rule out this country's history for nearly a century; deny the "sovereignty of the people," and insist on a governing class, representing the material wealth of the country.

Association, as taught by Fourier, is certainly superior as an abstract conception to Comte's Sociology; but it is justly obnoxious to the criticism of the Positivist, in violating the historic order and spirit. It is also open to the charge of dealing with fancies most puerile and absurd, as to the productiveness of organized labor, and the princely fortunes to be realized in the combined order by artists, and by all singularly endowed with skill. Its hope of realizing attractive industry, is, moreover, rather based upon the employment of certain "simple devices" than upon the broad ground of the natural adaptedness of the truly enfranchised soul, to gravitate to that which is most useful and most needed by the general good: and in fixing the awards of effort in material wealth and aggrandizement, however brilliant and attractive, it fails to offer any correct or adequate motive to the pioneers and builders who must do the heavy work of transitional movements.

As to Positivism, it is unfitted as a system of social philosophy to any but a Catholic country and a monarchy—at least until it has been modified to suit the new meridian.

As an abstraction, it may apply to philosophers, working people and to women as they exist in France, but hardly to any other country—not at all to this. Indeed, the fault of each of these systems is, that they make *man* subservient to the *system*, their highest conception of order seeming to be the military; where the individual is completely swallowed up in the "grand movement."

Now, all this may be satisfactory to the controlling mind in each instance; and undoubtedly, where great and pressing issues have to be met, it is best that the strongest and most skilful hand should guide the helm. If human history or experience is of any value, however, "the right man in the right place" is as likely to arise under a democracy as under a hierarchy or monarchy. And if the bestowment of

powers means anything, then all should be educated and exercised—the weak, not the strong, encouraged, and the strong—not the weak, restricted. Nothing so truly educates as actual exercise. The mother who would not allow her child to walk, because it was not as strong as a man, would be no more unreasoning than the philosophy which denies to women and workingmen a voice in the government, because they are weak and ignorant.

The franchise is the great educator of a free people, and to prove the capabilities of the individual, he must be placed in responsible positions, where, even many times failing, he will at length succeed. And any philosophy based upon results, where freedom of action and responsibilities of position have been the portion of but a small and privileged class, is unworthy of serious attention by reformers in this age and country.

What has all this to do with the social movement? Just this: Any movement to succeed, at least in this country, must be based upon the democratic idea. If we are to have order, it must be through liberty. And the religious cement we need is the unswerving and enduring faith that freedom is the great conservator of order. Of what avail has been the shedding of rivers of blood in our great national struggle for existence, if it has not taught us that liberty is as truly conservative as slavery has proved itself revolutionary and destructive.

There is this distinction, we should learn to make before going abroad for new social systems. In the old world tyranny may be conservative, at least of a certain material order, and freedom destructive; but in this country all this is reversed; liberty establishes and maintains order; tyranny seeks everywhere to undermine and destroy it.

Whatever is the ultimate form then of association, we have no election in this country and in this age, but to adopt one conformable to our political system, and the stage in history we occupy. How futile, then, to look for a solution of the social problem to the systems of Fourier or Comte? Neither of them had any conception of a republic based on universal suffrage, of a government by the people. Neither of them gave fundamental place to any system of human rights or deemed of any importance the great principle of limitation in the exercise of powers, which dates back in our Anglo-Saxon history to the time of Alfred.

But, aside from these fatal omissions, they have each failed to furnish any satisfactory method of distribution. Fourier, though elaborate, fails here. Comte attempts no solution at all, but indirectly justifies the monstrous wrongs which now exist, and deems the vast accumulation of wealth and lands in the hands of the few as the legitimate means of conserving property for the use of future generations. Indeed, he ignores distribution altogether, and proposes, in place thereof, to bring a moral sentiment to bear upon the owner, to cause him to use humanely the accumulations he has acquired from the labor of others.

I think there was a school of philosophers here, who deemed efforts to humanize the holders of slaves far preferable to the mad measures of the abolitionists; but Providence took the question out of the hands of the South-side politicians and religionists, and will do the same with the labor question of to-day.

Fourier eschews duty, and elevates pleasure to a position of arbiter of human destiny. On the contrary, Comte insists on duty as the great law of life, and ignores, as chimerical, all discussion of human rights. But surely it might have occurred to him that every duty, of whatever kind, presupposed the enjoyment, at least, of the right to discharge it, freely and fully.

