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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

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

For The Spiritual Republic.

WELCOME TO SPRING.

BY FRANCE LIVINGSTON.

Welcome, delightful Spring!

Season of sun and showers;

We hail the kind return

Of soft winds, birds, and flowers.

From winter's cold embrace set free,

We turn with joy, sweet Spring, to thee.

The fields, so lately clad

In robes of virgin snow,

Already in a dress

Of bright green warmly glow,

And nature, with a lavish hand,

Her carpet spreads o'er all the land.

The flowers, but just awake

From their long winter's sleep,

From earth's warm bosom now

In trusting beauty creep.

And nature writes in glens, and bowers,

Her poetry of blooming flowers.

The bright birds hail the morn

With matin songs of praise;

And as the day declines,

Their vesper hymns they raise.

All day the groves with music ring;

Sweet music, that the wild birds sing!

No sparing hand hath dealt

To us these blessings rare—

The blessings of the Spring,

Most pleasant of the year.

They speak, as only nature can,

And tell us earth was made for man.

ROSE AND RUTH:

THE WOMAN OF GENIUS AND THE WOMAN OF HEART.

BY MRS. C. F. CORBIN.

CHAPTER I.

"It is such weary, weary work, this of living," said Rose Cameron to her sister Ruth, as she threw down the silk hat-cover at which she had been working, and crossing her arms upon the window sill of their little attic room, looked intently out upon the glowing sunset.

There was the river, lying partly in shadow; the city, flooded high above gray dome and tapering spire with a sea of red gold, whose translucent waves rolled off to the northern horizon, and broke thereon in a surf of duñ mist; and to the right the beautiful bay, with its triad of green islands and its flock of snowy sails. Afar the sloping shores of Jersey melted in a rosy line against the sky, and the purple hills of Staten Island gathered the first shadows of the coming night.

"This attic ceiling shuts down like a coffin-lid upon my spirit. The sultry vapors and this fine, silken dust, which comes from the plush, suffocate me. Oh! for a waft of air from the green New England hills; a cool shadow from their waving chestnut boughs."

Rose held her dimpled chin in her tiny hand, and her clear eyes swept the far horizon in a half abstracted gaze.

"Poor child!" said her sister Ruth, tenderly; "it is hard for you, with your taste and your genius, to be shut up in this hot, dusty town. Perhaps it will not always be so."

"Vague comfort!" said Rose, pensively, but not unkindly. "Oh! if mamma had lived, and I could have been—"

The word was not spoken, but Ruth could fill the hiatus, and her heart yearned over the blighted hopes it suggested. For a moment there was silence. Ruth still worked away at her hat-covers. Her figure was slender, though of a more enduring make than Rose's, and her shoulders were slightly stooped with constant application to her fatiguing work. Her complexion was sallow, and the brown hair, folded in smooth, shining bands over her forehead, heightened the dusky effect. She was certainly plain; but then her eyes! No one could look into Ruth's luminous eyes without loving her. They were full and dark, and so soft and dewy, such unfathomed wells of tenderness, that once having met their clear and loving beam, one could never think Ruth plain again. Rose was so different. You would

have known at a glance that they were sisters, but you would have said, at first view, that Ruth was nature's earliest effort; that afterwards, profiting by her failure, she had refined her clay, retouched her mold, put fresh colors upon her pallet, and so had produced Rose. Ruth was dark, plain and angular; Rose was all grace and delicacy and bloom. Ruth was gentle, retiring, yet persistent, slow to think, but indefatigable in action; Rose was loving, impulsive, changeable—of a polished brittleness, quite opposed to Ruth's slow tenacity of fiber; yet, given the necessary stimulus, persistent as Ruth, and to grander ends. Rose, you see, was far the more attractive, but then she had not Ruth's eyes.

"Well," said Rose, at length, shutting the window, for the cool spring twilight chilled her, "my picture has faded. There is left only the cold, grim town, the dusky islands, the steel-gray waters, and the shadowy ships, that look in this obscurity like birds of evil omen. Oh, color, color, what magic is thine! Ruth, I'll set the table—shall I?"

"Yes," replied Ruth, quietly, still going on with her work. "You must not sew any more to-night. I can easily finish these hat-covers in an hour after tea, and then we will take a little comfort."

"Comfort!" repeated Rose, sadly. "That is an obsolete word. It is ungrateful to repine; but, Ruth, don't you ever wonder why God should so often, so to speak, defeat his own purposes in our existence? Now you, for instance, were made to be the center of some cheerful family group, making glad a score of hearts by your thoughtful, loving energy, yet here you are mewed up in this attic room, with no one to care for but an ungrateful sister; while I, who might have been—something very different from the machine I am—I, forsooth, must sew hat-covers to earn my daily bread. Bridget, or Susan, or Elsie, can do that as well, and not suffer a tithe as much."

Ruth smiled, and lifted her soft eyes to her sister's face.

"God knows best," she said; "have faith in Him yet."

The simple supper was quietly eaten, the little table cleared away, and then Ruth, refusing her sister's aid, resumed her hat-covers, while Rose sat for a time in silent thought. Rising at length, she put down the curtains carefully, went around the room, restlessly striving to add something to its already perfect neatness and order; and at last, taking a lamp from the shelf, lighted it at her sister's, and went into the little bedroom which adjoined the room. She shut the door carefully, and opening a bureau drawer, took out a small box. Seating herself upon the bedside, she drew from the box a velvet cased picture, and silently gazed upon it. It was a beautiful and a manly face, though the original could hardly have been twenty when the picture had been taken. Rose spoke no word as she held it in her hand, but her bosom heaved, and tears gathered slowly in her eyes and dropped upon the pictured face. Then she took from the box a note, and read, as she had done a thousand times before, its contents:

"DEAREST ROSE: It is useless. I cannot stay here any longer. There is nothing for me to do, and the shadows of this old mansion oppress me with the greatness of my ancestors. I am going away—I don't know where, but if I am successful, you will hear from me; if not, it is best you never should. You may pray for me, if you can. I have need of prayers, though I have little faith in Providence myself. If God has any care over mortals, why has He forgotten me thus? No; I think chance has more to do with our fate than God. If I am wrong, Heaven forgive me. Dearest, I am not so bad as I seem, for I really do think God will take care of you and Ruth. You are so young, so gifted, so good, He cannot have forgotten the fairest work of His hands. Love me, if you can, and yet it may be for your truest interest to forget me. If that happen, I am indeed undone.

"Yours ever,

LIONEL HALL."

What a legacy to leave a young heart struggling in its first experience of sorrow! A dead father lying under a little hillock, over which the grass had hardly yet sprung; a loving, tender, gifted mother borne out to lie by his side in less than six months; and the wide, desolate world before them, penniless, almost friendless. But Lionel himself had been suffering keenly when he wrote so cruelly. It was the torture of a helpless, hopeless struggle with adversity; the keen anguish of being unable to do anything for those he loved in their hour of trial, which had wrung from him those bitter, skeptical words. Yet there they were, in unfading characters; her only message from his soul for these five long years. What wonder that her heart sometimes repeated their infidelity?

It was eight o'clock. Ruth's sewing was done, and she stole into the bedroom, not to see what Rose was doing—she had long ago conjectured that—but to administer the promised consolation. Ruth's promises were never meaningless, and little as Rose anticipated it, she had pow for

her a drop of real, pure and tangible comfort. But first she must dissipate this hopeless grief.

"Rose," she said, gently, but firmly, "put away these things. You ought not to dwell so much upon your sorrow. Trust in God, dear, and He will not forsake you. Already I see a gleam of brightness in your future."

"In what direction, I wonder?" Rose asked, incredulously.

"Put all these sad mementoes away, dear sister, and let me talk with you."

Rose, wonderingly, replaced the box in the drawer, and seated herself again on the bedside. Ruth wound her arms lovingly around her, and looked silently for a moment into her fair face.

"Poor little thing!" she said, at length, "how you are pining. It will never do for you to go on working at this rate. It will kill you. Now I am strong and enduring; work agrees with me."

"Oh!" interrupted Rose, "that is not all; you are so gentle and uncomplaining. It is this fretting that makes me pine, more than the work; but, Ruth, I will try to be more like you."

"Well, dear, your trials are greater than mine. I mourn no lost love. I am stifling no higher—at least less elevated energies than yours. I have been selfish to suffer this inequality of burdens so long. I am going to right the matter. Tell me, sister, what is the dearest wish of your heart?"

Rose was far from comprehending her sister's generous design, so she answered at random, looking dreamily out of the window, over the gray and smoky town—

"To get out of this great city—this dusty, dirty wilderness of commonplaces, I believe, and roam at will in the woods. Do you remember that view to the north from the old home, Ruth? The bold, undulating outline of the hills, melting away toward the east into uncertainty, with the Bolton Notch cut squarely out of those dim vapors, and looking as if it might be the gateway to another world? I wish I could paint that scene, Rose. I see it so distinctly in my dreams, sometimes, that it seems when I wake as if I could reproduce it vividly upon canvas; those deep, rich shadows on the nearer hills, and the soft, bewildering lights farther in the distance. Oh, if I could bid adieu to this plush-sewing, and grasp a pallet and brush once more!"

"That is it! that is it!" exclaimed Ruth, joyfully. "You shall, dear child. Could you do without instruction, do you think?"

"Oh, yes; not as well, of course; but mamma taught me a great deal, and—it is in me. I could succeed, I know I could, if I had but the opportunity. But have you found the roc's egg, Ruth, that you promise such impossibilities?"

"This is my plan," replied Ruth. "You know summer is coming; our expenses grow lighter every week now, and we have besides a little money over from the winter. I need no new clothes at all, and you perhaps can do with less than you have planned; so I do not see why, this summer at least, you may not have all your time to paint. If it is necessary, I can work an hour or two later in the evening, and when winter comes you will feel more like sewing."

"Oh, Ruth!" exclaimed Rose, joyfully; but the next moment the light faded from her countenance. "I cannot," she said; "it is too selfish. You need a new hat so much, and a dress, too; and then for you to support me wholly. It is too much, Ruth."

"No, it is not," said Ruth. "As I said, your trials are greater than mine. I shall not mind a little extra work; and, don't you see, if you succeed, you may make more money than I do, and then I am sure you would not let me want. Think, Rose, would you not do as much for me?"

"Of course I would, if it were needful; but oh, Ruth, can we do it?"

"No doubt we can," said Ruth, seeing with pleasure that her point was gained. "And we shall both have something higher to think of than mere plush-sewing."

"Is not the life more than meat," said Rose, meditatively, "and the body than raiment? Yes, I am sure we shall succeed, Ruth; and then if Lionel should come back—"

"Of course I thought of that. You ought not to grow old and unlovely; you ought to cultivate yourself for his sake. He is so noble, so refined."

Rose was "afar." To her inexperience the future seemed rosy beyond her brightest dreams, and she indulged for a few moments in building just such air-castles as youthful ambition has been wont to build for ages, aye, and will for

ages to come. Nor let us chide the dreamers, since, however idle seem their dreams, it is true nevertheless that

"Longing molds in clay what Life
Carves in the marble Real."

But at last Rose gave over romancing, and clasping her generous sister in her arms, thanked her a thousand times for her goodness.

"It is time for bed now," said Ruth; "pleasant dreams to you."

Rose's visions were mostly waking ones. Little slumber visited her pillow that night. Success seemed so certain, and success, even in dreams, does so captivate the soul.

CHAPTER II.

In the morning Ruth went, directly after breakfast, to their little money-box, and taking out a gold piece, said to Rose,

"There, dear, go make your first investment. That will buy you paints and canvas and brushes. Perhaps if you were to go to some studio, you might get an easel, and some such necessary articles, at second-hand."

Rose, whose heart had been so full of happiness all the morning, that she could scarcely attend to her necessary duties, looking now at the broad and shining piece of gold, felt a kind of faintness come over her. It is the curse of poverty that its tendency is to exalt money to the highest place in the universe, and to make all the nobler sentiments and passions subservient to it. Rose, even amid the joy of her new anticipations, grew sick at the sight of the gold, and said,

"Ruth, is it right? Think how we have worked for that money; by what self-denial we have saved it against some unknown evil day. Is it not tempting Providence to waste it now upon such perishable things as paints and canvas?"

"No," answered Ruth, with gentle firmness. "It is more like tempting Providence when, feeling the best gifts in our possession, we neglect any means which He has placed in our power of cultivating and improving them. You remember the talent which was hid in the napkin, Rose?"

"Oh, Ruthie, how can you be so good? you who have worked harder and denied yourself more comforts than I to save this money, yet part with it so easily. Your talent is not hidden in a napkin."

Rose smiled, and departed on her errand, saying as she went out—

"I wish you could go with me, sister. I feel frightened to go by myself."

"I wish I could," said Ruth, "for your sake, but I must finish these covers. Hasten home. I shall want to see how you succeed."

Rose had not seen very deeply into her sister's heart when she had fancied that it was easy for her to part with the gold. Feeling that it was a duty, for the reasons which she had stated, she indeed was strong enough to do it cheerfully, and with her whole soul, yet she felt secretly that the burden which she had lifted from Rose's heart must fall upon her own; that she must be more industrious, more self-denying than ever, in order that they might again be able to lay up something against that day of unknown evil. So she sat at home, working diligently, and planning the future household economy, while Rose walked the streets, happy and elated. The joy of hope to her long-repressed aspiration was like the sparkle of new wine. It intoxicated her. On that day, at least, it was impossible to be sober or practical. She studied the shifting hues of the sky, the graceful irregularities of the tree-boles, the delicate tints of the bursting foliage, even the faces of the old crones whom she saw at the apple stands, and the grotesque forms of the little dogs that trotted along the streets took a more definite outline to her eyes, and exhibited, as if of their own free will, a more varied distribution of color and intenser lights and shadows than she had ever noticed before.

She found, at last, the shop of which she was in quest, where in her rapid walks through the town she had seen, stopping for an instant to look in at the tempting window, a venerable and benevolent countenance. Her nervous excitement made her so sensitive this morning, that she felt afraid to ask the price of things at counters presided over by smart and dapper clerks, or shrewd men of business. The fatherly old gentleman, who always seemed melting with goodness was quite as formidable a being as she felt willing to encounter. To her delight, she found him, as usual, waiting with a genial smile for customers.

With a slightly heightened color in her pretty face, she walked up to him, and, as she had planned before-hand, told him her story.

"You see now, sir," she said, "why I wish to buy as cheaply as possible, though of course I wish no undue allowances."

The old gentleman's looks did not altogether belie him, for, though shrewd enough when he dealt with a well-to-do customer, he had a weak side for poor artists, and particularly for such ambitious and hard-striving and withal pretty girls as Rose. So he gave her good bargains in her oils and brushes, and a letter of introduction to a benevolent artist, who, he happened to know, could accommodate her with a few necessary articles at second-hand, and who might also be an acquaintance worth having. The old gentleman also

desired her to bring him some small specimen of her work when she had finished one, and possibly, if it did not belie the promise of her face, he might sell it for her.

Rose completed her purchases of the artist, who was a worthy man, and who, though he smiled a little sadly over her enthusiasm, spoke a few words of gentle encouragement, which seemed to Rose's ardent imagination like sure prophecies of success. She came home all aglow with hope and eager to arrange her little studio.

"Just see how much I have been able to buy," she said to Ruth. "Every one has been so kind to me, I shall get on beautifully, I am sure. And, Ruth, do you know what I am going to try first?"

"I am sure I cannot guess," said Ruth, with a cheerful smile.

"You cannot? I thought you would know at once. Don't you remember the old elm with the little brook flowing by, and the beautiful green meadow-lands, and the hills beyond—those lovely northern hills that I see so often in my dreams? Mr. Reid, the artist, showed me this morning a meadow scene by Cuyp, which looked as though it might have been taken from those very intervals, only the hills were not there. He gave me an idea, too, of how the peculiarly vivid yet soft effect is produced, and it helped me so much."

Ruth heard it all with a happy heart, and worked the faster, that her diligent hands might supply the materials which this ardent spirit craved for its labors.

"By the way," said Rose, "whom do you think I saw to-day on the street?"

"How many questions you ask," said Ruth, pleasantly. "It might have been the Czar of Russia, for aught I know."

"Somebody a great deal nicer than that old barbarian. It was Mr. Graves, and he inquired so kindly about you, and said he should call soon. Heigho! what would become of poor me, if I should lose my sister?"

"Rose!" exclaimed Ruth, chidingly, "you ought not to trifle so," but a faint, delicate color brightened her cheek, and her hand trembled a little as she folded a cover and placed it upon the growing pile beside her.

The little attic room was very cheery for the next few weeks. Rose worked with commendable diligence at her picture, and Ruth moved her chair so that she could at any moment look up and note its progress. Ruth's memory reproduced the scene with Pre-Raphaelitic faithfulness, and she was jealous if a bough or twig or stone were omitted or misrepresented; but Rose was a sentimentalist, and with truly artistic perceptions, clung to absolute truth only in her outlines, varying the detail to please her fastidious fancy. So it happened that they were neither of them ever quite satisfied with the picture—Ruth because it was not a literal rendering, and Rose because she could not grasp her ideal. Thus the work of one day was often stricken out upon the morrow, fresh colors ground and new effects tried, till at last the stock of raw material began to run fearfully low. Rose saw the difficulty, but she was not disheartened. At least she would take no more of Ruth's hardly-earned money. After a wakeful night, she rose early, with a sad heart and some misgivings, yet firm in her resolve.

"I must give up my large picture for the present," she said, "and paint something simpler, something which will sell."

Even these few weeks of study and endeavor had changed Rose. Her dress was plainer, her eye more thoughtful. She was stirred now with a deeper consciousness of the noble gift within her. It was no longer for the refinement of the employment, nor for the sensuous pleasure which it afforded, that she wrought, but because her life could so best express itself. So her highest and purest ideas could best be wrought out, clothed with objective form and beauty. Neither did she labor altogether for selfish ends. True art is catholic, beneficent, touching with its mystic wand every soul within its reach, thrilling even the sluggish and the slumberous with a new sense of the Divine bounty which made this world so lovely fair; aye, of the deeper truth, of the Divine necessity for noble and beautiful forms of expressions. The love, deep, strong and pure, which was beginning to take the place of her old blind instinct, and to pervade her whole being, was a new revelation to her, and henceforward she was no longer a passionate, impulsive girl, but a deep-thoughted, high-souled woman.

Ruth was surprised as she saw her turn her picture to the wall, and prepare a smaller canvas for the easel.

"How is this?" she asked, with a slight tremor in her voice. "Are you tired of your picture, Rose?"

"No," replied Rose, gently, "but I must paint something which I can sell—a smaller, simpler thing."

There was something in her manner which repelled inquiry, and Ruth, whose observant eye had not lost a single shadow of the change which had been going on in her sister, and whose generous heart was inexpressibly touched thereby, went on with her sewing in silence.

Rose worked diligently upon her new design. It was singular, but its development showed that she had not mistaken her own powers. Upon a neutral ground, there grew slowly, first, a clod of green meadow turf, with its sprangling roots, then a slender flower-stalk, surrounded by cool,

green leaves, the whole crowned by a cluster of real and life-like yellow violets. It was wonderful that so untrained a hand, with no present model, could have fashioned so perfect and so ideally beautiful a portrait; but the strongest cords of her nature stretched backwards, toward the green meadows and murmurous hillsides of her far New England home, and whatever was associated with them lay warm and glowing and perfect at her heart.

"You remember," she said, when Ruth bent over the picture to criticize, "the little root of yellow violets which Lionel brought me once, out of the woods. I sketched it then, but this is better."

