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PUBLISHED BY  
CENTRAL PUBLISHING HOUSE. }

CHICAGO, MAY 25, 1867.

VOL. I.—NO. 21.

## 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."

### LIGHTS AND SHADES.

The gloomiest day hath gleams of light—  
The darkest wave hath bright foam near it,  
And twinkles through the darkest night,  
Some solitary star to cheer it.

The gloomiest soul is not all gloom;  
The saddest heart is not all sadness;  
And sweetly o'er the darkest doom,  
There stands some lingering beam of gladness.

Despair is never quite despair,  
Nor life nor death the future closes,  
And round the shadowy brow of care  
Will hope and fancy twine their roses.

## ROSE AND RUTH:

### THE WOMAN OF GENIUS AND THE WOMAN OF HEART.

BY MRS. C. F. CORBIN.

(Concluded.)

#### CHAPTER III.

The next day Rose went out to buy her paints. She came home in raptures. When she burst open the door with all her old girlish vehemence, she was astonished to find Mr. Graves seated within. He rose to go, and there was a painful, troubled look in his eyes which subdued Rose's spirits at once. Passing her with a bow and a simple word of salutation, he left the room.

"Why, Ruth," exclaimed Rose, "what is this? Have you and Mr. Graves been quarreling?"

"No, very far from it," replied Ruth. "But what success have you had, sister?"

"You need not think to put me off in that way. Not a word shall you know of all the wonderful news I have to tell till you satisfy my curiosity. Tell me, dear Ruth, did Mr. Graves ask you to be his wife?"

"Yes, Rose."

"And you will marry him?"

"No."

"Why not? I always thought you liked him?"

"Mr. Graves has been a very good friend to us. I respect him highly, and I shall be exceedingly sorry to lose his friendship, but I cannot marry him."

"You riddle! you sphinx! There are tears in your eyes this moment. What are your objections to Mr. Graves?"

"He is a widower with two children."

"Fiddlesticks! that is nothing. You, who love children so well, would easily get along with them, and you would have such a nice home, and no more plush-sewing to do."

"It is useless to talk. It is not my duty to marry Mr. Graves. The matter is settled, so now for your good news."

"What do you think? My violets are sold. Such a strange thing happened, too. Mr. Grossman would make me stay to listen all about it. There came, last week, a gentleman into the store in great haste, and asked the price of the sketch, which you know was in the window. Mr. Grossman told him its history, and that, under the circumstances, it was difficult to set a price upon it. The gentleman seemed agitated, and asked the name of the artist, which strangely enough, Mr. Grossman at that moment forgot—you know how absent-minded he is at times. The stranger was on his way to the English steamer, and could not wait for elderly gentlemen to collect their wits, but said he would give five dollars for the picture, for it reminded him of a scene in his early life. With that he laid the money on the counter, and wrapping the picture in great haste, started for the door. When his hand was on the latch, he stopped and said, 'Perhaps the young lady would like to know the name of her purchaser. Here is my card.' Look at that."

She opened her small palm, and exhibited thereon a gold piece and a card bearing the inscription, "Lionel Hall."

"Isn't that the very strangest, strangest thing you ever heard of?"

"Very strange indeed," murmured Ruth.

"I started when I read the name, you may be sure, and asked Mr. Grossman all manner of questions. He said the gentleman was tall and handsome, his face bronzed as if with a Southern climate. He was well dressed, and had plenty of money. He said he had been but three days in this country, since landing from India, but that he should

return from England some time, perhaps in a year. Mr. Grossman was sure he must be some friend of mine, he was so much interested in the picture. Only to think that he is alive, and has been in this very town, and has carried away with him my violets."

Ruth kissed her sister, and congratulated her upon her good fortune and her good news.

"You see now," she said, "that I was right. If we can battle with adversity a little while longer, we shall come out again into a clearer day. I am so glad, Rosie, that you commenced to paint."

Rose was too happy to be very thoughtful except of her own affairs. Already she was busy grinding colors, and arranging for her day's labor; pleasant thoughts of Lionel wreathing her pretty lips with smiles. It was well for Ruth that she was thus preoccupied. She quietly placed her chair behind Rose's, so that if a tear fell upon her work, Rose needn't mind it.

Ruth had passed a fiery ordeal that day. Mr. Graves had been for two years a true and tried friend. In her secret heart, Ruth thought him the noblest and best of men, and his two little children were her pets and favorites. She had longed many a time, from pure maternal tenderness, to fold them in her arms and shelter them forever, as only mother-love can, from all harm. And to-day Mr. Graves had told her with earnest words that he loved her, and had besought her to be his wife—the mother of his motherless children; and Ruth putting down the yearning impulses of her heart, schooling her tremulous voice to calmness, and her treacherous eyes to deceit, had refused him. When he had begged her not to be too hasty, to give him at least a reason for her refusal, she had told him that she admired and respected him, and valued his friendship highly, but that Christ had commanded that a wife should leave all and cleave unto her husband. That if she loved him as a wife ought, she should doubtless be prompted to do that, but that she could not now. Rose was more and dearer to her than anything else in life, therefore she was not fit to marry.

"But Rose should never want. He was not rich, to be sure, but he could offer her a comfortable home, and Rose might live with them."

"No. Rose would never feel free in such a life. She would lose her genius, if she felt dependent. She would cease to paint—she would pine and be miserable. She must keep herself free to be a friend to Rose."

"Was she sure this was final? Would she not repent?"

"Never. Rose was her mother's dying legacy to her. Moreover, she loved Rose better than any other living thing. It was impossible that she should repent."

But she passed a bitter day, nevertheless, and for many days thereafter, as Rose sat silent and absorbed at her easel, Ruth's best energies were spent in stifling the tortured throbs of her famished and complaining heart.

A pain in her side began to be developed by these unnatural efforts, and she thought with a shiver of dread that her mother had died of heart disease, pushed to its crisis by just such secret, unavailing efforts against grief. Yet patiently and swiftly flew the needle through the plush, and with cheerful voice she inspired Rose with courage and perseverance for her chosen work.

The five dollars which Rose had gained by the sale of the violets, although it was nearly all expended in the purchase of artist's materials, still had the effect to remove the sense of painful dependence upon Ruth which she had formerly experienced. It seemed as if she worked now with some certainty of reward, and before she resumed her favorite piece, she even had the self-denial to finish another small sketch for Mr. Grossman's window. This time she essayed a head, and by dint of spending some hours in Mr. Reid's studio studying some fine heads of his, and one in particular by Gilbert Stuart, and by much hard labor at home, she was able to produce a really beautiful and spirited drawing, which even Mr. Reid commended as full of promise.

She was thoroughly inspired now. She had drunk of the rare wine of Olympus. She was penetrated by the fine aroma of ambrosia. Henceforth the grosser food of mortals disgusted her palate.

Ruth saw the change which was rapidly transforming her sister, and she worshiped the result. It was as if one of the airy Nine had folded her wing beneath their attic roof, had deigned to glorify their humble home. Rose was something more to her now than even her sister. She was the visible embodiment of great and glorious truths—the incarnate Spirit of Beauty—a being of rarer mold and more divine origin than common mortals, and therefore to be tenderly spared all the rude shocks of this jarring human life, to be

lifted above all commonplaces, and placed upon a pedestal in that serene region where the vapors of earth do not intrude, but celestial light and glory reign forevermore.

Therefore, if Rose fretted herself with overwork, Ruth soothed her as one soothes a tired child. If she wanted a costly print for a study, Ruth sewed far into the night to procure it for her, Rose all the time promising her that one of these days she should be amply repaid; and, indeed, the sincere heart really comforted herself with this reflection. To be sure, the sketch in Mr. Grossman's window still remained unsold, but her great picture was growing day by day, a marvel of truthfulness and beauty. A week or two more would surely finish it, and then its merit would be certain to compel a purchaser. She would rather, of course, have kept it for Lionel, but she could copy it for him sometime.

It was two months after the sale of the violets, that looking one day into a morning paper, her eye chanced upon her own name in the list of advertised letters.

"See here, Ruth," she said, "a letter for me. From whom can it be, I wonder?"

That very evening she called for it. It was a large letter, directed in an unfamiliar hand, and post-marked at her native town. Tearing off the envelope, however, she found a letter post-marked New York, and addressed to her at Rosebrook. Her heart nearly stopped its beating as she recognized the changed, though still familiar hand, and she hid the missive in her bosom, and hurried home as fast as her feet could carry her.

"Why, sister," said Ruth, as she opened the door, "you look more like a lily than a rose. What makes you so pale?"

Rose drew forth her letter, and without a word displayed it to her sister.

"A letter from Lionel," said Ruth; "how could it have gotten here?"

"I know," said Rose; "I've thought it all out coming home. He wrote it when he was in New York, and sent it to Rosebrook, and it has been forwarded here. But let me open it. I hardly dare."

Rose had no secrets from Ruth, so she read aloud:

"DEAREST ROSE: Where are you? Does the world still hold my pretty, fresh-hearted flower? And are you my Rose still, true as of old to your errant lover? My heart trembles as my pen does, while I ask myself these questions.

"It is five years since I saw you. Five years, passed in Indian lands, have changed me much externally, and more in circumstances, but not at all at heart. Still I love my Rosie. Will she be the wife of a bronzed and weather-beaten Indian, I wonder, or has her heart forgotten already its allegiance, or perhaps transferred it to another? I trust this last calamity has not befallen me. God has been so good to me, Rosie, that my old infidelity is changed to perfect trustfulness. I have learned to believe that whatever is for my best good will be accomplished, since God rules, and He is my Father. So I trust Him still for my Rosie, and lay plans for the future, when the old place at the four corners of the road, with its noble growth of maples, shall be rejuvenated and made not only a habitable but an elegant dwelling; when the old garden shall bloom again, and the meadow below it be made beautiful and added thereto; and the little burial plot at the top of the hill, where so many that you and I love, Rosie, sleep their last long sleep, shall be redeemed from loneliness and decay, and be made worthy of those whose ashes consecrate it.

"Dear Rose, how I long to see you, to know for myself how time has treated you. But it is impossible now. Yesterday I landed in America; to-morrow I start for England. I shall return, God willing, in a year, or perhaps sooner, and then if my Rosie lives, I shall find her; and, darling, if you love me, have your wedding-dress ready, for I shall not wait long.

"God bless and keep you for your own,

"Now and ever,

LIONEL."

Rose had melted away in tears long before she had reached the end of the letter, and Ruth held her sobbing upon her bosom while she finished it.

"I'm so glad for you, sister dear," she said. "By spring, perhaps, Lionel will return, and then you will be so much better taken care of, so much happier."

"And then, Ruth, you shall be happy, too. You are getting so pale and thin, and that pain in your side I am sure troubles you, though you do not complain. But this dreary winter once passed, we shall all be so happy. Think what it will be to live at the old home once more, to look every day upon those beautiful hills, to own old Prospect, and climb now and then to its top, and look off upon the beautiful valley of the Quinebaug. Cheer up, little sister, there is light ahead."

Ruth kissed the happy, joyous face, and smiled; but as Rose turned away from her, to lean once more over the window-sill and indulge her rapturous thoughts while she feasted her eyes upon the sunset splendors of the bay, there

came a shadow over Ruth's face that deepened the hue of her beautiful eyes, and through her pale, parted lips there trembled a little sigh. She had heard that day that Mr. Graves was married.

## CHAPTER IV.

"Oh, dear," said Rose, as they seated themselves at the table, "it will be so hard to go back to plush-sewing again this winter, when I want so much to work at my picture and get it ready for Lionel. Yet I suppose I must, for Mr. Grossman told me to-day there had been no inquiries for my sketch. It was foolish to paint a head; nobody cares for heads, unless they are portraits. I wish I had painted a small landscape."

"You might try that now," said Ruth. "I have been thinking for several days that it would be too much for you to give up painting this winter, and I think I can arrange it so that you need not. Mr. Carpenter told me yesterday, when I went to carry home my work, that he should have plenty for me to do all winter; and I get better prices than I used, you know, and if you could sell only one or two pictures, we could manage nicely."

Rose protested. She was not so selfish—she could not be so cruel; but Ruth insisted that it would be neither; that the exertion on her part would not be excessive; and that, besides, she should be so much happier to see the easel about, and Rose making progress in painting. It did not seem such a paltry, slavish thing to live when they could talk about Art, and reproduce now and then a smile of Nature to glorify their attic room.

"I'll tell you what you shall paint for your next picture, just to please me," said Ruth. "It shall be a little sea-piece. A rough sea, with a noble sloop and a little shallop tied behind breasting the rude weather, and making steadily for a distant and low-lying shore, where a beacon light gleams. It would be so like our lives, you know. You, with your genius and strength, leading the way, and I, weaker and more insignificant, following patiently, and both striving to reach the distant port. I can see how the clouds look, wild and torn; and the sea, a turbid green, creamy with foam. You know you have always said you would like to paint ships, they seem to have so much soul in them."

"Why, Ruthie, you are a real poet. Who fancied you had so much imagination? But you do yourself shameful injustice. What would avail my genius but for your loving labor? I will paint the picture to please you, Ruth, but I will never suffer you to be its interpreter."

And so it was settled that Rose should paint, and Ruth should sew, for the coming winter.

The sea-piece was painted, and was a success. With this new evidence of her genius before her, Rose's enthusiasm deepened wonderfully. She scarcely ate or slept now.

"I begin to feel what painting really is," she said to Ruth. "It is not, as some suppose, a mere rendering of form or color. At least that is not its highest sphere. The Dutch painters confined themselves to this, and are worthy of study, just as it is worth a child's while to spell in syllables and to master the sounds of letters before he begins to put together words whose souls are ideas. It is the soul of Nature which Art seeks to comprehend, and the true artist seeks intelligently to translate. A mere dumb tree of trunk and boughs and leaves may have its merits as a faithful copy, but it is only when it speaks from the canvas of the soul which informs it, of the thought of grace, or strength, or aspiration which was in the heart of the Creator when He originally designed it, that it is in an artistic sense a tree. And so of every object in Nature. God formed the eternal rock-ribbed hills as monuments of the sublimity of His purposes, the height and grandeur of His imagination, as emblems of His own eternity and immutability; and every disjointed fragment of rock should tell some portion of this story. But it is the study of a life-time rightly to understand all the myriads of expressions embodied in Nature's forms."

Ruth listened to these long and impassioned discourses much as she might have listened to an angel's hymnings. It was little, she thought, for her to stifle the dull pain which sometimes seemed to be wearing her life out, to put down the flutterings and palpitations of her vital forces, to conceal the faintness which sometimes dimmed her eyes and deafened her ears, and caused the needle to drop from her relaxed fingers. All this was a mere trifle compared with the holy and tender thought of the wonderful genius which was so rapidly expanding and maturing in her very sight.

So Rose painted on, blissfully ignorant of Ruth's growing maladies, happy in her labor, and vexed, if she were ever vexed at all, only that the high ideal which forever glowed temptingly down through the mists of her brain should ever, despite her most earnest endeavors, elude her grasp. Sometimes she would throw down her brush in despair, and burst into a flood of passionate weeping.

"I cannot, I cannot!" she would cry; "why should I any longer weary myself with these unavailing efforts? I have no power to transmute strokes of color into blades of living grass; I cannot make, of all these varied tints, leaping, sparkling, transparent water. The brush—strokes lie

there upon the canvas dead—soulless. The story of Prometheus mocks me, and it is but a myth itself."

At such times Ruth would lay down her sewing and take the drooping head gently upon her bosom.

"You are too tired, Rosie dear," she would say. "Your eyes are dim with too much straining to detect the faintest error in your blending. Your nerves are relaxed; see how your hands tremble. Put on your hat, child, and go down to the Battery and get a sniff of the strong sea-air. It will do you good."

"I wish you would come too, Ruth; I hate to go alone."

"I would if I had time, dear; but you see I have just enough to do to keep me busy till nine o'clock, and I don't like to sew later than that, unless it is very necessary. I think it hurts my eyes. But do you go, and come back with a fresh color and sparkling eyes, and tell me how fine it is."

Spring came, or at least the season which by courtesy we call spring, but it brought few birds or blossoms in its train. There were wild, rude winds, turbulent skies, and that general wreck and desolation of the elements which in our peculiar climate is often the chaos from which is educed a better state of things, even summer. The sea-piece had sold, and Rose had been enabled by the proceeds to purchase all the materials necessary for the completion of her darling picture. Both sisters had made many sacrifices that winter, not only in wardrobe but in table comforts, and now that it was spring, they were trying another shift of economy, by sitting all day in their little room without fire. Rose was of a more buoyant nature than her sister, and could better withstand these privations; but Ruth was evidently sinking under them. However, Lionel would come soon, and she would be relieved.

"It will be so fine," she said, "to go back to the old home, if only for a visit. The air would do more for me, I think, than medicine does for the sick, and then I want to visit the burying ground and the dear graves there. Oh, Rose, if I were to die, I believe I should not rest quietly in my grave, if you were to lay me anywhere else than there. Away in the southeast corner, where the graves are old and the stones mossy, and where the winds go whispering forever through the canopied top of the great chestnut; where the squirrels run down from the near woods, and the birds sing all the long summer day. If I die first, Rosie, won't you bury me there?"

"It is cruel, Ruth, for you to talk of dying. Why, sister, how should I do without you? I believe I should die, too, from loneliness. But cheer up. Lionel will soon come, and then we will go back to the old home, and put far away the thought of dying."

"Only think," said Rose, one morning, as she wrapped her shawl about her, and sat down to her work, "Mr. Reid said last night that my picture was really excellent. A trifle more that is light and airy about the foliage, an added depth and transparency to the water of the brook, and a little softer sky-tint, and then he promises to hang it in the gallery of the National Academy. Only think what a triumph. Ruthie, dear, don't speak to me for two hours. At the end of that time you shall congratulate me upon my perfect success."

So Ruth sat in silence, bending as usual over her work, while Rose painted. It was a picture of itself; the still, quiet room, bare of all ornaments, yet neat and in order. There was a table and a few dishes, a bureau covered with a clean white cloth, and displaying a few book upon its top, three or four deal chairs, a pretty mahogany workstand—a relic of the old home—a little cracked looking-glass above it, and a cheap clock on a shelf against the wall, with a gayly painted nymph on its front, which seemed sadly out of place amid such plain surroundings, and which Rose often laughingly threatened to overlay with a figure of Father Time, since really they needed one masculine in the family. Ruth's little plain figure bent over her work, her sallow face, and deep eyes, with their dark, hollow circles, added only a melancholy interest to the room. The only really beautiful thing in it was Rose, wrapped in her bright plaid shawl, and sitting so intent upon her glowing, life-like picture. She was a little thin, perhaps from fasting and hard labor, but enthusiasm lent a glow to her cheek and a sparkle to her eye, and her regular features and ruby, pouting lips, seemed almost beyond the power of time or circumstance to change.

Debarred all conversation with Rose, Ruth's thoughts were very busy. Of late her meditations had all been gloomy. She sometimes wondered it was so, for she seemed to have no new cause for repining. Indeed, Rose constantly assured her that their prospects grew brighter and brighter every day. But Ruth was suffering from physical depression, from the long-continued wasting of her vital and nervous forces, and there seemed to be nothing left in her frail body to support those glowing visions which are the natural concomitants of youth and health. But to-day a change for the better came over her spirits. It was as if some pitying angel had left a heavenly gate ajar, and a soft wind direct from Paradise blew over her enervated frame, and awoke in the desolate garden of her heart memories that blossomed afresh like spring roses, and filled her whole atmosphere with their perfume. As her thin fingers guided the slender

needle through the plush, she forgot the little attic room, its chill and pinching poverty, and lived over again the happy hours of her childhood; hours sheltered and made serene by father-love and mother-love. She played as of old with her schoolmates in the meadows beside the babbling brook, plunged into the deep heart of the ancient, shadowy woods, and sought out the delicate spring flowers from their hidden coverts. The soft summer sky was over her head, the green turf of the pasture lands under her feet, and trills of happy bird-songs quivered through all the wide spaces of the golden air.

