

THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

\$3.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

DEVOTED TO RADICAL REFORM.

[SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.

PUBLISHED BY
CENTRAL PUBLISHING HOUSE. }

CHICAGO, MAY 11, 1867.

VOL. I.—NO. 19.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

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For The Spiritual Republic.

FLOW SWIFTLY, STREAM OF LIFE.

BY MRS. EMMA SEARS LEDSHAM.

Flow swiftly, stream of life,
Aye, swiftly bear on thy ruffled breast,
My white winged boat to the port of rest.
Flow swiftly, stream of life.

Oh! haste thee, stream of life.
Above me smiles the bright, blue sky,
But clouds may come, as in days gone by,
And the rain may fall, as it fell before,
And the lightnings flash, and the thunders roar,
And the winds, that sleep in their caverns now,
May marshal their hosts in the field of air,
And round me in withering tempests blow,
And wreck my boat on the rock—Despair.

Flow swiftly, stream of life,
To the blessed shore I long to see,
Whose sons and daughters are glad and free;
They know no sorrow, no care, no pain,
And their souls from sin receive no stain.
But each one lives for the good of all,
In that glorious land to which I go,
Where no winter reigns, no leaves e'er fall,
And no hearts lie buried neath ice and snow.

Flow swiftly, stream of life.
Oh! let thy current be deep and strong,
And I'll gaily sing, as I glide along,
And my words shall ring through the silence far,
And pilot the lost, like a guiding star,
To the haven of plenty, and peace, and rest,
To the beautiful land I soon shall see;
Where the good, and true, and supremely blest—
Wouldst know its name? 'tis Eternity.

Painesville, Ohio.

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ONE OF A THOUSAND. A MOTHER'S STORY.

BY MRS. C. F. CORBIN.

(Concluded.)

"Mr. Fothergill admires your singing very much, Joy," I said, when he was gone.

"Yes," she answered, absently, standing before the little glass, unbraiding her long hair. I left the room for a moment, but coming back, found her still standing there, the braids hanging listlessly in her hands; and her eyes fixed penetratingly upon her reflection in the glass. Catching sight of me the crimson mounted slowly to her cheek, and she fell to combing out her hair, with a calm, slow movement which it quieted me to see. Joy was so womanly, so self-contained.

Mr. Fothergill came seldom to our cottage, pleading in excuse the exigencies of his business; but I soon learned that he found many ways of meeting Joy, in the woods, by the road-side, at church, at the singing-school. Often he accompanied her home. Sometimes they came down the road, through the summer dusk, singing together snatches of old love songs. Sometimes he walked by her side, talking in his eloquent way of the city; of the triumphs of singing artists there; and of the sources of cultivation with which it abounded. After such interviews Joy was always more than usually silent. There was no flush of excitement about her, no nervous trembling, or weak babbling of hopes and aspirations; but the crimson deepened steadily on her cheek, the light in her eye came from deeper fountains in her soul, and reached out into dreamier spaces of abstraction.

I watched them closely, often when they least expected it. I could never quite overcome the vague distrust of Mr. Fothergill which I had conceived on that first evening; but still, by all the light which my slender experience afforded me, I could see nothing which I could positively condemn. He was frank, generous, respectful. I had often seen him take her hand to help her over the stile, but I never saw him retain it for an instant. I do not think he would have dared to offer her even so slight a familiarity. It was this very shyness and reserve of her manner, I could see, which fascinated him so deeply. And yet there was sometimes a light in his eye which fell short of the unselfish adoration of the true lover; a flicker of amusement at what he termed

her prudish ways; a wary eagerness to test the strength of her self-possession; and once when his hand rested on her hair, an instant unforbidden, a gleam of hot, wild triumph which startled me.

Yet I could but thoroughly trust my Joy. She was all the time so outwardly grave and calm; went so steadily about her daily tasks; was so more than usually untiring in her efforts to please me; how could I dream that all the deep, swift under-current of her nature was settling toward this man, this stranger, this acquaintance of a week or a month.

Strange that mothers can never see in their daughters only the reproduction of their own youth. Strange that the touch of the Divine hand, which makes the baby holy, never to the mother's eyes fades wholly from the adult child. To me it was impossible that Joy should be deceived, impossible that she should err.

There came at last a wild, November day. The trees were stripped bare of foliage, the sky was overcast; the first snow-flakes came drifting uneasily down upon the sere and frosted turf. Joy had been to the village. She came back sooner than I had expected, a spot of burning crimson on her cheek; a look of steady, solemn resolve in her eyes.

"Mother," she said, gently, "I am going to leave you. I have thought of it for some time, but the occasion comes suddenly at last, and I am afraid will find you hardly prepared. I am going to New York with Mr. Fothergill to study music."

The sensations of that instant I can never, never describe. The anguish of parting, for I saw at once that her resolution was unalterable; the feeling of her tender youth and helplessness, the shiver of vague dread and apprehension; the knowledge that my Joy, my life, my darling, was going where I could no longer watch over and protect her, rolled billow after billow of fiery pain over my heart, till I was dumb as the earth is dumb, when the burning tide of lava has drenched out her very life.

"Mother," said Joy, patiently, "I must go in an hour; will you not tell me that you love me?"

Then I broke into a flood of tears. "Oh! Joy, oh, my darling, it cannot be; it must not be."

"I knew you would feel so at first," she said, sweetly, putting her arms around me and laying her head upon my bosom, as if she were still a child, "but after a little you will see that it is best. Mother, Mr. Fothergill loves me; he wants to marry me. So poor, so plain, so unfit for him, I am not yet worthy to be his wife. But, mother, I love him. For his sake, and for the sake of that good gift, with which God has been pleased to endow me, I must go where I can receive cultivation; where I can bring my powers into exercise, where I can make that use of my voice for which God surely designed it. It will bring me pain, worse than all it will bereave you, but for all that, mother, shall we not do God's will?"

She had thought of it long, you see—or she could not have pleaded thus calmly.

"And you love this man, Joy?"

"Yes, mother, I love him."

"Are you sure he is to be trusted my child? Oh! you know so little of the wickedness of the world."

Her eyes flamed now. For the first and only time in her life, I caught a glimpse of the intense passion which burned underneath that frost-cool exterior.

"Mother," she said, "I can trust him. He is noble, pure, above all other men. Why, I could lay my life, nay more than my life, my honor, my soul's salvation into his hand, and feel that it was safer than in my own keeping. Mother, as his wife, I shall be blest above all women; without him—I should die."

There was no thought of sin upon my child's soul then, or she could not so have spoken. Pure as she was that day let me still believe she went into the presence of her God.

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"Mother," she said, "you see it is settled; I must go; but believe me, I do regret the pain you suffer. The months will not be long; only three or four of them, and then I shall be back to you, strong in my power, able to vindicate God's purpose in so forming me as he has formed me, worthy to be his wife, who loves me so entirely. I have done wrong, mother, in keeping this thing from you so long, but it seemed so sacred, so holy. Mother, you loved my father. Look into your own heart and forgive me."

Heaven knows I did forgive her; but could I ever forgive myself after this bitter moment, that I had brought her up in such total ignorance of those very things which she needed most to know, now that she went forth without father, mother, brother, or friend; for in this hour I could

not adopt this stranger as the true friend my Joy needed, to be the sole guardian of her honor—her life.

I could give her money—I counted out into her hand piece after piece of yellow gold, feeling all the time that this was the price of her life. For this I had toiled, with this I had satisfied myself, while the wisdom which should have been hers, I had withheld.

Joy was to meet her lover at the canal lock, to go by boat to the railroad terminus, and thence by rail to New York. He could not come to the house for her, she said, because his departure was sudden, and he had barely time to complete necessary business transactions. In my desperation, I urged that they should at least be married before they started, but Joy had not thought of such a thing. She could not wish him, she said, to burden himself with her at present. She was not worthy. By and by, he should be proud to call her wife before all the world. The impropriety of thus placing herself under the protection of the man she loved was something which Joy in her innocence could not possibly understand. I think she would have scouted the idea with indignation; and I, in my inexperience, was scarcely more wise.

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"Money," he said, hotly interrupting me, "has she taken money from you?"

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"I did not mean this," he said, "I had enough for both. Will you not take back your money?"

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I walked slowly home, bereaved as only those who have suffered similar bereavements can know. The house seemed empty as a tomb. There was no occasion to work: who would profit now by my labor. I think I ate no supper that night. I lighted no candle, sitting up late into the starlit midnight, dreading to go to my empty couch. No night before for sixteen years had that dear child slept beyond the reach of my arms. The agony of that sleepless night I cannot recall. The fever of grief and apprehension, the bitter self-reproaches which filled my heart, reduced me to the verge of insanity.

But nature is wonderfully elastic. Before the morning came, I began to comfort myself with thinking that sore as my grief was, it was perhaps only selfish grief. Joy was no common child; was it strange, therefore, that an uncommon destiny should be marked out for her? Mr. Fothergill, spite of my vague apprehensions, had always seemed an honorable man; and if there were but one trace of an upright nature left in him, surely he could not harm a creature so proudly innocent, so unsuspectingly pure, as Joy. No, I must dismiss these dreadful apprehensions or die. Let me still believe my darling safe from all harm, and taking the first steps in a brilliant career.

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There came at last a wild, November day. The trees were stripped bare of foliage, the sky was overcast; the first snow-flakes came drifting uneasily down upon the sere and frosted turf. Joy had been to the village. She came back sooner than I had expected, a spot of burning crimson on her cheek; a look of steady, solemn resolve in her eyes.

"Mother," she said, gently, "I am going to leave you. I have thought of it for some time, but the occasion comes suddenly at last, and I am afraid will find you hardly prepared. I am going to New York with Mr. Fothergill to study music."

The sensations of that instant I can never, never describe. The anguish of parting, for I saw at once that her resolution was unalterable; the feeling of her tender youth and helplessness, the shiver of vague dread and apprehension; the knowledge that my Joy, my life, my darling, was going where I could no longer watch over and protect her, rolled billow after billow of fiery pain over my heart, till I was dumb as the earth is dumb, when the burning tide of lava has drenched out her very life.

"Mother," said Joy, patiently, "I must go in an hour; will you not tell me that you love me?"

Then I broke into a flood of tears. "Oh! Joy, oh, my darling, it cannot be; it must not be."

"I knew you would feel so at first," she said, sweetly, putting her arms around me and laying her head upon my bosom, as if she were still a child, "but after a little you will see that it is best. Mother, Mr. Fothergill loves me; he wants to marry me. So poor, so plain, so unfit for him, I am not yet worthy to be his wife. But, mother, I love him. For his sake, and for the sake of that good gift, with which God has been pleased to endow me, I must go where I can receive cultivation; where I can bring my powers into exercise, where I can make that use of my voice for which God surely designed it. It will bring me pain, worse than all it will bereave you, but for all that, mother, shall we not do God's will?"

She had thought of it long, you see—or she could not have pleaded thus calmly.

"And you love this man, Joy?"

"Yes, mother, I love him."

"Are you sure he is to be trusted my child? Oh! you know so little of the wickedness of the world."

Her eyes flamed now. For the first and only time in her life, I caught a glimpse of the intense passion which burned underneath that frost-cool exterior.

"Mother," she said, "I can trust him. He is noble, pure, above all other men. Why, I could lay my life, nay more than my life, my honor, my soul's salvation into his hand, and feel that it was safer than in my own keeping. Mother, as his wife, I shall be blest above all women; without him—I should die."

There was no thought of sin upon my child's soul then, or she could not so have spoken. Pure as she was that day let me still believe she went into the presence of her God.

After that passionate outbreak she calmed herself at once.

"Mother," she said, "you see it is settled; I must go; but believe me, I do regret the pain you suffer. The months will not be long; only three or four of them, and then I shall be back to you, strong in my power, able to vindicate God's purpose in so forming me as he has formed me, worthy to be his wife, who loves me so entirely. I have done wrong, mother, in keeping this thing from you so long, but it seemed so sacred, so holy. Mother, you loved my father. Look into your own heart and forgive me."

Heaven knows I did forgive her; but could I ever forgive myself after this bitter moment, that I had brought her up in such total ignorance of those very things which she needed most to know, now that she went forth without father, mother, brother, or friend; for in this hour I could

not adopt this stranger as the true friend my Joy needed, to be the sole guardian of her honor—her life.

I could give her money—I counted out into her hand piece after piece of yellow gold, feeling all the time that this was the price of her life. For this I had toiled, with this I had satisfied myself, while the wisdom which should have been hers, I had withheld.

Joy was to meet her lover at the canal lock, to go by boat to the railroad terminus, and thence by rail to New York. He could not come to the house for her, she said, because his departure was sudden, and he had barely time to complete necessary business transactions. In my desperation, I urged that they should at least be married before they started, but Joy had not thought of such a thing. She could not wish him, she said, to burden himself with her at present. She was not worthy. By and by, he should be proud to call her wife before all the world. The impropriety of thus placing herself under the protection of the man she loved was something which Joy in her innocence could not possibly understand. I think she would have scouted the idea with indignation; and I, in my inexperience, was scarcely more wise.

I went with Joy to the rendezvous. I must see this man once more, in place upon his head a mother's ban, or a mother's blessing. He was walking restlessly up and down the tow-path, when we arrived. The boat was coming and there was but a moment for farewells.

"Mr. Fothergill," I said, "my daughter has decided to go to New York with you. I place her in your care, trusting implicitly in your honor as a gentleman, to protect and defend her. If she needs more money than I have given her, write me; I can supply her."

"Money," he said, hotly interrupting me, "has she taken money from you?"

"Certainly she has," I said, a little proudly, "fifty dollars in gold for her expenses. When that is gone, I have more for her. I have saved it with this especial purpose, that when she needed it, she might be dependent upon no one."

He was looking off toward the hills, his face paling and flushing alternately.

"I did not mean this," he said, "I had enough for both. Will you not take back your money?"

"Never," I said, "my daughter is an honest girl; poor, but not dependent. It gives me pain to part from her; I make the sacrifice for her best good; and God be with you, Mr. Fothergill, as you are true or false to her."

He fingered his watch chain uneasily, his features still strangely agitated; a look half of irresolution upon them, which as the boat swung lazily into the lock, and the captain sang out to him, faded suddenly, and gave place to a fiery flash of passion, and a glance of steely resolve.

"Mrs. Morris," he said, hastily, "I love your daughter. Whatever happens, remember that I am speaking God's truth to you now."

With that he sprang on board the boat. One quick embrace, one blinding gush of tears, one last blessing, and then catching his hand, Joy sprang from me and was gone.

I walked slowly home, bereaved as only those who have suffered similar bereavements can know. The house seemed empty as a tomb. There was no occasion to work: who would profit now by my labor. I think I ate no supper that night. I lighted no candle, sitting up late into the starlit midnight, dreading to go to my empty couch. No night before for sixteen years had that dear child slept beyond the reach of my arms. The agony of that sleepless night I cannot recall. The fever of grief and apprehension, the bitter self-reproaches which filled my heart, reduced me to the verge of insanity.

But nature is wonderfully elastic. Before the morning came, I began to comfort myself with thinking that sore as my grief was, it was perhaps only selfish grief. Joy was no common child; was it strange, therefore, that an uncommon destiny should be marked out for her? Mr. Fothergill, spite of my vague apprehensions, had always seemed an honorable man; and if there were but one trace of an upright nature left in him, surely he could not harm a creature so proudly innocent, so unsuspectingly pure, as Joy. No, I must dismiss these dreadful apprehensions or die. Let me still believe my darling safe from all harm, and taking the first steps in a brilliant career.

What a mother's heart will endure, braced by such hopes as these, is a perpetual miracle. All that winter I worked with feverish industry, so that before spring came I had nearly replaced the fifty dollars which I had given Joy. That I did not hear from her, caused me but little apprehension. In those days, mails were uncertain and only reached our obscure village once a week at the best. People

wrote fewer letters than they do now. If Joy had been in trouble, I felt sure she would have appealed to me. Probably the fifty dollars had lasted her till she was able to earn something for herself. Fifty dollars seemed such a large sum to me, who had never in my life, spent so much in a single year.

So passed the short, dull winter days. As spring approached, I began to look for my darling's return. Three or four months, she had said her course of lessons would last. In March, then, at the farthest I might look for her. Oh, how slowly the lengthening February days dragged by. The enforced peace of the winter could not withstand this wearing suspense, and I began to grow nervous and anxious again. Not a leaf stirred without, not a dog whined in the distance, that I did not start with anticipation or dread. Surely Joy must come soon. God grant that this leaden gloom settling down over my heart did not portend sorrow to her.

At length, the bright warm days of April came. The river was clear of ice, and already rafts were running. All day long the air was full of the songs of the raftsmen, and catching a little of their cheer, I wandered out one day upon the hill-sides to see how the sap ran from the sugar-maples. Joy was so fond of sap, and so enjoyed the boiling season.

The spring was early in the woods. Already the birds had come back, and were flitting about among the scented boughs of the pines. Already the mosses by the brook-side were growing green, and in a sunny hollow I found a long branch of the trailing arbutus, nestled in its covert of dead leaves, and budded for blooming. I took it as a good omen. "When the May flower blossoms," I said, "Joy will be here."

Strolling about upon the hill-sides, I came out at length upon a little open glade where a party of engineers were seated on a great sunny ledge, enjoying the lunch which, their day's work being far from their quarters, they had brought with them for convenience.

Something stopped my feet just there, before they had discovered my presence. In another instant I was rooted to the spot, by the name of Fothergill.

"Oh! he's gone West; out on the plains," said one. "That affair of the little Morris was too much for him."

"How was that?" asked another. "From what he wrote soon after leaving here, I thought he was well enough pleased with his success."

"Oh! she proved unmanageable. You know she always had the eye of a young leopardess. She's singing in the National Theater, now, I hear. It has about killed her. Graves saw her last week, and says she won't live long."

"That was a villainous thing in Fothergill," said the first speaker. "Fair play is a jewel, even in love; and that girl was as innocent as a year-old lamb." And then they all relapsed into silence.

Can you fancy how the world spun round me at that moment? How all solid things seemed dissolving into air—into the wreck and ruin of chaos and primeval night? I turned slowly away from the spot, threading the hill-paths, instinctively taking the shortest path toward home, conscious all the while of nothing but that cruel fact—that Joy was dying. Betrayed, forsaken, breathing out her life in utter helplessness and despair.

Oh! no, it could not be. Was she not part of myself? Was not the very blood in her veins my own? I was still strong and healthy. Could Joy be dying? Then I must go to her; must pour this too abundant life into her shrunken veins. I had strength, and to spare; I could bring her back to health, I knew that I could.

All that afternoon I was busy with preparations. In the midst of them all, that man's last words to me rang with bitter emphasis through and through my brain—

"I love her, Mrs. Morris; whatever happens, remember that."

The words I knew were in some low, ignoble sense, sincere. But this was what some men's love for even the purest woman might bring. Betrayal, ruin, death. Not that I believed he had injured my child's honor. Thank God, I was too true a mother, I knew my Joy too well to believe that. He had simply broken her heart. He had wrung her life dry of every drop of its fullness, its beauty, its blessing, and then had left her. Poor stricken lamb!

My feet hastened to make ready to go to her. On the morrow I should start. I had a hundred dollars in gold; but I had a vague idea that I might need all that and even more, if Joy were very ill; so I would spend as little as might be of it upon my journey.

I might have taken the cars at the Port, but I hated the cars. Had not the railroad been the source of all my trouble? Let me then never see it. The river was swifter than the canal; therefore, in the morning I would row out to some passing raft and beg a passage down the river. I should carry my own provisions, and should be at but a trifling expense, for a night's lodging or so, till I should reach Bordentown. It was not very far, I thought, from there to New York; some of the raftsmen would be going that way home, and I should have company. At some times the dangers to be encountered upon the river would have deterred me, but at this time I feared them not. What

now to me were the dangers of Butler's rift, or the Sawmill or swift and deadly current of the Railroad Bridge. God who had given me my child, would surely preserve me in this last effort to save her. Was not Joy dying?

So, down the river I floated; over still eddies, through foaming rifts, past the desolate Sands, under scented hemlock boughs, through the broad glitter of the day, and deep into the moonlighted night. But what to me was pearly dawn or crimson gloaming. Through it all, hour by hour, the deep monotonous dirge of the river sounded in my ears like my baby's troubled moaning. Once, before her sweet lips could fashion my name, she had been ill, and had moaned just so. I had taken her upon my bosom then and given her shelter and comfort. Out of my very veins she had drunk in life and health again. Just so I would nurse her now. Oh! she would live; she must live.

At Bordentown I dined at the Red Lion. Mr. and Mrs. Heller were dead, and there was a new name on the sign; but otherwise the place was little changed. How strangely familiar it looked, like some relic out of a former life.

A friendly raftsmen was going direct to New York, and kindly took charge of me.

"Where would I go?" he asked, as we approached the city.

I knew but one spot in all the town by name—the National Theater. I wanted to go there.

He knew very well where it was; would take me there at once. It was a morning's work to hunt up the manager, but I got access to him at last, and inquired if Miss Joy Morris was singing for him?

"No, he knew no such person."

My heart sank, but my purpose would not give way.

"She was from the country, only a few months ago," I said, "with an excellent soprano voice. She was tall, had dark hair and eyes, and was of quiet manners."

"Oh!" he smiled, "that must be Miss Fitz Herbert. He would give me her address. Ladies who sang frequently assumed names. Miss Fitz Herbert answered my description perfectly, but she was quite ill now, he believed."

I got the address, and my friend, who was waiting outside, hired me a carriage, for I could not waste a moment now.

In five minutes more I was knocking at the door of an upper room in a dark and dingy street of the great city.

A neatly dressed girl, a stranger to me, opened the door. Beyond her I caught sight of a low couch and a slight figure lying upon it; the face wan and pale, and the dark hair hanging wildly about it.

My heart beat so that I could not speak, but pushing past the girl, I knelt before the bedside and kissed again and again the pallid face.

"Mother," she said, faintly, all the time holding my hand, but looking away from me into the distance, "Oh! mother, why did you come?"

"My child, my Joy, how could I stay away, when they told me you were dying?"

"You wrote her, then?" to the girl in waiting.

"No, my child, no one wrote me; I heard it quite by accident. But, Joy, darling, have you no word of welcome for your poor mother?"

"Yes, mother, it is good to hear your voice. I would like to die with its accents lingering in my ear."

