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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.

SORROW.

BY DR. E. CASE.

'Tis just one year ago to-day
Since we first fondly met,
But years cannot efface that hour,
Nor teach me to forget.
One year! and yet how long it seems
To be away from thee!
One year! and yet an age of pain
To my sad memory!

I did not think 'twould be so soon
That you and I should part,
And all that I possess of thee
Thine image in my heart.
I dreamed—and oh, 'twas but a dream—
That thou wouldst be my bride,
So much of my own soul a part
That death could not divide.

But there are other lips than mine
That kiss thy cheek and brow,
And in thy beauty and thy pride,
Thou art another's now.
I ask not if thou 'rt happy, yet
Methinks sometimes a sigh,
Upheaved as from a breaking heart,
Tells more than meets the eye.

And on that brow so bright of yore,
Where the thick sunshine lay,
Amid the clustering ringlets there
The shadows sometimes play,
And in what seems thy gayest hours
There comes a sudden start,
As if some secret agony
Was wringing at thy heart.

Ah, had thy plighted faith been true,
For thee I would have died,
Rather than one sharp misery
Within thy breast should hide.
But let all pass! I'll teach my soul
To bear the pang that's given,
Till we shall meet where hearts change not,
Amid the true in heaven.

Lafayette, Ind., Dec. 28, 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 VI.—(CONTINUED.)

Mrs. Darrell had expected to meet an ordinary servant-girl; if foreign, possibly neat and womanly in her appearance; if American, most certainly coarse and rude; for none but the lower classes of American women are now to be found in the ranks of domestic servants. Instead of this she saw before her a slight, but well formed young woman of medium height with possibly an added inch. Her features were delicate; her hair and eyes exactly matched in color, were of a rich reddish brown, as rare as it is lovely, and which is never found except with a skin of that peculiar softness and transparency which can only be likened to a rose-tinted pearl shell. Her dress was plain, but perfectly neat and lady-like; and but for a strange, indescribable expression of countenance, which dimly reminded one of delicate vines with dewy blossoms and clinging tendrils, torn and drenched and shattered in a thunder-gust; of bright-winged song-loving birds of the tropics, aloft on stormy seas, dimmed in the acrid saltiness of the spray, and tossed from wave to wave, the picture of cruel desolation and hopeless, helpless ruin; but for this sad, unfathomable look, she might have been the most refined and lovable of Mrs. Darrell's elegant neighbors, dropped in to pay a morning call.

A little of the surprise which that lady felt was visible upon her countenance.

"Is this Rebecca March?" she said, as if fearing a mistake.

"Yes, madam."

"You are, then, I understand, seeking employment as a nurse-girl?"

"Doctor Gaines informed me that you needed the services

of such a person," was the somewhat evasive reply, "and was kind enough to give me the preference."

"Are you accustomed to going out to service?"

Rebecca meant to be very calm, very stoical; the flush which mounted to her face was quite involuntary, but it made Mrs. Darrell regret her question, and resolve to be more careful in the future.

"I have not always been a servant," she said, "but circumstances have thrown me upon my own resources, and I am quite willing to accept any employment which will give me a home and the necessaries of life. I hope to be able to please you."

"Are you accustomed to the care of children, sick children?"

"Not very much," was the reply, "but that is something which a woman ought to learn very easily. I am fond of children, madam."

"That is certainly a great deal in your favor. You can wash and dress them, I suppose, and exercise a gentle and at the same time, firm restraint over them."

"I hope to give you satisfaction in these respects,"

"My brother has perhaps told you that I have two children, sick with scarlet fever. The youngest, my little Ralph, has always been a delicate child. All through the winter he has been in constant care, and the disease is already developing itself in so violent a form that I have very grave apprehensions. Mabel is less severely attacked, and I hope with sufficient care and good nursing, may get through safely; but for this I shall be obliged to trust in a great measure to you, for Ralph occupies almost every minute of my time. It is a serious responsibility for any one to undertake, but if I find in you all that your appearance leads me to hope, there need be no present mention of wages between us. Whatever you ask will be cheerfully paid."

"I shall do my best to serve you," said Rebecca, quietly, but with a manner that signified more than her words. "As for wages, whatever you have been in the habit of paying will be quite satisfactory to me."

Mrs. Darrell then led the way to the nursery where Rebecca, having divested herself of her outer garments, commenced the task of becoming acquainted with her work.

In a large, neatly furnished, and ordinarily well-lighted, but now darkened room, the little sufferers lay. Mabel on the low bed, Ralph in his little crib. There were bottles and spoons and cups about, and the necessary appliances for bathing; but with all there was no untidiness or disorder. A door opening into an adjoining room furnished a sure supply of fresh air, and the stillness was only broken by the low moans of the restless suffering babes. The other two children, Rebecca learned, were Maude, a girl of twelve, and Evelyn, six years old. These, for the present, would be very little in the nursery, and Rebecca's principal charge would be to sit by Mabel, attend to her wants, administer medicine, and be in readiness always to assist Mrs. Darrell in the care of Ralph. Mrs. Darrell had a horror of strangers in her nursery, besides being scrupulous about scattering the infection, and proposed that as long as they could endure it they should sleep on alternate nights. It proved indeed that she was too true a mother to leave her suffering child at all, so long as nature could hold out, but caught now and then a snatch of sleep, to make further endurance just possible.

"I am quite alone," she said, "and shall be obliged to depend altogether upon you; for my sister Joanna, always an invalid, and most unfit by want of experience for the care of sick children, has now a little pet of her own, by adoption, and the doctor is fearful of infection. Mother would otherwise come in occasionally, though she is too old now for the active labors of the sick-room. As it is I shall not send for them, except in case of emergency. The neighbors are all kind, but we will do by ourselves as long as we can."

Rebecca had a loyal heart, and she was by this time so charmed with this nature before her, at once so tender and so strong, that she hailed the compact with joy. It seemed to her, lacking naturally in courage and daring, so brave and noble a thing to do, to meet and engage, single-handed, the grim destroyer. She accepted her part of the labor with such quiet zeal and fidelity that Mrs. Darrell was at once inspired with confidence and trust, and before the day closed was thanking heaven for sending her this unlooked for bounty, this woman who was at once a trusty assistant and a sympathizing friend.

The doctor came in frequently, and in a quiet way made many observations. If he had been foiled in finding out what this woman had been, he was in a fair way to deter-

mine satisfactorily what she was. But things worked very smoothly and the doctor found himself imperceptibly losing interest in his self-imposed espionage, as the character of Rebecca developed day by day before his eyes into a quiet unobtrusive symmetry and beauty.

CHAPTER VII.

"THEY TWAIN SHALL BE ONE FLESH."

Mr. Darrell visited the nursery regularly three times a day, speaking gently to the little sufferers, making suggestions for their comfort, awarding a word or two of sympathy and encouragement to his wife, and then he was off to his business again. In the evening he had the papers to read, and when night came he was fatigued and in want of rest.

"Get all the help you need," he said to his wife, "but don't ask me to sit up. I am not fitted for it; it isn't my business."

At noon of the third day he came to her with rather more than his usual anxiety.

"How are the children to day?" he asked.

Mabel seemed no worse; her case was hopeful and she told him so.

"But the baby, oh! Ralph," she said, "the baby is very sick."

"That child has always been so much more care than the others," he said, "that I think you worry about him unnecessarily. He doesn't seem to me so much worse than Mabel. He even seems quieter, not in so much distress."

She was silent; his eye and hand were so untrained to sickness, how could she make him understand that what he saw was the feebleness of nature, which could make no moan.

"I wanted to go to New York to-night," he said. "It is very necessary to my business. Indeed not to go would derange my plans for the whole season. I shall go down to-night and back to-morrow night; so that I should be gone barely thirty-six hours. Of course if you insist on my staying, I shall not go, but it will be a serious loss to me."

Laura's eyes—those eyes with infinite meanings in them, were looking into vacancy.

"Oh, Ralph!" she said, "can I go through with this alone?"

"It is only a day, love, and the fever has not yet reached its crisis."

A weaker woman, a woman less unselfish, would have clung to him, and with tears and entreaties, would have made his going impossible. I do not say that she would have been wrong; but this I know, it was out of grander depths than such women can conceive, or than most men can appreciate truly, that Laura's reply came.

"Go, if you must, my husband. Whatever comes, with God's help I can bear it."

He left her, and Laura went back to the cradle of her sick babe. The fevered flesh, the glassy eye, the painful breathing, all appealed to her as they had never done before. The doctor came in a few minutes later.

"Milton," she said, after she had told him of her husband's intention. "Milton, can't you persuade him not to go?"

"Laura," said the doctor, "if he can look in your face and go, it isn't likely that anything I could say would stop him."

Stirring business men like Mr. Darrell sometimes failed of respect for the doctor and he felt it. Let them but have cramp, or a twinge of rheumatism and he straightway had his revenge. But in this case all the more, because he was Laura Darrell's brother, he was slow to interfere.

So Mr. Darrell went to New York.

When he had kissed her good bye, and bidden her be of good courage for he would be back again very soon, Mrs. Darrell went to her nursery. The babe stirred from his heavy lethargy and put up his little hands from the crib imploringly. Tears bitter and blinding started from Laura's eyes as she held her darling to her breast, and felt the fever in his veins, and the agonized throbbing in his brain, and the restless working of his limbs in mute distress. Outside the night was gathering dark and rainy. It seemed to Laura as if the clouds that shut out the stars, shut out heaven beside; as if that still, dark room with its suffering occupants had somehow drifted out of its rightful place in the universe of God, and was no longer cared for by Him. Part of this feeling of desolation and neglect was no doubt owing to the undue tension of her nervous system. The physical organization of woman is the most finely wrought and delicately adjusted instrument that ever came from the hands of its Maker. In its sensitiveness to pain or pleasure, its susceptibility, its infinite range of pure, delicate and

spiritual uses, it is something so far removed from the coarse adaptations of masculine beings, that no man living can fully comprehend or sympathize with it. From the moment the girl becomes a woman, and still more when the woman becomes a mother, she enters upon a range of experiences which are her sole and indefeasible possession. In every other experience but those which belong solely to her womanly nature, her lover may follow her step by step, and their intercourse may be that of equals and co-workers, but here such equality and fellowship ceases. Henceforth the male takes the secondary position.

He lays at her feet a few material elements; to these she adds the spiritualizing force, and creates out of billets of timber and blocks of stone, that higher and vastly different thing—a home. With the product of a single heart-throb, she peoples that home with immortal beings. Even then her work is but commenced. Through all the weary weeks and months of infancy, with their days of labor and corroding anxiety, their nights of ceaseless vigil and prayer, it is still she who must suffer, endure, and out of her own life nourish that new life on which, not to her only, but to the universe at large, all things depend. She is gifted thus with a creative faculty almost divine, and she has a self-sustaining power, too, almost divine. Almost, not quite. The rude physical strength which must go to her support, or else she fall, is stored in the larger frame and stronger muscles of man. It is his duty to transmute them, by smiles and caresses, and a constant, tender, endearing encouragement, into fiber of her fiber, life of her life. So only can she truly succeed in her great mission; so only people the world with new and ever finer races, and at the same time retain for herself and for man the graces and harmonies of her being.

This material succor was the food for which Laura Darrell was famishing. Refused those necessary supplies, she had no resource but that of the pelican; she must tear the flesh from her own breast, rob her own life of its light, its warmth, its spiritual uplifting, to succor the falling life of her child.

So it was, that her own heavens grew dark, while she made a heaven of warmth, and tenderness, and love about her babe. Alas! alas! to how little purpose it seemed to her.

All night she held him in her arms, while the faithful Rebecca knelt at her feet and handed her in their turn the various appliances. Not for an instant did either of them relax their efforts, or when efforts ceased to avail, their watching, but steadily through the seemingly interminable watches of the night the little flame burned lower and lower in its socket.

The morning came and with it the anxious doctor.

"Can he live?" murmured the stricken mother, the agony of renunciation quivering in her voice.

"Laura," said the doctor looking away from her face lest he should see her pain, "it isn't best to look for life when death is the only thing to pray for. The child's brain is spilt."

Did no echo of the doom break upon the father's ear as he trod the pavements of Wall street? Or was his spiritual sense so dull that the voiceless intimations of the air could not reach it? He achieved a skillful operation that day, by which, as he reckoned, he gained a decided advantage over his rivals in trade. Let us congratulate him upon it.

All through that long sunny day, the two faithful watchers strove, not to save now, only to comfort and shield from unnecessary pain the beloved sufferer. As the evening drew near it was plain that the crisis approached. The heavens still shut down dark and appalling over Laura's heart, but into their gloomy obscurity she launched that constant prayer.

"If he only can live till his father comes. Oh! God, how can I bear this stroke alone."

The night closed down, the world grew still, the infinite depths of heaven revealed the stars. Still the mother sat in the low nursery chair which she had not left since her husband's step died out of the hall below.

"Rebecca," she said, "I cannot bear this any longer, my heart will break. Let me lay him in your lap. Oh! God of heaven, must my strength fail me at the last."

There were no tears in her eyes; only a heavy, hopeless sorrow, too deep for tears. At that moment her mother entered the room, a calm, majestic woman, of a rarer beauty than any youth bestows.

"My daughter," she said, "a woman's strength can never fail, because it is of the highest. No other creature living has the hold on heaven that a mother has.

"But He has forsaken me," moaned the anguish-stricken wife."

"Never, my child. If he has taken away every other support, it is that you may draw the more deeply from Him. Though He *slay* me yet will I trust Him."

The house was still; the last inmate had retired to rest, but scarcely yet to sleep, when the heavenly gate opened. A light that was not of earth streamed across the baby face, the blue eyes opened in a maze of unearthly wonder and joy, and then closed again forever.

The world that hitherto had seemed reeling about her, steadied itself underneath the poor mother's feet. She

could not yet see her Father's face, she could not hear his voice, but through the chaotic darkness she felt his arm.

Herself, she brought the baby robes and helped to put them on. Herself smoothed the sunny hair, each thread of it more dear to her than gold of Ophir. Herself straightened the rounded, dimpled limbs. When all was done, and the room put into that order which women love so well, the elder mother took the Bible and read in a calm though tremulous tone, first the touching story of David's bereavement, and then the tender, trustful strains of the twenty-third psalm. "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want; * * * yea, though I walk through the valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

The moment Laura had dreaded came at last. There was no evading it, no putting it off for any other duty. The day was done, the night had come. Her bed awaited her. Oh! lonely bed; oh! couch of bitter desolation and reproach. No babe, no husband. Where should her head repose, where should she lay her empty yearning arms. Her frame was weary to exhaustion, but here was no rest. Her spirit fainted for succor, but here was no wine of consolation. In her agony she threw her arms about her faithful friend, and begged her not to leave her. Sleep there was none for her, but the comfort of speech she might have if Rebecca would sit by her bedside.

They watched the long night through, the lonely mother going by herself again and again to visit the little casket, to see, as she said, in her wandering, half-demented speech, that the dear child wanted nothing.—Oh! madness known only to mothers, the madness of care, and tenderness and solicitude that will not be appeased, when the tenderness of heaven has replaced its own—and coming back again to recount to her patient listener all the bitter-sweet reminiscences of the beloved babyhood, which crowded her brain with such yearning and regret.

After the daylight broke, a drowsiness seized her brain and for a few moments she slumbered. Then she arose, dressed herself carefully, and prepared to meet her husband.

Of his dismay and heartfelt agony it boots not now to tell. The after story will test the quality of his grief. He lavished money upon the funeral rites. There was a little white coffin with silver nails and plate of burnished brightness; there were flowers in profusion, and a robe of daintiest texture and device. He consoled himself also with saying that his presence after all could have made no difference with the result. The sorrow must have come just as certainly and surely; he dwelt upon his grief in not seeing that dear face once again in life, and thought his penalty was greater than he could bear. But the loss he could least afford to suffer was one which he scarcely measured at all—the loss of an opportunity to bind his wife's heart to him, by what would have been a dearer tie than even the birth of that only boy. And the loss was irretrievable. She had felt a want which it was his place to fill, and he had not been there to fill it. She had gone through an experience which if he had shared it, would have linked their souls together by a tie which should have been indissoluble through all eternity, but in those deep throes of expectation and despair he had had no portion.

In God's great universe of love there is no loss. One of His houseless, homeless ones gathered up the spilled contents of this most precious alabaster box, and not a drop was wasted. The woman who had wrestled through the watches of that awful night with Laura Darrell, was hereafter no stranger, no servant in any ignoble sense, but an equal, a friend, a never-to-be-forgotten benefactor.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOME IDEAS CONCERNING "A WOMAN'S SPHERE."

It was in this spirit that Mrs. Darrell approached Rebecca, in regard to her future course. The latter was sitting in the nursery sewing, and at the same time endeavoring to cheer the loneliness of little Mabel, who was still confined to the house, with an original fairy story. If Rebecca had a talent at all, it was this one of amusing children. Her store of stories never failed; and whether they were inventions of her own, or retailed at second-hand, the manner was always original, and so suited to the tastes and circumstances of her listeners, that each felt that a personal favor was granted, or a personal application intended.

Mrs. Darrell, sitting in an easy chair by the window, looking out with the apparent listlessness, but real pre-occupation, which so often characterizes the manner of deeply bereaved persons, felt at last the magnetism of this steady flow of chatter, and interrupted her own thought to listen.

"Rebecca," she said at length, "why don't you write stories, and sell them? You might make your fortune."

"No, madam," said Rebecca, "my stories would never bear writing out."

"Not if you really set yourself about the work with the proper amount of determination?"

Rebecca smiled. "I think, madam, the smallest amount of 'determination,' as you say, would put every story out of my brain forever. I never think of stories unless I have the listeners about me. The very idea of going away by myself to write one out, would imply a failure.

"Then you are purely an improvisatrice? I am sorry."

"Thank you, but I am not," said Rebecca, quietly.

"Have you, then, no ambition?"

"Very little of that kind. I would rather hold my gift, if I have one, for those I love."

"Yes, but pardon me, Rebecca, you seem to have your living to make."

"And seem, too, just now, don't I, to be making it; at least getting it?"

"Yes, earning it richly. But I am too truly your friend to be quite satisfied with the way you are doing it. Of course, Rebecca, if I were selfish, I should want to keep you always with me, for you are doing me such service as no one ever did before, in the way of household assistance. But I can't help thinking you are fitted for something so much higher."

Rebecca looked up with a grateful smile.

"And I," she said, "have been thinking how much better off I am than the majority of women so perfectly dependent as I. My history is not one which I ever refer to with pleasure; but I may, at least, tell you that I have no ties, none whatever, outside this town, in which I have lived but a few weeks. I have, then, nobody to please but myself. Of the few vocations open to women, I have seemingly, by accident, fallen into the very one which I believe myself most capable of filling. It is womanly; it gives me a good and secure home; it pays me quite as much as the laws and customs of the world allow any but the most gifted women to earn. I am more than contented, I am happy. What more can I ask?"

"But you might teach, and so be making a position for yourself, and working for your own advancement."

"I shall never teach," said Rebecca, firmly but quietly, "even if I were fitted for it, which may be doubtful. That avocation, as well as the other of sewing, is so crowded now with those who have not enough pride, or else too much vanity, to be found doing anything that is not 'genteel,' that for every one who succeeds, some other one must fall. Women have enough to struggle against in the world, without competing ruinously with each other. In my present position, I do not feel that I am standing in the place of any one else."

"No. Annie who left me, went into the mills, and thinks herself much better off than when she was here."

"While the heat, the dirt, the noise, the coarse associations of the mills are, to say the least, no way congenial to me."

"But Mr. Darrell is just now wanting an accountant in his office. How would that place suit you?"

"No better, at least at present. There are women, and all honor to them, who feel themselves strong enough and pure enough to compete with men for such occupations; just now I am very weary; I need rest, seclusion, a home. I am willing to give the best I have, the best, perhaps, that any woman has, in exchange for it; that is, patient, faithful, loving help. If, on these terms, you are willing to keep me, let us say no more about it."

"Shall I say that I still must think it rather a pity that you are not more ambitious?"

