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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

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

For The Spiritual Republic.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S APPROACH.

BY MRS. EMMA BEARS LEDSHAM.

Awake from thy slumbers, oh, beautiful world!
The bridegroom is coming, to meet him arise,
He hastens with pleasure, to claim his fair treasure
And bear her away to his home in the skies.

Awake from thy slumbers, oh, beautiful world!
The bridegroom is coming, with music and song;
The love-god has sent him, and cheerfully lent him
His soft, snowy pinions to speed him along.

Awake from thy slumbers, oh, beautiful world!
The bridegroom is coming, his presence is near;
Long, hard did he labor, proud one, for thy favor,
But now the blest hour of fruition is here.

Awake from thy slumbers, oh, beautiful world!
The bridegroom is coming, he calleth thee now;
So eager to meet thee, so eager to greet thee,
And fix Hymen's seal, for all time, on thy brow.

Awake from thy slumbers, oh, beautiful world!
The bridegroom is coming, the crown of thy youth;
His name lives in story, in letters of glory,
'Tis written, behold! it is truth! it is truth!

Painesville, Ohio.

THE FOUR-FIFTEEN EXPRESS.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

PART I.

The events which I am about to relate took place between nine and ten years ago. Sebastopol had fallen in the early spring; the peace of Paris had been concluded since March; our commercial relations with the Russian empire were but recently renewed; and I, returning home, after my first northward journey since the war, was well pleased with the prospect of spending the month of December under the hospitable and thoroughly English roof of my excellent friend Jonathan Jelf, Esquire, of Dumbleton Manor, Clayborough, East Anglia. Traveling in the interests of the well-known firm in which it is my lot to be a junior partner, I had been called upon to visit, not only the capitals of Russia and Poland, but had found it also necessary to pass some weeks among the trading ports of the Baltic; whence it came that the year was already far spent before I again set foot on English soil, and that, instead of shooting pheasants with him as I had hoped, in October, I came to be my friend's guest during the more genial Christmastide.

My voyage over, and a few days given up to business in Liverpool and London, I hastened down to Clayborough with all the delight of a school-boy whose holidays are at hand. My way lay by the Great East Anglian line as far as Clayborough station, where I was to be met by one of the Dumbleton carriages and conveyed across the remaining nine miles of country. It was a foggy afternoon, singularly warm for the 4th of December, and I had arranged to leave London by the 4:15 express. The early darkness of winter had already closed in; the lamps were lighted in the carriages; a clinging damp dimmed the windows, adhered to the door-handles, and pervaded all the atmosphere; while the gas-jets at the neighboring book-stand diffused a luminous haze that only served to make the gloom of the terminus more visible. Having arrived some seven minutes before the starting of the train, and, by the connivance of the guard, taken sole possession of an empty compartment, I lighted my traveling lamp, made myself particularly snug, and settled down to the undisturbed enjoyment of a book and a cigar. Great, therefore, was my disappointment when at the last moment, a gentleman came hurrying along the platform, glanced into my carriage, opened the locked door with a private key, and stepped in.

It struck me at the first glance that I had seen him before—a tall, spare man, thin-lipped, light-eyed, with an ungraceful stoop in the shoulders, and scant gray hair worn somewhat long upon the collar. He carried a light waterproof coat, an umbrella, and a large brown japanned deed-box, which last he placed under the seat. This done, he felt carefully in his breast-pocket, as if to make certain of the safety of his purse or pocket-book; laid his umbrella in the netting overhead; spread the water-proof across his knees; and exchanged his hat for a travelling cap of some Scotch material. By this time the train was moving out of

the station, and into the faint gray of the wintry twilight beyond.

I now recognized my companion. I recognized him from the moment when he removed his hat and uncovered the lofty, furrowed, and somewhat narrow brow beneath. I had met him as I distinctly remembered, some three years before, at the very house for which, in all probability, he was now bound, like myself. His name was Dwerrihouse; he was a lawyer by profession; and if I was not greatly mistaken, was first cousin to the wife of my host. I knew also that he was a man eminently "well to do," both as regarded his professional and private means. The Jelfs entertained him with that sort of observant courtesy which falls to the lot of the rich relation; the children made much of him; and the old butler, albeit somewhat surly "to the general," treated him with deference. I thought, observing him by the vague mixture of lamplight and twilight, that Mrs. Jelf's cousin looked all the worse for the three year's wear and tear which had gone over his head since our last meeting. He was very pale, and had a restless light in his eye that I did not remember to have observed before. The anxious lines, too, about his mouth were deepened, and there was a cavernous, hollow look about the cheeks and temples which seemed to speak of sickness or sorrow. He had glanced at me as he came in, but without any gleam of recognition in his face. Now he glanced again, as I fancied somewhat doubtfully. When he did so for the third or fourth time, I ventured to address him.

"Mr. John Dwerrihouse, I think?"

"That is my name," he replied.

"I had the pleasure of meeting you at Dumbleton about three years ago."

Mr. Dwerrihouse bowed.

"I thought I knew your face," he said. "But your name, I regret to say—"

"Langford—William Langford. I have known Jonathan Jelf since we were boys together at Merchant Taylor's, and I generally spend a few weeks at Dumbleton in the shooting season. I suppose we are bound for the same destination?"

"Not if you are on your way to the Manor," he replied. "I am traveling upon business—rather troublesome business too—whilst you, doubtless, have only pleasure in view."

"Just so. I am in the habit of looking forward to this visit as to the brightest three weeks in all the year."

"It is a pleasant house," said Mr. Dwerrihouse.

"The pleasantest I know."

"And Jelf is thoroughly hospitable."

"The best and kindest fellow in the world!"

"They have invited me to spend Christmas week with them," pursued Mr. Dwerrihouse, after a moment's pause.

"And you are coming?"

"I cannot tell. It must depend on the issue of this business which I have in hand. You have heard, perhaps that we are about to construct a branch line from Blackwater to Stockbridge."

I explained that I had been for some months away from England, and had therefore heard nothing of the contemplated improvement.

Mr. Dwerrihouse smiled complacently.

"It will be an improvement," he said; "a great improvement. Stockbridge is a flourishing town, and needs but a more direct railway communication with the metropolis to become an important center of commerce. This branch was my own idea. I brought the project before the board, and have myself superintended the execution of it up to the present time."

"You are an East Anglian director, I presume?"

"My interest in the company," replied Mr. Dwerrihouse, "is threefold. I am a director; I am a considerable shareholder; and as head of the firm of Dwerrihouse, Dwerrihouse and Craik, I am the company's principal solicitor."

Loquacious, self-important, full of his pet project, and apparently unable to talk on any other subject, Mr. Dwerrihouse then went on to tell of the opposition he had encountered and the obstacles he had overcome in the cause of the Stockbridge branch. I was entertained with a multitude of local details and local grievances. The rapacity of one squire; the impracticability of another; the indignation of the rector whose glebe was threatened; the culpable indifference of the Stockbridge townspeople, who could not be brought to see that their most vital interests hinged upon a junction with the Great East Anglian line; the spite of the local newspaper; and the unheard-of difficulties attending the common question, were each and all laid before me with a circumstantiality that possessed the deepest interest for my excellent fellow-traveler, but none

whatever for myself. From these, to my despair, he went on to more intricate matters; to the approximate expenses of construction per mile; to the estimates sent in by different contractors; to the probable traffic returns of the new line; to the provisional clauses of the new Act as enumerated in Schedule D of the company's last half-yearly report; and so on, and on, and on, till my head ached, and my attention flagged, and my eyes kept closing in spite of every effort that I made to keep them open. At length I was roused by these words—

"Seventy-five thousand pounds, cash down."

"Seventy-five thousand pounds, cash down," I repeated, in the liveliest tone I could assume. "That is a heavy sum."

"A heavy sum to carry here," replied Mr. Dwerrihouse, pointing significantly to his breast pocket, "but a mere fraction of what we shall ultimately have to pay."

"You do not mean to say that you have seventy-five thousand pounds at this moment upon your person?" I exclaimed.

"My good sir, have I not been telling you so for the last half-hour?" said Mr. Dwerrihouse, testily. "That money has to be paid over at half-past eight o'clock this evening, at the office of Sir Thomas's solicitors, on completion of the deed of sale."

"But how will you get across by night from Blackwater to Stockbridge, with seventy-five thousand pounds in your pocket?"

"To Stockbridge!" echoed the lawyer. "I find I have made myself very imperfectly understood. I thought I had explained how this sum only carries us as far as Mallingsford—the first stage, as it were, of our journey—and how our route from Blackwater to Mallingsford lies entirely through Sir Thomas Liddell's property."

"I beg your pardon," I stammered. "I fear my thoughts were wandering. So you only go as far as Mallingsford to-night?"

"Precisely. I shall get conveyance from the 'Blackwater Arms.' And you?"

"Oh, Jelf sends a trap to meet me at Clayborough. Can I be the bearer of any message from you?"

"You may say, if you please, Mr. Langford, that I wished I could have been your companion all the way, and that I will come over, if possible, before Christmas."

"Nothing more?"

Mr. Dwerrihouse smiled grimly. "Well," he said, "you may tell my cousin that she need not burn the hall down in my honor this time, and that I shall be obliged if she will order the blue-room chimney to be swept before I arrive."

"That sounds tragic. Had you a conflagration on the occasion of your last visit to Dumbleton?"

"Something like it. There had been no fire lighted in my bed-room since the spring, the flue was foul, and the rooks had built in it; so when I went up to dress for dinner, I found the room full of smoke, and the chimney on fire. Are we already at Blackwater?"

The train had gradually come to a pause while Mr. Dwerrihouse was speaking, and, on putting my head out of the window, I could see the station some few hundred yards ahead. There was another train before us blocking the way and the guard was making use of the delay to collect the Blackwater tickets. I had scarcely ascertained our position, when the ruddy-faced official appeared at our carriage door.

"Tickets, sir!" said he.

"I am for Clayborough," I replied, holding out the tiny pink card.

He took it; glanced at it by the light of his little lantern; gave it back; looked, as I fancied, somewhat sharply at my fellow-traveler, and disappeared.

"He did not ask for yours," I said with some surprise.

"They never do," replied Mr. Dwerrihouse. "They all know me; and, of course, I travel free."

"Blackwater! Blackwater!" cried the porter, running along the platform beside us, as we glided into the station.

Mr. Dwerrihouse pulled out his deed box, put his traveling cap in his pocket, resumed his hat, took down his umbrella, and prepared to be gone.

"Many thanks, Mr. Langford, for your society," he said, with old-fashioned courtesy. "I wish you a good evening."

"Good evening," I replied, putting out my hand.

But he either did not see it, or did not choose to see it, and slightly lifting his hat, stepped out upon the platform. Having done this, he moved slowly away, and mingled with the departing crowd.

Leaning forward to watch him out of sight, I trod upon something which proved to be a cigar-case. It had fallen, no doubt, from the pocket of his waterproof coat, and was

made of dark morocco leather, with a silver monogram upon the side. I sprang out of the carriage just as the guard came up to lock me in.

"Is there one minute to spare?" I asked eagerly. "The gentleman who traveled down with me from town has dropped his cigar-case—he is not yet out of the station!"

"Just a minute and a half, sir," replied the guard. "You must be quick."

I dashed along the platform as fast as my feet could carry me. It was a large station, and Mr. Dwerrihouse had by this time got more than half way to the farther end.

I, however, saw him distinctly moving slowly with the stream. Then, as I drew nearer, I saw that he had met some friend—that they were talking as they walked—that they presently fell back somewhat from the crowd, and stood aside in earnest conversation. I made straight for the spot where they were waiting. There was a vivid gasjet just above their head, and the light fell full upon their faces. I saw both distinctly—the face of Mr. Dwerrihouse and the face of his companion. Running, breathless, eager as I was, getting in the way of porters and passengers, and fearful every instant lest I should see the train going on without me, I yet observed that the new comer was considerably younger and shorter than the director, that he was sandy-haired, mustachioed, small-featured, and dressed in a close-cut suit of Scotch tweed. I was now within a few yards of them. I ran against a stout gentleman—I was nearly knocked down by a luggage-truck—I stumbled over a carpet-bag—I gained the spot just as the driver's whistle warned me to return.

To my utter stupefaction they were no longer there. I had seen them but two seconds before—and they were gone! I stood still. I looked to right and left. I saw no sign of them in any direction. It was as if the platform had gaped and swallowed them.

"There were two gentlemen standing here a moment ago," I said to a porter at my elbow; "which way can they have gone?"

"I saw no gentlemen, sir," replied the man.

The whistle shrilled out again. The guard, far up the platform, held out his arm, and shouted to me to "Come on!"

"If you're going on by this train, sir," said the porter, "you must run for it."

I did run for it, just gained the carriage as the train began to move, was shoved in by the guard, and left breathless and bewildered, with Mr. Dwerrihouse's cigar-case still in my hand.

It was the strangest disappearance in the world. It was like a transformation trick in a pantomime. They were there one moment—palpably there, talking with the gas-light full upon their faces; and the next moment they were gone. There was no door near—no window—no staircase. It was a mere slip of barren platform, tapestried with big advertisements. Could anything be more mysterious?

It was not worth thinking about; and yet, for my life, I could not help pondering, wondering, turning it over and over in my mind, and beating my brains for the solution of the enigma. I thought of it all the way from Blackwater to Clayborough. I thought of it all the way from Clayborough to Dumbleton, as I rattled along the smooth highway in a trim dog-cart drawn by a splendid black mare, and driven by the silentest and dapperest of East Anglian grooms.

We did the nine miles in something less than an hour, and pulled up before the lodge-gates just as the church-clock was striking half-past seven. A couple of minutes more, and the warm glow of the lighted hall was flooding out upon the gravel, a hearty grasp was on my hand, and a clear, jovial voice was bidding me "Welcome to Dumbleton."

"And now, my dear fellow," said my host, when the first greeting was over, "you have no time to spare. We dine at eight, and there are people coming to meet you; so you must just get the dressing business over as quickly as may be. By the way, you will meet some acquaintances. The Biddulphs are coming, and Prendergast (Prendergast, of the Skirmishers) is staying in the house. Adieu! Mrs. Jelf will be expecting you in the drawing room."

I was ushered to my room,—not the blue room, of which Mr. Dwerrihouse had made disagreeable experience, but a pretty little bachelor's chamber, hung with a delicate chintz, and made cheerful by a blazing fire. I unlocked my portmanteau. I tried to be expeditious; but the memory of my railway adventure haunted me. I could not get free of it. I could not shake it off. It impeded me,—it worried me,—it tripped me up,—it caused me to mislay my studs,—to mislay my cravat,—to wrench the buttons off my gloves. Worst of all, it made me so late that the party had all assembled before I reached the drawing-room. I had scarcely paid my respects to Mrs. Jelf when dinner was announced, and we paired off, some eight or ten couples strong, into the dining room.

I am not going to describe either the guests or the dinner. All provincial parties bear the strictest family resemblance, and I am not aware that an East Anglian banquet offers any exception to the rule. There was the usual country baronet and his wife; there were the usual country parsons

and their wives; there was the sempiternal turkey and haunch of venison. *Vanitas vanitatum*. There is nothing new under the sun.

I was placed about midway down the table. I had taken one rector's wife down to dinner, and I had another at my left hand. They talked across me, and their talk was about babies. It was dreadfully dull. At length there came a pause. The entrees had just been removed, and the turkey had come upon the scene. The conversation had all along been of the languidest, but at this moment it happened to have stagnated altogether. Jelf was carving the turkey. Mrs. Jelf looked as if she was trying to think of something to say. Everybody else was silent. Moved by an unlucky impulse, I thought I would relate my adventure.

"By the way, Jelf," I began, "I came down part of the way to-day with a friend of yours."

"Indeed!" said the master of the feast, slicing scientifically into the breast of the turkey. "With whom, pray?"

"With one who bade me tell you that he should, if possible, pay you a visit before Christmas."

"I cannot think who that could be," said my friend, smiling.

"It must be Major Thorp," suggested Mrs. Jelf.

I shook my head.

"It was not Major Thorp," I replied. "It was a near relation of your own, Mrs. Jelf."

"Then I am more puzzled than ever," replied my hostess. "Pray tell me who it was."

"It was no less a person than your cousin, Mr. John Dwerrihouse."

Jonathan Jelf laid down his knife and fork. Mrs. Jelf looked at me in a strange, startled way, and never said a word.

"And he desired me to tell you, my dear madam, that you need not take the trouble to burn the Hall down in his honor this time; but only to have the chimney of the blue room swept before his arrival."

Before I had reached the end of my sentence, I became aware of something ominous in the faces of the guests. I felt I had said something which I had better have left unsaid, and that for some unexplained reason my words had evoked a general consternation. I sat confounded, not daring to utter another syllable, and for at least two whole minutes there was dead silence round the table. Then Captain Prendergast came to the rescue.

"You have been abroad for some months, have you not, Mr. Langford?" he said, with the desperation of one who flings himself into the breach. "I heard you had been to Russia. Surely you have something to tell us of the state and temper of the country after the war?"

I was heartily grateful to the gallant Skirmisher for this diversion in my favor. I answered him, I fear, somewhat lamely; but he kept the conversation up, and presently one or two others joined in, and so the difficulty, whatever it might have been, was bridged over. Bridged over, but not repaired. A something, an awkwardness, a visible constraint remained. The guests hitherto had been simply dull; but now they were evidently uncomfortable and embarrassed.