I have referred to these two teachers to show how futile it is to look to schools of philosophy for any practical solution of the social question.

Society is an organic form, and can only be given favorable conditions of growth and development. No combination of French chemists or men of science can create an organization that will be worth retaining, however skillfully they may be able to treat one; so society must grow and become developed from germs already existing. The most we can do is to prepare favorable conditions and remove obstacles to its growth.

The social problem is not, after all, so difficult of solution. Not too little, but too much, has already been done in the direction of modeling and molding a system. Not so much to do, as to undo what has been ignorantly and wickedly done, to secure prerogative and the attainment of selfish aims and class distinctions.

But we need experiment and practical effort. We might as well attempt to study geography without maps, and from the text of Herodotus and Pliny, or even from the Arabian Nights, or to acquire a knowledge of chemistry without a laboratory, from the old alchemists, as to think of solving the social problem *a priori*, after the manner of writers on social science.

We have had too much legislation and systematization, not enough of freedom and practical experiment. The celestial spheres contrive to get on in tolerable harmony, without the impertinent interference of meddling legislators. In animated nature we are told that "the locusts have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands." In human society we shall never know what is the "divine order,"

until men and women are free to move in it, unawed by any tyranny over body or mind.

The first step, then, in the social problem, is the assertion of freedom for the individual in the enjoyment of all his rights, under limitations only of respecting the same freedom in all. The right to life is perfect, but must not peril another's. The right to liberty is equally so, but cannot encroach on another's. Protection in the possession of land and home is an indefeasible right, but which must not extend to the deprivation of another. Property, in the products of one's labor, must be secured, and can only be secured by the repeal of all laws and usages, which, under pretence of protecting property, give to wealth and power the ability to lay all labor under contribution, and through various processes of rent, interest and profits, defraud and rob the laborer of the property he has in the products of his industry.

Now, if there are a few persons who have faith in the perfectability of human nature, who practically believe in the brotherhood of mankind, and who seek no advantage of each other, but desire to co-operate on a truly mutual basis, will associate themselves, and locate on some healthy and pleasant place, where agriculture, fruit growing, and various mechanical employments promise to be ordinarily remunerative, there can be no doubt of success; and in a few years a community will be built up, which will test the order which will arise from freedom and equality.

That we can have orders built up under the domination of spiritual and temporal hierarchies, history bears witness. Can freedom do as much? I believe infinitely more. Are any so assured of their own assimilation to the principles of truth and justice as to be willing to become helpers and co-workers in such a movement? If so, let them open correspondence with each other and see how far their ideas and sentiments coalesce.

But there is one question which, above all which will have to be canvassed, before proceeding in any undertaking: What, at the beginning, shall be the relation of the family? To what extent exclusive? The organizations which have flourished in the world have been chiefly recluses, who abjured the world and enforced celibacy, as monks and nuns, shakers etc. The existence of the family seems incompatible with association. Is it actually so? But we must defer the discussion of this question to another number.

UNITARY HOMES.

AN ACT TO AUTHORIZE THE INCORPORATION OF UNITARY HOMES.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the people of the State of Illinois, represented in the General Assembly: That when any five or more persons, citizens of the United States, and State of Illinois, shall associate for the purpose of building Unitary Homes, or a Unitary Home, anywhere in said State, and shall file in the office of the Secretary of State, and also that of the Recorder of the County in which said Homes or Home is to be erected, a certificate stating the purposes and name by which such association shall be known, and fulfilling any other legal requirements, shall, with their associates and successors, and all such persons as may become stockholders in the company hereby created, be a body politic and corporate, and shall have succession, a common seal, power to plead and be impleaded, to appoint all necessary officers and assistants, and may have, and enjoy, and exercise all the powers necessary to carry out and execute the purposes and interests of a Unitary Home.

SEC. 2. A majority of the corporators named in such certificate may proceed to open books for subscriptions to the stock of said company, and when sufficient stock shall have been obtained, shall designate a time and place for the first election of Directors of said company, and each share of stock so subscribed shall be entitled to one vote.

