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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

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

BRINGING OUR SHEAVES WITH US.

The time for toil has past, and night has come,
The last and saddest of the harvest eves;
Worn out with labor long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers, thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest, and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened not so much with grain
As with heaviness of heart and brain;
Master, behold my sheaves.

Few, light and worthless—yet their trifling weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves,
For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late,
Yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves;
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at thy feet
I kneel down reverently and repeat,
"Master, behold thy sheaves!"

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily,
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
Can claim no value nor utility—
Therefore shall fragrance and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves!

So do I gather strength and hope anew;
For well I know thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do—
And though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

—Atlantic Monthly.

For The Spiritual Republic.

ONE OF A THOUSAND. A MOTHER'S STORY.

BY MRS. C. F. CORBIN.

There has been very little romance in my life; nothing in fact which a story writer would dignify by that name; yet it sometimes seems to me, that more than common joys and sorrows have been mine. For, if my youth missed the sparkle and rosetateness which properly belong to that time, with middle age came experiences which more than made up the loss. I have had my day—brief but bright. Let me thank God, that though the sun has set, the holy twilight still lingers.

Of father and mother I have no remembrance. In my youth I was told that a pale, worn-looking woman stopped one evening at the door of the Red Lion Hotel, in Bordentown, and begged a night's lodging. She had with her an infant of less than two years. Father Heller, as the neighbors habitually called the landlord of the Red Lion, had no heart to refuse her request; so, though his thrifty wife frowned, the woman got a corner of a garret in which to bestow her weary frame, and a porringer of mush and milk for her supper. What the child might have eaten was missed next morning from the dish; the rest was left. The worn-looking woman had passed on to a wider hostelry than the little Red Lion, where, let us hope, she found more congenial fare. The child remained clasped tightly in the arms of her dead mother, sleeping still the sleep of innocence and trust. Mrs. Heller spoke at once of the poor-house, but Father Heller demurred. He had brought up twelve of his own, he said, and had always found food for them. He should trust in God to provide for the thirteenth. So somehow, I got leave to live, and grew up to girlhood, never very stout or strong, yet, still, I am glad to know, useful to my benefactors. At sixteen, I was by turns, errand girl, laundry maid, scullion, and table-waiter.

That spring—it is thirty years ago of which I am speaking—the river broke up early, and the first freshet came in April. The spring "fresh" always made good business for the house; for the lumbermen who had been all winter at work among the forests up river, built and launched their rafts and floated them down to Bordentown with the high water. Reaching town, they were obliged to remain long enough to sell their lumber, and pay all hands; and then not unfrequently they staid still longer to spend their money in the dissipations of the town; or if they were men of steadier lives to buy some necessary articles for the home,

or at least a trinket for the sweetheart, a present for the wife, or a toy for the year old babe.

These freshets occurred two or three times a year, and were the best harvests for the Bordentown taverns. I had been familiar with all their scenes and incidents ever since I could remember, and had grown to look forward to the hard work they entailed, and the rude manners of the boatmen, with which they brought me into inevitable contact, with extreme aversion.

Waiting upon the table, one morning, a coarse, back-woodsman, not recovered from the effects of his last night's debauch, and irritated by my inability to supply him with some article which his fevered stomach craved, swore roundly at me, and threatened me with a convenient carving-knife. I cowered in terror, and was flying from the room, when a strong hand arrested me, and a strong voice said,

"Stay here, my girl, I'll see you set right about this matter. Joe, put down that knife. Behave yourself, old fellow, or you'll measure your length upon the floor. Now eat your breakfast like a man, and give us no more of your growling."

The man obeyed, as a dog obeys a master. I looked up to thank my protector, and instead of meeting an aged and dignified face, as I had expected, found myself confronted by a rosy, smiling youth of perhaps three and twenty. It was a good face; one which you trusted instinctively, and I stammered tearfully,

"Thank you, sir; I thought he would kill me."

"Go on with your work, my girl," he said, "he'll not dare to harm you. By the way, what is your name?"

"Agnes Heller," I said.

"What! the old man's daughter?"

I blushed. Already the thought of my unknown birth cut deeply into my weak nature.

"No, sir, no one's daughter. I'm only adopted."

He looked keenly at me.

"Is that it?" he said. "Well, I'm Tom Morris. If I ever come to this cursed town again I shall find you. Good-by."

That was, as I said, in April. One bright morning, two or three months thereafter, word came that the June "fresh" was coming, and just at night a fleet of rafts tied up at the landing. The first one to jump ashore was Tom Morris, and in three minutes he was in the kitchen of the Red Lion calling out lustily for his supper. It happened to be my duty to wait upon him.

"Good morrow, lass," he cried, cheerfully, "good morrow. How has luck gone with you since we parted?"

I made him some kind of timid reply, and passed on about my work. But that night, when the supper was over, and the bustle of the kitchen had somewhat subsided, Tom Morris sought me out, and bade me put on my bonnet and come with him down by the river-side for a walk. It was the first time I had ever walked out with a young man; and I remember how my fingers trembled as I tied my bonnet strings.

Tom was a brave wooer, and wasted few words, though his voice grew very soft and low as he said,

"Agnes, I have thought of you, well, about all the time since I left you last spring. My old mother is dead. I've nobody left to take care of me. Will you come, little Agnes, and be my wife?"

I trembled as if an ague fit possessed me; but if it had been to save my life, I could not have spoken.

"Say, my lass, can't you love me a little?"

"Tom," I said, "I don't know anything about love. I never walked out with a young man before; nobody ever spoke to me in this way before; but—you have been good to me, Tom. I like you."

Then he put his great strong arm about me and looked into my eyes with that strange, bewildering smile;

"Did nobody ever kiss you, my little one?" he said.

"Nobody, since I can remember. I suppose they must have kissed me when I was a baby—they always do kiss babies."

He looked steadily into my eyes still another minute with that strange sweet smile that filled me with feelings I had never so much as dreamed of before. Then he stooped and pressed his lips to mine, till I fell almost fainting upon his breast. He held me there so tenderly, but I crouched, and cowered, and trembled. I feared, and yet I loved him.

"And you will go home with me, and be my little wife?" he said.

"Oh, Tom!" I answered, "you are brave, and strong, and true, I know you are; and I am so weak, so friendless. I shall be glad to be yours if you will take me."

I cannot tell you what we said as we walked home, my

hand in his; the coarse, dull earth so far away; the still, pure heaven, with the stars set in it, like angels brooding down and folding us so tenderly into ourselves.

Tom would hear of no delay about the wedding. He would not be down river again before the Fall—perhaps not even then; and he needed me every day, he said, to take care of his house, and keep things from going to ruin. So the next morning we were married. Father Heller's eyes moistened as he parted with me, and he slipped a five dollar note into my hand. Even Mrs. Heller was kind almost in a motherly way. What woman does not feel her heart soften toward a young and innocent bride, who goes out full of a strange, blind trust into the untried scenes of matrimony.

The stage was to take us to Milford. The remaining sixteen miles, through green June forests, under mountain ledges, past leaping brooks that filled the soft air with the silvery spray of waterfalls, we were to walk.

It was just at evening that we reached the new home, the little log cabin on the banks of the Delaware. All about it stood the brave strong hills, clothed in their luxuriant June greenness. The birds sang sweetly, the little brook that rippled through the door yard flashed merrily in the sunshine, and at the foot of the garden slope, the great river flowed by, singing forever its solemn monotonous song. I do not think the newly awakened Eve enjoyed her paradise more than I did mine.

Tom was a good husband; strong, and tender and true. In those five months which followed, I did not envy any woman in the land; nay, my whole heart was daily filled with a sweet, strong sense, that of all women on earth, I had been chosen of heaven, in some strange, unaccountable way, to be the most supremely and divinely happy. From the early morning, when Tom yoked his team and drove afield, till the evening when he returned, singing in his clear, sonorous voice, some snatch of grand inspiring song or tender ballad, there was no hour, no minute that I did not realize the depth and sweetness of my joy. And his returning kiss, the tender folding to his brave, true heart, was a bliss which I truly believe the angels might envy.

Days so bright are ever fleeting. In the early winter Tom went out one day with a party to hunt the deer. The hunters came back at nightfall, bringing no deer, but borne upon their shoulders, instead, the lifeless body of my husband. A careless shot had pierced his heart. My beautiful world lay dashed in fragments at my feet.

Deep down in the December snows they made his grave, and when the last neighbor had spoken his friendly word and departed, I was left in my cottage alone. No, not alone. For the first time I realized it. Tom was gone to some far off country, I knew not how or where. So untrained was my mind in all spiritual mysteries, that I could not even conjecture whether or not he might be able to revisit me; to see my bleeding wounds; to long ever so vainly to heal them. For all purposes of comfort or happiness, Tom was not, had never been; for the memory of him was only a crushing, goading sorrow.

But now for the first time, I realized what for two months I had vaguely known; that underneath my own heart there throbbed another life; a life which was all that was left to me of my past happiness. My husband's blood would live again in baby veins; perhaps his eyes would sometime uncloseto me from beneath baby lids; his voice thrill me again, reproduced in baby accents. For this latent, unborn joy then, I must live and wait.

So through that long, dark winter I did live and wait; dreaming over old joys; dimly imagining the new ones in store for me. Somehow, from that very moment of intense realization, a sense had taken possession of me, that this was to be no common child. Perhaps most young mothers have similar fancies; but mine were fostered by the loneliness of my situation. In the absolute barrenness of my life of all objects of love, all the intensity of passion within me waited to pour itself out into this new channel.

At length one bright June day, the anniversary of my arrival in that dear home, the only spot on earth which I had ever been able to dignify with that title, the moment of fruition arrived. After long hours of more than mortal agony, they placed in my arms a baby girl. I had looked for a boy, brave and strong like its father. This dark-haired girl, with strange lineaments, and eyes that must have borrowed their hues from some dead ancestor, was to me a curious surprise. Yet she was none the less welcome. Only once in a lifetime does a woman's heart thrill with that strange nameless rapture, which seems a foretaste of heaven's joys, so infinitely purer is it than any earthly joy;

and that is when the face of her first-born is laid against her bosom.

"What will you name the child?" asked the bear-eyed nurse who attended me. I had not thought of that before, so utterly dream-like had all my anticipations been; but now in that first moment of fruition, it seemed to me that only one word in all the language could fit the time or the event; and that was—Joy. So Joy I called her, and when the neighbors wondered, I only secretly rejoiced that they did not and could not comprehend my feelings or motives. Joy and I possessed the world. These outside dwellers on the skirts and fringes of it, what were they to us?

I cannot tell you how, day by day, I watched my baby's growth and development; how year by year I looked with ceaseless, nervous solicitude for the signs of that promise which my heart had assured me was bound up in the tender germ. I have said that she was not like her father; but as she grew up, I could see sudden flashes of light in her face, sudden graces of motion and turns of speech, which were like him. She would have his brave, strong heart, tender and true to the last; but apart from all these, there was a reticence of manner, a deep, silent communing with the Unseen, that was like no one but herself. At times strange flashes of most unchildish philosophy broke from her lips; strange hints of forethought and aspiration, which positively startled me.

One occasion of this kind I perfectly remember. She was barely ten then; it was a bright summer evening, and the hills which encircled our home, seemed holding up an emerald cup, which the sunset brimmed with golden wine, and the fumes thereof rose into the sky in rosy, and purple, and amber clouds.

"Mother," she said to me, "the hills—and what beyond?"

"Oh!" I said, with a faint foreboding, "the great world full of sin and sorrow."

"But there must be something beside sorrow."

"How do you know that?" I said.

"Oh! it is *here*," striking her childish breast. "Sometime I shall go and see it." And then she strayed off across the brook, and under the maples on the opposite hill-side, and half an hour after, I heard her voice wafted down on the evening breeze like the voice of some wild-wood bird; but the song which she sang was an old German ballad which our neighbor Carl Hess had taught her.

Carl was a good musician, and often amused himself with teaching my little girl—whose voice promised to be clear and strong like her father's—the rudiments of his beloved art. But there were many days when Joy seemed wayward and silent, and slow to learn, beyond other children. The neighbors called her strange, and hinted that my solitary life on that dark winter before her birth, had hurt her brain. But against all such hints I still kept my own faith, watching in the face of all discouragements, for signs of promise. At twelve, even a mother's partiality could not call her pretty. She was tall of her age, dark and angular, and though I fancied her eyes held in their depths, a strange and sometimes splendid shining; and her hair, black as the night, and cut short in her neck was heavy as the mane of some young lion; these things only added to the wildness of her looks, and made most people shun her as a child apart from others; uncanny, possessed of evil. Still I worked away, cherishing that secret hope, which was, though I hardly knew it, the main-stay and support of all my life; saying something from each year's scanty earnings, that one day I might be able to help my Joy in whatever strait her dreams and her ambition might bring upon her.

A little later than this I noticed that Joy's voice began to grow harsh. No music had ever been so sweet to me, as the child's voice crooning over the tender and plaintive ballads which Carl taught her. Often when she went out to drive home the cows, I stood in the door, and listening could hear her song floating down from some wild ravine in the hills, above the dash of the waterfall, above the cry of the night-bird, and it seemed to me as if an angel had stooped out of a sunset cloud, and filled all the air with the melting, delicious sweetness of heavenly choirs. But now her voice sounded strained and broken. I feared a cold; I feared a throat disease; but old Carl only said,

"Thou shalt sing no more, child, for the present; but study thy scale all the same. Grave all the laws of the tone world on thy heart, my daughter. Thou canst never be the worse for knowing the meaning of harmonies."

In those silent evenings when she could sing no more, she sat in the doorway and listened to the sweet sounds which filled our valley with their perpetual anthem. One night she murmured to herself, for she seldom addressed any one with such thoughts,

"The wind in the trees is the alto voice, the waste-weir over yonder the tenor, the great river the bass. Oh! if I only had my voice now, I could fashion a soprano that would just accord with them all; and what a quartette it would be? The old world orchestras that Carl tells about might be stronger, but they could hardly be finer. Well, it will come again, I think. Carl will not say so, but God is too good to have stricken me dumb forever."

Joy was slow at her books, the teacher said she would

never be an apt scholar; but all ideas about music she drank in as flowers drink in the dew.

Meanwhile a marvelous change was going on, which my eye was too tirelessly watchful not to note. Joy's angular frame was filling out to roundness; the sallowness was breaking up and clearing from her face; her long, heavy hair, braided now in great coils about her head, gave something queenly to her air; and at last one happy evening, when Carl came and brought his flute, and sung a wild and passionate song which she had always liked, its magnetism thrilled her; the old intense flame poured anew through her veins; she burst out into song, her voice thrilling with a richness and a melody it had never known before.

When Carl laid down his flute, there were tears in his eyes, and he said:

"It has come at last. It is a great gift, child; use it well."

That was my night of triumph. God forgive me, if in my exultant joy I forgot to be humble before Him.

Joy was sixteen when the first party of engineers came through the valley, surveying the route of the coming railroad. Its present terminus was twenty miles farther down the river. During the coming summer it was to be extended quite beyond us, to meet the section already completed at the western end of the road.

It promised to be a busy summer for us all; and I, willing to reap my little harvest with the rest, that I might the faster add to my slowly-increasing hoard, decided at first to take a few boarders. But when I came to see the class of men which the work was to bring us, I revoked the decision. "I will keep my child from temptation," I said, "as long as I can. Perhaps I can get sewing to do from some of the men, or even washing. That would be better than to let the wolf into my fold who might possibly devour my pet lamb."

Joy, with her reticent nature, seemed as far removed from danger as might be. Not one of the rude, coarse men, who began to throng our quiet valley, ever spoke rudely to her the second time. Quiet and unobtrusive in her manners, there was yet a flash in her eye and a ring in her voice, which quickly warned all intruders off her grounds. It was with peculiar pride and pleasure that I noticed this. Dear as my child was to me, there was yet an independent and self-contained spirit about her, which had made it impossible for me to approach her upon any subject which touched intimately upon the mysteries of a woman's nature. Most mothers, besides, shrink from acknowledging even to themselves that their children are become men and women, and need the equal treatment of adult years. So, as the years passed on, there grew up a barrier between Joy and me, which, alas! was never, never removed.

One summer afternoon Joy started up the valley to visit old Mrs. Hess, and return a piece of music which she had borrowed of Carl. Toward twilight I began to listen for her returning voice. Often and often I had so listened before, as she came down the woods path, and I knew at just what turn of the road I caught the first echo of her sweet voice. I heard at last one joyous strain of an old German choral, and then the voice stopped short. My heart almost ceased to beat as I fancied some harm had come to my child. Instantly, however, I remembered that I had frequently cautioned her of late against singing at nightfall in the woods, since so many strange men were about; and as I judged that she could be no more than a quarter of a mile from home, I waited patiently to see her light form bound over the stile. Fifteen minutes passed, during which time I did not take my eyes off the road. Then, sick at heart, I turned to put on my bonnet and shawl and go for her. Just as I was ready, her shadow darkened the doorway and she stood before me. She looked pale, her lips were set in an excited way, and the keen glitter of her eye fixed still upon some dreamy distance, pained me.

"What is the matter, Joy?" I said, "have you been frightened?"

"There's little to frighten one in the woods at this hour," she said, vaguely.

"But you must have met some one, I am sure," I said, anxiously; "were you insulted?"

She was silent for a moment, as if too busy with her thoughts to reply.

"No," she said, at length; and then commenced in a rattling, and for her, unnatural fashion, to tell me about her visit with mother Hess. That night I slept little. Lying awake, I saw that my child, who had never in her life slept a night away from me, passed quickly into the deep, sweet sleep of youth and innocence. The pale moonlight came in, and lay across her pillow; a pretty pink flush stained her cheek; her heavy black hair lay in waves all about her face, and her scarlet lips curved into peaceful smiles as she murmured snatches of song in her sleep. I saw, as I had never seen before, that she was very beautiful; not with the tame, common-place beauty of pink and white flesh tints, and evenly cut features; but with the deeper spell which a spirit of brave, rare mould, ever imparts to the human face and form. As I had never done before, too, I realized her danger; my danger; for if harm came to my Joy, what recompense could Heaven itself afford?

All the next day Joy went quietly about her work, sel-

dom speaking, but looking out often and long, I thought, upon the hills. Not a note broke from her lips all day.

"What is the reason you don't sing, my child?" I asked, tenderly. "Are you ill?"

"It is very warm," she said, evasively. "I am not at all sick, only heated."

Just as the sun had gone down, and the evening dews were gemming the valley, and calling out the fragrance of the pines and the spruces on the hill-side, I saw a smile ripple over Joy's face. The first that day. Following her glance out of the window, I read at once the cause, with a sharp, premonitory pang.

Charlie Fothergill was a young man of twenty-two or three, attached to the corps of civil engineers. I had seen him often at the village; a bright, handsome fellow, with a proudly careless step, and a generous way of flinging about his smiles and jests, which made him everywhere a favorite. He was a man I thought whom any woman might be proud to own as brother, son, or lover; and so, it seemed, thought all the village maidens: for at every social gathering, at the houses of our small aristocracy, Charlie Fothergill was the guest most welcome. And now he was coming to see my Joy.