The dessert had scarcely been placed upon the table when the ladies left the room. I seized the opportunity to select a vacant chair next Captain Prendergast.

"In heaven's name," I whispered, "what was the matter just now? What had I said?"

"You mentioned the name of John Dwerrihouse."

"What of that? I had seen him not two hours before."

"It is a most astounding circumstance that you should have seen him," said Captain Prendergast. "Are you sure it was he?"

"As sure as of my own identity. We were talking all the way between London and Blackwater. But why does that surprise you?"

"Because," replied Captain Prendergast, dropping his voice to the lowest whisper,—"because John Dwerrihouse absconded three months ago, with seventy-five thousand pounds of the Company's money, and has never been heard of since."

PART II.

John Dwerrihouse had absconded three months ago,—and I had seen him only a few hours back. John Dwerrihouse had embezzled seventy-five thousand pounds of the Company's money,—yet told me that he carried that sum upon his person. Were ever facts so strangely incongruous, so difficult to reconcile? How should he have ventured again into the light of day? How dared he show himself along the line? Above all, what had he been doing throughout those mysterious three months of disappearance?

Perplexing questions these. Questions which at once suggested themselves to the minds of all concerned, but which admitted of no easy solution. I could find no reply to them. Captain Prendergast had not even a suggestion to offer. Jonathan Jelf, who seized the first opportunity of drawing me aside and learning all that I had to tell, was more amazed and bewildered than either of us. He came to my room that night, when all the guests were gone, and we talked the thing over from every point of view,—without, it must be confessed, arriving at any kind of conclusion.

"I do not ask you," he said, "whether you can have mistaken your man. That is impossible."

"As impossible as that I should mistake some stranger for yourself."

"It is not a question of looks or voice, but of facts. That he should have alluded to the fire in the blue room is proof enough of John Dwerrihouse's identity. How did he look?"

"Older, I thought. Considerably older, paler, and more anxious."

"He has had enough to make him look anxious, anyhow," said my friend, gloomily; "be he innocent or guilty."

"I am inclined to believe that he is innocent," I replied. "He showed no embarrassment when I addressed him, and no uneasiness when the guard came round. His conversation was open to a fault. I might almost say that he talked too freely of the business which he had in hand."

"That again is strange; for I know no one more reticent on such subjects. He actually told you that he had seventy-five thousand pounds in his pocket?"

"He did."

"Humph! My wife has an idea about it, and she may be right—"

"What idea?"

"Well, she fancies,—women are so clever, you know, at putting themselves inside people's motives,—she fancies that he was tempted; that he did actually take the money; and that he has been concealing himself these three months in some wild part of the country,—struggling possibly with his conscience all the time, and daring neither to abscond with his booty, nor to come back and restore it."

"But now that he has come back?"

"That is the point. She conceives that he has probably thrown himself upon the Company's mercy; made restitution of the money; and, being forgiven, is permitted to carry the business through as if nothing whatever had happened."

"The last," I replied, "is an impossible case. Mrs. Jelf thinks like a generous and delicate-minded woman; but not in the least like a board of railway directors. They would never carry forgiveness so far."

"I fear not; and yet it is the only conjecture that bears a semblance of likelihood. However, we can run over to Clayborough to-morrow, and see if anything is to be learned. By the way, Prendergast tells me you picked up his cigar-case?"

"I did so, and here it is."

Jelf took the cigar-case, examined it by the light of the lamp, and said at once that it was beyond doubt Mr. Dwerrihouse's property, and that he remembered to have seen him use it.

"Here, too, is his monogram on the side," he added. "A big J transfixing a capital D. He used to carry the same on his note-paper."

"It offers at all events, a proof that I was not dreaming."

"Ay; but it is time you were asleep and dreaming now. I am ashamed to have kept you up so long. Good night."

"Good night, and remember that I am more than ready to go with you to Clayborough, or Blackwater, or London, or anywhere, if I can be of the least service."

"Thanks! I know you mean it, old friend, and it may be that I shall put you to the test. Once more, good night."

So we parted for that night, and met again in the breakfast-room at half past eight next morning. It was a hurried, silent, uncomfortable meal. None of us had slept well, and all were thinking of the same subject. Mrs. Jelf had evidently been crying; Jelf was impatient to be off; and both Captain Prendergast and myself felt ourselves to be in the painful position of outsiders, who are involuntarily brought into a domestic trouble. Within twenty minutes after we had left the breakfast-table, the dog-cart was brought round, and my friend and I were on the road to Clayborough.

"Tell you what it is, Langford," he said, as we sped along between the wintry hedges, "I do not much fancy to bring up Dwerrihouse's name at Clayborough. All the officials know that he is my wife's relation, and the subject just now is hardly a pleasant one. If you don't much mind, we will take the 11:10 to Blackwater. It's an important station, and we shall stand a far better chance of picking up information there than at Clayborough."

So we took the 11:10, which happened to be an express, and, arriving at Blackwater about a quarter before twelve, proceeded at once to prosecute our inquiry.

We began by asking for the station-master,—a big, blunt, business-like person, who at once averred that he knew Mr. John Dwerrihouse perfectly well, and that there was no director on the line whom he had seen and spoken to so frequently.

"He used to be down here two or three times a week, about three months ago," said he, "when the new line was first set afoot, but since then, you know, gentlemen—"

He paused significantly.

Jelf flushed scarlet.

"Yes, yes," he said, hurriedly, "we know all about that. The point now to be ascertained is whether anything has been seen or heard of him lately."

"Not to my knowledge," replied the station-master.

"He is not known to have been down the line any time yesterday, for instance?"

The station-master shook his head.

"The East Anglian, sir," said he, "is about the last place where he would dare to show himself. Why, there isn't a station-master, there isn't a guard, there isn't a porter, who doesn't know Mr. Dwerrihouse by sight as well as he knows his own face in a looking-glass; or who wouldn't telegraph for the police as soon as he had set eyes on him at any point along the line. Bless you, sir! there's been a standing order out against him ever since the twenty-fifth of September last."

"And yet," pursued my friend, "a gentleman who traveled down yesterday from London to Clayborough by the afternoon express testifies that he saw Mr. Dwerrihouse in the train, and that Mr. Dwerrihouse alighted at Blackwater station."

"Quite impossible, sir," replied the station-master, promptly.

"Why impossible?"

"Because there is no station along the line where he is so well known, or where he would run so great a risk. It would be just running his head into the lion's mouth. He would have been mad to come nigh Blackwater station; and if he had come, he would have been arrested before he left the platform."

"Can you tell me who took the Blackwater tickets of that train?"

"I can, sir. It was the guard,—Benjamin Somers."

"And where can I find him?"

"You can find him, sir, by staying here, if you please, till one o'clock. He will be coming through with the up express from Crampton, which stays at Blackwater for ten minutes."

We waited for the up express, beguiling the time as best we could by strolling along the Blackwater road till we came almost to the outskirts of the town, from which the station was distant nearly a couple of miles. By one o'clock we were back again upon the platform, and waiting for the train. It came punctually, and I at once recognized the ruddy-faced guard who had gone down with my train the evening before.

"The gentlemen want to ask you something about Mr. Dwerrihouse, Somers," said the station-master, by way of introduction.

The guard flashed a keen glance from my face to Jelf's, and back again to mine.

"Mr. John Dwerrihouse, the late director?" said he, interrogatively.

"The same," replied my friend. "Should you know him if you saw him?"

"Anywhere, sir."

"Do you know if he was in the 4:15 express yesterday afternoon?"

"He was not, sir."

"How can you answer so positively?"

"Because I looked into every carriage, and saw every face in that train, and I could take my oath that Mr. Dwerrihouse was not in it. This gentleman was," he added, turning sharply upon me. "I don't know that I ever saw him before in my life, but I remember his face perfectly. You nearly missed taking your seat in time at this station, sir, and you got out at Clayborough."

"Quite true, guard," I replied; "but do you not also remember the face of the gentleman who traveled down in the same carriage with me as far as here?"

"It was my impression, sir, that you traveled down alone," said Somers, with a look of some surprise.

"By no means. I had a fellow-traveler as far as Blackwater, and it was in trying to restore him the cigar-case which he had dropped in the carriage, that I so nearly let you go on without me."

"I remember your saying something about a cigar-case, certainly," replied the guard, "but—"

"You asked for my ticket just before we entered the station."

"I did, sir."

"Then you must have seen him. He sat in the corner next the very door to which you came."

"No, indeed. I saw no one."

I looked at Jelf. I began to think the guard was in the ex-director's confidence, and paid for his silence.

"If I had seen another traveler I should have asked for his ticket," added Somers. "Did you see me ask for his ticket, sir?"

"I observed that you did not ask for it, but he explained that by saying—" I hesitated. I feared I might be telling too much, and so broke off abruptly.

The guard and the station-master exchanged glances. The former looked impatiently at his watch.

"I am obliged to go on in four minutes more, sir," he said.

"One last question, then," interposed Jelf, with a sort of desperation. "If this gentleman's fellow-traveler had been Mr. John Dwerrihouse, and he had been sitting in the corner next the door by which you took the tickets, could you have failed to see and recognize him?"

"No, sir; it would have been quite impossible."

"And you are certain you did not see him?"

"As I said before, sir, I could take my oath I did not see him. And if it wasn't that I don't like to contradict a gentleman, I would say I could also take my oath that this gentleman was quite alone in the carriage the whole way from London to Clayborough. Why, sir," he added, dropping his voice so as to be inaudible to the station-master, who had been called away to speak to some person close by, "you expressly asked me to give you a compartment to yourself, and I did so. I locked you in, and you were so good as to give me something for myself."

"Yes; but Mr. Dwerrihouse had a key of his own."

"I never saw him, sir; I saw no one in that compartment but yourself. Beg pardon, sir, my time's up."

And with this the ruddy guard touched his cap and was gone. In another minute the heavy panting of the engine began afresh, and the train glided slowly out of the station.

We looked at each other for some moments in silence. I was the first to speak.

"Mr. Benjamin Somers knows more than he chooses to tell," I said.

"Humph! do you think so?"

"It must be. He could not have come to the door without seeing him. It's impossible."

"There is one thing not impossible, my dear fellow."

"What is that?"

"That you may have fallen asleep, and dreamt the whole thing."

"Could I dream of a branch line that I had never heard of? Could I dream of a hundred and one business details that had no kind of interest for me? Could I dream of the seventy-five thousand pounds?"

"Perhaps you might have seen or heard some vague account of the affair while you were abroad. It might have made no impression upon you at the time, and might have come back to you in your dreams—recalled, perhaps, by the mere names of the stations on the line."

"What about the fire in the chimney of the blue room—should I have heard of that during my journey?"

"Well, no; I admit there is a difficulty about that point."

"And what about the cigar-case?"

"Ay, by Jove! there is the cigar-case. That is a stubborn fact. Well, it's a mysterious affair, and it will need a better detective than myself, I fancy, to clear it up. I suppose we may as well go home."

PART III.

A week had not gone by when I received a letter from the Secretary of the East Anglian Railway Company, requesting the favor of my attendance at a special board meeting, not then many days distant. No reasons were alleged, and no apologies offered, for this demand upon my time; but they had heard, it was clear, of my inquiries anent the missing director, and had a mind to put me through some sort of official examination upon the subject. Being still a guest at Dumbleton Hall, I had to go up to London for the purpose, and Jonathan Jelf accompanied me. I found the direction of the Great East Anglian line represented by a party of some twelve or fourteen gentlemen seated in solemn conclave round a huge green-baize table, in a gloomy Board-room, adjoining the London terminus.

Being courteously received by the chairman, (who at once began by saying that certain statements of mine respecting Mr. John Dwerrihouse had come to the knowledge of the direction, and that they in consequence desired to confer with me on those points,) we were placed at the table, and the inquiry proceeded in due form.

I was asked if I knew Mr. John Dwerrihouse, how long I had been acquainted with him, and whether I could identify him at sight? I was then asked when I had seen him last? To which I replied, "On the fourth of this present month, December, eighteen hundred and fifty-six." Then came the inquiry of where I had seen him on that fourth day of December; to which I replied that I met him in a first-class compartment of the 4:15 down-express; that he got in just as the train was leaving the London terminus, and that he alighted at Blackwater station. The chairman then inquired whether I had held any communication with my fellow-traveler; whereupon I related, as nearly as I could remember it, the whole bulk and substance of Mr. John Dwerrihouse's diffuse information respecting the new branch line.

To all this the board listened with profound attention, while the chairman presided and the secretary took notes. I then produced the cigar-case. It was passed from hand to hand and recognized by all. There was not a man present who did not remember that plain cigar-case with its silver monogram, or to whom it seemed anything less than entirely corroborative of my evidence. When at length I had told all that I had to tell, the chairman whispered something to the secretary; the secretary touched a silver hand-bell; and the guard, Benjamin Somers, was ushered into the room. He was then examined as carefully as myself. He declared that he knew Mr. John Dwerrihouse perfectly well; that he could not be mistaken in him; that he remembered going down with the 4:15 express on the after-

noon in question; that he remembered me; and that, there being one or two empty first-class compartments on that especial afternoon, he had, in compliance with my request, placed me in a carriage by myself. He was positive that I remained alone in that compartment all the way from London to Clayborough. He was ready to take his oath that Mr. Dwerrihouse was neither in that carriage with me, nor in any compartment of that train. He remembered distinctly to have examined my ticket at Blackwater; was certain that there was no one else at that time in the carriage; could not have failed to observe any second person, had there been one; had that second person been Mr. John Dwerrihouse, should have quietly double-locked the door of the carriage, and have at once given information to the Blackwater station-master. So clear, so decisive, so ready was Somers with this testimony, that the board looked fairly puzzled.

"You hear this person's statement, Mr. Langford," said the chairman. "It contradicts yours in every particular. What have you to say in reply?"

"I can only repeat what I said before. I am quite as positive of the truth of my assertions as Mr. Somers can be of the truth of his."

"You say that Mr. Dwerrihouse alighted at Blackwater, and that he was in possession of a private key. Are you sure that he had not alighted by means of that key before the guard came round for the tickets?"

"I am quite positive that he did not leave the carriage till the train had fairly entered the station, and the other Blackwater passengers alighted. I even saw that he was met there by a friend."

"Indeed! Did you see that person distinctly?"

"Quite distinctly."

"Can you describe his appearance?"

"I think so. He was short and very slight, sandy-haired, with a bushy moustache and beard, and he wore a closely-fitting suit of gray tweed. His age I should take to be about thirty-eight or forty."

"Did Mr. Dwerrihouse leave the station in this person's company?"

"I cannot tell. I saw them walking together down the platform, and then I saw them standing aside under a gas-jet talking earnestly. After that I lost sight of them quite suddenly; and just then my train went on, and I with it."

The chairman and secretary conferred together in an undertone. The directors whispered to each other. One or two looked suspiciously at the guard. I could see that my evidence remained unshaken, and that, like myself, they suspected some complicity between the guard and the defaulter.

"How far did you conduct that 4:15 express on the day in question, Somers?" asked the chairman.

"All through, sir," replied the guard; "from London to Crampton."

"How was it that you were not relieved at Clayborough? I thought there was always a change of guards at Clayborough."

"There used to be, sir, till the new regulations came in force last Midsummer; since when, the guards in charge of express trains go the whole way through."

The chairman turned to the secretary.

"I think it would be as well," he said, "if he we had the day book to refer to upon this point."

Again the secretary touched the silver hand-bell, and desired the porter in attendance to summon Mr. Ralkes. From a word or two dropped by another of the directors, I gathered that Mr. Ralkes was one of the under-secretaries.

He came,—a small, slight, sandy-haired, keen-eyed man, with an eager, nervous manner, and a forest of light beard and moustache. He just showed himself at the door of the board-room, and, being requested to bring a certain day-book from a certain shelf in a certain room, bowed and vanished.

He was there such a moment, and the surprise of seeing him was so great and sudden, that it was not till the door had closed upon him that I found voice to speak. He was no sooner gone, however, than I sprang to my feet.

"That person," I said, "is the same who met Mr. Dwerrihouse upon the platform at Blackwater!"

There was a general movement of surprise. The chairman looked grave and somewhat agitated.

"Take care, Mr. Langford," he said, "take care what you say!"

"I am as positive of his identity as of my own."

"Do you consider the consequences of your words? Do you consider that you are bringing a charge of the gravest character against one of the company's servants?"

"I am willing to be put on my oath, if necessary. The man who came to that door a minute since, is the same whom I saw talking with Mr. Dwerrihouse on the Blackwater platform. Were he twenty times the company's servant, I could say neither more nor less."

The chairman turned again to the guard.

"Did you see Mr. Ralkes on the train, or on the platform?" he asked.

Somers shook his head.

"I am confident Mr. Ralkes was not in the train," he said; "and I certainly did not see him on the platform."

The chairman turned next to the secretary.

"Mr. Raikes is in your office, Mr. Hunter," he said. "Can you remember if he was absent on the fourth instant?"

"I do not think he was," replied the secretary; "but I am not prepared to speak positively. I have been away most afternoons myself lately, and Mr. Raikes might easily have absented himself if he had been disposed."

At this moment the under-secretary returned with the day book under his arm.