There were tears in Ruth's eyes, but she said nothing. It was the work of several days to finish the sketch, and then it was placed in Mr. Grossman's window. Rose was resolute, and would work no more upon her picture at present. The easel was put away, and the plush-sewing resumed. In two weeks, by untiring diligence, she had earned money enough to supply such colors as she stood most in need of. But the weather was getting oppressive now; the fatiguing labor of the needle, and the curbing down of her restless spirit had wrought their effect. Rose looked pale and dispirited. She put away her work, and knelt once more at the western window, which she was wont to call her altar-window.

"Beautiful, beautiful scene," she murmured, "flushed now like a lovely face with happiness. Ruthie, it seems to me that color is to nature as expression to the human countenance. A statue and a dead face, or a face in perfect repose, are like each other; but a painting is like a living, beaming, soulful face. Not that color is the soul of nature. Ah, no! that is something which forever eludes us. I think the soul of nature is God, but color is one principal medium through which its varying phases are transmitted, and through an intimate knowledge of its mysteries we learn what nature means when she speaks to us. When the sun sets peacefully, as it does to-night, I always think God smiles."

Ruth's eyes beamed their utmost of happiness.

"Ah! Rosie," she said, "you have no right ever to complain of God, you whom He has gifted with the power of knowing and talking with Him."

Rosie's eyes filled with tears, and Ruth knew she was thinking of Lionel.

"I see the ships come in from afar," she said, "battered and worn with struggling against the waves. They come from India, from Africa, from the islands beyond the seas. Ah! when will my ship come in?"

"Sometime," answered Ruth, solemnly. "God holds the issues of all things in His hands, and somehow I think you are a favorite with Him, Rose."

"If He would lighten my darkness with a single ray; if I could but know that Lionel lives."

"Sometime it will all come right. God knows best," said Ruth.

[To be continued.]

GARIBALDI'S TOUR.—Garibaldi, says a Florence letter of March 13, continues his progress. He was at Milan yesterday, and reached Turin at eleven last night. His last prank, committed at Verona on the 11th, and exultingly related by the *Avanguardia*, the new organ of the Left, will hardly increase his prestige. It appears that, on arriving at the station, a child was presented to him to be baptized. He accepted the office. "I baptize thee," he said, "in the name of God and of the legislator Jesus; may thou become an apostle of truth. Love thy neighbor; assist the unfortunate; be strong to combat the tyrants of the conscience and of the body; be worthy of the brave Chiassi, whose name I give to thee; adieu!" The crowd frantically applauded. Garibaldi was much affected by the enthusiastic reception he met with at Bologna. Asked whether he would return thither, he said that if he did so he should think that he was returning to the bosom of his family.

THE COMMON PEOPLE.—No statesman can afford to omit the common people from his calculation. They are the very root and core of society. Kings are only the blossoms of the national tree. The roof is more dependent upon the foundation than the foundation upon the roof. Nearly all, if not quite all, the movements which have changed the thinking, and determined the new courses of the world, have been upward, not downward. The great revolutionists have generally been cradled in manglers, and gone through rough discipline in early life. Civilization is debtor to lowly cradles; and unknown mothers hold a heavy account against the world. This is God's plan of uniting all classes of the family of man.—*Ecce Deuts.*

A LOCK OF HAIR.—Hair is at once the most delicate and lasting of our materials, and survives us like love. It is so light, so gentle, so escaping from the idea of death, that with a lock of hair belonging to a child or friend, we may almost look up to heaven and compare notes with the angelic nature; may almost say, "I have a piece of thee here, not unworthy of thy being now."—*Leigh Hunt.*

Two-story railroad cars are growing in favor in Europe. The lower story has compartments in the English style, and the upper is on the American plan. That is probably another union of English cast, and American snobbery.

MAGGIE BELL.

[The following charming poem, has been copied and forwarded us by Lita Barney Sayles, of Dayville, Conn. The author's name is not known, and as there has been much inquiry concerning its origin, we would thank any person, who has the power to do so, if he or she would enlighten us and our readers on this point.]

Oh, Maggie Bell,
The old church bell
Sounds once again to me;
It seems to tell
Of what befell

In those happy days when we loved so well,
Where we heard together its Sabbath knell,
In melancholy music swell
Over the hill and through the dell
Ere I left thee for the sea!
Oh, sad is my heart at its mournful tone,
As I stand here a stranger, forgotten, alone,
And think of the times, when this same old tree
Gave shelter, Maggie, to thee and me.

Those were happy days, sweet Maggie Bell,
When we heard, together, the old church-bell;
The years are many, and sad, since then,
But no love of my heart has ever been
Like the love I bore to thee.
Ah! Maggie Bell, why did I dream
To fill a place in the world's esteem?
I have won fortune, and honor and fame,
But what to me is an empty name
Since thou art lost to me?

'Twas here that we parted, sweet Maggie Bell,
Here where the shade of the old tree fell;
I remember it always—remember it well;
The old tree is withering, passing away,
Its leaves to the winds, and its trunk to decay,
And change seems written wherever I dwell,
Since the days of our childhood, Maggie Bell.

'Twas yonder my father's cottage stood,
Close by the brook-side, close by the wood;
The great old barn, with the roof so tall,
The old hay-loft above the stall,
The mossy well, the old stone wall,
The sanded floor, and the oaken hall,
Where we danced together in rustic ball,
I remember them well, I remember them all—
And the little porch with the woodbine bower,
Whence we could see the old church tower,
And where, for many a twilight hour,
We listened to the distant knell,
As on the air it rose and fell,
Of that familiar old church-bell.
The little bench beside the door,
The honeysuckle hanging o'er,
The pathway leading from the gate,
Where thou at eventide would'st wait
To greet me when I came;
The well-pole swinging high in air,
The fragrance dwelling everywhere,
The pear-tree, with its rustic seat
Where I, when sitting at thy feet,
Had carved thy cherished name—
All these, all these come back to me,
As I stand alone beneath this tree—
And I scarce can believe that 'tis all a dream
Of my childhood's days, sweet Maggie Bell,
As over the hill, and over the stream
I hear the knell of the old church-bell.

But all are withered, or gone to decay,
The friends we have loved have passed away.
Deserted, the cottage stands, as of yore,
But there's no one to close the open door;
The lattice is broken, and the window-pane,
The snow drifts in, and the driving rain;
The stars look down through the broken roof,
And the night-bird now keeps not aloof;
The well-pole is broken, and lies on the ground,
The hedges are trampled, and scattered around;
And all that we cherished and loved so well
Has withered, or gone to decay, Maggie Bell.

Oh, Maggie Bell, sweet Maggie Bell,
'Twere better for me, had thy funeral knell
Been tolled, ere we parted, upon the old bell—
'Twere better for thee, and better for me,
Had I been content with a simple lot,
With honest toil, and an humble cot,
Had I but made thee my honor and fame,
My world, and my fortune, ambition, and aim—
Thy love would have been these to me!

We parted, both with many tears,
For three long summers, three long years;
We parted here, beneath this tree,
Thou to thy chamber, I to the sea;
And we both could hear the old church-bell,
As, with a melancholy knell,
It seemed to say, Farewell, farewell!
I saw thee, bowed with grief, depart,
With both hands pressed upon thy heart,
Till my dimmed eyes could see no more,
And then I hastened to the shore.
The boat put off; with gentle swell
The ocean billows rose and fell,
While faintly came the distant knell,
Tolling, from the old church-bell,
Farewell, farewell,
Sweet Maggie Bell!

Oh, Maggie Bell! you never knew
The high resolves that filled my brain,
As on the deck I stood, while flew
Our bark, like sea-bird, o'er the main,
As one by one the sails unfurled,
I thought it was a manly part
To forth, and battle with the world,
To make me worthy of thy heart.
And so, I went with high intent
From continent to continent,
On manly purpose bent.
The world was all my field,
I sailed o'er every sea,
But Maggie was my shield,
My star of destiny.

Oh, how I toiled in those young years,
With what alternate hopes and fears,
I battled with my fate;
I struggled for a single aim,
I toiled for fortune, work for fame,
To make unto myself a name,
I gained it—but too late!

Five years had gone, I homeward came,
I had won honor, fortune, fame,
And with a high and manly pride
I came to claim thee as a bride.

I sought thy homestead, Maggie Bell,
The twilight shadows deeper grew;
I crossed the brook, I passed the dell,
And soon thy cottage came in view.
But darker grew the twilight shade,
I now had reached the little gate;
I waited, for I felt afraid,
I felt the warning of a fate.
A light from out thy casement shone,
I saw another tenant there;
Thy mother, Maggie, knelt alone
Beside thy couch in prayer.
I crossed the garden, reached the door,
I summoned with a faltering hand;
I heard a footstep on the floor
Upon the grating sand;
It nearer, nearer, nearer came,
A slow, heart-broken, joyless tread,
In it I read not of thy shame,
I only thought thee dead!

Oh, Maggie Bell, that fearful night!
God only knows what then I felt,
As on the floor, till morning light,
Beside thy couch I knelt.
Thy father, with a kindly hand,
Led me adown the little lane;
We reached the spot where now I stand
With madness in my brain.
His was the footstep on the floor,
'Twas he that to the door-way came,
And here, where we had stood before,
He told me, Maggie, of thy shame.

He told me how young Clarence Lee—
We had been friends in boyish days—
Had brought great riches from the sea;
And of his manly, winning ways;
And how he talked and sang to thee,
While thou would'st more attention lend,
Because he talked so much of me,
Because he was my friend;
And how, about two years before—
For three, since parting, then had sped—
There came a message to your door,
That I was dead.
He told me of thy grief and tears,
And how young Clarence Lee,
Because he was my friend for years,
Was more endeared to thee;
And how thy tender heart to his
Would more and more incline,
Because you seemed to feel that this
Was still a link to mine.
The winter passed, the spring time came,
Almost forgotten was my name,
The roses to thy cheek returned,
And in thy gentle heart there burned
A love for Clarence Lee—
But not as earnest, not the same
Contented, angel-lighted flame,
That you had felt for me.
And then—thy father's voice grew low,
He drew my head unto his breast,
And, in a broken voice, and slow,
He told me all the rest.
He said: "The night came on apace,
Young Clarence Lee had sought his home,
And Maggie, with a troubled face,
Came to our little room.
She talked of all her childhood's years,
She spoke of thee with many tears,
And kneeling at her mother's feet,
She said she never knew how sweet
Her home had always been.
She placed her hand in mine, and said,
While on her mother's knee she laid
Her tearful face serene;
'Tell me, dear parents, were I dead,
And in the quiet churchyard laid,
Beside my little brother Ned,

Whose grave is fresh and green,
Would you miss me much when the twilight came,
Would I be always to you the same,
Would in your prayers be whisper'd my name,
Without any sorrow, without any shame?
Oh, tell me, would Maggie be, in truth,
A mem'ry still, with the dew of youth,
One of the golden link of three
Removed to a higher destiny?
Would you cherish her still, as if she were here,
Love her as fondly, keep her as dear,
With never a sorrow, never a tear,
From summer to summer, from year to year?
Would you leave my chair in the same old spot,
The little table beside the cot,
The Bible upon it, with never a blot
Of tears, when thinking of Maggie's lot?
Would you miss me much? would my mem'ry be
As dear and as true as yours to me,
Till we meet in a higher destiny?"

"We spoke to her hopefully, dried up her tears,
And sought, oh, so tenderly, to banish her fears;
She kissed us more fondly than ever before,
She asked us to bless her, and said, as of yore,
She would kneel to receive it, a child on the floor.
We blessed her most earnestly, kissed her again,
We raised her up, lovingly, banished her pain,
We soothed her, we cherished, and bade her remain,
But she whispered, 'good night,'
And stole softly away,
And we thought that the joy-light
Would come with the day.
The morning came, and we learned it all,
It came like a shadow, it came like a pall,
And we thought how wretched she must be,
The child of our heart, the joy of our life,
Away on the sea with Clarence Lee,
Not as a maiden, not as a wife."

Your father paused, and to his home
We turned with sorrowing tread;
My heart with grief was overcome,
I wished that I were dead.
Your mother met us at the door,
She knew I had been there before,
"I give you Maggie's room," she said,
And through the live-long night
Until the morning light
I knelt beside thy bed.

My heart was wedded to the place,
I could not leave it, if I would—
The changing years came on apace,
And Death beneath the cottage stood!
Thy father, and thy mother, too,
Sleep now beneath the old yew tree:
'Twere better thus; they never knew
The deeper shame that came to thee.
They never knew of the bitter night
That brings but the hopeless morn,
Of the breaking heart, with smile bedight,
Nor of the worldling's scorn;
They never knew of the maddened brain,
With the brow so calm, and smooth,
That hides, like the cankering rose, the pain,
With never a hand to soothe.
They never knew of the grief and care,
Nor the burning secret tears,
Nor the yearnings of the heart for prayer,
Subdued by sinful fears.
They knew not this, poor Maggie Bell,
As sped the sorrowing day,
They never knew of what befell
The child whom they had loved so well,
For whom they still did pray.
They left your chair in the same old spot,
The little table beside the cot;
They watched the vines with tender care,
And the flowers still grew as when you were there,
And for many a day, and many a year,
They waited with little of hope to cheer,
While their eyes grew dim with the secret tear;
But she never came! and the old yew tree
Will shadow but two, instead of three.

Oh, Maggie Bell, would that the knell
Had reached thy heart, of that old bell,
Which then their requiem tolled:
It might, amidst thy bitter pain,
Have lured thy spirit back again
To those dear chimes of old.

I cherish thee still, sweet Maggie Bell,
As the girl that I loved, that I loved so well;
I never think of the grief, and the blot,
That blighted my love, that blighted thy lot.
I only think of the Maggie Bell
Who wandered with me thro' valley and dell,
And listened with me to the mournful knell
Which came to our ears of the old church-bell,—
That Maggie Bell
Whom I loved so well!

An ingenious mind continually learns lessons from the defects and mistakes of others, and strives to avoid unpleasant and disagreeable habits.

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.

(Continued.)

The true reply to Mr. Spencer, then, is this: Your "absolute" and "infinite" cannot exist. For by your argument for the "relativity" of knowledge, you put the absolute into relation with the "relative" by putting the "relative" into relation with it. And if the absolute be thus related, it is an actual or real existence, a "concrete infinite" in contact with "our intelligence," as the basis thereof. It cannot be conceived as an infinite if out of all relations, for this pushes it out of the reach of all intellection. "Our intelligence" cannot be based upon that to which it can have no relation. Hence there can be to us no such absolute as Mr. S. conceives. And why talk about the inscrutability of what cannot be known to us to exist?

According to Mr. Spencer's own argument, then, that "real existence," that "actuality lying behind all appearance," which has the highest validity of all our "beliefs," (?) being the very basis of our intelligence, is, in fact, the Infinite Being, the actual substratum of all things, the original power, the primordial substance, the aboriginal existence itself. And here we reach a decent meaning for the word absolute. It means real reality, an actuality. Now in this sense our own existence is "absolute." If we are at all, we absolutely are; if we exist at all, we exist as absolutely as God exists, while we exist. And so far as the mere fact of existence itself is concerned, the only difference between our existence and that of the Infinite, is in the matter of duration alone. If I live, or exist, ten years, I exist as absolutely, for that length of time, as God does. And if I am immortal, then my existence hereafter is the equivalent, in point of absoluteness, to that of God himself. The true meaning of "absolute," then, is real, actual, factual, not "non-relative." In this sense, and this sense alone, has the word any meaning at all. Hence all things that exist, exist absolutely. That existence may be dependent, but it is, while it is, as absolutely as if it were to continue forever. And further, since it is, it is composed, ultimately, of an eternal substratum; that is, it is a dependent form of some ultimate and independent, or aboriginal substance.

The difficulty, in all forms of the argument for the "Relativity of all Knowledge," arises partly from a misconception of the nature of knowledge. Mr. Spencer confounds knowledge with mere "belief," and this confusion vitiates his whole essay. He says: "At the same time that by the laws of thought we are rigorously prevented from forming a conception of absolute existence, we are by the laws of thought equally prevented from ridding ourselves of the consciousness of the absolute existence." He evidently does not mean, in the above passage, that we are prevented by the laws of thought, "from conceiving the fact of the absolute existence," for he is constantly arguing that the sense of such existence is the basis of our intelligence; but he does evidently mean that we have no complete knowledge of the contents of that absolute existence. In this sense we know nothing whatever, not even our own existence. We know that we are; but we have no complete and exhaustive knowledge of the contents and relations of our own being. We not only know that we are, but we know somewhat what we are. Are we to be told, that, because we have no exhaustive knowledge of our own being, we do not know that we exist? Certainly not. Do we not conceive, completely, the fact of our own existence? And in this sense we conceive completely the existence of the "infinite." If, as Mr. Spencer says, "we have an ever present sense of real existence," how is it that we do not as completely know the fact of absolute existence as we know the fact of our own existence? Mr. Spencer sometimes calls this sense a "consciousness," and at other times, "an indestructible belief." He says, "since the only possible measure of relative validity among our beliefs, is the degree of their persistence in opposition to efforts made to change them, it follows that this which persists at all times, under all circumstances, and cannot cease until consciousness itself ceases, has the highest validity of any." And he says this, in connection with and immediately after the saying: "Our consciousness of the unconditioned being literally the unconditioned consciousness, or raw material of thought." Is not here terrible confusion? If this "unconditioned consciousness," this "ever present sense of real existence," etc., is "the very basis of our own intelligence," why is it not the purest knowledge? Does "intelligence" rest on mere "belief"? Are we to be told that knowledge of our own existence is only a "belief;" that we do not know that we are, but only take this fact on the authority of "belief"? Is mere "belief" an adequate basis for "our intelligence"? What then is knowledge? If we do not know that we exist, to an absolute certainty, we cannot know anything whatever, for all other knowledge rests on the knowledge of our

own existence. And can our consciousness of our own existence be more than an "ever present sense of our real existence?" If an indestructible consciousness be not knowledge, there can be no such thing as knowledge. By Mr. Spencer's own showing, we have a more certain knowledge of "real existence," absolute being, than we have of self, for he makes the former the basis of the latter. If the former is only a "belief," the latter, resting upon the former, is only a "belief" of second class validity. And thus Mr. Spencer's argument for the "Relativity of all Knowledge" becomes an argument for the utter impossibility of any knowledge whatever. The word ought to be banished from the language, if this famous argument is sound. The up-shot of the whole thing is to land us in utter skepticism, for we have a more certain knowledge of our own existence, and of "real" or absolute existence, than we had of the objective world itself. And if the first is not knowledge, but only "belief," what kind of certitude have we in the existence of anything?

But we may be told that we have only a relative knowledge of the objective world. I reply, the whole argument for the relativity of knowledge destroys the possibility of any kind of knowledge. What is the use in talking about relative knowledge, while no kind of knowledge is possible? If by absolute knowledge, is meant knowledge out of all relation with our minds, nobody pretends it. What could absolute knowledge of something infinite be more appropriately defined to be, than an "ever present sense of real existence?" This is the full and complete definition of absolute knowledge itself. The knowledge that we are, is as absolute as absolute can be. And the knowledge of the fact of existence, is as complete as it would be if, added to it, there were an exhaustive knowledge of all the contents of existence. We would not know to any greater certainty that we exist, if we knew everything else in the universe. The uneducated man has just as certain a knowledge that he is, as the educated man has. This knowledge, therefore, is in itself perfect, complete, and therefore absolute. It is absolute knowledge; it is very certitude itself.