"Oh! my child, you will not die now; not now that your mother has come. Why, if it took the last drop in my veins, dear, you should have it. I shall put new life into you, my child."

"No," she said, "that you cannot do. Last week I had such a fearful hemorrhage. The doctor says I cannot recover; and oh, mother! mother! I am so glad."

"What, my child, glad to leave me? glad to break your poor mother's heart? No, dear, you are not so cruel as that."

She sighed, oh, so sadly! and closed her eyes.

"No, mother, not glad for that; but you will come soon, mother, and this world is very dark and dreary."

"Oh! that wicked man," I groaned, no longer able to restrain my indignation, "that monster of depravity!"

"Hush! mother," she exclaimed, "you must not say a word about him. It was for that reason that I would not send for you. I did not want you ever to know. I thought I should be better, and then I could go to you, and tell you it was all over, and you must ask me no questions. But, mother, he did love me as well as he was able, with a nature which the world had spoiled. And you, mother—because he was not what we thought him—you do not love me less?"

Her breath came heavily, and she talked in a feeble, broken way.

"My child, my poor, torn lamb," I said, "how should I love you other than as my own spotless baby, pure from God's hand?"

"Mother, it is best I should die. God and you can still have faith in me, perhaps; but the world would never forget that I loved a man, and could not, therefore, dream that he was base. Let us speak of the past no more. When I am gone, Loretta will tell you all that she knows. Now, mother, put your arms about me, and let me sleep."

I laid the dear head on my bosom, and the thin eye-lids

closed. A pretty crimson, that was almost like the glow of health, came up into the cheek. She moved once or twice to gasp for breath, and Loretta fanned her.

At last, starting up suddenly, she screamed:

"Oh! Charles, I am helpless, I am in your power. Do not, therefore, curse your own soul with this sin."

Her eyes opened; she gazed wildly about, and then dropped back again upon my bosom. A crimson current gushed from her mouth, and in another instant the weary spirit had fled.

I wanted to carry my child's remains home with me, and lay them beneath the hemlocks, but Loretta objected.

"She made me promise," she said, "that it should never be. There were some there who might point at her grave with sneers. Here, her dust would mingle unnoticed with that of the great host about her. At least in the grave she would find peace."

That wish was law to me, but in one thing I would have my way. Loretta had been very kind to my child. It mattered not to me what her previous fortune might have been. She was a ballet-girl, I knew; beyond that I never asked. But I took her home with me, and here she has lived ever since, I trust a happier, and perhaps a purer life, than such as she could have lived in that great town.

Somehow, when my husband died, dearly as I loved him, I had no power to follow him into that unknown world. But Death, in his turn, was balked. He was powerless now to part me from my child. At birth, the material tie had been severed. There was a spiritual tie which defied both birth and death, and guided thereby, my spirit soared to those infinite realms whither she had gone. Heaven was no longer far away, a dim, drear country; but a near region of eternal light and love. Was not Joy there?

I bought books, and read and studied much. I longed to know the thoughts of great and gifted minds concerning that bright abode toward which my own soul was hastening; and where, if ever, I must regain my long-lost treasures.

Ten years have done much for me. The narrow, brassy horizon, which in youth shut in my spiritual life, has lifted, and broadened and grown lucid; and as the time approaches when I, too, must pass beyond that shining barrier, its transparency becomes beautiful to behold. Through it I often see beloved faces smiling upon me, beloved hands beckoning me forward to that life which now I surely feel is only the continuation and fruition of this.

One purpose only holds me to this world. For years, I pondered upon my child's wrongs; and weighing again and again that strange public sentiment which panoplies a man with armor as of steel, when he seeks the ruin of innocence, I despaired of ever seeing the day when justice might be done even by one heart beside my own to her memory, and to that of those like her, who have suffered the heavy doom of misplaced affection.

Of late, I read that in more than one great city, the eyes of good women are being opened to the wrongs which men so ruthlessly inflict upon our own sex. More than one is gaining courage to speak out and protest against this ancient and firmly entrenched evil. Will the Father let me live to see the day when my Joy shall be avenged by the scathing condemnation which society shall visit upon her betrayer and all like him, who make purity the prey of passion; who lie in wait, like ravening wolves, for the feet of innocence and love?

For this, I pray and wait.

THE BURNING STAR.—The first star discovered by Mr. Birmingham, of Tuan, on the 12th of May last, in the constellation Corona, which rapidly increased in brilliancy for some days, and then as rapidly declined in brightness, has been examined with the spectroscope by W. Huggins, F. R. S., and Prof. Miller. They report that its spectrum is unlike that of any other celestial body. The light is compound, and has emanated from two different sources. The principal spectrum is like that of the sun, and the second spectrum, consisting of a few bright lines, indicates that the light by which it is formed was emitted by matter in the state of luminous gas; further, the position of two of these bright lines intimate that this gas may consist of hydrogen. The whole phenomena suggested to them the rather bold speculation that, in consequence of some vast convulsions taking place in this object, large quantities of gas have been evolved from it; that the hydrogen present is burning by combination with some other element, and furnishes the light represented by the bright lines; also, that the flaming gas has heated to vivid incandescence the solid matter of the photosphere. As the hydrogen becomes exhausted, all the phenomena diminish in intensity, and the star rapidly wanes.

After twenty years of obstinate resistance, the Austrian Emperor has conceded to Hungary nearly all that her gallant people fought for in 1848. He has given them their ancient constitution, recognized their right to their own independent Parliament, given them a Ministry of their own, and conceded that he can only be King of Hungary by coronation at the hands of the Parliament. He has also admitted to high place in the councils of the nation some of those who were foremost in fighting her battles in 1848, and who have since passed long years in exile therefor.

For The Spiritual Republic.

SPRING IS HERE.

BY H. M. G.

Welcome! voices of the spring,
Floating on your balmy wing,
Waking up the sleeping flowers
Bathing them in April showers.

Welcome to the robin dear
While its merry song we hear;
Greetings to the budding trees
Nodding in the playful breeze!

Welcome to the sparkling rill
Dancing from the sunny hill,
While the maple blossoms wave
O'er the winter's early grave.

Daisies and arbutus sweet,
Blue-eyed violets 'neath our feet,
And the pale anemones
Greet the spring on every breeze.

E'en the moon rejoices too,
Shining from her home of blue,
While the golden cowslips sleep
In the fragrant meadows deep.

Jewel crowned, the stars of light,
Sitting on the brow of night,
Smile upon our springing earth
Waking to a glorious birth.

Golden sun, with fiery sheen,
Paints the earth with carpets green,
Higher in his orb he roves,
Kissing all her fields and groves.

But a fairer, brighter spring,
Where the blessed angels sing,
When this transient life is o'er,
Greet us on another shore.

Voices from the other side,
'Ere we cross the surging tide,
Cheer our hearts 'mid doubt and fear
Singing ever "Spring is here."

Hopedale, Mass., April, 1867.

RADICALISM AND CONSERVATISM.

A LECTURE READ TO THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY, OF BOSTON, (THEODORE PARKER'S) ON SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 30, 1866, BY FRANCIS ELLINGWOOD ABBOT, OF DOVER, N. H.

From time immemorial, two great parties have appeared in every crisis involving great principles, or human welfare. The names by which they are best known to-day are those of Radicals and Conservatives. When controlled by intelligence and virtue, these two parties discharge different, but perhaps equally important functions; the Radicals being the party of progress and reform, and the Conservatives being the party of order and stability. When not so controlled, they become respectively the parties of anarchy and of reaction. For example: in the French revolution, the Radicals carried the day, and plunged society into a condition for which military despotism seemed a most grateful exchange; while, on the other hand, if the great Copperhead Conservative party of to-day had succeeded in getting the upper hand here in America, the result would have been a state of things infinitely worse than that "Union as it was," for which they sighed. I propose this morning to speak of these two great parties of Radicals and Conservatives—of their relation to each other, and to the times in which we live.

The pith and marrow of genuine Radicalism is *faith in human nature and human progress—faith in man, as, by the very law of his being, developing upwards, and not downwards.* So far as the *race* is concerned, it holds that every age is an advance and improvement on the age preceding; that, viewed in large segments, man's present is better than his past, and worse than his future. His origin must have been mean; his destination must be sublime. Radicalism puts the story of Adam and Eve, with their primitive paradise of innocence and perfection, just where it belongs—among other fables and myths and old wives' tales. The golden age of humanity must lie in front, not in the rear. The development theory, so far from degrading us, is the most hopeful and inspiring theory possible; for if this magnificent animal, man, has in truth been evolved out of the trilobite, to what heights of greatness may he not aspire in the future? The chasm between the archangel Gabriel and the chimpanzee baboon, is no greater than that between the chimpanzee and the trilobite. Given time enough, and the abyss is bridged. As with the *race*, so with the *individual*. Radicalism holds that no life is wasted; no soul flung into the arena of existence to be trampled under the heel of an angry God. The infinite love that cares for the sparrow, will fulfill the splendid prophecies graven on the human spirit, and evoke a beautiful cosmos out of the chaotic elements of the worst character. The evil in man must perish, the good survive. Hell had no other origin than the nightmare, and the devil

dates from a fit of indigestion. In the sweet, calm universe of God, man has everything to hope—nothing to fear but his own folly and crime; and even these can never quench the divine spark in his soul that is foreordained to shine. Thus, whether as to the race or the individual, Radicalism is the spirit of hope, aspiration, enthusiasm, faith; it is the soul's joyous consciousness of its divine birth, its divine education, and its divine destiny. It affirms that man's hereafter must outshine his heretofore, and consequently draws its highest inspiration not from the past, but from the future. It demands full play for every human faculty. In a word, Radicalism is an earnest affirmation of progress as the great law of human life, an earnest protest against all that obstructs progress, and a deep purpose to achieve progress in spite of all obstructions.

On the other hand, the pith and marrow of Conservatism is *distrust of human nature, negation of human progress.* If left to themselves, mankind would rush into anarchy and ruin; they need therefore to be held in check and submission by means of established institutions in church and State. Not being fit to take care of themselves, they must be governed and guided. Mankind is a fierce brute by nature, and is quite unsafe unless led by a ring through his nose. To trust men to the guidance of their own natural instincts, reason, and conscience—to rely on their natural tendency towards what is true, beautiful and good—is nothing but folly; their tendency is to destruction, not perfection. They need supernatural helps and institutions to keep them in order. Hence, Conservatism believes in the superhuman origin of the State and the church, and regards these products of humanity as greater than humanity itself, as invested with authority to rule it. Its denial of the law of progress which is inherent in human nature makes it believe in a golden age behind us, when men were holier than they are to-day, when prophets and Christs appeared on earth, and when God spoke to man face to face. Degeneration, not development, it holds to be the key-note of history. It sighs over the good old times, and magnifies the intelligence, virtue and happiness of antiquity; expatiates on the wisdom of the fathers; venerates what it calls "primitive Christianity," cherishes old books as the wisest, and old customs as the best, and sets its face like a flint against innovation and improvement. It holds fast to that which is, as good enough both for us and our posterity. The race and the individual should cling to the *established*, and trust rather to what has been done for them than to what they can do for themselves. This distrust of human nature and its great latent powers, this skeptical denial of the law of progress, makes Conservatism eminently calm and cool. Whoever heard of an *enthusiastic* Conservative? It is never inspired and never inspires—your men of inspiration, who lift up humanity to higher levels, belong to a different school. It discourages all enthusiasm, disbelieves in modern inspiration, advocates no morality higher than that of business and fashion, and no religion higher than that of form. It develops only mediocre goodness and average intelligence, and throws over the fine enthusiasms and aspirations of its victims the freezing restraints of conventional propriety, decorum and respectability. In a word, by its cold denial of human progress, its distrust (deepening sometimes to despair) of man's natural upward tendency, and its skeptical negation of the safety of universal liberty, it betrays its own negative spirit, and shows itself iconoclastic of the great hopes that make humanity divine. Its fittest motto is the declaration of Mephistopheles in Faust—"I am the spirit that evermore DENIES!"

These two great parties, therefore, of Radicals and Conservatives, the one affirming, the other denying the great law of progress, can never come to terms. Their nature compels them into ceaseless antagonism. And yet we should regret the annihilation even of our antagonists, the total disappearance of the make-weight party. The Conservatives are the heart-wood in the great tree of humanity, the stiff, hard, solid cells, in its massive trunk, giving weight and inertia by their very deadness; while the Radicals are the cambium-layer, the tissue of new and forming cells that encircle the dead wood and maintain the fresh currents of vitality in the whole tree. Radicalism is the life of the world, but it would languish without the co-operation of Conservatism. As the world goes, the danger of excess inherent in us all, makes each party necessary, as the corrective of the other. If Radicalism should perish, there would be an end of reform and progress; but the repression of reform, beyond a certain limit, inevitably brings on explosion. If Conservatism should perish, the car of progress would rush forward with such velocity that its smoking axles would spontaneously inflame; the denial of progress must insure progress itself by putting on the brakes. *Time* is a most important element in all lasting reform; and because radical enthusiasm is always in a hurry, Conservatism really becomes its ally by retarding the process. That is the way in which Providence makes even stupidity and pig-headedness subserve the great cause of human development. The two parties must coexist, as the world goes, until Conservatives are wise enough to become Radicals, and Radicals are wise enough to "hasten slowly." Baron Munchausen, in one of his great chival-

rous adventures, says he attacked a city single-handed, and rode triumphantly through the main gate on his gallant steed; but, observing after a while that his steed seemed to find some little difficulty in advancing, he turned round to discover the cause. To his amazement, he perceived that, in passing through the gate, the portcullis had fallen on his horse, just behind the saddle, cutting him in two, and the poor beast was galloping forward as well as he could on only two legs. Mankind, like the worthy Baron's charger, would doubtless be embarrassed, in its onward progress, by the loss of its conservative hind legs.

While, however, the fact, can hardly be disputed that in the present condition of the human race, the complete suppression of Conservatism would by a great disaster, it by no means follows that Radicals should cease their active opposition to it. On them lies the responsibility of ensuring human progress. The *resistance of the atmosphere* enables the bird to fly; but the bird will remain forever motionless, unless he stoutly beats the atmosphere with his wings. The true Radical never seeks to destroy except to create anew, and is falsely charged by his opponents as being recklessly destructive. Look at the great Radical party of to-day, which insists on controlling the action of our own Government; its single, conscious, and avowed purpose is *reconstruction alone—reconstruction on the basis of absolute and universal justice.* Radicals in religion aim no less truly at reconstruction—*reconstruction on the basis of absolute and universal truth.* It is Conservatism, not Radicalism, whose spirit is *negative*, and whose action is destructive. Conservatism has succeeded in putting fetters on the free limbs of humanity; these, it is true, Radicalism aims to destroy, and by the blessing of God, will destroy. It would be cowardly and recreant if it were not pitilessly hostile to quackery and shams of every kind. But the aim of Radicalism is not accomplished by the mere destruction of Conservative fetters; this is essential only as a preliminary step. Its complete aim is the *education* of humanity, its development into larger liberty, higher morality, purer religion; it will not be content till every man respects himself, body and soul—loves his neighbor as himself—loves God with supreme affection and perfect trust. But the *second* step in progress is impossible until the *first* is taken; and the first is, I admit, radically destructive. Let us see what it is that needs in the present actual condition of society, to be thus destroyed.

Conservatism intrenches itself behind "supreme authorities," fortifies itself with finalities, undertakes to garrison fixed and permanent institutions. It puts its faith, like McClellan, in the spade, not the sword. Radicalism, therefore, in its great campaign against ignorance and superstition, must abandon these entrenchments and fortifications, and set out, like Sherman, on its triumphal "March to the Sea." We hear now and then of a toad, taken alive out of a solid rock, which has imprisoned it for thousands of years. Well, the poor toad is only a *successful conservative*—a conservative who has succeeded in self-imprisonment. Finalities of every kind hamper and check the free expansive tendencies of human nature; as the first step, therefore, in genuine progress, Radicals who are in deadly earnest, and dare to be enthusiastic in the great cause of civil and religious reform, must do their best to overthrow them. We say, perish all institutions that humanity has outgrown! Institutions are only the *clothes* of humanity, and from time to time, as these become worn out, the race must order a new suit. To insist on any institution as a permanence, on any book as an authority, on any teacher as a finality, is to keep the adult man in the petticoats of the infant. It is of no use—the growing limbs of the youth will rip, tear and burst the garments of his childhood. Whatever the dangers of innovation, the danger that lies in repression is terrific—explosion and cataclysm are the penalty of such folly. The only safety consists in timely change to meet increase of development.

We must look at these finalities a little more in detail.

First, then, in the *State*, we find the Constitution set up as a finality, as the perfection of human wisdom, to be obeyed without thought of change or improvement. "Let it stand," say our Conservatives; "it was good enough for our fathers, and is good enough for us."

Now the great rebellion has shown the utter folly of all this. We did "let it stand," until the explosion came. Slavery was in the Constitution, and is not out yet. We Radicals say: Out with the aching tooth, roots and all! Not chattel slavery alone, but every vestige of inequality in civil and political rights. We demand impartial suffrage on the basis of adult humanity. We demand it not only for loyal white men and loyal negroes, who always vote right, but also for disloyal Copperheads, who always vote wrong; we demand it for all of them—for all men of whatever color, white, black or green. Nor will bold and consistent Radicals stop there. We must demand equal rights for all races, and *both sexes*—equal suffrage, not *manhood* suffrage, but *humanity* suffrage. There can be no stifling or hushing up the woman question any more than the negro question. The great social and industrial wrongs of woman will never be redressed until she obtains her political rights. You may clamor till doomsday for female emancipation if you withhold female suffrage. It is now

fashionable to advocate negro suffrage; but whoever advocates female suffrage puts his "respectability" in peril. Let him who will care for that; "respectability" is neither eternal justice nor Almighty God; and I for one, choose to obey these. Charles Sumner fell back into a mean, low and cowardly conservatism, when he argued last winter, in the Senate against female suffrage. America has got to come to that, and it is best to see whither the great stream of God's Providence is bearing us. We are going to trust humanity with a large and generous faith; and when we enfranchise the negro, let us be ashamed to keep our own mothers and sisters, our own wives and daughters, in the degradation of disfranchisement. Whether they now demand it or not is of no moment; the ballot must be thrust upon them as at once a right, a duty, and a trust. When women vote, and we are all so much accustomed to the sight that delicate and gentle women will not shrink from the duty as unfeminine, our American politics will become less vile and corrupt than they are to-day. No, genuine Radicals will not tolerate the Constitution itself as a finality; they will insist on mending it till it suits the times and squares with eternal right.

Next, in religion. For more than a thousand years the Church has claimed to be a finality—an immutable, infallible authority; and making its claim allowed, it plunged Europe into the gloomy midnight of the Dark Ages. That finality is soon to be shaken to its foundations; the Pope has packed his carpet-bag, and the Eternal City will soon be rid of its Old Man of the Sea. In England and America, however, we find an offshoot of the great Catholic finality in the Protestant Episcopal Church. There is, indeed, grandeur in the venerable antiquity of the vast Roman hierarchy, with all the prestige of fifteen centuries on its head; but when this proud parvenu, with its scanty three centuries of existence, this bastard daughter of Rome, that can boast of no better a father than Henry VIII. of England, claims to be the one and only church, the claim is simply ludicrous. It reminds us of the old fable of the bull-frog that envied the size of the ox, and in emulation strained, swelled, and puffed himself up until he burst. The Episcopal Church may learn a useful lesson from old Æsop.

Luther and his fellow-reformers set up the Bible as the next finality, and the great majority of Protestants to-day venerate it as such. They call themselves Evangelical, because they build their whole theology on Scripture, and accept Chillingworth's famous statement: "The Bible, and the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants."

Now, little as is my respect for Bibliolatry, for this blind, stupid, and insensate reverence that men feel for the product of their own faculties, I feel no inclination to laugh or sneer at the Bible. It is a great and noble book; yes, I may truthfully call it the greatest and noblest of books; it has fed millions on millions of hungry souls with divine bread. In temptations and trials, in sorrows and miseries without number, it has been the great stay and staff of God's tolling children. I cannot forget that it was the slave's only consolation and comforter in the dreadful woes of plantation life; and that everywhere in Christian lands, it has helped to educate the pure and sweet and holy souls that have blessed, and bless still, the whole human race. I cannot forget that its quaint stories and beautiful sayings are forever associated with our mothers' love, and the tenderest memories of our childhood. Far be it from me to fling away the Bible with contempt; I will not concede to the superstitions of other men so great a power over my own heart. But the Bible is no more a finality than the Vedas, the Zend-avesta, or the Koran. With all its rare and high truth, it is also full of false facts, false ideas, false ethics, false religion. Common sense demands that we sift out the wheat from the chaff. The Bible is becoming daily less and less a finality among thinking people, and I rejoice to believe that the day will come when men will honor, without adoring, the grand and venerable old book. I love it too much to handle it carelessly or flippantly, and sadness is more becoming than laughter when good men make a fetch of it.

The New York Unitarian Convention has set up Jesus as the last finality. It proclaims him Lord and King, and, passing by the Bible, contents itself with swearing allegiance to him. Without considering that all we know of Jesus comes from the Bible, and that, if the Bible is not historically trustworthy, we know neither what he said nor did, they neglect to affirm the historic truth of the gospel records (which would be very unsafe and ticklish business), and yet profess to regard Jesus as supreme authority and master. This illogical and curious inconsequence is characteristic of the Conservative Unitarian mind, and only shows the halfness, the greenness of the whole movement.