"Be pleased to refer, Mr. Raikes," said the chairman, "to the entries of the fourth instant, and see what Benjamin Somers' duties were on that day."

Mr. Raikes threw open the cumbersome volume, and ran a practiced eye and finger down some three or four successive columns of entries. Stopping suddenly at the foot of a page, he then read aloud that Benjamin Somers had on that day conducted the 4:15 express from London to Crampton.

The chairman leaned forward in his seat, looked the under-secretary full in the face, and said, quite sharply and suddenly,—

"Where were you, Mr. Raikes, on the same afternoon?"

"I, sir?"

"You, Mr. Raikes. Where were you on the afternoon and evening of the fourth of the present month?"

"Here, sir—in Mr. Hunter's office. Where else should I be?"

There was a dash of trepidation in the under-secretary's voice as he said this; but his look of surprise was natural enough.

"We have some reason for believing, Mr. Raikes, that you were absent that afternoon without leave. Was this the case?"

"Certainly not, sir. I have not had a day's holiday since September. Mr. Hunter will bear me out in this."

Mr. Hunter repeated what he had previously said on the subject, but added that the clerks in the adjoining office would be certain to know. Whereupon the senior clerk, a grave, middle-aged person, in green glasses, was summoned and interrogated.

His testimony cleared the under-secretary at once. He declared that Mr. Raikes had in no instance, to his knowledge, been absent during office hours since his return from his annual holiday in September.

I was confounded. The chairman turned to me with a smile, in which a shade of covert annoyance was scarcely apparent.

"You hear, Mr. Langford?" he said.

"I hear, sir; but my conviction remains unshaken."

"I fear, Mr. Langford, that your convictions are very insufficiently based," replied the chairman, with a doubtful cough. "I fear that you 'dream dreams,' and mistake them for actual occurrences. It is a dangerous habit of mind, and might lead to dangerous results. Mr. Raikes here would have found himself in an unpleasant position had he not proved so satisfactory an *alibi*."

I was about to reply, but he gave me no time.

"I think, gentlemen," he went on to say, addressing the board, "that we should be wasting time to push this inquiry further. Mr. Langford's evidence would seem to be of an equal value throughout. The testimony of Benjamin Somers disproves his first statement, and the testimony of the last witness disproves his second. I think we may conclude that Mr. Langford fell asleep in the train on the occasion of his journey to Clayborough, and dreamt an unusually vivid and circumstantial dream—of which, however, we have now heard quite enough."

There are few things more annoying than to find one's positive convictions met with incredulity. I could not help feeling impatience at the turn that affairs had taken. I was not proof against the civil sarcasm of the chairman's manner. Most intolerable of all, however, was the quiet smile lurking about the corners of Benjamin Somers' mouth, and the half-triumphant, half-malicious gleam in the eyes of the under-secretary. The man was evidently puzzled, and somewhat alarmed. His looks seemed furtively to interrogate me. Who was I? What did I want? Why had I come there to do him an ill turn with his employers? What was it to me whether or no he was absent without leave?

Seeing all this, and perhaps more irritated by it than the thing deserved, I begged leave to detain the attention of the board for a moment longer. Jelf plucked me impatiently by the sleeve.

"Better let the thing drop," he whispered. "The chairman's right enough. You dreamt it; and the less said now, the better."

I was not to be silenced, however, in this fashion. I had yet something to say, and I would say it. It was to this effect: That dreams are not usually productive of tangible results, and that I requested to know in what way the chairman conceived I had evolved from my dream so substantial and well-made a delusion as the cigar-case which I had had the honor to place before him at the commencement of our interview.

"The cigar-case, I admit, Mr. Langford," the chairman replied, "is a very strong point in your evidence. It is your *only* strong point, however, and there is just a possibility that we may all be misled by a mere accidental resemblance. Will you permit me to see the case again?"

"It is unlikely," I said, as I handed it to him, "that any other should bear precisely this monogram, and yet be in all other particulars exactly similar."

The chairman examined it for a moment in silence, and then passed it to Mr. Hunter. Mr. Hunter turned it over and over, and shook his head.

"This is no mere resemblance," he said. "It is John Dwerrihouse's cigar-case to a certainty. I remember it perfectly. I have seen it a hundred times."

"I believe I may say the same," added the chairman. "Yet how account for the way in which Mr. Langford asserts that it came into his possession?"

"I can only repeat," I replied, "that I found it on the floor of the carriage after Mr. Dwerrihouse had alighted. It was in leaning out to look after him that I trod upon it; and it was in running after him for the purpose of restoring it that I saw—or believed I saw—Mr. Raikes standing aside with him in earnest conversation."

Again I felt Jonathan Jelf plucking at my sleeve.

"Look at Raikes," he whispered. "Look at Raikes!"

I turned to where the under-secretary had been standing a moment before, and saw him, white as death, with lips trembling and livid, stealing toward the door.

To conceive a sudden, strange, and indefinite suspicion; to fling myself in his way; to take him by the shoulders as if he were a child, and turn his craven face, perforce, toward the board, were with me the work of an instant.

"Look at him!" I exclaimed. "Look at his face! I ask no better witness to the truth of my words."

The chairman's brow darkened.

"Mr. Raikes," he said, sternly, "if you know anything you had better speak."

Vainly trying to wrench himself from my grasp, the under-secretary stammered out an incoherent denial.

"Let me go," he said. "I know nothing—you have no right to detain me—let me go!"

"Did you, or did you not, meet Mr. John Dwerrihouse at Blackwater station? The charge brought against you is either true or false. If true, you will do well to throw yourself upon the mercy of the board, and make a full confession of all that you know."

The under-secretary wrung his hands in an agony of helpless terror.

"I was away," he cried. "I was two hundred miles away at the time! I know nothing about it—I have nothing to confess—I am innocent—I call God to witness I am innocent!"

"Two hundred miles away!" echoed the chairman. "What do you mean?"

"I was in Devonshire. I had three weeks' leave of absence—I appeal to Mr. Hunter—Mr. Hunter knows I had three weeks' leave of absence! I was in Devonshire all the time—I can prove I was in Devonshire!"

Seeing him so abject, so incoherent, so wild with apprehension, the directors began to whisper gravely among themselves; while one got quietly up, and called the porter to guard the door.

"What has your being in Devonshire to do with the matter?" said the chairman. "When were you in Devonshire?"

"Mr. Raikes took his leave in September," said the secretary; "about the time when Mr. Dwerrihouse disappeared."

"I never even heard that he had disappeared till I came back!"

"That must remain to be proved," said the chairman. "I shall at once put this matter in the hands of the police. In the meanwhile, Mr. Raikes, being myself a magistrate, and used to deal with these cases, I advise you to offer no resistance; but to confess while confession may yet do you service. As for your accomplice—"

The frightened wretch fell upon his knees.

"I had no accomplice!" he cried. "Only have mercy upon me—only spare my life, and I will confess all! I didn't mean to harm him! I didn't mean to hurt a hair of his head. Only have mercy upon me, and let me go!"

The chairman rose in his place, pale and agitated. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "what horrible mystery is this? What does it mean?"

"As sure as there is a God in heaven," said Jonathan Jelf, "it means that murder has been done."

"No—no—no!" shrieked Raikes, still upon his knees, and cowering like a beaten hound. "Not murder! No jury that ever sat could bring it in murder. I thought I had only stunned him—I never meant to do more than stun him! Manslaughter—manslaughter—not murder!"

Overcome by the horror of this unexpected revelation, the chairman covered his face with his hand, and for a moment or two remained silent.

"Miserable man," he said at length, "you have betrayed yourself."

"You bade me confess! You urged me to throw myself upon the mercy of the board!"

"You have confessed to a crime which no one suspected you of having committed," replied the chairman, "and which this board has no power either to punish or forgive. All that I can do for you is to advise you to submit to the

law, to plead guilty, and to conceal nothing. When did you do this deed?"

The guilty man rose to his feet, and leaned heavily against the table. His answer came reluctantly, like the speech of one dreaming.

"On the twenty-second of September!"

On the twenty-second of September! I looked in Jonathan Jelf's face, and he in mine. I felt my own paling with a strange sense of wonder and dread. I saw his blench suddenly, even to the lips.

"Merciful heaven!" he whispered, "*what was it, then, that you saw in the train?*"

What was it that I saw in the train? That question remains unanswered to this day. I have never been able to reply to it. I only know that it bore the living likeness of the murdered man, whose body had then been lying some ten weeks under a rough pile of branches and brambles, and rotting leaves, at the bottom of a deserted chalk-pit about half way between Blackwater and Mallingsford. I know that it spoke, and moved, and looked as that man spoke, and moved, and looked in life; that I heard, or seemed to hear, things related which I could never otherwise have learned; that I was guided, as it were, by that vision on the platform to the identification of the murderer; and that, a passive instrument myself, I was destined, by means of these mysterious teachings, to bring about the ends of justice. For these things I have never been able to account.

As for that matter of the cigar-case, it proved, on inquiry, that the carriage in which I traveled down that afternoon to Clayborough had not been in use for several weeks, and was, in point of fact, the same in which poor John Dwerrihouse had performed his last journey. The case had, doubtless, been dropped by him, and had lain unnoticed till I found it.

Upon the details of the murder I have no need to dwell. Those who desire more ample particulars may find them and the written confession of Augustus Raikes, in the files of the *Times* for 1856. Enough that the under-secretary, knowing the history of the new line, and following the negotiation step by step through all its stages, determined to waylay Mr. Dwerrihouse, rob him of the seventy-five thousand pounds, and escape to America with his booty.

In order to effect these ends he obtained leave of absence a few days before the time appointed for the payment of the money; secured his passage across the Atlantic in a steamer advertised to start on the twenty-third; provided himself with a heavily loaded "life-preserver," and went down to Blackwater to await the arrival of his victim. How he met him on the platform with a pretended message from the board; how he offered to conduct him by a short cut across the fields to Mallingsford; how, having brought him to a lonely place, he struck him down with the life-preserver, and so killed him; and how, finding what he had done, he dragged the body to the verge of an out-of-the-way chalk pit, and there flung it in, and piled it over with branches and brambles, are facts still fresh in the memories of those who, like the connoisseurs in De Quincey's famous essay, regard murder as a fine art. Strangely enough, the murderer, having done his work, was afraid to leave the country. He declared that he had not intended to take the director's life, but only to stun and rob him; and that, finding the blow had killed, he dared not fly for fear of drawing down suspicion upon his own head. As a mere robber he would have been safe in the States, but as a murderer he would inevitably have been pursued, and given up to justice. So he forfeited his passage, returned to the office as usual at the end of his leave, and locked up his ill-gotten thousands till a more convenient opportunity. In the meanwhile he had the satisfaction of finding that Mr. Dwerrihouse was universally believed to have absconded with the money no one knew how or whither.

Whether he meant murder or not, however, Mr. Augustus Raikes paid the full penalty of his crime, and was hanged at the Old Bailey in the second week of January, 1857. Those who desire to make his further acquaintance may see him any day (admirably done in wax) in the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's exhibition, in Baker street. He is there to be found in the midst of a select society of ladies and gentlemen of atrocious memory, dressed in the close-cut tweed suit which he wore on the evening of the murder, and holding in his hand the identical life-preserver with which he committed it.

WHERE THE IVORY COMES FROM.—About 24,000 oxen are killed each week to supply the city of New York with meat. The bone known as the "shin-bone," and all the leg from the knee to the hoof, falls into the hands of Mr. Peter Cooper. He contracts with the butchers and market-men to supply him, and in this way about 100,000 shin-bones per week find their way to his establishment. All the muscles are taken from them, the gluten is extracted, and the clean white bone is kept to be worked up into parasol handles. In this way Mr. Cooper has made an immense fortune, and many ladies who supposed they were admiring a beautifully carved ivory handle to their sunshades, riding whips, etc., have only been gazing upon the shin-bone of an ox—the very animal, perhaps, which supplied them with their morning's beefsteak!

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.

PSYCHOMETRIC READINGS.

BY ABBY M. LAFLIN FERREE.

MISS VINNIE REAM.

Sweet and womanly, feeling the power of spirit within her. The figure presented a birdie at song, flitting from branch to branch, and the woods ring with birdie's charming melody. Again, a spring of fresh pure water, that seems to leap up to kiss the sunbeams which rest upon it. The nature of this young girl is artistic. A native artist. A teacher to many of her sex, who will come after, and reverence the step taken by Vinnie Ream. Sweet-tempered, confiding and affectionate, the opposite sex love her the more tenderly, and protect her through that sweet nature of hers. Purity runs all around her spirit-realm like a river. Religion of things is to be seen. All nature teaches this woman's spirit. The symbol is the Æolian harp, entwined with myrtles and white rosebuds. The freshness of early spring is all round this spirit, the sphere of peace and rest. Well satisfied that she lives, and within her own spirit is mistress of her own soul—not bound, held, tied, trammelled.

"Wedded to art," is sure written over her inner spirit's home—this vast domain that communes, touches, meets angels, glorified spirits, and the All-Father God. "Divinity to worship, is the spirit which creates" is written on the trees, plants, and works of art, which I find in this spirit's home. I say spirit's home, for that is where she lives, in this vast, broad domain, and in building up those beautiful works of art, she necessarily lives in the soul's domain, calling to her what she sees, feels in nature. The spirit being taught by those who come (unseen by her) to give her what she cannot obtain in, and through the every day external minds of those who surround her. In making this reading, I see the power the old artists have—they were helped by the angels, and they gave to mankind the experience of their spirits transferred on canvas. Friends, acquaintances, encourage her, yet she builds from her own powers of soul. I see many hands offering to her wreaths. She does not see them, and there seem to come from spirits and angels those who would encourage her in the great masterpiece which is not yet completed, (the statue of the lamented Lincoln.)

The voice says, "Vinnie, on your own shores, in the dear land of his birth, will you perfect the model of him who loved his country so well. The old world will give you lessons in the art, but cannot give, transmit to you the American spirit. The spirit of Abraham Lincoln rests over his own country."

Easy in manner, with a great flow of language, something like the ripple of the free brook, or like the chirrup of the free bird; so the pleasant tones come to me this pleasant morning—this early May morning. Self-made and self-poised, would that all American ladies could hear her pronounce these golden words as I did, the only time I saw her, "Labor will perfect almost anything. I find I must work constantly if I would improve." "Industry" is written around her—the sphere of the busy bee—and much will be accomplished by her through this. I see statues, vases, birds, plants, sketches, and various implements of study. I see that this art, this infant as it is, this bird that is so sweetly resting on her heart, is growing every day, and some day—years hence—Vinnie Ream's name is with those of history. Hopeful, earnest, sincere in what she advocates, will rise through her own efforts. Her feet rest on pure white marble, and the steps which lead up the mountain of fame, are placed by the hands of friends, men—these steps are of solid white marble. (The labor of the hands first fashioned by the brain will make the nation a perfect nation when woman sees her place is outside the narrow sphere of domestic duties.)

Vinnie Ream, grown in the broad, free atmosphere of the West, with views that will enable her to meet the minds of those who do not always appreciate the mind of woman, either as artist or teacher, will, through her early experience, select friends who will encourage and help to bring out and perfect this art-child which she worships, because of its perfectness, which gives happiness to those who come to her to reproduce the forms and faces of those they loved so well in life. The mission of the artist is a most holy one; teaches all that the soul fashions, the smile as well as the deep cut lines of sorrow, and the voice of the spirit whispers through that cold clay or marble—"Genius is a child of God, a star of light, which comforts, encourages those who covet her smiles, who admit her to their hearts and homes." Conscious of her power, her gifts, she makes others feel what is in her mind and spirit.

Looking on the busts and figures which she has impressed with the spirit of life, one turns to leave her studio with brighter thoughts and a grander vision of woman—the woman of America; we see her side by side with man in the Senate Chamber, as well as in the legislative halls, (not always a looker on from the galleries,) feeling that to-day

she is strong in statesmanship, as she is in artistic skill and genius. This visit of an hour to the studio of Vinnie Ream in the Capitol, seeing the encouragement she received from our great men, the Senators and Congressmen of the nation, I could but think that this woman's presence had in itself a mission to these hard thinkers, and the face of the dear loved President Lincoln seemed to me to wear a sweeter smile; seemed to follow Vinnie when she flitted from one cast or model to another, the delicate fingers touching the cold clay as affectionately as if it was the sweet flesh of a living infant. The eyes of the martyred and revered Lincoln seemed to bless her, and I went out in the keen, cold February air, with a warmth in the heart, a hope in the soul, that I had not felt all winter. But somehow, I could not write it out then, there was so much that partook of early spring with buds and flowers, that I let these soul-rays and summer gleams, gathered out of this pleasant studio, nestle in the heart, and there all has rested till this May morning. The soft brown curly hair floating over neck and shoulders, the long apron which covered the dark-brown merino dress, which reminded me of school children—country children who have good mothers, who try to keep their new dresses clean. This apron which Vinnie wore, with full bishop's sleeves buttoned around the delicate wrists, was all woman. How pretty she looked to me. The beads and cross worn on her neck, which she had in her hand, sometimes swinging it. The beads, very large ivory ones, looked to me as so many blessings for woman—little worlds awaiting to grow out of her full soul; and the cross that was, and is not a cross now to woman. She will henceforth work out the good, the God in her nature; have her place, either in church or in state, if she desires it, can fill it, and who shall hinder her. Digressing, digressing, wonderfully digressing, you will say, my dear SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, as well as many of your gentle readers. Yes, I know, but this is reading the spirit of a lady—a young artist, a full-souled woman, one who has come out of the sphere of labor—not afraid to work, (are you, my little lady?) Well, so the thoughts got on the track of modern reform, of woman's necessities, of the franchise which she will one day have. As I heard Charles Sumner say, the other day, "Woman will have the right to vote when she demands it." Well, that is so, thought I, if man will let her. "Going to Europe to study. I have four years to finish the statue of Mr. Lincoln. My friends said that they thought a tour in Europe, and two year's study in Rome would perfect me, so that I could do justice to the statue of Mr. Lincoln." These were the words of Vinnie Ream, and with them I saw the satisfaction of her heart, the feelings of strength within herself, desiring more light, more study to see and feel the spiritual presence of the famed artistic city of Rome. So I will leave the words of her for you to read, hoping that the first reading of woman will not disappoint you, and the gentle Vinnie will be, in time, one of our America's best sculpture artists.