He had just bounded over the stile, and was swinging up the walk with a tread like a king. And this was what had called the smile to Joy's lip. My heart would flutter and then chide itself for the foolishness. Joy was a woman now, and must sometime be sought and perhaps won. It was what I most wished for her, yet most dreaded.

By this time Mr. Fothergill stood upon the threshold of the open door; knocking lightly upon the door-post, and smiling so frankly out of his gray-blue eyes, that it was impossible not to smile him back a welcome.

"Good evening, Mrs. Morris," he said, cheerily, "may I come in?"

"Certainly," I said, setting him a chair, while Joy, sitting at a window darning a stocking, simply lifted her head and gravely bowed.

"You see, Mrs. Morris," he said at once, with a frankness that was irresistible, "I caught Joy in the woods last evening singing like a mavis. I believe I was so rude in my admiration as to frighten her. At any rate she wouldn't sing another note for me. So I've come this evening, with your permission"—bowing to me with a grave deference, very pretty, I thought, in one so young, and so favored of fortune—"to hear the rest of the song."

Joy blushed as girls are wont to do, but still was silent.

"I'm sure," I said, a little proudly, perhaps, "Joy will be glad to oblige you: will you not, my daughter?"

"If you wish it, mother," was her quiet reply.

"Joy has had very little instruction," I said, with a mother's pride in apologizing.

"Carl Hess has done a great deal for me," said Joy. "If I have not profited by his instruction it is my own fault. Nevertheless, Mr. Fothergill must have heard a great many finer singers than I, in the great city from which he comes."

You see what fine sense and true instincts my little maiden had. Ah! she was ever strong and true; strong and true, like the heart that lies under the hemlocks.

"I'm not so sure of that," said Mr. Fothergill. "Won't you finish that old hymn, Joy? It had a finer rhythm than any strain of opera I ever heard."

So Joy, never laying aside her stocking-darning, took up the harmony and sent it ringing far out of the little cottage windows into the deepening spaces of the night.

"Glorious! magnificent!" exclaimed Mr. Fothergill. "Such a voice as that ought to make your fortune. Sing me now a ballad; something pathetic."

She chose on the instant a little German ditty, simple, but full of a vague, unutterable pathos, which better than any song of wild devotion, or strain of martial fervor, struck the key-note of her own soul. You might have thought an angel wept as she sang it. Charlie Fothergill was melted in tears at its close. It was not the music only; the strange fascination of my little girl's manner had touched some deep and tender spot in his nature.

Song followed song; ballad answered to ballad. I listened no more to Joy's voice, but sat absorbed in watching the face of her admirer. It was a good face, I said, expressive of true feeling; what lurking gleam was it about the eyes, what quiver about the small, changeable mouth, which so offended me? I could not have expressed the feeling to myself; but vaguely I seemed to apprehend some flaw of weakness, some subtle, treacherous stratum of selfishness in his character. This innately, or else associations which had smirched him with some stain of foulness or impurity.

Yet when he placed his hand in mine, so frankly, and bade me a kind good-night, and courteously begged permission to call again, how could I refuse him?

(To be continued.)

The Boston Transcript wittily says that the roll of Robert Toombs' slaves will be called at a Georgia ballot-box, instead of at Bunker Hill.

Four hundred and twenty London clergymen preached against ritualistic practices. These have a care of more than 1,101,600 souls to be educated out of the "letter which killeth."

For The Spiritual Republic.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

BY MRS. ANGELINE SWIFT.

My hair is gray, my youth is gone,
Oh, where have all those seasons flown
That made up childhood's sunny dawn?
Stern echo answers, they are thrown
In old Time's storehouse, where is laid
Each childish act of "light and shade."

My hair is gray! The thought how strange!
Have I gained wisdom by the change?
Or has my childhood, youth and age,
No impress left on life's broad page,
Of truth obtained or progress made?
Is my life's book of light or shade?

Have I been taught by angel band,
And through their wisdom have I scanned
That land beyond this mortal shore?
And have they taught me spirit lore?
Have they been sent to guide and aid,
And lead me on in "light and shade?"

I've seen the light through darkness break,
I've seen the truth, old errors shake,
I've seen earth's children wake from sleep,
Impressed with inspiration deep,
Call spirit friends to guide and aid.
Say, do I live in "light or shade?"

Thank God for truth! It makes us free;
'Twill guide us safe o'er life's rough sea;
And spirit friends will by our side
Help us to stem the gloom and tide,
'Till we, in spirit form arrayed,
Will dwell in "light" beyond the "shade."

Aurora, Illinois.

THE NEW BIRTH OF JESUS.

BY O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

Near the ancient city of Syracuse, in the island of Sicily, there was in old times, perhaps is now, a fountain whose waters were supposed to be connected with the river Alpheus in Peloponnesus. A legend was attached to it to the effect that Arethusa, the Nereid, while bathing in the river was surprised and pursued by the river god. To escape from him, she changed herself into a fountain, and passed under the sea to Sicily. The legend has a touching meaning as applied to Jesus, whose new birth in another hemisphere, I would celebrate to-day. It is nearly two thousand years since the stream of that lonely life lost itself in the sands of time, and disappeared from human sight. Its course before its disappearance was a very short one. Four or five years at the most was the length of the life of Jesus. For that time there existed in Judea and Galilee, and the region round about, the noblest and sweetest piece of humanity that earth had seen. He was indeed a sparkling spring of the water. He was a pure river in a thirsty land, welcome to all parched souls. He was the gladness of the sorrowful, the refreshment of the tired, the cleanser of the impure, the quickener of the dying. Stainless and pellucid, taking no soil from the slime he passed over, inexhaustible in copiousness, even in flow, he rippled on, blessing all within reach of his wave. When he was born, a type of pure humanity came into the earth; a nature rich in all human qualities; purely human. The unhuman, the inhuman, the superhuman being was alike absent from his composition. Everything about him was human; his faith, his affection, his mode and spirit of life. His religion was the natural unaffected purity of a tender heart. His philosophy was the account of things rendered by a translucent reason. Human duty was his law, human love was his inspiration, human welfare was his impelling motive. There seemed to be no barrier between him and other human beings. He belonged to all alike on the same terms. He believed in human nature so entirely that he rested his whole appeal on its truth. The kingdom of heaven, he said, is in the human heart, and should be in human society. His doctrine was a doctrine of boundless hope for mankind. He was the enemy of everything that oppressed, discouraged and retarded men. He was the friend of everything that cheered and lifted them up. He had faith that under brave influences the decrepit people about him, the halt, the maimed, the palsied, the leprous, would stand up on their feet and walk. The stories of miracle that are told by his biographers derive their significance and beauty from the faith they express, in the power of simple, believing manhood, to overcome all sorts of limitations, material, social, and moral, and to restore health to the bruised order of the world. His was the very spirit of freedom and obedience; freedom from the animal, obedience to the divine. He lived and labored, engaged and suffered in faith, that all was well; that all would be recognized as well by those who committed themselves without reserve to the principle of human kindness. Establish kindness, he said, between man and man, and you establish faith in God and Providence. You enter on the path of perfection; you inaugurate the heavenly order of society. In the beautiful words of Renan, "Jesus was no founder of dogmas, no manufacturer of symbols; he introduced a new spirit into the world. He first proclaimed the kingliness of the

soul. He created a heaven of pure spirits, where are found perfect nobility of mind, absolute purity, the liberty which society had excluded as an impossibility. He was the loftiest of those columns that show whence humanity came, and whither it tends."

For less than five years, men were permitted to see this beautiful vision. Then it faded. The fountain disappeared in the dark and bloody ground. Men beheld it no more. For eighteen centuries little or nothing is heard of Jesus. The Christ reigned, but Jesus was forgotten. It was Christendom that grew and prevailed, not Jesus-dom. Christendom was a prodigious thing. The history of it is the history of the best portion of the human race in one of its most momentous passages. It is the history of empires and dominions, of churches and states, of literature, architecture, painting, music. It is the history of the councils and diets by which the most imposing theology that ever found place on earth was fashioned. It is the history of priest-hoods and temples, and altars and sacred rites, of mysteries, emblems, symbols. It is the history of wars, that shook nations in pieces, of persecutions that wasted lands, and exterminated people; of tyrannies sanctioned in the name of heaven, of superstitions, as abject as ever bent men to the dust, of pomps and ceremonies that dazzled the human reason by their glitter, and intoxicated the human sentiment by their richness. It is the history, too, of charities that kept the soul of humanity warm in the dark winter of the Middle Ages, of aspiration that bore the hearts of men and women up as on outspread wings of devotion that hallowed common life, of worship that spread an aroma over even the foulest epochs, and of sacrifice that poured the blood of the saintliest into the being of the most high. History, gorgeous and deplorable, magnificent and melancholy, splendid and sad. History of power and weakness, of glory and gloom, of faith and superstition, of soaring and grovelling! History which we read with mingled and conflicting emotions, now rejoicing, now bewailing. History of popes in hair shirt or in armor, in their hands the shepherd's staff or the sword, on their heads the mitre or the helmet. History of emperors and princes, of inquisitors and their victims, of crusaders and their wars; but not the history of Jesus.

That history seems now about closing one at least of its acts. If we take a glance at Christendom, its substance seems to be decomposing. As we examine Christianity, by which I mean what always has been meant by it, the system of faith and worship, based on the belief in Christ as the God-man whose sacrifice is the salvation of a lost race from perdition, it appears that the system is undergoing changes that look like dissolution. It has lost its hold on the modern world: of that there can be little doubt. The spread of knowledge, the growth of science, the rise of industry, the coming up of the people in all the energy of their willful or intelligent force, the development of political economy and social science, the spirit of independence in thought, sentiment, purpose, will, deed, the self-assertion of human nature breaking out in all these directions, taking charge of its own affairs and claiming the right to judge of its own interests, trying everything by the rules of reason, and judging everything by the rules of expediency. What we call vaguely, the spirit of the age, is breaking away from Christendom at a hundred points with immense power, and is arrogating to itself the authority that the old church system claimed.

We read carelessly, in the morning paper, that the French troops have been withdrawn from Rome. But that fact marks one of the great epochs of history, and is charged with meaning. It signifies the final parting between the world and the church. It is a historic fulfillment of the text: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's." It intimates that henceforth the secular powers are to manage their own business. States are to be organized on their own principles. Governments are to be instituted and managed in their own interests and for their own ends. The pope of Rome may be the head of a church, but he cannot be the ruler of a state; he may bear the shepherd's crook, but he may not handle the sceptre or wield the sword. His priesthood may administer religion; they may not meddle with state-craft. They may have in their keeping the souls of men; they must leave the estates of men to the economists. They may regulate worship, they must let trade alone. They may ordain rules for the spiritual culture; they must not levy taxes, or hold courts. The church must stand fast in its own strength, must rely on its own virtue and truth; must win the support of men by its power to bless them, and discarding all foreign support, must seize men directly by the heart string or be content to let them go. For the first time in its long and eventful career, the Romish Church stands alone out of the shadow of the throne, unprotected by the awe of the scepter, undefended by the sharpness of the sword. For the first time it must represent simple religion, no more "Catholic Powers," no more "Papal States," no more "Catholic Majesties," and "Roman States," no more allies of "His Holiness," no more "Defenders of the Faith." The fact is of immense significance. Romanism as a religion feels it through and through, and prepares for a change in every one of its parts. So long as it was an empire as well as a religion, the imperial spirit displaced

the religious. While it was mixed up with diplomacy, it neglected its spiritual ministers. When it was supported by great powers, and set side by side with them upon a throne, its temper was lofty and aristocratic. It ruled the people instead of serving the people; it listened to no call to consult their interests, bespeak their sympathies, meet their desires, fall in with their tendencies or lead their ways. But now, abandoned, thrown back on its popularity, it must, like other religions, pay court to the spirit of the age. As a religion, it has life in it for centuries to come; but its life must be coincident with the general life of the communities of men. It must come to men as a friend, not rule them as a dictator. So long as religion is mainly sentimental and fanciful; so long as people are most effectively addressed through the senses, by pageants and ceremonies and painted rites; so long as the credulous and superstitious abound; so long as men and women sigh for soul's rest instead of aspiring to soul's vigor; so long as men and women yield to the languid longing for authority in religious faith and fear above all things an independent posture of soul before God; so long as reason is excluded from the domain of divine truth, and feeling, emotion, imagination are allowed to hold possession of the whole field of sacred credence; so long will Romanism be a flourishing and popular system. But it will be flourishing only while it grafts itself on the stem of humanity, and it will be popular only while it strikes in with the ideas and current life of the time. To be strong in the people's affection, it must be hearty in its alliance with the people's thought. Romanism is now in Europe little more than a piece of state and social decoration. In America the Roman element in it is fast giving way to the American spirit. Its forms will continue to be what they have been for centuries. Its symbols and ceremonies will be unchanged. Its priests will administer its ritual in the same dress, with the same movements, the same bowing and genuflections they always have practiced, since the church borrowed them from the ancient worship of Buddha. The dumb show will still be carried on in obedience to the tradition of the Buddhist priesthood; but the ideas, the interpretations, the applications of thought to life, the direction of effort will be very different. Already among us, Romanism confesses the power of the people, the spirit of the nineteenth century as we call it, by professing to be the friend of liberal institutions, by putting forward its claim to be the only religion that encourages popular government, by playing on the passion for show, by fostering education, by keeping its tyrannies in the background, and by cordially welcoming converts on easy terms.

In a word, it has taken its place by the side of other sects in Christendom, and with them takes its chance of living under law instead of above it, in an atmosphere of freedom. No doubt its new attitude will gain for it multitudes of converts; but this multitude of converts will only modify it more and more, by bringing it down to the level of the general sentiment and life; so that the more it spreads the more it will become diluted. As a power in Christendom it is passing away; as an influence in society it may endure. But as an influence in society, it will prevail just in proportion as it submits to those laws of society whose supremacy is now acknowledged by thoughtful men.

The condition of Protestant "Christianity" suggests the same train of reflection that was started by the condition of Romanism. Protestant Christendom betrays signs of weakness in every part. The sects are multiplying divisions and discords. No evangelical unions make evangelical unity. The creeds to-day combed by thought, scarcely hold their own against the lightest touch of reason. The great words are repeated still, but what different thoughts they convey to different minds, and what strangely contradictory opinions are made by different classes of believers to nestle within them! The creed is a nomenclature, now, not a confession, a manifesto, or a pledge. It gives the name by which people call themselves, not the temper in which they think, pray, or live. Modern life is not "Christian" in any intelligible sense. It has slipped away from the "Christian" system. It bows to no spiritual authority, it confesses no total depravity, it believes in no special providence, it has faith in no miraculous interpositions or revelations, it relies on no vicarious atonement. The gulf between "Christianity" so called, and the popular life of the old world or the new, is vast; it is immeasurable. All the great interests of society are conducted on principles that are deeply inconsistent with the "Christian System." All the great lines of movement run in an opposite direction.

The industrial interest is openly averse to it both at home and abroad. The intelligent and energetic working classes are thinking of other things than the salvation of their souls from a future hell. Questions of economy are occupying their minds. They are pondering earnestly the ways and means of improving their actual condition. They are studying the relations that exist between their several industries; the laws that regulate artisanship, manufactures, trade, principles of rent and taxation, claims respectively of labor and capital. They are thinking about representation and suffrage, and are becoming politicians. They look to social science for their revelations of truth, and to social progress for their future contentment. Full of wild thoughts and reckless desires, they seethe and ferment with new ideas of

life and Providence that shock the ministers of the popular church. They do not throng the churches, nor sustain them. Multitudes on multitudes of them never see the inside of a place of worship, never listen to a sermon, never put up a prayer. They know better what they disbelieve than what they believe. Their faith is in material things mainly, in political combinations, in Trades Unions, in the regenerating effect of plenty of work, cheap living and high wages. The newspaper is their oracle, the popular writer and speaker is their priest. Their worship is a nebulous but tossing and restless aspiration after the "good time coming," which is their conception of the kingdom of heaven. Their needs are enormous, their demands are many; but their felt needs are not such as the "Christian Church" can supply, and their demands are not met by the ministers of the received religion. This seems to be the fact, pleasant or unpleasant as the case may be. The sects all admit it sadly, as an evil omen. Those outside of the sects hail it as a sign of enlightenment and progress. It may be the one, and it may be the other, but there it is; the industrial class, *in a way that has never been seen before.*

Political life is, if possible, still more unchristian than industrial life is. I do not mean by this, that it is immoral or depraved, unscrupulous or inhuman, for the leading politicians are very likely church-members, and the political tactics are no more unprincipled or dishonest than in previous generations. What I mean is this: that the spirit which animates political life, the rules it acts on, the ends it seeks, the principles it professes, are utterly out of accord with the rules and ends and principles of Christendom. The "Christian" religion does not control or guide, or influence statesmanship or party movements in any civilized land. Political life in Italy, where Romanism has been supreme for hundreds of years, and where the majority of the people are members of the Roman Church, breaks away from its old limitations, and pursues its own course. The ruling power in Catholic France scarcely acknowledges the existence of the Catholic religion. Protestant Germany puts her confidence in universal education and universal drill. No one acquainted with our politics would imagine that such a thing as Christianity had existence among us. Political life follows one principle, church life another. The spirit of politics is liberty; the spirit of "Christianity" is restraint. The tendency in politics is towards Radicalism; Christianity is conservative. "All over Europe," says Leckey, "the priesthood are now associated with a policy of torpidity, of reaction or of obstruction. All over Europe the organs that represent dogmatic interests are in permanent opposition to the progressive tendencies around them, and are rapidly sinking into contempt." The clergy of the various creeds, the religious newspapers, the politicians who represent the piety of communities, are, with here and there singular exceptions, in antagonism with the most popular ideas of the generation. To be interested in the Established Church of England, or in the Sectarianism of America, is in just that proportion to be uninterested in the principles that promise reform to society. A competent observer and able writer said of Austria in 1858: "The truth decidedly is that public opinion and public interest have ceased to be Christian in Europe."

In a word, that system of belief known as "Christian" all over the Catholic and Protestant world, no longer has a positive influence over those who control the policies of states. Its ideas are not operative in the leaders' minds, its hopes are not vital in their hearts, its purposes and aims have no place among their ambitions. Another theory of human nature and human destiny is assumed than that which the divines inculcate; and not another theory merely, but a different theory, a theory so different, that it is at sword's points with the theologians and ecclesiastics on every issue, and is denounced by them as atheistical and devilish. Says Leckey again: "Liberty and not theology is the enthusiasm of the nineteenth century, the very men who would once have been conspicuous saints, are now conspicuous revolutionists: for while their heroism and their disinterestedness are their own, the direction these qualities take is determined by the pressure of their age." Even Cardinal Antonelli confesses that the doctrine of nationalities has now almost acquired the force of public law, which is the same as saying that the powers of this world have taken their affairs into their own hands.