The scene changed, and she saw as in a dream Rose at her work; Rose whom she so worshiped; Rose whose genius so far transcended even her thought. As if by a celestial touch, her vision was clarified, and she saw passing out from herself a heavenly radiance, a sort of atmosphere of strength, which was indeed her inmost vitality; and this she saw permeating Rose's form, giving life to her veins, adding vividness to her conceptions, skill to her fingers, supplying all vital defects. Her own life was wasted as the stream wastes the fountain; but poured into Rose's second brain, it was transmuted into forms of imperishable beauty. Thus she was made to recognize Rose's work as her work also, and her soul murmured what her lips were weak to echo—

"Father, I thank Thee that out of my poor worn and wasted life Thou hast provided that the wants of her stronger and more worthy one might be supplied. I thank Thee that even unto Art I have not lived in vain."

Then the air was full of voices, and through the golden mists which seemed suffused through all the space about her, shone down myriads of angel faces, beaming tender appreciation and love. She scarcely knew that a heavy oppression was settling over her heart: that her pulse was beating irregularly, and that her breath escaped from her heaving chest in thick pants, like that of one weary with running. Physical sensations had little power over her spirit now. The loved and lost of long ago were around her. She saw their glorified faces, heard the silver tones of their greeting, watched with surprised eyes the sweep of their long sunny hair, the flow of their spotless garments. The accustomed task fell from her fingers; she clasped her hands upon her shivering bosom, not in pain, for she felt none, but in adoration, as with eyes uplifted she beheld her mother's face, and heard the musical tones of her voice ringing through all the air—

"Blessings, blessings upon thee, my daughter; thou hast been faithful unto death. Heaven hath in store for thee a crown of everlasting life."

She saw the fadeless wreath descending; she heard the anthem of welcome pealed forth by the exultant throng; she gave one quick, silent gasp, and was gone—gone from the chill and shadow of earth to the broad effulgence of the celestial day.

Rose painted on, unconscious of the heavenly drama enacting at her side. But it was as if the very atmosphere of those celestial visitants wrought strength and skill in her faltering fingers. Her sky glowed with serener lights; her foliage stirred with heavenly breezes; the water of her babbling brook sparkled with a cool transparency that left her artist-eye nothing to desire. Just as Ruth's gentle head was drooping upon her bosom; just as a footstep sounded outside the door, and a hand was laid upon the latch, she rose and cried—

"It is perfect. I cannot add another touch."

The door opened, and the visitor entered. It was Lionel.

## PASSAGES FROM THE JOURNAL OF EUGENIE DE GUERIN.

## THE POOR.

A poor stranger has passed to-day; then a little child. This is all that has shown itself to-day. Is it worth telling of?

I must record my happiness of yesterday—a very sweet, very pure happiness—a kiss from a poor creature to whom I was giving alms. That kiss seemed to my heart like a kiss given by God.

## EVERYWHERE GOD SHEDS GRACE AND BEAUTY.

I had to put an extra dish on the table for Sauveur Requier, who had come to see us; it was a ham cured with sugar, which made the poor fellow lick his lips. Good things do not often fall to his share; that was why I determined to give him a treat. It is, I think, the neglected to whom we should show these attentions; humanity and charity teach us this. The prosperous can do very well without them, and yet it is only they who meet with them in the world; so made up of contradictions are we.

## CHILDREN.

A child's visit cut my story short yesterday. I am as fond of children as of the aged poor. I watched him with infinite pleasure, enchanted on my side with all these charms of childhood. What must a mother feel for these loveable creatures? I obtained nothing but a kiss. They are sweet things—those children's kisses; it seems to me as though a lily had touched my cheek.

If I had a child to bring up, how gently and cheerfully I should set about it, with all the care that is given to a delicate flower! Then I should speak to them of the good God in loving words; I should tell them that He loved them

even better than I; that He not only gave them everything that I gave them, but the air, the sun, and the flowers besides; that He made the sky and all the beautiful stars. These stars—I can recollect what a beautiful idea they gave me of God. Children have a sense of the beautiful, and it is easy to inspire them with faith and love by means of God's works.

## CHILDHOOD.

Early childhood—to which so much reverence is due. Children are angels upon earth; we should speak to them only in their own language; create for them only what is pure; paint for them, as it were, upon the very azure of the sky. Pictures there are—in religion, in history, in nature—but who will be the Raphael? As a little girl I figured to myself an angel of children's games. I called him the Angel Joujou, and you see I have put that pleasant little fancy into rhyme:

Spirits there are of might,  
Who guide the starry forms;  
Who speed the flying storms;  
Fire the volcanoes bright,  
And rule the wave, the air;  
Hollow the ocean bed;  
Whirl the globe, and have the dead,  
Gloomy deserts in their care;  
Who scatter the gold of the rivers and mines,  
Who plant the rose and the lily clear!  
And oh, in their uncounted lives,  
An angel of sport, and joy, and cheer,  
An angel of the children shines.  
God made that angel, dear!  
Fair among starry things  
Are his vermilion wings;  
The sweet, pet-wonder of the skies!  
The darling jewel of Paradise!  
They call him Joujou as he flies!

Fever may be called the scourge of nature. It is sent to punish us when we transgress her laws, whether wittingly, or unwittingly; and while we are suffering the infliction, she cries, "Oh, foolish one! return again into the ways of wisdom. Pause, I admonish thee, thou canst go no further in this direction, unless thou wilt lose thy happiness or thy life."

Or it may be likened to a consuming fire which burneth away the impurities and rubbish collected in the system through many heedless hours. Check it not, unless thou dost perceive that it is striving to seize upon the vitals with its fiery tongue, and then only use the simplest remedies—the sponge bath, the magnetism of a strong and healthy person, or cooling drinks made from the harmless herbs and roots plucked from earth's maternal bosom. Never resort to the vile nostrums compounded by ignorant men, lest health, despairing of ever regaining her hold upon thy trebly diseased body, bid thee a last and sorrowful adieu.

E. S. L.

Raise thy voice against sin, but be compassionate and charitable toward thy erring brother and sister. Their life-paths have thorns enough, which, though unseen by thee, pierce their misguided feet, when they stray from the line of duty. Then, when they ask thee for pity and forgiveness, do not offer them, instead, harsh censure and reproaches.

E. S. L.

A lecture on the sensibility between a flame under certain conditions and certain sounds was recently delivered at the Royal Institute of Great Britain. Illustrating these phenomena, Professor Tyndall said:

"Some of these flames are of marvelous sensibility; one such is at present burning before you. It is nearly twenty inches long; but the slightest tap on a distant anvil knocks it down to eight. I shake this bunch of keys or these few copper coins in my hand; the flame responds to every tinkle. I may stand at a distance of twenty yards from this flame; the dropping of a sixpence from a height of a couple of inches into a hand already containing coin, knocks the flame down. I cannot walk across the floor without affecting the flame. The creaking of my boots sets it in a violent commotion. The crumpling of a bit of paper, or the rustle of a silk dress, does the same. It is startled by the plashing of a rain-drop. I speak to the flame, repeating a few lines of poetry; the flame jumps at intervals, apparently picking certain sounds from my utterance to which it can respond, while it is unaffected by others."

PARIS IN 1825.—Gas had not yet arrived at Paris. Across the streets at the corners, and at remote intervals, were hung ropes with a lantern in the middle, giving out rays that served for little more than to make the darkness visible. The streets had no sidewalks; the gutters ran in the middle; the boulevards were unpaved; the Madeleine unfinished. With a population of about five hundred thousand, Paris was unsightly and dirty, at night gloomy and forbidding; and in the Tuilleries was enthroned Charles X., surrounded with men who undertook to rule a great people without foresight, who had not enough discourse of reason to look before or after, could not even see what the past was or the future might be, and would make of the present a cushion to loll on.—G. H. Calvert.

## 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.

(Concluded.)

This doctrine of the "Relativity of all Knowledge" takes on another form in the philosophy of John Stuart Mill, and in the broken and purblind notions of Mr. Lewes, in his Biographical History of Philosophy. While Mr. Mansel and Mr. Spencer apply the doctrine to the spiritual and religious department of thought, Messrs. Mill and Lewes apply it to the sensuous or objective world. The first deny us all possible knowledge of spirit—of the infinite reason; the latter deny us all possible knowledge of "objective" "things as they are in themselves;" both together deny us all knowledge of the outer world of things—and of the inner world of absolute truth. We are shut up alone with our "perceptions"—cut off from all intelligible and intelligent intercourse with the universe—external and internal. All we know or ever can know is our "perceptions;" and these "perceptions" are only "particular modifications of the soul"—says Mr. Lewes; they are only modes of the action of our faculties, says Mr. Mill; and both agree that these "perceptions" are in no true sense "copies of the causes which produce them." If these notions are true, man is a muddle of the most senseless contradictions, and all our boasted "systems of metaphysics," as well as that much vaunted "positivism" and "positive science" are simply absurd because impossible.

To begin with Mr. Mill: "We see a thing as in place, not because the neumenon or thing is in any place, but because it is the law of our perceptive faculty that we must see, as in some place whatever we see at all. Place is not a property of a thing, but a mode in which the mind is compelled to represent it. Time and space are only modes of our perceptions, not modes of existence, and higher intelligences are possibly not bound by them. Things in themselves are neither in time or space, though we cannot represent them to ourselves except under that two-fold condition."\*

It is true that in the above passage Mill is giving a very clear statement of the doctrines of Kant and others, yet it is also evidently Mr. Mill's own opinion.

From a close study of Mr. Mill it will be found that he resolves all our knowledge "both the materials and sources," into self-knowledge; he denies us any access to qualities and bodies external to us; he shuts us up with and in our own sensations, ideas, and feelings. And yet this same author on the other hand leaves us to the conviction that, "though we know nothing but the phenomena of ourselves, we are nothing but the phenomena of the world." There is nothing original in the mind; all our "sensations" and "perceptions" are only the transformed phenomena of unknown and unknowable "things" external to us. He shuts us out from all intuitive, spontaneous revelations of truth from within on the one hand, and denies us any possible knowledge of external objects on the other. Our field of knowledge is thus reduced to the subjective experience of an outward world which it is forever impossible for us to cognize; and which we have no reason to believe exists. In the words of another, "In our author's theory of cognition, the non ego (the objects without us) disappears in the ego; in his theory of being the ego lapses back into the non-ego. Idealist in the former, he is materialist in the latter."

We are thus, by our author, reduced to the confines of a middle ground, between two possible but utterly inscrutable and unknowable worlds—the objective world of phenomena—and the substantial world of real existence as it is in itself. Mentally we are in an absolute vacuum, void of all real qualities and objects, yet constantly receiving "sensations" and "perceptions" and "ideas," by a mode of our minds—as if caused by cognizable objects and "compelled by our mental constitution to represent things as in space and time," which yet are not in space or time; that is we are compelled to lie by the very constitution of our whole being—and the modes of our representative faculties.

Now it may be pertinent to ask, how can Mr. Mill know that "things in themselves" are not in place or time—if, as he asserts—"things in themselves" are not cognizable by us? Is he not by his own assumption prevented from such a denial? How can he prove, by the use of faculties which persist in asserting "things to be in space and time," and to which he denies any power of knowing things as they are in themselves, that things are not in space or time? Can his logic thus lift itself out of itself—to know things beyond itself—which yet are not accessible to itself? If we cannot know things as they are in themselves—how can Mr. Mill assert them to be not in space or time? By the very asserted inability to know them at all is Mr. Mill precluded from denying to them as they are in themselves any attribute whatever. If we cannot know them at all, we cannot know them not to possess any given qualities or attributes.

\*See Mill on Hamilton, vol. 1, p. 21 et sequ.

By his own assumption, he cannot deny them any qualities whatever. They may possess all possible qualities for aught he has any logical right to deny.

How can Mr. Mill justify his assertion that "place is not a property of a thing," while he at the same time asserts it to be a mode of the action of the mind? How can he prove that, since, according to his own showing, "Time and space are modes of our perceptions," they are not, or may not be, also, "modes of existence." Does he not admit that we ourselves—the great percipient souls—are things in themselves, by his very assertion that "Time and space are the modes of the action of our minds?" Is "mind" nothing "in itself" considered? If the "mind" perceives does it not also exist, a "thing in itself?" And if it exist and act as a thing in itself—"time and space" being modes of its action—are not "time and space modes" of this one thing "mind?" And if "time and space" be "modes of mind," are they not properties of at least one class of things—mental beings? And if "time and space" are thus properties of one great class of things, why may they not also be properties of other things, since, as Mill asserts "we are compelled by this one class of things to see all other things as possessing time and space as their own properties also? Is great nature thus out of joint—that our percipient souls compel us to believe in delusion—to lie by our constitution?" And then are we to be told that a notion that thus regards our mental constitution as "being compelled" to lie outright—by representing things as and where they are not—is the highest and profoundest philosophy of the age? Oh! philosophy, what blunders are committed in thy sacred name!

But it may be said by the advocates for the inscrutability of "things," that though time and space are modes of the action of our minds—they are not modes of the existence of mind. To this it may be replied, mind is self-conscious activity, and the laws of its activity cannot be contradictory to the modes of its existence. Time and space—if considered as conditions of mental activity—are conditions of phenomena. Who can show that they are not also conditions of existence? The soul either perceives its own existence directly, and at first hand; or indirectly through the medium of some other thing. If directly—then it perceives "time and space" as conditions of its own existence; or, if indirectly, through the medium of some other thing, then, if it perceive it at all, it perceives it as it is, or as it is not. If it perceive as it is not—that is, delusively—as under conditions which do not exist—then it does not perceive it as it is; that is, it perceives it as it is not; that is, it does not perceive it at all, but something else which its perceptions persist in mistaking for itself. But if it do perceive its own existence truly—then it perceives it in its proper attributes and under its proper form. Hence, if the mind perceive its own existence at all—it perceives it as it is. But "time and space" are indispensable conditions of all perception. Hence "time and space" are conditions of self-perception. Can the activity of the soul be justly supposed to compel itself to see itself—as and where it is not? This is the last possible skepticism—atheism reduced to its lowest terms. And beside, if, as Mr. Mill teaches, we cannot go out of ourselves to judge ourselves, we are compelled to take the announcements of the laws of our perceptions as final, as sovereign, supreme and true.

There is another notion connected with this doctrine of the inaccessibility of things in themselves, which constitutes a basis of the grossest materialism. One would suppose from the notion already examined, viz: that all we can ever know, is merely our subjective sensations, and not at all external objects, that the persons who hold to this pure subjectivism of knowledge, would be pure idealists; but we find some of them, as Mr. Mill, holding to this subjective idealism—also holding to the doctrine, that external "objects are known to us only through the senses." "By those channels, and no otherwise, do we learn whatever we do learn concerning them. \* \* \* We know no more of what they are, than the senses tell us, nor does nature afford us any means of knowing more."

Now, here is the grossest error possible to commit. What is clairvoyance but the knowing of objects independently of the bodily sensations, and often, too, when the nerves of sensation are so paralyzed in the clairvoyant, as to yield no resulting pain under steel pincers or under the surgeon's amputating knife, and at this very time, too, the "mind" of the clairvoyant displaying more critical knowledge of anatomy and surgery, than the surgeon himself possessed—as in the cases of A. J. Davis, and of Mrs. Tuttle, of Byron, Genesee Co., N. Y.; and in fact in other cases too numerous to mention. Clairvoyance is as thoroughly an established fact, as any other capacity of extraordinary men and women, as for instance, of wonderful musical or mathematical talent. Clairvoyance is the act of knowing things without the aid of the bodily senses. No candid man who has taken any decent pains to inform himself on this subject, can deny the fact. And this experience has wrought itself into the most wonderful and startling events of all human history. Pythagoras, Socrates, Jesus, Joan of Arc, Swedenborg, A. J. Davis, and thousands of lesser lights in both ancient and modern days, attest the existence and action of this sense-transcending power of the soul. The

very thing so emphatically denied here by Mr. Mill, is known to be a truth to millions of living persons in America alone, to say nothing of Germany, France, India, and even in stomachic, beef-eating England. Read Gregory's letters on "Animal Magnetism," "D'Esdaile's Mesmerism in India," "Reichenbach's Dynamics," "Wilkinson's Life of Swedenborg," "The History of Joan of Arc," and all the works of our brother A. J. Davis, who is still living, and whose extraordinary clairvoyant experience no man informed of the facts has the hardhood to deny. Mr. Davis without the use of his "senses," gave at the time, a clear and vast statement of astronomy, geology and history; he even prophesied the discovery of the planet "Neptune," and that too, when blind-fold and totally uneducated in these branches of science. I only refer to these as signal instances, utterly disproving Mr. Mill's theory, that sensation is our only channel of a knowledge of objects. I myself have witnessed and experienced hundreds of instances of the acquirement of knowledge of objects and facts far beyond the utmost stretch and reach of sensation; and that, too, by the direct and transcendent action of the soul. Mr. Mill's assertion on this head is contrary to the known facts experienced by hundreds, and witnessed by millions of the human race. How much then is it worth? Does it seem impudent to thus rebuke the assumed universality of knowledge of Mr. Mill? The whole Spiritual movement is one united and unassailable disproof of this sensational philosophy of Messrs. Mill, Spencer and Lewes. An uneducated shoemaker's apprentice, blindfold and paralyzed beyond all sensation of pain, revealing the science of astronomy and geology, and analyzing the whole history of the human race, here before our very eyes; a Swedenborg in London, seeing a fire in a far off city, or conversing with the spirit of the departed sister of a king; Jesus reading the secret life of the woman at the well; a Joan of Arc leading armies to battle and to victory; a Socrates foretelling the ruin of Athens; and the wide spread facts of spiritual clairvoyance throughout all America, are more than a match for Mr. Mill's unsupported assertion. This whole sensuous philosophy is utterly destroyed by the most extensive and wide spread movement of modern times, Spiritualism. And Spiritualism is the only system of philosophy that can master fully this antagonist of all spirituality and religion.

It is thus evident that all our knowledge is not merely of the relative; but that it takes hold on the eternal, the infinite and the spiritual; that, since Mr. Spencer's, Hamilton's, Mill's and Lewes' assumption have failed and come to pieces in our hands on investigation, some portion of our knowledge is again relegated to the realm of the infinite and divine. And it further appears, from an analysis of Mr. Spencer's argument for the "Relativity of all Knowledge," that the very idea of a knowledge of the actuality underlying all appearances as implied, that the relative itself is inconceivable, except as in relation with the infinite, and hence that the real, actual infinite must be in relation with the relative, that so his whole argument destroys itself. And it further appears that Mr. Spencer's "absolute" is a pure negation—zero—and in no sense therefore to be confounded with the actuality of things—it is nothingness defined in a term of thought, as existence—it is nonentity taken as entity. And here I remark, by absolute knowledge I do not mean knowledge out of all relation to our faculties, for nothing can be known to us except by our faculty of knowing, but I mean that since our existence implies infinite existence, "the ever-present sense" of infinite existence, is a direct cognition of that existence of the absolute reality itself. Else how and whence the ever-present sense thereof?

Hence God is a direct cognition of the soul, and not an inference from experience; just as sight is a direct intuition of the existence of an objective world. We are in contact with the "actuality underlying all appearances," because we are made of that original and primordial stuff, the "absolute" substance of being. Since we absolutely are—we possess all the properties of absolute existence. We need not go out of ourselves after it; it is the base of us, the only ultimate substance at the bottom of both body and soul. Our very bodies are composed of the ultimates of absolute existence, for we are kept in being only on this underlying actuality, about which Mr. Spencer talks so much. Take that "reality underlying all appearances" away from under us; as ultimate essence and substance, and how much "appearance" of us would be left. The Infinite is known to us then, directly, at first hand—and spirit to spirit—body to body—and consciousness to consciousness. The independent implied by all relative existence, is one and identical with infinite intelligence implied by all knowledge, by all thought. God, as the aboriginal substance of "all appearances," is one and identical with spirit as the aboriginal intelligence. Hence the *one holy reality* is very near to each soul. To become more and more conscious of its contents of power, love, wisdom, beauty, holiness and justice, is the sacred mission of all philosophy, instead of, as is attempted by Mr. Spencer, to push the Divinity out of all cognizable relations to his creatures.