Rebecca's face grew a little sad. "Ambition," she said, "seems to me to have somehow gotten to mean greed. Mrs. Darrell, I am ambitious; not in the way which confounds all uses, and makes the more shining, and not the more essential ones, to be coveted. Without ever having thought much about it, I feel just this, that it is a great pity that woman should have so generally adopted the masculine form of ambition, which has the luck now of ruling the world. A woman's ambition, it seems to me, should be to be womanly."

"I like not that term," said Laura, "it is commonly used to express something raw, immature; simply, I think, because of the state of rank unfinished in which woman has hitherto been kept."

"Very true. But how shall women ever attain the perfection of their type, except by constantly and conscientiously asserting its pure characteristics? When I see women, in their eagerness to progress—that is the word, I believe—simply aping men, I think of the spider crab, which, you know, walks backwards. If the best that a woman can ever be is a weak imitation of man, heaven help the race."

Mrs. Darrell was listening with deep interest.

"You said you were ambitious," she said. "I am still waiting for an explanation of your meaning."

Rebecca smiled.

"Perhaps," she replied, "I have said more than I can substantiate. What I meant was simply this, I have my living to earn; that is a necessity, not an ambition. But if I could make a thousand dollars a year by doing something which is essentially a man's business, by which I mean something which necessitates a rude publicity, trafficking in a general way, steady physical exertion, such as is incompatible with the delicacy of the female organism, or any business which engages especially the selfish propensities, I would regard it as utterly unfit for me, beneath my womanhood, beneath my ambition. On the contrary, what I will ever seek for, is an employment which, while it does not ignore physical exertion, yet calls principally into play

the unselfish, emotional, religious, womanly feelings. A girl who loves to work in the mills, is not fit to have the care of children. That is a field for a true woman. I've been very wordy; have I made myself at all understood?"

"Perfectly, and have, besides, shown me how nature draws her line between the sexes, a thing I never clearly saw before. That is why you wouldn't like to be an accountant."

"The range of intellectual uses is middle-ground, common to both sexes, but I do think that sphere which I have mentioned as pertaining to woman exclusively, is still the higher one. Mrs. Darrell, I think a poet is not so noble as a mother."

"Shakspeare beside Mrs. Moss?"

"No, Shakspeare beside Mary of Nazareth, or even Mary, the mother of Washington. Any poetling of to-day will do to place beside Mrs. Moss, to learn his incomparable littleness."

"Well, Rebecca, you are only making it still more difficult for me to retain you in my employ. I can't reconcile my conscience to seeing you setting tables and dusting furniture, and washing and dressing my children."

"You are very kind, Mrs. Darrell, but let me put it in another light. You have here commenced and are carrying on the enterprise of a home, a very vast undertaking. It includes the gravest responsibilities concerning your husband, yourself, and three living children, to say nothing of other persons employed in the house, or occasional guests. There is nothing small or unimportant about this charge, for every one knows that it is the smallest matters about a home, the ordering and dusting of furniture, the arranging of lights and shades, the opening and shutting of doors, which, so far as comfort and *homeliness* go, make up the most momentous aggregate. You justly feel that this great enterprise, from its largest to its least duty, is the work of your life, the one sole thing for which God made you a woman. But it grows upon you, at last it gets beyond you, you are no longer equal to it. God, in his Providence, has given me no such charge of my own; but he has given me womanly functions all the same; quick perceptions, quiet ways, a love of order and seamliness, a love of children and a capacity to amuse and instruct them, after a simple fashion of my own, personal and incommunicable. What, then, is my duty? Shall I ignore these, the highest gifts of my nature, and, I truly believe, the highest functions assigned to any of the race, in order that I may become a small feeble parody, a weak burlesque upon man? I think not. Let me rather find work, if not my own individually, at least my own functionally. Let me be a woman still, a helper, if not a designer, of woman's work."

"Rebecca, where did you get all these ideas?"

"I think, madam, they were mostly born in me; came with my womanly temperament."

"You have a womanly temperament, that is true. I think you could never be strong-minded."

Rebecca smiled.

"Perhaps, too, I have told you only part of the truth. Though my ideas, as you call them, are inherent in my temperament, circumstances, also, have aided in their development. I have been so placed that I have been obliged to think of these things, and, without much use of logic, I have followed my feelings or instincts, and have thus arrived at my present conclusions."

"There is still another objection, which I think of, to your present way of living, which I should never present to a woman of common or coarse instincts; but you have so high and so true an estimate of woman's duties as a wife and mother, that it seems strange to me that you have not considered how much you compromise your own prospects in that direction, by accepting the position of a domestic servant."

Sadness and tears filled Rebecca's eyes. She hesitated before replying.

"If these things entered into my present calculations, which they do not," she said, "I still should scarcely change my position on that account. There are, no doubt, a great many men, weak, vain, in the masculine sense ambitious, who would shun any woman whom they found engaged in nursery duties. Yet I cannot help thinking that there are a few men in the world who are capable of discernment in these matters, who see, or could be made to see, that, rightly considered, the care and forming of immortal souls is a higher employment than any mere intellectual labor. It seems to me that one of the crying sins of the women of these times, is the indifference with which they consign their children, during the very age in which they are forming the moral habits of their lives, to the care of ignorant, irreligious nurse-girls, often of foreign extraction, to whom, from the circumstances of their lives, habits of pure thought and strictly virtuous actions are impossible."

"Oh, that is so true," interrupted Mrs. Darrell. "It's been my great trouble that I could not find a nurse-girl who would not teach my children to lie, and make them very careless about taking things not their own."

"Very well, then, it seems to me that a woman with the necessary courage—for it does require in most women, a good deal of moral courage to face universal custom in

such a matter—to undertake these duties in a conscientious spirit, need not fear but there will be a few men who will honor her for it. At any rate, it is only a man capable of such feelings that a woman of self-respect and true womanly feeling would wish to marry."

"That is very true." And Mrs. Darrell paused to ponder over this new view of the matter. For her quick eye had recently noticed a growing leniency in the doctor's manner toward Rebecca, which gave to these remarks a peculiar interest. There was a transparency and want of artifice in Rebecca's character, which the doctor at first had failed to comprehend. Is there a man living, I wonder, who can at first glance distinguish purity, if it exists without prudery? This woman was as pure in heart and soul and intention as a lily just bathed in dew; and yet there were times when the doctor, looking at her with critical eyes, queried with himself whether a whiteness so white would shrink from the stain of a finger-tip laid upon it. A few trials so delicately put forth, that Rebecca was entirely unaware of their significance, satisfied him; and then having found purity joined to grace and gentleness and worth, the doctor began to feel attracted towards it. Mrs. Darrell with a woman's intuitions concerning those she loves, had felt and interpreted the change, even while Rebecca, conscious only of a genial and grateful warmth in the doctor's manners, which cheered without at all alarming her, was utterly ignorant of its true meaning.

One bright spring day, Rebecca had taken the two little girls out into a rough pasture, a half a mile from the house to gather wild flowers. The pasture was skirted on its upper side by the road which ran around the hill, while below, it grew up into a thicket of white birches, through which a winding path led to a brook along which grew cowslips and water cresses. The path was steep and slippery, and the little party having been down to the brook-side, were just emerging from the bushes into the open field, when Mabel slipped, and Rebecca springing to catch her, stepped upon a stone, and so slipping, caught her foot between two birch saplings which grew from one root and one of which Mabel had caught and pulled down by her weight in her efforts to save herself.

As Mabel regained her footing and released the sapling, it sprung back, causing intense pain to Rebecca. The strength of both children was quite unequal to the task of releasing the foot, and Rebecca, faint and terrified, looked about vaguely for succor.

Just at that moment, the old gray horse appeared upon the road, and the children set up a shrill cry to the doctor for assistance. Now the doctor had not a particle of that external grace which we call gallantry in his composition, but he had a kind heart, and what he called a weakness for women. He no sooner saw, therefore, that Rebecca was in trouble than he stopped his horse, and without waiting to fasten it, sprang over the fence with the agility of a boy, and took the shortest path for the bushes. It required but an instant to comprehend the situation. The doctor's old jack-knife was evidently not equal to it, but he quickly produced a pocket case of surgical instruments, from which he drew a weapon of more formidable powers, one stroke from which so weakened the sapling that it was the work of an instant to release the foot.

Rebecca sank upon the ground, unable for a moment to stand.

"It was lucky," said the doctor, "that I had that case with me. I don't often carry it; but I had a surgical operation to perform to-day, and knew I should need it. Evelyn take the cup and go down to the brook and bring some water. I always carry a rubber cup in my pocket, because I ride far sometimes, and I like to stop at a spring. You'll get over this faintness in a minute, and then I'll take you home in the chaise."

While the doctor had been searching for the cup, Rebecca's eye had fallen on the pocket case which lay by her side. There was nothing singular about it, except that upon the inside of the flap by which it was fastened, was a small miniature done in oil: it was certainly an odd place for a miniature to be, but there it was, and Rebecca looking steadily at it for a moment, felt the blood rushing back upon her heart and her eyes growing dim. In an instant she had fainted.

"Ho, ho!" said the doctor, "what now! what now!"

The girls had not yet returned from the brook, but relieved from fear by the doctor's presence with Rebecca, were coming up through the bushes, with much tumultuous shouting and laughter. The doctor heard it and disapproved. He had a horror of romps.

"Boys!" he cried, in his solemnest tones, "come here, Rebecca has fainted."

That intelligence, together with the implied reproof, sobered them at once, and they hastened to the spot. The doctor was cool and practised, and he soon had Rebecca restored to her senses. Her first glance was towards the pocket case. The doctor followed her eye.

"Oh, ho," he said, "afraid of cold steel. Steel is very harmless—very harmless, indeed, if you keep out of the way of it."

But there was something in Rebecca's eye, which the theory of cold steel did not solve; and the doctor looking

at her again, knew it. Her glance was still fixed upon the miniature. To her returning vision, it wore a different look from the one which had so affected her.

"I fancied," she said, "a moment ago, that I knew that face. I believe I was mistaken."

"Yes," said the doctor pensively, "I guess you was. I don't see how you could know it. How do you feel now?"

"Very much better. I think I can walk to the chaise."

She was still very pale, and though the doctor certainly was not so lover-like in his attentions as a youth in his twenties might have been, he was, nevertheless, very considerate.

"You can't walk very straight over this rough ground," he said, "you'd better take my arm. We'll go slow. Children, you go on ahead and hold the horse. I guess she won't run away. She's pretty well used to standing, but you may as well hold her. Now, Rebecca, lean on me as heavily as you choose, I can bear your weight very easily."

Rebecca did lean on him. She was weaker than he had supposed, and he put his arm about her waist for her further support. Now there was about the doctor a certain capacity to adapt himself to feminine weakness and dependence, which was perhaps the secret of half his success in his profession. He knew how to take hold of a woman so as to inspire the fullest trust, and at the same time, afford the most perfect relief. It is the true secret of masculine protection, and to know it gives a man great command over female sensibilities. Rebecca had other causes for gratitude to the doctor, but nothing had taken so dangerous a hold on her emotions as this firm support, so freely and tenderly yet so fearlessly given. In that moment of weakness and self-distrust, there flowed into her heart a sweet sense of what it would be to her, always to be supported in times of emergency. But she banished the feeling instantly as if it had been sinful, and with the very effort, strove to regain her independence of motion. But that was useless. They had reached the wall, and the doctor said gravely:

"Now give yourself up to me. I'll put you over safely, and then I'll lift you into the chaise. You will see how easy it is, if you will only be still."

When they were seated in the chaise, the doctor said:

"You asked me about that picture: Five or six years ago, I brought a man out of what he considered a very dangerous situation. I suppose it was dangerous—I suppose with some kinds of treatment, he might very easily have died. In fact, I reported the case to the medical journals, and I think the profession took that view of it. He gave me that case of instruments. It is a better one than I had ever owned then. I've got another now as good, but that was the first I had ever seen when he gave it to me. He had a friend who was an artist, had been with him during that sickness, and who painted the portraits of all the family about that time. He took a fancy to put that miniature in the inside of the case. I don't think any more of it for the picture. I don't often carry it, but I happened to have it with me to-day. The man was Richard Gladstone, half-brother to Abraham Gladstone, in the village."

Rebecca drew a long breath when she heard that name, and the doctor who had been watching her keenly, saw that she felt relieved.

"I suppose I was just on the point of fainting when I saw the picture," she said, "and my imagination distorted it. I certainly never heard of the man you mention before."

The doctor had reasons of his own for saying nothing more upon the subject. But it occurred to him, that though Gladstone was in South America, Marston, the painter, was in New York; and if this woman ever had known the former, a few well put questions might elicit the fact, and do no harm to anybody.

"A man wants to know something more about a woman," soliloquized the doctor, "than just what she is herself, if he thinks of marrying her. He wants to know something about her family and antecedents. Rebecca March is a good woman. What her family and antecedents may be, I can't say."

From which it may be inferred that the doctor had ideas of marriage.

CHAPTER IX.

HYSTERIC.

If the life of Mrs. Darrell at this point were the least exceptional, it would scarcely be worth narrating here; but it is essentially the life of thousands of females in this country of irrepressible activity and fierce competition; and where the subject is a woman of energy and thoughtfulness, the results are, in the majority of cases, similar in a greater or less degree to those hereinafter depicted. Therefore, if the gentlemen of this enlightened land feel any uneasiness concerning the increasing tendency to "strong-mindedness," manifested by their wives and daughters, let them consider the source to which this tendency is to be rightfully attributed, before condemning it with too great vehemence. Happy are they if these are the worst results of their neglect; for however it is to be lamented, it is nevertheless true, that the unwritten records of fallen women offer many most pregnant hints in the same direction.

Ralph Darrell's grief for the loss of his son was doubtless keen. For a few weeks, the house seemed still to him; he

missed the baby's cooling voice, the baby's pattering feet; but one unerring resource abundantly sufficed for the occasion. The early bitterness of sorrow he felt, but that later stage, wherein alone the sweet spiritual ministry of grief is experienced, he staved off by means of a fierce absorbing struggle with business. If the freshness of the morning brought up the tender haunting memory, he laid the beautiful ghost at once, by the reflection that it was steamer day and a telegram of European news might be awaiting him at the office. If at evening the rosy hush of twilight and the whisper of sweet winds among the leaves, set the secret fountains of his heart astir, he grew uneasy, informed his wife that he had letters to write, and betook himself again to that dim and dusty solitude, whose air was fatal to all sentiment and emotion. In two months' time, his boy's life was something almost as remote and unreal to his present existence, as if he had lived in the time of the Pharaohs.

"Laura," he said, one morning, a frown bending his eyebrows, "how did that spot in the carpet come to be so much more worn than the rest?"

A pang that was like an arrow shot through Laura's heart, but it was worse than useless to manifest her emotion to him.

"That is where I sat all last winter to rock baby Ralph to sleep."

To her, tender memories made the spot as sacred as her baby's grave; to him it was a mere blotch that damaged the carpet by so many dollars and cents. The house was full, to her eyes of little touching mementoes of her baby's life, which kept the thought of him constantly near her heart; marks and tokens, and visible sign manuals, from which her loving eyes and cherishing memory could frame a whole history of her darling's joys and sorrows, his gambols and his illnesses, which to her husband were mere lifeless, soulless scratches.

It was this loneliness in her sorrow which seemed to be breaking her heart. As the long bright spring days came on with their lassitude and oppression, she seemed to have no strength to meet them. Force and energy seemed slowly slipping away from her. She had no pain, no symptoms of illness, which any physician could lay hold of, but her cheek grew pale, her eye lost its light, her lip its smiling curve, and weariness and lassitude possessed her whole frame.

"Doctor," said Mr. Darrell to his brother-in-law, "I wish you'd do something for Laura. She seems to need tonics. Can't you fix her up some bitters, or something?"

"H'm! H'm!" said the doctor, pensively. "She don't need bitters so much as sweets."

Mr. Darrell was puzzled. He never did understand the doctor.

"Well, sweets then. I don't care what it is, so you get some life in her eye, some strength into her frame."

"Darrell, medicine won't do anything for your wife. She needs a husband."

Mr. Darrell's face flushed, and he looked angry.

"Bulwer says," continued the doctor, deliberately, "'the match for beauty is a man, not a money-chest.' I may not have got the words, but that's the meaning. I'd advise you to give less attention to your business for a little while, say a few months this summer, and doctor your wife yourself. It won't break you."

"Why, that's preposterous. Nothing ails her, only she's run down a little. She can go to Saratoga if she likes. Very likely the waters would do her good. I'll propose it to her."

Mr. Darrell walked away with a vague idea, caught from the doctor's significant, "humph," that the waters would not do her any good, and he muttered to himself:

"These confounded women-doctors. I believe they'd make a fool of a female angel. They know which side their bread is buttered on."

There came a bright June Sabbath evening. The day had been one of those perfect gem-like days, which only June and October of all the year afford. Not a cloud, not a flaw of wind, not a breath of cold or dampness to break the perfect untroubled serenity and repose. Even Mr. Darrell's tightly strung fibers were relaxed a little; the soft June sunshine, the angel-like ministry of the whispering breeze, the smile of nature's most persuasive eloquence, thrilled his heart, and he really had a glimmering of a delight which could not be paid for in coin of the realm. To Laura, the softening influences of the day had been partly counteracted by the tone and vigor of the morning sermon—a sermon from Job, touching with deepest, tenderest pathos, the springs of human troubles; yet catching at last the resonant blare of the golden horn with which the ancient singer rouses the soul to its serene trust and confidence in the Most High. At the close of this sweet prophetic day which had brought Heaven so near, both to her material and spiritual vision, she felt that she could bow with patience and hope to the decree of her Heavenly Father; she could even with a little help, just one steady, strong uplifting from her husband's arm, regain her equipoise, accept the burden of her sorrow, and bear it with womanly fortitude and heroism. As they walked through the shrubbery together in the twilight, she said to him:

"Ralph, how much money are you worth?"

"Oh! I don't know. Not half so much as I ought to be, at my time of life."

"But your business is so well under way now, can't you relax a little in your personal endeavors, and so have more time for me?"

"You don't know anything about it, Laura. If a man don't attend to his business, his business will soon attend to him. Six months of careless handling is enough to ruin any enterprise."

"But you say you don't care for money, and you know I don't. If this trade of money-getting proves so hard a master, why not give it up altogether? We'll go into a small house, and keep only one servant, and not any if you like, and then I am sure we might live on what you have already made."

He smiled, a smile intended to be sarcastic.

"Love in a cottage! I thought we exploded that humbug long ago."

"Ralph, are you any happier now than you were the first year of our marriage, when you kept store and I kept house, with very little help from anybody about either?"

"Oh, that time is all well enough, to look back upon. If I hadn't any more to think of now, than I had then, I should go crazy. Laura, business is the life of my life."

"Dear, you used to say that of me."

"Oh, that was in our courting days. A man can't always be courting."

"Why not?" asked Laura, as a desperate push to get at the real state of her husband's mind.

"Why not?" he repeated, impatiently. "I don't know, unless because a man outgrows it. It takes a young man, Laura, for that sort of thing; a man who has the freshness of his youth on him. You rub off that in business."

"I've seen some widowers who managed it very well," said Laura, demurely.

He made a grimace.

"Oh! to win a woman, a man's got to make a fool of himself, I suppose. It will do for an occasion, but if a man has his bread and butter to earn, the sooner he gets back into his right senses the better for him."

"Ralph, it is not your bread and butter that you are spending all your energies to earn; but houses and lands, and mills, and superfluous thousands, to impoverish more probably than to make rich your own and your children's lives; to make hard and narrow, and selfish and shallow, what ought to be broad and deep, and noble and true. When we were first married, you used to enjoy reading as much as I. We spent no happier hours together than those at evening, when I sewed and you read aloud from poem, or story, or magazine. I shall always love 'Evangeline' better than all other poems, because I never read it but it brings back to me those charming hours when we sat side by side, reading it out of one book, your eye kindling as my heart throbbled to each tender and ennobling sentiment. The other day I read 'Maude,' and cried over almost every page of it, because I knew you would never share the pleasure with me, and so give it two-fold sweetness."