But there is an intrinsic absurdity in the very effort to show that all knowledge is "relative." No man can demonstrate that all knowledge is relative, except by contrasting knowledge with the idea and conception of the absolute, that is, with an absolute knowledge. If mind be confined with the limits of the relative, it could not even raise the question of the relativity of its knowledge. For it would, by the very hypothesis of relativity, be in relation with no absolute or contrasting sphere. You might as well expect the amphyoxus, or blind fish, to raise the question of the nature and character of darkness. Conceive a race of eyeless men, formed and living in darkness, as raising the problem of the nature and character of either light or darkness! They could not conceive of darkness, except by an experience of its opposite, light; nor of light, except by an experience of its boundaries. In the entire absence of one of these terms of experience and observation, no specific experience or observation of either would be possible. Darkness is a name we give to an experience of the withdrawal of light, and pre-supposes that experience even in its very name. Light, is light to us, only because it has been defined in our experience by being bounded, and contrasted with darkness. So with our knowledge. Our consciousness of the relative is the complement of our consciousness of the absolute, since the one pre-supposes the other. Nor is our consciousness of the relative any more clear, definite, or certain than our consciousness of the absolute. The conception of relative knowledge, implies the conception of absolute knowledge. The first has no significance except as contrasted with the other. Planted in a purely relative sphere, we never could have raised the question of the "Relativity of all Knowledge." But we have raised this question, and therefore we are not cribbed in a merely relative world. The very word "relative" convicts Mr. Spencer of a great fallacy. For is not this term significant of an opposite and absolute? No man can prove anything to be relative, until he assumes or sets out with the standard of the absolute with which to compare it. Not only the existence, but also the character of the absolute, is assumed by the very effort to prove our knowledge relative. Our knowledge cannot be shown to be of a relative character until it can be contrasted with knowledge of an absolute character. And even Mr. Spencer and Mr. Mansel assume, and attempt to show that the relative has none of the characteristics of the absolute. Now how can this be done but by assuming that the character of the absolute is known. I cannot know my knowledge to be purely relative, until I discover that it contains none of the qualities of the absolute. And how can I do this, if, as Mr. Spencer assumes, I am utterly ignorant of the nature of the absolute? If to think is to condition, then to think relative knowledge is to condition it on absolute knowledge. Since relative existence is necessarily conceived as conditioned upon absolute existence, so "relative knowledge" is necessarily conceived as conditioned upon absolute knowledge. For are not the conditions and laws of existence the very foundations of all consciousness of existence? There must be a perfect correlation between mind, or consciousness, and existence as such, for mind itself exists. And indeed, what is conscious-

ness itself, but existence itself, with its substance, its laws and its relations, arisen and arising into self cognition. If there be, as all thought implies, an "actuality underlying all appearances," there must be an equal, an identical actuality underlying all thought, all consciousness. But to assert, as does Mr. Spencer, that, though all appearances imply an actuality underlying them, yet that that actuality is "non-relative" is to me a monstrous fallacy. "An actuality underlying all appearances," and yet not related to them! It is too palpable an absurdity to be indulged. To take Mr. Spencer's own argument, as quoted from Sir Wm. Hamilton. He says: "To be conscious of the absolute as such, we must know that an object which is given in relation to our consciousness, is identical with one which exists in its own nature, out of all relation to consciousness. But to know this identity, we must be able to compare the two together, and such a comparison itself is a contradiction." In this assertion he begs the whole question by the covert assumption that things in their own nature, that is the absolute, are out of all relation to consciousness. How can Mr. Spencer or Mr. Hamilton know this until they understand the character of the absolute? Can a man determine that the "absolute is out of all relation to consciousness," when, by his own showing, he knows nothing about the first, and but little about the second? He says: "We are required to compare that of which we are conscious with that of which we are not conscious, the comparison itself being an act of consciousness," etc. Here again the same unwarrantable assumption is made, namely: that consciousness itself does not contain the absolute, the very point in dispute. Turn the argument round and apply it to the relative. To be conscious of the purely relative, as such, we must know that an object which is given in relation to consciousness, is utterly different and distinct to and from one which exists in its own nature, out of all relation to consciousness. But to know this "difference" "we must be able to compare the two together, and such comparison is itself a contradiction." So, in order to prove the "Relativity of all Knowledge," it is required to compare that of which we are not conscious with that of which we are conscious, in order to be certain that no element or quality of the former can be contained in the latter. How can we know that "the absolute" and relative are not identical, until we are able to distinguish the one from the other? And how can we distinguish them if we can know only one, and that one the relative? Will it be said, as by Mr. Mansel, "even if we could be conscious of the absolute, we could not possibly know that it was the absolute?" I reply, on this system of logic, we can assert as much of the relative. Even if we could be conscious of the "relative," we could not possibly know it to be the relative, because it would be relative to us only as contrasted with something absolute; "and what is this" but "an admission that we cannot be conscious of the" relative "at all?" The same kind and amount of logic will prove that we are possessed of no relative knowledge, and therefore of no knowledge at all.

But Sir Wm. Hamilton and Herbert Spencer attempt to bring back this "ever present sense of real existence," this inevitable consciousness of an "actuality underlying all appearances," the one under the term "revelation," and the other under that of "belief." But if it be a "revelation," it is certainly the purest of all knowledge; for what does "revelation" mean but "made known," made clear, certain and definite? But if it be only a "belief," then I ask, in the name of all common sense, what is "knowledge?" That is the highest certainty from which we cannot rid thought itself; and since, to use Mr. Spencer's own words, "the ever present sense of real existence is the very basis of our intelligence," I have only to ask, how can the superstructure be "knowledge?" When the "authority" is a mere "belief," how can the resulting opinion be shown to be more than "belief?" I agree with Sir Wm. Hamilton; it is a "revelation," direct, immediate, certain and final. But he is not consistent with himself on this point; for after admitting it to be a "revelation," he denies to it the character of real, natural knowledge. What is revealed, is known; and what becomes known to us on the supreme authority of "revelation," is certainly the truest possible knowledge. "Supernatural" knowledge is not possible to us, for we have only natural-faculties by which to know at all. And hence if this primal knowledge be a "revelation," it must be in such mode as to touch and inspire our faculties. And so, while Sir Wm. Hamilton would say, it is a revelation made to us, I should say it was a revelation made in us. The divine power, the infinite life and substance, must be in us and flow through us; we are made up ultimately of the supreme substance of absolute being, moved by the currents of the infinite life, conscious of the external and divine worlds at one and the same time. Hence the ideas of the finite and infinite, objective and subjective, "material" and spiritual, time and eternity, mortality and immortality, God and humanity, soul and body. We live in two worlds at once, the absolute and relative, the physical and spiritual; and hence these antitheses of finite and infinite, relative and absolute. And since we can no more rid ourselves of the one than the other, of the "absolute" than of the "relative," each must be regarded as equally certain and authoritative with the other.

We are not, then, "cabined, cribbed and confined," within the limits of an ontological and spiritual vacuum, pumped void of all real divine substance, and power, and life; we are not by the laws of thought compelled to conceive the existence of an inconceivable and impossible "absolute," one which is implied by the relative, as in relation to itself, and yet at the same time as "non-relative," as out of all relation; one which is asserted to be the "real actuality underlying all appearances," and yet never touching or blending with those appearances at all; one whose existence is asserted to have an ever "present sense" as the basis of our intelligence, and yet one which our intelligence can never cognize or know, or be certain of; one which, while implied by the thought of the "relative" itself, forever escapes that thought, and all possible thought, and so leaves us but the ghost-haunted shadows of meaningless "absolute," out of all relation with his creatures; but we are in direct contact, by the very laws of thought, with the only possible infinite and absolute as the primordial substratum of all existence and of all thought. *Natural inspiration, vital sympathy of man with the supreme spirit*, whose constant, unbroken currents of power continually pour into us, is the only idea which can harmonize with the laws of thought, therefore. The "infinite" is no longer for us an unmeaning abstraction, a "fasciculus of negations," but the real basis of all thought, of all knowledge, as of all existence. As relative existence implies absolute being, so relative knowledge, or knowledge of the relative, implies absolute knowledge, or knowledge of the absolute. And further, it will be found, on close investigation, that we have as much knowledge of the infinite as we have of the relative; that we know as much about spirit as we do about matter.

(To be continued.)

For The Spiritual Republic.

PRAYER AND DESIRE.

BY W. H. SPENCER.

In numbers thirteen and fourteen of this paper are communications from your able correspondent, H. C. Wright, on the subject of prayer, wherein he makes it entirely synonymous with desire. As this seems to us a new and very improper use of the word, found neither in common parlance nor classic composition, and sanctioned nowhere, unless in poetic license, we beg leave to offer a few words respecting it.

We fail to see the object in the attempt to pervert the word prayer from its almost universally accepted meaning to one which is entirely different and exactly equivalent to our word desire. The Unitarians in their persistent use of "Lord and Saviour," as applied to the man Jesus, have been perhaps justly charged by the Radicals with throwing a tub at the orthodox whale. Were it not that Mr. Wright is well known to be no compromiser we might think this new use of an old word another tub thrown to the whale.

Prayer everywhere means more than desire, though with different peoples it assumes very different forms. The Chinese mean by prayer the burning of strips of paper containing printed addresses to the Almighty. The Brahmin prays by repeating some sacred lines commencing and ending them with the mystic word—Om. The Buddhist counts his rosaries of beads or seeds, or turns a cylinder written all over with his supplications.

The running streams are made to turn numerous prayer-wheels, and the Tartars often place them over their fire-places where they can be turned incessantly by the draught. With the Persian an essential of prayer is to face the sun; the Jew turns to Jerusalem, and the Mahometan to Mecca. The early Christians chose the third, sixth and ninth hours of the day for their prayers which they repeated in a kneeling posture every day of the week except Sunday, when they stood erect. We all know how punctilious the Romanist to-day is in the observance of the ceremonies of worship.

But whether men pray by turning a crank, counting beads or repeating a set form of words, they always mean more by prayer than a desire; a mere subjective feeling. Prayer properly means a begging; an asking for something of somebody. A more comprehensive meaning, however, includes adoration, confession and thanksgiving. A prayer to God means some expression of man to God.

If all desires, whether of the body or mind are prayers, as Mr. Wright contends; if to desire food and drink is to pray, then the hog prays as well as man, and perhaps more if he eats more.

The vulture, feeding on the fetid carcass, according to Mr. Wright, is praying and answering his prayer at the same time. We protest against such a perversion of the meaning of prayer.

We don't mean to harbor an unworthy, prejudicial feeling of caste toward hogs and alligators. If, as some fear, they are proved some day to be our kin, we are no worse and they are no better.

We submit the problem of the origin of man to scientists, not to theologians; but until the inferior animals have given some evidences of a consciousness of a Supreme Being

we believe in restricting the word prayer to human actions. The vulture preys, but man only prays.

To make prayer synonymous with desire is warranted neither by custom, utility nor etymological propriety. To pray is to beg—and to beg is to beg of somebody for something. To desire is to wish for the possession of something without necessary reference to a giver.

In this sense, then, is prayer a natural expression of the feelings and wants of man?

Spontaneous prayer is, of course, a natural prayer.

If we were on board a sinking ship it might be very natural to cry out, God save us! but the next moment, if we were wise, would find us not on our knees, but looking around for a plank, a life-preserver, or a small boat, or something else by which God *might* save us. In viewing the beauties of nature, when digestion is good, how naturally does there well up from the heart a feeling of purest gratitude, and how often will it burst forth in a spontaneous thank God! Such prayers, we ask not the reason for, more than we ask why the needle turns to its magnet or the babe to its mother's breast. This is not forcing prayer out, but simply letting it pray itself.

Can men give us any reason for deliberate, premeditated prayer, in public or in private?

If a young man in a divinity school should find the distribution of a beneficiary fund to him contingent upon his officiating in the chapel exercises; or if a minister, candidating for a place to "settle down," should find an essential of success that the good old mothers must have their accustomed prayer or two on Sunday, he would probably feel a strong inducement to discover some "reason" for prayer.

Whether such worldly considerations really bias the mind or not we do not say. We believe most men mean to be honest with themselves, but there may be such a thing as unconscious bias, which such considerations create. Certain it is, however, that under such circumstances most men conclude that it is best to do as their fathers did; that prayer is, as an eminent Boston divine expressed it—in private, of course—"a function of the minister." And so they pray. Many such no doubt are sincere, but others seem to grind out the prayer, as a miller grinds the grist—for the toll.

There are many good men who pray in public, because they consider it a good service to others, and also a healthy, pleasant spiritual exercise for themselves.

Theodore Parker, we all know, was a man of intense devotional feeling. He prayed much and long. Did he expect to move God? No! His prayer was mostly a thanksgiving. He said he prayed, not to bring God to man, but to lift man to God. Did his prayers not have this effect? and if so, is it not well for such men to pray? But how few prayers have such an effect upon us! May it not be because prayer is natural with but few men? We are not Parkers and can serve God best by being true to our own selves.

If any one thinks that he has learned from experience that prayer elevates, purifies his feelings and enlightens his mind, let him pray.

A man says to me that he prays not because he hopes to move God, but for its effect upon himself. He thinks he has an instinct to pray, as he has to eat, and he prays because he enjoys it. He asks not even whether God hears his prayers, but he knows that, like a Turkish bath, a fervent prayer invigorates him, and so he prays. If this is your experience, said I, pray by all means; but added, be sure that you do not delude yourself. Don't let your imagination cheat your reason. Pray once with your eyes open, and perhaps you may detect the illusion.

It has been said that where prayer begins science stops, and as science advances prayer retreats. Science is not, however, as the vulgar think, irreverent. While it has gone down into the valleys of ignorance, and broken in pieces our deities of brass and the golden calf which Aaron fashioned, it has revealed to our clearer view an Ever-Present Power, immanent in every thing. It has shown us the order of His will, and a greater beauty, wisdom and love in all His varied works.

The more science the less prayer, but none the less genuine reverence and instinctive love for the Great Spirit of Nature.

Because God is our Father, does it follow that we ought to talk to Him as we talk to our human fathers?

The child wanting water asks its mother for it. This is the way to get it. When man wants water for his thirsty fields he must wait for rain or irrigate the land by artificial means. If men could get rain by simply praying for it they would all turn beggars, and God be nothing but their humble obedient servant.

Since investigations have marked out the courses of the winds and the causes of the rains, fewer prayers have gone up in behalf of corn-fields and potato-patches. And when the laws of mental operations are as well understood as the laws of physical phenomena, men will perhaps see the folly of praying for inspiration as well as for rain.

Men have heretofore found their reason for prayer in authority or in an *a priori* philosophy. Both are giving way, slowly but surely, to a philosophy of induction. Men

postulate less what God ought to do, but investigate more what He does do.

We are learning to take experience as our best guide, and to walk hopefully, with manly trust, that God has ordered all things well, whatever it be. We want our preachers to doff their professional robes; stop their sentimental whining, and lecture to us from the rostrum like plain, honest, truth-seeking, God-serving, man-loving men. If we pray let our religion not end with praying and nourishing soft sentiment, but work itself out in reform through church and State. But at the same time great caution is needed that our reforming does not degenerate to simply *deforming*; that liberty does not slide down to license, and that a noble, firm and courageous zeal for truth does not lapse into a disgusting, ranting fanaticism.

Cambridge, Mass.

For The Spiritual Republic.

PHILADELPHIA LYCEUM.

REMARKS OF M. B. DYOTT AT THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM NO. 2, OF PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 20, 1867.

Officers, leaders and members of the Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 2, co-workers in the cause of progress and human elevation: Two or three weeks ago I was present at one of your Monday evening sociable gatherings, was invited by your worthy conductor to take part in your exercises and say a few words to your Lyceum. I said I felt myself better fitted to be an observer than a participant at that time, and with his permission I would occupy that position, promising upon some future occasion to embrace the opportunity of making a few remarks to you, and whilst listening to the infantile efforts of those who shall one day be your future orators, and the musical voices of those who have in embryo the latent talents which by cultivation and proper refined direction, (which is the province and privilege of this Lyceum to afford,) shall one day make the beautiful halls of civilization resound with their musical cadences, I could not help thinking of the responsibility and glorious privilege our Heavenly Father has committed to the care of the officers of this Lyceum, and the significant words of the great teacher of Nazareth seemed more pregnant with force and meaning than they had ever before appeared to me, "The harvest is ripe." To the officers and leaders of this Lyceum I would say, although you have not all the advantages and facilities you could wish, you have far greater opportunities and conveniences than are possessed by other Lyceums. You have a neat, comfortable and pretty hall or church at all times at your command for your meetings, you are surrounded with a class of children possessed of talent, genius and latent powers, that by culture and development shall place them in the first ranks of refined and educated society, and give them prominence as thinkers and orators, and by their musical acquirements shall give them position among the foremost of our land. It is true much of the material is rough, crude and uninviting; you have the unpolished diamond strewn thickly, in your midst and it is your privilege to bring out its luster, to polish and set it in the crown of glory that shall rest gracefully upon the brow of many of those embryo angels that now surround you. To the members of this Lyceum I would say, you too have privileges and opportunities which are enjoyed by few others similarly situated. You are not taught that there is a fearful hell in which you shall eternally suffer, that your heavenly Father is a consuming fire, revengeful, jealous, vindictive and guilty of all the abominations that would consign any one of you (were you guilty of such enormities) to the prison and the gallows, and are then commanded to love him under penalty of everlasting punishment, but you are taught to *think*, to *reason*, and use your judgment upon all subjects; that your God is a loving Father, just, merciful and almighty to accomplish all his purposes.

You have the opportunity of meeting here not only upon Sunday, but whenever you and your officers desire, for the education of the body as well as the cultivation of the mind, that thinking immortal element in your nature which it is your duty, during this earth life to educate, and fit by good deeds for a continuous progressive life beyond the confines of this earthly existence. You are here taught that every wrong act brings inevitable suffering, for every wrong you do you must yourself pay the penalty, that not only God sees all your actions, but that the beautiful angels, the spirit of your mother, father, sister, brother or friend, is cognizant of all your good or bad deeds; that they are ever watching over your conduct, and are solicitous for your welfare. Now let me say a word or two to the children of this Progressive Lyceum, and in this collection I include every man, woman and child from four years old to ninety, and if these children are obedient to the dictates of reason, the laws of health, the cultivation of the physical possibilities of the bodies as well as the souls, as inculcated in the Children's Progressive Lyceum, we shall have to extend our catalogue of members, so as to include those children who have past their three score years and ten, and include those who have attained to their hundredth year of earthly existence. But I hear some of our young Americans say, why call it a Children's Progressive Lyceum? to which we

would say the term children's is not intended to convey the idea of infancy, but is used in the sense you use it, when you say, we are all the children of one God, of one Universal Father, God is merciful and careth for all his children, and although nearly fifty winters have passed over my head, it is one of the proudest titles you can confer upon me, to say I am one of the children of the Progressive Lyceum. I have noticed some of our young friends looking at a silver target surmounting the American flag, which I have in my coat collar as a breast pin, and apparently wondering what it means. Let me tell you; you have most of you noticed the Odd Fellows wearing three links of a chain, an eye, and other devices emblematic of their order. The Masons also wear the square and compass, and other tokens of their society, which are used as a means of recognition. It being popular, creditable and fashionable to belong to either of these societies, and many wear these emblems for the pecuniary advantages that may accrue from being recognized as a Mason or an Odd Fellow. I have belonged to both of these societies for twenty-five years, and have the right to wear those emblems, and claim fellowship with them, but it is the proudest day of my life that entitles me to wear the beautiful emblem of our despised faith, and to hold up this target as a mark at which the intellectual shafts and darts of all Christendom may choose to aim. This beautiful emblem of our Lyceum, (the Target) was presented to me by that noble, inspired soul, my beloved brother Andrew Jackson Davis. It is composed of silver, whose whiteness is emblematic of unsullied purity; it is composed of an innumerable field of glistening stars, indicative of the fact that it comprehends the entire universe of worlds, and, as I said before, it is in the form of our target at which the intellectual darts and shafts of old theology or ecclesiasticism are invited to point their arrows. Beneath this target is suspended the American flag, under whose protection all the nations of the earth may find shelter, and freedom to worship God after the dictates of their own consciences—the only ensign of freedom beneath the blue canopy of heaven. Beneath its glorious folds the only free nation upon God's footstool has marched to victory, and peace and the prayers of millions have ascended to the throne of the Almighty for its success in the battle for freedom upon Sunday and all other days; and now in the days of peace and plenty will our zealous brethren cease to pray for its success and supremacy in the peaceful pursuits of our Children's Progressive Lyceum? This question I shall leave them to answer.