Returning to Mr. Mill, we see that his theory, that we cannot know things as they are in themselves, is unsound, since we do know ourselves as being "things in themselves,"

and that since "space and time," and therefore all cognizable qualities in sensation, are properties of ourselves, which being things are properties of one great class of things, and hence, for aught he can know, may be, and doubtless are, properties of other things. And again we have found his assertion, that "sensation" is the only channel of knowledge, to be utterly unfounded and untrue; that the soul and mind do actually transcend "sensation" and reveal a knowledge of even external objects far beyond the reach of the senses. Are we not then relegated to the ontological and spiritual realm as very accessible to human knowledge?

For The Spiritual Republic.

### THE LYCEUM MOVEMENT.

BY M. B. DYOTT.

With your permission, I propose saying a few words to those connected with, and those interested in the Children's Progressive Lyceum. I believe this movement to be the foundation upon which the beautiful superstructure of Spiritualism must be perpetuated; therefore it is of the greatest importance that it be surrounded with the most favorable conditions that can be obtained for it. The Lyceum with which I am and have been connected since its advent, being one of the first established, I have had a fair opportunity of noting its working, changes and movements. I propose, therefore, making a few remarks in regard to the time and circumstances under which the numerous Lyceums throughout the country have met, and are now holding their sessions. And here let me say, that a glance at the record of time at which some of the Lyceums meet in various sections of the country is sufficient to convince any person that the Lyceum movement has greater vitality than the fabled Phoenix; in fact, that it is a child of immortality, or it would have expired long ago. There is scarcely an hour, no matter how inconvenient, between the rising and setting of the sun, that some Lyceum has not selected for its time of meeting. When the Lyceums were first instituted they met in the afternoon, so that they might not interfere, as was erroneously supposed, with the morning lecture. The one with which I am connected met for nearly three years at that inconvenient time, and although it lived, thrived and prospered, it was in consequence of almost superhuman efforts and sacrifice of its officers and leaders that must eventually necessitate a change. As I have said the afternoon is an inconvenient time, permit me to give my reasons for the remark. The societies with which the Lyceums are connected usually have their lectures in the morning and evening. It is under these circumstances only that I say the afternoon is an inconvenient time; and it is so, because the Lyceum officers and leaders are those who are interested in, uphold, to a considerable extent, and constitute the audience of the morning and evening lecture. They must neglect the Lyceum, or the lecture, or attend three meetings every Sunday, which is a tax upon the time and energies of those who, being occupied in business pursuits every hour of the week, cannot reasonably be expected to continue such ceaseless exertions upon the seventh. The consequences are that one or the other will be neglected, and it will be next to impossible to get punctual officers and leaders for the Lyceum, or a sufficient number to perform the necessary duties; and if the leaders are irregular in their attendance the groups will be broken up and disbanded. I will not, however, occupy time in referring to the innumerable inconveniences and objections incident to the holding of three meetings upon Sunday, or of making a distinct and separate meeting of the Lyceum; I will give the result of my experience and observation during the past four years, and speak of the advantages attained by the change in both time of meeting and order of exercises we have adopted, the one being a necessity contingent upon the other. At the commencement of the fourth year of our Lyceum's existence, we changed our time of meeting from the afternoon to the morning, making our Lyceum session precede the morning lecture. Our Lyceum meets and is called to order at 10 A. M. The badges are then distributed, new members are admitted, and membership tickets furnished to those entitled to them. The library books are now collected by the guards and taken to the library, with a list of those needed for each group. The gymnastic exercises and wing movements are next in order, after which the Lyceum marches with targets and flags. When the flags and targets have been delivered to the officer in charge of that department, the Lyceum is massed in a compact body between the seats in front of the rostrum, and is then seated. The singing and musical exercises are next attended to, at the close of which the lessons (questions and answers) are heard by the leaders or by the Conductor. The answers to the previous week's question (of which a record is kept) are read by the Conductor, and a question for the following Sunday is selected by vote of the Lyceum. Silver Chains are now read, the badges are collected, the library books are distributed, after which an opportunity is given for those who do not wish to remain to the lecture to retire. Those constituting the choir open the meeting with singing, when the lecture by our regular speaker proceeds. All the exercises of the Lyceum are easily gone through with in one hour and a half, so that the lecture commences at 11½

o'clock. A large proportion of the Lyceum members, all the leaders and officers remain, hear the lecture, and the meeting is closed at as early an hour as other churches are dismissed. Under this arrangement we can have more leaders and officers than we need; they are punctual and attentive because they are not over-taxed with three meetings, but have the afternoon free for their own purposes. The members are instructed in the philosophy and teachings of Spiritualism by our regular speakers, an advantage that can be obtained in no other way. This also meets the objection of some, that there is not enough training of the intellect in the Lyceum, for which there is no foundation, however, and to which Mrs. Mary Davis so beautifully replied a short time since. I shall not attempt further reference to it. Had the Lyceum with which I am associated continued its sessions in the afternoon, I would have been obliged to sever my connection with it, but since it has changed its time of meeting and made its exercises the morning service preceding the lecture, its duties are but a refreshing prelude of an hour and a half, preparatory to the morning discourse, and that which was under the old arrangement, an onerous tax upon our time and strength, is now an agreeable relaxation. Our membership is increasing so rapidly that we now have nearly two complete Lyceums under our care, and a prospect of doubling its numbers were our hall large enough to contain them.

Philadelphia, Pa.

For The Spiritual Republic.

### THE PHYSICIAN.

BY SUSIE WRIGHT, M. D.

Those who walk among the people as the healers of their bodily infirmities, read many pages of a usually sealed volume.

They see and feel the great waves and little ripples of joy and sorrow that surge through the souls of beings, and make up the great sum of life, and it would seem the sprinklings of joy are so fine, and so sparingly dropped in the balance, its weight is scarcely to be mentioned. Sorrow, groans, sighing and sadness, heavy scalding tears that are visible to stary eyes alone, heart-aches and longings that are all unheard and unheeded by the busy throng around them—these weigh heaviest in the scale.

Is God at fault? Are angels unconcerned? Is there no remedy? The true physician seeks first the cause or causes of disturbance, and wisely concludes the remedy is whatever will effectually remove the same.

That there is no established equilibrium of forces, no harmony between body and spirit; in other words, no health among our people, is a fact that needs no elucidation; and that loss of health is loss of joys, is equally true and plain.

Those who feel at every step the bounding spring of joyous life forces, equally in hand, foot and brain, are never oppressed with gloomy forebodings, or hourly tortured or momentarily martyred by the inharmonies of an incongruous world. Then shall we multiply the number of physicians, and enlarge our materia medica? Will the clamorous voice of outraged nature be silenced by such means? Let the pale, drooping forms, the lifeless eyes, the feeble step, and feeble voices of the multitude of habitual drug patrons and victims give answer.

Verily we must learn there is no drug panacea in the wide, wide world for our sorrows and infirmities. No mechanical means or chemical mixtures are able to harmonize constitutional antagonistic elements. Not even our modern hygienic exercises, brown-breading, packing and laying on of hands, can stay the fearful results of transgressed law divine.

Great as is the work of reform, it can never equal that of correct forming. A remodeled garment, though much improved, is not to be compared, either for beauty or utility, to a perfect new one.

Our children, "conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity," pass the should be, glad, bounding, joyous days of childhood, in weariness and languishing, and arrive at maturity only to rehearse the same sad drama, and pass to the world of spirits prematurely, victims of an insane attempt to unite antagonistic, repulsive elements and forces. Respective parental possession of health is not sufficient to ensure health and harmony to their offspring.

There must be harmony of constitutional elements, voluntary blending of spiritual forces, such perfect unity of atoms, that no particle can remain unmated.

The divine decree has gone forth. Parents must be righteously mated; mothers properly cherished; children lovingly and wisely educated.

Until this great truth is realized by the people, and practically incorporated in their lives, the world must be oppressed by a load of sorrow and woe unutterable. Physicians can and do palliate, but they can never eradicate the causes of misery, because it is integral, constitutional, and cannot be reached by external, foreign means and measures. The great and true Physician, with practical hand, stands ready to deal out powders of wisdom to the seekers, and bottles of love to the weary, and with earnest voice warns all to beware of infringing on His laws.

Carmel, Ind.

For The Spiritual Republic.

## "LET THERE BE LIGHT."

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Spring is with us with its buds and blossoms; its green fields and fragrant flowers. The resurrection of the year in which all nature feels the throbbing pulses of a new life, prompting to higher aspirations and loftier purposes.

The philosophers tell us that out of discord comes all harmony. That from the crossing of the wave-lines of sound we derive all music, and they are fast resolving all the divine in nature into "modes of motion." They tell us that our earth and all worlds in the universe are bathed in an infinite ocean of ether, which is the nearest we can approach to God; that we do not see light, any more than we see God; that where the lines of motion in this infinite and boundless ocean cross each other in certain directions, the effect which we call light is produced, and when they cross in other directions the absence of light, or darkness, is the result.

This theory of the scientific world does not contradict that which Spiritualism has presented to us. Light is one of the most beautiful of the divine attributes which reveals itself in the glory of its own splendor, and then with a lavish and unselfish bounty reveals the vast and boundless fields of nature to us. The starry hosts that roll in the realms of space are known and related to us by the soft silver cords of light that encircle the universe and bind all in one grand and harmonious whole. The myriad hues of the gorgeous landscape, each and every tint and shade that charms the eye and blesses the soul, are the offspring of this prolific mother-light.

How grand is the thought that in this infinite ocean of ether there are myriads of waves rolling and surging on forever and ever, and from these there ever comes light out of darkness, harmony and beauty out of chaos and discord.

We have asked the question again and again, what is light? and the philosopher tells us it depends upon the manner in which the wave-lines of the ether, which is the most interior of all things we have yet discovered, meet and intersect each other. Then in those deeper moods of clairvoyance or spiritual vision, we have asked, what is the light by which spirits perceive each other and the objects around them? And the answer which comes to us now is, that a similar crossing of certain wave-lines produces light for the spirit.

And when the clairvoyant would see any object, though it may be screened by others, the waves of light pass through each other in that particular object so as to render it visible. For instance, the clairvoyant would read a page of geology deep down in the rock-ribbed volume of our mother earth; his thought is thrown like the lasso of the practiced hunter, at the distance corresponding to the object he desires to catch, and the waves of spirit light pass through all those leaves above the page or stratum to be studied, and if the conditions be proper and the clairvoyant power good, this particular leaf is seen all aglow with living light, and something of its nature is revealed. So in all real clairvoyance the wave-lines of spirit light must meet in proper relations in and around the object seen.

Most of the clairvoyance of your sphere, however, is psychological, being the result of impressions made by other spirits in or out of the form. Still there is enough of real clairvoyance or spirit vision to illustrate the facts and theory which we have given above.

There are many points of interest in connection with this subject. The vision of spirits and the difficulties of seeing all the objects that are around them, and of recognizing other spirits, depend entirely upon this power of the mind, not only to know the waves and how they move, but how to set them in motion so that they will reach certain points at a given time, and thus render the object situated there visible. Thus clairvoyants and spirits are continually discovering new conditions by the new relations which the waves of the imponderable ether sustain to them.

Upon a similar plan, the telescope and the microscope, by changing the direction of the wave-lines of light, render the vision more perfect. Near and far-sightedness in the human eye depends upon similar causes. Spirits do not need just such telescopes and microscopes as we have, but they must know more of the laws and principles by which light is created and governed, before they can have very correct ideas of the relations of things around them. Living, as they do, in this ether of which we have spoken, and being more conscious of this than we are, because more nearly related to it, they are continually using it in various ways, and for many purposes which to us are unknown. And as they become more familiar with its laws they are enabled to direct them in particular channels, and are thus practically saying, "Let there be light, and there is light." It is through this same ether that all the physical manifestations are made, and by the use of this in the production of the raps and the movements of bodies, that spirits grow wiser and happier. And so with man; every step he takes in the direction of truth, every movement toward the light, not only reveals that but many other things with it.

Thus man becomes a bright and shining star shedding light along his pathway, not only for himself but for others.

The man of truth and purity leaves a path full of light shining with brightness for all who can see it, and it remains to be true that "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."

For The Spiritual Republic.

## THE COUSINS.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

Four little maidens in cunning short dresses,  
Hair ribbons flying from long braided tresses,  
Dimpled hands clasped in affectionate presses,  
Minnie, and Aggie, and Corda, and Ettie.  
Sweet little girls! with their sunbonnets airy  
Shading their faces so roguish and fairy,  
Eight little eyes twinkled never so starry,  
Four little cousins were never so pretty.

Over the moss-banks and down in the hollows,  
Tramping the meadow grass, skipping the fallows,  
Coaxing the robins and counting the swallows,  
That was the way that their days chased each other,  
When in the summer, with lunch-basket swinging,  
Down to the school-house we watched them go singing,  
"Oh may the future be tardy in bringing  
Grief to their hearts," said my tender-voiced mother.

Time, the world's master, kept thinning and grouping,  
Here sang the thrushes, there ravens were swooping,  
Here walked an angel, there men played at duping,  
Close by the path where the cousins were walking.  
Minnie, the one with the purple black tresses,  
Lent her white hand to deceiving caresses.  
And, breaking the threads of life's delicate meshes,  
Mute sorrow hushed early her laughing and talking.

Aggie, a lush blossom just in the flushing  
Grew, oh, how pallid! When soft pink was flushing,  
And fell in the tempest winds walling and rushing,  
And blowing the snows in her face so exquisite.  
Two of the cousins talk sadly and lowly  
Of Minnie and Aggie, the angels so holy,  
Who many a time, as the years vanish slowly,  
Sweep down through the azure to bless with a visit.

Corda, as tall as the holly-hocks early,  
Corda, with brown eyes and forehead so pearly,  
Corda, whose rosy lips pouted demurely  
Came to be "somebody's" darling just lately.  
Yet on her dark hair the wreath has not faded,  
Yet runs life's path along, flower-edged and graded,  
Nothing but sunbeams with blossoms inbraided!  
Chained you sweet madame so tender and stately.

Fate, I implore you deal liberal chances  
To Etta, a jewel for Spanish romances,  
With long silken lashes and half-frightened glances,  
Who wanders alone in a garden of roses.  
Four little cousins! with sweet recollection  
I dream of your childhood and tender affection,  
And ward off the arrows of grief and dejection  
In thoughts of reunion beyond tearful closes.

For The Spiritual Republic.

## IMPRESSION.

BY JOHN FRANCIS.

This word is full of meaning. But few, however, understand the nature of its potent influence, or the mysterious character of its action. Webster defines "impression" as follows:

"The act of impressing, as one body on another, as a figure made by impression.

"Mark; indentation; stamp made by business, as a seal makes impression on wax.

"The effects which objects produce on the mind," etc., etc.

The definition of Webster is not, however, complete. When he was compiling his standard work, the power of impression, emanating from the spirit world, or proceeding from external objects, was but little known. He does not allude to the interesting fact, that in consequence of impression, the physical organization is constantly undergoing changes, strange and mysterious in their nature, sometimes as rapid as thought, at other times so very slow, that they are hardly perceptible to the most scrutinizing mind. However, without considering the nature of impression further now, I will introduce several examples, to show its mysterious power.

A lady has a plate of luscious strawberries before her, and while eating therefrom with apparent satisfaction, a loathsome worm is disclosed to her view. She dashes the plate from her lap and commences to vomit.

"An officer in the British army in India, was confined to his bed by a severe attack of asthma, and the least exercise would almost suffocate him. While in that critical condition, a party of Mahrattas dashed into camp. Fearing instant death, he quickly mounted his horse, and with sword in hand, assisted materially in beating back the enemy. After the excitement of the skirmish, he, to his great astonishment, found that his troublesome disease had left him."

"A man is on a field of ice. He hears a dismal roaring, while his keen, vigilant eye detects the approach of water in the distance. The ice cracks in every direction, the sure harbinger of approaching danger. His pulse quickens.

Every nerve is exerted in his efforts to reach the shore. He looks neither to the right nor left—onward he frantically rushes. On reaching the shore, he finds that his hair, a few moments before a beautiful black, has turned completely white."

Hildamus states that a man disguised as a ghost, took another laboring under a severe attack of gout, from his bed, and carried him out of the house, dragging his painful swollen feet down the steps after him, and then placed him on the ground. He immediately recovered the use of his limbs, and actuated by feelings of terror, ran up the stairs into the house. He was never known to have the gout again.

At the time of the Van Ess tragedy, in Cayuga county, N. Y., a little girl, witnessing the horrible affair, was made an idiot for life.

A mother, weak and emaciated, and unable to raise her hand to her head, is quietly reposing in bed. Her little babe, as beautiful as the flower in full bloom, and the pride of her heart, is lying by her side. The cry of fire is heard. She sees the smoke issuing from an adjoining room, with darting, angry flames following it. As quick as thought, she springs from her bed, and with her child in her arms, walks out of the house unassisted.

Dr. Moore relates the case of a woman who had her gown bitten by a dog. She was familiar with the symptoms of hydrophobia, and possessing a highly sensitive mind, she soon became unwell, and finally died, laboring under every peculiarity of that terrible disease.

"A man on horseback, affected with a severe headache, is slowly riding along toward his home. While passing through a thicket, a robber springs from his place of concealment, and pointing his pistol toward him, in an authoritative tone demands his money. On the impulse of the moment, he strikes the hand of the robber, and fortunately escapes. Strange to say, his headache immediately left him."

Dr. Holland gives an example, where a young man was so affected with illusory images, of the most frightful kind, that in a short time his hair turned from black to white.

A case is related of a clergyman, who, when drinking wine on a certain occasion, happened to swallow the seal of a letter he had just received. One of his companions for the sake of a foolish joke, cried out—"It will seal up your bowels." Alarmed at the seeming danger, he became insane.

A boy at play has the hiccoughs. They annoy him very much, and he starts for home, expecting to find relief there. While passing along he steps on a huge black snake with his bare feet. He springs forward badly frightened, but cured, fortunately, of his troublesome disease.

A man passing through a forest toward his home, is chased by wolves. He puts spurs to his horse, and escapes. On arriving at his house, he finds that his hair has not only turned completely white, but stands erect for a short time, like bristles.

The Peoria Transcript, (of Illinois,) relates the case of Bernard Daily, a man of great muscular strength who had been insane for a long time, and who was finally taken to the asylum at Jacksonville for treatment. While there his mother paid him a visit and found him confined with two others, in a place with but little shelter to protect them from the inclemency of the weather. After his mother left him, he became uncontrollable, and succeeded in escaping from his place of confinement, running off with great speed. He was not again secured, until he had received a severe, though not dangerous wound on his head by one of his pursuers. Strange to say, he immediately became sane.

The same paper relates the case of William Moss, who was rendered insane by a severe attack of typhoid fever, and while being taken home, fell from a bridge, and striking his head against a stone, was instantly restored to his senses.

I have enumerated a large number of cases, to show the character of impression, when caused by peculiar circumstances. It was the imagination, or apprehension of danger acting on the mind, derived from some sudden impulse, arising from some strange incident, that caused all the aforementioned phenomena. In the case of the man chased by wolves, the intense excitement under which he labored, arising from being badly frightened, imagining, no doubt, each moment he would fall a prey to the voracious animals pursuing him, caused the electro-nervous fluid of the body to rush with fearful violence to the brain, and even penetrate the very hairs of the head, instantly drying up that peculiar secretion which gave color and beauty. It is the disturbance of that mysterious electro-nervous fluid of the body, that causes headache, neuralgia, and many other complaints. Impression caused by peculiar circumstances, as in the case of the man about to be robbed, and the boy who stepped upon a snake, equalized the electro-nervous fluid of the body, and in a moment they were relieved.

"Impressions" that can turn the auburn locks to smooth, glossy, snowy ringlets; create nauseating feelings in the stomach; cure asthma; give the helpless mother strength to escape from impending danger; relieve the swollen limbs of gout; drive reason from the mind; create symptoms of hydrophobia; banish headache as quick as thought; cause

idiocy, and cure hiccoughs, are certainly a potent lever in causing and curing disease.

But I have "spun" this article out too long already, and will postpone the further consideration of the subject for a future number of the REPUBLIC, when I propose to show how many diseases can be cured by the potent influence of "Impression" alone.

