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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.

Silent Leone.

BY DR. E. CASE.

The wild waves roll upon the sea,
But in that hidden deep,
Ah, who can tell what gems there be?
What secrets they may keep?
The dark green caves and coral groves
Beneath the billows' flow,
May have their scenes and tales of love
That you nor I may know.

We know that many a gem serene
The caves of ocean bear,
And many a star with light unseen,
Beams on the upper air.
And in the hushed and silent deep
Of many a loving heart,
How many burning thoughts may sleep,
It dares not now impart!

My heart is but an ocean cave,
O'er which life's billows roll;
And many a gem beneath their lave,
Burns in the secret soul.
Ah, would that thou would'st rescue them
From out that deep, deep sea,
And in love's glorious diadem
Wear them for me and thee.

Too beautiful art thou, my love,
For such a world to mar,
In yon blue depths that bend above,
I would thou wert a star!
I care not where thy light might fall,
Or whom its rays might bless,
If I but felt in my full soul,
Their loving tenderness.

Ah, I have felt, and still can feel,
Thy starry, love-lit ray,
Falling on me, in woe or weal,
Lighting my lonely way.
And if on earth I walk alone
Until life's dewy even,
Thou art the star to light me on
Till we shall meet in heaven.

Lafayette, Ind., Dec. 25, 1866.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Northern District of Illinois, on January 5th, 1867, by Mrs. C. F. Corbin.

A WOMAN'S SECRET.

BY MRS. C. F. CORBIN.

CHAPTER IV.

ABOUT MONEY-LENDING.

Ralph Darrell sat in his counting-room. It was a little, dark, dingy place, at the back of his warehouse, with windows looking out upon the great mills owned by Darrell & Co. Industrious spiders had woven their webs across the panes, and what had been golden motes, infiltrating the summer sunshine, lay dead and lifeless now—mere dust upon the ledges. Yet the place to its occupant never was unseemly, and indeed, it had a certain order of its own. The desks and chairs were all squarely placed. It was swept every morning by a man, who of course was never troubled by the reflection that the broom might possibly be usurping an office which properly belonged to the scrubbing brush. The great unpolished stove gave out a cheery warmth, and the papers lying about were all placed in a manner that was full of significance to their owner's eyes.

Ralph Darrell liked the place, it was his home. At the other end of the town stood a handsome mansion, with his name upon the doorplate. His servants rolled the walks, and shaved the lawn, and kept the shrubbery in order. His money had built, his taste had furnished the house in the main, though his wife had no doubt added a thousand little decorating touches. That same wife of his—once Laura Gaines—he held chiefest among his earthly possessions. He was prouder of her than of houses, or lands, or stocks, or even of those great mills yonder, which were the outgrowth of his indomitable will, ambition and perseverance—his children, so to speak, born of his heart and his brain, and nearer akin to him than the four fine boys and girls in the house yonder, who called him father,

and reproduced, whether he would or not, the buoyancy and lightheartedness of his own youth. He was proud of them, too, fond of them in a certain way. He would have told you that he was spending all his days, and almost nights, in that dim place for their sakes; believed it, too, himself; but I think his good angel sighed over the hallucination, and credited most of his self-sacrifice merely to his love for those children of stone out yonder.

So this after all was Ralph Darrell's home. Here he was most truly himself, felt most at his ease, at best command of all the faculties upon which he most prided himself. If I sketch him for you sitting in his arm chair, with a market report in his hand and a pen over his ear, the portrait will be characteristic. You will like him; everybody did like Ralph Darrell. He was handsome to begin with; of medium height, with broad shoulders, a fair open physiognomy, his nose a little too *retroussé* for perfect beauty; but imparting a piquant, wide awake look, far more in consonance with his character of a first rate business man. His eyes were large and very dark, well set in his head; his hair thick, black and curling; and his complexion clear and healthful. If he were a trifle dyspeptic in his habit it was because of excessive brain labor, not from any constitutional taint or weakness. In manner Mr. Darrell was prompt, alert, yet suave, always making friends, always obliging them, yet never losing money by them.

As he sat there, reading the market report, with a quiet gleam of satisfaction in his eye, a gentleman entered—quite a different sort of person.

Abraham Gladstone was a taller, larger, every way a more powerfully built man. He was of the Saxon type, strong but fair, with clear gray eyes and features, which, without being regularly handsome, were still impressive. His manner was simple but dignified, with possibly a trace of the air which a man carries when he is conscious of a discrepancy between his worth and his market value. If he had this air now, however, it was not habitual, but simply the effect of coming in contact with a man of Ralph Darrell's stamp, and that under circumstances which secretly stung his pride more than he would openly have allowed.

"Good morning, Gladstone," exclaimed Mr. Darrell, cordially. "I'm glad to see you; happy to congratulate you upon the fine plea you made yesterday. I didn't hear it—was too busy; but I heard of it, which was better. Everybody praises it. A good start you've made. Its all right with you now. You've only to hold fast in the faith, and you'll outstrip us all."

Gladstone's face lighted up with a quiet smile—a smile of deep content, which yet did not quite relieve his features of their uneasy shade.

"Yes," he said, "I was fortunate in winning that case. It has made me feel secure in my profession, which I scarcely did before."

"Oh! but you might have," said Darrell, kindly. "We all knew that you would not fail; but this case must have brought you substantial tokens of success."

"Yes, the fees were liberal, and what is better, I shall perhaps gain some practice from it. But the subject of fees brings me to my present business with you."

Mr. Darrell's face assumed the bland air of a man who expects a satisfactory communication; but Mr. Gladstone's manner grew more and more uneasy.

"The interest upon the mortgage which you hold is due to-day, I believe; yesterday I had no doubt of my ability to meet it; to-day, however, I find myself compelled to test your leniency in the matter."

Mr. Darrell's manner certainly changed by a shade; but he didn't appear in the least troubled.

"It's only a small matter, I believe—a couple of hundred dollars or thereabouts."

Mr. Gladstone mentioned the exact sum.

"I shall pay you one hundred dollars to-day; the other I hope to be able to raise during the week. Of course it is a very unpleasant necessity."

"Oh, nothing of the sort," said Darrell. "A thing of that kind between old friends is not worth mentioning. By the way, why don't you get the money of the doctor. I happen to know that he has it by him; though pray don't tell him I said that. Of course I'm always happy to oblige a friend, but this confounded business keeps me always short. It's quite different with the old doctor, you know. While I have the kindest inclination in the world, he has not only the inclination but the power to oblige you."

"To tell the truth," said Mr. Gladstone, "I thought of that; but the doctor, if he is your brother-in-law, is such a close man I hesitated to ask him."

Darrell laughed, a frank, rattling kind of laugh.

"Just such a blunder as people are perpetually falling into. Now you, as a lawyer, should have been wiser. Take my advice, and go to the doctor at once."

"Where am I to find him at this hour, I wonder?" half soliloquized Gladstone.

"Oh! on the road, most likely. You'll know the old gray if you see it, I take it."

Abraham Gladstone was not a man to ask a favor, and be refused, without knowing it, even though he were turned off in this clever, joking way. But he knew the world, too, quite too well to grow sour over the affront, unless, indeed, it might be in secret. So he started off down the street, towards the doctor's office, leaving Darrell to mutter:

"Now that's some freak of his abominable wife. I'd rather have a millstone tied about my neck than such a woman. It wouldn't sink a man half so surely."

But the next minute Ralph Darrell was more deeply than ever immersed in his market report, with little thoughts of Mr. Gladstone's or any other man's domestic millstones.

The latter was very fortunate in finding the doctor just tying the old gray's halter to the hitching post in front of his office. It was with some perturbation that he approached him. It was not an easy thing for Abraham Gladstone to ask a favor of any man; it was still less so to approach in that way this man, whom all his life he had heard quoted as a model of thrift and close dealing, and moreover, of inquisitiveness. There was a deep, deep soreness in Abraham's heart, which no hand, none whatever, might probe. The lightest finger-tip laid upon it, never so lightly, it seemed to him at this moment must sting him to madness.

"Good morning," said the doctor, as he deliberately took out his saddle bags and ascended the two or three steps which led to his office.

Abraham returned the salutation, following him up the steps and into the door. Fortunately, the office was empty. Inquiries followed concerning Mrs. Gladstone's health. She was a patient of the doctor's.

"We are tolerably well, thank you," replied Gladstone, with as careless an air as he could affect. "Well—that is in body. The help I want just now is help for the pocket. Could you lend me a hundred dollars this morning, doctor?"

"How! h'm!" said the doctor, turning his thumbs and looking down at the floor. Then raising his eyes suddenly, "Did not old Gleason pay you for that fine speech yesterday. He ought to have paid you well; paid you—well, cash down. It was a good speech, I—heard—it."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Gladstone, "he paid me. Still, I need the hundred dollars all the same."

The doctor looked off into vacancy and whistled.

"Gleason is an odd man," said the doctor. "When I was a student, riding around the country with old Dr. Skinner,—and thereupon he launched out into a story intended to demonstrate that Gleason was an odd man; which point it is safe to conclude—for the doctor's stories always hit the nail on the head—was abundantly proved."

At the close of it, Mr. Gladstone again gently reminded the old gentleman of his request.

"A hundred dollars!" said the doctor. "That's a good deal of money. I don't know why people should expect me to have a hundred dollars by me at any particular time they happen to want it. I began life a poor boy—a poor—boy. What my father left was barely enough for his widow and the girls; I never touched a penny of it, not—a—penny. My education cost me a pretty sum. I've never been anything but a country doctor. I've ridden far always for small fees; often for none at all. My expenses have been heavy, one way or another, as heavy as any man's in the town; and yet people expect me always to have a hundred dollars about me when I'm asked for it."

"Oh! if it isn't convenient," said Mr. Gladstone deprecatingly, annoyed, as men were apt to be, at the doctor's round-about ways.

"I didn't—say—it—wasn't—convenient," said the doctor, coolly, "I didn't say anything about its not being convenient. It was just so when the railroad was to be built. They came to me, and wanted to put me down for a hundred shares. They did not get me on for but fifty. Then, when they wanted to start the new bank, they came to me again, and fairly urged me to take five thousand dollars of stock. Five—thousand—dollars out of an old—country—doctor. They said so much I took it. And its always so; its always so. You want a hundred dollars, you say?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Gladstone, rightly judging that the laconic style would serve him best under the circumstances.

"It is about that interest on the mortgage, I suppose?"

The doctor had taken out his old morocco pocket-book—"wallet" he called it—and was counting over a roll of bills as he spoke.

"The same," said Abraham.

"I hoped you'd be able to raise that without borrowing. It was a hard blow to you, a—mighty—hard—blow; and I want to live to see you set the matter right again. You'll do it, with patience and good management. I'm sorry you've got to borrow. Not but what I'm willing to lend. I knew your father and your grandfather. He was a pretty old man when I began to ride in my sulky, but I remember him well,—that's just a hundred, I believe,—you can count it,—guess you'll find it all right,—He was a pretty old man, but he was a good man and a just man. I shouldn't have looked for any of his race to do the thing your father did. However, that's all gone by. What you have to do is to work hard, and keep out of debt—if—you—can."

"Good advice," said Abraham, with the air of a man who is striving to be cheerful in the face of a mortal pain. "Good advice, but not always easy to follow."

"No," said the doctor, with a humorous twinkle in his gray eyes. "Burns has it:

'When awful Beauty summons all her charms,
Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?'

I suppose when a man is married he ain't always sure of himself. Now, ain't that the case, Abraham?"

"It may be true of some men," said Abraham, the forced composure of his face unsettling itself in a way that told the doctor all that he cared to know. "Have you a pen handy? I'd like to give you a note for this."

"Yes," said the doctor, "I'll write the note. I didn't ask you how long you wanted the money."

"I hope to be able to return it next week."

"Very well, then, we'll make it short time, say fifteen days. I shouldn't have used the money in that time, so we won't say anything about interest on this note. If, at the end of that time, you want to renew, why I shall have to charge you the legal rate; but for this note it's no matter."

Abraham attempted to insist that he would accept no such favor, but the doctor was firm. He had known Abraham's grandfather, had liked him, and that settled it. Furthermore, the doctor had satisfied himself of the reason of Abraham's unfortunate necessity. As the latter, with many thanks, bade him good morning and closed the door, the old man soliloquized:

"It's my opinion she does make him stand up and—read—awfully."

Half a mile out of the town was the old Gladstone place. It was a fine estate, and had remained in possession of the same family for four generations. For a hundred years, therefore, the Gladstone's had been honorably identified with the local interests of Wyndham. The grandfather of Abraham had been a judge of the county court, and his father, though following no profession, and spending his days as a quiet agriculturalist, had held many offices of trust and responsibility, both in town and country. His first wife had died childless, a few years after their marriage. He remained a widower for several years, but, at the age of forty, married again, the lady of his choice being a widow of gentle breeding and amiable disposition. She brought with her to her new home a son by her first marriage, a child of two or three years. Abraham's birth occurred during the first year of the marriage, so that the two boys grew up together so much like brothers, that until they were nearly grown they scarcely felt that there was any distinction between them. But the elder of the two boys proved to have inherited a very different character from that of his half brother. He had always been an ambitious, headstrong child, and had caused his mother many forebodings. Manhood, instead of softening and refining him, as she had hoped it might, seemed only to develop and intensify his violence and selfishness. He was handsome, cultivated, with a haughty, imperious manner, which, at a distance, was quite imposing; but his moral nature seemed in hopeless subjection to vices.

At twenty-one, having finished the education which the generosity of his step father had bestowed upon him, he left home to pursue his fortunes. Abraham had chosen the profession of his grandfather, was in due time admitted to the bar, and soon after married Melissa Bowditch, a pretty blonde, of manners unusually quiet and self-possessed, and, in the popular estimation, a paragon of virtue, the epitome of all the saintly graces. But the little woman proved to have her whims, one of which involved a long pleasure tour, and a few weeks at a fashionable summer resort. During the absence of the young people, old Mr. Gladstone was taken ill; not dangerously, but still so seriously that his step-son, hearing the state of affairs, came home to attend him. Unexpectedly to all, the old gentleman's illness assumed an alarming form, and before Abraham and his wife could reach home he was quite beyond help, nearly senseless, indeed.

After his death, it was proved that, during Abraham's absence, he had made a will, by which his heir was burdened with a legacy to his half brother, which, together with the unfortunate issue of certain speculations, would oblige him to mortgage the estate for by far the greater part

of its value. There were plenty of friends to advise Abraham to contest the will, but the young man had sustained a great blow in the death of his then only remaining parent. To his tender conscience it seemed almost a crime that he should have been absent during his father's last days, a crime but too lightly expiated by the sacrifice of the half of his fortune. He had, too, a sense of personal honor, both rare and fine, which forbade him utterly to regret, much less to strive to undermine, the good fortune of his half-brother. These events, it is true, struck a gloom over his whole life; but he, nevertheless, prepared at once to close the old house, every room of which was dear to him, and remove to a small tenement in the village, where, unencumbered by the care of his farm, which he had rented to a responsible tenant, he might devote himself rigorously to the labors of his profession.

All this was sad enough in itself, but the deeper misfortune of his life Abraham Gladstone bore in uncomplaining silence. He was a man to meet trouble bravely, with essentially masculine fortitude and strength. Let only his home fire burn brightly, grant him but that sanctuary from earthly care, that shekinah of heaven's peace, the shelter of a true woman's love, and he would have faced adversity not only boldly but cheerfully, and with joyous courage.

Those who knew Abraham Gladstone well felt, though they were never told, that he had failed of this blessing.

CHAPTER V.

A WOMAN WHO WASN'T STRONG-MINDED.

Mrs. Abraham Gladstone was a small blonde woman, of a not uncommon type. Her features were delicate and not devoid of beauty. Her figure was slight but not angular. It had even a sort of roundness, which, at least when she was well made up, gave her some show of personal comeliness. I am particular about this point because the least detraction from her muscular and adipose tissues would have indicated a nervousness of temperament which she did not possess, and the slightest addition thereto would have given a strength of fiber also foreign to her nature. In mental characteristics she steered equally clear of extremes. To creative power she made no pretension, but her perceptions were acute and in certain small matters, she was distinguished by a nice discernment, and a patient faculty of imitation, both rare and admirable. These gifts indicated her true sphere of endeavor, and with proper moral and affectional balance, she might have filled a most useful, if not conspicuous position in the world.

The typical characteristic of all such women is that while they are defective in energy or the power to do for themselves, they have a certain not very delicate craft united to a most dogged persistency which compels others out of sheer weariness to do for them whatever needs force or broad capacity or will. They will give in return great largesse of their small wares, and so make good wives for strong handed, domineering men. I always thought the Saviour had a small, blonde woman in his eye when he spoke the parable of the Unjust Judge.

To the characteristics of her class Mrs. Gladstone added some purely personal qualities which will develop themselves hereafter. For the rest, she was the only child of a widow, who, during the life time of her husband, had been able to live in a style bordering on elegance. At his death, however, she had found herself much reduced in means, and when shortly after, Abraham Gladstone had proposed for the hand of Melissa, it had been regarded by both mother and daughter as a most fortunate circumstance. Could any prophet have revealed to their gaze the events of the next few years, it is quite possible that their decision might have been reversed, though, as eligible matches were somewhat scarce in the vicinity, and Melissa's attractions not by any means overpowering, it is also possible that she would have taken the chances, although no doubt with vastly diminished self-gratulations.