SEC. 3. The capital stock of said company shall be two hundred thousand dollars, with power to increase the same as the wants of the company may require, to be subscribed and paid for in the manner prescribed by the by-laws to be formed by said company, and shall be divided into shares of one hundred dollars each, which shall be deemed personal property, and shall be transferable on the books of said company in such manner as its by-laws may prescribe; provided, that no person shall hold, by subscription, purchase, or otherwise, more than forty shares of said stock.

SEC. 4. The said corporation shall have power to borrow money, the amount of which, added to the stock subscribed, shall not exceed four thousand dollars to each stockholder, and may secure the payment of the same by mortgage or other securities.

SEC. 5. Such company may purchase and hold such real estate or personal property as may be necessary for the successful prosecution of their business, with power to convey the same.

SEC. 6. The affairs of the company shall be managed by a Board of Directors, not less than five in number. The directors shall be elected by the stockholders, at such time and place, and in such manner, as the by-laws shall direct. The Directors shall be elected annually, but any failure to elect Directors shall not impair their power to hold over, or the rights of the stockholders or others interested.

SEC. 7. Said corporation shall have power to connect with each Unitary Home, a public Restaurant, Laundry, Bath House, Library, and such other co-operative movements as may lighten the labors of the House.

SEC. 8. The stockholders shall have power to form by-laws for the election of all officers and agents of said company, and for regulating the operations of said company, and to alter the same, as may be provided in said by-laws; provided, that the same shall not be inconsistent with the laws or Constitution of this State, or of the United States.

SEC. 9. This act shall be in force from and after its passage.

Approved February 25, 1867.

The preceding act, passed at the last session of the Illinois Legislature, resulted from the efforts of a few earnest

members of the Chicago Association for the Promotion of Social Science, who have been long desirous of introducing some practical measure whereby persons of limited means may be enabled to live as neatly and comfortably as those possessed of large incomes.

The plan contemplates the erection of whole blocks of substantial buildings, or palaces, according to the most approved architectural designs, which are to be divided into suits of rooms, suited to families or individuals, and to have all the privacy and seclusion of the cottage, combined with many of the advantages pertaining to association.

The design is to dispense with all retail purchases inevitably connected with the present style of isolated house keeping, to buy and cook all food upon wholesale principles, and furnish the residents whatever they may wish to order in the way of eatables at prime cost, served at private tables in a public dining room, or, if preferred, distributed by means of dumb waiters to the family apartments.

All the washing, dirty, and other heavy work can be easily and expeditiously done by steam in the basement, with the smallest amount of labor, and the greatest economy, while the living rooms being exempt from this class of operations, can be kept in the neatest manner and the best of order.

All the heating can be done by means of furnaces and registers so there will be no necessity to carry fuel higher than the first floor.

All the suits can be cheaply supplied with cold and hot water, bath-rooms, etc., while the apartments can be constructed at a slight additional cost with reference to the improvement of health, rendered possible by the most improved modes of ventilation, and the many other scientific architectural discoveries of the day.

No one can fail to see the great economy, aside from that of space of building in a block, over that of the separate house, while the cost of living can hardly fall of being reduced fifty per cent., with the additional advantage of trained cooks and a consequently superior diet.

But the crowning idea of all is, that with the time saved from household duties, and also by the operations of law reducing the hours of labor, the Unitary Home can contain within itself an educational institution, adapted to the wants not only of youth, but also to those of all ages, in every way superior to any now in existence.

The proposition is to connect lecture and recitation rooms, laboratories, libraries, halls and parlors for social gatherings, with the home, thus organizing under the same roof at once the best and cheapest method of living and the largest opportunities for study. By bringing intellectual food into so close proximity with the masses as to be available without physical effort, there is no doubt that an education superior to any now known can be easily introduced.

The absurdity, that, by any process or in any length of time, education can be finished is, in a fair way of being exploded. The opposite idea that all life is a school without vacations, or graduations, is now struggling for the ascendancy, and promises to make students alike of youth and hoary manhood.

People begin to understand that physical and mental education are equally necessary to the growth of men at all approaching perfection; also, that every person should as certainly earn his living by the labor of his own hands, as to collect knowledge by the exercise of the individual mind. Time will be saved by the economies of partial association, to so educate laboring men and women that they may become the peers of any class, and superior to the false conditions generated by a purely selfish competition. With these objects in view, it is to be hoped that a sufficient number of persons may associate at an early day to build a home of this description, in which the individual may be secure in the possession of private property, while enjoying the benefits of co-operation, and attaining an education not to be arrived at by present methods.