Olathe, Johnson Co., Kansas.

#### LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: Fully realizing your deep interest in all that concerns the extension and spread of our beautiful and harmonic philosophy, I feel impressed to acquaint your readers, through the medium of your valuable columns, with some of the facts connected with the progress of Spiritual truth in England—said facts having come under my own observation since my return from America. I am happy to say, that on visiting London—which I did for the express purpose of ascertaining all the information I could possibly glean on this interesting subject—I found a very decided improvement, inasmuch as facts are now more readily acknowledged and brought to bear on the great question which has hitherto appeared so dark and mysterious to inquiring souls, viz.: the possibility of spirit intercourse, which is now a pretty general, well-known, and acknowledged truth.

This, we rejoice to say, is not peculiar to the metropolis, but equally applicable to the various counties in old England. One seldom comes in contact with an individual who has not seen something of the phenomena. Spiritualism is permeating all the churches, and gradually, though unobtrusively, making itself felt throughout the length and breadth of the land. Yes, our soul-stirring faith is indeed progressing, quietly, but surely, and effectively enlightening and elevating all classes of humanity, and doing a mighty and gigantic work in all the varied departments of reformation in social and political life.

I have made special exertion, at different times, and in various places, in order to test what I have stated in reference to the spirit of inquiry, which has been awakened in men of searching, discriminating and scientific minds and attainments, and the above is the conclusion which I have conscientiously formed. Of course, we all know that when popular prejudice is allowed to wind its coils around us, how difficult it is to break or undo the chains. But, after the mind has kicked, plunged, and struggled itself to exhaustion, then we come to the conclusion that "what everybody says must be true," and asking themselves the question, "Who am I that I should doubt or challenge it?" is the last despairing cry as it sinks to earth, baffled and stilled forever; and in spite of the skepticism in which the masses have been educated, when the under-current of thought, feeling and affections have been stirred in them, and they allow free play to their spiritual instincts, they, as it were involuntarily, accept spirit intercourse as a truth that the heart recognizes.

I may just observe here, that whilst in London, I paid a visit to Mrs. Marshall, the well-known test medium. Through her several questions were very correctly and satisfactorily answered, and some very excellent tests given. The circumstances and conditions of this lady's mediumship are very remarkable; the communications being entirely spontaneous, and are given, at all times, with a facility and correctness truly astonishing. I was also afforded the pleasure of being present at a seance in the house of Mr. Wortley; but I forbear troubling you with a more lengthened detail of what transpired on this occasion. However, by far the greatest treat I enjoyed was that of an introduction to D. D. Home Lyon, Esq., through whose instrumentality glorious results have manifested themselves, inasmuch as men of science, of learning, of intelligence, and of unquestionable status, have been led to investigate the spiritual origin of the phenomena. I am sure it will be a gratification to you to know that this gentleman has been adopted by Mrs. Lyon—whose name he now assumes—a noble-hearted, genuine and enthusiastic Spiritualist; her one great aim in life seems to be that of surrounding her new son with all the temporal comforts it is in the power of her vast wealth to bestow, hereby placing him in such a position as is best calculated to promote the interests of the cause he has so much at heart. He desired me to convey his brotherly regards to you, and bids me add that he is heart and soul devoted to the propagation of our Spiritual philosophy; that so long as the great Father gives him strength, he will ever labor in the true interests of humanity. I regret to have to state that he is in very delicate health, and is at present traveling on the continent for the re-establishment of the same.

The President and Secretary of the British Association of Progressive Spiritualists have issued the call for our next Convention, which they purpose holding in London, for four days in Whit week.

Judging from what has been accomplished during the past year, we enter upon the business of the present with every assurance that it will prove a greater success than event that which has gone before. We have abundant proofs that many of the best minds are becoming imbued with

the new philosophy, and breaking asunder the bands wherewith they have been bound, in the shape of the many man-made creeds and isms of the past.

Our spirit guides are no laggards in the cause of humanity. They tell us they are now taking part in the destinies of nations, in great reformatory crises, and in great universal developments, and in inventing modes and means for bringing about that great consummation we all so earnestly desire. They have, to some extent, removed the veil with which theology was shrouded, and exhibited the features thereof in its naked and monstrous deformity. They have shown the people, and are still showing them, how creeds have spread their withering blight over both worlds, inflicting upon the present the elements of bitterness and pain, yea, even passing on, and reigning beyond the very grave, amid the souls it has placed in destitution, ignorance, darkness, and despair; and we, as spirits in the form, feel that we are propelling the chariot of progress for the human race, and unfurling our war-stained banners, we exclaim, with the prophet of old: "*Renovabunt faciem terrae.*"

With a loving greeting from your many English friends and readers, who unite in the sincere desire that your paper, under its new and appropriate title, may be recognized as a most important organ of instruction, not only in America, but the world at large,

Believe me, ever yours, in the bond of spiritual brotherhood.

EDWIN HARRISON GREEN, Brotherton.

#### FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A. J. DAVIS.

Hope Milton, writing to the BANNER OF LIGHT, says:

"A member of one of the strictest Orthodox sects, and fully imbued with the idea that all departure therefrom was infidelity, you can imagine, Mr. Editor, with what prejudice I had been taught to look upon Andrew J. Davis.

"But this is the force of education. There is inately a longing for truth, and a willingness to receive it, whether it comes from despised Nazareth or aristocratic Jerusalem—from a little chapel in Cumberland street, Brooklyn, or Grace Church, Broadway.

"When, therefore, the papers informed me that A. J. Davis was to lecture on Sunday evening, I turned aside from the stately church, where I love to worship, and, like a certain well known character in Scripture, I went by night to see and hear this exponent of new and strange doctrines.

"I recognized him when he entered, from his resemblance to his likeness in his published works. He has a marked head, high, with, according to phrenology, benevolence and reverence fully developed. (His opponents may dispute the latter assertion.) His countenance does not indicate the enthusiast. I should, were I to meet him in a crowd, give him a second look, assured that the man was somewhat of a study. He might be taken as a college professor, a student loving close analysis and the use of technical phrases, surely not given to seeing visions and dreaming dreams.

"I expected a severe attack upon the churches, and a few sarcastic flings at Orthodoxy.

"With 'eye and ear attentive lent,' I waited for the 'railing accusations;' but there came, instead, an earnest appeal to his hearers to live on a higher plane, to subdue evil, leaving the things which are behind, and press on to better deeds.

"He told us that life was a struggle, that it should be an ascent—a growth. Then he spoke most tenderly and lovingly of children, and the importance of training them in the right way while the mind was susceptible of right impressions.

"It was a plain, practical address, leaving the impression that his hearers had a work to perform themselves; that they were not to lie passive, trusting to the merits of another, but that there was a ladder for them to climb, the ascent of which was often slow and laborious. It was good doctrine and should be preached more frequently.

"He asked his wife to speak. There was in his manner a simple acknowledgement of woman's equality, and her capacity too, worth more than all the fine lectures I have heard this year upon the subject. Why cannot men do this—taking us by the hand and permitting us to stand side by side with them in life, and cease calling us angels or devils?

"But more of this another time. To return to 'Mary.' She rose modestly, and without any apparent vanity, spoke briefly and to the purpose, in a clear, sweet, well-modulated voice.

"It was as pleasant to my ear to hear her read the beautiful hymn which she selected, as to listen to the rise and fall, the trills, swelling cadences and wonderful vocal gymnastics of Maretzek's opera troupe, which I have done my duty in trying to enjoy and admire the past winter.

"Such are my first impressions of A. J. Davis and wife. What a more thorough acquaintance with his works and public teaching might produce, I cannot say.

"Brooklyn, N. Y., 1867."

Ossian E. Dodge, the well-known musician and composer, was married on the 4th inst., at St. Paul, Minn., to Miss Fannie F. Pratt.

#### ANGEL MINISTRY.

"And angels came and ministered unto him."

For The Spiritual Republic.

#### THE MIGHTY TRUTH.

BY C. H. OXTON.

[NOTE.—In conversation with a clergyman some time since, said he, "I am informed that, at the present time, there are more than five millions of Spiritualists in the United States; surely it is time something was done to prevent this terrible delusion from spreading."]

Stop the little child from growing,  
Stop the gentle breeze from blowing,  
Stop the babbling brook from flowing,  
Stop the crimson rose from blushing,  
When with the morning dew 'tis pearled;  
Stop all things from onward going  
In this e'er progressing world.

Stop the vivid lightning's flashing,  
Stop the rolling thunder's crashing,  
Stop the tiny wavelet's dashing,  
Stop the heaving billow's lashing  
Their white caps on the rock-bound shore,  
Stop them now, again recoiling  
With a hollow, sullen roar.

Then will the haunts of man be null,  
The mighty deep be void of sail,  
Then will the truth cease from spreading,  
For it is mighty and will prevail.

Gloucester, Mass., 1867.

For The Spiritual Republic.

#### SPIRIT TELEGRAPHING—A TRUE STORY.

BY M. B. F.

[The following touching incident we give to our readers as one of many that should come to light. These tender, sweet relations of souls, too sacred to be scoffed at by the most careless, if printed everywhere, would add a luster to life that it now has not.—EDS. S. R.]

In the spring of 1835, I was spending a few days at the home of my parents, in the town of Thetford, Vt. The little village where they resided lay at the foot of West Fairlee Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, whose dancing waves sparkled brightly in the sunlight of the early spring morning. The white lilies which blossomed on its bosom were like star-gems on the brow of night. The wild and picturesque scenery of the place attracted the lovers of the beautiful. On the Sabbath I attended the Baptist church, then under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Spaulding, whose noble heart had not been contracted by his narrow creed. At the close of the services, the good minister gave notice that the evening meeting would be held at the house of brother Newman, and added pathetically, "at the request of Rosina." With this sweet name still lingering in my ear as we walked homeward, I inquired of my brother concerning the young lady whose request had been given so publicly. I noticed a shade of sadness on his countenance as he replied: "She is a friend of mine; we will go early to the house and I will introduce you."

At the appointed time, we repaired to the house, which stood upon an eminence overlooking the lake. As we drew near, many traces of a loving hand were visible about the premises—sweet spring flowers were blooming along the pathway, climbing roses grew around the door, and an air of contentment and happiness rested over all. I was presented to a young lady who seemed not to have seen more than seventeen years. She was reclining upon a sofa, with Bible and hymn book on one side, and a port-folio and sketch book on the other. Her eyes were dark blue, her brown hair hung in wavy ringlets around her neck; her pale cheeks were just tinged with the softest pink; and as she arose to greet us with a grace and simplicity all her own, it needed but little fervor of imagination to make her an angel.

We passed an hour in pleasant conversation. Then came the religious services, after which we bade adieu to the fair young girl and her rose-wreathed cottage home. In a few days more I was again at my own home, in the town of Barre, some forty-five miles distant. Weeks and months rolled away, and the hush of the midsummer noon was again upon us. My brother was then making a business tour through the State of Vermont, and spent some time with me, while he visited some of the larger towns in the vicinity. One evening he came in later than usual and went directly to his room which was adjoining my own. For some time I heard him pacing the floor, and was about to go and inquire the cause, when I heard a gentle call—"Mary, come here. I have something to tell you."

I was soon with him, and his first words were—"Rose Newman is dead—she died this afternoon between five and six o'clock."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"I know not how I know; but after leaving Randolph this afternoon, there came to me a mysterious power which I can never explain, and gave me to understand perfectly that Rose was no more."

I cautioned him a little about listening to vague dreams and idle fancies, and I left him for the night.

The next evening was very beautiful—the full moon had already risen, and the rich heavy foliage of a July night was casting deep shadows over the landscape. We stood in a door which opened out upon the lawn toward the east. I noticed the pale, abstracted look of my brother, and said to him—

“You surely do not believe your impressions of last evening, respecting the death of Rosina?”

“Most certainly I do,” was his calm reply. “Her fair form now lies cold and pale in her father's house. And what is still more strange, I seem to hear her singing her favorite ‘Bonnie Doon,’ as she sang when we rowed our little boat over the silvery waters of the lake.”

He walked away and leaned against the trunk of an old elm, whose drooping branches seemed to be sighing a requiem to departed days.

Next morning found us early on our way to Thetford. At the close of the long summer day, we entered the little village, and were soon recognized by the dear ones at home; our little brother came rushing from the play-ground to meet us, and was soon climbing into the carriage. After the first salutation was over, he looked at us a little sadly, saying, “Rose Newman is dead—she died night before last, between five and six o'clock.”

My brother is now, and has been for many years, an eminent physician in one of the Western States. In his beautiful prairie-home, surrounded by his amiable family, he has never forgotten his youthful love, nor the telegraphic dispatch which he received during his lonely ride among the green hills of his native State.

Walpole, N. H., May 1, 1867.

## SPIRITUALISM.

### RETURN OF MARGARETTA FOX TO ROCHESTER.

We learn that one of the original “Fox girls,” who in 1848-'9-'50 visited this city, and by or through whom the strange and inexplicable manifestations called “spirit rappings” and “Rochester knockings” were made, has returned here, and intends to afford those who desire to hear the remarkable sounds which formerly created a profound excitement throughout the country, an opportunity of doing so.

Since the introduction of the “rappings,” a great variety of physical manifestations, believed by some to be effected by the direct agency of disembodied spirits, but by a great majority of the people regarded as a delusion or imposture, have obtained in various parts of the country. No scrutiny possible to those before whom these demonstrations were made served to detect any concealed apparatus or personal peculiarity by which they might be caused. Practical investigation was entirely at fault, and the whole matter was dismissed to the vast and shadowy realm of conjecture and imagination. The learned and philosophical were quite as much at fault in their efforts to explore this mystery as the unlettered and simple. The “mediums,” who were supposed to be selected by the “spirits” to communicate with their friends and relatives still in the flesh, were always willing to exhibit their singular powers in the presence of the most acute and wise of thinkers, and although some of the most expert scientists patiently investigated the matter, so far as any examination of it could be properly called an investigation, they could not arrive at any conclusion satisfactory to themselves, or give a conjecture that satisfied the public, as to what these rappings and other movements were, from what sources they emanated, or by what power impelled. Rev. Dr. M'Ilvaine, then of this city, now of Princeton, N. J., deliberately formed the opinion that they were “spiritual manifestations,” and that they were the work of evil spirits, who were permitted to revisit the world and delude and destroy those who were so foolhardy as to tamper with them, or to evoke from the dark profound the secrets that Deity has with a beneficent purpose sealed from human sight and knowledge. Dr. M. preached a powerful sermon on this subject, in the First Presbyterian Church, taking such ground as we have indicated, and this discourse was reported and published in the city papers.

With this introduction, we proceed to give a brief history of the origin and progress of the so-called spiritual manifestations. Many of our readers are familiar with the story, but it will be new to some, and not uninteresting to any:

“The commencement of the spirit rapping phenomenon was as follows: Some time in the year 1847, the attention of Mr. Michael Weekman, who resided in the little village of Hydesville, in the town of Arcadia, Wayne Co., N. Y., was called to certain rapping sounds on the door of his house, which he was unable, by the most diligent efforts, to trace to any visible cause. Mr. Weekman soon after vacated the house, and the family of Mr. Jno. D. Fox moved into it. In the latter part of March, 1848, this family were startled by mysterious rappings that were heard nightly upon the floor of one of the bedrooms, and sometimes in other parts of the house. They endeavored to trace the sounds to their cause, but failed. On the night of March 31st, having been broken of their rest for several nights previous, they retired to bed earlier than usual, hoping to be permitted to sleep without disturbance. The sounds, how-

ever, were resumed, and occurring near the bed occupied by two of the daughters, the youngest girl, then about ten years old, attempted to imitate them by the snapping of her fingers. Whenever she would snap her fingers, the raps would respond by the same number of sounds. One of the girls then said, ‘Now do as I do; count one, two, three, four, five, six,’ at the same time striking her hands together. The same number of raps responded, at similar intervals. The mother of the girls then said: ‘Count ten!’ and ten distinct raps were heard. ‘Count fifteen!’ and that number of sounds followed. She then said, ‘Tell us the age of Cathy,’ (the youngest daughter,) ‘by rapping one for each year;’ and the number of years was rapped correctly. Then, in like manner, the age of each of the other children was by request indicated by this invisible agent. Startled and somewhat alarmed by these manifestations of intelligence, Mrs. Fox asked if it was a human being that was making that noise, and if it was, to manifest it by making the same noise. There was no sound. She then said, ‘If you are a spirit make two distinct sounds.’ Two raps were accordingly heard. The members of the family by this time had all left their beds, and the house was again thoroughly searched, as it had been before, but without discovering anything that could explain the mystery; and after a few more questions and responses by raps, the neighbors were called in to assist in tracing the phenomenon to its cause. But these persons were no more successful than the family had been, and they confessed themselves thoroughly confounded. For several subsequent days, the village was in a turmoil of excitement, and multitudes visited the house, heard the raps, and interrogated the apparent intelligence which controlled them, but without obtaining any clue to the discovery of the agent further than its own persistent declaration that it was a spirit. About three weeks after these occurrences, David, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Fox, went alone into the cellar, where the raps were then being heard, and said: ‘If you are the spirit of a human being who once lived on the earth, can you rap to the letters that will spell your name? and if so, now rap three times.’ Three raps were promptly given, and David proceeded to call the alphabet, writing down the letters as they were indicated, and the result was the name, ‘Charles B. Rodma,’ a name quite unknown to the family, and which they were afterward unable to trace. The statement was in like manner obtained from the invisible intelligence, that he was the spirit of a peddler, who had been murdered in that house some years previous.

“At first, we are told, the raps occurred in the house, even when all the members of the family were absent; but subsequently they occurred only in the presence of the two younger daughters, Margaretta and Catharine. Soon after these occurrences, the family removed to Rochester, at which place the manifestations still accompanied them, and here it was discovered by the rapping of the letters of the alphabet in the manner before described, that different spirits were apparently using this channel of communication; and that, in short, almost any one in coming into the presence of the two girls, could get a communication from what purported to be the spirits of his departed friends, the same often being accompanied by tests which satisfied the interrogator as to the spirits' identity. A new phenomenon was also observed in the frequent moving of tables and other ponderable bodies, without appreciable agency, in the presence of these two girls. These manifestations growing more and more remarkable, attracted numerous visitors, some from long distances, and the phenomenon began, as it were, to propagate itself, and to be witnessed in other families in Rochester and vicinity, while, as coincident therewith, susceptible persons would sometimes fall into apparent trances, and become clairvoyant, and reaffirm these raps and physical movements to be the production of spirits.

“In November, 1849, at the request of the alleged spirits, a public meeting was called in Corinthian Hall, Rochester, for the purpose of submitting these phenomena to the investigation of a committee to be appointed by the audience, with the view to the publication of a report concerning their nature and claims, whatever the decision respecting these might be. The Misses Fox appeared upon the stage, the phenomena were freely investigated, and were subjected to many tests, and a committee appointed for their investigation. After having continued their experiments there and elsewhere for several days, the committee reported that they were unable to trace them to any mundane agency. From that time, and especially from the time the Fox girls arrived in New York City, in the following month of May, the alleged spiritual manifestations became the subject of extensive newspaper and conversational discussion.”

The “Fox girls” were introduced to some of the most eminent of the learned faculty of New York City, and a variety of opinions were formed or expressed as to how these rappings were produced; but none succeeded in explaining them. Meanwhile, “mediums” multiplied, and manifestations of different kinds were made in many parts of this country and in Europe. The most celebrated of these was Hume, who exhibited his marvels before the Emperors of France and Russia, and distinguished people on the continent and in England. The elder sister of the two

girls who first introduced the rappings here, a married woman who resided in this city at the time, became quite as remarkable a medium as the younger members of the family, and was even regarded as producing more powerful and remarkable manifestations. This lady is now the wife of Mr. Underhill, of New York City, and continues to exhibit the wonders that have made the Fox family world famous. It is also said that the apparitions of celebrated deceased personages appear in the dim gaslight, at the places where the seances are held. The younger sister remains in New York and retains her spiritual powers, but attends no public “circles.”