Now in deep reverence for the great human quality of Jesus, for the God-like spirit that pervades most of his sayings, and for the divine life that must lie behind the imperfect records of it, I will yield to no man. Everything that is good in me responds to his voice and life. I would as soon make a mock of her that bore me, as scoff or jeer at Jesus. I hold that man to be dead to all spiritual beauty and divine truth, who is not profoundly moved by the faint glimpses we catch of that wonderful man. But when it

comes to pinning our faith to whatever the gospels say he said, or to clothing him with an abnormal and impossible sinlessness in any absolute sense, I say, no! The Conservative Unitarians call him Lord; some Radical Unitarians call him leader; I can call him neither Lord nor leader. I follow no man's tracks, and ask no man to follow mine. Beneath God the Infinite Spirit and all-loving Father, I acknowledge no leader or Lord. We must give up "leaders," and trust ourselves boldly to the leadership of our own conscience and reason. The American people is learning this lesson of self-trust and self-guidance, as Johnson and Seward, Raymond and Doolittle, are discovering to their cost. Even Henry Ward Beecher, whose course I behold with respectful sorrow, perceives how empty and meaningless an epithet is that word, leader. In looking among the great intellects and souls that have shone in human history, I find no one that can stand to me in that relation; modestly, I trust,—at any rate, decidedly—I have resolved to follow no man. I have been called a Parkerite, but I always disclaim the epithet. Smith should be a Smithite, and Brown a Brownite; every man should be his own "ite." There is no hope of him who will not free himself from the tyranny of reputations. No man of the nineteenth century more thoroughly commands my admiration and affection than Theodore Parker—would to God he stood here to-day, and I sat silent in your midst! His great and lofty spirit is a perpetual inspiration to me, and his theology wins my sympathy more than that of any other man I could name. But I not unfrequently differ from him. In some points he seems to me a little too conservative—not quite radical enough. He builds his theology on private intuition. I build mine on the broader basis of universal science. When he makes the idea of a "Being of Infinite Power, Wisdom and Goodness, a universal intuition of all men, permanent and alike in all," he puts the personality of God above all doubt or question; but I find this the very point now most in dispute. Radicalism, as I understand it, bids us shift the basis of our great beliefs from intuition to science, and inscribes this august name of science on her banner, as the grand sign by which we must conquer. New truth is ever dawning, and I for one will acknowledge no leader but truth herself. We have given up Jesus as a finality; let us not make Parker another. How indignantly would his great, free soul have rebuked such idolatry of a fallible man! I cannot say of him what I could not say to him. Trusting that the ocean of truth is still unexhausted, Radicals listen evermore for the latest murmur of its waves, and trust the inward interpreter in their own bosoms to make known to them its solemn message. Nothing in humanity is permanent or fixed but the faculties by which it lives; the products of these faculties, whether churches, books, intuitions or ideas, are subject to the great law of development. No finalities! That is the first and fundamental principle of Radicalism, the primary condition of all new inspirations and ennobling insights into new truths. And that is the word I have to say to-day.

THE ANGELS.

We clip from *Zion's Herald* a beautiful incident of angel presence, during the departure of an Indian boy for the spirit hunting grounds. Had the same event occurred in a Spiritualist family, it might have been pronounced "the work of the devil," but, for all that, the incident is valuable, as illustrative of the gospel we so dearly love to teach.

"Peter Sunday was a converted Indian; he became an excellent minister, preaching among his own people, and was very much beloved by all who knew him. He had a little boy named John. His mother had taught him to pray, and had read to him the sweet words of Jesus from the New Testament. Little John became very sick. His parents loved him tenderly, and did everything they could to save his life. But our heavenly Father wanted to bring the little boy to his better home in heaven. His mother was watching by his bedside, not expecting that he would live a great while longer, he had become so weak. It was in the night, and the lamp was lit in the room. All at once, the eye of the little sick boy brightened.

"O, mother, blow the light out," he said, "it is so light here."

"It is night, Johnny," answered his mother, "I must keep the lamp to give you your medicine."

"Do, mother, please blow the light out, it is so light here, mother," he continued, "don't you see those beautiful little boys?"

"Where, my son?" asked the mother.

"Why, there!" said the little boy, pointing over his bed, "don't you see them? How beautiful they are?"

"In a moment, he exclaimed again,—

"Mother, they are the angels come for me. Good-by, mother; and in a moment he was dead."

The poor in all countries are naturally both peaceful and grateful in all reforms in which their happiness are included. It is only by neglecting and rejecting that they become tumultuous.

When sorrow is asleep, wake it not.

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.

"THE RELATIVITY OF ALL KNOWLEDGE."

BY S. J. FINNEY.

If spontaneous and profound questions are the living representatives of internal desires, then the great problems which reason raises regarding those central principles which concern the nature and limits of our knowledge, are the direct, legitimate and unavoidable expressions of the attractions of the pure intelligence within us. Of late, however, it is become quite common to decry all ontological inquiry; to assert that "absolutely" we know, and can know nothing; that the reason is shut up in the confines of a purely relative and phenomenal world; that we are precluded by the weakness and inability of our faculties from any discovery into the primordial substance, power, or nature of the cause of the cosmos, that all our knowledge is not only relative in itself, but that it is only of the relative. By this school of thinkers we are warned off the territory of the absolute, the infinite, the divine. With a hard, metallic, and halting logic, we are gravely told how far reason can extend her vision.

Mr. Mansel, in his "Limits of Religious Thought," and Herbert Spencer, in his article on "The Relativity of all Knowledge," have set forth this indifferentism as philosophy. If we are to follow these doctrines we are to land in what is the worst kind of an equivalent for atheism, viz.: the notion that we can never know anything about the original substance, being, or cause of things—whether it be God or devil, "matter" or "spirit." We are to cease our search for absolute knowledge, and for knowledge of absolute being, and confine ourselves to the world of the relative, the phenomenal, the fleeting. We can lay hold of no eternal principles; we can anchor our thought to no eternal center; we must drift, rudderless, over the ocean of shadows, toward the receding shores of the shade of shadows. The "real, actually underlying all appearances," is forever inscrutable. Yet these thinkers give us plenty to do to reduce phenomena to scientific statement. But after it is done, we are told that we possess no absolute knowledge. We can weigh suns and systems, read the history of worlds, scan the vast systems of sidereal immensity, or, descending on our own earth, read its geological history, study and classify the whole vegetable and animal worlds; we can attack force itself, and take the very sunbeam to pieces in our fingers, and from its constituent motions ascertain the constituents of the solar photosphere; and, turning to history, can read the laws of human progress and tendency, calculate the direction and force of the mental currents of whole millenniums, and yet in all, we can get no certain and real knowledge of the nature, substance and cause which underlies all.

It seems to me quite inappropriate, if not presumptuous, for any person to set "limits to thought." Who is warranted in such an assumption but him who has touched the boundaries of being? There is an intrinsic absurdity in the very notion of "limits to thought." If there be no limits to being, there can be no ultimate limits to thought; for thought can think as long as being can endure; for thought itself is the only proof of being. Descartes', "ergo cogito, ergo sum," is pertinent here.

If the amount of substance and of power in the universe be constant and eternal (and no one can deny this without assuming that nothing can become something, and then relapse into nothing again,) if no grain of being and no particle of force, and no wave of motion, can be lost out of the statics and dynamics of the cosmos, who shall assert that thought itself is not eternal and immortal. And if eternal and immortal, is it not the equivalent of all other forces? Why may not reason itself be justly regarded as the spiritual side of the infinite equation. All the great questions raised by reason are the spontaneous expressions of its super-sensuous tendencies. It cannot be held down to "matter," to "force," to mere "phenomena." The line of its constant tendencies is an infinite tangent to "matter" and mere "phenomena." Will our philosophers "correct" this native tendency of reason to spiritual and ontological inquiry? By what right will they attempt to bridle and crib the reason, and confine it to a world of shadows? First, let your Mansels and Spencers correct the orbit of the solar system, and set bounds to Orion and the Pleiades, and bid the Pole of the world point to some other than the North Star, ere they attempt to set limits to the reason which is greater and grander than sun and planet, since it can measure and weigh those shining atoms of finite dirt. The reason is no more out of order or orbit in the pursuit of absolute knowledge, than are suns and planets and systems in their revolutions around their appointed clusters in their fixed paths. And he who assumes to thus correct the native and constitutional tendencies of thought, is a pedant, who insults his Maker with advice, gratis. And all men are pushing after the knowledge of the real reality of all things, in one way or another. The greatest thinkers of the world

have pursued a knowledge of the "actuality" of all things. The soul yearns for it. It is sheer impudence to try to limit its pursuit to the purely relative. The forces which unfolded reason, bends it toward the true and proper goal, just as the power of gravitation marks out the correct path for sun and star. He who can dictate gravitation, or cause one world, even the smallest satellite or asteroid, to wave one jot out of its native path, may then hope to successfully shut off all ontological inquiry, or demonstrate the utter inability of thought to gain absolute knowledge. And why is not the ontological tendency of thought as true an expression of the possibilities of knowledge, as the motion of worlds is of the direction and force of gravitation? And, indeed, what is this tendency of reason but the normal expression of the gravitation of the soul? Why should thought soar off toward the infinite and divine Being, unless borne off thitherward on those vital currents of spiritual force which relate it thereto? How could we thus yearn to get into the presence of the eternal nature, if we are not attracted, magnetized thereby, and so drawn toward this sublime goal of all thought and power?

Mr. Spencer says (First Princ.—pp. 503-505): "Similarly, it must be remembered that while the connection between the phenomenal order and the ontological order is forever inscrutable, so is the connection between the conditional forms of being and the unconditional form of being, forever inscrutable. The interpretation of all phenomena, in terms of matter, motion, and force, is nothing more than the reduction of our complex symbols of thought to the simplest symbols; and when the equation has been brought to its lowest terms the symbols remain symbols still." He continues: "Any argument which is apparently furnished to either hypothesis ("materialistic" or spiritualistic) is neutralized by as good an argument furnished to the other. The materialist, seeing it to be a necessary deduction from the law of correlation, that what exists in consciousness under the form of feeling, is transformable into an equivalent amount of mechanical motion (?), and by consequence into equivalents of all the other forces which matter exhibits, may consider it therefore demonstrated that the phenomena of consciousness are material phenomena. But the spiritualist, setting out with the same data, may argue with equal cogency, that if the forces displayed by matter are cognizable only under those equivalent amounts of consciousness which they produce, it is to be inferred that these forces, when existing out of consciousness, are of the same intrinsic nature as when existing in consciousness; and so is justified the spiritualistic conception of the external world as consisting of something essentially identical with what we call mind."... But he who rightly interprets the doctrine contained in this work, will see that neither of these terms can be taken as ultimate. He will see that though the relation of subject and object renders necessary these antithetical conceptions of spirit and matter; the one is no less than the other to be regarded as but a sign of the unknown reality which underlies both."

Turning to Mr. Spencer's essay on the Relativity of all Knowledge (First Principles, pp. 96-97), we read: "We have seen how, in the very assertion that all our knowledge, properly so-called, is relative, there is involved the assertion that there exists a non-relative. We have seen how, in each step of the argument by which this doctrine is established, the same assumption is made. We have seen how, from the very necessity of thinking in relation, it follows that the relative itself is inconceivable except as related to a real non-relative. We have seen that unless a real non-relative, or absolute, be postulated, the relative itself becomes absolute, and brings the argument to a contradiction. And on contemplating the process of thought, we have equally seen how impossible it is to get rid of the consciousness of an actuality lying behind appearances; and how, from this impossibility, results our indestructible belief (?) in that actuality."

The above is the summary of Mr. Spencer's and Mr. Mansel's arguments for the "Relativity of all Knowledge." And in this summary, as in the long argument which precedes it, there is an evident confusion in the use of terms, such as "conception," "thought," "knowledge," "belief," "faith," "consciousness," "non-relative," "absolute," "infinite," etc. And this confusion of terms becomes in some cases a correlative confusion of logic also.

For, take the sentence, "We have seen how, from the very necessity of thinking in relations, it follows that the relative itself is inconceivable, except as related to a real non-relative," we behold a confusion of thought growing out of a confusion of terms. In this sentence above, we see how the idea of the "absolute" is confounded with the idea of the "non-relative." The consequence of this confusion is a self-contradiction in the argument. If the "relative" cannot be conceived except as related to a real non-relative, how can that "real non-relative" be conceived, except as the correlative term of such relation? If the very conception of the "relative" depends upon our conception of its relation to a "real non-relative," then, of logical necessity, the conception of that "real non-relative" is its conception as in relation with the relative. If the "relative" be related to the "non-relative," the "non-relative" must be related to the "relative." And this is a contradic-

tion in terms. If by all the laws of thought, no "relative" can be conceived except as in relation with a real non-relative, then we are compelled to conceive as true, both terms of a contradiction in terms. This is simply absurd. The conceivable existence of the "real non-relative" is destroyed by such argument. For, if the "relative" is in relation with the "real non-relative," that "real non-relative" must be in relation with the "relative." A relation must have two terms. One, alone, is incapable of relationship. But this makes the "non-relative" "relative," and so brings the argument to a contradiction. It destroys the very notion of a "real non-relative" entirely. Put the term infinite or independent in its place, and the mistake is obvious at once. For the infinite can remain infinite, though related to the finite, and the independent can remain independent though related to the "relative." The "relative," on the one side, may be dependent on the independent on the other, while the independent on the other may be relational without being dependent on the relative. But no logic is adequate to show that John Smith can be the relative of James Johnson, without, by very necessity, showing that James Johnson is the relative of John Smith. If the "relative" is inconceivable except as related to the "non-relative," the "non-relative" is utterly inconceivable as a reality, as in existence. It is thus reduced to an abstraction of mental distraction. The fact is, that Mr. Spencer's "absolute" and "non-relative" are pure negations of all ideas of real existence. A "real non-relative," or "absolute," out of all relations, is nothing but zero, nothingness defined as existence, as being *per se*. But from his argument for the relativity of all knowledge in every sense and form, the "absolute" is asserted to be a positive and not a negative conception; that is, the conception of something existent as a real actuality. And yet the argument which is used to prove its positive existence, proves its inconceivability by pushing it out of all relations to our intelligence. And if it stand in no relation to us, it could not be implied in our intelligence, as the one condition of the conceivability of the "relative." If, as Mr. Spencer says, "there ever remains with us a sense of that which excites persistently and independently of conditions," our consciousness of such independent existence, must be in relation with such existence. How can we have a "sense" of independent existence, except by being in actual contact with independent existence? In no way whatever. But if this "sense" remains with us, if "we cannot get rid of the consciousness of an actuality lying behind appearances," if "the ever present sense of real existence is the very basis of our intelligence," as Mr. S. asserts, is it not legitimate to accept such "real existence" as the prime truth, as the foundation of consciousness itself? Since all logical reason implies the being of absolute existence, as the first condition of all consciousness, the truth of the existence of this reality is obvious. Nor is this all. This central truth in our intelligence is given as supreme, and sovereign authority for thought itself.

But it becomes us to inquire here, how could this "ever present sense" of absolute existence, be in us as the "basis of our intelligence," unless the absolute existence itself were there, *per se*? Only in one of two conceivable ways. Either absolute existence itself is there *per se*, or is there by action on our faculties—by communications of force—from beyond and above us. If there *per se*, as the veritable basis of our being, then we are, as conscious beings, conscious at first hand, directly, of such absolute existence. And this consciousness of the actuality lying behind appearances, is not "belief," or "faith," but pure knowledge—as pure a knowledge as the consciousness of being itself. And why, indeed, should Mr. Spencer call the fundamental idea of consciousness itself a "belief." The consciousness that we are, is not a "belief," but the purest and most perfect knowledge. If this self-consciousness be not knowledge, then there is no such thing as knowledge. The logical basis of the knowledge that something different from us is, is the consciousness that we are. And Mr. Spencer admits that "the very basis of this consciousness is the ever present sense of real (notrelative) existence." Hence the certainty of the knowledge that we are, rests, according to Mr. Spencer, only on the certainty of "the ever present sense of real existence." Is not, then, the "ever present sense of real existence," as certain knowledge as that consciousness, our intelligence, which it supports and vivifies? Would Mr. Spencer call self-consciousness "belief?" If not, why call the central basis—the primordial idea of consciousness, a "belief?" If consciousness itself be knowledge, then is this inevitable consciousness of an actuality lying behind all appearances, knowledge also.

Now if real being, existence, *per se*, be not in us constituting the basis of consciousness, then this "ever-present sense" thereof must be communicated to us, as it were by motion or force. But if communicated merely as a function in us, merely as a mode of the action of the "unknowable" upon us, it must be so communicated by the passage of some moving substance or essence. And then we must inquire—is the basis of the hypothetical substance, real existence? It must be at bottom real existence. And when it moves upon our minds must touch them, must be present in our faculties as force. And in this case, real existence is there.

But then to say that "real existence" is not in us ultimate, but the sense thereof comes into us from beyond is to say, that "real existence" is not infinite, which contracts the very sense of ever-present existence. The ever-present sense of existence is the idea or sense of ever-present existence, that is of, Infinite Presence, of Ubiquitous Being. The throne of the "real reality," is everywhere. And by virtue of the Idea of "absolute existence" from which we cannot escape—such existence is actually in our own intelligence as the basis thereof. The knowledge of the fact of absolute existence, then arise from such existence itself. It is present in us as intelligence, *per se*. Our consciousness is the very revelation of being itself. It is being cognizing its own existence. If it be not, what else is it? Nothing, but being, *per se*, can cognize absolute existence as reality as an actuality, as a fact. To deny this is to assert, that something can exist which is not "real existence," and yet be conscious of the separate existence of that real existence; and the whole argument for the "relativity of knowledge" falls to the ground. What is absolute, must be absolutely something; as absolutely this or absolutely that. The absolute then, ought to be a genus comprehending whatever is absolutely something—whatever possesses any predicate in finished completeness. "The absolute—not something absolute, but the absolute itself, can be understood in no other sense than that the supposed being possesses in absolute completeness all predicates, is absolutely good and absolutely bad; absolutely wise and absolutely stupid, and so forth. The conception of such a being, I will not say, God is worse than a 'fasciculus of negations,' it is a fasciculus of contradictions; and our Author might have spared himself the trouble of proving a thing to be unknowable, which cannot be spoken of but in words implying the impossibility of its existence."*

* Mill on Hamilton.

(To be continued.)

For The Spiritual Republic.

PSYCHOMETRIC READINGS.

BY ABBIE M. LAFLIN FERREE.

HON. ROSCOE CONKLING, U. S. SENATOR FROM NEW YORK.

A man of strong determination and will, genial, affable, pleasant to strangers. The eye seeks his again, after it has met his full gaze. Inspirational, he weaves this in every act of his every day life, not knowing well why he does so. Is much sought after and loved both by males and females. Constancy is a part of his nature; 'tis that quality of soul which placed him in his present position. A good calculator, though not calculating; that is, he does not work through that element of his nature, but from a strong conviction of right. With great power of self-control, separates minds, selects from those he knows, the same as the artist selects his colors, and the horticulturist his plants. Nice, genial as an acquaintance; social faculties large; self-poised, and fully individualized; sees the end in the beginning of things. Will work in creating, adjusting laws, with as much ease as if they were pieces of wood, to be fashioned in just proportion, to fit certain places in cornices or in framing buildings. Womanly in nature, and very affectionate. Likes those who differ from him; enjoys the conversation of natural, kindly-minded people, better than those who talk on stilts—those who aim to be geniuses, but have not the power or faculty to demonstrate the same to their associates. "Common sense is good, and we can get along very well with it," is his mind when he meets pretenders. Quick in temper; but it is like the lightning chained by the iron leader—the will making it perform the bidding of the higher man, which is the spirit of the man. A conservative progressive, reverences the good in the old as well as the beauty in the new. A good critic. Self-willed. His life is the everyday gladness, natural life. Not a one-idea man. "Investigate and decide," and before the investigation is fairly begun, he has made up his mind through his intuitions, how it is, and what will be the best and most feasible course to pursue. Practical; a natural mathematician. In political life will be a favorite of parties who are opposed to him, owing to his genial, suave manners. A tactician; easily weaves together the broken ends, sets the machinery in motion. The figure I see is a large factory, with hundreds of looms at work, worked by machinery alone. He passes from one loom to another, and sees that all the balls are being knitted and woven together. He will do this in the Senate, where things are complicated; he having the power in his brain, working without noise or effort, will keep to work, see after what the people give him to do, and they will bless the man who is a man, and works as man for man, producing the best for humanity that can be produced. A builder; an ennobler, poetical, and fond of the beautiful in all things. Through the full-toned voice his soul whispers all sorts of pleasant, beautiful things, and when one is through conversing with him, they naturally turn again to listen, half desiring the sentence not completed—the last word uttered—and pass away from him as you pass away from home, beautiful scenery, the voice of pleasant waters, the soft spray and rippling water that has a summer song within it. Spiritual, high-toned

and moral, is the sphere felt when approaching him. The eyes, though not beautiful, ever express what the spirit feels, but will not utter in words. Hopeful and beautifully submissive to the decrees of Providence. I find a beautiful devotion to those who seek him in need, or those who need sympathy to cheer them on through life's rugged way.

There is no place for disappointments; no way for its sorrowful visage to cast a shadow over his path, so full is he of resource; so strong, natural and vigorous in thought, so free and full in soul, that when a shadow does arise which might o'ercloud him, he sees the thing as *vapor or shadows*, which serve the better to show what is near, and better pictures are given through these lights and shades.

A natural genius in giving outlines; they reflect pictures, shadowy beauties, which reflect the *golden gem-thoughts of the soul*, which I should like to stop and cull in this soul realm, giving them back to him after they were placed in solid thought, cased for him and others for the future. Would have made a Poet Laureate. I find him in spirit with the same beautiful imagery around that I find in Alfred Tennyson. He loves prose the best. Now I see the face and form of Emerson, our prose, poetical and ethical writer, beautiful in soul, and so is the soul of Roscoe Conkling. Has great power to conciliate parties who are at variance. Over him I see written, "The pacifier. Peacemaker."

There is a blessing for such in the golden letters of the past; "so it is now and ever should be." His world is whatever he is engaged in. The deformities of life he does not see; but the golden light of the intellect reflects things as they are, and in all things sees a use, a necessity, if it is in accordance with the natural soul laws, and not a condition of the depravity or sensuality in man, living in the animal, he living in a different atmosphere. So clear is it, that the children in this earth sphere, or in the outer heavenly one, can at all times touch the spirit-home of him, and not see a shadow on its walls to drive them from him. The letters written all around are these: "Seek the light as it is in all things; man is the aura of heaven. God is well pleased with him; created in the image of a wise and beneficent Father, born royal in spirit, and can well fill up his title, well claim the birth-right, growing in beautiful thoughts of liberty, growing naturally through the sympathy of the people, will beam brighter and brighter, a fixed star, not to grow dim."

I see him constant in the heavens, or light of the liberty-loving Americans, center-moving, without noise or extraordinary action; without talk, but work; grasps the condition of things as they are to-day, and takes it as the natural result of liberty—the progression of individuals and nations; sees men in places that destiny gave them, and sees the under-current that shapes events. Constant in action, naturally builds from the center, and grows stronger and stronger through daily thought and action. Heroism to him means, to do *all things* well, at the proper time and place, and the natural results will be sure to satisfy the lookers on. Reflects as the glass, seeing through the spirit; radiates the same as the glass globe reflects the light and the water and the fishes in it, and also the distance. A *triumph* soul, with capacity to give, produce and reflect, what is around him.