Washington City, D. C., May 4, 1867.

For The Spiritual Republic.

THEOLOGY VS. FREE THOUGHT.

BY E. WHIPPLE.

Theology in Europe has had four great struggles with free thought; with heathen philosophy from the second to the fourth century; with the skeptical tendencies of scholasticism from the twelfth to the fifteenth century; with literature from the sixteenth to the seventeenth century; and a struggle with science from the beginning of the seventeenth century to the present time.

Theology was first arrogant in its attitude toward heathen philosophy, but subsequently assumed a more compromising spirit, and finally adopted some of the heathen forms, as the worship of saints. Its early treatment of science was that of unqualified contempt and hostility. At length it was induced to attach some importance to intellectual acquisition; an importance, however, subordinate to theological claims, and eventually, when it saw the wide influence scientific studies were exerting on the popular mind, it endeavored to avail itself of the benefits thereof, by diverting popular thought into Christian channels, and consenting to patronize scientific men, on condition that their facts and discoveries should be so interpreted as to conform to the requirements of the church theology.

No professor of natural science in England can occupy the professor's chair in any of their popular institutions at the present day, without first subscribing to the creed of the English Church. The same barriers interpose to the aspirant for similar honors in America. No difference how ripe the knowledge, or profound the scholarship, without an external acquiescence in some form of church theology, access to a professor's chair is impossible. Hitherto, science has struggled with a halter around its neck, partly on account of the conservatism which society at large has not outgrown; partly because ecclesiastical organizations conserve the wealth available for educational purposes; and partly because of an early educational bias of individual minds, who are attracted to scientific pursuits. But with all these hindrances to intellectual growth, great progress has been made, and a gradual emancipation of the human mind from the thralldom of church authority effected.

The advanced thought of the nineteenth century evinces a more independent spirit, and pushes its investigations beyond the prescribed limits of theological dictation. The generalizations of Tyndal, Huxley, Spencer, and Buckle, are as distasteful to the clergy at the present day, as was the announcement of Copernicus three hundred years ago, that stars are globular masses which move through the heavens in accordance with law; or of Kepler, the German, who declared that the celestial motions issue as a mathematical necessity, from the persistence of matter and force; or of Newton fifty years later, who affirmed that the atom and the world, obey alike the persistent energies of gravitational power.

New discoveries and broader generalizations impose the unpleasant task upon the clergy of new interpretations and readjustment, so as to suit the new phases of thought, and adapt itself to advancing public sentiment. These compromises sever the links that once bound the masses to authority, and assign a secondary place to ecclesiastical topics.

For The Spiritual Republic.

THE INDIANS.

BY JOHN BEESON.

WHY SHOULD THE INDIANS, AS A RACE, PERISH FROM THE EARTH?

I have just read in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of Dec. 22, 1866, a communication purporting to come from the spirit of H. A. Ackley, the tendency of which seems to indorse a false answer to the question which forms the caption of this article. He does not say, as many do, that the Indians will perish because of their being savages incapable of progress and essentially inferior to the white race. But because "they have fulfilled their mission in preparing the country for the white man's use," and he adds "I think it is not in the power of man to keep the Indian race in existence."

Now if we were quite sure that Ackley spoke from a high spiritual standpoint, opposition would be out of place, but since he has expressed only a common thought, and to a large extent a common wish from the lowest plane of life. I feel no hesitancy to reverse the import of the sentence and to show why "it is not in the power of man to" prevent "the existence of the Indians as a race" up on this continent. Ackley admits that in spirit life the Indians are the "highest developed," and the most able and willing to render the white man the aid he needs, and that even on earth "the best specimens of physical manhood are raised by the absorption of Indian magnetism in neighborhoods which they have most recently occupied." The natural inference from such an acknowledgment is, that if Indian magnetism from the earth as well as from spirit life is so beneficent, the more of it the better it will be for all mankind, and it follows that those who, passively or otherwise, sanction their destruction, act the part of those who kill the goose which lays the golden eggs, and thus perpetuate their own debasement.

The prevalent idea relative to the annihilation of the Indian race is based upon perversions and not upon principles of eternal justice and equity, and as the events of the age are rapidly urging forward the car of human progress, it does not follow that because the past has been a continuous scene of war and destruction, of race against race, that therefore the future will be the same, especially since our spirit friends are pressing the great fact upon the world that the only way to attain personal and national peace and prosperity, is to help our weaker neighbor to the enjoyment of the best things which we desire for ourselves. It is but a few short years since the popular thought favored the idea of slavery being a permanent institution; but we see that it is now driven away like chaff before the wind, and just so will be put away the causes of Indian destruction. Already there is a quickening under-current, which will soon swell to a mighty gushing stream of sympathy and aid for our long wronged brother of the forest.

Every enlightened spirit, every philanthropist, together with the oppressed of all nations who are now in spirit life, are working with the mighty hosts in heaven and on the earth to bring about peace and good will among men.

But there are other reasons for believing that the Indians are no more doomed to annihilation than any other nation of mankind; for it is not true, as is generally supposed, that the Indian tribes are everywhere fading away. Credible persons affirm that in many portions of British and Russian America, they are on the increase, and that in the States of Central and South America, in Brazil and in Mexico, there is a strong probability of the ultimate ascendancy of the pure and mixed races of Indian blood, so that there is a physical as well as a moral argument for their perpetuity as one of the family among the nations of the earth.

In conclusion, let us consider that if the strongest and best race of humanity that ever lived, were overwhelmed by numbers, wealth and power, and victimized by lust and avarice, and haughty contempt, to the extent to which the Indians have been, they also would fade away. It is therefore the duty of Spiritualists and all reformers, to dwell more earnestly upon our nation's duty, and leave the Indian's destiny to the good providence of God; remembering that whatever may come, there is nothing under heaven that

can absolve us from the responsibilities of good neighborship, or free us from the certainty of receiving the same measure which we mete to others, so that self-interest speaks to us from every page of human history, both of time and eternity, to do justly and deal mercifully with all men, the Indian included.

Waggoner Creek, Jackson Co., Oregon.

For The Spiritual Republic.

WEALTH AND POVERTY.

BY A WORKINGMAN.

The conditions of riches and poverty, every where manifest, are not the result of any lack of, or power to create, all the wealth everybody needs. The vast increase of power to create wealth has not rendered less distant the shores of the gulf between the poor and rich. There is just as much if not more poverty now than twenty years ago—yet in that time the wealth-creating power of the world has increased ten times faster than the population has.

Crime, too, of every grade, has been on the increase. The State prison of Illinois, which was built at first large enough to hold its probable number of prisoners for twenty years to come, is full and already is being enlarged.

Something is radically wrong. Brisbane, and that school of political writers, say it is because of our poverty. I do not think so. Rather, it is because of a system of division which allows the men who do not work to seize the lion's share of earnings of those who do. Here is the nutshell of the whole matter. It is common, universal, fashionable, indeed religious, according to the system of mischief called "law," to defy, spit upon, trample under foot and utterly ignore the higher law of love and justice. Nor have we improved in this respect in the last five thousand years. The first law on the tablets of stone was, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God as hard as possible," and the second was like unto it: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." There is not one particle more required of man to God than of man to man by the statute of five thousand years ago. How now? Why, now, a man, wishing to gouge his more unthinking or his less swindling neighbor, first resorts to the Legislature of his State, and frames his "mischief" or rascality into "law." He either becomes a member himself or plays the no less infamous game of lobbyist—another name for scoundrel—thereby securing the passage of a "law" to oppress, not to protect his neighbor. He obtains a charter. What for? What do I mean by chartered rights? I mean something quite different from *natural*—some may call them *supernatural* rights. Thus can the man now, under his charter, do that which he had no natural right, and, if no natural, certainly no right at all to do. This kind of hocus pocus it is which swells our statute books to the size of Falstaff's belly, and piles up a mass of verbal rubbish and trickery which brings in the necessary caruncles—called lawyers—to exhibit by their presence the exact condition of our diseased social and legal stomach.

How much need would there be of pettifoggers or, if you please and the phrase suits better, lawyers, if the simple "law and the prophets" were brought down into the regions of every day life? I wonder if Jesus or even Moses—the lawgiver of fifty centuries ago—would be admitted at the "bar" of any court in this nation. No court in this country would tolerate the law of justice, much less that of love, to be heard, nor upon either of them allow a single case to be adjudicated.

Where then is the advantage of our boasted civilization? Where of our republican, over that of the theocratic and patriarchal systems of the past?

Cain was branded a murderer and compelled for life, like Jeff. Davis, to become a fugitive and wanderer because he refused to be his brother's keeper. Why is it not worse than murder now for a nation of "Christians" to refuse coming up even to the standard of Moses when, by that standard, it was murder not to love his brother man as well as he loved himself?

Take a case of one of your Chicago merchants—say John V. Farwell, of Rev. Dr. Patterson's Presbyterian church. Suppose that when he commenced business it had been on the basis of co-operation, or of loving his neighbor as himself. Instead of having, as he did last year a revenue of nearly a quarter of a million dollars, he would have been the same and a better mediator between the producer and consumer; but instead of his vast income—the result of his unbrotherly competitive, unjust and rascally system—it would have gone into the hands of, or remained with, those who earned it all except what, by the law of brotherly equality, should belong to Mr. Farwell for his work like any other man who traded with him. Then instead of a palace which the princely Presbyterian, but unbrotherly, unneighborly, unchristian brother Farwell lives in on Wabash or Michigan avenue, he would have a house corresponding with the houses of those out of whom by a swindling system he has made his money.

Now I have not singled out Brother Farwell as an example because he is a worse man or greater swindler than Potter Palmer—who ten years ago was not worth a red cent, now worth several millions—or George Peabody who

a few years ago started without a penny, and now baptizes with tears and groans hundreds of thousands of the muscular toilers of this country and Europe that he may thereby, through a system of hocus pocus called "law," pocket his five million dollars a year.

The object of selecting Brother Farwell is because he is a very good specimen of well known men who daily make long prayers to God, and fill up the day by getting rich at the expense of his fellow man.

We are down on their transparent hypocrisy, and not on the men who play the hypocrite. Blot out from the mind of John V. Farwell the terrible fallacy that following Christ to-day can be different from what it was nineteen hundred years ago, and instead of spending his life in chasing the "root of evil" for his chief business—a business about which he spends seven-eighths of his time, and the balance, as a consequence, in something worse—instead of all this spending his life in co-operation with his brother man every where, at all times, on every day as well as Sunday—every where for the same reason he does any where.

Then would his light break forth as the morning, and then should pass away his Presbyterian midnight which allows him to put into his pocket yearly of working people's money—who can earn each over expenses not on an average more than two hundred dollars per annum, twelve hundred and fifty times as much as common justice or common honesty allows. I mean such honesty as Jesus taught and practiced—and such as Brother Farwell teaches but does not follow.

Not only should his light break forth as the morning and his darkness be as the noon day millennial glory, but then the very deserts of poverty should blossom as the roses once did and shall again in the Garden of Eden—or what is better the Garden of the Lord; or what is the same, the garden of true manhood, viewed from his inner life where forever reigns joy unspeakable and full of glory.

For The Spiritual Republic.

OVER THE ROAD.

BY T. H. HOWARD.

Over the road, though rough and broken,
Over the road I travel on;
The road seems not the road bespoken
When first I mused by daisies gone;
Though o'er green slopes or beds of gravel,
Always onward I bear my load,
Once in a while I tire with travel
Over the road.

Over the road we all together
Bear our burdens 'neath sun or rain;
Some of us like not cloudy weather,
And pause to pray for sun again;
But happier they, when storms betide them,
Who see beyond the storm's abode,
And walk with angels that walk beside them
Over the road.

Over the road we will get weary—
Once in a while our souls despond,
Over the road the way is dreary
If we see not the way beyond;
But with the heavens opened o'er us
Lightly our souls bear cark or goad,
Knowing that angels walk before us
Over the road.

Over the road, if we be lonely,
'Tis only that we are not wise—
It is, alas! because we only
Will not look up into the skies:
Whether we walk on grass or gravel,
It is where once the angels trode,
And angels' smiles make it pleasant travel
Over the road.

Over the road since early morning—
Over the road by flower and stream;
Every day hath a sweeter warning—
Every night hath a brighter dream;
Over the road, young Time's swift river
Bears its gifts to our abode,
And angels lead us to God the giver
Over the road.

Over the road, now no more scornful,
Craft nor crime nor endless lies—
Men have arisen to meet the morning,
Breaking in splendor from the skies:
Angels are here to watch and guide us
Over the road where once they trode,
And we may see them walk beside us
Over the road.

Oliver Cromwell was a staunch Puritan, and could not brook the least approach to Popery. "What are these?" he once inquired, as he saw a dozen silver statues in the niches of a chapel. "The twelve apostles," replied the trembling dean. "Take them down," said Cromwell, "and coin them into money, so that they may go about doing good."

Josh Billings remarks: "It's dreadful easy to be a fool. A man may be one and not know it."

FROM J. B. HARRISON.

HOW SHALL WE BEGIN?

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: In my correspondence with the people of the West who hold liberal religious views, I have received many letters like this: "We have in our village a sufficient number of liberal or free-thinking people to form a small society or association, if we could find out how to unite. But some of us are Spiritualists, some Universalists, a few Unitarians, and some are Materialists, Infidels, or Atheists. None of us can work with the churches, or obtain any benefit from their services or teaching. But we cannot agree among ourselves as to our belief. Each of us esteems his own way of thinking the most important, and nearest the truth. What would you advise us to do? Is there any way in which we can work together?" Some of my friends add, "We have tried two or three times to arrange some plan for meetings, but we always differ about something; then we have a discussion over it, and either the Spiritualists or some of the other classes become dissatisfied and will not attend, and so the effort is given up."

Before I opened this correspondence I believed this state of things existed in many places in the West; now I am sure of it. In answer to all these inquiries,—I think that in every place where there are half a dozen earnest persons who dissent from the teaching of the old churches, or who feel a need of something better than these churches can give them, these half-dozen persons should at once begin work together. But a hundred letters ask me, "How can we unite?"

My dear friends, we can never unite or organize on the basis of belief. We should not try to come together on this ground. Let us join our forces for work. We do already agree about what constitutes right living. There is little difference or contention about the fundamentals of character. All of us recognize and reverence nobleness, spiritual health, culture and strength. Let us join in seeking these things for ourselves and for others. Belief, even a liberal, rational belief about matters of theology or philosophy, is not so essential as character and life. Then I would suggest something like the following method; not in any positive or dogmatic way, but humbly, and with no ambition but to be helpful:

Do not write or adopt any statement of belief. The most broad and liberal declaration of views will still exclude somebody that should be with you. Make your organization as simple as possible. A president, secretary, treasurer and executive committee are, in most cases, necessary for business purposes. But many failures have been caused by attaching too much importance to the organization, and trying to make it as nearly perfect as possible, as if this were the chief object or end sought. On the contrary, in these cases of such variety in opinion we should at first give the least time and thought to our basis and methods of work, and proceed with all our energies to the work itself. It is in the endeavor to arrange these preliminaries that most selfishness is shown, and that the worst difficulties commonly arise.

Let us begin by recording in a few simple words, our agreement that every person associated with us shall be entirely free in all matters of belief and opinion in regard to religion and everything connected with it. It is, as I think, well to record a statement of the object for which we unite. Let this statement be as brief and simple as we can make it. Do not put any creed into it. Do not say that we unite as Spiritualists, or as free thinkers, or for the purpose of protesting against or opposing anything or anybody. Such a basis is not broad enough nor vital enough. It is, perhaps, in most cases enough to say, "We associate ourselves for the study and practice of true life, (be careful to include the *practice*) or for mutual improvement." Many will think me wrong, but I should not advise the use of the word Christian or Christianity in any article of organization. These terms are not offensive to me, but they are to some persons who should both help us and be helped by us. I think we want a fellowship as broad as humanity. Let us be inclusive, not exclusive.

It has long been assumed that in order to work together religiously men must have the same, or nearly the same, belief about various important religious doctrines. The time has come for a frank and faithful denial of this assumption. It is a mischievous lie. Let us smite it everywhere in the name of humanity and of God. We have not the spirit of the new time. We are not qualified to do the work the age needs, unless we are willing to work with anybody and everybody who is trying to do good. Whoever will do anything for the benefit of mankind is one of us, is helping in our work, be he atheist, pagan, or Christian bigot. I should not hesitate a moment about helping the Devil himself raise a man from the gutter.