Such an institution, if judiciously built and managed, would, without doubt, be a model which, in part at least, would be universally copied. H. H. MARSH.

THE WORKINGMEN AND THE CHURCHES.

We clip the following from the *Boston Investigator* :

On Monday afternoon and evening a most important conference was held at the London Coffee House, under the presidency of Mr. Edward Miall, between a number of workingmen and certain gentlemen, lay and clerical, with a view to ascertain the extent and causes of an alleged alienation of a large majority of skilled artisans in England from our existing religious institutions, and their indifference to public worship in the churches. The attendance was large, both sides being well and influentially represented. No resolutions were passed, and the discussion was marked by the freest expression of opinion by various speakers in reference to existing religious organizations, and questions put with a view to ascertain how far such objections really account for the alleged alienation of workingmen from the churches. Dean Stanley made a short speech at the morning sitting, and said he should be glad to receive any practical suggestion with a view to render more attractive to

the working classes the Sunday evening services at Westminster Abbey, and he would give those suggestions his most careful consideration. Amongst the reasons given by workingmen why they did not support religious institutions were the following :

"Mr. John Bates, an engineer, said one of the reasons why workingmen did not attend places of worship on the Sunday was, that their hours of labor during the week were so long, that on the Sabbath they stood more in need of fresh air and exercise than they did of that which they knew they would get if they went to church or chapel.

"Mr. Wynn, a plasterer, said ministers, instead of making religion a pleasure to workingmen, made it just the reverse. Look at the existing distinction of classes in the religious world. The source of much infidelity was the difference of opinion between scientific men and clergymen on religious matters. Professor Huxley would say one thing and a clergyman would say another. Which was the workingman to believe? Then he thought the press indulged in much false teaching on the subject.

"Mr. Thomas, a carpenter, complained that clergymen held themselves so much aloof from the workingmen, and did not co-operate with them. The clergy thought themselves superior to the workingman, and if the latter did not bow down to them he was a marked man. He knew this to be a fact, though the evil did not exist so much now as it did a few years ago.

"Mr. Thomas Paterson, a cabinet maker, complained that ministers of religion declined to interest themselves in those great social questions of the day which so much affected the position of the workingman. (Workingmen thus felt that clergymen had separated themselves from the rest of the world, and that religion was no longer a thing which they could identify with their daily life.)

"Mr. Glasier complained, as several previous speakers had done, that there was a want of sympathy on the part of the clergy with the workingmen, and this was the cause of the present difference between the two."—*London National Reformer*.

SHODDY TRAVELING.

A bill has been introduced into the New York State Senate, to enable railroad companies to place upon their lines railway cars fitted up with state-rooms, for the accommodation of persons who may be desirous of the privilege of aristocratic travel. The companies may charge an extra sum, not exceeding one cent a mile, for seats in these state-rooms. In case a state-room should be occupied by a less number of persons than it will accommodate, then a sum of not more than half the amount that could be derived from the full complement of passengers, may be charged to any person or persons who may desire to occupy it exclusively.

This bill introduces an innovation in American travel, which should not be adopted without serious consideration. It is evidently a second-hand and objectionable copy of the European exclusiveness, which strikes Americans so unfavorably when they first visit foreign countries. So far our railways have been conducted upon the simple and obviously correct republican plan of making them good enough for the rich, and cheap enough for the poor. This system has worked admirably so far. The terrible crimes which are committed in the close railroad carriages in Europe, are unknown in the United States, and the orderly, respectable and quiet demeanor of the many that travel on our railroads, is a matter of just congratulation. The rowdy element is kept in check by the good sense and decorum of the better classes, and the occasional violations of order are so slight, and are so speedily put down, that even the most fastidious persons experience no practical inconvenience, and ladies may travel alone from one end of the country to the other without detriment.

The proposed innovation is by no means justified by the argument, that it is in accordance with the immodest and glaring system of bridal chambers in steamboats and hotels which are patronized by the vulgar and unrefined. But if that is the intent of the bill, it would be well to stop there, and provide for those who are willing to run the gauntlet of prying eyes, and impudent curiosity. Let us have bridal railroad cars by all means, for persons that choose to pay for them. The orange blossoms and white kid gloves upon unwashed hands impose checks that are not liable to abuse. But to provide facilities for the profligate wealthy, is, to say the least, somewhat inconsistent upon the part of a Legislature that has assumed the guardianship of public morality.