For The Spiritual Republic.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

BY JOSEPH BAKER.

My attention has been drawn to an article from the pen of Dr. Fahnestock on the subject of Animal Magnetism, in which he disputes the fact that the so-called magnetizer really produces any effect on his subject or the one who is entranced. The latter, he holds, goes into that condition of his own accord. I remember having seen his articles published on that same hypothesis some twenty-five years ago, exhibiting much plausible ingenuity, but which did not satisfy me and many others, for the simple reason that, as I opine, it did not agree with apparent manifestations.

I have myself magnetized many hundreds, and although it is true that many subjects acquire the ability to go into the magnetic condition, even to clairvoyance, as he maintains, still I have witnessed many cases in which that was not, and could not be true.

For instance, I was once visiting a gentleman of veracity in Vermont, who was in the habit of mesmerizing his son, a boy about ten years. It was evening and this boy had fallen asleep in his chair. The father remarked to me, that he could entrance that boy as he sat there without waking him, and, on my request, he at once proceeded to make a few passes over him, when the lad sprang up completely magnetized, and in a high clairvoyant state. After a long *manoe* he threw off the influence in the usual manner, and yet the boy in his normal state had no remembrance of being magnetized.

I have in many cases, by an effort of the will, paralyzed subjects whose backs were toward me and who had no suspicion of the fact till paralyzed, but were engaged on other matters, and the subject was not even in their thoughts. As a parent I have thus removed pain from my children before they had yet learned to talk.

I would call attention to another fact well known to most strong magnetizers. They can get such control of the nervous and muscular systems of their subjects that they will imitate all their movements, even when the operator is out of sight of his subject. Is not this clearly contrary to the theory that the magnetizer cannot effect his subject, except on his mind?

I would suggest this theory as the most rational and probable one. Man in his interiors is a spirit while here in the flesh, and as such makes his magnetic subject his medium; sometimes, but not always, controlling his will, and making him advance such opinions as he himself holds. At other times the medium goes in a higher state than the operator stands, and from this abnormal and elevated clear

light gives utterance to higher and nobler perceptions; nay, while thus magnetized, may see and commune with the spirits of the departed. My experience has led me to embrace that opinion. It explains the whole phenomena, as no other hypothesis does, to my satisfaction, and hence I have adopted it as the true one.

For The Spiritual Republic.

SPIRIT WHISPERINGS—THE CHANGE.

BY A. A. SHUEY.

Earth was lonely—very dreary—
When I wandered through its vales;
And my life was sad and weary,
Tolling o'er its hills and dales;
Sad and weary—ever tolling—
Tolling till the break of day,
None to comfort, none to succor,
Thus, I wore my life away.

Poverty, with sable pinions,
Hovered o'er my wretched cot,
Till the sunbeams, and the pleasures,
Of the earth, were all forgot;
Ever tolling—scorned and slighted,
By the few whom fortune blessed;
Ever lonely—ever weary—
That, to me, was earth's bequest.

But the heavens were ope'd one morning,
And an angel, passing by,
Took the babe I fondly cherished,
And conveyed him to the sky;
Tears—aye, tears, were shed that morning;
Tears of mingled grief and joy,
As the angel fondly blessed me,
—And departed with my boy.

Not departed, for he lingered—
Lingered near the homeless one;
And one day, he gently whispered,
That my weary task was done.
Then he raised the curtain, softly,
And my spirit sped away,
Free and happy, joyous, radiant,
From its prison-house of clay.

Oh, the throng that came to meet me,
And the bliss my spirit knew;
All the gates of heaven seemed open'd
And its glories brought to view;
And sweet anthems—angel anthems—
Seemed to fill high heaven with joy,
As the new-born spirit mother
Clasped her darling angel boy.

Think you, sister, I regretted
All my suffering and woe?
Think you that one joy was wanting,
Which kind heaven could bestow?
Aye, my cup was filled to brimming,
And my joyous heart was light;
Now we three are passing onward,
Led by wisdom, love, and light.

Now, my happy soul is quaffing,
From the rapturous fount of love;
And my wandering eyes are gazing,
On the glorious world above;
And the babe, so fondly cherished,
Nestles sweetly on my breast,
As we three are passing onward,
Ever onward—loving—blest'd.

For The Spiritual Republic.

MAGNETISM.

BY A. MILTENBERGER.

Dr. Fahnestock's positions that the subjects induct themselves into the state is not new to me, and I have but few words to say, and that is to give my testimony, and the result of years of practice, and that is the operator's power is exerted to get the subject started, and then the disembodied spirit takes the subject out of our hands, and what the doctor calls self, is the better operator on the other side of the line.

There is one other point that the doctor makes which is new, and to me not correct, and that is that the negative subject has more power over disease in his own body than the positive operator has—which would assume that the patient, who becomes diseased from his very negativeness, while the positive man resists it, is in a better condition to throw it off after he has taken it than the one who never took it at all.

St. Louis, May, 1867.

The most arduous conflict man can engage in, is the warfare with the selfish instincts of his own mind, which are ever prompting him to take unfair advantage of the ignorance and weakness of his fellow-creatures. Those who, by determined and persistent efforts, succeed in obtaining a thorough victory over their evil propensities, will receive in reward a crown of glory more bright and beautiful than mortal senses can conceive of. Battle, then, oh, weak-sighted mortal, not so much with outward foes, as with the more dangerous enemies lying concealed among the thickets of thy own uncultivated nature.

E. S. L.

Painesville, Ohio.

For The Spiritual Republic.

GONE.

BY O. W. TRUE.

"And, after *I am gone!*" It is somewhere related of Lord Macaulay, that a few years before he died, something was presented to him at a great public meeting in Scotland, which much pleased him, upon which he said: "As long as I live, I shall treasure it; and, after *I am gone!*"—here the great man's voice faltered, and he was unable to finish the sentence.

Long ago some nameless poet wrote the "Scottish Widow's Lament." The widow had had a husband and two lovely little children, but on a bleak winter they all went out and were gone—gone! no more to return to her, and she, while spinning on the cold dreary days following, is supposed, or rather, probably heard, to sing in this wise:

"I tittle while to spin,
But wee, wee patterin' feet,
Come runnin' out and in,
And then I just maun greet;
I ken it's fancy a'
And faster flows the tear,
That my a' dwined awa'
Sin' the fa' o' the year."

"After I am gone!" Mr. Tennyson represents the dying girl saying to her mother, after *I am gone!*

"If I can come again, mother, from out my resting place;
Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face:
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you say,
And be often, often with you, when you think I'm far away."

Delectable thought, to believe in the "oft told tale!" that when a dear parent, companion, son, daughter or friend is gone, they can assure us:

"I shall hearken what you say,
And be often, often with you, when you think I'm far away."

Cherished hope; sweet consolation, then; that there may be interminglings of our better part—our spiritual—with the loved ones, in our meditations upon things holy, things pertaining to our hereafter, when they are gone.

"—my darling was gone!"

It was the writer's privilege, in the winter of 1863-4, to meet frequently with B. F. Taylor, Esq., and his beautiful companion, in New York City, where they were seeking the elixir of life, to stay her fast ebbing health; but it could not for her be found:

"So my beautiful May passed away from life even;
So the blush of her being was blended with heaven;
So the bird of my bosom fluttered up to the dawn—
A window was open—my darling was gone!"

Their names are immortalized by those exquisitely beautiful lines to her memory—"Shall I know her again?"—to which inquiry, this is the happy response:

"I shall know her again, notwithstanding her wings,
By those eyes full of heaven, by the light on her hair,
And the smile she wore here she will surely wear there!"

So she, too, in the midst of her days—till on some bright, sunny "morning in June," "wavered till won by the light of God's smile"—has gone.

A lady writer in a late number of the *Country Gentleman* inquires what has become of a former very acceptable contributor, by the name of "Ida," and then asks, "Did we hear that she had passed away as most good and lovely ones do?"

An editorial note says: "Yes, Ida, whom we once had the pleasure of visiting at her beautiful home on the eastern bank of the Upper Mississippi, some years since, passed from the pleasant view of river and prairie, with which her western home was surrounded, to that beautiful city, the New Jerusalem, whose streets are paved with gold, and whose palaces are of the most precious stones."

Where is "that beautiful city?" What kind of a place is it, and what do those who go there do? We are taught that money—riches—is the root of all evil; that gold is the most precious of all metals; that it is really, in and of itself, riches to whomever possesses it in abundance.

Here is a contradiction of terms, and I must believe there is no such city till its locality, or something definite concerning it, is given, that can be understood; that can be appreciated by man. It is to be hoped that the day in which such vagaries are to be taught will soon, very soon be gone.

Gone, is a short word, easily spoken or written; but how few there are over whose memory it does not hold a magic spell; does not hold the key to the gate of sorrow, as well as o that of joy, in its cadence as it falls from the lips upon the ear. Yet how much more cheerily it sounds to those very ones when their ears are opened to the beautiful truth that their loved ones are only gone on to their future home, a little before them, and are waiting to welcome them, in God's own good time; not to a gold-paved city of Oriental imagery for a chosen few of pharisaical conceptions; but to a love-paved city of spiritual development—to a Summer Land of liberty—to a city where all are invited to come and drink of the waters of life freely; to a city where charity abounds, and "extends beyond the grave, through the boundless realms of eternity;" to a city where knowledge prevails, and stands guard instead of faith, which may be lost in seeing.

CATHOLICISM IN AMERICA.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: Will you allow me, through your valuable paper, to call the attention of your readers and of friends of human progress generally to a subject that has occupied my thoughts for some time past? I refer to the efforts now being made by Roman Catholicism to gain a foothold among the freedmen of the South.

Many, I am aware, look upon this as of little importance, and liberals are too apt, I fear, to regard the movement as harmless. We are perhaps too prone to imagine, that because old theology, as personified in the orthodox church, is being "driven to the wall," that, therefore, church power and priestcraft are no longer to be feared. This, I grant, is true, as far as the Protestant churches are concerned, but we have not yet escaped from all danger. We have in the Romish church a wily and unscrupulous foe to human liberty; one who will not hesitate to employ any means, fair or foul to accomplish her hellish designs; acquitting herself upon the principle that "the end justifies the means." If we look back into the history of the world we shall find that the Papal power has always acted upon this principle, and has never faltered at anything to further its interests. Do any fondly imagine that Romanism has of late years grown any more tolerant, or any less bigoted? Let them read the Catholic papers published in our principal cities, and then judge for themselves. Observe the course of the Papal government in regard to Protestant worship in Rome, and the comments of the Catholic press thereupon. If any have been deluded with the idea that Popery is now a better friend to liberty, this alone will open their eyes. It is never wise to underrate or disparage the power of an enemy. This holds good in religious controversy as well as in war. Romanism has made immense strides in this country, and while Protestantism seems to be dying out, it is on the increase. I have no fears but what it will be ultimately overthrown and completely blotted out, but it may do a vast deal of damage before that time arrives. It behooves us as Spiritualists and friends of progress to be on our guard. Popery seeks for power; it looks forward to the time when it can control this government; all its best efforts are being used to this end, and unless we are vigilant and active, it will succeed. Ah! how little the masses of our people of American birth know of the power of Romish priests! The Catholic Irish in this country are ruled as with a rod of iron by this priesthood; they dare not assert their individual rights. The merciless church of Rome holds them with a tight grasp; they are the mere serfs and the priests are the overseers who crack their theological whips over their backs. From the bottom of my heart I pity the poor priest-ridden Irish. Will there never come a brighter day for them! The Irish vote is controlled by the Catholic church; it therefore exercises a dangerous power and should be carefully watched. How long do you suppose a republican form of government would be tolerated should Catholicism become triumphant in this land of boasted freedom? How long do you suppose your excellent paper would be allowed to circulate through the land? I will merely quote the *Catholic Quarterly Review* as an answer. The editor says, "Heresy and infidelity have not, and never had, and never can have, any rights!" The Catholic Bishop, Kenrick, said, "Catholicity will one day rule America, and then religious freedom will be at an end!" Spiritualists and liberals, think of this! The Jesuits, (the so-called "Society of Jesus") are unceasingly at work undermining our liberties, and they will stop at nothing to gain their object—power. Nothing is too vile for them to descend to. Outwardly, Jesuitism is all fairness and devotion, internally it is a system of miserable deception, cunning and fraud. The "Society of Jesus" has its ramifications throughout the world; it has its members in every class in society, in every Protestant denomination; its spies are in numerous households—in the shape of Catholic servants. These agents are known only to the members of the "order," and they can therefore, work in secret. The Jesuits are skilled in the art of dissimulation. They appear one thing and are really something else. Never trust a Jesuit. These Jesuit "Fathers" are now laboring for the conversion of the freedmen to Catholicism. Their object is to gain numerical power. When they do, beware! The Catholic Convention, which quite recently met at Baltimore, sat with closed doors, and all their transactions were conducted in the Latin language. Why this great secrecy? No Protestant religious assembly does anything like this. They had under consideration probably some scheme for promoting the spread of their tenets among the blacks of the Southern States, for immediately afterwards we heard of priests being sent to the South to establish mission houses. It is really humiliating to see the subservency and toadyism of the secular press. Instead of speaking out boldly and warning our too confiding people—white and black—it seeks continually Catholic patronage by giving glowing descriptions of ridiculous puppet shows in Catholic churches, or of some senseless mummery performed by a priest over a herd of blinded listeners. Instead of putting the people upon their guard, they lull their fears. The Papal power is sufficient already in this country to make it a matter of interest to the press to either laud its

absurd ceremonials or else to keep perfectly quiet concerning them. Did any one ever notice the fact that Catholics make more out of a "fair" than any other religious body? Protestants and liberals are foolish enough sometimes to give them money and to patronize their "fairs," but did you ever hear of Catholics giving money toward a Protestant church fair? I never have heard of such disinterested benevolence on their part. Catholics laugh at the blind stupidity of Protestants. Is it, I ask, a time for us—the professed friends of human liberty, and the enemies of everything like oppression—to stand still or keep our thoughts to ourselves? What are we, as liberals, going to do to counteract these efforts of Romanism? Remember, if once Popery gains power sufficient here, our liberties and rights are gone. It is no idle dream, no chimera of a disordered brain. It is time we were looking about us for the means to stay this tide of superstition. Are none of our lecturers ready to take the field in the South? Shall we not meet the enemy upon the battle ground? The efforts of Papacy are directed to the Southern States, and the valley of the Mississippi. The orthodox church is powerless to stay the evil; can we liberals do nothing? Those familiar with the peculiarities of the colored race know that, as a race, they are religious and devotional, and know also that they are fond of show. What a promising field for Romanism with her gorgeous worship and her mystic ceremonies. Rome is improving it, and unless something is done, she will be successful. I have written this hoping that the subject would be taken up by abler minds and receive a thorough sifting. I now leave it, trusting that my humble effort will excite discussion upon this most important matter. I should like to hear what they have to say, who have had experience among the freedmen. To those desirous of acquainting themselves with the nature of Catholicism, I would recommend "Letters to the Catholic Bishop of Boston, by an Independent Irishman," published by J. P. Mendum, at the office of the Boston *Investigator*.

J. H. AUSTIN, M. D.

Cedar Lake, N. J., April 17, 1867.

SCIENCE AND ART.

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

For The Spiritual Republic.

PHRENOLOGY.

HUDSON TUTTLE TO J. H. COOK.

You remark that if I had been a practical phrenologist for the same length of time as yourself, I would not have made the sweeping charges that I have made against that science. Of the truth of this I have no doubt, nor of your own sincerity; at the same time I am compelled to say that the arguments you bring forth fail to convince me that I am in error. It is nothing to me, personally, whether phrenology be true or false. I should greatly prefer to be convinced that it was a perfected science; until demonstration arrives I cannot assent. There was a time that I was an ardent disciple of Fowler, but it was before I became mediumistic. That I discard now what I then received may be a sign of retrogression.

You have called me to account, and many personal letters have expressed the astonishment of friends that I should discard, as a pseudo-science, what they regarded as the forerunner and pillar of Spiritualism. The latter statement frequently occurs with reform writers; but in what manner phrenology forms the basis of the Spiritual Philosophy it is difficult to discover. That philosophy is based on all the sciences; all enter into its structure; no one can claim preference.

You say that Spiritualism has its quacks; that not one half of the so-called manifestations are genuine, and conclude that I had best purge it of its errors before commencing with phrenology. While admitting the unreliability of the manifestations, and the activity of impostors, admitting even more than you lay to its door, I fail to see how the truth of phrenology is upheld by the quackery of Spiritualism! Sometime my attention may be turned to that subject, but phrenology is now under review. If Spiritualism should prove totally false, it would not be evidence that phrenology was therefore true.

PHRENOLOGY IS NOT A SCIENCE. Science is POSITIVE knowledge classified. Have the authors on phrenology positive knowledge? Can they determine character from the organs of the head with absolute, or anything like absolute certainty? Can they tell how a man will act when placed in any given set of circumstances? Now, my friend, here lies the distinctive objection I urge, and it will explain to you why "a man who deals in minutiae and microscopic objects as much as I do, should discard and deny the details of phrenology," not quite without "exceptions and qualifications."

If the chemist places iron and sulphur in a crucible, and applies heat, he knows beforehand just what the result will be. If he throws on acid and an alkali together they neutralize each other, and a salt results. All the agents and reagents have well known qualities, and always behave under given circumstances in like manner. Because these actions and reactions are determinable with absolute cer-

tainly, chemistry is a science. It is this certainty which has evolved it from the charlatanry of the old alchemists.

So of the records of "the rocky book" of earth's strata. While the curious wondered at tooth, and bone and scale, imbedded in the rock, collecting fossils as objects of curiosity, geology had no claim as a science. It was made such by the efforts of great naturalists, who wrung meanings from each changing form, and by constructing a system of living beings, and evolving the grand generalization of the unity of all living beings, and then comparing fossil remains with the known.

Determining the forms of living beings from a bone or scale is not an individual power, but belongs to the science of comparative anatomy, which details the facts connected with organization. Life is a unit, and every organ is correlated with all others. Each organ is built up with reference to all the others. The student of anatomy does not view the feat as wonderful of detailing the animal's organization from a bone or scale.

In the same manner all the sciences might be brought forward. They all have outlying provinces of conjecture and myth, but their claims as sciences rest on what they state and prove as fact. Does phrenology withstand this test? Can it determine character by combinations of the organs, in the same manner the chemist determines the behavior of elements brought together in his retort? Can it detail character from the brain, as the comparative anatomist details form, structure and habit from bone and scale? I urged objections against its practical working, even granting the theory.