So in naming the Society, it is best to avoid anything that may seem to commit us to the opinions of any one class. It does not seem to me best that any of the liberal or free-thinking religious societies formed in our time should be called Spiritualist, or Unitarian, or should have any name which defines by limitation or exclusion. *The time will come, and soon*, when all such names will restrict and injure our work. "Friends of Progress," is perhaps less objec-

tionable, but is not so good as First, or Second Free (or Independent) Religious Society (of Springfield or Chicago), Free Congregational Society, or Free Church. (I do not think this word "church" a bad one, and it is not likely to be discarded, but there are many good names, and we should avoid such as repel any of those who should work with us.)

If we are earnest; if we are consecrated to the service of our highest convictions, we shall move and help others by our weight of character, by the magnetic impulsion of a high and pure life. We shall not soon *argue* the world, or any large part of it, into better ways of living. No man with any depth of spirit, with any remnant of the divine manhood abiding in him, could think of a *creed*, of his religious *system of belief* as he bends over a wounded soldier, bringing him water, and binding up his wounds. He would propound no questions about dogmas to the man who lifts the other end of a stretcher on which the sufferer is borne from the field. When the men appear for whom our age is waiting and travelling, they will not address themselves to the discussion of methods and dogmas.

Opinions are important; our systems of thought or belief do affect our character and life; but these are still subordinate to the central verities of spiritual character. The broadest and most liberal *creed* will not save men. Freedom is not an end, but a means, a condition of something higher. We are free, now let us use our freedom. We have made our protest against the old theologies. Our position is a realized, completed protest. We need now an unselfish, absorbing devotion in our own lives to all that is good, and a spirit of fraternity and helpfulness towards all our fellow-men. Of course I shall welcome the most searching criticism, as I seek nothing for myself.

Bloomington, Ill., May 21, 1867.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

To the people of the State of Illinois:

We, the undersigned, convinced that our Republican form of Government is the best known to the world, are nevertheless fully aware that its principles have only the most limited application. They have existed in theory unsupported by practice.

Unchallenged, slavery has occupied the land in the name of Liberty. The declaration, that "all men are created equal," has been shunned, and, in legislation for woman, studiously ignored.

With the view of relieving this fundamental statement of human liberty from the charge of being a practical lie, and not less to affirm an abstract natural right, which is above all mere distinction of sex and color, and knows no aristocracy save that of intelligence and virtue, in addition to the universal franchise just secured to colored men by national legislation, we would recommend such a modification of our State Constitution as will admit woman, equally with man, to all the privileges of the Elective Franchise.

In direct ratio with the enlargement of woman's sphere, man has ever been elevated, society evolved, and government prospered.

Monarchies have conceded her fitness to rule, but Republics, thus far, have endeavored to frame perfect statutes without her aid. They have allowed her intuitive nature no political representation, hence ours is but the material half of a true government, lacking soul and inspiration. An idle spectator, she is compelled to see public affairs controlled, generally, by men of low instincts and vile habits, with no power to escape the effects of their decisions. Taxed, without representation, denied admission to many departments of education, and to the more lucrative employments, deprived of the guardianship of her children, her position is, in a very great degree, one of slavery—her grievances, far greater than those our Revolutionary ancestors so bravely fought to repel.

In these respects our boasted equality is an unmixed usurpation. Until woman shall attain equal power with man, in all the relations of life, it is as impossible for us to arrive at the symmetrical proportions of a real democracy, as it is for a part to comprehend the whole. On the contrary, when she is advanced to the full enjoyment of common rights, then will the political atmosphere be so purified of existing corruptions, that persons of exalted moral sentiments will be honored by election to office.

To all who would aid in attaining this grand object, we appeal, asking that you correspond with this committee, work vigilantly in your several localities, to form societies, create and increase public sentiment in this direction, circulate petitions, and cause to be enrolled so great a number of signatures for her enfranchisement, as shall carry the next Constitutional Convention of Illinois triumphantly in its behalf.

Robert Collyer, H. H. Marsh,
Mrs. C. F. Corbin, J. D. Tallmadge,
P. Daggy, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown,
D. P. Livermore, F. L. Wadsworth,
W. H. Ryder, Mrs. Mary S. Curtis, M. D.,
Marvin H. Bovee, Committee.
Address Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Box 6825, Chicago, Ill.

We should not measure men by Sundays, without looking to what they do all the week after.

MOTHER'S GRAVE.

The trembling dewdrops fall
Upon the shutting flowers, like souls at rest;
The stars shine gloriously, and all
Save me are blest.

Mother, I love thy grave!
The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild,
Waves o'er thy head. When will it wave
Above thy child?

'Tis a sweet flower, yet must
Its bright leaves to the morning tempest bow.
Dear mother, 'tis thine emblem-dust
Is on thy brow.

And I could love to die—
To leave untasted life's dark, bitter streams,
By thee, as erst in childhood, lie,
And share thy dreams.

And I must linger here,
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,
And mourn the hopes of childhood dear
With bitter tears.

Aye, I must linger here,
A lonely branch upon a withered tree,
Whose last frail leaf, untimely sere,
Went down with thee.

Oft from life's withered bower,
In still communion with the past, I turn
And muse on thee, the only flower
In memory's urn.

And when the evening pale
Bows like a mourner on the dim blue wave,
I stray to hear the night wind's wail
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there—
I listen and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

Oh, come while here I press
My brow upon thy grave, and in those mild
And thrilling tones of tenderness,
Bless, bless thy child!

PHYSIOLOGY.

For The Spiritual Republic.

THE DYNAMIC CURE.

BY LARÖY SUNDERLAND.

The articles which have, from time to time, appeared in the *REPUBLIC* on Diet, Health and Disease, have seemed to me to increase the value of this publication, inasmuch as these are subjects in which we are all interested. And it is also gratifying to notice the difference in views of the different writers. "Variety is the spice of life." Perhaps no two persons could express themselves precisely alike on any given subject; and how very unlikely, therefore, that we should all have the same modes of thought or of expression on that most of all complicated subject, disease?

I use the term *dynamic* because any and all cures, whenever made, are made by the vital forces in the *economy of animal life*. The cure is *self-made*, similarly as the food is self-digested, and the wound is self-healed. In my book, on "The Dynamic Cure," I have more fully explained what my views are, and should any one differ from me in opinion on this recondite subject, I should hope not to charge him with "superficiality," (see Dr. Trall, in the *REPUBLIC* of May 11th,) nor with a "crotchet" in his noddle, because I, myself, may have been misunderstood, and that, too, by my own fault. For, while Dr. T. complains of me and "some others" for "superficiality," in not having understood him, he confesses in respect to his use of terms, by mending his own language. But his emendation turns out "a failure," as he says of his Remedial Disease when the patient dies, and the "remedial effort" is a failure. Dr. T. says, "When 'remedial' is confounded with curative and healthful, it is a stumbling block to many." Well, now, I do not see but Dr. T. will have to give us a new dictionary of the English language. Here is Webster:

"Curative—Tending to cure.

"Healthful—Serving to promote health.

"Remedial—Intended for the removal of an evil."

Bearing in mind that the last term is most appropriate to vice and immorality, it is not very obvious how these terms could be confounded. But Mr. T. explains or amends his terms by saying that "remedial effort means 'vital action in relation to things abnormal,'" and this means precisely the same as "remedial effort."

But even this explanation is unsatisfactory. What are the "abnormal things" here referred to?

Dr. T. speaks of "Mr. Sunderland's theory of disease," which, I am quite sure, Dr. T. has never read, and this reminds me of the time when one of his patients made an attempt to get a short paragraph from my writings published in the journal of which Dr. T. was then editor, but was refused; whereupon it was sent again, with an urgent request

for its appearance; and so it was, at last, he made out to get it into his paper, but he struck from it the name of the author.

But says the Doctor:

"Mr. Sunderland's theory of disease is nothing more nor less than Brunonianism, pure and simple, which the medical profession repudiated fifty years ago, to its credit, be it said."

Let us see, now, how the case stands. Dr. T. says:

"Disease is essentially unbalanced vital action, (some organs doing too much, and others too little,) and the danger in all cases is to be measured by the extent to which the circulation is unbalanced."

Now compare this with the Dynamic Cure. Here is a paragraph I published years ago, in a little tract, I wrote on "Morbid Habits." My theory, indeed, was formed and announced more than thirty years ago. Here it is in as few words as it could well be put:

"THEORY OF DISEASE.—Good health is in perfect nutrition, throughout all the parts of the human body. Hence, disease is a scorbutic habit. It is a defect, an excess, or a diminution in some one, or all, the processes of nutrition. This makes congestion, or the want of due proportions in the materials, the dynamic forces, and motions which develop the phenomena of life."

And here I nail the Dr. who says my theory is "Brunonian." If mine is Brunonian so is yours, Dr., Brunonian to the core! And I now call on you to face the music, and do not, I beg of you, make another "remedial effort" to get over the difficulty by attempting another *emendation* of your own language.

I do not perceive how there is, or can be, any escape from this dilemma. "Disease is essentially unbalanced vital action," says Dr. T., and Mr. Sunderland says the same. "It is a want of due proportion in the materials and the dynamic forces that develop the phenomena of life." Here is another definition I gave of my theory in the Dynamic Cure, in a pamphlet I published many years since for the benefit of invalids. After speaking of the different classes of motions (Ingestive, receiving; Potential, assimilating; and Egestive, expelling,) I add:

"Thus it becomes evident that disease is imperfection in the motions or the elements of nutrition, or both. When we say that health is perfect nutrition, it is manifest what must follow in respect to disease. More or less motion, ingestive, retentive, and egestive, is health or disease, pleasure or pain, life or death. The error to be corrected is in the motions, or in the materials of nutrition. When the egestive motions are disturbed, effete matter remains in the blood which ought to be expelled. And hence when the elements are egested out of proportion with the wants of the system, this disturbs the nutritive motions, which disturbance is the sickness to be cured.

"In what sense, therefore, disease must be a *unit*, may be seen from this that nutrition is a unit, as is life and health also a unit. Disease is a unit, while its symptoms vary, as these must be determined by the motions that are interrupted, and the elements which are in excess or are wanting."

Dr. T. gave his *emendation* of his terms, for my special benefit, namely, that I should know what I was writing about, whenever I might wish to animadvert upon him. All right, Doctor. And I have now, as I think, shown beyond all doubt, that you yourself did not understand what you were writing about when you called my theory "Brunonian," and thus, by implication, your own theory also. And, surely, it does not require a very profound mind, to apply the terms "crotchets," "superficiality," and "stultifications," to one's opponents. The article I wrote on "Phrenology and Magnetism," was not designed as a criticism on Dr. T. particularly. Nor can I perceive the fairness or the candor, when speaking of gymnastics, or other hygienic muscular exercise, as I understand Dr. T. to do, to class these exercises under the hackneyed term of "laying on of hands," which has been so generally monopolized by a certain class.

In the following paragraph, as will be seen, Dr. T. contradicts himself:

"Diminished action cannot be disease. It is a mere negation. It is just nothing at all."

In this statement he has completely upset his own theory which, as we have seen, is as follows:

"Disease is unbalanced vital action," a state of the system in which "some organs do too much, and others too little." Of course, when an organ does "too little," its action is diminished! Certainly it is diminished, when it is less in proportion to the wants of the organism. But "nonsense," says Dr. T., that is "stultification." "Diminished," "too little" "action cannot be disease. It is a negation. It is just nothing at all." But I cannot help thinking that if Dr. Trall's lungs were to be so diminished in their action, that he should anticipate immediate suffocation, he would hardly consider it a "remedial effort," to be told that diminution of his breathing was "a mere negation," and his final gasp for breath "just nothing at all."

In another paper I will, if you please, speak of the Vital Instincts and the Economy of Animal Life.

Quincy, Mass., May 12, 1867.

THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

CHICAGO, JUNE 1, 1867.

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idea, or genius of the great Spiritual Movement."

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A PLAIN TALK.

The garments of truth are very plain. Its ways are very direct. To believe in the omnipotence of truth is to be fearless, and at the same time not over anxious for its safety; therefore we think that a cause that professes truth for its object, for its shield, and for its inspiration, should, above all others, be earnest, generous and open to criticism.

Primarily, the human heart is confiding, loving, truthful. It is not until the child has learned its own imperfection, and the imperfection and short-coming of others, that it distrusts, and seeks to hide itself from observation. And we can but think that where selfishness and doubt of self-competence commences, there commences also, false pretensions, self-adulations and the round-about ways of speech and act that serve to keep the world in a deceptive fog. Unadulterated instinct *always* says, "Tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," while perverted policy says, "The ends justify the means." It ought not to take any of us long to decide which of these methods we should adopt, as the rule of our lives in a warfare against ignorance and the chronic wrongs of society, or in the building up of a better order of things; for, are we not taught everywhere, and by every growing thing, that only that which is absolutely *true* can be, healthfully, retained or appropriated? Thus viewing life and its relations, we believe that there is nothing to be gained, and everything to be lost, sooner or later, by false pretensions, and that we weaken ourselves by even passively permitting false impressions to prevail in the minds of the people, when we can, even by present self-sacrifice, remove them. We are now, as a people, passing rapidly through revolution. With a velocity never known before, old things are passing away, and new methods and objects are being evolved. Probably no class of people are so fully alive to the situation, and so fully engaged as participators in the revolution, as Spiritualists, and as such they are to furnish much of the material for the newly constructed society, and thus determine, or help determine, not only the basis upon which the edifice shall be built, but the very manner of the building.

In this work of preparation and construction we are all responsible for the result. Not the fleshed or the unfleshed separately considered, but ALL, from the lowliest earthly worker to the wisest heavenly sage. It is not man's work alone, nor the work of the spirits; it is *our* work, and it is our business to feel that we are responsible doers.

It is thus that we have ever looked upon Spiritualism. It is thus that we seek to characterize THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, neither making it a standard of judgment, nor a measuring rod, nor a servile tool, but an unselfish worker, truth lover and bearer. Our shortcoming in any way is the lack of judgment, or the incompatibility of circumstance, not the fault of the heart. Now, while we look somewhat at Spiritualism and its incidents, we shall accord to others this same claim of honest purpose, and grant them charity, even though our criticisms may reach them.

Spiritualism appears to the world bearing with it various phenomena newly defined and newly related to human life. The resources of human nature have not yet been encompassed, its thousands of avenues have not been explored. We are but entering the vestibule of its treasure-houses, and have no final judgment of its possibilities, either in power or variety of action, therefore we must give it room, and time to express itself and reveal its characteristics, before we say just how it acts, and just what it wants.

We believe it is demonstrated fully that spirit *is*, that it survives the wreck of forms, and that conscious spirits live in the, usually, unseen realm and commune with the world; but the nature of that realm, the manner of communicating, the degree of earthly adulteration, by the person of the medium, or circumstances, are all subjects not to be brushed over lightly, or to be withheld from the most ample investigation. However much may be assumed by others, we think that a little more of the "slow and sure" policy

at this point would not delay the actual progress of Spiritualism.

As to mediumship, while we have the highest possible reverence for spiritual communing, and a sincere regard for spiritual mediumship as a fact, we can but deplore its prostitution to the very level of common merchandise, and even lower, and the unmistakable evidences of a very blind superstition in following its suggestions and demands, until to question its uses and criticize its abuses is to receive the anathemas and vindictive assaults of those who are "guided by the holy angels." As a result of this, if continued, we see but one end, viz.: a sect, hardly equalled by the Second Adventists in narrowness and ignorance concerning spiritual things. It is not a grand process of education, it is a system of dogmatism, that is as foreign to Spiritual Philosophy, as a carbuncle is to the spirit of a man. In this particular we shall not seek the false to expose it, but if in our search for truth it becomes an obstruction across our path, there is but one way for us to do, viz.: *remove it*.

There are, in a particular way, two classes of Spiritualists; one who wish to see Spiritualism as a belief live and thrive; another, who wish to live and thrive by it. If the first class have faults they consist in over anxiety and zeal for propagating belief, and shielding weaknesses too much. Some time ago a good-hearted zealous brother said to us: "What do you propose to do, discard these manifestations?" Said we, "We propose to discard what is proven to be false, and openly criticize what is uncertain." Said he, "That will create distrust. I know of parties who have been led to investigate Spiritualism by these very uncertain manifestations, and as long as they will, why not let them do their work?" This conversation referred to that class of mediums who have often been caught in shameless trickery, and as often defended on the ground that they were mediums, and were not responsible if they did cheat; the moral of which, altogether, is, "A lie is as good as a truth if not uncovered."

Now, friends, it is our opinion that our greatest weakness is just at this point. We are building for an age, not for a day, or a generation. By this policy we permit just what our political forefathers did, viz.: a *wrong*, hoping that good will be its only fruit; we virtually, and blindly, hope to gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles. THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC has not been, and in its present relations *never will be*, committed to such a policy. If to tell the truth is to sign our death warrant, we prefer thus to die on the mountain *at once*, rather than finally rot in the slough of superstition and moral imbecility.