The whole system of exclusive travel and magnificent saloons has come in with the greenback aristocracy, and should find no countenance among Americans. In the old time—not too old for the recollection of school boys, although it seems so far back, the Presidents of the United States could pay their fare and travel upon railroad cars and stages among their fellow citizens, without loss of dignity or respect. Now they cannot "swing round the circle" without a train of cooks and a liquor bar, such as distinguished the Kings of France. This sort of thing may do well enough for railroad Presidents and Directors, so long as the victimized stockholders do not object. But we submit that it is yet too soon to engraft it upon the usages of our country.—*Industrial Review*.

PROGRESSIVE CONVENTIONS.

"A Progressive Convention is the mouth-piece of mental liberty. In the absence of freedom of Speech all our other rights are in jeopardy. Free Conventions are to America what tides and waves are to the ocean."

CIRCULAR.

To the Friends of Spiritual Progress in Western New York:

At the Spiritualists' Picnic held at Portage, in August last, the ten western counties of the State, viz: Allegany, Cattaraugus, Chautauqua, Erie, Genesee, Livingston, Monroe, Niagara, Orleans and Wyoming, were organized into the "Genesee Association of Spiritualists"—its officers consisting of a President, five Vice-Presidents, Secretary and Treasurer, and twenty Directors, distributed among the ten counties, who in their associate capacity form a Board of Control.

The first meeting of said Board, held at Batavia, October 26th, voted to organize a system of Itinerant or Missionary labor, and to circulate subscriptions to secure a fund to form a reliable basis for action.

The second meeting was held January 25th, at Batavia, and reports were received and subscriptions returned from a few towns, mostly in Genesee county. The amount reported as subscribed was about \$230, about \$40 of which was paid in cash—the balance payable on demand.

Voted that the President issue a circular calling upon those who have been furnished with blank subscriptions, and all others who are willing to co-operate with us, to circulate said subscriptions, or in any other way they may think best, raise such amounts as they can, and forward the same to the Treasurer, A. C. English, at Batavia, as soon as consistent; or if not paid, report the amounts subscribed, that at as early a day as possible one or more Itinerant Lecturers may be placed in the field—five hundred dollars being considered necessary to commence with, after which it is hoped the Association will be nearly or quite self-sustaining, the Itinerants employed securing subscriptions, taking up collections, selling books, etc., as they pass from town to town.

The President was, at the same time, requested to embrace in the circular, an invitation to the members of the Picnic Committee, selected last year at Portage, to meet at Ellicott Hall, Batavia, Saturday, April 27th, at 1 o'clock, (to which time the meeting of the Board of Control was adjourned,) for the purpose of making arrangements for the approaching Picnic season.

It has been proposed, that instead of all attempting to meet at our great Picnic, as last year, that four or five be held at different places during the summer and fall—perhaps one each month, beginning with May or June, and meeting at Portage, Niagara Falls, Rochester or Avon, and once or twice in the Southern tier of counties.

I invite correspondence and suggestions from friends in the various localities, and also invite them to meet at Ellicott Hall, Batavia, on Saturday and Sunday, April 27 and 28—Saturday to be devoted principally to business; Saturday evening and Sunday to addresses from some of the best talent in our ranks.

On Friday, the 26th April, at 9 o'clock P. M., a meeting exclusively of mediums is to be held, by invitation of friends in the higher life, and a cordial invitation to partake of their hospitality is extended by our Batavia friends to all mediums in Western New York, who may meet with us on that pentecostal occasion.

Brothers and sisters, let us take hold of this work with resolution, joining hearts and hands and laboring sympathetically with the angel hosts and with each other, and a rich blessing awaits to triumphantly crown all our laudable endeavors.

Fraternally your brother,
J. W. SEAVER,

Pres't Gen. Association of Spiritualists, and Chairman of Picnic Committee.

Byron, April 1, 1867.

STATE CONVENTION IN INDIANA.

The Spiritualists and Friends of Progress, of Indiana, will meet in delegate and mass convention, for the purpose of forming a State organization, at Muncie, Delaware county, Friday, May 31st, at 10 o'clock A. M., and continue until Sunday evening, June 2d.

All organizations, of the above named character, within the State, will be entitled to two delegates, whom it is desired the societies shall elect to represent them.