Most excellent in point of thought and modest demeanor; contented with moderate things; not an epicure. Is not a *philanthropist as the world writes them in books to-day*. Gives when his own spirit says, "This is the time;" and light is left on the giver and the receiver. Studious, contemplative; though the sunshine of cheerfulness is ever with him in those hours of thought which come to him, easy and naturally; so much so, that when men say, "We must prepare for such and such an event, such as writing a speech, &c.," he thinks, "that will be prepared when I want it." He does think and know how to arrange and classify thought, and that constitutes his preparation. Evenly balanced and true in soul, all that his best friends desire, will be realized by him, and *more*, for such men never grow stale and cannot break down, for they live their lives aright, and when old age comes, and they pass on as the changes come to the seasons, spring, summer, autumn and winter, is none the less to love because it has taught us to garner our stores and enjoy them and our glowing fire. Compact as a pyramid, and true in presentation, truthful and ardent, well pleased with himself and others.

"Humanity is a vast field to labor in, and for those for whom we choose to labor," says Roscoe Conkling.

The soft twilight hour has come, and I hear his pleasant voice as he replies to the friend who presents me to him: "Madison county holds many of my friends whom I love very much."

Dear old Empire State, may you never send a poorer man to Congress than your earnest, honest worker, Roscoe Conkling.

Washington, D. C., April 3, 1867.

Mrs. Lushington, the sister of Alfred Tennyson, once engaged to Arthur Hallam, but now the wife of the Greek Professor of Glasgow, is a remarkable singer, and renders her brother's songs, it is said, with fine expression.

For The Spiritual Republic.

CORALIE.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

Sweet Poesy! come softly down
From ether heights, and starry zones,
And let me wear your flowery crown
And use the cadence of your tones.
For memories divinely sweet
Are floating very near to me
And only tender rhymes are meet
To tell of dearest Coralie.

Sweet Coralie! for love of thee
The wild rose blushed a deeper pink,
For thee the wood-birds sung in glee,
Thrush, robin, lark and bob-o-link.
And not a squirrel, black or red,
Which chattered on the hickory
Was ever frightened by thy tread,
But chattered still of Coralie.

The mosses in old Hamden's woods
Grew fresher where your footsteps pressed
And seemed to say in gladsome mood
"She loves us as she loves the rest."
The violets dropped low their heads
Like worshippers at Mary's feet:
Cleoneas smiled from humble beds
And blushed "she comes—the maiden sweet."

And I, who lived on Danby shore,
Where wild lake wavelets dashed at will,
Could see you in the hop-wreathed door
Which looked from pleasant orchard hill.
And when you chanced to cross my way
Its borders all burst into flowers
And butterflies so bright and gay
Wavered upon the sunny hours.

But in the wild November days
I saw the tattered hop-vines swing
To suit the winds' capricious way
And deck, in bits, its viewless wing,
But not the flutter of your dress
Who used to paradise the hill—
But in your stead a deep distress
With crazy eyes and tyrant will!

The olden tale of death and tears
Will do for you, oh! Coralie,
And through the rainy, rainy years
I dream of what heaven holds for me.
If you had lived what might have been
Of joys divine I faintly see,
But flowery fields and meadows green
Await us in eternity.

For The Spiritual Republic.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Every observer of events, and who is not an observer in this age of activity, must have noticed that as the great conflict which culminated in the fierce and sanguinary contests of the battles of the warrior which are "with confused noise and garments rolled in blood," has gradually subsided, another conflict equally earnest has spread over our nation. A conflict of ideas, and not a few of the clearest thinkers have feared that this, too, would be marked by violence and bloodshed. With many of us who have thought otherwise, perhaps the wish was father of the thought. However, while we dread all physical contests in which God and right are supposed to be on the side of the strongest battalions, we cordially welcome the conflict of ideas, feeling that healthy agitation leads to the acquisition of wisdom and knowledge, while stagnation leads only to darkness and ignorance. In the present general appearance of social and political institutions, it would be strange if much that is really valuable in the old should not be rudely handled. The iconoclastic spirit has not all died out, and many a heart weeps over its broken idols to-day. The spirit of liberalism which is abroad in the world, is not well marshaled. It is running wild, flushed with a new freedom that will not brook control; and it is very difficult to bring these elements to harmonize and co-operate.

On the other hand, the churches, long accustomed to the sway of authority, find but little difficulty in marshaling their cohorts and preparing for the conflict. Their cry to-day is, Union! Let us drop all minor differences; the great ship of theology is in danger, and it is no time to be calculating latitudes and longitudes, and the positions of the stars.

So Christian unions and Evangelical alliances are being formed. We have just received a circular for "The Church Union," a new weekly paper, devoted to the unity of the Christian church.

The bond of union is as follows:

"We, the undersigned, believers in the doctrines of the Holy Scriptures as set forth in the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds, do hereby pledge ourselves to secure, under God, an open Communion, and the recognition of one evangelical ministry, by the interchange of pulpits, thus to make visible the unity of the Church.

"And we furthermore solemnly pledge ourselves to stand by each other in securing these ends.

"In order to prevent schism, and discourage it among the readers of the Church Union, no names of writers will be given. The publishers have, however, secured as regular and occasional contributors, some of the best writers in every branch of the Church Catholic, from prelates to laymen, including the pens of Baptists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Methodists, Reformed Churchmen, Congregationalists, Lutherans, Covenanters, etc.

"Special attention will be paid to all movements for unity in every part of the world, including the Russo-Greek, Anglican, and Romish Church Union movements, reports of meetings and movements of the Evangelical Alliance in Europe and in this country, of 'Church Unions,' of Synods or Conventions of the Church, now multiplying in number throughout New England and the West, and of Young Men's Christian Associations, as well as meetings of all other societies tending to unity, will be made. United Communion Services will be faithfully reported, now increasing in number everywhere. Revivals, Prayer Meetings, and general Church intelligence from all sources without partiality to any sect, will be given.

"This paper will be a determined and uncompromising foe of the abominations of Ritualism in every branch of the Church Catholic, and will spare no pains to apprise the public timely of all its advance movements."

It will be understood by all that the Church Catholic is quite another thing from the Catholic Church. One branch of the Episcopal Church has been drifting so rapidly into Catholicism that their union is recognized here.

The other orthodox sects named will form the second side of a triangle; but by far the longest side will be composed of the liberals. Of these the Spiritualists are the most numerous class, the liberal sects of Universalists and Unitarians, with some smaller bodies, with the very large body of liberal minded men and women in the churches and out of them, will make far the largest number in this triangular conflict.

The Protestants and Catholics cannot coalesce, because a victory to either one of them, at such a cost, would be equal to a defeat. They will both seek to stay the tide of free thought, and while standing apart will sustain each other in measures looking to this end.

That the liberals can enter into any close and binding alliance is not at all probable, but they will unite in a determined opposition to all efforts to bring about a union of Church and State, or to introduce any sectarian test into our Constitution. And that they ought to unite as firmly in protecting the right of private judgment and free thought to every human being so long as they do not interfere with the right of others, is clear enough, and when the trial comes, we have faith that they will not be found wanting. In the meantime the tide of free thought is onward, and as education becomes general, we have but little to fear from the proscriptive tendencies of authoritarianism and bigotry.

In the language of our sainted Lincoln, "with malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness for the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in."

PHYSIOLOGY.

For The Spiritual Republic.

THE NATURE OF DISEASE.

BY R. T. TRALL, M. D.

It will be conceded by all intelligent persons, that in order to medicate or prevent disease in the most successful manner, a knowledge of its essential nature is absolutely necessary. Yet, notwithstanding, nearly three thousand years of diligent investigation, the problem is still a confessed mystery on the part of the regular medical profession, while various and conflicting theories are advocated by the irregular profession. In an article by Laroy Sunderland, under the caption, "Phrenology and Mesmerism," published in THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, for April 13, 1867, the author, in allusion to the nature and causes of disease, says:

"It seems to me that nothing is gained to science when disease is defined as a 'morbid condition,' a 'malady,' a 'fever,' a 'disorder,' or an 'affection.' But least of all, when it is said by Dr. Trall, and his disciples to be 'remedial effort.' 'Disease,' say they, 'is remedial because the object is to get rid of things injurious.' The 'object' here spoken of is affirmed of disease, which is an excess or a diminution of the vital motions. According to this notion, then, the more disease the better. When one dies, it is because he was not sick enough, had not remedial effort enough, to get well. And this is the doctrine taught in a 'medical school,' and its author is about visiting England for the purpose of teaching this notion."

As "this notion" is often misunderstood and misapplied by persons who have only examined the subject superficially, I will, with the permission of the REPUBLIC, endeavor in a few words, so to illustrate my theory of disease that my critic may hereafter know what he is writing about, when he assumes to controvert it.

Perhaps Mr. Sunderland and some others will better comprehend the subject by the definition, "vital action in relation to things abnormal." This means precisely the same as the phrase, "remedial effort," but avoids the word remedial, which, by being improperly confounded with curative or healthful, is a stumbling block to many.

We can all agree in this as a fundamental proposition; Poisons or impurities in the system, or in contact with its surface, are causes of disease. But what is disease itself?

Let us have a few simple and familiar illustrations: Suppose tartar emetic or ipecac be swallowed. Here is a poison or impurity in the stomach. What follows? Vomiting. Is vomiting health, or is it sickness? It is disease. It is remedial effort. It is an attempt to remedy a wrong condition. It is vital action in relation to an abnormal thing. The object of the effort, (vomiting) is to expel the poison, to get rid of the thing injurious. Suppose the poison swallowed be castor oil, jalap, Epsom's salts, or Brandeth's pills? The action which results is purging, or diarrhoea. Diarrhoea is disease. It is remedial effort. It is an attempt to expel the injurious thing from the organic domain. It is vital action in relation to an abnormal substance.

But it does not follow, as Mr. Sunderland assumes, that "the more remedial effort the better." His mistake is the common one of confounding remedial effort with curative result. He might as well confound an attempt to acquire property with riches; or an attempt to construct a house with the house itself. Persons frequently labor desperately to get money, but grow poorer continually. It does not follow that because a person makes an effort to acquire a possession, or remedy a wrong, he is sure of accomplishing it. The vital instincts, though true to their own nature, and always acting physiologically or remedially, may fail to accomplish their object in ridding the body of poisons, or of repairing damages. Vital instincts are blind impulses as are the mental propensities; and this is why we sometimes need physicians, not to administer more poisons, not to add to the causes of disease, but to regulate and direct the remedial effort. Too much remedial effort, that is to say, too violent action, may disorganize the vital structures and destroy life. Many persons have vomited and purged themselves to death. Nor does it follow that because vital action is remedial, that it is necessarily curative. Whether the effort is successful or not in restoring the normal condition depends on many circumstances.

If a person should swallow a pound of carpet tacks, he would find it difficult and probably impossible to expel them all by the processes of vomiting and purging. Yet, his stomach and bowels would assuredly make the attempt; and they would die in the attempt. They would continue the remedial effort until their vitality was exhausted, and then there would be peace in death—"diminution of the vital motions," which is one crotchet of Mr. Sunderland's notion of disease. But if a person should swallow a pint or a quart of an infusion of white mustard seed, he would easily and speedily expel the whole of it by vomiting or sweating, and soon be well again.

If a person, by some accident, drives a rusty nail into his flesh, wounds a nerve, and suffers of tetanus, the spasms are disease; they are vital action in relation to the thing abnormal; they are remedial effort; yet they are in no sense curative; they do not aid in removing the offending substance.

If Mr. Sunderland should be confined for several days to an extremely malarious atmosphere, he would probably have typhoid fever. Fever is disease. It is remedial effort. It is an attempt to purify the system of its morbid accumulations. When the morbid matters are all expelled, or when the vital powers are exhausted, the fever "subsides;" that is, the remedial effort ceases, and the doctor sagely informs the patient that "the fever has run its course."

"When one dies, it is because he was not sick enough, had not remedial effort enough, to get well." Quite the contrary. Mr. Sunderland could not have so misapplied the doctrine of remedial effort, if he had understood it. When one dies, it is because he was too sick, and had too much remedial effort to get well. The remedial effort (which is always defensive or reparative action, in contradistinction to conservation, health, or physiological action,) must, of necessity, be proportioned to the intensity or quantity of the causes. Thus, an ounce of brandy, when swallowed, occasions a slight feverishness (called stimulation,) by which process the poison is soon expelled, and the former condition of health recovered, less the amount of vitality expended in the process of purification. But, if a pint of brandy be swallowed, (except in the cases of old toppers,) the violence of remedial effort will be manifested in a severe inflammation of the stomach, a violent general fever, spasms of the whole muscular tissue, and result in death.

I appreciate air, exercise, food, etc., as highly as Mr. Sunderland does, and detest "hog, dog, snake, and the devil," as thoroughly as he can. But, as disease is essentially unbalanced, vital action (some organs doing too much and others too little,) and as the danger in all diseases is always to be measured by the extent to which the circulation is unbalanced, we can predicate on this principle a universal rule of treatment, which is to equalize the circulation. And whatever means or influences will do this, most effectually in the given case, without damage to the vital tissues, is in my judgement the best remedy.

And I am unable to see any reason why frictions, manipulations of various kinds, "laying on of hands," cold applications, warm applications, controlling or regulating another's morbid actions by your own better balanced vital conditions, etc., may not be resorted to beneficially as remedial agents. I have been in the habit of prescribing them for twenty-five years, and, as it has always seemed to me, with advantage.

I attach very great importance to the doctrine of "remedial effort." Its full recognition is the only basis of the world's redemption, not only from bodily diseases, but from moral and social evils. I regard error, vice, and crime, as remedial efforts of the intellectual, moral, and social natures of human beings. And the remedy consists in avoiding the causes, not in punishing the effects. When doctors of medicine and doctors of divinity will teach the world to remove the causes of diseases and wickedness, they will have no difficulty in reforming, renovating and Christianizing the world.

Mr. Sunderland's theory of disease is nothing more nor less than Brunonianism, pure and simple; which the medical profession repudiated fifty years ago—to its credit be it said. Brown taught that all diseases consisted essentially in "accumulated excitability," or "exhausted excitability," constituting two classes, one requiring stimulants, as the leading measure of treatment, the other antiphlogistics. These phrases were used in the same sense in which Mr. Sunderland employs the terms "excess or diminution of the vital motions." One clause of Dr. Brown's theory is the notion of Dr. Jennings, of Oberlin, O., who teaches that disease consists in "a want of vital force," while the eclectic schools adopt the same notion in a little variation of the language, "disease consists in an inability of an organ or part, to perform its normal functions." None of these notions are any improvement on Brown's, which has indeed some degree of plausibility, while the others are mere stultifications. Diminished action cannot be disease. It is a mere negation. It is just nothing at all.

If Mr. Sunderland has any facts or arguments to advance against my theory of disease, or in support of his own, I shall be happy to meet them at any time.

RELIGION AND HEALTH.

BY M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D.

It is said in Holy Writ, that "the wicked do not live out half their days." Before the study of physiology had been prosecuted to its present state of development, there was always more or less mystery as to what could be meant by this text, but now its meaning is more certain. The wicked are not only those who violate the moral law, but those also who violate the physical law. But not to discuss the subject in the light of physiological science, we ask, Does not moral and religious culture promote longevity? Does not peace of mind, the calm, trustful, hopeful spirit of truly religious persons, place them in frames of mind which prevent the angry clashing of the passions, and that waste of life which results from the fretful state so common among those whose higher nature does not govern and control the lower? There can be no doubt of it. The key to longevity is not entirely in good physiological, but in good moral and religious habits. We have before us a number of letters from aged persons which prove this to be true. The first that we shall quote is from the Rev. Charles Cleveland, of Boston, now ninety-six years of age, and at last accounts still laboring in the Home Missionary field, to which his life has mainly been devoted. The letter is in reply to one requesting a brief account of his habits of life. It will be seen that his habits are, in the main, excellent, though not entirely free from criticism. We trust our readers can see where they might have been improved. We give the letter as written:

"MY DEAR SIR: In answer to your request for information of my habits of life, you will please accept the following remarks, which are given with much pleasure:

"1. My time of retirement is at an early hour, not beyond 10 o'clock, and of rising as soon as awake, and before the sun, throughout the year.

"2. At meals, my food is simple and nourishing, avoiding whatever may be regarded as luxuries.

"3. My drink at the table is 'Golden Ale.'

"4. I taste no spirituous liquors.

"5. Tobacco I abhor in all its forms as I would poison, persuaded that its use hath been as an harbinger to 'strong drink,' which has slain its thousands and tens of thousands.

"Thus, dear philanthropists, I have given you my 'habits of living,' and would just add that preserving a conscience void of offense toward God and man, my sleep in its season is undisturbed and refreshing.

"Wishing your *Herald of Health* all the circulation it so richly merits, I am

"Respectfully yours, CHAS. CLEVELAND."

Much as might have been expected, from his generally regular habits of life, it is plain enough that he attributes much of his health and strength to "a conscience void of offense," and we believe he is justified in so doing.

The next letter is from Deacon Joshua Converse, now 100 years old. Mr. Converse lives in Woburn, Mass. The letter was written August 22, 1866. It is in answer to inquiries regarding his habits of life:

"DEAR SIR: I received a letter from you on Monday last, the day on which I lacked but five months of being 100 years old. In answer, I will state that I have always been a farmer and lived on the place where I was born, and on which my father always lived; have had good water, good air, ate farmer's fare—brown bread, beef, beans, vegetables, etc.;

have generally been busy about something, and have endeavored to be temperate in all things.

"I was the middle one of seven sons. My oldest brother was at the taking of Burgoyne in the Revolutionary War. My next brother was a sailor on board Captain Williams' vessel, which took a British vessel of equal size and number of guns. My next oldest brother was two years older than I, and died aged ninety-nine years and five months. I am now ninety-nine years and seven months old, having been born January 20, 1767. I now eat, drink and sleep about as well as I ever did; have no pains, and never had the headache. I still work some, thinking it better to do so. I have come to the conclusion that temperance, industry and a clear conscience are the best things to prolong life. I have never been in public life except once, serving my town in the Legislature.

"Most respectfully yours, JOSHUA CONVERSE."

Our readers will here see that a "clear conscience" is considered a very important aid to health and length of days.

We have other letters from persons more than 100 years old, in all of which the spirit of religion prevails, but we have at present no space for them.

However, before bringing the subject to a close, we present an extract from a letter received from an active business man, which will be read with interest, as still further showing the truth of what it is the object of this article to elucidate:

"DEAR SIR: I fear that I am such a *rara avis* that my experience would be of little value to your readers. My story would be one of simple endurance under abuses which would have ruined the health of a dozen ordinary men, and sent them to the lunatic asylum, if not to their 'long homes.' Neither can I suggest much that is new in relation to the effects of 'quiet ways' and good business habits on health and success,' because, for twenty-five years of my life—from 1832 to 1857—both inclination and necessity compelled me to labor most assiduously and unremittingly, regardless of time, food, or sleep. I loved to work, and was never so well or happy as when my every faculty and power were taxed to their utmost. I could do nothing 'by halves,' or 'take things easy,' so long as I could find anything to do. During all that time 'good business habits' meant simply work, work, work, with all my mind and strength; and then sleep, sleep, SLEEP, very soundly until I awoke with a bound to resume my task. I never had either time or desire to eat or drink enough to overload my stomach or clog my digestive organs. I ate only when I was faint or hungry, and slept only when I was tired out—and I do so even now. Whatever 'quiet ways' I had were simply the effect of the religious element of my nature; and to that, more than anything else, I believe I owe, under God, every thing I am or hope to be. When you know who and what my parents were, I fear you will not be disposed to give me much credit for anything, but will wonder that I have not risen higher in the scale of being and success in life; neither will you be faithless when I tell you that, although my existence has been one of ceaseless activity, it has been uninterrupted by serious illness of any kind, except cholera, which was superinduced by over-exertion and anxiety under stimulus, instead of food and sleep. One single fact in my history has always excited my wonder and gratitude, and that is, that although I have shaved myself daily for thirty years, my nerves are yet as steady as a geometrical lathe. And another is, that although I have toiled so steadily during six days of the week, all my seventh days have been spent in 'the house of the Lord,' from morning till night, since I can remember any thing of myself—singing, talking, teaching or working most of the time. This has been all the recreation I seemed to require, or that I cared to indulge in, and has supplied me with all the resiliency I needed. Everything which I have undertaken in life has been forecast and prosecuted with prayer, and it has ever proved a universal catholicon for all my troubles, anxieties and cares. Casting myself and them upon an ever-present God, in child-like confidence and trust, I have been enabled thereby to surmount difficulties and escape perils unknown to most men, and have often been amazed at the vitality and energy infused into my weary frame by the simple act of worship. J. A. G."

In conclusion, we will only say, that while physiological law is pre-eminently important in its relation to length of days, yet the influence of the higher faculties is also important and should not be neglected.—*Herald of Health*.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, in one of his recent lectures, said: "The effect of a new thought upon an idle mind is like that produced on a cube of iron by bringing it into the circuit of a strong magnetic current. From an impassive mass it instantly becomes instinct with life, and adheres to all others that may be near it. A mighty thought comes sailing on silent wings, and fills us with its virtue, and sets up like Atlas, and we uphold the world. But this is only at rare intervals; and in such insecurity of position, life is like a thunder storm, where one moment all things, even the most remote, are clear and distinct, and the next we cannot see even the nearest."

Keep good principles and they will keep you.

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THE RADICAL WINGS.

It is evident now-a-days that there are two sides to questions; there is a right and a left, a Radical and a Conservative, to every live progressive body of people, and it lives just in proportion as there is an active commerce of ideas, or even conflict of thought carried on between the two manners of action; and we might say, too, that the body, as such, dies just in proportion as one side excludes itself from participation in the activities of the other; in which case separation ensues, and new combinations may follow. These thoughts are induced by observing the operations of the several parties and movements now prominent in this and other countries.

1st, For example, take the Republican party in politics. It was organized from the Radical elements of the parties preceding it. It had not matured before it was evident that it had opposite poles. Its history is one of internal intrigue to secure self-existence. It is becoming evident, however, that the Conservative wing fears to co-operate with the Radical wing. Action is resisted; suggestions embodying justice are disregarded; association is being cut off. The dissolution and death of the Republican party, in its present form, is only a question of time. *Grow or rot* is nature's only provision for plant or party.