The faults of the second class center in self, and consist in an effort to use means to selfish ends. The policy consists in making mole-hills appear to be mountains by perpetual puffing; by sounding abroad, in trumpet tones, what "I" have done, but very carelessly forgetting to permit the inference that what was done was a very small amount compared with what was left undone. This class has been the pest and curse of Spiritualistic journals. We have, on several occasions, been generously offered the privileges of printing a half column, a column, and even two columns of Certificates and self-written puffs, for the edification of our readers, with the assurance that if we would do it, the parties thus "accommodated" would "work *especially* for us." We have good reason to believe that the same pretension of special friendship has been made to different parties to suit occasions. We refused the offer. Then came the proffer of money. We refused to sell ourselves, and to-day the REPUBLIC stands conscience clear, both on the score of money and friendship, and so it *will* stand, and stand to LIVE.

What is the situation as a consequence of our course? We have warnings from the first class and threats from the second, with the cry thrown in gratuitously from both, and from the more questionable phases of mediumship that THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC has abandoned Spiritualism! We have refused to conceal deception, having all due charity for poor, weak deceivers. We have refused to sell ourselves. We have refused to be led by wonder seekers and non-producers. We have uttered our conviction of truth without circumlocution, and urged RADICAL, PRACTICAL REFORM, as the best means of human elevation, while we have welcomed as heavenly manna the sweet benediction of those in spirit life who cheer the workers on. We leave it to an enlightened consciousness, and to time, to say whether we are expected to serve a *sect* or the world; whether we are to pander to individuals, or ally ourselves with the onward spirit of the times and help every good work, whether certain parties like it or not.

We bid no defiance to any one, neither do we desire controversy, but our course is, to us, very clear, viz.: To meet the issues of the day and the age on the clear basis of principle, and therefrom confront all persons and parties. Our desire is peace: our PURPOSE is Truth.

Upon this platform we hope to be found ever willing to do as we would be done by. Our trust is in the eternal right and the co-operation of true angels, women, children and men. Are the Spiritualists, as a body, fearful of consequences, when common honesty and real personal merit is asked of them, their agents and organs? These are the times that try men's *souls*, not their bodies or outward attainments. Who is ready for the test of principle?

THE BAPTISTS.

The missionary societies of the Baptist denomination of the United States held their anniversary in Chicago last week. The attendance was quite large, and judging from the daily reports, considerable business was transacted. The promulgation of the church and church doctrines is by far the dominant desire manifested in the proceedings. They affirm that the religious vigor and prosperity of the church depends upon its missionary zeal, and further that when the church ceases to grow in form, as a tree at the tips of its branches, it commences to die at its heart. So they recommend, for the salvation of the church, missionary propagation. It is evident from this view that they begin not at Jerusalem. It is the healthiness of the *heart* of the tree, not the sprightliness of its branches, that determines its existence, and it appears very clear to us that while our Baptist friends are devoting a majority of their effort to foreign missions, they are, spiritually, in a decline at heart.

They show their many thousands of dollars received and expended as evidence of prosperity! So be it. That is their body. And under their present system, while *it* grows the spirit languishes.

But there is one thing hopeful. They "deny any saving efficacy in baptism, regarding it merely as the divinely prescribed test of obedience to Christ." "While they aim to baptize none but believers, they admit their fallibility of judgment on this as on all other points, and hence hold that some whom they baptize may not be Christians, while some who are Christians need not be baptized, where providential circumstances prevent;" and yet they hold that their "only distinctive tenet is that relating to baptism."

This puts a very thin partition wall between the church and the world, while to enter the church itself is no certainty as a means to salvation; for it is admitted that "some who are in the church may not be Christians." If some *may* not be, there is the dreadful possibility that *none* are, and the whole church ground is open for speculation. The curious consideration in this matter is the point upon which the efficacy of baptism, or at least the rigid enforcement as a means of salvation turned, "The Baptists allege that the abandonment (of baptism) was owing to the delicacy and supposed danger felt in baptizing infants and sick persons, which the church fell into under the erroneous belief that baptism was essential to salvation. The Baptists, therefore, baptize only those of sufficient age to be believers, and in cases of extreme age or sickness, waive baptism wholly instead of changing its form."

Prudence, then, determines the administration of the rite, or its entire disuse, for if one *can* be saved without it, *all* can, and so the whole thing, vitally considered, is optional. Well, that's the way all of the church rites are tending, whether in matters of belief or the execution of forms. We do not think that a majority of the church members can recite the creed, or that they even know what it is to which they subscribe, and many are in the church with an avowed disbelief in its dogmas. Missionary efforts may extend the Baptist church all over the world; but so long as it is thus speculative and conditional, and only designated from others by a single dogma, which may or may not be enforced; and animated by no other purpose than self-preservation, the process of decay, spiritually, will be going on, and the body of dogmas will ere long be decomposed.

This is the prospective view of all church bodies under the old and exclusively inductive method, and the times await the new building in accordance with the inner life. These signs of the outer world are but indices to the throbbing social and religious heart, and it behooves us to study deeply and well the actual wants of the times.

WHAT WE WANT.

We send a word of greeting to our many kind contributors and friends. We thank you one and all for the interest you have taken in the REPUBLIC. With this month will close its first volume. We shall open Vol. II. encouraged in the course we have taken in devoting the REPUBLIC to Radical Reform. We propose, as far as possible, to move more directly on in our purpose, and to this end we want:

1st. Less long essays—we have a superabundance of them—and have sometimes been obliged to make the REPUBLIC heavier than our judgment approved.

2d. Short essays on the vital issues of the hour, political, social, or religious, and pointed. Don't say, "Mr. Editor, I'm in a hurry, and you can fix this up." If you want your essay printed, do your best, then if we can help you, shall be glad so to do.

3d. Authentic statements of phenomena relating to man's spiritual nature, which will show as nearly as possible the relation of this world to the spiritual world, and of man to man. These statements may be classified under the following heads, viz.: Spirit Manifestations, Psychometry, Clairvoyance, Mesmerism, etc. Phenomena appeal not to the intuitive, imaginative part of our being, but to our senses and reason, therefore, should be stated positively and as plainly as possible.

4th. Correspondence from all parts of the country and the world, from which we can glean, and by which we can

discover the condition of the public. Our desire is to be related to the whole people, and we shall leave no just means untried to be thus related.

Let all the friends of Spiritualism, of human progress and practical reform, meet us on this broad platform as heartily as we feel to meet them, and though our manners and means may be diverse, our efforts will be as one, for the good of all.

Address Central Publishing House, (For THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC,) Drawer 6825, Chicago, Ill.

MONEY.

We have selected the above caption for a few thoughts, because, more than any and all things else, money lies closest cuddled at the base, and nearest to the dome of any human intellect. Nothing on earth is done except for money. No love is so deep seated; none whose roots reach out so far; none which so thoroughly defies truth in every possible form; none whose fortifications are at once the strongest and weakest, on which bristle, at every point, its countless bayonets, "like quills of the fretted porcupine." Everybody is after money. The religious man is no less greedy, but often more so than his less pious neighbor. The Shylock character is written as deeply across the brow of a Yankee banker—church member though he be—as it is on that of any Jew in the land.

If there is a Spiritualist anywhere whose *ism* of "signs from heaven," or of "voices from the Summer Land" is the fore-front of his religious faith, he is just as deep in the mud of money love as any Heathen, Jew, Mahometan, or Christian.

If the love of money—so universal, so deep seated, so wide spread, which as readily vaults itself into heaven as it descends to hell, which, like the roaring lion, is on the track of every living thing—most and worst of all on the track of man, if this love, as Paul said, "is the root of all evil," then it is high time we were digging down below its deepest roots that the intellectual, moral and physical upas of the ages may wither and die. From occupying the highest place in the eternal round and daily life of men, it should be hurled to the bottomless pit of everlasting death; and all tongues, all peoples, all kindreds, all nations, all men and women, angels and archangels, should say amen.

If there be a God in man, and if the God in man is the highest form of God known to men, then let us serve man, and no longer serve money. But if money is the highest God we know; if God be Baal, then let us serve him.

Then what is money? What is its mission? Has its mission ended? Will its death be the Phoenix from whose ashes shall come forth the everlasting life of man?

Let us say then at the outset, that money is a representative, a shadow, a mere objective reflex of the outward or animal things of all life. It has no value in, and of itself—none whatever. Some people may say that gold is money, and that, therefore, money is value, for there is value in gold. We deny the premises, and say gold is not money, nor is money gold. Gold is a commodity, as much so as potatoes, or iron, wheat or houses. Gold has been used as a medium to represent value. It is so used still, where war for human rights has not yet been fought, as it has been here in the United States. Here, where war has been fought by one race for, and not against another race; here, where the white man took up arms, and before laying them down, laid down a million lives, and sank ten thousand millions of hard earned values to make it possible that black men might rise from slavery to manhood; here is the only place or country where civilized people have thrown off the nightmare of ages, and who can say there is no longer need of gold for currency; we have greenbacks, infinitely preferable in every point and shade of view.

Then let us banish from our thoughts the idea forever that gold is money, but look at it only as a medium—used as we formerly used the stage-coach until the railroad came to give us a better thing—a mere representative, a shadow, and a very costly shadow, too, of what the world calls real value. The sooner this delusion, that gold is money, is banished and we accept the situation, as war has kindly given it to us, the better for our people and the rest of mankind.

A people like ours, great and brave enough to lay down their own life that liberty may come to an inferior race, are brave and intellectual enough to continue the use of greenbacks until something better can be done, but never will return to gold either as value or a standard of value. We have established a nation based on human equality, and now invite all nations to our republican form as the best and most stable government on earth.

We should no more be controlled by other nations as to currency than in regard to the ballot box. Our currency is the objective expression of a nation's faith based on the real values produced by the labor and genius of its people. Be it ours to maintain the republican form of a better currency, and to show all other nations that not only is our mode of government best for a great and free people, but that that is the best currency which is best adapted to facilitate all exchange of values.

Just so long as mankind are in a state of competition; so

long as they do not acknowledge the divine law of human brotherhood, and bring their daily actions into harmony therewith, so long will money or currency be needed. No longer.

The time will come when nations shall learn war no more. The time we believe near at hand when the earth and the fullness thereof will be dedicated by men now selfish to high and holy purposes for the sole benefit of mankind.

The time will come when the primitive church order will be restored, and when men will dedicate all they have to the general good; when no one will call anything his own, but all things shall be held in common; when there shall be no such relations as rich and poor, high and low, bond and free, master and servant, employer and employed. May God, angels and all good men hasten on the glorious day.

If, then, as we have seen, money is but the shadow or the mere representative of material values, and our love for material values is greater than our love for man, need it be wondered that Paul said truly, "the love of money is the root of all evil."

Man is a spirit. All there is of him unfit for worms and death, is the immortal soul which defies all changes; outlives the stars; outshines all suns; is greater than all universes; and shall survive all works of matter and the final crash of worlds.

In contrast with the immortal man, all outward things of earth should vanish from his sight. But what is the fact? The spirit of man is scarcely recognized as an entity, even among the most advanced Spiritualists, and no where else on earth. Everybody is all absorbed in things pertaining to mere outward life. The real gold of immortal being—the real gem of which the body is but the mere casket—is wholly neglected; its still, small but unerring voice is hushed or unheard in the busy hum of daily life which is all devoted to laying up treasures on earth, where moth and rust and thieves are all the time eating, corrupting and breaking through to steal.

What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose the consciousness of his own immortality? Yet this is just what's the matter, and this is why

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

If this love of outer things has sponged up all love for, and even all consciousness of inner life, and if this dwelling wholly in outward substance brings "weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth," what else than the hell on earth—everywhere manifest—could be expected when the love of money—the merest shadow of this outward nothing—should be the all absorbing, the most intensified passion of man?

Then let us

"Be like that old Apostle,
Be like the heroic Paul;
If a free thought seek expression,
Speak it boldly, speak it all."

"The love of money is the root of all evil." It is the highest love of man, and being the merest shadow of the shade of the spirit of man—the mere burr of which the shell is but the covering of the real meat of the chestnut—how could it otherwise than lead to moral insanity all over the world?

So intense is man's worship at the shrine of shadows—so intent is he on chasing after this will-o'-wisp of money, that no one in the daily round of life brings a single action into harmony with the soul—no, not one on this planet. Terrible, painful confession! Not less true than terrible.

What wonder that the Nazarene should exclaim, in his agonizing hours, "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?" "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered you as a hen her chickens. Now your house is left unto you desolate."

Who wonders that the employers of Chicago, blinded by their love of money, are so savage against their employes? Why need we wonder that the *Tribune*, grown rich in "shadows," should serve its master, "Capital," by calling those men "strikers," whom their employers turned out of doors because they asked to be partially released from brutalizing toil, and that they might be permitted each day to work eight hours for eight hours' pay?

We deny to "shadows" anything which belongs alone to substance. We deny that, in contrast, the material substance of earth is entitled to any homage from man's immortal nature; and if the substance is not, what shall be said of shadows? If money is but a shadow, and material substance is but the mere shell of outward life—the mere objectives of the spirit of man—then we deny the right to the body of tribute from the soul.

We utterly ignore the claim of "capital" to any rights whatever. We deny the right of money to claim, or of labor to pay it, interest, worship or usury in any shape. We repudiate the claim of bankers, capitalists, money lenders, stock and bond holders, to any interest or dividend whatever. We deny the claim of the holders of any evidence of debt to enforce from labor any further contributions to a fund which renders laziness so popular.

John Stuart Mill has in the press the third volume of "Dissertations and Discussions, Political, Philosophical, and Historical."

SPIRITUAL QUARTERLY CONVENTION.

The Spiritualists of Vermont are requested and cordially invited to meet at Stowe, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 7th, 8th and 9th, to discuss in freedom the great interests of humanity. We feel confident this gathering will be one of importance and interest to those present, as we have the assurance that there will be a diversity of spiritual manifestations of rare interest. Mrs. Manchester, who sings and plays improvised songs peculiarly adapted to the occasion, is expected to attend, and a general interest is manifested by the friends in the southern part of the State to meet and mingle in collation of thought upon this all important subject with their friends in the North. We are confident the people from a distance will meet warm-hearted, cordial friends at Stowe who will do all in their power to make them comfortable. If any of our friends should favor us with their presence from out of the State they will be treated with fraternal kindness. Able speakers will be present and make this one of the most interesting occasions of the age. This call is made as the result of a conference of the Locating Committee and others, who recommend the propriety of holding Quarterly Conventions in different parts of the State. It is thought the regular call for the State Convention will be at So. Royalton.

Arrangements have been made with the V. C. R. R. Co. to take passengers for fare one way, and also with stage from Waterbury to Stowe. Fare at the hotels at Stowe are at a reduced rate for this Convention.

WM. B. PARISH,
CHAS. CRAINE,
D. TARBELL,
CHAS. WALKER.

SABIN SCOTT,
WM. MITCHELL,
ALBERT MANCHESTER,

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy is lecturing in Mechanics' Institute Hall, San Francisco, after spending a season in Sacramento.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe is resting from her labors, with her husband and children, in San Jose, Cal., having recently recovered from a severe illness.

Madame Parepa has been engaged, at a salary of \$3,000 a year, to do the singing part of the worship at Dr. Tyng's church, in New York.

Gen. B. F. Stringfellow, once notorious as the champion of the Border ruffians, latterly became a Free State man, and settled at the town of Atchinson. It is said that he became so completely regenerated as to do honor to the memory of John Brown.

Mrs. Nellie Pine, formerly located at South Bend, has removed to New Albany, Ind., where she is permanently located until further notice.

Charles A. Hayden has closed his engagement in Chicago, and leaves next week for the East. He will spend July in Maine, in towns on the Penobscot; will spend the summer in the East. Address Livermore Falls, Maine.

Susie M. Johnson has engaged to spend the month of June in Havana, Ill.

N. B. Starr, of Cincinnati, well known as the spirit artist, is stopping in Chicago, and can be seen or addressed at 158 Blue Island avenue, until further notice.

Walt Whitman is devoting all the time at his disposal, after official hours in the Attorney-General's Department at Washington, to the preparation of a new volume of poems.

Michael Hahn, Ex-Governor of Louisiana, is leading editorial writer of the New Orleans *Republican*, a Radical journal lately started in New Orleans.

Miss Margaret Fox, one of the original Fox family, of Hydesville, N. Y., in whose house the modern spirit manifestations were first observed, has returned to Rochester, N. Y., where she is now stopping.

Prof. Max Muller is preparing a translation of the "Sacred Hymns of the Brahmins," as preserved in the oldest collection of religious poetry, the "Rig Veda—Sanhita." Some of these are remarkable, perhaps beyond any yet translated Oriental poetry. Prof. Muller has been for twenty years working on this translation. Sanscrit will be given along with the English text, and the most careful critical commentary beneath on every page.

WORK IN MAINE.

Albert E. Carpenter is now engaged in organizing a Children's Lyceum in Foxcroft and Dover. S. C. Hayford is carrying forward another Lyceum in Bradley, and the Rockland Spiritualists are about to move in the same direction, showing how truly the Summer Land inhabitants sustain the cause they have so close to their own hearts. Spiritualists can not be any longer selfish. They can not merely indulge their feelings and minds in phenomena. They must now do something to aid the world's true education, and the Children's Lyceum is the foundation of that great work.