"Well, dear, you see I lose as much as you. I know I am giving up a great deal, but then it is for your sake as much as anybody's. By and by I shall have done with business, and then we shall renew the old times."

"Ralph," said Laura, earnestly, repeating his own words, "It takes a man with his youth in him for those things. You are killing out all your youthfulness of heart and soul. By the time you are fifty, your better nature will be so shrivelled and starved, that I question if it can ever be re-suscitated. It is that, more even than my desolation, that I protest against."

The twilight deepened, and they entered the house. Ralph stooped, in the dusk of the hall, and pressed a kiss to her lips. He was touched with remorse, but not with repentance.

A week later he went down to New York on business. When he returned, Laura found on her dressing table a case containing a handsome set of diamonds, with this little note:

"MY DEAREST WIFE—This is dear little Ralph's birthday. I thought you would like to know that I did not forget it, even in New York. Remember that to men is given a different calling from that of women, and never cease to love and pray for
YOUR HUSBAND."

Laura opened the case, looked at it coldly and with a sigh, and pushed it one side. She took up the note quite mechanically, for she had ceased to expect what her heart still longed for; but, as she read those few simple words, tears suffused her eyes, and she pressed it again and again to her lips, in a passion of weeping. The old fountains of tenderness were thrilled anew, and all that day there went singing through her soul the same sweet flow of rapture that made her wedding-day the happiest of her life.

Mr. Darrell saw it, and felt relieved. He had done his duty now. The doctor had said she wanted sweets. A thousand dollar set of diamonds, and five lines of sweet remembrance, ought to last her—well, a year or so. With less compunction than ever, therefore, he went on with his buying and selling and getting gain; and Laura, let down from her temporary exaltation, sank deeper than ever into that terrible slough, so well known, and so dreaded, by physicians and pining, starving women; that limbo made

up of despondency, hysteria, nervousness, weary days and sleepless nights, and visions and phantoms of horror, that should beset only the maniac and the opium eater. In such cases, the victim is usually well pelted with epithets, "spleeny," "lazy," "hypo." Old wives exclaim, "Let her work as we worked; she'll get rid of her nerves then." The more charitable prescribe change of air and scene; something to make her forget her whim. Only the patient physician stands by her, the man of knowledge and insight, and sympathy; and, seeing the suffering, and feeling its reality, says, with tender, cheerful faith:

"Let us have patience and good courage. Nature will exhaust herself by and by with these protests. You will be broken then, and weak in physical strength, the freshness and the beauty of your youth clean gone; but you will be, mayhap, stronger in spirit, serener in faith, and you will take up the burden of life again, with a deeper insight, bought by experience, a nobler courage anchored to a diviner trust. You will have gained heights of spiritual experience, where no man can follow you."

So nature ordains her priestesses; so Laura Darrell reaped, in time, from this sowing, harvests of incalculable value.

But the ripening of such seed does not come till after months, and perhaps years, of torture. The exhausting heats of summer came on, and Laura grew thinner, paler, more spiritless, till, at last, her husband could no longer ignore her suffering. He had appealed to the doctor vainly. A brilliant thought occurred to him. If medicine could not reach her case, the evil must be spiritual. He would bring in the minister.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL ESSAYS

"There is no other authority than that of thought; existence itself is known only by thought, and, for myself, I am, only because I think. All truth exists for me only upon this ground, that it becomes evident to me in the free exercise of my thought."

For The Spiritual Republic.

The Science of Nature.

BY J. W. REDFIELD, M. D.

(Concluded from our last.)

Perhaps nothing more nearly approaching a demonstration of the independent and all-embracing parentiveness of Nature can be given than the proofs of the possibility, and even certainty, of independent maternity in particular cases, types and shadows of the great original, and of her more perfect images and likenesses that are yet to be. It is something very near akin to a self-evident truth, that the parentiveness of the one only self-existent and independent Being must be either masculine, including the feminine as subservient to the end of Fatherhood, or feminine, including the masculine as subservient to the end of Motherhood. Now in all Nature such a thing is not known as a male coming into existence and reproducing itself independently of a separately individualized female. But there are many instances of females, entire species of them, coming into existence and reproducing themselves independently of separately individualized males. In evidence of this take the following summary of facts and authorities from one of a series of papers entitled "Studies in Animal Life," published in the *Cornhill Magazine*: "The fact that no male *apus* has yet been found is not without precedent. Leon Dufour, the celebrated entomologist, declares that he never found the male of the gall insect (*Diptotepis galla tinctoria*), though he examined thousands; they were all females and bore well developed eggs, all emerging from the gall nut in which their infancy had passed. In two other species of gall insects—*Cynips divisa* and *Cynips folii*—Hartig says he was unable to find a male; and he examined about thirteen thousand. Brogniart never found a male of another entomotrachon (*Limnadia gigas*), nor could Jurine find that of our Polyphemus. These negatives prove at least, that if the males exist at all, they must be excessively rare, and their services can be dispensed with; a conclusion which becomes acceptable when we learn that bee-moths, plant lice (*Aphides*), and our grotesque friend, *Daphnia*, lay eggs which may be reared apart, will develop into females, and these will produce eggs which will in turn produce other females, and these generation after generation, although each animal be reared in a vessel apart from all others."

Here are the facts, according to the quotation, and what is the grand lesson we are to learn from them? Do they not teach us that there is an Archetypal Independent Maternity, toward which all things aspire, and which is reached, in kind but not in degree, by whatever animal reaches the perfection of its type? It seems so, for the proofs that gender is a grade of development, that the masculine is a higher grade than the neuter, that the feminine is a still higher, that maternity is a higher feminine, and that independent maternity is the highest, are very conclusive. As to the *Aphides* mentioned above, it is stated by entomologists that after a series of generations of females exclusively, females and males are produced for a single generation, "when the series starts anew." A reasonable explanation of this is, that there is a round of generation, a

of everything else, and in it a period of strength and success, and a period of comparative exhaustion and defeat, when the mother is compelled to make use of her partial success as a stepping stone to the completion of her triumph. The principle is also illustrated in the case of the honey bee. It was discovered by Dzierzon, and is now well known to apiarians, that the queen-bee is able to produce drones independently, but that to produce females she requires the assistance of the drone. That is to say, the queen aims at the reproduction of herself, and falls as far short of it as "the male is a less highly organized insect than the female," and is compelled to accept the assistance of the male as a means to the consummation of her work. She is an independent mother to the extent of producing germs of her sex and developing them to the degree of masculine individuality, which is a rudimentary degree of the perfect individuality of her type. That this is so is evident from the fact that there are not two kinds of eggs, as is generally supposed, but that the same eggs with less favorable conditions are developed into males, with more favorable conditions are developed into sterile females, or workers, and with most favorable conditions are developed into queens. The pollen, which completes the development, is simply food, not the germ of a queen; and so what in the drone corresponds to the pollen in the flower would seem to be nutriment for the growth of the germ from the masculine to the feminine stage of development, not the germ of a female. The resemblance of the progeny to the male in many species of animals, is sufficiently explainable on the principle of impression and of the influence of food in producing its like, when we consider what they must be, in a case like this.

In insects the perfection of a type is more easily attained than in the higher animals, but these also aspire after a likeness to the Archetypal Independent Maternity, and attain it in the degree that they approach the perfection of their types. The less motherly females are constantly dependent on their males for assistance, not only in the procreation but in the care and raising of their young; and for this end their males are almost as feminine as themselves. But the more motherly and perfect females approach independent maternity much nearer; they are compelled to accept the assistance of their males in procreation but seldom, and in the care and rearing of their young not at all; and for this reason their males are as extremely masculine as they themselves are extremely feminine, being developed into a strongly distinguished individuality, like a bud that fails to develop into flower and fruit, and develops into twig and leaf instead. The class of animals of which the male and female are so similar, are formed to breed in-and-in, and not to improve by procreation, while the class of which the sexes are so dissimilar, are formed to cross, and by this means to improve and to approach much nearer the perfection of their types. There is precisely this difference, not in so extreme a degree, between the savage and civilized, between those who have attained to a less and those who have attained to a greater nearness to the perfect type of humanity. The lowest savage male and female are very like, the one very unfeminine and unlovely and the other very unmasculine and ignoble; and because she has very little independent maternity "her desire is to her husband and he rules over her," debasing the higher nature to the service of the lower. But the highest civilized male and female are very unlike, the one very feminine and lovely and the other very masculine and noble; and because she has a great deal of independent maternity *his* desire is toward *her* and *she* rules over *him*, as the soul over the body, making him subservient to the spiritual and maternal, and as virtuous as she herself is pure. In this way woman is the medium of the Holy Spirit, of the Independent Divine Mother, not only in the generation, but in the regeneration of man, making him the man-child, as in the case of Mary, the representative woman, in relation to the Christ, the representative Man. We imagine Mary to have been the perfection of a woman, as Jesus Christ was the perfection of a man, and therefore it is in perfect agreement with the first step in exclusive parentage, the fact of the virgin queen-bee and her male progeny, that we should believe in "the immaculate conception," and join in fulfilling to the mother of Jesus the prophecy uttered in the inspiration of her delight, "All nations shall call me blessed." The "Blessed Virgin" is the sacred temple of the Holy Spirit, the perfect image and likeness of the great Virgin Mother, Nature, by whom the Christ of Universal Humanity is conceived and brought forth, and "in whom all things lived, moved and had their being." We can almost imagine that it was of the Madonna Longfellow said:

"And this is the sweet spirit that doth fill
The world; and in these wayward days of youth
My busy fancy oft embodies it
As a bright image of the light and beauty
That dwell in Nature."

"Hail Mary, Mother of God!" is, in the highest sense, an address to Nature in respect to her most simple and innocent Man-child, "God manifest in the flesh." With this idea of the significance of the Virgin and child, even a confirmed Protestant might feel tempted to join

"The servitors of that celestial court,
Where peerless Mary, sun-enthroned, reigns—

In whom all Eden dreams of Womanhood,
All grace of form, hue, sound, all beauty strewn
Like pearls unstrung about this ruined world,
Have their fulfillment and their Archetype."

There is no grander or more important problem to be solved than this: How to reconcile the recognition of Nature as everywhere present with what our devotional nature no less imperiously demands, namely, the recognition of an object of worship, one objective to ourselves, and yet not objectionable on the ground of finiteness. How can we see and adore the Holy Spirit of the Universe in the pure spirit of a perfect human form? We need a comprehensible Expression of what is otherwise Incomprehensible—a Finite Embodiment of the Infinite Perfection—an Angelic Nature in which shall dwell all the fullness of the Divine Nature—a Pole Star to which, lost in the Infinite, we may turn with unwavering faith—a Divine *Person*, to be loved with all the heart and soul, and to whom we may direct our prayers and thanksgivings without being guilty of idolatry. Can these apparent contradictions become the subject of rational belief? Their reconciliation may turn upon the solution of a geometrical problem, and it is possible we shall find that nothing is more simple and satisfactory. Nature may be likened to a pyramid, the apex of which, the crowning work of the creation, is, in form and proportion and everything but size—in quality, and therefore in all that is essential—the perfect representative of the whole. She may also be likened to a globe, the center of which, to the very point of infinitesimal minuteness, where matter is lost in idea and design, is a microcosm the perfect representative of the macrocosm of which it is a part. Now, the union and blending of these two primary and most simple forms in equal degree, makes the perfectly graceful and symmetrical contour which the artists call "the line of beauty," which they give to their angels and goddesses, and which all people recognize as the exquisite form of loveliness and spirituality characteristic of the most complex and perfect human being. And as the apex is the design and model of the pyramid, and as the center is the quality and type of the globe, so the union of these, the perfect Angel which they compose, is the Divine Model, the quality and the type, the essence and form of the Self-existent Being, the living universe, dame Nature. Thus we see that the idea of the divine Nature enthroned above all Nature's in the highest Heaven, and "sun-enthroned" in the center of the Universe, is a natural idea, and that these two places are identical, the culminating focus and radiating center, where the two primitive forms, the angular and the spherical, are united in the form of perfect Individuality, the Divine Human. It must have been an intuition of this truth that made the old physiologists fix the seat of the soul in the pineal gland, whence they imagined the whole body to be animated. It is natural to suppose that from the central point of the universe the divine psyche informs and animates every part, that from her holy of holies the Holy Spirit sends forth her influences, sheds abroad her love, and fills her temple and the hearts of her worshipers with her presence. With this conviction we may look upward and inward, to the highest and to the inmost, and, in the language of the orthodox hymn, pray the prayer of faith:

"Holy Spirit, all Divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine,
Cast down every idol throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone."

We will not stop to enquire what becomes of the other persons in the trinity if this prayer is answered. Suffice it to say that the knowledge of Nature as the universal science, or as the science of cause and effect, and thus of the self-existent Being, leads to the deepest devotion and the most practical humanity. For Nature, as to the mode of her self-existence, is the object of the most devoted filial affection, and this implies the strongest fraternal. In "one and all things," we are one with the divine and with each other by "the first great commandment," and "the second which is like unto it,"—that is, by the laws of love and harmony. These are the laws of aspiration and development in the parts toward the perfection and unity of the whole. By these laws Nature is what her name implies; she is the mother being born in children who are being born again into the image and likeness of Herself.

After all, many honest people will say that we "torture the word 'Nature' to make it conform to our theory." But if it means being brought forth like an infant at the natal hour, it must mean Nature now, and not heretofore or hereafter, and the question arises, who is her mother? It must be the "womb of Nature," still, from which Nature is being ushered into existence, and it must be such a matrix as suits the idea of recasting and remolding eternally the constituent parts and forms of a being born of herself. If the word "Nature" signified merely *born*, it would signify *born once for all*, say six thousand years ago, a dependent creature, liable at any moment to come to the end of the vitality received at the beginning. The truth is, the only rational idea of Nature is that she is being born in the sense of being manifested, and of being eternally renewed and rejuvenated in her form of perfect Individuality, and in the forms of the harmonious individualities that compose the perfect. This

must needs take place in accordance with the universal laws of Harmony and Order, the only laws of the universal science, without the practical recognition of which no book has a right to claim the character of scientific. These laws are the modes of the manifestation of the love and wisdom (the *esse* and *existero*,) of the self-existent Being, and are expressed in the only comprehensive and comprehensible mode of self-existence, namely, the being born, the forthcoming of the immutable laws of the immutable divine Nature in the eternal and infinitely varied mutations of life and death, in the re-creation and maintenance of the divine integrity and perfection. In this view, we see that the universe is the grand university, and that Nature is the sublime teacher, forever turning for us the pages of her ample book, and advancing in the knowledge of Herself.
San Francisco, Cal.

For The Spiritual Republic.

Take Nobody's Dust.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

Glowing souls of this glowing age,
Booked for the race on the opening page,
You who wonder, and hope and trust,
Out of the way, "take nobody's dust!"

Broad the track and the steeds are fleet,
Trained and tried for a lengthy heat;
Hold them not till the axles rust;
Out of the way, "take nobody's dust!"

Fly away, for the starry goal
Holds its prize for the brightest soul.
You, with hands in your pockets thrust,
Out of the way, "take nobody's dust."

You who tell what the dead word saith,
Up, and pledge for a living faith;
Loose your souls from their fossil crust,
And hang not back in the clouds of dust.

See afar how the goddess Truth,
Wreathed in blooms of an endless youth,
Cheers so sweet that you boot distrust,
And clear the track and the choking dust.

Pressing hotly is not a crime,
Since we have learned we are all on time.
Hurry and take the lead we must,
Or lay behind in the leader's dust.

For The Spiritual Republic.

Thoughts Concerning the Religious World.

BY W. THIRDS.

We recognize three distinct phases of religious or philosophical thought in the civilized world, which characterize the present age.

1st. A belief in special providences and miracles, or supernaturalism, as a basis of religious faith. This system acknowledges no scientific principles upon which to rest its faith or religious experience. Its advocates believe the condition of the various races of men inhabiting the globe to be the result of an incident, and that they are naturally and totally depraved. They believe the world to be one great amphitheater or stage, upon which is being played an awful tragedy; the principal actors being a God and a devil, engaged in a hand to hand conflict, for supremacy over human souls. The result of the strife, as set forth by the advocates of supernaturalism, is too well known to need repetition here.

But the system of theology thus taught would appear less objectionable if the God should come out of the contest the victor, vindicating his Godship; but the *finale* renders the whole performance too revolting and ridiculous to merit our serious contemplation, notwithstanding so many clever people believe in it.

2d. Materialism. This system seems to be confined to the physical sciences. The materialist reasons from effect to cause, and from the negative side of nature affirms mind to be the result of organized matter, and finds no latent or creative power beyond. Some men of this class entertain speculative views of a life beyond this, and of a God denominated the God of nature, but as a general rule they have no fixed belief in anything, beyond that which is tangible to the senses. This class is large, and among its members may be found men of profound scientific attainments, and some of the best scholars in the world.

3d. The Spiritual, which recognizes a spiritual Force or Power, as the first great cause that produces, quickens, vivifies, and elaborates all forms and possibilities. This spirit is believed to be infinite, permeating universal nature, or the illimitable universe in all its parts.

Whether or no this may be considered the last and final statement, in answer to the question of "What and where is God?" it is not for me to positively say. In my opinion, it is not. That it is the best and most tangible expression of the subject now, I have no doubt. However, this all-pervading life principle, or producing cause, must be an emanation from, or expression of, the great Deific First Cause, and we may as well call it God.

All life and all organic forms of being derive their exist-

ence and development by virtue of this all-pervading spirit. Crude matter, therefore, can not be the active cause of any thing, but is simply the plastic means through which the innate forces of the spirit of nature work out their forms and manifestations of organic life. Starting from this idea of an infinite God, who fills all space, and vitalizes all things, then every form of organic life derives its existence from spirit, and becomes a spiritual manifestation, (man of course included,) so that man is an emanation from, and a child of God. It follows, then, as a sequence, (man being immortal,) that he must ever sustain that relationship.

In this system there is no room for an almighty devil, or an eternal local hell. For God fills immensity, and is the all-pervading and positive power of the universe. All, therefore, that we call evil or sin, or its consequences, become negative or passive, and must, while it exists, be subject to the positive will, or power of God, and especially if God is a being of infinite love and wisdom, must tend to a finally wise and beneficent end.

To say that the will or purpose of an infinite God can be controlled or swayed by any foreign power, is equivalent to the declaration that there is no God at all. It leads us directly to blank atheism. This view of the subject seems to me irresistible, and, taken in connection with the idea that God has adjusted the whole universe upon one complete scale of development and progress, carries us forward to the grandest and most beneficent ultimate achievements.

But we know that the world is not prepared for the reception of this idea of the great Eternal. Men worship God according to their development, and just according to that condition will be the character of their God. Man, in his rude, uncultured state, worships idols of wood and stone, also serpents and quadrupeds. In a more advanced condition he becomes a hero worshiper, and deifies his own species. This form of worship was conspicuous among the ancient Greeks and Romans. Jupiter, Olympus, Hercules, Apollo, etc., were embodied ideals, and their images set up in temples dedicated to their worship. The Jews made a decided improvement upon this system. Their God was a kind of spiritual God, but extremely partial. He was a God of the Jews, all-powerful, but jealous, and subject to fits of passion; delighted in bloody sacrifices, and was, moreover, a very Mars—a God of war, who instigated and presided over the terrible bloody crusades of the Jews against the surrounding nations; and, according to the Hebrew Scriptures, generally took a hand directly in the fight.

The various "evangelical" Christian sects have not improved the character of their God very much from that of the Jews. They have deified the Nazarene reformer, and made him an object of worship. This is no doubt an improvement on the old system of man worship, for Jesus is worshiped for his virtues; for it must be admitted that he was one of the noblest and purest souls that ever walked the earth, but yet, a man.