Is literature "Christian" in the ordinary sense of the term? Cast your thought over the literature of the day, in any department, and you will perceive that the Christian system of doctrines is barely recognized there. It is large, liberal, humane—but it is not Christian. It pays warm tribute to Jesus, but it says little or nothing about the atoning offices of the Christ. It believes in God, but it has no word about the Trinity; and the doctrine of human depravity and inability is put away as a thing of the past. Books of science, books of history, essays, fiction, romance—the periodical literature, so varied and copious, reviews, magazines, newspapers—are as free from all savor of the peculiar doctrines that are taught in the churches, as if no such doctrines were ever heard of. Once these beliefs made the staple of literature: now they have no place in it. Once all the chief books that were written, were written within the circle of the Christian Faith; now all the chief books

that are written, are written outside of that circle. Once the name literature was applied, in the highest sense, to works that vindicated Christian doctrines, and expounded Christian ideas. Now the works that vindicate these doctrines, and expound these ideas, are remanded to a place of their own—outside of literature. The truth is, that the active and cultivated intellects of our time, have silently, and without plan, deserted the Christian camp, and gone away into regions of thought which the Church has always regarded as infested with demons. The leaders and the followers alike, are looking to another country, or rather are joyously living in another country, and having a home feeling there. The Christian system is to them as if it were not. They think on other lines. They reason on other principles. They teach from other premises. Their minds are saturated with ideas of truth and beauty, that are utterly strange to Christendom. The questions they raise are new. To the old question they give new answers. The problems that engage their attention, are problems which to-day suggests. They write for subjects that are peculiar to their generation. If they think of Christianity at all, they think of it as a thing of utter indifference, which has been bequeathed to Society by the older centuries, but which has no momentous meaning, and no vital relation to modern communities. The closer we think of this, the more palpable it is, that Christianity has no commanding place in modern letters. The modern mind has abandoned it; not suddenly, or hastily, or pettishly, or for a moment; but in the course of its providential direction it has swept beyond its lines. This is a fact of immense moment; for the literature of an epoch gives expression to the inner soul of an epoch, in all its sentiments, aspirations and purposes. The literature of an epoch is its complete confession of faith.

Art is unchristianized in the same way. The artist now confines his studies to nature and man. He paints mountains, trees, woods, water, flowers; he paints portraits, scenes in domestic and social life. His pictures illustrate society. What sculptor or painter of fame chooses for his subject a Saint, or a Madonna—a Last Supper; a Crucifixion; a Descent from the Cross, or even a Nativity? Go through any gallery of modern art, at home or abroad, with this thought in your mind; visit the studios of our modern artists, and it will come over you with a great surprise, that Christianity has dropped out of art altogether. The lovers of Beauty do not go to it, either for their theme, or their inspiration. It is unreal to them; unnatural, unlovely. There was a time when the chief employment of artists was the production of altar pieces, the decoration of churches and religious houses, the commemoration of scenes in the life of Christ, or of events in Christian history. Now this work is left to a few men of small repute, whose work is not classed with the work of artists at all.

I have just touched on a few of the more prominent indications of the decline of the Christian system in the modern world. We are already getting accustomed to think of Christendom as a thing gone by. If we search our thoughts severely, we should be surprised to find how far we had gone in this way of thinking. We should be surprised to find how habitually we left Christianity out of view in our public and private, our social and personal life. We are not "Christians" any more. The emblems of Christianity are all about us. Our public worship retains its sentiment and its usage, but it does not retain its atmosphere; and most of the worshippers in any Church would be shocked if the real sense of what they said in prayer, read in Scripture, repeated in creed, or approved in sermon, were explained to them. Their faith is not in the confession, nor their prayer in the litany.

But at this moment the stream that disappeared in the sand two thousand years ago, and which during all these centuries had been flowing beneath these empires, palaces, thrones, altars, cathedrals, reappears on the surface of the earth. Jesus is newly born. The religion of Christ passes away; the religion of Jesus enters on its career. Christendom declines; Jesus-dom awakes. The simple humanity that he represented, has become the distinguishing peculiarity of modern society. The spirit of personal independence of which he gave so illustrious an example; the spirit of human kindness which he exhibited so beautifully in his life, so divinely at his death; the spirit of aspiration which animated his attitude; the spirit of genuine simplicity, of natural enthusiasm, of unaffected cheerfulness, of practical earnestness, which rose in all his words and deeds, is the characteristic of the living portion of our own age. His faith in men and women is coming to be our faith; his respect for their greatness, his tenderness for their weakness, are stealing into our bosoms. His belief in the power of kindness to banish social evils, to institute better customs, to inaugurate and establish a new social order among men, is creeping into our politics, pressing into our laws, mitigating our criminal jurisprudence, reforming our prisons, abolishing our vindictive punishments. His prayer "Thy kingdom come" to us in this world, "Thy will be done on earth," is the prayer of all who earnestly pray in this generation. His recognition of the sanctity of woman comes home to us now with a sense of conviction which we cannot resist; it is moving us to efforts at improving her

personal, social, and legal position—and long, I thought, and will not stop till she has all that she can get all day, all that may be in her power, and throws her full influence into the mass of opinion of her time. His confession of the equal humanity of men of all sects, classes, religions, and races, springs to the lips of the earnest and the eloquent now, and publishes itself, not in books and speeches only, but in extensive plans for removing every kind of disability from every kind of person, for making all equal before the law, for giving all a fair chance in the race of improvement, for lifting all into that liberty, which is the right, the privilege, the necessity of rational beings. His cry: "The kingdom of Heaven is at hand," is echoed by a host of reformers who are trying to mend the world; by the great Masters in social science, who are thinking out the laws by which society advances; by the statesmen who have at heart the well-being of the people; by the economists who teach that man has his destiny in his own hands, and is commissioned to shape his lot in accordance with the rules published in his constitution.

If Industry, Politics, Literature, Art, have abandoned Christ, they have as fully and unreservedly embraced Jesus; for precisely what they speak out of their conviction, he spoke out of his sentiment. Him as a person they may not think about much; him historically, they may not profess to know; him in his finer individual traits, they may not appreciate or copy; but their movement is essentially on a line with his. It used to be said that a cup thrown into the river Alpheus would reappear in the fountain of Arethusa. The golden thought which Jesus threw into the stream of time from his stand in Judea, comes up again on this opposite side of the globe. If our living age have a faith, it is the faith that Jesus cherished, in moral ideas, in justice, goodness, mercy, truth, in uprightness and in liberty, in manly virtue, and in womanly tenderness. The catchwords of our day—"Liberty," "Equality," "Brotherhood," "Progress," come from the same vocabulary that he used. Beneficence is almost a drug. Volumes would not tell what is done in any modern country for the poor, the sick, the suffering, the insane, the guilty; and done in His dear name.

Do you say that this work has always been done by every church in Christendom—Romanist and Protestant? In a certain sense it has been; but in another sense it has not been. Modern charity is in some important respects a different thing from "Christian charity." That was sentimental; this is scientific. That was done as a means of earning blessedness in a future life; this is done as a means of promoting safety and happiness in this life. That was done with a view to the saving of souls; this is done with a view to the saving of bodies. That never forgot that people were here on earth but a short time; this never forgets that Society is to live on the earth a very long time. That doled out alms to individuals; this regulates the mutual relations of communities; and like Jesus himself, breaks bread to a multitude. That encouraged dependence; this encourages independence. That made people paupers; this makes them producers of wealth. That said sanctimoniously, "the poor ye have always with you;" this says cheerily, "the poor ye need not have with you longer than you want them." That proceeded on the principle that the poor and miserable were made poor and miserable in order that the rich and happy might practice alms-giving on them; this proceeds on the principle that the poor and miserable have become so through causes wholly removable, and remain so to the detriment of all concerned. "Christian charity" has always tried to keep men contented with their place in society. Our charity tries to make them discontented with the bad places, and bids them stand up and walk. Christian charity dropped a tear on the wretchedness of mankind, and put up prayers for it; our charity drops a quick thought upon it and puts its shoulder against it to push it away. You perceive that the two Charities stand for entirely different things. They are born of different parentage. One is the child of the system which holds man to be depraved and helpless; the other is the child of a system which holds man to be a rational being, master of his circumstances. One is borne of the spirit of patronage and pity; the other is born of the spirit of courage and command.

When we ask "Where is he who was born King of the Jews?" the answer is: "he is here in the faith, and hope, and endeavor of to-day." Not that the thoughts that burn, the energies that shoot in our time owe to him directly their suggestions or their power. They owe these to the knowledge and the necessities of the time; but they owe to him a tenderness and loveliness which they never would have had without him; they owe to him the inspiration of the heart that commends them to the kindly sympathies of men and women; they owe to him an association with the most touching devotion to the cause of humanity; from him they derive an element of heavenliness, and the title to call themselves a religion; the Religion of the Heart; the Religion of Humanity.—*The Radical.*

Carl Schurz is about to take editorial charge of the *Westliche Post*, and a German literary weekly, to be established in St. Louis.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS

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

For The Spiritual Republic.

DOING.

BY JOHN ORVIS.

Feeling is well; thought is better; action is best. Why? Because action is the true end of all feeling, and all thought. Every feeling, conception and thought, is a cause of restlessness and dissatisfaction, until it is bodied forth in use. Feeling ought to ultimate in thought; and thought in the concrete word—which is use or life. Whatever is wanting of this, either in the individual or collective man, corresponds to abortion; which, while it is fatal to the growth and development of a concrete existence, is also a bane to those who addict themselves to a vicious habit.

All things are divine, in the degree of their relation to beneficent use. Thus, thought is diviner than feeling; and action is diviner than thought, because in the series of growth or development, there is a closer relation attained, step by step, toward practical ends. Hence the significance of the exhortation of a noble teacher to his brethren, to "go on unto perfection;" for it was based on an intuitive perception of the law and order of mental and spiritual growth.

This law is clearly illustrated in the successive phases of passional life, as developed from infancy to manhood. The child is a creature of the senses—lives and acts in and through them. How acute the touch, taste, smelling, hearing and sight. The conscious life is in the external; the being is given up to curiosity and wonder—the object of constant care to the mother, who is for the child, reason and the law of rectitude. Then comes the period of youth, or of adolescence—the sentiment of love, and the passion for knowledge dawn. He now begins to inquire into the relations of things; studies their qualities, adaptations and uses; and thus becomes a law unto himself.

As his powers become matured, he begins to see and feel his relations, not only to nature, but also to his fellow-men; and to that Supreme Intelligence which guides the universe in order, and to perfectly beneficent ends. Now, he is prepared to comprehend and serve the uses of society. He becomes, by spontaneity, a center of influence and power; a self-centered, self-moved and self-governed; through his senses related to Nature, in its objective manifestations; through his affectional nature to his fellow-man in society; through his intellect, to the spiritual world, or the laws of order which establish, direct and maintain, the harmony of all things; and through the religious sentiment, with the Universe or God; whom to know and to co-operate with, in creating and administering harmony on this globe, in this three-fold relation to nature, to society and to the spirit world, constitutes the terrestrial destiny of man. The youth is more than the infant, and the man more than either. Infancy is feeling; youth, perception or thought; manhood the incarnate idea. The first must go into the second, the second into the third, or else there is abortion.

The same law of serial development governs the relation of faiths, philosophies, institutions and humanity itself. History is but an illustration of this truth. Races in the first or savage state, are but children of nature, leading a merely objective life; subsisting by hunting and fishing, and on the spontaneous fruits, drawn from the bosom of the mother earth; without laws or social order. Emerging from the savage state the desire for knowledge is awakened; the simpler husbandries and arts are practiced; the rudiments of commerce appear, and men begin to live in towns. Next comes the manhood phase of the nation, or that complex order of society we call civilization, in which the spring of action is liberty, regulated by law. The base of this society is scientific agriculture; the superstructure, the industrial arts, manufactures and commerce, crowned with the temples of science, art and religion; each successive phase being a higher expression of the one eternal Word—Education, Development, Progress.

Let us beware, therefore, of abortion, induced or accidental. It is the end of all life, to be fruitful; and where it is not, the mischiefs resulting are proportioned to the degree of advancement thereto. To arrest feeling on its way to thought, will soon kill the power to feel; to arrest thought in its growth toward an idea, is to weaken the power to think; to suppress the idea in its effort to become the divine word or deeds, institutions and beings, is to hold the truth in unrighteousness; is to debase the soul; and to weaken if not destroy its power to discern the truth.

Truth is the soul's nutriment. Like all other nutriments, it must be received, digested and assimilated, or it is a cause of disease and death. Water upon the earth's surface, which it cannot or does not absorb, under the sun's rays breeds miasma and pestilence. Food not digested, and used for vital force, at first weakens that force, and finally destroys it. The analogy between spiritual and natural things is exact; the law, one, which governs both. Mr. Denton has published a book, entitled "The Soul of Things." It goes to prove, and I cannot doubt does prove, that all

things have a soul; that all life, feelings, thoughts, acts, contain a spirit or essence, which remains and exerts its influence, for good or ill, long after the thing itself has been dead, and its body has been "dissolved into thin air." By a knowledge of this law, the rock-ribbed earth may be compelled to unfold the history of its growth, and reveal the passional drama of a myriad ages.

Psychometry has proved what Shakspeare asserted, namely: That "the deeds of men live after them;" and it is because they do so live, that the contemplation of their ever-working and ever-multiplying effects greatly makes or mars our joy, when seen from the spirit world, accordingly as they have been selfish or unselfish, beneficent or otherwise.

It reveals, not only the law of genesis, but also of reproduction through atmospheres. It is by the atmosphere or spheres shed, that we make a thing our own; that we impart our feelings, passions, experiences, to the room we occupy; the chair we sit on; the pen we use; the letter we write; the word we utter; the sentiment we breathe. Through atmospheres, not only existing forms of life are reproduced, but new ones are generated. From spheres or atmospheres, do we receive inspirations, both from the natural and the spiritual world; through atmospheres, are thoughts, feelings and emotions generated. Hence highly impressible persons have been tormented with horrid prompting to suicide, from sleeping in a room where that crime had been committed; others have been led to steal, to defraud, to yield to seduction, to commit forgery, and murder, who had never before been tempted to commit such deeds. It is known that crimes, like certain diseases, become epidemic.

Some inverted passion vents itself in incendiarism, robbery, murder, or forgery. Straightway a moral pestilence, in the form of that special crime, sweeps over society, often running into half a score of related types of crime. The atmosphere, generic to that crime, existing, a single ray of magnetism shot into it, from some diseased soul, is enough to fill the air with swarming demons.

Now who so well comprehends, or who ought so well to comprehend these laws, as Spiritualists? Who else claims to know them so well and so fully? Who else claims to know so much of the action of mind on mind? Who ought to appreciate so keenly the nature of an infected atmosphere, to produce corruption like that generated by the selfish plottings and intrigues, the greed of avarice, the chicaneries and frauds of trade, the hardened indifference to suffering and crime, the stench of prostitution, the insanities of debauchery, the stupidity of ignorance, the rankling sense of injustice felt by the defrauded person, the sting of jealousy whetting itself for murder, and the sentiment of godlessness which fills the air, and hangs, like a pall, over every great city on the globe? Who ought to know so well as they, that reform is hopeless which does not disperse those atmospheres, and fill the vacuum with the wholesome airs of truth and justice, tempered and warmed by universal love? Who has talked so much of magnetisms, good and bad, and their influence on character, as Spiritualists? Who, by virtue of knowledge, should take a comprehensive view of social duties, and resolutely address themselves to the work of extirpating these social hells, if not Spiritualists?

To whom much is given, of them much will be required. Let it not be said of them, as a people, ye knew your duty, but ye did it not. May heaven spare them the consciousness, when they pass the mortal shores, that they failed to do what they ought to have done while here, to abate the social miseries of this world.

Sirs, your columns teem with assertions, from your contributors, that Spiritualism is not only the Philosophy of Religion, but Religion of Philosophy. That being so, there can be no excuse for Spiritualists, as a people, not putting their philosophy and religion to the proof, in efforts for social reformation. If they fall herein, they will be doubly condemned. For such as are without the light of reason, and of heaven, there may be excuse; for those who claim to have both, there can be none. Faith must become deeds or death is inevitable. When cholera or typhus fever breaks out in a city, what are the steps taken to arrest the disease? The authorities at once set about removing the causes which generate the epidemic or contagion. That done, the pestilence dies out. So with our social evils; their causes must be rooted out; and I hold that Spiritualists are bound, by their philosophy and their faith, to take the lead toward thorough and integral reform. If our industrial system is unjust and oppressive, they must set about its rectification. If commerce has become degraded into trade, they must see that the parasitical classes are set to honest work, by setting about the organization of a system of equitable exchange; if the governments are corrupt, and are turned to the service of party ends, or class interests, then Spiritualists are bound to reform them; if education is imperfect, or false and pernicious, they are bound to labor for its improvement.

For fifteen years I have been preaching this gospel of doing to Spiritualists. Thank God, the work has begun, and that, too, at a center, whence it must radiate to the whole nation. It has begun here in Chicago, the commer-

dial center of the great West. Let me tell it, for the benefit of all earnest Spiritualists in the country. The First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago has become a doing Society. It has passed its babyhood; it no longer creeps, but is on its feet. Like a vigorous, sensible youth, it has taken to education *con amore*.

Finding that they could not, and ought not to raise money to pay "star-speakers" from Sunday to Sunday, this Society has begun to develop home talent. In other words, they encourage home industry and home education. I venture to say that they are the most vigorous, and the most useful society of Spiritualists in the land. I will put the lectures delivered by their own speakers, for substance and form, for purpose and real eloquence, against those of any speakers on the Spiritualistic rostrum. Read the lectures of Ira Porter, Beth Paine, and H. H. Marsh, as published in THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, and then say, where else are there speakers, whose words ring with such true inspiration, caught from an alliance with the great practical issues of the day.

This unity with the wants of society gives a zest to all they do. Their Children's Progressive Lyceum is the best, and most interesting one I have seen anywhere; and it is growing, too.

Their afternoon Conferences discuss questions which stir the earnest life, and such as are being agitated in men's minds to-day. During the two Sundays I have been in the city, the following question was discussed: "Ought women to be admitted to the elective franchise?" The first Sunday the discussion was mixed; that is, it was participated in by both men and women. The last Sunday it was limited wholly to women; and it was most ably and successfully conducted. Since the adoption of this plan of developing home talent, and getting to real work in social reform, the Society is growing greatly in interest and in numbers.

All this infusion of life into the Society, came from the action of a few of the most earnest of its members, forming themselves into a Social Science Association, for real reform work. That Association makes it its business, not to discuss the Eight Hour Law merely, but to lead off the movement of getting it practically adopted. They are getting petitions ready for circulation throughout the State, for signatures, asking the Convention, which is to meet for the revision of the Constitution of the State, to so amend it as to admit women to the right of the elective franchise.

They are also studying the subject of industrial co-operation; and are pushing on its adoption as the only means of complete reconciliation of the existing conflict between capital and labor. They feel, they talk, they write, they do; and thus they have a renewed life each week. Would that all other societies might go and do likewise.

For The Spiritual Republic.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

BY W. B. FAHNESTOCK, M. D.