As it was, she entered into the contract. After the change in affairs, nothing was left to her but to see to it that she exacted as much as possible of the original price. She had shed a great many tears and been seriously threatened with a decline, when the subject of shutting up the great house and removing to the small one in the village had been discussed, but all to no purpose. On this point Abraham was inflexible. His entire style of living must be changed; to do it successfully, he must commence at the foundation, and renounce, at least for the time, all the prestige of the old place and its associations, which, dear as they might be and were to him, would yet prove so many taxes upon his income. Besides that, he was to become a business man and he must live near his business. He could now afford to keep no horse, and it was a long walk from his office to the old mansion. He had at first insisted that Melissa should keep a well-trained servant, and indeed would have much preferred that she should do so. But that lady after a few months trial, herself decided to relinquish the luxury, and keep instead a little bound girl about ten years old, partly to make a martyr of herself in the eyes of her neighbors, and partly because she found the difference in cost of great aid in her personal expenditures.

The one strong thing in Mrs. Gladstone's character was

her love of dress. This was the Moloch to which everything else, even the holiest and tenderest emotions of her nature were sacrificed. Yet she never gossiped about dress as some women do; in fact she never gossiped in a gossiping way about anything. It is true that she knew the exact contents of the wardrobe of every woman in town, if it were a fact at all worth knowing, and could tell to a farthing the cost of any separate article; but a habit of silent observation, or still more wary listening, or as the utmost extent of her visible effort the knack of putting exactly the right question in exactly the right place, accounted for this.

On that same day, when as we have seen her husband was reduced to so unpleasant a financial strait, Mrs. Abraham Gladstone sat in her small sitting room in high consultation with her dress maker. A pattern of elegant silk lay upon the table, and was evidently the article under discussion.

"Nothing less than web velvet the exact shade will do for the trimming," said Miss Burdick, emphatically. "A band around the skirt now, say half a yard wide, would be elegant. It would cost a good deal, though."

"It might be trimmed with lace," said Mrs. Gladstone.

"But the skirt," queried Miss Burdick. "Narrow lace is not elegant on a skirt."

"A lace founce, then."

Miss Burdick was silent, evidently astonished.

"There isn't a lace founce in this town," she said.

Mrs. Gladstone was not in the least moved by this assertion, but rose quietly, went to her upper bureau drawer, and took therefrom a small package. Sitting down again, she unfolded it, and displayed to the astonished eyes of Miss Burdick, the very thing in question, a moderately wide founce of real, unquestionable Brussels lace.

"Well, Mrs. Gladstone, but you are the beater. Where did you get it?"

At this juncture the door opened and Mrs. Bowditch entered. She spied the dress pattern upon the table and exclaimed!

"What, another new silk dress, Melissa? And how handsome. Just your shade of blue exactly! Where did you get it? Parker hasn't had such a piece of goods as that for six months, I know."

"I sent down to New York by him for it just before Christmas," said Mrs. Gladstone, quietly.

"And you've had it in the house all this time and never told me. What a sly thing you are."

Mrs. Bowditch laughed and looked merry, as if to be a sly thing were the greatest distinction upon which one could be complimented.

"But you haven't seen the wonder of all," interrupted Miss Burdick—she was aching to learn by what means that lace founce got into Mrs. Gladstone's possession. "Look at that!"

Mrs. Bowditch looked—held up her hands—exclaimed, "Well, I never. Melissa Bowditch where did you get it?"

"Just the very words I said," ejaculated Miss Burdick. "There aint another woman in town would have thought of such a thing."

"You're mistaken there," said Mrs. Gladstone, quietly. "The idea isn't original with me. I happened to know, though it was a great secret, that Mrs. Ellery bought this founce the last time she went to New York, before the Judge died. Of course when she went into mourning she couldn't wear it, and, as she says," with an emphasis, that from any other lips than the sweetly serene ones of Mrs. Gladstone, would have been spiteful, "that she never intends to resume colors again, of course she was willing to sell it, and at quite a bargain, too."

"What did you have to pay her?" asked Miss Burdick.

"A hundred dollars."

"A hundred dollars," exclaimed Mrs. Bowditch. "Why Melissa, how did you get the money out of Abraham?"

"It is a good deal to pay, to be sure, but then it is real Brussels, and will last a life time. On the whole I think it an excellent bargain, and so I am sure will Mr. Gladstone when he sees it."

"Oh! then he don't know about it," said Miss Burdick, who was, to use a characteristic expression of her own, "on pins and needles."

"Mr. Gladstone has too much business to attend to now-a-days to be interested in the minutia of my shopping. He generally makes me an allowance for household purposes, out of which I must manage to clothe myself. In our present straitened circumstances, I have of course to be, as a general thing, very economical. But he has made a good deal out of the Gleason case, and very naturally felt like making me some little present. Mr. Gladstone appreciates my trials."

"Well, I must say," said Miss Burdick, "I do think you have got the kindest husband in this town. I don't believe there's another man in it would have humored his wife so."

Mrs. Gladstone did not look in the least elated, but on the contrary rather resigned, as if Miss Burdick was far from comprehending the real state of the case; as indeed she was, and she, Mrs. Gladstone, was too uncomplaining a martyr to enlighten her.

Miss Burdick made an appointment for a day of next week.

and then took her leave to electrify the gossips of the town with the information that Mrs. Gladstone had a new silk awaiting her scissors, which was to be trimmed with a real Brussels flounce.

"Well," said one, "I suppose she feels as if she ought to keep up her position in society as well as she can. It must be hard for her to give up so many things she used to be accustomed to, but I must say she bears it very quietly. She seems quite resigned."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," said another, "for I really never could make out much about her. When she was Melissa Bowditch, she never was like other girls, frank and outspoken you know, yet if I ever suspected her, as I sometimes did, of being the slyest, craftiest jade that ever lived, the very next time I saw her she was sure to be so sweet, so serene, so, as you say, 'resigned,' that I was ready to put myself to torture for having judged her so harshly. I always did think, I'm sure I don't know why, that she married Gladstone for his money, and when it came out that he had lost his fortune, I expected she'd be terribly cut up; but if she was, she has kept it mightily to herself. The only line she ever gives one to measure her affliction with, is the length of her submissive face."

There was a laugh, but nobody dissented from this certainly not very flattering estimate.

Meanwhile Mrs. Bowditch was diving more deeply into the mystery of the lace flounce.

"Melissa," she said, "you must have about worried Abraham to death before he gave you that money. How did you get it out of him?"

"I don't know that I've worried him particularly. He knows very well that if I am to go into society at all, I must have clothes to wear, and I fancy he don't care to see me make a recluse of myself."

"Oh!" said the mother, new light breaking at once into her mind. "That's why you didn't go to Mrs. Smith's party last winter, nor Mrs. Darrell's, nor to church for the last month. Well, I declare, Mellie, you are a schemer. It takes you to turn that man around your little finger. How many times a day have you reminded him of that money, for the last three months, on the average I mean?"

"As nearly as I can judge," said Mrs. Gladstone, oh! so very quietly, "about three. I've had to work rather harder than I ever did before, but I've got it."

"I'd like to see the thing you wouldn't get if you set your heart on it. I wonder if you could manage all men as you do him. I'm inclined to think some of them would tell you to hold your tongue."

"Very well. Talking is not my forte. I prefer silence."

Mrs. Bowditch understood this perfectly. The memory still remained to her of times in Melissa's maiden days, when she had been refused a new bonnet or a darling pocket handkerchief, and had made the house redolent of injured innocence for days thereafter. Therefore fearful of wounding the dear creature's sensibilities, she pursued the subject no further, but turned to a more edifying one.

"Where is dear little Echo?" she asked. Echo was a pet poodle. If there was anything in life which Mrs. Gladstone loved, and about which she sentimentalized, it was Echo. It could not have been his beauty which made him so dear, for he was decidedly ugly, even for a poodle; it could not have been his meek disposition, for he snapped and snarled at every body, except his dotting mistress, and even she was not always sure of his favor. I think the truth was this. The woman had, would have, no children. She had often assured Mr. Gladstone that children were too expensive a luxury to be indulged in by people in their circumstances. Her family physician had even his grave suspicions that her hands were not guiltless of innocent blood; for be it known to you, O, unenlightened reader! that thousands of delicate American females who would shriek if a fly were crushed in their presence, have no such compunctions where their own offspring are concerned, but if it so be, they can do it without publicity, will unrelentingly slay them in cold blood. Of these women Mrs. Gladstone was one; a quiet, delicate, saintly murderess.

And yet so tender and so true is nature, in spite of all her seeming cruelties and contradictions, that this woman, too selfish to be a mother, too little tender toward her own flesh to shrink from its destruction, still felt maternal longings. It was fitting that such a woman, surely not worthy to become the mother of an immortal being, should take to her unmaternal bosom—a dog.

And so Echo became a pet.

Let us not be too severe. Mrs. Gladstone's heart was full of kindness toward her darling, mistaken kindness though it were. Quite unconsciously to herself, she bore many of the anxieties, and something of the labors of a real mother. She washed and curled her Echo every morning. She prepared his food with the utmost care. She kept continual watch over him, lest he should be misused by other dogs, or led astray by malicious village children. If the night were cold, she arose at its coldest hour to put more covering on his bed. If he were ill, she administered medicine, and watched over him with tender solicitude. In so far as she shared a mother's sacred labors, let us hope she gained, in her own bosom at least, a mother's rewards, since it is surely better to be tender and solicitous for a dog,

than never to be tender and solicitous at all. But oh! ye loving, happy mothers, pity even while you condemn a love so low, so misdirected.

Mrs. Bowditch, who sympathized in her daughter's aversion to children, sympathized, also, in her fondness for Echo. In answer to her inquiry he was duly produced.

"The dear little creature, how sweet he looks," she exclaimed.

In answer to which compliment, accompanied by a pat on the head, Echo snapped and snarled most viciously.

"Poor Echo! he don't know who it is he's snapping at. He thinks it's a naughty boy going to take it away from his mistress, don't he?" which was the convenient fiction by which his caprices were excused. But his continued ill conduct exhausted even Mrs. Bowditch's grandmotherly fondness at last, and she gave him a little pat on the head, which was not intended as a love pat, whereupon Echo ran yelping to his mistress's arms. Mrs. Gladstone was austere silent, but the cloud upon her brow darkened the sunshine in that room during all the remainder of her mother's visit.

Matters having thus taken an inauspicious turn, Mrs. Bowditch fell back from the pitch of momentary enthusiasm produced by the lace flounce to her ordinary one of complaining and fault-finding.

An old woman! What more desolate phrase, if one has the picture of a creature like Mrs. Bowditch before one's eyes. Wrinkled, dried, ugly, the bloom and freshness of youth all gone, and no trace of rich and mellow maturity left behind; the eye faded and sunken, with no inner light to retrieve its lost glory; the lip pale and dewless, with no rare smiling curve to win, at last, one's admiration and love. The wifely tenderness all stilled from those aged pulses, and the sweet late enthusiasm of age not there to take its place; the maternal fountains shrunk and perished, and no universal motherhood aglow in the soul, to make the whole form and countenance luminous with love. An old man, who has left behind him the strength and passion of his youth, is pitiable; but to him has never come the unspeakable tenderness and beauty of a woman's life; to him could never come the serene immortal halo which should be hers in old age. Therefore, of all death in life is none so ghastly, so desolate as a loveless, unlovely old woman.

In the cool damp of the spring twilight, Abraham Gladstone walked out to the old place. It had been a hard day for him, and he felt a longing for the sweet, though mournful associations of the spot. The necessity of overlooking some repairs going on at the time gave him a pretense, and, while the redness of day still lingered in the eastern sky, he entered the familiar gates.

A fine avenue, shaded by a thick growth of evergreens, led up to the house, which was built in the style of fifty years ago, a broad square structure, with carved friezes and pillared portico. Here and there modern devices spoke of renovation; a bay window at one side, a balcony over the wing door, and at the opposite side a long piazza, with trellised vines; but the general effect was ancient, and not modern. A group of noble elms surrounding it, gave it an added dignity; and, with all its seams and scars and marks of age concealed by the softly luminous dusk, it seemed as fair a spot as the fancy could wish to dwell upon. The grounds about it had been arranged with evident taste. There was a well-kept lawn, of wide extent, upon which noble trees stood, singly or in groups. Far to the right, a dark clump of evergreens offered seclusion to the sentimentally inclined, while, at the left, ran a pretty brook, spanned by a rustic bridge overhung by willows, and losing itself at last in an artificial fish-pond, upon which, in former times, a tiny boat had floated. Beyond stretched the rolling meadows and softly undulating fields and heavy woodlands which made up the estate.

Every rood of this ground was dear to Abraham Gladstone's heart; with each some reminiscence of his youth was associated. As his feet pressed the familiar sod, his heart was thrilled with the pride of ownership. It would be the work of many a year, he felt, to clear off the heavy mortgage which encumbered it, and which, till then, must keep its unrelenting, death-like hold upon—not these acres, but his very life. But he felt a man's strength and endurance in his frame, a steady indomitable will, a resistless energy in his brain to do and dare and suffer to the utmost for the thing he held dearest in his life; these paternal acres, this home, which had once been his mother's.

Ah! that was it. The struggle of man with man for bread, wears out enthusiasm and inspiration very fast. Coming out of his office that night, Abraham had felt very poor, very purposeless, very worthless. His step had halted, his head had drooped, the languor of weariness and discouragement had pervaded every fiber. There was no inspiration in his home. A chill, exacting spirit reigned there, antagonistic and defying. It was folly to think of rest and recreation there. He had long ago ceased to dream of finding what his soul needed in wedded life; long ago proved that men cannot gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles; but, on his solitary way that evening, he had dreamed of a baby face pressed close to his, of soft

pink fingers twined in his hair, of a breath sweet as June roses warming his face. His heart had ached, as childless, loveless men's hearts often do ache, for the winsome ways and innocent carresses of infancy. It was a dream sacred, because, so far from being realized; he would have owned it to no man. The tears which sprung unbidden to his eyes, he brushed hastily away, as if he were ashamed of them; but none the less his heart was weighed down with unutterable sadness and desolation.

But here on this familiar lawn an angel met him—breathed inspiration, courage, love, which is life, into his veins. No angel was it of the upper heavens, the inconceivable, unapproachable depths of Being, but the spirit of a woman earth-born, the dear touching, trembling memory of his mother; she who had been his refuge in every childish trouble, his strength in every youthful discouragement, the inspirer of all noble ambition, the pride of his eyes, the delight of his heart; so tender, so patient, so forgiving, so never-failing in love and faith. The stars looked down upon him with her soft eyes, the dusk was brightened by her beaming smile, the night breeze whispered with her tender tones. His eye grew brighter as he went about his work, his step more elastic; he had kept a tryst with love. His spirit was gladdened, the cares of the day were exorcised, and he went home another man from him who had walked that way an hour before silent and sorrowing.

"I'm glad Abraham feels so cheerful to-night," said Mrs. Gladstone to her mother, as the latter was getting ready to go home. "It isn't pleasant to have a man so glum about the house as he often is. Nobody knows what I endure with him at times. I thought, perhaps—"

"Was it about the money? Oh! men always do make a fuss about money; but then they get over it. Your father always did. I can tell you I had my troubles in my time, as well as others. But you, with your tact for management, ought never to complain. I really think you've got Abraham into excellent subjection, and, depend upon it, my daughter, its all they're fit for—men."

CHAPTER VI.

BUSINESS VS. LOVE MAKING.

I suppose there was not in all Wyndham a woman more envied than Mrs. Ralph Darrell. She had the finest house in town, built since her marriage, to meet exactly her tastes and her desires. It was surrounded by fine grounds; it was elegantly furnished. She kept her carriage, and her wardrobe if she chose might fairly outrival that of the wife of the member of Congress, which was glory enough in that line. Her children were fine looking, healthy, promising; her husband handsome, agreeable, indulgent. He was proud of her: he would even have loved her if he had time. As it was he was putting off that luxury till he should have amassed a fortune. Not that he would have admitted now that he didn't love her. Quite the contrary; it was only that during his courtship he had found the constant studying, and remembering, and catering to a woman's tastes, however delightful in itself, a heavy draft upon the time and energies of a business man. Of course it must be done then; but now, with his wife secured, and all done for her that money could do, he could no longer afford himself or her that luxury. He cherished a dream—without ever mentioning it, for American business men are not given to talking sentiment—of a time when he should have fully gratified his ambition, and should have leisure to enjoy the society of his wife. I even think that this dream was at times the secret spring and inspiration of his best efforts in that direction. His mistake lay in that he forgot that opportunities come but once; that life never stands still, and that while he was neglecting to keep at-one with his wife, heart-beat for heart-beat, life-stroke for life-stroke, waiting for that more convenient season, they were walking apart and growing apart. He lived alone in his business, and she lived alone in her home. And that was Mrs. Ralph Darrell's skeleton.

But apart from this a cloud was settling over the house. She came down from her nursery to the breakfast table with a troubled brow.

"Ralph," she said, "I think you'd better stop at the doctor's on your way down, and tell him to come up. Baby seems quite sick, and Mabel complains of a sore throat. I'm afraid their going to have scarlet fever."

"I guess you are a little nervous," he said, abstractedly. "They seemed well enough last night; however, I'll notify the doctor if you wish, and I don't forget it. The safe way is to tell John, and let him stop as he comes back from driving me down town. I'm in a great hurry."

Mrs. Darrell was not nervous in the sense in which her husband used the word; but she was deeply troubled. The scarlet fever was rife in the neighborhood, and with the experienced eye of a mother who had carried two children safely through it, she felt certain that her babes were already attacked with the dreadful disease, and one at least severely. She was a woman of strong mind and good courage; but when her children were threatened she had a woman's trembling, apprehensive heart, and longed for, needed a word of steady, masculine encouragement and sympathy. It was for this reason that she had spoken to her husband instead of sending a servant at once for the doc-

the effective Means to the embodiment of her grand Unity of Design, the ultimate realization of Heaven on earth. "By Wisdom the worlds were made;" "all things were made by him," etc. This is the relation in which Wisdom stands to Love, in which the truth stands to the Spirit of truth. Hence, on the plane of rude, wild nature we are to "look through nature up to nature's God," and on this artistic, inspirational plane we are to look through God up to God's Nature. Through the artistic refinement and spiritualization of material forms we are to recognize the Holy Spirit of the universe, the divine nature of Nature commonly so called.