Margaretta—now here—while in Philadelphia, in 1852, giving public “manifestations,” met the late Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, the great Arctic explorer, and a reciprocal attachment sprang up between them, which finally led to a promise of marriage, which does not appear to have been solemnized by any religious ceremony, but the relation was acknowledged in letters written to her by Doctor Kane. The claim of Margaretta to be regarded as the widow of the deceased explorer, has been subjected to a legal test, which is not yet decided. In self-defense she has published a volume of letters received from the Doctor, in which he gives expression to his affection in the most tender terms of endearment, and addresses her as his “wife.” This book is for sale at the bookstores, but we believe that the lady and her friends would rather prefer to withdraw it than to seek to give it wider circulation. After her engagement to Dr. Kane, (by whom she was placed at school, during his absence on his grand and last expedition to the Arctic seas,) and at his request, she has desisted from the exercise of mediumship in public. But while residing recently with a sister in Canada, the rappings recommenced, and her return to this city to resume the public manifestations, was imposed by the persistent commands of the invisible agents. In obedience to this, and upon a release from the obligation given to the Doctor, by the same means, she appears here. We shall probably be able to announce her further movements, if the design is carried out.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Express, April 29, 1867.*

For The Spiritual Republic.

### TIDINGS FROM THE SUMMER LAND.

BY F. T. L.

The simple, but touching tribute, to the memory of Sara E. Payson, in the *REPUBLIC* of May 4th, induced a sympathetic condition in the mind of the writer, whereby he became acquainted with the character of the newly arisen spirit. The spiritual qualities of this lady are rare and peculiar. Her influence is not powerful, but subtle and extremely penetrating. She is like a bird whose flight is wholly in the upper air, and whose notes are resonant and far-reaching. Personally, she is not often with her earthly friends, but her influence descends to them daily, sweet and clear as a sunbeam.

Her discrimination between mundane and super-mundane influences, imparts a graceful equipoise, charming as the attitudes of untutored childhood. She possesses peculiar qualifications as a ministering angel. It is seldom a person departs from earth who can so happily fill the mediatorial office.

The new born spirit often requires a long time to adjust itself to its new sphere; its efforts in behalf of earthly friends are often broken and fragmentary; its influences frequently fly off in a tangent or recoil upon the operator. In these respects this spirit friend is a rare exception. Therefore, while those who knew her in earth life, have spoken tender words for what she *was*, it may not be unfitting for a stranger, with grateful heart, to reverently offer a tribute for what she *now is*. The spiritual birth of such persons is like the spring time, symbolic and interpretative.

In all our relations let our attitudes be such that the spring time of the soul may be perpetual.

Lawrence, Mass.

AN EXTINCT RACE.—One of the most remarkable races that ever inhabited the earth is now extinct. They were known as the Guanches, and were the aborigines of the Canary Islands. In the sixteenth century, pestilence, slavery, and the cruelty of the Spaniards, succeeded in totally exterminating them. They are described as having been gigantic in stature, but of a singularly mild and gentle nature. Their food consisted of barley, wheat and goat's milk, and their agriculture was of the rudest kind. They had a religion which taught them of a future state of rewards and punishment after death, and of good and evil spirits. They regarded the volcano of Teneriffe as a punishment for the bad. The bodies of their dead were carefully embalmed and deposited in catacombs, which still continue to be an object of curiosity to those who visit the islands. Their marriage rites were very solemn, and before engaging in them, the brides were fattened on milk. At the present day these strange people are totally extinct.—*Friend's Intelligencer.*

Grace Greenwood is in favor of giving the ballot to every woman who owns a sewing machine or a wash tub.

# THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

CHICAGO, MAY 25, 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.

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## THE DEFENSE OF SPIRITUALISM.

It seems a little strange that, so soon, Spiritualism should require positive and historic argument to protect it from the conservative stipulations of its friends, and that again and again it must be urged that there is no valuable future for it, except on a basis of *doing* the will of the Father.

By looking backward we can view the manners and methods of many hundred of years; we can see that every grand movement has been started by the enunciation of some great comprehensive Idea. That the early workers in any vital movement have rested their arguments on principle, and derived the inspiration of their lives from the same eternal source; and that just in proportion as the people have failed to rise to the same degree of comprehension, and have substituted specialties in belief and manner for principles and works, the movement has become enfeebled; sectarian plottings and animosities have taken the place of real, generous communings and noble resolves, and great hopes have perished amid the storms and obstructions of self-ism. Must history ever duplicate itself? Must what has been in the manners of people be forever reproduced, making life a circular instead of a progressive activity? History never has exactly repeated itself; there has been a change in manners, if not methods; but now, and henceforth, there is to be a change in methods as well as manners. On this basis of radical and uncompromising reform we rest our hopes for Spiritualism, and by it, thus characterized, we stand, though the heavens fall. But it is persistently cried here and there, "Spiritualism means spirit communion." So it does, and a great deal more; it means human communion as well. Again it is insisted, spirit communion and inspiration from the world of spirits is our only characteristic and distinctive belief as Spiritualists. We answer: as Spiritualists, we hold no characteristic or distinctive belief; we are with the world. A belief in spirit communion and inspiration is as old as human history; and among Spiritualists are all shades of belief, from the verge of atheism to the most consummate religious superstition.

Do you ask, What is it that characterizes Spiritualism? We answer: The Spiritual Movement is characterized by its bold announcement of the *method of nature* in religious, social and political life. This *method of nature*, urged as a substitute for the supernatural methods of all other movements, is the point of war between the old and new. By this we are to be tried, and by it we succeed or fail.

Do you say, this is a special interpretation? The language is our own, used for this occasion. We may never use it precisely in this way again, but the spirit of these words animates the history of Spiritualism in America. A free platform has ever been the boast of Spiritualists, even though the abuses of free speech have had to be borne. The First National Convention of Spiritualists in Chicago, in August, 1864, declared by an overwhelming majority in favor of universal radical reform, in politics as well as religion. The committee appointed to draft and present articles of association, among others, offered one draft embodying belief in spirit communion as the distinctive central belief of the Spiritualists of the country, and it was heartily rejected. At the Second National Convention in Philadelphia, the same spirit of aggressive reform prevailed, and at Providence, in August last, the very air cried out with acclamation for vigorous radical measures of reform. Politics, Labor reform, Social reform, Education, Religion, all were subjects of earnest resolves, and over them all sprang the everlasting spirit of brotherhood and progress when, with intense enthusiasm, the Convention unanimously declared that "No question of general human well being is foreign to the spirit, idea or genius of the great Spiritual Movement." Shall we abandon this fair record? When the collective body has given its voice and maintained its purpose before the world for years, shall we falter, hold our hand and stay our tongue to accommodate the whims of

timid sentimentalists? We trust not. Our resolve should increase day by day. We should cry aloud for the world's salvation and ever keep our shoulder to the wheel of practical reform, helping on the better relations of *this* life that thereby the heavenly harmonies may be attained. Are we told that the labor question is foreign to Spiritualism? that to discuss it is to ignore Spiritualism proportionally? We answer: Labor is the means of production, production is the means of living, and living is the means of attaining spiritual things. Disturb the true relations of labor, and you disturb the whole line of progressive life. Adopt or permit wrong relations in the labor system, and you paralyze the whole operations of society in whatever part. Labor is a *human interest*, and, as the means of all production, is before politics or religion in the importance of its disposition, and we affirm that the Labor question is an integral part of the Spiritual Movement, and to ignore it would be fatal. It would be disloyal to our divine trust.

Again are we told that politics is foreign to Spiritualism? Politics is the means by which the principles of life are outworked and applied. The quality of a country's politics determines its institutions and the administration of law, which, right or wrong, impels or retards the progress of the people. In a word, the enlargement and betterment of political views gives scope and higher tone to religious views and religious life. No one can deny this. Then why shall it be said that we may not present with radical progressive tendencies the political features of the hour. No person's reason or common sense can deny the right or duty of Spiritualism to urge universal radical reform, and yet it is persistently denied, and there are warnings, and trembling, when these broader views overshadow the limited comprehensions of those who pivot on mere belief, and prefer a party to fellowship with the whole world of workers.

In our humble opinion the apostate to Spiritualism is the person who neglects its principles and cleaves to its surface and sentiment, while the curse of Spiritualism is that selfishness which swears to rule or ruin, and in another form cries Behold we are the anointed; we are the Lord's chosen; we do the will of our guardians; we are the *only* true exponents of our holy cause.

This is *supremest nonsense*, the froth of little minds, and we would to heaven that this everlasting irritant, personalism and conceit, could be wrought up into happy, generous, social life.

For our part, we feel to go on and do our work, encompassing in our views and labors the uses of all things. We do not think we are above the world. We do not think we are specially anointed, and therefore better than others and more wise. We do not think we are the special instrument of the spirit world, and that everybody else is second or third rate, but humbly toiling on, firmly adhering to our convictions to-day, we shall welcome our superiors on any hand, and in whatever form they may appear, and in meekness receive from them the better way. Our prayer every day is for wisdom, meekness of spirit, and purity of heart.

## WOMEN AS PHYSICIANS.

The American Medical Association has culminated in the last possible degree of meanness. It is in a Rip Van Winkle sleep, which from present apparent lethargy and moral imbecility promises to last for unknown years, perhaps luckily to end in death.

At a meeting of this Association, held in Cincinnati, Ohio, about two weeks since, according to published reports of the proceedings, Dr. Atlee called from the table his preamble and resolutions proposing to recognize women physicians by the same rules and limitations as other physicians. The vote on taking them from the table was 57 ayes to 52 nays.

As there was no time for satisfactory discussion, Dr. Atlee moved the previous question, but it was not sustained.

Dr. Pallen, of St. Louis, said: "At home I am considered a friend of the ladies, and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to advocate their claims where it could be done legitimately. But in Europe, Austria, France and Prussia, the practice of medicine and obstetrics by women has proved a failure. It is contrary to the spirit of our profession to have anybody connected with it except men, and men of reason. Nature has so ordained woman that, at certain periods, she is absolutely unfitted to do anything, consequently she could not attend to the legitimate duties of the physician. Another serious objection—no person can practice medicine or surgery without a knowledge of pathological anatomy, and no woman having sufficient delicacy to enter the sick chamber would enter the dissecting room to obtain such knowledge. Imagine a lady with her style of dress flitting around in the charnel house, or with microscopes diving into cancer cells. Pass such a resolution as this, and a thousand women about the country, practicing specialties connected with the female organization, will demand recognition at our hands, and claim authority for their business pretensions. I think the resolution should be voted down, because it is contrary to the laws of nature for women to practice medicine."

Dr. Davis, of Illinois, expressed similar views.

Dr. Bowditch, a venerable and respected member of the profession, attempted to come to the defense of women,

but was met with cries of "question, question," and a few hisses, with a manifest determination not to hear. But he persisted until he was enabled to vindicate the right and ability of woman to practice the healing art equal to any man on the floor of the Association. He was finally choked down, and the resolutions voted down, with not more than a dozen ayes.

We have in this country a large number of medical colleges wherein many hundreds of our best and most enterprising women are pursuing the study of medicine with a view to future practice. The standing of these colleges is unquestioned, their facilities and capabilities for instruction being equal to any other in the land, added to this we have in *action and successful practice* some hundreds of women physicians, who have graduated, many of them receiving instructions in the same institutions with men, and having all the advantages that the men had; nevertheless the American Medical Association refuse to recognize women physicians, or to accord to them a position superior to that of the unprincipled male charlatan.

Dr. Pallen, of St. Louis, is no friend to Women. He is a sophist, skims the surface, dodges or denies the facts, and plays the contemptible role of Mr. Plausible. He makes the questionable statement that women physicians have totally failed in Europe. *Per contra* the *London Spectator* of a recent date says:

"We have heard the opinion of one of the most eminent of our living physicians that one of the new lady physicians is doing, in the most admirable manner, a work which medical men would never even have had the chance of doing. Mothers bring their children to her in hundreds to consult her on really important points, on which they freely admit that they would never have thought of taking advice at all had she not been accessible to them. And we should not be surprised to find that even in law, as certainly in literature and art, special fields of exertion quite consistent with feminine instincts will spring up, if they are only looked for."

This taken in connection with the success of many of our own women physicians of whom we personally know, and the well known reputation of many others, shows us beyond a doubt that manish selfishness and not a generous love of truth animates Dr. Pallen's speech.

Is the medical profession a sect? Is it true that the spirit of the Medical Association of America recognizes only men and reason, ignoring the quicker perceptions and gentler sympathies of women? We venture to say that many of the members of that Association trust the recovery of their patients more to a good womanly nurse than their own knowledge of the case. Add to the qualities of the trusty nurse a knowledge of the human system and of medicine, and what then? You have the *true physician, and she is a woman*. So far the evidence, summed up from the confessions of men physicians, shows that medicine, as administered, kills more than it cures. Now these men plead their own exclusive right to the profession on account of ability!

"No person can practice medicine or surgery without a knowledge of pathological anatomy, and no woman having sufficient delicacy to enter the sick chamber, would enter the dissecting room to obtain such knowledge!" This is sickly sentimentalism accorded to woman as the prevailing characteristic of her nature. Perhaps the kind of "ladies" whom the Doctor befriends are of this sort of stuff; but it is *not* the characteristic of Woman. Many of the most refined womanly natures of our country went through the war as nurses, some of them as physicians. Our women physicians are our most sympathetic women, and they have as thorough a knowledge of pathological anatomy as the men who graduated with them. These facts are against the Doctor's sophistry, and demonstrate that he is not a competent person for a physician, inasmuch as he does not fairly represent woman's nature, which not understanding, he cannot properly administer to in time of sickness.

"No woman having sufficient delicacy to enter the sick chamber, would enter the dissecting room." Poor Dr. Pallen! How his heart overflows with sympathy for the patient! Women of good sense are not delicate enough to enter the sick room! So men must have the exclusive right to do so! Charming! A man of reason is Dr. Pallen.

But the Doctor's gallantry is vaporish. "A thousand women about the country" stand ready to compete with the men, and will "claim recognition" as their equals. The fact is the Doctor is afraid of them, taboos them, and the American Medical Association follows suit.

Dr. N. S. Davis, 166 State street, Chicago, Ill., thinks so to!

Seriously, there is one, and only one palliating consideration in this case we are reviewing, that is, the Association has never had, as we are informed by an M. D., the claims of woman brought before it for acceptance or rejection, until the present time, and their acceptance would have been a wonder in the history of men. Our hope is in such souls as Drs. Atlee, Bowditch and their supporters, who, we trust, will lose no occasion to agitate this question and bring the Association so much into concert with the spirit of the times that Drs. Pallen, Davis, and Co., cannot shape its course and dictate its decisions by their narrow, contracted notions.

The next Michigan State Fair is to be held at Detroit, the citizens having raised \$10,500 to secure it.



## JOHN GAGE.

Elsewhere we print a letter from John Gage, of Vineland, N. J., criticising our article on "Capital and Labor," published in No. 19 of THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC. We confess alike our surprise and mortification that one of the pioneers, as we have supposed John Gage to be, in Spiritualism, should have so long been on the outside of even the cuticle of this greatest movement now agitating this continent, and not this continent only, but the world. His letter lies before us, and with this issue of our paper, will be laid before the minds of perhaps twenty thousand readers, who doubtless will judge brother Gage charitably as we do, and the only reason why we can so judge him is because he does not know of what he is speaking, and to him therefore it is not sin.

Never since we opened our eyes in babyhood has the saying of Jesus been so transparent as when we read the letter of brother John Gage, a brother whom we dearly love.

The saying referred to is this, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." Brother Gage is a rich man. He made his riches in the city of Chicago, mainly, by a long life devoted to getting the best end of every bargain. We know him when he laid the foundations for the first flouring mill in Chicago. We remember, too, that he got the best end of the bargain with the writer by refusing to grind his wheat at the toll allowed by law to millers, but demanded more than double that toll, and we paid it to him.

What he did to us he did to everybody else, got the best end of every bargain; or if he failed it was not until after a hard trial to get the best end. John Gage is a man of intellect. He knew how to drive a sharp bargain, and he used his great intellect for that purpose. Thus he made a fortune, a large fortune.

When he made a little by getting the best end of every bargain—he dragooned that little into his service to help him, through the use of more perfect machinery—to do work cheaper, but like as before, he only made it cheaper to John Gage, not to the people of Chicago, as the hungry mouths of the children of the writer can fully testify. After brother Gage became very rich, loaded down with capital, all of it by taking the best end of every bargain, laying up treasure in the strong boxes of earth and not one cent in heaven, he commenced taking of the poor "compound interest," as he says in his letter. Interest on what? Interest on "capital" he never would have had if he had not taken more than a fair price for his flour. This very capital which he now proposes to loan, and has been loaning at compound interest, is the fruit of other men's toil, which he as a Universalist, and latterly as a Spiritualist, has been, in a brotherly way, getting out of the people—and these people too, his own brothers—not after the flesh only, but after the spirit. Do our readers wonder that John Gage criticises us severely when we call things by their right names, and say that capital is the property of labor, and not labor of capital. Could any one blame the slave of the South if he should run away even from a "Shelby" or a "St. Clair," much less from a "Legree?" If, running, he should take the best horse in his so-called master's barn, could any blame him? Whose horse is it? Certainly not the master's, because the slave reared it from its birth. The master had framed his lying claim to the property, his "mischief" into law. The sheriff stood ready to do his bidding, and if possible arrest the fugitive and bring back the horse. The flying bondman rides up and asks shelter and protection of brother John Gage. He gives it and helps him on his way to Canada, the City of Refuge. Is the slave a thief—then is John Gage—for the "partaker is as bad as the thief." Was the master a robber and the slave only using his own property? Then John Gage shall receive the plaudits of all right-minded men and women, God and angels, who shall all say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast helped to break the bondman's yoke and let the oppressed go free; enter thou into the joy" not of slaveholders, for they are howling on your track, but of "thy Lord and Saviour, Spirit Life."

John Gage made himself rich as the slaveholder did exactly. True, the former used the lash of the poor man's necessity, and the latter of the driver's whip. Let our readers say which was the hardest to bear.

Everybody is quite sure that Jeff. Davis is more than a respectable distance out from the kingdom of heaven, and he is the very pious Presbyterian slaveholder from whom the horse was stolen. How can John Gage get in, if Jeff. cannot? How natural, then, that he should feel hurt and sharply call us to account for saying that "Capital, taken by brother Gage with the Yankee trick of getting the 'best end of the bargain,' ought not to own, but should be owned by, the man who earned it."

By the law of love which all good spirits teach, whether in heaven or on the earth, John Gage is bound as much as Jeff. Davis or Judas Iscariot, or the tallest angel before the throne of God is bound, to "love his neighbor as himself." Loving his neighbor as himself would establish justice between them, and not adjust their relations by the Yankee trick of taking the best end of every bargain, or by the rule of the Shylock Jew, who by "compound interest"—which brother Gage adopts—showing that his Spiritualism is no

better in its out-croppings than was that of the merest rituals of two thousand years ago—took the pound of flesh nearest his brother's heart, and would as readily have taken the last drop of blood, if it had been in the bond of "mischief framed into law."

May God bless brother Gage; but may He damn his system of robbery, and make him to feel—though just now he is sorrowful at our doctrine, because he has "great possessions"—that THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC is something more than the mere parrot-like rendition of what "spirits" say through mediums—every good and true one of whom, and none other—we welcome as though coming from the angel world.

That it is the exponent of principles, and that its mission is to preach the truth on "Capital and Labor," and every other thing which affects human interests, whether men and women will hear or forbear.

We do not feel worse toward brother John Gage than we do toward Jefferson Davis—though we think and can't help thinking—therefore brother Gage won't blame us, that John Gage's Spiritualism should have lifted him higher above the plane of robbery and wrong than the slaveholding Presbyterianism of Jefferson Davis. We love them both, but we have at least an equal love for God's suffering poor—victims alike of both the Yankee Trick System, which takes the best end of every bargain—as quickly of a brother man as if he were a horse or a monkey—or of the less refined, but not more certain way of making rich men at the expense of the poor slave in the cotton fields of a Georgia plantation.

Brother Gage shows the animus of capital in its arrogant tone when talking to labor by putting "Patrick O'Rafferty"—the poor Irishman on whom rich men are wont to perpetrate their jokes and puns—and places him in contrast with P. W. Gates, one of the largest manufacturers in Chicago.