2d, In the religious sects the same truth is evident. High Church, Low Church, Old School, New School, Close Communion, Free Will, and so on to an indefinite number of divisions and sub-divisions, each representing in its way the conflict of ideas as between the Radical and Conservative wings.

One would suppose when he had reached the verge of theology, as in Universalism and Unitarianism, that there might be a unity of thought, that growing would be the prevailing action; but relatively the two wings are as clearly defined. It seems to us that the Universalist school ranges all the way from downright conservatism, verging on decay, to the real Universalist, who cares much less for his school than he does for the world. Well, a dying man thinks little of the living, and a live man don't care to carry a dead one along with him, so there are continual separations; and we are of the opinion that were the Universalists more analytical in their manner, and correspondingly less sentimental, there would be revolution in their midst speedily. As it is, we know there are many of their clergy who hold views not sanctioned by the Church, in its distinctive existence, who by force of habit, or timid policies, still receive the shelter of its mantle. Their policy is their own, to be sure, but in this country when a boy is "of age" he is supposed to be strong enough to stand alone, and enterprising enough to go beyond the smell of the smoke of the paternal mansion.

The Unitarian school, more active, more analytical in its manner, is more defined, and to-day represents quite unmistakably the relative form of progress, and in the act of dissolution evidences the consequence of progressive tendencies and the resistance thereof. Of the Unitarian church prior to the advent of Theodore Parker, we cannot speak freely, our observation not extending beyond that time, and we having no reference at hand; but it is evident that radical views and resistance thereto may be dated with his early ministry, and we can note the gradual increase of the radical wing until to-day it comes near characterizing the whole body, but not quite. The Unitarian "conference" "demands of a Christian believer that he shall confess Jesus Christ to be his master and Lord," whereupon one of the prominent members of the conference declares: "I avow my deep conviction that unless the conference repeals its preamble, altogether [including the above demand], and proclaim the absolute right of free thought, without any limit or 'pale' whatsoever, a very large portion of the Unitarian denomination will cease to take any interest in the conference, and transfer their sympathies to whatever association shall faithfully embody the old Unitarian principles. What will then become of the Unitarian name I know not; nor is it a mat-

ter of any great consequence." Here is the true radical spirit and genuine obstructiveness in conflict, and such is the stuff of which both are composed that consequences can safely be prophesied. In February last a preliminary conference of men and women was held in Boston, at which it was proposed to form a "Free Religious Association," and we understand that an appointed conference will convene in Boston during the present month to further consider, and perhaps to carry the proposition into effect. This movement, says one actively engaged in it, "does not aim at the formation of a new sect, and does not trouble itself about 'denominational integrity.' On the contrary, it is thoroughly anti-denominational in its spirit, and hopes for the utter destruction of all denominational and sectarian barriers. It proposes, as an end, not the integrity of a denomination, but the integrity of the human soul, and the development of all its powers, uncramped by ecclesiastical or dogmatical fetters. * * * * * It proposes to unite, on the loftiest possible plane of human life, the true principles of individualism and socialism—to prove by the demonstration of experience, that men and women who are fired with an honest purpose of elevating their fellow-beings in every possible way, may join in vigorous and harmonious action and yet preserve their own individuality absolutely unfringed. * * * * *

"An association thus constituted and inspired will have loftier aims than the destruction of any sect or denomination whatever, or the erection of another in its place."

Here we have the very gist of true radicalism in religion, a power which if earnestly evoked and truly poised in matters of practical concern, will follow up the advance of human possibilities to every desirable end. Between the "demands" of the conservative conference, and the purpose of the proposed "Free Religious Association," there is no probable, if indeed there is a possible unity. We shall watch with deep interest the movement of this radical wing, for it means more than a dissolution of the Unitarian church.

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With the same degree of wisdom, and no more, there is nothing to prevent Spiritualism from repeating the antagonisms of previous schools. We have got to rise above pets or cliques or parties, in order to preserve our gained and boasted individualism, we must rise to a true socialism, in which all true individualism is embodied, and in so doing we encompass the whole world in one community of ideas and energies. The radical Unitarians ignore "denominational integrity," they propose to break all barriers between them and their fellow laborers in the world, and without reference to name or party to join hands in the march of human progress. Do Spiritualists, as a whole, propose to do less than this? Are the Spiritualists, as a whole, equal to the sacrifice of "denomination integrity," or mere adherence to party or school, if by so doing it is clear some great good can be attained? These radical wings among the sects are sure to bring to our consideration some pertinent questions. When they shall sever themselves from the clogs that hold them, it follows that they will associate with the live bodies that exist, or form new ones to comport with their degree of life. The Spiritualists have said in National Assemblage, "No question of general human well-being is foreign to the spirit, idea or genius of the great Spiritual movement. If in our acts, and by our manifest spirit we show to the world that this is no false report, our efforts may be heartily seconded by these noble men and women, and we are of the opinion that there may be an earnest union of souls in the accomplishment of the purpose for which we all strive. Let it be known that the radical wings all mean spiritual unity and freedom; that sects and parties are thoroughly ignored; that human elevation, progress and happiness, are the undivided ends sought, and it will not be long before the grand army will be on its way as one man, to storm and capture the citadel of error and oppression."

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Since the passage of the Eight-Hour Law by the Legislature of Illinois, and, more especially, since the employers of Chicago have locked their doors against the toiling thousands who built the shops, and who earned the entire capital by which they are operated—the Chicago Tribune has made unceasing and unscrupulous war on the workingmen of this city. It won its way to a large circulation and influence by its advocacy of freedom and the rights of labor in the South, and now uses that power and influence to trample down and crush out every manly aspiration of the white men of Chicago. We have no language to express our horror and detestation at its course for the last few days. After firing the public mind by its lying about workingmen, it asks the military power to help capital

crush out the last hopes of labor. Dare any other paper to plead the cause of justice for workingmen at the bar of the capital—capital, too, taken from these same laboring men by a stupendous system of robbery and wrong—the Tribune pounces upon it vulture-like, and calls on capital to withdraw its patronage and do as it asks shall be done by the laborers—starve them into submission.

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Extensive preparations had been made during weeks previous to the occasion, and the procession of more than five thousand men, composed of nearly every class of industrial producers in the city, thoroughly organized in companies, societies and sections, each bearing appropriate flags, symbols and mottoes, attest the purpose, discipline and good order that has been attained by the producers of our wealth.

The day was beautifully clear and spring-like during the hours occupied by the celebration, and immense crowds of people thronged the streets along which the procession passed. It was a gala day enshrined in hopes and determinations. It was the pivot upon which balanced, in trembling scale, the destinies of many thousands of human beings directly, and the whole system of labor and all interested indirectly. One felt as he walked along the street, that a new degree of life had been evolved, and the whole body of society had stepped up where it had not been before. This was in the spirit of the demonstration, as it was the intent and prayer of many thousands who participated therein. The procession, preceded by a detachment of police and His Honor, Mayor Rice, traversed a distance of some six miles, taking in route many of the principal manufactories and other places of industry, and finally passed down Michigan avenue, along the lake shore, to the open park, where stands had been prepared for the closing ceremonies of the day.

Mayor Rice presided, and in a short speech presented the issues of the day, encouraged the workingmen, and cautioned them to work calmly to the attainment of their object. He was followed by Messrs. Ray, Kendall and Trevellick, and Gen. M. R. M. Wallace, all of whom made excellent remarks. At the close of the speech-making, Mr. A. C. Cameron, in behalf of the Trades Assembly, came forward and offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted amid great applause:

WHEREAS, By a recent act of the Legislature of Illinois, a law was passed making eight hours a legal day's work in the absence of a written contract to the contrary; and

WHEREAS, A number of the employers of this city, with a view to destroy the effect and original intention of such a law, have determined to insist upon the adoption of the hour system; and

WHEREAS, The position and desire of the mechanics of Chicago have been grossly misrepresented, either through ignorance or design, which misrepresentation is calculated to injure alike both the employer and employee, and in order to give a full and official expression to our intention; therefore be it

Resolved, By the Workingmen of Chicago, that we will maintain, at all hazard, the principle that eight hours shall constitute a legal day's work, under the sanction of law, and that we denounce the high-handed action of the employers who have, and who propose to discharge their workmen for declining to work more than eight hours per day.

Resolved, That the question of wages is of secondary importance, and that we have never proposed to demand ten hours' pay for eight hours work, or any other sum which would not be equitable.

With this closed the exercises of the day. Everything passed with unusual order, and the citizens of Chicago may justly feel proud of the brave, steady men who constitute the city's wealth, and by whose labor our borders expand, and in the order of just dealing, prosperity is secured to all departments of life.

The friends of labor reform may everywhere take courage. As we were all prepared to witness, there has been resistance to the Eight-Hour Law on the part of capitalists. With few exceptions they would not receive the men to their work on the following day, and many of the heavy manufactories still hold out against them; but on the other hand, others have accepted the law and the men are now at work, and it is to be hoped that the good sense of employers will not be long in overcoming their pride, and the prejudice against those who help to make them what they are.

We can but say here, though it may be said elsewhere by others, that the infamous course of some of our city papers has wholly misrepresented the workingmen of Chicago. They are charged with riot, debauch and incendiarism, when with few exceptions they have thus far been careful and orderly. We may have trouble. If capital persists in its wanton tyranny, and its miserable tools, the Tribune, Times and Post, flaunt lies and defiance in the face of honest, peace-loving men, we all know that the time will come when both human and divine nature will revolt against a course so base. If the capitalists suffer from violence, they may thank themselves and their organs for the infliction.

THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

CHICAGO, MAY 11, 1867.

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CAPITAL AND LABOR.

It is stated, and perhaps, generally believed, that capital and labor are one and the same thing, or rather they are different things in harmony, or not in conflict with each other.

This may be true as an abstract proposition, and if each held its true relation, there would be no conflict, but each would blend harmoniously with the other, and thus produce mutual good.

But the fact to-day shows there is a conflict and one which is ripening up to issues which all may fearfully contemplate.

There need have been no conflict in the South if the slaveholder, who was but a man, had recognized manhood in the slave. Just so here and everywhere; if capital would take its proper place—subordinate to labor—allowing the laborer—not capital—to control in the partnership, there would be no conflict.

Unfortunately, as in the South the slave was regarded as property in fact, and therefore was made a lever for his own oppression, so in the world generally, capital being placed above manhood in the scale of measurement, has become the oppressor of labor everywhere. Capital ought not to oppress, but should befriend the laborer. It would be for their mutual interest were it so.

The Sabbath was made for man, but when the Jews subordinated man to the Sabbath, Jesus taught them otherwise and set them a better example.

Capital was made by labor, belongs to, and is the child of labor. It has been snatched from its owner, and instead of being a helper, has been used by the man who does not labor to oppress the man who does.

The laborer has an undoubted right to all the benefits of the use of capital. By its use, his hours of toil should be shortened. Instead of this, though machinery enables the laborer to perform ten times the work now that he could have done twenty years ago, it has not reduced his hours of labor; it has not given him a better house to live in; it has not more than kept soul and body together, with the masses of laboring men in this country. Why not? Because a set of men have, like the slaveholders in the South, concocted a system and framed their mischief into law, whereby manhood is made to bow before the product of its own labor and yield it homage—compelling idolatry as well as oppression.

The war overthrew slavery and compelled the slaveholder to change his programme. Before, he could intensify oppression by the ownership of the man himself converted into capital, and by the use of all other forms of material wealth. Now he has only this advantage over Northern men; the slave is more ignorant and hence more subjective than the "greasy mechanics" and Northern "mudsills" who are, through co-operative unions, nearly, or quite a match for capital and its pretended owners' brains.

Labor enslaved could have no education. It was a crime to teach a slave to read in all the South. To prevent its possibility, muscular toil was compelled all day long, and to use the brain was simply impossible.

Labor nominally free, can have but a small chance for education of brain, while its muscle is overtaken by long hours of toil. Taking advantage of its nominal freedom and of the use of the ballot it has provoked the Legislature of Illinois into the passage of the Eight-hour Law—capital makes its appearance and declares the law shall not be executed, advertises the fact to its workmen and slams the doors in their faces in every workshop in Chicago.

Then capital turns rounds, and, through its organ—the Chicago Free Trade *Tribune*—charges the poor mechanics and workmen with having made a "strike." Insult and falsehood added to injury.

Thousands of men who only asked a reduction of the hours of toil from ten to eight, are thus turned out with the lash of starvation wielded over their heads, refused any employment at any price, unless they will do the bidding of their master—capital. The workmen plead they are willing to work eight hours for eight hours' pay. Capital says "No, Detroit and St. Louis are working ten hours and I cannot compete with them with working eight." The mechanic replies that hundreds of his fellow-workmen are now in the street waiting for something to do, and if more men at eight hours for eight hours' pay are employed, capital can do as much at the same cost, as with a less number, can be done in ten hours.

Fires take place; hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property goes back to ashes. Capital—invested in the *Tribune* aforesaid—charges these fires to the revengeful feeling eight hour men. Thus it tries to add fuel to the flame of public sentiment, already at fever heat, by branding labor—without a shadow of proof—with the crime of incendiarism.

Such has been and ever must be the result of subjecting man to something only equal to or less than himself.

It is bad enough for a man to become so degraded that by his own volition he bows down to wood or stone, the work of his own hands; but when he is compelled by capital, which he has created, to do its bidding not only, but to pay tribute of more than half his earnings to this

remorseless Shylock, denied brain culture, and all chance for manly action, is it not time to inquire whether war is not as inevitable in Chicago as it was in the South when they fired on Sumpter?

Our soldiers went to battle, in that war, for the black man's rights. It is the same principle which labor contends for to-day. If war was justifiable then, why not now? If the Chicago *Tribune* takes the same place here as to white men, which the Chicago *Times* did all through the war as to black men, why is it entitled to any greater consideration?

Let the advocates of tyranny beware!

THE CONSTITUTION AND THEOLOGY.

In two issues of the *REPUBLIC* preceding this, we have called the attention of our readers to the expressed opinion of certain sects and persons, relative to the amendment of the national Constitution by embodying a recognition of Christian theology. We did not, at the time of our former writing, nor do we now, consider it possible for such a subversion of the spirit of our Constitution to occur; but our attention has been called particularly to this subject again, by the following notice which appeared in the New York *Independent*, of May 2d, without comment:

"A Convention to urge the amendment of the Federal Constitution so as to recognize the existence of God and the divinity of Christ, will be held in the 14th street Presbyterian church, New York, May 16th."

It seems by this, that the heretofore apparently disconnected efforts in this direction are seeking centralization and the facilities of organization in the accomplishment of their object.

We know not to what extent the subject may have been privately canvassed among the leaders of the church party; whether there may be strong heads working for a theocracy on this continent, with their plans of operation already matured; or whether the coming convention is to be the culmination of weak and unwise designs, wrought out from shallow brains.

There is a prophecy, long standing and often reiterated, that there would be an effort on the part of theologians to reduce this country to theological dictation, and it would give us no surprise if it should shortly appear that there were strong and well matured plans in existence, to that end!

On all hands, from Rome to the so-called liberal churches of America, the church is losing spiritual prestige, and in lieu thereof the organic structure is more and more held up to view. Creeds are being adopted in new phrase, but reaffirming old superstitions, and jealousy as to church power is manifest. We need not suppose that an institution like the church, losing its spiritual power, upon which it should depend, will pass away, or relinquish its hold upon the public, without seeking to avail itself of every possible support. And what greater security could a mere formalist conceive for his idol, than to embalm it in the Constitution of a powerful nation. That an effort is being made to legalize the Christian theology no one can doubt. That it is to be an extensive effort, we believe. What the consequences are to be, will depend upon the power of the prosecution. They may be disastrous in the extreme, for,

1st. Our great Charter of human liberty—the corner stone of our Republic—declares that "All men are created equal," and our Constitutional guarantee is, that each person may "worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience;" in other words, that there shall be no restriction or definition of theological belief enshrined in the form of law anywhere in the country. It will be seen at once, that an effort to embody a recognition of the "existence of God and the divinity of Christ," would be aiming a blow directly at the very life of Constitutional liberty. No conscientious person who did not believe in the "existence of God and the divinity of Christ," could be sworn to support the Constitution, and all the resources of the country could be called out to enforce the dogmas of hot-headed bigots, not in conflict with, or surpassing the provisions of, the organic law thus created.

2d. The slave oligarchy of this country tried its power at subverting the Constitution. It succeeded for a time, not by the less cunning way of seeking to corrupt the instrument itself, but by specious laws, falsely hinged upon it. The consequence was civil war, abating not until the forces of tyranny were crushed, and political liberty fully vindicated. The proposed Amendment to the Constitution in the present case, is to liberty in its theological aspects, what the Fugitive Slave Law was to liberty in its political aspects. The consequences of one in the hands of slave drivers, will find a parallel in the consequences of the other in the hands of churchmen. And it may as well be known first as last, that the inevitable result of persistence on the part of churchmen will be conflict. And why not? The establishment of ecclesiastical theology is the debasement of the Republic. The basis of the Republic is equal rights; the vital affirmation of ecclesiastical theology is the essential inequality of human souls, which forever precludes equal rights. So the question pressed to its logical issue would be, Republic or no Republic. It will not take the people long to decide whether they will exchange President for Pope, and Congress for an ecclesiastical council.

So gentlemen of the coming convention, and others who may be ambitious for church supremacy, think before you rush into unknown difficulties. The doom of the Southern Slave Oligarchy awaits the enemies of our glorious Republic, whether they come as braggarts, or as sleek, smooth-tongued, self-appointed saints. The tendency of this age is to broaden, not to hedge in the operations of liberty in human affairs. Let us all see that we help on the grand purposes of divine power, thus indicated.

PILATE AND HEROD.

Why were Pilate and Herod, two life-long enemies, so made friends two thousand years ago? Because, and only because a greater than Solomon or Moses appeared in the person of Jesus Christ, calling all the Pilates and all the Herods to strict account for all their several rascally departures from the principles taught by Moses and Solomon.

Why are the *Pilate Tribune* and the *Herod Times* of this city, so suddenly made bosom friends, and why are White and Story, one the enemy *per se* of the white man, and the other of the black, so suddenly made the common enemy of the working-class of both white and black? Because, and only because LABOR appears on the surface after an absence of many thousand years, and asserts that a greater than CAPITAL is here.

The original teaching of Moses and Solomon was JUSTICE. Pilate and Herod had sadly departed. Jesus, that pestilent fellow, called them to look at the record of those whom they pretended to follow. He weighed them in their own balances and found them both wanting.

The original teaching of the *Tribune* was, "elevate labor at the South, because capital has trodden it down."

The original teaching of the *Times* was Jeffersonian Democracy, "all men are entitled to equal rights and equal representation, on the basis of manhood." Now the *Pilate* and *Herod* of Chicago are brought together and made "friends" as the common enemy of the workingmen.

Both are weighed in their own balances and found wanting.

PERSONAL.

Moses Hull has removed from Milwaukee to Hobart, Lake Co., Ind. It is his intention to make that state his permanent residence, and after his present engagements are filled, will lecture there in preference to other sections of the country. Mr. Hull lectures in St. Louis, Mo., this month.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge lectures in Cincinnati during May, and can be addressed care of A. W. Pugh, Esq., Box 2105.

G. W. Rice, of Wisconsin, writes us that he is obliged to withdraw from the lecturing field for the present, on account of ill health. We regret this. Mr. Rice has been a steady, able worker for Spiritual progress for some years, and it is to be hoped that he may be able to resume his work again soon.

Mrs. Zilpha R. Plumb has just closed her classes in gymnastics in New York. Her friends, together with the friends of Physical Culture generally, will be glad to learn that she has had a most successful season, more successful than any that have preceded it.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison and George Thompson sailed for Europe the 8th inst.

Dean Clark is lecturing in Maine. His address is Camden.

Edward S. Bunker, editor of the radical religious monthly, *The Friend*, and formerly connected with the Polytechnic Institute, is about to open a first class Academy on Brooklyn Heights. Mr. Bunker possesses superior abilities as a teacher. He deserves and will achieve success.

William Wells Brown is at present actively employed as general agent of the Lincoln Monument Association, in collecting the necessary funds to carry forward that enterprise.

Gen. Sickles, in command of the military territory of South Carolina, found it necessary, recently, to require a Charleston procession to hoist the Stars and Stripes. The Federal flag had been studiously excluded from the procession.

Queen Victoria is said to be an opposer of capital punishment. There is a rumor prevalent in London that she has declared her intention to exercise her prerogative of clemency in future, and thus prevent any execution from taking place.

JUST A WORD TO WORKING-MEN.

Stand firm as the "rock of ages" for the Eight-Hour Law.

Remember that a million men—your brothers—gave their lives up to elevate labor.

Stand unmoved now and forever!

SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at Crosby's Music Hall every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Conference at 1 o'clock P. M.

Ira Porter will lecture at Music Hall on Sunday, May 12th, at 7:30 P. M. All are invited to attend.

THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

CHICAGO, MAY 11, 1867.

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

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

TO POSTMASTERS.

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

TO OUR PATRONS.

Persons sending post office orders, drafts, etc., are requested to make them payable to CENTRAL PUBLISHING HOUSE.

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

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

THE RADICAL WINGS.

It is evident now-a-days that there are two sides to questions; there is a right and a left, a Radical and a Conservative, to every live progressive body of people, and it lives just in proportion as there is an active commerce of ideas, or even conflict of thought carried on between the two manners of action; and we might say, too, that the body, as such, dies just in proportion as one side *excludes* itself from participation in the activities of the other; in which case separation ensues, and new combinations may follow. These thoughts are induced by observing the operations of the several parties and movements now prominent in this and other countries.

1st, For example, take the Republican party in politics. It was organized from the Radical elements of the parties preceding it. It had not matured before it was evident that it had opposite poles. Its history is one of internal intrigue to secure self-existence. It is becoming evident, however, that the Conservative wing fears to co-operate with the Radical wing. Action is resisted; suggestions embodying justice are disregarded; association is being cut off. The dissolution and death of the Republican party, in its present form, is only a question of time. *Grow or rot* is nature's only provision for plant or party.

2d, In the religious sects the same truth is evident. High Church, Low Church, Old School, New School, Close Communion, Free Will, and so on to an indefinite number of divisions and sub-divisions, each representing in its way the conflict of ideas as between the Radical and Conservative wings.