An analogue of this idea of Nature and God is found in the artist's conception of feminine and masculine celestials, namely: angels and cherubs; also, in their most perfect image and likeness, the Virgin and Child, and in the picture this child presented of "little children" and "their angels," representing, there is reason to believe, regenerate men and the angel woman through whom the Holy Spirit exerts her regenerating influence. These analogies may even be regarded as finite embodiments and representations of Nature and God. It may seem to be "allegorizing like a rabbi," to say this; but we go still further, and see an image and likeness of the divine Love and Wisdom in Venus and Cupid, as we do in the Virgin and Child, in angels and cherubs, and in angel women and regenerate men, without therefore supposing that the Greeks attached any such significance to the goddess of love and the agent of her influences.

Nature, as cause and effect, is both soul and body. That is to say, Nature, as cause and as means to the end of self-existence, is both soul and manifestation. Bryant has beautifully expressed this, whether intentionally or not I do not know, in his "Thanatopsis:"

"To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language."

Through the "face of Nature" the soul of the universe communes with the soul of man, "face to face." The true artist, poet, philosopher and naturalist are ever, as a modest but distinguished teacher has said, "looking at great Nature, listening at her portals, conning in forms the mind visible of her myriad life, and solving the problems stated in everything that acts." The thought here, saving the gender, is identical with the pantheism of the ancients. There is more of prose than poetry in Pope's statement of the same idea:

"All form but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

And there may be more error than truth in it; for, relatively, to each other, soul and body are feminine and masculine, motive and instrument. If the distich be true, Psyche must be transformed into a male, and the Holy Spirit must be represented by a less feminine symbol than the dove, the emblem of love and of woman.

This idea of Nature, as primarily the Soul of things, is very plainly expressed by Ruskin, where he says, speaking of the early inspiration of the passion that distinguished his life: "This joy in Nature seemed to me to come of a sort of heart-hunger, satisfied with the presence of a great and holy spirit." What proof is there that this is not the Great Spirit of the Indian, and the same Holy Spirit of which the Truth said, speaking through the lips of the great Teacher, "I have many things to say to you, but ye cannot bear them now; howbeit, when the Spirit of Truth is come it shall lead you into all truth, for it shall take of mine and show it unto you." It is natural to suppose that the Spirit of Truth is the life of it, the love from which the truth emanates, as the soul is the life of the body, the origin of that by which it is known. The Spirit of Truth, the Spirit of God, the Nature of God, seem to be synonymous terms, and the inspiration derived from Nature and that from the Holy Spirit appear to be one and the same.

Nature was represented by the ancient Egyptians under the form of an Isis, with this inscription on her pedestal, "I am one and all things; I am all that has been, and all that will be; and no one has hitherto taken off my veil." We read that on the temple of the goddess were inscribed words of like import. There is this seeming inconsistency in it—that Nature should be represented as the one cause of all things and all things of the one cause, *a parte ante* and *a parte post*, and yet as having a veil outside of herself, and as being objective to persons, apparently outside of the veil, by whom it might possibly be removed. It is explainable in this way: Nature is in one sense the one cause in which all things are included, and in another sense the one cause to which all things are objective, in the manner necessary to self-consciousness, self-knowledge, self-government, self-preservation and self-existence—the only possible wisdom and love of the Divine Being, and that alone in which the human can be one with the Divine. As the one cause, excluding and yet including the highest possibilities in the ultimatum of her unity of design, Nature is the Ideal of perfection; and all things are natural or unnatural in proportion as they approach or fall short of the realization of the highest ideal. In this sense of Nature in which we are accustomed to speak of everything as either natural or unnatural, it is proper to say that what is

natural is right and true, and that what is unnatural is evil and false. In her stages of progressive development Nature seems to be untrue to herself, subject to failures and mistakes, to "freaks" and "fancies," to the production of deformities and monstrosities, like a novice in art, like her own "prentice work," as Burns styles him, who, with all his artificialities and oppositions to Nature, is her initiatory step to her highest artist, the perfect miniature embodiment of Herself. Nature Herself, the Divine Nature, is perfect, and it is only the partial manifestation of Herself that is imperfect. This is an extreme degree we call unnatural, while a nearer approach to perfection we call natural. Therefore they are unfortunate in their use of words, if not of ideas, who scout the "religion of Nature," and array the "religion of the Bible" against it. They mistake who talk of people "groping their way by the dim light of Nature," and of "life and immortality brought to light in the Gospel" only, as if the inspiration of Nature and that of the Holy Spirit were not identical. There are people who put "Nature" and "Grace" in opposition to each other, not knowing that they are one and the same, and that grace in art is the fulfillment of Nature's design and inspired prophecy. But these people are still children of the maternal parent they affect to despise, and will yet love her as they are loved and know her as they are known. Their violations of Nature are simply the artistic efforts of a tyro, which will hereafter appear monstrous in their eyes, contrasts by which the beauties of Nature are heightened, and warnings against like mistakes in future. Slowly but surely mankind are learning the simple lesson that all evil is departure from Nature and violation of her laws, and that all reformation is return to Nature and obedience to her laws. And yet there is a lesson in advance of this to learn—that in this very necessity for reformation we are but parts of Nature. There is this grand physiological truth to master—that Nature, in every particle of her body corporate, finds recreation in forever being born again, regenerated, reformed, renewed, recuperated, restored to the fullness of her life and the perfection of her integrity, and that the death and disintegration from which she is redeemed are necessary to her eternal life and progressive development toward the embodiment of her Infinite Perfection. So learning and coming to Nature, we feel and know that we are her children, included in comprehensive Maternity, and sharers in the fulfillment of her designs. We find that we are only separated from her in the old that we may come to her in the new, that we may be more consciously her children, and that she may be more consciously than she otherwise could be the infinitely loving, and tender, and all-embracing Mother. It is no longer a question with us whether the universal science is the knowledge of God or the knowledge of Nature, whether we see God in all things or Nature in all things, whether they are only "gods" or only "natures" that we see around us; but the strongest and largest parentiveness is dimly seen to subordinate and embrace the other, and will ere long awaken in us the strongest and most intense filial affection. We are coming to perceive that love is the Almighty, and that the effectiveness of wisdom and material power is that of the means to the end of love, influenced and inspired by this Divinest Motive. We can see, too, that the Eternal, Almighty, All-comprehensive Love, the fountain of all loves and the life of all lives, in the Divine Maternal. Thus the objection to this natural theology, that "Motherhood does not include a certain idea of strength which we find in Fatherhood," vanishes, yields to the gentle influences and still small voice of Omnipotent Love.

(To be continued.)

For The Spiritual Republic.

Music.

BY LYMAN C. HOWE.

The Universe is an infinite hymn. Our finite natures catch and enjoy but the marginal notes, and attempt to repeat them. Love warbles her song from every bower, and the better moods of life grow strong in its holy cadence. The battles of progress are rough and strong, and challenge to action all the impetuous in our nature. Passions transcend the guardianship of wisdom, and discords dim the fair picture of prophecy. But storms exhaust themselves, and selfish impulses satiate and sigh for rest. Discord slumbers from very fatigue, and music rises from the shadow of her dreams. Art throws her mantle upon the shoulders of nature, but to catch the image of her life, and don the pattern of her matchless robes. Music struggles into expression through every channel of our existence, but O, how deaf we are to its still and sacred voice! Only when art reflects it, do we appreciate it and enjoy it. We can only realize the charms of nature, when we see them reflected in the proximate types of individuality.

To individualize is to limit, and bring within the possibilities of our finite natures. Exalted souls catch some whispers of the great impersonal song, but none can enjoy its full meaning who have not measured its chords in the language of personal life. As Spiritual laborers, we can do nothing for the growth of the gospel, more exalting and acceptable to all, than to turn our lives and sing our faith

abroad. Prejudice will listen, and frowns melt into smiles, in the rapture that kindles from musical harmony. Hatred softens and doubt warms into hope, under the melodies of love, breathed in tuneful tenderness through the human voice. Music and organic order are the great secrets of church influence and power. Spiritualism is weak in these respects, can we not have system without fettering creeds? Can we not have music without perverting it and hushing its inspirations in the solemn show of shadowy forms? Indeed we can. But all culture requires effort. We have but to encourage it and the talent will shine, and shout in a million lives and voices, and aged philosophy will grow bright and young as we study by the blaze of holy feeling. In Western New York, especially, our public meetings have felt the dearth of this cultivation, not that we have it not, but fail to use what we have.

The deficiency of a general culture may be supplied by simply rewarding and encouraging those who have made music a special study. We have such, who are willing to assist us for reasonable compensation. Many have listened with delight to the inimitable James G. Clark, who has favored conventions with his music. Geo. W. Clark, also, has lent his voice on different occasions to charm and instruct; but these are not always attainable. B. A. Beales of Gowanda, Cattaraugus Co., New York, is splendidly qualified for all such occasions; his music is very similar to that of Jas. G. Clark, and by many is reckoned fully equal, for such occasions, to that celebrated author and vocalist. Mr. Beales is a young man, of fine taste, excellent voice, and a high order of musical culture, and is an open professor of the Spiritual faith, and I believe any society employing him will not be disappointed. May our labors echo the perpetual song of heaven, and roll the progressive chorus in deeds that speak and sing.

Letters of Omaha.—No. 2.

Matter and spirit differ in character as things ordinarily differ from each other. But to us, in the earth life, matter and spirit are more particularly distinguished by the division which marks the extent and limit of our sensual powers. But that limit relates not to distance, but to condition. The eye may reach an object, but may reach no farther; then is that object at a point where the power of sight is limited as to distance. But in regard to condition the division is not so determined; for as spiritual things are close around us, they are intangible only because our senses do not take cognizance of them. Thus, as matter only is objective or tangible to our senses, it marks or fixes in our consciousness alike the extent and limit of our sensual powers. We see nothing beyond it. But spirit not only surrounds all material bodies, but fills them all to their centers, and is so conditioned as to be non-objective or intangible to them, as it is non-objective to the senses, and as a consequence, passes through them unobstructed; thus is the division between matter and spirit fixed in our consciousness by the extent and limit of our sensual powers.

Spirit which fills all space, unoccupied by matter, and all material bodies, from their centers to their surfaces, is the intangible world; while matter, to man in matter, is the world of tangibilities; still all forms or kinds of matter are not alike tangible; nor are some of them, in their ordinary conditions, tangible at all.

Most of the earths and minerals are both tasteless and scentless; consequently they are non-objective to both taste and smell; and some things are so transparent as to be non-objective to the sense of sight. Let us suppose this transparent body to be a pane of pure glass, which has neither taste nor smell. Then is it non-objective to three of the five senses; and were we to these three senses confined it, would be to us undiscoverable. But it is tangible to touch. It obstructs our passage, and so makes its presence known. In this way we discover it. It may then be struck, made to produce sounds, and so, through an indirection, make its presence known to another of our senses. But could we take from it its objectibility to touch, then it would be non-objective to all the senses, and as a consequence, become as spirit substance, undiscoverable by man's sensual powers. Thus may it be seen that even solid matter is not, in all its forms, so foreign from spiritual substance as might at first thought be imagined.

Thus even ponderable bodies elucidate the general principle of material intangibility. But in the world of matter there are such things as imponderables. These furnish more ample elucidations.

Electricity is believed, if not known, to exist in every tangible thing that surrounds us; in the earth, and in the air, and in the clouds which float above us. Yet, in its quiescent condition, no sense is capable of discovering it. Therefore in this single positive identity, which may—as will hereafter be shown—be variable in character, between the two worlds or conditions, is intangible substance shown to exist. But for the present, until preliminary elucidations are more complete, let us turn to a like imponderable substance of nature—to magnetism as it is found to exist in connection with matter.

Take an ordinary magnet, and examine its surroundings by any or all of the senses with which you are endowed—look, feel, taste, smell and listen. Rub your hands around

it and over it, and discover, if you can, the existence of any substance beyond its surface. You will discover nothing. But bring the magnet in proximity with some ferruginous substance, and you will at once discover the presence of a power which the senses alone could not detect. The ferruginous matter—a nail or block of iron—will be drawn forcibly to the magnet's poles.

This shows the presence of a positive identity intangible to the senses. But to render the point still further indisputable, let the magnet be a straight bar, cover it with a sheet of paper or a pane of glass, and then over it sprinkle filings of iron. These filings will be seen to arrange themselves in curved lines between the poles. And from the poles outwardly and in their movements show the presence of a power.

Again magnetize two ordinary sewing needles, so as to make their points of like polarity, then, by their threads, suspend them over a magnet. If the poles be of the opposite kinds, then will the needles be attracted; but if they be of like kinds then will they be repelled, and held in a position nearly horizontal, at a distance of two or three inches above the magnetic bar. What holds them there? Is there not a substance intervening, between them and the magnet, on which they rest?

But our scholastic philosophers, in groping their way through that long night of materialism which still enshrouds the world of science, as it enshrouds the world of religion, have skipped over the idea of intangible substance, and have contented themselves with calling this attractive and repelling power "a force." But what is a force, is a question for which they have not yet, so far, endangered the good name of science or of established creeds as to intrust fair and honorable criticism with an answer. But we will not be thus restricted, and leave the void, which the world has presented us, still dark and unlettered. A force is the momentum of a substance in motion. This fills the gap long unsupplied, and if admitted, inforces, we think, the concession of there being in nature substances intangible to the human senses.

OMAHA.

Organization.

BY FRANCIS ELLINGWOOD ABBOTT.

The difference between organic and inorganic being, is the difference between life and lifelessness. It is a law of the strictest universality, that *all finite life must become organic*

The lowest phase of being in which life becomes apparent, is the cell; and the cell is an organism. In such plants as the *Algae*, the *Protococcus nivalis* (Red-snow Plant,) &c., vegetation is reduced to its lowest terms, for here the entire plant is nothing but a cell. From this rudest beginning, up to its culmination in man, life rises in power and intensity by becoming more and more complex in cellular structure, by multiplying organs, by assuming more and more sharply defined form. Man is the first of animals because he is the most highly organized. The place of each species in the scale of existence is assigned solely to the greater or less complexity of its organization. Hence it is a second law of equal universality, that *finite life is higher in degree, the more highly organic it becomes.*

Organization, then, is the self-expression of living force, the result and proof of vitality. This is true in a far higher sense than the merely botanical or physiological. The plant is a composite being—so is humanity. The most profoundly philosophical view of human society is that which makes the race an *organism*. Pure individualism is the crudest type of human existence. Thoreau, in his hut by Walden Pond, is a specimen on a higher level of the one-celled plant, or would be so, if he had not got into his head, before he went there, what never grew in the woods. Caspar Hauser in his dungeon is a better specimen of what pure individualism produces. As the world goes, however, pure individualism is impossible, and all who affect it, only exhibit greater or less amounts of necessary inconsistency. It is idle to cry out against organization; every man, by being born into a family, a neighborhood, a town, a county, a state, a nation, is born into organizations, like a nest of boxes. In fact, every man is an organization himself, and can only escape the necessity of being one by dying and decomposing with the utmost speed. Sociology, as a science, rests wholly on this conception of the human race as a vast organism, of which individuals are component parts; its laws and principles are valid only on the presupposition of a vital organic connection among these parts. Paul seized an important scientific truth when he declared that we are all "members of one body." It does not depend in the slightest degree upon our private choice, therefore, whether we shall belong to organizations or not. Willing or unwilling, we are organized in many ways at our birth, and cannot get disorganized before our death; we must make the best of it as it is.

Now the great problem of sociology is the right adjustment of the relations between the unit and the aggregate, the part and the whole, the individual and society. Neither war according to Hobbes, nor savage isolation,

according to Rousseau, is "the state of nature," but, these being excluded, only one alternative remains, and that is *co-operation*. The state of nature is mutual co-operation, which is the Christian ideal of society. But co-operation implies a common end for which all co-operate; and what is that? This is a most important question, and the answer to it will affect essentially the character of every voluntary organization into which men enter.

The ideal end of society is accomplished in the *highest possible development of all its individual members, according to the law of their natural individualities*. The individual cannot develop in isolation, independently of social helps; and that is the sufficient answer to the advocate of pure individualism. From birth to death men are dependent on each other in countless ways; there is no such thing as human independence, except in a very Pickwickian sense. The completest possible education of all its individuals, their most perfect development in all directions, is the grand end and function of society. This end attained, the highest welfare of all is secured in the highest welfare of each. It is the duty of society to propose this end; it is the duty of the individual to co-operate in achieving it. Society defeats its own end if it violates the individuality of any one of its members; the individual defeats at once his own end, and the end of society, if he refuses to co-operate with his fellows. The prosperity of a state depends on *commerce*, in a higher sense of that word than the common one. The free commerce of intellectual, moral and religious influences, the unstinted interchange of ennobling ideas, sentiments, and social helps of every kind, is the very condition of true social progress; and all this is co-operation, mutual giving and taking, practical outcome and income of all that is best in humanity. In no other way than by this perpetual co-operation of each with all, can society attain its ideal end.

How clear, then, is the duty of society to respect to the uttermost the liberty of the individual! The good of society is at once sacrificed by any restriction on the individual's free activity, whether of body or mind. How clear, on the other hand, is the duty of the individual to work heartily for the welfare of society! His own highest good, in which that of society is also involved, is sacrificed by a selfish refusal to bear his part of the common burden. Private culture and public usefulness are thus reciprocally ends and means: the highest individual culture is impossible unless dedicated to public uses, and the highest usefulness to society is impossible, except through the most perfect culture of the individual. This mutual existence of the individual for society, and of society for the individual, constitutes the human race a single organism, which the immortal Kant defines as "that in which the whole and the parts are mutually means and ends." The more highly society becomes thus organized, the richer, freer, and grander is each individual life. Let society and the individual be faithful in the performance of these reciprocal duties, and the greatest of human triumphs is achieved—*liberty in union*, the unimpeded evolution of every soul according to the Divine ideal implanted in it, and the harmonious working of all souls for the highest good of each. Is not this the true idea of the *kingdom of God*?