Now, brother Gage speaks in his letter of "Patrick O'Rafferty" for the same reason that Jefferson Davis would have said, "Nigger," "Sambo," or any other name only used as an expression of the contempt in which men of capital hold all men who have no capital—for birds of a feather have always, and always will flock together.

By compound interest and working sixteen hours a day—twice as long as any man should who is not bamboozled with the folly of making others poor that he may thereby get rich—brother Gage shows that P. W. Gates, by the time he is sixty years old, may be worth \$1,500,000.

We grant it all; and if there was any other and more devilish system than the one now framed into law to enable one man by compound interest, to sponge up and absorb the labor of the muscular toiling millions, we have just as little doubt that Mr. Gates could swell his coffers, until in a single year, he could become as great a swindler as George Peabody whose income is \$5,000,000 a year and who gives away \$1,000,000 a year that thereby his horn of self-adulation may be more effectually blown.

Our time and space forbid that we more than enter the vestibule of this temple of thought on capital and labor, but shall have occasion again to dive down deeper into this mine of social life and bring up jewels more rich and rare than those we have found on the pebbly shore of inner life.

## COUNTER STATEMENT.

We have received a long detailed account of the proceedings of a meeting of a portion of the Spiritualists of Lowell, Mich., setting forth their views of Miss Ella Van Wie's mediumship, and her relations to the public. They characterize the resolutions of the St. John's, Mich., Society, lately published in the REPUBLIC as "full of misrepresentations of fact, and errors of opinion, and not Spiritualistic in spirit," and make extensive reference to articles printed in the Lowell papers, one of which was from Mr. A. A. Wheelock, the person traveling with Miss Van Wie at the time of her expose. We declined printing Mr. Wheelock's statement, deeming it unnecessary, in detail, and for the same reason, we consider it best to withhold the criticism on the rejected articles.

The defense offered for Miss Van Wie is altogether summed up in the following resolution:

Resolved, That "Ellen E. Van Wie" did not "confess in a public hall, in the village of Lowell, in this State, before an audience there assembled to witness her pretended spiritual manifestations, that such manifestations were impostures and tricks of her own invention"—that on that occasion she used the following language, as appears by the letter of Addison A. Wheelock, of the 28th of March—"I did assist the manifestations this evening; but, my friends, there is a genuineness in them. Yes, so help me God, there is a genuineness in these manifestations. I do not make them all. I sometimes assist when I feel I am not going to be controlled well. I know there are genuine manifestations given through me, and I will go to any respectable person's house and prove it, if it takes me six months." And that her statement is all that is known of the trickery and imposture alleged to have been practiced by Miss Ellen E. Van Wie, at Lowell Hall, on the evening of the 6th of March last.

Miss Van Wie's friends further resolve that they do not see in the above a warrant for the rejection of her as a medium, and affirm that they have since tested her, and in their opinion have demonstrated the fact of spirit agency in her seances.

We wish no controversy on the basis of opinion concern-

ing mediumship, but we consider personal integrity an indispensable quality in a medium or spirit, as well as in a man or woman. And because we appreciate and would encourage all genuine intercourse with the spiritual world, we must deplore and discountenance all trickery. We pity Miss Van Wie; would that we could lift her out of her weakness, to a noble life, but we have no excuse for her duplicity. Spiritualism teaches us not that a degree of wrong shall be tolerated, but that all wrong shall be discountenanced, whether in spirits, mediums, or others.

## "A WOMAN'S SECRET."

We call the attention of our readers to the fact that the above work is out, and ready for delivery—single copies by mail on receipt of price, or in quantities to the trade. It is with an unusual degree of confidence and satisfaction that we launch this book upon the tide of public life. It deals with men and women as they are. It delineates human nature with rare fidelity, and with true courage recognizes the divinely good and true, while it rebukes and withers the false and ungodly. The work throughout is radical, fearlessly discussing the Woman question, and the present social status of the people. It should be read by millions, discussed at every fireside and furnish subject for meditation to all classes.

The book is neatly printed and bound, in cloth, plain, \$1.75; gilt, \$2.50. Call on your bookseller for it, buy it, but if you haven't the money to spare, borrow the book. Anyway, don't fail to read it.

See advertisement on another page of this paper.

## PERSONAL.

Mr. Hepworth, of Boston, preached last Sunday evening for the second time in the Opera House, under the auspices of the Liberal Christian League. The house was filled to overflowing, and many left who were not able to secure seats. We regard this effort for the union of the radical religious elements as a move in the right direction, and believe it will continue to be a great success.

The Philadelphia Board of Education visited Chicago during the past week, were formally received, visited our schools, and departed for St. Louis, continuing their tour of observation.

On Monday, May 13th, Jeff. Davis was brought before Judge Underwood, in the United States Court at Richmond, Va., and admitted to bail in the sum of \$100,000. Horace Greeley, Charles O'Connor, John Minor Botts, and Augustus Schell signed the bond.

J. S. Loveland closes his engagement in Cleveland, Ohio, next Sunday, and goes to Beloit, Wis., where he lectures during June.

Dr. J. P. Bryant closed his rooms at San Francisco, Cal., on the 5th of April, and opened at Graham's Hall, Sacramento, on Monday the 8th, where he will remain for some time. After which he will visit Marysville, Grass Valley, and other places on the Pacific coast.

Abby Kelly Foster is in a critical state of health. She was, however, able to attend the annual meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society three weeks since, and is now spending a few weeks in New York City, as the guest of Dr. E. D. Hudson, for medical consultation and treatment.

Mrs. Fannie B. Felton, well known as an earnest and able lecturer on Spiritualism, is now residing at South Malden, Mass. Wm. B. Felton, her estimable companion, called on us a few days since on his way to the silver mines of Colorado.

The Independent, speaking of Mr. Beecher's defeat as a candidate to the Constitutional Convention, thus clearly sets forth the true standard of nobility in man. Better be defeated because we are truly radical, than elected because we are dough-faces. We are sorry to say that the latter qualification secures great attention in both political parties just now. "In the nominating committee, the members who were most solicitous to make Mr. Beecher the candidate were those who advocated suffrage without distinction either of color or sex. It was known by these gentlemen, not only that no citizen of the State of New York was more heartily in favor of the political equality of both races and both sexes than Mr. Beecher, but also that no man could make himself more grandly heard on this question by the Convention. It was the radicalism of his views on suffrage—the fear of many Republicans that he would speak a manly word for woman's rights—that led them, while supporting the three remaining candidates, to abandon Mr. Beecher. But it is far more praiseworthy in the pastor of Plymouth church to hold his radical views of suffrage, and to be beaten on account of them, than to hold any mere half-truths on so great a question, and to have ridden on these into public office."

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.

W. F. Jamieson will lecture at Crosby's Music Hall on Sunday evening, May 26th.

Subject—"Truth and Error."

All are cordially invited to attend.

## NOTICES AND REVIEWS.

THE MISTAKE OF CHRISTENDOM; or, Jesus and his Gospel before Paul and Christianity. By George Stearns. Boston: Published by Bela Marsh.

This is a concise review of the teachings of Jesus, and the interpretation of them by the church. Also of the relation of Jesus to the church in his personality. We quote a few of the headings under which the author's thoughts are arranged, viz.:

Part I.—"What the Church has to do with Jesus;" chapter 1, "Reputation of the Church;" chap. 2, "Professions of the Church;" chap. 3, "Character of the Church."

Part II.—"What Jesus had to do with the Church;" chap. 1, "Jesus not the Church's Christ;" chap. 2, "Christism not the Gospel of Jesus;" chap. 3, "Christianity a Temple of Priestcraft."

Part III.—"What Reason has to do with the Gospel of Jesus;" chap. 1, "The Biographers of Jesus;" chap. 2, "The Life and Character of Jesus;" chap. 3, "The Religion of Jesus."

These several chapters are divided into sections, some of which are characterized by the following headings: "Jesus, the supposed Founder of the Church;" "The Church utterly repudiates some of the plainest precepts of Jesus;" "Jesus not named Christ during his life in the body;" "Jesus had nothing to do with making the Bible, nor did he authorize the use which the Christians have made of it;" "Jesus did not inculcate the Christian Faith;" "Paul the inventor of Christism;" "Jesus a natural man;" "Nature the method of Divine Beneficence," etc.

Under these headings the author has set forth in a clear, and, we think, impartial manner, the interests involved. The object of the book is to bring man to himself and to the divine in all life that he may see the necessity and beauty of living for happiness instead of praying or waiting for it to come. It is such a book as the world needs to-day, and ought to be in the hands of every inquirer and churchman.

Price, \$1.25; postage, 20 cents. For sale by the publishers and at this office.

The Boston *Investigator* has commenced its thirty-seventh volume. It is fresh and vigorous, increasing in interest rather than declining. It has for its motto, "Truth, Perseverance, Union, Justice—the Means; Happiness the End. Hear all Sides, then Decide." Hence, as the world grows more away from forms and mere show, including salvation by proxy, it comes nearer to the *Investigator's* standard. In a general Prospectus issued with the new volume the editor says:

"Adopting Reason and Free Inquiry as its guides, the *Investigator* will seek to maintain the paramount importance of the Philosophy of Nature, believing that it is by departing from this that good sense is diminished, that mankind are in darkness as to their true interests, and that all the miseries which afflict society have originated. Thus believing, we call upon all that class of people who agree with us in sentiment to lend a helping hand in sustaining the *Investigator* in its useful and difficult career. Let us Infidels, Liberals, Secularists, Free-thinkers, Materialists and Skeptics have a publication of our own; and while all other journals appear to be looking above the stars, or dealing in 'fancy stocks,' let the *Investigator*—the only paper of the kind in the country—be generously sustained in its attempt to deal in realities, common sense, utility, useful knowledge, and all the other reasonable and practical instrumentalities that adorn, ennoble, and improve humanity and this world."

We bid the *Investigator* God speed in its "attempt to deal in realities, common sense, utility, useful knowledge, and all the other reasonable and practical instrumentalities," etc., and trust that there will be no assumed limit to the kingdom of the real and useful, or to the possible success of that worthy paper. The realm of Truth is boundless.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

P. P. Millen, writing from Maple Springs, Wis., says they have interesting meetings in the rural districts thereabouts, and that there is a great degree of inquiry after spiritual life and light.

A writer in the *Christian Register* is making a "Statement of Unitarian Doctrine." He italicizes this declaration:—"Unitarians now do as they always have done, receive the Gospels as containing a reliable account of what Jesus said and did."

If the Unitarian church subscribes to the above it will not long be a unit.

The Rev. E. C. Towne, one of the Radicals who ignores mere "denominational integrity," or the act of adhering to form though the spirit be sacrificed, thus criticises the Universalists:

"The leading Universalists to-day will, if they can, put any man out of their ministry who does not receive 'Christ Jesus and his Evangel' after the spirit and fashion of accredited Christianity. Dispensing with a big hell hereafter, they keep a little hell for heretics here."

It is contemplated to erect one hundred and twenty-five drinking fountains in New York City the coming summer.

St. Louis thinks of voting at the coming city election to take the sense of that city relative to female suffrage.

We notice by the Pittsburgh (Pa.) *Daily Despatch* that the Spiritualists have fully organized, and that Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson, of Cleveland, addressed them on Sunday, April 28th.

"Robert Toombs, of Georgia," says the Vicksburg *Daily Herald*, "after a general wandering around the world, and an experimental residence in various countries, has come to the wise conclusion that, 'with all its disadvantages,' the United States is the best country in the world to live in." Wonder if he'd like to play traitor to the "best country in the world" again?

Mr. Bryant, now in Italy, quotes Hiram Powers, the sculptor, against taxing foreign works of art. Mr. Powers thinks that the Italian government will retaliate by an export duty on the works of American artists, which will drive them all out of Rome and Florence.

Herr Schweizer, Director of the Observatory at Moscow, has published a pamphlet, in which he attempts to show that the town and its vicinity lies on a very thin crust of earth, beneath which is a very deep and extensive cavern. It is said that experiments have fully borne out the truth of Herr Schweizer's statements.

According to the *Opinion Nationale*, "France is threatened with a rapid depopulation, in consequence of the relative unfruitfulness of lawful marriages, the excessive mortality among infants, and the great number of persons remaining in a state of celibacy, principally young men drawn into the army by conscription," a state of things which it believes the new law on recruiting is of a nature to aggravate. Excessive devotion to luxury, and the absence of freedom, are the ultimate causes of this decay of the population, in the view of the *Opinion Nationale*; and it fears that the character of the people is being permanently deteriorated by the same influences.

## PROGRESS OF EVENTS.

The *Weekly Telegraph* of Houston, Texas, complains of the severity of the Military Bill, as interpreted and enforced in that State. It says, "The truth is, trial by jury in this State, either in civil or criminal cases, is now in the hands of the blacks, almost entirely. There are hardly enough white men in the State who can honestly take the test oath to make a Grand Jury for a Circuit Court." If the negroes are the only loyal men in Texas, evidently they are the proper persons to sit on Grand Juries, receive and administer the offices of the State Government. We do not see why white traitors should have preference over loyal negroes. None but a traitor would ask it.

The Michigan Constitutional Convention is in session at Lansing. Up to the present writing nothing but preliminary work has been done, and there is no indication of the tone of members. We hope there will be persistent activity among the friends of universal suffrage. *Petition, petition, PETITION.*

The Investigating Committee of the Illinois Insane Asylum held a preliminary meeting at Jacksonville, on the 16th. They adjourned to the 4th of June, when it is expected a thorough investigation will be made into the condition of the Asylum and the manner of receiving and treating inmates.

The Eight-Hour Law has passed the New York Legislature and received the approval of Governor Fenton. The list of States that have adopted this law now stand, Illinois, Missouri, Wisconsin, and New York.

On the 14th inst., at a large meeting in Mobile, Alabama, which was being addressed by Judge Kelley, riotous proceedings were commenced by rebels, which broke up the meeting and resulted in the death of several persons, white and black, and the wounding of many others.

The late Rev. John Pierpont's residence and grounds in West Medford, were sold at auction on Monday, May 6th, for \$9,050 cash. The library and furniture brought large prices. A portion of the library was given by request of the late Mr. Pierpont to Harvard University. There was a large company present of the friends of this distinguished gentleman from Boston and vicinity.

The Pope has convened a general meeting of bishops at Rome for next June. Some of the bishops of the United States have already left for the Eternal City. Bishop Williams, of Boston, leaves on the 10th of June.

The following from the New York *Tribune* shows the direction of events in behalf of human redemption. Give us a few more years of successful political reform, such as makes men and women feel their nature and its possibilities, and the theologies that prescribe means of salvation will go where they belong—out of fashion. "Six years have witnessed the emancipation of 25,000,000 serfs in Russia, the liberation of 4,000,000 slaves in the United States, and the virtual manumission of 3,000,000 negroes in Brazil. It is a glorious six years' work—32,000,000 of men restored to freedom, and a curse taken off three of the largest empires in the world! The little that remains to do cannot rest long undone. The miserable relic of barbarism lingers now only on a few islands belonging to the Spanish crown; and the slaveholder who, in the face of the events of the last few years, hopes to retain the right to buy and sell his fellow-man, even in those islands, must be sanguine indeed."

An imperial decree has been promulgated by Austria, favoring the Protestant inhabitants of Hungary.

Judge Force, of the Common Pleas Court, Cincinnati, has decided, in a case involving inheritance, that a marriage in Ohio without statutory ceremony is legal and binding.

A numerously attended and very imposing meeting of the Reformers of England was held in St. James' Hall, London, on the 15th inst. Mr. Bright, in a speech, advocated the rejection of the Disraeli bill, and the continued agitation of the question of franchise before the people.

## SPIRITUALISM IN ENGLAND.

Our readers will find in this issue of the *REPUBLIC* an interesting letter from E. H. Green, Esq., Brotherton, Eng., who visited this country last fall on a tour of observation in the interests of our English friends and co-laborers. His safe return to his home, together with the nature of his visit here, has been the occasion of hearty congratulation. At a delegate meeting of Spiritualists held in Huddersfield, on the 23d of February, Mr. Green gave an extended account of his observations and visit among us, after which it was

Moved by J. I. Freeman, Esq., Huddersfield, seconded by Mrs. Howorth, supported by Mrs. Etchells and J. Lister, Esq., (from York): "That the cordial thanks of this meeting be given to Edwin Harrison Green, Esq., for the very able and kind manner he has manifested in laying so graphically before us his experience connected with the progress of Spiritualism in the United States of America."

Moved by E. Weatherhead, Esq., Keighley, seconded by Miss S. Chapman, Huddersfield: "That the cordial greetings of this meeting be conveyed to our American brethren and sisters, for the very kind manner in which they have received our brother, E. H. Green, Esq.; also to the *BANNER OF LIGHT*, and the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, for the very liberal manner they have published our greeting sent through our brother; together with the favorable notice which the editors have given to our Huddersfield article, written by our brother and co-worker, Thos. Etchells, Esq., for the Convention of Progressive Spiritualists held at Newcastle-on-Tyne, in July, 1866."

Moved by Mr. Naylor, Keighley, seconded by Mr. Shackleton, Keighley: "That this meeting earnestly recommends to all Spiritualists who may desire to take part in the forthcoming Convention of Progressive Spiritualists of Great Britain, that they will prepare themselves with resolutions, papers, or addresses, embodying, in as few words as possible, the ideas they may wish to lay before the Convention."

Moved by D. Richmond, Esq., Darlington, seconded by D. Varley, Esq., Slaithwaite, supported by W. Houghton, Esq., Almondbury: "That the President be desired to call the attention of the Convention to the paramount importance of private and family circles, believing that, to all who may be wishful to investigate the phenomenon and capabilities of Spirit Power, the family and private circle are as necessary to success as are the class-room of the scholar, and the laboratory of the chemist, in their particular departments of learning."

Moved by E. H. Green, Esq., Brotherton, seconded by J. Lister, Esq., York: "That this meeting would strongly recommend the President to call the Convention for Whit-week, and, if possible, to commence with sermons, or lectures, on Whit-Sunday morning and evening, by such of the friends as may feel impressed to do so, or with whom the President can so arrange; to be given in such places as our London friends can command."

Moved by S. Howorth, Esq., Huddersfield, seconded by J. Lister, Esq., York: "That the thanks of this meeting be given to the circle who have called us together at this time, and so liberally provided us with bodily and spiritual food."

Moved by J. Clement, Esq., Liverpool, seconded by W. Houghton, Esq., Almondbury: "That E. H. Green, Esq., be requested to publish his Four Months' Tour in the United States of America."

Mr. Thomas Etchells, who presided over the meeting above referred to, gives, in his opening remarks, a clue to the workings of Spiritualism in England. He said:

"He felt great pleasure in stating that the call had been highly successful, not only in the large number of influential delegates present, but it had been responded to by the ablest and most worthy Spiritualists of England, whose letters he placed upon the table, but the contents of which he could not, as intended, read to them, on account of their number. One great mark of progress he could not fail to mention, which spoke well for the progressive intelligence of those workingmen and women who attended to the private and family circle, the letters from such circles being really beautiful; and he could not help congratulating the meeting upon the great moral and intellectual improvement which was apparent in those circles, which were composed of truthful investigators. Regarding the circle to which he had the happiness to belong, he could only state that they had great confidence that, ultimately, they would be able to succeed in reducing the question of questions—THE SOUL—to a more beautiful and better understood living reality than had hitherto been known since the time of the commencement of the Christian era. Science had, until recently, been thought out of place in meddling with this all-important question; but thanks to those noble investigators, who had done so much while they had bodies like our own, for their continued labors in again making it known and understood, that they still lived and moved and had their being, more—much more—alive now, and also better able to help us to reduce the great question to philosophical fact."

There is evidently a great increase of interest in Spiritualism throughout Europe, particularly in England, where the nobility, as well as the workingmen, give it earnest attention. So far, there, the movement is characterized by examinations of the manner of communicating, and the demonstration of the fact, while here the fact is demonstrated, and we are proceeding to apply in practical life the principles indicated by it. We do not suppose that our English friends are oblivious to these same principles of brotherhood and universal human rights, and expect that they will reach the hour of applying them in due time. We congratulate them on the progress they are making.