One would suppose when he had reached the verge of theology, as in Universalism and Unitarianism, that there might be a unity of thought, that growing would be the prevailing action; but relatively the two wings are as clearly defined. It seems to us that the Universalist school ranges all the way from downright conservatism, verging on decay, to the real Universalist, who cares much less for his school than he does for the world. Well, a dying man thinks little of the living, and a live man don't care to carry a dead one along with him, so there are continual separations; and we are of the opinion that were the Universalists more analytical in their manner, and correspondingly less sentimental, there would be revolution in their midst speedily. As it is, *we know* there are many of their clergy who hold views not sanctioned by the Church, in its distinctive existence, who by force of habit, or timid policies, still receive the shelter of its mantle. Their policy is their own, to be sure, but in this country when a boy is "of age" he is supposed to be strong enough to stand alone, and enterprising enough to go beyond the smell of the smoke of the paternal mansion.

The Unitarian school, more active, more analytical in its manner, is more defined, and to-day represents quite unmistakably the relative form of progress, and in the act of dissolution evidences the consequence of progressive tendencies and the resistance thereof. Of the Unitarian church prior to the advent of Theodore Parker, we cannot speak freely, our observation not extending beyond that time, and we having no reference at hand; but it is evident that radical views and resistance thereto may be dated with his early ministry, and we can note the gradual increase of the radical wing until to-day it comes near characterizing the whole body, but not quite. The Unitarian "conference" "demands of a Christian believer that he shall confess Jesus Christ to be his master and Lord," whereupon one of the prominent members of the conference declares: "I avow my deep conviction that unless the conference repeals its preamble, altogether [including the above demand], and proclaim the absolute right of free thought, without any limit or 'pale' whatsoever, a very large portion of the Unitarian denomination will cease to take any interest in the conference, and transfer their sympathies to whatever association shall faithfully embody the old Unitarian principles. What will then become of the Unitarian name I know not; nor is it a mat-

ter of any great consequence." Here is the true radical spirit and genuine obstructiveness in conflict, and such is the stuff of which both are composed that consequences can safely be prophesied. In February last a preliminary conference of men and women was held in Boston, at which it was proposed to form a "Free Religious Association," and we understand that an appointed conference will convene in Boston during the present month to further consider, and perhaps to carry the proposition into effect. This movement, says one actively engaged in it, "does not aim at the formation of a new sect, and does not trouble itself about 'denominational integrity.' On the contrary, it is thoroughly anti-denominational in its spirit, and hopes for the utter destruction of all denominational and sectarian barriers. It proposes, as an end, not the integrity of a denomination, but the integrity of the human soul, and the development of all its powers, uncramped by ecclesiastical or dogmatical fetters. * * * * *

It proposes to unite, on the loftiest possible plane of human life, the true principles of individualism and socialism—to prove by the demonstration of experience, that men and women who are fired with an honest purpose of elevating their fellow-beings in every possible way, may join in vigorous and harmonious action and yet preserve their own individuality absolutely unfringed. * * * * *

"An association thus constituted and inspired will have loftier aims than the destruction of any sect or denomination whatever, or the erection of another in its place."

Here we have the very gist of true radicalism in religion, a power which if earnestly evoked and truly poised in matters of practical concern, will follow up the advance of human possibilities to every desirable end. Between the "demands" of the conservative conference, and the purpose of the proposed "Free Religious Association," there is no probable, if indeed there is a possible unity. We shall watch with deep interest the movement of this radical wing, for it means more than a dissolution of the Unitarian church.

When we come to Spiritualism, it may be asked, has it a radical wing? If it has none it is because it has not taken form sufficiently to show its own characteristics. If it has none latent or defined, it is a dead level, not equal in genius to the worm that crawleth in the dust. We understand that it has wings; that its forces must be co-operative or repulsive to each other, and as between methods there must be balance and order or the lack of both.

With the same degree of wisdom, and no more, there is nothing to prevent Spiritualism from repeating the antagonisms of previous schools. We have got to rise above pets or cliques or parties, in order to preserve our gained and boasted individualism, we must rise to a true socialism, in which all true individualism is embodied, and in so doing we encompass the whole world in one community of ideas and energies. The radical Unitarians ignore "denominational integrity," they propose to break all barriers between them and their fellow laborers in the world, and without reference to name or party to join hands in the march of human progress. Do Spiritualists, as a whole, propose to do less than this? Are the Spiritualists, as a whole, equal to the sacrifice of "denomination integrity," or mere adherence to party or school, if by so doing it is clear some great good can be attained? These radical wings among the sects are sure to bring to our consideration some pertinent questions. When they shall sever themselves from the clogs that hold them, it follows that they will associate with the live bodies that exist, or form new ones to comport with their degree of life. The Spiritualists have said in National Assemblage, "No question of general human well-being is foreign to the spirit, idea or genius of the great Spiritual movement. If in our acts, and by our manifest spirit we show to the world that this is no false report, our efforts may be heartily seconded by these noble men and women, and we are of the opinion that there may be an earnest union of souls in the accomplishment of the purpose for which we all strive. Let it be known that the radical wings all mean spiritual unity and freedom; that sects and parties are thoroughly ignored; that human elevation, progress and happiness, are the undivided ends sought, and it will not be long before the grand army will be on its way as one man, to storm and capture the citadel of error and oppression.

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

Since the passage of the Eight-Hour Law by the Legislature of Illinois, and, more especially, since the employers of Chicago have locked their doors against the toiling thousands who built the shops, and who earned the entire capital by which they are operated—the Chicago *Tribune* has made unceasing and unscrupulous war on the workingmen of this city. It won its way to a large circulation and influence by its advocacy of freedom and the rights of labor in the South, and now uses that power and influence to trample down and crush out every manly aspiration of the white men of Chicago. We have no language to express our horror and detestation at its course for the last few days. After firing the public mind by its lying about workingmen, it asks the military power to help capital

crush out the last hopes of labor. Dare any other paper to plead the cause of justice for workingmen at the bar of capital—capital, too, taken from these same laboring men by a stupendous system of robbery and wrong—the *Tribune* pounces upon it vulture-like, and calls on capital to withdraw its patronage and do as it asks shall be done by the laborers—starve them into submission.

If the *Tribune* has its deserts it will surely be deserted. No workingman or mechanic, or the friend of either, should give it countenance or lend it aid.

WORKINGMEN'S DEMONSTRATION.

May-Day in Chicago will long be remembered as a day of intense interest, not only to the workingmen of Chicago, but to every citizen, and we may say to the State and country. It was the occasion of the inauguration of the Eight-Hour Law to practical use, an event, which, for interest, could be hardly surpassed by any other.

Extensive preparations had been made during weeks previous to the occasion, and the procession of more than five thousand men, composed of nearly every class of industrial producers in the city, thoroughly organized in companies, societies and sections, each bearing appropriate flags, symbols and mottoes, attest the purpose, discipline and good order that has been attained by the producers of our wealth.

The day was beautifully clear and spring-like during the hours occupied by the celebration, and immense crowds of people thronged the streets along which the procession passed. It was a gala day enshrined in hopes and determinations. It was the pivot upon which balanced, in trembling scale, the destinies of many thousands of human beings directly, and the whole system of labor and all interested indirectly. One felt as he walked along the street, that a new degree of life had been evolved, and the whole body of society had stepped up where it had not been before. This was in the spirit of the demonstration, as it was the intent and prayer of many thousands who participated therein. The procession, preceded by a detachment of police and His Honor, Mayor Rice, traversed a distance of some six miles, taking in route many of the principal manufactories and other places of industry, and finally passed down Michigan avenue, along the lake shore, to the open park, where stands had been prepared for the closing ceremonies of the day.

Mayor Rice presided, and in a short speech presented the issues of the day, encouraged the workingmen, and cautioned them to work calmly to the attainment of their object. He was followed by Messrs. Ray, Kendall and Trevellick, and Gen. M. R. M. Wallace, all of whom made excellent remarks. At the close of the speech-making, Mr. A. C. Cameron, in behalf of the Trades Assembly, came forward and offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted amid great applause:

WHEREAS, By a recent act of the Legislature of Illinois, a law was passed making eight hours a legal day's work in the absence of a written contract to the contrary; and

WHEREAS, A number of the employers of this city, with a view to destroy the effect and original intention of such a law, have determined to insist upon the adoption of the hour system; and

WHEREAS, The position and desire of the mechanics of Chicago have been grossly misrepresented, either through ignorance or design, which misrepresentation is calculated to injure alike both the employer and employee, and in order to give a full and official expression to our intention; therefore be it

Resolved, By the Workingmen of Chicago, that we will maintain, at all hazard, the principle that eight hours shall constitute a legal day's work, under the sanction of law, and that we denounce the high-handed action of the employers who have, and who propose to discharge their workmen for declining to work more than eight hours per day.

Resolved, That the question of wages is of secondary importance, and that we have never proposed to demand ten hours' pay for eight hours work, or any other sum which would not be equitable.

With this closed the exercises of the day. Everything passed with unusual order, and the citizens of Chicago may justly feel proud of the brave, steady men who constitute the city's wealth, and by whose labor our borders expand, and in the order of just dealing, prosperity is secured to all departments of life.

The friends of labor reform may everywhere take courage. As we were all prepared to witness, there has been resistance to the Eight-Hour Law on the part of capitalists. With few exceptions they would not receive the men to their work on the following day, and many of the heavy manufactories still hold out against them; but on the other hand, others have accepted the law and the men are now at work, and it is to be hoped that the good sense of employers will not be long in overcoming their pride, and the prejudice against those who help to make them what they are.

We can but say here, though it may be said elsewhere by others, that the infamous course of some of our city papers has wholly misrepresented the workingmen of Chicago. They are charged with riot, debauch and incendiarism, when with few exceptions they have thus far been careful and orderly. We may have trouble. If capital persists in its wanton tyranny, and its miserable tools, the *Tribune*, *Times* and *Post*, flaunt lies and defiance in the face of honest, peace-loving men, we all know that the time will come when both human and divine nature will revolt against a course so base. If the capitalists suffer from violence, they may thank themselves and their organs for the infliction.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

It is stated, and perhaps, generally believed, that capital and labor are one and the same thing, or rather they are different things in harmony, or not in conflict with each other.

This may be true as an abstract proposition, and if each held its true relation, there would be no conflict, but each would blend harmoniously with the other, and thus produce mutual good.

But the fact to-day shows there is a conflict and one which is ripening up to issues which all may fearfully contemplate.

There need have been no conflict in the South if the slaveholder, who was but a man, had recognized manhood in the slave. Just so here and everywhere; if capital would take its proper place—subordinate to labor—allowing the laborer—not capital—to control in the partnership, there would be no conflict.

Unfortunately, as in the South the slave was regarded as property in fact, and therefore was made a lever for his own oppression, so in the world generally, capital being placed above manhood in the scale of measurement, has become the oppressor of labor everywhere. Capital ought not to oppress, but should befriend the laborer. It would be for their mutual interest were it so.

The Sabbath was made for man, but when the Jews subordinated man to the Sabbath, Jesus taught them otherwise and set them a better example.

Capital was made by labor, belongs to, and is the child of labor. It has been snatched from its owner, and instead of being a helper, has been used by the man who does not labor to oppress the man who does.

The laborer has an undoubted right to all the benefits of the use of capital. By its use, his hours of toil should be shortened. Instead of this, though machinery enables the laborer to perform ten times the work now that he could have done twenty years ago, it has not reduced his hours of labor; it has not given him a better house to live in; it has not more than kept soul and body together, with the masses of laboring men in this country. Why not? Because a set of men have, like the slaveholders in the South, concocted a system and framed their mischief into law, whereby manhood is made to bow before the product of its own labor and yield it homage—compelling idolatry as well as oppression.

The war overthrew slavery and compelled the slaveholder to change his programme. Before, he could intensify oppression by the ownership of the man himself converted into capital, and by the use of all other forms of material wealth. Now he has only this advantage over Northern men; the slave is more ignorant and hence more subjective than the "greasy mechanics" and Northern "mudsills" who are, through co-operative unions, nearly, or quite a match for capital and its pretended owners' brains.

Labor enslaved could have no education. It was a crime to teach a slave to read in all the South. To prevent its possibility, muscular toil was compelled all day long, and to use the brain was simply impossible.

Labor nominally free, can have but a small chance for education of brain, while its muscle is overtaken by long hours of toil. Taking advantage of its nominal freedom and of the use of the ballot it has provoked the Legislature of Illinois into the passage of the Eight-hour Law—capital makes its appearance and declares the law shall not be executed, advertises the fact to its workmen and slams the doors in their faces in every workshop in Chicago.

Then capital turns rounds, and, through its organ—the Chicago Free Trade *Tribune*—charges the poor mechanics and workmen with having made a "strike." Insult and falsehood added to injury.

Thousands of men who only asked a reduction of the hours of toil from ten to eight, are thus turned out with the lash of starvation wielded over their heads, refused any employment at any price, unless they will do the bidding of their master—capital. The workmen plead they are willing to work eight hours for eight hours' pay. Capital says "No, Detroit and St. Louis are working ten hours and I cannot compete with them with working eight." The mechanic replies that hundreds of his fellow-workmen are now in the street waiting for something to do, and if more men at eight hours for eight hours' pay are employed, capital can do as much at the same cost, as with a less number, can be done in ten hours.

Fires take place; hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property goes back to ashes. Capital—invested in the *Tribune* aforesaid—charges these fires to the revengeful feeling eight hour men. Thus it tries to add fuel to the flame of public sentiment, already at fever heat, by branding labor—without a shadow of proof—with the crime of incendiarism.

Such has been and ever must be the result of subjecting man to something only equal to or less than himself.

It is bad enough for a man to become so degraded that by his own volition he bows down to wood or stone, the work of his own hands; but when he is compelled by capital, which he has created, to do its bidding not only, but to pay tribute of more than half his earnings to this

remorseless Shylock, denied brain culture, and all chance for manly action, is it not time to inquire whether war is not as inevitable in Chicago as it was in the South when they fired on Sumpter?

Our soldiers went to battle, in that war, for the black man's rights. It is the same principle which labor contends for to-day. If war was justifiable then, why not now? If the Chicago *Tribune* takes the same place here as to white men, which the Chicago *Times* did all through the war as to black men, why is it entitled to any greater consideration?

Let the advocates of tyranny beware!

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Why were Pilate and Herod, two life-long enemies, so made friends two thousand years ago? Because, and only because a greater than Solomon or Moses appeared in the person of Jesus Christ, calling all the Pilates and all the Herods to strict account for all their several rascally departures from the principles taught by Moses and Solomon.

Why are the *Pilate Tribune* and the *Herod Times* of this city, so suddenly made bosom friends, and why are White and Story, one the enemy *per se* of the white man, and the other of the black, so suddenly made the common enemy of the working-class of both white and black? Because, and only because LABOR appears on the surface after an absence of many thousand years, and asserts that a greater than CAPITAL is here.

The original teaching of Moses and Solomon was JUSTICE. Pilate and Herod had sadly departed. Jesus, that pestilent fellow, called them to look at the record of those whom they pretended to follow. He weighed them in their own balances and found them both wanting.

The original teaching of the *Tribune* was, "elevate labor at the South, because capital has trodden it down."

The original teaching of the *Times* was Jeffersonian Democracy, "all men are entitled to equal rights and equal representation, on the basis of manhood." Now the *Pilate* and *Herod* of Chicago are brought together and made "friends" as the common enemy of the workingmen.

Both are weighed in their own balances and found wanting.

PERSONAL.

Moses Hull has removed from Milwaukee to Hobart, Lake Co., Ind. It is his intention to make that state his permanent residence, and after his present engagements are filled, will lecture there in preference to other sections of the country. Mr. Hull lectures in St. Louis, Mo., this month.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge lectures in Cincinnati during May, and can be addressed care of A. W. Pugh, Esq., Box 2155.

G. W. Rice, of Wisconsin, writes us that he is obliged to withdraw from the lecturing field for the present, on account of ill health. We regret this. Mr. Rice has been a steady, able worker for Spiritual progress for some years, and it is to be hoped that he may be able to resume his work again soon.

Mrs. Zilpha R. Plumb has just closed her classes in gymnastics in New York. Her friends, together with the friends of Physical Culture generally, will be glad to learn that she has had a most successful season, more successful than any that have preceded it.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison and George Thompson sailed for Europe the 8th inst.

Dean Clark is lecturing in Maine. His address is Camden.

Edward S. Bunker, editor of the radical religious monthly, *The Friend*, and formerly connected with the Polytechnic Institute, is about to open a first class Academy on Brooklyn Heights. Mr. Bunker possesses superior abilities as a teacher. He deserves and will achieve success.

William Wells Brown is at present actively employed as general agent of the Lincoln Monument Association, in collecting the necessary funds to carry forward that enterprise.

Gen. Sickles, in command of the military territory of South Carolina, found it necessary, recently, to require a Charleston procession to hoist the Stars and Stripes. The Federal flag had been studiously excluded from the procession.

Queen Victoria is said to be an opposer of capital punishment. There is a rumor prevalent in London that she has declared her intention to exercise her prerogative of clemency in future, and thus prevent any execution from taking place.

JUST A WORD TO WORKING-MEN.

Stand firm as the "rock of ages" for the Eight-Hour Law.

Remember that a million men—your brothers—gave their lives up to elevate labor.

Stand unmoved now and forever!

SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at Crosby's Music Hall every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Conference at 1 o'clock P. M.

Ira Porter will lecture at Music Hall on Sunday, May 12th, at 7:30 P. M. All are invited to attend.

NOTICES AND REVIEWS.

MODERN AGE TRACT CIRCULAR: A circular of the above title has come to our hands from Bryan J. Butts, and Mrs. H. N. Greene of Hopedale, Mass., editors of the late *Modern Age*, a radical reform sheet. They propose to issue Tracts semi-occasionally in lieu of the *Age*. Any person wishing to receive them can do so by sending his name to either of the above named persons.

The publishers say:

"In continuing our 'agitation of thought' by promulgating vital truths, it is idle to suppose that we can be sustained, any better than heretofore, by the very persons whose established theories of society, politics, or religion we must fearlessly and faithfully criticise. They will not pay for unwelcome truth. Only to our able and willing co-operators who are in advance of the time can we look for practical support. The labor of editing and writing is all we ought, in justice, to contribute as our part of the material burden."

This is intended as a missionary work, and all who forward money in large or small sums, may rest assured that it will not be squandered. The publishers will give their time and talent. Let all who can give somewhat of their means. With tracts full of soul and burning thought for the times issued from Hopedale Mass., and from Chicago by W. F. Jamieson, 84 Dearborn street, a great amount of good can certainly be accomplished. Remember the missionary work and workers.

MANFORD'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE: A literary and religious journal of the Universalist School, published in Chicago, at \$1.50 a year, comes to us regularly. It is neatly constructed and its articles are well written. The May number has essays or comments under the following heads, "The Royal Road to Heaven," "The Unquenchable Fire," "Who was Christ," "Everlasting Destruction," "Salvation for all," "Universalism and Politics," "Born Again," "An Increasing Habit"—a treatise on the use of tobacco, etc. These subjects are all treated in the characteristic manner of the school represented.

Address—Manford's Monthly, Chicago.

FREE LOVE AND AFFINITY: A discourse by Lizzie Doten, Published by Bela Marsh. Price 10 cts.

This discourse delivered in 1859, has had a good sale, and is still before the people on its own merits.

For sale by the Publisher and at this office.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Dr. Cumming has been once more assuming the prophet's mantle. He has published a book called "The Last Woe," in which he says that the Jews are to be converted as a nation and the Papacy is to be extinguished, between the autumnal equinox of 1867 and the same period of 1868. So that there is a good deal of work cut out for the next year and a half.

H. P. Fairfield writes that he has just given a course of lectures in Iowa City, Iowa. The Universalist Society kindly tendered their church for the occasion. Mr. Fairfield spoke in high terms of Rev. Mr. Renney, pastor of the above mentioned society.

Mr. Fairfield's address during May is Box 65, New Boston, Illinois.

We are informed that the Spiritualist Society at Rock Island, Illinois, is in a truly flourishing condition. Their Childrens' Progressive Lyceum, is a great helper to the lecture association. There ought to be one in every community.

There are now thirteen cotton factories in operation in Tennessee, representing nearly a million of dollars, and giving employment to over nine hundred operatives.

We are sorry to learn that Lyman C. Howe, of New Albion, N. Y., is unable to fill his engagements in the lecturing field for the present, owing to an affection of the throat and lungs. It is thought he will be at work again in a few weeks.

Wm. Bryan wishes us to announce that he will answer calls to lecture on reform subjects in Southern Michigan and Northwestern Ohio, until further notice. Address Box 53, Camden, Mich.

We notice by the New Orleans *Picayune* that Dr. Persous is to be in Memphis, Tennessee, until June 1st.

We call the attention of our readers to the call for a Convention at Blue Anchor, New Jersey, and would say that the movement there projected, and the objects sought for, are of deep practical moment, and worthy the co-operation of all earnest, progressive minds.

The Wisconsin State Convention will be held in Beloit on the 14th, 15th and 16th of June. We have received no regular call for the press, but are informed of the fact by one of the officers of the Beloit Society. We do not know the terms of the Convention, whether it is to be mass or delegate, and would respectfully suggest that some more explicit notice be issued.

The summer arrangements, by which the Michigan Central Railroad will be governed during the coming season, are now completed. Trains will leave the Great Central depot as follows: Day express (Sundays excepted,) 7:00 a. m.; New York express (Sundays excepted,) 10:00 a. m.;

fast express (Saturdays excepted,) 4:15 p. m.; night express (Saturdays and Sundays excepted,) 10:00 p. m.

The Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana Railroad has changed its time-table. Trains now leave as follows: Mail (via Air Line), 6:00 a. m.; day express (via Adrian), 7:00 a. m.; New York express (via Air Line), at 4:30 p. m.; night express (via Adrian,) 10:00 p. m. This is a better accommodation than the old arrangement.

PROGRESS OF EVENTS.

Since the Connecticut election, the portraits of Thomas H. Seymour and Isaac Toucey have been returned to their former place in the Senate Chamber at Hartford, Conn., all of which shows the demoralizing effect of the election upon the character of those concerned.

What do the people of New York say to a public recognition of the virtues of Horatio Seymour and Fernando Wood?