It seems quite unwise, then, to object to organization *per se*, or to hold that it naturally and inevitably tends to evil; for social progress manifestly consists in perpetual movement toward a profounder organic integration of the whole, and a higher spiritual differentiation of the parts. There is nothing antagonistic in these two ends; on the contrary, the attainment of one depends directly on the attainment of the other. The most highly organized plants and animals are precisely those in which the individual organs are most dissimilar. To hold back, therefore, in jealousy of organization as such, from the great social duty of co-operation for human welfare, is to distrust the nature of things and the wisdom of God's cosmical laws—which is the worst kind of skepticism. Organizations crystallize around all great ideas, and every great idea creates its own appropriate form of organization. If a vitally powerful idea gets hold of men's minds, it will organize them almost in spite of themselves; it will bring them together as inevitably as the force of gravitation brings together the tiny streams, trickling down the mountain's sides, into the larger stream of the valley. There is no use in fighting against nature. If men keep apart, it is because they have no common purpose or principle to unite them; continued separation is a verdict pronounced against their principles—"guilty of worthlessness in the first degree."

Least of all should the liberal preacher of to-day look askance on organization. For what is he preaching? Clearly for *reform*—political, social, religious. But he who works for *reform*, must first believe in *form*, and form is organization. The modern prophet of humanity aims not to *disorganize* society, (though often falsely accused of that,) but only to *re-organize* it, on the basis of love, righteousness and truth. He can only aim to correct the wrong basis of present organization; he protests against every organization which *represses* individuality, but only in favor of organization which shall *develop* it.

Disorganization is simply anarchy, social death. Scrutinize, therefore, the fundamental principles of social organizations as severely as you will; but do not defeat your own end by destroying what you seek to reform. Let every new organization be helped and encouraged which shall tend to accomplish the genuine object of all organization: namely, the higher development of the individual. That is the touchstone, the test of all beneficial organization. Individual development need not be the direct object proposed; but if it is not the ultimate object attained, if it is in any way, shape, or manner interfered with, then the organization, no matter how dazzling its professions, or philanthropic its intentions, obstructs the genuine progress of society, and should either be reformed or abolished. If reform is impossible, there is no remedy but abolition.

What I have said has a plain bearing on the times. If there is any real vitality in the "radical movement," it will express itself in associate action, work out collective self-affirmation, and become an organized power. If no such result takes place, it will be because, after all, the movement is not as yet unified and vivified by any living principle, but is only the vague discontent, engendered by existing abuses, which is the forerunner of every positive reform. It will be because, as yet, we have attained to no distinct consciousness of common ideas and purposes. Is this the case? The times seem propitious, at least for an experiment. The National Unitarian Conference, representing (it remains to be seen how faithfully,) the Unitarian denomination, have adopted, as a creed, the "Lordship and Kingship of Jesus Christ," and thereby disappointed the hopes of all who look deeper than any possible creed for the true basis of religious organization. Hitherto the Unitarian denomination, by the very fact of their resolute creedlessness, have represented the principle of perfect spiritual freedom, and have thus led the van of religious progress. But now, if they endorse the action of their Conference, they fall back into the rear, and drop the banner of advancement. They have never, it is true, collectively asserted this principle; yet by resisting every previous attempt to discredit it, they stood forth as its understood champions. At Syracuse, however, induced by reactionary counsels, they have, by their representatives at least, distinctly repudiated their inherited principle of free thought, and adopted a dogma as a *finality*. We must wait to see whether this action will be accepted as truly representative of the "denominational mind." For myself, I cannot but hope, most earnestly, that the denomination and the Conference itself, will perceive their fatal mistake, and permit those to rejoin them on the broad basis of spiritual freedom, who, while recognizing the catholic spirit of the Conference, are shut out by the *terms of its organization*. I do not believe in voluntary secession or schism; but no man can prevent involuntary exclusion. The Conference adopted the most effectual means of exclusion, when it appointed the private conscience of each of its members as the sergeant-at-arms to enforce its votes.

The radicals, therefore, find themselves at last definitely excluded from the only organization from which they could expect the affirmation of their own great principles. Shall these great principles remain still un-affirmed, except as here and there a solitary individual shall give them voice? The duty we owe to the principles themselves, and the fellow-men whom these principles will help, demands to that question an emphatic "No!" It is time for a new organization, on a new basis. It is useless to organize on intellectual finalities, for thinking men always outgrow, sooner or later, their own thought, and the truth of to-day may become, by its very halfness, the falsity of to-morrow. That is the mischief of creeds. The creed may express the highest thought of the hour, and so long as it does, may inspire to higher life; but it is necessarily stationary, not progressive, and, as the individual mind expands, becomes a cramping curse. The only bond of union elastic enough to leave free play for individual growth, must be a platform of principles that are laws of life, of purposes and ends that are life itself. A basis such as this will be a new experiment in the history of religious organizations. It will be more than the simple affirmation of freedom, for that is a mere negation, an absence of restrictions, a necessary condition of growth, but not growth itself. It will be the affirmation of *progress* as the law of humanity—development, evolution, ascent from the lower to the higher. The law of boundless progress as our governing principle, and the fact of ceaseless progress as our practical end, will constitute a basis of union broad as humanity itself. If we can discover such a statement of it as will commend itself to the minds of our isolated Liberals, it will help the world not a little to put forth a collective affirmative of it in some free manner. I cannot but think that this has become the solemn duty of the hour. With this belief I would submit the following sketch of a Constitution to the thoughtful consideration of the reader. Take it for what it is worth; but, if this is bad, put a better in its place:

PREAMBLE. Whereas, The grand end of human society is the freest, fullest, and highest development of the individual, and the special end of every minor organization should be in harmony with, and in furtherance of, this general end of society itself; and,

Whereas, The grand end of the individual soul is the realization, in itself, and in the world, of the highest Ideal of Humanity, and is thus identical with the great cause of universal human progress;—

ARTICLE I. Therefore, we hereby associate ourselves into a Free Brotherhood, for the purpose of helping each other and our fellow men in the endeavor after the perfect Spirit, Life and Truth.

ARTICLE II. The only condition of fellowship shall be sympathy with our purpose, and willingness to co-operate in it.

Whatever minor details should prove necessary, could be easily arranged; I care nothing now but for the fundamental spirit and principles of the proposed movement. By no means need there be any antagonism or collision with any other organization; least of all with the National Unitarian Conference. Let that go on and accomplish its appointed mission; God speed it in every noble work! But for ourselves, we need a closer fellowship and better mutual understanding; we need to discharge our duty to our fellow-men by boldly proclaiming the possibility of organization on higher and broader grounds than a creed, for a greater and diviner end than mere denominational prosperity. The common bond must be a common spirit and aim, a common faith in humanity and its divine destination, a common aspiration toward higher good and vaster verities. Whoever feels the upward influence of this spirit, faith and aspiration, I hail as my brother by a closer tie than that of blood. Let him believe what he may, let him even be groping in the moral midnight of utter atheism, I will trust him as one who is treading the same path, and approaching, however blindly, the same goal. Such a one as this must not be shut out of our fellowship, any more than the Catholic, Mohammedan or Mormon, who may be drawn to us by secret affinities. Therefore there should be nothing but an avowal of this mutual purpose and aspiration to hold us together, or to keep us apart—nothing but unquestioning trust in those subtle natural forces which will build us up, as the "vital principle" appropriates from the soil whatever can assimilate with the growing tree. Faith in the divine spirit of man and the divine spirit of God, are one and the same.

Is it indeed a Utopian scheme, a dreamer's fantasy, to look for such a brotherhood as this? I cannot believe it. Yet even to fail in such an attempt would be grander than any common success. If the kingdom of God is anything but a mocking mirage, it must come in some such guise as this. Must we wait forever, or can we begin it here and now?—*Radical, for December.*

SCIENCE AND ART.

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

For The Spiritual Republic.

Light.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

When a beam of sunlight is allowed to enter a darkened room through an aperture in a shutter, it will fall on the opposite wall, or a screen placed to receive it, making a brilliant white spot or image of the sun. But in this white light are an almost limitless number of forces. There are rays of the primary colors, of heat, of electricity, of magnetism, of chemical change. These different rays move in straight lines, but when they are made to pass through a denser medium than the air, they are bent, or refracted, and very differently. A wedge or prism of glass interposed accomplishes this object. It produces the same results, as the falling rain drops when they throw across the sky the gorgeous rainbow. The same effect is seen in the dashing sea spray, the jet of a fountain, or around the prow of a rapidly moving vessel; the interference of rays, as the metallic luster of some insects, and the feathers of birds as the humming bird and peacock.

The investigation of light by means of refraction was the favorite method of Newton. To him belongs the theory of the cause of these colors, and of the color of light generally. Where the prism is interposed instead of a round white spot there falls a band of colors like a section of the rainbow. No words can describe, no colors we possess, represent the brilliancy of this band, which is called the *Solar Spectrum*. The colors are arranged in the order of their refrangibility. The red is least removed, it is followed by orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. There are only four primary colors, red, yellow, blue and violet. The others are results of intermixture. Thus red and yellow make orange, yellow and blue, green. That white light is the result of the mixture of all these colors, is shown by causing the colored rays as they proceed from the prism to again unite, when the white beam is restored.

The different colors differ greatly in their illuminating power. A printed piece of paper held in the violet rays in order to be read must be viewed close at hand, but held in the yellow ray it can be read at a considerable distance. This difference in intensity may be understood by expressing by figures the relations of the various colors to the unit of 100, the assumed value of the yellow, or most intense color.

Yellow.....	100.0
Green.....	32.8
Orange.....	29.9

Blue.....	18.5
Indigo and violet.....	3.5
Red (most refrangible rays).....	21

—*Draper.*
The heat of the sunbeam is distinct from the light, while the latter culminates in the yellow rays, the former increases in intensity to the red constantly, until that color is passed, and just beyond where there is not a trace of light it attains its greatest intensity. (*Sir W. Herschel.*)

The chemical changes effected by the rays of the sun, are not referable to light, but to a distinct force, or what are called chemical rays. Thus, when a paper moistened with a salt of silver, is exposed to the spectrum, it is quite differently effected. It changes to a dark color in all, but most in the violet, and still more in the region directly beyond the violet, where there is not a trace of light.

There are many dark lines in the spectrum which remain fixed. Their number, viewed through a telescope, is very great, being estimated at 600, * and this is now known to be too low an estimate.

These lines are not shown in artificial light, and although they are always the same in the solar spectrum, they vary in a remarkable manner in the spectrum of the stars, each having one of its own.

The dark spaces are not only indications of the absence of light, but also of the chemical rays, for they are photographed on a sensitive silver surface, and beyond the violet in the dark region of chemical rays. (*Becquerel.*) There can be but one explanation for this appearance. There can be no rays of light, or chemical rays of corresponding degree of refrangibility.

The substance used for a prism changes the results. Flint glass shows the maximum of the rays of heat below the red of the spectrum; crown glass in the extremity of the red. Water absorbs the least refrangible rays; and almost all substances show a partiality for rays of a particular refrangibility. They act toward heat as colored glass to light, absorbing certain rays and allowing others to pass. Thus red glass absorbs all but the red rays, or is opaque to all others; yellow glass absorbs all but yellow. Rock salt, however, is perfectly permeable to heat, or acts toward it as transparent glass does to light.

When, therefore, the relations of heat in the spectrum are to be studied, a prism of rock salt should be used, for with a prism of glass, the investigation becomes like that of light, should it be undertaken with a prism of blue or red glass, such an instrument would not disturb the relations of light, more than transparent glass does those of heat. With a prism of rock salt, the region of maximum heat is found to lie entirely beyond and not in contact with the red rays of light. Hence *Melloni* infers that light and heat are modifications of one common agent:

"That light is only a series of calorific indications, sensible to the organ of sight, or *vice versa*, that the radiations of dark heat are true insensible radiations of light."—*Melloni.*

The existence of this region of thermal rays is strikingly shown by an experiment first instituted by *Herschel*. It consists in wetting a paper in alcohol and placing it in the spectrum. Of course the spot where the most heat falls dries the paper first, and changes its color. This spot appears below the red, and rapidly extends upward to the yellow. "The most striking and singular phenomenon exhibited in the thermic spectrum thus visibly impressed is its want of continuity." It is made up of patches, or spots of greater intensity.

The interference spectrum possesses great advantages over that of *Newton*. It is produced by transmitting a ray of light through a grating made of alternate opaque and transparent bars. This can be made by ruling a slip of glass with a diamond, the scratches forming the opaque bars. This ruling has been carried to the extent of 30,000 to the inch. Some interesting deductions were derived by *Fraunhofer* from the spectrum thus obtained. The position of the colors remains unchanged, but the relations of the dark lines change. "He calculated upon exact and numerous experiments, the values of this constant, (the sum of the width of a groove and transparent interval) for the seven principal lines of the solar spectrum, and finds that these values are precisely equal to the lengths of undulations of colors corresponding to those rays, such as *Fresnel* had obtained by other processes." (*Lame.*)

This constant multiplied by the deviation (angle of refrangibility) of a ray, gives the length of the undulation of that ray. In the same spectrum, the deviation of any two rays are to each other as the length of their undulations. This law determines the position of the colors.

Sir J. Herschel computes the lengths of undulations corresponding to the principal lines of the spectrum:

B corresponding to Red.....	2541-100,000,000ths of a Paris inch.
O " Orange.....	2422-100,000,000ths "
D " Yellow.....	2195-100,000,000ths "
E " Green.....	1945-100,000,000ths "
F " Blue.....	1794-100,000,000ths "
G " Indigo.....	1587-100,000,000ths "
H " Violet.....	1464-100,000,000ths "

This computation is independent of the theories of light, applying to the *Newtonian* doctrine of emanation, and the recent theory of vibration of the light emitting substance.

* *Fraunhofer.*

HOW A MAN FREEZES TO DEATH.—*M. Pouchet* lately read an interesting paper on this subject before the French Academy of Science. The author's inferences are as follows:

1. That the first phenomenon produced by cold is a contraction of the capillary vessels to such an extent that the globule of blood cannot enter; these vessels, therefore, remain completely empty.
2. The second phenomenon is an alteration of the blood globules, which amounts to their complete disorganization.
3. Every animal completely frozen is absolutely dead, and no power can reanimate it.
4. When only a part is frozen, that part is destroyed by gangrene.
5. If the part frozen is not extensive, and only a few disorganized blood globules pass into circulation, the animal may recover.
6. But if, on the contrary, the frozen part is of considerable extent, then the mass of altered globules brought into the circulation when the part is thawed, rapidly kills the animal.
7. For this reason a half frozen animal may live a long time if maintained in this condition, since the altered globules do not get into the circulation; but it expires as soon as the frozen part is thawed.
8. In all cases of congelation, death is due to the alteration of the blood globules, and not to any effect on the nervous system.
9. It results from these facts that the less rapidly the frozen part is thawed, the more slowly altered globules find their way into the circulation, and the greater the chances of the recovery of the animal.

For The Spiritual Republic.

"Spiritual Reporter."

Owing to reconstruction in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, the first number of the SPIRITUAL REPORTER has been delayed a few days.

Many thanks to the numerous friends of Reform for their hearty words of encouragement in the effort to spread the true gospel. Let us work with a will in pushing on the car of progress and practical reform. We have but a short time to live here. Let us so work that we may feel, when we have passed to the climes of immortal beauty, that the world was better because we lived in it.

Through the REPORTER will be given the best thoughts, as far as practicable, of minds on both sides of Death's stream. I suppose that none will object to an occasional report of an interesting Spiritual seance, or well-authenticated Spiritual phenomena, and such other matter as will be felt to be of general interest. The SPIRITUAL REPORTER will occupy broad ground. It is not expected that it will contain thought with which all can agree. All differences will be submitted before the tribunal of the people. The clash of opinions is grand, glorious, when prompted by brotherly love.

I have been urgently solicited to receive single subscribers, by many friends in various parts of the country, who are desirous of receiving a report of a lecture every week regularly, but who cannot engage to take 25 copies at a time, even at the very low price asked.

After due consideration, I have concluded to receive subscriptions for single copies by the year, or semi-annually, the subscriber paying the extra expense of mailing, etc. Therefore the terms to single subscribers are \$1.50 per year; 75 cents for six months, payable in advance. This will aid, instead of retard, the circulation of the lectures by wholesale, the single numbers serving as specimen copies with which to form clubs.

I shall be gratified to receive subscriptions for the REPORTER from clubs formed in societies and from neighborhoods, where there are no organized societies, for 25, 50, 100, or more numbers of each lecture. [See prospectus in another column.]

Several societies have already sent in subscriptions for from 25 to 100 copies of each lecture, for three months.

Business men will find the advertising department of the REPORTER advantageous to them. Spiritualists engaged in business that needs advertising (and what business does not?) can aid the REPORTER greatly by their advertising patronage. The terms for advertising are very reasonable. [See prospectus.]

The second number, to be issued Jan. 9th, will contain P. B. Randolph's celebrated lecture on "What and Where is God?" W. F. JAMIESON.

Keep doing, always doing. Wishing, dreaming, intending, murmuring, talking, sighing, and repining, are idle and profitless employments.

Looking to others for our standard of happiness is the sure way to be miserable. Our business is with our own hearts and our own motives.

As far as is known, there are but two mines of emery in the world—one at Chester, in Hampden county, Mass., and the other in the classic little *Ægean Sea*.

THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 12, 1867.