Friends in localities where no societies exist are earnestly requested to form business organizations, and send delegates; but whether organized or not, all are cordially invited to come and participate.

Friends from other States who can attend are much desired to do so, and lend us their love and wisdom in our work. By the strength of unity we believe we can do more for ourselves and humanity than we can in our present disintegrated State.

S. MAXWELL,
Chairman of Committee.

Richmond, Indiana.

We are not innocent when we do harm to ourselves. It is far easier to see small faults than large virtues.

THE LAMB

KNITTING MACHINE

Knits Hosiery of all sizes. Knits the heel and narrows off the toe complete; sets up its own work; widens and narrows, and by knitting the web either tubular or flat, single, double or ribbed, produces upward of twenty articles of apparel.

NO OTHER MACHINE IN THE WORLD CAN DO THESE THINGS.

The most profitable and labor-saving invention for woman. Agents wanted.

Call or send for circular and sample stocking. Address (enclosing stamp)

S. BRANSON, General Agent, 99 Washington street, Chicago, Ill.

14-1t

MORSE, LOOMIS & CO.,

Manufacturers of and Wholesale Dealers in

CLOTHING,

Opened to the Spring Trade with an Entire Fresh Stock.

74, 76 AND 78 MICHIGAN AVENUE,

Corner of Lake street,

CHAS. A. MORSE, } S. W. LOOMIS, } CHICAGO. 14-tf C. W. FREELAND, BEARD & CO., Boston, Mass.

THE MERCHANTS' UNION

EXPRESS COMPANY.

CAPITAL, \$20,000,000

Owned and Operated by

OUR MERCHANTS AND MANUFACTURERS.

Carries by Express, Money, Valuables, Freight and Parcels, over more than 15,000 miles of Express Line, at just and liberal rates; saves millions yearly to Express Shippers, and can be made permanent only by their liberal patronage. This we hope to merit and receive.

Office, Nos. 103, 105, 107 and 109 Dearborn street.

14-tf E. M. COOPER, Agent.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements or Notices inserted in

EASTERN NEWSPAPERS, WESTERN NEWSPAPERS, SOUTHERN NEWSPAPERS, GERMAN NEWSPAPERS, RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPERS, AGRICULTURAL NEWSPAPERS, PICTORIAL NEWSPAPERS,

Periodicals, Magazines, Journals, etc., upon the most favorable terms, by

COOK, COBURN & CO.,

Advertising Agents, Office 87 Dearborn street, Room 11, Chicago, Ill. 14-tf

TO THE TRADE, AND HOUSEKEEPERS.

The finest line of

FRENCH, ENGLISH, GERMAN AND AMERICAN

PAPER HANGINGS,

BORDERS AND

DECORATIONS,

EVER OFFERED IN THE WEST.

Manufacturers of Bedding, all kinds of Bed Furnishings, Upholstery, and Upholsterers' Supplies, at our new store,

74 and 76 Lake street, Chicago, Ill.

14-tf E. G. L. FAXON & CO.

UNDERWOOD & CO.,

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Corner LaSalle and Washington streets,

P. L. UNDERWOOD, } CHICAGO. BEN. W. UNDERWOOD, } 14-tf

THE CHICAGO

FIBRE AND PAPER COMPANY

WAREHOUSE.

DICKERSON & SHERMAN,

COMMISSION PAPER DEALERS,

DEALERS IN PAPER MAKERS' FINDINGS, CHEMICALS, ETC., 170 RANDOLPH STREET, CHICAGO.

We offer for sale to Dealers and Consumers NEWS or PRINT PAPERS, as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Quantity (bundles) and Size (e.g., 24x36, 28x42, 22x32, 25x37, 27x41, 28x44, 30x43 1/2, 30x48 1/2, 31x44 1/2, 25x38, 26x38, 26x42)

EXTRA SIZES made to order on short notice.

For sale at the lowest market price, for CASH. 14-tf

STURGIS, McALLISTER & CO.,

COMMISSION DEALERS IN

WOOL AND WOOLEN GOODS.

Agents for upwards of Thirty Woolen Mills, have always on hand large stocks of

CASSIMERES, BEAVERS,

LADIES' CLOTHS, BROADCLOTHS,

JEANS AND SATINETTS,

SHAWLS, FLANNELS,

BLANKETS, YARNS,

HOSIERY AND KNIT GOODS.