I have lately noticed several articles in the REPUBLIC, upon the subject of animal magnetism, and the cure of diseases which are said to have been effected by its agency, and I hesitated replying to any of them, because I thought I had done so effectually some twenty-five years ago, in the *Philadelphia Spirit of the Times*, and other local publications, which perhaps were not generally read. It therefore, now seems to be imperative that I should again state the facts—especially, as an editorial of some length in your last paper asks for light. I have always had an idea that it was necessary to have a true knowledge of the phenomena, the principles, and the facts connected with any science, before we could judge of its merits, or draw conclusions which are just. This, unfortunately for the science of artificial somnambulism, or magnetism, has not been generally done, and as it is easier to jump at conclusions than to follow the slow process of investigation, the consequences are apparent. Appearances have been taken for facts, and as a matter of course, wrong conclusions have been drawn. The agent or cause of the condition denominated animal magnetism, has been ascribed by different writers to animal magnetism, mineral magnetism, electricity, galvanism, a nervous fluid, and finally to nervous induction or sympathy, etc.

In a letter to the *Lancaster Intelligencer and Journal*, dated October 16, 1843, and published in that paper on the following week, I stated in refutation of the theories of magnetism sympathy, etc., that I had long since proved, that when a person enters this condition, he does so independent of the operator, his passes or his will, and while in this state, is independent of him in every sense of the word, and if he feels disposed, can resist him in every possible way. He can feel different, have different tastes, hold other views, is only by consent that the subject hears him at all any thing which he requests. It is true that some do, apparently, exhibit signs of sympathy with the operator, and will taste what he tastes, feel what he feels, think as he wills, etc., but they can do the same with any other person as well as with the operator, although he may at the same time will the contrary as much as he pleases. If they do not, as in an experiment, the operator has as little influence as any other person, and if they are not

him, it is always necessary for him to draw their attention before he can succeed in any of his experiments. If this state were induced by sympathy, etc., or they were more in sympathy with him than with any person else, this would not be necessary, as they would then always be obliged to think, feel, taste, etc., as he did, or as he willed them. It is not sympathy, therefore, which influences, or enables them to taste, feel, or know, what the operator or other persons are tasting, smelling, or willing, etc., but it is owing to a peculiar power which they possess, while in this state of translating their mind, or their faculties at will, or of reading the mind, not only of the operator, but of any other person if they are so disposed, no matter whether they be in the room at the time or not.

The magnetizing or paralyzing of arms, etc., has also been ascribed to the same power in the operator.

I have apparently done the same thing years ago, but it was not sympathy or any other influence or power, exercised, derived, or emanating from me, for, I have seen hundreds (while otherwise perfectly awake) paralyze their own arms to perfection, without the aid of any operator. They not only put their own arms into this condition, but throw it off at pleasure, in part, or the whole at once, according to the nature of the experiment which they wish to perform.

In concluding the same letter, I remarked that, "this state was a peculiar one (*soqmus a voluntate*) independent of magnetism, electricity, galvanism, a nervous fluid, sympathy, or anything of the kind, and was entered by the subject at pleasure. That it was a state into which any person (with proper instructions) could throw himself, and from which he could awaken himself, either a part, or the whole of the body at once, slowly or otherwise, independent of any one, or subject to any one's control." In plainer language, the condition is produced by the subject's own mind, or will; and when in this condition, subjects possess peculiar powers of seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting and smelling, all of which senses can be translated to a distance, or as if were, can reach out, and see, hear, feel, taste, or smell things at a distance, or know the mind of another independent of any foreign cause. These extraordinary peculiarities have deceived operators, and made them ascribe powers to themselves, which, in fact, were the result of powers inherent in the subjects.

In a letter upon the same subject to the editor of the *Philadelphia Spirit of the Times*, dated Nov. 28, 1843, and published in that paper on the 2d of December following, after some preliminary remarks, I stated, in refutation of the magnetic and sympathetic theories, that I had over three hundred different individuals to enter the condition under my care, and have found by innumerable experiments, that they are entirely independent of me, and can enter this state, and awaken themselves whenever they please, notwithstanding all I can do to the contrary. They can throw the whole, or any part of the body into this state at pleasure, and I have seen many do it in an instant. I have had them, (while otherwise perfectly awake,) to throw in a single finger, a hand, an arm, the whole brain, or even a single organ, (or portion) and awake them at pleasure; and while these parts were in this peculiar condition, they were rigid or insensible, as the will of the subject determined.

It is true that the belief, or even a suspicion that an operator has or may have an influence over them, is often sufficient to make persons, ignorant of the facts, "susceptible," and if they do not resist it, will fall into it of their own accord, as easily as into a natural sleep. I have had many fall into this state (and some who were seemingly determined not to do so,) by simply stating that at a certain time I would magnetize all in the room, although I was thinking of other things, and did nothing but walk up and down.

I am sorry that I am obliged to rob the many scientific gentlemen who are engaged in this science of their imaginary powers, but it is high time that the veil should be drawn, and the mystery or witchery of the matter done away with.

In regard to the cure of diseases, by, or with this agent, I have but to say, that if the subject, while in this state, makes a positive resolution that the disease which he is laboring under in his waking moments, shall cease to afflict him, it will be eradicated or dispelled in exact proportion, as the resolution is perfect or not; and so far as my experience goes, it matters not what the nature of the disease may be, provided there is no positive organic destruction. It will yield in exact proportion to the positiveness of the resolution made. But I wish to be perfectly understood, that the resolution will not remove disease in others, but is confined to the subject who makes it.

With respect to the laying on of hands, etc., by those who are called "healing mediums," I have but to say, that if such persons can produce faith, or a belief, that certain effects will follow their operations—such effects certainly will follow, and the disease will be removed. But if a person can be induced to enter the somnambule ("magnetic") condition, and the mind of the subject is properly directed while in it, a favorable result will be more likely to follow. If persons laboring under painful affections enter this condition, and are kept in an insensible state for an indefinite period, much relief and good may be experienced, even in

inveterate cases of disease; or, if taught how to throw in any portion of the body, much human suffering may be avoided, especially in surgical operations, accidents, or obstetrical cases, where there is always more or less unnecessary suffering.

But it is impossible, in the brief space of a letter, to give more than an outline of the facts, or the many uses, (under proper instructions) to which this misrepresented and much abused science can be applied.

For The Spiritual Republic.

TO MY HUSBAND.

BY LIBBIE LOWE WATSON.

My Love, the days are growing long,
The clouds shoot up in spotless pyramids,
The winds breathe promises of song,
And flower eyes look out from snowy lids;
There is a silent stir in field and wood,
The quickening pulse of earth's great motherhood.

It is an ever-changing scene,
As though ten thousand artists' busy hands
Were painting life's real, and its dream,
The battle-field of souls, and fairy-lands;
And ev'ry flutter of this mighty heart
Bids countless beauties into being start.

I've listened to the unfettered rills
That sing in happy numbers to the sea,
And seen the ermine-mantled hills
Grow warm and tender in spring's greenery,
And thought, with thankfulness, "Like flowers of earth,
My woman-loves in spring-time had their birth."

And fresh as leaf-buds on the trees,
That lift their hands in prayer this April day,
Or wooing whippers of the breeze,
That bring the golden blush to shadows gray,
Are these dear mem'ries of my wifely heart,
Whose tender Spring can nevermore depart;

Best Love! I cannot count the years
Since God with silent touch made us as one,
Blending in iris-tints our tears,
As clouds light up with kiss of setting sun,
And folding us in robes of joy the same,
Fringed with live arrows from love's holy flame.

But this I know: each year has brought
Rich Argosies from over Heaven's seas,
Laden with many gems of thought
That flow, like beacon-lights, for thee and me;
And starry hands stretch out through shadows dim,
Stirring life's crimson keys with solemn hymn.

The gentle patter of childhood's feet,
That is Home's holy music evermore,
Within my heart wakes echoes sweet,
Like foot-falls on the far off angel shore;
And, best beloved, our baby's clinging hands
Bind us with firmer hold than steel-linked bands.

Bend down thy forehead; let me kiss
The silver hairs that shimmer through the brown,
And tell that life's great wilderness
Is almost passed, and Nature's noble crown
Is being set in shining bands e'en now,
Jewel on jewel for thy regal brow!

Girl-wife I am, but woman-love
Wields wondrous power over time and things,
And will yet bear my soul above
With strong swiftness, like a brave eagle's wings,
Until my feet press dizzy heights with thine,
And these spring-flow'rs ripen to fruits divine.

For The Spiritual Republic.

OAKS AND VINES.

"Men and oaks were made to be twined, and women and ivy were made to twine about them."

This pretty little speech was invented by the chivalrous editor of the *Mariana (Fla.) Courier*. It has crept like "ivy," among a long row of oak editors. It is well that such grand thoughts should run and be glorified. I like vastly the *Courier's* views of men and things. I, fortunately, belong to the ivy genus; I therefore know the poetry of life—the twining, clinging side of the world. Where is there a Christian woman who has not been sheltered from the storms; shielded from the ills to which the mighty oaks are heir? Who would not be the tender vine, lifting itself, by permission of the kingly oak, into the glad sunshine?

Mrs. E. C. Stanton would ask, "If the oak falls—what then?" But it will not fail, "oh, ye of little faith." When nature made women to creep, and to cling like the ivy, she, of course, provided the whereupon to twine. And then who ever heard of the uprooting of oaks? The vines are the wanderers.

The oak may be smitten by the lightning; would it not in that event be well, if the vine were an olive? But it isn't an olive; it is only a vine, created expressly to climb and enwind, the gnarled oaks. Blessed be the vine if content to fill worthily its earth mission.

H. F. M. B.

For The Spiritual Republic.

INSPIRATION, PAST AND PRESENT—A VISION.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Gazing back over the dim vista of the past, I saw myriads of plants, of various forms, from the little tiny mosses to the tall and stately tree Fern, warmed into life upon the bosom of our common mother earth, and inspired by the golden glory of the king of day, and as I beheld them they covered the earth with a rich and gorgeous carpet.

What a beautiful revelation! Here was a living inspiration, and these can never die. Now I saw that as these fell in vast masses and accumulated, the coal beds were formed, locking up a portion of the golden sunlight with its genial warmth, so that it was apparently lost. Ages rolled away, and man came to dwell upon the earth, and he felt living inspirations falling continually upon him, even in his low conditions, and these divine inspirations were not lost, but treasured up in tradition and history, often very imperfect records, but still sufficient to carry them on from generation to generation. But after a time when man's intellect began to be unfolded, many supposed that fresh, living present inspirations had ceased, and feeling that man could not live without these, they said we must find it among those old traditions and records.

There and there alone is all that is needed for our salvation; let us dig deeply there, and we shall find the only means of life. Many of the great minds of the past labored to find these bright gems which man had received and stored away.

Again I had a vision of the earth. Now it was changed in everything; the old smoky atmosphere of the carboniferous period had passed away and given place to a clear and beautiful one, through which the golden glory of the sunlight fell in mild and radiant beams upon a beautiful landscape, variegated with flowers of many hues.

Man walked erect in this beautiful "garden of the Lord," and was constantly fed by divine and living inspirations, though he denied this, and declared that inspiration had ceased long ages before. He had explored nature, and gone into the bowels of the earth and found treasures which were stored away there, and many beautiful gems were brought out from these dark caverns, and among them were the coals which had been laid up by the plants of the olden time. Black and shining as they were, they did not seem to be of much value, except as relics of the past. Thousands had gathered these cold dark lumps but no one knew that the same divine inspiration which had brought them forth still lived, when lo, some one caught the inspiration of the sunlight, and by this means set fire to these and caused them to burn. When the new inspiration came to the old, behold, its former light and warmth was brought forth again. Oh, ye who are mining and delving among the inspirations of the olden time, seeking for the fossils that they have deposited in the deep strata of bygone ages, know this, though you may find many of these, and they may appear as beautiful specimens for your cabinets, they will neither give light nor heat until the fires of a present living inspiration are brought to act upon them, then will they be a glorious aid to you. Modern Spiritualism, with its divine and living inspirations, looks not alone to the future and reveals man's immortality, but penetrating the present and the past, brings to light much that is true and good in these. Through its genial influences the fossil remains of all the truths of the past are to be brought forth, and warmed and clothed again with living forms.

Thus does modern Spiritualism meet the wants of mankind in every direction, by proving that there is and ever has been a living inspiration; that everything, from the tiniest mote that floats in the air to the grandest world that sweeps through space, is ever under the influence of a divine inspiration.

It is only those who shut their eyes that declare there is no light, and those who have closed the windows of inspiration who deny its existence to-day.

Everything rejoices in a present inspiration. The flowers feel it, the trees breathe it, and all animated nature exults in it, and man is learning that without the living inspirations of the present those of the past can be of but little value to us, nor can the teeming future open its golden gates and reveal that which shall cheer man on and ever on in the pathway of duty.

Without living present inspirations, the world would be cold and dead; but they are everywhere in the world of matter and of mind and man feels their fires within himself, so that the old dogmas of theology cannot hold him much longer.

Neither the inspirations of the past nor the prospective inspirations of the future can satisfy mankind to-day. The spirit of freedom has gone forth, awakened by the living inspiration of the present, and the world moves as it has never moved before.

Stand out of the way, ye old conservatives, or the car of progress will roll over you. Mount upon that car, then, and let us all go on under the living inspirations of the present, the past and the coming future, and happiness and peace will crown humanity everywhere.

SCIENCE AND ART.

"A principle in Science is a rule in Art."

For The Spiritual Republic.

THE PROGRESS OF ARTS AND SCIENCE.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Progress is an accelerating force. The savage, from generation to generation, remains without perceptible change. With few ideas, there is torpidity of mind, and these few gather but slowly others around them. As the horizon enlarges, the power accumulates. In the hour of dawn the light grows imperceptibly, but when the sun nears the horizon it rapidly increases, and bursts on the wondering world in a flood of brilliancy. Philosophers have plodded from one thousand years to another, by slow and painful steps. The achievements of all have been stored up, and each succeeding thinker has taken up the subject where his predecessor left off. It has been as though one man lived through all past ages, and came up to the present time with their complete wisdom, but retaining youthful vigor and elasticity of thought.

We are led to these reflections by a review of what has been accomplished in the last five years—we may say the last two, for nearly all the great conquests of which we shall speak have been made in that period. It would not be difficult to point out an interval of five hundred years in the past, during which less has been accomplished than in these last two. This may appear a vain boast, but a cursory view of the facts will sustain it. It is difficult to condense this review into a short article, or even to give a catalogue of the discoveries.

The vaunted pyramids, and every other Herculean effort of the ancients has been eclipsed by the unequalled engineering of to-day. The passage of the Alps by Hannibal was one of the wonders of classical times; the tunnel through them is almost completed. No labor seems impossible. Even with Americans, who usually look to the easiest method of meeting their ends, boring mountains has become almost a mania. The Housatonic rivals the Alpine excavation.

The vast iron road from the Atlantic to the Pacific is fast being pushed to completion. In a short time locomotives, like iron shuttles, will ply from the Golden Gate to New York, scaling the rugged Rocky Mountains and the snowy Sierras.

The Atlantic cable has been successfully laid, and to such perfection has telegraphing been brought, that with a battery formed from a lady's thimble, or even a gun-cap, signals can be sent across the Atlantic and returned. The heart swells with a conscious pride in the power of human intellect, when it learns that the cable, like a great thought-nerve, binds the old world to the new. Uncoiled from the great ship, into the sea, it gave no response, except as the electric currents of the earth acted on it, and the operator at the shore end, watching anxiously the delicate needle, read only the incoherent, the wild, insane mutterings of the storm-lashed deep. Suddenly mind flashed through the uncoiled wire. The watcher read from the now inspired needle, "Canning, to Glass." The cable had found a safe home on the floor of the ocean, and the two worlds were talking together.

The Victoria Bridge and the Niagara Suspension belong to the last few years. That across the Ohio, and the magnificent Chicago tunnel belong to the last year. The bridge across the Mississippi, and from New York to Brooklyn, across the East River, are projects to be completed in the next two years. But yesterday the splendid line of steamers began plying from San Francisco to the China Sea. The ship channel across the Isthmus of Suez is as good as finished, and the necessities of commerce will compel the long talked of canal across the Isthmus of Panama to be opened.

In the arts, steel made by the Bessemer process is fast taking the place of iron. Stronger and more reliable in every way, it is destined to be employed in all machinery, and in almost every place where iron is now used. A steel rail will wear out thirty iron ones. In ship-building, in plating their hulks and internal parts, steel is supplanting iron, adding to the strength and safety of the vessels. In iron-clad war vessels, structures originated and perfected during our late war, steel is the only material which renders them invulnerable. If the art of defense has made good advance, that of destruction has kept pace, and it would seem that the perfection of cannon and of small arms had been reached, at least until a new system has been adopted. The case-hardened cast and steel bolts, the shells and ingeniously constructed balls, are very near perfection in their direction. The new wood gun powder bids fair to take the place of the present article. Nitro-glycerine has been introduced as the most economical blasting material. From its intense explosive power, and the ease with which it is evoked, accidents have not been rare, but now that it is better understood, it has become of invaluable service.

The refining of petroleum, and the employment of its waste products in the arts, especially as coloring material, has been greatly perfected. The true nature of oxygen, on which life itself depends, has been revealed, and its active

form as *ozone*, has become a disinfectant, that in skillful hands is almost a perfect safety against contagious diseases.

The vast generalization of Darwin on the origin of species, has gathered a host of facts around it, and, notwithstanding the childish attacks of Agassiz and others, has become the received doctrine with all the great thinkers of the day. Living beings are reduced to first elements—the cell—which, in the blade of grass, the lion or man, is alike. All living structures are built out of cells. The idea that species, genera and families have limits, has become obsolete. The practical idea of a chain of beings from the sponge to man, is the cardinal doctrine of natural history. Physiology has made wonderful progress by means of the microscope and chemistry.

The doctrine of the conservation and correlation of force is unhesitatingly received. Matter is eternal; force is eternal.

Light, heat, magnetism, electricity, are varying forms of motion, mutually convertible into each other, and into motion. Heat, by means of the engine, is converted into mechanical power. By using the power so obtained, in a proper manner, we can reproduce the expended heat. The light of the sun is converted into mechanical power. Such is the beautiful theory. In France, the problem of converting motion into light, has been solved, and by means of revolving magnets, a light five times brighter than the noon-day sun has been obtained. Photographers are now using this light, as more manageable than sunlight. In ten years time, the perpetual electric light machine will be in every house, and all the attention it will require is winding up like a clock, to yield the light of noonday. It will take the place of all other artificial light, and modify that of all other heating apparatus.

The great obstacle to aerial navigation is the want of a strong propelling power, without the immense weight of the steam engine. In the electric motor this want may be answered. An engine economizes but five per cent of the heat employed; the other ninety-five per cent is wasted. What would be its capabilities if it could save all? The electric motor can accomplish this, and hence render airships possible, and a voyage to England in a day not uncommon.

Kirchhoff, Bunsen, Huggins and Draper, have by the analysis of light, shown that the sun, planets and stars contain the same elements as the earth. Light is the only hold we have on the heavenly bodies, but it is sufficient to reveal their physical constitutions.

As a nation, we have witnessed the final extinction of slavery, and the recognition of the rights of man, as superior to color, caste or condition. For the first time, America is free. Baptized in the blood of a million of her sons, America is free. The question is now asked, shall the negro and the foreigner vote, and our wives, mothers and daughters be denied? The feudal notion, born of brute force, that man is the ruler of the wife, is fast disappearing, and the next decade is to witness the entire people, regardless of color, sex or condition, at the polls, basing their vote simply on their rights as human beings.