These are "eating away on the inside," "the temperaments," "size," "quality," "activity," "thickness of skull," "frontal sinus," etc., which you say are not new, and practically overcome by phrenologists. It is because of these, and the other objections stated in my previous article, that the claims of phrenology are discarded by the great anatomists and scientists of the world. If you have the facts whereby these objections can be met, and the results of the endless permutation of conditions entering into human character predicated with mathematical certainty, you will have the honor of founding a *new science*—that of *phrenology*, and go down to posterity as one who first lifted it out of the slough of empiricism, and placed it as one of the brightest stars in the galaxy of positive sciences.

But I fear your task is a hopeless one. The phrenologist claims to reveal character from the shell surrounding the brain. It is very similar to attempting to claim power to reveal the contents of a safe by feeling of the iron exterior. The thickness of the walls is undetermined; the value of the contents unknown, and yet under this plate is a pearl, under that rivet a ten dollar bill!

Can the power of an engine be learned by feeling over the surface of the cylinder and boiler? The size may be discovered, the pressure of the steam conjectured, but there may not be half the steam available, or at another it may work at double pressure.

Adventure that ten years ago, a "practical phrenologist" would never have selected Lincoln or Grant for the places they have so nobly occupied. Booth had not the "organization" of an assassin. He would have been chosen from a thousand by phrenologists as a refined and superb specimen of humanity.

I agree with your remarkably honest statement: "It is easy to write for or against phrenology, but to produce facts, not so easy." It is easy to build a system which, however erroneous, may be extremely difficult to disprove. Phrenologists who claim successful reading of character, as evidence have the advantage, for there is no cornering them there. Say to them, look at Byron with his little head, but with an intellect able to grasp the knowledge of the globe. "Oh!" is the answer, "that came from his extraordinary brain-activity!" But could that activity be predicted from manipulating his skull? Here is Mr. A., with large destructiveness; he is a "born murderer," but he does not murder. "Oh, that results from his tremendous conscientiousness." Mr. B. has "small destructiveness, combativeness and secretiveness;" he is a born saint, but he will steal, in spite of his large conscientiousness. "But, Lord! look at his allmentiveness; he only steals that he may get enough to eat!" And so on *ad infinitum*.

Now, my friend, if you can evade this vicious circle, give us a rule by which the form and size of the brain can be learned, its texture known, its working power measured, and all set down in numerical exactitude, I yield the field, and will be the first to shout your deserved success. Fowler claims to do all this. In looking over a chart made out for myself, I see that he has marked organs to one-half and one-fourth of a number on his scale of seven, and even to less than one-fourth by his indeterminate plus and minus signs. This argues great accuracy of touch in the professor's finger-ends, surely! Is it exactitude of science or observation?

"But was his delineation correct?" It ought to be, for by combining the numbers of organs in said chart, an almost infinite variety of characters may be elicited. It is a poor marksman that cannot hit the mark, shooting shot out of a gun scattering over all creation!

I have already exceeded the space to which I am confined. I hope you will not understand anything I have said in the light of a disputant wishing to sustain himself, right or wrong. The truth is all I care for, and if in error, most willingly will I acknowledge it when my error is shown.

Walnut Grove Farm, May 6.

THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

CHICAGO, MAY 18, 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.

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RELIGION IN PRACTICAL LIFE.

Everywhere, from everybody, we hear, "Practical religion is impossible on this earth." The Christian minister of every denomination, as well as the infidel to them all, says that in business, in the everyday relations of life, to "love thy neighbor as thyself" is simply impossible.

Is the Christian page like every preceding leaf in religious history, a blank or worse than blank? Has all this time for twenty centuries been worse than thrown away? Was the model prayer of the universe, "Let Thy kingdom come and Thy will be done on the earth as it is done in heaven," the utterance of a fanatical enthusiast? Are the teachings of Jesus worth less than the paper on which they are printed? So says every priest, and so say the people of Chicago and everywhere else. We speak from the card when we say that among the large number of ministers in this city, we have yet to meet the first one who does not say, in so many words, that it is impossible, and will forever be impossible, to actualize and incarnate the Christian religion into our relations on this planet. That we must wait until we have thrown off our "evil natures" by passing through the "valley of the shadow of death." That we must get to a heaven beyond, and that too, upon the merits of somebody else, before we can act like men.

Then let every steeple tumble. Let fire eat up the pulpits; let bibles feed the flames; let priests, one and all, be scourged from these desecrated temples, and let the people be humbugged no longer.

We have personally appeared before many of the leading manufacturers of Chicago, who are now holding their doors against several thousand workmen, because they refuse longer to prostitute their labor to fatten employers who treat them like slaves—yes, worse than slaves, and we have there, "without money and without price," plead the cause of the muscular toiler. They have listened, most of them, to our prayers and our reasons why a man who works should be regarded as not less a man than one who does no work. They have heard us tell of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of MAN. All of them say we have spoken truly, and that our theory is correct. That the employer, as a brother man, should have no more for his services than the employed, but that the present "system" will not allow the treatment of man as man, but only as a thing, just as we treat dumb driven cattle, or any piece of property in the market. We have asked them to adopt a new system, which shall not make devils of men; to try co-operation instead of competition.

With hearts made hard as flints by the tyranny of position—Pharaoh-like—they tell us they will not let the working people go, even for two hours a day, lest, getting a little brain culture, they become wise as employers are, and knowing their rights shall dare maintain them.

"Servants, be obedient to your masters," is the silent warning of every pulpit in Chicago on this eight-hour question. Even Dr. Ryder, of St. Paul's Church, a doctor of divinity—what sort of divinity?—dare not speak out one word in favor of working men. His Universalism is as void of principle as the hardest shell Baptist is, or the most bigoted Roman Catholic.

He acknowledged to us that the eight-hour law would prove a blessing, and he would go for it for the benefit of probably half the workingmen, but the other half, in the drinking saloons, would be worse off than under the ten-hour system.

Thus this doctor of a Universalist Divinity would chain the rights of the living to the wrongs of the dead. He would hold every aspiring, sober, virtuous mechanic, who is pleading for time to cultivate and enjoy his social nature, to improve his intellect, to look out for his physical welfare, in the death-grip of every worthless, drunken debauchee until the last sun of his life has gone down forever.

How does it happen that every priest in the city is either silent or opposed to this measure of relief for the toiling

masses of Chicago and of all the mechanics in the State of Illinois?

Are the legislators of this State, though besotted with greenbacks and in the midst of bacchanalian revels, better than Christian ministers of Chicago? The grand trouble is, these priests are hirelings. Jesus, whom they profess to adore and follow, went about *doing* good. What record shows that he ever had a salary? Without scrip or purse, he went among the poor, and the poor hung on the words of living life as they fell like pearls from the lips of the Great Teacher. He was not only a preacher but a doer of righteousness. These hirelings get their pay from those landlords who "devour widows' houses and for a pretence make long prayers," some of whom devour the widows themselves. A revolution is demanded here in Chicago as much as in any place on the globe. Where is the Luther who is willing to go to Wurm's though as many devils confront him as there are tiles on the houses?

REIGN OF TERROR.

"Chicago has been under the control of a mob for several days. This mob is composed of certain laborers determined to force employers to accept the new Eight-Hour Law and pay the old ten-hour wages, and certain rowdies, ready to improve any opportunity for a fuss. A reign of terror has prevailed there; but the city government is now resuming its backbone and getting the mob under cow."—Exchange.

The above is the impression spread abroad, as indicated by several of our exchanges and private letters, by the unprincipled course of some of our city papers. Every sentence of the paragraph is false. The city has not been under the control of a mob. There has been no mob in the city at any time, composed of workingmen determined to force employers to pay them ten-hour wages for eight hours' work. The workingmen have many times before and since the first of May, when the law went into effect, officially declared their willingness to work eight hours for eight hours' pay; and the only trouble that has occurred at all has resulted from the refusal of employers to accede to the terms and spirit of the law of the State.

As to the trouble that did occur, it was simply this: A crowd of boys, with altogether perhaps a dozen men, against the expressed wish of the organized body of workingmen, did visit several lumber yards and workshops for the purpose of intimidating those who were at work; we have not heard of their destroying property in any instance. Several of them were arrested, and on trial all but one discharged, he being held to bail for preventing a man from working in a lumber yard. Mayor Rice issued a proclamation warning persons against riotous proceedings and the intimidation of men at work. A company of militia was held in readiness for service, but it was not called out, and during the two days in which the city was "under the control of the mob" nothing unusual could have been observed by persons who kept about their business and were not desirous that a riot should occur.

The fact is, this whole matter has been "written up" by persons in the interests of capital. If the city or market has been injured, it has been by the lies of capitalists and their tools. We would to-day trust the interests of the community in the hands of our Chicago workingmen much sooner than we would to those who have made war on them, and shamefully misrepresented them to the world.

MAGNETISM AS A REMEDY.

Articles in this issue of the REPUBLIC will call the attention of our readers to the above subject again, and we propose to say a word thereon. We consider the question still open, and shall offer nothing as a finality. Our own observation has led us to infer that all effects produced by magnetism are the results of reciprocal action. We feel each other, sometimes consciously, often unconsciously. The presence of a friend may quicken thought in us. The thinking of an absent friend may induce thought in us. The sudden emotion of those far away may rouse us to vague apprehensions of danger or joy attending them.

When the brother of the writer participated in the battle of Chancellorville, his first experience in the clash of arms, the writer, in New York City, knew as by lightning flash of the fact. The shock of battle ran along the nerves of his being and took form in his consciousness, and he said, "My brother is in battle this morning," several hours before the telegraph announced the struggle to the North. This experience was noted thus, "At eight o'clock this morning (May 1st, 1863,) I felt my brother in battle." His letter dated the 5th of the same month says, "We made the rebels a May morning call at eight o'clock, and gave them our warmest greeting." To this hour the emotions of that morning have not departed, in effect. A recurrence to them fills our whole being with strength. The determination of will, the daring resolution that filled his being, and was communicated to us then, bounds into existence without volition on our part whenever the name of the battle is pronounced, or any incident pointing thereto occurs. Here we have evidently similar phenomena, produced by very different objective causes, or a phenomenon reproduced by a cause differing from the cause that first produced it.

Can it be denied that the one in Virginia communicated himself to the other in New York? He may or may not

have willed to do so, but he did. At Gettysburgh the brave boy fell. The recurrence of these emotions need not now be referred to him; they have become incidentally a part of the existence of the writer, and come up, we think, whether the spirit of the brother be present or not, whether the will of the spirit be directed hither or not. The recurrence of the emotions may be self-induced, or accidentally called up. Are not both the hypotheses of our contributors reached and illustrated in the foregoing experience?

It is reported to us from a source which we consider entirely reliable, and without the intent of publication, that there is a person in Joliet, in this State, who by merely sitting passively with the sick, produces upon them a wonderful effect. He is a person without culture, and apparently without mental persistence. He is usually assisted by three others, a man and two women, they altogether constituting the "battery," as they designate the combination thus formed. Our informant says:

"He is a great healer, and has done some things that would be called miracles in any other age. Crowds fill his rooms every day, and seem rather to increase than diminish. People come from hundreds of miles to be healed, and many are healed. There is no mistake about it. I have seen the blind made to see, the deaf to hear, the lame to walk, and diseases of all kinds have certainly been cured. But all persons are not susceptible to this magnetic influence, and so many go away disappointed. But enough has been done to establish the fact that this is a great power, and ridicule has been silenced, and opposition almost overcome."

Thus under hundreds of different forms this great fact of "magnetic influence" comes to the attention of the people. Magnetism seems to pervade all space and bodies, or to be evolved and called into requisition in nearly all relations of life. It seems sometimes to be the ever present medium between mind and mind, connecting every soul, fleshed or unfleshed, with every other soul, so that the multitudes converse with each other silently and unconsciously. And the dear ones above us, by its agency, bathe us in their sympathies and inspire us with their wisdom that we may be better, nobler, and do more for the world.

CONVERTED TO CHRIST.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: I am requested by Geo. H. Daniels to have you discontinue his paper. He has not only left this town but has been happily converted to Christ, and is now a member of my congregation. He is satisfied that your doctrine of Spiritualism is but a hollow farce, having nothing real or substantial in it.

DERIAS HOULE,
Pastor Swedenborgian Church.

P. S.—If I were a man of sin, I should pay some one to damn thee most essentially.

Elgin, Ill., April 12, 1867.

The above cordial letter was duly received at this office, and we print it for the benefit of all whom it may concern. We do not, as a rule, believe in holding up to public view the deformities of human life, but sometimes the contrast is so striking between the lights and shades that one perceives the nobler virtue of the former by beholding the latter.

Mr. Houle in this very letter manifests one excellent quality. He is outspoken, keeps nothing under cover, consequently he is able to be enthusiastic. Does nothing by halves if he can help it. He don't like us. Being a minister of the gospel he is a little diffident about doing himself what he thinks ought to be done, so to gratify his whole-souled way of doing things, he wishes he were a man of sin, so that he could consistently pay some one to damn us most essentially. We say "wishes he were," because if the wish had not been in his heart the P. S. never would have been manufactured in his brain. The above signed Mr. Houle, pastor of a Swedenborgian church at Elgin, Ill., believes in Christ, thinks the meek and lowly Jesus a part of God mysteriously related to man, professes to walk humbly before the world, wishing no ill to any one. Read his note again! We suspect this same Mr. Houle needs converting to Jesus. As it is he is only converted to the Swedenborgian church, he's a member of the sect, and who ever saw a sect-man who wouldn't like to damn those belonging to another sect, or rejecting all sects, or "pay some one" to do his dirty work for him.

We are never surprised when such people, from whatever point of view, rail at Spiritualism. We question, though, Mr. Houle being a sample of the company, whether Mr. Daniels has improved his associations much.

A NEW DAILY.

The Anti-Monopoly Publishing Co., of this city, publishers of the *Workingman's Advocate*, have commenced a daily issue of their paper. We welcome this organ in its daily efforts with peculiar interest, since above all things else at this particular crisis, there is need of a daily guard of workingmen's rights, and a continual setting forth of the better way. We hope that the *Daily Workingman's Advocate* will receive a hearty support throughout the city and country, for, properly managed, as we expect and fully trust it will be, it will do much toward helping on the universal education of the people.

Terms: Daily, one year, \$10.00. Daily, delivered in the city, twenty cents a week. Weekly, by mail, \$2.50, in advance.

AFFAIRS IN EUROPE.

European history will mark a political era in the Peace Conference of London, which opened on the 7th inst., and has just signed a treaty which is supposed to adjust affairs between Prussia and France. The conditions of the treaty are, that Luxembourg shall be neutral territory, the fortress of Luxembourg disarmed, and all troops, except those actually necessary for the preservation of peace in the territory, to be withdrawn.

That such a treaty will secure peace to Europe for many months it is not safe to conjecture; that it may be the connecting link leading more directly to a general European war is not improbable, since by the compact if two of the powers come in conflict on this Luxembourg interest all must unite in the same. We welcome all signs of peace as against war, but fail to see anything pacific in the real condition of European politics.

The Government Reform Bill has passed the English House of Commons, by a vote of 322 ayes and 256 nays, thus postponing the realization of the hopes of the workmen in England, but not long. Mr. Gladstone declares the bill to be a "shallow, transparent and dissembling pretense of a measure for the extension of the franchise." Mr. Bright declares it to be "the most unjust and offensive measure ever submitted to the Commons of England," and with these men in direct contact with the government, and at the same time at the head of hundreds of thousands of workmen demanding suffrage, we need not expect internal peace in England. This question of Human Rights *must be squarely met*, and in this age destruction awaits any government that persistently refuses to permit the growth of the people.

The Romans in Italy are again warming up to insurrection against the temporal power of the Pope. A proclamation has been issued from the "Center of Insurrection," calling upon the Romans to rise against the present Roman Catholic dynasty. The primary purpose of the insurrection will be to "overthrow the rule of the Pope and unite Rome to Italy as her capital." The proclamation says:

"Romans, in 1849, a general clothed with authority by your government, left home with part of the army. He did not capitulate. He faithfully retained his commission, and fought everywhere for Italy and for us. This General of ours, the only man we recognize as such, so long as we are not Italians, still lives and is ready to combat and die for us. His name is Garibaldi. We send this, our programme to him, counting upon his assent, nay, upon his assistance. The persecution of the priests has scattered our brethren all over Italy and foreign lands. They must be united under one leader that they may contribute their utmost to the salvation of the country. The leadership belongs to General Garibaldi. We invite him to exercise it through men he may appoint.

"Romans, within and outside of Rome! let us forget jealousy, strife, and suspicion; let us unite ourselves and our strength for the overthrow of the temporal dominion. Many of us staked their lives for the freedom of Sicily from the Bourbon, and Lombardy and Venice from the Austrian. Shall it be said that the Romans fear the *sbirri* of the Pope? Let us unite. Will is strength. Let us exert our will, and the Papal realm must cease to exist, and the flag of Italy will hail Rome as the metropolis from the summit of the Seven Hills.

(Signed) The Center of the Insurrection."

The same party also publish the following letter from Gen. Garibaldi:

"GENTLEMEN: I am proud to call myself a Roman General. Gratefully do I acknowledge the commission you offer me, and I hereby communicate the names of the Romans at Florence. I am firmly convinced that the whole Roman emigration will join this center, in which I place the fullest confidence, equally as I trust in you.

"Yours for life, G. GARIBALDI."

So, still the undulations of liberty sweep over Europe, now rising now falling, but steadily gaining in strength and intensity of purpose; and so they will continue, until the PEOPLE are greater than Papal edicts or kingly decrees.

RELIGION AND POLITICS.

There are a great many tender-footed Spiritualists who delight in going down to the waters of mere phenomena, there to hang their harps on the willows, and like the rest of mankind, wait for something to turn up. These persons are very fearful that we shall drag down Spiritualism into the "mire" of politics. Do they know that politics is the science of human government? Do they think it right to vote as they pray? Do they know that the "Congress" of the "Summer Land" is a political assemblage conducted on the same rules as the Congress of the United States? If by law the manufacture of all that intoxicates can be driven from the land; and men and women can be saved from drunkenness and vice, what Spiritualist can, by any other process do a greater good? Was not Moses the great law giver of his age and race? and yet, did not Moses demonstrate his power from God by phenomena more astonishing than ever shown before?

It should be and must be the mission of Spiritualists to take the lead in politics, to make their divine power felt in every place in the government, in State as well as in church.

As well divorce the soul from the body as religion from politics—a people from their government.

It is this doctrine of separating theory from practice, faith from works, soul from body, religion from politics, that has

strewn the world with human wrecks and desolated by war the fairest fields of earth.

Whether ye eat, or drink, or vote, says Jesus, do all to the glory of the divine within you.

THE METHODIST FEMALE COLLEGE OF PITTSBURGH, PA.

For some weeks there has been much just indignation expressed because of the dismissal of a young woman from the above named institution. The following from the New York *Independent* shows the present situation of the affair:

"We must refer again to the case of Miss Barrett, the pupil who was excluded from the Methodist Female College at Pittsburgh, on account of her color. The facts, briefly restated, are these. In the *Independent* of March 21st we brought indignant blood into the faces of our readers by the following statement:

"A young woman named Barrett, sixteen years of age, was admitted to the Methodist Female College in Pittsburgh one year ago. She remained through one term; but, on presenting herself at the beginning of the second, was politely informed by Rev. Dr. Pershing, the President, that she could not be received, as he had ascertained that she had some African blood in her veins. This, notwithstanding he had previously given her a certificate testifying to her diligence, fidelity, and good deportment! The girl, moreover, was so white that no discovery of the African 'taint' was made either by the teachers or pupils during the first quarter."

