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## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

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

For The Spiritual Republic.

### The Snow.

BY A. A. WHELOCK.

Hail to the snow—the beautiful snow,  
Whirling and eddying fast and slow  
Emblem so pure, as it falls below,  
Is the soft, broad mantle of fleecy snow.

It comes with light and noiseless tread,  
It falls alike upon living and dead.  
Without a warning of noise or sound  
Cold winter's mantle is spread around.

The blossoms of spring are hid from view,  
Entombed in snow are the old and new.  
The glory of summer, the gloom of fall  
Are shrouded now in a snow white pall.

The icy chains of winter's king,  
Binding and fettering each living thing,  
Asserts the reign of law supreme  
O'er Nature's wide and vast domain.

St. John's, Mich., January 30th, 1867.

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 XVIII.—(CONTINUED.)

"Am I intruding, Miss Maude?" she asked. "The servant told me that your mamma was not at home, so I came in to see you and Eva."

Maude rose with a blush and gave him welcome, and then he gravely greeted Rebecca. It was the first time they had met since she had left his house, and there was a trifle of embarrassment on the part of both.

"Don't let me interrupt your employments," he said, taking up the book which Maude had laid down. "What, reading Virgil?"

"Yes, Miss Rebecca is so kind as to assist me with my lesson. I'm not so brilliant at Latin as my mother's daughter ought to be."

Mr. Gladstone made some gallant reply, his thoughts meantime preoccupied with this strange and perpetually recurring enigma of a child's nurse, who read Virgil, and had the manners of a lady. A little of that curiosity which is inseparable from the masculine organization, where a woman of unknown antecedents is concerned, broke out in Mr. Gladstone. He had not forgotten his encounter with her of old, and did not mean to renew it, but in a quiet way he began to make advances toward a farther acquaintance.

"You are fond of the classics, Miss March?" he asked.

"Yes, rather, though my knowledge of them is now a thing of the past."

"The literature of the day is so voluminous that one finds little time to go back to the stateliness of antiquity. How very solid and substantial things seem to have been in those old days. So little of the stir and ferment of our times about them."

"Yet the last days of the empire, the breaking down of the old civilization, and the making ready for the new must have engendered elements of discord quite as restless and fierce as any strife of to-day. I think it is the remoteness of time which gives to those days their appearance of grand statuesque calm."

Mr. Gladstone eyed the speaker closely, a smile lingering about the corners of his mouth as he did so. It was a new thing for him to hear a refined and delicate woman express herself in this wise. A learned woman was something which he had always hitherto held rather in contempt, not because of the learning, but because in his mind the idea was associated with a masculine want of refinement and delicacy. Mr. Gladstone was too true a man not to feel instinctively that the attributes of womanhood form a crown of distinction with which no intellectual laurels can vie. But a delicate womanly being who could yet offer to a man intellectual companionship, might not be so undesirable a character.

"Her learning is probably shallow," he thought. "Women are not naturally intellectual beings. It is on

the whole a blessing that they are not; but the worst that can befall, is when one of them takes to herself airs of pedantry and either utters sounding platitudes and commonplaces, or betrays herself into blunders at every step."

He went on talking with Rebecca, but instead of verifying his mental predictions, she proved herself original, piquant, sincere. Her talk was so unlike that of any man that he was forced to admit that it was thoroughly womanly, yet she betrayed an intuitive perception and a quick, inventive genius that quite removed from her the charge of superficiality.

"Miss Maude," he said at length, Rebecca having left the room for a moment, "I esteem you very fortunate in having so wise a helper in your studies. I am quite amazed that your mamma does not secure her at once as your governess."

"Oh! we should all be delighted with such an arrangement," said Maude, "but Rebecca will not be a governess."

"Indeed! why not," said Mr. Gladstone, feeling a deepening curiosity concerning this strange specimen of her sex.

"I hardly know her reasons," said Maude, "but I have heard her say that so long as the profession of teaching was so crowded, she would prefer doing something for which there were fewer competitors. Rebecca has such odd, conscientious ways," added Maude, "but mamma respects her very highly."

"Verily," thought Mr. Gladstone as he left the house, "as in the days of Paul, the world is being turned upside down. If to us politicians and outside lookers-on, it sometimes seems quite akin to the seething 'bubble, bubble, toil and trouble' of Macbeth's witches, it is certainly a good omen when the confusion of the times turns out such a charming, perplexing, fascinating little enigma as Miss Rebecca March."

And then his thoughts slipped away from this half hour of healthful recreation which he had just enjoyed, and took up again the long and arduous path which he had trodden the strong harness of labor one day's work wrought valiantly at its year long task of winning a safe vantage-ground for the soul, its master.

As for Rebecca, while she recognized the innate nobility of the man, she said to herself,

"He has no true idea of a woman's worth and dignity. How should he have, indeed, having lived so long with that strangely weak creature his wife? Still I do not like to talk to him; I am thankful that our ways in life do not lie near each other. I feel out of sympathy with him, and am always disturbed by meeting him. And yet—somehow, he is not an ordinary man."

### CHAPTER XIX.

A TILT WITH A DOMINE.

Spring had come about for the third time since Rebecca had gone to Mr. Linscott's, and that gentleman finding how useful and withal agreeable a member of his family circle she had become, began to think of making the arrangement permanent. At first the uncertainty enveloping her history had made him look very doubtfully upon any such schemes, if ever, as is not unlikely, the pleasant ray of her brown eye or the genial warmth of her smile, had smitten persuasively upon his heart. By degrees that feeling had worn off, but another misgiving had beset him.

Rebecca was a great reader. That in itself pleased him; he had been delighted with the industry she had shown in going over his really fine library, and making herself acquainted with the best authors in it. But recently he had once or twice known of her reading other books; not perhaps decidedly bad in themselves, but which, according to Mr. Linscott's ideas, no woman could profitably read, books that were strong meat even for men of his own decided faith and well established character. Worse than this she had dropped remarks now and then which indicated that she had a leaning toward what Mr. Linscott called "strong-minded-ness." If there was anything which Mr. Linscott abominated, it was a strong minded woman. He was fond of saying that he agreed with Paul exactly concerning women. They were good, excellent, necessary in their place, but a misery and detestation out of their place. They were evidently an after thought of the Creator, and I believe that when Mr. Linscott's mind was inflamed by reading, as he would read the reports of Woman's Rights conventions, he was ready to assert that they were the one blunder in the whole plan of creation. The idea of endowing a plainly inferior animal with such persistent and unreasonable aspirations after equality, was an inconsistency which he could not understand. If Mr. Linscott had been an Ahasuerus he would have needed no princes or govern-

nors to have suggested the expulsion of these Vashtis. Forthwith they would have gone down to exceeding deep oblivion.

Oh! women who have to deal with men like these, be wife. Be softly spoken Esthers, and never stroke the royal fur for the wrong way. So shall you prosper and obtain all your desires.

If my unworthy heroine had had an eye to the vacant honors of the household, I sincerely hope she would have been wise enough to have heeded this admonition. But fortunately for my story, which otherwise would have been ignominiously quashed at this present stage of proceeding, she had not. Therefore, though she was aware of the cloud no bigger than a man's hand upon her horizon, she would not compromise her ideas of truth, by any dishonest endeavors to arrest it. She did not desire to precipitate herself into any such 'boiling' cauldron as she well knew such a controversy would be, but if Mr. Linscott had determined upon it, it must come. She could not always practice silence or circumlocution, and when the hour arrived, angels and ministers of grace defend the right, for there would be no cry of quarter on either side.

It was on Sunday afternoon that the trumpet sounded. An agent had preached in the morning and after dinner had gone his way. The house was still and Rebecca sat with a book in her hands—Miss Hannah More's Devotions, or something equally innocent, when Mr. Linscott entered the room. He made some remark concerning the weather, but very soon opened upon the subject nearest his heart.

"Miss March," he said, "sundry small hints which you have lately dropped, have led me to suspect that you have somehow imbibed dangerous and heretical notions. As a minister of the gospel, and particularly as your pastor, I feel it my duty to inquire into the matter, and if I find you in error, as I most sincerely hope I may not, kindly and with all Christian love and tenderness to set you right."

Rebecca felt her heart sink within her. She had so often heard Mr. Linscott and men of his caliber assert that women are not equal to argument, but can only, at the utmost scold; she knew that a woman's way of stating things, whenever it differs from a man's, though it be equally truthful, is usually greeted with such open disrespect by men, that she shrank from the contest. But duty is duty, and hers just now she felt to be to stand her ground, and use as best she might, such weapons of defence as her Maker had provided her with. Therefore she said,

"Thank you. I am not aware of having departed from the faith of the Bible. If I have, upon proper showing I shall most gladly return to it. May I ask upon what points your doubts have presented themselves?"

"It is perhaps rather a delicate matter to handle, since you may fancy that I am doing despite to your sex, which no man is farther from wishing to do than I. But the Bible so plainly teaches that the position of woman is secondary and inferior to that of man, that when I see a lady whom I respect and admire, leaning towards the newfangled views which some bold, bad women are advancing, concerning the equality of the sexes;—views which fly in the face of reason, common sense and religion,—to their peril, as I truly believe, of their spiritual welfare, it becomes impossible for me to hold my peace."

"It is useless to fly in the face of reason, common sense, or religion," said Rebecca, quietly, "since any claim which not only does not accord with all these, but which in fact is not solidly based upon them, cannot for a moment sustain its own weight, much less resist the attacks of its opponents. But let us examine the matter and find, if we can, what the Bible, and reason, and common sense do teach concerning it."

"Most gladly, and since we mean to be thorough, we will commence at the creation. Adam was made first and then Eve."

"The brutes were made first and then Adam," rejoined Rebecca, quietly.

"Yes," replied Mr. Linscott, "I have heard that argument before. But it seems to be forgotten that Eve's creation was, after all, only supplementary to that of Adam. She was formed from his rib."

"Possible, because the earth was too coarse a substance to be compatible with the finer uses for which she was designed. If there was so little of the material element in her there must have been a great deal of God's spirit, since of these two are human beings composed."

"Rebecca, this is puerile, childish. If there was more of God's spirit in her how happened it that she was first to transgress?"

"Because the serpent first tempted her, knowing that

being more spiritual in her nature she had higher aspirations after heavenly knowledge."

"This is quite contrary to all received teachings. It is true that many commentators allow that woman was created equal with man, though I think that there are passages in the writings of Paul which fairly create a doubt upon the subject; but the very language of the curse pronounced upon her makes it evident that thereafter she was certainly degraded to an inferior rank. 'Thy desire shall be to thy husband and he shall rule over thee.'"

"Man has long ago discovered that the sentence to labor is full of beneficence and wisdom, and I do not believe that a one-sided justice was displayed in this matter. If woman was consigned to the duties of the home, it was for a wise and good purpose, not incompatible with her highest and purest estate. Furthermore, if the curse fell heaviest upon her, which in nowise appears to me, the promise was solely to her. If she was first in the transgression she was, so far as man was concerned, alone in the redemption. Only the pure and passionless nature of woman was found worthy to co-operate with Divinity in that great transaction."

Mr. Linscott began to see the danger of drifting away from his usual soundings into unknown and dangerous seas, and to cast about rather hastily for something old and stable to anchor to.

"Rebecca," he exclaimed, rather more violently than perhaps he intended, "such perversions of God's word are very painful to witness. The Bible is to be understood by comparing different portions of it. You cannot be ignorant that the Mosaic law made several plain discriminations against woman. It accounted her ever the weaker and more infirm portion of the race, both on account of physical and mental inferiority. Moreover, after the building of the temple, women were not allowed to worship in the sacred portion of it, but were restricted to the outer court."

"To the law of Moses, so far as it related to the infirmities of woman, if that is the proper term for them, no woman can object except upon the score of its laxity. As it stands it is scarcely a sufficient barrier to the lust and rapacity of the men of those times. It is a fact which I wish you to notice, moreover, that while in the dedication of the first temple, there is no mention made of women as participating in the services; in the account of the second dedication they are prominently mentioned. It is well to reflect, too, that while it was Solomon, the licentious keeper of a harem more numerous than that of the arch-polygamist of the present day, who excluded them, it was Ezra and Nehemiah, holy men and prophets of the Lord, who welcomed them to the scene of the greatest public event of the time. For the rest, the condition of woman in the Old Testament world was certainly as a general thing sufficiently cramped, but I still believe that the Divine intention was protection and not persecution. The woman was sternly commanded and obliged to confine herself to the duties and subserviences of the home; but in an age when the sister was not always safe from outrage at the hand of the brother; when David, the man after God's own heart, was still gross enough to commit a crime which in these days would forever brand a man and particularly a religious teacher with ignominy, is it unfair to suppose that the worship of men in the house of God would have been distracted and profaned by unholy thoughts, if women had mingled indiscriminately in it? Certainly it was not a time in which woman could safely be a public worker. The leaven of her pure nature must be hidden in the home, till that should be purified and so the bounds of her sphere be enlarged by a natural necessity.

"Meanwhile God did not leave the sex without a witness. More than once when Israel was compassed about with foes, and her men were powerless by reason of their sin for its salvation, a woman's hand brought deliverance. If there was a prophet to be saved from the fury of the licentious mob who ruled at the court, it was a woman who concealed and nourished him. If the heart of a heathen king was to be softened, that the sacred nation might be preserved, it was by woman's agency that the deed was accomplished. And so Miriam and Deborah and the Widow of Zarepach, and the gentle Queen of Persia, kept alive the faith in the nobility and purity of womanhood, till in the fullness of time the world should become worthy of her presence, whom the Maker had foretold in the garden, and the promise on which the world had hung for four thousand years should be fulfilled."

"That Christ was born of woman is a fact to be accounted for upon physiological rather than moral grounds. But I wish you to observe that in spite of all your ingenious manipulating of received truth, in spite of all the grimaces you make in swallowing what you cannot make way with, the fact still remains that in the New Testament as well as in the Old, after the birth of Christ as well as before, the doctrine of the subjection of woman is still a very prominent one. The Apostles with one accord assert and maintain it, so that were the Old Testament entirely stricken out of existence enough would still remain to confound all the Women's Rights Conventions that ever met. Ah, Rebecca, the truth of God's word has withstood the stout assaults of infidels and skeptics in all ages, men of strong

arms and devilish tempers. It is not likely to fall before the feeble rantings of a few weak, misguided women."

"In your haste, sir, you forget that I, for one, make no assault whatever upon sacred truth. I hold my Christian name, sir, as dear as you do yours. I will yield to no one in zeal for the truth of God's word, but since Luther's day there has been no need for any Christian minister to berate the humblest of his flock for standing fast by the great right of the private interpretation of that Word. The Bible is the same in all ages, but men progress from century to century in the knowledge as well as the love of it. Think of the modifications of Christian belief, which have transpired within the last fifty years even, and then say, if you feel the courage, that the plummet of this generation has sounded the infinite depths of revealed truth. You said, a moment ago, that the passionless birth of Christ was a matter of physiology and not of morals. I mean to show you, presently, if you will allow me, that the physical purity of woman, which made it possible for the Christ to be revealed in the flesh without the stain of human passion, has a wonderful correspondence and fulfillment in her moral nature. But for the present let us take up the teachings of the Apostles; and in the outset I must beg you to notice this difference between the law and the Gospel. In the Old Testament the fiat concerning woman is blind, dark, absolute; in the New, it is written all over with light and love and beauty."

Mr. Linscott was unable to see anything infidel or heretical in this statement, he therefore contented himself with saying:

"But at least the law is there, and expressed in no measured or doubtful terms, 'Wives, submit yourselves to your husbands.' 'Therefore as the church is subject unto Christ, let the wives be subject unto their husbands in everything.'"

"There are two propositions concerning the teachings of the Apostles on this subject, which I think can be incontrovertibly established. The first is, that they qualify very essentially the ancient absolute authority of the man over the woman, by referring it to the principle of love, as in the passage you have just quoted where Paul expressly reminds the husband that as Christ gained his headship of the church by giving his life for it, so the husband derives his authority from his power and willingness to protect the object of it. Certainly words could not convey a stronger sense of obligation than that. The second proposition is, that the Apostles of the early church generally admitted women as co-workers, in the sphere with men, in the work of spreading the faith, subject only to such restrictions as the proprieties of the times demanded. With these two propositions in view, we can hardly do better than to examine the texts which refer to them, in course."

They provided themselves with Bibles, and after a short examination of the passages which relate to the mutual relations of husband and wife, Mr. Linscott was able only faintly to deny that the command to the husband to cherish the wife is at least as strongly affirmed as the command of the wife to obey the husband; though from the fact that men have been mostly the speakers heretofore, it has never been so strongly insisted upon.

"But," read Mr. Linscott, "'the man is not of the woman, but the woman of the man. Neither was the man created for the woman, but the woman for the man.'"

"Which proves nothing as you view it," said Rebecca.

"The earth was not made for the sun, but the sun for the earth, yet astronomers would by no means accept that fact as proving that the sun is less than the earth. While it does go for much as I view it. Man was made to subdue the earth; that is, to be a worker among material things. With the strong, coarse fibre necessary to this work, the finest spiritual excellences were incompatible. Yet the earth must not be left without spiritual life and light; therefore woman was made to be a help-meet for him, not in subduing the earth, for which office she is most plainly unfit, but in preserving the sacred flames of honor and truth and love to the world; and you will please to mark how tenderly in the succeeding verses Paul guards against any wrong which his words may seem to do the woman. And this is not an isolated case of such caution. It occurs in every instance, or nearly so, where the subject is mentioned at all. It is my sincere belief that men have greatly belied the apostles, and especially Paul in this matter, for the more I study the epistles, the more I see that the writers of them entertained ideas of the female character far, very far in advance of the prevailing conceptions of their times, and though the world was not yet ripe for the complete emancipation of woman, relaxed so far as they could with safety the bonds with which the old law had bound the sex. Where, in all previous or contemporaneous literature, do you find such pure and noble ideals of female character as those which the apostles held before the women of the Christian Church. To this day, indeed, they stand unrivalled for delicacy, and dignity, and purity. Another distinction which I wish to point out to you is, that while women were restrained from teaching they were permitted to prophesy and pray. At that time the intellectual attainments of the majority of women were insignificant; but their inspirational qualities are ever superior to those of

men—and the fact of their superiority in this direction is tacitly recognized. If you add to this that the aged women—that is, the women who are released from maternal duties—are exhorted to be 'teachers of good things,' I think you will see that a very considerable field was opened for the labors of woman."

"I admit that the women of the early church enjoyed greater privileges than the women of Jewry had done; but they were never acknowledged as the equals of men."

"It was not necessary that they should be. The first duty of the woman is toward the home. Outside of that, I suppose, the most that any reasonable woman claims is the right to do as much as she can do; and it seems to me that the apostles accorded this so far as was practicable. The early church had much to contend with, and Paul especially realized—in fact, was most sensitive to—the difficulties which it must encounter from the social prejudices of the times. He sought, by every means in his power, not only in this matter, but in others—of eating food offered to idols, of circumcision, of various now almost forgotten details of ancient life and manners—to avoid unnecessary offense. It must be remembered, too, that the state of female education at that time was such that few women could have been fitted to take an equal stand with men; but Paul certainly did allow them to prophesy and pray, though not with uncovered heads, for appearance's sake—and he again and again commends the noble women of his church for their pure and loving labors in it. The female diaconate was, moreover, a well established institution, and deaconesses held equal rank with deacons—and in many instances gained more than equal renown. The name of the pious, devoted, heroic Olympias will stand side by side with that of St. Chrysostom as long as Church History endures. It was Luther and Calvin, more than Peter or Paul, who excluded women from holding office in the church."