And still, those sects worship the old Mosiac God. They have seated Him on a great white throne, with a right and a left hand, and a head with a crown upon it. From this, it is supposed, at least, that he has a completely formed body, otherwise, how could He sit upon the throne, to adjudicate all the cases of all the saints and sinners that have ever lived or will live upon the earth, until the great judgment day shall come?

So a man may worship a variety of Gods during his earth life. He starts with rude and uncouth conceptions, and as he passes through several stages of intellectual and moral development, as he climbs up the ladder of progress from lower to higher conditions, he will attain to higher and still higher conceptions of God, so that the last one will be infinitely more exalted than the first, and quite a different being. As he advances, he loses all faith in all the old theologies with their Gods, and devils and burning hells, and they cease to exert any influence over him whatever, and this is a full and satisfactory solution of the question, "Why it is that those old antiquated systems of theology or religion are so fast losing their hold upon the public confidence?"

The advocates of those theories or religions have had almost an uninterrupted monopoly of the field throughout Christendom for eighteen hundred years.

The doctors have come upon the stage and administered the nostrums to the patient at will. They have compounded their prescriptions, such as water baptism, total depravity, salvation by grace, imputed righteousness, vicarious atonement, etc., done up in little paper pellets, labelled "thirty-nine Articles," "Westminster Catechism," "Book of Discipline," "Saybrook Platform," etc. The people have been patient, quiescent, and taken the medicines; some with complacency, and some with wry faces, nevertheless the remedies have had a fair trial. They have been administered by some of the doctors in strict conformity to the old allopathy system, while others have tried homeopathy. The latter school seem to be rather in the ascendant just now; but the patient, according to the last examinations and reports of the doctors, is getting no better, but gradually sinking, and the whole world seems rapidly approaching desolation, and going to destruction at a rapid pace.

Now we do not agree with the doctors. We know that

the dissatisfaction of the public mind, in the different nations of the civilized world, in the old religious and political institutions of the age, is wide-spread, and deep, and why is it so? The answer is simple. The people have outgrown them, and are struggling for a better and a higher condition, just as the human system works to throw off the effete matter that accumulates in it, so that other vitalizing substances may be received and appropriated. It is the height of folly for the men of one generation to attempt to fix limits and bounds, as a finality, beyond which future generations may not go. Human society is both aggressive and progressive, and institutions, political and religious, have to change and adjust themselves to meet the demands and needs of the people as they advance in science, in civilization, and in intellectual and moral development.

There is no such thing as a stand still in the great highway of human destiny. We are forced, by the "logic of events," to go forward to higher and still higher attainments as a nation, both religiously and politically, or we are doomed to take the retrogressive movement toward barbarism and anarchy.

What the civilized world needs to-day, is religious and political institutions that shall answer the needs of the age in which we live. It aspires to a Republic founded upon the principles of eternal justice, that shall secure to every man, woman and child Equal Rights and personal protection. We want a religion that will respond to all the intellectual and spiritual demands of our nature—to our highest and noblest aspirations; a religion that will harmonize with science and philosophy, and embody our noblest conceptions of spiritual truth. This we believe to be the true explanation of the world-wide strife and dissatisfaction that characterizes the present age, which sometimes seems to point to dissolution and anarchy. But we must not suppose for a moment that the tendencies of our age are opposed to human development, in morals, in science, or genuine religious culture, for amid the conflict of the last hundred years, greater achievements have been made in behalf of human freedom, in art and science, and in the founding of benevolent institutions, etc., than in the two thousand years before. Nay, the world never occupied so high a position in intellectual culture, in morals, and refinement, as it does to-day. The man of close observation sees in the prevailing conflict the processes essential to all real achievements, pointing to the development and progress of the race.

Earthquakes and tornadoes are nature's means of purification and refinement. So man has to fight his way through political and religious earthquakes, tornadoes and rebellions, to higher conditions. Depend upon it, my timid friend, notwithstanding human society may at times be convulsed from center to circumference with bloody conflicts and revolutions, these great movements are but the labor-pains preceding a new birth. They are but the efforts of purification, and the agents of progress, and the man that would arrest them and bring the religious and political world to a stand still might just as well undertake to stay the whirlwind or the tides of the ocean with the palm of his hand. It can't be done.

For The Spiritual Republic.

Ralph Waldo Emerson and Frederick Douglass.

BY MARY F. DAVIS.

One of the standard American journals, the *Atlantic Monthly*, has, in two successive numbers, December and January, placed the above names in juxtaposition by publishing an article from the pen of each. In like manner, Boston has placed these two men side by side during the present season, in the course of Parker Fraternity lectures. Thus, probably without designing it, editors and lecture committees have joined in giving a most striking illustration of the opportunities and tendencies of American life.

Emerson was born amid the conditions of culture, and from earliest youth his mind was elected to thought. A graduate from college while yet under age, he had a distant background of educated ancestry; being, when ordained by the Unitarian Church, the eighth, in orderly succession, of a consecutive line of ministers. Too great for the pulpit, he has become the Plato of modern Athens, and the representative of culture throughout the world of letters.

On the other hand, Frederick Douglass was born a Southern slave. It is only necessary to state this terrible fact, to show that he was, from the first, environed by the worst conditions of ignorance. No grammar school, no college, opened its doors for him, the son of a slave mother, and the chattel of a relentless master. He secretly taught himself to read and write, and, when the hour came, fled from his bonds to the freedom and intelligence of the North. Just then of age, he had graduated, not from a seminary of learning, but from the charnel house of ignorance and oppression.

And this man stood in Music Hall, on the evening of December 18th, before an immense audience, to teach the American people the principles of statesmanship, to show them the deep and solid foundations of a true government, by first revealing the "Sources of danger to the Republic." Calm, grand, impressive was his utterance, each sentence

freighted with convincing truth, till at last argument was merged into appeal, and, flinging himself with passionate earnestness into the cause of his oppressed race, the spirit of outraged justice poured forth through his soul, in a flood of eloquence which streamed like living fire into every heart.

One week before, Emerson stood on the same platform, and to the same vast throng, which hung breathless upon his words, announced the eternal verities, under the guise of "The Man of the World." Golden were the thoughts which flowed from the fountain of his wisdom. Welcome to the inmost spirit were the immortal truths which sparkled upon the background of his discourse, like shining stars on the vaulted sky. Exhilarating, as a breath of divine air, were the electric sentences which roused every soul to heroic self-reliance and conscious moral power.

Thus the rostrum has become the common ground where meet the utmost extremes of American society, giving us infinite hope that, by means of true American Democracy, the dream of Plato may be more than realized, in a harmonious Republic and the brotherhood of nations.

Orange, N. J., January, 1867.

PHYSIOLOGY.

For The Spiritual Republic.

The Virtues of Medicine.

"Among ten patients, who believe they have been cured by medicine, there is hardly one who has in reality to thank that agency for it. The saying, 'He has got well,' in most cases signifies nothing else but he has escaped the dangers of the cure; the medicines did not kill him."—*Hogeland*.

"He who cares for his health, must shun the doctors and their medicines, and make this the fundamental principle of his life."—*Fred. Hoffman*.

"If we compare the good, which half a dozen of true physicians have accomplished on earth since the beginning of their art, with the evil, which the innumerable host of doctors of medicine have done to humanity, we no doubt are forced to think, that it would be by far better if there never had been doctors in the world."—*Boerhave*.

Reader, these are the opinions of a few old, celebrated physicians, who, fearless of the consequences, testified to the truth they had discovered. Such sayings, and of an even much more cutting character, of physicians and professors of modern times, might be cited by the dozen, yet all agreeing in this point, viz: that medicine never actually cured a disease, but that it always renders the diseases more complicated and malignant, because it weakens and paralyzes nature's own healing powers, which are the sole and only agency that, often in spite of medicine, can effect a cure.

According to the opinions of those eminent physicians, it would, in case of sickness, be the wisest to let the disease take its own course; allow free arena to the healing powers that a wise Creator has embodied in every living creature. This is indeed the fundamental principle of the newest medical school in Germany, the so-called physiological school. But to do nothing at all is very little indeed, but better anyhow than to wage medical war against nature. Much more acceptable it would be yet, if we could, by some congenial means, assist those inherent powers of nature in their efforts, and so get rid all the quicker of the disease.

Fever and Inflammation, as well as the pains accompanying them, are as necessary, and work—in an unimpaled constitution—as beneficially as thunder, lightning and wind in a storm. As these are only workers in the grand process of atmospherical purification, so are fever and inflammation only the manifestations of nature's own healing efforts, to remove from the system the disease-generating substance. Therefore, what most physicians take to be the disease itself, what they ever and ever try to subdue with all possible weapons, because they do not understand nature's own way of curing disorders, fever and inflammation are the real healers—they are indeed the true physician's best allies; the true and oldest physicians, with diplomas from God's own hands. Sure, they bear not titles; keep no horses nor carriages to parade the streets, nor do they write prescriptions a yard long, and send them to the drug-store, yet they are nothing less than true magical doctors, without whose assistance no physician in the world is able to cure one patient.

NATURE AND CLASSES OF DISEASES.

There is an unceasing change of substance in our bodies; old substance is dissolved and removed, to be replaced by new formations. As long as this process of change of matter is kept up harmoniously in both directions, importing and exporting, so long the organism is in good health; but as soon as there are interruptions and irregularities in these motions of matter, then a disease has begun to form, and sooner or later the storm must break forth.

We distinguish two great classes of diseases:

ACUTE DISEASES, where the system's own natural and healing powers are zealously and vigorously at work to remove the disease-generating substances, these disturbers of the peace and throw them out.

CHRONIC DISEASES, where the natural powers have already been so abused and checked, (how and by whom, see above.)

that they hardly dare to stir. This second class of diseases will cease to exist soon after the last medicine-doctor has been "gathered to his ancestors."

PHYSIATRY.

"Never is an error nearer its doom, than when a new truth stands ready to take its place."

Nature heals, and not the physician. The latter's task it is, in acute diseases, to keep within beneficial bounds the excessive healing exertions of nature; in chronic cases, however, he can awaken the dormant powers and direct them to useful action in the patient's system. Both objects, the moderation of the too impetuous fever, and the too severe inflammation, as well as the instigation to action of dormant forces, the physiatry obtains, without even an idea of medicine; with wet packings or wrappings, cold and warm baths, steam or Russian baths, oriental or hot air baths, vegetable or meat or mixed diet, cider or good beer, electric and magnetic currents, ozone, (electrified air,) etc.

EDUCATIONAL.

Sonnet.

BY HENRY TIMROD.

Most men know love but as a part of life:
They hide it in some corner of the breast,
Even from themselves, and only when they rest,—
In the brief pauses of that daily strife
Wherewith the world might else be not so rife,—
They draw it forth (as one draws forth a toy
To soothe some ardent, kiss-exacting boy),
And hold it up to sister, child or wife.
Ah me! why may not love and life be one!
Why walk we thus alone, when by our side
Love, like a visible God, might be our guide?
How would the marts grow noble, and the street,
Worn now like dungeon floors by weary feet,
Seem like a golden court-way of the sun!

"The Children's Progressive Lyceum," of Troy, New York.

It need hardly be said here that the believers in so-called "Spiritualism" are neither insignificant in numbers, nor unimportant in this city and vicinity. The organization, as a religious body, is as well grounded as that of most other denominations; their meetings as regular, their society as growing, and as expectant.

Naturally springing from the Society's organization has come the "Children's Progressive Lyceum," or, what will be better understood, popularly, the Spiritualists' Sunday School.

We propose to devote a brief space to the latter institution, for its origin is of late date and its features are novel.

The Lyceum in Troy was organized in May last. The first one established in the world was organized at Dodworth Hall, New York, in January, 1863.

The Lyceum originated in the belief that ordinarily children were indoctrinated with false theology; that in after years, when those children became men and women, this false theology clung to them, manifesting itself in the form of bigotry, uncharitableness, assumed righteousness, and unprogressive conservatism. Furthermore, that the popular mode of religious teachings for the young was unattractive, became chilling and unnatural; therefore injurious to confiding and impressive natures. It was believed the young should be taught by pleasing and natural methods to love the beautiful and the useful, the just, and the wise. By the inauguration of the Lyceum it was proposed to cultivate and harmonize the youth's physical, by teaching and obeying the conditions of life and health; by vocal exercises and strengthening motions under the influence of instrumental music; by singing appropriate songs, by marches, and by the practice of those physical movements known as light gymnastics. Next by the cultivation of the intellectual, by means of legitimate signs and the prime symbols of natural things, to teach attractively reading, writing, geography, natural history, arithmetic, grammar, etc. Next, to cultivate the moral by the study of the mind, its structure, laws, powers, functions, by interesting mind in mind, inducing the child's spirit to look into itself, through apt hints and suggestions; and by encouraging young minds to think accurately of forms, qualities, uses, relations and adaptations. And finally, to cultivate and harmonize the spiritual by addressing the intuitions and mental powers, beginning with the simplest truths, and advancing finally towards fixed and central principles—the Divine Existence, the works and ways of Father God and Mother Nature.

THE TROY PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.

With such a general understanding of the objects of the Lyceum, we can more intelligently detail what we saw at the Troy Lyceum yesterday afternoon. Premising, let us say that no classes are known in this modern Sunday School; as divisions are called Groups. There are twelve Groups, each Group consisting of twelve persons or less. First is "Fountain Group," composed of children of four years—its members have a red badge; second is "Stream Group," five years, pearl badge; third, "River Group,"

six years, orange badge; "Lake Group," seven years, lilac badge; "Sea Group," eight years, yellow badge; "Ocean Group," nine years, purple badge; "Shore Group," ten years, green badge; "Beacon Group," eleven years, blue badge; "Banner Group," twelve years, crimson badge; "Star Group," thirteen years, azure badge; "Excelsior Group," fourteen years, violet badge; "Liberty Group," fifteen years, white badge.

The Groups, it will be seen, range from the Fountain to the Ocean; from Shore to Beacon, and on to Liberty. Group one represents the fountain, six the ocean, twelve liberty. The banner of Group one is red, its natural language opening love; the banner of twelve is white, representing harmony. The organization is on the ascending, progressive scale.

Each Group has a leader, chosen by the vote of the pupils. Even the four year old children in Group one have thus cast upon them the responsibility of choosing who shall reign over them. And the vote of the majority is conclusive.

The Groups are properly separated, and at the head of each is an elevated shield, bearing the color of the Group, red, purple, orange, green, blue, crimson, etc.

At the head of each Group sits the teacher, and fronting the Groups and teachers, it will be observed, are the Conductor and the Guardian of the Groups.

The Conductor is a young man whose fine physique shows he has not himself neglected gymnastics, and whose bearing bespeaks intelligence and a fitness to command. The Guardian is a matronly lady, who reads impressively, correctly and intelligently.

The exercises yesterday commenced by the children singing a song from the Progressive Manual, entitled "Oh, Water, pure Water," accompanied by the parlor organ, and commencing—

"Oh water, pure water, how brightly it flows,
An emblem of virtue, wherever it goes:
The cot and the hamlet, they, too, are supplied,
By the bright, sparkling water that runs by the side."

Next followed, under the direction of the Conductor, an exercise in Light Gymnastics, (accompanied by the parlor organ,) which we have not space to describe, but which any student of Dr. Dio Lewis, or any visitor at Prof. White's school or exhibitions, will readily understand. Scholars and pupils all placed themselves in erect positions, and then followed the Conductor, in bringing his hands together, "clap," extending the arms, throwing forward the body, back again to erect position, right foot forward, "stamp," head erect, to the right, to the left, etc. Suffice to say that all was done in excellent style, and obedient to music measure. What was noticeable was the enjoyment, the real zest, with which the pupils entered into the exercise.

The children seated, next came what is called in Lyceum parlance, the Silver Chain Recitation, which really is only the old church style of reading hymns. The object of "Silver Chain," is to fix the thoughts of the children on the whole subject matter of what is read. Yesterday, the Silver Chain Recitation was rendered by the Guardian reading the first, and the whole school repeating the succeeding line, thus:

Guardian—Our aims are all too high; we try
Children—To gain the summit at a bound;
Guardian—When we should reach it step by step,
Children—And climb the ladder round by round.
Guardian—He who would climb the height sublime,
Children—Or breathe the purer air of life,
Guardian—Must not expect to rise in ease,
Children—But brace himself for toil and strife.

This was a pleasant feature of the exercises.

There are three mental exercises which the children go through on each Sunday afternoon. At each Lyceum, the Conductor gives a subject for the children to think of during the week, and report upon at the next meeting. These usually are such propositions as "What is Good?" "What is Evil?" "What is the End of a True Life?" "What is the End of a False Life?" "Who is my Neighbor?" At each meeting, the pupils are called upon to give, in their own way, an answer to the question propounded. Second—Each Group recites whatever lesson may have been given the pupils at a previous meeting; though the leaders are prohibited from indoctrinating any form of belief, any tenet of faith, concerning which the world is divided in opinion. The idea is to help the child to think, but not to direct it to conclusions, guide-board fashion. The recitations of Groups are made privately to the Group leaders. The next exercise is, the public recitation, by any child that chooses, of lines the boy or girl has committed to memory during the week. This public recitation commences with the youngest, or Fountain Group, and goes to the oldest, the Liberty Group. And it was interesting yesterday to notice how the intellectual character of the selection improved on the ascending scale. We have only space to give a single recitation from each Group:

From Fountain Group:
"Now I lay me down to sleep,
Holy angels guard my bed."

From Stream Group:
"Holy angels hover o'er me
And guard my footsteps when they stray."

From Lake Group:
"A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is most that mortals crave
Between the cradle and the grave."

From River Group:
"A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often heal'd a heart that's broken,
Or made a friend sincere."

From Ocean Group:
"Oh never let me lightly fling
A barbed word to wound another,
Oh never let me haste to bring
A cup of sorrow to a brother."

From Sea Group:
"There are many things to learn in this great world below;
Where'er your eyes may turn, but read and you will know."

From Beacon Group:
"Do good, do good, we are never too young
To be useful in many a way,
Let us think when crowds of poor children we meet
All thronging the pathway of gloom,
That in every dark alley, in every dark street,
There is a passage that leads to the tomb."

From Shore Group:
"Onward! onward, band victorious,
Rear the Lyceum banner high,
Thus far has our cause been glorious,
Now our day of triumph's nigh.
Vice and error flee before you,
As the darkness flies the sun—
Onward! victory hovers o'er you,
Soon the battle will be won."

From Banner Group:
"Let every moment as it flies,
Record the good as well as wise;
Who well improves life's shortest ways,
We'll ne'er regret his parting days."

From Excelsior Group:
"Three angel spirits walk the earth,
Our guides where'er we go,
And where their gentle footsteps lead
There is no human woe;
They smile upon the cradle child—
They bless the heart of youth—
And age is mellowed by the touch
Of Friendship, Love and Truth."

From Liberty Group:
"The voice of freedom wakes the nation
High and low in every station.
From the valleys to the mountains,
From the ocean to its fountains.
Hurrah! we leave the night of error,
Superstition and its terror,
Hurrah! hurrah! the day is breaking,
And the sleeping world is waking!"

The recitation and other mental exercises being over, each group, under the direction of their leader, and the whole under the direction of the Conductor, occupy a half hour or more in marches and countermarches, in true military style—each child and leader bearing in his or her hand "the stars and stripes"—the march being performed to the music of the parlor organ and violin. The finale of the march is the formation of an arch by the leaders poising their flags properly, and the children marching under, and surrendering their flags one by one.

The school, or Lyceum, has one Conductor, Mr. Monroe J. Keith; a guardian of Groups, Mrs. Louisa A. Keith; a Musical Director, twelve teachers or leaders of Groups, and about eighty scholars. The school is held every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, at Harmony Hall.