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"No question of general human well-being is foreign to the spirit,
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TO OUR PATRONS.

Persons sending post office orders, drafts, etc., are requested to make them payable to J. O. Barrett, Sec'y.

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

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THE SPIRITUAL IDEA AS RELATED TO REFORM.

The universal aspiration of man is for order, or harmony. The type of this instinct is found in the ceaseless effort of nature to attain equilibrium of force. As in outer, physical nature, the strength of the effort is measured by the greatness of the disturbance, so in the human realm, the intensity of aspiration, and the fervency of desire is in exact ratio to the prevalence of moral disorder. In the domain of pure automatic force the end is speedily gained, in a comparative or relative sense; but in the human department of intelligence and will, it often seems that the means employed directly defeat the end desired. In other words, the efforts of men to secure moral order and social harmony only enhance, instead of reducing, the existing disorder. This is true in all departments of life, religious, governmental and social. A fact of such significance must naturally lead the thinking mind to scrutinize the fundamental ideas, from which are developed the laws or methods of progress; and to inquire if there are not some undiscovered ideas indispensable to a true theory of human evolution. Such a course of study has led us to the discovery and adoption of the Spiritual Idea of the universe, and the resulting laws, or methods of progress. That Idea may be expressed by the term *wholeness*, not, however, meaning thereby sameness, but including the signification of unity, or oneness in its true and proper sense. The oneness of the universe is always a Trinity. Whether considered in the universal or particular sense, there is always positive and negative, resulting in motion. Or we may phrase it, Wisdom, Love and Will, or Father, Mother, Child, according to what department of the whole we are considering. As already observed, in the realm of automacy, the harmonic result is readily reached; but ascending to the plane of reason and will, the desired result is *apparently* more difficult of attainment; for automatic tendency is interfered with by forceful modifications made by an imperfect reason. That reason attempts to interpret its neighbor faculties, which, with itself, constitute man, and fails of doing it correctly; the consequence is, the multitudinous disorders of society. This failure of reason is not a final one, the defect has been in the premises furnished it; and they have been the basic ideas of the universe entertained by man in the past. New ideas will furnish different premises, and hence, other conclusions. Let us see how the Spiritual Idea will affect the method of reasoning as applying to man. Thus far, in human history, God and man have been antagonistic in their purposes and efforts, according to the views of religious teachers. And, as God possessed the greatest power, he had purposed the endless torture of his enemies. Foiled in his attempt to subdue, he indulges his wrath in the pastime of ceaselessly tormenting those who cannot love him. While, on the other hand, his favorites are loaded with unspeakable and immeasurable blessings.

Moreover, these favors are most capriciously bestowed, as merit is entirely ignored, and mere favor is the rule of their distribution. With such notions of the basic relations of man and Deity, it is not strange that all human governments, overlooking entirely the qualifications of honesty and uprightness, should be administered on the same partial principles. Nor, that in the general association of man with man, the necessities of the deserving and dependent should be overlooked, and personal favoritism become the almost universally recognised rule of action. Nor, again, is it to be considered wonderful, when God and man were

represented as having and fostering conflicting interests, that men should imagine theirs to be in the same category in relation to each other; hence, all the strife and wrong in society. The thinker will not be slow to perceive that all the outer institutions of man depend upon, and flow from their fundamental religious ideas. As is the religion of a people, so will be their constitutions, laws and social customs. The comparative anatomist determines from a single bone the entire structure and habits of the animal to which it belonged, with no greater certainty than the philosopher can give you the whole political and social life of a people from a single article of their religious creed.

With these preliminary thoughts, it is not difficult at all to perceive the significance of the Spiritual Idea as a reformatory power in the world. As there exists in the nature of things, a perfect oneness of God and man, real conflict is an impossibility. The welfare of both is identical, and man's aspirations are an eternal response to God's inspirations. The temporary failure, or seeming want of success on the part of man to attain perfect happiness, is because of his incapacity to interpret either himself or God; and the consequent *misinterpretations*, to which we have alluded, resulting in sorrow, have constantly prompted to action, producing growth, until to-day, he stands face to face with the grand idea of absolute order, flowing from essential and indestructible oneness. This order is tributive and distributive—concrete and abstractive, which constitute the two parallel movements of universal being. In the universal sense, they are the deductive and inductive processes of the Divine Reason. Being in perpetual balance in the *universe*, it only remains in the sphere of the finite human to inaugurate the same equilibrium, to realise all the wildest dreams of a golden age in Paradisical bliss; and the Spiritual Idea, by annihilating the false and demoralizing notions of personal partiality and enmity on the part of Deity, and revealing the indwelling God as the inmost soul of all men, as well as the soul of all things, furnishes the mighty leverage for its accomplishment. In the light of this sublime revelation, all the fancied oppositions of interest are the merest shadows imaginable. The real welfare of all types and races is identical. To thwart the happiness of one man, tribe, or people, is to injure the entire family of humanity. To injure self by misconception of the methods of order, is to injure others, and *vice versa*. Seeing that what is true in the whole, must be also in the parts, we are at once driven to ascertain the method of application in our present life of these perfect principles. At the outset we are startled with the portentous fact that, as all existing institutions are more or less modeled upon the imperfect and false ideas, or notions of the former ages, they must all be reconstructed. They are all of them embodiments of the false notion that one man's loss can be another's gain. They are incarnations of selfishness, sectism and division; and though the innate divinity of man will grow, despite all obstacles, yet are these hindrances of serious injury to a healthy evolution of divine humanity.

And, as the Spiritual Idea aims at that evolution, it, of necessity, is forced to look directly in the face all of the so-called falsehoods, that is, mistranslations of human experiences, in order, through their correction, to inaugurate the royal way of wisdom.

The Spiritualist, then, the one who looks beneath the troubled surface of phenomena to the tidal current of principle, or force, will, of necessity, be a universal Reformer. As all existing institutions are but the externalisms of imperfect, one-sided idealism; that idea, which is all sided, must of course, correct and supply the imperfections of pre-existing partialism. The Spiritual Idea is the one of which alone we can affirm a *pleroma*, or wholeness. It compels its possessor to "seek and intermeddle with all wisdom." Nothing can claim exemption from his scrutiny.

If then, the Spiritual platform and press are for the elaboration and defence of the Spiritual Idea, there can be no such thing as side issues in Spiritualism. There is no theme of thought, no scheme of political, or social policy which is without the pale of legitimate criticism from the Spiritualist. Whatever sect in religion, or party in politics, or custom in social life, cries out, "let us alone," does, by that very cry, proclaim itself demonic. All truth labors to be examined, comprehended, while falsehood seeks to hide itself from sight. Light is the garment of truth, error is clothed in darkness. Away then with the superficial sentimentalism that we are not to preach or write politics. Mere partizanship can never characterize the real Spiritualist. He is a Universalist, hence, can never be an advocate of parties or cliques. But, as principle is involved in all that pertains to man's nature, progress, or destiny, he must have opinions, and declare his position in reference thereto. And that position will always be in opposition to the existing chaos of anarchical selfishness.

Despotism, as embodied in Empire and Church, was the heterogeneous concrete of the past. Liberty, as it has appeared in Rationalism and Democracy, is the abstract, or distributive phase of human evolution. Both of these have failed to satisfy the aspirations of man.

The Spiritual Idea is an embodiment of the substance of both. It secures the unity of Ecclesiasticism and the Empire, not by the destruction of reason and the enslave-

ment of the individual, but by that culture of the reason which reveals the absolute oneness of human interests. Its union is the cohesion of accordant wisdom—the gravitation of universal love. Sects and creeds, governments and parties, social position and influence, are the baubles by which men are sought to be blinded from seeing the glories of the New Dispensation. Are the apostles of to-day to be deterred by menace, or craft, from the critical examination of these glittering deceptions? To allow this, would be recreancy to the trust Heaven has committed to us.

It is hoped that the columns of THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC will practically exemplify the above views. We would most scrupulously guard against a partizan style of enunciating principles, in themselves universal, but at the same time fearlessly assert, and exercise our sacred right and duty to criticise all opinions, parties and practices, which interfere with the normal development of man in the pathway of progress.

CHURCHES IN THE WEST.

Theodore Tilton, of the New York *Independent*, now on an extensive lecturing tour through the Western States, in a late editorial to that paper, says:

"I have less faith in Western churches than in any other Western institution. I do not refer to their creeds or theologies, for each sect is welcome to its own; but Western churches are generally in debt, always begging of the East, and, like the colonies, a 'feeble folk.' Of course, the Far West, the frontier, the sparsely settled sections, the communities that have not yet grown rich, have a right to beg; but, making every just allowance, it is not to the credit of so many Western churches that they don't pay their notes. I know of a Western city whose railroad depot cost more than Trinity church, New York; and yet, I was asked by a committee of the residents to incite our Brooklyn friends to help build a church near that Western depot. I declined the proposal until the committee should come to Brooklyn and build a decent shed for the Long Island Railroad."

The above characteristic observation of Mr. Tilton affords an excellent index to the religious condition of the Western people. One, however, must not be biased by sectarian convictions of what constitutes religion, in the use of the same. The Western people are very earnest and expressive; they are direct and eminently practical in their methods, and nowhere in the world can you find a people who are so democratic, and withal so natural. The consequence is, they are not devoted to the Church as a means of salvation, or as an admitted necessity in religious culture. New York and Brooklyn build splendid churches, Chicago and Cleveland build splendid depots. There is hardly a city of twenty thousand inhabitants in the West that has not far better depots than New York, and so on. Wherever there is a center of practical public interests, you will find provisions made accordingly.

Must one infer from this that, therefore, the West is demoralized and void of religion? Mr. Tilton does not, we venture to assert. Not alone is the churchman religious; nor is piety and virtue measured by steeples. Religion is the basis of all true enthusiasm, it is the soul's enthusiasm; and democracy—practical equality among the masses—is its visible manifestation. We are sorry to believe that so great a power as that of the church is really opposed to democracy, and therefore to religion, nevertheless the facts of history will prove it to be so, and that its despotism is in exact proportion to its power. The Western people love liberty, and most of all religious liberty, without which no other can be secure. They are an intelligent, observing people; and for this very reason the church, as an organic institution, is, of all others in the West, full of weakness. The few who are specially zealous in its behalf, of themselves, cannot support it financially, consequently they must beg of those who are disinterested at home, or of those who are interested in the East. Unfortunately for them, in many instances, they have betrayed the trust reposed in them, by breaking fair promises to be liberal, and closing the doors of their houses against the champions of religious freedom, until, with few honorable exceptions, a church is but another name for a clique or caste. Of course poverty keeps its own level. Why, then, should church power be raised to the throne and crowned? Better be a beggar than a king, until its heart can warm its body by steady pulsations, and until its integrity can master its human weaknesses.

The West is, and is to be, the garden of human liberty and spiritual progress. It moves to the inspiration of these ideas; and if committees go a-begging of Eastern capital and caste, it is because their enterprise is not at-one with the Western spirit and purpose.

The West is Radical. It will waste very little new wine by putting it into old bottles; but when the New Era becomes visible, when it takes practical form, its committees will not be obliged to beg of our friends East. We can build all the churches that are demanded for the spread of the gospel of common sense.

SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

There will be a lecture at Crosby's Music Hall, on Sunday, 13th inst., at 10.30 A. M.

The Lyceum will meet at 12.30 P. M.

In the evening at 7.30, Mr. Milton T. Peters, of Chicago, will deliver an address.

CONGRESS.

Congress at last seems to be awakening to a sense of duty, and is taking sure steps toward the administration of national justice. The preamble and resolution offered by Mr. Ashley, and agreed to by the Senate, places the question of impeachment in the hands of the Judiciary Committee, with full power to investigate the conduct of Mr. Johnson, and we feel assured that if sufficient cause is shown, Congress will proceed directly to the removal of the President.

It is to be hoped that there will be the least possible amount of mere party spirit manifested in proceedings fraught with so much public interest, and it is of equal importance that the clear aims of justice be maintained even at the expense of any or all parties.

This nation has, by all that is honorable, pledged itself to administer equal political rights to the people—and, under the circumstances, especially does this pledge appear in behalf of the colored race. It cannot be denied that there is a class of persons opposed to such administration; no means have been spared or will be spared to render ineffectual the laws providing for this end; and since Mr. Johnson has clearly identified himself with this class, thereby becoming an obstruction in the way of national integrity and future safety, the sooner the matter is thoroughly probed, and if need be, Mr. Johnson removed from office, the better for the people and the nation.

It must be seen that to impeach Mr. Johnson, or to enact and enforce laws against the wishes of the aristocratic proslavery class of the South, is not the object of Congress, nor the desire of the Radical party; but Justice and Equal Rights, as embodied in our idea of government, must be maintained, and certainly no man or class of men has any claims that are to be considered and allowed when they come in conflict with the very genius of our Republican institutions. Our demand is for Justice, and there is no time-honored usage, or institution, or official, too sacred to be dealt with, if thereby it may surely and duly come. It may be said that seeming justice to one is outright injury to another. We admit it, so far as individual relations are concerned in a process of restoration. We are now a great ways from the practical administration of equal rights and privileges. Somebody was wronged in our getting where we are. Shall we stay away from right, or push boldly for it? There is but one answer, that is, to seek it with all our might; and the consequences will inevitably be, that in proportion as one part was wronged in the unjust administration of oppressive rules, the other part will be hurt in the act of restoring or establishing the right. Of course those hurt will cry out, and resist all change, but the changes must come. It is in this light that we see the relations of Congress and the President, the Radicals and Conservatives of the nation.

After much debating, a vote has been taken in the Senate on the admission of Nebraska and Colorado as States, and agreed to by a vote of 24 to 15 on the former, and 24 to 12 on the latter, with the following amendment to the Constitution of each, to wit:

"This act shall take effect with the fundamental and perpetual condition that within said State of Nebraska (or Colorado) there shall be no abridgment or denial of the exercise of the elective franchise, or of any other right, to any person, by reason of race or color, excepting Indians not taxed."

The House will undoubtedly pass the bills as they come from the Senate, after which their fate is less certain, as the President is known to be opposed to them, and the vote in the Senate renders a two-thirds vote a matter of question.

Altogether, this has been one of the most exciting weeks since the meeting of Congress, and it is to be hoped much good will come from the movements inaugurated.

ANOTHER UNIVERSALIST MINISTER IN PERIL.

Dr. T. J. Sawyer, the "iron-clad," is firing bombshells at certain "inconsiderate gentlemen," who have lately been struck by spiritual lightning, and consequently have got their denominational polarity almost reversed. At a recent installation of Rev. C. W. Tomlinson, of Syracuse, N. Y., a ministerial brother, signing himself "R. F.," had the bravery to say: "Inspiration is confined to no age of the world, but is now, as always, a contact of the Divine and human spirit granted to all men as they are prepared to receive it; and we hold it true and logical no man can be a successful minister of Christ, who does not draw immediate inspiration from the Infinite Spirit."

This is "novel doctrine," in the estimation of the Sanehedrim doctor, is "simply untrue, length and breadth, and without the shadow of evidence either in philosophy or faith, in history or the personal experience of our age." He evidently sees the usual denominational peril, and from his dogmatic mortar lets fly a "broadside" at our heretical brother with a well aimed precision. But "R. F." is a genuine Monitor, and fires back with masterly effect. He coolly proposes to accept the Doctor as a worthy candidate into his new "divinity class!"

Though only a little skirmishing in the Christian Ambassador, it foretells a more plentiful shower of bullets by and

by. Go on, good brothers, battle away; the denominational bushel is getting battered, and ere long it will be too leaky to hide the compressed light.

Dr. S. believes in "plenary inspiration;" that the grand old prophets, Jesus and his apostles, absorbed and monopolized all the revelations of God; and hence, that we poor fellows of the 19th century, get it second-handed, stereotyped forever! Bro. "R. F.," taking exception, maintains that God is yet alive; that his Holy Spirit is as potent now as in the ancient of days; that present "inspiration is a fact;" that "no age since man rose to consciousness has been without some portion—no matter how small a crumb—of 'Divine Truth,' being set forth by some qualified and 'prepared' minister of Providence."

Go on, brothers, don't compromise this discussion; keep the fires of truth burning, and soon other souls will be emancipated from the "letter that killeth."

DENOMINATIONAL GRIEF.

Some of the creed-bound are of late unusually disturbed at the frequent emancipations from the theologic prisons. What a calamity, indeed, that a Canton student, educated under Dr. Fisher, the Gamaliel of the denomination, ordained by the denomination, labelled Universalism by the denomination, should so early be tainted with the heresy of Spiritualism! What a reproach to our theologic school! It is high time that new conventional fortifications were erected there to bar out the ingress of spirits into those classic halls.

Rev. E. L. Rexford, pastor of a Cincinnati Universalist Society, thus pronounces his bull, in a recent issue of the New Covenant, against Rev. S. C. Hayford:

"It is unpleasant to hear such news from one of our Canton number as we do. We must either think ourselves blind, or that our Maine brother, Rev. S. C. Hayford, of Belfast, Me., who has gone over to the Spiritualists, is becoming confused in his sight of spiritual things. I hope he will find what he thinks to find in Spiritualism, something better than Universalism, but I confess to a doubt of his success in that direction. To leave that well-defined certainty of our faith for the visionary and dreamy something or nothing, (which is it?) called Spiritualism, is not an advance, as we are accustomed to regard advances. And then, to leave the association of those blessed names held sacred by us all—such as Ballou, Whittemore and Cobb—to leave also the association of that class of persons, it is growing 'beautifully less' every day. To think that there are so few points of contact between heaven and earth, and those found in the persons of some half crazed and usually ignorant people, is not very encouraging, to say the least.