In Europe, the Czar has broken the chains of serfdom. Italy has become free, and Turkish barbarism is about to be rolled back on Asia. The opening of the great Pacific trade will powerfully affect the dormant peoples of that dreaming continent, and may yield unlooked for results.

We should be assured, after taking this review, that the "world moves," and be satisfied with our progress. If we are to go on at the same speed for the next thirty-three years, none but a visionary would dare dream the realities of the year 1900.

The broader and deeper views we now entertain of human demands and human destiny, the grand breaking up of the old by the wide dissemination of the new Spiritual Philosophy, are hopeful signs of the coming day.

Walnut Grove Farm, April 20, 1867.

For The Spiritual Republic.

PHRENOLOGY DEFENDED.

J. H. COOK TO HUDSON TUTTLE.

DEAR SIR: I do not seek any controversy, but appreciating you as a scientific man, I was surprised at the wholesale and disparaging way in which you disposed of phrenology. I cannot forbear making a few remarks suggested by your article. What you say about phrenological quacks and humbugs is, more or less, true, but applies with equal force to Spiritual lecturers and mediums. Take all that has been said and written by phrenologists, and subject it to rigid, scientific analysis and demonstration; and then take all that has been said, and written, and claimed as supermundane, and subject them to the same test, and which, think you, would come out the best? I suggest this to you because you have been for years one of the leading exponents and advocates of Spiritualism. Not one-half of the so-called spiritual phenomena can lay any claim to a scientific demonstration of a future life. I say this as a Spiritualist. Why then not purge and sift Spiritualism of its dross, before you deal such deadly blows at phrenology, which is the basis of Spiritualism? You say, "phrenology

as recorded in its books is a myth, without the least claim as a science." On the same ground and with equal force, I can say Spiritualism "is a myth," etc.; but I prefer to say that, both phrenology and Spiritualism are complex and progressive, requiring a well disciplined mind to rightly read and interpret them, and necessarily contain much truth and error. I might with as much propriety call the speculations and deductions in your *Arcana and Physical Man* "myths," etc. What does Spiritualism profess to be based upon? Facts. How have these facts been obtained? Through favorably organized and impressible mediums, each one's mediumship varying with the different developments of the brain. I have been a practical phrenologist for twenty-five years, and have compared function and development, and development with function, and written out and described thousands of characters, and can say in truth, that, on an average, nine-tenths of my descriptions in each case have been correct. It is easy to write for or against phrenology, but to produce facts is not so easy. Had you practiced and observed as long and minutely as I have, you would not now talk as lightly of phrenology as you do. Do you say because but few minds like Cuvier, Owen, or Agassiz can describe an animal or a fish from a single bone or scale, that no one can do it? And does it follow because there are phrenological quacks, that no one can read character correctly? You admit the general divisions and outlines of phrenology, but deny and spurn the details. Suppose you treat all the natural sciences in the same way, what progress would be made in them? You virtually say, that it is not possible to read character, in detail, from the signs on the head, while you in your published works refer us to "the rocky book," and from its signs and impressions assume to read to us the history and development and internal action of the earth millions of years ago. Strange logic and inconsistency, certainly, to say that you can read the internal phenomena of the earth by its signs, and at the same time declare that man (the most important of all to be read) is, and must be, an exception and cannot be read in like manner. Again, it is strange that a man who deals in minutiae and microscopic objects as much as you do, should discard and deny all the details of phrenology, without any exceptions or qualifications. All the insurmountable difficulties (in your estimation) such as "eating away on the inside," "the temperaments," "size," "quality," "activity," "thickness of skull," "frontal sinus," etc., are not new to worthy phrenologists, and can be detected, measured and applied sufficiently for all practical uses, although you may not be able to do it. Depend upon it, my good friend, that nature writes upon the external of man signs of all the internal powers, and that in due time man will be able to read them. I agree with you that free will and moral responsibility are dogmas. Your critic does not seem to have a scientific idea of moral responsibility. I beg of him to have no fears that the moral part of man will not account, in proportion to its development, but not in any arbitrary, orthodox sense. We are not accountable for impressions we never receive. We cannot demand something of nothing in a moral or any other sense. We cannot gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles. "We can not impart that which we have never received. Moral accountability is the perpetual decision of the moral court of man's upper brain, in relation to all human actions, and varies more or less in degree and character in every organism.

South Otsele, N. Y.

ANIMAL CHEMISTRY.—The *North British Review* for December contains an able exposition of the recent investigations in relation to the conversion of food into force, from which we extract a single paragraph:

"Liebig and his supporters contend that albuminous bodies form the natural fuel for the muscular machine, which they consider is alternately wasted and repaired, as a consequence of its work; the contraction of the muscle being due to oxidation, the relaxation to repair of its wasted parts. To this, Frankland and his supporters bring in opposition the fact observed by E. Smith and Voit, that suddenly increased muscular effort is not attended by augmented muscular waste. This is an important fact undoubtedly, but it is equally incomprehensible on Frankland's views as on those of Liebig. If the urea be the mere representation of the waste of the animal machine due to friction, why, when that friction is increased, does not the urea increase in proportion? What we do know is this: that the force manifested by the muscles must be the result of a transformation of a motion of molecules into a motion of mass. But we are entirely ignorant of any arrangements in the body by which heat can be transformed into mechanical work; nor does our acquaintance with the mode of working common machines give us the smallest clue to the unwinding of this problem. The only fact upon which Fick, Wislicenus, and Frankland repose their system is, at least, as inexplicable upon it as it is upon that of Liebig. A theory is certainly defective when it fails to explain an important phenomenon; but it is not science to substitute it by a second theory which also entirely fails to include the very same phenomenon that for the present stands excluded from the first."

THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

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AWAKENING.

We have observed with much pleasure the progress of events, during the past few weeks, with reference to the great and vital question of the hour. Chicago, heretofore fitful in reform, and the object of complaint because of bickerings and obstructions, seems at last—and yet not last—to have put a strong—and we have ground for belief—a steady hand to the car of progress.

It must be admitted by thinking people, that the degree of advance made in this country during this year or this generation, will depend upon the degree of departure from old methods, or getting out of old channels in which our life currents have run. It isn't a better coach on the old track that is required, it is a new track. We may talk as smooth, and be as good and placid as we please, in the old order; we may cry Eureka! dazzle the world and pander to prejudices, yet we reach no heart's core, and receive no great strong inspiration from the spirit of the times, only as we rise to radical, universal Reform.

With this in view, we rejoice to witness our city alive with earnest purpose and inquiry relative to the great educational and associative movement foreshadowed by the step known as the Eight-Hour Law. Preparations are being made to welcome the first of May, and the change it will bring, with more than ordinary zest. The hearts of the people are touched. They see a promise of something new and better, and we hope that the minds of all will be so directed as to realize a benefit from the new relation to be assumed. Not only on the one side is action, but also on the other. Our large manufacturers have been sorely perplexed, but the largest and the best of them are earnestly seeking the right way, and from present appearances will lose no time in associating, and sharing the profits of labor with the men they have heretofore employed. We are aware that these measures may not be appreciated by all at present, but to our minds they are fundamental and radical in operation, and lead as directly to the New Dispensation as any steps that could be taken. Superstition, bigotry, idleness and crime, vanish before the light and good cheer of true education; and spiritual perception opens and becomes clear, with worldly enlightenment and comfort. So this movement, the undisciplined force of which is in the masses of workmen, centering in Chicago, and flashing out over the country, is a signal of awakening energy; and who does not know that all the advantages thus gained, on one point, are universal in their associative effects on all other points. Did those who fought for the abolition of chattel slavery in the South, know that they were at the same time freeing the hirelings of the North? It was so. Do those who strive for the greater freedom of men in labor, know that they also are clearing the way for woman to step up to a more noble, useful life? It is so. And do all combined, laboring for man or woman, know that they are advancing the spiritual welfare of the races? It is even so; and thus by periods and in sections we work out the final good of all.

When, then, we hear of awakenings of freedom in the theological field, or the enlargement of spiritual fraternity, it signifies no more in fact, though to some different and dearer in nature, than these upheavals and associations in the political and social avenues of life.

From this great movement on the part of labor, we turn to the pending event of woman suffrage. It has become a question of popular discussion in the country. In this city it has been before the free Conference at Music Hall for several Sundays, and before the Literary Society which meets at the Court House. We cannot, perhaps, give a better representation of the general public sentiment which is becoming established, than by quoting from the Chicago Republican of Sunday, April 28th. The editor says, in speaking of the act of the Wisconsin Legislature, in favor of woman suffrage:

"There are very few American women who have lived twenty-one years in this country without learning as much of its institutions as is learned by the average of foreigners in five years, or of freedmen in

one year. Indeed, we have come to regard voting right, very much like living right, as a very difficult and complex thing in theory, but a very simple and easy thing in practice, and one which depends much more on the heart than on the head. * * * * *

"Would there be a truer and more faithful representation of the whole people if women were voters? Would it in any degree purify the ballot-box from bribery, or official life from corruption? Would elections be more quiet and orderly if women accompanied their husbands to the polls? Would political caucuses be less violent or corrupt from the presence of fair voters and speakers in them? Would any spheres of reform which are now overlooked or forgotten be attended to if women were part of the constituency of politicians? Many will answer these questions in the affirmative. When philosophers of cool, ungalant, logical accuracy, like John Stuart Mill, advocate womanhood suffrage upon grounds of public utility and expediency, it becomes the smaller fry of the political world to treat the question with respect. Of one thing we are certain, those who live upon and pander to the appetites and passions of mankind, would suffer from womanhood suffrage. Women would certainly vote that every male prostitute should "marry the girl" or go to jail, that every gambler should go to work, and that every shop that sells milk-punch should confine itself to the milk only. Womanhood suffrage certainly means moral reform by legislative means, so far as the votes of the women would have power to accomplish it."

Here we have the course of a leading secular paper foreshadowed—a paper which, by the way, is winning to itself laurels by the straightforward policy it pursues on questions of interest to human nature. In the acceptance of this question by the people, we behold the signal for a social revolution greater than has been known. "Womanhood suffrage means moral reform," says the *Republican*. Who, then, does not hail it? Who will try to hinder it? Certainly not the unselfish, the noble and true.

Now in all this, we see the good time coming come. With these reforms in hand it is useless to look to the New Jerusalem. There's heaven enough already on the earth to at least pacify and energize any one who isn't too lazy or stupid to enjoy it.

If there's any one asleep, we say awake to the awakening. The very air is alive with purpose, hope and trust; and every one should, with broadest possible scope of thought, and with steady hand help on the fullness of these times.

PRUSSIA AND FRANCE.

For several weeks the news from Europe has signified war and nothing but war between Prussia and France. Dispatches dated as late as April 25th, told us that war was regarded as a certain event. The Prussians occupied Luxembourg and would not withdraw. The honor of France required that they should withdraw, and that Luxembourg should be ceded to the Emperor's dominions. Fortunately, if true, the dispatches inform us to-day, (April 29th,) that there are prospects of reconciliation. On the 27th, the Prussian Government accepted the proposition of the Queen of England for a general conference of the Great Powers of Europe, to be held in London on the 15th inst. It is promised that the basis of settlement will be the neutralization of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, Prussia withdrawing and France remaining at respectful distance, forfeiting the anticipated prize. It is said that the Emperor expresses satisfaction with the negotiations thus far.

By this arrangement war may be postponed in Europe for a time, but Europe is akin to Etna. She gives continual warning of disturbance within. Threatenings are almost perpetual, and outbreaks are inevitable. The great impulse that has lifted America above chattel slavery, and is lifting her into the recognition of Universal Equal Human Rights, has pulsed across the Atlantic. The Governments feel it and nerve to resist it. They grasp for increased power, and so come in contact with each other, and offend the honor of despots. But more ominous and more irresistible still, the people feel it. In England they plead for an extension of their privileges. The government, so far, refuses them a respectful consideration. In Italy, they have thrown off the Church incubus, and yet chafe under the imposition of a King, and would fain hail Garibaldi President of the Republic of Italy. The Cretans are irrepressible, while Germany and France are not by any means free from determined Democrats and Republicans. So while we may be grateful that war has been delayed, we can hardly lose sight of the fact that the uprising of the spirit of universal liberty must bring revolution. The obstructive men and institutions may concede something, we hope they will much; but come what will the progress of the people and of nations cannot be prevented.

MAGNETISM.

We print elsewhere a short essay on Magnetism, by Dr. Fahnestock, to which we call attention. Whether or not the Doctor's premises are correct, we cannot positively say. He presents what to him are facts, and it would be well for our readers, especially Spiritualists and mediums, to look after them. It would be unwise to suppose we had learned all there is to know; and we think unwise for many of us to affirm that we certainly knew much of the subject in question. We do think, however, that knowledge of these things would help much to systematize and rationalize the public mind in its views on many intricate questions.

We must say, too, to the few persons who experimented

fifteen and twenty-five years ago that their publications of that time, in so far as they are true, need re-stating yearly. Dr. Fahnestock mistakes when he supposed, because he explained the matter twenty-five years ago that, therefore, it is generally understood now. We will venture to say that not one in five hundred of our readers were, before this, informed of his views. Isn't it time that there was a more thorough investigation of this whole question? So far as consistent with other questions pressing upon us for a hearing, we will give space in the REPUBLIC for carefully written articles on the subject.

MASSACHUSETTS SPIRITUALISTS' ASSOCIATION.

REPLY TO E. S. WHEELER.

Some weeks since, we criticised a document sent to us, purporting to be a "Preamble and Declaration of Principles," of the above named Association. In the REPUBLIC of April 20th, E. S. Wheeler replies to our criticism in the way of defense and explanation, and refers us to the report of the Convention upon the "Sexual Relations," for comprehension of its views upon that subject. We knew what the views of the Convention were, but their views and those of the author of those articles might be very diverse, indeed, as we have no doubt they are. The Convention may put one construction upon them, and the author another. At Bro. W. leaves the subject quite as light as before. He says, "the assertion of the moral 'Integrality of sexism' is a recognition of the natural law of 'sacramental marriage.'" The luminosity of this definition or explanation is equal to a Boston fog. It is confusion worse confounded. The "moral integrality" of—something, (please tell us, Bro. W., what you mean by "sexism,")—is "the natural law of 'sacramental marriage.'" How extremely clear it is, that a moral wholeness of one thing, constitutes the natural law of another thing. But why do you use the phrase "sacramental marriage?" That pertains to the Catholic Church, not to us; and hence, you say that only Catholic marriage is embraced in that sublime sentence "moral integrality of sexism." But perhaps our legal marriage by "the Squire," the minister, or the Spiritual Lecturer, has some kind of integrality, though not a moral one. Will the author of those famous definitions inform us?

Such kind of definitions and explanations may do for the superficial, but the "cat" isn't scared out yet. The idea of introducing an article into a Spiritualistic Platform against celibacy is a preposterous work of supererogation. And to do it in language, which is so ambiguous, that in attempting an explanation, we have the absurdities contained in the sentence quoted above, is not at all probable. But we have no wish for controversy. We have called attention to the subject, and the matter will right itself. The effort of Bro. Wheeler to make the counterfeit cheat of church theology mean Christianity, that is, the idea and life of Christ, is a very fine specimen of special pleading to make the worse appear the better reason, but is justly liable to the charge of groundless and false assumption. Every system is to be interpreted by its core idea, not by the notions of those who cannot see what that idea is. We refer our readers to the article of Lita Barney Sayles, in No. 13 of the REPUBLIC, for more light on this subject.

ENTERPRISE.

Letters from M. B. Dyott, Conductor of the Philadelphia Lyceum inform us of a grand enterprise on the part of the Spiritualist Lecture Association, friends and members of the Lyceum of that place. They have fully decided that the best way, if not the only way, for them to prosper is to build a Hall of their own. Just now property is offered for sale, which, if it can be secured, will afford them an opportunity for the erection, not only of a Hall but of a whole block of stores in connection therewith, the proceeds of which from rents, etc., would be a perpetual and sustaining income. That such an enterprise may be successfully prosecuted there is no sort of doubt; and from what we know of the Philadelphia friends, they are the parties to do it. Mr. Dyott is a man of large experience in building, having in the last ten years erected nine buildings, stores, hotels, dwelling-houses, etc. Consequently, we presume he knows what he assumes when he plans to erect an extensive block of stores, Hall, etc., though it be for spiritual and physical culture. The parties entering into this enterprise have real estate on which they wish to raise for immediate use, one hundred thousand dollars. They don't beg, they want to hire and give security for the prompt payment of principal and interest. One-half of the amount to be paid in one year if desired, the remainder in such time as may be agreed.

This is a good opportunity for some man of means to use his money in a blessed way, and we hope there are those in the country, East or West, who are sufficiently interested in the Lyceum method of education, and spiritual culture generally, to have a preference as to whether their money loaned, shall be used for permanently good causes, or act as an irritant in the field of speculation.

We earnestly call attention to this matter, and refer those desiring particulars to M. B. Dyott, 114 South Second street, Philadelphia, Pa.

CRIMES OF THE INNOCENTS

Medical history tells us of an implacable fiend, who, wishing to prolong his voluptuous reign, ordered the slaughter of "all the children that were in Berkshire, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time he had inquired of the wise men." It tells us of Nero who made hundreds of Christian men, women and children. More heartily does it repeat its tragedies in the extermination of the Waldenses and Huguenots, in the horrors of the Inquisition, in the bloody revolutions of France.

We shudder as we read; we thank God that we live in a better age; we forget the stupendous fact, on being familiar with it, are stupid to its every day realities, that a system of general child-murdering is enacting all around us, augmenting with the growth of our pampered civilization, compelling greater rigor of arbitrary law to enforce a temporary decency in society.

Murder of the Innocents! sum up its dark catalogue, simply from one page written within a few months.

Rev. Lindsey whips his little son to death, because he will not say his prayers. A man and his wife, named Vanderbight, took Mary Ann Farrell from an asylum to be a servant. He beat the girl with horsewhips, broke her jaw bone, tore out her hair in handfuls, cut open her lips, blackened her eyes, bruised and discolored her whole body. The dead body of an infant was found in an alley way in New York, its throat cut from ear to ear, its head nearly severed from its body. Another infant was found in that city, the same day, strangled to death. A German carpenter in Chicago beat his daughter till her garments were saturated with blood, and then clutched her neck till she died. A poor, desolate mother in this same wicked city, finding she could get employment without her child, but could not with it, rather than have her child starve to death on her hands, rather than steal, threw it into the river! No pity, no forgiveness for the mother?

In Warren, Ind., a Mr. and Mrs. Hart, having apprenticed a boy of an abandoned woman, whipped him with a black snake whip, and, with a knotted wagon whip, straps, clubs and bits of boards, beat him till the flesh was a jelly; hung him by the waist from a hook in the wall and kicked a fire under his feet; hung him up by the heels; dipped his head in a bucket of water till nearly strangled; repeatedly imprisoned him all night in a cold cellar; at last locked him up in a trunk and sunk him to the bottom of a well.