The proposed Peace Conference of the great powers of Europe seems to be rapidly maturing. From present appearances it will be in active operation by the middle of the present month. It will probably dissipate the war cloud that has hung so threateningly over France and Prussia.

At a meeting of the New York Methodist Conference a short time since, Bishop James in propounding the questions to candidates for membership, advised that changes of public sentiment must be noted. You cannot reach people, he said, by sermons preached ten years ago. The last affirmation is very true, and shows that progress is as certain and orderly in religion as in philosophy or science. Will the Bishop stand by the logic of his affirmation and declare upon the same basis, and for the same reasons, that the sermons written eighteen hundred years ago could be profitably revised, or better ones written to-day?

Charles O'Connor, counsel for Jeff. Davis, has been making another effort for the release of his protege. He has succeeded in obtaining a writ of *habeas corpus* which has been placed in the hands of a United States Marshal, returnable on the 13th inst.

The Judiciary Committee is in session, hearing evidence on the impeachment question. It is supposed the evidence will be all in and the Committee ready to report by the first of June. Should they report in favor of impeachment, there will be an extra session of the Senate in July.

Several of our Senators are going South to address the people on the political issues of the country.

It is supposed that Maximilian has finally been vanquished. The following to the Mexican Minister Romero, at Washington, states the case:

"NEW ORLEANS, April 30.

"M. ROMERO: Miramon is dead. The Imperial forces are disbanded. Marquese is completely defeated. Queretaro is taken. Maximilian is hidden.

(Signed)

"RAMON S. DIAZ."

It is reported that the Russian Government will receive from the United States a fleet of iron-clads instead of the stipulated sum of money, in payment for the cession of the Russian possessions in America.

DESTRUCTION OF SHEEP BY DOGS.

The Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture for March speaks at length of the ravages committed by dogs among the sheep in the United States. In 1866, five hundred thousand sheep were killed by dogs, and their value was \$2,000,000. The number injured was three hundred thousand, and the loss is estimated at \$600,000. The number of dogs in the country is computed at five millions, their annual expense ten dollars per head, and the sum total of their subsistence fifty millions of dollars—an immense sum to bestow upon a class of animals the most of which are worthless, and many of them causing great mischief to the farmer.

We have no spite to vent against the canine race, or aught else that lives, but we are of the opinion, seriously, that were the dogs all beheaded, "the world would be the better for it." If the above opinion be thought cruel, we point to "the lambs that are slain," and ask, "how much better is a dog than a sheep."

Does some one love a poodle and protest? He or she had better adopt a child and give it an equal amount of care, or more. The commendation volunteered to those who "had done it unto the least of these," was applied to those who loved and cared for children—not poodles or "tan terriers."

MRS. S. E. WARNER.

The following Preamble and Resolutions were adopted by the Society of Spiritualists at Beloit, Wis., at the close of Mrs. Warner's engagement, in that enterprising city. We are glad to notice the success of the good and true workers of the day:

WHEREAS: Mrs. S. E. Warner has just completed her course of lectures at this place with great profit to us, and is about to separate from us. Therefore,

Resolved, That we cannot part from her without commending her to all who meet her as a true woman, an inspirational speaker of great power, and a genuine medium.

Resolved, That we shall be always happy to welcome her back to Beloit, and extend to her the same confidence and esteem which she has inspired among us all during her engagement here.

RITUALISM IN COURT.

It would seem that the question of ritualism is about being brought to a crisis in Great Britain. The Bishop of London has signed "letters of request" to Dr. Lushington, the Dean of the Court of Arches, charging Rev. A. H. Mackonockie, incumbent of St. Albans, Holborn, London, with four offences:

1. The elevation and adoration of the Holy Elements.
2. The placing of lights on the communion table.
3. The use of incense.
4. The use of the mixed chalice.

The Bishop of London is backed by the Church Association, and the clergy of St. Albans by the English Church Union. Large sums of money are contributed by the members of these private associations. Dr. Stephens and Mr. Coleridge, Q. C., are retained to conduct the prosecution, and Sir R. Phillimore, Queen's Advocate, with Dr. Deane, are to manage the defense. The fact that the Bishop of London has signed "letters of request" to Dr. Lushington, indicates that the inferior ecclesiastical local tribunals have waived their jurisdiction in the matter, in order that at once the questions may come before the Court of Arches.

Although it is impossible to bring the question to a decision before a civil court, for the termination of the suit we look with intense interest, as it is understood, unofficially that should the court decide against ritualism, the Bishops of the various States will revoke the confirmation of the clergy who persist in the schism, and put them and their churches under the ban. It is hopeful to see this war of the church upon itself. It shows that the inside is growing, the logic of which is that the outside must break. With the power of custom depolarized, and the superficial pretences of the clergy exposed, the people of the world will make haste to a better and happier life.

THE LIQUOR LAW.

A Boston paper says:

"The enforcement of the Prohibitory Liquor Law was commenced in Boston on the 1st day of April. All the retail drinking establishments, including the lager beer saloons and cider taps, were shut up, except the bar rooms of the hotels. No attempt was made to close the wholesale houses."

A beautiful prohibition! Capital for the hotels! What care the wholesale houses for the "lesser fry," so long as all the country round purchases the liquor? This is the way we have been doing the last twenty years, "saving at the spigot but losing at the bung." A liquor law is *in fact* good for nothing unless it prohibit the manufacture of the article, as the supreme law of the land.

CARD FROM EMMA HARDINGE.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: In my card published to the citizens of St. Louis, in appeal for aid for the unhappy outcasts of the city, [published in the BANNER OF LIGHT,] I stated that I had given the proceeds of my long years of toil and effort for this cause, namely, two thousand dollars, to the Temporary Home for friendless women in Philadelphia, and five hundred dollars, left me by bequest, to the Home in Kneeland street, Boston. The last statement needs correction, under the following circumstances: I sent a check for five hundred dollars to a good friend in Boston, who wrote me word, some time after its receipt, that he wished me to reconsider its disposal, and had retained the money on that account. Meantime I found that in St. Louis, with an overwhelming number of unfortunate women, there was literally no home for them, not the most humble place of refuge, nothing, in short, but "a prison or a grave."

As I found a number of ladies were struggling almost hopelessly to provide such a home, and I was doing my best by public addresses and collections to aid them, I resolved to take advantage of the accident of the five hundred dollars I had sent to Boston being detained, to withdraw it and bestow it instead on the proposed home in St. Louis. I did so; my kind friend, Mr. Phineas E. Gay, of Boston, immediately remitted me the money, and, in the hope of making its bestowal still more effective, I announced, at my lecture on this subject Monday night, April 1st, at the Great Philharmonic Hall, in this city, that this sum should be placed at the disposal of the "Western Female Guardian Society," in aid of their home, provided it could be doubled in twenty-four hours. It may be some information to those who wonder why I could not raise fifty or one hundred thousand dollars *alone* to found a home for poor outcasts, to know that though three hundred and fifty dollars were then and there raised at my lecture to aid in doubling the five hundred dollars I offered, the week has passed away and the lacking one hundred and fifty dollars cannot be raised in the rich city of St. Louis, though ten times that number of wretched girls are dying in sin and starvation for want of it.

If you will kindly insert this notice to contradict the statement that five hundred dollars were given to the Boston Home in Kneeland street, you would greatly oblige your friend,

EMMA HARDINGE.

VOICES FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

FROM M. C. BENT.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: Through your most excellent paper, I wish to give a short account of the condition of our cause in this locality. My lecturing field, since last December, has been in Columbia county, Wisconsin; my regular Sunday appointments being confined to three towns. In one of these places, Otsego, we have usually had full houses, and attentive listeners; many who lay no claim to the name of Spiritualist have taken an interest in the meetings and contributed to their support; and a kind and fraternal spirit has been manifested, which is truly cheering to witness. In the other places, some of the Spiritualists have settled down into a condition of indifference, and the few who are determined to do all they can for the advancement of the cause, find it difficult to keep up a very great interest in the meetings; but it is hoped that there will soon be an awakening among the Spiritualists in these places. During the past winter and present spring, I have given three lectures in Portage City, where a liberal element is working, that is already becoming a power in the place. Early in the past winter, Rev. G. F. Whitfield, Unitarian, commenced his labors in Portage, speaking the first Sunday after his arrival to an audience of twelve; but, by his earnest labors, the audiences have continually increased, and now number about one hundred. I had the pleasure of listening to a discourse of his, Sunday afternoon, April 14th, upon the Theology, Anthropology and Christology of Modern Spiritualism. He quoted from the writings of Bros. Davis, Finney, Loveland and others, upon these points, and endorsed their sentiments, saying, that there was nothing in genuine Spiritualism to frighten a liberal people; but that it was purifying and elevating to humanity. Although the views of Spiritualists concerning Christ might not be accepted by all Universalists and some Unitarians, yet he saw a deep and holy reverence in their teachings for Christ, they laying more stress upon the Christ principle or spirit, than the man Jesus, and then added: "The great sins of the Churches have been in Bible worship and Christ worship." From the depths of my soul I thank this earnest brother for the words of truth he sent forth on that occasion, and hope all Spiritualists will unite with the other liberal elements in that place, and give him a hearty support. In a conversation with him, he informed me that he was reading THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, and esteemed it a very high toned and excellent paper. The society of which he is the honored pastor, kindly gave me the use of their pleasant hall for a lecture in the evening, and generally came out with their preacher to listen, an act of liberality which I deeply appreciate, and for which I feel most thankful. It seems to me that what is most needed at this time, is for Spiritualists to take a firmer hold of the principles of their philosophy, and wherever they can, work in conjunction with those of like liberal sentiments for human advancement.

With my best wishes for the prosperity of your REPUBLIC, I subscribe myself yours for truth and progress.
Pardeeville, Wis., April 27, 1867.

FROM M. A. TREGO.

AGITATE! AGITATE!

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: I have noticed of late an agitation of the waters, in regard to infanticide and fratricide. This is a favorable symptom. We have long wished to see the public interested in this matter, but are somewhat amused and disgusted to hear men who, silent respecting this sin, condemn its suffering victims. They say: "Have them tried and executed for murder, or, at least, imprisoned. Our wives must submit to us!" Of course, gratify the lusts of their husbands; for it is written, "He shall rule over her." When she does what she often believes to be the least of two great crimes—arresting the development of unwelcome children—he, her lord and master, would have her publicly exposed and punished as a murderer!

Reflect! Oh, man! Does not the sin lie at thine own door? Where is the intelligent married woman who would not gladly endure the suffering of bringing into the world children of love and mutual desire? What a blessing to her life would such children be! What a blessing to humanity; beautiful and harmonious in character; no fear of their going astray; no fear that they will bring down her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave! No, no! under such conditions her life would be one continued song of praise and thanksgiving. A child born of the spirit—a son of God—a savior of mankind—the angels surely would rejoice with exceeding great joy, for that soul would not need to be "born again." There is much said now-a-days about divorce cases, especially among Spiritualists. So far as I have known, the real cause of disruption has been, that the woman dared to assert her right to control her own body, and not prostitute it to unholy purposes. The selfish husband, growing jealous, has often wronged and slandered her most shamefully. Or, when he has had the manhood

to do otherwise, the selfish, suspicious world has done the same, until her heart was crushed, and her life one continued strain of agony. Oh, I tell you, men of passion, who stand in high places and loudly condemn, there are two sides to this question. One is cause; the other effect. "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." The world is so full of selfish passion, it does not believe that a pure, unselfish affection can exist between two of the opposite sex. Shame on such a state of morals; such a religion! Heaven hasten the day when all will be pure as the angels; when divine use will be considered the only legitimate use of the sexual organism. Pure souls in pure bodies is what we want. I have no false modesty in regard to these matters; no excuses to make for plain talk. There is need of reform in this department of life, and I am willing to labor for it by precept and example.

Harmonial Home, April, 1867.

FROM A. CRAWFORD.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: It is not often that I write to editors, except on *business*, being aware that they are generally overcrowded with correspondence, *much* of it *undesirable*; but on this occasion, I feel constrained to add my testimony to the already great mass received by you, as evidence of the high appreciation which the REPUBLIC meets and merits among its many readers.

Mrs. Corbin's story *alone*, is well worth the price of your paper for one year. Although a *man* I have long *felt* that there was but slight hopes of the uplifting of humanity till *woman* was better known by us "*lords*," (the assumption causes me to blush for my sex) and till such knowledge should be followed by equitable legislation. My impression is, that "A Woman's Secret" will accomplish a greater work in the field of social and physical reform, than any other work yet written.

Ralph Darrell, as the world goes, would pass for pure gold, and yet how much dross in his composition, as compared with Dr. Gaines and Abraham Gladstone. But alas for the world's R. P. Claverings! that there should be so *many*. There is a gigantic work to do, and may such workers as are engaged in publishing THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, and in contributing valuable essays, and ennobling thoughts to its columns, be well sustained by an appreciative public.

I will do all I can to add to your list of subscribers.
Memphis, Tenn., April 27, 1867.

FROM HENRY J. OSBORNE.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: I have just read in No. 16 of your paper, Bro. John Orvis' letter to you. I like it—so much that I stop in the midst of my work to say a few words as concisely as possible to express my views, as to remedies of evils mourned. He is not alone. Letters received by me from all quarters say the same thing. Selfishness ought to be shuffled off before we enter the vestibule of this grand temple. Leave it with old theology. No cause can prosper with a grain of it. If we lead *aright*, the people will keep ever with us. If we deserve success, it will come. The seekers after *uses* are our men; they deserve success, and aid is, or ought to be, theirs. Alas! the first question with too many is, will it *pay*. It ought to be, what is *duty*? We can spare all else to the *orthodox*—let them go—sooner the better. Organized effort is what is needed. Man is a gregarious animal, must have associations, will have them; but two workers in the same cause who *cannot* agree ought *instantly* to separate; there is room for both, if honest-hearted. But the insincere and dishonest will fail—come to naught, and *ought to*. Let him go. I shun tale-bearers and detractors. Want nothing to do with any who ignore largest charity. Something wrong there. But my Brother answers his question *admirably*; we can add nothing except cordial assent. Brother, heart and hand I greet you.

Augusta, Ga., April 22, 1867.

FROM ADDIE L. BULLOU.

A MOUTHFUL OF BIGOTRY.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: We have here in Mankato, a clergy who are trying every means to put down the "Devil Spiritualism." They have heard somewhat of the Lyceum movement, and that we are trying to get up an interest that way, so, of course, they must devise attractions to keep the little ones in the Sunday Schools.

They have gone so far in imitation of the Lyceum, that they give to the classes names, sweet and suggestive.

The pastor of the First Presbyterian Church has given some of the classes the following appropriate names: "Rosebud," "Dewdrop," "Evening Star," "Morning Star," (in honor to the missionary ship, Morning Star,) &c. Last Sunday he wished to give a name to a class of boys, who receive their instructions from a young lady friend of mine, to which they expressed a wish to be called "*Chipmunks*." As she communicated to him their choice, he stood for a moment with a look of "*holy horror*" all over his solemn visage. Then with this remark passed on:

"Oh! no; if it was a *weekday*, and you were out doors at play, that *might* do, but not in this case."

God can make rosebuds and dewdrops but he could never condescend to a chipmunk, of course.

The same minister tells little boys that *their hands* are "red with the blood of Christ." They must, when at riper years, respect such teachings, one would suppose.

Mankato, Minn., April 9th, 1867.

GLEANINGS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

The following extract from a private letter speaks for itself. It is dated, Manchester, N. H., April 8, 1867:

"Last night I went to an Advent meeting for the first time in my life: Subject, "Exposition of Spiritualism." In the course of his lecture, the speaker dared any man in the state of New Hampshire to meet him in debate. He was somewhat taken down by being met on the spot by a Spiritualist, one Dr. Wright, a stranger to me. I also learned, there were about 300 Spiritualists in this city.

"Mr. Advent was glad to back down, but said he should continue the subject at some future time.

"We shall keep watch of him, and he will doubtless be met and have an opportunity to answer a few questions, if nothing more."

FROM S. J. WILLIS.

We have determined to have a State Spiritualist Convention in Lawrence, Kansas, the last of summer or early autumn. This will give us power. The issue of universal suffrage is to be tested at the ballot-box in our State this fall; and as Spiritualists are all in favor, so far as I know, we hope to be a force on the right side. If we could have the efforts of some whole-souled lecturers, it would aid us very much, and they would be sustained.

Lawrence, Kansas, April 21, 1867.

FROM L—.

EDITOR SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: I have been much interested in articles in behalf of the great labor interest in our land and world, which have appeared in your paper. Judging the REPUBLIC by its fruits, it is among the foremost, best and most *religious* papers in the land; at least I so regard it. That religion which entirely ignores the rights of the great labor interest, and which is ever bowing, scraping and fawning before capital, I, for one, am perfectly disgusted with. The less the world has of it the better, I hesitate not to affirm. I care not how long its faces, or how loud and long its prayers. I pronounce it an unmitigated curse to mankind, and there is enough of it in the world. The search therefor will not be like that for the ideal of our modern perfectionists. There is no Christian perfection which does not acknowledge and defend the rights of labor against the encroachments of capital, for God defends them to their utmost extent; and that religion which does not do it stands revealed, of course.

I shall be happy to contribute to the cause of humanity, and to the interest and success of your paper also, for I think this can be found in a fearless advocacy of human rights.

The question of the hour is, undoubtedly, national finances, or the scientific institution of money, and I am of the opinion that it is not entirely safe to ignore it, or as safe as it is generally deemed to be and to have been. We shall see.

Christianity is set to guard man, and defend him from all danger of any and every kind; and certainly it is bound to defend him from usury, and if it fails in this, the failure is vital, for all human wrongs are comprehended in this one little word, *usury*, and hence its utter and entire condemnation in the Bible. If God himself had failed at this point, his character, as revealed, could not be vindicated. I use the word usury in the sense of excessive interest for the use of money; and an excess here, at this point, demands and secures an excess everywhere, all through the market.

It is supposed by some, that we cannot prove what is excessive interest, but we claim to be able to do so, and also to point out a plan of perfect and complete justice to capital, as well as to labor. The principle of usury may be entirely eradicated and banished from among men, and the process is perfectly simple and easy. It is easier to do it than not to do it, in fact, like all other right ways. Neither is it difficult to understand or comprehend. An honest heart can understand this, if it is completed with something less than common sense, even. This refuge of lies is one of very common resort in order to avoid duty, and it has the smirk of modesty and is eminently suggestive withal. After all, it is a mere refuge of lies!

Ohio, April 27, 1867.

FROM LYMAN C. HOWE.

I see, in *News from the Spirit World*, a weather prophecy for April, from "a remote band of astrologers," in which the fore part of April is set down as "wet," but the latter part, warm and pleasant, and "a delightful time for farmers." I think it would be well for the super-terrestrial astrologers to give the latitude and longitude in which their prognostications are to take effect. Perhaps Cattaraugus is not recorded in their astrological atlas! Surely, if it is

meant to be included in their prophecy for April, they must have got the poles of their prophetic needle reversed, for with us the early part of April was fine and pleasant, but since the middle it has been dreary, wet and cold, with winds more like autumn. But I trust they will not be discouraged, for we have the promise of a weather gauge in the *News*, which, if perfected to scientific certainty, will be of great value, and I have long believed in the possibility of scientific prophecy, based upon a knowledge of the methods of nature's occult forces. I think the mistake in this case may have arisen from the remoteness attached to the band of prognosticators! Spiritualism teaches me that the living present, teeming with facts and shining with philosophy, breaking into burning speech from the very stones upon which we tread, and pointing upward with a million jewelled fingers, which nature carves from the flesh of flowers, is infinitely more reliable to us than the remote dreams of antique mystery. "Distance lends enchantment to the view," and fain would theology hold its hydra-form in the haze of antiquity, and mantle it with the charm of distance, that none may read its real expression, save those who wear the magic goggles, and are willing to live a lie that the mystery of Godliness may be vindicated. Let us labor to rend the veil of mystery, whether it hang upon the blushing face of the flower, or the "remote" character of a doubtful religion.

Let us have a prophecy direct from the lips of science, interpreted, if need be, by those who are familiar with the tongue of nature, and then let us all struggle to become faithful interpreters of the same. I do not object to prophecy; I believe in it. but I do not believe that remoteness adds anything to the claim of authority. At least, if it does, Cattaraugus is an exception.

New Albion, April 30, 1867.

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL REFORM.

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

THE MAN.

Is a man the whit the better
For his riches and his gains?
For his acres and his palace—
If his inmost heart is callous—
Is a man a whit the better?

And if a man's no whit the better
For his coffers and his mines,
For his purple and fine linen,
For his vineyards and his wines,
Why do thousands bend the knee,
And cringe in mean servility,
If a man's no whit the better?

Is a man a whit the worse
For a lowly dress of rags?
Though he owns no lordly rental,
If his heart is kind and gentle,
Is a man a whit the worse?

And if a man's no whit the worse
For a poor and lowly stand,
For an empty even pocket,
And a brawny, working hand,
Why do thousands pass him by,
With a cold and scornful eye,
If a man's no whit the worse?

MATERIAL INDEPENDENCE OF WOMAN.

BY BRYAN J. BUTTS.

It would be easier, perhaps, to write a book than to focalize, in the space of a single lecture, a philosophical statement of woman's relation to the material prosperity of mankind, or to draft, from an infallible basis, her Declaration of Independence. It has been remarked by Henry Ward Beecher, apparently with some surprise, how many human interests center in the question of Labor. We are all of us, I trust, sympathetically and morally impressed with the elevation and grandeur of any movement which contemplates the emancipation of woman from the pressure of those material limitations that weigh down her spirit, and mar the divinity of her person and the glory of her work. But a few among us may have a consciousness, equally of the fundamental importance of "Woman's Rights," and of our own incompetency, and consequent disinclination, to penetrate to causes, and thence elucidate the question in all its consecutive relations. Such a task can be performed only by the profoundest and clearest thinkers, and even when performed must yet wait, like the political science of Adam Smith, the skepticism of several generations of semi-reformers for an appreciative audience.

There is no cause which can take precedence of the material independence of woman; none which can more justly be clothed in the similitude of a mountain, which it is much easier to address, in eloquent apostrophe, than directly to ascend, or to penetrate with the tunnel of persistent and skillful engineering.