"Here in our city our distinguished medium is a German girl, whom the spirits have undertaken to educate; and the indications are, that they will have labor for some time to come, before we can be assured of their final success. And yet, it is through this girl that heaven deigns to pour its marvelous light. In her, heaven has its nearest approach to Cincinnati; but it is needless for me to tell you, that the people here generally fail to see its approach in that way. I am sorry that one of our old number at Canton should be led away with such folly as thus far has appeared in the 'theory and practice' of the spirits. I do not think that our cause is in danger from such defections on the part of those who study at Canton. The great majority of them are in the field, and are fighting worthily and well. Let their number increase, and long live the school and the denominational press!"

Nature is ever kind, even unto young sinners. We hope our brother feels relieved, now that he has thrown off an excess of bile from the sectarian mucus of his stomach. It is not safe long to entertain a vile thing. But do you remember, Brother Rexford, a Bible story of two men who went up into the temple to pray, one a Pharisee, and the other a publican? The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself: "God, I thank Thee, I am not as other men, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice a week, I give tithes of all I possess. And the publican standing afar off would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, "God, be merciful to me a sinner. I tell you this man went down to his house justified rather than the other."

Brother Rexford speaks of Dr. Cobb! Does he not know that he was a believer in the beautiful ministry of angels, and that his dear little boy was a medium, through whom the weeping parents obtained consoling words from the spirit world?

On this data of fact, according to Bro. R.'s definition, "the best defined character [of Dr. Cobb] is that of juggler;" and so the illustrious Pierpont, and the Howlits, and the Owens, and a host of other philanthropists—all bearing the ignoble name of Spiritualists. The "some half crazed and usually ignorant people," are the Spiritualists, generally, of course—and we are not less than six millions—"whose best defined character is that of juggler!"

We have no apology for any species of hypocrisy in the ranks of the spiritual reformers, and mean to expose it without quarter! But is Bro. R. as ready to expose the jugglery of the fashionable churches—their hypocrisy, their proselyting tricks, their mean monopoly, their "pious cant?" Bear a hand, and let us cast out the devils from the church and state, pimps as well as jugglers.

As to "the German girl whom the spirits have undertaken

to educate," we know nothing about; but we do know that the beautiful Nazarene was not educated at Canton—that he and his poor "half crazed and usually ignorant" apostles were guided by the ministering angels.

DIVINE WORSHIP.

Latent forces are developed as they aggregate to themselves what they need for organization and use. All forms are recipients. When in harmony with the Divine of all things, man is a child, learning and developing, and ever progressing. Man is so constituted, that whatever he receives into his mind, is there incorporated in consciousness as a part of his being. Hence, he is free, an image of the Infinite, capacitated to rule matter as he rules himself. Hence, what he thinks, what he loves, what he constructs, is his own. But the moment he forgets the centralizing truth, that all he is and has are endowed gifts and blessings from the All-Father, he ceases to be a child, no longer learns, is the mad philosopher, is afterwards the bigot, who, petrified in some fashionable church, is spiritually dead. Soul-rest comes by confidence in the Absolute. Worship, even of the spirits—for they too are fallible—educes unrest, and hurls the panting soul into the night of doubt. The Spiritual Philosopher rises above all forms, all revelations, all media—accepting them all when in order, as the interlinking steps in the stairways to heaven—and centers only in the "Over-Soul," in the Infinite, in the center-Life of the Absolute. Here is rest—here is wisdom—here is faith—here is love—here is truth—here is progress. Mortals may climb where angels go, to know and feel as much. We greet them as ministrants and companions only, rising with them to drink at the same eternal springs of love and thought.

"A WOMAN'S SECRET."

In our next issue will be found the chapters, entitled "They Twain Shall be One Flesh," a touching recital of what one woman suffered through her husband's disregard of this time-honored injunction; "Some Ideas, Concerning a Woman's Sphere," which shows how nature draws her line between the sexes, and places the claim of woman to be regarded as the full, equal and co-worker of man, on higher and more incontestible grounds than her merely possible ability to compete successfully with him in the ruder forms of labor; and "Hysterics," which endeavors to solve some problems which have always, and especially during the last two generations, caused much obfuscation of the masculine intellect, and shows how doctor and minister may both be put to shame—powers physical and powers spiritual equally confounded by a single set of disordered feminine sensibilities.

PERSONAL.

Theodore Tilton, editor of the New York Independent, is to lecture in this city on Monday evening, Jan. 14. Mr. Tilton is among the best thinkers of the country, thoroughly and justly Radical, therefore we hope he will be welcomed by an overflowing house.

Giles B. Stebbins has returned West, and is for the present in Michigan.

Anna E. Dickinson, says the Independent, is now at her home in Philadelphia, where she arrived on the 21st ult. The typhoid affection, from which she suffered so severely, has been subdued, but there remains a soreness of the left lung, and rheumatism still lingers in the left shoulder. Her physician says that, with prudence on her part, she will entirely recover in a few weeks—probably in time to fulfil her Eastern engagements.

Among the literary gentlemen having positions in the New York Custom House are Mr. R. H. Stoddard, Mr. Barry Gray, Mr. Charles F. Briggs, Mr. Gaylord Clarke, Mr. John Savage and Mr. Herman Melville.

J. S. Loveland is awakening a great interest in Monmouth, Ill. It is thought that the discussion to commence there next Monday, between him and Dr. Young, will be one of the most interesting that has occurred in many years. It will give the Bible question a thorough sifting.

Mr. Hiram Huginin, at whose funeral the discourse published in this number of the REPUBLIC was delivered, was one of the pioneer Spiritualists of Waukegan, Ill. He was very earnest in the advocacy of his belief, and will be much missed by a large circle of friends.

Rev. Miss Olympia Brown has become actively interested in the Suffrage Question, and is publicly advocating the right of women to the ballot, with Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucy Stone, Fred. Douglass, and other distinguished reformers.

Charles C. Burleigh has returned to Florence, Mass., from an extended lecturing tour at the West. He is now settled as a minister at Florence, over a Unitarian church, where he preaches regularly when at home.

H. P. Fairfield, we learn, has been quite ill with congestion of the lungs. He will not be able to fill his appointment at Iowa City, Iowa, but has returned to Berlin Wis., where he can be addressed until further notice.

NOTICES AND REVIEWS.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY promises well for 1867, and we doubt not will fully maintain its justly popular position before the American people and the world. It commences with the January number a romance of New England life, a story of the present, entitled the Guardian Angel, to extend through the year, by O. W. Holmes. From the well known reputation of this author, we may all confidently expect a rich treat, monthly, from his pen. Other writers of great excellence—Longfellow, Agassiz, Trowbridge, Whittier, Higginson, Emerson, Mrs. Child, Mrs. Stowe, Gall Hamilton, Alice Carey, etc., will continue as regular contributors. Price, \$4.00 a year, with liberal discount to clubs. Address Ticknor & Fields.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for January, commences a new volume and promises to excel any previous year, in real merit. We are heartily glad to witness its success. Address Ticknor & Fields, Boston, Mass.

THE RADICAL FOR DECEMBER.—We call the particular attention of our readers to this monthly Magazine. It is a rare literary production, and one of the most potent religious publications of the times. It is critical, broad and fearless, and can but benefit its careful readers.

We refer our readers to an article on Organization in this number of THE REPUBLIC, which we copy from the Radical.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for January, 1867, begins a new volume, and contains graphic sketches and excellent portraits of Ristori, the tragedienne; "Tom" Hughes, the great English reformer and author; "Father Prout," the great journalist, and others. Also, Education, by John Neal; Two Careers of Womanhood, illustrated with portraits of the Good and the Bad; Our Neighbor, by Mrs. Wyllis; Ethnology, or the Aboriginal Graphic Systems, by E. G. Squier; The Heavenly Chronometers, and much other entertaining and instructive reading. Only 20 cents, or \$2 a year. Now is the time to subscribe. Address, Fowler & Wells, 389 Broadway, New York.

PROGRESS OF EVENTS.

On the 7th inst., Mr. Ashley, of Ohio, in Congress, presented the following preamble and resolution. The resolution was agreed to. Yeas, 106; nays, 46:

I do impeach Andrew Johnson, Vice President and Acting President of the United States, of high criminal misdemeanors. I charge him with the usurpation of power and violation of law, in that he has corruptly abused the appointing and pardoning power; in that he has corruptly disposed of the public property of the United States; in that he has corruptly interfered in the elections, and committed acts and conspired with others to commit acts, which are high crimes and misdemeanors; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Committee on Judiciary be, and they are hereby authorized to inquire into the official conduct of Andrew Johnson, Vice President, in discharging the power and duties of President of the United States, and to report to this House whether, in their opinion, the said Andrew Johnson, while in said office, has been guilty of acts which were designed or calculated to overthrow, subvert, or to corrupt the Government of the United States, or any department or officer thereof, and whether the said Andrew Johnson has been guilty of any act, or has conspired with others to do acts, which, in the contemplation of the Committee, are high crimes and misdemeanors, requiring the interposition of the constitutional power of this House, and that said Committee have power to send for persons and papers, and to administer the customary oaths to witnesses.

President Johnson has sent his veto of the District Suffrage Bill to the Senate. That body has passed the bill over the veto. The House will, no doubt, do the same.

The London Review says: "During the last three months no less than five clergymen in full Anglican orders, and all belonging to the ultra high-church school, have given up their respective livings or curacies, and have been formally received in the Roman Church."

The Observer says it is a sad fact that many of the modern Jews are simply Infidels. At the dedication of a new temple at Cincinnati, costing \$250,000, the preacher, Dr. Wise, proclaimed a disbelief in a coming Messiah and miracles.

The conference of the North German States has commenced its session in Berlin. The German Parliament will be chosen by universal suffrage. The Federal army will be under the command of Prussia.

Maximilian has proclaimed his determination to stay in Mexico and fight for his crown. It is reported that Marshal Bazaine, on learning this, issued a manifesto in reply, stating that in future the French troops will remain perfectly neutral, taking no part in Mexican affairs.

The Delaware Legislature met on the 2d. The Governor opposes the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment.

The latest information from Rome is to the effect that Tonelli, the Italian Ambassador, has come to a verbal agreement on religious matters in connection with the Italian regime.

An Emancipation Celebration was held in Boston on the 1st inst., which was numerously attended, and addressed by Charles Lenox Remond, George Thompson, Fred. Douglass, Wm. Wells Brown, Rev. L. A. Grimes, and others.

The friends of spiritual progress at Rochester, N. Y.,

are organized as the Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists, and hold regular meetings in Palmer's Hall.

They also have a fine Children's Progressive Lyceum.

Mrs. John W. McDonald, of Houston, Texas, is creditably reported as doing an excellent work in that place, by healing the sick, as a medium. By letters received from different Southern States we are assured that there is an increasing interest in the subject of spirit communion.

The Faculty of Paris has just conferred the degree of "Bachelere-es-Science" on a young lady named Mdlle. Marie Brassetti. In France there are several feminine Bachelors of Letters, but the present is only the second woman who has succeeded in passing an examination in sciences before the Faculty. She first obtained her diploma about two years ago.

PETITION.

Mrs. E. P. W. Packard has been in this city recently, circulating a petition, asking the Legislature of this State to repeal the following act, now on the State statute books:

"Married women and infants who, in the judgment of the medical superintendent, (meaning the superintendent of the Illinois State hospital for the insane), are evidently insane or distracted, may be entered or detained in the hospital on the request of the husband of the woman or guardian of the infants, without the evidence of insanity required in other cases."

Mrs. Packard's petition has the signature of the Mayor and of other prominent citizens of Chicago. Mrs. Packard knows by bitter experience the power the law gives husbands over their wives.

She, the wife of a Presbyterian clergyman, was confined by her husband three years in the asylum of this State, charged with insanity. At last she obtained a trial by jury and her sanity was clearly proven. Still the laws deprive her of her property and the custody of her little children.

When Mrs. Packard's prayer is granted—as it will be—there will be an opening of the asylum doors to other victims of husbandly authority.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Mr. B. A. Beals, of Gowanda, New York, a young man of much merit, and an excellent vocalist, holds himself in readiness to sing at Progressive Meetings whenever called.

J. G. Clark and Geo. W. Clark, of Central New York, also cheer the people with their songs.

An Equal Rights Convention, to discuss and apply the principles of republican government, irrespective of color or sex, has been called to meet at the Franklin Institute, in Philadelphia, on the 17th inst. The call is signed by Loretta Mott and other well-known champions of impartial freedom.

Dr. Leo Miller and wife are practicing medicine at Warsaw, Indiana, employing as remedial agents the Swedish Movement Cure, Medicated Vapor, Magnetism, etc. We understand that they intend to itinerate, stopping weeks or months in a given locality, as demands are made upon them.

Elijah Woodworth will lecture near Coldwater, in Branch county, Michigan, during January and February.

Dr. R. W. Hathaway, who has for several years practiced medicine with excellent success at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has, we see, taken rooms at 425 Sixth street, corner of St. Charles street, St. Louis, Missouri. We hope the doctor may have abundant success in his new quarters.

DR. J. P. BRYANT.—A correspondent, writing from San Francisco, California, says: "Dr. Bryant is doing a good work here in healing the poor in health and the poor in spirit.

"He gave a lecture last Sunday in Congress Hall. His text was, 'Priestcraft and Doctors the sum of all Villanies.' The lecture was listened to with deep interest, by a large and appreciative audience."

The New York Day Book, a paper that belongs to the dark ages, says that the Republic must perish unless slavery is restored in the South; also that the negroes will perish if not restored to their "normal condition!"

Where are the New York missionaries? The Day Book is in the "gall of bitterness."

The Richmond Times says, "To us does not belong the credit of washing the Ethiopians white." True, Mr. Times, there is no credit your due; but to you, however, belongs the everlasting disgrace of bleaching out the dark skins of the South.

A PRIZE.—We will give one hundred dollars to the person who within a year will procure for the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC the largest list of subscribers, with money, of course always in advance. Who will strive for the prize?

ENGRAVINGS.—We call attention to our advertisement of engravings. We will supply agents at a most liberal discount. THE CHILD'S FIRST PRAYER, is our beau ideal—a beautiful picture for every home. Apply to the Secretary, Drawer 6325.

A CARD.

TO ALL SPIRITUALISTS AND INVESTIGATORS OF THE SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

We, the undersigned, were appointed by the Third National Convention of Spiritualists, convened in Providence, R. I., Aug. 21st to 26th, 1866, to act as a committee of investigation, under the following provisions, and for the following purposes, to wit:

WHEREAS, We have in this century a revival of phenomena now known as the "Spiritual Phenomena;" and,

WHEREAS, They appear in their present aspects so complicated with the vital human relations and experiences, that they are rendered difficult to define and state with exactness or certainty; and,

WHEREAS, In the promulgation of the Spiritual Philosophy, and the foundation of institutions for its practical application, it is required that facts be clearly defined and laws understood, that nothing shall be supposed or admitted on appearances; therefore,

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed by the President, whose duty it shall be to examine the Spiritual phenomena, in their physical and psychological characteristics, and report to the next National Convention of Spiritualists:

1. The different phases of phenomena.
2. Do all manifestations called "spiritual" proceed from spirits?
3. If not, what proportion of the modern manifestations probably originate with spirits, and what part can be accounted for by other causes? and such other statistical matter as may contribute to the better definition of our relations in life.

The resolution was adopted, and the committee called for by it, constituted as follows: F. L. Wadsworth, Washington A. Danskin, M. B. Dyott, J. S. Loveland and Mrs. E. C. Clark.

In order that we may proceed to the greatest extent, and with the greatest certainty and satisfaction, in the performance of the duty assigned us, we do hereby call upon and invite all Spiritualists and investigators of the spiritual phenomena, to note and forward to either member of the committee:

1st. Any peculiar phenomena that they may have observed.

2d. The exact circumstances under which the observation was made.

3d. Any evidence in their possession that has a direct bearing, either for or against the spiritual origin of the phenomena referred to.

We may observe, perhaps, that general statements of the phenomena, so widely spread over the country and the world, will help us but little. What we prefer is close analytical statement, in which there will be no margin of probability, either for or against, but as nearly as possible clean evidence, that will prove, or disprove, the legitimacy of the spiritual hypothesis, as a means of accounting for any particular phenomena, or class of phenomena.

Trusting that we shall have the hearty support of those whom we address, in the performance of this responsible duty, we subscribe ourselves,

F. L. WADSWORTH, Drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill.

M. B. DYOTT, Philadelphia, Pa.

J. S. LOVELAND, (For address see Speakers' Register.)

MRS. E. C. CLARK, Care BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass. Committee.

VOICES FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

A Friendly Note from a Reader.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC:—I have read your journals.—read it through and through, that I might determine its mental caliber. Well, on the whole I like it, and like you all, so far as I know you.

I am vastly interested in "A Woman's Secret," who isn't? But to me there is no great secret in the matter. My profession has opened to me the gates to so many secret soul chambers that I see, (or think I see,) at a glance that, that bachelor doctor will marry "Miss Ward," and that she is the mother of that precious little waif. I am glad the child has found a good home, but why did not the doctor take that starling—"the honest-looking street child"—with the baby, and give both homes? Can Mrs. Corbin tell.

I trust that H. H. Marsh will live to see his reform movement a splendid success. I like the "Eight Hour Law." I like it for men, the plodding toilers in the world's by-way; I like the law for the patient working woman, who now has scarcely time to read her prayers; and I like it quite as well for the poor over-worked beast. The car-horses have as much need of missionaries and of protecting laws as has any class in community.

I am glad to see that while men theorize and legislate, your lady contributors are calling to you—to all—to "Hurl the oppressor from his lofty seat." Sing on, Mrs. Whitaker, 'till the nations hear you, 'till tyrants fear you, 'till justice is done you.

Mrs. Brown claims the ballot. Who wonders? Does not she know, by experience, how wickedly—how lawfully—a woman may be robbed of all earthly possessions?