"Several other journals have pointedly referred to this case; much criticism has been very justly visited upon the institution; and Dr. Pershing, its Principal, flounders in hot water.

"In addition to the facts already elicited, we have received the following letter from the young lady's parents:

"PITTSBURGH, Pa., April 15, 1867.

"To the Editor of the *Independent*:

"DEAR SIR: The President of the College guaranteed our daughter's deportment and her attention to her studies; and yet she has had to leave the College. For what? We answer, because of having African blood in her veins. Our daughter is now in Adrian College, Michigan, some five hundred miles from home—seeking for an education which, only for having African blood in her body, she could have received in her native city.

"My wife and I thank you, Mr. Editor, for your kind notice of the cruel treatment of our child in this case; and we hope you will always be found, as heretofore, wielding your powerful pen in behalf of the oppressed.

"We have the honor to be your grateful servants,

"OWEN E. BARRETT,

"JOANNA BARRETT."

"Now we demand a redress of grievances for these parents. The conduct of Dr. Pershing is as disreputable as if he had stolen a sheep. He has put himself in the pillory, to be pointed at with scorn. But let not a good and useful institution suffer decline on account of this man's meanness. There is a quick remedy. The College can expel the President and take back the pupil. Or else, let Dr. Pershing undo his brutal act, ask the pardon of his victim, and forthwith invite her back from Adrian to Pittsburgh. If this wrong be not righted, the Methodist Church is to bear the blame."

We are heartily in favor of the remarks of the *Independent*. Nothing but redress equivalent to the wrong inflicted should satisfy the public mind. Let Dr. Pershing be dismissed, unless he make amends. If neither, let disgrace be stamped upon the College and the Church, the instrument of which the College is. So far the Church may not be responsible for the act. If, however, it supports the President of the College in his infamous deed, it must take the consequences.

C. J. COLCHESTER.

We learn by letter from A. Wolcott, of Keokuk, Iowa, that C. J. Colchester passed to the spirit world from that city on Saturday, May 5th, at the age of twenty-seven years. He had been in the place about two weeks, stopping at the Deming House, where he held seances with those seeking evidence of spirit existence and communion. On Wednesday evening the 1st inst., he was taken with a congestive chill, causing dissolution on the 5th, as above stated.

Mr. Colchester is well known to the American Spiritualistic public, before which he has been in the capacity of a medium for spirit communion for several years. He was a native of England, and had no kin in this country as we are informed. Mr. Wolcott speaks in high terms of the kind treatment afforded Mr. Colchester by the landlord and lady of the Deming House, and its inmates. Also of Rev. Mr. Essinger, Unitarian clergyman, of Keokuk, who officiated at the funeral, assisted by the choir of his church.

Everything was done that could be done to save Mr. Colchester's earthly life, and when it failed and went out, every desirable attention was given by the friends to his remains, which were buried in the cemetery at Keokuk.

Of Mr. Colchester's career we feel that we need not speak at present. Trusting that the nobler and better qualities of his life may find favor and recognition everywhere, we leave the sum of his usefulness for the determination of time which ever renders to each his due.

DOWN WITH RENTS.

We are happy to inform our friends at home and abroad that a very remarkable "phenomenon" in Chicago is becoming visible. A house offered for rent twenty-four hours without a dozen applicants any time within the last five years has been a spectacle very rare indeed. Such signs are quite common to-day, and before this year is gone will be greatly multiplied. We have a profound conviction that not alone the price of house rent, but of every species of real estate is about to take a gigantic tumble. Our advice to everybody is, take leases only for a single year.

It has been said that it is "hard for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God," especially that class of them who have got rich by gambling in real estate and by taking the highest possible sum for rent of little, meanly-built houses. We have the greatest reverence for the man who said it, and from our acquaintance with Chicago landlords, believe he spoke the truth.

PERSONAL.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis organized a Children's Progressive Lyceum in Bangor, Maine, on Sunday the 5th of May. All the groups but one were supplied with children, and a full corps of intelligent and effective officers and leaders were duly elected.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, editor of the *LITTLE BOUQUET*, will be at the Quarterly meeting at Omro, Wis., on the 18th and 19th inst. She will receive subscriptions for the *REPUBLIC* and *LITTLE BOUQUET*.

Rev. Geo. H. Hepworth, the radical preacher, of Boston, delivered a discourse at the Opera House on Sunday evening, 12th inst., under the auspices of the Liberal Christian League. This was the first of a series of Sunday evening meetings, to be conducted in a similar manner, and for the same purpose, as the case now being delivered at the Boston Theater, Boston, Mass., also inaugurated by Mr. Hepworth some weeks since.

Rev. Robert Collyer, of this city, preached at the Boston Theater the first two Sunday evenings of this month. A letter from a Boston minister thus describes the meeting and its incidents on the 5th inst.:

"At the theater, last night, we had a most remarkable meeting. Such a crowd. Think of Dr. Gannett up in the fourth gallery, as they would say at Old Drury, 'seated among the gods;' Mrs. James Freeman Clarke and Mrs. Bartol in the upper stage-box, and such a cluster of clergymen of all denominations as you seldom see.

"Gov. Andrew, Gov. Bullock, Mayor Lincoln, and Norcross on the platform.

"We had a grand sermon, if sermon it should be called, on the 'still small voice, and out of the strong come forth greetings.' Four thousand men and women were bound as by a silken thread.

"You could have heard a whisper. There was occasional mirth which wakened many to smiles, and pathos which melted many to tears. It was one of the crowning efforts of this splendid course of meetings inaugurated by Mr. Hepworth."

Dr. Leo Miller, of this city, is speaking alternate Sundays at Rockford and Waukegan, Ill. We are glad to observe an increasing interest in Spiritualism in the cities and villages round about. More earnest workers could find employment on the plan adopted by Dr. Miller and the societies employing him.

During the past week Gov. Oglesby has delivered two lectures in this city on the Holy Land, before the students of the Chicago University.

The cable telegraph announces the death of Hon. Joseph A. Wright, Minister of the United States resident at Berlin, which occurred at Berlin on Saturday morning last.

Previous to the departure of the steamer on which William Lloyd Garrison left for Europe, on the 8th inst., a party of friends went on board and formally made known to him that \$30,000 were subject to his order, as a partial tribute for his life-long service in the anti-slavery cause. It is understood that \$20,000 more will be raised, according to the original design of the movers in this worthy enterprise.

CO-OPERATION.

We are glad to say to the friends of harmony everywhere that the principle of co-operation has made giant strides in Chicago during the past week, and some of the largest manufacturing establishments are already running with all the workmen partners. This is as it should be, and will prove the greatest blessing to all concerned. So much for men standing out for a reduction of the hours of muscular toil.

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.

F. L. Wadsworth will lecture at Crosby's Music Hall on Sunday, May 19th, at 7:30 P. M.

Subject—Spiritualists; are they doing more or less in practical reform than the religious sects?

All are cordially invited to attend.

NOTICES AND REVIEWS.

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS, An Exposition of Views respecting the Principal Facts, Causes and Peculiarities involved in Spirit Manifestations, together with Interesting Phenomenal Statements and Communications. By Adin Ballou. Published by Bela Marsh, Boston, Mass. Third Edition, 1866.

The above work is a candid review of Spiritualism up to the time of the writing of the same, and is worthy the careful perusal of all who study the modern Spiritual movement.

To persons just investigating Spiritualism, its claims as a fact, and tendency as a growing power in the world, this is perhaps the best missionary book. In price it is considerably below the present rate of books, being a work of over two hundred and fifty pages, neatly bound in cloth. Sent by mail for 75 cents, postage 12 cents; paper binding 50 cents, postage 6 cents.

For sale by the publisher, and at this office.

A LEGACY TO THE FRIENDS OF FREE DISCUSSION. Being a Review of the Principal Historical Facts and Personages of the Books known as the Old and New Testaments, with Remarks on the Morality of Nature. By Benjamin Offen. Published by J. P. Mendum, Boston.

"Free discussion is like the air we breathe,
If we have it not we die."

For sale by the publisher, and at this office. Price, paper 75 cents, postage 10 cents.

THE RADICAL for May is excellent. Read its contents. "Some Radical Doctrines," by Samuel Longfellow; "The Modern Devil," by Theodore Parker, (selected); "The Gospel of the Kingdom," by Henry W. Brown; "Repulsion," by Newton M. Mann; "Thalatta," (poetry) by Brownlee Brown; "Spinoza's Doctrine," by W. A. Crane; "Falsities in the Orthodox System," by C. K. Whipple; "The Resurrection of Jesus," by W. F. Patten; "Creeds and Unitarianism," by Francis E. Abbot; "Scipio in the Senate," (poetry) by D. A. Wasson; Notices, Reviews, etc., etc. Published by Adams & Co., 21 Bromfield street, Boston. Three dollars a year, single copies thirty cents.

FAMILIAR LETTERS to John Fitzpatrick, the Catholic Bishop of Boston. By an Independent Irishman. Published by J. P. Mendum, Boston. Price, 15 cents. For sale by the publisher.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

S. C. Hayford has located at Bangor, Me. His interest in the good work is unabated. In a private note to us, he says: "I feel a deep interest in the Lyceum movement. I look to that instrument as more than to all others for the true liberalization of the country." Our friends in the East have in Bro. Hayford a faithful laborer.

Wm. Gould, who wants to organize a model township, and whose address is Springfield, Ill., thus lays himself before the people: "Dear Friends, let us rally once again, and to some purpose. Let us unite on the true, democratic, republican principle of equal rights, and aim at improvement in every department of life. I wish to have enthusiastic reformers, socialists, Spiritualists, free thinkers, free doers, philosophers, philanthropists, Christians or Mahometans; but not blind bigots nor nabobs, not guerrillas nor robbers, not idolaters nor idiots. Some that are called crazy would be very acceptable. I am emphatically one of the people, and will be willing and glad to answer all questions and objections that are fair."

A correspondent, a lady of intelligence and culture, who has been an inmate of the Illinois Lunatic Asylum, located at Jacksonville, sets forth in unmistakable terms the abuses practiced upon the poor beings, sane and insane, who are so unfortunate as to be incarcerated within the walls of that institution. We believe the time determined by the act of the Legislature for trial by jury of the inmates of the Asylum has arrived, and we hope that all will be done that can be to abolish the abuses that have been so generally noted and complained of.

The Society of Progressive Spiritualists of New York City have leased Masonic Hall No. 114 East Thirteenth street, between Third and Fourth avenues, where they will hold meetings every Sunday at 11 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Dr. H. B. Storer, 370 Bowery, is Secretary of this society.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets regularly at the same hall, at 9:30 A. M. Mr. P. E. Farnsworth, conductor; Mrs. H. W. Farnsworth, guardian of groups. We hope this society and Lyceum will meet with abundant success in their new locality.

A quarterly meeting of the Geneva Association of Spiritualists was held at Batavia, N. Y., on the 27th and 28th ult. Good audiences convened, and a good beginning was made, opening the way for future meetings of this new movement for associated action. The committee want to employ a wise, able and true man or woman to travel and speak in Western New York, to begin on or before the first of September. Those wishing particulars can profitably correspond with J. W. Seaver, Byron, N. Y.

We are promised for publication soon, a psychometric reading by Mrs. Ferree, of Washington, of Miss Vinnie Ream, the young woman artist to whom Congress has appropriated \$10,000 for a statue of Lincoln, to be completed in four years.

From the February report of A. E. Newton, printed in the *American Freedman*, we learn with pleasure that the condition of the schools for colored people in the District of Columbia is fast improving. From a summary of these reports we find that the whole number of pupils enrolled in the day schools is 1,043; in the night schools 239. This is an increase of 59 more than the previous month. Mr. Newton remarks, "The schools without exception are in an excellent condition."

These schools for Freedmen, women and children, are undoubtedly the introduction of the free school system for the masses into the Southern States, and as the people of the North prize national stability, which alone can be secured to us by universal education, so should they be interested in these initial schools and render them support. Mr. Newton thus forcibly illustrates the devotion of these students to the work before them.

"In some of the schools an *esprit de corps* has been awakened on the subject which is highly pleasing. For example, in Miss Lord's room, so deep was the feeling that in case any pupil was detained a few minutes beyond the time for opening the school, those present seemed unable to proceed with their studies until the absent one appeared. And even the infant school caught the same spirit. One little fellow, engaged in learning the first lessons, was sent by his mother, one morning, just before school time, to borrow a pair of flat-irons to enable her to pursue her daily avocation. On his way he heard the school-bell, and turning back, he shouted to his mother, 'I must go to school, flat-irons or no flat-irons!' and ran as fast as his legs could carry him to the schoolroom."

Such devotion, such union in purpose, on the part of men and women who are seeking to work out better relations in society, would revolutionize the world at once. The example of these children is worthy of study and adoption.

According to the report of Mayor Rice, in his late inaugural address, the present actual debt of the city of Chicago is \$3,442,714.

The Spiritualists of Battle Creek have leased a new Hall, and we understand are having fine success in sustaining Sunday meetings. N. Frank White is with them this month, doing a good work.

The Board of Trustees of the Illinois Industrial University, at their session held at Champaign last week, formally declared that Champaign county, having complied with the terms of the law providing for the location of the University, it is established at that place. The donations to the University include the Champaign College building, \$100,000 in Champaign county bonds, about 900 acres in land, \$50,000 in Illinois Central Railroad stock, and \$20,000 in fruit and ornamental trees. The finance committee report the title and transfers of the property complete.

The Regent's salary was raised from three thousand to four thousand dollars.

PROGRESS OF EVENTS.

The annual meeting of the American Tract Society was held on the 8th inst. Bishop M'Ilvane was elected President, and the entire Board of officers re-elected. Receipts for the year, \$545,411. Expenses about the same.

The Report of the American Tract Society, of Boston, shows that six and a quarter millions of pages of tracts have been printed during the last year. The receipts were \$160,569, and the expenses \$157,926.

A bill for totally abolishing compulsory church-rates was carried through its second reading in the British Parliament by one of those great majorities which have not been obtained for the last eight years—76. Both Mr. Gladstone and his son, who is said to be the higher churchman of the two, voted for the Bill.

The *Chicago Republican* says: "It now seems likely that Kansas will be the first State in the Union to establish impartial suffrage, irrespective of sex or color. Lucy Stone and Dr. Blackwell are making a vigorous canvass in favor of the proposed amendment, and several home speakers of much ability, as well as most of the leading journals of the State, are doing yeomen's work on the same side. From appearances seen at this distance, it is highly probable that a large majority will be cast, at the election next fall, in favor of striking from the Constitution, the words 'white' and 'male.'"

A great reform demonstration took place in London, England, a few days since. Trouble was apprehended, and great precaution taken on the part of the Government to protect itself; but all passed off quietly. The demonstration was a great success.

The movement of colored voters in the South is daily gathering significant shape. In Baltimore the colored men have taken part in Republican primary elections, and all the wards have sent mixed delegations to the Convention of the party. A Convention of lately enfranchised citizens is also in session in Georgia.

The Emperor of Brazil, on the 8th of April, signed the decree abolishing slavery throughout the Brazilian Empire, to take effect in twenty years. Children born after the date of the decree are absolutely free. One by one the barbarisms are dismissed from human society. We hope the twenty years may be condensed to a much shorter period of time.

THE LYCEUM MISSIONARY FUND.

LETTER FROM A. J. DAVIS.

TO READERS OF THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: You have probably read a few sentences from correspondents proposing to raise a missionary fund to support A. J. and Mary F. Davis in their accepted work for the present year of giving all their time to traveling and organizing Children's Progressive Lyceums.

On this subject a few explanatory words may not be deemed out of order. My health is not yet firm enough for devotion to writing, even if I felt the "call," (which at present I do not,) but all things seem to favor the proposition above expressed, and in this I have the full concurrence of my companion, Mary, who is ready to leave home and bestow her heartiest influence upon the Lyceum enterprise.

These Lyceums we regard in the light of foundation stones in the temple of a true and natural system of education; and whenever one of these prosperous schools is inaugurated we feel assured that another "stone" has been "hewn out of the mountain," adapted to the harmonious superstructure of the future.

In starting a Children's Lyceum, it is of the first importance that it be as perfectly organized, and the officers and leaders as harmoniously drilled as possible; and we feel that we can greatly assist Spiritualists in accomplishing these results in from two to three Sundays, if they will themselves take hold.

In many places full of intelligent Spiritualists there are no organized societies, no responsible officers, and therefore, no one authorized to act, to procure a hall, and to send for Lyceum organizers and speakers; and thus, however much individual fathers and mothers may secretly desire a Children's Lyceum, nothing practically is done from month to month, except to sink lower and lower in "lukewarmness," and to cultivate culpable "indifference" toward one another; and finally many such turn a "cold shoulder" to the divine ideas conveyed to the world through the agency of Spiritualism. We feel that a Lyceum in such chaotic localities would be to the families of Spiritualists a "salvation;" but unless we, or some others go to them as missionaries, not waiting till invited by an organized society, and plant the true standard, the field will soon be overgrown by the weeds of orthodox ignorance and superstition.

Spiritualists, in many places, are timid on the score of incurring expense in starting Lyceums. They consequently order a few targets, a few badges, and a few manuals, and omit equipments, not by them deemed essential to the successful working of the school, and thus they "fall" in the very inception of the work; while if they could be induced to put \$150 and their whole hearts into the effort, they could not know any such thing as failure, except from selfishness and unworthy controversies among themselves. It seems to be a peculiarity of the American portion of mankind, (and Spiritualists are as human as most people,) to want and to demand a leader, financial and otherwise, until they get organized and perfectly under way, then they are seized with a mania to overthrow and utterly discard the pioneer worker, and almost every one is at the same moment tempted with the self-conceited ambition to "boss the job." Of course nothing but certain disorganization can occur, and that too, before the end of the organization is accomplished. In this department of human selfishness and spiritual weakness we feel that we can labor with "healing in our wings," and without exciting the opposition which most conspicuous workers unfortunately encounter. And we also feel that we can, under the blessings of the Summer Land, encourage fathers and mothers and the friends of children to liberally and cheerfully sustain the Lyceum movement.

Now as to our wages. We will go into the field in the manner and for the objects named, and will labor where and as long as the way seems open, for the sum of \$25 per Sunday, or at the rate of \$1,200 per annum, over and above our traveling expenses, which we promise shall be as economical as possible. We will faithfully credit this "Lyceum Missionary Fund" with all moneys given us by individuals or societies for the purpose, and will debit our traveling expenses and the \$25 per Sunday and publish a monthly statement in the BANNER OF LIGHT and THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

We trust this volunteer proposition will be acceptable, and that liberal persons in the vast family of Spiritualists will materially aid the new educational movement; so that the bodies as well as the souls of children may be educated and harmonized with the laws of nature. The Lyceum brings out the intuitions and reasoning powers of children and prepares the little boys and girls of your homes for the great voyage of life not only, but also saves them from the foolishness of fashionable Orthodoxy, and makes of them true patriotic, and harmonious friends of universal progress.

Your friends,
A. J. and M. F. DAVIS.
P. S.—All communications may be sent to our permanent address, Orange, N. J.

BRO. A. J. DAVIS: I see by the BANNER OF LIGHT that you and your companion, Mary, have generously offered to

devote your time and services to the establishing of Progressive Lyceums throughout our country.