"Really, Miss Rebecca, your eloquence is so overpowering that, I may mistake; but I think I remember a passage like this in Corinthians: 'Let your women keep silence in the churches; for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but to be under obedience, as also saith the law; and if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands.'"

"For it is a shame, a disgrace, not a sin, 'for a woman to speak in the church.' In another place is added to a somewhat similar injunction 'that the word of God be not blasphemed.' I think an impartial reading of his epistles must convince any one that Paul was powerfully influenced by this motive. But the proprieties are not immutable. The world's ideas concerning the subjection of woman have already outgrown the use of the veil, and Paul's command in that matter is as obsolete as those concerning feet washing and the salutation by kisses."

"You speak of Paul as if he were the sole author of the epistles, and not the medium of Divine revelation."

"On the contrary, I was about to remind you that they were inspired by the same spirit which rules the world today, and which has ordained that so fast as women are educated they shall become the teachers of the world. And if, this moment the influence of woman as a teacher, in the house, the school, the public print, the academy of science and the arts, could be truly weighed, I believe it would be found that it falls very little short of that of man."

"Madañ, the devil rules this world."

"That may or may not be true. But at all events this is a fact for which he is not responsible. If history teaches any one thing clearly and plainly, it is that this wonderful amelioration of the condition of woman, is the direct outgrowth of the Christian religion. In fact I have again and again heard women exhorted to zeal and gratitude on this very account, and that from the Jericho pulpit, Mr. Linscott."

"It is no doubt true that Christianity has done much for woman. It has opened many subordinate fields of labor to her, but it nevertheless unflinchingly asserts the natural and ineradicable fact of the inequality of the sexes and the inferiority of woman. You seem to forget that fact, which with all your ingenious quibbling you have not yet mastered."

"The inferiority of woman in a certain sense is a fact which I do not deny. If you consider a watch inferior as a piece of mechanism to a threshing machine, and it is, in a sense; it utterly lacks the accumulation of physical force which distinguishes the threshing machine, then I freely confess the inferiority of woman. It is upon this fact indeed that I chiefly build. A greater than Paul has said, 'He that is least among you the same shall be greatest.' And it is in the sense here intended that I hold and will most firmly maintain the spiritual superiority of woman. Whoever is great spiritually, is usually small in that material sense which is what most commends itself to the world's perceptions; witness all great poets and religious teachers. While those who are strong in that lower sense, monarchs, warriors, the kings of finance and of trade, are correspondingly weak in spiritual strength. To this general rule women are so far from being exceptions, that, as I believe, they form the one great striking example of it. 'When I am weak, then am I strong.'"

Mr. Linscott was listening intently with glittering eye, and scornful lip. Rebecca continued:

"If there were anything dark or doubtful in the utterances of the apostles on this subject, and I do not conceive that there is, it would be more than offset by the great cardinal fact, that wherever Christianity goes it carries with it the seeds of the elevation of woman. The higher the civilization, which is no more than the christianization of society, with perhaps the added element of natural growth, the higher becomes the position of woman. Compare the women of Paul's day, not with Mary Somerville and Elizabeth Browning, and Rosa Bonheur and Harriet Hosmer, if you choose to call these exceptions, and I should never cite them as the noblest examples of pure womanhood, but with the noble Christian mothers of to-day, and then tell me if Christianity puts any badge of servility or inferiority upon woman. The men of to-day are not so much in advance of the men of the old dispensation as the women are, because Christianity has never had, could never have such thorough acceptance and deep personal application at the hands of men as of women. Spiritual things are spiritually discerned, and spiritual discernment is not so much a masculine as a feminine trait."

Mr. Linscott was a good deal bewildered at the boldness of this logic. Not that it convinced him, or caused him for a moment to waver in the old faith which he had taken in with his Westminster catechism, and which the whole tenor of his life had gone to confirm. But he was so much surprised at this unheard of assumption in so quiet a person as Rebecca, that he hardly knew how to reply.

"If your views are correct," he said at last, "the Messiah should certainly have come in the person of a woman, not of a man. Perhaps you think there was some mistake about that matter."

"Not at all. When God would redeem mankind He took upon Himself the form of a man. Had He done no more the world would still have remained in sin. But He clothed Himself also in the unselfish, sacrificing spirit of a woman, and by suffering, not by doing, saved the world, foreshadowing thus the path humanity must tread before it reaches perfection. No life of Christ that has yet been written has ever expressed the full, intense significance and promise of his career, and I do not look upon it as a possible masculine achievement. No man's thought can be so level to the reach of Christ's inspiration, as a woman's intuitions; no man's heart can feel the infinite tenderness and yearning of Christ's heart as a woman's can. As only a woman could give him to the world, so only a woman can interpret him to the world."

"Rebecca, I am not certain that it is right to return any answer to such sentiments, which to my ear fall little short of blasphemy. You arraign the gospels as imperfect, and sigh that the task of writing them had not been committed to the feeble hands of woman. Could presumption go farther?"

"You quite mistake me, Mr. Linscott. I do not arraign the gospels. I simply refer to that deep yearning which the hearts of believers in all ages have felt to know more of the intimate heart-life of Jesus of Nazareth. More of the mystical relation of his divine to his human nature, and of the meaning of that relation to the soul of man, than they contain, except in hints never yet fully interpreted. I do not sigh that women should have written the gospels. The women of those days gathered honors enough and could afford to leave some gleanings to their daughters. A woman received the Christ from God, and gave him to the world; women ministered to him, believed in him, wept over him, strengthened him, all his life; were last at the cross and first at the tomb, when men betrayed and crucified him, and his disciples forsook him and fled. When faith became knowledge, to write the record of that life, and to hold it up to the view of the world was essentially the work of men. And well they managed the rough, rude breasting of popular violence, the downright stormy assertion and maintenance of truths which had been cradled at Bethlehem, nurtured at Bethany, and at Jerusalem crowned with thorns."

"Rebecca, the haughty spirit which you manifest is very unbecoming to a woman. The propagators of the faith were taken from among men, because the intellectual power necessary to such an undertaking is entirely impossible to woman. The mind of woman is naturally weak, and utterly incompetent to vast results in any given line. A simple, blind faith I grant to woman, but never intellectual greatness."

"Pardon me if I object to your way of stating the thing. I do not think, besides, that the facts will bear you out in it. I take it that the intellectual question may be incontrovertibly settled in this way. In physical strength man is undoubtedly the superior of woman, which gives to the manifestations of his intellect a certain force which woman will not and need not wish to rival. But other things being equal, there cannot be a doubt that she will develop as much intellectual capacity as man, to which her predominant emotional and spiritual nature will impart an elevation and fervor equally unattainable by him."

"I deny your premises, and as a proof that women are not capable of great undertakings, let me remind you, that great affairs in all times have ever owed their origin and

development to men. Why men shape the destinies of the race."

"Aye, but women shape the race. The difference between a man and the sum of all or certain of his ancestors, is exactly expressed by the powers and conditions of his mother during the period previous to his birth. And from the time he is born, during the most impressive period of his life, he is almost solely in the hands of women. If the making and training of races goes for anything, then the work of woman is not to be lightly estimated."

It was growing dark and Mr. Linscott did not show signs of desiring to prolong the conversation. As he opened the discussion, however, it devolved upon him to close it.

"Rebecca," he said, "I am greatly disappointed to find you so contumacious. The matter is far worse than I anticipated. I regret this the more as it may interfere, nay, as I am a Christian minister, must interfere materially with my intentions toward you. I beg you to reconsider these views and if possible renounce them."

It was the last fling of a man who felt himself worsted and gave up with a very bad grace. Therefore I think Rebecca's answer, if very natural, a little unchristian.

"Mr. Linscott," she said, in those calm, liquid tones which she could make so musical, "Mr. Linscott, your intentions towards me, as expressed by your deeds, have ever been so kind that they have left me nothing whatever to desire at your hands."

It was quite dark when Mr. Linscott left the room, but as he went out, Rebecca felt that by making an honest, earnest stand for what she believed to be truth, she had lost a friend.

#### CHAPTER XX.

##### A MOTHERLESS CHILD AND A CHILDLESS MOTHER.

Rebecca retired to her own room after her talk with Mr. Linscott, feeling vexed and out of spirits. That gentleman's manner towards her had provoked her to dogmatize in a manner very repugnant to her feelings. She knew, too, that in going over so much ground in so short a space of time she had been compelled to omit many modifications and illustrations of her thought, which, if she had been permitted to use them, would have smoothed away some apparent roughnesses, and given to the subject far less bristling and defiant aspect. As it was, she felt sure that she had forever lost her place in Mr. Linscott's esteem and admiration—a thing always unpleasant in itself, and so much the more so as she had hitherto found her home in Jericho a pleasant one.

"I don't know that I can help it," thought Rebecca, bitterly, "if, while God has given to woman the strong wing of intuition, he has also ordained that man shall come creeping behind her on the rickety crutches of a supposed fact and a possible deduction. I would have been glad to be milder with the man if he would have let me; but I will never be brow-beaten out of my own convictions of truth."

It was not in Rebecca's way just then to reflect upon the wisdom of this provision of nature, by which man, who has the range of the whole wide creation, and has his work therein, should be made dependent upon its facts for knowledge; while woman, who is for the most part confined to the narrow limits of home, lifts a clear eye into the heavens and beholds the principles from which all facts spring.

Mr. Linscott did feel, as Rebecca clearly saw that he would, aggrieved and almost insulted that a woman whom he had protected and who had been for three years an inmate of his house should have withstood him as Rebecca had done. That parting shot, too, on the subject of his intentions had not been without its effect. And, altogether, there was a deep and rankling sense of injury left in his mind, which his manner toward her during the next week made very apparent. It was not artfulness which made Rebecca mild and conciliatory toward him, but a sincere desire, so far as could be, to repair the injury which he felt she had done him, even though her own conscience held her blameless. But it was quite useless. The breach, she soon found, was one which could never be built up or bridged over.

She retired to her room one evening during the week, oppressed with a sense of coming change. She had been all over the ground again and again in her own thoughts; had wondered often at the unreasonableness of men in being willing to sacrifice their own lives for the privilege of free thought, and then denying the right of opinion to woman; had considered deeply whether there was anything left for her to do to restore confidence between herself and Mr. Linscott. But she could see nothing. She fell asleep at last—into a deep, untroubled repose of mind and body, which seemed to be the result of her latest waking thought, that God at last is over all, and rules his universe of souls as he does his universe of stars—the one as wisely and as surely as the other.

But troubled dreams beset her; dreams of days gone by—of forms and faces she had not seen for years; a child's wailing rang in her ears all night long, and cold, clammy hands which were still hands which she had passionately

kissed, glided over her face. She rose at daylight with a strong, unutterable yearning in her heart.

"Mr. Linscott," she said at breakfast, "I want to go to Wyndham to-day. Have you any objections?"

"Not the least," he said; "I will order the stage to call for you. It starts about nine o'clock."

The day was lovely as the opening spring could make it—a pure air, with the scents of the pine groves blowing through it, a sky like crystal, and the soft, moist earth feeling the warmth of the sunlight, and thrilling into verdure and violets almost before her eyes.

But all these loving influences could not charm the weight from Rebecca's heart, or dispel the gloom that clouded her eyes. Look where she might, she could only think of the black and bitter past from which of late years she had so resolutely turned her eyes. The old wrongs and the old renunciations were all, it seemed to her, to be suffered over again. Push them back—hold them at bay by the force of her will, as best she could, they would rush over her, and for a time she seemed utterly overwhelmed.

"Why did I not die years ago," her soul cried out, "even before I was born, as Job wished he had done."

But at last, just before she reached the village, she leaned her head upon her hand in utter weariness of the struggle, and gave up to the omnipotent, overruling Power.

"He can 'loose the bands of Orion,'" she said, "and 'guide Arcturus with his sons.' There is nothing in my poor life which is too mighty for Him. 'All His waves and His billows have gone over me,' and yet I live to praise Him—yea, am stronger and richer to-day than when first I felt His chastening hand. He has delivered me out of six troubles, and in the seventh He will not forsake me." And the refrain came to her mind from those spiritual heights to which we all look in our times of deep distress. "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."

Then the day without was not brighter than the day within, and peace, like a river, flowed through her soul.

At the entrance of the village the doctor encountered the stage. He drew up the old gray, and bowed to Rebecca; a deep sadness, it seemed to her, in his eyes and shadowing his face.

"Go right to Joanna," he called to her. "She will be glad to see you. Catherine is very sick."

A pang shot through Rebecca's heart; but she had long ago learned self-control. It was five minutes before the stage halted at the doctor's gate. As she walked up the gravelled path her face was very sad, but her step was firm.

It is a short story, and easily told. Four out of five of all the children born die before they are five years old. But who shall calculate all the agonies compressed in those two lines. The novelist may linger over the bier, strewing flowers of sentiment; with well-feigned tenderness, may touch the quick soul into tears. But when the flowers are all faded, and the tears all shed, the depth of that agony lies unfathomed below. It is not the hopes wasted, or the love poured out in vain, that make that loss irreparable to the mother's heart. Other children may come and the hopes bloom and the loves twine again. But the spirit and essence of her own life were in the child—the best powers of her soul were blossoming and bearing fruit there. It is her purest, most intimate, farthest-reaching aspiration, which to mortal eyes has gone out in blackness of darkness forever. Her life opens out henceforth by that great window which the child's loss made into the hollow gulfs of eternity. Blessed for her if, instead of cold and clammy dampness, the pure light of heaven streams in through the breach. When the stars go out, and the ocean ceases its plaint to the shore, and all finite things fade in the white light of eternity, the mother's soul may be made whole again. Till then she walks bereaved.

Something of all this Joanna and Rebecca felt, as they watched the slow wasting of little Kitty's life. Rebecca held her for hours together in her arms. Looking upon her perfect and strangely mature beauty, she traced in the full black eyes, and wax-like skin, and regular harmonious contour, the perfect reproduction of features which in her girlish days had stood to her for all chivalrous and manly attributes. In the dimness and silence of that solemn room, scene after scene of these early days rose before her, and the memory of them pierced her heart afresh. But the hours went on, and with the morning light the spirit fled.

There were others to care for the little body—it was Rebecca's duty to weep with the bereaved Joanna. The stricken heart cried out: "I loved her so! All the forecast of my life entered in her—and now she is taken from me. Her cooing voice will never greet my ears again—her pretty hands will never smooth these poor, wrinkled cheeks. I shall never see the light shine out of those great, deep eyes that always seemed looking through all things to the life behind and beyond them. Oh! it was nothing to me that I was growing old myself—that my life was wasting, and perishing, and losing its freshness and its beauty, while her sweet soul was gathering all the lost bloom and brightness into itself, and growing daily more

and more into that ideal of Life which I once so fondly cherished. And now my little white flower is faded—my little bird of Paradise droops her wings; and I, dead to all love, must still live on."

And Rebecca, who once before had found words to comfort, was dumb now, and could only weep in silence with her.

"When we don't know what else God means," said Laura Darrell, coming in upon them in their grief, "we may always be sure that He means *Love*. Rest on that now; the special purpose will be plainer by and by."

When the old sexton came to the doctor to inquire where little Kitty's grave should be dug, a curious circumstance transpired.

"It kind o' ought to be," said the sexton, "in the corner by the Gladstone lot. There's just about room there for a small grave, betwixt where Miss Joanna'd naturally be laid, and the line of the lot. It'll shove the little one up pretty close to old Mrs. Gladstone's, though."

"Well," said the old doctor, pensively, "let it be so. They won't quarrel."

The sexton saw only a ghastly joke in the remark; but as the doctor walked away he repeated to himself, in a tone that was not jocose—"Dust to its kindred dust. The old lady was a good woman: a tender-hearted woman. They—won't—quarrel."

The funeral went by, and still Rebecca lingered in her old home at Mrs. Darrell's. There seemed no strength in her to go back to her accustomed tasks. The whole wrong and misery of her life seemed forced upon her afresh; her nights were spent in weeping—her days in a hard struggle for outward composure. At length, one midnight, when Mr. Darrell was away from home, she rose from her bed, and sought her friend.

"Mrs. Darrell," she said, "once I stood by you in trouble. Will you do as much for me now?"

Laura was awake in an instant, and drew the drooping head to her pillow.

"Lie down here," she said, "and tell me all about it."

(To be continued.)

For The Spiritual Republic.

### Moonlight Gleanings from the Life and Times of Policeman X.—No. 1.

BY EMMA HARDINGE.

#### FETICH RITES IN NEW YORK.

The substance of the following narrative was communicated to me by a friend, on whose veracity I can entirely rely.

Its relation grew out of a text suggested by myself, to wit: "That one half the world doesn't know how the other half lives," a platitude that branched off into a remark from my friend of equal originality, namely, that "there were more things in heaven and earth than we dream of in our philosophy." By way of making this remark personal to myself, my friend, (who seemed extremely anxious to convince me that the Spiritualists did not know everything that was going on in the realm of the supernatural,) proceeded to relate to me several of his experiences in the investigation of Fetich Rites. Among these he cited an occurrence, at which a friend of his in the Police Force was actually present, such as is here detailed, in the city of New York.

After taking some pains to verify the truth of what I, through my friend, thus received, I reduced the substance of the statement to writing. For the phraseology of the narration and the shape in which it is presented to the reader, I must hold myself responsible. For the facts of the case, I have the best reason to believe, they are as genuine as human testimony can warrant me in believing. It is under these circumstances that they are now presented to the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

SCENE—*Nowhere in particular.* TIME—*The present.*

Dramatis Personæ—Jackson, Johnson, and Policeman X.

"Fetich Rites in New York! Pish! Pshaw! Pooh, pooh! Stuff! Jackson; you may tell that to the *marines*, but you can't impose it upon me, my fine fellow."

"Be as skeptical as you please, Johnson," retorts Jackson; "your want of belief doesn't affect the facts. I tell you I've spent month in and month out, on moonlight nights, spying out things in this very city, along with the Police, that you everyday mortals (thinking you know everything when you see just what the sun shines on,) wouldn't begin even to dream of. If one half the world doesn't know how the other half lives, I'll pledge my existence, the sunlit half of creation hasn't the faintest idea what the moonlit half does, and it's only when fellows wander round like me, and poke into things, and above all start off to learn life without the full persuasion that they know everything, and that what *they* don't know is not worth knowing, that they get at some of the most worthwhile things in the world."

"Yes, yes, that's all very well, Jackson," quoth Johnson, "but my dear fellow, when you tell me of negroes in the great city of New York, going through *Obi Rites*, with-

out Tamarind trees or Coconuts, and Indians and other Chin-chilla colored gentry doing 'Fetiches' and being 'Jokiapoids and Medicine Men,' and 'Prophets'! Come, come, Jackson, that's coming it too strong; it's all very well for Livingstone's Africa, and Schoolcraft's India, but for modern Yankeedom, I tell you, old boy, it won't pay."

"Not if it tells the lucky numbers to buy into the lottery, incredulous son of John?"

"Quite another thing, my boy, I'm with you there."