To-morrow (Christmas) evening, the Lyceum gives a Christmas Festival at Rand's large Hall, corner of Congress and Third streets. We think all who go will be interested and pleased. They will gain some knowledge of the way our Spiritual friends are teaching by attractive, lively methods, faith and goodness,—inclining the twig, by the silken cords of kindness and cheerfulness, to eventual, comely and righteous shape. The least that can be said of the Lyceum is that it is a pleasing novelty. The aim is to make every impression tell for good and against evil. It is believed, and there is abundant evidence of the fact itself, that the children look forward to the weekly gathering as a coming pleasure, not as a task. Faith, love, hope, charity and goodness—but no set catechism creed—are impressed on the tender brain; a pure, gentle, loving, harmonious present, is held up to it as leading on, from "Fountain" to "Stream," from "River" to "Ocean," from "Shore" to "Beacon," from "Beacon" to "Liberty," and a blessed hereafter. Our Spiritual friends believe

"A pebble in the streamlet scant,
Has changed the course of many a river;
A dew drop on the baby plant,
Has warped the giant oak forever."

—Troy Times, Dec. 24, 1866.

THE RULE.—If we would have powerful minds, we must think; if we would have faithful hearts, we must love; if we would have muscles, we must labor; and these three—thought, love, and labor—include all that is valuable in life.

THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 19, 1867.

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

TO POSTMASTERS.

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

TO OUR PATRONS.

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

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THE DERIVATION OF THE SPIRITUAL IDEA.

ITS RELATION TO PRE-EXISTING IDEAS; AND ITS PERPETUITY AS AN ELEMENT OF PROGRESS.

In a previous article we defined the Spiritual Idea—the fundamental one of the present age, as the affirmation of a *Natural Spiritualism*, or a *Spiritual Naturalism*. And as everything pertaining to a new Era in human progress is of interest and value, we propose, in this article, to present a brief historical and philosophical *resumé* of its derivation, etc. Our view will be indicated with sufficient clearness by a cursory survey of the evolution of human thought, from the commencement of the Protestant Reformation to the present time. When Luther began his career as a Monk, the entire Catholic world lay fast asleep in the embracing arms of the Papacy. A brooding nightmare held reason in a paralytic spell. Holy Mother Church, speaking through "Our Lord God the Pope," decided all questions of faith and practice without appeal. Or if reason presumed to object, the luckless objector went down to death in fiery flames or some other form of fearful torture. "Order reigned in Warsaw." The Papacy stamped out the queries of reason as men stamp out the life of a venomous serpent. Leo the X, intent upon aggrandizing his Pontificate by the completion of St. Peter's, had no suspicion that reason would dare raise a voice of protest against any measures he might adopt to secure the needed means. One of these measures was the sale of indulgences. The infamous Tetzel was sent on this mission into Saxony, where licenses for the commission of any crime were hawked about the streets with as much display and pertinacity as a street peddler does his goods. Every crime had its price, and the tariff of vice was shamefully displayed. In the meantime the Iron Monk had found a Bible suspended by a chain in his Convent. He had read its forbidden pages, and a new and strange light was dawning upon his spirit. The radical democracy of Jesus of Nazareth was molding and modifying his nature. The unsleeping angel world was also at work upon the *Coming Man*. In a vision, or trance, he saw himself writing with a pen made of an Eagle's quill upon the walls of the University of Wittemberg, while the feather end touched and shook the Vatican at Rome. This most wonderfully symbolized the mission of Protestantism; to shake, but not destroy Romanism. Luther, however, did not then dream of rebellion or secession from Catholicism, and but for the scandalous conduct of Tetzel might have lived and died in its pale. This, however, roused his moral nature, and he rung out his protest in the name of religion and in behalf of the purity of the Church. It was only when he perceived the Church justifying the wrong and condemning the right, that he unwillingly found himself obliged to recant or fight. He boldly chose the latter, and to the authority of the Papacy opposed the authority of the Bible interpreted by the individual reason. This was an enormous stride in progress, the full import of which Luther himself did not comprehend, and would not have allowed it if he had. It was the complete emancipation of the human reason, with the exception of a single fetter. It was the prolific germ from which has sprung all the numerous sects, reforms and infidelities of the past three hundred years. For nearly a century reason busied itself in constructing confessions and creeds and the discussion of theological dogmas. But a small number of men were occupied in other pursuits. The foundations of Modern Philosophy and Science were being laid. The researches of Des Cartes on the one hand, and of

Locke on the other, paved the way for those sublime speculations which enable the Eclectics of to-day to announce the grand principles of a Universal Philosophy, embracing at once the profound subjective Idealism of Des Cartes and the objective realism of John Locke. The Organon of Bacon was the golden key which unlocked the priceless treasures of our growing sciences. With such a tremendous stimulus to thought it is no wonder that, in some two hundred years, another class of Protestants stepped upon the stage and challenged the authority which Luther revered. Reason could but seek to cast off her last manacle; and the man of reason was compelled to ask why he must submit to the authority of that which derived all its validity from the prior decisions of the reason. That question once asked, the chain of bondage was broken forever. Thus was infidelity born—a legitimate child of Protestantism. Then began the titanic war of the last century. Protestantism attempted to commit infanticide—to strangle her own offspring. But, like Minerva, the son sprang full armed from the teeming brain of the parent, and was at once ready for the fight. Warburton, Watson, and others, were leaders for the church, while Voltaire, Paine, and Hume, with their compeers, led the hosts of Rationalism.

The victory, so far as logic and argument were concerned, was with the Rationalist, but, so far as the field, and immediate results were involved, it was secured by the church. The infidel knew that his arguments were unanswered and unanswerable, but men were not convinced; the church secured the *fruits* of victory. He could not comprehend the cause, and became morose and sour in his disappointment. The lucky priests chuckled in glee, over their success in wringing substantial triumph from terrible defeat. The reason was here. The Rationalist in assailing the supernaturalism of the Bible, struck at the spiritual instincts of humanity; and his blows recoiled as though dealt upon the "thick bosses of Jehovah's Buckler." He had met an iron rampart, invincible, because in accord with the positive, spontaneous reason of the human soul. The multitudes followed the fleecing priest, because, with wily skill, he had thrown the repugnant garb of supernaturalism over that divine ideal, which incarnates the sweetest hopes, the dearest loves, the deathless aspirations of man's inner life. Memory, glowing with the imaged forms of the loved and idolized of other days, whispered "are they not all ministering spirits," and all the air grew vocal with immortal voices, disproving the mad position of the infidel. When the remorseless logic of the Rationalist crashed through the petty sophistries of the priest, man fled, as from an arctic frost, to sun himself in the genial hope of a land of eternal life and sunny joy. The spiritualism of Methodism hastened and completed the discomfiture of Rationalism in the first war.

But it still lived and worked, though its tactics were changed. It sought to undermine and weaken the defences it could not surmount. It joined the church—wrote books against superstition—got up Unitarian and Universalist churches, encouraged common schools and Lyceums, defended reforms and reformers, and especially cultivated all that pertains to the material side of life. The success was so great that unnumbered thousands had come to have no faith in the hereafter. The mass of the people staid at home or visited, and left the church comparatively empty. Some sixteen years since, the *Home Missionary Journal* estimated that not more than one-fifth of the population of the United States attended regularly upon the services of the churches. At this important juncture came the mysterious rappings in the Fox family near Rochester, N. Y. They were very little sounds, but they awoke tens of thousands of repeating echoes the wide world o'er, and springing to their feet, Rationalism and the church in a breath, demanded, "what is that? The answer came like a refrain of an angel's song—Spiritualism. Rationalism shrugged its shoulders in contempt, and, with a sneering smile, declared it a new form of the old superstition. Just then a giant form of stalwart strength towered before the Rationalist, and he read upon the expanded brow—Reason. The church caught up this word and hissed—Infidelity. Directly it read beneath the inscription—Immortality. Reason, Immortality are equal to Spiritualism. Thus we interpret. The Rationalist has become irrational and unscientific, for he has ignored the spiritual instincts of man, and has refused to recognize or explain the facts furnished by this department of human activity. He has blindly and stolidly pronounced them impositions.

The priestly devotee, on the other hand, has dressed up these revelatory angels in the fantastic clothing of miraculous supernaturalism; and has thus ruled and fleeced the multitude. Progress wrests reason from the perversions of Rationalists, takes into the category of universal philosophy all the facts of humanity, and [tears off the "raw-head and bloody-bones" dress of supernaturalism, forced upon the spiritual instincts by the churchman; and the result is, Reason and Spirituality are married—have, in the developed consciousness of the thinker, become one. He has become a rational Spiritualist. "The conflict of ages" ends in him. A divine chemistry has fused in an eternal unity the hitherto warring opposites. Spiritualism is, to the infidel, foolishness, to the churchman a stumbling block. It

emasculates both their systems of their central vitality, and leaves them nothing but the tasteless husks. This conflict which has ranged the masses in such bitter strife, has raged in the bosom of every man who has dared to think. The religionist has doubted and feared through reason; and the infidel, old and gray headed, has wished that he knew if there was a future. Humanity, in these two opposing parallels, has been evolving the dual elements, which constitute, in their conjunction, "the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace." Thus, we ever see the concrete idealism of infant manhood, giving way to the abstractive or individualizing process of imperfect reason, and the separated ideas embraced by different men and sects, are defended and assailed for centuries, when some new fact shows that both are but the separated halves of a perfect unity. So it has been with the reason and spirituality of man, as we have shown.

The full import of the Spiritual Idea as an element of progress, it is at present very difficult to appreciate, for it is the first time in human history, that a new idea, forming the nucleus of a new religion, new government, new social systems, etc., was formed by the coalescence of two opposing ones. The present, therefore, constitutes a unique era. It is a climax of climaxes, but we are warranted in the affirmation that it constitutes the type of all future culminations in progress. Revealing, as it does, a new law, we are sure that all future upward steps must be in harmony therewith, until the perfect unification of all opposites shall be reached.

Already we see this effect in several directions. One illustration may be found in the position which certain much-debated notions stand in the consciousness of the intelligent Spiritualists. Among them you can scarcely find either a fatalist, or a freewill, in the old-time sense. Why not? Because these opposites are fused in a higher unity. This process must go on in all departments of thought. Having seen that the first processes of man's intellect were fragmentizing, discretizing; and that that process subserves the purpose of a preparation, or fitting for a conscious, or comprehended unity, we shall apply the principle to all departments of culture. Instead of furiously seeking to crush the ideas and systems of others, we shall look after the angel of truth and good concealed beneath the unpromising outward exterior. In all the great thoughts and systems of men, we shall find an exponent of some function of our common nature, which needs complimenting by fusion with its seeming opposite.

The Spiritual Idea, then, by virtue of being itself peace incarnate, will become the great peacemaker of the earth. The harmonization of nature and Spirituality elevates science to a plane from which it has hitherto been most jealously excluded. All the phenomena of revelation from the invisible, being found in accord with natural law, a vast field of rich and wondrous facts is opened to the explorations of the Spiritual Scientist.

Unsuspected forces, operating in new and varied forms, stand now disclosed, awaiting the skill of the master who shall inaugurate a new—a psychical science. The Spiritual Idea has paved the way for a New Organon. Yea, when fully comprehended, it constitutes one of itself. Twenty years ago, the scientists and philosophers declared, we must have a new "Instauration," analogous to the Baconian Era; and many "mused in their hearts," if the "Positivism" of Auguste Comte was not the grand desideratum. But Positivism was simply the culmination of the Sensational Philosophy, and the materialistic science of to-day. Wm. Miller and the Adventists, the apt representatives of materialism in the church, declared the "Instauration" to be the wreck of earth and man, and the establishment of God's kingdom on the smouldering ashes of the burnt up world.

But these perturbations of human thought were the index fingers of prophecy, heralding the coming morn. Man's great unrest thus indicated, caused by the terrible Materialistic reaction against the horrible phantom of Supernaturalism, must pass away under the influence of Spiritual science.

The distracted condition of human idea upon the transcendent subject of religion, sufficiently demonstrates the necessity of something new, and also points to the perpetuity and power of the Spiritual Idea as an element of progress. It is unnecessary to fully elucidate the bearing which the New Science must have upon all the problems of individual and social life; for every person, at a glance, perceives that an idea which reveals the hidden springs and modes of human action, of individual and social evolution, will be the most potential influence in shaping the progress of the future. This is the character, and this the position of Spiritualism. And the appeal comes with more than trumpet voice to us not to betray the sacred trust which toiling ages have committed to our care. The opening Heavens have set us in the van of progress. The broad-browed angels have placed in our hands the golden censer, full of healing incense, to bear among the plague-stricken victims of error.

Let us not fall in the work, nor ever trail the White Banner of truth, on whose pure folds is inscribed the motto of humanity's hope, *Natural Spiritualism*.

CHEERING WORDS FROM BRO. H. C. CHILDS.

Our dear brother, we know, will excuse us for this public use of a letter intended for our private eye. We make it a rule to snatch from oblivion every moral lesson coming in the channel of epistolary correspondence. His contains thoughts, associated with a happy illustration of his willingness to endure reproach for the sake of truth, which we feel we have no right to hide from our readers.

Brother Childs is the President of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, and is now a member of the Illinois Legislature, at Springfield. Unlike many Legislators who select the highest seats in the fashionable synagogues, he with a few others following the example of the early Christians, retires to an "upper room" for pentecostal feasting under the inspiration of "flaming tongues." In a letter of the 11th instant, he says:

"The Secretary of State, an aged friend lately from Georgia, Mr. Ellwood, of Sycamore, and myself, went to an upper room last Sabbath morning, where we found Prof. Worthen, our State Geologist, presiding, and a few who are not ashamed to acknowledge the Father as manifested in his children, there gathered in the name of a desire to know the truth for the sake of freedom, knowledge and goodness.

"Bro. Worthen presented his inaugural address, after which we had a thrilling life-strengthening conference.

"All the friends here are gratified with the change in the name and tone of our paper. I have not yet time to write any item for the REPUBLIC, but abundance of subjects are at hand, for here, most fully is 'life illustrated.' I think of you and pray for you in every thought daily.

"Do let me hear from you often. We must labor zealously. Wait patiently, and we shall succeed surely, for the angels are with us, God is for us, and who can be against us and prevail?"

Bro. Childs is ready to meet the question square in the face, and is not ashamed to own the truth before the lowly or lordly. Each week we send a large package of the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC to Springfield, which he distributes among the members of the Legislature, the Governor and other executive officers being included in the generous list of grateful recipients. Such a resolute spirit we hope to imitate, believing with him that we must "meet the mildness of love with the boldness of truth." He maintains that Christianity, as a principle, "should no more be charged with the wickedness done in its name, than liberty, as a principle, should be blamed for slavery."

Speaking of the squabble for office between the Congressional aspirants, who act as if they created the truth of the "Civil Rights Bill," he exclaims—"As though a less than God ever created a truth; and with man as a discover, as though the joy of *having* the truth, or even a piece of the grand unit, did not outweigh the bountifulness of *making* it!"

We are anticipating a variety of rich articles from our brother at Springfield, concerning "the kingdoms of this world"—whose bribed subjects "crawl round the apple, but never taste its juices"—and that SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC of which he is a representative in the "assembly of angels."

THE LYCEUM AND LECTURES.

For several months the officers and leaders of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Chicago have felt the great necessity of a change in the plan of conducting the Lyceum and lectures. Of all days in the week, under the existing arrangement, there was no one that brought more weariness to mind and body than Sunday. Two lectures, with the Lyceum between, gave no quiet rest from 10 A. M., to 10 P. M., if one heard all of the lectures and attended all of the sessions of the Lyceum. So there must be actual overwork on every Sunday, or an irregularity in attendance on the several meetings. It is our opinion that both Lyceum and lectures have been less profitably attended than they otherwise might have been.

At the National Convention Mr. M. B. Dyott, of Philadelphia, in an address, set forth his views upon this subject, recommending a morning session of the Lyceum and an evening lecture; the Lyceum session to be followed by a few remarks from some speaker present, or perhaps, by a conference. Since that time the Chicago Society of Spiritualists and the Lyceum have been considering the question, not doubting, we think, the entire practicability and excellence of Mr. Dyott's recommendation, but yet not quite ready to make the change. Of late, circumstances have favored such a step, and last Sunday it was announced that the regular morning lecture would be discontinued; that the Lyceum would hereafter meet at 10:30 A. M., and be followed by a conference; and that there would, until further notice, be but one regular lecture each Sunday.

Under these circumstances, we wish to call especial attention to the Lyceum. As in organization it embraces the idea of essential spirituality in human nature, and provides for its education, or *educement*; to the end that those who participate in its exercises may be *lifted up* to higher and truer relations in life. The means employed are gymnastics and marching, for physical culture, preparing the body for

harmonious activities; music, vocal and instrumental, attuning the mind and emotions to rhythmic, cheerful action; and mental exercises coupled with moral lessons and spiritual refinement. However imperfectly the Lyceum purpose and plan may be realized, at present, they are as herein stated, and a complete attainment of them, we believe, is by care and industry practicable.

It is a great thought that the child-form contains the germs of all future greatness for the man or woman, yet it must be true. It is a grand undertaking, to devise and wisely apply means to induce and aid the unfolding of these germs; yet it is within the range of human contemplation and power. In all such things we begin timidly and feebly, as the child experiments in locomotion, but gradually gain in strength and completeness.

Hereafter, we are assured, it is proposed to give more attention to the Lyceum in Chicago. It will be entered into with morning freshness, and we doubt not will be much improved in use and general interest.

All persons interested in education and spiritual progress are cordially invited to visit the Lyceum, and if agreeable take part in its exercises. It will be remembered that education is a life-long process, and however received, is the only real means of attaining lasting happiness and peace of mind. A true fraternal spirit, uniting all present in holy purpose, a free commingling of men, women and children in the interests of progress, will have a sure tendency to goodness and greatness. Let us all try together.

THEODORE TILTON IN CHICAGO.

On Monday evening, January 14th, Mr. Tilton lectured at Crosby's Opera House to a large audience. It was a snowy evening, for which reason, no doubt, many were kept from the lecture, thereby losing one of the richest treats of the season. The subject of Mr. Tilton's remarks was, "The Corner Stone of Reconstruction." Those who know him, and are acquainted with his easy manner, clear perception and expression, well know how thoroughly and pleasantly he presented the claims of justice in behalf of the oppressed and poor; and how clearly he pointed out the way of future safety and prosperity for the Republic. It seemed to us, as we listened to his earnest words, that there was but one way by which reconstruction *could* be accomplished, and that, the way of "equal and exact justice."

CASTE IN CHICAGO.

One of the most impressive scenes, and one of the most effective triumphs of manhood over meanness that we have ever witnessed, occurred during Mr. Tilton's lecture. Several of the colored citizens of Chicago, men and women of integrity, mental culture and refinement, who are known as prominent in some of the benevolent enterprises of the country, were, on application to the ticket office, refused the liberty of purchasing reserved seats, and indeed of occupying seats on the main floor of the Opera House at all. Mr. Tilton was informed of the fact, when he forthwith instituted a personal investigation into the matter, and secured complimentary tickets and reserved orchestra chairs for those proscribed, thus furnishing them with the best seats in the house.

In the course of his lecture, Mr. Tilton drew a picture of the caste of color, in which we saw the rebel pirate Semmes adorned with the title of "Professor of Moral Philosophy," and Robert Small—the gallant and loyal negro, who captured and delivered the rebel steamer Planter to the United States Navy, and afterwards served the Government against its enemies—a disfranchised and proscribed man. The one toasted and courted in his infamy; the other spurned in his integrity, loyalty and honor, with color the cause of the unjust distinction. While the audience were thus charmed and touched, Mr. Tilton took from the stand and read the letter addressed to him by our colored citizens, appealing to him to know if they were to be thus proscribed and defrauded of the privilege of hearing his lecture. The effect was intense, and indelibly fixed by the scathing words of criticism and the appeal which followed. We know that every true man and woman present did, from his or her heart, thank Mr. Tilton for the brave and truly noble course he pursued, and they rejoiced in this triumph of right over wrong.

We have on several occasions witnessed exhibitions of prejudice against colored people in our city street cars, but they have always been confined to low-bred and ignorant persons, of whom nothing better could be confidently expected, and when they assumed an unmistakable form have met with immediate rebuke. We hoped, however, that persons pretending to represent the better class of society had too much self-respect to stoop to such acts, or too much common sense to try to trample upon human rights under such circumstances. Did the parties who attempted this outrage expect to pass unnoticed? Did they expect that Mr. Tilton would wink at, and become party to their contemptible prejudice? Did they expect that our community would have no word to say in the matter? Let it be understood once for all, that no true man or woman will occupy a hall, as lecturer, where caste is maintained. And let it also be understood that the earnest men and women of society will not submit to such insults to a common humanity.