Jobbers and Country Merchants are respectfully invited to inspect our stock.

NOS. 2, 4 AND 6 RUSH STREET, CHICAGO.

14-tf

WILL BE ISSUED

MAY FIRST,

'A WOMAN'S SECRET,'

BY MRS. CAROLINE FAIRFIELD CORBIN.

THE BEST BOOK ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS YET WRITTEN.

As a Novel, it is

STRIKING,

ORIGINAL,

HUMOROUS,

PROFOUND.

Ignoring the crude and superficial views of Woman's Rights which have been so widely disseminated, it aims to strike at the root of social evils, and thoroughly to expose the

IGNORANCE,

TYRANNY AND

LICENTIOUSNESS

of Men, while it fearlessly rebukes the evils which a state of subordination and slavery have induced in Woman. At the same time its prevailing spirit is not iconoclastic, but generously and genially progressive. A

TENDER,

RELIGIOUS,

WOMANLY,

INFLUENCE

breathes from every page of it. The characters are nobly and skillfully drawn, some of them strikingly original, others exquisitely beautiful, and the whole tone of the book is thoroughly pure and elevating.

It advocates Woman's Suffrage from the very highest grounds and demolishes the historical and (so-called) Biblical arguments against it. As an electioneering document in those States now actively engaged in canvassing this subject, it will be found invaluable.

We subjoin a few extracts from letters, selected from the hundreds which have been received from every part of the country, testifying to the strong hold which the story has already taken upon the hearts and imaginations of all classes of readers.

"It is the fruit of an earnest heart, a capacious brain, a deep experience and long meditation. Interesting as a story and uncompromising as a woman's claim for woman, it is sure to be read and pondered, and to go to the right place, like corn dropped in to the furrow on a gleaming May day; to secure attention to itself by its own merits and to aid the great cause for which it was written. REV. ROBERT COLLYER. "Chicago, Ill."

"'A Woman's Secret' bears the same relation to Woman's Rights that 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' bore to slavery. I am glad it is to be issued in book form. EMMA TUTTLE."

"Am glad 'A Woman's Secret' is to be issued as a book. It is full of genius, insight and womanly love and wisdom. It opens a realm of thought and life hitherto well-nigh sealed, and must be of great value. "GILES B. STEBBINS."

"Mrs. Corbin's story is the perfection of a philosophical novel. They are the most difficult of all to treat successfully, and the driest of all reading when managed poorly. I never met another which kept up the interest not only unflaggingly but increasingly to the end. Replete with wisdom, genial with human nature, the embodiment of the great question of woman's sphere now beginning to agitate public thought and destined shortly to shake it to its center as an earthquake, it is all the most fastidious critic can ask for. HUDSON TUTTLE."

Complete in one handsome duodecimo volume.

PRICE—PLAIN, \$1.75. GILT, \$2.50.

Sent by mail post paid on receipt of price.

It is a book that every man and woman, every boy and girl approaching maturity, should read.

SEND IN YOUR ORDERS FOR MAY FIRST.

CENTRAL PUBLISHING HOUSE,

84, 86 and 88 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.

ONE THOUSAND AGENTS WANTED.—We are in want of one thousand agents to canvass for the CENTRAL PUBLISHING HOUSE. We now have such a variety of business connected with our institution that we can furnish profitable employment for men, women and youth. From two to ten dollars per day can be cleared from commissions and sales.

Those wishing to engage in the business will address the undersigned, enclosing two postage stamps, for enclosed circulars, catalogues, letter of instructions and terms of agency.

Old agents desirous of continuing their work are requested to forward their certificates for renewal. References are required of applicants.

Address, J. O. BARRETT, Secretary, C. P. H. Drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill.

BOOK TRADE.—All persons desiring any of the books advertised in our columns can obtain them by return of mail, by enclosing the amount of price and postage, with their address fully and plainly written.

DONEY'S ENGRAVINGS.—We have now on hand the following list of beautiful engravings, by T. Doney, the distinguished American engraver, which we will furnish at the following prices:

Orders by mail will require five cents on each engraving extra, for postage and tubing for the ordinary sizes, and ten cents for the 18 by 24 inch sizes.

Specimen copies of engravings will be furnished to any one desirous of acting as agent, at wholesale prices.