Longfellow contributes \$500 toward \$50,000 to be raised for a new Commemorative Hall at Bowdoin College, his Alma Mater.

## VOICES FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

FROM E. M. LEONARD.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: The interests of the hour culminate about our national assets, credit or estate. To whom does its exclusive use of right belong, and what is there in it, or what are its possible uses?

1st. Then I answer, it belongs, of course, to its creators, of right, *i. e.*, to the producers of all wealth and their heirs, and to them exclusively. Our exceeding great army of non-producers, then, strictly speaking, have no right, absolutely, that God, the Bible or reason respects. Says Paul, "this we command you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat." All human beings who do not in some way return the world an equivalent for their support are a burden of course, irrespective of all accidents of inherited wealth. The accumulation of earthly treasure or money, is absolutely forbidden, so far as it from being our duty to do this. There is, however, no law against providing the necessities of life against scarcity or possible famine. On the contrary, experience, prudence and common sense require this, and it would be done if the temptation to hoard money were removed. All accumulation by the appropriation of the fruits of others' labors, is wrong, and this is the way fortunes are made by usury.

It is man's duty to seek a better, even the best possible distribution of wealth, according to human necessities and not according to accident. By a total disregard of this and like plain principles respecting wealth, or the products of labor, we have made of earth the hell it is, and in doing it, capital has not bettered her own condition, in reality, even as to this life. In damning labor she damns herself. Upon this point hangs the destiny of the race, *viz.*: shall human beings have, or shall they not have, the products of their own labor, *i. e.* the exclusive right. If this is denied war and misery are the consequence, if it is granted, peace and plenty will reign.

Shall we have God or usury, which is mammon, to rule over us?

Whatever, therefore, sustains or supports usury, be it church or State, or what not, is devoted to evil and opposed to God and man's best interests.

Capital is related to labor at present, as the bee-moth to the honey-bee, but it is not so related of necessity. A right or scientific institution of money simply, will obviate all difficulties and render the relation between capital and labor perfectly harmonious. Capital is the aggressor. Let her cease stealing and there will be harmony and peace.

But for all these wrongs I counsel peace. Labor must conquer through peace and the martyr, not the war, spirit must rule, at least, until there can be arrangements made, by which she can be secured from fighting the battles of capital, and shedding all her own blood, and returning home and settling all the bills, by the exercise of her own brain and hands, according to all past and present arrangements and experiences.

Nothing could suit capital better, remember, than to be able to provoke us into a fight. Her triumph then would be assured. Let our leader, then, be the Prince of Peace, and let us adopt the motto of O'Connell, *viz.*: "No political change is worth one drop of human blood;" though not literally true. We cannot conquer capital through shedding of blood.

2nd. As to the use which can be made of the national assets, credit or estate, *i. e.* the aggregate national wealth. It can be so used as to bless the nation limitlessly almost. First, it can be used as a basis for our currency or circulating medium, and for this it is perfect. Second, it can be loaned to the people at one per cent per annum, thus supplying all the money or capital, if it were necessary, the people could desire to use, and in this way regulating the value of money. Third, the nation or government can fund all the money the people desire to loan, at one per cent per annum, and if they can employ it at better rates of interest among their neighbors it would be their privilege to do so. Fourth, from it can be extracted the means of meeting all necessary expenses of the government without duties or taxation, either direct or indirect. The use of the paper currency alone, can be made to dispose of our immense war debt in from twenty-four to thirty years. Fifth, it can be used for internal improvements of all sorts, building harbors, etc. Sixth, with it we could have built all our railroads and have transported ourselves whithersoever we would, at a cost of but half a cent per mile, and freight in proportion. Seventh, we might have transported our own mails at a cost of a penny a letter or paper. Eighth, we might have done our own telegraphing for almost nothing. Ninth, we might insure our own houses, manufactories, ships and lives, and all this at less expense of time or treasure than it now costs us for government and war. No motive to war could exist, internally, in such a state of things. Men would also, in the main, govern themselves when the government ceased to legalize robbery by usury, and protected their subjects against it instead, and total depravity would, perhaps, no more be charged against humanity.

There is perhaps no better evidence of the existence of a devil, or of total depravity, than the existence of the "financial scheme" under which we live, or struggle for existence! My heart revolts at the idea of considering any human being as the author of it, and I prefer to believe it originated in the councils of hell!

All the forces in society, whether they shall be centripetal or centrifugal, *i. e.*, tend to build up or tear down—destroy; depend upon the institution of money. Here at this point, is where political devils all do congregate, therefore. Our laws now provoke and bid for laziness and crime of all sorts, instead of industry and virtue, and all our miseries come of this through capital. The love of money, then, is to us, the root of all evil, as a nation and as individuals. God's nature forbids its love, and we turn about and stimulate it to all possible extent, in our laws, in bold defiance; and for this, God and nature will conspire to utterly destroy us, if we do not repent, and that speedily. If these things are so, can we afford to throw away our national credit, or rather convert it into a mill-stone, attach it to the national neck, ready to cast it into the sea of destruction? for this fitly illustrates our financial scheme.

Our few remaining "greenbacks" are what remain to us of this credit, and Greeley, Jay Cooke, McCullough & Co., are straining every nerve to rob us of these. If our "greenbacks" had been made a legal tender for *all dues, absolutely*, it would have saved us untold millions. Our entire war debt is due, undoubtedly, to the disloyalty of capital.

Oberlin, Ohio, May 14, 1867.

[If usury is wrong in principle, as we hold it is, why should the people pay one per cent interest to government, and by what right can they "employ it at better rates of interest among their neighbors?"—Eds.]

## FROM WARREN SAMPSON.

"ETERNAL VIGILANCE THE PRICE OF LIBERTY."

Truer words were never uttered by either man or angels. It again becomes my duty, Messrs. Editors, to sound the alarm of danger. The following notice appears in a New York paper of to-day, May 9th.

## "NOTICE.

"A growing public sentiment demands in the Constitution of the United States, recognition of Almighty God, the Moral Governor of the world, as the ultimate source of all rightful authority among men, and His will revealed in the Holy Scriptures as the supreme rule in civil affairs. The citizens of the State of New York, and of the adjoining States, are requested to meet in Convention with the National Convention for this purpose, etc., \* \* \* in the city of New York, on Thursday May 16th, 7½ P. M.," etc. (See New York Independent, May 9.)

There is more involved under cover of this movement, than many might at first discover. Once allow such an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, and how long would it be before State enactments would disfranchise every man who would not subscribe to the doctrine that one is three, and three one. However well they may seek to cloak their base designs upon the liberties of the masses, their main and grand object is to disfranchise all who cannot, or will not bow down and worship at their shrine.

There is no other alternative with them to prevent the spread of free thought, except through State legislation, and before that can be successfully carried out, there must be an amendment to the present Constitution.

The first step taken in that direction was in the fall of (I think,) 1861, at a Convention of the Presbyterian church, which met at Allegheny City, Penn., at which time a memorial was drawn up, and presented to Congress.

Soon after, another gathering of the elect took place in Cincinnati, when the same subject was before the holy ones of Israel.

We again hear of these wolves in the city of Philadelphia, November 30, 1864, at which Convention speeches were made, and resolutions were adopted favoring the same grand "scheme."

Subsequent gatherings of the faithful have taken place from time to time in Philadelphia, and the next grand demonstration is to take place in that most fitting and God-forsaken den of corruption this side the infernal regions. Whether Morrissey is to preside or not, time will tell.

The clergy, in all ages of the world, have been the direst foes to human liberty.

Their plots and counterplots have filled the world with strife, and caused a greater destruction of human life, than all other causes combined.

I make no profession of either religion or Christianity, at the same time I am both ready and willing to concede to every other human being, those same rights, immunities, and privileges which I claim for myself, *viz.*: the right to earn an honest living by the labor of my own hands. The right also to do my own thinking, preaching and praying; so long as in so doing I do not infringe upon the rights of others.

Whenever all shall learn and practice this, the greatest of all earthly lessons, then and then only will strife and contention cease on earth.

Hammonton, N. J., May, 1867.

## GLEANINGS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM L. BUSH.

The inspiration breathed through your columns, the aspirations of the many who are hungering for a more satisfactory knowledge of immortality, the hope of mingling with departed relations and friends, the certainty of no death by annihilation, and the continued effort made by our spirit friends, whose duty and obligation it is to manifest themselves to us as an evidence of our immortality, affords me more pleasure than all other things combined.

I love life, it stimulates with the highest thought of zeal to purity and divine obligation. The manifestations of spirits are becoming prevalently understood over the world. Evidently we are destined to become as conversant with immortals as we are now with mortals. The prevailing difficulty seems to be in education, when properly understood, so as to place ourselves in true relations therewith, spirits will approach us much more easily and familiarly than now.

Jamestown, Tenn.

FROM ANNIE P. CARPENTER.

We are not "Spiritualists" in the common acceptance of the term. Those who made my life dear and pleasant are gone, only a few loved ones are left. I have sought anxiously for some evidence that those who have left have an individual existence hereafter, I hope they do, but as yet do not know it; others say they do know it as well as that they once lived here.

I like the principles advocated both by THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC and LITTLE BOUQUET. Both need assistance from friends of liberal and progressive ideas. After we read our papers we lend them to friends, who do not fear they will "touch pitch" by reading them. I am personally acquainted with Mrs. C. F. Corbin; hope her "Woman's Secret" will be generally and carefully read by our American women. Humanity seems floundering in the "slough of despond," or as I view it, there is a great want of correct examples and education. Woman can be the savior when she will no longer smile on, and accept presents from men who seek her society only to pass a few hours of pleasure. Then there will be better men, but not till then. You cannot have mingled with refined society without noticing how few men there are who have not violated the seventh commandment. Woman can never rise to true womanhood until she has firmness sufficient to be true to herself. Till then man will consider her as a cat does a mouse. May you have health, strength and courage to continue in the good work where so many laborers are needed.

Fond du Lac, Wis., May 12, 1867.

FROM LOIS WAISBROOKER.

I have just finished the reading of "A Woman's Secret," and congratulate you upon having been able to secure so valuable, so practical a story for the columns of the REPUBLIC. I am glad that it is to appear in book form. The fact that I have been silent in reference to your paper in its new form, has not been from a lack of interest; I have watched it closely, but as I have sometimes been very enthusiastic only to be disappointed, I thought I would wait awhile before expressing an opinion; but now I say, go on, go on, GO ON. Should you, however, never do anything more than you have done in publishing "A Woman's Secret," and will do in putting it before the world in book form, there would still be cause for rejoicing that your paper has had an existence.

Rochester, Minn., May 1, 1867.

FROM HOMER BROWN.

I am often impressed with the great error, or rather misfortune, of our lives, in respect to so much anticipation for the future. Very few, if any, live for the present moment. The *now* is abjured; *to-day* we are in a "muss," but tomorrow or next week, we will have "things to rights."

It is really getting painful, distressing to me to live so any longer; or rather to hear and see the whole world of reformers talking and writing about the "good time coming," the glorious golden days, away down the dim vista of a misty future.

To-day, "now is the accepted time," and now, the present moment, this year, this "pleasant month of May," is the time for us to be happy and enjoy ourselves.

It is very poor consolation to me to be told, while in poverty, sickness and sin, that in after years, after my cup of misery has been drained to the dregs, others will come after me whose lives will be one continued scene of joy.

The truth is, heaven is all around us now. The elements of youth and beauty encircle this fair earth, and taking any other view of the mysteries that envelop us, to my mind, impeaches either the wisdom or goodness of God, or the great forces of nature.

No, my friends, do not tantalize us any longer with future glories, a coming millennium, but tell us where or how, here and now, we can find peace, joy, health and harmony; this is what humanity wants and is praying for.

I know that circumstances over which we have little or no control, or seemingly so, at least, stand right in the way of our desires; well, if we have not the courage or strength

to remove them, as sensible and reasonable beings, we should calmly and contentedly submit; aye, and rather rejoice, too.

I begin to think it is at least unwise for us to have desires and plans for the future. It certainly is if when they are thwarted it makes us the least unhappy.

But desires and plans I suppose we must have, so then let us learn how to triumph in their failures.

Reformers, nature must be right; always does the best under the circumstances. There is just as much individual and social health and harmony now, as there can or should be.

If there is sin and misery, woe and wretchedness, throughout God's vast animated empire, it is as much the legitimate fruit of fate or force, as apples are of apple trees.

To me there is wrong, suffering, inharmony, and I would get out of it, but could never think of making the attempt with any but those whose temperament, or organic structure, is similar to my own.

"Birds of a feather  
Flock together."

Hamilton, Ill.

## SOCIAL AND POLITICAL REFORM.

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

### THE RUM FIEND.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

The rum-fiend cast his eyes abroad,  
And looked o'er all the land,  
And numbered his myriad worshipers,  
With his bird-like long right hand.  
He took his place on the teeming street,  
And watched the people go  
Around and about with a buzz and a shout,  
Forever to and fro;

"And it's hip," said the rum-fiend, "hip, hurrah!  
For the multitudes I see,  
Who offer themselves in sacrifice,  
And die for the love of me!"

There stood a woman upon a bridge,  
She was old but not with years—  
Old with excess, and passion, and pain,  
And she wept remorseless tears;  
And she gave to her babe her milkless breast,  
Then goaded by its cry,  
Made a desperate leap in the river deep,  
In sight of the passers by!

"And hip," said the rum-fiend, "hip, hurrah!  
She sinks, and let her be—  
In life or death, whatever she did,  
Was all for the love of me!"

There watched another by the hearth,  
With sullen face and thin,  
She uttered words of scorn and hate  
To one who staggered in.  
Long had she watched and when he came,  
His thoughts bent on her blood;  
He could not bear her taunting look,  
And he slew her where he stood,

"And it's hip," said the rum-fiend, "hip, hurrah!  
My right good friend is he;  
He hath slain his wife, he hath given his life,  
And all for the love of me!"

And every day in the crowded way,  
He takes his fearful stand,  
And numbers his myriad worshipers  
With his bird-like, long right hand;  
And every day the weak and strong,  
Widows, and maids, and wives,  
Blood warm, blood cold, young men and old,  
Offer the fiend their lives.

"And it's hip," said the rum-fiend, "hip-hurrah!  
For the multitudes I see,  
That sell their souls for the burning drink,  
And die for the love of me!"

For The Spiritual Republic.

## SOCIAL AND SOLITARY VICES.

BY THOMAS W. DEERING, M. D.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: Knowing you and your many readers to be interested in all that relates to the advancement and improvement of the race, physically, mentally, and morally, I take the liberty of addressing you these few lines. I see in your valuable journal from time to time, numerous allusions to the social and solitary vices; their demoralizing, degrading, and damning influences and effects upon the nation, and numerous suggestions for their palliation and removal. No doubt all are earnest in their views, and would like to see the twin demons removed.

Some suggest that the remedy lies in the ballot—universal suffrage. Others advocate that the holding of the male perpetrator of the crime (I allude here to the social evil,) amenable to law, and punishing him severely, will remedy and in time do away with the evil. Others say that if the pulpit and the press were to speak out they would be removed. And others advocate the placing of man and woman on equal terms as regards employment, wages, etc.

All these and hundreds of other similar ideas are noble. They will exert a great influence toward mitigating the evils; while either of them, singly, or the whole conjoined, will not suffice to eradicate them. Why? Simply because they each and all aim only to remove effects, leaving the causes undisturbed.

We may war against effects till doomsday and accomplish nothing. The experience of all history should be sufficient to show us that the surest and readiest way to eradicate an evil is to carry the war at once into the very citadel of the enemy—remove the cause.

We tried for two years to subdue the rebellion without removing the cause; but how did we succeed? The series of disasters that befel our army tells the whole story. It was not until the Emancipation Proclamation, that glorious document of the immortal Lincoln struck at its very vitals, that we accomplished anything. The cause once removed, our armies were crowned with victory, and the work of truth and justice sped nobly onward. So it is to-day, as regards prostitution and the solitary vice. We are trying to remove them, at the same time nurturing the cause. If the same amount of effort, time, means and brain labor that has been spent in trying to mitigate them had been applied to the removal of the primary causes, they would be now among the things that were; or, at least, they would be, compared with their present prodigiousness, insignificant. The same amount of instruction, teaching, speaking, that is requisite to reclaim one fallen one, will suffice to prevent an hundred, yes, I may safely say, a thousand, from falling. To use a martial expression, we cannot carry the position by force, assault; we must starve them out—cut off the supplies. We must stop making onanists, prostitutes, etc.

I shall now call your attention to what I consider the primary cause of these evils. I shall be as concise as possible, as I do not wish to trespass upon your valuable space. To go into detail would require a volume for each, so I confine myself to general remarks.

1. The hot-house style in which children are raised. As a general rule they are born with depraved appetites and perverted passions, inheriting predisposition to mental and physical disease. The way they are fed stimulates the sexual organs and passions to a precocious development. The spices, condiments, pickles, tea, coffee, tobacco, fine flour bread, and flesh meats upon which the youth of the nation are fed, are in themselves sufficient to account for this almost universal tendency to dissipation.

2. Dress of females. Very few ever give this a moment's consideration; they fail to see how it can be a cause of prostitution, licentiousness, etc. This is accounted for by a lack of study, or study from a wrong premise; for it only requires an acquaintance with the first principles of physiology, to be made aware that the present style of dressing women is one great cause of licentiousness. Look at their hour-glass waists, the almost nude condition of portions of the body, the shoulders, extremities, etc. It is patent to the mind of every intelligent physiologist that all these cause permanent congestion of the pelvic viscera, and this tends to the perversion of the sexual instinct.

3. Hereditary transmission. Numbers of children are born inheriting abnormal, perverted and depraved passions and propensities. This is attributable, in a great measure, to the free and unlimited sexual indulgence during gestation and lactation. If the offspring of literary and scientific parents inherit literary and scientific qualities and predispositions; if the offspring of dyspeptics, consumptives, etc., inherit predispositions to those diseases, is it not certain that the offspring of parents who indulge in free and unlimited sexual commerce, will inherit these propensities? It is a question that admits of no argument. It is as well established as the law of gravitation. Almost any physician of large practice will tell you, that he frequently sees cases wherein the sexual passion is developed at ten and fifteen years of age. I have met cases in my own practice where the sexual organs were precociously developed at birth.

4. The neglect of parents in not teaching their children the use of the sexual organs, their physical, mental and moral bearing. They leave them to get their knowledge of them as best they can, and ninety-nine times in an hundred, the first information that they receive of them is a vulgar one, associated with obscenity, etc. And these vulgar and obscene notions retain their hold upon the youthful mind for years, tending all the time to the perversion of the sexual faculty and passion.

Philanthropists, reformers, fathers, mothers, etc., knowing these causes to be existent, is it not your sacred duty to aid in their removal? It is a duty you owe your family, a duty you owe the community, a duty you owe the nation, and a duty you owe the whole great brotherhood of man, to warn against these causes, to eradicate them. The pulpit and the press may declaim and cry down till doomsday, the moralist may preach the beauties and felicities of a life of purity and temperance, but they will not avail, so long as the viper is nourished. Talking temperance and chastity to men and women born, fed, educated and reared in unbridled sexual indulgence, is like portraying the beauties of cold water before the mind of the poor drunken debauchee, with blood-shot eyes, fetid breath and bloated

carcass. To do away with prostitution, vice and crime, we will have to educate the youth properly, teach them how to eat, drink, and dress consistently and in harmony with the laws of their being. Let physiology be taught in our schools, let it have a place in the family circle. Make children conversant with all the laws of life and health; let parents instruct them as regards the use of the sexual organs; make them acquainted with the law of reproduction in all its bearings, as relates to man, and the next generation will be infinitely the better off, and in two or three generations they will not be troubled with prostitution, licentiousness, vice, crime, etc.

Bunker Hill, Ill.

For The Spiritual Republic.

## CAPITAL AND LABOR.

BY JOHN GAGE.

Such is the heading of an article, supposed to be editorial, in THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC of May 11, 1867.