A few lessons like the one administered on Monday evening will help the feeble minded supporters of a would be aristocracy, who can present no point of merit other than the color of the skin.

There is yet a sequel to this matter, involving common honesty. One or more of the parties holding complimentary tickets could not obtain admittance to the lecture room, and others who held tickets for which they had paid the full price, were refused admission. Will the Young Mens' Christian Association refund the money to the persons to whom it rightly belongs? We shall see. And further, we shall see whether this same imposition will be attempted again at the time of Mr. Phillips' lecture in February.

Chicago has no class of citizens more industrious and orderly than the colored people, and many among them are superior persons. Madam DeMortie, Mr. and Mrs. John Jones, and others, have few superiors in point of intelligence and real culture, nevertheless they were refused the privilege of sitting with other men and women to hear Mr. Tilton. The refusal, however, was *vetoes*, thanks to Mr. Tilton.

We trust that an occurrence so full of mischief will not transpire in Chicago again, but if it should, let it be met with unyielding resistance. This question of caste without merit may as well be settled first as last, and we assure the colored citizens of Chicago that they have a host of friends, who will stand by them and cheerfully assist in vindicating their rights, not only before the law, but to the common courtesies and civilities of good society.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Hon. M. H. Bovee, of Wisconsin, the Senator who led the movement which resulted in the repeal of the Death Penalty in that State, in 1853, and who was also successful in a similar movement in New York, in 1860, has arrived in our city, and is already organizing a plan of action which, it is hoped, will secure the abolishment of the gallows at the present session of the Illinois Legislature.

We trust that every lover of humanity and progress will do all things needful to promote this good work. If accomplished, it will indeed be a result of which all may feel proud. Whatever labor is done to secure this desirable end, must be done immediately. Wherever a petition can be filled, asking the Legislature to abolish this barbarous law, the same should be done without delay, and the petition forwarded to the member or Senator representing that locality.

Much of Mr. Bovee's time will, necessarily, be occupied in superintending the plan of the campaign, nevertheless he will accept invitations to lecture in those cities and villages not too remote from Chicago or Springfield, and which are accessible by railroads. Reformers, progressionists, and all who love spiritual and moral advancement, come up to this work nobly, and let us ascertain where and how we stand on this great question.

Mr. Bovee's address is drawer 6144, Chicago.

"A WOMAN'S SECRET."

Next week's paper will contain the chapters entitled, "An Old Man's Dream," which shows a gleam of the tender side of the doctor's nature, and how Rebecca was affected thereby; "The Making of Men," which justifies the symbolism of the Mosaic Record, attributing the development of original sin to woman, but placing also in her hands the cure for it. It also explains how it happens, that while men have always found women incomprehensible and paradoxical, women, as a general thing, know men better than men know themselves; and "The Silent Shrew," which explains in full detail a capital plan for managing husbands, which, though it has been extensively tried and never known to fail, has the almost equal merit of not having been much talked about.

SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

On Sunday, January 20th, the Children's Progressive Lyceum will hold its session in Crosby's Music Hall, commencing at 10:30 A. M., continuing about two hours. After the Lyceum adjourns, there will be a Conference. In the evening, at 7:30, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown will deliver an address.

All are cordially invited to witness the Lyceum exercises, and also attend the evening meeting.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Alcinda Wilhelm lectures in Detroit this month, and will remain in Eastern Michigan during February and March. Address, care of H. N. F. Lewis, Detroit.

Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis is at present residing in New York.

J. S. Loveland is to lecture in Havana, Illinois, during February.

J. M. Peebles is lecturing in Washington, D. C. this month.

Dr. Leo Miller called upon us a few days since on his way to Wisconsin. His address is Box 2336, Chicago, Ill.

NOTICES AND REVIEWS.

THE OLIVE WREATH.—The first number of this new magazine, published monthly, in the interests of Odd Fellowship, by W. J. Chaplin, office 54 Reynolds' Block, Dearborn street, Chicago, at \$2 a year, is before us.

We greet our neighbor cheerfully. The copy of the *Wreath* before us is neat and sturdy in appearance. And, besides its valuable references to Odd Fellowship, contains much good, earnest thought under the headings, "Supremacy of Principle," "Honesty," "Atheism," etc. We wish the *Olive Wreath* perpetual freshness.

The *National Workman* is an ably edited weekly journal, published at 40 Broad street, N. Y., at \$3 a year in advance. It is devoted exclusively to the interests of workingmen, and should have a large circulation.

The *New York Independent* commences the new year with 75,000 subscribers. Its circulation has been well won. It has boldly advocated the most radical measures in governmental progress, and gives room in its columns weekly for our best writers, as William Lloyd Garrison, Lydia Maria Childs, etc. It is an uncompromising advocate of human rights, and we are heartily glad to greet it in its successful efforts against wrong.

DEMAREST'S YOUNG AMERICA.—A new, artistic and splendidly illustrated monthly magazine for boys and girls; furnishing a museum of art, science and literature, to include stories, poems, history, biography, geography, astronomy, philosophy, chemistry, music, games, puzzles, etc., brought down to the capacities of very Young America without frivolity or exaggeration. Its contents, from the pens of the best authors, will be found to sparkle with interest. Its illustrations to charm with beauty, and the whole to inspire with virtue and intelligence, and prove a well-spring of pleasure to every household.

Single copies, 15 cents; yearly, \$1.50. Each additional copy, \$1, or five copies for \$5.

Young America and *Demorest's Monthly*, together, \$4. Address, W. Jennings Demorest, 473 Broadway.

PROGRESS OF EVENTS.

An official dispatch has been received commuting the sentence of the Fenians, Lynch and McMahon, to twenty years "penal servitude or imprisonment," as the law of Canada may warrant.

A dispatch from London informs us that the *Globe*, in an editorial, says the Eastern question has become so pressing that it demands the immediate attention of the European powers. The *Globe* thinks a general conference of the leading powers will be proposed on the subject.

Senator Trumbull has been elected by the Illinois Legislature to another term in the U. S. Senate.

Ishmael Pasha, of Egypt, has proclaimed a Constitution for the people, and the "Congress" is now in session. This is an important event among the benighted nations of the East, and shows plainly the direction in which things are tending.

Until within a recent period the haircloth, so extensively used in upholstery, was brought from foreign countries, mainly from Germany. The manufacture has, however, become a noticeable element in our mechanical progress. Haircloth of a superior quality is now manufactured in this country.

The delicacy of some of the ornamental cast iron work, known as Berlin iron, is such that it requires of some pieces ten thousand to weigh one pound.

Kentucky has rejected the Constitutional Amendment by a decisive vote, acting promptly upon the suggestion of Gov. Bramlette.

With fifteen millions of inhabitants in Spain, only three millions can read and write.

Victor Hugo has written, like Garibaldi, a letter of sympathy with the cause of the Cretan insurgents. It is eloquent and stirring, as is everything that comes from Hugo's pen. He sees in the future a united Greece with Athens and a united Italy with Rome as capital. The unanimous support which the chief representatives of liberal opinions all over the world give to the national aspirations of the Greeks in Candia and other Turkish dominions, cannot fail to have an inspiring influence upon both the insurgents and the sympathizing Greeks, and thus to contribute to their final triumph.

The Philadelphia Lyceums, Nos. 1 and 2, are making fine progress, notwithstanding they have no Sunday car accommodations, and for the present are compelled to assemble in halls not sufficient for their purposes. We wonder when the "City of Brotherly Love" will show to the world that its reputation for "righteousness" is not a sham. It prohibits street cars from running on Sunday, and prohibits colored citizens from riding in the same any day of the week. Every "first day" it keeps "straight laced" until about five P. M., then the beer saloons and dram shops are opened, but the cars must not be moved! We wish the two Lyceums would head a persistent and unflinching effort in behalf of practical liberality, and have it understood that

there would be no yielding on their part until their object was accomplished.

It is reported in well informed circles that the British Ministry have decided upon resigning in case of too great a pressure by the friends of the Reform movement. It is stated that they have indicated a desire to grant considerable concessions, but are decidedly opposed to the extreme measures advocated by the Reform leaders.

Ten or eleven distinct shocks of earthquake were recently experienced at Sorel, C. E., occupying a period of 30 or 40 seconds altogether.

The city of Portland has received a present of a fine male deer recently picked up swimming at sea by a lighthouse steamer, and he will have a domicile in the new park.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

G. W. Rice is to speak in Mazomania, Wis., the evenings of January 28th, 29th and 30th; Prairie du Chien the 31st and February 1st. After which he goes to McGregor, Monona, Castalia, and other towns in Iowa. Mr. Rice is a very earnest worker, and is doing much good.

We learn that Mrs. Emma Hardinge is positively engaged to deliver a course of six lectures in the Academy of Music, in Corry, Pa., commencing on Friday evening, February 22d, and continuing over the following Sunday. Those in that vicinity who would hear this able lecturer should bear the above announcement in mind.

We see by the BANNER OF LIGHT, that on Christmas Eve, Mr. and Mrs. Dyott, Conductor and Assistant Guardian of Philadelphia Lyceum No. 1, were "surprised" by the officers and leaders of the Lyceum, who presented them with "a splendid silver ice pitcher, a pair of beautiful goblets, and waiter." Upon the pitcher was most beautifully engraved the following:

"Presented to Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Dyott, by the officers and leaders of the First Children's Progressive Lyceum of Philadelphia, in appreciation of their uniform kindness and untiring devotion as Conductor and Assistant Guardian of the Lyceum. December 25, 1866."

A similar inscription was upon the goblets and waiter. Mr. and Mrs. Dyott have labored earnestly in behalf of the Lyceum Movement, and we rejoice to see this mark of appreciation and esteem from their own home friends.

We call the attention of our city readers to the card of Mrs. M. S. Curtis, M. D., located at No. 178 West Washington street. Mrs. Curtis has had a successful practice of eight years in Buffalo, N. Y., and comes to our city well recommended. Our personal knowledge of Mrs. Curtis' practice also warrants us in cordially commending her skill to the afflicted.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson, writing from Muncie, Ind., speaks cheerfully of the people and their work in that place. She also subscribes to the genuineness of Miss Jordan's medium powers.

Dean Clark, of Vermont, is busily engaged lecturing in Wisconsin. He has lately spoken at Sheboygan Falls, Sheboygan and Fond du Lac. At the former place, we are informed, the friends have a free hall, and the cause of Progress is rapidly gaining.

On Sunday, January 5th, Mr. Clark spoke in the new Unitarian church at Sheboygan. The use of the church was freely tendered by the Trustees, and Mr. Shaw, the pastor, a young man of fine abilities, assisted in the services. Such acts on the part of liberal people cannot be too highly commended, or appreciated, and we trust the time is near at hand when *purpose* and practical works will be the rallying point of all good men and women, without interposing the quibble of mere belief or selfish personal preferences as a cause of division and opposition.

The spiritual meetings at Detroit are flourishing finely. Under the ministrations of Mrs. Wilhelm the audiences are much interested and increasing. We are glad to know that Detroit, after lagging behind for years, has taken so firm a stand, and is dealing out truth to the people with a steady hand. May success attend all of your brave efforts, good friends.

Mrs. E. A. Bliss, who has for some time been ill and unable to lecture, has recovered her health so far as to be able to fill her engagement in Worcester, Mass., during February.

J. Hacker, editor of the *Pleasure Boat*, is, we learn, desirous of entering the lecturing field. His address is Portland, Me.

Abraham James is at present in New York City. His health has been quite poor since he left Chicago, but he is now gaining, and hopes soon to be able to engage fully in his work.

Warren Chase lectures in Brooklyn, N. Y., the last two Sundays of January. Address, 544 Broadway, N. Y.

The attention of the lovers of music is called to our musical department, that is under the supervision of Prof. Hughes. The selection of musical instruments is choice. All orders should be addressed, Prof. D. R. Hughes, Drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill.

OUR PRIZES.

Our many friends will notice our list of Prizes. Let them inspect the liberal rates on the Engravings. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." And what greater joy in a home than a good Sewing Machine? In procuring subscribers to the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, our friends are scattering, as we trust, rays of welcome truth, and if thereby a Sewing Machine, that is really a finished work for practical use, is obtained, a good is twice secured. We anticipate an earnest, generous response from all parts of the country, to our several prizes, coming in the shape of calls for the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC and our Sewing Machine—the two things essential to make a happy home. Among the many recommendations of this machine, we select the following:

MESSRS. FINKLE & LYON SEWING MACHINE CO.,
OFFICE OF THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST, }
41 Park Row, New York. }

The above named Company is regularly incorporated under the laws of this State, and they manufacture first class Lock Stitch Sewing Machines, which, both from our own home experience with it, and from our observation of it in the hands of others, we can cheerfully recommend for general family use.

ORANGE JUDD & CO.,
Editors and Prop. of the American Agriculturist.

OFFICE OF HARPER'S WEEKLY, }
331 Pearl St., New York. }

The Finkle & Lyon Sewing Machine Company is regularly incorporated under the laws of this State, and manufactures a first class Lock Stitch Machine.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

NEWSPAPER NUISANCES.

Our public journals, in the main, are ever ready, for the money, to pamper any scheme, or schemers, regardless of principle. So common is this custom that the public has well nigh lost confidence in newspaper puffs and recommendations. Thus society is imposed upon until disgust is turned to righteous hatred.

Mountebanks always have flashy advertisements, whilst those who live and suffer for the good of others make their *works* the heralds of patronage. Better that we all serve an apprenticeship, or humbly test our strength of endurance in the battles of reform, ere we assume the responsibilities of public teachers. If there is to be any trumpeting, let others do the blowing. In due time every one is appreciated just exactly for what he is worth to society. An overrating is just as great an outrage upon public confidence as underrating. There is nothing so beautiful as truth; there is nothing so good as integrity. A word to the wise is sufficient.

A NOTE TO OUR READERS.

The proprietors of the *BOUQUET* intend, after the 1st of May, to issue the paper twice in the month, or increase its size. How much the paper will be improved depends, somewhat, upon its circulation. Every new subscriber will add to the future interest of the paper.

To increase our circulation, and to give the public the opportunity of testing the merits of the *BOUQUET*, we propose sending the next four numbers (including January) to new subscribers for 25 cents. These four numbers will complete the volume. By that time we hope to give our readers a journal well worthy their support. Let us hear from you.

A PRACTICAL MOVEMENT.

The readers of the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, ever interested in every enterprise of regeneration to our suffering humanity, will appreciate the fact that the Spiritualists of Chicago are organizing a practical reform movement. See their constitution published in this week's issue. They show that their philosophy involves action as well as talk. The Society commenced with humble pledges, but with the solemn conviction that the time has come when the great questions of social reconstruction must be solved in actual work for a new order of business, education and worship. It is slowly but surely gaining strength and favor, and ere long will be, we doubt not, a powerful instrumentality of good in the city and country. The meetings of this Society, thus far held, are principally of a discursive cast, preparing for aggressive warfare upon the abominations of our commercial systems.

CORRECTION.

We were very sorry to notice, too late for correction, that in making up Mr. Loveland's essay on the "Relations of Spiritualism to the Bible," in No. 1, a transposition occurred rendering the sense obscure. The 1st line on the fifth page should be the third line.

Commencing at the last period on the fourth page read: "In this exigency, when, not only was the Bible coming into contempt; and its fundamental idea also, and the spirituality of man, and the contact of the heavens, inspirationally, with him, was being treated as an effete superstition of by-gone days; and Christian doctors joined with infidels in this conclusion; the new dispensation stepped in as the saviour and interpreter of the ancient writings."

In this you get Mr. Loveland's thought, while as printed you would not.

VOICES FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

Gleanings from Correspondence.

FROM A SWEDENBORGIAN MINISTER.

I am encouraged for humanity. I am called a Swedenborgian, or New Church man. Alas, for sectarian Christianity! I feel sure that it is my heart's prayer now, as it was thirty years ago, when I dared to read Swedenborg's works, that I may not be deceived by error, and that I may have the truth. I see that if what is proposed among Spiritualists is carried out, they will do more good for humanity, and especially the rising generation, than all the sects have done. I have been called a Spiritualist, and I have been reminded of the expression of one who said that Swedenborgians are "sectarians of a statelier tread." I have often thought and felt that if we are true to our highest light and the principles we advocate, we must be Spiritualists.

Wisconsin, January 7, 1867.

FROM GEO. E. ROGERS.

I think the paper has improved greatly within a few weeks back, and I hope it will continue to improve until it will be, not only one of the best, but the best reform paper in the United States.

Spiritualism is making considerable progress in this section of country, and Spiritualists are not hooted at and derided as much as they were.

Waukau, Wis., Jan. 8, 1867.

FROM A SPIRITUAL LECTURER.

I like the looks of the paper first rate. It has the right ring. If this neighborhood round here is any sample of the West, the REPUBLIC will be the paper of the country. I have heard but one expression as to the "Inner Life Department," and that is of satisfaction that it is left out. The SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC is on the right track for success.

Monmouth, Ill., January 10, 1867.

FROM A LITERARY FRIEND.

I congratulate you on the splendid initial number of the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

Berlin Heights, January, 1867.

FROM SAMUEL MAXWELL.

I do not know when I have been better pleased than when I fully learned the changes you have made in the office and paper. I shall now work for the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC with a will. I like the name. It sounds generous, broad-souled, and revolutionary. The good angels will bless the work when we do it. They will give strength when we have labored.

Richmond, Ind., January 9, 1867.

FROM AN EASTERN LECTURER.

BROTHERS: I have just seen the first number of the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC. It is grand. I am its captive. I will do what I can to extend its circulation wherever I go, and I will give to its columns my best thoughts and ideas. We must now rouse the people to the great work of realizing the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC. Hope many persons will write their spiritual experiences, visions, etc., weekly, for publication. There is a rich unworked mine of such sweet and blessed personal experiences in almost every private family. Can we not bring them out into literature?

I see also that we must put rich, human, sacred, tender love into the columns of the REPUBLIC, if we would win the great heart of the people. The head will bow to the logic of the heart. All men and women love more than they think; and that is well, for love is the essence and life of the soul—"the fulfilling of the law."

We are growing into the confidence of the world. Thank God and the angels for the blessed prospects of the future.

May the blessed above sanctify, consecrate, and inspire you for this great and blessed work, is the prayer of your brother.

Troy, N. Y., January 9, 1867.

FROM H. N. F. LEWIS, EDITOR OF THE WESTERN RURAL.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: I must take a moment to congratulate you on the fine appearance and valuable contents of your first number of the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, marking as it does a new epoch in the history of our philosophy. In a business point of view it cannot but prove—if maintained in its character as it promises to be—a grand success. Spiritualists, and all those who favor religious progress, will rejoice at the inauguration of a high-toned periodical, boldly declaring angel ministry and tangible intercommunication with the spirit world as settled facts. The SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC will not—shall not, do otherwise than realize the wishes of its projectors. All honor and praise to them.

Detroit, Mich., January 10, 1867.

FROM JOHN GORDON.

I have been an earnest reader of your paper for one year, and a precious treasure it has been to me. I consider it one of the best papers ever published. It is fearless in principle, manly in utterance, lofty, and soul-expanding in the matter

it contains. It is a true and faithful iconoclast. It shows no mercy to the idolatrous images which a bigoted and sectarian priesthood has set up for the people to worship. It places man exactly where God puts him—on the platform of free volition. I am amazed at the audacity and inconsistency of the priests in eating up their own principles. They are all compelled to admit that man is a free agent. If they deny it, they make him only a machine, incapable of moral action, and consequently incapable of sinning. Now, if God could not make man a free agent and a machine at the same time, He could not make a creed for him. If He did, He has annihilated his free will; consequently, every creed-church in Christendom is in rebellion against God!—nay, is tyrannically doing what God can not do.