Therefore, of the two general methods of speaking upon grave questions, I do not adopt the logical order, which

requires a priori analysis and reflection upon the science of society, but rather the order of interest, which may be followed without the irksome necessity of thinking. "The height charms us," says the German poet-philosopher, "but the steps that lead to it do not. With the summit in our eye we love to walk leisurely along the plain. To act is easy; to think is hard." And it is easy to fall into the tram of those active and already organized movements for the enfranchisement of the human race, the reasons for whose oppression, requiring thought, still remain uncanvassed, and therefore unknown; but it is not easy to point out the fallacy on which nearly all popular reform movements are based, and which keeps the moral doctors, like the non-producing pill-mongers of mankind, in perpetual demand.

Averse to new and radical methods of reform, shrinking from every proposition for widening its humane landmarks, the well fed portion of society prefers to move complacently along the plain, with the millennium in the distance. For it is vastly easier to dwell, with saintly eloquence, on the immaterial or spiritual needs of men and women than to rectify their material interests. It is easier to divorce "religious duties" from "worldly obligations," than to discover and apply the principles of social science that would render the divorce superfluous and unnecessary. Yet there is no real settlement of the grave religious concerns of life until the material question is answered: WHAT IS INTEREST? For to answer this question is to reach the causes of the poverty, crimes and prostitutions of the men and the women whom our religion would save, and our philanthropy would cure. To evade this question, as if the high duties of life could be fulfilled independent of any radical changes in the political or social structure of general society, is to banish God from the material world, and publish our practical atheism. It is to set off, by itself, and so to grant perpetual license to a political and monetary monopoly, whose ruling minorities and serving majorities may be likened to the whales and "smaller fishes" of the silurian seas. It is to say that might makes right, that the witless have no claim upon the intelligent, the weak upon the strong, childhood and simplicity upon manhood and nobility; that Eternal Justice hath no earthly throne for human appeal.

Of all classes of society, not excepting, perhaps, its clergymen, women are the most dependent upon the money-power of the age. There is a withering satire in the accepted fact that the preachers are supported by their congregations and the women by their husbands. The world's great material error, and even its great moral redemption, lies within the folds of its money-purse. Till that is looked into, Judas will betray his master, and hang himself, leaving coming ages to go and do likewise. The truth is, we are "immorally situated," I once said to a liberal clergyman. "Yes," he very aptly replied, "and like the smaller fishes you speak of, we are in immoral situations." Which must be interpreted to mean that the very basis of our material life, which centers in labor and the right to its productions, is essentially immoral and irreligious, the fruitful source of war and slavery, and of the pauperism and crime which stalk the earth in solemn burlesque on a distributive justice which first neglects or despises the claims, and finally pities or deplors the fate of the weak and desperate members of the social state.

It would be too much to expect, judging by the lamp of past experience, that the cause of woman should absolutely escape the opposition of every other unorganized and unpopularized effort for human amelioration, especially when it reaches that most radical plane of its growth, and demands for woman a material and political, as well as a merely sentimental independence. It is obvious that society is already disposed to accord to her not only an equal share but a large monopoly of the talk and display of social and fashionable life, and even to grant a full freedom of speech and person anywhere within the governmental lines drawn by statesmen and political economists; but it is not so obvious that society is prepared to admit woman as a co-equal partner in the control of its moneyed and material interests. She may be allowed to adorn, or rather to deform her person by conspicuous bonnet or crinoline, to sing or lecture in public, or teach a district school; for none of these functions have a direct bearing upon the political structure of society. And yet, while that structure stands, like a wall of iron, impervious to her entrance, all other "conceded rights" must be regarded as privileges rather than rights. The favorite "man-servant" of a Henry Clay may enjoy the granted privilege of promenading in his proprietor's hat and vest, or of "preaching the gospel" to his colored brethren, and his "maid-servant" may be free to wear as fine a bonnet as her mistress can purchase with her generous master's money; but these are not RIGHTS, so long as "equality before the law" and an eligibility to his own place in the Senate remain unconceded, by the "great statesman" to both "man-servant" and "maid-servant."

The privileges gallantly granted, by masculine generosity, to the "weaker sex," may be valuable as rendering the subordination tolerable, and as hiding from the wives and daughters of "good providers" the same chain which chafes the sensitive limbs, or aspiring souls of less favored women; but the infringement upon woman's inalienable sovereignty is only the more subtle and vicious, and will continue to

perpetuate itself so long as, by common consent, man is regarded as the only normal producer and lord in the entire realm of matter, from its grosser forms to the finest gauze paper-money issued by the state to represent its property value.

The question of how much truth there is in the popular prejudice against woman's occupation of the industrial plane, except as a slave or drudge, only raises the counter question of how much truth there is in the speaker's prejudice against man's occupancy of the kitchen and parlor sphere of woman, which he virtually does occupy, and occupy as a monopolist, so long as he refuses to balance the productions of the farm, or his stock in the exchange, with the labors of the kitchen or the supervision of the parlor. We might share, with the late Theodore Parker, a prejudice against woman's occupancy of the so-called manual fields of production; but we should still have to be informed of the impropriety of her holding in her hand a clean bank note, and holding it in her own name, if she pleases, and on the NATIONAL WOMAN'S RIGHTS BANK. I would not have her hold it as gracelessly as the male miser, but with sufficient firmness to be able to "keep in her own proper sphere," and save herself from the possible lordship of man or the rights of a privileged angel; from the contingency of being driven into the streets for bread, and thus becoming either a female drudge, or a gilded prostitute.

The objection to holding property "in her own right" rests on the same general basis as the objection to holding office, although there may be married women who would vote for a woman for the Legislature but would shrink from the sight of a bank bill which bore upon its face their own names, instead of their husbands', as President or Directress. Perhaps neither objection should be passed over lightly, in the most cursory inquiry into the relations of woman to the material well-being of society; especially since a gifted writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, after having portrayed the unsexed tendency of the "Reform Dress" upon its wearers, and in the same connection, of the "unsexed women" employed in the English mines to cart coal, came to the grave conclusion that she had all the rights she wished for! As if both herself and the drudges of the coal mines were not of the same social order, and did not each wear as long skirts, and as respectable, as their material conditions would allow: or as if the working-women of England could draw themselves out of that coal-pit without even the legal right to the dust that settled on their tattered garments. Admirable insight! Marvelous discrimination! Evincing by a woman, as it was supposed to have been at the time, we were forcibly reminded of an incident which happened in the Russian and Circassian war.

It is stated by Baron von Haxthausen, that on a certain occasion, when he was present a vessel having been captured with some Circassian girls on board, they were offered their choice: to be sent back to their own country under safe escort, to marry Russians or Cossacks of their own selection, to go with the Baron to Germany where all women are free, or to accompany the captain of the ship, who would sell them for wives of the rich Turks, in the slave market at Constantinople. Unanimously, and without hesitation, they exclaimed: "To Constantinople to be sold!"

Now the difference between the women who have all the rights they wish (whether the right to be paid for in Turkish gold, or to be supported in marriage,) and those who work in the English coal mines, is the difference between a variety of choices and no choice at all. For the one class, figuratively speaking, are ground to powder beneath the heel of the President of the Miners' Bank, while the other may be at liberty to go to France or Austria, in a gilded car fitted out by the same firm for their especial escort.

On the same principle of analogy, the difference between the feminine writer in the *Atlantic* and the staunch woman's rights reformers, lies in the fact that while the former will not work in the coal mines with the sister she despises, but will be gallanted to the Constantinople of our own social order to be sold, the latter, if they understood their calling, will do neither. They will prefer to own themselves; and in a society in which nobody can own themselves without wealth or votes, they will not hesitate to set in motion a train of causes that will eventuate in their being able not only to escape the drudgery of the coal mines, but to charter their own car. They will assume the reins of material as well as political power by which alone will capital be forced to take its relentless heel from the palpitating forms of the thousands of tolling women, sensitive to the woes that betide them, and trembling at those which cast their shadows before, but all unconscious, of the causes of their ills, and scarcely hearing the faintest footsteps of the Angel of Deliverance! Discerning the arm of the real oppressor, they will not shrink (in behalf of the women harnessed to the car of the moneyed nobility, if not in their own behalf) from the sterner duty of wielding a material arm of their own, if thus they can restore the "balance of power" and hasten the footsteps of freedom. Instead of going with the captain of the ship, these women of true fiber, will sooner go to the Germany of material independence where all women are free. If no other arm be able or willing, they will seize the hammer of their actual freedom, and between

that hammer and the anvil of justice, turn the rusty pig-iron of man-made institutions into burnished steel that shall reflect the divinity of their countenances, and reveal to their sisters in the cellars and garrets of those institutions, the hopeful faces of the bending seraphs. Nerved with a giant will to penetrate to the very citadel of their social wrongs, they will be clothed upon with an armor adequate to the moral battle for the rights of their sex.

But that the emancipation of woman is to be gained without the steel of earnest effort, or her boat moored gently into the port of freedom, in the name of charity, or through the pure gallantry of the world's capitalist or statesman, is an idle dream. The material bands that fetter her immaculate cause are not only without feeling, but worse than all, without knowledge. Those bands feel nothing and know nothing. That outcast woman, pale and wretched, should promenade the back streets of crowded cities whose front streets are lined with busy merchants or dreamy philanthropists, and whose great anniversaries good men and women go up annually to celebrate, is a fact which seldom crosses the threshold of thriving capitalists; and yet, to hasten the transit of that fact across that threshold till the hours of labor for working women shall be reduced to their minimum of justice, and their incomes shall equal those of men, is a measure involving a profounder philanthropy than has hitherto commanded the thought, still less the active energies of any considerable number of reformers.

The laboring classes, in respect to their material means, and the power these means confer, are more dependent, in other words, more enslaved, as a rule, than their employers. In a subdivision of these classes women are more dependent that is to say, more enslaved than men. And if it be true, as it is, in part, that the producing classes among men must engineer their own elevation, however scanty their capital of purse or of brain, it is far more painfully true of women, who are not only dependent upon the male capitalist, but also to some extent upon the male laborer. And what makes it most painfully true of woman is the fact that society, at large, is more indifferent to her emancipation than it is to man's.

According to the statements of Mayor Hoffman, made in a late speech to a meeting held in behalf of working women, there are now in the city of New York 30,000 women, who work on an average of from twelve to fifteen hours per day, for the average compensation of 33 cents; or at about 22 cents each for ten hours work. And such is the material dependence of these women that crafty men are able to force contracts upon them at starvation prices, and then sell their work for five times the amount they pay for it. Pantaloon, for whose making a tailor can command \$4, are made by many of these women for 20 cents a pair! In the eloquent language of a female writer:

"Who are the beings, and what is their genius and mission, whose frail, angel illumined organisms are subjected to such a dependence as this? They are the mothers of the race! Yet the mother knows not herself—what momentous powers are hers; that she can mould an angel in a human form by the influence of her own thoughts, feelings and aspirations; that it may be given into her hands to bless the world with her divine likeness; a poet who shall upraise the famishing, thirsting millions by the potent magic of religion and purest song; an artist who shall exalt the souls of thousands upon thousands; a seer who shall pierce the brightest future for the consolation of humanity; a philanthropist, second to none of the great ones we revere. But relieved from the overhanging dread of poverty, fairly and justly remunerated for the work of her hands, the product of her brain, she could defy the libertine, and escape the 'four square walls' of her present industrial prison."

Thus the most vital of all questions to be settled by thinking women is that of their true relations to a material order of society at whose behest, and with pale and bloodless fingers, so many of their unthinking sex continue to ply the painful needle in the interest of the masculine capitalist. If it be of little present concern to the monopolist of woman's time and strength, it is of no idle concern to her or to the world to know the true line of justice, and to determine forever whether she will religiously continue to stitch her own funeral shroud, or claim an empire over her time and its products, and thus transfer her stitches to the unfinished robe of the Angel of Justice—whose touch alone is the healing of the nations!

From this standpoint of observation it is obvious that woman's relation to the production and distribution of wealth is as much more important than man's as her material resources are more circumscribed, and her social condition more dependent than his. When, as a result of her dependence, she is degraded to that lowest plane of error and of weakness where the sunlight of truth and purity refuses to shine, the benevolent among the independent classes are impressed, for the first time, with the need of some sort of aid or amelioration; and here enters the Angel of Charity.

But, if in freeing the women from their limitations, we arrive no nearer to actual causes or remedies than the ancient Hindoos, or Chinese, we may as well cease to advocate human rights, and be content with almsgiving. For if there be any divinity in the instinct which underlies her cause there is a braver calling for the pioneer woman of our times than to continue to be the recipient or advocate of public or private charity for her sex. In that word—a

magnanimous word, if it could ever be employed by the true heirs of the world's material wealth—lies the pleasant fallacy which she will not fail to see and expose. As superficial as it is powerless to permanently lift a single woman from the fearful vortex whose putrid waters still flow on, it is marvelous that any reformer should be content to herald it as a measure of emancipation, or as anything other than an apology for justice. Go to the bosom of the Catholic church, and asleep in the arms of a despotism which counts the riches of the people a crime and their poverty a stepping stone to paradise, you will find the true sisters of charity, who preach and practice the heavenly virtue without apology or hypocrisy, because without knowledge. But go not to a woman's rights meeting, in the nineteenth century, to ask alms in her behalf, unless you would degrade her cause to the level of Jesuitical philanthropy. Kings and queens need not our charity; and men and women, in possession of their rights, are kings and queens, individual sovereigns of their own estates. For where Justice begins Charity ends; and in advance of justice charity is a mockery.

I know that charity, in her supreme office, says to the outcast woman: "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." But alas! go WHERE? Back to her only home, the brothel, and without sin? That is morally impossible. To the hospital or reform school, to be followed by others as soon as their beauty fades? That would perpetuate the primary school. Back to the bosom of society? But that would be to say, "Come!" not go; and we would guard our own homes from all "appearance of evil." And so the poor woman is left alone—blessed, indeed, by the divine sympathy of the Christly men and women of our time; but the violets that spring up at her feet, under the transient sunbeam, are nipped in the chill air of her first encounter with respectable society, and she is driven back, in her moral solitude, to ask the question—solemn, to her, as death and the grave: "What shall I wear?" She hears the answer from Society: "Only virtuous women are supported by men in marriage." Then from the married owners of the gilded saloon: "We will support you out of marriage." But it is our purpose to put into the mouths of all the women in the nation the effectual reply: "We will support ourselves, gentlemen!" To this end, we hail an increase of wages and time for self-culture for both sexes, which will tend to render labor honorable, and thus drain the sources of the great "Social Evil."

I am aware that the ignorance of the masses of women on all questions of social science, especially of social science in its bearings upon their own independence, renders a positive and thorough discussion of their material interests liable to misinterpretation, both by themselves and the complaisant monopolist of their rightful incomes. But until this ignorance is itself dispelled, and both men and women are educated to know who are the rightful property-holders, as well as office-holders, the self-supporting arch of universal freedom will still remain unbuilt.

In the vindication of the cause of oppressed women, no less than that of the American slave, the policy of gradual emancipation is as narrow-sighted as it is immoral. Behold the mole-eyed statesmanship which has sapped and wasted the possible wealth and peace of the nation through its long neglect to enact justice, and its stupid preference of slave-labor to the multifarious productions of freemen! What untold riches and material prosperity were wasted in efforts to do right by degress! The slave's cause was deferred in the pretended interest of the white man. And now, in the supposed interest of the black man, the great Sumner would defer the enfranchisement of woman—her ability to vote herself a legal right even to the bonnet she wears, or the cottage her own needle has earned, and which her material lord may have raffled away! For woman's command of the ballot is indispensable to her command of property, and must precede her complete emancipation.

"By what process of reasoning Charles Sumner was able to stand up in the Senate," said a band of equal suffrage petitioners in 1866, "and rebuke 15,000,000 disfranchised tax-payers for the exercise of their right of petition merely, is past understanding. If he felt that this was not the time for women to even mention her right to representation, why did he not take breath in some of his splendid periods and propose to relieve shirtmakers and dressmakers, and all women of property, from the tyranny of taxation?"

To which might be added, why did he not pause, before entering a bar to human emancipation from this new quarter, and reflect upon the solemn wonder with which our political economists awoke, at the eleventh hour, to learn not only that slavery was wrong, but that free labor was indispensable to the commercial vitality of the country? For the relation of woman to the general riches and prosperity of nations, even under her present limitations, is so vital that, should you subtract from modern manufactures the fabrics required by her genius and tastes, you would at once reduce what we call civilization to a condition of semi-barbarism. And there can be but little doubt that the very first step from absolute barbarism, whether among Indian tribes or on either continent, was a step, however feeble, in the direction of woman's enfranchisement, necessitated by her multiplying relations to commerce and to the general cultivation of society.

If, as a gilded slave, unconscious of her chain, she has

thus modified the material destiny and shaped the civilization of States, what will she do for mankind as a free woman? Even in the present order of society, if the husband is stimulated, as he toils in the cornfield or the factory, to increased and sustained effort by visions of the approving smiles or tearful sympathy of the "angel of the household," who will greet him at the threshold on his return from labor, who is the chief producer? If the coarsest muscle of the country is paralyzed in the absence of motive, or the leadership of the capitalist, what a paralysis would fall upon the very springs of material prosperity in the absence of the finer magnetism of woman!

To object that a woman is not a normal producer, on the same plane with man, is to strengthen and not lessen the cause for her disenfranchisement, and only intensify the wrong that now impedes her progress, or burdens the wings of her genius with the grosser material service of society. For the very prejudices which render it improper for some women to enter the sphere of physical labor at all, render it quite proper for others to be drudges for life, under our so-called free institutions! Let it be observed that it is in the fastidious order of society AS IT IS, in which the sphere of women is arbitrarily dictated by law or public sentiment, that she is expected to cart coal or scrub money-counters to escape a more dishonorable means of living and not in the reign of distributive justice, which, by rendering it unnecessary for either men or women to become beasts of burden, enables all classes to follow their normal callings.

Under a comprehensive or scientific theory of wealth, every active or reflective member, even of a despotic social state, is a producer. Take, for an illustration, a member of what some may consider the most doubtful class of producers—the clergyman. He may perform little physical labor; he may be ignorant of bank stock or the state of the market; but if the mental or moral tone of his mind be a single degree above the plane of general society, he becomes inevitably a producer, imparting his moral purpose to non-producers, and diminishing the number of prospective paupers and criminals on the one hand, and of millionaires and monopolists on the other, and thus adding new members to the industrial classes.

But women are more than clergymen; so far, at least, as the natural elevation and refinement of the moral feelings are concerned, and to doubt that in a free political State they will enhance its wealth and its virtue, in a sense more subtle and powerful than is yet apprehended by jurist or philanthropist, is to be an atheist to the incoming of that auspicious morning when the wing of the white eagle of universal liberty, purity and peace shall span the prosperous nations.

Hopedale, Mass.

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.

CONVENTION AT BLUE ANCHOR, N. J.

A Convention of those progressive minds who believe that the hour has come for the practical realization of such social and educational institutions as a true Spiritualism urges, and for which a needy humanity yearns, and who are willing to embrace the present golden opportunity at Blue Anchor, as "the illustrating spot" of these hopes and desires, will be held at that place, on the 12th of June, to continue from three to five days.

As means of accommodation will be necessarily limited, it is requested that those earnest, practical minds, who feel prompted to attend this Convention, will so indicate their purpose at once, by addressing the undersigned, Blue Anchor, Camden Co., New Jersey. Music, vocal and instrumental, will lend its charms to the occasion.

GEORGE HASKELL,
MILO A. TOWNSEND.

Blue Anchor, N. J., May 1, 1867.

The Fifteenth Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends will be held at Longwood, Chester Co., Pa., on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, June 6th, 7th and 8th.

Dr. J. G. Holland, of Springfield, Mass., is about to take a trip to Cuba to seek the restoration of his health. He is greatly enfeebled by his recent illness.

THE USHER.

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

Died, in this city, on Sunday morning, April 21st, JOEL TALLMADGE, M. D., aged 78 years.

Dr. Tallmadge was born in Columbia county, N. Y. At an early age he commenced the practice of medicine. Though quite young at the time of the war in 1812, yet he was among the first "volunteer surgeons." He was first and last on the field of battle. Dr. Tallmadge was a member of the New York Senate, while his brother, N. P. Tallmadge, was a senator in Congress from the same State.

The last month of his life here was passed with his niece, Miss E. B. Tallmadge. She was to him a faithful friend, a ministering spirit, waiting his call and watching over him lovingly to the last. Though weak in body his mind remained clear to the day of his death.

On Sunday morning, April 28th, MRS. MARY L. HOLLINSHEAD, of Fulton, Ill., passed to Spirit Life, aged 26 years.

Mrs. Hollinshead was a Spiritualist. Her faith dispelled the gloom of the grave. She saw the Beyond and knew her little ones waited her there.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

THE PASHA AND ALL HIS RETINUE.—Rev. Oliver Crane, Missionary at Adrianople, writes: "The machine works admirably. There is no sewing machine but this in all Adrianople. We have had company after company to witness its magic operation, from the best classes in Adrianople; among them the Pasha and all his retinue.

VALUABLE USES OF MAGNETISM.—Dr. J. Wilbur, of Milwaukee, Wis., has removed his office to 112 Mason street, one street north of the Post office. He uses no medicine whatever, yet he challenges competition from prescribers of drugs and nostrums.

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

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

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

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

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

MEETINGS AT CHICAGO.—Regular morning and evening meetings are held by the First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago, every Sunday, at Crosby's Music Hall—entrance on State street. Hours of meeting at 7 1/2 P. M.

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

QUINCY, ILL.—The Association of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress meet every Sunday, at 2 1/2 P. M., for conference and addresses. Hall No. 130 Main street, third floor.

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

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

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

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

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

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

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Waybosset street, Sunday afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7 3/4 o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10 1/2 o'clock.

MORRISANIA, N. Y.—First Society of Progressive Spiritualists—Assembly Rooms, corner Washington avenue and Fifthstreet. Services at 3 1/2 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Meetings formerly held at Sansom street Hall are now held at Washington Hall, corner of Eighth and Spring Garden streets, every Sunday. The morning lecture is preceded by the Children's Lyceum meeting, which is held at 10 o'clock—the lecture commencing at 11 1/2 A. M.; evening lecture at 7 1/2.

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

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

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

OSWEGO, N. Y.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M., in Lyceum Hall, West Second, near Bridge street. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 12 1/2 P. M.

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

ST. LOUIS.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold their meeting in the (new) Polytechnic Hall, corner of Seventh and Chestnut streets, at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Children's Lyceum at 3 P. M. Myron Colony, Conductor.

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