Now as I desire to see this opportunity embraced by all the Spiritual societies, I would suggest that each one open a subscription to raise a sufficient fund to carry on the glorious work.

Popular education is an expression of the spirit of our age, and it rests with more advanced minds to give it a direction in harmony with our new Spiritual Philosophy; and to this end Progressive Lyceums seem to be especially adapted. I subscribe \$5.

Yours for the cause,
New York, April 17, 1867.

H. J. H.

VOICES FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

FROM GILES B. STEBBINS.

TO J. B. HARRISON.

DEAR FRIEND: I read with great interest your letter to the REPUBLIC, on "Our Work in the West," and sit down, this Sunday morning, to write a word in reply.

I am not in the West now, it is true, but have seen and know so many good people there that it is fresh and living in my mind, and then "the work" is really one everywhere.

I am glad you are at Bloomington, that pleasant city on the broad, free prairies, where I know are some true men and women, and from whence you can go out over iron roads to speak golden words.

It is good to be settled in one place; family cares and joys are a part of life's work, and of that heart-food we are poor indeed without. This constant itinerating is very hard; exposure and change of beds and diet rack the body; constant talk in private, and the stimulus of new public audiences wear the brain, and the soul goes less to the depth of things under this stimulus, and from the want of quiet thought and study.

I think a few good men and women, (let us hope for many in due time) settled at central places like yours, speaking weekly or fortnightly, and going out to villages and country places round about, will do more and better and last longer, fresh and ever new for their great work, than by constant travel. It would be well to have all plans shape to this end. Not that the best workers should ever settle back into the staid moods of parish pastors, but that they should seek, and the people with them, for the best conditions for their best work; more time for thought, study and the social life of home, and still keep alive the missionary spirit, and go out, with strength renewed and insight clear, to the highways and byways.

In the past twenty years what a great uprising! What growth of thought, what quickening of spiritual life, what spread of manifestation and communication between spirits in the earthly form, as well as between us here and those clad in the shining raiments of the incorruptible body—all, the upward swell of a broad wave, the pulsing thrill of a divine purpose, the sweep of an infinite law, before which human souls bend, as the grain waves before the summer's wind, and human spirits unfold in riper beauty, as flowers open to the sweet persuasion of the blessed sunlight.

I forget not the strife and tyranny which yet are but the growth of reforms. The struggles for freedom, the spread of religious liberty, all tell of a hopeful outlook, up and on.

The best feature in the religious world is, that the foremost thought is not merely negative and destructive, but positive and constructive; building up, from the spiritual realities of the past and present, something worthy a fairer future; going beyond the perishable letter of outward and written law, even to the primal truths, interior, supreme, and permanent, in the human soul, and in maturer, wondrous processes and powers, revealing the instant and constant action of infinite law.

The work of to-day is, to gain more clear and exact conceptions of these broad realms of spiritual life and thought into which so many souls are reaching out, to adopt such system, to organize in such way that we can be and do the most.

When Columbus stood on the beautiful shores of San Salvador, with the great ocean behind and old Spain beyond it; and the rich beauty of tropical foliage, the dusky forms, the quaint ornaments, the golden trinkets of wondering Indians before him, it was a glad hour, for he stood on the verge of a new continent, and there was hope and power in this glimpse thereof. But what thought and work, what organizing of States, what planning and combining of labor by sea and land, before it could be explored, developed, and made best use of!

We have gone but little beyond our San Salvador. Who turns back across the ocean of skepticism, to land in the old Spain of supernatural theology?

Let any try the experiment and their fettered souls would be haunted evermore with memories of that rich glimpse of the land of promise and freedom.

Let all the people be in earnest. Persevere, plan, organize—not to fetter, but to educate and emancipate. Let there be a singleness of purpose, a noble wisdom of life, a living

interest and action in all real reforms that shall command respect, and live down all bigoted opposition. There are in the West numbers, intelligence and means enough to accomplish much. Let not Spiritualists be content with the rudiments of "manifestations," or with merely sentimental enjoyment of pleasant facts of spiritual presence. Excellent and good indeed are all these, but not "the end of the law." Let them help to make us strong and wise to know, and to do, more and better, for growth and progress in the conduct of life.

I am glad you have sent out your circulars, for this may lead to more mutual acquaintance, helping to unity of plan and purpose.

I know you tell but the simple truth when you say, "I have felt that the development and establishment of free, rational and practical religion in the West, is the greatest interest in my life." That deep feeling must give you strength and persistence. Do not overwork, my friend, and break down prematurely. That were neither wisdom nor self-justice. I doubt not you will do all you can, and yet keep body and brain all the while in good condition, for long life and longest and best work. (If I could whisper in the ears of some good friends, I should say "He can't live on fog.")

Pardon my freedom in saying this word through these columns. It may thus answer a double purpose, and your letter called to mind some good counsel we held together years ago. I do not write this for you to answer, but when you write again in the REPUBLIC, I shall know if you have read it.

Rochester, N. Y., May 5th.

FROM R. B. HANNAY.

The Military Bill causes little discussion here, most of the population being Mexicans and Europeans. I have heard it asserted that there are not ten civilians here of American birth. I held no office, civil or military or any clerkship under the Confederacy, and don't remember even voting; yet I have a repugnance to registering my name, or voting, and many have the same. I think they feel as I do, that the government is a hopeless mass of corruption, and don't want to be contaminated by any connection with it, either as a voter or public officer. I don't believe a majority has any more right to rule than a king. What is the difference if a man is ruled, whether it is a king or a majority? The one may be as corrupt and tyrannical as the other, in fact, even more so; the only benefit I can see in extending voting, will be to prove the utter worthlessness of all institutions invented by man in his ignorance, to supersede the laws of God in which we live, move and have our being, and by which we were created and are now sustained. All human governments relate to outward things, and therefore are necessarily corrupting, for they place man's hopes, and fears, his rewards and penalties on the outward and external, make him look to man's material good as his highest reward, instead of that internal life which is his highest and only means of securing heaven.

[REMARKS.—We suggest to the brother who wrote the above, that he represents life in disjointed sections. Society and government grow out of the nature of the individual, and are a part of it, just as much as the human organism is evolved from the primal cell. In all the relations of life in nature, quality considered, the majority rules, and he who had as lief be ruled by a king as by the majority simply confesses the fact that he has no interest in common with humanity as a whole.

The assumption that Government and other outward things are corrupting is the logic of the old theology based on abstract spirituality, when in fact spirituality depends upon outward things for its expression and practical application. It is not the abolition of government, nor the utter abnegation of outward forms that we want, but a regeneration of government and a "fitness of things" in the relations of life. The individual must recognize society, social laws and social rights, then, in due time, society will reciprocate by recognizing the individual. A true spiritual life consists in carrying the inner being into every day manners and dealings. Our correspondent further says:]

Before abolition, I was pro-slavery, for under the competitive system I believed the negro would perish like the Indian, and my letters from the interior all corroborate a rapid decline in the numbers of the blacks. A friend writing from Millican, says, "One thousand died here last fall, of cholera; very few whites died, and the blacks raise few children."

Justice, therefore, to the negro, demands the co-operative system to be planted in the South. I think the black is better adapted to it than the white. A big plantation was something like a social institution, and it is the means of preserving him—patience with his ignorance and weaknesses; a method of unfolding his mental and moral characteristics, (which are in different proportions to ours,) a creation of those tastes and aspirations necessary to impel him to effort, and the plain and simple action on principles toward him of justice and truth, which should be the foundation of all co-operative association, would set him forward in the path of progress.

Brownsville, Texas, April 26, 1867.

[REMARKS.—"A big plantation something like a social institution!" Five hundred men, women and children, working out a lifetime; the result of which, minus the scantiest subsistence, goes into the hands of the master, a "co-operative system!" All of which preserves the negro and impels him to effort! Such co-operation and education would suit the Pope of Rome exactly. Such co-operation ruined the South, and will ruin any man or State who is selfish enough to enter into it or permit its existence.

What needs to be done is to recognize the rights of society in which every person is entitled to equal rights; where co-operation means equitable distribution of all the profits of labor. When our friends in the South will consider their interests upon this basis, there will be hope, for certain it is that so long as the plantation system is in vogue, there or in northern workshops, there is no true recognition of human rights.]

GLEANINGS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM H. P. FAIRFIELD.

In my itinerant labor I learn that the progressive people of the great Northwest are united in saying that they have been newly blessed with truth, purity and joy in THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC. They feel that is the redemption of the mind from bondage, the light of the spirit in its darkness, and the purification of the soul from sin. Long may it live, move and have a being among the people, with power to lift up the fallen, to save the tempted and reform the vicious. May it ever be a harbinger of glad tidings to the downcast heart, may it paint in true artistic colors the brightest scenes of the ideal, until it shall awaken energies and quicken aspirations, which shall bring forth the actual and real. This is the tendency of all things spiritual. The human mind is now more free, more active in its investigations; less exclusiveness, unholy restrictions, narrowness and selfish monopoly which has prevailed in the past. Let us thank God and his ministering spirits, and labor on with hope and cheer for the all-good of earth and heaven.

FROM MRS. C. C. BACON.

The piece in your paper entitled "A Woman's Secret" has been worth as much to me as a year's subscription; I am glad that some women are venturing to speak; this matter has been left in the hands of men long enough. If woman must take the field let her do it bravely; none but the noblest will venture first against so much opposition; the prize will surely be won if they persevere; and the more timid sisters will contribute from time to time as their abilities will admit. There are but few that do not feel interested in this matter, and are anxious to have the work go on, but do not know how or where to begin.

Some time since, reading an article in the *Congregationalist* on "Fashionable Murder," I was very forcibly struck with it; and think it a matter that should be seriously considered; I would humbly ask, is that the only great sin afloat in the world? is that the root of the great evil? is there not a greater, lower down in the depths of crime and misery? Let us consider and investigate. How many mothers are there that have reared their children carefully and prayerfully, with hope and anticipation, but to see them blighted long before they have matured, by a monster far more to be dreaded than death? How many mothers have wished from the depths of their inmost souls, that their children had never opened their eyes to this blessed daylight. Much rather would they wrap them in their winding sheets and lay them in their infant graves, than to have them become the prey of this monster which is worse than murder. And yet this human hyena is suffered to stalk about at noonday unabashed and unmolested; he is even licensed and countenanced by our legislatures and wise men. By paying a certain sum of filthy lucre they can carry on this nefarious traffic, and lead astray all that come within their grasp. This monster is licentiousness—need I name it? A villain that is renowned the world over, and but very little if anything is published concerning him, the greatest evil the sun ever shone upon. Is it a wonder that so many mothers nip at the outset the existence of their offspring? Horrible as it may seem, is it worse than to rear them to be the victim of some villain, who, possessed of all that is evil, can flatter and fascinate even under the eye of the parent, and lead them to shame and remorse?

Until a better state of affairs can be secured, it would be better far that no children were born into the world.

How is this great evil to be reached? Is it to go unpunished? Must the wheels of time roll on, and this glorious sun rise and set, and this villainy go unpunished? I wish that every victim's history could be resounded from one side of this earth to the other, and that every mother's voice could be heard from pole to pole, until the monster could find no place to rest his accursed foot, and be driven back to his native hell.

Inland, Iowa, May 7, 1867.

FROM A MOTHER.

The great work that true Spiritualists everywhere aim to do, is to elevate and educate mankind, and this is a ministry worthy the angels—but, the question often arises in my mind, how can this be done successfully. I know that your

high-toned, pure REPUBLIC is doing great good in this direction, as is also the BANNER OF LIGHT, and other works of the day, but after all, it is an undeniable fact, that their influence fails to reach the masses of mankind, and the mothers of our common humanity are left to grovel amid the low aims of every-day cook-and-eat sort of existence, while the higher and better part of their natures are dwarfed or left dormant at best.

This, it seems to me, is a very great evil, knowing as we must, that if true goodness or greatness is ever attained, it must spring from the mother's inner self, and thence be transmitted to her offspring, in pure and weighty counsel, that will sink so deep into the hearts and understanding of the young, that all the snares that Satan may set for unwary feet will be passed by as if they were not.

Cannot you or some of the readers of your life-giving REPUBLIC suggest some plan whereby, through associated effort, this great want can be supplied?

Evergreen Cottage, Minn.

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."

LABOR.

Here's to the man with horny hand,
Who tugs the breathing bellows;
Where anvils ring, in every land,
He's loved by all good fellows.

And here's to him who goes afield,
And through the glebe is plowing,
Or with stout arm the axe doth wield
While ancient oaks are bowing.

Here's to the delver in the mine,
The sailor on the ocean,
With those of every craft and line,
Who work with true devotion.

Our love for her who toils in gloom,
Where cranks and wheels are clanking,
Bereft is she of nature's bloom,
Yet God in patience thanking.

A curse for him who sneers at toil,
And shuns his share of labor;
The knave but robs his native soil,
While leaning on his neighbor.

Here may this truth be taught on earth,
Grow more and more in favor,
There is no wealth but owes its worth
To handicraft and labor.

Then pledge the founders of our wealth,
The builders of our nation;
We know their worth, now to their health
Drink we with acclamation.

SUGGESTIONS.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: Your paper of April 27th, containing Mr. Brisbane's article on the Organization of Labor, and one from another writer on Co-operation Association, was an interesting one to me, and I am induced to offer a few suggestions pointing toward the same end—the increase of the sum total of human happiness. I would suggest organization among the working and voting population for the accomplishment of the following results:

1. The education, both physical and mental, of all children from seven to fourteen by the State, or private enterprise, and the absolute prohibition of labor by such minors, for wages.

2. The recognition of the duty of the State to educate all its children, and where the parents or guardians of children were unable to support them, to clothe and feed them at the public expense.

3. That it is also the duty of the State to protect labor, by law, securing to all who are able and willing to labor, a fair day's wages for a fair day's work, by giving employment to all who ask it—in government houses of industry or government farms—at such a minimum rate of compensation as should bear a fair proportion to the price of food, clothing and shelter, from month to month.

4. That asylums should be maintained at the public expense for the aged and infirm; for the idiotic and the insane; and hospitals for the sick, the inebriate, etc.

5. That houses of training and correction should be established for the morally diseased—the thief, the burglar, the swindler, the vagabond or murderer—all that class termed vicious, who, through a preponderance of the lower animal nature, are preying upon society—where the attempt might be made to reform them, and where, if it were found impracticable to render them safe or useful members of society, they might be made as comfortable as their natures would admit of. The drones of society might be required to labor in such an institution on a treadmill, if necessary.

By these five propositions pauperism would be abolished. It would be the absolute right of every citizen to enjoy the

benefits of the school for his children, the hospital, the asylum, and of wages for labor.

The advantages would be health and intelligence for our posterity, security to labor, as wages in the labor market would be always above the government rate, and the prevention of suffering among the diseased, mentally and bodily.

As an illustration: The house of Industry to which it should be the right of the people to apply, would not be an almshouse, but a house of systematic labor—where even the poor widow with a large family of children could employ herself, whilst her one, two, three or five year old little ones were cared for in a large hall with fine play-ground attached, with all the appliances for amusement and education, by persons in attendance during the day, and after the day's labor was ended her little ones could return with her to their humble home.

Again, the labor performed at the industrial house or farm might be made useful in the manufacture of clothing for children, or putting up of food, to be used as rations to be dealt out to those whose wages were insufficient to support children whilst attending school.

I believe all these propositions practicable, and the tax necessary to support the system would be no more, and in the end much less, than the cost of maintaining the present system of almshouses, prisons, etc., which are demoralizing the people.

If a sliding scale of taxation were passed upon incomes only, increasing the percentage as the income increased, the amount would be easily raised and the bulk of it would be paid by property, for the protection of which the greatest expense is incurred by government.

I have endeavored to condense a few suggestions in the foregoing, which I could elaborate and illustrate in a much longer article, but which perhaps may serve to draw out thought from others.

Philadelphia.

A. B. J.

FREEDOM OF LABOR.

The emancipation of labor, or the freedom of workingmen, is not a sudden or legal event, but a gradual and social one. Man becomes free in proportion to the readiness and ease with which he attains the necessities of life. Freedom increases as man approaches to the maximum of production with the minimum of labor. The bread-and-butter question underlies all progress,—individual, social, and national—intellectual, moral and religious. Until a man attains the means of supporting his body in some degree of physical comfort it is needless to talk to him of his soul, of education, of science, or of art. Our Christian Commissions, in dealing with the soldiers, soon came to adopt the principle, "Food and bandages first, then Testaments." The Chinese are so singularly constituted that they are unable to conceive of such an attribute as honesty apart from wealth. They suppose that a rich man dispenses with stealing and other crimes because he can get what he wants more easily with less danger; but they see no reason why a poor man is not from necessity a thief, whatever may be his race, color, or religion. We associate moral character with intelligence, education and religious ties fully as much or more, than with pecuniary independency. Yet even our own laws recognize such an intimate relation between poverty and crime that they will not punish as theft the taking of the bread which a starving man needs to save his life, though he takes it under circumstances otherwise felonious. The statistics of all European countries show that crime and vice are more entirely the result of poverty than of all other causes combined. A certain proportion of the suffering poor will steal. A certain other proportion of those whom excessive toil brutalizes and sensualizes will murder and commit other crimes. As men are freed from want, crime decreases—in the individual and in the mass. As the oppression of poverty increases, crime increases. The figures attest a more inexorable relation between poverty and crime than between any other two social facts. We do not compare drunkenness as a source of crime with poverty, because we enroll drunkenness in the list of crimes which are caused by poverty. Drunkenness bears the same inexorable relation to excessive poverty that other crimes do. The effective way to diminish the ravages of intemperance is to afford men the time and means whereby they may cultivate a desire and appetite for higher and more costly sources of enjoyment. Drinking strong drinks is the cheapest mode of getting "happy," and those who are over-oppressed by toil have sought relief in this criminal indulgence from the days of Noah down, and among all nations. It is equally futile to attribute crime to ignorance; for ignorance, like intemperance, is, in the main, the result of poverty. The ability and desire to feed the mind wait until the wants of the body have first been satisfied.

Hence the question of human support underlies all civilization, order, government, progress, and even religion. The very classes of men who are thoughtlessly spoken of by the superficially smart as opposed to all these, are the class whose daily toil and sweat make all these possible. The Doctor of Divinity who doubts whether any soul can be saved in the next world which has not nicely adjusted its views on predestination and free-will, could not himself pursue his investigations by his comfortable cannel coal fire

were it not for the labors of the miners and coal-heavers, who, up to this present year of grace, have never so much as thought of predestination and free-will. Our superstructure of science, religion, intellect, art and civilization, rests on a foundation of uneducated, irreligious, coarse, half-brutalized toil. Each are missionaries to the other. Possibly the miner, from the depths of his dungeon work, sends more light and heat into the theologian's study than the theologian sends back into the "coal-dark underground" where the miner is toiling.

It is sad that the world has progressed no farther than it has toward that emancipation of labor which seems thus to lie at the foundation of redemption from sin and suffering in this life, and of all efforts to lift to a higher plane the life to come. But the world is our field. No man who has any capacity to make the world better can be content with its present condition. The past triumphs of reform are full of reasons for hope in the future. The world has come to believe in liberty, so far as the world yet understands it. But there are many phases of liberty which are not yet generally understood. Among these are the immense advances which will be given to industrial freedom, to the liberty of workingmen, by associated enterprise. Capital rules laborers by holding them apart. *Divide et impera* is the maxim of all who would rule. Labor may employ capital as its hired servant by associating workingmen together. Christianity in its origin contemplated, and actually was a co-operative society in which no separate rights of property were tolerated, but men had all things common. The Roman and Greek churches are still co-operative unions of the same kind so far as their priesthood are concerned, but the community of interest does not, as to all things, reach to their entire membership. The Protestant churches are co-operative spiritual societies. The Masonic fraternity, Odd-Fellows, and other Orders, as well as the ancient and modern Jesuits, Benedictines, and Franciscans, are co-operative unions for spiritual, or charitable, or social purposes. Our Shaker and other communist societies show also how the religious or irreligious man tends toward associated enterprise, and in so doing acquires new liberty, growth and power. The family is the first, simplest, divine pattern of co-operation. Next comes, politically, the city and the State—industrially, the partnership, joint stock company and corporation.