Is this all? Only one page of to-day's horrors—only a small percentage of child-murdering come to light; but a few registries are kept—the "book of life" contains fearful records over which angels weep. Look with chirovivant eyes into the rivers, and lakes, and sewers, and scan the partially developed forms, rotting to skeletons, of hundreds of infants. Others are consumed in fires, devoured by starving city dogs, or buried secretly under midnight darkness, uncoffined and unshrouded.

Oh, fathers! forcing women to this awful crime by social oppressions to earn a living by professional prostitution—prostitution of your own wives and daughters, too—what is that blot upon your soul, whereon not a repentant tear has yet fallen? Read—read the enormous blot—murder! Alas, where shall we turn, whence shall we fly, to find integrity? Who can lift up his hands and say, "God, I thank thee, I am not as other men are!" Who, perceiving there is no virtue where lust has cast but a single stain upon the heart, or infidelity has engraved its dreaded brand of "murder" upon the memory, can refrain from smiting his breast in deep sorrow, saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

What of the children who, despite poisonous drugs, escape death in the fetus, whose fathers, shamed and confused at the mishap of conception, demand abortion to secure speedier opportunities for married adultery—whose mothers, recoiling before the sorrows of childbirth and the prospects of newly added cares at home, despairingly resolve upon abortion, thus stamping forever upon the coming child the intent of suicide—what of such children? Are they healthy, orderly, spiritual, beautiful, happy? Sad truth! the world is peopled with unwept children! children with dwarfed and idiotic spiritualities, discordant affections, brutalized passions, slinking humanity lower and lower to a plane of demoneiac incarnation.

Notice the effect of this murdering of the innocents upon the mothers. Behold their pale, sallow faces, their hectic cheeks, their feeble step, their soul-sorrow, secretly kept but plainly visible in every lineament of the countenance, revealing as on a dial plate, the sad workings of the heart. Are they fallen—fallen? If the babe escapes the attempt at abortion, the mother loves it—loves the babe of accident—wails bitterly if a little grave hides it from sight. Thus sacred is human nature, even when poisoned at the fountain of life! Does not all this prove how easy is human regeneration, and how divine will be our homes under the law of perpetual chastity?

Abortion, like the death angel of Egypt, sprinkles blood upon the butels of nearly every house. Even when love is pure and not a passion is unholy, many a married pair, whose wisdom as yet demands no child, falls a prey to the scourge. They mean no harm. It was an accident; but

does nature credit for the accident? Will the world know it? Heaven knows it, trembling victims of the serpent! Is conscience undisturbed? Ask the wife's pale lips, the agonized weakness, the alarm of the loving husband. Their love may be constant; nearer may they cling to each other as wounded birds in one nest, as if mutual sympathy might palliate for this outrage upon nature. How many degrees does the dial of life discount? Ask the grave-stones that say with silent tenderness, as if the very marble would weep—aged 30! aged 33! aged 36! Oh, they are young wives!

We would fain hide from the picture, but cannot; it stares us in the face everywhere. Great God! whose justice never sleeps—angels! whose hearts are "touched with the feeling of our iniquity," is there no reproach, no deliverance from this "abomination of desolation" in our social life? Fathers and mothers! young men and maidens! what is the handwriting of heaven, traced in blood? "Repent—repent—repent!" How repent? By wisdom in the choice of companions, by strict integrity when the union is formed, by self-denial of every ultimate of sensuous pleasure, by perpetual chastity, never holding until the wisdom of the union demands an angel of the household.

POLITICAL-ECCLIASTICAL NEGOTY

We learn from the Pittsburg Leader that certain gentlemen of "irreproachable men and excellent appetites," at a convention held recently in Pittsburg, Pa., troubled because our Federal Constitution does not contain "any express recognition of Jehovah, or His Anointed King, the Lord Jesus Christ, or of His revealed will as exercising in, and receiving honor from the nation," propose to amend that instrument, so as to read as follows:

"We, the people of the United States, humbly acknowledge Almighty God as the source of all authority and power in civil government, the Lord Jesus Christ as the ruler among the nations, and His revealed will as of supreme authority, in order to constitute a Christian government, and in order to form a more perfect union, etc., do ordain and establish this Constitution."

Well, so far so good. This is not the first time this proposition has been mooted in ecclesiastical council. It is evidently a serious intention of the churchal "powers that be," to establish a theocracy in America, requiring an oath of fealty to a legal faith as a test of citizenship! In that event, our Republic is home transplanted to a soil wherein this Upanisec can take deeper root. Liberty, as guaranteed by the constitution, is not secured so much to us in what it does express as in what by silence it implies. Its articles are mostly negative, forbidding and protecting, leaving each citizen to work out his own destiny, "according to the dictates of his own conscience." If ever ecclesiastical or political tyrants, usurping power, should constitutionally demark the liberties of the people—which is indeed an impending peril—America thenceforth, until revolution shall uproot it, is the greatest despotism ever organized on the globe. A people educated to a freedom which they have repeatedly purchased at the price of blood, can never be restrained to decent order under churchal dictation, except by crushing out their life by chains and dungeons, racks and stakes, after the style of the Spanish Inquisition. Let us be vigilant to duty, remembering that liberty of thought is inductive to liberty of action.

THE JACKSONVILLE (ILL.) INSANE ASYLUM.

A series of resolutions have been passed by the Trustees of this institution, inviting investigation into its management against which so many complain. Said meeting is to be held on the 8th of June next. It will be recalled that the Illinois Legislature appointed an investigating committee. So the matter will be thoroughly ventilated.

We are not disposed to forestall public judgment, nor to ignore the testimony of the friends of this Asylum. Let there be a candid hearing from both sides. We wish to say, however, that several emancipated inmates of unquestionable integrity and sanity bring most serious charges against it. If it is an institution, be sure, oh guilty authorities, that your sin will find you out!

We are decidedly of the opinion, sustained by personal observation, that Insane Asylums do not produce the good which their expense anticipates, or the public demand. We cannot appreciate the salutary advantages of huddling so many insane persons in one building. Despite every precaution, their magnetism must be most bewildering. What a perfect hell is a ward of madmen! How in the world any one recovers there, is a mystery; but nature is kind and forgiving. One year of confinement amid such associations is enough to make any sane person crazy. No insane friend of ours shall ever, through our instrumentality, become an inmate of an Insane Asylum. We are confident that the true agencies of restoration to the insane, are orderly habits and diet, love and kindness, tender sympathy, music and beauty, and the judicious appliances of spiritual magnetism.

SEMINARY MEETINGS.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at Crosby's Music Hall every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Conference at 4 o'clock P. M.

Mr. John Beatty, a workman, of Chicago, will lecture at Crosby's Music Hall on Sunday evening, May 8th. All are cordially invited to attend.

PERSONAL

A. J. and Mary E. Davis have started on their missionary work among the people in behalf of the Lyceum Movement and the cause of spiritual progress generally. They were in Ridgeport, Conn., Sunday April 28th, and are to be in Bangor, Maine, the first two Sundays of May.

This is good news for the friends of children and practical reform, and we hope there will be no lack of earnest response to the offer of assistance thus tendered to the spiritualists in one of their greatest and best works.

Several parties have written us suggesting that societies having an Lyceum move at once, and raise subscriptions for the furtherance of this work. No better time ever dawned upon the earth for a grand effort in this direction than this blessed spring and coming summer. The very air is full of inspiration to do something.

A. A. Whetstock, of St. Johns, Mich., is to lecture in Sturgis, Mich., during the month of May.

N. Frank White, who has spent the past two months in Cincinnati, Ohio goes to Battle Creek, Mich., to spend the present month.

Sue M. Johnson passed through Chicago, this week, on her way to Havana, Ill., where she lectures each Sunday this month.

J. S. Loveland remains in Cleveland, Ohio, until June, lecturing each Sunday.

Wendell Phillips has returned East from his extensive Western lecturing tour.

S. J. Finney is in Troy, N. Y. His lectures are well attended. The Lyceum flourishes; is to celebrate its anniversary, the first Tuesday of June. Thus the good work goes on. The tidings are wafted in to us from all quarters.

Senator Wilson has decided to make a full Southern tour. He has been invited to address the people of the South at numerous places, and intends, if possible, to speak at Richmond, Orange Court House, Norfolk, Raleigh, Newbern, Wilmington, Charleston, Jackson and New Orleans, and somewhere in Georgia and Alabama.

Frederick Douglass (whose home is at Rochester) was nominated a few days ago as a delegate to the approaching convention to revise the constitution of the State of New York. Mr. Douglass received 24 votes, and Mr. Freeman Clarke 30. The Rochester Times says:

"Douglass is the equal in mental capacity of any man who was named as a candidate in the convention; but he was rejected on account of his color. The Radicals of Monroe County dare not take the risk of putting Douglass into the convention. When they are beaten by and by, their defeat will be traced to their prostration to this lack of courage to stand up for the black man, as was that of the Radicals in Connecticut to their not sustaining negro suffrage."

This is the testimony of the enemy; but it is true. The Republican managers of New York are excelled in cowardice only by the Republican managers of Connecticut. One of the chief subjects to be brought before the Constitutional Convention is the suffrage of the colored man; and yet the most outcast colored man in the State, and in the nation, is voted out of the Convention by Republican votes, and for no other reason than the color of his skin.—Independent.

DECADENCE OF THE CHURCH

As in the political arena, the popular church, having culminated in aristocracy, and there began its descent into a spiritual death, is universally assailed by every progressive mind in the world, as unsuited in its present moral status to the age. England is like America in this respect. Hear what Spurgeon says:

"England, they had been told, was Protestant or soundly Protestant that the people would never hear to have income taxmen under their noses, or the authority of the Church of Rome denouncing them their ears. But they had heard it. Where now were the greatest crowds of them to be seen? Were they not to be seen kneeling at the feet of the priest of Baal, whose incenses were delighted while their souls were sold? Yes, there had been no advance in truth; while error had been spreading over the land and men were pushing idols, and multitudes were going astray, the Church was riding her arms, allowing the banner of Christ to become withered, and covering the advocates of itation to have their own way. He heard that would send judgments upon the Churches of Britain for this neglect, and perhaps take away the candlestick. He feared, lest these Churches should have a name to live and be dead—lest they should be treated as others were treated—lest they should become like Rome—an apostate and an abomination in the eyes of angels and men."

NOTICE

We do not preserve or return rejected MSS., except by special request of the author which must be made when the manuscript is forwarded. Persons wishing their articles returned, must include the amount of postage. A late revision of the postage rates requires Letter Postage on all MSS. for the press. When our friends have a fact which they wish to communicate to the world for the world's good will they be careful not to connect therewith a pun for some person, thereby making the person appear more prominent than the fact. Such communications are very likely to be rejected.

NOTICES AND REVIEWS.

THE RELIGION OF MANHOOD, or the Age of Thought. By J. H. Robinson. Boston, Bela Marsh; Price 75 cents; Postage 16 cents.

The above work consists of essays on the following subjects, viz: "The Past and the Present," "The Transformations," "God is no Respector of Persons," "Our Father," "The Resurrection and the Judgment," "The Bible," "Regeneration," "Angelic Ministry," "The Manhood of Jesus," "Labor," "The Religion of Manhood," "Sectarianism," "Great Men and Heroes," "The Conflict of Ages," etc.

The first paragraph of the first chapter gives the key to the spirit of the work, and indicates the earnestness and liberality with which the author treats his subjects throughout. It is as follows:

"The Past, Present and Future, are ours. We must, as immortal beings, mingle with the deep current of life flowing from the primal ages toward the illimitable sea of the future. We must float onward with the heaving tide. We must feel the motion of its billows here or hereafter, or both. There are no means of escape from the conditions of existence. We sustain relations to all who have gone before us. One great magnetic chain binds together all minds that have yet existed. Every heart that beats is but the continuation of the motions of the heart that preceded it. Every religious prejudice or impression leaves its signature upon some part of humanity. We may feel to-day the effects of bad governments, and false notions of right and wrong, that swayed and agitated peoples and nations, ages ago."

It cannot be claimed for any book that it is complete in all things, but each effort presents some characteristic excellence. The work in question is candid, clear in expression and purpose, and therefore is a most excellent volume for an inquirer. We would it could be scattered by thousands over the land and read by all, for no one can read it without being interested and lifted up, over and out of the limits of Sectarian Theology.

For sale by the Publisher.

THE FRIEND, a monthly Magazine, published at 131 William street, New York, at \$2 a year, is received for May. The *Friend* is a fine publication, open and brave in expression, true and noble in purpose. We like its *spirit* and manner. See extracts in another part of this number of THE REPUBLIC.

Dr. Dio Lewis is preparing a series of papers for the *Herald of Health and Journal of Physical Culture* on the "Health, Care, Management and Training of Children." This monthly, under its new management, has brought the very best talent in the country to contribute for its columns. Just now a series of papers, by Moses Coit Tyler, entitled "Minutes of the Brawnville Athletic Club," and another series on the "Physiological Anatomy, Physiology and Pathology of Man," by Prof. Rufus King Browne, beside a host of other excellent articles, are found in its columns.

By all means get this magazine for 1867. \$2 a year; 20 cents a number. Miller, Wood & Co., No. 15 Lighthouse street, New York.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: It always affords me pleasure to say a good word in favor of anything that I think has a tendency for good; and, therefore, I ask leave to call the attention of your readers to a little work which I see is advertised in the columns of the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC. I refer to "The Manual of Self-Healing," by LaRoy Sunderland, (formerly of Boston) now of Quincy, Mass. This little work abounds in useful suggestions to every one, and no doubt many of your readers would be benefited by giving it a careful perusal. I carried a copy of it all through the war, and it was of great benefit to me. It is thoroughly hygienic and utterly opposed to drugs and medicines.

I would say to all who have not seen it, get it, and you will not regret.

Truly yours,

Americus, Ga., April 15, 1867.

ALEX. KING.

For sale at this office. Price 30 cts.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A. J. Fishback has been speaking of late in Fond du Lac, and electrifying the crowds that gather to hear him with burning truths leaping fresh from the inspired fountains of heavenly ministry.

L. Judd Pardee, of Philadelphia, writes that he fears he is "gradually going out of the body." Not just yet, brother; we feel that your work here is not quite finished. Hope on.

The heavenly gospel, under the management of Prof. E. Whipple, has received a strong impulse forward, in Clyde, Ohio. A society has been organized, comprising fifty members, a place for meeting engaged, and apparatus for a children's lyceum paid for, ready for successful operation in a few weeks. Persevere, your duties are coming.

J. M. Peebles, of the BANNER OF LIGHT, called at our sanctum the other day, having slid down to us on a sunbeam from Jupiter. He likes to blossom flowers among all thorns in the human pathway. When the thousand years probated to him in this world have expired, will he please let us take a journey with him to his home on that mighty planet?

D. S. Alvord, of Austinburg, Ohio, speaking of "dark circles," suggests that with practice the spirits can pro-

duce as varied phenomena in the light as in the dark; and, as an instance in point, calls attention to his experience in a circle at which the Invisibles lifted the table into the air without a human hand touching it, and rung a bell, all in plain sight, and witnessed by twelve persons.

The *Xenia Torch Light*, published at Xenia, Ohio, goes unequivocally for universal suffrage. Its utterances are clear and noble, and will do great good in that State, the Legislature of which hesitated on manhood suffrage.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe writes cheerily from San Jose, California, her present home.

The Spiritualists of Waukegan have organized a society, and taken steps to insure meetings every Sunday. We understand that Dr. Leo Miller, of this city, is engaged to speak there one-half the Sundays for three months.

Mr. Johnson, acting President, has accepted an invitation to go to North Carolina to be present at the laying of another corner-stone. Mr. Seward will accompany him. It is said that the party will go *via* Richmond, and may swing around the whole circle South, all of which signifies only that Mr. Johnson and his man Seward are going on another disgraceful political campaign. We hope they will meet with their usual success.

ANTI-SWEARING CLUB.—A number of gentlemen in Greenwich, Connecticut, have formed a club known as the "Ebenizers." They have a fine for every indelicate or profane remark made by any member and give the receipts to the mission school.

If such a club were organized in Chicago and its rules strictly enforced, "the mission school" would soon become one of the richest institutions in the city.

PROGRESS OF EVENTS.

A petition praying Parliament to give the franchise to women is obtaining signatures in the University of Cambridge.

The Earl of Shaftsbury proposes to abolish the Church of England, if the Church of England does not forthwith abolish Ritualism.

The liquor law is now strictly enforced in Maine. A grocer of Augusta was arrested Wednesday morning, April 17, and fined for selling one glass of new cider. After the first week in June, all similar offenses will be punished by imprisonment.

The *Richmond Whig* has gone over to the Radicals. Whether its conversion is the result of the loyal State Convention lately held in Richmond, or the speeches of Senator Wilson, is not known, but its departure from the rebel camp is announced as follows by the *Enquirer*: "The *Whig* has made the leap, and henceforth takes rank as a Radical organ. Henceforth it will advise Virginians to become hewers of wood and drawers of water to the faction that has destroyed our liberties, desolated our land, and slain our sons and brethren, and that habitually abuses the forms of the Constitution to the mere purposes of party." Anything that the *Richmond Enquirer* deprecates can safely be hailed as an embodiment of good.

The *New York Tribune's* special says: "Gen. Schofield has already commenced the registration of voters in Virginia, under the provisions of the recent Reconstruction act. It was found impossible to obtain a sufficient number of white citizens to act as Registers, they being unable to take the oath prescribed by the act. It was found necessary to appoint non-residents, and detail army officers to complete the work."

Recent advices from Mexico, confirm those received several days ago in reference to the desperate condition of the Imperial cause in Mexico. Maximilian is reported to have sent Commissioners to Juarez at San Luis Potosi, offering to capitulate on condition that the lives and property of the leaders of the Imperial army be protected; but these terms would probably not be granted. Secretary Seward's messenger on behalf of Maximilian had left Matamoros for San Luis Potosi, where he expected to find Juarez.

The following from the *New York correspondent* of the *Chicago Tribune*, clipped from that paper a few days since, is worthy of notice. It will be safe to say soon, if events hurry us on as they have, that some who are not Spiritualists are, also, not—bigots:

"It is beyond controversy that Spiritualism is rapidly on the increase. A Quaker lady, who was herself far gone in the new faith, asked a friend of mine, 'Andrew, is thee a Spiritualist?' Andrew, who was a Spiritualist, replied, 'Yes, I am a Spiritualist, but I am not a fool!' This answer implies what is really true, that there is a class of Spiritualists who are foolish, and another class who are wise and thoughtful men and women.

"In New York large Sunday gatherings of Spiritualists at the regular hours, are held and addressed by able men and women. In Boston the Spiritualists have engaged Music Hall, the largest room in the city, and will hereafter hold regular meetings there on Sunday. In the small cities and villages Spiritualist meetings are maintained, and thousands of the best business men and women, who in all things else have sound common sense attend, and contribute of their money to sustain them. Several papers are

published, with the specific object of promulgating the new philosophy or theology. Hundreds of mediums are thronged every day in Boston and New York by earnest inquiries for tidings from the spirit world. When such men as Beecher confesses, as he did, in his church, in the writer's hearing, that the Old Testament gives no light on this subject—the future life—and the New Testament only teaches the *fact*, without any details whatever, all else being a matter of individual faith and experience, it is not strange that the people pursue their inquiries wherever light is to be had on this greatest of all subjects."