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.

Dr. Leo Muller will lecture at Crosby's Music Hall, on Sunday evening, June 2d, at 7:30 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend.

NOTICES AND REVIEWS.

THE SPIRIT MINSTREL: A collection of Hymns and Music. By J. P. Packard and J. S. Loveland. Boston: Published by Bela Marsh.

This little work has been used extensively by Spiritualists in their circles and public meetings, and is yet in good demand.

Price—Paper cover, thirty-five cents; postage, four cents. Cloth, fifty cents; postage, eight cents.

For sale at this office and by the publisher.

THE NURSERY.—A monthly magazine for youngest readers, finely illustrated, and in nearly every respect adapted to the wee little ones, from the first love of pictures up to the nursery tales, conveying examples of use and beauty.

Conducted by Fannie P. Seaverns, No. 13 Washington street, Boston.

Price—\$1.50 a year; single copy, fifteen cents.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH, for June, continues Moses Coit Tyler's "Brawville Athletic Club," which will develop a plan in a most humorous way that will serve any small town to inaugurate and maintain a splendid gymnasium for both sexes. It also has an article from O. B. Frothingham on "Women at Home," in which he says: "A definite career for women—begun in education and completed in work—nothing less than that, I submit, will meet the demands of women in our society. All aimlessness must be banished from the theory of woman's domestic existence, before it will disappear from the existence itself."

These articles and sentiments, together with others of no less importance on various subjects, make the June number of this magazine one of great interest.

Published by Miller, Wood & Co., New York.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for June, has reached us. Aside from its usually interesting matter we perused with peculiar interest, "Negro Spirituals," by T. W. Higginson, which gave us a view of the deep fund of emotion possessed by the black man, and far above and beyond it all that measureless trust in the inner life which characterizes the religious nature, together with the simplicity and directness which also comes from confidence in the nature of things. Altogether the June number of the *Atlantic*, which closes the XIX volume, is one of the best.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW YORKER.—An original weekly, agricultural, literary and family newspaper, published by D. D. T. Moore, at Rochester, N. Y., for three dollars a year, is among our best and most flourishing agricultural journals. It is now in its eighteenth volume, and is well patronized for its real merit.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Mrs. L. A. Nutham thinks that the enfranchising of woman will do away with all grog shops. So do we.

J. H. Cook, of South Otselee, N. Y., writing on the subject of impressibility, notices the different degrees of power to impress, and the receptivity of individuals. The impressions of lower organizations are fleeting, while those of higher orders are permanent. Hence he argues for liberality and latitude in conviction and manner of action, and for exaltation of the nature to the end of greater and more lasting enjoyments.

Dr. Seely, Cincinnati, Ohio, controverts in a letter before us the position of W. B. Fahnestock, and says that it is the operator in magnetism and not the person operated upon whose will does the work, and cites the fact of his ability to put any child not over a year old into magnetic sleep at will, and that it is not necessary for the operator to engage the child's attention or that of any one else necessarily in order to insure putting them to sleep, but that taking the subject by the hand they may talk on about any other matter, and it will not hinder the result. There should be no controversy between these parties, because they are both correct in part and in part not correct. The real truth in the case is that both operator and subject are brought *en rapport* and mutually work to the same end. This is the secret spring of power with every man who yields himself up to the principle of right, and by so doing is brought into harmony with all right everywhere, and thus augments his own power by the addition of all other right influences, which, with his own will, forms a battery of so much greater power.

We cite in illustration the fact that while we held the truths of the Declaration of Independence in unrighteous action—that is while holding it up as our banner we denied its truth in our action—so long our nation tended toward ruin; and after three years of war for a mixture of right and wrong—half slave and half free—half God and half mammon—saying as Lincoln did he would save the nation with slavery or without slavery—we found at last it was necessary to our own salvation that the proclamation of universal freedom should go forth. Forth it went, and the nation which was dead to Liberty was made alive again.

The Homeopathic Medical Association of Illinois held a two day's meeting in Chicago last week. A form of law to be presented to the Legislature of the State, declaring abortion at any period after conception, except to prevent the death or serious bodily injury of the mother, a crime;

prohibiting advertisements of any nature proffering assistance in abortion, prescribing a penalty for the same, etc., etc., was before the Association and received its hearty approval. A committee of five was appointed to urge the enactment of the law.

L. M. Andrews, formerly known among the Spiritualists, but who at the commencement of the late war went South in his country's defense, writes us from Ames, Iowa, that he is feeling the pressure of the times for reform, again, and would be at work. There is plenty of real work for Mr. Andrews and many true and earnest souls to do.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy, of California, writing to the BANNER OF LIGHT, says: "Doctor Bryant is now at Sacramento. He has succeeded in arousing the enmity of some of the medical faculty (the least worthy portion), and a poor deluded man, their tool, has sued the Doctor for damages, not inflicted, of course. Persons who before this reverse were servile in their admiration of him, are now keeping in the back ground. Still there is *living testimony* to the Doctor's success, prominent among them the wife of a lawyer in this city, bed-ridden and helpless when he raised her, and brought her back to a life of usefulness. This wife and mother is eloquent in the Doctor's praise, and remarked to me that the regular physicians differed from Doctor Bryant inasmuch as they buried their failures out of sight."

The following orthographical curiosity is posted in this city, on the "West Side:" "Duchs Mustered Four sal Hir," the English of which is, Dutch mustard for sale here. Who would have guessed it?

An exchange says: "The new Philadelphia Directory contains the names of Whites, 390; Blacks, 158; Browns, 851; Greens, 240; Grays, 173; Pinks, 1; Blues, 3; Scarlets, 6; Cherrys, 16; Oranges, 2; Hazels, 12. Such variegated hues as these show how absurd is the attempt to institute civil or political distinctions on account of race or color."

PROGRESS OF EVENTS.

There are now in operation in Arkansas nineteen schools for the freedmen, and fifteen others have been located and are awaiting teachers from the North. Of those in operation, eight are sustained entirely by the freedmen and ten in part. Twenty-two white and four colored teachers are employed. The whole number of scholars is 1,067. The number of Sabbath schools is eleven, with a membership of 951.

The citizens of Boston have contributed \$18,500 in cash, and large quantities of clothing to the suffering Cretans.

A public meeting has been called at Springfield, Mass., to take steps toward suppressing cruelty in the public schools.

Colored men have been appointed on the Election Boards in every precinct of Washington.

Another startling disaster, accompanied by a heavy loss of life, on the Northern lakes, is reported. The steamer Wisconsin was burned within a few miles of the eastern extremity of Lake Ontario, on Tuesday night, 14th inst., and twenty to thirty lives are said to have been lost.

The Swedish Parliament has passed resolutions in honor of Capt. Ericson.

The Queen has issued a royal proclamation declaring the union of the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, under one government, to be called the Dominion of Canada.

Gov. Oglesby has called an extra session of the Illinois Legislature, to convene on the 11th of June. The business of the session is specified, and none other will be transacted.

The attempt to pass a vote of censure upon Horace Greely for becoming the bondsman of Jeff. Davis has failed in the Union League Club of New York, but a substitute, condemning the bailing of Davis, passed.

MISSIONARY WORK.

The following is a statement of account showing the operations, and receipts for the same, of Mr. and Mrs. Davis during April. We hope the friends will take certain steps to secure the organization of Lyceums, and look out for the "Balance due":

PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM MISSIONARY FUND IN ACCOUNT WITH A. J. AND M. F. DAVIS.—STATEMENT FOR APRIL.	
April 7th.—To railroad expenses to Brooklyn (N. Y.) Lyceum and return to Orange	\$2.00
" 10th.—To attendance at first Leaders' meeting in Brooklyn	2.00
" 14th to 30th.—To railroad expenses to and from Bridgeport, Ct., to deliver explanatory lectures and organize the Children's Lyceum	27.00
" 30th.—To Salary for the month at \$25 per Sunday	100.00
Cr.	\$131.00
April 11th.—By cash from Mrs. Taylor, Brooklyn	\$5.00
" 30th.—Received from Bridgeport Children's Progressive Lyceum	40.00
" " Cash from E. M. Clymer, Esq.	50.00
.....	\$95.00
Balance due,	\$36.

A. J. and MARY F. DAVIS.

Bangor, Me, May 1, 1867.

OUT OF JOINT.

The following letter from Mr. Daniels, whom we were informed was "converted to Christ" explains itself, but don't explain the Rev. Derias Houle. Rev. Mr. Houle says he was "requested by Mr. Daniels" to write the letter we printed, and which we have on file. Mr. Daniels denies any knowledge of it. It looks now as though Mr. Houle was a "man of sin" after all his insinuations to the contrary. May be, while expressing his willingness to "pay some one to damn" us, he has damned himself! Meddling with other people's business doesn't always redound to one's own credit, even if the meddler be a minister of the Gospel. Perhaps, however, Mr. Houle can explain himself from the dilemma. We hope so.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: In your issue of May 18th, you publish a letter purporting to have been written by "Derias Houle, Pastor of the Swedenborgian Church, at Elgin, Ills.," in which my name appears. I desire to say that the letter was written without my authority or knowledge. I never saw the person "Houle" whose signature was attached to it, am not now, and never have been a member of a Swedenborgian church.

By publishing the above, you will oblige,

Yours respectfully,

Elgin, Ill., May 23, 1867.

GEO. H. DANIELS.

CHILDREN'S LYCEUM IN BANGOR.

A. J. and Mary Davis have opened the Lyceum cause in Maine, and the following, from the Bangor Whig and Courier, shows how much impression has been made in two Sundays in that city:

"Last Sunday the Spiritualists of this city organized, in Pioneer Chapel, an original educational movement called a 'Children's Progressive Lyceum.' The plan and objects of this novel Sunday school should arrest the attention of all who have at heart the morals and well-being of the community. The first Lyceum was inaugurated by Andrew Jackson Davis, in Dodworth's Hall, Broadway, New York, on the 25th of January, 1863. Since that period the schools have multiplied to one hundred and eleven, with a membership, exclusive of officers and leaders, of 12,000 children, many of them from families of every phase of religious faith.

"At first it seemed that the Children's Lyceum was intended by the Spiritualists as a substitute for the ordinary Sunday school; but now, as its sphere of usefulness has widened, and the plan is better understood, the leading Spiritualists are taking steps to make it the basis of the most useful and refining branches of culture. "Mr. M. B. Dyott, Conductor of the Philadelphia Lyceum, is now proposing to lead in the erection of a building at a cost of \$200,000, in which the Progressive Lyceum can be expanded into a system of thorough education for both body and mind.

"The Spiritualists of Bangor have awakened to the subject of interesting the young in the ideas of progress which they entertain and inculcate.

"The Lyceum is composed of twelve classes, indicated by differently colored cards, arranged on upright staffs. These classes, called 'Groups,' are arranged so as to include children, and young men and girls of all ages and capacities. The primary group, called 'Fountain,' takes in little ones from two to four years; the five yearlings go into the second group, called 'Stream'; the next, called 'River Group,' takes in the six year olds, and so on up the scale to 'Liberty Group,' the twelfth and last, which is adapted to members fifteen years old and upward.

"A Leader is appointed to preside over and keep order in each group, and the entire school is under the management of a 'Conductor,' who is Superintendent, and a lady assistant, called 'The Guardian of Groups.' Each Group has its color or badge, significant of the degree of progress attained. Thus, the youngest children in 'Fountain Group,' wear a red silk badge; while the oldest—fifteen and upwards—have a badge of pure white. The exercises consist principally of singing the songs and hymns in the Lyceum Manual, or responsive reading by all present, styled a 'silver chain recitation,' followed by what are termed 'Wing movements,' to music; then a general conference on the question which was selected from among several proposed by vote of the children; and lastly, a procession, called the 'Banner March,' in which each carries a flag, led by the Guardian of Groups. When all are massed in front of the Conductor's stand, and facing him, all take part in silver chaining a closing 'Invocation,' which is both a prayer and a thanksgiving.

"The Spiritualists, with all their vagaries, are an earnest and a practical people; believing that a child has a body as well as a soul, to educate—that the physical as well as the spiritual should be disciplined and governed by the fixed laws of nature, which they hold to be the only perfectly expressed will of God. This basis the Spiritualists accept as the 'rock of ages,' and upon it they propose to erect the superstructure of humanity, and secure progressive happiness to the immortal soul.

"The Lyceum proceedings are open to the public every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock, and children are especially invited."

VOICES FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

FROM TRUMAN BEEMAN.

A QUERY.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: I have been very much interested in the reports of your lectures in Chicago. You have some lecturers there who are breaking up the fallow ground and striking the furrows deep, so deep that it will hardly need subsoiling. And this is just what is needed all over the country. Every town and village should be visited by such men, and old abuses should be exposed, and old sins brought to the light, so that they may be seen and shunned.

The world has grown gray in crime. Wickedness is established in high places, and folly rules the people. But the light is beginning to shine; new workmen are entering the field, and new machinery is put in motion to dig up and cast down the Upas tree, whose branches have spread out and taken root in almost every department of our social system. And I say, "God speed the plow," and give success to the right. But there is something to do besides tear down; we must also build up; and after the fallow-ground is broken up, then the seed must be sown—and it requires much care to select the right kind of seed. All our labor may be lost if we sow bad seed. And here is where my query comes in:

In your report of Mr. Seth Paine's lecture in the REPUBLIC, April 6th, I see that after he had thoroughly pulverized the field upon which he was at work, he threw out a few handfuls of seed—and some of it, I thought, looked rather suspicious—looked as if it hadn't any business in that field. Here is his thought: "She has the right to choose the father of her children, and if she makes a mistake in the choice, it is her equal right to choose again." Now this may be all right. I don't think that I understand its nature or quality, so I call on Mr. Paine for information. That a woman should not be compelled to live with a man that she does not love, I admit. Indeed, I condemn, in the strongest terms, that law, or that custom which compels a man and woman to live together, when neither can love the other. I think there is more evil resulting from that abuse than is generally admitted. But Mr. Paine appears to cut the woman loose from all restraint. May be I don't understand him. I want to know what theory Mr. Paine is publishing. I will put my queries in a shape that can be looked at:

1. Is it necessary for a woman to be married at all, before she may become a mother?
2. If she be married, and does not choose that her husband shall be the father of her children, may she, without a divorce, select some other man?
3. If she should select some other married man to be the father of her child, would it be necessary for her to consult that other man's wife in the matter?
4. If she should not like the second, or third man, well enough to continue with them, may she choose a fourth and a fifth? and if so, how many different fathers may her family of children have, and she continue to be a true woman?

Now, Bro. Paine should understand me, not as *objecting* to his views, but simply as *wishing to understand* them.

Indianapolis, Ind.

REMARKS.

Truman Beeman writes for information as to the meaning of Brother Paine about marriage. He has read his lecture on Infanticide, and in it finds this passage: "Woman has the right to choose the father of her children, (if she has not, who has?) and if she makes a mistake in the choice, it is her equal right to choose again."

Bro. Beeman asks if the woman can make the second choice without first having a divorce? No; of course not. But what is divorce? Doubtless the inquirer has the general answer, "It is dissolving by the court or some power outside of the man and woman married, the bonds of matrimony." All right; the man who thinks that marriage has to go to a magistrate or priest for consummation must go to a court or elsewhere for dissolution. Such is not our faith. Marriage is a civil contract, so far as its outward expression goes—not a legal one. It was the natural right of man and woman to marry as well when only two were on this earth as it is now when there are millions. Who, then, could have "married" the first pair, if they themselves could not? When did this natural right—which is as inalienable as the right to air and sunshine—turn a summer-sault and vault itself into the chair of state or church where no such thing is allowed but with permission of some dignity greater than man and woman themselves?—no matter when or where. The change was a mistake and should never have been made.

Bro. Beeman concedes the right to divorce by the courts. We say the court can have nothing to do with it. We say the parties themselves are the only persons who can have anything to say about it. Having the right to marry they have the right of divorce within themselves. The right of divorce is as inalienable as the right to marry. Priests nor magistrates have any more to do with it than they have,

after the ceremony, to be hanging around as eaves-droppers at the bedroom doors of the married.

But Bro. Beeman concedes, also, that once divorced by the courts, the man or woman may marry again, at will. All right. So say we. What, then, is there between Bros. Beeman and Paine? Nothing but this: What is it that constitutes marriage? We say the agreement between the parties only. He thinks they need help. We don't, and think it impudence on the part of church or State, priest or magistrate, to offer their help; and further, that it adds injury to insult when the offer to help is backed by an attempt to enforce the claim.

Now if they possess the original right of marriage and divorce and this right is inalienable, then, when divorced by their own consent, or by the consent of one of them, it is just as much a right to marry a second, third or seventh time as it was the first.

Jesus spoke of a woman who married seven brothers, each of whom died before she married the other, and answered the question as to whose wife she was in the kingdom of inner life. In this case death, and not the courts, decreed the divorce. It seems that Jesus conceded the right of woman to choose seven times as well as once; that death was a good divorce—thus recognizing the relation of marriage as one of the flesh alone. He also took the ground that when men and women rise to the altitude of spirit life, even while dwelling here in the body, that there would no longer be marriage nor giving in marriage, but that all would then be as the angels of God. As we understand Jesus, we believe in that saying.