Table listing engraving titles and prices: Washington's Last Moments (\$3.00), Child's First Prayer (2.00), Proclamation of Freedom (3.00), Washington, large size, 18x24 (1.50), Lincoln, " 18x24 (1.50), Washington, 13x16 (1.00), Lincoln, 13x16 (1.00), Maj. Gen. W. T. Sherman, 12x14 (.50), Maj. Gen. P. H. Sheridan, 12x14 (.50), Maj. Gen. Geo. H. Thomas, 12x14 (.50), General U. S. Grant, 10x12 (.40), Hon. S. P. Chase, 12x14 (.50), Vice Admiral D. G. Farragut (.50)

Letters of inquiry, addressed to J. O. BARRETT, Secretary, Drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill., with two three cent stamps enclosed, will meet with prompt reply, giving all necessary information.

PROSPECTUS OF

THE LITTLE BOUQUET,

EDITED BY MRS. H. F. M. BROWN.

Published on the 15th day of each month, at Chicago, Ill., by the Central Publishing House.

THE LITTLE BOUQUET

Is exclusively devoted to the interests of

CHILDREN AND YOUTH,

And is an especial advocate of

CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUMS. It contains eight pages, printed upon fine, clear white paper, and is embellished with electrotype illustrations which give it a very attractive appearance.

It aims at the loftiest standard of character. It addresses itself to the capacities and pure instincts of children. It is indeed a Bouquet of floral loves and truths, exhaling a happy influence upon young society.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Subscription terms table: One year, One Dollar in advance. Clubs of ten subscribers for one year will entitle the one making up the club to a copy for one year free. 25 copies, to one address (\$20.00), 50 do do (40.00), 100 do do (75.00)

PROSPECTUS OF

THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, as its name indicates, is a journal of Spiritual Philosophy.

It comprehends the soul and body of American ideas. Having a heart in every reform, it is the medium of inspired truth in the reconstructive work of the 19th century.

Independent of sect and party, it criticises men and their policies without compromise, demanding Equal Rights to all. Radical in character, it demolishes oppressive institutions, and builds anew in harmonious proportions.

Select in literature, scientific in investigation, cosmopolitan in spirit, it revolutionizes public sentiment for a grand eclecticism of religion and politics.

EDITORIAL CORPS.

RESIDENT EDITORS.

F. L. WADSWORTH. J. OSGOOD BARRETT.

CORRESPONDING EDITORS.

MARY F. DAVIS. SELDEN J. FINNEY. J. S. LOVELAND. HUDSON TUTTLE. EMMA TUTTLE.

CONTRIBUTORS.

H. H. MARSH, EMMA HARDINGE, H. T. CHILD, M. D. G. B. STEBBINS, Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, C. B. PECKHAM, E. CASE, M. D. ALBERT BRISBANE, KERSEY GRAVES, J. B. HARRISON, MARY A. WHITAKER, H. C. WRIGHT, L. JUDD PARDEE.

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.

Publishers who insert the above Prospectus three times, and call attention to it editorially, shall be entitled to a copy of THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC one year. It will be forwarded to their address on receipt of the papers with the advertisement marked.

CLUB RATES.

Club rates table: 5 copies for one year (\$14.00), 10 do do (27.00), 25 do do (65.00), 50 do do (125.00), 100 do do (240.00)

Specimen copies sent FREE. ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at TWENTY CENTS per line for the first and FIFTEEN CENTS per line for each subsequent insertion. There will be no deviation from the above prices.

AGENTS:

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. Bela Marsh, No. 14 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass. J. Burns, Progressive Library, 1 Wellington Road, Camberwell, London, England. A. Winch, Philadelphia. Luther S. Handy, Providence, R. I. Warren Kennedy, Cincinnati, Ohio. Wm. Hyatt, 414 W. Fifth street, Cincinnati, Ohio. E. P. Gray, St. Louis, Mo. Willie H. Gray, St. Louis, Mo. J. F. Torrey & Co., St. Louis, Mo. D. A. Eddy, Cleveland, Ohio. White & Bauer, San Francisco, Cal.

LOCAL NEWS DEALERS IN CHICAGO:

Tallmadge & Co., 167 South Clark street. Western News Company, corner of Dearborn and Madison streets. P. T. Sherlock, No. 112 Dearborn street.