"Well, then, it *doesn't that I know of*, but it tells of a strange sort of state of things going on here in the very midst of us, and if you doubt me, just look across there to yonder table: fix your eye on that man—he's worth looking at—I can tell you; that rough looking customer is Policeman X, and he has lived in England, France, Germany, the East, Hindoostan, Egypt, Central America, California, and New York, and if there's any other spot on this footstool that he hasn't lived in, I should like to know it—just look at him!" and Jackson obeyed, and saw an individual, one side of whose face might, metaphorically speaking, have been called a human hearse, or a walking mourning coach, whilst the other was a perfect "Bartering Fair," of smiles and good humor. As he seemed well acquainted with one of the gentlemen, and turning the sunny side of his mobile countenance to the other, was not long in ingratiating himself into his favor also; a few moments saw this worthy seated at their table, an ample supply of fine steaks, oysters, and black bottle accompaniments distributed amongst the party, after due attention to which a slight recurrence to the subject of the conversation as above detailed, elicited the following gleanings from the fields of experience trod beneath the light of the moon by Policeman X.

"Gentlemen, I'm not clear whether it was Dr. Johnson, Artemus Ward, or the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, but some great divine has said, and said truly, 'that one half the world doesn't know how the other half lives.' Gentlemen, no one has a better right to know this than such as I, who walk the streets at a time when one half the world is fast asleep, and were they to know the doings I see, and the undoings I could tell of, why I could make the public eye wink, and its ear tingle, and its heart wring out, tighter, sir, than ever Evan's Patent Wringing Machine could do it; however, gentlemen, in regard to feelings, as that isn't the sort of things that you are after to-night, but rather you are desirous to look at things as they are, and some things that nobody does see but such as look after them by the light of the moon, I'll just give you a bit of my experience in that line, here, in this very city of New York, gentlemen.

"I was passing down a back street, in a back quarter of the back of the Bowery, which opens into a queer kind of a back-way I have of circumnavigating my beat not long since. Well, it was quite late, even for that quarter of the town where the inhabitants have an odd way of mistaking 12 o'clock at night for 12 o'clock in the day, and acting accordingly; however, as I have said, it was late, even there, and the 'natives' had all dropped off generally to their sheds, and barrels, and drays, and door steps, as ordinary folks do to their beds, and so I and the moon had it pretty much to ourselves, and I was a thinking of nothing at all, when what should I hear but an odd sort of a drumming, something between the sound of the tom-tom of a royal Chinese military band, and the thumping of the frying pan that makes the stage thunder in Macbeth, and along with this was a sort of a low, smothered cry which seemed to come high up in the air. I've heard a jackal a counting, gentlemen, but it wasn't that; I've heard a prairie hen teaching her young ones the chicken alphabet, a monkey trying to talk French, and a French boy trying to talk monkey language, but though it wasn't like any of these in particular, it resembled them all in general, and I confess it, gentlemen, I was somewhat affected—not frightened in the least—only a little what the ladies might call 'nervous like.'

"A cry of 'fire, thieves,' or even 'murder,' would have sounded to my ears pretty much as the dinner bell sounds to a half-starved New York boarder, but a drumming and a wailing, and the mischief alone can tell what kind of a clatter in such an hour, and place was something, I must own, a little out of my experience; nevertheless 'forward's' the word with me, gentlemen, so forward I pushed, if that could be called forward, which led me into this alley, and down that court, and through this rear and the other back-way, until scrambling over mountains of filth, and knocking my shins against heaps of dilapidations, I stopped amidst the ruins of a burnt something, in the rear of almost every thing in the city, close down by the water.

"The place I stopped in might be called an open space, if it hadn't been quite choked up with the heaps of burnt buildings, and there, in the very midst of them, gentlemen, there was the *Fetich*." "The what?" cried Johnson. "The who?" exclaimed Jackson. "The *Fetich, gents*," solemnly reiterated Policeman X; "for what else to call it, I know not. Gentlemen, I've seen this sort of thing amongst the poor savages of the Sandwich Islands, and up amongst the Pacific Indians; I've attended lots of such goings on out amongst the 'Snakes' and the 'Piutes' and been *Obi'd* ever so many times in New Orleans amongst the niggers, but,

gentlemen, the death of a thousand men on the battle field is nothing to the death of an infant in your own home; and the awful doings of a savage nation don't begin to compare to the awe of a single deed of that kind here, in the heart of a great city, with burnt chimney pots instead of mighty forest trees, and a back slum of civilization in place of a royal feast in the Cannibal Islands."

Here Policeman X became visibly affected, and his dual countenance was lost for several seconds behind a huge ruby colored goblet. Regaining, by aid of a mysterious compound surnamed "a sling," the sunny side of his otherwise lugubrious countenance, the narrator proceeded, at the urgent request of his listeners, with his "midnight disclosures," in the following words:

"Clear in the very midst of the ruins, sir, was a sort of a *machine*, formed of ever so many wicker baskets, built up like a tower to near six feet high, and propped up on each side with bits of burnt lath and bricks, and stones, from the ruins, till the whole thing was a regular house-like, from the inside of which came the drumming and wailing noises that had first attracted me; but, sirs, the most wonderful part of all was that this jimcrack of a tower, that seemed ready to drop to pieces like a pack of cards, was swaying and rocking to and fro from side to side, just for all the world as if it was blown about by a gale of wind, and yet the night was as still as death, and not a brick, nor a stick, nor a bit of the infernal machine so much as shook out of its place; just by the side of it, was some one crouching down on the ground. I knew it was a human figure, and a little one, too; but whether it was a boy or a girl, or what, I couldn't tell at first for the shadow of the tower. Well, gentlemen, I knew enough of such performances as that in other lands, to see just a glimmering of what was up, and I kept still—not that I was frightened, mind—oh, no; but to say that I was not a trifle cold, and wouldn't have liked just a pull at this goblet, gentlemen—(here the worthy M. P. suited the action to the word) would have been to 'deny my father,' and disown my nature—and then to add to my entanglement of thought as one may say, gentlemen, I had hardly ensconced myself behind the venerable ruins of a fallen column, I should say a burnt chimney pot, than out from the top of the machine sprang a thing—excuse me, gentlemen," whispered X, in a low, harrowing tone of inquiry, "Did you ever see, or imagine you saw the—the—Evil one, gentlemen?"

Both shook their heads emphatically.

"Neither did I, gentlemen, neither did I *at that moment*; but fancy a creature about a foot and a half long, with a lady's bonnet on its head, about the size of a dime, a water fall beneath it as big as a Christmas pudding bag; a scarlet gown, and a long black tail trailing out under to the full length of any of the "tip skirt" street sweepers that I have ever seen in Broadway. Of course, gentlemen, I knew it wasn't a lady of that size, although it had such a fashionable and ladylike rig on, but when I saw this thing come flying through the air, and into the arms of the crouching figure, who jumped up to his feet and hugged and kissed it as if it had been his father—when I saw the whole machine come toppling down with a crash, and a dark looking little fellow step out from the midst of it and confront the other two, it wasn't one evil one that I thought I beheld that night, gentlemen, but *Appollyon* and all his crew, with Mrs. *Astarte* and a large family of imps. Gentlemen, I don't hesitate to say that it was several minutes before Policeman X could well determine on which end, namely, his head or his heels, his mortal structure rested on; and when at last, by aid of the supporting chimney pot, he did manage to steady his nerves, and recover his center of gravity, it took the assurance that he was in bodily presence of a little Italian organ boy and his performing monkey, while the third person in the scene was only an Indian lad who made and sold baskets in the streets, ere I, gentlemen, Policeman X, with all my accustomed strength of mind and clear perception, could sternly confront the miscreants and question them in the name of the master they served, 'what the d— they were about there.'

"I believe my presence in the midst of this neat little party, was about as startling to them, as the appearance of the little gentleman with the waterfall, scarlet gown and long appendage, had been to me, for by the light of the moon (who, truth to say, herself looked pale over the business,) the lads, (at first almost scared out of their wits,) were so confounded that they could do nothing but hang their heads, and tremble in the soles of their feet, seeing that they had no other kind of soles to stand in, being shoeless and far less fashionably attired than the little gentleman in scarlet. After a while, however, we all began to understand each other. I knew the boys; they were both on my beat, though I had never spoken to them before; both of them as well as their performing monkey were well known to me by sight; but for the basket, the drumming and the apparently wholly uncalled for performances of the gentleman in red—these were circumstances that imperatively demanded the inquisition of the law, and so we all sat down amidst the ruins, and — made a night of it."

Here the worthy official paused, and his companions ex-

pecting that he might be under the influence of some temporary emotion, called up by the memory of his remarkable adventure amidst the ruins, anxiously awaited the continuance of his narrative; finding, however, that he remained silent, whilst the one replenished his plate with half a dozen delicious blue-pointers, and the other filled his tumbler with an exquisite compound of the "smash" order, both busily plied him with eager questions concerning the *Fetich*, but Policeman X's volubility had departed; the sunnyside of the face became over-spread with the pal-like aspect of the other cheek. Busy memories—perhaps awful ones, full of nameless horrors, and unmentionable rites seemed to fill the brain of the dreaming official, and hang the palsy of a mysterious silence on his lips, and it was only with much importunity and severe and repeated applications of "slings" and "smashes" that they could extract from him a few meagre extras to the above particulars, chief of which were these:

"The little figure who had crouched amongst the ruins, by the side of the—'machine,' was Guido, an Italian organ grinder and monkey exhibitor. He had no father or mother that he knew of, and belonged to nobody that he knew of, save a man who owned many other organ boys and monkeys, and some white mice, and these he sent out every day from a den where they all lived, when they were at home, in one place—a shed with some ragged rugs and straw to sleep on, and where they were permitted to come, as to their home, when they had gained so much money in the street, and when they hadn't, they were beaten and sent to bed without any supper, or so very little that it made them cry very hard; and in the morning, they had a little breakfast, and were sent out to grind and beg, and get money as before.

"They were highly favored when they had a good organ, or a good performing monkey, or very funny little mice, but they never had them all. A good monkey went along with a poor organ, and pretty mice were often sent out without any music; but all must bring home so much,—or—starve, or be beaten, and they were often both—and tired and hungry, and hungry and tired, was the burden of their song. 'Had he come from Italy or Savoy, or from far, far away?' Aye! he had, this beautiful little Guido—and home was a happy place, and there he had plenty to eat and nothing to do; but then, he was a very little child, and didn't remember how it was then; he knew he had come across the deep waters, and was very sick and sad and miserable for many, many days, and now he had this master—he didn't know how he came by him, but he belonged to him, and that day he had lost his monkey, 'his poor little monkey,' whom he loved so; and then the monkey was kissed and stroked, and wrapped up in the lappels of his very ragged little jacket. 'How had he lost him?' 'Bad rude boys' had beset the little foreigner and teased him, and torn his old clothes, and plucked the bits of faded ribbons he had on his Calabrian pointed hat, and whilst he was crying and trying to get away from them, 'the string broke and Jacob was lost,' gone! his monkey gone! What could he do? Where should he go? Who would help him? He dared not go home, his master would kill him for the monkey, and then 'poor little Jacob,' he was so fond of him! Every one he knew taught monkeys tricks by beating and starving them; when they were very hungry, they would set food they loved near them, let them see it, and keep them for hours learning their tricks, and only when they were able to do them perfectly, could they have food; but to make them *thirsty* was a better way than hunger; poor little performing monkeys would learn anything *on thirst*, and that was the way that the first monkey he had learned to play the fiddle, and dance, and shoot, and jump through a hoop; but Guido had been hungry and thirsty so often, he was sorry even for a monkey, and so he had sat up nights, when he was very tired, too, with wandering all day, and taught little Jacob tricks, when he was quite young, and all by petting him; all by showing him the tricks, and then caressing him, and it was wonderful how much more quickly he learned that way, said the little Italian, raising his loving eyes wistfully to good old X's, than by beating and hunger, and thirst, and so he and the monkey 'loved each other like brothers;' he shared every thing he had with Jacob, and Jacob seemed never to tire of dancing for Guido so that when he ran away. 'Oh, misericorde!' what should he do? He had heard some one say long ago, 'he had a great father in the skies,' and oh! didn't he wish he and Jacob were safe at home with him! and then there would be no more hunger or thirst, or beatings for Guido and Jacob. But this forlorn little pair had another friend besides each other. An Indian boy who sold baskets, and one who, though he never seemed to sell much, yet, somehow, always had money enough to take home to his master for he, too, had a master, but he didn't live near Guido; in fact, Guido didn't know where he lived, and didn't think he lived anywhere, for he was all over, and often disappeared for a month or six weeks at a time, and when he came back, came bolder and stronger, and got richer, too, than ever, and he helped Guido a great deal whenever they met; he gave him crusts and nuts and apples for Jacob, and sometimes candies, and often, too, warm bits of things to tie around them in the winter—'especially handker-

chiefs, of which, Jim, the Indian, had a great collection.'" But as Guido was running on in this strain about Jim, he stopped—and stopped so suddenly that Policeman X looked up, and there beheld flashing from the head of the Indian a pair of eyes so terrible, that they not only sealed the lips of the little Neapolitan, but actually put a stopper on the revelations of Policeman X, by their very memory, for as he came to this portion of the narrative, he rose up with an air so determined as to admit of no remonstrance, and protesting it was very late and the hour for him to be upon duty. He insisted that if they must hear the remainder of the adventure, they must meet for that purpose on another occasion.

To this, his listeners very cheerfully agreed, when it was concluded that the narrative of the mysterious little "medicine man," Jim, would be "the gleanings" of the next night of meeting. Before they separated, however, they contrived to extract the information from the now gloomy and mysterious official that the building up of the wonderful machine, the drumming and wailing, etc., which had first arrested X's attention, was a *Fetich Rite* instituted by Jim, who was "civilized, converted and Christianized Indian," for the especial purpose of recovering (by aid of former practises, familiar with him in his uncivilized, unconverted, and anti-Christian days,) poor little Guido's monkey.

How the basket work was instrumental in this benevolent enterprise, or who or what made the drumming and connected it with the return of the lamented Jacob, the inflexible official could not on that occasion be brought to declare. How, or under what circumstances he parted with the *Fetich* worshippers either. He refused farther to detail at that time—suffice it to say he concluded by the assurance that the monkey *did* return, and that the small gentleman with the large waterfall on his head, and the long tail by way of hoop skirt, together with the lads, all departed to their long protracted repose, with scarcely an inferior supper to that which had been supplied to their generous entertainer by Messrs. Jackson and Johnson, who, after entering into a compact with Policeman X for the continuation of his moonlight gleanings at no very distant day, went on their way moralizing something in this fashion:

"Johnson," said Jackson, "ar'n't you glad you were not born a monkey? and with a long tail, I mean," he added, hastily.

"Very, Jackson," said Johnson; "but how much better would I have been to have been born a human being, had my father been a Neapolitan, and my guardian a proprietor of organ boys and monkey tricks and curses! the streets and beggary, or starvation and—death; but death would be a mercy to street-organ-grinders, farmed out to earn money for others—wandering all day, tired and cold, and hot, and hungry, and thirsty. What a memory of past suffering! What a miserable present, and hopeless future! I shall never look again upon those little apes performing without hearing the sound of blows on their wretched little half starved bodies; I shall never look into the sad beautiful eyes of those wandering grinders without a hopeless pang of sympathy for their dark day and blank future. Truly, truly, son of Jack, one half the world doesn't know how the other half lives."

"Well said, old moralist," replied his companion, "but for all that we'll make Policeman X throw some more light on that *Fetich* arrangement when we get him under the influence of a fine "smash," a dish of oysters, and deep again into the mystery of his gleanings by moonlight."

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.

Association the True Order of Nature.

BY MRS. JULIA N. MARSH.

That all natural movements are associative in character, is a fact, traceable throughout the universe, even to the minutest ramifications. In the commencement of a world, the elements are found commingling themselves for its structure. Slowly, but surely, the subtle forces unite, as the great work progresses; simples enter into compounds, and compounds continue to mix and mingle their atoms, until, in the course of time, and through the accumulated agencies of chemicals, a consolidation of materials is affected. At length types and forms spring up and become multiplied, spreading out everywhere in boundless profusion, but each differing in degree, according to the complexity of its character.

Ages elapse; evolution follows evolution, and throughout the long periods of continued change, association is everywhere written. Solid walls of broken and ground up shells, and corals, often hundreds of feet in height, and thousands of miles in extent, are presented in the various limestone strata; coal beds, peat bogs, infusorial earths, chalks, flints, and other silicious formations, present similar characteristics.

Ehrenberg estimated "that there were forty-one thou-

sand millions of fossil shells in a single cubic inch of slate; and yet these tiny beings are supposed to be endowed with various organs of digestion, circulation, respiration, and locomotion—these to be made up of complex organized parts; these of chemical elements, and these again of ultimate atoms."

In the manifestations of life, beginning where the vital attributes are the most obscure, and progressing towards individuality, there is evidently a tendency to separateness of parts; and, linked with these manifestations, there is a constant changing of attributes leading to still greater separateness; but this in turn is of a kind that does not interfere with the argument, as each organism is in itself a complete association of parts; and not only is this true in certain conditions, but all matter—earth, air and water, rock, tree and flower, are the aggregates of atoms inconceivable.

"It is stated of a celebrated English chemist, that in making a series of experiments, some years ago, he succeeded in making perceptible to the eye the billionth part of a grain; and as the mind is incapable of conceiving of such a number, philosophy furnishes the fact that if a person count at the rate of two hundred in a minute, and work without intermission twelve-hours in a day, he would take to count a billion more than nineteen thousand years.

"From the same source we also learn, that with the aid of a microscope magnifying five hundred times, the four hundred and thirty-two millionth part of an ounce of gold can be clearly distinguished, each of which part will be found to have all the characters and qualities found in the largest masses."

In a drop of water of any dimensions, millions of living, moving creatures exist. This is a well attested fact. But the life principle that is within or beyond, no philosopher has as yet been able to measure or weigh, and only through a multitude of the most complex associations has the presence of such a power been made visible.

Sir John Herschel, in his *Outlines of Astronomy*, years ago, enunciated the doctrine that the "sun's rays are the ultimate sources of all vital actions." Later investigations have, however, shown that a ray of light, like all other matter, is composed of atoms, and as Prof. Baden Powell remarks, "The number of primary colors is not seven, but infinite.

The principles of association are displayed on the grandest scale in the sidereal regions, where stars combine to form systems such as the solar, lunar, planetary, cometary and nebulous, and these again united into one harmonious whole, and moving off together with immense velocity through the regions of space.

For The Spiritual Republic.

Psychometric Reading of Andrew Johnson.

BY MRS. ABBY M. LAFLIN FERREE.

Firm as a rock; strong to do what seems right for him to do. Will not give up a cherished idea though heaven should fall. From birth has had that same peculiarity. Feels his manhood as the ox feels his right to his master's crib.

"Hold fast is good enough," says he. Has not the capacity to grasp the growth of individuals or nations. Clear in what he sees, and is not easily controlled if he is aware or thinks that a person wills to control him.