Bro. Beeman asks if it is necessary for a woman to be married at all before she become a mother? We answer, that no woman can have a child of her own without marriage. Cohabitation without love and without the design of off-spring is prostitution—pure lust and nothing else. Should a child result, it would have been "conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity." It would not be the child of either father or mother in any true sense—it would not be the offspring of true marriage. This would be just as true, whether sugar-coated with the pill of legality or not.

Bro. Beeman states the same conclusion we arrive at as above stated, when he says: "A woman should not be compelled to live with a man whom she does not love;" that law or custom which compels men and women to live together when neither can love the other, he condemns in the strongest terms. So say we; and we say, further, that the only way is to settle the question by stating and admitting the principle that each man for himself and each woman for herself has the sole right and power of choice and action in the premises.

Bro. Beeman asks, further, if she be married and does not choose her husband to be the father of her children, may a woman, without divorce, select some other man? To ask is to answer such a question. Any woman, married to a man, would choose him to be the father of her children; but Bro. Beeman supposes by his question that the woman may be legally married and not desire children by her legal husband. We know there are thousands and tens of thousands just in this fix—thousands who are thus living in legal concubinage; thousands who by abortion, foeticide and infanticide are daily committing murder of both bodies and souls. This is not mere assertion. Let Bro. Beeman look into Bro. Paine's lecture on Infanticide, and if he lacks all the proof necessary, let him get the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* of this city, and there he will find in greater detail the whole case stated, and all the proofs ample from the pen of Rev. Dr. Eddy, its editor, and who also is one of the greatest lights of the Methodist church in America.

But we have not quite done with this subject yet. It is too important to be hastily passed over, nor do we expect to drop the subject forever with terminating this article. Firmly, religiously and intellectually do we believe that this question, among others, involves the foundation of this world's redemption. Before sectarian prostitution can be done away universal prostitution must be abandoned. We have learned our lesson in the modern school of abolition—not of the older school of colonization. Our gamut has in it no notes of "but" or "if." We believe in moral principle as firmly as in mathematics or mechanics; that all principle is relative; that God or man, which you will, is all in all; that all knowledge is relative for knowledge is of facts, and all facts are relative; that facts are the parents of knowledge by the law of induction; that principle is the parent of facts by the law of intuition.

We are now prepared to step up one round of the ladder. Marriage between man and woman being purely, as understood from the standpoint of Bro. Beeman, on the outer plane of life, it is as he thinks—and logically, too—a creature of, or subject to, courts of man-made or animal law. Hence, he correctly concludes that for a woman to have children by other men than her legal husband would be guilty of adultery. So she would, of legal adultery—nothing else. The man who lies, is none the less a liar because he is not on the witness stand under oath—though if there, and he lies, he is by "law" or statute a perjured man. So, too, of marriage. It is none the less or more marriage, whether sanctioned by law and custom or not. A child born out of legal marriage may be and often is le-

gitimate; while, according to Dr. Eddy, nearly all born in legal marriage are illegitimate. Viewing man and woman from an outside standpoint alone, marriage and parentage is their normal relation. Viewing them from an inside standpoint, both man and woman are male and female, and hence each is by the eternal law of being the fullness of the Godhead bodily. The cause of difference in views on this subject is, solely owing to the standpoint of vision; and this alone has produced the CONFLICT OF AGES. This difference of standpoint has alone given rise to all war. The adjustment of this single difference will bring the millennium to the world at large as it has often done to a single human being.

This is the new birth, without which no man or woman can enter the realm of spirit life. Settling this question of standpoint; or, in other words, settling the question that man's spirit is an entity, as much so without as with a flesh body—that it always has been, and will forever be, a spirit as much if it never inhabits a body of flesh as if born into the earth; that being born into a body of flesh does not commence or end the life of any spirit; does not make them more or less an individual, than if they had or had not stopped at a hotel.

This brings in an entire new phase of human knowledge. Not that in itself, or to a few in this world, there is anything in it new, for really there is "nothing new under the sun." The point is this: Man has always existed; and outward life is but a simple objective expression of the *esse* of all things.

It may be asked by our readers if spirits existed before entering this body and can exist without it, what is the use of these bodies? Why have them at all? Rev. Dr. Eddy answers, as Jesus did in a particular case, "Better for many if they had never been born." Indeed Dr. Eddy goes further than Jesus, and says, "We are a nation of murderers, because we think by our foeticides and infanticides that a large proportion shall never be born; or, if born, killed afterwards as speedily as possible." But the subject is too vast for further discussion here just now, and we leave it for other departments in the boundless realm of thought.

GLEANINGS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM AN INQUIRER.

Your REPUBLIC endeavors to be radically and practically reformatory. But there is one point which seems to me neglected, namely, the subject of War. That, to me, seems the greatest of sins and mischiefs *per se*. It covers and involves all other evils. It is devastation, famine, pestilence, slavery and capital punishment combined; it is the sum of all evils, and to pretend to desire the abolition of these things, separately, and yet sustain War, which includes them all, looks to me supremely absurd. Many leading Spiritualists do this, and thereby neutralize and stultify all reason and good sense.

Will you please give us your views on this subject.

Anoka, Minn., May 17, 1867.

[REMARKS.—Inquirer fails to see a principle, but is dwelling in the region of conditions. His difficulty is what's the matter with nearly every body else. He is a sectarian as to "War." He thinks war is, and is only, what generally passes technically as such, and yet Inquirer makes war on us because we do not make war on "WAR."

May our right hand palsy and our tongue cleave when we cease to make war on all war. When we cease to preach co-operation and brotherhood as against competition and strife on all the battle-fields of business life, as well as the battles against man—whether savage, barbarous or civilized; whether with sword, or tongue, or pen.

We are for peace on earth and good will to men. But before written by Paul, it was written in the human soul as an eternal law, "First pure, then peaceable." As well quarrel with a thunder shower—which clears up and makes pure the atmosphere—as to expect war to cease among men until they are pure in thought, then will follow purity of action. Then will co-operation, which is peace, take the place of competition, which is war.

FROM MRS. A. J. TRIPP.

We feel that we cannot do without your most excellent paper. It has won for itself a hearty welcome at our fireside.

Thank God the world moves, and truth must finally reign triumphant. The noble cause of Spiritualism is marching on in California, as it is everywhere else, and we who can discern the signs of the times, rejoice in the prospect of the "good time coming." Long may the REPUBLIC prosper. Watsonville, Santa Cruz Co., Cal.

William Wirt was once arguing a case involving some personal right, in the course of which he stated a very broad legal proposition. His opponent asked him for his authority in laying down the rule, and to cite the book and page which contained his precedent. Mr. Wirt, in his impressive style, turned upon his questioner, and answered in this gorgeous manner: "Sir, I am not bound to grope my way among the ruins of antiquity—to stumble over obsolete statutes, and delve in black-letter lore in search of a principle written in living letters upon the heart of every man."

I DO NOT LIKE TO HEAR HIM PRAY.

I do not like to hear him pray,
Who loans at twenty-five per cent;
For then I think the borrower may
Be pressed to pay for food or rent.
And in the Book we all should heed,
Which says the lender shall be blest,
As sure as I have eyes to read,
It does not say "take interest."

I do not like to hear him pray
On bended knees about an hour,
For grace to spend aright the day,
Who knows his neighbor has no flour.
I'd rather see him go to mill
And buy the luckless brother bread,
And see his children eat their fill,
And laugh beneath their humble shed.

I do not like to hear him pray
"Let blessings on the widow be!"
Who never seeks her home to say,
"If wants o'er take you, come to me."
I hate the prayer so long and loud,
That's offered for the orphan's weal
By him who sees him crushed by wrong,
And only with the lips doth feel.

I do not like to hear her pray
With jewelled ear and silken dress,
Whose washer-woman toils all day,
And then is asked "to work for less."
Such pious shavers I despise;
With folded hands and face demure
They lift to Heaven their "angel eyes,"
Then steal the earnings of the poor!

I do not like such soulless prayers;
If wrong I hope to be forgiven;
No angel's wing them upward bears—
They're lost a million miles from Heaven.
I cannot like long prayers to hear,
And studied from the lips depart;
Our Father bends a ready ear,
Let words be low—He hears the heart.

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.

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.

TWO DAYS' MEETING AT STURGIS, MICH.

There will be a two days' meeting held at the Free Church in Sturgis, on Saturday and Sunday, the 22d and 23d days of June. Services to commence at nine o'clock A. M. The friends of free thought are invited to attend.

By order of the Executive Committee.

Friendship is a sweet attraction of the heart toward the merit we esteem, or the perfections we admire; and produces a mutual inclination between two or more persons, to promote each other's interests, knowledge, virtue and happiness.

MARRIAGES.

"By marriage we mean the union of souls—the joining of two life-streams for a stronger, diviner flow to the eternal sea."

In Buffalo, N. Y., on Tuesday, May 14, Mr. WM. P. MAYNARD, of White Plains, N. Y., and Miss NETTIE COLBURN, formerly of Hartford.

The ceremony was most felicitously performed by Mrs. Jonathan Watson, of Rochester, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Hartzell, of the Unitarian church, Buffalo; and our well-beloved brother Geo. A. Bacon, of Boston, most beautifully invoked the blessing of God and his holy angels, and pronounced the benediction on the union of the happy pair.

Mr. Maynard is the youngest son of the late E. A. Maynard, of Buffalo, the pioneer in the Spiritual faith in Western New York, and Miss Colburn is well known as a most excellent trance speaking and test medium, reliable, honest and truthful. All who know Nettie Colburn, know her but to love her. Her friends will rejoice and join in congratulating her on a happy marriage.

S.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

A DELIGHTED AND HAPPY WOMAN.—I need not say that Mrs. Graves is a delighted and happy woman. Such a machine would carry joy and gladness into ten thousand families, now rendered unhappy by the unending finger toil of the worn wife and mother. I would not—for my wife's sake—exchange her Willcox & Gibbs Machine for the best of all others known to me, and five hundred dollars! What are a few paltry dollars, when weighed against her ever recurring woe-ment, over "broken needles" and "disordered machinery."

If my testimony in behalf of the superiority of your machine over all others used in my family, should influence any kind and generous husband to procure one for his wife—or to put his "G—," or "S—," or "W—," or "H—," machine in the market as I did, and buy a "W. & G.," I am satisfied that that woman would ever remember me most gratefully. [Letter of Rev. John R. Graves, Magnolia, Miss., April 12, 1866.]

Persons wishing to consult a reliable clairvoyant physician, can do so by inclosing lock of hair with name and age, accompanied by two dollars, on receipt of which a written diagnosis with cost of treatment will be returned. Address, Dr. H. SLADE, Jackson, Mich.

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.

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3-3-1y

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

NEW YORK.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists has leased the Masonic Hall, a large and beautiful edifice, No. 114 East Thirtieth street, between Third and Fourth avenues, where they will hold meetings every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M., Dr. H. B. Storer, 370 Bowery, Secretary.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum will meet in the same hall every Sunday at 9½ 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 7½ 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 2½ 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 7½ P. M.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, meets in the same hall, every Sunday at 9½ A. M. Seats free.

FOND DU LAC, WIS.—Regular meetings at Moor's Hall, corner of Main 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 7½ P. M.

GALESBURG, ILL.—The Friends of Progress meet every Sunday at 11 A. M., and 7½ 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 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Seats free.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same Hall every Sunday afternoon, at 2½ 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 10½ A. M. and 7½ 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 2½ 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 11½ 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 7½ o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10½ o'clock.

MORRISANIA, N. Y.—First Society of Progressive Spiritualists—Assembly Rooms, corner Washington avenue and Fifth street. Services at 3½ P. M.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Meetings formerly held at Sansom street Hall are now held at Washington Hall, corner of Eighth and Spring Garden streets, every Sunday. The morning lecture is preceded by the Children's Lyceum meeting, which is held at 10 o'clock—the lecture commencing at 11½ A. M.; evening lecture at 7½.

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 10½ A. M. and 7½ 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 Churchill. 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.

S. C. Hayford. Bangor, Me.

J. B. Harrison, Bloomington, Ill.

W. H. Holington, lecturer. Address, Farmington, Wis.

Lyman C. Howe, trance speaker, Clear Creek, N. Y.

Charles A. Hayden. Address 82 Monroe street, Chicago.

S. S. Jones, President Illinois State Association of Spiritualists, Address, Room 12, Methodist Church Block, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Emma M. Martin, inspirational speaker, Birmingham, Michigan.

Dr. Leo Miller, box 2326, Chicago, Ill.

Anna M. Middlebrook, Box 778, Bridgeport, Conn.

J. L. Potter. Address, West Salem, Wis.

Mrs. Anna M. L. Potts, M. D., lecturer. Address, Adrian, Michigan.
 Austin E. Simmons. Address Woodstock, Vt.
 Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Milford, Mass.
 N. B. Starr, of Cincinnati, spirit artist, can be addressed at 158 Blue Island avenue, Chicago.
 Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.
 A. B. Whiting, Albion, Mich.
 Henry C. Wright. Address care Bela Marsh, Boston.
 Lois Waisbrooker can be addressed at Union Lakes, Rice Co., Minn., care of Mrs. L. A. F. Swain, till further notice.
 Frans H. Widstrand, Communist, Monticello, Minn.
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J. Madison Allyn, trance and inspirational speaker. Address, Woodstock, Vt., care of Thomas Middleton.
 Joseph Baker, Janesville, Wis., will attend to calls for lectures on Progressive Reforms.
 M. C. Bent, inspirational speaker. Address Pardeeville, Wis.
 Mrs. Mary J. Colburn, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address Champlin, Hennepin, Co., Minn.
 Dean Clark, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address Brandon, Vt.
 Miss Lizzie Doten. Address Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

A. T. Foss. Permanent address, Manchester, N. H.
 S. J. Finney lectures in Troy, N. Y., until further notice. Address accordingly.
 Lyman C. Howe, inspirational speaker. Address New Albion, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.

Mrs. Hardinge lectures during June in Worcester. Address care of Mrs. Martha Jacobs, Worcester Mass., or care of Mrs. J. M. Jackson, 406 East Fifty-first street, New York City. Mrs. Hardinge can make no more Sabbath engagements.

S. C. Hayford will answer calls to lecture and organize Children's Lyceums, if desired. Address, Coopersville, N. Y.

Moses Hull, 724 Jackson street, Milwaukee, Wis., will respond to calls to lecture, in any part of the United States.

Harvey A. Jones will answer calls to lecture on Sundays in the vicinity of Sycamore, Ill., on the Spiritual Philosophy and the Reform questions of the day.

Susie M. Johnson lectures in Havana, Ill., during June; Rock Island, Ill., during July. Address accordingly.

Mr. O. P. Kellogg speaks to the Friends of Progress at Monroe, O. the first Sunday, and at Andover the second Sunday of each month. Address, East Trumbull, Ohio.

J. S. Loveland lectures in Beloit, Wis., during June. Address accordingly.

Dr. Leo Miller will answer calls to lecture Sundays within a reasonable distance of Chicago. Address, P. O. box 2326, Chicago, Ill.

A. L. E. Nash will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals, in Western New York. Address Rochester, N. Y.

Miss Sarah A. Nutt will speak in Lawrence, Kansas, one third; Topeka, one third, and Wyandotte one third of the time for the present. Address as above.

Mrs. Kate Parker, Marengo, Ill., lectures on Spiritualism, and Political Equality for Woman.

L. Judd Pardee, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Lydia Ann Pearsall, Inspirational Speaker, Disco, Mich.

Mr. Frank Reed, lecturer, Breedsville, Mich.

J. T. Rouse, Normal Speaker. Address, box 281, Beaver Dam, Wis.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe will answer calls to lecture in the Pacific States and Territories. Address San Jose, Cal.

Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson, Inspirational Speaker, 36 Bank street, Cleveland, O.

Selah Van Sickle, Green Bush, Mich., will answer calls to lecture in that vicinity.

Lois Waisbrooker can be addressed at Forestville, Fillmore county, Minn., care of A. B. Register, till further notice.

N. Frank White will lecture in Oswego, N. Y., during June. Will answer calls to lecture week evenings in vicinity of Sunday appointments.

Mrs. S. E. Warner will lecture in Rockford, Ill., the 2d, 9th, 23d and 30th of June; in Richland Center, during July; in Rochester, Minn., during August. Will answer calls to lecture week evenings in vicinity of Sunday appointments. Address as above, or box 14, Berlin, Wis.

N. S. Warner, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture in Iowa. Address Woodbin, Harrison Co. Iowa.

Miss Elvira Wheelock, normal speaker, Janesville, Wis.

E. V. Wilson. Address Babcock's Grove, Ill.

E. Whipple will speak in Cincinnati the five Sundays in June. Address, Clyde, O.

A. A. Wheelock, trance and inspirational speaker, St. John's, Mich.

Mrs. A. Wilhelm, M. D., can be addressed during June, care of H. Stagg, St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson will labor in New England during June. Friends on the Springfield and Boston road, who wish to secure her services, please address immediately at Hammon, Atlantic county, New Jersey.

Mrs. Fannie Young, of Boston, will answer calls to lecture in the West this winter. Address 285 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

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 Embrace a world, dry every tear—
 Then sorrows are, through angels, healed!
 This is the ladder Jacob saw,
 And truth is governed by fixed law!
 Alas! that Crows cry "caw! caw! caw!" [17-6t

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