What enormous results have attended the associated and co-operative employment of capital as compared with the enterprise of individual capitalists! Where would have been our canals, railroads, banking institutions, mining and manufacturing enterprises but for the intelligent application of associated capital, as illustrated in joint stock companies and corporations? Co-operating capital is one of the most powerful levers that moves the financial world.

Heretofore, partnerships, joint-stock companies, and corporations have been the means resorted to, to unite capital for the employment of labor; hereafter they will be the means resorted to to unite labor for the employment of capital. As man rises in value, it becomes as easy for a hundred men associated to hire ten thousand dollars, as for ten thousand dollars to hire a hundred men. The power is in the men. Capital should be the instrument. How are workingmen to attain this power over capital? We answer—1. Association; 2. Organization; 3. Industry; 4. Frugality; 5. Mutual improvement.

Let our workingmen first aim to emerge from the wages system to the co-operative system of labor as rapidly as possible, i. e., to become partners and capitalists in their business, whatever it may be. Let them associate together, not merely in their labor, but in their leisure, in reading-rooms, social parties, societies for discussion and debate—recognizing all the higher capacities of their nature, and ministering to them daily. Let them substitute for intoxicating drinks, higher and truer sources of pleasure, in whose cup there is no sting. Let them make all their trades' unions and organizations promotive of all these ends, recognizing the fact that whatever increases the value and worth of man in any one respect, increases it in all others. It is in this direction that our progress toward the more perfect emancipation and freedom of labor must be found.—*Chicago Republican*.

THE INDIAN.

A meeting in behalf of the Indians, was held in Philadelphia, Pa., on Tuesday evening, 16th of April, of which H. T. Child, M. D., was appointed President, Mrs. Sarah T. Rogers, Secretary, and Joshua Clendon, Treasurer.

Addresses were delivered by Alfred H. Love, Dr. Child, Rev. Thomas S. Malcom, and Edwin H. Coates. The remarks covered the principles represented in the following resolutions and circular letter. Mr. Love, in offering them, referred to the short-sighted policy of driving off the Indians, establishing standing armies and forts among them, and trying to herd them together, rather than allowing them to mingle with us, for we require certain elements which they possess in the blood and the body politic of the nation; and that it was as injudicious as unjust to retain in the Constitution the words "Indians not taxed;" for when the ability exists to pay a tax for a good cause, it becomes a pleasure and cements the national interest, and the cause of equal

rights, and absolute justice must comprehend this question. No nation in the world treats its aborigines worse than we have done.

The following resolutions and circular were then unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The reports from our Western frontier are filled with alarm because of the threatening condition of our Indian affairs, and an Indian war seems imminent, we feel it our duty as Philadelphians, enjoying the security and repose of a home, vouchsafed to us by the friendly treaties of William Penn, to give expression to the faith and conviction that lies within us, that we may at least do something in averting the calamities of a war. We are convinced,

First—That the children of an All-wise Creator should be recognized and treated as members of the human family; and that the Indian, being created by God for some wise and beneficent purpose, is a proper object for our care, protection and regard; and that while some may cry exterminate, we reply perpetuate and civilize. While some say die, we say live. While some say suffer, we say save suffering.

Second—That love, justice, protection and assistance are better than hate, oppression, neglect and injury; and the Indians, loving the same joys and hating the same sorrows, appreciating rights and deprecating wrongs, should share in such control over the homestead and the appropriated domain as is granted to others, located on other sections, territories or States of our country, and that fair and proper representation from their own people, chosen by themselves, is in the spirit of equal justice and our republican institutions—this representation to be present in the Councils of the Nation, receiving compensation, and appearing in behalf of the needs, the sufferings and the demands of the different tribes.

Third—That care should be exercised in sending among them such agents as are free from selfish and avaricious motives. They should be persons of known integrity of heart and purpose, prohibited from trading in fire-arms and intoxicating liquors, but seeing to it that the funds voted the Indians shall be faithfully appropriated.

Fourth—That teachers should be offered them, not forced upon them and schools established at every available point, with a view of more intimate association, as well as instruction in all the branches of industry and the customs and comforts of civilized life, and while keeping aloof from sectarian teachings and respecting as far as possible their sincere religious devotion, opening the avenues of a kind, fraternal intercourse and reciprocal commerce, and thus preparing them for full citizenship.

Fifth—That a communication and correspondence be opened with such tribes as can be reached, and a suitable delegation of true and earnest friends be sent out as way may open, to visit among them, carrying these and similar messages of love, peace and good will unto them.

CIRCULAR LETTER TO THE INDIANS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.
Dear friends, neighbors and children of the same Heavenly Father, in the spirit of love, sympathy and peace we now address you. Thinking you may not fully understand that there is a deep abiding interest in your welfare and happiness existing in the hearts of at least a portion of the American people, we as Philadelphians, enjoying the security and repose of a home, vouchsafed to us by the friendly treaties of William Penn, desire to make known to you that we harbor no animosity; that we wish to give you of our knowledge, growth, happiness and abundance, so far as the gift may be in our power to bestow and yours to receive.

We would have you know that our government is from the people, by the people, and for the people, and changes in accordance with popular sentiment, and we encourage you to prepare yourselves for a representation and participation therein, that you may enter the councils of the nation and set forth your grievances, your sufferings, your requirements, and thus mould public opinion, and obtain that assistance which will make you happier, and give to us of your wisdom, endurance and bravery, and thus subserve the common welfare of humanity.

If good and true teachers offer to come among you, we would have you accept them; they will not seek to disturb your sincere religious faith in the Great Spirit, to whom we all bow with reverence, but will give you the means whereby the intellectual faculties may be cultivated, and thus aid you materially in a closer assimilation with the Republic, which should be to you ever a home, a help and a glory.

We know you have been sorely tried and persecuted by some, even among yourselves; for the reported injuries to our pioneer settlers, filling us with sorrow, show us that there must be an offended nature, for we are not willing to suppose that cruelty could come without a real or supposed provocation, and while we shall try to prevent any cause for such, do most earnestly call upon you to withhold the hand of violence and bloodshed. We abhor and deprecate war. It is always attended with suffering, and fails to establish the blessings of amity and peace.

In the present perplexed condition of your affairs, we enter with the desire to satisfy all. If there are wrongs to be redressed or rights to be vindicated, we can better settle them before than after a war, and we urge you to desist and let us meet together in a representative council and agree upon a plan mutually acceptable—alike fair, kind and just.

Will you accept of a delegation of true and earnest friends, to visit among you, as way may open for them, to leave their homes and carry from us the faith and affection in our hearts for you which we feel to be from our Heavenly Spirit, the common and loving Father of us all? He has animated us with a desire to thus communicate with you, and He will, we feel, keep our affections warm toward you—for His love "knoweth no distinction of nation, tongue or people, and extendeth to the remotest parts of the earth."

On motion a committee of six was appointed to collect \$1000 in prosecution of the plan proposed; and further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent with the accompanying letter to as many tribes as it will be possible to reach, and also to the committee of the Senate of the United States, about to start on a visit to the Indians in Kansas.

The meeting then adjourned a little after 10 o'clock, to meet again at the call of the President.

When Sir Walter Scott was urged not to prop the falling credit of an acquaintance, he replied: "The man was my friend when friends were few, and I will be his, now that his enemies are many."

PROGRESSIVE CONVENTIONS.

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

WISCONSIN STATE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION.

The second annual three days meeting of the above named Association will meet at Beloit on the 14th of June next. Mrs. S. E. Warner and J. S. Loveland are the speakers engaged. Delegates and friends will be entertained free of charge. A committee will be at the cars to receive friends and appoint them places.

Per order of Committee.

LOUISE T. WHITTIER, *Secretary.*

Milwaukee, Wis.

NOTICE TO THE DELEGATES TO THE WISCONSIN STATE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION.

It perhaps may not be known to all parties interested that our State Convention, of which time and place of meeting will be duly noticed, is to be a delegated convention according to the Constitution:

"ARTICLE VIII. The members of this Association shall consist of delegates elected by the various local societies in harmony with the objects herein set forth, each society being entitled to three delegates for each local organization, and one for every additional ten over the first twenty members.

"ART. XIII. Any person may become a member of this Association by signing the Constitution, but only the regularly appointed delegates shall be entitled to vote in any case, except in the election of officers of the Association, when all members shall be entitled to vote."

In view of this, the friends in different localities should attend to the business at once. Organize your societies, appoint your delegates, and give them credentials. We anticipate, shall work for and expect to have, a "feast of reason and flow of soul" at this time. Come one and all, with your best emotions, your greatest wisdom and your highest inspiration.

Your friend in reform,

LOUISE T. WHITTIER, *Secretary.*

Milwaukee, Wis.

For The Spiritual Republic.

THE BATAVIA CONVENTION.

The Convention of Mediums, and of the Genesee Association of Spiritualists, held at Batavia, N. Y., April 26, 27 and 28, was one of exceeding interest, and a source of lively satisfaction to those who participated in it. It has been a rich spiritual feast, and the meeting exclusively of mediums inaugurates a new and very interesting era in Spiritual gatherings. This exclusive feature was first proposed from the angel side of the river, with an assurance of co-operation and assistance, which promise was fully verified.

We anticipated a generous response to the invitations extended to mediums of Western New York to meet on Friday afternoon and evening, but were hardly prepared for such a general rally. There were between seventy and eighty in attendance. I have the names, residence and phase of mediumship of seventy, but was unable to record the names of all who were present.

Among those present were some who have been actively interested in disseminating the phenomena and philosophy of this new dispensation from its earliest dawn, among whom were Mrs. Margaretta Fox Kane, one of the original Fox family of rapping mediums, who presented us with a sample of the genuine raps, so loud they were distinctly heard all over the hall; Mrs. Lucina Tuttle, of Byron, who for more than twenty years has been a reliable clairvoyant; Mrs. Amy Post, of Rochester, extensively known as the kind-hearted matron of the Reformers' Refuge; Mrs. Elizabeth Watson, and Miss Nettie Colburn, eloquent trance speakers of Rochester; Mr. J. M. Chaplin, of Niagara county, and many others who have enjoyed the bad eminence of being pioneers in this dawning dispensation. Among those whose experiences have but just begun, were Mrs. Throop, of Batavia, and Miss Bonny of Avon, who within the last six or eight months have been developed, the former for playing very finely upon the piano, the latter as an excellent seer. Miss Ellen Waldo, of Alexander, who plays only by spirit control, furnished us with unsurpassed music on the piano. Mrs. Carrie Hazen, of Buffalo, described a number of symbols, with their interpretations.

The exercises consisted of music, singing, trance speaking in poetry and prose, visions and symbolic representations, exhortations, relation of experiences, etc., closing by enacting, Saturday forenoon, a dramatic dialogue, in which Messrs. Seaver, Chaplin and Thayer, Mrs. Watson and Miss Colburn took parts.

The results on the part of all were very gratifying, and there was a unanimous desire manifested to have medium meetings of this character as often as once a quarter in this part of the State.

After the passage of resolutions, which were reported by a committee, the medium meeting adjourned, *sine die*, accompanied by a vote that the president of the Association should notify another to be held about three months hence, at such place as he should deem advisable, many suggesting Rochester as the preferable place.

I have no hesitation in saying this meeting of mediums was the most interesting I ever attended, and would recommend their general adoption.

The business of the Genesee Association of Spiritualists was transacted Saturday afternoon, and the convention continued Saturday evening, and Sunday all day and evening.

Addresses were delivered by Mr. G. B. Stebbins, Miss Nettie Colburn, Mrs. Logan, and Mrs. Eliza Clark, and others. We had excellent singing by Mr. Beals, of Gowanda.

The amount reported as subscribed to the missionary fund of the Association, although not aggregating as much as we hoped and expected, was by the convention decided to be sufficient to warrant the lecturing committee in employing one itinerant lecturer, to commence by the first of September next, and we invite correspondence with those who would like to engage in this capacity for a period after that time, and at the same time we hope that there may be continued effort to increase the subscriptions, and that friends who have amounts subscribed not already reported, will report the same to A. C. English, Treasurer, Batavia.

Fraternally yours, J. W. SEEVER,

President Genesee Association.

Byron, May 1, 1867.

CONVENTION AT BLUE ANCHOR, NEW JERSEY.

A Convention will be held at Blue Anchor, New Jersey, beginning the 12th of June, to continue from three to five days.

It is desirable that earnest and practically progressive minds should convene on this beautiful domain, to aid the projectors of this movement with their counsel and their means, in carrying forward the objects set forth in their circulars. An opportunity will then be afforded to all to select their lots, obtain their deeds for the same, or to subscribe to the stock of the company.

Let those minds come together who are willing and able to aid in thus securing *one spot on the earth* that shall be consecrated to the principles and institutions which the angel world is striving to inaugurate, where men shall work *with* and *for* each other, instead of *against* each other; where Justice may build her shrines, Science her temples, Harmony her habitations, and Humanity her homes. Able and inspired speakers will be present.

That the necessary means of accommodation may be provided, it is requested that those who are prompted to attend, will indicate their intention at once by addressing either of the undersigned. Circular No. 3 sent to those who desire.

GEORGE HASKELL,

MILO A. TOWNSEND,

Blue Anchor, Camden Co., New Jersey, May 3, 1867.

STATE CONVENTION IN INDIANA.

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

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

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

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

S. MAXWELL,

Chairman of Committee.

Richmond, Indiana.

SPIRITUALISTS' STRAWBERRY PICNIC.

At a meeting of the Picnic Committee, held at Batavia, N. Y., April 28, it was unanimously resolved to invite Spiritualists and all others to attend the first Spiritualists' picnic of the season, at Niagara Falls, Thursday, June 20. Ample arrangements will be made with railroads at reduced fare, by regular or special trains. Particulars made known by hand-bills and otherwise.

S. J. Finney is engaged, and other eminent speakers are expected.

The annual picnic will be held at Portage Bridge the latter part of August, the day to be announced at Niagara Falls.

J. W. SEEVER,

Chairman Picnic Committee.

Byron, May 1, 1867.

Chemists tell us that a single grain of the substance called iodine will impart color to seven thousand times its weight of water. It is so in higher things—one book, one habit, may affect the whole of life and character.

Centuries are required to build up an empire; an hour is enough to reduce it to dust.

CELLS OF THE HONEY BEE.—The plan of architecture always adhered to by bees, the basis of which is the hollow hexagonal prism, has long been a subject of wonder. However, Professor Wyman, after having made numerous careful measurements, avers that the accuracy of the workmanship of the bee has been greatly exaggerated, so much so that whatever the typical form of the cell may be, it is rarely, if ever, realized. Accepting the statement of Prof. Wyman, we are still astonished at the systematic mode in which the bee prepares the different kind of cells required for the various sorts of eggs and larvæ. The smallest and most numerous cells are appropriated to the eggs forming working bees, a larger sort to male eggs, while the eggs which become queen bees have cells about one inch long and one-third of an inch wide, with walls about one-eighth of an inch thick. Lastly are constructed magazines of honey and pollen, having their axes inclined to the horizon, the entrances to which are in the highest part, so that the liquid sweets are more secure. Bees sometimes make comb of irregular shape; to prevent this the Swiss use an artificial guide, consisting of a thin plate of wax about two or three inches square, indented all over with hexagonal depressions, which is attached to the inside of the box for storing honey. Experience proves that bees will make more honey when supplied with these cell-commencements than when they are left to take the initiatory steps for the foundation of their wax building.

THE LOCOMOTION OF FISHES.—Mr. Ferdinand Monoyer says: "The movement of fishes through the water takes place by the action of the tail, and principally of the caudal fin. When the progression is rapid the other fins play no part in locomotion. When the fish wishes to stop, it does so as an oarsman would, by producing 'back-water,' which it effects through its pectoral fins. The others may be employed in this latter operation, but their only use is to prevent the fish from turning round on its transverse axis." On the other hand, the observations of Dr. W. Rowell lead him to the conclusion that some species of small fish bend the whole body in propulsion.

SALT YOUR CHIMNEYS.—In building a chimney put a quantity of salt into the mortar with which the intercourses of brick are to be laid. The effect will be that there will never be any accumulation of soot in the chimney. The philosophy is thus stated: The salt in the portion of mortar which is exposed absorbs moisture every damp day. The soot thus becoming damp, falls down the fire-place.

The Roman Freemasons have forwarded a subscription of five hundred francs to the committee formed in Paris for the purpose of erecting a memorial to Voltaire.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

THE INVALUABLE HOUSEHOLD JEWEL.—We have had in use, from two to four years, the instrument purchased of you, and it has given us so great satisfaction that we desire to recommend it, as an invaluable Household Jewel, to all our lady friends. It is so very simple that it never gets out of order—so light running and easily managed that a child can use it—so reliable in action that it never misses a stitch and so quiet that it may well be styled the "silent" sewing-machine. We have always found the seam perfectly reliable, never ripping in washing or wear, or in any way falling till the garment is worn out.—[Letter to Willeox & Gibbs, dated South Shafesbury, Vt., Dec. 11th, 1865, and signed: Mrs. D. G. George, Mrs. W. P. Matteson, Mrs. J. Burden, Mrs. F. Traveg, Mrs. R. Stone, Mrs. D. G. Smith, Mrs. F. Cole, Mrs. C. Bates.

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. Patients at a distance are cured by magnetized paper. All that is required is a superscribed envelope and fifteen cents. Magnetized paper and consultation free to all who call at his office. Office hours from 10 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 P. M., and 7 to 9 P. M. 3-10-1f

Mrs. M. C. Jordan, Healing, Prophetic and Business medium, 123 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. Fuller, Finch & Fuller, Chicago, General Agents. 3-3-1y

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. 15-1f

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

NEW YORK.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists has leased the Masonic Hall, a large and beautiful edifice, No. 114 East Thirteenth street, between Third and Fourth avenues, where they will hold meetings every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M., Dr. H. B. Storer, 370 Bowery, Secretary.
The Children's Progressive Lyceum will meet in the same hall every Sunday at 9 1/2 A. M., P. E. Farnsworth, Conductor, Mrs. H. W. Farnsworth, Guardian.
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.
Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at the same hall every Sunday at 12:30 A. M.

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.
Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at the same place every Sunday at 2:30 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."
Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at the same place at 12:30 P. M.
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.
The Children's Progressive Lyceum, meets in the same hall, every Sunday at 9 1/2 A. M. Seats free.

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.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The "Society of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress" hold regular meetings every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Seats free.
The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same Hall every Sunday afternoon, at 2 1/2 o'clock.

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

CLEVELAND, O.—Regular meetings every Sunday in Temperance Hall, on Superior street, at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds its sessions every Sunday at 1 P. M.

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

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

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

WORCESTER, MASS.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 11 1/2 A. M. every Sunday.

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 Fifth street. 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.

PUBLIC REGISTER.

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

- Rev. Orrin Abbott. Address Chicago, Ill.
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