In all, Andrew Johnson is a marked character of history—is used for the development of others; has by his tenacity to an object he thinks can be done, brought out in the nation that which he has in himself—combativeness. The people needed this hard flint mind (though seemingly vacillating) to grow them to universal freedom, which simply means *giving to all their rights*. Not a common mind; not as grovelling as some of his enemies may think. From a boy has *toughed it*, and if he had had the genial influence of those who were gentle, refined, and naturally of a better heart and development, he, Andrew Johnson, would to-day stand the defender, the precursor of liberty in a higher form. Whereas, now he stands, and with his iron hands has forged anew chains for the fair form of liberty. The angel of the new year weeps, but the tears do not move him; for alas, sensuality and a heated brain have shut out the sweet form of her that says, "Arise, son of earth, thy mission is not for a throne or for power, thy work is to ameliorate the suffering condition of those who are not as favorably placed as we."

His policy will divide into sections, and the strongest and best minded will go over to the Republican party, which we will designate as Radical. Towering above all is a new and better party, which will arise out of a Republican element, and then man will not buy his neighbor with a song, or with a promise of office.

But to return to Andrew Johnson. He seems to be failing, in power, like a cloud; call it a storm or a summer cloud, it passes away and is revealed only as a background to the brighter day dawning, which reveals liberty without any of her sons of either shade or color wearing chains, either in the District of Columbia or throughout the entire length and breadth of the lands of America.

Washington, D. C., January 5, 1867.

For The Spiritual Republic.

**Gone.**

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Wildly autumn winds are sweeping,  
And the sullen rain drops weeping,  
Thou art gone.  
Nature, sympathy displaying  
In a thousand voices, saying,  
Gone! gone! gone!

Touched my heart and I asked her;  
Gone! oh! where sweet nature tell me,  
And oh! why and wherefore gone?  
And she answered:  
I do hear you  
As I've heard a million  
Ere you were born.  
What to me are heart aches,  
What a few score years of pain,  
Who sweep whole races into dust?

I rebelled at that foul answer.  
Cursed existence!  
Forced upon us—forced to love  
Only to kiss the white lips of pain.  
I hate thy name, existence!  
I do hate the life thou givest,  
And the heart thou givest but to break!  
I understand thy emptiness:  
We live, and love, and die.  
The mill of time grinds all—  
The worm, the fish, and vaunting man,  
To finest dust. And this is all!

Not all, I seize the dust,  
I bear it on my winds,  
I feed a myriad hungry souls,  
And with new life they shout with joy.

Avaunt thou hag. Thy claws  
Are red, and thy fangs drip  
With blood dearer than my own,  
From a soul purer than heaven.

Be not so restless under fate,  
So has it ever been, even  
When the young world scarce blossomed.  
Look to yon cliff and scarp,  
The rocks preserve the wreck of beings,  
And the debris of a myriad races.  
Whence and whither?  
Life—death; life—death forever,  
Is the cycle of my course;  
Destroying, but to build;  
Building but to destroy.

Death is a formless cloud,  
Wrapping our love within its dusky folds,  
And like a sable mist evanishing!

Out of the mist of my tears there came  
A spirit form like a rainbow-flame,  
A voice like a rich Æolian strain,  
And from me fell the shackles of pain.

For The Spiritual Republic.

**Spiritism and the Bible—No. 2.**

BY LAROX SUNDERLAND.

Mr. Loveland assumes that in the Bible we have an exhibition of the deepest, most powerful, and the grandest inspiration the world has ever seen, and, from that inspiration, a life has resulted with which no other life could be offered in comparison. But, then, he adds, that one must be himself *inspired* in order to recognize any inspiration in another! Well, now, this reminds me of the old theology, and the Calvinistic or Hopkinsonian dogmas which friend Loveland and myself manifested some zeal in opposing, when we were both "traveling preachers" in the Methodist E. Church "long time ago." You must be converted before you can repent; and you must repent or be eternally damned. The sinner cannot love God until he is inspired so to do by "special grace," and for failing in this love he is lost forever. "Inspiration is understood only by the inspired." And by inspiration friend L. means the actual excitement of man's mental faculties by the influence of invisible personages, inhabitants of another world, and in such an inspiration I believe, albeit I have not the first particle of faith that I, myself, was ever thus inspired. Nay, more, among the "tests" so called of spirit intercourse, which are now everywhere so common, not one such "test" has ever come to me. My experience in these communications commenced in the Fox family, and in the family of Dr. Phelps, Stratford, Conn., in 1850, where a series of phenomena were produced, as I suppose, by spirits, "grand, more potential, and deeper than the world has ever seen," as friend L. says of ancient supernaturalism. No Bible, no Shaster, no Koran, no "Revelations," ancient or modern, no miracles, so called, would begin to compare with what took place at Dr. Phelps'. The phenomena in his house and around it, for two years or so, stand out so "far in advance of all else on earth," as to "preclude even a comparison." On one account, certainly, they may be considered as the most extraordi-

nary of anything of the kind "that the world has ever seen," for many of the most wonderful phenomena at his house occurred when no mortal was in the house at the time, and when no medium was, or could be present. If phenomena are considered marvelous when performed only through human media, may they not be considered more so when they occur when no mortal is present at the time?

At the commencement of the "New Era," I had two good media in my family, and which afforded me an opportunity of witnessing these phenomena, under all possible circumstances. Indeed we had them with our breakfast, dinner and supper; they were ever present, a living perpetual miracle, such as it does not appear, indeed, that Jesus or his Apostles ever had. And thus it has been, witnessing them in different localities all around the country as I have done from the beginning, I may speak of the phenomena, not indeed as a matter of belief, at all, but as facts of my own personal knowledge. Nor is there one so called Spiritual manifestation, no, not one authentic case recorded in the Bible, (not even that in Math. 1: 18,) that has not been paralleled in modern histories and exceeded by far in the wonderful, by what took place at Dr. Phelps'. Even were we to allow (I do not,) that the cases referred to in the Bible were visible spirit manifestations, in the sense supposed by many Spiritists of the present day, yet it would be easy to show that the ancient accounts do not begin to compare, either in the mystery of their origin or the potency of their results, with the RAP of modern times. And that "rap!" Why, sirs, had that mysterious rap been commenced in the pulpits of the teachers of the old theology, and in such a manner as to confirm the dogmas of the priests in respect to an angry vindictive God, and eternal hell torments; who can for one moment doubt as to the way in which it would have been received as a "god-send" and defended by the priests and churches.

And, why not, I pray you? Why should it have not been made in the hell fire pulpits if Mr. Loveland's estimate of Spiritism be the appropriate one for humanity to make of it? Yes, in the pulpits where the Bible has been placed between God and the people, where it is relied upon as absolute authority in human duties? Friend Loveland's estimate of the Bible is the one which has always been maintained by all the sectarians and the bigots in the old theology; and as will be seen it is that estimate which invests the Bible with its authority over the consciences of men.

QUINCY, Mass., January 19, 1867.

**PHYSIOLOGY.**

For The Spiritual Republic.

**The Human Temperaments.**

BY J. P. COWLES, M. D.

Pope has said:

"And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,  
One truth is clear, *whatever is is right.*"

And, reasoning upon this fact, he further remarks:

"Know, then, thyself, presume not God to scan,  
The proper study of mankind is man."

While we are all more or less interested in the future, and scan what people suppose to be God, study the starry heavens, measuring distances between planets, investigate all that is classed below us, are we not, too forgetful of our own being and fellows? If so, let us turn our attention to man awhile. After several years of close observation, we have come to the conclusion that the human temperaments form the basis of all mental and physical philosophy; for each temperament has its peculiar form and mental characteristics, as have individuals or animal species. Thus, the sanguine temperament is characterized by a tall, erect form. The movements are graceful and dignified, and, in well defined representatives, will at once be recognized as the most perfect models of the human form to be found among men. Their complexion is very fair, with light hair and bluish gray eyes. The head bears an even relation in size to the body. The forehead recedes as it rises above the eye-brows, and contracts as it rises above the temples. Vertically, above the ears, the head is high, but upon its posterior surface it has a flattened appearance. The base of the skull is full and well rounded between and back of the ears. The nose is prominent and elevated on the dorsum. It is, however, sometimes straight, and should be thus in women.

Gen. Washington, when young, was a splendid illustration of this temperament, and so was Gen. Scott. As Gen. Scott appeared in his more advanced age, his portrait cannot be relied upon as a representative of this temperament, as he became obese; but in examining the picture of Gen. Washington, as found in parlors, or even upon the new ten cent currency, or three cent post stamps, the reader can form a very correct idea of the anatomical outlines of the head of this temperament.

There are but few well-defined representatives of this class in its simple form, but it is met with in compounds everywhere.

Sanguine persons are usually very impressionable, and during their lives are governed by circumstances, rather than create them for themselves; therefore, in business relations,

they make good agents, and succeed the best in the capacity of servants, in which they assume the responsibilities of others; and when power is for this purpose delegated, they use it discreetly, and never arbitrarily, until the object sought is obtained, and then readily yield it to seek new responsibilities, or retire into private life, as was the case with Washington, during and after our great revolutionary struggle. They are also usually good citizens, never induced into gross vice or crime; are capable of changing their business pursuits, as did Edward Everett, who, educated for the ministry, preached awhile, entered into literature, public lecturing, politics, entered Congress, took up the Mount Vernon enterprise, became a contributor to the *Ledger*, etc., thus passing from one thing to another, which a bilious man could never have done. So susceptible are such persons to influences, that when sick they require the most simple remedies. The use of any of the preparations of mercury, quinine or opium act unfavorably.

When parties to a marriage are both of this constitution, the effect upon the children will be unfortunate, in that they will have a low state of vitality, and if they become sick will be very likely to die; while, if the parties are so nearly similar that the common observer can perceive no difference, sterility will be the result. Thus it was with Gen. Washington and wife, who were each of the sanguine temperament, and they died without offspring.

For The Spiritual Republic.

**On Drugs.**

BY W. P.

Though demurring to some of the doctrines of this journal, that on medicines by Dr. Studer is worthy of all acceptance, at least so far as the authorities quoted go.

This drug reform is one of the greatest pertaining to our age. Franklin, Jefferson, and a few other progressive minds, saw that they were only evil and discarded them.

Since that day light has gradually come in on this reform till the best intellects of the world, Dr. Trall, of New York, at their head, have learned and proclaim that drugs can never heal. On the contrary they are known poisons, and must work evil. Concede this to be true, and what a reformation is needed in this matter.

Millions of money, almost unlimited suffering, and innumerable lives are annually lost in their administration. Hence you do a great and good work by calling, through your correspondents or otherwise, the attention of your readers, to the grave question:

1. We say briefly that drugs cannot heal, since their very nature is destructive. They are not the friends, but the foes of the animal economy. They make neither chyme nor chyle. No nourishment can supply the wastes of the system through them; but its energies are taxed to expel their pernicious qualities. The man who disputes this, puts himself most recklessly in direct conflict with ultimate and well established facts.

2. Hence how can such poisons heal? As Dr. Studer says, "Alopathy" signifies "another illness" or disease. This expresses the old drug theory,—sicken the patient twice instead of once. He has broken some law of health and incurred disease; break another law to cure him. The vain theory is that the first disease by the drug, may be transplanted on another organ, or in some mysterious, not to say absurd way, the new drug disease may cure the old one.

This is the old theory of Christ's persecutors revived. For a time they denied that he could or did cast out any devils. At last the evidence as to that fact overwhelmed them, and they said he did it through Beelzebub, the prince of devils! That is, our Saviour would seize upon the master spirit of the universe, and thrust him down the possessed, to cast out the smaller imps already therein! What an idea? And yet it is pre-eminently *allopathic*. The poor man is sick from, it is most likely, bad food and too much of it. To cure him, pour down poisonous drugs and make him sicker! Cast out the old disease with a new one!

Dr. Muzzy, of great age and celebrity, now deceased, once said to the writer that more than one-half of the sick died from drugs, rather than disease.

By your permission, next week, we will suggest some natural, reasonable, and as it seems to me perfectly, some means of preserving and regaining health.

**A NEW ACTINIC LIGHT.**—In England artificial light is often used for producing photographic pictures. Mr. Sayers has invented a new compound having high actinic power. It consists of 24 grammes of nitrate of potash, well powdered and dried; 7 grammes of flour of sulphur, 7 grammes of red sulphuret of arsenic. These ingredients are thoroughly ground together. Four hundred grammes in burning will make a light lasting one minute at a cost of about three cents; while light from the combustion of magnesium wire, for the same length of time, costs about twenty-five cents.

A lady in Rev. Mr. Spurgeon's congregation has given \$20,000 for founding an institution for vagrant children. The institution is to be modeled after those at Five Points, New York.

ANGEL MINISTRY.

"And angels came and ministered unto him."

For The Spiritual Republic.

My Spirit Friends.

BY ABBA J. HAYDEN.

I am dreaming, sadly dreaming,  
In my lonely room to-night,  
And the lamplight o'er me streaming  
Throws a radiance warm and bright.  
And within my brain comes thronging  
Thoughts that will unbidden rise,  
Till methinks that close beside me  
Gleam bright, tender, starry eyes.

Then my dear and long lost mother  
Came and stood beside my chair,  
And a sister, fair and saintly,  
With bright robes and golden hair,  
Other friends, too, clustered round me,  
The young and fair, the true and brave—  
Those that in life's brightest morning,  
Sank beneath death's chilling wave.

And they spoke, oh! sister, grieve not,  
We can hear thine every sigh,  
We can see with tender pity  
Every tear that fills thine eye;  
And we hover o'er thy pathway  
When life's storm clouds darkest lower,  
With our guardian care we shield thee  
Midst temptations' wildering hour.

When at last, grown sad and weary,  
Thou shalt gladly turn away  
From earth's busy cares and turmoils  
To the realms of endless day,  
Then with joy we'll bid thee welcome  
To our happy spirit band,  
Where no shadow dims the glory,  
Of the radiant Summer Land.

Haney, Wis., January 31st, 1867.

For The Spiritual Republic.

Experience of H. Whittemore in Spirit Life.

BY MRS. L. SMITH, MEDIUM.

[The following communication purports to come from H. Whittemore, addressed to his sister, Mrs. L. Smith. It is a continuation of writings that have appeared from time to time for some years past, published under the above title. The present communication is sufficiently complete in itself to warrant its publication without further reference to those which have preceded it.—ED.]

DEAR SISTER:—I have come my yearly rounds once more and find you ever ready to receive me. Thank God, for I am loth to believe that I can so easily be displaced from the minds of my friends; that so short an absence should erase my name from earth, its cares and duties. I love to come and recall my connections in former life, with partial fondness, and have not withdrawn all fellowship with its attractions. I love the beautiful in all I see about the earth home, with as much heartfelt satisfaction as ever, and perceive only beauty in all formation where once was only mal-formation. In short, all that exists in the material world is full of wonder and beauty, and calls forth our admiration every step of the way, and our progress heavenward consists in the clearness of our vision to rightly understand and interpret all things.

I wish that I could, in a letter like this, reveal some of the hidden things closed from mortal eye, but as that is impossible I must confine myself to your finite comprehension and only speak of that which may be slowly revealed to you. We dwell in the spirit, you in the mortal sense. You cannot see how this may be, and the inner, indwelling soul realize so much of happiness as you comprehend now. Have we the same knowledge of earthly hopes and desires you now experience? Are we sentient beings, embracing the fullest, freest knowledge of our part? Do we, like yourselves think, feel, act, take cognizance of all passing about us, as you do of each other? In other words, do we experience as much happiness in our present abode in a material sense as you do? These are questions which often intrude upon and sometimes trouble the mind, and make it not so easy for you to give up the things of earth for imaginary joys. We have often endeavored to make this lesson plain, but must needs refer to it again and again, and then not give a clear understanding to all. When we tell you that we would not come back to earth to become residents again for all the treasures it can unfold, we have said much. This you hear from all developed spirits. Were our vision clouded, our perceptions less clear, the spirit life less satisfactory, would you hear the same story from all advanced minds? And does the change seem so strange, so much to be dreaded that even you, my sister, established as you are in the faith, that I read in your mind queries such as these? Ah! thus it is with the world, and ever must be until a more truly spiritual cast can be thrown over all things. The world cannot understand in reality; only, as it would seem, theorize about the matter, and yet it need not be all theory, for you do perceive and implicitly rely upon facts equally difficult of

elucidation sometimes. The Atlantic cable, for instance, brings reports from the old world. You question not their validity, yet comprehend not the first principles by which the truth is communicated to you. You accept the tidings brought, and believe the source reliable, and are satisfied to leave the working of said machinery to the master mind who first conceived it. So it might be with you as regards the Spiritual theory—exercise the same amount of faith in as rational a manner, and the varied doubts and misgivings constantly assailing mind will have passed away. We tell you, by magnetic process of mind, that we do exist, think, see, feel as clearly as yourselves, but existing upon a different plane which cannot be rendered perfectly satisfactory to you in your normal sphere of action, and explain as we best may something of the real truth by illustrations; as, the comparison frequently brought up of the parent and child. Those of mature years cannot assimilate themselves wholly unto childhood, neither the child be brought to a full realization of more mature life. Can the child understand the meaning of the deep and powerful hold it has upon the parent's heart? Impossible—maturity alone can develop that. You speak of love to them and they behold the affection of the parent for themselves, not the growth of that spiritual passion which exists only between congenial souls. The babe has no knowledge of either affection, and no artifice of man could open its understanding until natural growth develops it. Cannot you now take our meaning home deep into your souls, that you are not grown to a comprehension of true spiritual joys, and be satisfied with such instruction as we are able to give, and, above all, place confidence and trusting faith in our words when we tell you that earth has no enjoyment like unto ours? We cannot materialize ourselves that you may see us, but that does not prove that we are not as tangible to each other as you are to your friends in the body. We have explained our bodily nature as we best may, and find no other language more suitable than what has already been given. But we find that we need to strengthen faith all the way along the path of life, even as the milestones by the highway show the progress made. For this purpose we come, for we do believe that by frequent communion much good may be done, and the world be better prepared in coming time to receive us; like good seed planted by the wayside, sprout up and some day yield an abundant harvest.

We expect not to overcome all obstacles at once, but gather together materials and build up so indestructible a basis, substantial in all its parts, that the winds and tides of public opinion will waste their united efforts to thrust us from you, for it is to us a most sacred privilege to come. In the midnight hour, when all of your senses are locked in sleep, we are often by your side, and these are precious moments oftentimes to us; for worldly cares all laid aside we sometimes find the spiritual sense more keenly alive to our ministrations, and we improve the opportunity to impress many facts upon the susceptible sleeper, and you call them dreams.

The lack of knowledge on your part of these precious communings cause them (the dreams) to appear like fables, when under other circumstances you would know them to be realities. Your vision but partially opened, you breathe of earth, and dream of heaven, and the parting of one and the taking up the other—the waking moment to dispel the illusion, lets the curtain suddenly fall and you are in darkness, with only glimmering rays of light left behind, and so you doubt our presence after all. It is a kind of waking dream. The more completely you are lost to life the more real the truth of what we say, but the less likely are you ever to remember of our night vigils. The mind of man is ever awake, not lost to sensation, as is a necessity with the body. It seeks its rest in change of employment, variety of scenery, not confined to any one class of duties, it never wearies as you of earth are organized to expect. The system needs refreshment, recuperation, or it wears out—mind grows brighter and fresher with constant use. Clothed with mortal bodies it opens its portals—unbars its heavy iron doors only now and then to look about and take a breath of heaven's incense, and then, subservient to the laws binding upon it, closes at once all avenues to farther intercourse, and wrapped up within itself returns once more to its waking occupations. The more thoroughly we are with you the less you know of it, only as you enjoy the opportunity at the time—not lasting, I mean, beyond the hour of trance, for it is a trance—the lulling of earth's senses to the opening of the spiritual vision. The more impressive mind, the less difficult to us of conversing with you, and the more frequent our coming, the more satisfactory our communications.