Now, as I believe that the writer of that article supposed he was doing not only man's, but God's service, in arraying labor against capital; and as I am, and have been for fifty years, a constant physical laborer, and labored hard, too, please allow me to offer some thoughts which are not in accordance with that article, and the others on that subject which appear in that number of the journal.

You deny that "capital and labor are one and the same thing; or, rather, that they are different things in harmony or not in conflict with each other." You array labor against capital, and in the light of the terrible conflagrations, (which I leave for you to say whether there is not cause for connecting with this labor question,) you incite the laborers to war in your three last articles, closing, "Let the advocates of tyranny beware."

Who are the advocates of tyranny?

Have the *Tribune* or *Times*, or the employers of labor, come out with any such threat, or endeavored to provoke war and tyranny between the employer and employed? I hope not, and I hope the good sense of the employees of Chicago will prevent their taking your advice.

How stands the fact to-day in Chicago between labor and capital, employer and employe? I claim to know something about it, and will give my opinion. The bosses, the employers, the men who furnish the work and pay for it in Chicago, are the hardest workers, and in many cases poorest paid, of any class in town. They work more hours, often I know from sixteen to eighteen hours a day, doing eight hours severe hand labor, and then compelled to work as much longer with the head; and I know many of these worthy employers, after years of this daily sixteen hours incessant labor, who were compelled to fall and give up all they possessed, because they had paid to their laborers more than their fair share, or, in fact, more than all the net profits.

You say: "If capital would take its proper place, subordinate to labor, allowing the laborer, not capital, to control in the partnership, there would be no conflict."

Now, I do say this arraying labor against capital, and capital against labor, is productive of evil, and only evil continually, mostly because the majority of laborers do not understand the subject, and allow their prejudices, rather than their reason, to guide them.

Now, let us try a case making labor, and not capital, control, and see if that will suit THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

Patrick O'Rafferty calls at the office of P. W. Gates & Co., and asks for work, and demands three dollars a day. Mr. Gates will hire him and pay three dollars a day, but Patrick will work but eight hours, but finally agrees to deduct two tenths from the price. Mr. Gates tells him that most of his men prefer to work ten hours; that his machinery runs ten hours; that eight hour men make trouble in the shop besides, and he therefore will not hire him, but in his stead hires a ten hour man.

Now, I ask has capital or labor succeeded? You answer capital. I answer labor; for Patrick labors eight hours a day and Gates sixteen. Patrick's eight hours has just earned his living; Gates' eight hours has just earned his living, whilst the avails of his other eight hours should be laid by in machinery and money to help other laborers to work, and pay for it when the day's work is done. Now, I ask why is P. W. Gates any more to blame for not hiring and paying men on their own terms, or on any terms than Patrick. Why not complain that Patrick does not hire men and pay them on their own term. Gates has nothing but his labor, or the avails of it, to hire and pay men with, and he has not even half of that, for the avails of his extra labor for years was all paid out in overpaying his hands.

Now, my very good friends, did it ever occur to you what P. W. Gates, or any other employer like him, would be worth at the age of seventy-five years, provided he did eight hours extra work every day, and got three dollars a day for it, from the time he was twenty-one years old, and including the legal compound interest of Illinois, ten per cent., and not reckon any extra work after he was sixty years old, only then reckon the compound interest? Well, it would amount to over one and a half million of dollars, (\$1,500,000.)

Which should rule the shop, Patrick or Gates, and which is the greatest laborer?

One thing further. It will be hard to make anybody believe that P. W. Gates, or any of that class of employers who work from fourteen to eighteen hours every day, will sit up nights to fire buildings.

Vineland, N. J.

#### CO-OPERATION THE DEMOCRACY OF LABOR.

We stated in a recent article that the question of labor underlies all civilization and government. It takes precedence of politics. "What we shall eat, and wherewithal we shall be clothed," are questions that must be settled before it is even decided whether we shall live under a monarchy or a republic. And in the development of systems of labor despotisms have arisen, as they have been formed in systems of government. And as tyrants exercise control over their subjects by keeping them in ignorance, and preventing free interchange of ideas and concert of action, capital has maintained its domination over labor in the same manner. The American colonies achieved their deliverance from a burdensome and oppressive thralldom by their union in resistance to tyranny. Labor will only emancipate itself by a similar union of interests and effort.

Co-operation is in labor what democracy is in systems of government. Capital represents despotism in the industrial aspects of society. The people have demonstrated that they are able to govern themselves independent of help from kingship or priestcraft. The laboring classes have also, by repeated illustrations, demonstrated their ability to fulfill all the requirements of production without the intervention of capital as a governing agent. There is no more reason why a man should farm out his labor than his vote. Industrial independence is easier of attainment than political freedom. As all power originally inheres in the people, until it is usurped and used by combinations of cunning men, or gradually monopolized by calculating and crafty rulers, so labor is the prime element in the production of wealth. Originally, men were absolutely equal. Originally man had but his hands and his brain wherewith to conquer the earth, and make it subservient to his will. All men, therefore, started alike. The man who is capable of using the tools or machinery of a capitalist to add to the profits of capital, is capable of using his own tools or machinery for his own direct benefit. Labor is more independent than capital, as it is one degree nearer in relation to the object and aim of all human industry—production.

As society had settled down into the old organisms of kingdoms and despotisms, from which our peaceful and co-operative republic evolved itself through the fiery element of revolution, the emancipation of labor from the thralldom imposed by capital must be accomplished by a rebellion somewhat analogous, though bloodless. Strikes are the rebellion of the laboring classes against the tyrannies which capital sometimes makes too burdensome to be endured. Turmoil is a necessary precedent to revolutions, social, industrial, or political. Like all other revolutions, strikes are more or less lawless and anarchical, and are to be deprecated. But from the turbulent contents of the crucible may crystallize a precious jewel, which shall be the light of the nations. Democracy is the practical assertion of the individual's capability of self-government; co-operation is the endeavor to make labor its own capital. Democracy does away with hereditary dynasties and aristocracies; co-operation abolishes the landlord or proprietor. In democracies, the people are their own rulers; in co-operative societies, the laborers are their own capitalists, dealing directly with purchasers, and saving for themselves the profits which otherwise are consumed by agents and "middlemen." And as the success of democratic governments depends upon the intelligence of the people and the wisdom of their elected rulers, the prosperity of co-operative movements proceeds from the education and unity of those who inaugurate them and the skill and tact of their leaders. The soundness of the principle is undeniable, and failure can only result from mismanagement or dishonesty.

In England, the co-operative associations are a recognized power in the land. It is said that the leaders of the Trades' Unions in Great Britain are men of far more ability and intelligence than the average run of small shop-keepers and retailers, which is doubtless true; and in spite of the conservatism that characterizes British institutions, and the horror with which the gentry look upon these innovations upon established usage, the Unions have flourished and succeeded. In America, the atmosphere is more friendly for the growth of these combinations. Our political republicanism has favorably prepared the way for an industrial democracy. There have been many organizations in the United States on the co-operative principle, the history of which is not only interesting, but instructive, in view of the agitation now sweeping over the country, and the tendency toward a general adoption of the system. An association for example, was formed some fifteen years ago in New York City, which bought a large block of land that now adjoins Central Park. The block was divided into lots, which it was found cost \$200 each, choice locations being sold at auction, in some cases at a small premium. Some

of these lots are now worth \$10,000 to \$15,000 each—the profit derived from co-operation. The history of some other land purchasing associations in New York and vicinity is similar. There are now in the metropolis several building associations on the co-operative plan, designed to supply members with cheap homes, with flattering prospects of success.

At Troy, a year ago, the iron-moulders struck, and as the employers refused to accede to their demands, the strikers organized a co-operative foundry, with a capital of \$30,000. Part of this was the accumulated product of their own industry, and part was borrowed. The foundry is highly successful, its books showing a profit, it is said, of \$6,000 at the end of the first five months. Another institution of the same kind, at Albany, which includes a co-operative grocery store, is represented as being in a highly prosperous condition. There is a cotton-mill at Lowell, Mass., operated by an association of former employees, which is said to be remunerative to those engaged.

We might multiply instances of the successful application of this principle in various cities of the United States, were it necessary. We doubt not that many of our readers will call to mind examples of co-operative stores which sold goods to their participants at low prices, or of other associations which exemplified satisfactorily that union is strength. A hundred families, which each use a hundred dollars' worth of groceries in six months, will clearly save largely by combining and purchasing the entire ten thousand dollars' worth at once, instead of procuring the articles by driblets, paying the exorbitant profit charged by the retail dealer. And so fifty journeymen masons may unite, purchase material, and build a house, making for themselves, in addition to their daily wages, the profit which would fall into the pockets of the contractor.

There can be no question, therefore, that it is for the interest of the workingmen to direct their efforts toward the establishment of these co-operative bodies; and to test, by experiment, the best and most practicable means of securing the most perfect and successful organization. Strikes, even if successful, are but temporary remedies for evils complained of. When our forefathers struck against the tyranny of Great Britain, they did not content themselves with "standing out" and demanding redress, but organized a co-operative Government of their own, whose success ought to prove the highest encouragement and incentive for workingmen seeking relief from industrial thralldom.—*Chicago Republican.*

#### 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.

#### 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. SEAVER,  
Chairman Picnic Committee.

Byron, May 1, 1867.

THE WOODPECKER'S FORESIGHT.—The woodpecker in California is a storer of acorns. The tree he selects is invariably of the pine tribe. He bores several holes differing slightly in size, at the fall of the year, and then flies away, in many instances to a long distance, and returns with an acorn, which he immediately sets about adjusting to one of the holes prepared for its reception, which will hold it tightly in its position. But he does not eat the acorn; for, as a rule, he is not a vegetarian. His object in storing away the acorn exhibits acute foresight, and knowledge of results more akin to reason than to instinct. The succeeding winter the acorn remains intact, but becoming saturated with rain is predisposed to decay, when it is attacked by maggots, who seem to delight in this special food. It is then that the woodpecker reaps the harvest his wisdom has provided, at a time when, the ground being covered with snow, he would experience a difficulty, otherwise, in obtaining suitable or palatable food. It is a subject of speculation why the red-wood cedar or the sugar pine is invariably selected. It is not probable that the insect, the most dainty to the woodpecker's taste, frequents only the outside of wet trees; but so it is, that in Calaveras, Mariposa, and other districts of California, trees of this kind may be frequently seen covered all over their trunks with acorns when there is not an oak tree within several miles.

Women have more need of friendship than men have. It is an element of life more important and precious to them. The obstacles to it and the breaches of it are more numerous and fatal with them than with men. Many of the best examples of female friendship elude all public observation in their modest privacy, and so are not generally known to exist. In the future—if that future be an improvement on the past—friendship will play a more important part than it ever yet has in the lives both of women and of men. There is no sentiment which more needs cultivation or is capable of yielding such matchless blessings.—*Mr. Alger.*

PLATE GLASS.—Broadway can no longer boast of the size of its window-panes. One, covering an alcove in the State House at Boston, containing the State battle-flags, measures twelve feet four inches by seven feet seven.

THE USHER.

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

ORLANDO COOLIDGE left for the Summer Land, on Saturday, the 11th of May, 1867, aged 74 years.

A note accompanying the above obituary bears testimony to the nobility and earnestness of Mr. Coolidge.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

TOTAL ECLIPSE.—Rev. J. K. Graves, of Magnolia, Miss., in a letter dated March 27, 1866, thus describes an "Eclipse" occurring at that place: "It works to a charm. Its simplicity is indeed wonderful! All who witness its speed and execution, in the hands of Mrs. Graves are perfectly delighted and astonished! Her sister has been influenced to put away her 'Double-Thread' machine, which cost her \$150, and purchase one of yours. The Willcox & Gibbs is eclipsing all others here!"

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-tf

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

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

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 10:30 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 1/2 o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10 1/2 o'clock.

MORRISTOWN, N. Y.—First Society of Progressive Spiritualists—Assembly Rooms, corner Washington and Fifth street. Services at 3 1/2 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Meetings formerly held at Sanson 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.

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

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.

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.

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.
Rev. Adin Ballou, Hopedale, Mass.
Mrs. H. F. M. Brown. Address drawer 6325 Chicago, Ill.
B. J. Butts. Address Hopedale, Mass.
Warren Chase. Address 544 Broadway, New York.
Henry T. Child, M. D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Prof. J. Edwin Churchhill. Address Pontiac, Mich.
Mrs. Eliza C. Clark. Address care of Banner of Light office.
Dr. James Cooper, Bellefontaine, O.
Mrs. Augusta A. Currier. Address box 815, Lowell, Mass.
Mrs. Laura Cuppy's address is San Francisco, Cal.
Andrew Jackson and Mary F. Davis can be addressed at Orange, N. J.
Mrs. A. P. Davis, 273 Tenth street, Louisville, Ky.
Dr. E. C. Dunn. Address Rockford, Ill.
Rev. James Francis. Address, Estherville, Emmet co., Iowa.
Isaac P. Greenleaf. Address Lowell, Mass.
N. S. Greenleaf. Address Lowell, Mass.
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The name for this organ shall be, "THE CO-OPERATOR." We have chosen this name because it exactly—more exactly than any other word in our language—expresses the scope and object of our thoughts and ideas. If there be one thing to admire more than anything else in the life and teaching of Jesus, it is, that he said what he meant and meant what he said. His words were like "apples of gold in pictures of silver," because each word was full of meaning. So is "Co-operation."

No man lives, or breathes, or has his being, without co-operation. He cannot even think, without using both sides of his brain. From brain he goes out to muscle; and if he ascend into heaven, or make his bed in hell, or take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, every step is marked with the footprints of co-operation. All nature pulsates to this principle, and the grand anthem of Co-operation is its morning and evening song. This it is which paints the lily and gilds the finest gold. When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons shouted for joy, it was because that on that day was born in a manger—not a palace—the greatest of all CO-OPERATORS, of whose coming and character Moses and the prophets had so long been telling. His mission to MAN two thousand years ago, is ours to-day. He came to bring PEACE on earth and announce good will to men. It shall be ours to establish good will between men by co-operation, which is but the use of another term for peace. Competition is war. It matters not what weapons we use. It may be the bayonet or the ballot. It may be the sword or the pen. It may be education or ignorance. One and all, alike, when used in competition, are the weapons of war.

Competition blasts everything good, and fosters the growth of everything bad. It creates the relations, and renders possible the condition of riches and poverty. It makes man an idolater, and then compels him to fall down and worship the work of his own hands. It seizes the children created in the image of God, and transforms one into a slaveholder and the other into a slave; one into an employer and the other into an employé; one into a monarch and the other into a serf; one into an oppressor and the other into the oppressed. It makes one rich—rich even to misery, and the other poor—so poor that nothing but misery keeps him company. It creates hatred, and banishes love. Into the shady bowers of Eden it thrusts its snaky folds, renders every path slippery in which it crawls, and tempts

mankind to eat the forbidden fruit of antagonistic life, by assuring them they *shall not surely die*.

Man fell a victim to his yielding, as men will now, if they yield to the syren song of employers, and give up the death grapple between the Eight and Ten Hour laws. Stand firm. Never again enter your employers' walls, without the right acknowledged, that eight hours of labor shall be a day's work, and that by co-operation you shall be assured of a fair share of what you earn. Having done all, STAND!

As competition has destroyed the fair fabric of universal brotherhood and sapped the foundation of truth, love and charity, so will co-operation become the resurrection and the life of all that is good and beautiful.

Though the sins of competition have been as scarlet, they shall be made by co-operation whiter than wool.

We shall make "THE CO-OPERATOR" what its name indicates—a peace-maker. Its foundation stone is justice. We propose a complete and radical revolution in the practical relations of men. We shall place manhood upon the highest pedestal of existence, and shall say to everything which usurps his place, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

We propose to dignify muscle by giving a chance to brains. On the scale of justice, Moses reduced the days of muscular toil from seven to six. We insist on a reduction of hours from ten to eight. Before we can reach the mount of transfiguration, where Jesus was glorified, and where Moses and Elias came to meet him, we must climb to Pisgah's top, and be willing, as Moses was there, to at least establish justice.

When employers have taken their employés into partnership, and will permit them to decide what number of hours they will work in a day, as they are now permitted at the ballot box of an American citizen to decide who shall be the President of the United States, then they will have done but simple justice; and then we shall be ready to ask them to come up higher, where mercy and truth may meet together, and where righteousness and peace may kiss each other.

"THE CO-OPERATOR" will kindly, lovingly, and boldly, meet every issue as it arises, and discuss, in a fearless manner, all questions affecting the rights and interests of man, whether of white, black, or other color; whether male or female; whether rich or poor, monarch or serf, slaveholder or slave, employer or employed.

It will be our general purpose to use preventive rather than cure; but while striking for the highest good of all mankind, we shall not forget that the present hour is hedged about with difficulty, and that people must be taken where Competition has strewn its shipwrecked mariners—some on barren islands, some in the midst of arid deserts, some into palaces, others into hovels, some into churches, others into houses of prostitution. Some have been made thieves and robbers—others, their victims. Some have vast incomes, and others not enough to establish a safe communication between soul and body. Our object shall be to help all to higher and better conditions of life—to lead all to a common altar, where each shall have at heart the highest good of all.

Nor are we afflicted by a single doubt. We advance to the front of the great battle before us with entire hope of complete success. "Perfect love casteth out every fear." We believe in God, but none the less in man.

Ours is not the brief effort blown into being by the hurricane of the hour—though we believe there is a tide in the affairs of men. It may be easier to catch the public eye or ear in the midst of excitement, than when the waters are less stirred up. But "THE CO-OPERATOR" is born in a manger. It comes to the poor of this world as their redeemer. It expects the co-operation of everybody. It seeks to offend nobody. It will regard every man equally a brother; and though from misconception of our idea, some may grieve at the course pursued, we hope and believe that all will one day see and feel that our purpose is good, and that results justify us in the course we now propose.

People need to be brought into a better understanding of each other. It is the position and system of employer and employé, and not the men who are at fault, in their hearts. When co-operation is fairly established, kindly feeling and good will among men will be as universal as it now is the reverse.

The pangs of transformation must always be more or less painful. It is so in changing from slavery to freedom in the South. It will be attended with more or less difficulty, and will tax the patience of the employer as well as employé. We shall counsel patience as well as firmness, on the part of all. We regard co-operation as equally freighted with blessings to the man who works mostly with his muscle, and to him who directs its action.

Those who have possession of capital in machinery can no more do without his muscle, nor as well, as the workingman can without his former employer's brains. There is a great deal of brains among employés. If employers stand out, and will not co-operate, there is a point beyond which they may not and cannot go. The workingman here can do, and in many cases doubtless will do, what workingmen have done in Europe—form their own co-operative associations.

But we have no fears as to the result. Such men as went to the front in the late war, with northern ideas in their heads—and they were but a type of our people generally—will not wait for the desolations of war to help a settlement of this question of capital and labor. Courage, then, one and all, and let the work go forward.

"THE CO-OPERATOR" will be published on a sheet of four pages this size, and furnished at wholesale at \$2 per hundred, and can be delivered at the workshops, in quantity. By arrangement with the leading news agency in this city, "THE CO-OPERATOR" will be supplied in quantity, at the same price, anywhere in the Northwest, as in Chicago. Our aim will be, to condense and publish all important news by telegraph or otherwise. Its size will be increased, or the price reduced, as its circulation will warrant.

Instead of hunting through the haunts of vice and the gutters of ignorance, that we may find some poor unfortunate creature—victim of the present system of competitive life—some mere wreck stranded or thrown upon the rocks—lured from the paths of virtue by the hellish temptations of this modern Sodom, where our boasted civilization is confronted with 3,000 grog shops, and houses of prostitution to match them all—we shall, rather than drag such poor creatures from their dens, and hold them up to public gaze, go where industry and virtue dwells, and take our lessons from a truer and better life, holding up a thing of beauty, that we may create a joy forever.

We shall be kind even to loafers and men and women who do nothing for a living, who delight in showing themselves idlers, clad in garments made by others, it may be at starving prices.

Our first and specimen issue will be made within a very few days, of which proper notice will be given in the other papers.

"THE CO-OPERATOR" will be printed at the office of the Central Publishing House, No. 84 Dearborn street, by

THE CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION,  
Editors and Publishers.