The Spiritualists of Pittsburgh, Pa., met on the 21st ult., and organized a society, to be known as the Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists. D. C. Ripley was elected President, and D. C. Drake, Secretary. The Secretary, in writing, says:

"Pittsburgh, the gateway of the West, and the key point of railway route, nearer by forty miles from New York city to the western States than any line of railroad, and as a consolidated city, a population of 184,425 inhabitants, making it the second city in Pennsylvania, and the seventh in the Union, with one hundred and twenty-three church organizations, with temples dedicated to the *unknown* God, and with all its immense *wealth*, prosperity and intelligence, has had no *true liberal* Spiritual church organization. Thus environed, it is to be hoped that this is no "ephemeral tale that does its business, and dies in a day," but rather on the other hand, that it is the heralding of the morn of a brighter day in this great work-shop called, very appropriately, the "City of Smoke," and known also as one of the greatest of church-going places. I remain, most truly your co-worker in the great cause of spiritual, moral and physical reform.

Respectfully yours,

DUMONT C. DRAKE.

253 Pennsylvania St., Pittsburg, Pa.

The white-male clique in the State of New York are about holding a convention; which convention they placidly call *constitutional*. We should be glad if the name rightly belonged to it, but we object to any convention which does not truly represent the people. It cannot be constitutional in the best sense of the word. There is something to hope, however, from this assemblage of andriarchs. Many of its members will work earnestly for the establishment of a really republican government. Let them feel assured, amid the din of political swagger, that the people will sustain them in urging the claims of justice. *Remember*: Might does not make Right; but Right makes Might forever. Give woman freedom, and there is no ground for apprehension that she will unsex herself. Man *does* unsex himself when he fears to meet woman on a footing of equality everywhere. The State needs the active support of all its citizens. So says the *Friend*.

SARA E. PAYSON.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: You remember Sara Payson in New York; you remember how like a Sister of Mercy she moved among the poor, the sick, the degraded. You have not forgotten how earnestly she toiled at devising and making banners, badges, and targets for the Lyceum children. The readers of the *Herald of Progress* learned to love her for the gentle and loving words she sent out to the world. We *all* loved Sara; loved her for her saintly beauty; for the gentle love-deeds that brought so much of heaven to earth. She was indeed of the earth, linked to all the beautiful things thereof, yet she was without taint or blemish.

When the *Herald* ceased to give her employment, she cast about in search of some avenue by which she might reach those in need of her brave heart and helping hands. She at length decided to study medicine. In a note to me she said: "I have resolved to fit myself for a physician. The little children, sick and suffering, I know will welcome me. To the old, the poor, the sin-sick, I may be a physician."

Sara left New York some months ago, and went, with her faithful soul sister, Dr. Harrie Clisby, to Peterborough, N. H. Through the winter they read, wrote, suffered and rejoiced together. A letter to me from Dr. Clisby reads thus:

"Do you know that my beautiful one, my sainted love, has gone on to the blessed life of the soul? that I am now alone on the earth? On the 26th of March, 11 A. M., she passed away, and was buried, as to the form, on the 29th, on her brother's grounds in Milton. Beneath two beautiful larches we laid her, covered with the most exquisite greenhouse flowers—flowers she loved so well. Dear and loved friends bore her to the last resting-place; Dr. F. L. Willis, one of the number. No strange hands touched our loved one. Sweet, was it not, Frances, that it could be so? Can I tell thee how I miss the angel life that was ever so tender of mine?"

To all things good and true, Sara's life here was linked; by this, we know how closely her soul was tethered to angel souls; by this, we know that her work is not ended.

"Death has made no breach

In love or sympathy, in hope or trust.

Outward sign or sound our ears may never reach,

But an inward spiritual speech

Will greet us still, though human tongues be dumb."

H. F. M. BROWN.

VOICES FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

FROM J. HARVEY LEECH.

SOUTH-SIDE VIEW OF REFORM.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: Your very kind and sympathizing note of the 21st ult., together with two copies of your paper came to hand a few days ago and have been carefully read and noted.

Your statement of aims and objects in publishing THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC finds a hearty response from the deepest recesses of my heart, and I am ready like our Methodist brethren to cry out, "Amen! go on, brother, go on. Do Lord, send it."

You say your "aim is to strike at the very root of wrong." Let me say, dig away the earth a little, that you may strike a harder blow, and look well that you injure not some of the small roots that may have radiated from some of the tender plants of right.

An expansive mind, a large whole souled heart, a humane and an enlightened understanding, are characteristics of a developed and spiritual mind. The duties of your association are many and onerous. As strongly as I desire to see you become powerful and noted, you will please permit me to drop a caution, that you do not run into any of the popular eccentricities and vagaries of the day. There is a good work for you to do and a mighty heap of it.

More than thirty years ago the science of mind was brought up to that point where the feelings, the intellect, and the moral sentiments, were subdivided into faculties, and phrenology assigned to each faculty an organ located in the brain. The legitimate action of each faculty was regarded as the God given right of the individual; the inherent, inalienable right; provided the whole faculties were properly in activity. The defective, or the excessive action, either of one or a group of those faculties, was generally regarded as a departure from the rules of moral rectitude.

Hence, the enlightened George Combe built up a system of *Moral Philosophy*, founded upon the true and legitimate action of the human mind, characterizing all actions arising from excess or defect, and diverging so as in the least to retard personal or social development, to be immoral, unsocial, and against the will of God. Hence, could be accounted for, all sin and unrighteousness heretofore attributable to a personal devil.

This explanation of the human faculties, not only laid plainly to view the whole scheme of moral justice, but both Spurzheim and Combe laid before the world an unobjectionable system of education fully as replete and satisfactory as the guide to moral justice and social rectitude. But have their admonitions, their truths, their science, ever been cherished or heeded by an American public? No; their labors have been permitted to fall into disuse. And why? The answer is easy: morality was too slow and dry for such fast people as we.

The priests and the church people did not want it; reciprocal or moral justice would ruin their business. The hard fighting demagogues, and their dupes, would not have it, because it would introduce peace and happiness among them, and then there would be no one to extend their laudations and praises to. The professional man did not want it, because it was inimical to his money making business. The monopolist hurled curses and anathemas at any one who would dare work against the interest of his establishment in such a way as that. Our phrenological teachers and publishers gave a squint at it, and then looked at their "bump-feeling" and "chart-giving occupation," and said:

"I like real morality well enough, and, when I make money enough, I will settle down and advocate its claims. But take heed or you may run into socialism or something of the kind; see how many men have ruined themselves and families by running after this or that man's schemes."

But let us turn over some twelve or fifteen years and we will bring ourselves nearer to the present day. Now, have we improved upon our moral and social condition, with all the lights and truths before us? with all our naturalism, spiritualism, and all our clairvoyance and communion with the interior world? I am afraid not, and for this very reason, we are too prone to eccentricity, we run too much to excess in one particular, and leave too much undone somewhere else.

Reciprocal justice is one of the results of the legitimate action of the faculty of conscientiousness; and, in order that due action may be there produced, it is absolutely necessary that a well developed intellect should be possessed and cultivated. The mind must take cognizance of the nature, quality, usefulness, beauty, deformity, waste, of all toil, gain, production, happiness, misery, to be distributed; the time, labor, and quality of the labor necessary to its production; the kind of labor, such as slow, active, quick and energetic; its producing qualities, such as destructive, useless, productive, and skillful; its existence, such as past, present, and prospective.

A man clears, breaks, fences, and cultivates a portion of land in corn; he gathers and measures the same; and having noted the time and the dimensions of the ground, finds the time that is equivalent to a certain measure of

grain. He can therefore know the amount of time that is equivalent to a certain production by a given kind of labor. And a hundred such experiments reduced and apportioned, would give a general standard of value in time and labor for a certain production, either of grain or other useful thing. This man's second year's labor on the same ground would give him some vague idea of the use of capital. He would find that by having on his ground an amount of past labor which is the fairest explanation of the term capital, that an equal amount of grain was produced by much less labor. Hence, by going all the rounds of the productiveness of this capital, its duration, stability, etc., he begins to arrive at some knowledge of the value both of capital and labor. Here the subject looms up in all manner of proportions. The interest on money, rents, daily labor, wages due operatives, and so on to the end of the chapter, all come forward for their share of investigation. And beginning with the standard of justice, and investigating the value of labor, and the true reward to capital, many of the "roots of wrong" can be laid bare to view. But it will require patience, toil, and long, long perseverance, not only of one—a few—many—but of a mighty nation, to develop the subject in its full light.

Duffau, Texas, March 24, 1867.

FROM GILES B. STEBBINS.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: I've been to church once to-day. In my boyhood, in the old Bay State, twice and three times to meeting was common, making the sabbath a weariness, both to flesh and spirit. I am not a great church-goer now, once a day, occasionally. Not from any dislike to hear good things from a pulpit, but there's a Quakerish feeling about the "forms and ceremonies." Prayer, fresh and spontaneous, is one thing, but as a regular part of the "divine service," whether *with the spirit or not*, it is quite another.

Singing is ever beautiful—except from hired and heartless performers, who turn from frivolous whispering one moment to trill and quaver the grand old tunes of men who put the deep fervor of their earnest souls into their music the next.

The reading of the "sacred scriptures," add to the length of the "exercises" until the sermon is like a short book with a long preface.

Then comes up the question too—for we *will think* if they once get into the habit, which is not a bad one—why always read from one book? are *all* the good things there? Is that the sole revelation; first, last, and only? Is it *all* divine—that is, true?

So the conclusion is reached that to read from only one book is a custom "more honored in the breach than in the observance." Then the sermon—if "orthodox," its doctrinal parts are of no moment to me; or if of the "Liberal Christian" type, it occupies the same position toward supernaturalism, and infallible authority as "A. J." said Congress did toward the Government—"hanging on the verge." Better get fully inside, or let go and start a fair and fearless voyage, full-freighted with the truths of the soul.

Women cannot preach either. Their "gift of prophecy" was manifest in Bible days, but not now, in any pulpit, save some exceptions—rare and strange. So our gospel ministrations are more *mannish* than manly, and we miss sadly the spiritual wealth of woman's intuitions.

The assembling together is good, natural, and profitable, I know—for we thus strengthen and inspire each other. We are in a transition period. The meeting of Spiritualists, "Friends of Progress" etc., are prophetic of coming events, foreshadowing of the church of the future, in which shall be beauty, order, spiritual life, freedom and growth.

So I work and wait, sitting at home in the quiet Sunday, or going where the best word is said, that looks on and up—which is far oftener out of the pulpit than in—and going to church, as I said, occasionally, to hear all sides.

To-day it was a Unitarian Church, and the preacher was Frederick May Holland, the son of the minister. He is of the "left wing" of that class, a body of younger men whose hold on the "verge" is so slight they might any day swing clear into free space—a catastrophe for which the grave and reverend insider "would return thanks." His discourse was brave and generous, the burthen thereof being an *expose* of the absurdity of the use of the term "infidel," and a clear assertion of the sacred right of private judgment, and the wrong, not sacred, of proscription for opinion's sake. He said Renan, Colenso, Parker, Emerson and Stuart Mill, could not be put down, or the luster of their great works made dim by solemn epithets. He meant to be fair to Spiritualists, and spoke of them as "able to do their own thinking," yet said they asked belief in the miracles of trance, clairvoyance, healing, etc., as others asked belief in the miracles of saintly legends or Bible narratives.

Here seemed want of clearness of definition, and poor comprehension of our views. Every Spiritualist, who can render a reason for his faith—as most can—would say that whatever of truth there was in trance or other phenomena, was the result of some spiritual law; that nothing can be in matter or mind, beyond or against the constant action of

Divine law, and therefore miracles, being a suspension or infraction of such laws, are impossible.

Possibly this mistake grew out of some tinge of Unitarian complacency, the besetting weakness of a class of people among whom we see so much culture, generous sentiment, and excellence of character, that they ought to be free of such a foible. But they are not.

It is amusing, indeed, to hear accomplished ministers among them preach as though the growth of liberal thought was, providentially, their special charge. Meanwhile a host, compared with which their own numbers are small, are seeking with reverent gladness, for truths in realms of thought far beyond the "verge to which they cling."

Rochester, N. Y., April 7, 1867.

GLEANINGS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM H. W. BOOZER.

[This brother, feeling a deep interest in the Spiritual phenomena, believing it to be the "underpinning of our structure," and speaking in defense of the mediums, on the ground that they are sinned against more than they have themselves sinned, says, in the spirit of charitable criticism:]

You will find by experience none *wholly good* and none *wholly bad*. The universe, this side of death's stream and the other, is full of imperfect ones. What will we do with them? What of mediums? Evidently our duty is to help them upward and onward. Throw such out if you will build your caste of the pure, and the hypocrites, humbugs and impostors, will keep you busy at excommunication and give you no time or chance for progress and development. Ionia, Mich.

FROM MRS. A. BIXBY.

A few years since, Mrs. Louisa C. Scott, of Iroquois, C. W., lost her only child, a beautiful son of great promise. She had no life picture or shadow of him to look at, and so intense was her longing to see the semblance of her boy, that she conceived the preposterous idea that she could herself paint his likeness on canvas. She dwelt upon it, till she could no longer resist the impulse, though she was ignorant of even the rudimental part of drawing scientifically. So she procured paints, and oil, and canvas, yet fearing and doubting that she should be successful, when a voice, or impression, she could not tell which, said to her, "Joseph will help you!" Joseph was a young painter and sculptor whom she had known, but who had gone up higher; and she did produce the likeness of her darling boy with a peculiar expression, which she said was not in her mind at the time, an expression which he exhibited in his most interesting moments, when he would be propounding some question to her that seemed to be above his years.

Center Chain Lake, Minn., April 1.

FROM HOMER BROWN.

I want to know what is going on among reformers in reference to socialism, whether there is any movement on foot looking to more harmonious relations among human beings. If the enthusiasm of Spiritualism subsides without inaugurating a far better social condition than now exists, I, for one, shall be sadly disappointed. Perhaps, however, this matters but little, for the life we here live is truly but "a point of time," comparatively, and on the whole I can't see as it makes much difference whether our paths are strewn with thorns or roses. But I am not of that number who know Spiritualism to be true; hence I am really anxious to get all the enjoyment I can out of life as it flies.

[Had our brother been a constant reader of THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC from its commencement last January, he would discover that one grand object is to project a movement, based on the higher law, that must, in the very nature of the causes thus put in operation, ultimate "more harmonious relations among human beings." If he desires to be well posted, we advise him to read carefully the articles on Social Science, written by our able correspondents, and published from week to week in our paper. We also refer him to H. H. Marsh, with whom to correspond, who is one of the co-actors in this great work, and a reformer of strong practical policies, determined to lay the social structure on the enduring rocks of equal justice.]

FROM MRS. D. A. CORSON.

You know our beautiful faith receives but little credence from those whose vision is continually fixed upon the "coming glory." They cannot "see God in clouds and hear him in the wind." They fancy God has built a magnificent cathedral somewhere for those who are able to obtain shining garments and a tira of stars, without regard to those fallen ones who inherited evil organizations and are thrown into the great cesspools of sin without the moral balance to keep them in the path of rectitude. I do not think they mean to be uncharitable, but the limited view of God's great and benificent purposes is rather the force of education and want of reflection in this ambitious and money-loving age. Though our vision be closed to angel ministry, we cannot be insensible to those beautiful impressions that soothe the troubled current of this life,

whispering words of love and peace, whose context can only be found in heaven's visitants that seal up instruction in our dreams.

"Over its shadowy border flow
Sweet rays from the world of endless morn;
And the nearer mountains catch the glow,
And flowers in the nearer fields are born.
The souls of the happy dead repair
From the bowers of light to that bordering land,
And walk in the fainter glory there,
With the souls of the living hand in hand."

Glenbeulah, Wis., April 15.

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."

CHANTS FOR TOILERS.

Lift your head, thou child of labor, toiling craftsman be of cheer;
Time is weaving star-bright garlands for the day of crowning near!
For thy labor stout and man-like, glorious meed shall yet be thine,
When the world shall hail you noble of an earth-subduing line.
What were the seed without the sower to his mission ever true?
What were the harvests if the reapers left them standing as they grew?

What were cities if their builders, malcontent, would stand aloof?
But a stone-and-mortar Babel without base and without roof.
Ye are worthy, oh! my brother, worthiest of the sons of earth,
Pilers up of stores preventive of the famine and the dearth.
Though the sun hath marred thy features, though thy hands be hard
and rough,

Yet thou, too, were God's, created out of true and sterling stuff.
Thou hast stood the season's changes—Summer's heat and Winter's
cold,

With an adamant hardness, with a purpose true and bold.
Chosen conscript in life's battle, keeping ever watch and ward,
To thy weaker listless brother, sure protector, guide and guard;
On the land or on the ocean, toiling every night and day,
Hand and foot forever moving to some carol light and gay!
By the loom and by the anvil, by the shovel and the spade,
Keeping up the strong life-currents that supply the sea of trade.
On the roused Atlantic warring with the fierce and wintry blast,
Rocked by madly heaving surges on the high and giddy mast.

Steadfast in the hour of duty when the danger loometh nigh—
Ever ready, like a true man, to surmount it or to die;
Wheresoe'er the toiler worketh, if he work with faith and love,
God himself smiles down approval from the halls of bliss above;
Delveth with the mud-stained ditcher, works beside him in the field,
Orders all things meet and duly for the harvest it shall yield.
Stands beside the village Vulcan, aids him in his every blow—
Clang and clang with ring incessant while the iron is aglow;
Throws the shuttle of the weaver, guides the sailor o'er the wave,
Whispers onward to the strong man—whispers courage to the slave.
With the miner goeth downward in the depths of earth afar,
With the stoker feeds the engine of the lightning-winged car;
Friend and Brother, God and Father, in the earth, the sea, or air,
Nothing is but feels thy presence, nothing is but asks thy care.
Toil, toil on! thou art in thy duty man, be out of it who may,
Toil befits the son of Adam, 'tis his best and surest stay;
Toil is holy, toil is noble, though it move in lowly guise.
Like a giant tree earth-rooted, with its apex in the skies.

THE ORGANIZATION OF LABOR.—No. 6.

BY A. BRISBANE.

We have spoken of the organization of labor in a general and vague manner. We will now endeavor to explain clearly what is to be understood by it. As the subject is new, it is very little understood. The most celebrated political economists, even, have no clear conception of it. The popular opinion on the subject is, that labor is prosecuted as well as it can be; that it is naturally and inherently repulsive; and that a scientific organization of such a menial branch of human activity is impossible. In addition, the religious world believes that it is a curse, imposed on man by God for his transgressions. The logical inference of such an opinion is, that it would be impious to organize, dignify and render attractive what was designed by Divine Providence as a punishment. Thus want of scientific insight and popular prejudices combine to prevent men from comprehending the greatest and most important of all practical truths.

To explain clearly in what the organization of labor consists, we will point out, how organization has been effected in another branch of human activity. By comprehending what has been done in this branch, it can be inferred what may be done for labor.