The obtuse mind, with no glimmering rays of the bright spiritual sunshine, seems hard and impervious at first, but the rain drops fall and slowly penetrate the hard crusty surface, drop by drop, and each melting sinks a little deeper and deeper still, until after a time the hard, brittle crusts of opposition begin to peel away, and sometimes a noble heart bursts the shell all at once and we are astonished. The patient persevering soul reaps the greater reward in the full realization of all his hopes at once sometimes, even as the faithful in the olden time must have upon Saul of

Tarsus when the scales fell from his eyes, and he ceased from persecuting the Christians.

(Concluded next week.)

Minooka, Illinois, December 1, 1866.

Spiritual Recognition.

The following test of the presence of the departed spirits of the friends of your correspondent, was given at a circle held at Anoka, Anoka county, State of Minnesota, on the evening of the 24th of January, 1867, Mrs. Seper, a clairvoyant and trance medium, being the revelator.

After the preliminary arrangements, the following questions were asked and answers received:

"Can the medium describe any of my friends in the spirit world?"

"I see two men—one, a tall, middle-aged man, and a younger man. The older man was killed—the younger died of consumption."

Not recalling at the time any such friends, I believed the medium mistaken. To satisfy myself of their identity, as being my friends, I asked again:

"Can the medium describe the one that was killed?"

"He is at all, dark complexioned man, about thirty years old, dark eyes, forehead shaped much like yours just above the eyes, high forehead. He was hit across the head (pointing little back of the organ of causality;) was not hurt at home; he was going home; something dark appears behind him at the time he was struck; cannot tell what it looks like; was taken off of something that looks like a brush heap; he died at home, and lingered awhile after he was carried there."

This individual I at once recognized as my uncle, Thomas Rand, who died about eighteen years ago, in the town of Canaan, Maine, in consequence of a blow received in the forehead by some person unknown, or a kick from a horse. He was on his way from Sowhegan to Canaan when he received the blow. I did not see him after he was struck, and do not know whether he was found on his sled, or was taken up from the ground. The report was, I think, that he was found on his sled, senseless. I was present at his funeral. Rev. Gunnerson, a Universalist, preached the funeral discourse.

"Who can the young man be! Can the medium enlighten? You say the young man died of consumption?"

"Yes."

"How old was he?"

"He appears to be about twenty-six years old; he was very poor at the time of his death."

I was still in greater doubt, and mentally run over the list of my friends, and could recall no one who died at that age.

"Will you describe the young man?"

"He is a light complexioned person; light hair; blue eyes; is not as tall as the other."

"Can you describe the house he lived in?"

She then described the house on a hill, the brook coursing near it, the barn and other buildings, and the color, windows, rooms, fire-place, and mantel-piece, of the house.

"Has the young man a father and mother living?"

"He has; his father is an old gentleman of dark complexion; his mother is also darker than her son."

"Has the young man any brothers?"

"Yes, two—but I do not see but one here."

"Any sisters, and are they living?"

"Two—the elder of a darkish skin, the other light, and rather small in size. The eldest is up there (pointing up) and the youngest is here and is living."

I now recognized the whole. The house is my uncle's, Isalah B. Rand, of Canaan, Maine, and the brothers and sisters described are his children. The young man is Joseph Rand, who died about eleven years ago, of consumption. He has, I believe, a father and mother living, and two brothers. The sisters are both dead.

There was no one present who ever knew I had such friends.

These two friends were not in my mind at the commencement of the seance.

I did not recognize either of them until the circumstances connected with the death of my uncle was presented to my mind by the medium.

I did not recognize the young man until the surroundings of his father's residence were described.

The medium could not have copied my mind, for I knew the house is red, when she said it is wood color. The house being old now, the color may have worn off.

The two sisters I know are dead, and yet she said, "One is here, and the other is up there."

JOHN R. BARRETT.

Anoka, Minn., Jan. 25, 1867.

[We are personally acquainted with all the persons mentioned above, except the medium, and know the descriptions and statements to be generally correct.]

Seventy-five of the handsomest girls have been selected from the different houses of correction at Toulon, to send out to Cayenne as wives for the convicts of that penal colony.—Exchange.

## THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 16, 1867.

RESIDENT EDITORS, J. O. BARRETT.  
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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.

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

In renewing subscriptions the date of expiration should be given.

On subscribing for the REPUBLIC, state the number of the paper at which you wish to commence.

## EFFECTS OF EVIL.

Mr. Samuel Montross, writing from Reedsburgh, Sauk Co., Wis., Feb. 8th, says:

"I cannot understand that a low, degraded human being, wrapped up in selfishness and ignorance, stultifying all the higher aspirations of his humanity, passing into the higher sphere, through death to the body, can be none the worse for this 'necessary evil' development. If so, if this life has no effect upon the future life, then the transgressor stands equal in purity and development with the virtuous, beautiful spirit.

"I am thrown into this dilemma in reading J. S. Loveland's essay on 'Evil Spirits,' in the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC of February 2d, Vol. 1, No. 5. He says, 'Our next position is, that evil, though a necessity, is a temporary incident of the soul's incarnation in an animal body. It has its origin in that body, and never taints, or is approved or consented to by the soul.' Does he mean to say that the soul is not injured in its progress by this evil? Is he a believer in 'whatever is, is right?' It is a very easy thing for one to take a 'position,' but to clear the fog out of it is another thing. I can take a position, too. 'Whatever is, is wrong.' Now I would as soon put this 'position' into my circumlocution office as the foregoing. Give us straight talk. We have had the philosophy. Is there no possibility of defiling the soul? Is all transgression of nature's laws right? Don't dodge this. I have been warring against what I thought was wrong in the world and degrading humanity, over forty years. If this was all right the labor is lost. Is drunkenness, robbery and slavery right? Give us plain talk about this 'all right' business."

We are not in any way authorized to speak for Mr. Loveland, but we presume if any one should ask him if the conditions and acts of this life serve to determine the status, or degree of enjoyment of the person in the spiritual world, he would say, unhesitatingly, Yes. Nevertheless, he denies the existence of voluntary evil design, as incident to spirit or spirit life. There may seem to be a discrepancy in this, yet we do not see that there is, necessarily. There is evidently a distinction to be made between *degree* of life, or power, and *wrong intent*, of voluntary wrong doing. Finite beings who have weaknesses; who make mistakes, and even are sometimes the means of unhappiness in others, are not necessarily evil at heart, or malicious in intention; therefore, though they are the visible representatives of causes of evil, yet those causes are not *in* them.

Mr. Loveland affirms the purity of spirit *per se*, yet acknowledges personal imperfections, and the perversions of good in life's manifestations; for, the human spirit, however pure, is not infinite in power; hence, in proportion as it is weak, it is subject to the sensations, excitement and passions of the body, and of circumstances incident to society; and further, in proportion as this body is refined, and society truly advanced and cultured, the spirit is left free to express its native inclinations to purity and nobleness.

The Christian plan of salvation has failed just at this point, and so will all kindred plans. It proposes to make the *spirit* better, when in fact it is only the circumstances and opportunities of the spirit that need changing to bring heaven on earth, by giving fuller expression to spiritual life. Physiology and social reform, rightly prosecuted, will do more for spiritual progress than all the theological antidotes for sin that were ever conceived.

It must be concluded that the spirit world is a higher grade of existence than this. Spiritual bodies are more refined and usable than physical, mortal ones. The society there, though not a monotone in quality, is more exalted than here, if for no other reason, because in a higher world. Death then is a *promotion*, not that the person in dying receives an education, not that the foolish become wise in a moment, not that those who have been grovelling here are at once exalted to perfect brightness, but all circumstances change; new opportunities are discovered, and in our opinion, in so great a change, new functions are evolved. The process of death is a *radical* one, and affects every part of the being, throws off a gross body and quickens the faculties that are to act in the new relations. Now it is our opinion that there is very little intentional evil in the world. Very few persons deliberately plan to do wrong with the view to produce evil and nothing else as the result.

The lower down the scale of human being, the more the discord, the greater the impulse, and the more complete is the rule of circumstances; and a careful analysis will, we are sure, convince any competent person, that the wrong doings of others are more the result of their complications in politics, theology, and society, than of personal desire.

With our view of death, and the laws and methods of life, we can but think that, although there is imperfection in the spirit world, there is very little of what can be properly termed voluntary evil. There is little willful wrong here, we say. Men under the rule of passion in its various forms, intent on gratification, do evil, not with malicious intent, but with terrible results to themselves and others.

Death filters us, *not from the effects* of wrong, and evil passion, but from the circumstances that often compel them, and the irritations and short comings incident to our avoirdupois; and we cannot but think that a very large percentage, if not all, of the low grovelling tendencies of persons, attributed to spirits, has its origin here.

We do not believe that "whatever is right," as applied to human acts and relations. Drunkenness, robbery, slavery and oppression are wrong. Filthiness, gluttony and idleness are wrong; and they are wrong, because at variance with *principles* implanted in the Constitution of things, and no sophistry can make them practically right. The spirit detests these incidents of the body, and sooner or later will cry vehemently and effectually against them. There is a universal method, the divine way, with which to coincide in our daily work. To relate ourselves consciously to this method and be its visible exponent, and to aid others to do the same, is to do the noblest work of life. And all that we can do in this degree of existence prepares us to interpret rightly, and enjoy more fully, the divinity and glory of the next higher.

We cannot do too much in seeking to overcome the errors of this life, nor can we discriminate too closely between right and wrong, always understanding that a shortcoming, though it needs correction, and may work as much mischief as an aggressive voluntary evil act, is quite different in fact, and needs a correspondingly different treatment.

We do not care to be conscious of wrong in others. We would by far rather believe, rationally, that few are subjects of righteous condemnation, and yet, we would not evade the facts, though they explode the theories of the world.

An irritating self-righteousness accompanied, as it usually is, by bitter denunciations of others, is to be treated as an evil not less than the short-comings it presumes to denounce. Let us all work carefully, discriminatingly, firmly, and yet kindly, to adjust higher relations of life, and thus be lifted up to a more happy consciousness and practice of the divine methods of being.

## SPIRITUAL MONOPOLIES.

One of the great objections we all entertain respecting the popular churches, is their monopoly of thought. Proxy religion has been and still is the order of worship. On the principle of a vicarious atonement, all virtue is made to center in one person; hence, if we are saved, it must be by imputed righteousness. Silly and impractical as all this appears, civil, religious and secular government is here keyed and managed. Is it not presumed by legislation, and conceded by the people when so instructed, that our rights are matters of legal creation, and hence that law is just which classifies into caste? Does not the church arrogate to itself super-excellence and authority over human conscience? Is not our business exactly parallel—controlled by nabobs ruling the markets? Spiritualists aimed a strong blow at this unnatural dogma inoculated into American civilization; but in an hour of temptation, when success was nearly secured for individuality of thought and speech, they wheeled squarely into the old ruts for a proxy spirituality! Let the truth be told. A certain class, seeing the masses were nascent and eager to seize upon every possible evidence of spirit presence, has made merchandize of the kingdom of heaven; and, to seal their monopoly for continued profit, educated the unwary to look for guidance *only* in the prescribed channels. What better is this than the old church system of dogmatic jurisprudence? Incidentally this has bred a hot-bed of

sensuous magnetism polluting to private morals, intensified passion for greed, pressed many a poor medium, naturally honest, into a forbidding self-delusion, and often suggested and prompted an effort to assist the spirits, when conditions were not favorable. Is it any wonder that we have to contend against the spiritual waves of hypocrisy? that we have to suffer the deep mortification of so much abuse of our heavenly religion?

Let us apply our philosophy here. Nature needs reaction. If we unduly tax the intellect, our thoughts will be weak and scattered; if we excite our religious powers in "revivals," we are sickened in body and soul, and fall into vagaries of faith. Now our spiritual forces are the most sensitive and require the strictest care to keep them in tone. No delicately tuned harpstring is so easily disordered or keyed to melody. If by them we can rise to heaven, by them we can as easily sink into the hell of sensualism. If entangled by magnetic promiscuity, or by the unrelenting compulsion of will demanding the wonders of the spiritual simply to gratify an idle curiosity, when nature is exhausted by overtaxing effort, a spiritual *ennui* must follow, a morbid mediumship, and the consequent unreliability of such communications, which again brings our holy cause into deserving disrepute.

We do not mean to imply the mediums should receive no reward; far from it; "the laborer is worthy of his hire;" but, as upon every other, we do declare uncompromising warfare upon spiritual monopolies. Mercy to the mediums, mercy to the public, mercy to our persecuted cause, all command reconstruction here for the vital crusade and victory of the immortal hosts moving now with a celerity as never before projected to electrify, shock and cleanse our voluptuous civilization.

What we all need are an analytical investigation of the Spiritual Philosophy, the opening up of transfiguring thought, the reviving of home circles on a higher plane, the diffusing of our gospel broad as sunbeams upon our world, the development of individual spirituality for the entertainment of the "inward witness" that shall be as cognate with our consciousness as beauty is with the outward universe.

We say then, coax no spirit but be calm, and the presence will be surely manifest—seek not when conditions forbid—beware of magnetic promiscuity—"let thine eye be single"—abolish all spiritual monopolies in newspapers or otherwise—let God's divine wave of truth roll on and form in every heart a "well of water springing up into everlasting life"—welcome the Pentecost approaching, not circumscribed to a little room in a churchized Jerusalem, but breaking out all over the land in commingling fires of heavenly love, until our dear Earth, groaning so long in infidelity, shall be all ablaze with a flood of glory.

As a humble means to this happy consummation, we have no *special* medium, or mediums, to bound the eye-range of THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, but, acting by a democratic rule, invite any and all to deposit in it their true experiences and highest thoughts, culled and sparkling, constituting the richest variety that ever graced the pages of a weekly journal.

## BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART.

All life is beautiful to those who have the inward beauty. All souls are in principle pure to the soul that is filled with purity. All hearts are loving to the heart that truly loves.

It is from the life within that the outer life receive its coloring; and the gloom which so often enshrouds the world is the result of our own inward condition. To the soul dwelling in the darkness of impurity nature becomes distorted and unlovely; to such there is no brightness in the landscape—no joy in human society—no harmony in the universe. Instead of love, distrust and suspicion fill the heart, and we look then in vain for happiness in the mere external.

If this be so—if the outward life is a reflection of the inward—if this mysterious inner consciousness is as it were the creator of our joy or pain, how earnestly we should strive to cultivate that life of purity which may be the portion of us all!

It is not nature, it is not neighborly life, oh! faithless one, that makes thee so sad and clouded; it is the inward darkness that obscures thy vision! Come forth into the light; let the sun of God's love shine upon thy spirit; let thy thoughts be warmed and purified by its inspiring energy; and divinity will be truly translated into thy enraptured soul; heaven within—thou its angelhood—will engrave itself upon thy character; humanity will be to thee all sacred and safe under Providence; thou shalt realize the glorious truth, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

"The rill is tuneless to his ear who feels  
 No harmony within; the south wind steals  
 As silent, as unseen, among the leaves;  
 Who has no inward beauty, none perceives,  
 Though all around is beautiful.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Turn where thou wilt, thyself in all things see  
 Reflected back."



**CORPOREAL PUNISHMENT.**

One may justly claim that it is time corporeal punishment for offense against rules was entirely abolished, so utterly shocking to one's sense of right and refinement is the record of the same. It is not, however, and the facts in the case prove too much in favor of the continuation of that barbarism.

That it existed with slavery is no wonder, and that ex-slave masters and hunters should desire to retain it, is not surprising, but when we find it in the midst of our most refined society, to the extent that it can be shown to exist, we feel like crying aloud, and urging measures for its sure abolition.

Our readers will remember that some weeks since a girl of seventeen in one of the Cambridge (Mass.) public schools, who was thought deserving of corporeal punishment by her teacher, was rattaned or ferruled, with a severity that created great excitement, and compelled an investigation. The School Committee, at one of their meetings, endorsed this merciless flogging, which brought out Agassiz, Gov. Andrew, and others, in utter and positive condemnation of the practice of whipping in school. Now, Geo. B. Emerson and Dr. Ordway, educators and philanthropists, in their turn, have brought forth the statistics of the Boston school teachers, who keep a record of all the whippings administered, by which it appears that there are over 17,000 cases of flogging yearly, in the public schools, which contain 25,000 children.

By this it seems the number of floggings equal two-thirds the whole number of scholars, showing an amount of barbarity not found in any other department of society; and we doubt not a very large proportion of it is the result of sheer passion and petulance on the part of the teacher.

It is not probable that this state of things exists in Boston, and does not exist elsewhere, and we hope that due attention will be given to the subject.

That "whipping is a positive evil," that it blunts the intellect of the scholar and causes him or her "to lose self respect," is true beyond a doubt. Let corporeal punishment be abolished, then, and require the applicant for the position of teacher to show some evidence of sweetness of disposition as well as acuteness of intellect, and let a lack of this desirable quality be a bar, prohibiting entrance to the school room. To educate is to quicken and draw out the finer feelings and keen perceptions of the person. What a comment on the understanding and fitness of the teachers is 17,000 floggings a year with an attendance of 25,000 scholars. Let flogging be abolished and brutal teachers dismissed, and thereby bless the children.

**STRONG-MINDED WOMEN.**

It is amusing to witness the wincing caused by the demand women are making for the ballot. Some women, even, are shocked, and declare that they would not vote. Very well, they needn't. Let "Miss McFlimsey" live her life, and let the loyal-souled women live theirs.

But the men (some of them editors) seem so solicitous for the dignity and the womanliness of women, that one is at a loss to know whether they are jesting or jealous. "If woman vote, they will go to Congress, then who will take care of the children?" exclaims one from his editorial chair. Poor fellow! one half believes, while listening to his sermon, that all the women, old and young, married and single, are absolutely blessed with whole arms full of babies, and that these very mothers would go to Congress hall and make speeches, with none to care for these wee bits of humanity. Who takes care of the children when their mothers are spending the gay season in New York and Saratoga? Who takes care of them when their mothers are out washing or sewing?

We find, in another exchange, a long article, entitled "Independent Women." The editor concludes by saying: "But, after all, brave hearts and clear heads, as the independent women in many cases have, we doubt not that there is not one to whom her independence is not the source of some kind of discomfort. Many women possess a certain power of management and government, and delight in its exercise; but we are sure that women are happiest when they exert their administrative faculties as second, and not as first, in command. We know that sometimes it is best for women that they should have to exercise their capacities without being able to depend much on others; but we imagine that the excellence is often obtained by a sacrifice of personal happiness. The women who fight in the world's battle show the scars of the conflict soon."

True, women do show the "scars of the conflict." Thirty thousand sewing women in New York show, in their scanty dress and work-worn faces, the "scars of the conflict" with the needle for a foothold upon God's green earth. Sixty thousand more in the same city will go to the grave with scars upon face and soul caused by "conflict" with the powers of earth—the powers that jostle and jar and crowd the unprotected into social hells to escape the grim phantom—starvation.

New York is not the only city of oppression—not alone in her infamy. The working women of Chicago—this city of plenty and promise—know well how long and patiently

women may work at starvation prices; they know, too, how few there are who dare denounce this abomination that leaves "scars" upon the consciences of some men in high places.