Emma Hardinge—heaven uphold her hands!—has sent you her blessing. Let it be to you as a light from the angel spheres.

I like your plans and your position. See to it that love, wisdom and truth, are the gods ye worship. I am now fully persuaded that error's reign is short, and that no institution will prosper that is not founded upon the broad, deep

rock of justice. When you are weighed and measured, may you not be found wanting.

For the truth, O. L. L.

Gleanings from Correspondence.

"The broad ground which the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC is to occupy pleases me very much; and it will prosper. I like the change. S. J. WILLIS.

"Lawrence, Kansas, Dec. 28, 1866."

FROM A UNIVERSALIST MINISTER.

"Well, brother, I have concluded 'it's no use'—the twain cannot be one. Universalism has in it mighty truth, essential truth; but it has not *all* truth; and as things are to-day I will not prophecy. I have to say, brother, that I have made up my mind to enter the field in a new character—as a lecturer on Spiritualism and a teacher.

"God bless you, and angels guard you onward.

"Oswego, N. Y., Dec. 29, 1866."

"Please allow me to congratulate you and the friends of general Reform everywhere, on the change (for the better) of the JOURNAL, for I think the change is prompted and demanded by its readers, as being more closely related to the soul and body of one common family.

"The form also in which the future will behold it, is much more convenient for binding, filing, reference, &c.

"Yours fraternally, G. W. RICE.

"Harding, Iowa, Dec. 28, 1866."

"The clergy and church make much lamentation over their falling idolatry.

"I well like your reconstruction. The name of your paper is appropriate for the age; it is worthy of patronage.

ELIJAH WOODWORTH.

"Colon, St. Joseph Co., Mich., Jan. 3, 1867."

Mr. John W. McDonald, writing from Houston, Texas, says: "You may be sure we meet in this community with violent opposition; and had not Mrs. McDonald and myself been natives of the 'Sunny South,' it would have been difficult to stand against the malice of professional men who feel sore over Mrs. McD.'s success as a healing medium. I mean M. D.'s and D. D.'s.

"There are some Spiritualists here who admit they are such. Mr. Paul Bremond his son, E. L. Bremond, myself and wife stand nearly alone. Really there are, or would, be in this place, more than two hundred, and perhaps there, might soon be added to them one or two hundred more, if we were organized, and perhaps many hundred would come to hear a lecture, if it were only popular or fashionable to do so.

"Many of the prominent men of this city and Galveston are becoming interested in Spiritualism because of being healed by Mrs. McDonald, and want to see more of it. If they could, they would investigate it, but circles, except for nonsense, are not frequent here."

The following extract from a letter of S. W. Eels, is evidently the promptings of a benevolent heart. It is meant as a plea for us to open the columns of the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC for "the Spirits to be heard." Our friend must see that we are faithfully endeavoring to accomplish this very work. But of this we are satisfied, as a solemn truth that must be met and told, that the inhabitants of the Spirit world cannot regenerate earth from its vice and sorrow so long as we remain ignorant of the Spiritual laws by which communications are obtained. We have been playing with lightning, and not a few have been shocked. There are perverse conditions that must first be regulated, ere we shall witness and feel the angel glory, whose loftiness of ideal is not yet revealed. We wish to help our friends on the other side in putting the telegraphs in order for a purer, holier interchange of sentiment. Let us pass straight to the Spiritual fountains; why linger at the slimy pools of atheistical materialism? Up! to "deny thyself," and to be as searching, as unsophisticated, as free from sensuous stain, as the Nazarene on whom all the heavens rested in beatitudes.

Looking thus to more reliable testimony, we again cordially invite our friends to furnish us with phenomenal facts, and to aid us in the discussion of the soul's interior powers and possibilities. Self-culture and individual experience in the heavenly life will light up the home-altars with the unclouded love-light of the angels.

"It was spirit communications that convinced me of the immortality of human beings; that when a person dies he lives again in another sphere; that all spirits progress and grow better; and I am satisfied that the happiness of spirits are advanced by having communications with earth's inhabitants.

"Anything that will happily and make better the spirits of my friends, I am in favor of, and if my friends have a chance to grow better by communicating with earth's inhabitants, every person's spirit friends will have the same.

"I know no spirit so low, or ignorant, but what I conceive it to be my duty to help elevate and enlighten him, if in my power to do so.

"Love springs uppermost in the human soul. If it is selfish it may expand to the assistance of low and ignorant spirits.

"In the BANNER OF LIGHT, many months since, I recollect of reading a message from Patrick Walsh, requesting Doctor E. Andrews, of Albany, N. Y., to look after his wife and two children, situated in Albany, on a particular street, who, he said, were in poor circumstances. The doctor did so, and wrote a letter on the subject which was published in said BANNER soon after. Some weeks elapsed, and Patrick appears again in the same paper, thanking Dr. Andrews for what he had done, and requesting him to see to his two children, who, he said, would soon be without a mother, who was then sick and would be shortly with him in spirit lands.

"In the BANNER OF LIGHT, of December 29, two cases are worthy of note, and may be referred to the 'haunted house,' Col. Winthrop. In this is an idea, that I had no knowledge of. A spirit to be attracted to a particular locality, without his will being consulted; the cause to him unknown, and yet he must remain there as if he was chained.

"In the same paper, I read a message from Mary Welsh, who is a low, uneducated spirit. Hear her appeal for her two children, and the great desire she has for them and her sister. Listen one moment to her expressions of anguish, and if your heart is not harder than the granite hills, you will move to pity such distressed souls.

"Where is there a human being with the least spark of philanthropy, who will not yield to listen to distress, even from a low, ignorant spirit?

"I might go on and select hundreds of communications, that I might think important enough to publish, when others would have a different view.

"But one thing I must say, that I am not elevated sufficiently high to neglect the wants and appeals of the lowest of all God's creation.

"My love is strong for my Spirit friends and the lowest of human beings."

ANGEL MINISTRY.

"And angels came and ministered unto him."

Reliable Phenomena.

Investigation is awakened by phenomena. Whatever arrests the outer senses, suggests reasoning upon causation. Lightning and storms, earthquakes and volcanoes, diseases, commotions and revolutions, are the mothers of discovery and invention. Man's line of progress is from the phenomenal to the spiritual, and thence in new form of love and use. Let us not underrate or abuse the rudimental steps.

The eagerness with which the rappings, and tippings, and other physical phenomena are sought by the novitiates of our heavenly religion, well demonstrates how natural is this channel of spirit communication. But in the haste to obtain answers to the soul's great questions about life and destiny, and in other cases to gratify a pampered curiosity—which always neutralizes the true spirit's action—many, jumping at conclusions, have accepted with a blind credulity almost everything that purports to be spiritual; hence the phenomena are rather "mixed." When children play with powder and fire, they may naturally expect to get scorched. The successful chemist, or electrician, is he who proves his testimony, who investigates the laws and elements he uses, whose nomenclature is established in natural science. Is not the work of the Spiritualist just as delicate, needing as careful appliance of persevering thought and prudent experiment? Spiritual communication is a science; and, on the part of the wise operators on the "other side," they understand what they are doing; but if we on this end of the telegraph line are unable to adjust the batteries and use the right chemical and electrical forces, what can we expect, other than what is often realized—confusion of ideal and contradiction of statements? This is neither the fault of the spirit law, nor of the spirit telegrapher. Nor does any contradiction, or absurdity, or "low manifestation"—as it is sneeringly called—stagger us; but, on the contrary, is convincing, so far as it goes, that there are spiritual laws which, when wisely applied, will do to earth's inhabitants the divinities of the "beautiful hereafter."

For these happy ends, there is a moral necessity for more thorough investigation. If the test demolish our theory, so much the better for us. Senseless idols will never lift us to heaven. Bring to bear the severe uses of skepticism, the research of candid doubt, the power of faith in the triumph of truth. Galvanizing on the surface makes poor silver; give us only the genuine. We have no fears for the results of criticism. Good and truth will endure any fiery ordeal. Put Spiritualism in the crucible, ye thinkers, and lo, the pure gold, bearing the image of the Divine!

As we search, we may find the special channels of communication exhausted by undue taxation of body and mind, are less reliable than those which spring up spontaneously; that monopoly in mediumship is as perilous to the soul as a financial is to the pocket of the poor laborer, and that a

constant promiscuity of magnetisms from spirits and mortals, in the attempt to secure valid testimony, entangles and exhausts the mediumistic powers; hence, there must be more diffusive and individual work.

Proxy religion will never save. A spiritual experience in the soul is the passport to understanding of God and the mission of his ministering spirits. To the home-altars then, we say, and light them again with angel thoughts. To the "everlasting burnings," that consume every mask of self-delusion. To the mount of transfiguration, where the glory of heaven can shine in every attribute of human life. As yet we have men worshiping only in the outer courts. The voice speaketh—"Come into the Holy of Holies!" *

Who are the Infidels?

The fashionable worshippers of the aristocratic churches endorse with great fervor of piety the biblical statements of angel ministry. They believe in Baalam's angel; they believe all that is said of the prophets' experiences in respect to trances, visions and prophecies; they believe that the Holy Spirit descended at the baptism of Jesus, and lit upon his head in loving protection; they believe the angels were with him in the transfiguration, in the desert and Gethsemane, at the crucifixion, at the resurrection, rolling the stone away from the sepulcher, and resuscitating the crucified body; they believe the angels visited the apostles in the prisons and unlocked the gates; they believe the angels did make mediums of men and women to heal diseases by the laying on of hands.

But when they witness the work of the angels, exactly parallel with that of the past, they are filled with horror and cry out "unclean," "schemes of the devil," "Satan's from hell!" Is not this a flat denial of the Bible? a thrust that robs it of its intrinsic worth? a murderer's hand that kills its spirituality? a palpable confession, that there is no God, nor angel, nor immortality?

Those whom the churches denounce as infidels are proving themselves to be the true believers and defenders of Christ and the Bible, whilst the scorers of Spiritualism are the infidels. Let us use right names. We respectfully put a question to the "infidels"—By what law does a thing become true in the records of history, and untrue when made practical in the living present?

We have received the following endorsement of Miss Ellen E. Van Wie, from our friend, Sylvester Hoyt, of St. John's, Mich. This investigation was made in September last, and would have been forwarded before, but for the sudden and very severe illness of Miss Van Wie, whose life was despaired of for many weeks. She is now recovering, and will soon be able to answer calls to visit parties who wish to investigate the spiritual phenomena in her presence. Mr. Hoyt is certainly a man of care and insight, as are also other parties with whom we are personally acquainted, whose names appear attached to the certificate. Mr. Hoyt says:

"I endorse the genuineness of Ella Van Wie's mediumship. I believe her to be a medium for Spirit Physical Manifestations. I make these assertions fully knowing what I am talking about, and what I shall subject myself to, if I cannot sustain them by facts. I am in no way connected with Miss V. in giving seances, or producing the phenomena. I am her friend; my house is her home, and I will protect her against want. But while doing that, I would denounce at once any imposture I should detect her in."

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: We, the undersigned citizens of St. Johns, Mich., certify that we have attended a series of private seances, given by Miss Ella Van Wie, at the residence of Sylvester Hoyt, Esq., of St. Johns, for the purpose of testing the genuineness of Miss Van Wie as a medium for spirit manifestations. The medium freely consenting, we placed her under the best test conditions our ingenuity could invent, in a cabinet similar to that used by the Davenport Brothers—the cabinet standing in the parlor which was brilliantly lighted—and we unhesitatingly declare, that in our opinion the manifestations that followed—the most prominent of which are named herein—could not have been produced by the medium herself without detection, even were she disposed to produce them. Hands of different sizes—some larger and others smaller than the medium's—were thrust through the window of the cabinet. Hands of different colors—white, black and tawny, were shown; two left hands at once; four hands at once; several arms were shown with an unmistakable coat-sleeve, and also several styles of ladies' under-sleeves; beautiful flowers were also exhibited at the cabinet window—sometimes singly, but mostly in bouquets—among which we readily recognized the rose and tulip.

On inspection, Miss Van Wie was invariably found as secured by us, and the most thorough search failed to discover any of the articles shown at the cabinet window.

Eliza L. Hoyt, Selah Van Sickle, Elisha Abbot, Clara A. Thornton, John Hicks, George Hicks, Jane Hicks, Benjamin Taylor, Martha Bailey, Mrs. A. C. N. Rich, A. B. Rich, B. F. Taylor, A. Scott, Stephen Snyder, Sylvester Hoyt, E. Darwin Tripp, Diana Abbot, L. W. Thornton, Hannah Tripp, Anna Hicks, Alonzo Richmond, Hannah Richmond, Anna Bonter, M. Hotchkiss, Amanda Richmond, John Parr.

EDUCATIONAL.

The Price of Truth.

Great truths are dearly bought. The common truth,
Such as men give and take from day to day,
Comes in the common walks of easy life,
Blown by the careless winds across our way.

Bought in the market, at the current price,
Bred of the smile, the jest, perchance the bowl;
It tells no tales of daring or of worth,
Nor pierces e'en the surface of the soul.

Great truths are greatly won. Not formed by chance,
Nor wafted on the breath of summer dream;
But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,
Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream.

Not in the general mart, 'mid corn and wine;
Not in the merchandise of gold and gems;
Not in the world's gay hall of midnight mirth;
Nor 'mid the blaze of regal diadems;

But in the day of conflict, fear, and grief,
When the strong hand of God, put forth in might,
Ploughs up the subsoil of the stagnant heart,
And brings the imprisoned truth-seed to the light.

Wring from the troubled spirit in hard hours
Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain,
Truth springs, like harvest, from the well-ploughed field,
And the soul feels it has not wept in vain.

For The Spiritual Republic.

Lyceum Teachings.

BY MARY F. DAVIS.

The following answers to questions, chosen for consideration by the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Philadelphia, are a sufficient correction of the erroneous opinion held by some, that "religious truths" are made secondary in the Lyceum method to external show and excitement. The answers are selected from a large number, perhaps equally as good, and are given *verbatim*, commencing with the younger groups. The question or lesson of December 2d was, "What is death?"

STREAM GROUP.

To die is to go to the Summer Land.

RIVER GROUP.

1. Death is but a name for change.
2. Death is the casting off of the old and putting on the new.

OCEAN GROUP.

We progressive people believe there is no death. That which is called death is only change.

BANNER GROUP.

Death is a suspension of the vital forces of nature. The fall of the year gives us a beautiful lesson on the subject. When the leaves begin to fall and the flowers to drop it reminds us of death; but after all death is but a change of condition.

STAR GROUP.

1. Death is the separation of mind from matter.
2. Death is the apocalypse of time.

LIBERTY GROUP.

1. Death is the trope of life. In the language of poetry, there is a signification of something more beautiful beyond.
2. Death is a hyphen that connects us with God.
3. Death leads to an existence which gives the soul rest after having passed its probation in life, opening up newer beauties in the surroundings of God.

TEMPLE GROUP, NO. ONE.

Death is the cessation of the bodily functions; the vital forces have expended themselves, chemical changes then take place, decomposition resolves the body into its original elements, and then we are taught that the soul unfettered passes into higher spheres. Death is but the local or final development of specific changes in the corporeal organism of man.

TEMPLE GROUP, NO. TWO.

Death is the end of our earthly career. But can we go no farther? Is this really the topmost height—the limit of all action? As the earth fades from our view and our mortal vision grows dim, as all visible scenes melt away, and the spirit catches the dawning light of the invisible world, we see stretching far away into eternity a continuation of this same stairway called death, which now we ascend with increased flight, being disrobed of mortality. Thus on and on forever soars the spirit of the god-like man, ever growing in knowledge and wisdom; but never arriving at the crowning point of perfection, which is God himself. Though the blood in our veins may cease to flow, though the luster may depart from our eyes, even in death we can not wholly die; but we only resign our body to the dust, and in this way yield our spirit to the God who gave it.

During the session of November 25th, the question, "What is Life?" was under consideration. From many excellent answers we select but one.

EXCELSIOR GROUP.

Life is beauty, freshness, vigor, animation. The trees grow up in their abundance of fruit and leaves; in them we see life. The flowers blossom and send forth their fragrance; in them we see life. The little infant, as it prattles on its mother's knee, is full of animated life. The

birds, as they spread their wings and fly through the azure sky, show something akin to immortal life. From whence draw all these sustenance and power to expand in beauty, in strength, in vigor and life? From the all-pervading principle—a power within each human form. Each caroling songster of the grove, each tree and blossom would be lifeless were it not for an emanation from the Great Spirit, the Divine Father. We see different forms of life, the animate and inanimate, but all have secret sources. The coral which branches out in the deep blue sea, has for its life-power a spirited little insect. The moss which grows upon the rock is not divested of animated life, and even the rock itself, as it stands in its majestic beauty is but a manifestation of the great spirit power within it. Then all about us, above us, within us, everywhere, is that mighty soul-stirring power of life, undying forever.

Thus we see that the germs of imperishable Truth are springing to life in the hearts of Lyceum members. The above are but a few of the thoughts presented within the limits of a single Lyceum session by the eagerly inquiring and truthful minds of the young in one school alone.

How great are the possibilities of rearing a race of noble *Friends of Progress*, when the dark pall of old Theology shall have been swept from the horizon of our beloved children by this glad new day which gives them Nature's own method of Religious Education.

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL REFORM.

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

For The Spiritual Republic.

The Organization of Labor.—No. 2.

BY A. BRISBANE.

There are three operations connected with wealth, which it is important should be clearly defined and understood.

First, Wealth is created. Second, It is exchanged. Third, It is divided among the members of the community.

These three operations, taken as a whole, constitute what we will call *The Industrial System*. A better name might be selected, but, as none occurs to us, we will use it. The Industrial System, then, in its unity, is composed of three branches, which are the production, exchange, and division—of wealth.