The most perfect example which we have of organization, is that of WAR. This pursuit has excited the special interest of rulers and men of ambition, as through the entire past it has been the great avenue to fame and fortune. All the resources of which men could dispose have been devoted to improving, perfecting and organizing it. Through the efforts of men of genius, continued from age to age, War has received a scientific organization; and at the present day it is prosecuted in a thoroughly scientific manner. The results obtained are prodigious. The power of man in destruction has been increased a thousand fold over what it was under a system of unorganized war.

Let us see what has been done to effect the organization of the military art, and raise it from its originally rude and imperfect state to its present condition. By observing what

has been done for war, we may draw some conclusions as to what is to be done for industry.

In the earlier ages, among savage and nomadic tribes, war, like everything else in the beginning was unorganized. It was prosecuted in an incoherent, desultory and ignorant manner, without any method or science. Very imperfect weapons, like the war-club, the bow and arrow, the spear, which simple instinct suggested, were used. The combatants were without discipline or organization; they fought without combination or unity of plan, each in his own way, as do the Indians at the present day on our Western prairies. (We may remark that this state of things is paralleled by the present condition of agriculture, with the incoherent, desultory and ignorant action of our small farmers, operating isolatedly with poor tools, implements, teams, granaries, etc.)

Passing over the long period which separates primitive from modern warfare, and without examining the successive stages of improvement which have taken place, we find at the present day, war organized. Let us point out briefly the leading features of the organization.

1. Powerful instruments for the work of destruction—the cannon, the mortar and bomb, the rifle, the torpedo, have been invented. Complicated works of defense, requiring the greatest engineering skill, have been planned. On the ocean, powerful iron ships, propelled by steam, have been devised and put in operation. What difficult problems human genius has solved in the creation of these engines of desolation and carnage! When the human mind shall devote an equal amount of thought to the invention of useful instruments for production, what will it not accomplish? What a prophecy for industry! What perfection will be given it when it shall become the leading interest of mankind!

2. An explosive force of prodigious power, namely, gunpowder, has been discovered, taking the place of the feeble power of the human muscle, which draws the bow or wields the war-club.

3. A methodical system of operations, called tactics, evolutions, manœuvres, etc., has been created, which regulates in a unitary manner the movements of the combatants.

4. A distribution of the men into regular bodies, easily managed, called companies, regiments, brigades, etc., has been planned, which gives concert of action to vast numbers, and causes an army to operate as if it were a single man, swayed by one will.

5. Ranks and grades have been established which, the price of talent and valor, stimulate powerfully ambition; they fix also the position and relations of individuals.

6. Lastly, and most important of all, a field is opened for the display of genius and heroism, which arouses ambition and stimulates to great efforts. We can judge of the potency of this incentive, when we see men brave death to satisfy it. This feature, together with the honors bestowed on war and its heroes, give dignity to the pursuit, and elevate it in the eyes of men.

The application of the above means to war constitutes what we call its ORGANIZATION. They have invested it with dignity, exalted it in human estimation, rendered it more attractive, and increased a thousand fold the destructive and defensive powers of nations. A part of our modern artillery would have put to flight the legions of Rome; and a man-of-war would have sunk the combined fleets of Tyre and Carthage.

What has been done for war can be done for productive industry; that is, it can be organized; and by means of organization, it can be raised as much above its present condition as war has been raised above what it was in primitive times, or now is among savages.

In selecting the military organization as an illustration, we do not by any means present it as a model, to be followed in the organization of industry. The work of war is false and unnatural, and many parts of its organization must be false and unnatural. It offers, nevertheless, a remarkable example of what can be effected by organization, and furnishes valuable indications in seeking for the means of organizing industry. It is by establishing a comparison between unorganized and organized war, bearing in mind that the law which applies to war applies to human activity in general, that we comprehend the important truth that industry can be organized, and can form an idea of what is meant by the organization.

As industry is a natural pursuit; as it is inherently pleasing, especially the agricultural branch, and when properly prosecuted, the repulsive features of the military system can be obviated, and liberty, justice and direct attraction, can be combined in its organization. There can be no doubt that if a work of carnage, like war, which is arduous, exposing those engaged in it to privations and hardships, and even to death, can be rendered honorable and attractive by means of the incentives connected with it through organization, that industry, to which still greater incentives can be applied by the same means, can also be dignified and rendered directly and positively attractive.

To organize labor, the following, among other conditions, must be observed. In examining them, we can see their relation to those employed in the military art.

1. Fine tools and implements, extensive machinery, steam and other power, and scientific processes must be used in all departments, so as to increase greatly man's industrial capacity, and to vastly augment production. The first condition of a scientific organization of industry is a great increase of wealth, so that abundance can be secured to all, and as a consequence, poverty with its train of evils abolished.

2. Art must be associated with industry. The workshops must be clean and airy, and handsomely fitted up; the working dresses neat, adapted to the nature of the work, and in uniform; implements, teams, etc., must be of the finest kind. This display, and elegance charm the senses, and give dignity to labor in the eyes of those engaged in it. Were soldiers and officers dressed dirtily or in rags, as are workmen, it would be alone sufficient to excite a contempt for military life.

3. A frequent alteration of occupations must take place, so as to afford change of scenes, incidents and society, and to exercise the different parts of the body and the different faculties of the mind. Labor should not be continued over three hours. With the energy which attraction would impart, and with proper facilities, more would be accomplished in this period of time than now is by hired laborers working apathetically in a day. The prolonged and monotonous toil of the present unorganized system of industry is enough of itself to disgust man with labor. Were an opera or a ball continued ten or twelve hours, and repeated the nights following, it would become insupportable. We cannot expect less in the case of industry, especially when prosecuted in dirty work-shops and manufactories, or lonesome fields. If it is important to throw external charms around our amusements, by fine rooms, dresses and furniture, it must also be important to throw the same around productive labor.

4. The workmen must be equal associated partners, electing their industrial leaders; not hired laborers, working under employers. They must also divide the product of their labor, awarding to services rendered, and not receive wages.

5. There must be ranks and grades so as to place the most capable at the head, reward merit, and offer a field of action to ambition.

6. Industry must be made to open a career to fortune and social position, as war and commerce now do. When commerce and finance are simplified, and the present carnival, or rather debauch of speculation, profit-wagering, spoliation and fraud is brought to a close, industry will then become the avenue to wealth. This would be of itself an inducement sufficiently great to attract men to it.

7. An equitable division of profits must be established, which will secure to any person—man, woman and child—a share of the general profits according to LABOR and SKILL; that is, the quantity and quality of work performed.

8. Science must in every way be associated with and applied to industry. It not only facilitates its operations and increases production, but elevates it by connecting it with intellectual activity.

Lastly, Industry must be associated in idea with the function or destiny of Man on earth. It must be taught and understood that it is through Industry humanity cultivates and embellishes its globe; brings Nature into a state of harmony and unity, and thus fulfills its industrial destiny of OVERSEER of the globe. The great end which it thus secures will throw a halo around it, and give it a kind of sacredness analogous to that imparted to wars of religion and national defense.

Such are the leading conditions to be fulfilled. There are others, but they cannot be explained without entering at length into the subject. The principal one is that Industry must be organized in conformity with the laws of organization in Nature—with her principles of distribution, co-ordination and arrangement. They are revealed in her works, and are to be studied and taken as model and guide.

If the reader will pursue the subject from the few hints we have given, he will comprehend that a scientific organization of Industry is possible and practicable, and requires only insight and energy to carry it out. This great integral reform can be effected more easily than the little and partial reforms now advocated.

The Organization of Labor cannot take place in our cities and villages. It requires a clear and free field of action. It must be reduced to practice by an association of intelligent and enterprising men. They should select a fine domain of from five to ten thousand acres—probably in the West, to obtain the land at a moderate price—and on it organize agriculture, manufactures and mechanics in accordance with the sketch we have given. The land, flocks, buildings, machinery, implements, etc., should be represented by stock divided into shares, and owned by the associates, according to the capital furnished by each. Individual property would thus be maintained, while unity of industrial action would be secured. The associates would organize the different branches of Industry in the most complete and perfect manner possible with our present resources. The best machinery now used should be procured and introduced, and scientific processes applied. Especially, should the steam-plow be employed; it is rendered available in

England, and can easily be so in this country. So long as the little hand-plow is used, man is a drudge, who is doomed to poverty. A joint stock agricultural establishment would form the basis of the enterprise. Gradually a scientific and artistic system of industry would be built up, and a system of true social and industrial relations established. To create an industrial enterprise of the kind, a combination of some two or three hundred men would be requisite—half we will suppose with families—possessing a joint capital of half a million. An example of organized industry would illustrate its practicability, and produce an effect on our present system of incoherent labor, analogous to that produced on the system of stage-coach traveling by the first railway. The industrial classes everywhere would look to it as a revelation, and comprehend how, by organization, they could extricate themselves from the poverty and drudgery, and the uncertainty of existence to which they are subjected.

The Organization of Labor would be the practical turning point in the social career of mankind. It would leave aside repulsive labor, poverty, ignorance, dependence, the conflict of all interests, disease and selfishness, with the vices, crimes and miseries to which they give rise; and enter a new social world with attractive industry, universal wealth and health, unity of interests, and the reign of intelligence, refinement, liberty and justice.

COMPETITION AND CO-OPERATION.

Competition is the life of trade. Co-operation, the reverse of competition, is the life of industry. When men desire to produce, they co-operate, they form co-partnerships, joint stock companies, associations, and corporations. They seek to bring men into harmonious contact, and the effect is to promote the great law of love between them. When they desire to sell something already produced, they seek to promote competition instead of co-operation. They undersell each other, set their customers overbidding each other, lie down their neighbors' goods and lie up their own, and deceive, cajole and stoop to the low artifices and strife of trade. The trader holds the product which man needs, and says to the consumer, "Your money or your life. The producer, on the other hand, says, "Let us labor together for our common advantage." Competition is strife and war. Co-operation is peace and unity. Competition produces nothing. Co-operation produces everything. Competition is the heresy of selfishness. Co-operation is the exemplification of the doctrine, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you;" it is Christianity applied to industry. Competition, in our national policy, says: "Let our workmen compete with the untaxed paupers of the whole world, and if there be any labor, capital and machinery anywhere capable of underworking them, and driving them out of employment, let them be underworked and starved. Let there be a free trade in labor—and to this end, let the laborer be regarded as of secondary importance, and his product as primary; let wealth be the god, and man the creator of wealth, be subordinate to the creature he has made." But co-operation, in our national policy, says: "Let all Americans unite upon an American policy which shall foster American industry, and so sustain American revenues by protecting American labor against being undersold and turned out of employment by the importers of the products of the pauper-paid labor of Europe. We hold man, the creator of wealth, to be of supreme importance, rather than the product which he creates." So competition, in our social policy, says to workmen: "Stand aloof from each other, be divided and weak, serve your employers for what they will vouchsafe to you as bondsmen, instead of sharing the fruit of your toil with them as equals and partners. Distrust each other, and stand in awe of capital as slaves fear the lash of their master. Compete with each other for all you have to buy, and undersell each other in the labor on which you depend for life. Crouch at the command of your employer, and think yourself happy if you are fed, clothed and sheltered. To unite among yourselves for your common protection and welfare is to conspire against your employers. To associate and do business on your own account is revolutionary and suicidal. Avoid it."

On the contrary, co-operation says to the workingman: "Work together. Even God and man must co-operate before either attains his highest glory. Religion itself is but the application of the principle of co-operation to the divine and the spiritual. Our best institutions—marriage, free government, society—are but forms of the same divine principle—co-operation. Our worst evils—war, murder, prostitution, gambling, slavery—are but exemplifications of the principle of competition. War and murder are free trade in human life. Slavery is free trade in human labor. Prostitution is free trade in human lust. On the other hand peace and government are protective to human life. Liberty and union among the workmen are protection to human labor. Marriage is protection to chastity and virtue. Avoid competition, which means freedom to starve; and seek co-operation, which means the liberty to enjoy the fruits of your own industry."

This principle of co-operation in industry is taking deep

hold of thousands of earnest minds. The results which have attended co-operation everywhere, since the formation of the Rochdale Associations in England, reveal in it the solution of many social difficulties. At a recent meeting of the carpenters in New York, their President, Mr. Farrell, pointed out the feasibility of labor associations going into business on their own account, in a manner similar to that we have frequently recommended. He said:

"If, when our strike was first begun, three months ago, we had to a man contributed the pittance of fifty cents each a week toward establishing a co-operative shop—or if only two thousand of the carpenters of the city had made this trifling gift to the trade—we could have had ready for occupation to-day, and without the loss to ourselves and to the community of three weeks' labor of four hundred men, a large shop which would have rendered us independent of our employers; and one shop thus began and proving successful—as it must—would be only the pioneer to other and perhaps more extensive enterprises of the kind, which would give us command of the trade."

And to this the *New York Evening Post* responds:

"This is very true; and it suggests a course of action for mechanics in all our great cities, which they ought to follow without delay."

"By such co-operation they become their own masters and employers; they cease to be servants; they will be better, more skillful and more faithful workmen under such a system; they will live better; will be more contented and happy; and when once any body of carpenters, burnishers, or other mechanics, is organized in a co-operative enterprise, its members will presently find their advantage in co-operative stores, where they may buy their provisions and clothing for cost and expenses, and save the enormous profits of middle-men; and in co-operative house building associations, whereby the members may achieve the ownership of their dwellings, and relieve themselves of the high rents and tenement-house life of New York."

So in Pittsburgh, Messrs. Zug & Co., iron manufacturers, after a strike which has continued for more than three months on the part of their workmen, have at last offered to hand over their iron and nail mill to their workmen, on condition simply that they work it to its full capacity and pay to Zug & Co., as their share of the profits, "the average difference between the prices now demanded by the workmen in Pittsburgh, and the prices now paid per ton in Eastern Pennsylvania, New York, New England and New Jersey."

It may not be that the form of this offer is such as to make it available to the workmen. But it indicates the drift and current of the time, which is undoubtedly toward the further emancipation of labor by substituting co-operative associations for employment at wages. The former is as much freer, and will prove as much more productive, than the latter, as hiring for wages is freer and more productive than slavery itself. We do not know whether the enforcement of the Eight-Hour law in Illinois will result in strikes either of employers or employed. But should it do so, we trust both these classes will consult their own true interests by considering upon what terms they can co-operate by substituting division of profits and of losses for fixed wages. This is the surest mode of ending all conflict between labor and capital, guarding against strikes, and making the common interests of all identical with the personal interests of each employer and workman. This, we repeat, is the practical application of Christianity, liberty, and true democracy to the labor question. This is the perfect emancipation of the working classes.—*Chicago Republican*.

"WHOM GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER."

Immediately after the publication of the last number of our periodical, anxious questioners began to come, inquiring if *The Friend* was really going to advocate "Free Love," and the kindred abominations! For shame, good neighbors. You do injustice to us, and to the truth you cherish. We do not at all fear those who believe, (in purity of heart,) that marriage is a mistake; but we have no particle of sympathy with their belief. Frequent allusion is made to *The Friend*, in the public prints, as being "terribly radical;" on the question of marriage, however, we are conservative at any cost.

But will any one claim that the laws relating to marriage, are now perfect as they stand in our statute books? Certainly not. They are still poisoned by the feudal taint. By all means, we are bound to agitate until the laws and customs of marriage are purified of this. Why "give away" a bride any more than a bridegroom. True marriage is a union of EQUALS. This, however, is not the point that troubles our friends. They shudder at the thought of marriages contracted for an hour. *So do we*. But if it is *the law* which holds our marriages from dropping assunder—then it is not marriage that we see about us, but something unmentionable. We confidently believe that marriage rests upon a surer foundation.

Our faith in its divine nature is such, that we are not startled at the proposition to throw down all legal barriers. That, in our judgment, would be an act of folly; but we are willing to have the matter fully discussed. We know—and so does every one—that society is tainted on every side by those ghastly partnerships of lust and despair, upon which the law sets a seal of holy matrimony. And to what end? Can either party to such an impurity be useful to society? Are not their children the offspring of shame? It is the shocking fact, that the institution of marriage is brought into discredit by the spurious unions that bear the legal stamp of genuineness. This calls for

reform; and first of all we must consent to a thorough investigation of the subject. If it is true, as some believe, that all legal safe-guards are snares for the unwary; that the young girl would weigh more carefully the suitor who might leave her at the end of the honeymoon; that the respectable rake would not plot so warily for the sealing of a bond which his victim might break, the moment she found herself a victim; that all who long for domestic bliss—and who does not?—must look for its secure possession to the warm love within, rather than to the cold statute of the Capitol; then, say all good men, let the truth be made clear. And if, on the contrary, more stringent statutes are needed, let the fact become apparent. We are not surprised at the sensitiveness of many, for the subject is vital. But we must be brave. The truth will not suffer in consequence. *The Friend* desires no change, unless it be for the better. What change would be for the better we do not undertake to say at present. Our purpose, now, is merely to invite thought, and, in due season, discussion.—*The Friend*.

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."

RADICAL PEACE.

The first anniversary of the Universal Peace Society, will be held in Masonic Hall, Thirteenth street, between Third and Fourth Avenues, New York City, Wednesday and Thursday, May 8 and 9, 1867, at 10 A. M., and 2½, and 7½ P. M., of each day.

The experiment of 6000 years, to establish peace by deadly force, has failed, and the record is written in blood! Millions of lives have been sacrificed and treasures beyond computation have been wasted. Believing that *Legalized Man Killing* is inexpedient, inhuman, unchristian and barbarous, is it not time to try some better plan? And convinced that the causes of war as well as war itself, must surrender to Justice, Love and Truth, as the conditions of Radical Peace, we invite to these meetings all persons, irrespective of sex, color, race or faith—and from such as cannot attend, we solicit any word, counsel or aid that interest or ability shall impose. Many prominent speakers will be present, and all interested in the reform may have a hearing.

In behalf of the Society,

ALFRED H. LOVE, (Philadelphia,) *Pres.*

LYSANDER S. RICHARDS, (Boston,) *Cor. Sec.*

LAURA BLIVEN, (Providence,) *Rec. Sec.*

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.

QUARTERLY MEETING.

The "Northern Wisconsin Spiritualist Association" will hold its next regular quarterly meeting at the village of Omro, on the third Saturday and Sunday of May, 1867.

First class speakers are expected to be in attendance, and everybody is invited.

J. P. GALLUP, *Sec'y.*

April 20, 1867.

"THERE IS AN IMMORTAL SPARK WITHIN US."—"Like the belief in Deity, the belief in the soul's immortality is rather a natural feeling, an adjunct of self-consciousness, than a dogma belonging to any particular age or country. It gives eternity to man's nature, and reconciles its seeming anomalies and contradictions; it makes him strong in weakness, and perfectable in imperfections; and it alone gives an adequate object for his hopes and energies, and value and dignity to his pursuits. It is concurrent with the belief in an Infinite Spirit, since it is chiefly through consciousness of the dignity of the mind within us that we learn to appreciate its evidences in the universe. To fortify, and, as far as possible, to impart this hope, was the great aim of ancient wisdom, whether expressed in forms of poetry or philosophy; as it was of the mysteries, and as it is of Masonry. Life rising out of death was the great mystery which symbolism delighted to represent under a thousand ingenious forms."—*Albert Pike*.

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