To eradicate these evils, let us cease our blasphemy against the holy spirit in the woman-heart—the spirit that is struggling to gain an honorable independence. Let us open to her all the gates of labor, and see that her remuneration is commensurate with the services rendered.

**ABOLITION OF THE GALLOWS.**

That indefatigable and philanthropic agitator against capital punishment, H. M. Bovee, informs us that this ancient barbarism, so long disgracing the statute of Illinois, will certainly and speedily be abolished; indeed, that there is a strong hope entertained by the reform portion of the Legislature that the glorious event may occur during its present session.

In the name of God's humanity, have we no better ingenuity, no higher sense of our ability to protect society, no stronger power in law or gospel, than to erect a gallows, tie a rope around a man's neck with a heavy knot under his ear, pull a cowl over his eyes to hide God's light forever in this world, get a maudling priest up there to say prayers to the poor wretch that his soul may be saved from hell, and then hurl him down, neck twisted awry, limbs quaking, eyes protruding, perhaps but half killed, and then, that justice (!) may be done, drag him up again for a re-enactment of the horrid scene, and finally tear out the spirit from its mangled body?

Is it palliation for crime thus to commit a second murder? Is Christian society redeemed by exhibitions of fiendishness? Is it of no consequence that the innocent are so often hung? Do we fortify society against vice by painting its awful realities in the public press, psychologizing the youth with blasting magnetisms till transformed into their damning affections, and so qualifying them to repeat the vice they at first abhor? Do we rid ourselves of the "incorrigibly wicked," as we are apt to term them, by flinging their souls on the end of a rope into the spirit world, maddened to hate, afterwards to return in revenge deepening the moral gloom of human life?

We are filled with amazement and horror at the fact that so many public men, chained to the prejudices of their education, should so earnestly maintain a penal system which, as every-day criminalities demonstrate, is sinking us into the gulf of social pollution. Agitate, we say, until the foul blot is wiped from all our statute books, and once more in human history teach and practice the gospel of a brotherhood of interests, making Justice the executive only of saving Love.

**PERSONAL ITEMS.**

J. S. Loveland can be addressed to the care of this office, Drawer 6325, until the first of March; after that, to Sturgis, Mich., where he lectures during March.

Wendell Phillips, on account of sickness in his family, was unable to fulfill his engagement to lecture last week for the Brooklyn Fraternity, but will speak at a future time. We have a promise that Mr. Phillips will lecture in Chicago. The people will be greatly disappointed if deprived of the pleasure of hearing him.

Count Bismark and Prince Frederick Charles, the famous general of the late war, were among the candidates for the North German Parliament, the elections for which took place on the 12th of February. They were, of course, elected.

Mr. Tennyson is said by the French papers to have presented a copy of his poem of "Elaine," as illustrated by Dore, to the Emperor Napoleon. If the fact be as stated, the poet would appear to have changed his mind since writing his famous Rifle song against the Emperor, especially the ugly line,

"Though only the devil knows what he means."

Mrs. Emma Hardinge is engaged to speak in Corry, Pa., Thursday and Friday evenings, Feb. 21st and 22d. She will also give two discourses there on the following Sunday.

**"A WOMAN'S SECRET."**

Our next issue will contain Chap. XXI, "The Incapables," an attempt to show some of the reasons why so large a proportion of the race, and especially of women, are unequal to the demands of nature and society upon them, and are literally obliged to get their living out of other people or cease to live, and Chap. XXII, which chronicles Mr. Gladstone's adventures "Among the Vines" of Wyndham in search of a wife.

**LEGISLATIVE FLIPPANCY.**—The Legislature of Michigan has summarily disposed of the eight hour system, or labor question, by voting that no legislation was necessary on the subject. We trust the laboring classes will see to it in the future, that those who kick propositions for their advancement out of the State Legislature, will be elected to stay at home. Aristocratic legislation is getting to be out of fashion in America.

**DENOMINATION OR TRUTH—WHICH?**

There is a richly fraternal article from the pen and heart of Rev. D. M. Reed, of Rockford, Ill., published in a recent *Covenant* of this city, in which he advocates more fraternity among brethren of like sentiment and aims. He is a Universalist, but is preaching to a Unitarian Society—composed in part, however, of Universalists. Aglow with the spirit of brotherly love, he faithfully criticises the editor of the *Covenant* for his extreme denominationalism. Note the noble language of our Rockford brother:

"But is there not danger that we may urge mere denomination into too much prominence? There is something higher, nobler, more sacred than denomination. It is truth. Denominations are human inventions, and pass away. Truth is from God, and continues through the centuries. It is truth to which people should be loyal above all other things. I love adhesion to the denomination. But I love adherence to truth more. A denomination may cease to be, wholly, or in a greater or less degree, the exponent of truth: Would you encourage the Romanist to be loyal merely to his denomination? I think not. Why? Because you believe that Romanism has ceased to be the representative of truth. You say to the Methodist there is truth beyond his sect. You endeavor to persuade him to go in quest of that. Then truth is greater than denomination. And so it ever is in my view. Hence I am ready to extend my hand and unite my heart to any and all who are enlisted in this splendid enterprise of searching after truth. Mere denominational loyalty excludes progressive thought."

"Mere denominational loyalty excludes progressive thought." Yes—and becomes disloyalty to God and humanity. Sectarianism is the bane of the world, the father of bigotry and war, the alienator of friends, the fosterer of social jealousies, the nullifier of inspiration, the disintegrator of the human brotherhood. Nothing has produced such a moral nausea with us as the everlasting tom-tom about "our denomination." If a minister is denominational, "servant of the church," he is all right, and worthy of all praise. If he makes humanity his church and God his authority, and strikes for the fraternizing and reforming of a suffering world, then "crucify him!!" We sincerely believe in organization as a means, but when it commands and enslaves, as all sects do, we use the sword right and left, defiant of all self-elected popes.

The editor of the *Covenant* is troubled at this proposition, for it does not help our "denomination." He is shy of the Unitarians because they do not denominationally advocate—"As in Adam all die even so in Christ shall all be made alive." Why, Bro. Livermore, cannot you, a Universalist, afford to let all come into heaven? "We should like," says our *Covenant* Brother, "more fraternal feeling among the two denominations." Then, in Heaven's name, why not develop this feeling, and let it grow until we are all baptized into one Spirit?

**COMMON SENSE vs. THEOLOGY.**

The following came to us in an exchange:

"DEATH AT A PRAYER MEETING.—On Wednesday night last, during the progress of a revival at the Harmony Church, a few miles from Barnesville, Ohio, Mr. Uriah McMullen died very suddenly at the conclusion of a prayer which he had been making. He had risen to his seat but a moment, when he was struck by apoplexy, and died instantly. He had suffered on previous occasions from this disease, and it is supposed that the excitement induced by his zealous prayer led to this final and fatal stroke."

A short time since an item went the rounds of the press, informing the people that a tailor in Chicago, accused of petit larceny, became excited and called on God to "strike him dead," if he was guilty. Hardly were the words uttered before the man fell dead, and the fact was noted; 1st, as an evidence of the man's guilt, and, 2d, as a special act of God's administering justice to the reckless tailor.

How carefully the man at prayer is approached, and with what philosophy his sudden death is accounted for! How exultantly the man accused of petit larceny is pointed out as an evidence of supernatural intervention! Surely an ounce of common sense is worth a pound of theology, and how much better it would be for the world if the first was not so often rejected to give place for the latter. Very likely the man at prayer became so excited as to lose self-control, and thus lost his life. Quite as likely the fear of consequences overcame the tailor, and the action of his system was suspended.

We caution people against excessive prayer; the nature of the act in which the excess is committed is no proof against consequences. We caution people, too, against superstition, which is the most thorough perverter of human thought, and the most treacherous interpreter of human experience the world has ever had to contend with. It is the friend of ignorance and the mother of much prejudice.

**SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.**—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at Crosby's Music Hall every Sunday at 10.30 A. M.

Conference at 1 o'clock P. M.

On Sunday evening, Feb. 17th, Mr. Ira Porter, of Mich., will deliver a lecture commencing at 7.30.

**DR. RANDOLPH'S WORKS.**—We have on hand Dr. Randolph's "Ravalette," cost, \$1.50; and "Dealings with the Dead," cost, \$1.00. Postage prepaid at this office. Send in orders quick, for there is a good demand.

NOTICES AND REVIEWS.

**THE SOUL OF THINGS.** By William and Elizabeth M. F. Denton. Published by Walker, Wise & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50; postage, 20 cents.

This work was issued in 1863; it is now in its third edition, but its career has but just commenced. It was given to the public some years too soon to be popular with the masses; but not a day too soon to be useful, and lead the way for others to follow. It is the initial reference book to one of the greatest eras of discovery that the world has ever seen.

Psychometry relates to the soul's sense of feeling. It is the means by which we discover each other without waiting for acts as evidence, or revealers. It is the means by which we relate ourselves to things—choosing the (to us) good or agreeable, and rejecting the disagreeable. It is that peculiar soul sense which defines the character and reads the life of an individual by coming in contact with his writing, or any object that has been about his person. It is that peculiar susceptibility that enables persons to distinguish the existence of subterranean streams and mark their course—discover minerals, oils or other treasures stored far beneath the earth's surface, and successfully locate wells or mining operations by which they are procured.

Psychometry is destined to be of the greatest possible use in advancing the intelligence and wealth of the world.

The Soul of Things introduces Psychometry, not by groundless theories and conjectures, but by simple explanations and an abundance of corroborative facts.

We cheerfully and heartily recommend this work to all persons. If those who read it are investigating the wonderful phenomenal aspects of the present day, it will suggest to them a solution for many otherwise inexplicable and mysterious occurrences. If they have not commenced investigation, it is an excellent tonic and will prepare the mind for easy progress in the discovery of much truth.

The book can be had at this office. Address J. O. Barrett, Secretary, Drawer 6325, Chicago, inclosing the price and postage, viz.: \$1.70.

**LYCEUM MANUAL.**—Published by Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.

This most useful work has entered on its 6th edition, a copy of which, neatly bound in cloth, is before us, fresh from the publisher.

We rejoice in the success and rapid sale of the manual, for it indicates a continued and increasing interest in the practical work of Lyceums. No society of Spiritualists or other reformers should be without a Lyceum for the culture of children; and no Lyceum can be as well conducted without the manual as with it. Every member should either have the abridged or unabridged edition.

Price, unabridged, fine gilt, \$1.00; cloth, 80 cts.; postage, 8 cts. Abridged, 44 cts.; postage, 4 cts. A discount when ordered by the quantity.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Mr. Seth Paines' lecture on Sunday evening, at Music Hall on the "Law of Principle and the Morals of Trade," was a fine, earnest effort, showing that there is principle at the basis of all action, and that morals are not circumstantial but absolute. From this standard, Mr. Paine reviewed the methods of trade and the customs of life.

Mr. Dean Clark writing from Fond du Lac, Wis., speaks in high praise of Mrs. J. L. Hildebrand of that place. As a lecturer and worker in the field of Spiritual Reform, he recommends her to the attention of lecturing committees, assuring them that she is worthy of their confidence and support.

**THE LITTLE BOUQUET.**—This beautiful monthly is offered to the public at 25 cents for the remainder of the volume, embracing the January number, and making four months in all.

**LYCEUM EQUIPMENTS ALL COMPLETE.**—We are informed that Bro. Elisha Waters, of Troy, N. Y., has made arrangements to manufacture all the targets, badges, flags, staffs, tickets, and fit them in the "Banner Chest," all ready to put into immediate use at a very considerable less expense than can be obtained by any other plan. This will be a great advantage to the Lyceum cause in all parts of the world.

We commence publishing in this issue of the REPUBLIC a series of Psychometric readings by Mrs. Abby M. Laffin Ferree, of Washington, D.C. The series will embrace many prominent characters, and we trust will be quite interesting. Psychometry is to become, in our humble opinion, the study of the world, and one of the greatest means to advance civilization. When one can read correctly the deepest and most secret thoughts of another, and by the same law of action interpret the "soul of things," we begin to see the way. From personal experience, and an abundance of other testimony, we believe Mrs. Ferree to possess this power to such an extent as to make her readings very reliable, subject of course to the limit of human finiteness.

We print in this issue the report of the Peace Convention, kindly forwarded us by H. T. Child, of Philadelphia, for which our thanks are tendered.

The Harmonial Society of Sturgis, Mich., has elected Geo. L. Gale, Joel H. Fox, Daniel Parker, Samuel Moler, and J. G. Walt trustees for 1867. A beautiful and substantial fence has been erected around the church grounds, and the Society is in a flourishing condition generally.

The Spiritualists of Toledo, Ohio, hold meetings every Sunday in their hall over U. S. Express office, at 10 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. All lectures and meetings free.

A. A. Wheelock, gives notice to those who wish to investigate the physical phenomena of Spiritualism, that they can make arrangements with him for the services of Miss Ella Van Wie, medium. Mr. and Mrs. Wheelock will accompany Miss Van Wie, and being persons of unquestioned integrity, will afford all desirable means to test the validity of the manifestations.

PROGRESS OF EVENTS.

Dispatches from China state that arrangements have been made for establishing a European College in Pekin, with the consent of the Chinese Government.

The House of Representatives of Rhode Island has passed unanimously a bill which punishes murder in procuring abortion by twenty years' imprisonment, and the publication of pamphlets or advertisements giving information where its commission may be sought, by three years' imprisonment. This act is a suggestion, and perhaps to some extent, a remedy. The degree of infanticide in this country is alarming. Nothing but a thorough arousing of the moral consciousness of the people upon this subject can prove effectual. Where and who are the brave pioneers in this most important work?

Fred. Douglass, one of the most able advocates of human rights and liberty in our country, has been refused admittance into the leading hotels of St. Louis, Mo. The only reason that can be ascribed for this, is prejudice against color or hatred of the idea of liberty, or both combined. In either case it shows a public sentiment in St. Louis entirely incompatible with republicanism or democracy. In a Republic, a man is a man, and he who willfully restricts his freedom or denies him the common rights of society, without criminal cause, is a despot. If this prejudice and hatred abounds, as it evidently does in St. Louis and several of the Southern States, one of two things *must* occur in the course of time, viz.: Separation of States, or the dominance of liberty or despotism over the whole length and breadth of the land. Which shall we have, Fred. Douglass a freeman, or king Johnson, or Davis?

On the 13th ult., the progressive people of Galesburg, Ill., met, and organized a society, to be known as the First Society of the Friends of Progress of Galesburg. Clinton Foster, President; E. Summers, Secretary. A full board of officers, including executive and finance committees, was elected.

The prospects of the society are very fine, and from what we know of the energy of the parties named, we bespeak for the liberal people of Galesburg a pleasant and useful career. The secretary will be glad to correspond with persons or societies for the purpose of co-operation.

The Pope is considering a proposition for the canonization of Columbus. If the custom is perpetuated, ere long we shall have a St. Galileo, St. Arius, St. John Murray, St. John Brown, St. Thomas Paine, and St. A. J. Davis! for under the old rule

The demons of our sires  
Become the saints that we adore.

It is time we were done with paper made saints, and gave due attention to the divinity of flesh, blood and brains.

The lower branch of the Kansas Legislature has passed a joint resolution to amend the State Constitution by striking out the word "white."

Pittsburgh contains five hundred large manufacturing establishments. It has fifty glass factories and sixteen potteries, forty-six iron founderies, thirty-one rolling mills, thirty-three machinery establishments, and fifty-eight oil refineries; beside miscellaneous works of almost every variety; the whole turning out an annual product worth \$100,000,000.

A bill is before the Indiana Legislature, if it has not already passed, conferring certain corporate powers on the Bishops of the Catholic Church. It seems strange that there are men in our legislative bodies so short sighted as to vote power directly into the hands of the enemies of republican institutions. It will only have to be recalled, or perhaps wrested from them at the expense of blood and treasure.

Mr. Morrill, in the Indiana Legislature, presented a petition from the ruling elders of the Presbyterian Church, praying that the divorce act be so amended as to make adultery the only cause for divorce.

On Saturday, 9th inst., the last party of visitors or excursionists passed through the Lake Tunnel from shore to crib and return, before the water is admitted to the Tunnel. The party consisted of mechanics, architects, builders, contractors, etc. We shall ere long rejoice in the use of clear pure water from the undisturbed depths of the lake.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS FOR CANVASSERS.

Here now, dear reader, is a rare chance to procure musical instruments, to emparadise home with inspiring melodies. Music is the poetry of heaven. The instruments we offer are improved styles and qualities. The beautiful Piano is Marshall's manufacture, approved by the most celebrated *artistes* of Europe and America, and is warranted for the term of ten years.

The Organ is Taylor & Farley's, and suitable for public worship, or the more endearing worship of the home circle.

We will safely pack and forward at our office, whatever instruments may be ordered. Letters should be addressed J. O. Barrett, 84 Dearborn street, or Drawer 6325, Chicago, Illinois.

400 one-year subscribers, or subscription of \$1200—Piano worth \$525	
350 .. .. .	900—Organ .. 400
150 .. .. .	450—Organ .. 150
10 .. .. .	30—Guitar .. 10
5 .. .. .	15—Guitar .. 5

WHO WILL RESPOND?

We are pushing on with indefatigable energy in the reformatory work, and judging from the commendations of the people whom we serve, we are assured that success will crown the enterprise. One voice swells up from the freedom-loving masses, unitedly indorsing the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC. Our flag is unfurled, and thousands greet it with acclamations. Onward let us move in one phalanx for victory. Every REPUBLIC subscriber for is another battle gained. Which of the prize orders will you fill, good friends? The engravings are ready for distribution, and the sewing machine is aching with steel fingers to perform its beautiful task, that time may be gained to read the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC. We hear of ladies who are already at work canvassing to procure the machine. Still there is room, and a "few more of the same sort left." Who will next respond?

SEWING MACHINE.

We have entered into an arrangement with Messrs. Finkle & Lyon to supply our friends with their

SUPERB SEWING MACHINE.

It is a first class Lock-stitch Machine, divested of every loose and clumsy attachment, of even delicate and complicated contrivance, is perfectly simple in its construction, easily understood, and readily adjusted. It is strong and durable, and adapted to a great range of work. The most inexperienced can operate and regulate it without difficulty.

To canvassers we will furnish this Machine, properly packed, marked and delivered at our office, as ordered, on the following liberal terms: For 50 copies SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, pre-paid one year, Machine worth \$60.  
 " 30 " " " " with \$10 extra " "  
 " 23 " " " " " \$20 " " "  
 " 10 " " " " " \$30 " " "

ENGRAVINGS.

In offering our steel engravings to canvassers, it is understood that they are to make their own selections from our advertised list:

20 copies SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, pre-paid, 1 year, \$15 worth of engravings	
15 " " " " " \$12 " " "	
10 " " " " " 8 " " "	
8 " " " " " 6 " " "	
5 " " " " " 4 " " "	
3 " " " " " 2 " " "	
2 " " " " " 1 " " "	
1 " " " " " 50c. " " "	

PRIZE.

Aside from the cash club, or agency rates, we will give ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS to the canvasser who, within a year, obtains for the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC the largest list of prepaid subscribers, with the greatest amount of money. Thus every competitor will receive his or her just compensation, fast as subscriptions are procured, and at the close of the year the victor will be paid the prize of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS. Those who propose to compete for the prize will send in their names to be kept on record with their doings.