Press on, dear friends, in your glorious work. You are true emancipators. You are delivering souls that have been bound by priestly satans for more than a thousand years—satans, who have filled the hearts of God's dear, trembling, broken-hearted children with ghostly horrors, compared with which the fabled stone of Slayphus and the wheel of Ixion are joy. Spiritualism is the great catholicon; it is the real balm of Gilead for all our mental and moral woes.

Accept these few crude thoughts from one personally unknown to you, yet bound up with you in spirit.

Salem, Ohio, January 5, 1867.

FROM MRS. T. C. EASTON.

In a strange place among strangers, where old Theology reigns supreme, and protracted meetings are bringing many to the "anxious seats," I feel more and more the need of your paper to sustain and strengthen me. Therein I find the food my soul needs. It is ever welcome with inexpressible rejoicings.

Vernon, Mich., January 7, 1867.

FROM J. B. SQUIER.

Well, brother, the "new structure" which you rejoiced to see completed has not proved a chimera, or a fanciful dream, but a living, growing reality of most magnificent proportions; has it not? Now, what of the "great American church?" Is not that to be the "new American church" as well?

Battle Creek, Mich., January 7, 1867.

FROM W. JILSON.

I have just finished the perusal of the first number of the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, and I must say it has inspired me with new feelings of interest and enthusiasm. It is decidedly rich in the advanced thought of the age. It is good throughout. Every contribution seems to glow with goodness and use. May it long live to pour forth the living truths of the living age, and awaken the sleeping world from its chronic lethargy. Long enough has it slumbered over the dreamy state and prozy theology of the past. For its teachings, false and mythologic as they are, have only stultified and befogged the thought and brain of ignorant, groping humanity. May the REPUBLIC electrify this dormant mind and speedily remove this narcotic stupor, with the enlivening and elevating thoughts and teachings of the Harmonial Philosophy.

Waukegan, Ill., January 8, 1867.

FROM JAMES RICHARDSON.

I hope that success will aid you all in the reconstruction of the noblest and best paper that ever went forth to those that hunger and thirst after knowledge. If you only knew the good I and my family have obtained from those who write for the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, you would be buoyed up above every trial. We propose not to rest on the cold shoulders of withered theology.

Earlville, Iowa, January 8, 1867.

FROM S. C. CROSBY.

Mr. Crosby is one of our agents. In one of his letters he thus speaks of trying to do something for the cause we all so dearly love, by scattering the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC in his section of the country, whilst attending to other agency business. He is evidently an energetic man, and will cut his way out of the woods. He shows the right spirit:

"The reason I had for writing you, as I did before, is, that I thought perhaps I might get you a few subscribers while travelling with something else, and thereby scatter some seed by the wayside that shall spring up and grow to the unfoldment of some souls into a higher life, and a redemption from that 'fear which hath torment.'"

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world, is to be in reality what we appear to be; and if we observe, we shall find that all humane virtues increase and strengthen themselves by the practice and experience of them.

He that gives good advice, builds with one hand; he that gives good counsel and example, builds with both; but he that gives good admonition and bad example, builds with one hand and pulls down with the other.

ANGEL MINISTRY.

"And angels came and ministered unto him."

For The Spiritual Republic.

"An Revolt."

BY SARAH MERRILL.

An revolt, dearly loved! Yes, "Over the river?"
Beyond the bright sands of Eternity's shore,
Where on pinions of light the spirit will hover
Around its soul's love we'll be joined together,
To part never more,
On that love-lighted shore.

An revolt, dearly loved! We have given each other
For all our earth-life, the last kindly adieu!
The last loving pressure of hearts joined forever—
The last kiss of affection—so tender and true,
And words murmured o'er,
Alas! never more
On this desolate shore!

An revolt, dearly loved! 'Tis the will of our Father—
Whose law is the action of Infinite love!
That the paths which we tread should fall far asunder,
Ere they meet once again in the bright realms above,
To part never more
On Eternity's shores.

An revolt, dearly loved! 'Tis the will of our Father—
Whose law is the action of Infinite love!
That the paths which we tread should fall far asunder,
Ere they meet once again in the bright realms above,
To part never more
On that love-lighted shore.

Boonville, N. Y.

For The Spiritual Republic.

The Prophet's Home.

A VISION.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

I saw three spirit brothers, Charles P. Ricker and his friend and companion Brother Whipple, and Edward W. Southwick, formerly of Vassalboro, Maine. As they approached, the first named said to me. My brother you may remember, that while in the form with you we spoke on the subject of prophecy, and the laws which govern it. Since my entrance into this life, brother Whipple and myself have frequently had our thoughts and aspirations turned to this subject. And in accordance with the law of demand and supply, which is much more perfectly carried out here than with you, we have been taken to a prophet's home, a sphere in which there are many spirits, who are engaged in the investigation of the laws of prophecy. We desire now to present some of this vision to you, and to give you a description of the remainder. We saw many spirits, some very ancient and others more modern.

There were old Brahmins, Buddhists, Chaldeans and Egyptians, Israelitish and Christian prophets, who, together with those of more modern times, are engaged in the study and elaboration of this profound subject.

Your friend Edward accompanied us, and let me say here, that while these ancient seers and prophets, so fair and beautiful, sat in their councils, it was only through the intermediates of more modern times that we could learn anything of their doings; and without professing to give an exact account of the conditions of the sphere and circle, for you know that novices often see things very erroneously, I shall relate our experiences and impressions, aided by the brothers above mentioned.

We were taken far, far away into the interior, through many scenes of spirit-life which were exceedingly attractive, and which I should be glad to describe to you at some other time, but for the present our labors called us further, and into more interior conditions. We received from each circle or sphere through which we passed, an influence, which, like a passport, enabled us to go still further on our journey and to our destination. Having arrived at the desired place, we were received by four spirits, two of each sex, fair haired and very beautiful, with clearer and more penetrating eyes than any we had ever beheld before.

They looked through us, and seeing that our aspirations were proper, introduced us at once to an exterior circle, for we now perceived that there were a large number of circles extending round a central point, which was lost to us by the brilliant light which enveloped it. We were made very welcome by all whom we met, and let me say here, that the relationship between soul and soul in every sphere and condition depends upon the appreciation which they have of each other. So that in earth life few, very few, realize a true union and affinity, because they do not appreciate each other. In the spheres, just in proportion as we are unfolded to see clearly the real conditions of those around us, do we find our attractions growing stronger and stronger. Here there seemed to be a deeper and more beautiful unfoldment of soul, and we were not only appreciated better, but found ourselves able to appreciate others more fully than we had ever done before.

Our experiences teach us that having once entered into these deep interior soul communings, we do not go back to

our former conditions, but as we return to other spheres and circles, we bring with us new powers and clearer discernment, which are profitable both to ourselves and to those with whom we are associated. Profound silence reigned in the circles, for prophecy here is by interior vision, and the illumination from one mind in this circle is more or less perfectly thrown upon all the others. Coming thus interiorly into rapport with the various circles, we were enabled to perceive clearly the light which was given to them, though the brightness of the more interior circles was too intense for our vision, being more brilliant than anything we had ever before seen. As we thus sat in profound silence, with deep and absorbing interest, a landscape opened before our view. Far in the distance mountain peaks rose one above the other in majestic beauty. Looking intently upon this beautiful scene, we were impressed to fix our minds upon one of the distant mountains. Soon the intervening space seemed to pass away, and the lofty mountain was immediately in front of us. We perceived that it was written all over with symbols of future events, which were very clearly impressed upon our minds. This was repeated several times with other mountains, and we perceived that it was only necessary to fix our minds upon any particular point, and it soon came up to us in this clear and beautiful manner. We remained here a considerable time, and were thus enabled to see the various inscriptions upon these mountains, which referred to many events far away in the future, though we were not yet initiated sufficiently to comprehend them fully.

When the time came for us to leave this circle and sphere of the prophets, of which we are told there are many in the interior spheres, we were taken up a considerable distance above them, but in such a position that we could still see them, and as we moved away they became like a bright and beautiful sun. This is the appearance which many of the circles present to us, when we are very distant from them, or when our vision is so imperfect that we can only realize this, their first manifestation. In this you will see the spiritual origin of Fire or Sun Worship, a most beautiful form of worship, the history of which has come down very imperfectly to mankind in this age.

Having received this impressive lesson, and returned to our home, the guides who accompanied us, gave an explanation of that which had been so beautifully illustrated, but which we had not yet fully comprehended. They told us that all the events in the history of the world, or of a human being, may be divided into three classes. First, those which are fixed and as unalterable as fate itself. Second, a large class which are changeable and uncertain, but may become fixed by their surroundings or the actions of individuals. And a third class which will always be variable and subject to change.

Looking only at the first class of events, it is very natural to conclude, that man is a creature of necessity or fate, whereas if we look at the other classes, and especially the latter, we may readily conclude that there is nothing fixed in the universe. It will be perceived that positive predictions can only be made in regard to the first class; as, for instance, in the phenomena of eclipses, where the laws and conditions are fixed, and the calculations are readily made. We know that it has been said that this is not prediction or prophecy, but merely calculation. But all events are the result of causes, and no certain prediction can be made except as a calculation.

Predictions in regard to the events of the second class must always be conditioned, for circumstances can, as we know, change the course of events, and unless we can foresee how those circumstances will act, the prophecy must be uncertain and indefinite. This is still more true of the third class, which are always of an uncertain and fluctuating character. Prophecy is attained by clairvoyance or soul vision, and this is of three kinds; one of which is possessed in a degree by all persons, and takes cognizance of the interior of things in the present. This is often very vague and uncertain, and so little to be relied upon, that many persons deny its existence. It has increased very much within a few years past, and is frequently called mind reading, but it is properly soul vision.

The second degree of this vision, sees not only the present interiorly—but looks backward, and surveys the past with a scrutinizing vision. It has been called *Psychometry*, because it sees and measures "the soul of things" as they are, and as they have existed in the past—sees them with more or less clearness, according to the perfection of the unfolding. It is but little understood and as little appreciated.

The third degree of soul vision, which comprehends both the others, and extends also into the future, is the true power of prophecy. This is less understood than either of the others. Soul vision does not take cognizance of external objects except through the mind, and this explains some of the difficulties in the phenomena of clairvoyance, such as seeing objects at a distance through many intervening ones, as, for instance, in examining the internal organs of the human body those that are external are not seen.

The soul looks out from itself as a center, and has no

limits except those of its own desires, by which it is guided. In gazing backward it sees the tall mountains of fixed events of the long ago, between which are the fluctuating oceans and flowing streams and rivers which represent the unstable events of different eras.

Poising itself in calm repose of thought profound, it settles down over the present, and discovers with more or less clearness, according to its unfolding, the deep interior, and hidden springs of all action and of all life, first as a whole, and then in a minute parts as it is drawn towards particular portions. Here is a field for study that will occupy the soul for ages after it has left the form, not only in the discovery of new truths, but in the application and extension of those which have been more familiar.

Lifting itself by desire from this position, and leaving the scenes of the past and the present, the soul sends forth its penetrating gaze into the deep and mysterious future, which has been made fathomless, because to know would have been to suffer, and which can only be seen when we rise so far into the region of causes as to feel that all is right, that compensation, which is another name for justice, exists everywhere. Here the field of prophecy opens before us. The tall mountains of fixed events are clearly defined and easily perceived. The babbling brooks that roll down their sides, the rolling streams and the vast oceans of undulating matter which lie between them, are representatives of interior events that mark the history of the future.

Here, then, is the solution of all prophecy, and the soul either in the form or out of it finds this means of realizing it. It may be asked if we in our interior conditions can thus discern these things, why may we not come to those in the form, with whom we are in rapport and give these predictions through mediums to the world?

This is an important question. Let us give you the facts first, and then what we understand to be the reasons for them. We find it impossible to reveal to many spirits the conditions which we see immediately before them and we know are to be theirs very soon. So also of mortals, we perceive many conditions just before them that it would seem pleasant and profitable to relate to them, and some that it would be otherwise, but we are restrained by fixed laws; they would not and could not comprehend them.

In the first place, in regard to spirits as well as mortals, the attainment of the after condition depends upon the fulfillment of the present. We have said desire led us and limited us. True desire is born in the soul, from its most interior conditions, and is often brought forth through suffering—and until that suffering is endured the birth of desire cannot be perfect.

Then, again, the appreciation of conditions is as essential to man's happiness as the things themselves, and until we grow into this condition, the revelations, if they could be made, would only give pain, and such is not the divine economy.

Certain predictions must ever be confined to the unalterable events of the future, and when these are clearly seen by the soul they may be positively predicted.

Many of the others are subject to nice calculation and wise conjecture. But there are a large number of events that must ever remain in the domain of the uncertain, and of which no positive or very probable prediction can be made.

And the soul that is most profoundly versed in the knowledge of the fixed events of the future will be better able than any other to predict events in these fields where to our vision chance seems to reign, but does not, for there are laws that govern even the most transient and superficial motions of matter in the universe, and not a sparrow falls to the ground except in accordance with law, and the hairs of your head are all numbered; but events have different value and significance, though each fills its place and performs its appointed mission in the divine economy.

Prison Unlocked by a Spirit!

We are acquainted with a gentleman, now in the spirit world, who was actually taken out of prison by the agency of a spirit! Being an excellent medium, often entranced, and very successful as a speaker and healer, he incurred the sanctimonious ire, of course, of all the churchal gentry in the land. The persecuting authorities succeeded at last in arresting him on false pretense, for being a public agitator, whose preaching was dangerous to the government of august priests. Finding him guilty, they threw him into jail, and placed him under the guard of several armed men.

One night, whilst asleep between two of them, locked fast in chains, all of a sudden a magnetic light flashed into his cell, intensifying the slumbers of his keepers; and, with noiseless tread, a spirit walked direct for our friend, whom he touched on his side, when instantly the chains snapped and fell broken at his feet. This done, he was ordered to rise and prepare for a swift exit. Carefully they passed by the guards without disturbing a single slumberer. On arriving at the iron door, the spirit ordered it to open, when, as if a thing of life, it unlocked with a gentle sound, and, joy inexpressible, they were free! They walked together the entire length of one street, when the spirit vanished out of sight. Up to this moment, all seemed to him merely a vision, but coming out of the trance,

behold he was emancipated, groping his way alone in the darkness of the silent city. Instinctively he turned into an obscure lane and knocked at the door of a house where a company of Spiritualists were having a spiritual circle to invest their supposed imprisoned brother in the protection of angelic influences. They supposed the rapping was one of the spirit manifestations, and as it was on the outer door, one of the women mediums opened it and there greeted, as she thought, the familiar guardian of our friend. Strange, indeed, the spirit personage was the man himself! It was a perfect consummation of their prayer.

The next day all the city was in an uproar, because of the spiritual manifestations; the church dignities regarded it as the work of the devil—of course! Verily, we live in startling times. Let the aristocrats of the church take heed, for all their chains and locks and prisons will be broken, and themselves cast out of office. Nothing can confine the spirits; they are searchers of hearts; they are they whom the Divine makes "ministers of flaming fire." *

For The Spiritual Republic.

Independent Tests.

BY O. S. POSTON.

There are numerous phases of mediumship which furnish to minds differently organized evidence of spirit, power, and presence. Those who are skeptical and prejudiced against the manifestations, endeavor to explain them upon some other hypothesis, and attribute them to electricity or the clairvoyant capacity of the medium.

I admit that a great many spirit communications purporting to come from individuals whom we have known in the earth life, are vague and unsatisfactory; and to those who are very critical and disposed to doubt every thing not proved by the most conclusive testimony, do not establish the identity of the spirit professing to communicate.

I have received many communications through different mediums that did not impress me as anything more than the clairvoyance of the medium.

The question arises, are there no tests that may be considered satisfactory as furnishing conclusive evidence of the presence of the identical spirits professing to communicate?

I answer, there are such tests which exclude every other hypothesis. Those to which I allude have been characterized by the statement of facts and dates afterwards ascertained to be true, which neither the medium nor any one present were cognizant of at the time of the *seance*; and on such occasions the spirit has generally come unsolicited and unexpected.

I was originally very skeptical regarding the genuineness of the spiritual communications, and hearing that a medium had arrived at the village where I resided, I called to see her and requested a *seance*. We were entire strangers to each other, and she did not so much as know my name.

I inquired, during the *seance*, if any one related to me was present? In reply, it was rapped out that John Poston, my cousin, was present. He said he died in Clarke county, Ky. I then inquired as to the time he died, concerning which I had no personal knowledge. The time was designated by the raps; I noted it down; and the matter stood in doubt till I went to Clarke county, Ky., and examined the family record, and I was somewhat astonished to find the statement accurate in every respect. In that case there was a memory of facts outside of the circle.

Again, in April, 1864, I was on a visit to Chicago, and another man and myself visited Mrs. Genung, a trance medium of this city. A short time after the *seance* commenced, she began to breathe with difficulty, and her limbs contracted several times spasmodically. She then stated that a spirit had approached that was very unhappy, though he had not committed any crime; that in his earth life he had associated intimately with me and still was attracted to me; that he had passed abruptly from life; that his name was John —; I had no conception of what spirit was communicating until she mentioned the name, and I then recognized him at once as one who, a few years before, died in a fit with similar spasms and stentorian breathing, as assumed by the medium to represent his death scene. The medium and myself were entire strangers, and I had not thought of the spirit that manifested himself for some time previously. In that case, there was a spontaneous manifestation, stating facts independent of the volition of any person in the circle.

On another occasion, whilst sitting last winter for development with Mrs. Abbott, I wrote names of several persons I had known in the earth life, and among others the name of James Harlan. I requested the latter spirit to write his name, if practicable, in his own handwriting. My hand commenced moving and wrote the words, "Yours very truly, James Harlan," in a handwriting similar to the handwriting of the deceased. I was somewhat surprised at his writing the words, "Yours very truly," previous to his name, which was his usual style of closing his letters to me. I was at the time only expecting his signature, and was satisfied that no co-operation of mine had contributed to it, as I was only expecting his signature.

Chicago, Ill., January, 1867.

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL REFORM.

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

Capital and Labor.

"The autumn winds blow shrill and cold,
Bleak winter soon will come;
Heaven help the poor—protect the old—
And give to all a home."
Thus often does the rich man pray,
With solemn tone and word;
But, oh! how seldom does he say,
"I'll be thine agent, Lord.

"The needy that around me live
Shall have my daily care,
And from Thy treasure lent, I'll give
To all who need a share.
And as this wealth is fast increased,
By laboring needy men,
I will not grudgingly withhold
The profits due to them."

But, no! he has no goods to waste;
He has no time to spare;
So offering them to heaven for help,
His conscience eased, he leaves them there,
And turns his thoughts to earth again,
His factory or his farm,
And studies how to increase his wealth
By the laborer's sinewy arm.

And how to get from labor most,
And in return give least,
He cares not if his workmen starve,
If he can only feast.
And so he'll make their wages less,
Grind down with iron heel,
Until in poverty's distress
E'en manhood scarce they feel.
Men with God's impress in their soul,
His likeness on their brow,
Obeying heaven's command to toil,
Must slaves before him bow.

Arouse, ye laborers! Take a new
And nobler view of life;
Cast off these base, degrading chains,
Be manly in the strife;
Unite with brotherly accord,
In love, sincere and true,
And, standing firm, demand the rights
So long and justly due.

What are those rights? For every hour
Of toil sufficient pay
To make your homes less comfortless,
'And keep grim Want away;
To lighten the too heavy load
We, weary wives, now bear;
To feed and clothe your little ones
And have some time to spare,
Neglected minds to cultivate,
To study and reflect,
And fit yourselves for usefulness,
Where duty may direct.

But struggle not for this alone,
For principle contend;
Make Labor honored and revered,
Be this your aim and end.
And raise the humblest laborers,
At least to stand beside
The men, who live from off their toil,
In indolence and pride.

For The Spiritual Republic.

Reconstruction of Political Parties.

BY H. H. MARSH.

"United we stand, divided we fall," is a motto so old as to have become almost axiomatic.