It is important that this analysis be clearly impressed on the mind, as it aids it greatly in understanding the complex nature of our Industrial System, and the defects and vices connected with it. The political economists start with an imperfect analysis, and soon get lost in a maze, confounding even commerce with productive industry. They state that their science treats of the production, distribution, consumption—of wealth.

With this confused analysis, they get wrong in their ultimate deductions. It is important, consequently, to correct it, and start rightly.

First, Wealth—that is the products of industry—is created or produced. This is effected by the six primary branches of productive industry, agriculture, manufactures, etc.

Second, Wealth when created, is exchanged; that is, is bought and sold.

Third, Wealth is divided or distributed; that is, portioned over to the classes of society, and the members composing them, when it is consumed. The commercial class gives a share, the capitalist class a share, the employers a share, the laborers a share, etc. When wealth is divided, or distributed, it has reached the final term with which political economy has anything to do with it. It need not inquire how a loaf of bread is eaten, or how a coat is worn. When it has analyzed and explained the operations and laws connected with the *creation*, the *exchange* and the *division* of wealth, it has given us all the information we require.

We find, then, three great branches in the Industrial System: The producing branch, the exchanging branch, and the dividing or distributing branch.

The producing branch embraces agriculture, manufactures, mechanics, mining, transportation, the fisheries, and household labor. As to the latter, it is to be remarked, that the economists do not rank culinary and other domestic labors among the industrial works, as if they were not as important as the most important; while they employ far more hands than any two of the other five.

The exchanging branch embraces commerce and banking. The former buys and sells products; the latter furnishes credit, and, in most countries, a currency—the paper currency now generally used.

The dividing, or distributing, branch embraces the laws, customs and institutions of society which govern labor, property, rents, interest, the currency, etc. They regulate the manner in which the wealth created by the first branch is divided among the population.

The reader can then see, at a glance, from the following summary, our analysis, and have it clearly presented to his mind. We recommend to him the careful study of the same, *i. e.*, if he takes any interest in these dry industrial questions.

Industry is the bony frame-work, the skeleton of the whole social organization. It is important to understand it to see how the muscles, blood-vessels, etc., are built upon it. If he gets a clear conception of these different parts of the Industrial System, he will be far better able to see *how* and *where* an industrial reform should begin. He will see:

First, Whether it should begin with the productive branch; and, if so, how; *i. e.*, whether by the association of workmen, carrying on their branches of industry on their own account, which is the plan of the French working classes, there being a number of such associations in Paris; by the eight hour system, which is being urged in this country, or by other means. In our opinion, the most direct and efficient manner of effecting a great reform in society, would be by a complete and scientific *organization of industry*. We will explain our plan hereafter.

Second, Whether it should begin in the second branch—in commerce and banking. The joint stock store of Rochdale, England, is an attempt in this direction. It is very successful so far. The efforts to establish *union stores* in this country, selling to those who organize them at cost, is an attempt of the same kind. In Germany the banks, organized by Schultze-Daly to give credit to the working classes, is a reform in the banking department of this branch. Beginning in 1849, with a trifling sum of some fifty thalers, (a thaler is about 70 cents,) the bank has now the enormous capital, we understand, of some fourteen millions.

Third, Whether it should begin in the third branch—in the laws, customs and institutions that govern labor and property. The *homestead bill*, which gives every actual settler 160 acres of the public lands, is a reform in this department. It was effected by changing the laws that regulated the sale of the public lands. The abolition of serfdom in Russia, by the present Emperor, belongs also to this category, as does the abolition of slavery in this country, which is a change in the laws and institutions that governed the labor system of the South.

These examples are sufficient to enable the intelligent reader to classify the various reforms now being agitated, or attempted, and to judge of the ultimate effect they will produce on the Industrial System, and the condition of the working classes.

The following summary presents, at a glance, the Industrial System with its branches:

THE INDUSTRIAL SYSTEM.

COMPOSED OF THREE PRIMARY BRANCHES OR DEPARTMENTS. THE PRODUCING, THE EXCHANGING AND THE DISTRIBUTING.

FIRST BRANCH—*Production of Wealth*—Agriculture, Manufactures, the Mechanic Arts, Mining, Fisheries, Transportation, Household labor. These branches create the entire wealth of society. They furnish man with the means of satisfying his physical wants and comforts.

SECOND BRANCH—*Exchange of Wealth*—Commerce, Banking. These branches effect the exchange of the products which the first branch creates. Commerce buys and sells. Banking furnishes credit and our paper currency.

THIRD BRANCH—*Division of Wealth*—The laws, institutions and customs of society that govern labor, property, the tenure of real estate, rents, the currency, etc. These branches determine the division of wealth among the members of Society, and regulate the portion which each receives.

The two first branches of this summary will be easily understood. It is evident that it is agriculture, manufactures, etc., that create the products necessary to man called wealth. They supply us with food and clothing, build our dwellings, construct our means of transportation, mine and forge the metals; in a word, create every material thing that a man uses. It is equally clear that commerce buys and sells; that is, effects the exchange of products, after they are created. It produces nothing; a bale of goods that has passed through its hands half a dozen times, comes out a bale of goods in the end, and nothing more. It does not even effect the transportation of products; this is done by shippers, railroad employees, teamsters, carmen and others. The bankers give credit to the commercial class, and, to some extent, to manufacturers, to enable them to buy the raw material. They are permitted, in many countries, by law, to create an artificial currency—our paper money—thus obtaining the control of the sign or means by which purchases and sales are effected. Commerce and banking are, it is evident, *subordinate functions*, far inferior in importance to productive industry, or the first branch; yet they hold the first rank. They are its masters and control labor to suit their purposes, spoiling it in every way that human wit and ingenuity can devise. We may call them, and truly so, the *bloodsuckers of industry*, vultures preying upon it, getting rich out of its creations. The frauds, monopolies, adulterations, and other deceptions practiced by commerce, and the usury, refusal of credit, etc., of banking, warrant that the above titles be given them.

The third branch will be less readily understood. We will explain it by a few illustrations. In countries where slavery, for example, exists, it regulates the division of wealth between masters and slaves. In those where the

wages system prevails, it regulates, to a great extent, the division between employers and hired laborers. Slavery and the wages system are two institutions of society—laws that regulate labor. We see that they determine the division of wealth between two numerous classes. The institution of entailed estates, and the tenure of landed property, which enables one man to monopolize and control the soil, and lease it to another, determine, in like manner, the share which the tenant classes receive of the product of their labor. Institutions like these, together with our laws and customs relating to interest and the currency, to the system of commerce, of taxation, etc., govern the division of wealth, and determine the portion which the various classes in society obtain. In our country, under our existing laws, institutions and customs, four great classes control labor, the exchange of products, credit and capital. They are, 1. The master manufacturer; 2. The merchant; 3. The banker, and 4. The landlord. They are the masters of productive industry, and the laboring classes are, *de facto*, their serfs. They take over one-half—some writers estimate as high as three-fourths—of the total wealth created. The producing classes, who are five times as numerous, get the other half or quarter.

The reader will now be able, we think, with a little careful reflection, to see how wealth is created, how exchanged, and how divided. He will be able, also, to understand more readily the defects, abuses and evils which occur in our Industrial System, and to analyze and classify them. He will not make a confused jumble of the whole system, and mistake the reform of some detail as the all-sufficient measure to be effected. He will see how great is the worth of Industrial Reform, or, rather, of *Industrial Organization*; for the radical evil of the present system is, that it is *not organized*, but in a state of incoherence, confusion and imperfection, which gives rise to the abuses and evils that exist. Organization alone is the source of order, justice and truth; non-organization of injustice, falsehood, disorder, monopoly, usurpation, and other abuses.

Waiting.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

Grand is the leisure of the earth,
She gives her happy myriads birth,
And after harvest fears not dearth,
But goes to sleep in snow wreaths dim,
Dread is the leisure up above,
The while he sits whose name is Love,
And waits as Noah did, for the dove,
To wit if she would fly to him.

He waits for us, while houseless things,
We beat about with bruised wings
On the dark floods and water springs,
The ruined world, the desolate sea;
With open windows from the prime
All night, all day, he waits sublime,
Until the fulness of the time
Decreed from his eternity.

[Phonographically Reported for the Spiritual Republic by W. F. Jamieson.]

FUNERAL DISCOURSE OF HIRAM HUGUNIN.

DELIVERED BY F. L. WADSWORTH,

In Searle's Hall, Waukegan, on Sunday, P. M., Dec. 30th, 1866.

FRIENDS: We have met here to-day for a specific purpose—not to observe a religious rite, or to enact a mere ceremony; not for the purpose of regulating the condition of the dead, or with the expectation of changing the relations of our friend and brother with his God; but to express our human sympathies, and consider mutually a subject of universal interest. Hiram Hugunin, your fellow citizen, your friend and brother, has passed away from your mortal sight forever. He had lived in your midst until he had become a part of you in the structure of your Society, and identified himself with your institutions and public enterprise. This being the case, his welfare, or his end, becomes a matter of general thought and interest. Indeed, society is so constituted, and we so related, that nothing can occur to one that does not affect all; even as one member of the human body, if affected or afflicted, communicates its condition to all other members of the body, and they in their manner respond.

It is our purpose to-day, then, to review, briefly, the events of this life that focalize upon the present occasion, and extend into all the life to come; and I would that we could do it calmly, and in a spirit of mutual consideration.

1st. I wish to call your attention to the Man whose career and characteristics must bear upon my future remarks. You knew him far better than I, and I am assured you knew him as a man of enterprise, a man of large public spirit, and, withal, a man of sterling integrity in the execution of his duties and labors everywhere. I find, by perusing the notices of his life and death, that from his earliest manhood he has, in some way, been active as a pioneer. He was one of the early settlers and pioneers of Onondaga County, N. Y., pushing back the wilds to make room for advancing civilization, after which he was, for years, a resident of Oswego, N. Y., and one of the first men identified

with steam navigation on Lake Ontario. A writer says: "Thirty-five years ago he held the position of Indian agent at Green Bay, Wis., and thence removed to Dubuque, Iowa, at that time a village that was scarcely known to the public. Afterwards he removed to Chicago, and resided there for several years. He was one of the contractors on the Illinois and Michigan Canal, and in 1837 was elected President of the village of Chicago, the last term of that position before the city was incorporated, and his portrait, with those of the Mayors, now hangs upon the walls of the city Council Chamber. About twenty years ago he removed to Waukegan, then known as Little Fort, where he has since resided, most of the time actively interested in the prosperity of the city, and promoting its enterprise. Shortly after the first inauguration of President Lincoln, Captain Hugunin was appointed Deputy Collector of Customs for this district and the Port of Waukegan, which position he held until the past summer. Possessing an active mental and physical organization, educated in the law, and by a life-long experience in business, his social influence was extensive, and his advice, often solicited, was freely accorded. In religious belief he was, latterly, a Spiritualist."

I commend this record to your thought. What people do, and the nature of what they do, is an indication of what they are. We can measure men relatively as by a scale from the unit upward. While it may be said that, in point of *quality*, all spirit is the same, and, therefore, all beings alike essentially; yet, in point of *quantity*, which indicates degree of power, talent and aggressive enterprise, there are marked degrees of variance. Some are born into the world, live and pass away, creating no commotion either by living or dying. We are neither wiser or nobler for their having lived among us, and consequently feel no public pain or loss when they are gone. They were to the eye visible, but gave no great heart-beat or impulse to life, therefore left no void palpable to the public consciousness.

Any of us, from observation, can measure human life from this unit of inactivity up the scale, until we behold men in whose hands the destinies of nations are held. As their thought is directed, so, to some extent, moves society, and wherever their efforts center there is born an event. Really,

"We live in deeds, not years;
And count time by heart throbs,
Not by figures on a dial."

He lives most who does most. You will all agree with me when I say that your fellow citizen, Captain Hiram Hugunin, was one who measured far above the unit point on the scale of life; one who acted and was felt; one who was respected and loved. His sphere reached far out from his center heart-beats, and though a man of varied life, his purpose of progress and attainment was unchangeably fixed. When he met, as it were, the forest, he drove it back to give room for civilization. And when he met the stolid opinions of the obstructives, or conservatives, he drove them back also.

Thus, in general, stands the record of your friend. It is nothing wonderful. The casual reader might pass it by without any considerable thought; but I wish you to observe that one of the leading characteristics of the man was aggressiveness. He did not gather to horde, nor conquer to own or monopolize. He, in early life, left a home of comparative luxury, affording promises of future ease, and pushed on from point to point, creating industry by his presence and purpose; and I doubt not that every person here is better, further advanced in the various departments of his or her life, from the fact of Mr. Hugunin's existence and industry. It is a noble record, a consolation to friends, and a page of history from which many examples worthy of emulation could be selected.

One observation more and I pass on. Says the writer, "Religiously, he was latterly a Spiritualist." I do not propose to urge a specialty in religious belief against any other specialty which you may entertain, but what is implied by this affirmation? Spiritualism, in the sense to which it is here referred, implies a belief in the continued existence of human souls beyond this life; a belief that we are lifted up through this into a higher and better region; and the further belief that those who are in this higher life hold communion with those who are here. Indeed, that there is but one life, continuing on through unlimited time and changes; and that souls ever related exchange thoughts and sympathies, and are ever united to each other in a progressive onward march. This is beginning to be thought a subject of great importance. To investigate into the Spiritual nature of things, is characterizing the civilization of America. Go where you will, listen to the foremost thinkers of the times, and you will find that inquiry into the laws of spiritual life and relations, is fast becoming prominent; that research into the great hereafter can no longer be restrained. We seek for knowledge, and may we not, by the subtle relations and methods of life, reach out and gain some information of the clime to which we tend?

We look back upon such men as Martin Luther, Wesley and Murray, and applaud them for their fearless endeavor to urge new thought upon the people. We believe in them. But do not forget that they were pioneers for their time;

that, if we believe *exclusively* in them, we stand now where they did then. The Apostles were zealous reformers, and were they, with Luther, Wesley, Murray and others, moved forward to 1866, we should find them speaking out against conservatism, and urging the people on in search of Spiritual truth. They fought against the oppressors of free thought. I affirm that Capt. Hugunin, in his earnest zeal, stood, for his time, where those whom we have named stood in theirs; and, in his way, he lived over again the purposes and experiences of Paul and Luther, and Wesley, who are now revered and quoted authoritatively.

Friends, it is noble, it is the greatness of manhood, to forsake ease, comfort and luxury, if, thereby, Truth gains a champion. A truly good man is the greatest blessing that comes to any community. I wish now, after this passing review of our friend's life, to consider, as the second division of my discourse, some of the more general questions that come up on such an occasion as this. A man's life has relation to his death; the two cannot be separated, and, therefore, this life bears on, or contains, the possibilities and prospects of the next, and it may be possible for me to suggest some insight into this subject of much interest to us all. I will be as brief and clear in my analysis as possible, and trust you will bear with me.

There is evidently a grand purpose in Nature, and it is outworked by undeviating methods. The minor forms of life, in their operations, are indices whereby we may infer the destinies of each, and discover the methods of all. For instance, we find ourselves as human beings existing upon the earth. Undoubtedly we are here for something, and we, to a greater or less degree, fulfill the object of our being. To ask and seek to answer the question, how came we here? may perhaps help us to solve the mystery and import of our existence in, and exit from this world. We came here by one of two processes. We were either moulded into being by the Omnipotent hand arbitrarily fashioning us, as the potter fashions clay, or we came by *evolution*, born into this existence from the womb of time, in accordance with the eternal laws of gestative progress. It may be asserted that we came by the former process; but, if we take the earth's history prior to human existence, as it can be read with some degree of accuracy, we shall find that there was a gradation of organic life up from the single cell toward the human, and whether organic forms are as links in a continuous chain or otherwise, there appears the unmistakable *method* of evolution or creation, the lower forms always preceding and preparing the way for the higher. And, further, each new form of life in the ascending scale is not a repudiation of the preceding form or plan, but an addition thereto—a form comprising all that preceded it, and enlarged by added powers and functions.

Geological observations and chemical analysis will attest the truthfulness of this scale of advancing life, showing that we came here by a *process of evolution*, not by an arbitrary act.

Organic life may be likened to a pyramid, the apex of which is the human being. All forms and forces are lifted up and epitomized in man and woman. They stand the ultimate of organic effort on the earth, physically representing the primates and organic possibilities of the earth; and may we not add, as a true correspondence, that they are also, in the measure and possibility of their lives, possessed of the divine attributes from which spring all power and excellence. Certainly there is a correspondence between the outer form and the inner life, the complexity of the one is indicative of the formative function of the other. If we find a form that is a microcosm can we not, *must* we not, attribute a corresponding spiritual completeness to the life that animates it? I see no other way, from the present evidence drawn from the nature of things, than to announce the human body as a temple in which the divine energies reside—a means through which they work out their possibilities, at least so far as may be in this degree of existence.

Thus, friends, we find ourselves here, *living* in the grandest and most comprehensive sense of that term. Not only are we living, but we are *divinely* living, because we are children of the divine purpose and method.

But we are saddened. The old saying that "in the midst of life there is death," keeps us ever timid—doubtful—fearful. There is no one thing in the world that is observed so much, known so little, and feared so terribly, as death. And why? I know not, unless it is because of our faulty education, and our chronic superstitions. Certain it is, that every person born into this world must pass out of it. There is no leniency, no exceptional rule, it is reduced to the exactness of method; and, since there is *method* in it, may there not be a purpose? and if a purpose, why infer that the divine power who gave us conscious life as a crowning glory, will destroy us, or cut us off unjustly, or ere our appointment is fulfilled. As for myself, I consider death a counterpart of birth; without both there could be no conscious immortality. The process of evolving life does not cease with the accomplishment of earthly physical excellence, or its decline down the shaded slope of life, any more than organic progression ceased when the lower vegetable or animal forms were born. Incompleteness in

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