The Southern Republican Association held a meeting in Washington on the 29th ult., in which it was declared that the impeachment of the President is now the only hope of the loyal South. The opinion was expressed that it is useless to expect that this measure will be adopted by the present Congress, and it was urged that a National Convention be held at Washington, about the 4th of March next, to declare the will of the people to the 40th Congress. Mr. Stevens, Mr. Boutwell, Gen. Butler, and other Radical leaders were claimed to be in favor of such convention, as the best means of proving to Congress that the impeachment of President Johnson is demanded by the people.

The lower branch of the legislature of Alabama has passed a bill to establish a system of public schools for blacks and whites alike, except that the schools for each shall be separate in each school district.

A man in Gloucester, Massachusetts, had hiccough for twelve days and then died.

One thousand six hundred divorces have been granted in Massachusetts since 1860.

VOICES FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

From Lita Barney Sayles.

THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC—WOMAN.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: After an absence from home, I return to find the numbers of your new paper awaiting me, and I rise from my hasty perusal with very pleasant and satisfied feelings. I am glad you have changed the name and plan of the paper. There were many articles published in THE JOURNAL, agreeable enough to many of us, and much space devoted to such that might be more usefully employed, and is much better arranged in THE REPUBLIC. I think you have made a good, solid, readable paper—one that will answer the needs of a large class of Spiritualists, both as a weekly visitor and a medium through which to express what they have, as yet, had no organ for, that will be gladly hailed and warmly appreciated. At first (for I have not quite risen superior to the world, the flesh, and the devil—though I hope to stand above them yet) I was a little sorry to have the world able to say: "THE JOURNAL has had to go down, with the *Herald of Progress*, the *Spiritual Age*," etc; but I reflected that change is Nature's great law, and that at every death and decay some higher birth was evolved, and I remembered that names are nothing if still the work goes on. Still, names are something, or we should not use them—and the one you designate, in my opinion, leaves nothing to be desired in the expressing to others what are to be the high and holy aims of this new organ. Heaven and angels assisting, let us strive to make this, our loved land, a truly SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC—one that, ignoring all caste, even that of "sex," shall render equal justice to the lowest and the highest!

I fully enjoyed dear Sister Brown's article on Woman, in your first number. It comes home to every thinking woman who peruses it. I want to vote. I want to stop this struggling of spirit—to place my physical being upon the plane of legal equality with all human beings, and to have that place recognized in the eyes of all nations. Who likes the feel of fetters, let them stay slaves; I shall break my bonds as soon as may be. Why do we not have that right? I do not think it is man's fault—at least, not perversely, only educational y. He is not to be expected to know what our needs are—we are to be our own judges of then, as he is of his own. It is woman's lack of appreciation of her own power and capabilities, her ignorance that we are only perfect in our kind as we become perfectly free; woman, crippled by, and just arising out of the false education of ages long gone by. It was, really, quite a step in the progress of woman to be allowed, by the monopolizing sex, the privilege to have a soul; but when a Christ was born in Judea, even they could not be so monstrous as to say that such a product was merely that of a thing, an ephemera! She began to have some rights then, though then and now still enduring much wrong. The age of brute force has been in ascendancy long, and yet remains so; but the horizon is refulgent with the golden beams of the uprising Spiritual Sun, which tinges the towers and minarets, the mountains and high places with its angelic beams, and those who stand in that clear ether, feel its invigorating, regenerating rays, and bathe ecstasically in its ocean of bliss. When this sun rises higher, its beams shall cover more of the broad earth, and her millions that have been oppressed shall break forth into singing, and woman's power shall be felt, and all the nations shall rejoice, "for the glory of the Lord has come."

I very seldom meet a gentleman who has, or intimates, the slightest wish to restrain woman from her full equality before the law. Our esteemed acting Vice President, Senator Foster, of this State, in recording his protest before the Senate, lately, against the Suffrage Bill of the District of Columbia, says: "Make it intelligent suffrage, as we do for the white man, instead of indiscriminate, and I will not only vote for that but for woman also." Here is all I ask allowed me by the second man, in point of office, in the whole United States. But men usually feel, what is too true, that women as a class do not universally enough desire it for themselves.

We know that causes produce effects proportionate. It seems to me, and I do really hope, that when all the foreign population that swarms New York city, and all the poor, ignorant bondmen of the South, shall have their powers accorded to them, that woman will surely awake from her lethargy, and not longer—as many of our Southern-Northerners have said of the slave—believe themselves better off in slavery, and prefer chains to freedom; but consider that her time ought to come next after in the scale of being, if she cannot see that it ought to have come long ago. I am waiting, but working, until that time, in hopes I shall get remembered then by the majority of my sex. We have only to arise, shake off the dust of centuries and the sleep of ignorance, to learn of ourselves, and ask intelligently, and being then sufficient causes we shall produce sufficient effects! Ho! woman, to the rescue!  
Dayville, Ct., January, 1867.

Gleanings from Correspondence.

FROM T. LAKE, A DIRECTOR.

I am hopeful we shall succeed. The entire reconstruction of the paper has put a new face upon affairs. I consider it now a first class literary paper—one that any person, let his religious belief be what it may, would read with benefit and pleasure. The contributions on different subjects are interesting and instructive. The political—sound, shrewd and temperate. The religious portions much more intelligently conducted than in the former publication.

My idea in promulgating a new theory is, first, to get "listeners;" then, by reasons and illustrations, convince their judgment of the truth of my theory. Now we want listeners, or readers. If our paper come before the world filled with unsupported communications from the spirit world, or any other world—all of which may be very interesting to the true believer, but which the unbeliever denominates "twaddle"—this produces a prejudice against the paper, and prevents many fair minded people from reading, or, if they do read some of the truly excellent contributions, they do not give them due weight because found in such company. Such things must be left to old and established creeds, whose numerous supporters vouch for the truth, respectability and consistency of the miracles said to be performed.

The little martyrs and inspired grandmothers of Sabbath school histories should be left to established churches, who can afford such luxuries. We, for the present at least, should confine ourselves to the "necessaries," the proven facts. If our belief is a reasonable one, it is capable of reasonable demonstration. If we wish to convince people, and have readers of a class that will benefit our society, we must make the paper, not only interesting, but reliable. Our opinions must be candidly and fairly stated, argumentative, but not bitter. News, home, foreign, and political, condensed for family use; literary selections, scientific, etc., will all unite in making ours a standard and permanent paper. I am much pleased with the numbers I have seen.  
Aurora, Jan. 21, 1867.

FROM DELPHINA A. CORSON.

Fashionable churches, imposing ceremonies, Sabbatical tasks! O! your beautiful philosophy covers them all with the broadest charities, leading by the river of life where the mind's battery is kept clear from the dusty and choking atmosphere of selfishness; low, sweet voices vibrate along the wires, and are the signals of those that have gone before to telegraph the knowledge and purity of a higher life. What a beautiful thought that mind is deathless and we may continue to think and act with increased energy after this material form mingles with the elements! These are not dreams, but substantial essences, holy forms that have look and voice. I often think our poets must drink largely from the same harmonious fountains.

Let us quote from Eliza Cook's *Journal* "Lines among Leaves:"

"Though that wind a strange tone waketh  
In every home it maketh;  
And the maple tree responds not to the larch;  
Yet harmony is playing,  
'Round all the green arms swaying,  
'Neath Heaven's arch.  
"Oh! what can be the teaching  
Of these forest voices preaching?  
'Tis that a brother's creed though not as mine—  
May blend about God's altar,  
And help to fill the psalter  
That's divine."

Glenbeulah, Wis., Feb. 3.

FROM J. EDWIN CHURCHILL.

Every power that is not concentrated and specifically working for a certain end and to a given point loses its force and weight; and any spirit, in or out of the physical body, can psychologically have a salutary effect for good upon the minds of its fellows only by steady, unwavering perseverance in whatever it undertakes. So the "teacher" who would gain the most influence over the scholars should not for one moment lose the rapport, or magnetism, which makes the aura, or atmosphere, which insures congeniality between the one and the many. It is impossible for one mind to sway the masses unless it keeps up the current of spiritual power, flowing down from the spheres of all causation through its mediumship to the minds around.

So by "local work," settled ministers, stated preaching can only accomplish the end which every true-hearted Reformer now desires. Itinerating has had its uses, plowing up the fallow ground of the old theological field. But a true husbandman knows what kind of seed to sow, what ground is best suited for certain seeds, and the best time in the year to deposit the germ. And to be able most fully to study all the needs, desires, and aspirations of a particular Society, a man must dwell among them, visit each home, be a welcome friend at each fireside, get the confidence of every individual member of the "church" or congregation to which he ministers.

"A stranger" may dispense beautiful ideas, stir up the mind to lofty resolves, quicken the soul by the power of

his eloquence to right action, and by the force of will and power of much speaking and loud talking, can produce a "great revival." But there is always a calm after a storm, an ebb to every flow tide. But the steady, progressive development of minds under training must be led under the direction of a "beloved master."

And hence the pay, as well in affection as in dollars, will be more cheerfully given (as a reward for services rendered) sustaining the "herald of light," to publish glad tidings of great joy. The longer a good man lives in a community the better he is liked and the more appreciated.

The director for "life and eternity" (?) should be one of "our own tribe," one born and educated to understand the people to whom he or she ministers, holding sympathies in unison with them, their loves the same, going hand in hand up the stairway of spiritual development, so they may dwell together in harmony in this as in the world to come.

FROM JOHN MAYHEW.

After nine years' labor for truth and humanity in the far West, I have again visited the home of my loved ones in the body, and am now desirous of a space in your columns, in which to reply to the inquiries of many of my friends and yours, in accordance with my promises given, as to the progressive settlements in this State—Hammonton, Vine-land, and Blue Anchor. As your room is valuable, I will be as concise as possible.

Hammonton lies on the Camden and Atlantic City Railroad, twelve miles south of Jackson, which is the junction with the New York, Raritan and Delaware Bay Railroad, over each of which run two trains daily, reaching Philadelphia by Camden in one hour and a half, and New York by the other in four hours. It comprises 20,000 acres. Near the center is the depot, from which the village radiates. Village lots, fruit farms and gardens are sold as follows: 2½ acres at \$150; 5 acres at \$200 to \$250, according to location. Outside of these, ten-acre lots from \$35 to \$50 per acre, and beyond these, lots from ten to fifty acres each, as required, at from \$20 to \$30. Outside of this tract several thousand acres of cranberry lands have been purchased and are offered for \$35 per acre. Terms, one-fourth cash, the balance in three annual payments with interest. Village building lots, \$100 to \$150 cash. It has 5,000 inhabitants.

The surface of the country is gently undulating, and is covered with a young or second growth of white oak, chestnut oak, yellow pine, swamp maple, and oak grubs. Laborers' wages are two dollars a day, and can be hired to grub this clean for from \$20 to \$30 per acre; therefore, one man can prepare an acre for the plow at from ten to fifteen days. The water is soft, pure, and healthy, and can be reached in from ten to thirty feet. Climate very fine—summers not warmer than in the West; winters mild, open and salubrious; glass seldom falls below 20°. Fever and ague unknown. Soil, sandy loam, with vegetable mold surface, and yellow clay bottom; no stones to hinder the finest cultivation; abounds in marine deposits, accounting for its exceeding fertility, with white sand sufficient to make very quick. It is not subject to drought, as some lands are, not underlaid by hard pan. Of course, it requires manure to sustain it, and there is abundance at hand. Marl at \$1.10 per ton delivered at the depot; muck for the digging, of which the best composts may be made; but a dressing of clover is considered by some the best. Guano may be readily obtained, if preferred. The season of growth extends from April to November, and in the depth of winter it seldom occurs that outdoor work is hindered by either frost or snow.

By judicious management two crops of vegetables may be obtained from the same piece of ground in the course of one season. Garden stuff as follows is raised: Cabbages, giving a profit of \$200 per acre; cauliflowers, the same; onions, tomatoes, and sweet potatoes, the same; asparagus, much better; melons and cucumbers pay an astonishing profit.

The fruits raised are, first, strawberries, which have realized as much as \$600 and from that, as the lowest, down to \$200 per acre; grapes, raspberries, blackberries, peaches, pears, plums, cherries, gages, apricots and nectarines pay, at a low estimate, from \$300 to \$600 per acre; apples, so far, have been very fine; currants and gooseberries do exceedingly well. The berry picking is chiefly done by children at three cents per quart, and twice each day fruit is shipped for Philadelphia and New York markets. The above estimate of profits are clear of all expenses.

The Western friends can compare the figures with their farm profits and judge for themselves. I will not persuade any, but simply state plain facts. Taking the very lowest figures—five acres here are better than a whole Western farm; and I know whereof I speak as to the West, for I have had the experience.

Hammonton has school-houses, which are under the control of the town, a Post Office, stores of various kinds, blacksmiths, carpenters, wheelwrights and other mechanics.

The various religious bodies are all represented—the LARGEST body is said to be the Spiritualists, who have their

private circles, and public meetings regularly in a hall which belongs to our good Bro. Ellis. Dr. Bowles is President of the Society. A Progressive Lyceum is in operation every Sunday afternoon. Besides these, there are the Universalist, Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist brethren, and many free minds, who are just as dear to us and the dear All Father as any of the others.

Then there is the Agricultural Society, which has also its regular meetings. The society here is of the first character. Mother Grundy has not taken up her residence here at present, though as there are to be found a few old fogies, she makes an occasional visit.

There is a good hotel, kept by a brother Spiritualist, but there is no grog-shop or lounging hole in the place; and I have reason to believe there never will be. Thieving is so entirely unknown that fences to the many fruit-farms are needless. Cattle are not allowed to run at large. Speculators are considered a nuisance, as they would hinder actual settlement.

The price of fuel is: Wood at \$6 per cord and coal at \$8 per ton, equal to two cords of wood. Building materials as follows: Yellow pine scantling, \$25 per thousand; cedar clapboard, \$12 to \$18; yellow pine clap-boards, \$20 to \$12; cedar shingles, \$6 to \$15; lath, \$4 to \$6 per thousand; flooring, planed and matched, \$40; rough boards, \$25 to \$30; nails, \$7; sandstone for basement, etc., \$1.50 per perch at the quarry; lime, \$2.50 per barrel; brick, \$8 to \$15 per thousand. Mechanics' wages \$3 per day. All groceries and clothing are 20 per cent. cheaper, and flour and farm produce as much dearer than in the West.

I consider this place preferable to either Vineland or Blue Anchor. In Vineland there are nine thousand inhabitants. It is a handsome place; but has been made so at the expense of the settlers' property, each one being required to expend his means in beautifying before he has realized it from his place. The result is that many have crippled themselves in the outstart, and are now anxiously looking for purchasers to enable them to free themselves from the debts they have been forced to incur. In Hammonton there are no such conditions. Every man who purchases is free to improve as he sees fit. His growth is healthy, he is free from debt, and there are but few places for sale by settlers.

Blue Anchor is about five miles from Hammonton, an entirely new place. Our good Bro. Dr. Haskell is at its head. It contains about 3,800 acres; has a saw-mill, store and ten or twelve houses. Three hundred acres have been set apart for an Industrial Harmonial School, and 20 per cent. of profits from sale of land will also be devoted to that purpose. Another object is a Unitary Home, for realizing economical and social advantages. Third, a Health Institute, for restoration of health and instruction in the laws for retaining it. Fourth, a Lecturers' Retreat, a place of retirement, study, and thought, quiet, and repose, to the weary, wandering laborer for humanity.

To the lover of seclusion, or the many who desire to procure lands in close proximity to each other, I would say, look at Blue Anchor. But to those who wish the advantage of good neighborhood at once, Hammonton is your place.

Hammonton and Blue Anchor have superior advantages to Vineland, having direct communication with New York, which Vineland does not possess. Produce from Vineland must be reshipped at Camden, with a mile of carriage between the two depots, and is several hours longer time in reaching market.

These are the main particulars which I deem it necessary to communicate. The various friends are anxiously awaiting its appearance. If further information is needed by Spiritualists as to Hammonton, address Russel Ellis, Esq., or Dr. Bowles; if of Blue Anchor, George Haskell, Esq., or Milo A. Townshend.

Hammonton, N. J., Jan. 1st, 1867.

**THE RICHNESS OF MILK.**—The milk last drawn from the udder of a cow is richest in cream, because partial separation of the cream from the milk takes place in the udder, and the milk which has been deprived of its cream is first drawn. Dr. Anderson found by actual analysis that in one instance the proportion of cream in the last to that in the first drawn was as 16 to 1. The quality of milk is impaired if the cow is subjected to too much exercise, because her respiratory organs are then brought into greater play and the excess of oxygen inspired unites with particles which otherwise would form the butter found in cream. For this reason morning's milk is always richer than night's milk, and generally stall-fed cows produce milk containing a greater proportion of oily constituents than those allowed to run at large. Dairy men, who understand this subject, do not allow their cows to travel too far to find grass and water, or to be seriously harassed or annoyed just previous to being milked.

The principle of rotation in tanning vats is again attracting the attention of leather manufacturers. It is asserted that the action of tannin is increased 500 per cent by keeping the hide slowly moving through the libuor.

## PROGRESSIVE CONVENTIONS.

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

Reported for the Spiritual Republic.

### Convention of the Pennsylvania Peace Society.

There was a growth in Pennsylvania last week. Notwithstanding the universal, the unusual stormy weather, the meetings for Equal Rights, Freedom and Peace were very well attended, and excited considerable interest.

On Friday, the 18th inst., the Pennsylvania branch of the Universal Peace Society met in Franklin Institute. At 3½ o'clock P. M., the President, George W. Taylor, one of the early and most uncompromising Abolitionists, called the meeting to order and stated the objects of the Convention. The Secretary read the minutes of the previous meetings and a report of the Executive Committee. Alfred B. Justice, being unable to attend to the duties of Secretary, resigned, and H. T. Child, M. D., was elected, he having first resigned as Treasurer. Henry M. Laing was then elected Treasurer.

On motion, a business committee, consisting of Henry C. Wright, Alfred H. Love, Rebecca S. Hart, Edwin H. Coates and E. James, was appointed to receive and present Resolutions. When they withdrew Lucretia Mott addressed the meeting, saying she was pleased to find so great an interest manifested in this movement, especially among the young. She regarded war as a relic of barbarism and spoke at length upon its ruinous policy and effects, and offered practical suggestions for its entire overthrow.

Dr. H. T. Child followed in advocacy of thorough peace principles, recommending the establishment of an "International Tribunal for the settlement of all difficulties between nations or the people of one nation," and proposing a committee should be appointed by this meeting to proceed to Washington and present the subject to the President and Congress. These matters were incorporated into resolutions and reported by the committee. This subject called forth a lively discussion, during which the committee on resolutions returned with their report.

The following persons took part in the discussion and favored the proposition: Mrs. M. S. Townsend, of Vermont; Mrs. Jennie Upton, of Vineland, N. J.; Henry C. Wright, Alfred H. Love and Edwin H. Coates. Edward M. Davis could not see the propriety of going to Washington on the subject at this time. He favored the cause of peace and disliked war, but wanted pointed resolutions and the right kind of resistance to war. The proposition was adopted, and the following committee appointed to proceed to Washington in accordance therewith: Henry T. Child, M. D., Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Lucretia Mott, Alfred H. Love and Dinah Mendenhall.