It is almost equally true that conservatism has reduced it to practice, while the radical and liberal elements, from isolation of position, have been obliged to act almost wholly in individual capacities.

Though individualization is a loss of immediate power, it has its compensations; is that germ which forever pushes itself up from the level of the common thought, and in the mental as in the physical world is the only condition through which new genera and species can possibly be evolved.

To diversify is nature's progressive process; from the lowest to the highest vegetable forms perfection is approximated in exact ratio to the multifariousness of the several parts of the organism. So in the animal, the rank which it holds is determined precisely by the number of its functions, and the variety of their modes of action.

Nature is a unit and makes no exceptions; mind ever is perfected in proportion to the variety of its thoughts; the social body varies its common expression by bursting into new springs through the projected forces of individual ideas.

Little is ever done by immense strides; nothing by miracle.

The individualized thoughts of one age become the common property of the next. Progress is like a ladder, in the ascent of which we must rest upon each round for a greater or less period. All seeming rests are preparations for higher ascents.

So in the social world must the living, active, radical thought of any country or age associate at intervals to form new religious or political bodies, as soils from which may spring fresher and higher growths.

Let us make the practical application. Our time is distinguished by its scientific discoveries, many inventions, new inspirations, and free thoughts.

The radicals of the century with a youthful but aggressive front, so strong as almost to defy the restraints of the past, are yet clothed in the garments of their ancestors. Judged by their surroundings, they seem like their fathers.

While the wine is new the bottles are old, the danger is that if the relation be continued the wine will burst the bottles and both be destroyed.

Such now is the condition of the American mind, such the crisis of its civilization—new wine in old bottles—the ideas of the nineteenth, cramped, distorted, yet struggling with energy to free themselves from the institutions of the eighteenth and previous centuries.

The contest is unequal; new, active forces are ever too strong for the hoary ones of previous eras; age has always succumbed when arrayed against the vigor of youth. This youthful champion is not dead or sleeping. His thoroughly aggressive boldness of position becomes success; what he claimed yesterday is wholly unsatisfactory to-day.

He propounds questions which are pregnant with the acts of all future time—questions which must be answered; makes issues which must be met face to face, which have been so long evaded as to render further suppression impossible.

Can these radical advances be permanently maintained while flanked by the old conditions?

Conservatism does not weaken her lines, though she hesitates as to the mode of attack. While churches are compelled on the one hand to admit scientific truths, on the other they are consolidating their forces for the defence of the old dogmas.

While the laborer is being educated as never before, the financier is also constructing machinery hitherto unknown for the accumulation of capital. Political parties here and there absorb fresh thoughts, but in the main are copied from old models, and practically given us laws based upon the feudalism of the middle ages.

As a political organization the Republican party of to-day is much in advance of any known; still it is full of abuses, and seems utterly inadequate to represent present social wants.

Early in the war just passed, its highest official declaration of principles was American Union.

Later, as a necessity, it decreed negro emancipation.

Here it resolved to take a final rest, and in the region of nominal physical liberty to dream of freedom, all the while admiring itself, and in self-praise recounting the greatness of its acts. The sleep is fitful, it is suddenly awakened from its rose-colored dreams by the cry of "impartial suffrage."

The emancipated chattel demands the name of man.

Hesitatingly the party considers, re-considers, but to be awakened by the still more startling shout: Man is superior to all institutions! Man is the creator, institutions the created. Labor is the only capital.

Such are the voices which are now swelling every breeze, voices which will be heard, whose claims must be satisfied.

Demands so radical, so agrarian, were never before made upon any body of legislators.

The resolves that the laborer has the right to fix the hours of his work; that he has not only the right but the determination to educate as thoroughly as any class whatever, are such as must necessarily unsettle all present relations.

"Knowledge is power." When the laborer strives manfully to reduce to practice this the most sublime of all oracles, "Know Thyself," he ceases to be the tool of classes who, by virtue of educational superiority, have always managed to occupy the position of social governors.

This indefinite increase of knowledge must result in corresponding accretions of wealth, as also in time it must abolish the relation of employer and employed.

Already the masses begin to see that in order to control their own finances, self-employment is as much a requisite as is the ownership of the material body to physical life. Profits upon labor, like interest upon money, become an ever and self-increasing power, which in the end must own both labor and laborer.

Men begin to ask: Is labor capital?

If so, is the labor of previous centuries superior to that of the present time? If not, why should it have the power to rob the latter of its earnings?

Is any system just which allows the accumulated representations of past labor to enslave the present laborer?

Why should a single dollar kept at interest a few centuries represent all the wealth and command all the labor of the world?

In proportion as people think and educate, do they see the glaring injustice of whole communities of unborn children being deprived of their earnings by the shrewd financiering of persons who perpetuate themselves and their power through the inheritance of hereditary wealth.

English law entails land to the oldest son. American, with a trifle more of liberality, values to those in which the infusion of the same blood is strongest.

The future question, besides which the one of negro emancipation appears a pigmy, is this: How are these fossils of the past to be replaced by living organisms?

Evidently the work is too big for individual enterprise.

Observation teaches us that when a great manufactory is to be erected, that a company is formed for that purpose; that if a railroad or a telegraph is to be built so sure is there to be co-operation; that where a line of steamships is to be started there is always association—further, that in some cases every individual of a State becomes a stockholder, as in the New York canal system, or in that of the great United States Bank, from which we issue our greenbacks, and which we should increase in amount until all other currency is excluded. The uniformity of the success attending such enterprises, many of which have grown from the smallest beginnings, presents most hopeful examples worthy of popular imitation.

As the prominent object of most of these corporations is money making, it is evident that their lessons must be accepted as suggestive, or if adopted in part, only after severe modifications.

The only apparent means to effect needed reforms is found in associated action, and the combination of numerous associations must naturally result in the formation of a political party.

Whether this is to come through construction or positive re-construction, is a question to which many radicals even find it difficult to give a definite opinion. After mature reflection it will be doubted whether the scion is not too large and heavy to be grafted upon any existing organization.

The assumption that there is sufficient similarity between it and the present stock to insure growth will hardly stand the test of vigorous criticism.

As in the last decade the Democratic, the Whig, and the Native American parties underwent the processes of disintegration, to reorganize upon higher and more distinctive planes, so to all appearances must there again in the near future be another momentary political chaos, previous to the advent of a people's party, pledged to the rights of man, and opposed to the privileges hitherto conceded to institutions.

While a more perfect protection must be thrown around the individual, many reformers have this to learn, that only through compact political affiliation can their ideas and hopes ever arrive at anything like a practical expression.

We might enlarge without limit upon the details and effects of such compact action; upon the more equal diffusion of wealth; upon the impossibility of avoiding universal education in the end; upon more rational justice generated by a so well instructed selfishness or the constantly increasing glow of millennial conditions.

But the design of this article is only to show how a few of the causes now operative must result in a political reconstruction deeper and more ultra than any preceding one.

That at no very distant day a lofty education is to take the place of unthinking partyism, scarcely admits a doubt, but time seems too short for it to become to any great extent a power in the coming struggle.

Thunder, lightning and storm must precede a pure air and serene sky. Apparently the ignorance created by the slavery of capital must be used for a common self-destruction.

Perhaps so much of the unreasoning element as is to be found among the lowest laborers is necessary fuel for the production of a white heat sufficient to melt structures of such age and solidity.

If the demand for equal rights, universal suffrage and full labor compensation be made in the spirit of bitterness; if in the strife all the lowest animal passions shall be aroused to vindictiveness; if in its intensity they should smother the little of temperance and reason not crushed out by poverty; there remains to be asked these questions: Where rests the responsibility?

Who has educated the masses? Rather, who has rendered their education impossible?

Who, by the machinery of law and trade, has exacted so much of physical as almost to preclude mental exertion?

Who, in systematized ignorance, has stored a mine of gunpowder which a spark of liberty may explode at any instant?

It is impossible to reap a desirable harvest at once from an overcropped soil.

With so much of injustice in every stratum from which its components are derived, a hope that we can imperceptibly glide into the right without a transition period marked by great upheavals, seems almost reckless.

We must quit the region of the ideal to work in the lowest positions; come down to life as it is in its every day.

garb, and win our way by common sense methods. Visionary schemes and superficial reforms alike aggravate the disease. We cannot have pure water until the fountain is purified.

The social deeps must be tempest-tossed. As before intimated, we have no true society, no real republic.

Neither has yet dawned.

Our codes are legitimate descendants of English law; what we call civilization, with a few additions, a reprint from the same source; our politics a startling commentary upon the infidelity of both nations to the true principles of religion, love and labor; our liberty a white-washed statue.

But a real, genuine democracy is before us; it is of the future, not the past; it springs from the ruled, not the ruler; it comes not from any party or sect, but all the liberal impulses of the national life; it is not to be produced by spasmodic or individual action, but by the wealth of popular association.

Though the political may be one among the first steps to be taken, association will not cease, but by combination and re-combination every workman shall become a partner in a palace, student of a college, owner of his own time, self-employed without wages, individualized men and women, secure in their rights through association.

Constitution of the Spiritual Association for the Promotion of Social Science.

ADOPTED DECEMBER 4TH, 1866.

ARTICLE 1. This Society shall be called the Spiritual Association for the Promotion of Social Science.

ART. 2. Its objects are to aid the development of combined spiritual and material science for the purpose of uprooting the causes and alleviating the effects of vice.

In this spirit it will aim to destroy ignorance by prevention rather than cure; by the universal dissemination of practical education; the amendment of laws; the adoption of natural sanitary and governmental regulations; demonstrating that a true order of association is the only foundation to a high civilization.

As more specific announcements, it will boldly declare, as fundamental principles, that no true society can exist upon the basis of caste; that all idleness is vice; that all well directed industry is virtue; that labor should be the passport to respectability; that mental and moral are superior to material wealth; that education is not more the business of youth than after life; that the lowest types of humanity are parts of a common brotherhood, children of a common parent; that the social and political rights of the sexes are equal; that society is responsible for all crime, and that a harmonious unfolding of the inner and outer life is the perfection of human existence.

Further, it will strive, by every possible means, to interweave these principles into every department of society, and make them the genius of future American institutions.

ART. 3. The officers of this Association shall be a President, two Vice Presidents, a Recording Secretary, a Corresponding Secretary, a Treasurer, and five Directors, who shall constitute an Executive Committee, a majority of whom shall constitute a quorum. The fifth Director shall act as Librarian.

These officers shall be chosen annually by ballot on the 1st Monday of January, and shall hold office until their successors are elected.

ART. 4. The regular meetings of this Association shall be held on the first Monday of each month, and may be adjourned from time to time.

ART. 5. Any person may become a member of this Association by a majority vote of all persons present at any regular meeting, subscribing to this Constitution and paying fifty cents per month.

ART. 6. None but regular members shall have the privilege of voting in the meetings, and no others of taking part in the discussions, except by invitation of the presiding officer.

ART. 7. The Executive Committee shall have power to appoint from its members special committees of three each, to take charge of the various departments of labor in which the Association may engage.

ART. 8. Any member who shall be three months in arrears shall not be entitled to vote until all dues are paid, unless by consent of a majority of the members present at any meeting.

ART. 9. One-fourth of the regular members shall constitute a quorum at any meeting of the Association.

ART. 10. Special meetings of the Association may be called by the Executive Committee, on the written request of ten regular members.

ART. 11. The Association shall after due notice have power at any regular meeting to make, alter and amend By-Laws for its government and regulation, not inconsistent with this Constitution.

ART. 12. This Constitution may be amended, or assessment made, at any regular meeting, notice to that effect having been given at the preceding regular meeting—it being the duty of the Corresponding Secretary to notify absent members.

THE USHER.

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

On January 2, 1867, Mr. AMOS WILLSON, of Galesburg, Mich., passed to the Summer Land. He had the blessed assurance that he should meet and know his friends in that fair clime. E. W. H.

Passed to the Summer Land, from Chicago, on Monday, January 14th, MARY EMMA, daughter of Daniel D. and Esther Richards, aged 15 months. Peace to thee, sweet bud of promise.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

No, SIR!—It is true that the popular remedy known as Coe's Cough Balsam does not dry up a cough, but loosens it so that the patient can expectorate freely. Give it to the children freely and take it yourself for bad colds.

It does not take a week to receive benefit from Coe's Dyspepsia Cure. It will immediately relieve pain in the stomach, souring or rising of food, and cure the worst cases of Dyspepsia.

IN USE FIVE YEARS, AND NOT A DAY OUT OF ORDER IN THAT TIME.—Mr. Wm. A. West, of Dry Run, Pa., says: "We have had one of the Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing Machines in use over five years, and it has not been a day out of running order in that time. We would not exchange it with our neighbors for the Wheeler & Wilson, or Grover & Baker, though I have nothing to say disparagingly of them."

VALUABLE USES OF MAGNETISM.—Dr. J. Wilbur, of Milwaukee, Wis., has removed his office to 112 Mason street, one street north of the Post office. He uses no medicine whatever, yet he challenges competition from prescribers of drugs and nostrums. Patients at a distance are cured by magnetized paper. All that is required is a superscribed envelope and fifteen cents. Magnetized paper and consultation free to all who call at his office. Office hours from 10 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 P. M., and 7 to 9 P. M. 3-10-4f

POLAND'S MAGIC BILIOUS POWDERS.—These powders are a sure cure for liver complaint, and all billious derangements. They never fail. Can be obtained at all drug stores, or by mail. Price 50 cents. C. G. CLARK & Co., New Haven, Conn. Fuller, Finch & Fuller, Chicago, General Agents. 3-3-1y

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

MEDICAL NOTICE.—Dr. Henry Slade, Clairvoyant Physician, will examine the sick in person, or by hair, in his office, Merriman Block, Jackson, Mich., every Friday and Saturday. Terms for examination, \$2. The money should accompany orders. 15-1f

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—The Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists meets every Sunday evening in Black's Musical Institute, [Palmer's Hall], Main street. Public Circle Thursday evening. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at the same place every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.

MEETINGS AT CHICAGO.—Regular morning and evening meetings are held by the First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago, every Sunday, at Crosby's Music Hall—entrance on State street. Hours of meeting at 10½ A. M., and 7½ P. M.

Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at the same hall every Sunday at 12:30 P. M.

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

QUINCY, ILL.—The Association of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress meet every Sunday, at 2½ P. M., for conference and addresses. Hall, No. 130 Main street, third floor.

STURGIS, MICH.—Regular meetings of the "Harmonical Society" morning and evening in the "Free Church." Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at the same place at 12:30 P. M.

CINCINNATI.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati, hold regular meetings on Sundays, at Metropolitan Hall, corner Walnut and Ninth streets at 11 A. M., and 7½ P. M.

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

CLEVELAND, O.—Regular meetings every Sunday in Temperance Hall, on Superior street, at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds its sessions every Sunday at 1 P. M.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The "Society of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress" hold regular meetings every Sunday at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Seats free.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same Hall every Sunday afternoon, at 2½ o'clock.

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

WORCESTER, MASS.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 11½ A. M. every Sunday.

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

The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at the same Hall every Sunday afternoon at 2½ o'clock.

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

OSWEGO, N. Y.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 2½ and 7½ P. M., in Lyceum Hall, West Second, near Bridge street. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 12½ P. M.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Waybosset street, Sunday afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7½ o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10½ o'clock.

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

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

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

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

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

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Association of Spiritualists hold meetings and have addresses by able speakers, in Union League Hall, every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M.

SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

SPEAKERS for whom we advertise are solicited to act as agents for THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

Rev. Orrin Abbott. Address Chicago, Ill.

J. Madison Allyn, trance and inspirational speaker. Address, Woodstock, Vt., care of Thomas Middleton.

C. Fannie Allyn, Inspirational Speaker. Address, Ludlow, Vt., till January 1st, 1867.

Mrs. N. R. Andross. Address Dilton, Sauk Co., Wis.

Rev. Adin Ballou, Hopedale, Mass.

S. M. Beck, inspirational and normal speaker. Address Rochester, Olmstead county, Minn.

Lovel Beebe, trance speaker, North Ridgeville, Ohio.

Mrs. E. A. Bliss, Troy, N. Y.

M. C. Brent, inspirational speaker. Address Pardeeville, Wis.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown. Address drawer 6325 Chicago, Ill.

B. J. Butts. Address Hopedale, Mass.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes. Address 87 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Warren Chase. Address 544 Broadway, New York.

Henry T. Child, M. D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Prof. J. Edwin Churchhill. Address Pontiac, Mich.

Dean Clark, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address Brandon, Vt.

Mrs. Eliza C. Clark, inspirational speaker. Address care of Banner of Light office.

Mrs. Amelia H. Colby, trance speaker, Monmouth, Ill.

Dr. James Cooper, Bellefontaine, O.

Mrs. Augusta A. Currier. Address box 815, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy's address is San Francisco, Cal.

Andrew Jackson and Mary F. Davis can be addressed at Orange, N. J.

Mrs. A. P. M. Davis will answer calls to lecture. Address Box 1156, Bloomington, Ill.

Miss Lizzie Doten lectures in New York during January and February. Address Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

Dr. E. C. Dunn. Address Rockford, Ill.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield, trance speaker. Address Berlin, Wis.

Rev. James Francis will answer calls to lecture. Address, Estherville, Emmet co., Iowa.

S. J. Finney lectures in Troy, N. Y., January and February; Philadelphia, Penn., March. Address accordingly, or Ann Arbor, Mich.

A. T. Foss, speaks in Portland, Me., during January. Permanent address, Manchester, N. H.

Mrs. Laura DeForce Gordon will remain in Colorado Territory until the spring of 1867, when she designs visiting California. Friends on the Pacific coast who desire her services are requested to write at their earliest possible convenience. Permanent address, (until further notice,) Denver City, Colorado Territory.

Isaac P. Greenleaf. Address Lowell, Mass.

N. S. Greenleaf. Address Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge will lecture in New York (Dodworth Hall) during December, January and February; in St. Louis during March and April; in Cincinnati during May; in Chicago during June, July and August. Mrs. Hardinge takes the Atlantic and Great Western Road going West, and can give a few more week evening lectures and one more Sunday, on her journey. Address 8 4th avenue, New York.

J. B. Harrison, Bloomington, Ill.

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

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

Susie M. Johnson, lectures in Oswego, N. Y., during January. Will answer calls to lecture in the west.

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

J. S. Loveland lectures in Monmouth, Ill., during January; in Havana, Ill., during February. Address accordingly.

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

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

L. Judd Pardee. Address, Boston, Mass.

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Mrs. Lydia Ann Pearsall, inspirational speaker, Disco, Mich.

J. M. Peebles, box 1402, Cincinnati, Ohio.

J. L. Potter. Address, Burns, La Crosse Co, Wis.

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Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

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

Elijah Woodworth will lecture near Coldwater, in Branch Co., Mich., during January and February.

N. Frank White will lecture in Louisville, Ky., during January and February, 1867; in Cincinnati, Ohio, during March and April; in Battle Creek, Mich., during May; in Oswego, N. Y., during June. Will answer calls to lecture week evenings in vicinity of Sunday appointments.

Mrs. E. E. Warner will lecture in Sturgis, Michigan, January, and in Beloit, Wis., the Sundays of February, March and April, 1867. Address accordingly, or Box 14, Berlin, Wis.

A. B. Whiting, Albion, Mich.

E. Whipple lectures on Geology, History, and Spiritualism. Address Sturgis, Mich.

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F. L. H. Willis, M. D. Address care of Banner of Light.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson will lecture in Central and Southern Indiana in January and February, and may be addressed in care of Wm. Lynn, Muncie, Ind. Those wishing her services in January and February should apply immediately.

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Miss H. Maria Worthing, trance speaker, Oswego, Ill.

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Lola Walsbrooker can be addressed at Union Lakes, Rice Co., Minn., care of Mrs. L. A. F. Swain, till further notice.

Mrs. Alcinda Wilhelm, M.D., (Inspirational Speaker,) will lecture in Detroit, Mich., during January; will remain in the vicinity during February and March. Address—care of H. N. F. Lewis, Detroit.

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