A certificate was presented from Frank E. Gates, of the Vineland Peace Association, appointing Mrs. Jennie Upton, Henry C. Wright and Rev. Leonard W. Brigham delegates to this meeting. They were admitted to seats in the Convention, and a motion passed to invite all friendly to the movement to participate.

The President then ordered the following Circular Address, which had been prepared by the Executive Committee, to be read:

#### CIRCULAR ADDRESS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA PEACE SOCIETY.

Actuated by no partisan, sectarian, exclusive, or local feeling, governed by no dictatorial temper, and aiming at no selfish end; but constrained by fraternal love, acknowledging the one Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man, and trusting in one hope of salvation, the Pennsylvania Peace Society sends greeting to the friends of peace everywhere.

It is in our hearts to perform a part in promoting and strengthening a feeling of good will and inducing offices of Christian kindness interchangeably between the people of different States and sections of our widely extended country.

With this intent we essay to open a friendly correspondence, and invite responses from individuals and associations in and among whom the spirit of peace may dwell; and extend the invitation to all honest enquirers after truth, whatever their conscientious belief.

The swift-winged messengers of commerce bear to and fro the epistles of trade. Differing climates and dissimilar pursuits furnish the inducement for exchange of the products of soil and of skill; but, in brotherly interchange of thought and feeling, apart from business, we may recognize a link of union not only in our common religion, but in the blessing of a common government, flowing from the people themselves, by whose prevailing will it can be adapted from time to time to the growing needs and advancing capacities of our whole population.

To us is committed the responsible privilege of receiving into our midst the people of numerous nations, and moulding them into harmony with the genius of our institutions. How important that the principles of peace should pervade the community, and thus influence the newly arrived, and promote in all a similar spirit.

A vast field of labor invites extended exertions. Multi-

tudes require our friendly aid to lift them from conditions induced and constrained by surrounding circumstances no longer acting to repress them. It will be a delightful duty to assist their rebounding energies, and turn them into channels that will contribute to the streams of general welfare. We should not permit this heterogeneous mass to drag us down; hence we must apply herculean power to lift it up to a position and condition that will be not only conformable with our measure of enlightenment, but that will contribute to the increase and perpetuity of light and knowledge, and promote the happiness of all.

In sending forth the Preamble and Constitution of the Pennsylvania Peace Society with this address, we invite correspondence and co-operation in the work of removing prejudices, softening asperities, healing animosities, discouraging envy and hate, opening the avenues of love, and letting in the invigorating and purifying air and heavenly light. So shall we dwell in harmony and peace, and strengthen those virtues in the community at large.

Let us communicate freely, as having a common desire and a common interest. Whatever is done in the cause of righteousness and peace, let it be known.

Among the fruits of that Christian love which is the essence as well as the foundation of peace, we esteem justice as holding an indispensable place. If we begin and maintain our intercourse with others by treating them with justice on all occasions, we perform our part preliminary to peace. If justice is not clearly apprehended by differing parties, we feel assured that war, of all resorts or imagined remedies, is the worst. It is totally unreliable in settling what is just between contending parties, and really aggravates the enmity which induced and permitted such resort. Whereas love, besides working no ill to our neighbor, can always find a way to settle disputes that shall leave no bitterness. As with individuals, so with communities and nations—pride and covetousness beget envy and hatred; strife is their legitimate offspring.

It behooves those who have been taught in the School of Christ to show forth in their lives the principles they profess. So nations, acknowledging their existence and power as derived from the Prince of Peace, should show their confidence in the doctrines by Him promulgated, by conformity in practice.

An *International Tribunal*, to be composed of persons selected for eminent wisdom, purity of heart, and rectitude of life, to whose combined judgment should be submitted all questions arising between nations, which the parties are unable of themselves to settle amicably, their decision to be considered final without any appeal to war, may be strongly recommended for economy, humanity and righteousness.

The adoption of such a measure, and the appointment of such a tribunal by the chief governments of Europe and America, would, it is apprehended, be welcomed by others, so far as they could be made acquainted with the plan, and a universal disarming of nations might in consequence follow, rejoicing the hearts of the hundreds of millions of the human race.

On behalf of the Society.

GEO. W. TAYLOR, *President.*

This was accepted and ordered to be forwarded in accordance with the objects of its preparation, which was for circulation, through the South particularly.

The Committee then presented the following resolutions which were adopted with a very few verbal alterations:

*Resolved*, That the terrible war through which the nation has been called to pass, and the severe ordeal to which every man capable of bearing arms has been subjected, makes it necessary for the friends of racial peace to give a reason for the faith that is in them.

*Resolved*, That the essence and spirit of pure Christianity and of all genuine religion, is peace; and the true intent of government is to promote it; the compromise of justice and truth being its disturbers; and we shall not cry "Peace! when there is no peace," except in acknowledgment of the fact that there is none, and *can be none* while the conditions of war prevail; and that, we may not be needlessly misunderstood, we accept the infliction of that chastisement which we have so richly merited for our guilt as a nation.

*Resolved*, That the three peace proclamations that have been given to the world—"Thou shalt not kill"—"Peace on earth and good will to men"—and the "Natural and inalienable right to life"—are as true to-day, as they were at the time of their promulgation, and an enlightened people invalidate their claims to Christianity and damage the cause of religion and peace by sanctioning war.

*Resolved*, That professing to uphold these truths there is a glaring inconsistency, while man-killing is legalized and preparations made therefor, which are directly in the line of war, by causing hatred and ignoring the self-evident truth, "that all men are endowed with the right to life;" and it becomes the highest wisdom and wisest expediency to disband armies and navies and practice the peace principles, which we as so-called Christians, profess to hold in accordance with love to God and love to man; and though a renunciation of war may seem politically impracticable at present, that which is *morally* right it is our duty to adopt and it must eventually succeed.

*Resolved*, That as the Constitution of the Nation and of our State contains clauses that countenance war and impose military obligations, we cannot too soon so amend them as to place our Government on the basis of *moral power* alone, and thus relieve President, Congress and ourselves from what are regarded as political obligations, which contravene their higher obligations.

*Resolved*, That as intelligent beings we debase intellect and the spirit, when we trust our cause to war, so largely dependent for success upon the lowest conditions of our nature, and history proves that

victory does not always attend the side of justice. And the custom of rewarding military heroes, as such, has a demoralizing influence, tending to the establishment of martial glory and despotism. And while we denounce the whole system of war and not merely the individual, we protest against "emulating the science of arms among the youth of the State," against the statement, "that a people who truly desire to avoid war will find a potent element of security and peace in a well regulated militia," and also "that nothing, after the education of the people, contributes more to the security of a State than a thorough military system," taught by the oft-quoted fallacy "in time of peace prepare for war,"—for these induce the feeling "that it is not impossible that our warlike energies may again be required in the field," and encourage military schools and trainings, and give precedence to the physical over the spiritual nature, and the experience of West Point at least, is, that loyalty and justice, the essential bulwarks of our national prosperity, are not thereby strengthened.

*Resolved*, That lamenting and deprecating the frequent *Indian massacres*, a solution is to be found, apart from the injustice of depriving them of their former homes and lands, in the antagonistic attitude assumed by sending out armies to control them. If among professing Christians, sword is opposed to sword, it is not to be wondered at, that the erection of forts and the stationing of armies among the Indians, invites the tomahawk. And it convicts us of blind turpitude to send missionaries to foreign lands to convert, and yet accept contracts from them to build vessels of war. And it is a ridiculous and ruinous policy to expend treasures in perfecting deadly weapons, building immense fortifications, falsely called "peacemakers," and then exhibiting them for imitation throughout the world.

*Resolved*, That war treaties are but cessations of hostilities, a recuperation for the death struggle, comprising leases and temporary amnesties. Conquest pampers ambition, and defeat chafes for opportunities to cover its shame. And to think or legislate with the sword in the hand is rendering person, property, liberty and rights insecure.

*Resolved*, That the intelligent masses of the people in their cool moments of reflection are decidedly in favor of the establishment of an *International Tribunal* to be composed of representatives from all nations, to whom may be referred all matters in dispute, either between different nations, or between the inhabitants of one nation. And we believe such a tribunal would command the respect and esteem of the world, and be a means of preventing much bloodshed, and change arbitration, which heretofore has been left till after war has devastated the earth, and make it precede such calamity, and thus aid in superceding it entirely.

*Resolved*, That a committee of five be appointed to proceed to Washington and present this subject to the President and Congress, and use their influence to promote this object.

*Resolved*, That we have confidence in the righteousness of our cause and that it only needs to be properly presented to the people to be accepted. For the principles of peace are universal in their application and eternal in their character, and as mankind grow into an appreciation of them, will be the permanent establishment of "Peace on earth, and good will to men."

*Resolved*, That we appreciate the earnest advocacy of religious and civil liberty, by George Fox, William Penn, Robert Barclay and their coadjutors, the early Friends, commonly called Quakers; and especially that in reviving primitive Christianity they recognized the principles of Peace, and lived in them and adhered to them to the suffering or imprisonment and even death.

*Resolved*, That the religious teachers of the country should be expected to practice under all circumstances: in order to be consistent, the principles of peace which they have advocated.

*Resolved*, That when we adjourn it be to meet at Horticultural Hall, West Chester, Pa., on the first Wednesday, June 5th, 1867, at 10 o'clock A. M.

Alfred H. Love then addressed the meeting on the resolutions, appealing for the practical application of the principles of peace in life; demanding the practice outside of pulpit and pew and meeting house, as is professed therein. He wanted more of a living of the letter and realization of the true life. He spoke of the settlement of the city of Philadelphia, and the retrograde movement of Pennsylvania, being the port for the greatest iron-clad navy in the world—the flag being hoisted to-day on the flag-ship St. Louis, at League Island, by order of the Secretary of War. He referred to the recommendations of Governors and others for Military Academies, and desired to check the wheels of further demoralization. The recent meetings for justice and freedom were the stepping stones for peace, and we must look to the conditions of peace before we can expect it. He desired all to labor earnestly, even unto sacrifices of comfort or of self.

Further remarks were made by J. R. S. Van Vleet, of Texas, who had been a firm peace man for twenty years, and was glad to see the movement to-day.

The President added a few words, and the meeting adjourned till evening—quite a number remaining in the hall, and taking a lunch and signing the constitution.

EVENING SESSION.

At 7½ o'clock the President called the meeting to order, and such of the resolutions as had not been disposed of in the afternoon session were read and discussed, and finally all were adopted.

The first part of the second resolution caused an animated and instructive discussion. The desire was to recognize all workers for peace throughout the world irrespective of sectarian or religious bias. A few thought it should be confined to the word Christian. The consideration of the subject tended to clear away some of the impediments to peace by giving a welcome to all.

Hon. George Thompson spoke very fully, giving some interesting researches of religious history, and appealing for the fullest liberality.

He was followed by Lucretia Mott, Edwin H. Coates, W.

W. Broom of New York, Henry C. Wright, Rev. Leonard W. Brigham, Alfred H. Love, Dr. Child, and others.

Mr. Parker desired the reference to be confined to "Christians," and this was concurred in by the President and one or two others.

Joseph M. Truman, Jr., suggested a reference to Christians and all others, which was finally adopted.

The fourth resolution caused a highly animated discussion.

Among the visitors was one who had served in the army, and he asked several pointed questions, which were promptly answered by Lucretia Mott, Henry T. Child, A. H. Love, and the President. They were in reference to the invasion of Pennsylvania.

Henry C. Wright also replied, appealing for the principle "Suffer, rather than inflict suffering; die rather than kill." He also said that the Christian religion, as represented by the priestcraft and by history, was the bloodiest religion of which we have any knowledge.

A Finance Committee was now appointed, and collections were made, and peace documents circulated while the other resolutions were considered.

Hon. George Thompson spoke at length in favor of them, and his remarks were listened to with considerable interest. He made some most beautiful allusions, and seemed highly interested in the movement, saying he had long regarded it as one of the highest of our duties.

Letters were read from several warm friends of the cause, and then Hiram Ward spoke in opposition to the views advanced by Mr. Thompson and others, as he could not see with his earnest peace friends.

He was replied to by a few speakers, when Mrs. M. S. Townsend took the floor and made a very impressive appeal in behalf of the cause, and held the meeting until after 10 o'clock, when, having disposed of some unfinished business, the meeting adjourned agreeably to the previous resolution.

MISCELLANEOUS

A Mother's Thoughts.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

Silent and lone, silent and lone!

Where, tell me where, are my little ones gone,  
That used to be playing about my knee,  
With their noisy mirth and boisterous glee?  
Who littered the carpet and misplaced the chairs,  
And scattered their playthings unawares;  
Who called for their suppers with eager shout,  
And while they were getting, ran in and out;  
Who kept all the apples and nuts from spoiling,  
And never saved jackets nor pants from soiling;  
Had ever a want and ever a will  
That added a care to my heart, until  
I sometimes sighed for the time to come,  
When they'd all be big and go out from home.

Silent and lone, silent and lone!

Where, tell me where, are my little ones gone?  
There's no little faces to wash to-night,  
No little troubles for mother to right,  
No little blue eyes to be sung to sleep,  
No little playthings to put up to keep,  
No little garments to be hung on the rack,  
No little tales to tell, no nuts to crack,  
No little trundle bed, brimful of rolick,  
Calling for mamma to settle the frolic,  
No little soft lips to press me with kisses—  
(Oh! such a sad lonely evening as this is!)  
No little voices to shout with delight,  
"Good night, dear mamma, good night, good night."  
Silent the house is; no little ones here,  
To startle a smile or chase back a tear.

Silent and lone, silent and lone!

Where, tell me where, are my little ones gone?  
It seemeth but yesterday, since they were young;  
Now they are all scattered, the world's paths among.  
Out where the great rolling trade stream is flowing;  
Out where new fire-sides with love-lights are glowing;  
Out in life's thoroughfares all of them moiling;  
Out in the wide, wide world, striving and toiling.  
Little ones, loving ones, playful ones, all,  
That went when I bade, and came at my call,  
Have ye deserted me? Will ye not come,  
Back to you mother's arms—back to the home?

Silent and lone, silent and lone!

Where, tell me where, are my little ones gone?  
Useless my cry is. Why do I complain?  
They'll be my little ones never again!  
Can the great oaks to the acorn return?  
The broad rolling stream flow back to the byrne?  
The mother call childhood again to her knee,  
That in manhood went forth the strong and the free?

Nay, nay, no true mother would ask for them back;  
Her work, nobly done, their firm tramp, on life's track,  
Will come, like an organ note, lofty and clear,  
To lift up her soul and her spirits to cheer!  
And though the tears fall, when she's silent and lone,  
She'll know it is best they are scattered and gone!  
Silent and lone, silent and lone!  
Thy will, O Father, not my will be done!

Radical and Independent.

[We are glad to see the old customs of ordination so radically modified, as in the following extract which we take from the *Anti-Slavery Standard*. Anti-supernaturalism in the pulpit! A minister "welcomed to the broad fellowship of humanity" by one who "represents no body of churches!" Truly, these are propitious times. The church has denied humanity, and now humanity, rising in divine independence, is denying the customs and presumptions of the church. Very well. We join hands and hearts with all such whole-souled independence.—ED.]

Mr. James Vila Blake, of the last Class, at the Cambridge Divinity School, was ordained a minister of the First Parish in Haverhill, Mass., on Thursday evening, January 3d. The sermon was preached by Rev. Samuel Longfellow, and was an able plea for "Anti-supernaturalism in the pulpit."

The usual ordaining council was dispensed with, and the rite of ordination administered by a committee representing the parish and society, thus restoring the primitive custom of independent churches; Judge Ames, in behalf of the society, delivering a brief but pertinent address, and investing the candidate with the office and duty of the ministry. The right hand of fellowship was given by Rev. S. H. Morse, the former minister of the society, who represented no body of churches, but welcomed the newly-ordained minister to the broader fellowship of humanity—the fellowship of the "world," in which, and for which, he was to labor. Dr. Stearns, of Cambridge, delivered the charge, which was replete with liberal thought, and earnest, sympathetic counsel.

After the exercises in the church, a bountiful collation was served in the vestry.

Mr. Blake is a young man of more than usual promise. He will be a valuable addition to the few influential, advanced preachers of the liberal school of thought.

A Mrs. Woodworth has been dismissed from the Congregational Church in Winstead, Conn., for obtaining a divorce from her husband "without a Bible cause." Poor Church.

Progress in Italy.

Prof. Angelo Tachella, in a lecture delivered at the Horticultural Hall, Boston, Mass., on January 7th, says:

"Italy has furnished, since 1848, one of the most glorious pages of modern history; so much so, that not only America seems to be taken by surprise, but in the Peninsula the Italians themselves look upon their last events more as a dream than a reality. It will be some time before they will be able to realize their happy change and position.

But yesterday thought among them was fettered. The whole nation was tyrannized by numerous hungry and unscrupulous foreign despotic rulers. Political and religious life was almost entirely extinguished. Italy, like Spain, had almost lost its name among the nations of the earth. Its learning, former well-being, numerous prestiges, and powerful influence, had gone. The army, navy, school system, open and hidden ruling machinery, excited not less pity than laughter among those who have had the privilege of being born in a free country."

"To say the whole, in one word, Italy had become a nonentity, a *corpse*, and many French, Austrian, and Spanish carrion eaters, and an army of two hundred thousand birds of prey, generally called bishops, abbots, canons, priests, friars, nuns, and monks, had almost eaten up all its flesh."

"Italy is changed. Italy has come out of its grave. Italy is gaining strength, and for the third time is going to be a nation, an intelligent and powerful nation, and thus the words of Samuel Rogers become a prophecy; for he said, "Twice thou hast shone among the nations of the world, as the sun shines among the lesser lights of heaven, and shalt again." How and when it will soon be seen."

"The American struggle was long and terrible, important to the extreme. It broke the shackles of four millions of negroes. The Italians have fought for the religious and political liberty of twenty-six millions of white slaves, who were in many respects worse treated than the African race in Virginia or the Carolinas. The difference between the two struggles is this: one has importance only here below, while the other will be registered and remembered even in heaven; for now that they are politically emancipated, the Italians are going to REFORM the *Italian Roman Catholic Church*." \* \* \* \* \*

"But the day of reckoning has arrived, and wherever the Italian flag has been floating—and in a few days it will be hoisted on the *walls of Rome*—man has become man, and God is considered as God. Perfect liberty of religion is enjoyed, and abject bigotry and spiritual tyranny are despised by liberal Italians. They are no more imprisoned nor exiled for reading the Scriptures, nor for spreading out tracts. The Waldenses come out of their valleys and preach the gospel everywhere. An Italian Free Church has been formed, composed, as the name indicates, of nothing but Italian elements, and what must astonish his Holiness, not less than the world, fourteen thousand



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LIST OF BOOKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

All orders by mail, with the price of books desired, and the additional amount mentioned in the following list of prices for postage, will meet with prompt attention.

Table listing books for sale with columns for title, price, and postage. Includes titles like 'Age of Reason', 'American Crisis', 'Answers to Ever Recurring Questions', etc.

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NEW AND SELECT ASSORTMENTS.

Having just obtained valuable assortments of books, not heretofore advertised, we here offer them to our numerous readers and patrons, at the prices marked, postage prepaid, at our office:

Table listing new and select assortments of books, categorized by Medical, Religious, Biographical, Poetical, Reformatory, and Historical. Includes titles like 'Isaac Perry's Mental Hygiene', 'Colenso on the Pentateuch', etc.

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